

Vassar.

Sept. 24, 1872

My dear Mamma,

Knowing that you will all be anxious to learn of my arrival I will write you a few lines now before going to class. Reached here about seven o'clock last night the through train being several hours late, an extra was run from Philadelphia to New York City, which gave me just time to make the connection with the Albany express. I had no difficulty on the way, my only anxiety being concerning Papa whom I do not like to have travel alone. Our time being so limited, he found himself on the cars trying to secure a berth for me when they started, but the gentleman told us that he got off safely which relieved me somewhat. A kindhearted, talkative man from St. Louis, hearing that we came from Sedalia, told the conductor that he "had seen the old gentleman up in that country" and would accommodate us by giving up his upper berth to me, a lady being underneath, if I preferred it to having some strange man above, as a whole section could not be procured for love or money. Of course I took the upper shelf, and by that means became acquainted with a very pleasant lady from Philadelphia. Another gentleman from St. Louis was of their party, and all were very kind to me, even when old Bosferebele (if that is the way so unpronounceable name is spelled) found out his mistake,

and that we were from Texas. From Philadelphia on the Conductor was very polite, as is their custom always towards ladies travelling alone. The rain has come eastward where it is said to have been much needed.

It was pouring when I reached Po'keepsie, but this morning is bright. Although quite cool here the grass is beautifully green and the garden perfect. It seems dismal to go to work again, but all seem glad to see me once more, so that all is not gloom. I am so anxious to know whether Papa got home safe & that you have none of you been sick with dengue or any other disease.

Lovingly

Julie