

Vassar College  
April 27, 1871.

Dear Carrie,

I feel so lazy and tired today that it takes a very great effort to write the few letters which are necessary. I would write you tomorrow, our

but Miss Lyman and I have harrowed a book called "Faith Gartney" and only chance to read it together is then, Sunday. The reason for my laziness is that we were up until after twelve last night. Today is Founders Day, but the Faculty kindly let us celebrate yesterday instead. I say kindly because we celebrate it by a holiday and in the evening an entertainment. The letter consisted of music, dramatic reading and tableaux. The music was by Misses Hollister and Darling who are considered the finest players here, and Miss Boynton sang very nicely. Prof. Raymond from New York read to us "Twelfth Night" from Shakespeare. I wrote you of his reading before, and it is not necessary to say again how well he reads. I wish he had selected something more interesting. Our interest lessened towards the end of the play, perhaps because it was so long, and we had been sitting several hours and were getting tired. After the reading came the tableaux. They were two, "The Return from the Vintage" and "The Ascension of Marguerite." The first one was statutory and a better imitation than what we attempted at the H.F.S. in the days gone by. The stage arrangements here were not very good. An old black curtain was swung across the platform of the chapel for background. However, it reached high enough to cover all of Mr. Vassar in the portrait which hangs in the Chapel, but the top of his head. Looking at that we could imagine him smiling benignly at the happy way we were celebrating his anniversary day. It seems can be produced by

wonderful, what a beautiful effect a graceful arrangement of a few persons clothed in sheets and powdered with flour and the whole lit by a red light. When the curtain had gone down the second time, of course we waited anxiously for the second tableau. Very soon we saw rising up behind the drop curtain, the clouds. It was some time before they could be arranged satisfactorily and after they were, the angels were placed in the air and then the curtain rose. We gazed and could not look enough. It was beautiful. There were four angels bearing Marguerite upwards, and all was and faint

just dim enough to make it seem real. Our Founders Day was over and we marched out of chapel and hastened to our downy couches. They seemed still more downy this morning when the rising bell rang, and even the thought of a Vassar College breakfast could not bring many from them again

until time for Chapel services. Oh that we could go to such a supper as we feasted upon last night. Jelly, cold biscuit, Jolly and almond cake and Icecream.

Within the last few weeks I have wanted so much to go home. Perhaps because it is so hard for you all to do without me, that it seems as though I must go home. If it were not for my drawing lessons I would not think of remaining another year, and sometimes I think before the summer is over I will decide to go back in the fall.

F lease tell me often of Emily, Lisa and Cloe, yen know X love them almost as part of our family. I am glad the little ones are learning so fast\* and tell them I want to have a letter from them before I go homo. Will they not begin soon to write? I think you must have enjoyed your visit from Johan and the Palm girls very much. While you and Mamma are alone so much I should think you would have a good deal of company to stay days with you.

Always remember me to Martha and tell her I often wish for soma of her nice waffles and fritters.

What is the matter with Long Shanks? Have you offended him In any way? Tall ma what young men coma to saa you now. Does Ridge continue his visitations? It makes ma yawn now to think of them. Tou know that X am not fond of gentleman society and yet X would eagerly rush for a pair of pants now. By tha way there is talk of expelling a young lady from the Collage. Only two have bean expelled, ana lor stealing and tha other for flirtings as this young lady has done all the (expelablc) things except stealing, It will be strange If she is not sent away. I will not ba so cruel as tto, make you read a page which is crossed and so will close.

Julie

(Julla M. Pease, '75)