

Vassar,
Nov. 30, 1873.

My dear Papa and Mamma,

Imagine my delight last night at receiving your letters. Instead of having to wait until Monday as is usually the case. Only five days this letter was in coming, showing that it is more carelessness in Po'keepsie delivery that prevents their reaching the College always in that time. Indeed, fine as was our Thanksgiving dinner I did not enjoy it half so much as I would a plain beefsteak in our home dining room, surrounded by pleasant home faces. Nothing here, this year has seemed so nice as usual, I suppose because there is such a fresh impression of all that pertains to home in my mind.

So you are all complaining of the cold, and bringing in plants when there are still leaves on the trees and green figs growing! What inconsistency! And what is Thanksgiving without snow on the ground, surely you envy us our delightful skating and sleighing, (the latter of which we Vassarites enjoy so much,) Did you really not manage to have anyone to dinner but little Mr. Stewart, and how did he manage with his knife and fork? He has such fear and trembling at going to any "eating" party, and Carrie and I could never persuade him to join as in disposing of her nice cake. By the way, the nuts were received in a perfectly sound condition. I am very much obliged for them, and wonder at the ingenuity of the person who picked them out in such large pieces.

Your plants must now make the dining room put on a very blooming appearance, at the same time causing yet infinite trouble and anxiety. The few little bulbs, which I shall send you as soon as I can find a small box to fit them, will look exceedingly insignificant beside your tropical oleanders and cactus. All the plants in our room were frozen a few nights since, although we took them down from the window sill and dressed them in warm gowns of paper. However, I am the Jonah, bringing ill-luck to whatever I touch, for no other flowers in the corridor were injured. What are the prospects at present for the election? Cliffie Leverin lent me a Galveston paper the other day which seemed to think Mr. Coke had a good chance to fill the next gubernatorial chair. I think tomorrow is the election, (perhaps I am mistaken,) and so shall watch the paper vigilantly for news. Goodnight, dear people, Lovingly Julie.

Julia M. Pease, '75