

No. 7

Holmes Hole Sunday eve Oct. 6th 1845

502

Beloved Husband

I again take my pen to write, but still find myself unable to express to you what my heart feels this lonesome stormy eve. altho I am not alone there is plenty of young company in the Parck. but I have taken myself off got the Babe to sleep & you may view me sitting in the Parlor writing on the workstand. The vacant place you have left can never be filled untill you return I daily repine to think that we are to be so long seperated but that Organ of hope that I have so large again & again revives, and then I think that it is possible that I may see you again in two years. The tears start and blind my eyes when I realize that we may never see each other again but let us hope for the best that we shall enjoy more than we ever did before, altho I think we took as much comfort as any two ever did in one year and now what do you say Dear Husband do you think we shall by being seperated know how to prize each others society better. I am wondering every day when I shall have the pleasure of reading a letter from you. The time seems long since we parted. I must now bid you good night for my pens are very poor and the babies alone up stairs sleep the darling creature is all the company I have night & she & I sleep alone, I have never had to get up with her in the night yet she is the fastest little babe you ever see, I think how you must feel to think you cannot see your own
Dear Child