

Vassar College,

Sept. 15, 1871.

My dear Carrie,

Your last letter made me very happy. I like the little sheets of paper better now that you send me a long letter on them. What a miserable thing you must have been having without a servant. When Aunt Mfcrtha gets back I hope she will stay, remember me to her, and tell her I hope she will be there to make waffles for me when I go home. It makes my mouth water to think of them. The last I had were last Christmas at Aunt Maria's. I can imagine you making beds and filling lamps. Papa will be more particular than ever I should think, since the burning of Chicago. How terrible that was, for those two or three days we talked of scarcely anything but the fire. There are a good many girls here from Chicago and several have heard that their homes were entirely destroyed and their families escaped with nothing but their lives. Miss Farwell, a daughter of the Farwell whose store was burnt is a student here. Fortunately they lived some distance from the city so their house was saved. But it is so much worse for the poor, and the weather is now so cold. For the last few days there has been what we Texans would call a norther raging. It makes me think of the good times we used to have at home, sitting round the fire in the dear "lily," either reading or sewing, and towards evening you and I would put on innumerable wrappings and walk or run from one gate to the other. I always think more of home in the winter. I suppose because I have only spent one summer there for a long time and then, ds 2 t\

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was sick, I could not enjoy it much. These days, are hailed with joy by us, because these strong winds bring down chestnuts by thousands, and it is such fun gathering them. Almost every day we go out hunting them and I am usually very successful. You may know that they are plenty for besides all we find, enough had been found for dessert for the whole college. Just think of boiled chestnuts for dinner, it was worse than peanuts, or one fig apiece. Cracker pie would be luxurious in comparison. Our class has selected its motto. It is, "Possnat qui posse videntur," they conquer who think they can. I like it quite well, do you? I wish I could ride horseback with you. Do you generally ride Prince? and do you make him canter? He always used to groan so terribly over it that I was moved to pity him and let him walk. Does Nannie Hopkins ride well. I laugh now when I think of her fall when dismounting. What lots of weddings there are to be in Austin. All the young folks of our set seem to be getting married. You will get lots of wedding cake, won't you? I hope the convention Papa attended will accomplish something. Could not ladies attend? I know you would have liked to. There has been talk here this week of adopting a uniform for the whole school, but I think it must have fallen through or else the Chicago fire has put it out of our heads which cannot contain two such ideas at once. For some reasons a uniform would be desirable, I think. It would be comfortable and save much unnecessary time spent upon dressing. But it would

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not save much expense as we would have to have dresses for all seasons

look

to wear when away from here, and then we would like a sort of orphanage at
make

an asylum, so I think a costume would appear a woman's rights
Institution, but I don't see why.

I am sorry that John does not get any better. I suppose you will
soon be deprived of his usual Saturday visits if he goes to Mexico this
winter. I hope you had a pleasant visit from Col. Judd and Mr. Treadwell.
Is the former as frank as ever and as fond of talking as Marshall Jewell and
Connecticut politics, and did he enquire if you gave his message to Mr.
Howard, who has a glass eye? Mr. Treadwell I can imagine talking affably
with Mamma.

Please ask Papa if he ever knew a Mr. John Wiley of Galveston.

of

He, Mr. Wiley, is not now in the land of the living. He was an uncle of
Maggie Ball and as she asked if I knew him, I thought I would enquire of Papa, who
is always our reference*

Where has John Ma Tumor been staying this summer to find so many
beaux? They are scarce in most regions.

You had more perseverance than I to finish "Henry Esmond." At
first I liked it very much but it grew stupid and I did not find time to finish
it. The ending is not good. I am now reading "Little Dorrit," and like it
so far, have reached the prunes and prism part.

I hope that you have not waxed any leaves for they do not keep nicely.

Ours are already quite brown and faded. I have pressed some and intend to
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varnish them. I am told there is a preparation which keeps leaves bright
but have not yet found out the name. I wish I could send you some bright
leaves which I have and in exchange get some of your mistletoe and moss.
By the way, Auntie wants you to be sure and bring her some moss, both
brown and green, and some cactus pins. Don't forget it, please.

A very nice young man preached this morning, and preached a very
good sermon. Last Sunday Prof. Orton gave us a very forcible sermon
upon extravagance in speaking, it would be a good thing if we would
profit by it. Who takes Mr. Swancoats', place? and has Prof. Hamvasz
gone home? I wish I could see the good aid man. This afternoon there is
to be a meeting of the "Friends" in Chapel. I am going, as I have never
attended one of their meetings, but it is to be hoped that the spirit will
move them to something more interesting than to state how many eggs are
necessary for a pudding. I am sending the photograph today. Expect you
have given up all hope of ever getting it. With love to all Julie.

gJulia M. Pease, '75,

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