

Vassar –

Feb. 16, 1873.

Dearest Carrie,

I have been very wicked indeed, I knew, not to have written home all this long week, but an unfinished letter in my desk could testify, if it would, that you have been thought of many times, and that only my natural remissness has prevented its completion. The beginning of our new studies for the semester has kept us pretty well employed this week, and happily so; for a change is always pleasant, In German we are now on the second declension, and scrambling along through the crooked letters as fast as we can. Zoology is merely the listening to lectures from Prof. Orton, at present. French is quite interesting, for Mlle. Viellot, Viellot, is a very fine teacher. There is a pleasant intermingling of Grammar, Literature and Dictation. For Monday we have a letter to write in French. Mine is very short, if not sweet.

In my other letter to you, I had begun to tell you of our exercise in Trigonometry. But now our somewhat (?) conceited class is having the speeches printed and I shall be saved the trouble of giving you an account by sending you the printed copy. The outer page of the programme, which I shall send you, was designed by your humble servant, and in the original was considered quite pretty. However since it has returned from the printers hand I am ashamed to confess that I had any thing to do with so poor a representation. The costumes of the girls were very good, and I cannot refrain from giving you a specimen, however poor, of our "Trig." We assassinated him after the manner of Shakespeare, "Julius Caesar. From my drawing of "Trig" I fear you will not comprehend that he was encased in a black book. Last night our class had a "candy pull" in the College kitchen. Such fun as we had. Imagine fifty girls stirring, pulling, turning out and cutting candy; cracking nuts, eating and talking all at the same time. One little incident occurring during the evening convulses me with laughter every time I think of it. In the kitchen there is a sink about the size of ours only it is as deep as ours is with the cupboards underneath. On this several girls seated themselves like a row of hens on a fence, when suddenly one, Lizzie Dyckman, disappeared within it, all save her head and feet. The sink was full of dish water, and when poor Lizzie was dragged out wet and dripping, imagine the laugh which was raised at her expense. The poor child had to retire for a space of time to the privacy of her own apartment bearing with her the bow from her hair which had been courageously fished out by a bystander.

We had a very fine sermon from the President today, from the text about "apples of gold in baskets of silver." It is snowing fast so that we are excused from exercise, and I have plenty of time to give way to my habitual laziness, which generally has to be restrained until Sunday comes. With a vast store of love to all I am lovingly
Julia M. Pease