

Ellington Sept 20 1859

Dear Friend Aurelia,

Will you excuse my negligence in not replying to your letter? I think you will, when I tell what a time I have had since you were here. The 9th of July I went a riding with Elijah Debon and wife. His horse got frightened, and I jumped out of the buggy without any one to help me (a thing I have not done for years) it broke my right foot in two places. I can get around a little now, but it is hard work I can tell you. It has been a dear job for me, besides the pain I suffered. I have kept a girl ever since. I have been the most discouraged about living this year that I have any time since Husbands death. I do feel like sometimes as though I could not keep up under my cares and poor health much longer. I dread the cold winter and expect to live poor and fare hard. The frost killed all the fruit, and almost everything else. My cow was dry all summer. I sold her the other day for \$12. It is rather dull times in Ellington at present. The school is small this term not more that half as many students as last fall. I don't know as Eugene will go any. I feel pretty poor. I wish I could have health and be somebody and enjoy life. A poor invalid can't do anything, with not a friend to care for them I sometimes think I shall have to break up housekeeping it is so hard to get along. But I guess you have heard enough of my doleful talk. Lovina Nessel went home soon after you left. Mary Baldwin was married three or four weeks ago and went to New York. Her man is old, but smart. Old Ben Brown was married last week to a woman from the east. I don't know her name. They say she is worth about ten thousand dollars. I think she will get sick of her bargain. I wish you lived a little nearer so I could go a see you. I am lonesome all of the time. I don't [know] what to do with myself. If I had money enough I would visit you this fall. But the if is always in the way with me. If Eugene or myself gets very sick I should not know what to do. I should wish Newton was here. Thacher is gone and there is no one I dare trust near here. Come and visit me next winter if you can. Excuse all my mistakes I have wrote so little of late. I make awful work.

Write to me again

My respects to Newton

If I was not too tired I would copy this.

Mary Debar[?]