

Vassar College,

June 18, 1871.

Dear Carrie,

This is our last Sunday at Vassar. It is now raining very hard and I fear the rain will prevent many persons from coming out to hear the Baccalaureate* We will have the full benefit of it, though, and as it will be long and after It, the President addresses the seniors, I presume we will be quite tired*

Our examinations passed off very well. There was little company in any of the classes, and in mine there were only some "preps" and the Professor of the Department. Rhetoric, I feared most and was the only one from our class who recited, the two Rhetoric classes reciting together. I don't know whether I did well or not, but I do know that I talked loud. Those who recited before me spoke so low that I could not hear what they said, even j

and so I determined that if what I said did not amount to much, it should be heard* In all our classes we drew numbers for reciting and of course my luck was always to draw a small number and have to recite.

This letter was begun Sunday and now Tuesday I must try and finish it* Last Tuesday, while all waited anxiously, the names of the next years Freshman class were read in Chapel. Mine was not among the number although that class (75) is my class* I was behind in Algebra. If I had only known how easily I could make up Algebra I would have done so before the examinations, because Wednesday afternoon, Thursday and Friday I studied at spare moments and passed. So now I am Freshman, even if my name

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has not been read off, but I will have to wait until next year before entering the class. We drew our rooms Friday. As I drew with the "preps," my room is not a very good one. It is an inside double room on the same corridor as I am on now.

There are "piles" of people in the College now. The classes of '68 - '69 meet together this year. I think I never saw a much homelier set than the Akimnae, but then they are said to be very talented. Last night there was a concert. The girls did very nicely and I think everyone was pleased. Tonight there will be an address by one of the Alumnae and Wednesday is Commencement. Your birthday is past, Carrie, and you are twenty. I wish I could have been with you and have seen my little Carrie as she passed from the "teens." I want to hear about your presents and how you liked them. How are you going to have your black grenadine made? All ruffles and over skirts, I suppose, as they are always made. One of our graduates this year, will never wear an overskirt, but she is small and looks nicely without. She is a great naturalist and wears short hair and no over skirts I presume so as to more easily catch butterflies and snakes, I was very glad to receive Lilla Grahams letter and have already answered it. I am disgusted with dressmaking since I received my white alpaca. I wrote you that at Christmas I left it at Aunt Mferia's to be trimmed and have an overskirt made, and Miss Gray was to do the work without asking much. Instead of having Miss Gray do the work Aunt

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sent it to a dress maker, and everything together cost eleven dollars--

making and new alpaca. She would have made a new waist but I protested against it. The dress looks very nicely but I would not have had it touched II I had known Aunt would send It to the dress maker. Our parlor is a most forlorn looking place. The pictures are down and the trunks standing half packed with many things strewn on the floor. X must go now and finish packing. With love Julie.

iJulia M. Pease, '75,