

Tuesday night 9 1/2 o'clock
Dear Mark -

Were it not for your disappointment - for I believe you were disappointed, (or do I flatter myself too much?) I could almost be glad that I did not go out to-night. For it has rained, as if the very flood gates of Heaven had been opened, and the streets look like miniature rivers; And now I am entertaining an unwelcome visitor in shape of a head-ache - whilst you are being entertained by selections from one of our greatest writers - delivered by - perhaps - a fine voice. Happy Martie! and "bad Laurie!" you exclaim - yes, I'll acknowledge to having been very naughty - but I'm glad you enjoyed