

No. 3

Holmes Hole Sept 7th /48

My Dear Husband, what can I write to relieve
my anxious mind & feeling it is so uncertain
whether you ~~will get it or not~~ that I dare not
write what ~~what~~ I most want to. O Peter
how much I have thought of your lonely hours
as well as wound over my own. The day we
parted I had a hope to see you come back for
about two hours, or untill I went top of the
house and saw you under sail, and when I
came out into the Bay in the Boat your
Ship was scarcely visible, through the glass
I conceiv'd my heart felt sorrow at parting
with my dearest friend untill I came into
this chamber & then gave vent to them freely
oh! your company, your society, how I long for it.
Clara came here last Tues. & will stay a few
weeks for a change, one of my troubles I had
when you went away I believe I have got about
over, that cold I took when we went to
cousin Wests black berrying, I have so much on
my mind that I want to say to you Peter
that it dose me no good to write. Lydia
still lives and suffers greatly heranker
rages worse than ever, I have been to funeral
to Capt Adams this P.M. Their little boy died
very sudden with the, Colera Morbus I wrote