

Vassar College,

Nov. 27, 72

My dear Mamma,

Having a spare period this morning, (everything here goes by periods) I think I cannot better employ it than by writing to you. Your letter with Papas was received yesterday. From your description of the cold weather you are now experiencing, I think It must be worse than what we are having. What is a pity If the fruit trees are killed. Yesterday a good deal of snow fell here, and we were in hopes that it would last over Thanksgiving day, but this morning there was a very heavy fog and now the snow is melting so that Po'keepsie will be a mass of mud as usual. I much wish that I could eat my share of turkey tomorrow from the Thanksgiving table at Wood Lawn, but since that cannot be shall do full justice to the Vassar fare.

It always seems more Thanksgiving like to go to church, so tomorrow I am going In town.

Do you know whether Mr. Hayes lost anything by the Boston fire? I believe his store was on Pearl St. which, with its enormous shoe stores, was burned.

I suppose you think I make little mention of Jenny or the other cousins here. But indeed I know of nothing in particular to write about them. Jenny goes on her way, quietly and undisturbedly, but making few friends, I think. She is such a quiet little thing, and her roommate is. If anything, mere so. Carrie Norton and Nellie Whitman I see once in a while. Their grandmother sent them a box of "goodies" not long ago, and they brought me a plateful of scraps, among which was a piece of "lection cake." Ida invited me to spend the Christmas holidays in Troy, yet I think I shall remain here, unless, perhaps, Aunt Maria is in Albany and invites me there.

Are you still putting down carpets? I don't see where you get enough to keep you busy so long a time. The old ones must have been mere rags.

The bell will ring in a moment and I must go to Literature, so I must close this epistle.

With love to all and kind regards to all who inquire for me.

Your loving daughter

Julie