

Vassar College.

Nov. 3, 1873.

My dear Mamma,

Prof. Backus has been for once a dear good man, and excused us soon as we finished reciting although the period was not over. By this means I have gained twenty minutes to write this letter to you which I omitted to write yesterday. I was delighted to receive two letters from you last week; It was indeed an unexpected pleasure. But after such nice "newsy" letters I am ashamed to send mine which are mere "wards, words, words," Every Monday so far it has rained, making what is always at school a miserable day still more so. We are now for almost the first time having a taste of real winter weather. The winds are bitter, and old Sol does not show himself to such advantage as we would wish. But do not imagine for a moment that we are personally near the freezing point. I put my nice quilt on at night and am as comfortable and warm as a cat curled up under a stove.

Carrie Norton is here this year, but we see each other very seldom. We all have so many calls to make on Saturday and Sunday nights that we only can call on the same person only at great intervals of time. Carrie tells me that Aunt Annie's fall down cellar some time this fall and of course felt the jar for some time; and that Mr. Whitman felt very blue because suffering from a severe cold which has considered dangerous; however they are all well now and quite cheerful.

Have you heard anything from Aunt Cornelia and Uncle John in regard to their spending the winter in Texas? I hope they will come, for I should think it must be quite lonely for you and Carrie with Papa away so much. And has not Mrs. Hunt written to you yet?

I am sorry that Liza and Chloe go to school in town, for the association with other children will do them no good.

How are your plants thriving? Being one of the directors of the Floral society this year, I take renewed interest in flowers. I am getting some bulbs for spring and will send you a few. At home I suppose they will blossom as early as February I should think.

There is the Joyful sound of the dinner bell, so I must go and eat my brown bread and butter.

Lovingly your daughter

Julie M. Pease.