

Vassar College.

Jan. 13. 1874.

My dear Papa,

Having a few spare moments this afternoon before Bud Bell comes down to translate German with me, I will spend them in writing to you. Sunday I did not write my usual letter, but having written to Carrie the day before, I thought you could not possibly be anxious concerning my welfare.

I found a stack of letters awaiting my arrival, and they did my heart good, you may be sure. Your birth day parties seem to have become established, and I suppose you generally, to use the vulgar expression, "smell a rat" when the day comes. Mamma and Carrie though, I see, very the programme, by giving sometimes a dinner and sometimes an evening party. I have wished very much indeed that I could have been a participator upon that eventful occasion. My dear Papa is growing to be an old man, his years show us; but I can not realise it, neither do I wish to. Two years from now I will be with you on the third of Jan. I hope.

Many thanks for the Christmas present from you and Mamma. The papers which you sent for my signature have been attended to, and forwarded to Mr. Swenson, and Carrie and I will soon, I suppose, be in possession of our "little fortune."

Professor Orton returned from his South American trip during the vacation. He looks well and changed neither for better or worse than I can see. He is somewhat tanned, perhaps. Owing to his absence we have not been able to take mineralogy, but still we can have geology next semester; with it, the President says we will have to combine the former study.

Gerald Massey lectured here last Friday night upon Pre-Raphaelitism, and pleased us students very well. Prof. Van Ingen, an authority of course upon all art-matters did not like his lecture much, considering it far behind the times, as indeed it might be, having been written twenty years ago. Mr. Massey is "not much on looks", and one could well believe, as Pres. Raymond informed us, that he was of "lowly birth": neither has he the look of a poet, if one can imagine such a look.

I have outrun my time, for Bird sits here waiting for me to stop -

With very much love,

Your aff. daughter,

Julie.