

Vassar College

Sunday

Dec. 17, 1871,

My dear Papa,

We are having a perfect siege of cold weather. All last winter there was not so severe a week of such intense cold as this. We feel it most at night. The room grows so cold that we scarcely know whether we are indoors or out and several nights I have fled from my bed to the register for protection from the cold, for the bed is as cold as the room. I wish I was at home to make with you to make an inroad upon the pantry with intention to, to the pies. I think; v/c would come out victorious and laden with mince pies.

I find this letter begun in my desk and although I ought not to send it now will do so, for it will save you the beginning of another. The weather has moderated and we do not now have any difficulty in keeping warm. The ground is covered with snow.

I wish you could know Dr. Avery. She is so very nice\* She is very strong minded and is disliked by many of the girls because she so abominates shams. She is very cross sometimes when the girls go to her, but it is because they do not go to her until they are very sick and then she can do nothing but send them home. I have always found her very pleasant, but then I have never been sick here\*

Col. Smith seems a great friend of hers and I wish you would ask him of her when he is at our house, for I admire her so much.

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Among the no tables here is Maggie Stanton, a daughter of E. C. Stanton\* She looks a good like the pictures I have seen of her mother and appears like a very nice girl. There is a grandchild of Garrett Davis here, from Kentucky. Miss McGowan. Of course you know all about him but I can only remember hearing the name.

You must forgive me for not sending you my essay, but it is such a poor production that I cannot send it. They are all hard to write but I have never dreaded any so much as the first.

When are you all going to have your pictures taken? I want them so much. It seems hard for me when all the other girls are going home this Christmas that I cannot, for going to Binghamton, although very pleasant, is not like going home.

Thursday morning at ten I leave. Quite a number are going at the same time to Binghamton and it will be somewhat gay.

With love to everybody and heaps of kisses for yourself your loving Julia.

(Julia M. Pease, '75)