

Pride's Crossing

Tuesday

Dear Mary

It is werry hot! – I quite dread going into town tomorrow and the paper doesn't promise anything much cooler. I was going to meet A.F. at Mrs. Whitman's today where we are promised to lunch, but I believe that I shall go down to Manchester a little earlier and get my new white lawn for I should ruin my best white dress in this heat –

= and now you have the chief subject of my thoughts! –

Yesterday morning the Rev<sup>d</sup> Morgan Dix appeared and made a most beautiful call. It was a picture to see the two sitting face to face. One as courtly as the other, and both filled with enjoyment in the meeting. Books were lent and it was all very pleasant, and was a long call Mary, and we have spoken much about it since.

– It is wonderful how Mrs. Cabot rides the waves of this extreme weather. I didn't hear her about this morning, and was afraid that she had collapsed but she was reading in the parlor when I got down and seemed even fresher than yesterday. I shall hope to get home tomorrow night at six unless it promises a very bad day when I think that I must stay still. The world will stand at 4 Park St.

and I must send a telegram [.] it is no use to kill oneself and have half a day in the train. Sometimes I think that shade is better than any stray salt breezes at this time of year and I like to have a good elm tree for a parasol!!

– I must change over some of my packing, so this letter must be short. You must have had a nice day at [York?] but I want to hear all the rest about it –

With much love  
Sarah