

Vassar College.

Nov. 9, 1872.

My dear Papa,

Jenny and I are both seated In my bedroom, pens in hand, to write letters. She is writing to Kitty and I to you. I have been sleeping this lovely Sunday afternoon away, after having walked an hour and a half to drive away a slight headache which was trying to master me. Occasionally we have such a bright warm day that we are rewarded for enduring all the dull cold ones between, and this is one of those days.

Do not, please, ask for a glimpse of any of my essays. They are entirely too dreadful for you to see. I fear after a sight of them your eyes would be paralyzed or afflicted with some dread disease. Perhaps next summer, If you still desire it, I will read them to you. But I think I shall not be able to copy them.

The parlors, I presume, look very nicely, but I do not admire your taste in putting my paintings in them. They would do better in a dark corner. My roommate has just returned from Po'keepsie with the news that Boston is on fire. Prayers were held in church this morning In the city, on that account. The manner in which the city is built will, I hope, prevent such destruction as Chicago experienced. It is very dreadful for those girls here who have friends in Boston, for they can get no tidings for some time, as the telegraph wires are said to be down.

Do you feel very much downcast about the elections? The two Misses Clark, my parlormates, have a brother who is an editor of the Springfield Republican. That is your favorite newspaper, is it not?

The bell for tea will ring in a few minutes, so I will close with much love. Jenny sends love.

Your aft. daughter

Julie.