

Vassar College
April 17, 1871.

Dear Papa,

Yesterday I was very busy and did not find time to write my usual letter to you, and now before dinner I will scribble a few lines to send you that you may not feel anxious about me. Perhaps when X tells you what I was doing yesterday you may think it not a sufficient reason for failing to write. I had commenced "Hypatia" and becoming very much interested I did not like to leave it. For the afternoon I arranged myself comfortably on the bed and was enjoying myself heartily when Carrie Norton came to make me a visit. Her visits in length resemble those of old Mrs. Alford of Foquillon and her tongue goes almost as ceaselessly and to as little purpose as that of the worthy lady herself. I yawned repeatedly, was much astonished that she was not on her bed sleeping away the Sunday afternoon, but it was of no use--she did not leave me until it was time to dress for tea. After tea there was prayer-meeting to attend and two or three visits to make, and by the time I was through with them I had to prepare for bed.

The weather has changed within the last few days. It has been so warm that we thought summer was really here. Today however when we went down to row we had to wrap up quite warmly. We have a nice little bouquet of sweet violets in our parlor now, these having blossomed in the open air. The flower beds are beginning to look very pretty and gay with hyacinths, myrtle and some tulips.

Mies Lyman has found a very sweet girl and I feel almost as much alone as if she was not with me.

Please excuse this short letter (it is longer now than Carrie's to me are) and accept much love for yourself and Manama and Carrie.

Ever your

loving Julie.

(Julia M. Pease, *75,