

Vassar College.
Nov. 3, 1872

My dear Mamma,
Since dinner I have been reading one of Miss Mulucks novels, "A life for a life"! now having finished it I get out my desk and begin my letter home. President Raymond preached, this morning, for the second time only this year. His discourse was less a sermon than a lecture. Sobriety, in Its different forms, was the chief topic. Dress, unbecoming mirth etc. were discussed by him. It was a splendid talk and much needed in the College, yet scarcely the subject for Sunday. This matter of dress is carried to a great excess here; you, who think that too much time, labor and money is spent on my attire, would be astonished to find that I am one of the very plainly clothed ones. Of course there are some who are poor and do not dress at all, the girls would say. I consider myself a happy medium. Miss Terrys letter has had no effect whatever upon them. The President is really aroused, and fears that we will become a "noisy rabble." Speaking of dress, I have almost decided to have my silk waist made. If I find that I can get along well without it, I will do so.

Will you send me, some time before next spring, a piece of my piece grenadine large enough to make ruffles for the sleeves. Much will not be needed, and I think it can easily be sent In an envelope.

As yet Miss Terry has not been able to give me a room down stairs. At present she is In New Haven with her mother who Is very ill. I live In hopes of something better when she returns, for she says she will do her best for me. My parlor mates are so pleasant that I would change only for a much nicer room.

I suppose you have heard that Kitty is in Boston attending lectures. Jenny complains of Kitty's negligence in writing. Harry has written to Jenny once. The letter was the usual length, between four and five lines. I do hope the horse distemper, which is now prevailing in New York and Boston, will not reach Texas. We have bean unfortunate enough, lately, with our horses. It must seem strange to see the cars drawn by oxen, as they are in Boston. The horses have not been affected in Po'keepsie. Have reached the bottom of the page and will close with much love to all.

Your daughter
Julie.

P.S. Do you mean that Papa does really think of moving to St. Louis, or is it merely talk. I don't yet know whether I would like it, but I presume there will be no occasion for me to find out. J.