

Vassar College.

Dec. 14. 1870.

My dear Papa,

I have had no time this week for writing letters and as I wrote Mamma the latter part of last week thought that you would not feel anxious about me. By this time Mamma and Carrie must have reached home and you are having such a alee time together. Did you go to Brenham to meet them or did they come up in the stage? It seems as though the railroad to Austin never would be completed. Mamma said again that she would never make the trip North until after it was finished and yet this is (the, second time she has been over the road since she said so, and it is apparently no nearer completion. I have had two letters from Aunt Maria concerning my visit to her this Christmas. She says that she does not hear from Aunt Carrie very often and so does not know how Grandma is getting along. If she can not hear, I wonder who will. But if Aunt Maria would give her sister a part of the scolding she gave me for not writing to her I think she would write a little oftener. My sentences sound as badly as some that we are translating in "Caesar" but it is the fault of our language for not having more pronouns to express our meaning. For instance in Caesar, "That if he needed anything from Caesar, he would have come to him" that if he wished any thing from him, he ought to come to him." Do you get the sense from it? Did you ever translate Caesar at all? I begin to like it quite well but our lessons are so long that we do not have time to understand it all perfectly. This year we translate four books of Caesar, three of Cicero and two of Virgil, and it will keep us working hard. Now that Mamma has reached home I hope you will read the

"testimonials." I thought that I had explained it so that you would understand what I wanted you to send. All that is required is a paper from either a teacher or minister from home. As I have never been to school in Austin you will have to get them from Mr. Rogers, stating anything he may choose to about me. But this paper is required, and nearly half the year has passed and I have not furnished them. I shall expect three home each week letters now instead of one and shall look forward to them with so much pleasure. Next Wednesday afternoon I start for Binghamton in company of five young ladies from that place who are attending school here. We go by way of Albany as it is much shorter than by New York. I want to write Carrie tonight and so must close. Your very loving

daughter, Julie M. Pease.

(Julia M. Pease, '75)