Sauk City, June 23, 1867

My Dear Friend,

Today is the first time since I have been home that I have felt as though I could write a letter that would be at all tolerable either in manner or matter. And I certainly don't know how to write anything now that will be entertaining, but I hope that I will not prove myself wholly unworthy of the inestimable privilege granted me.

How can I well imagine the state of our minds the day we left—no one as free as boys could be on their way to the loved ones at home. We trotted out the Sunday School hymn books and sang all the songs we knew, but the calls up a train of reflections that presented is the early years of the voice, and could you have heard the sounds would have thought one were singing some funeral dirge. Our trip was totally pleasant. Considering the manner in which the voice was treated, the drums were mostly gone and the old women clowned, which you know is all that is necessary for anyone to enjoy a journey. But at some places where they were hornetting our claims for butter milk were completely useless and they did the little we could call it—pour and go to the next place

For accustomed to travel we were of course
Consequently our seat- When we arrived at home.

But- The pleasant Smiles of a demonstration and the joy of
the little ones were made as fruitful of true binks and
kindred and amorous has nearly driven me out. Thought of
taking back. And then an electric light arising for fully
influence the peace of the past ones friends. I was associated
with found it behind and those of own words family. Because
that it were as realty. I domesticate any restrictions to
a very considerable to in number cushions, but
I do propose to have some indication of defined and
sheltered society, and it came a looking automatically. Humble
and to be permitted to enjoy it. It would be a favor
of just for me to attend to express the changes which arise on
continually the many recollections of a happy visitation and
enjoyment which are connected with the Baroness and most
intimately connected with the Baroness and family. It would
probably be possible for one to induce me to appreciate or more
The gratitude I have felt keen sense of just times and
at whose hands I have no comprehension those bines with
sustainable acts of kindness. I must just say that when
I forget the exciting energy with which the Baroness has allowed
for my benefit. And that of others, the great moment in the
manifestation in my behalf. When I cease to associate with
something of pleasure and thankfulness. The world
reminds divine unceasing kindness of the baroness
And when many feelings becomes dominant that- they do not
with the loveliness emotions of gratitude and delight at the
thoughts of all the interesting associations with which your
name is intimately connected, when I forget all this my
all my friends alter once, or think of me only at one
anniversary of the last event.

Then I have mankind to say that-
I could be at the Sunday school. I could see what would
be your lessons and think to find back points of I thought
Mr. Barlow would write. The part of very interesting lessons in
the family to acquire and fear it will not be renewed farther
for sometime. I fear a Sunday school is all too fine when
she would seem busy me feel I am enough, not to write her list. But- that such pretty
regularly,
the Baroness art was combined with the long look and will
soon leave the huts are known.

I mentioned to Grace first- Our little town as a fascinating
place and healthy state. It is indeed a delightful place
and some suitable. The back of the back is the back-which will
not surprize how our year good school establish there.

You will tax your brain another. That I may come again
the manner to continue a course of pleasure. Those silent
Mr. Barlow with myowing acquaintance, and that I may
especially be permitted enjoy the company of one with
whom I have enjoyed time. I mentioned to you during and
embarrassment continue the moments. And is the same wish.
Tell Little Joe this next is very know of her because
I am somewhat of the to say that- I write unwavering
and again. Tell every thing you can think of it.
will interest me.

Give my love to all.

Believe me sincerely Yours,
A. Blake.