

Hampstead Feb. 1st /62

Darling Husband,

I received your short naughty letter night before last and it has made me dream of you evry night since. Or rather, I should say each night.

Last night you were here all safe – only think of it I was quite sure of you and then after all it was all a dream. And I was sitting on your knee and you were telling me you adventures out “South”

I feel just like writing you a great long letter to night but have spent so much time reading to the children that it was almost nine o’clock before I commenced. I love you very, very much to night and if you ever want me to love you more all you have to do is to say somthing a little unkind as you did in you last letter

I am sorry I have said so much to you on a subject so disagreeable to you But I want you to know my husband that I did not wish to get the “last word” I spoke of it because it is what people all talk of now, and it come natural for me to write to you about it – Well there, I can’t express myself and I will not try. If you wish to cast any reflections – (I was going to say if you felt any better after it I was glad of it) but I know you will not, and if you were here I know how I would come up with you. I would squeeze you till you couldn’t get your breath and kiss you till you couldn’t say another such an ugly thing if you tried

But I will never mention the subject again no, never. To you I mean you know. And you shall have just as long letters as ever

I was not disappointed in your last letter exactly. You were in such good spirits when you wrote last before, that I expected they would be below zero this time, and so they were. I guess you received a letter from me the next day. If I am low spirited it is always a true sign that I shall have a letter from you.

Ben Smith has been doing great business since he got home I heard to night that he was lately marriad to a little girl not quite fourteen years old and that puts me in mind of somthing else, Luther Austin has come out of State prison and has since marriad Precilla Collins the little girl that lived with Lewis’ folks once, she is between fourteen and fifteen. Isn’t it too bad?

Well it is geting late and I will not try to finish to night. Mother is sick and I must be up betimes in the morning. I havn’t said a word about your babies but I will write about them next time. Annie improves in singing every day. She has taken a great notion to singing alto of late She can sing the alto of one tune just as correct as any one ~~lover~~ while I sing the first treble! She likes to sing and there is nothing she likes, too hard for her to learn Her strong will that makes me so much trouble answers a good purpose here. She lost a dime to night and she was as unconcerned about it as ever her father was.

The minister said in Sabbath school to-day that they were going to take up a collection next Sabbath and he wanted all the little children to hunt up a copper and she has been teasing me to let her carry a copper without knowing what it’s for. But Josie says she wont give them her money. Annie says she don’t see what any one wants money for it they don’t spend it. But I have got to the bottom of the sheet so Good bye precious
Yours as ever Emmy