

Vassar.  
Dec. 14. 1873

My dear Sister,

You cannot imagine, I am sure, how much I have missed your letter this week, or you would most certainly have written. Every mail I would turn away so much disappointed, with only half the will to study which would have been mine if your letter had come. Papa and Mamma's letters, too, have not been received, but that it is probably owing to the carelessness of Po'keepsie postmasters, and the letters will very likely come tomorrow.

It is a very good thing that vacation is so near at hand. Quantities of girls are sick, both on account of the warm damp weather we have been having for some time, and also because they are nearly used up with study. Several have already gone home, and some go tomorrow. The vacation is so long, nearly three weeks, that they will all have time to become thoroughly recruited. Fannie Buffington, is feeling quite badly today, as well as for several days past, but I think she will be all right as soon as we get started. We leave here at a little after one o'clock Thursday, meeting her two brothers in Philadelphia. Josie, her brother from Trinity College gets away a day sooner than we, and her little brother Orr is now in Phil. Carrie Norton went home several days ago, feeling quite badly; she expects to return after Christmas. So many Seniors are about used up just at this time; and I think Prof. Backus is at the bottom of half the trouble. The reading essays in Chapel is his doings, and that makes the girls sick.

There is a little Freshman here who is very well acquainted with Jenny Potter, whom you have often heard of through the Swensons. This girl, Miss Hodges tells me that Jenny and her mother left Brooklyn last week for Austin, intending to spend the winter there. By this time they have probably reached Austin, and if you have not already done so, I wish you would call on them.

Jenny is very nice, and I don't doubt you will like her. I have no fears about her liking you, little sister, and it will be pleasant for you to have her stay with you some, to ride etc. I presume Johan will pay her some attention; he has always spoken so highly of her, and is naturally so fond of all new damsels.

Did I ever write you that a sister of Katie Burch was here this year? Mamie Burch is a preparatory and a very dear little thing. One day we were speaking of Annie Dewy, whom she thinks almost the perfection of a girl, agreeing with you, you see. Annie, it seems, was very popular indeed, yet had one rival for valedictorian honors, and Katie did much to gain the honor for her. Mamie was a little thing then, and of course must look up greatly to Annie who was a Senior. By the way, it is very amusing, the way in which my parlor-mates talk to me as a Junior. It is really laughable, for a Junior after all is not worth much more than a Prep, it is only the difference of a few years more or less of residence at the colleges for it is amazing how little we Juniors know. As Seniors, I fear we will be perfect "know-nothings."

Oh, the luxury and the bliss of a single room! I am continually more and more

pleased with mine, although it is dark and cold and not very inviting looking. But to think that even such a comer is your own to have and to hold for a year is perfect happiness.

I was the happy (or unhappy) possessor of a seat at the German table for four weeks. For a week I was beside Fraulein Kapp and had the pleasure of understanding very little that she said, and of expressing myself in the worst possible German. There I was beside Post. Swift, who besieged me with questions, in order to make me talk, and then with corrections. It was from me, "Bitte, dem Zucker." Prof Swift, "den Zucker." From me, "Danke Fraulein," Post. "Fraulein," and so on to the end of the chapter. Of course it was very good for me, but so is also the pill to the patient. – nevertheless its bitterness is the same. Now we are away from that table, and form a nice little Junior table of ours now. Bertha Keller has the head of the table and I am at her left. One Sophomore mars the perfect symmetry of our Junior circle, but as she is very, very pleasant, we do not consider it a disagreeable interruption.

Friday night Mr. Proctor gave his second lecture. This one was more interesting than his lasts was about the stars and beautifully illustrated by stereopticon views.

Much to my surprise I received the lecture from Mr. Hopkins some days ago. Please thank him for sending it, when you see him. I do not feel myself capable of writing him a letter of thanks. Neither do I feel myself capable of in any way criticising it. It did seem to me that it was very well written, but I can not see exactly what he is aiming at. I can't see how any man who is as Mr. Hopkins says of himself, "neither mathematician or astronomer," can take upon himself to refute Newton's Laws.

Here, ought I to have written several letters tonight, and this is all I have accomplished.

The bell will ring in a few minutes, so with heaps of Love,

Your Loving sister -

Please tell me whenever anything I send you reaches you.