

SD 11

Wishon's Hole Friday eve Oct 18th 1845

Belov'd Husband

this is the third letter I have written
you this week. Therefore you can't expect any thing more
but I feel as though I wanted to write a few ^{lines} by every one that
goes from here. I am now sitting in the porch by the table rocking
the cradle writing your Mother is here and they are talking so fast that
I can hardly get my mind collected. I still Peter mourn & lament
your absence. I do not doubt Dear Gus but what you know some
thing about my feelings ^{by} your arm. has not your heart
ask'd & long'd see this to be with us your friends & especially
to enjoy this our babe. your Mother has just observ'd how poor
Peter must want to see this child she has grown so fat and
handsome every day her Mother thinks she is first rate &
I have no doubt but her Father would think the same if he
could see how cunning & playful she begins to be. I shall
call her Susan Folger if you are pleas'd with it. I long for a letter
from you saying you are well for I have an anxious care about
your health. last night I felt melancholy enough and I
could not help giving away to my feelings by crying a long
time after I went to bed. it is a dreadfull thought to think
of being separated from the only one that can make me
happy for so long time. If your Mother has just gone home she
is remarkable smart. Benja & Abby have been here & have
gone part the way with her. your Father comes often to see