

My dear Aurelia,

I have just returned from church where I have been all day. Something remarkable from me you know and I thought I would answer your kind letter of the 15th. O dear! It is very lonesome here to day so still so quiet. I should know by the looks of the sky and trees and fields it was Sunday. How I wish you were here now – we would wander far away in the dim mysterious recesses of the solemn woods and call to mind other scenes than those that now claim attention. Oh! Blessed recollections of happier days!! Become thronging around clothed in your bright cloudless beauty! Till this heart turns sorrowfully towards the closed portal of the buried past.

Aurelia! Aurelia! Oh! Must I be the one to communicate the sad heart crushing news? Prepare yourself for the worst news yourself with great strength while the awful news fall with sound startling power from your heart. “Perrigorie” (alias Chandler) has lost a horse! Yes, it is indeed true that one of his noble steeds has passed away. You saw then, 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 “Perrigorie’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 today it is quite comfortable. Today I saw Marcus Brower [to meeting ?] with his wife – quite a pretty one he has. She was a Miss Hnapp (?) of ??? ???

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 D was going to finish it and send it to you, have you received it yet? Sylvia is not much better than she has been. D’ wants you to write to her again, soon too.

Mrs. Palmer and D??? 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, ???, that your husband was very kind indeed to get them for you. Oh! I saw Louis Dobbin that used to be – I can’t think of her name now to church to day. She said she had been here about a week but I did not know it before I saw her today. She looks “old womanly” enough. I hardly knew her! Aurelia do you remember Jason F. Allen – a fellow that used to go to school here. He went the first term, the same one that cried when he “broke down” in his oration at the old Chapel, well he is dead. He went west and was going into the business of surveying was taken with the fatal fever scourge and died away from home – and perhaps friends. Oh! To be thus is sad to think. Let me die among my kindred, say you not so dear A. ?

Now you must write to me as soon as you can and let that be pretty soon. My love to your husband and self. From your loving friend A.M. Marsh.

Mary B.

P.S. If you have a good opportunity I ???Sovinia (?) and myself will have to get our likeness taken for you. I want your so bad. M.A.B.

2nd P.S. ??? sends lots of love to you.