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Holmes Hole Sunday eve Aug. 27th 1845

Dear Husband another lonesome day is past
~~and find myself alone in the house this eve, babe gone~~
~~it sleeps, and is the meaning your absence.~~

O dear how I long to see you and how I could
express myself to you could I but behold your
lovely face. I cannot tell you half I wish
I have but short moments to write as the babe
may wake soon she requires all my time but not
my mind for it is continually wandering after
you viewing you in my mind's eye in almost every
position and the most distressing thought is that
you may be sick. let me say again to you my Dear
be carefull & try to preserve your health live for me
& our dear child, she is a very good ^{babe} sleeps all night
eyes but very little, weighed twelve pounds last
Wednesday. Peter, you know how much you laugh'd about
her flat nose, well it has alter'd very much for the
better, and her eyes are beautifull. & another thing
have not chosen a name for her, but Father is all the
one that wants to call her Susan Folger. & you had
better send a name yourself, my health is quite good
do not expect to gain my strength untill cooler
weather have not been out but once & that I rode
over to your Fathers stay'd one week Doed brought me
home and that night was taken sick had a cold