Dear Sarah,

I was very much obliged to you for the copy of those verses and shall not apologize for the date of this letter, as it ought to convince you how long the flame of gratitude keeps bright in my bosom.

I hope you are enjoying this perfectly lovely May day. Everybody seems inspired by it and unusual toleration has been shown to the small flowers who usually render this day dreadful to sober minded people. I believe this custom of horn blowing is peculiar to Concord. I never heard of it anywhere else, but every youth in this town from four to fourteen considers his life incomplete unless he possesses at least eighteen horns a long tin horn upon which, for at least eighteen hours, from the earliest streak of dawn until he sinks exhausted into slumber he makes it his duty and delight to blow fiendish and incessant blasts. It speaks well for the attachment to the youth of humanity and the customs of antiquity possessed by the inhabitants of this city that this is patiently endured every first day of May.

I am going to appear in theatricals tonight. Sarah do you never do it. It looks alluring at first but will prove a tyrant. The "it" is vague but it is because I felt what I cannot express. Once know a few parts in farce or comedy, be able to repeat them correctly and not have "stage fright" and you become the property of the rapacious, I mean the religious, community. They use you chiefly for bits, etc., but you're available for anything and no longer belong to yourself. If, this lovely day, you are basking in the sunlight and breathing "odorous air" think of me cooped in the house with crimping pins, for "wavy tresses" are a necessity in my character tonight. Pity me, and "shun the boards."

Adieu (stagey you see) it is time to go to rehearsal.

Much love to Mary. How is the lovely and famous "Georgie". Hope you are by this time perfectly resigned about the seal skin cap and that your dog's health and spirits are all that you can desire.

Your grandmamma's profile is much admired. It is enough like yours for you to profit by the compliment. All wish to be remembered.

Affectionately yours

Susan Perkins