

Vassar.

Nov. 23. |1872,

My dear Carrie,

This morning the ground Is white with snow, and the air is chilling, if that which is coming In through our open window Is an Index of the outer temperature. Prof. Mitchell has prophesied a long and severe snow storm. I would that her prophesy might prove false. This Is our second snow storm of the season. The other was very light, melting nearly away before night. Furs will now be In requisition, I shall bring mine down today, and you can then Imagine me In my Esquimaux costume.

Some days ago my soul was made glad by the Information that I was to have my room alone. Meeting Miss Terry In town one day, she kindly told me this, and also that she hoped to give me single room before the year was over. I know you will not think this much of an improvement upon my former condition, since I am still on the fourth corridor, but indeed, to have a room all to myself on any corridor. If it were the fifth or sixth, seems to me princely good fortune. It is an Inside room and quite large. Think of a whole wardrobe, bureau and washstand to myself! At first I felt almost lost with so much room. I am determined that my room shall be the perfection of neatness, and have begun most finely. How long I will keep it up I cannot say. Mamma, I know, would tell me I could not persist many days.

Just as I had reached this point, I was Interrupted for a moment to hear the mail read. To my great Joy your letter of 13th Inst, was handed me. I had a good laugh over the picture of "Famine and Plenty," and at Ellens credulity. Speaking of dreams, reminds me that I dreamt a few nights ago, that I was at home: it was so hard to believe it was "all a dream," and every thing was so pleasant I hated to have it so.

At last I have taken the fatal leap. I have Joined the Phyllalethian Society. Chapter Delta is honored by my presence every Friday night. I call It fatal, because, as sure as fate, every oae must, during the year, do something towards the amusement of the members. This amusement is writing, reading, acting and playing. As I can do none of these things, I fear I shall be but a drone in the hive. Last night Beta gave an entertainment to the Hall, to which we were Invited. They gave an operetta, "Pepita." Fanny Buffington took the part of a gipsy chief It looked & acted finely. She will have many smashes today, I reckon. Beta often gets up these operettas, because she is particularly famous for her musicians. Delta Is the best Society in

a purely literary point of view. I was beginning to give up receiving any letters from home this week they came so late. Only yesterday I received Papa and Mamma's letters.

With love to each and all-

Julie.