

Vassar,
Nov. 15.

My dear Papa,

It is some time since I have you a letter all to yourself, but then a letter to one of you, is to all, and you are just as much benefitted by one of my scrawls to mamma. It is becoming real cold here now, so that I long to be at Wood-Lawn when you write that there it is bright and warm - Our room is one of the cold ones in the building, and we do little but groan over it these days, when we are not busy studying - Thanks to Mamma's precautions for my welfare and warmth, I am quite comfortable, being encased in flannel from head to foot. And yet I have some warm clothing in reserve for the colder weather when it comes, though I think we feel these first days of winter more than the succeeding ones - It is said the lake is frozen over, but I have not yet seen it myself -

The Society Hall is at last finished, and Friday night the Philalethian Society gave its first meeting in it - Programmes were scarce and I was not fortunate enough to procure one, else I would send it, that you might have some idea of what is done in our meetings. There was a paper, containing some pretty good things. Some scenes from Shakespeare were well acted, especially one from Hamlet, with the Hamlet left out - Ophelia was acted splendidly by Kate McBain, of our class, one of those girls who does everything well. Really our Hall is pretty - We have a good sized stage and handsome scenery - One of the scenes is quite romantic and picturesque, a moon, a full round moon, almost eclipses the present one of the heavens in brightness - Indeed we think our scenery far superior to that of the Po'keepsie Opera House -

Through the papers we heard of your appointment to the Collsotorship, and I was not at all surprised to hear that you did not to accept, for you have much to do already -

I am delighted that the house is being painted. If Mamma is thinking of having the walls and floors painted, please tell her that I like the idea much; but that the ceilings are always left white, I find upon inquiry. The floor would be lovely grained I think - It is almost time for the last bell, so with love I must close, your daughter.