

Vassar College.

April 24, 1871.

Dear Carrie,

I think that I cannot spend this "silent time" better by writing a letter to you, I was either too lazy or tired to write to any of you yesterday, and today must try and make amends for my failure then*. There are so many things to tell you and I feel that I have so little time to tell them that I do not know where to commence. It is quite a while since I have written you a letter all to yourself, Carrie, and I hope that you do not feel slighted. You know that I would write you every day or two if I could. Since school commenced after our short vacation, I have had scarcely a moment for anything but study. I think it takes me longer than it used to in Hartford to learn my lessons (there is a violation of clearness which would much disturb Miss Clark.)

Tomorrow Prof. Van Xogen takes his drawing and painting classes out sketching. He has selected a spot for us near the lake, and we ought to make a pretty sketch. I fear I shall do but poorly, as I have never attempted even a tree or bush from nature.

When the time came to join the Floral Society, I went down prepared to become an honorary member. I thought I would not have time to take care of a flower bed and if I became an hon. member I would have no work to do and would have a bouquet of cut flowers brought to my room each week. However, after hearing the Constitution read I decided to join the Society as a working member. So I paid my little cents and have a bed
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of my own. Our bodies are not yet ready to work late and so we work for the society. We are required to work only fifteen minutes each day. Just that is the amount of exercise I would have to take by walking and I enjoy the exercise much more working in the garden. I hope Papa will come North this summer. Mamma says that he is not very well and for his health ought to take the trip. I wish you could persuade him to come on. I want to see him so much.

We are beginning to need a Latin Grammar and I do not want to get one if I can get along without one, because we have one at home. Can you not send it by mail? It is bid and would not be a very great loss if it did not come safely, and perhaps it can reach me. If so it would be a saving of a dollar at a hall, and I have so many books to buy.

I cannot write any more at present. With love

Julie.

(Julia M. Pease, 1875,