

Vassar College.

Jan. 21. '74

My dear Papa,

Your letters come quite regularly now, and at a very nice time, Saturday night. Saturday is the only day in the week when we have an evening mail, but in order to have no letters waiting in Po'keepsie over Sunday, they kindly bring them out about six or seven o'clock, and among them is yours. Carrie's letters, however, are generally longer in reaching me: one received today was over seven days in coming.

I see by the papers that you are having quite a time at home in getting rid of your would-be Governor, Davis. He dies hard, and it seems will not give up without a struggle. Yesterday's Tribune had quite a good editorial upon the matter, most ironically written, and hitting pretty hard at Gen. Grant for his conduct in the Louisiana trouble last year. You must be glad that it is peaceably settled, for I suppose there was some anxiety from leering that Davis, Newcomb and the others would take some outrageous step -

The snow had nearly disappeared but it is again renewed. I see it is snowing quite hard now. Every one is wishing for cold weather, leering a late spring and severe summer, if this warm weather continues. And ice is quite scarce, and likely to become more so. Wouldn't it be strange if the people up here should have to resort to our manner of getting it? However, at present there seems no prospect of anything so serious.

Last Saturday our class sociable took place, and was a masquerade and fancy dress affair. I went as "red, white and blue". Fannie Buffington was a Queen and a very nice looking one she made. Our resident, Miss Rice, was a Ring. One girl was "Captain Jack": of course there was "Night" and "Morning" who was very pretty, but about the best costume was one made entirely of newspapers. My former roommate, Alice Graham, read her essay in class this morning and delighted us all with it. It is by far the best essay read in class, showing more thought and ability than the others - But Miss Graham is an uncommonly bright girl: she will take an honor at graduation.

It is almost time for the mail to go out, so with very much love to all, including Mrs. Hunt,

Your daughter,
Julie M. Pease