

Vassar College

Feb, 6 1872

My dear Carrie,

Your letter came this noon, much to my joy. I have counted up the days and find that there is time for my letter to reach you if you remain in Galveston until the beginning of Lent. Year letter was six days coming but I think five days is the usual time. If I had known you were there now I would have written to you last Saturday or Sunday. I am sorry you are a bit homesick, but it always will be so with us when we are away from our much loved home and from Papa and Mamma. What kind of a house is the Chubbs and Is it as fine as we had been led to suppose from Mrs. Chubbs conversation? And is the house far in the country? I am awfully curious in regard to everything, so pray forgive my questions. Have you seen any of the Harris family? If C.C. Allen is in Galveston I suppose he will fulfill with you the promise he made me of riding on the beach. Whether he does or not you will anyway enjoy that surpassingly fine beach, the glory and pride of Galvestonians. I wish I were with you.

Last night a party from here went sleighriding. They made up for the lack of snow by an unusual amount of merriment, and they say that there never was a jollier party. Dr. Avery and Prof. Van Ingen were among them and they are sometimes the gayest of the gay. The Sophs and our class were intending to go sleighing this week but as there is scarcely a particle of snow on the roads, I think we shall have to give it up. Just think, our next essay is to be "an excellent original story or an excellent original poem." I never in my life made a rhyme, so of course the poem is out of the question, and a story seems scarcely in my power. Don't you think of any incident from which I can weave a very poor story for it would be utterly impossible for me to make an excellent one. Our essays are few and far between and the subjects are not very difficult, but you know that composing has always been my great trouble.

Last week our class elected its officers for the rest of the year.

Mary Taylor who I wrote you was a cousin of Ida Whitman, is still President. The other officers are very good but there is no use in naming them. A Miss Burns is our poet. She is peculiar looking but I think must be a grand daughter of Robert Burns? and has inherited his poetic talent as she is said to be quite a rhymers. She formerly went to the H.F.S. and when there was said to be the smartest girl in school.

My roommate is now singing "The day is cold and dark and dreary.

It rains and the wind Is never weary." In a most musical voice, to the tune the "Old cow died on," and is trying her best to complete the homesick feeling which the day has been bringing on us all. But I smell so sweet a smell, which tells me that we are going to have warm cake for supper, that nothing will make me homesick. You who live upon cake and other delicacies would be amazed at our happy looks when we have even warm gingerbread. Have you heard of the Vassar griddle which is ten feet long and 3 wide? and together with the two old ones requires seventeen persons to attend them. Oh. The smell increases in savorness and I fear it must come from the Professors house.

One young lady wrote such a nice place upon the coming of the

Japanese princesses. Soon I will send it you, if it is not to be published in the "Vassar Miscellany."

Farewell for the present, and excuse this miserable letter. It is written with love as a prompter. Your dear sister Julia.

Julia M. Pease, '75,