

Vassar College.

Dec. 22, 1872.

Dear Carrie,

Even vacation does not change my usual time for writing, and I am seated tonight, desk in lap, (our peculiarly feminine position) answering letters.

Neither the parlour which I have left, nor the one into which I am moving are kept warm during the holidays, so that X have come into this pleasant corner room with two or three others. Because it is vacation we think that all our old customs must be thrown aside, and since we can, we think that we must do just as please. Naturally then, we turn night into day, and dine at all hours of the day in our parlor. Last night we did not go to bed until about twelve and now, at seven, I have just wakened from a nap.

Cold as it was, I ventured in to church this morning, for there was no service here today.

Several of the girls went coasting this afternoon, and to pay them for their wickedness, I suppose it was, they ran into each other and got badly bruised. Pattie Thum is now making a sketch of the affair. Don't you think we are a depraved set? Really, I had no idea how very lazy I could be until now. I have, so far, done nothing but eat and sleep, and these few days are a specimen of those to come.

Next Friday I expect to go up to Troy for the remainder of the vacation. Ida promises me no gaiety, but she says, "a good deal of quiet enjoyment." They hope to receive an invitation to spend New Year's day at Westfield, but I hope not. I had rather stay in Troy than go wandering off very far this cold weather. I can imagine you helping to trim the church for Christmas. How I would like to be with you through this week! One of our girls has gone home to Omaha. That is almost as bad as going to Texas for two weeks.

I am going in town tomorrow if it is not too cold, and will then get your belt. Jennie is going down to Brooklyn on Thursday to visit her relations there. I feel too lazy and stupid to write any more now, so goodnight darling—

"Merry Christmas to all.

And to all a goodnight"—

was the greeting of Santa Claus long ago, and is mine tonight—

Julie