

Vassar.

Jan. 14. 1874.

Dearest Carrie,

Your letter which I have been expecting all the week came today, and was received with a hearty welcome. But I feel ready to scold you soundly for not giving me some account of your doings during Christmas week and afterwards. Mamma as well as Papa left all the news and accounts the holidays to you, and now between you all not even bare facts have reached me; and I had hoped for a brilliant description from one, at least. Do tell me what people do and say, since I cannot be there to see and hear. We haven't yet begun fully to realize that there are twelve whole weeks before us until spring vacation, and consequently have not yet become hopelessly blue. Lessons with me, though, have not gone very well since my return, and unless my luck changes soon, I may get the "dumps", a favorite word with my next door neighbor and classmate, Clements.

I wish your dream had been a reality and that you were here in the flesh rooming with me in a pretty room. Oh, Carrie, next summer seems so far away, and wish to be with you all again at Wood-Lawn is so great- But you will think that I am in a fearfully homesick mood, whereas it is not the case. I have merely been wading through the snow for a half hour, which is not particularly inspiriting; and having hanging over my head the writing something for the Theta, paper on Friday night.

I am glad you liked "Off the Skelligs". I suppose the writer's name was in the book. It is written by Jean Ingelow, an English woman. Miss Broughton has a new book out, "Nancy" which is said to be a bright and piquant story. I want to read it, and hope it is not quite as lovesick as "Red as a rose," etc. Do you remember when we read that, and how long ago it seems? Please send me that chorus, "God be merciful unto us". We must have it in Choral class, and I think it is scarcely worth while to get another.. The snow has reached you in advance of us. Today it has begun, and from

all appearances will continue no one knows how long. However we cannot complain of the cold this winter. Indeed the complaint is all on the other side, for I hear these northern people saying almost daily, "How I wish it would become cold". This warm weather out of season is not conducive to good health; so I, with the others, ought, I suppose, to be thankful that it is coming to a close. Only the sleighing had come during vacation, so that I might have had another ride after Dr. Allison's fast horses. By the way, Josie Buffington has promised to come over here for Founder's Day, and intends to bring with him two of his College friends, Harry Whitney and Charlie Craik. That will be very nice for us, but under such circumstances I will need a new dress. Do you think Papa would let me have a light silk? Such a thing would be needed next year, and I might just as well have it now while goods are cheaper. I am going to send to New York for some samples, and will send for some of silk and even if I do not get a dress, no harm will be done. These boys have sent word that they will come, but if they change their minds, I shall not bother myself about a dress.

Give my love to Mrs. Hunt, if she is still with you, and tell her that I hope to have the pleasure of sharing her visit, next time.

Please excuse half sheets of paper. They are filling up my desk, so I must put them to some good use, and I can find no better than filling and sending them to you.

Do, Carrie dear, write me often. I know how very hard it is to write when at our house; but remember the days when you were alone at Troy, and then see if you have the heart to let me go a week without one of your dear letters.

With heaps of love and kisses, the latter I hope may make the trip in safety,

Your fond sister,

Julie.