

Vassar.

Jan. 10. 1874.

Dearest Carrie,

What to say about the news your last letter contains, I do not know. I suppose congratulations are the thing, but they are not in my line any more than yours, and instead of saying like you, "How do you do?" I would say, "How do you feel?" Dear little sister, if you love him and are happy, I am happy with you. Besides, I like George right well, and believe with him that he will get the dearest and best little woman the world contains.

I have longed so very much to be with you during the Christmas Festivities; it seems such an age since I have spent a Christmas at home, and yet one more must be passed in this far off land. But with me this has been about as pleasant a vacation as I have had for some time. All the Buffington family are very nice and friendly, taking me at once as one of them, and there were many pleasant people in Kittanning whom I met. All were anxious to know if I had lost my heart while away, but I am happy to say I brought it back in a sound condition, in spite of the many attractive persons of the masculine persuasion whom I met. A cousin of Fannie's, Grier Orr, pleased me very much, being older than most of the Kittaaalag beaux. He is a lawyer and considered quite smart, but unfortunately for him he was left with such a fortune that he has never been compelled to lift a finger for his own support. He is a confirmed bachelor, living with sister, a most lovely lady, and his old father and mother. Then I met an amusing man, Mr. Neale, who has spent a great deal of time in Germany, and is continually recounting his adventures while there. The dancing men were quite numerous and much as they are in all places. Fannie Buff, has an ardent admirer at home. Dr. Miltner Allison. I think I never saw a man so completely infatuated unless it is Mr. George. I don't know, but I am almost sure that he has proposed to Fannie and been refused. At any rate, he is formal and almost cold whenever she is about, trying, you knew, to appear utterly unconscious of her existence. He is a very large man, very handsome with dark hair and grey eyes, very good in his profession it is said, but yet Fannie says she can not give him the one thing he wants. I still hope she will sometime change her mind, for I am very much pleased with him. He took me out to the sleighing party one night, and during a four or five hour's ride alone with a man one becomes somewhat acquainted, if both are not very reserved. Dr. Allison is a little like Everard Eggleston, being very proud and not given to humbling himself in the least: Indeed he is sometimes quite cynical. He has a sister with whom I was very much delighted.

Our little stay in Philadelphia was very much pleasanter than I had anticipated. Mrs. Marshall had invited some young people to meet us at her house, and with music and card playing the time went off quickly. I never expect to see any of the people again, yet shall carry away very pleasant recollections of them all; especially of Mrs. Marshall's nephew, Ross Brodie.

New Year's morning Mrs. Buffington gave me a little book of Quotations. It was very kind of her and quite unexpected. Mamma and Papa's present is a very nice one, as it will enable us to get a few new books every year, don't you think so?

I don't know that I have told you what a gay week our last one in Kittanning was. I was out until twelve and after every night except Saturday, and then we had a sort of euchre party at the house.

Have reached the bottom of my page and so many other letters to write that I must close. Do write often, Julie.