

Vassar College.

March 31, 1874.

My dear Papa & Mamma,

Tonight I have time to write you the letter which I omitted to write on Sunday. The teachers of the Music Department will give a concert tonight, assisted by four musicians from New York. As only two teachers play it seems to me it might better be said that these artists are assisted by the teachers but such is not the way of doing at Vassar. Our lessons have all been shortened, by, tomorrow, hence my time hangs more heavily than usual on my hands.

Just here I stopped to tell my parlor mates some jokes on Charles Kingsley which occurred when he was at the College not long since, and perhaps they will amuse you, so I will tell them. Pres. Raymond says that Kingsley was at his ease but once while he was here, and that was after his lecture was over when, the Canon wishing to smoke, the Pres. took him into his study. There Kingsley jumped upon the table and with his legs dangling and arm resting on the table he talked fluently at will and seemed perfectly at ease. The next morning Prof. Orton was to show him over the College, but soon after breakfast Miss

Terry happening to look out of her window saw him speeding down to the horsecars, satchel in hand, literally running away, having said nothing to anyone about going. But for a bashful man it must have been very trying to have to be the lion at the would be English dinners and suppers the Pres. and Miss Terry lavished upon him.

It has quite discouraged me from coming back another year since

I find that you expect me to graduate with an honor. For, as I have told you repeatedly, there is not the slightest chance of my having one. I have not worked for one, and in such a class as ours one must work with might and main. Moreover I have no strong friends among the Faculty to give me one being a poor student. The matter is settled and fixed as the laws of the Medes and Persians, and I could not get one unless the number were increased to twenty-nine. So please resign yourselves to the inevitable; and none could mourn the matter more than I.

The material for my dress has arrived and is very pretty. It is not like the samples I sent you, for I found some afterwards which I liked better. As soon as this is cut I will send you a sample.

You say nothing new about coming North this spring, have you made any change in your plan. Please don't fail to let me know when you will be in New York for I can see you so much sooner by going down. It is almost bed time, so I must... by going down. It is almost bed time, so I must say good-night. Lovingly,

Julie M. P.