

Vassar College.

Oct. 19. 1872.

My dear Papa,

Just as I had dated this letter yesterday, I was Interrupted, and now on Sunday I must write it although it is dated on Saturday.

This is a lovely, bright day for Vassar, where most all the days are unpleasant, yet at home it would be called a cold winter day. In the shade it is really cold, but in the sunshine and walking briskly one does not feel it, and I really enjoyed my half hour's walk this morning.

The horse cars are going to run from the College to Po'keepsie very soon. The track is already laid but time is being given for the bed to sink. This will be a great convenience, and the price for the ride will be lessened five cents, that is not very much for us, but the fares will be the same for strangers as well as students. These not belonging to the College have always had to pay fifty cents and now only twenty is asked. Then too, the cars are much pleasanter than the old omnibus.

Last Sunday we had quite an amusing time in Chapel. Right in the midst of his sermon and also of a certain train of thought, the President stopped. His notes were disarranged, he fumbled among them and could not find the next thing to say finally he said that he could not go on with that thought, but took up another; again he lost his place. This time he became discouraged and told us he would not be able to finish his sermon and was on the point of sitting down when he found something in his notes that aided him and he went on, making his sermon about as long as ever. For a wonder the girls behaved themselves and did not laugh. It is said that the President's son, Harry Raymond, had disarranged them, just for fun. He is full of mischief but this was going rather too far, I think.

Today we are to have Chapel in the afternoon, and some stranger will preach.

Carrie, it seems, is the only one who has written to me so far, but I hope to hear from you and Mamma soon.

With much love for yourself and Mamma I am

Your loving

Julie