

us, even in Walsingham. Last Sunday father & I went out  
for a ride and called at a Mr. Clark's about two miles  
from here. A milk owner. They seem well informed, intelligent  
people. I received letters last week from Cousin Jo, Lissa,  
and J. G. G. with the last an invitation to attend the  
Provincial Fair at Braintree this month. I should  
very much like to go but I think I shall decline the  
invitation. I cannot very well leave home. The girl I have now  
is so very slow and inefficient. — Mr. Q. by his late widow's  
friend wrote a poem in my album. Original I presume for I am  
sure no one else could write such "incomprehensible" poetry. It is  
beyond my comprehension altogether. He commences by saying he  
should not mourn for departed friends. Meaning I supposed his  
first wife. The second verse I cannot for my life make out what the poem  
means at all. The last verse comes to the point most decidedly. The burden