

Vassar.

Jan. 30, 1872 (1873)

My dear Mamma,

Your letters came to me later than usual this week, but when they came they were so particularly pleasant that Uncle Sam's mail carriers, or perhaps the snow storm, were readily forgiven. I fully agree with Papa in you come from a "poetic family." Aunt Maria, who is so famous for her rhyming, could not have done much better. I hope Papa will parson me If I say that I laughed, until I nearly cried, at his letter In rhyme. But were they not Intended to amuse I am sure my blundering attempts hoped to produce laughter.

I find that I have begun this letter, by mistake, on the last page. And so like the Chinese you will have to read backwards.

Greenland, I do verily believe, can not show much more snow, or be much colder than is Duchess County at this present time. Reports vary, in regard to last night's temperature. Prof. Mitchell has charge of the thermometer, and not being acquainted with her I have not heard the accurate account. Mercury is known to have been 20 below zero, and perhaps lower, not more than 35°, I think, although one young lady said this morning In class that the thermometer was 37° below In her bedroom last night. She must have been pretty stiff this morning, I should think.

Tell Carrie, please, that those German books did not come till this morning (Thursday) or they would have been sent sooner.

Reviews are now fully under headway, and keep us busy. Trigonometry is not hard but merely longs Latin, though, is rather hard because Prof. Hinkle is so very particular about review translations. I believe it would almost break the poor man's heart if any of us should fail on examination day. So we try and please him by giving every word the exact meaning which suits him.

And so our poor horses are with "'setic sick." It must be very inconvenient for you since we live so far In the country.

Fare thee well, dearest mamma,

Very lovingly Julie M.P.