

Buhl Grave March 19<sup>th</sup> 1853

Dear Aurelia

I received your truly welcome letter with a feeling of pleasure amounting to joy. I have thought of you every day since our separation but of late as a friend lost – yes Aurelia as agonizing as the thought was I did think you had formed those more worthy your friendship and had ceased to remember your school mate who owed all the pleasures and happiness she then enjoyed to your own amiable self. How can I ever forget you. I do freely and readily forgive you for delaying writing truly grateful for your kind letter although it was long coming and in my turn I shall ??? the necessity of begging you also be merciful to me in neglecting so very long to write you. Though some time has now elapsed since I bade adieu to my associates at school yet I often remember them with feeling of pleasure. Many a scene of ??? and mirth enjoyed in your and their company will pass across my mind in vacant moments and make me almost wish to go back and spend over again those days in reality but be assured dear Aurelia there is not one of those associates whom I call to mind with such warmth of feeling and affection as yourself who were ever my friend and confidant. It pleases me much to hear that you are making progress in your studies and although you do far surpass me I shall still say success [?] be yours. I am sure I did not learn much either at Mr. Olmsted's school but as you say I suppose it was because I did not rightly apply my mind.

I have for the past year and am at present residing with my Aunt, 15 miles south of Chicago the great Emporium of the West. Uncle Charles was formerly a Hat and Cap merchant in the aforementioned City but on account of the feebleness of his health he was obliged to retire to the country. He is what I call rich and owns a beautiful farm on which he lives. He has lived in the Country now 2 years and his health is much improved. We receive a good deal of company from the city and sometimes I go in and spend short time in fine [?]. I enjoy myself very much but I must not forget to tell you also that I have had the misfortune of falling in love head and ears and also that I fear any love is hopeless. If it is so I shall not love the less but love in secret and as a natural consequence what – die of love. No that is something I do not believe in. It may soften our characters make us less selfish more awake to others misery and serve to remind us of God turning our thoughts to that heavenly abiding [?] place of the soul but I do think if we strive to do our duty and not pining after a something we know is useless we can bring our hearts around to suffering which we know not of or I know I can if I should love with passionate earnestness one who did not reciprocate my affection for him strive on against that love to the fulfillment of my duties and thus not hurting my sympathy for others but arousing into action my better feelings for their good. I cannot write you many news about Akron not hearing much that going on there. You have doubtless heard of the Marriage of Lizzie Allen and Mr. Young and that a misfortune happened to them in the form of a darling baby a short time after the wedding – a week I believe I understand. How sweet and modest we always thought her to be it is too hard. It is now all explained why she wore her splendid silks with Jenny Lined [?] wastes. Surely this is an age of progression and wonders, no wonder there is so many old bachelors and so much antipathy against our sex by some of the more scrupulous of the masculine gender. Our friend Amelia

Thompson I know nothing never having heard anything except that she was teaching school but Louisa the proud Louisa was working for Mrs. Bulic doing house work when I left Akron. I do not now remember any particular news so I will draw to a close my long and weary epistle by soliciting you to write as soon as you receive this. Perhaps you are changed toward me if so a letter enclosing the same will not be amiss but I sincerely hope you yet think of me sometimes for I assure you I love you still the same if not more than ever. Do not forget to write and please direct your letter to                      Worth near Chicago Illinois.

Excuse my horrible writing. I am writing upstairs in my room without a fire so my fingers are quite numb. From your ever affectionate friend Emmeline S. McC

Hellen Phelps was still in Akron attending a select school when I left.

I do hope Aurelia you will forgive me for not writing sooner and write me very soon. I also hope our correspondence will be oftener that is if you do not find my letters tedious.