

Ellington Nov 12<sup>th</sup> 1854

Aurelia my much loved friend.

What a great long mark of credit and punctuality I gave you when I received your last letter. You beat me that time I'll admit but I do not intend you shall every time. I thought I would wait till D??? came back before I answered yours and she arrived here Friday some time during the day and we all flocked there of course to hear from "ip west," I was so glad to see her again and Rill, I did say, "tell some more," fifty times and I went up to Mrs. Palmers Saturday to tease D??? more. I told her I was going to write to you today and she said she had got to write very soon so I told her she might write some in mine if she did not wish to write a letter quite so quick on her return. So I expect she will come down tomorrow night (if such a remarkable thing can happen) and write.

??? Mrs. palmer is very much gratified now D??? has come back. I do not blame her if she is low. Today is Quarterly Meeting at the Methodist Church and I imagine D??? will enjoy it don't you? I generally attend such meetings but it is so pleasant today I thought I would stay at home and talk with you – but you cannot answer me now and that is not quite so pleasant. How I wish you were here today. I am all alone - can't hear nothing but the loud ticking of our old clock, which is very good company however for it tells me long stories of my childhood and of other happier days than those of the present. I go to school and like it very much indeed. How I laughed when Di told me about Mrs. Marsh's sister that lives near you, when she came "creeping in," as Di ??? says, when she was alone. I should think you would be afraid of her. Our Mr. Marsh that teaches here is so good and kind we all think everything of him and consider him just about perfect. Rill, there is no twitch to his face either, somebody told Di there was, for I have looked at him enough to see it if there was any, if there is a twitch it is only when good and noble impulses crowd his heart so full that they are obliged to rest on the outside of his face because there is not room in his soul. That's so! Why Di tells me that – the woman who livws in the house with you is dead! Are you not lonely! I should think you would be you have to stay alone so much! Lat night, Lovina and her father returned from Ohio. They having been absent about two weeks I believe to her brother's. Mrs. Bently's people have moved away from the village two or three miles up by John Thaw's up the "Dewey road," you know where that is. Speaking of Dewey – reminds me of the marriage of Darina[?] Dewey. Do not know who he married, some sprightly dam I presume.

[Different handwriting; different author]

A mary had left a short space for me to fill out I thought I would ??? the opportunity I arrived at Lind??? about seven-oclock but I did not meet Jim there he could not leave the shop and I had to stay and over night. William Palmer came after me in the morning and so I am here in Ellington once more the reason of my writing with Mary is that she would write all of the news and I though I would wait a while longer. I wrote to Roxana yesterday.

I am ashamed of this writing beside Mary's I shall write to you soon

Father is well

Good bye for the present from your sister M D B

My love to Mr Thatcher and Hester

[Mary Baldwin writes around the margins again]

Monday eve.

Dear Rill, Di has just left here – she wrote about two minutes – she was in a great hurry and couldn't stay at all, but she has promised she will come at our house and stay all the evening some time. Hope she will keep her promise. Mrs. Devot is quite sick! Oh who is that wonderful Mrs. Thatcher[?] Di speaks of? Is it the "Roller"[?] Di rode with?

Mary

[and in another margin...]

I was quite disappointed when Di brought me no likeness, but I comfort myself with the hope of some day receiving one from you. Do not forget it will you! Now Rill, you must be pretty punctual if you wish to retain that [crecht]??? I gave you and answer this very very soon. My very best respects to your husband and "lots" of love for yourself. I will close, ever your friend,

Mary Baldwin