

Vassar College,

March 17, 1871.

Dear sister,

X had just commenced a most doleful letter to you yesterday when I was interrupted by a visit from such a sweet girl, Ettie Cleveland, who telling

would not let me feel sad any more; comforting me and saying that the dark places in one's life only made the pleasant ones brighter. There are occasionally with everyone days when everything goes wrong, and yesterday was such a one with me. I suppose, as the old saying is, 'I got out of wrong side of the bed.' I knew my French lesson well, and did not get a question, but for that matter, Miss Kapp hardly ever asks me anything and it makes the class very stupid for me. Then Miss J. Lord, in Latin, gave me a scolding, not because I did not know my lesson, but because X can not read Latin with any expression. Reading Latin is her great hobby, and it is a thing I cannot do. She makes us learn Latin and it

recite and, what is much worse, read a sentence from the book, then close the book and repeat it. I never could learn like a parrot and so it is impossible for me to do this without a great deal of help. I am drawing the head of Diana, from a cast and yesterday I could do nothing with it. I could not make it look like her. Sometimes I think that I can never do anything at drawing and had better give it up. To crown all, I came down to hear the mail distributed and found no letter for me, and in more than two weeks X had had nothing from home except a very short note from you. I am afraid that if Ettie should come in now, she would find me writing about Mar. 17, 1871 * 2

as complaining a little as I was yesterday. But this morning I received your letter and Mamma's, and they have made me quite happy. Thank you, for your wish to send me a birthday present. It makes me sad to feel that I am eighteen. I used to think that I would always be willing to tell my age, but now I feel very much like calling myself younger. In fact, I can hardly realize that I am so old, and it seems more natural to say that I am sixteen. I suppose that is the way with all these ladies of a certain age; it seems more natural to call themselves younger. I expected to have had a cry on my birthday, it is the custom to do so, but I was so busy all day that I did not find time, and at night I was so sleepy, that I dropped off to sleep, while preparing to squeeze out a few tears. You say that you heard Prof. Hamasy was to be ordained. I do not think it can be so or Mr. Levancoat would have mentioned it. Among the Austin items which he told me, was one that Dr. Lane was very soon to be married to Miss Mollie Green. That will be one more on the list of Austin belles, and if Mollie Sewal marries soon, as you seem to think she will, the number left will not be very large.

I have written you that I shall remain here during the holidays. We only have ten days, and I think I shall enjoy myself very well. There is

such a fine library here that one cannot fail to find amusement.

Dear little Carrie, don't think of such a thing as my criticizing your letters, they are very precious to me written in any way. When I

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learn to write as good oaes it will be time to think of each a thing. What a funny ides to seat myself with a letter la one hand fc Rhetoric In the other, but do not fear that I shall ever attempt it.

The weather is so warm that 1 find 1 am beginning to be affected by "spring fever" (laziness) and I want to be out doors all the time walking, or seated on one of the benches readiag, instead of staying in the house learning stupid lessons. X think I have afflicted you with enough stuff of an inferior kind and so will close with much love*

Julie

(Julia M. Pease, *75,