

Vassar –
Feb. 5. 1873

My dear Papa,

Tonight our relief is Inexpressible, for the work of the semester is over, and we, that is, most of us, know that we have passed and can go on in our classes. For the last few days there has been great anxiety among us Sophmores; Prof. Backus told us that quite a number who were in Literature must needs be reexamined before he could tell whether they had passed. Of course I expected to be one of them, and if I had been of a weeping disposition should have joined in the general lamentation (Just imagine five girls in one parlor crying profusely, and in the same proportion all over the building!) It was not because we had not worked sufficiently hard, but because many were so timid they dared not say anything in class, and their knowledge of the study could not be told by their looks. When at last I summoned courage to ask Prof. Backus if I was one of the unfortunates, and was told no, I was indeed happy, and thankful to my poor little essays which have carried me through) for I have recited but twice since Sept. and then only for a few minutes. Cliffie Loverin has to be reexamined but will, of course, pass. I do not understand why it is, for she has recited a great many times and well, and her essays cannot be very much poorer than mine. Examinations are tomorrow but as they are no test of our scholarship we do not dread them. The only result attending failure then would be the mortification. Tomorrow my examinations in Elocution, Trigonometry and Literature come off. Vary likely I shall not be called on in anything; I sincerely hope not. Last Friday night we went in town to hear Anna Dickenson lecture on the question "What's to Hinder?" No one could find any fault with the lecture, or the lecturer for that evening. Miss Dickenson told us some plain truths in a very earnest and forcible manner, and was, as a general thing, much harder upon us poor weak women than on the "sterner sex." I don't wonder the men, who have a pretty good opinion of themselves (begging your pardon!) like her, for she flatters them. But I should think she might do a great deal of good among the poor working women. She does not seem a bit like those other woman rights lecturers—for she inspires one with respect.

It would seem strange to send a letter home without some comments upon the weather. Tonight they can be favorable. Exacting mortals that we are, we could not ask for brighter, warmer days in Feb. than these last two have been. To be sure, the paths are so slippery that one cannot walk erect, but when the sky overhead is bright and the air is mild, who cares what may be the condition underfoot? It is Warner, I think, who says that people are not accountable for all the mean things they say concerning the weather, so I hope to be forgiven for my complaints concerning this Northern climate. With much love I must say good night—