

Oct. 1. 1874

Vassar College.

Dear Papa,

As you thought, your letter was very acceptable, coming to hand at a time when, if ever, one is inclined to be homesick. U homesickness consists of weeping and "blueness" merely, I have not beea afflicted, but if, as I think, it is sometimes an infinite longing to go home, then I also have beea effected. - I think of home all the time, and want to be there; the knowledge that this is my last year making matters worse insted of better, Yet I never came back and found things pleasanter than now. We being the upper class, are looked up to, and in all things treated with the utmost consideration. Then of course we have many friends among the teachers as well as students, all of whom welcome us back gladly. Miss Terry too, is very kind, calling us "her Senior Class," from the fact that we were the first regular class whom she has taken through the course, we being Freshmen when she first came. We are not called upon to report for Exercise and the ether minor affairs as the other classes do; neither are we put upon our honor. But we can walk In or not as we please, though it Is expected that we will do, having been duly instructed that good health demands regularity In that matter.

I presume you will be very glad to know that I have Natural Philosophy instead of a second year of Astronomy. Carrie in particular did not seem to like the Idea of my omitting the former from my course, and knowing that you also are not vary desirous that I should study the higher Mathematics I have made this change. I myself am very well pleased with the change, as the new Professor of Philosophy Is a fine teacher. Miss Mitchell was kind enough to say that she missed me much from the class, and invited me to go over and see the Instruments whenever I desired -

Did you over receive, sent to me, a printed account of the doings of last Class Day? Please let me know as soon as possible, for if they were received I must pay for them, and If not, have another seat.

This letter Is written In great haste; and in my own, not over warm room, when I was driven by the noise In our parlor. Please excuse mistakes, and accept very much love, from your

aff. daughter

Julie