

Vassar College,
April 10, 1871.

Dear Papa and Mamma,

Your letters of the—I was going to tell the date, but looking at them find there is none and nothing on the envelope even—came today, and I sit down immediately to write you and try and dispel the fears which one of my letters seems to have awakened in you. I do not remember having written home a very desponding letter. It must be that your love increases any [crossed out] complaints that I may have made until from very small things they have grown ^large in your eyes. What could I have written to trouble you so? I am perfectly well, have never felt better in my life. Perhaps I was a little tired when that letter was written, for sometimes I did feel tired after studying all day. Now, however, I am all right.

This little vacation has rested me and I am ready to begin work again on Wednesday. I begin to hate that letter which has made you all feel so anxious about me. Was I angry at my Latin teacher, or at the Steward for not giving us better things to eat? It must have been one or the other because those are my great troubles. Don't say any more about my coming home so learned, please. I know that I will not and I don't want you to expect much from me. Your Julie will come home knowing very little more than when she went away. What good will the Latin do her? She will not have learned very much of that and she has more of it than anything else.

Little Miss Lyman, who has been rooming across the corridor from me, has only just gone out from my room after offering herself to me for a roommate. Of course I said I would be glad to have her come, but not from the bottom of my heart. I am not willing and can simply endure any roommate. After having all my life such a dear one as Carrie I do not want any less perfect than she. Miss Lyman is a nice little thing and I think I shall like her very much. She changes her room because Miss Morse [Ann Ella Morse, assistant to the president and to the lady principal?] thinks theirs will be too warm in the summer as there are three in it. The parlor is the same size as mine and the bedroom twice as large and I think it no more crowded for three than mine for two. This morning I found my letter too large to put in the ferotype [sp: ferrottype] and will put it in now. With very much love
your daughter Julie

[Julia M. Pease, '75]