

Vassar —

Feb. 24, 1873.

My dear Carrie,

Yesterday I seated myself, pen in hand, and numberless letters scattered about me, with excellent Intentions, which however amounted to naught} not a letter did I write; but instead, bit the end of my penholder until I decided that all the letter writing I should accomplish would not counterbalance the detriment to my wooden holder. Sometimes it would be my choice to have a tooth pulled rather than to write. Yesterday was one of those days, and tonight is not much better. The first letter I have received from you for a long time came today. It was heartily welcomed, you may be sure. If Becky Harris is all she has been pictured to you, I indeed pity you the task of entertaining her. But I cannot imagine such an entirely indifferent girl and think, as well as hope, that you will have reason to be agreeably disappointed in her. I so often wish I had you here for a little talk. The pen is a very inefficient medium of communication. This semester I have painting in addition to my other studies. I don't know whether I have written you that they are German, Zoology and French. Finding some time to spare I asked permission from the "Prex" to take music lessons. This he would not grant, saying that he thought I already had sufficient to do; he also remarked that he "perceived I had marked out a very weak course for the semester, and advised me to take Latin or Calculus." But having chosen my studies after much consideration I do not see fit to change them. Prof. Hinkley does not seem to me a good
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teacher of Latin, and as the French teacher is an uncommonly good one, I find the latter of more advantage.

Two or three days ago I was put at the French table and was surprised to discover how little French I knew. I fear I never will learn much of that language. Pretty soon we have to write an essay in French. We have a choice of subjects. "Beauty in its different forms," 1 A story or a criticism upon the Eagle which Prof. Van Ingen has just painted. I should take the latter only I have the same subject for an English essay about the same time, so I'll have to take a story, for I know nothing about beauty. George Macdonald lectured here last Saturday night upon Tennyson.

Sunday he preached and he is still here. We are all very much pleased with him; he is just the sort of man one would expect to see after reading his books, indeed he is very like his own heroes. Today has been one of the coldest days for some time. But ever hoping, we think that this will be the last very cold time. It has been comical enough to see the poor girls going about shivering yet bundled up to their ears with shawls. Rear view of young women in class. Sketch, You see I sit on the last bench in Zoology class and the rear views are sometimes very amusing.

The bell for retiring has rung, and as we are now on our honor about putting out lights I must close this dull letter and say goodnight
Julie—

tJulia M. Pease, <75,