

No 12

Oct. 12

Holmes Hole Sunday eve Oct 20th 1845

My Dear Husband there is nothing in this life that could afford me that comfort & satisfaction that your company would, could I only be personally with you this evening, that I may lean my head against your bosom & pour out my whole soul to you & what my heart has suffered in consequence of your absence, my pen fails to describe when ever I have attempt to write I dare not neither express myself as I want too for fear some unprincipled person might open it. do not think that Capt Dexter would you know Peter I said that I did not expect to write very often but little rise sleeps so well evenings that I take that time to write this is the sixth letter I have written you this month therefore I have nothing new but I know if you could get a letter from me every week it would be acceptable judging by my own feelings nothing but your own person would revive my drooping spirits so much as a letter from you saying you was well and a fair prospect of a short voyage when you write me, write all the particulars, especially about your health, take care of yourself Husband for it troubles me much for fear you may be sick if I should hear such news I know not what I should do my mind would be in such torment, be sure not to wear damp clothes no more than you are obligator that is the caution I have often gave you and will it not remind you Peter of the many times that I have follow'd you about the house to get you to put on dry clothes and now I am not there and if you are sick other who will take care