

Vassar College

Jan. 23, 1871.

My dear Mamma,

Last week X was quite cross and quite determined that I would not write home for a long time, because X received no letters from any of you* But you — letters came on Sat and made me change my mind and I X had had time X would have written then, but take this time for doing so. Really I think with three at home to write X might hear less from you* and the mails now are so irregular that even if you write once a week I do not hear from you sometimes for two. XC you are anxious to hear often from me, how much more so must X be who am away from all "kindred." You ask of Grandma's health. I have only heard once of her through Aune Maria, and she wrote me that she had written Carrie so before this time you must have heard all about her that X have.

We have not needed any of your pleasant weather until yesterday: for the whole winter has been mild, almost as warm as the winters at home. But Sat. night it commenced snowing and did not stop until the ground was pretty deeply covered) it is so very cold that today we are excused from all but twenty minutes exercise out of doors* and Dr. Avery (Avery, says the thermometer stands at two degrees. On Sat. X borrowed a pair of skates and went down on the lake to try my luck. The skates did not fit very well and it being my first attempt my ankles were very weak? but yet X managed to stand and although X was on the ice a long time did not have one fall. Another time I hope to manage to strike out a little and then Jan* 23, 1871-2

will prevent our skating much, slide, but fear we will have snow now for a long time which^ So you did not have but one caller New Tears? Where are your friends Col. Dewey and Milton Swisher? They ought to have come to try some of your "hot coffee," But perhaps they feared to burn themselves again with it. There is not one earthly thing to write you of interest, not even about my interesting self. I think I never was more bereft of ideas than at present. The college is quiet, not a joke of any kind going on. The last senior essay X might mention, for it was very good. Miss Jewett from Michigan? (Wisconsin, was the composer, and as she has never been noted for anything but hair (of which she has a great quantity) it was a surprise to us all to hear as fine an essay from her pen. The subject was "Our working classes" and was very practical and interesting, taking us away for awhile from the college and college duties. Every Sat. night one or two essays are read by seniors and sometimes are quite fine. It is the only disagreeable thing they have to do, but this is indeed terrible for they are read before all the scholars, the "faculty," and Pres. also being present, and some of the faculty are very severe critics. For want of anything better X send you some receipts, copied from Aunt's choicest ones. With much love to all your aff. daughter Julie.

Julia M. Pease, <75,

This is miserable writing, and X fear you cannot decipher it, but my pen is very bad. X have plenty of better ones and could get another if I chose to take the trouble—

I hope your trunk has come.