

Hampstead Feb. 8<sup>th</sup>/63

My dear husband,

I have taken my pen to answer yours of the 19<sup>th</sup> & 24<sup>th</sup> Jan., yet almost despairing of writing anything that will please you, you seem so dissatisfied with everything I write.

But I could not help wishing you would give me credit for having common sense as that is about all I have got. Of course I wasn't such a fool as to think you would be any more likely to die or be killed out there because Charlie Shannon was, but I defy any woman to be perfectly calm and unconcerned about her own husband when others are brought home dead, and she has every reason to fear ~~it~~ her husband may share the same fate. But I can ~~help~~ avoid troubling you with any fears and shall be careful to do so hereafter.

You speak of money as though it were of but very little consequence to you. I think you ought not to look at it in this light. You ought not to consider money-making, and saving, as a matter of taste but of necessity with you.

James Hall has been here to-day. He requested me to tell you that he weighed 140 lbs. a year ago and that he now weighs 209.

He is at work at his trade in Ayer's village and has an apprentice. [Adin] Little. He and Josie always have a great time playing to-gether when he comes here.

I wish you were here to go to singing school with me. We are having one in our school-house. I haven't been yet but think of going tomorrow night. William goes and I understand Julia is going. Evender Corson and wife and another Mrs. Corson and J. W. Garland and so you see I shall not be alone as a married woman.

It will serve to pass away the time and perhaps I shall learn to sing a little so that I can help Annie more

But the fire is going down and I will not write any more to night

I hope you will not think ~~any think~~ anything I have written was meant unkindly for I love you just the same as ever and have laid awake thinking of you more since ~~you wrote~~ I received your two last letters than I have before for a good while. I couldn't help thinking them a little unkind. I wasn't surprised at the first one as I told you before and I expected your next would be so loving it would heal the wound the other had made all up, and was very eager to get it but I believe it was more unkind than the first. Oh for the good long loving letters that you used to write ~~about~~ last Summer.

But do not stop writing because I find a little fault. I shall not if you find ever so much with mine.

These two ~~pieces~~ last are more precious than so much gold, and would be were they ten times as bad if they only brought news from my darling husband

I am sorry about Emily's picture. Hope you will not lose it

It is quite sickly around here Eastman has been doctoring right in our neighborhood. He hasn't lost a case of diphtheria since he got home

Our little darlings remain well yet. Ought we not to be very thankful? But I have got to the bottom of the page So good night dearest for the present

From your own Emmy