

Vassar College.

Oct. 20, 1873.

Dear Mamma,

Today Carrie's letter was received, written on the day when you and Papa usually write to me. It has made me quite uneasy, for I know your punctuality in writing, and cannot but fear that you are sick. There seems to be so much sickness now at home, and Papa is so little careful of himself, that there is great likelihood of him, as well as the rest of you, becoming ill. It makes the distance between us seem enormous when I think of illness at home and the length of time it takes to make the journey there.

I suppose the telegram which Carrie speaks of was sent either to the President or Miss Terry, for I had never heard of it until Carrie's letter came. But even had it been to me, Miss Terry would not have scrupled to open it; such is her custom. I am very sorry you should have been uneasy about me, for there is no occasion for it whatever. I am always perfectly well here.

The mails are so very irregular now that if your letters do not come at the appointed time I manage to console myself usually. Ten days on the way has been the general time for your letters this fall, when five ought to be the time. You must be having as cold and perhaps colder weather than we are, from all accounts. This we think must be our Indian summer, although it is unusually early for it, But the girls are still wearing white dresses, and cambrics, although the furnace is already going. Are you still preparing watermelons for winter use? I think of how we would be out on the gallery in the evening, and missing you would go and find you busily cutting up melons. It seems so queer to me to find this just the season for corn and almost for melons. I haven't seen peaches more than twice since I reached here, but grapes we have occasionally.

The frosts here have not been severe enough to turn the leaves very bright colors, but once in a while we find some which are to us [as] were the grapes to the fox, quite sour: for even climbing the stone wall will not bring them within reach.

This has been a most stupid letter, but I do not feel much in the mood for writing, tonight. Hoping that you will accept it kindly for the love which prompted it  
I am your loving, loving little  
Julie