

March 6. 1874.

My dear Sister,

Two or three nights ago I sat down to write you, but was interrupted, and even now I hear the bell will ring before I can scribble off something in the shape of a letter, to enliven you, so my letter can. Religious Inquiry meeting was this evening, and feeling in duty bound to go, I went. Some Po'keepsie minister held forth for over an hour, in a cracked and high voice. The very fact of his being from Po'keepsie made me prepare to be bored, as I was, and still more so was I, when it was told by him that he would talk upon the religious sentiment in Europe, his knowledge of which was gathered during a flying trip of three months. Thus I had to leave my letters, and now being excused from Gymnastics tonight, the time usually given them I will devote to answering letters. By-the-way, I have grown to dislike Gymnastics as much as you used to in our old days at Hartford. We have them the last thing in the evening, the best time as regards dressing, because there is no necessity for changing the dress after them, yet we are always tired at that time and dislike to take any exercise, even the slightest.

This has been one of the blustering, lion-like days, for which March is noted. My battle with the wind during the half-hour spent outdoors was the hardest I have had this winter - I wish you could have seen us: it would have made you laugh to see us blown in every direction at once, and at one time I really thought I should be taken up bodily and blown across the road, as Mrs. Raymond told us she was once. We are just getting into the interesting part of geology; before now we have had to study minerals more particularly, but I begin to like it very much as we study the strata. We were very much amused and I suppose somewhat instructed by a man who visited our class this morning and lectured to us. His name is Professor Coke, and he is the Secretary of the Natural History Society in Philadelphia. His special branch of science is Paleontology, which he has been studying recently to some extent in Kansas and Missouri. Talking to a lot of girls I suppose he thought he must be funny, and so he made himself, in many cases, almost ridiculous by trying to make us laugh. Once he was speaking of a fossil found out West, whose neck was twenty feet long, when, putting his finger to his nose in a comical manner he said "Think of the amount of sore throat, twenty feet of it".

Did I ever write you that Ida Whitman came down some weeks ago to see Nellie? She looks just as ever, and is quite as lively and talkative. When asked as to her future prospects, she blushed a good deal, and is that not a sign of approaching if not present engagement? Of course I know nothing of such things as you do. Aunt Maria R. asked me if you had a beau, and of course I answered truthfully, "yes". Then she asked politely blank if you were engaged. Then I was caught for you had given me no permission to say anything about it and so I had no right to say you were, neither could I tell a deliberate falsehood. It brought me of a talk we had in Bible Class once upon truth, and how Miss Braislin, and Miss H. Bralsilla, said that in some cases where others were concerned evasion was right, and so I evaded. By telling her I thought you would write her all about it when the time came* So Carrie you will tell her, I hope, for I shall be again attacked in April. Fainting is such slow work and Professor wishes me to do things

which will help me In ,ink? , drawing and which do not show, so that X am in utter despair. I want very much indeed to paint Mrs. Buffington some little thing to send home by Fan, for she was so very kind to me last Christmas; then I ought to give Aunt Maria R. a picture, and certainly Aunt Jule & Annie ,Emmit? ,who have done so much for me, that a little gift la due them, & they would best appreciate a picture, & I could not go home without something. Don't you think X am in a sad plight, & I possess but one that would do to give away! Have you seen ,fll? , Shropshire since he came to Austin? Josie Buffington sent word to me the other day that Ell, was in Austin, had been admitted to the bar, & had been made (Sergeant? , at Arms ,to Whin? r Mamma spoke of Shropshire in her letter. I supposed it was the father not the son. Having a little mercy in you I will tire you no longer with my scrawl, but give you a most loving goodnight kiss In Imagination, little sister -

Lovingly,

Julie.

Julia M. Pease, '75,