

No. 10

Robinson Hole Wed. eve Oct. 16th 1848

My Dear Harriet

I take my pen again this eve, but you will see, by the number I have already written that you cannot expect any thing new. We are all well in both families except Lydia she is very feeble this fall, is not able to sit up but very little, her feeble complaint that she has had is growing worse. I wrote you last Sabbath by John Manter & I. Look they will both go in the Saratoga, my feeling for Peter are the same. Regards you this eve as I have expressed in my other letters, & could I behold your Dear Face how much I would manifest to you, but I know you cannot and do not doubt my love for you and that the loss of your company is far worse to me than to be deprived of all the rest of my friends. I often in my hours of sorrow console myself with the pleasing reflection that I shall some day meet you again & that we shall by being separated no how to prize each others society better, but I suppose you will say there is no need of that for I used to try to keep you in the house all the time when you was with me last & for instance from going fishing I think I know how much I used to fret last Monday Cousin West being down & Eugene, we talked a great deal about you I thought as I look upon the pond how much comfort you used to take sailing up and down in that little boat, she and I had not seen each other since that memorable event took place you must think