

bright, cloudless beauty, till this heart
turns sorrowfully towards the closed
portal of the buried past.

Arrelia! Arrelia! Oh! must I be the
one to communicate to you - the sad, heart-
crushing news? prepare yourself for the
worst - nerve yourself with great strength,
while the awful ^{news} ~~message~~ falls with soul-
startling power upon your heart -

"Perrigoric" (alias Chandler) has lost a horse!
Oes it is indeed true, that one of his
noble steeds, has passed away. You saw
them - when you were here, did you not?
They were the worst-looking horses I ever
saw, and made a great deal sport of
in the village. Somebody, they don't know
who, caught one in the road, last evening
and led it up - just before "Perrigoric's" house
and there "knocked it in the head."

I do not know how he bears the affliction,
but people think it, a mean affair,
decidedly. It was most too bad, wasn't it?

What very warm weather we have had,
but to-day it is quite comfortable.

To-day, I saw - Marcus Brower, & meeting
with his wife - quite a pretty one he has.
She was a Miss Knapp of New York.

I saw Di last eve. she told me to tell
you, that she commenced a letter when
she was at Sylvia's (Di has been there
and staid two weeks, John came after
her the Fourth) and I was going to
finish it, and send it to you, have
you received it yet? Sylvia is not
much better than she has been. Di
wants you to write to her again, soon too.

Mrs. Palmer and Isantha are coming
here to visit, Tuesday. How I wish you
could come too, O what a nice visit we
would have. I would like very much
to hear your canary-birds sing, how
delightful it must be, to hear them
when all alone, so much company for
anyone. I agree with you, Kall. that your

and Di's full name "lots" of love to you!