

Vassar College

Poughkeepsie Dec* 3, 1871.

Dear Papa*

We are going to have Chapel this afternoon In place of our usual morning service. I was going in town to church this morning but the carriage we had ordered did not come out and there was not room for all in the other one, so I stayed at home.

Miss Graham has found a little piece of poetry in which are buried twenty-four cities and we have been able to dig up only about ten. She wishes me to send it to you thinking you will enjoy searching for them. "In the balmy, radiant month of May," but I will write it on another sheet of paper.

Thanksgiving day passed very pleasantly. In the morning I went to church in Poughkeepsie, got back in time for lunch, and studied until dinner. This was at four o'clock and entertainment as well for two hours and over. I will send the bill of fare, which was about the same as last years. I think I never ate so much in my life as I did last Thursday for we had been looking forward to the dinner for weeks. At half past seven we went into Chapel and the President read us some selections from Dickens. A scene from "Bleak House" "Doctor Marigold" and from "David Copperfield" the scene where David first goes to his Aunts house. After the reading we went back to the Dining room and ate ice cream and cake, then to Miss Terry's reception and then to bed.

Now I have given you a matter of fact account of the day and do not
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feel that I have brains enough to do any more. You ask of Miss Terry but I can tell you almost nothing of her. I presume you have seen in the papers who she is, which fact I do not perfectly understand, but know that she is some relation of a Gen. Terry of New Haven, and is also related to Rose Terry. She is much liked here. I believe I have never sent you
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the answers to some of your buried cities and will do so now. 82. Anna*
polls. 83. Amboy. 84. Hague. 85. Oswego. 86. Ithaca. 87. Ostend. 88.
Tours, also Havre, poorly spelled. 89. Ent. 90. Turin. 91. Leith. Some
of them gave us great trouble and even now we do not know if they are right.
I expect to go to Binghamton for the holidays and perhaps will go to
Brooklyn for a few days. I have had an invitation from the Levensons, but
would like to go to Mrs. Browns for a little gaiety. It is so quiet at Aunt
Maria's.

The Chapel bell is ringing so goodbye for the present.
your loving daughter Julie.

(Julia M. Pease, '75)