

Vassar College.

March 7, 1871.

Dear Papa,

I have just come from a visit to Mademoiselle, our french teacher, and am so provoked that I sit down to write you and get rid of a little of my wrath, for at present I do not feel composed enough to study. I wrote home some time ago that I had been examined for this Freshman french class, and that I had passed. Mademoiselle wrote the Pres. to that effect and he, carelessly, lost the note, and requires another from her, giving our marks. 4a She has lost the paper on which the marks were written and so can only say that we passed. There were three of us examined and one, Miss Taylor, being personally acquainted with the Pres. went to him and stated the case. He did nothing for the benefit of all, but sent word to Mademoiselle to write him how Miss Taylor passed, and on receiving her note, admitted to her to Freshman french. Now, Mademoiselle will not write the Pres. for Miss Taussig and myself to pass, and her only reason is that she is tired same

and nearly crazed with the business; for there are many others in the situation with us, who go often to see her. It is too bad, for now we will have to go on in the same class, feeling that we are prepared for a higher one, and also that we are learning little or nothing new. I think Miss Taylor's being a friend of the President had something to do with her being admitted.

Saturday, 11.

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I find this letter in my desk and will now finish and send it. I have become somewhat more reconciled to my fate than I was when this began. Isn't there an old saying, "what can't be helped must be endured"? That is the way with me at present. I know that the Pres. would not allow me to study freshman french, even if Mademoiselle had written him I passed, but then I need not study it any more this year, but take some other study. They think now I have too much to do, but I think as long as my marks are good and Miss Morse told me they were very good and my health is good, I can keep on. Today has been just like a spring day. The snow has entirely disappeared and it has been so warm that I have wished to be out all day. An hour's exercise (in, such weather as this is the pleasantest part of our days labor.

The College bills were due this week and I sent them to Mr. Levenson after they were receipted as he seemed to think it best, I sent them to him. \$300 was paid on my entrance, and now one hundred to make the four hundred, sixty for my drawing lessons and sixteen dollars and fifty eight cents for stationary and other things, it made in all \$176.58 cts. I sent, also, for fifty dollars because I shall need some money in the spring holidays and to take me to Conn, in the summer. I wrote you that at Christmas Mr. Levenson sent me \$30 and paid ten for my having my teeth filled. So that I have had just one hundred dollars from him besides this for the College. I hope not to have to ask for any more for some time. I have no letters from either you or Mamma this week, and miss them so much. Last Thursday is the only one since I came here when I have not received a home letter, and I do not know why it did not come. Carrie's letter came in the usual time. I shall be very much disappointed if I do not

get a letter on Monday. It is time to go to our lenal service and so I must close with much love and many kisses I am your aff.

Julie.

(Julia M. Pease, '75)