

Vassar

May 23. 1874.

My dear Carrie,

This has been an unusually busy week with me. I have scarcely had time to think or breathe, but now that the pressure is taken off I can sit down peacefully and write you, my dear. And I suppose you will want to know what there has been so much to do, so I will tell you, although it may not seem so much to you. But you know every moment is portioned out here, and if several be taken up by some thing else, we are quite lost for time. There was a little article for Chapter meeting last night, the writing was nothing, but it required all my spare time for reading up. Then yesterday I just succeeded in getting off twenty invitations for our Junior excursion on the twenty-eighth. You remember, perhaps, that I am Secretary of the Class, whose business it is to perform such little jobs. And every odd moment I have had to take notes for my Geology essay, to be handed in as soon as possible. I am sure you would enjoy the study of Geology very much indeed, and want you to read Dana as soon as I am through with the book. Texas does not seem a very good field for fossils, still a good many are found there, and some Trilobites even, about which my essay is to be - Please don't put too much faith in Cel. Smith's stories. Although I do not wish you all to think I am at the very foot of my class, still do not believe all the old gentleman may say. He tells Mary Taylor, Cliffie Loverin and myself, when he sees us separately, that each is to be Valedictorian of her class, and he knows that we all belong to '75. One of my last year's parlor-mates, Francis Swift has just been in to invite me to her birthday spread this afternoon. It is to be quite a fine affair, I believe. Her mother sends out a servant from town to assist in waiting, and there are to be twenty eight of us. Francis is only eighteen today and a Junior but her oldest sister graduated last year as Salutarian at the age of eighteen! I fear the family is degenerating. The Sophomores give a grand dramatic entertainment this evening, to which I am going, so that this afternoon and evening will be pretty much taken up, and must stop now and study for Monday. Please, dear, remember that I just live upon the recollections of one letter until the next comes, and not fail to write when you can.

Lovingly,

Julie.

(Julia M. Pease, '75)