

Vassar College.

Oct. 27, 72.

Dear Cara,

Indeed I wish I could make a little call upon you one of your bright warm days, when Dick sings so cheerily and everything is gay, but such a thing is out of the question before next June, unless perhaps I might find one of those balloons in which "Grimes" and his fair lady escaped from the terrors of Paris. I am crazy (rather a strong expression) to see how the house looks with the new carpets, very nice, I presume, even if they are not velvet or Brussels. And then the pins stool is such a surprise. I wish I were with you to help arrange things.

Jenny told me that she dreamed, a few nights ago, that you were married, without even telling me you were going to be. Dreams go by contraries, they say, and I feel quite sure my little sister will be all safe when I see her.

Miss Dame tells me that Florence Smiths mother Is dead. Is it such sad, I should like to hear from Florence but do not know In what part of the world she Is. I believe her mother died In England. You know that they have been abroad far some times.

Last Monday night we, the literature class, were permitted to go In and see Miss Charlotte Cushman act Lady Macbeth. She is considered the finest living actress, but she did not do herself Justice that night. In some scenes, for Instance, the sleep walking, she was perfectly grand. She was miserably supported. Macbeth was personated by Junius Brutus Booth, who tore about in a frantic manner on the stage, entirely different from ones idea of the great murderer. Tuesday night Miss Cushman acted Meg Merrlles. This is her great part and they say she was splendid In It.

We are studying Bacon now In Literature. Prof. Backus preaches today and I must go now and dress for chapel. Farewell, Carrie dear.  
Lovingly Julie.