

Sunday.

Nov. 3, 1872,

Daar Carrie,

I have just finished writing to Mamma and will now have a little chat with you on paper since we cannot have it by "word of mouth." Yesterday Ida Whitman came down to see her sister and I had the pleasure of seeing her for some little time. There seems a chance of my forming Ida's acquaintance, at last, after having heard of her for so many years. She is not at all pretty but quite agreeable. Not much like her cousin Mary Taylor, though. But you must know that, in my opinion, Mame is the essence of perfection.

Isn't it queer that a day or two after I rec'd your letter telling of Miss Bonny's adventure of horseback, the very same thing happened to one of the girls here. Her riding dress was torn completely away. She had on gymnastic pants and red stockings. Being a tall girl she must have looked very comical. The Count, the riding master, was with them, which made the matter worse. Fortunately they were near a farm house and she succeeded in getting a dress.

I suppose you see the Grahams frequently. Give my love to girls and tell Lilla that my patience is sorely tried by long waiting for a letter from her.

All Hallow eve was the occasion of much merry making here. Nothing very serious was attempted, the girls taking warning from the fate of their predecessors. Numerous small pranks were played and much noise was made. There is one poor girl here who has been christened the damp young woman. She weeps continually, at meals and during recitations. When I see her coming I always have a strong desire to run and get a bowl for her convenience. This poor girl was the subject of much fun, All Hallow Eve. Thursday the 7.

This letter has been lying in my desk since Sunday, my time this week being unusually filled up, and now I take it out to finish it. I suppose you are all feeling badly about the elections. Was it not a great surprise to find that New York state went republican? I presume Aunt Maria will be very glad that Uncle is elected. My roommate seems to be considerably elated over the election of my uncle, but having known higher honors, it does not materially affect me. I have searched the papers, but in vain, to learn how Texas went. It is still reported doubtful, but the Tribune thinks for Greeley along with many other Southern states. A vote was taken here in College, for fun, and it resulted in the election of Grant. 265 for him against 65 for Greeley. About twenty were on the fence, and some were not in their rooms. The horses in Po'keepsie are so sick that none can be found to bring our mail out regularly. It is a great disappointment to us to receive but one mail a day. Hoping to get a nice long letter from you tomorrow, I am with love to all, Julie.

(Julia M. Pease, '75,