

Vassar College.

Sept. 28 ,1872,

My dear Mamma,

Tonight I suppose you are enjoying at Janesville. The time since I left you seems so long that I continually think you are all by this time safely and comfortably settled at home. I imagine you playing Berigue occasionally, for Aunt Maria is as fond of the game as Papa. I learned today for the first time that Clive was away at boarding school. Mary Eldrige has a brother at the same school and through her, I presume, I shall sometimes hear of Clive.

What there is in the Vassar air and surroundings for making cures, I do not know, but certain it is that as soon as I touched the soil of Po'keepsie my complaint left me, even before I could prepare my customary medicine. This I write because I know you are always anxious about my health, and I wish you to know that I am perfectly restored.

My lessons are what I supposed they would be; E. Literature, Trigonometry and Latin. All my school. Mary Eldrige has a brother at the same school and through her, I presume, I shall sometimes hear of Clive.

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My lessons are what I supposed they would be; E. Literature, Trigonometry and Latin. All my teachers are Professors, and with that arrangement I am perfectly satisfied. It is something unusual for Prof. Farrar to have the Trigonometry class, but he says that he wishes, this year, to review the study, and so we have a chance to be the ones benefitted by his review.

A few days were pleasant but now it is cold again; a chilling dampness which keeps us all hovering ever the register for the little warmth which it gives out. The garden is looking beautiful. Geraniums, heleotropes and many other flowers grow as rank as weeds. It would give you much pleasure to see them, and to know that they grew so readily. But this is the first year since I have been here that there have been any flowers whatever.

When I met Miss Terry, she said, "And so your sister did not come! It must have been a great disappointment to you." She is said to be much kinder than she was last year. My old music teacher told me that my room was to be changed, but since Miss Terry has said nothing about it, I think she must have been mistaken. But the stairs do not seem so terrible in reality. Jenny now rooms with Miss Lemon, so far good, but her studies have not yet been satisfactorily arranged. Please excuse this wretched scrawl, a sample of those which are to follow. With love to all and remembrances to the servants, Julie.