

Vassar.

Feb. 1. 1874.

My dear Papa and Mamma,

There is just time before bed-time to write you a short letter, but as there are several girls in the parlor talking and laughing quite gaily I fear this letter will scarcely be worthy of a place in Uncle Sam's mailbag.

This has been a week of considerable gaiety for me. Last Saturday, as I wrote Carrie, Dr. Avery invited me in to meet Mr. and Mrs. Swan. Tuesday night Prof. Mitchell invited her two Astronomy classes over to the Observatory to spend the evening and rejoice over the arrival of Mrs. Somerville's bust. This precious bust of the great astronomer was presented to the Observatory of the College by an English woman. Miss Francis Cobbe, through Prof.

Mitchell when she was in Europe last summer. It arrived here some weeks ago, but unfortunately with a broken nose. Prof. Van Ingen mended it immediately but, for some reason or other, did not tint, it until a few days ago. Then of course Miss Mitchell sent for us all to pass the convivial evening with her. Poetry was the order of the evening and some quite comical rhymes were made. Miss M. says that Observatory poetry needs no ideas, merely rhymes, and these she says any of us can make. Yesterday, Saturday, Fannie Buffington and myself went in town and spent the day with Bird Bell, whose Mother is keeping house in Po'keepsie. The day was bitter cold and today is even colder, the thermometer at sundown being 5°. Other winters this would not be called such very bad winter weather but this year has been very warm indeed. Friday it was as warm as a May day and now the girls are all complaining of the cold in their rooms. My parlor is very comfortable being only cold in the morning after the night's airing. And my down quilt keeps me quite as warm as the old duck under its own covering.

This is our week of examinations, the curse of us all. Tuesday and Wednesday our class in Astronomy will have a written examination which of course will count, and then on Thursday comes our third examination. Next semester my studies will be Astronomy, Geology and German, all quite nice.

Your letter for this week was not received last night, but will come on Monday morning, I suppose.

Give my love please to Mrs. Hunt, and accept a large share yourself Jenny.

Your daughter

Julie M. Pease