

Vassar College, Jan. 24. 1873

Dearest Carrie, Friday afternoon I like to have a little rest after the week's work, and so, today, I take it by writing to you. But soon I will have to go to work on my essay on Scott. We have to hand them in next Monday and mine is not half written. Fortunately this will be our last essay this semester, for in two weeks we will be through with Literature. Then, I shall feel like tossing up my cap and, school-boy fashion, shouting, hurrah! Not that I do not like Literature in itself, but I never can muster up enough courage to recite in class, and essays—but nothing need be said in that point.

Your letter this week reached me the same day with my other home letter. Owing to some mistake in the mails it came up in the evening with a mail which never comes from the South. Isn't immediately to Po'keepsie for the copies of "Undine" thinking possibly some stationery might have them, but found there were none in town, so now I have ordered them from New York city. Monday I think they will make their appearance, so In less than two weeks from this time you can get them. All next semester we translate from the Reader, but in the Junior year we shall read Schiller's Wallenstetn. By that time, perhaps, you will be ready for "Faust."

Snow, snow, snow

At morn, at noon and night

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And oh how it filleth one's

Soul with woe

To view the pitiless sight J

(A new version of Hood!)

But really it seems as If it would never cease to snow. When I was little I could not realize that an avalanche of snow was such a terrible thing as travellers and books made eat, but now, since seeing so much of it, I can understand all its turns. It is a wonder to me that more persons are not killed by the snow slides from roofs of buildings, especially in cities. Even here, we are started many times a day by terrific crashing noises, which tell us that the roof is freeing itself of its heavy load. The slide even shakes the side of the house.

Anna Dickenson is going to lecture in Po'keepsie next Friday night.

I hope to hear her, for I am very desirous to hear a woman lecture, never having done so. I only wish you could be here then, for your tastes are in the woman's rights' line.

You ask my opinion in regard to the disposing of your hoarded money. I cannot advise you, but would you not prefer to get something more especially for year self? I knew you have always had a desire for a billiard table, and indeed it would be charming to have one, but I am not sure that you would be satisfied with this. Yet it is very glee. One of Clove's friends owned one, which he used to bring down to Aunt's. Then he, Will and Clave would spend hours playing. It consists of pegs, which can be fastened to any extension table, and cord which is wound around them, forming the railing to prevent the balls from rolling off. Of course, then, there can be no pockets, but ladles are not often very successful in using them. The balls, and cues are like these of other sets, and the counters are somewhat like those of Msique. I think it would be a good plan to send for more particulars.

And so Mrs. Ward has turned up again. I am glad she survived the

old Col. and hope she may find a little property left. Tell me all you hear about the family please. Seems to me, there are quantities of nice young men, strangers, in Austin. I only hope they will not all have "vamoosed" before next summer.

In a note from Mr. Swenson, written last fall but not received till a few days since, he invited me to come sometime and see them. So I hope they have at last forgiven me. But I much doubt if Mrs. Swenson has: it makes one feel rather uncomfortable to think that somebody believes you have done very wrong, don't you find it so?

Here endeth this epistle—(I do not mean to be sacrilegious.)

Lovingly, Julie