

[raised imprint reads: "SUPERFINE / A.P.CO."]

Hampstead Sept. 27th/63

Darling Husband,

If I only had time to night, this letter should not be so short and cold as the one of which you complain, for I love you very much and do not feel so indifferant as I did when I wrote that letter nor so bitter as I did when I wrote you last. But my feelings were all worked up then, it will be of no use to tell you all the circumstances so I will pass it all over. I have no time to go into particulars as it is nine o'clock now. The "leader" of the choir invited all the choir to meet at his house this evening and have a sing, and I have just come from there. He lives in the old Heath house; his name is Badger. I don't know whether he lived in town when you went away or not. He lived in the upper village before he come here

There is a kind of a mistery about them and not exactly a mistry either

He has been marriad once and is divorced from his wife, and there is a lady lives with him that was brought up in his fathers family. And they are both methodist church members

And that is all we know about them I like her very much indeed, still I can't help thinking all is not right

She is a great strong course featured plain woman about my age I should judge. She can take care of the barn, work out haying, or play the organ.

She is a first-rate player. He looks a great deal like her and may be eight or ten years older. They are going to move away next week and I shall miss them much

Jim Dow sr., preached to us to-day and he is the thoughtest abolition preacher I ever heard in my life

It seemed his brother Frank had posted him up and he was quite personal in his remarks. He even called some of them right out by name.

Oh dear there is no fire and I shall have to go to bed with cold feet to night, and nobody to warm them for me. Don't you pity me?

It is a splendid moonlight night if you were here we would take a walk.

You were mistaken in thinking your old friends had forgotton you

They often speak of you and inquire for you and sometimes they ~~deliver~~ send messages to you which I forget to deliver

Frank Sawyer always inquires for you everytime he sees me or father and so does his mother. I have known Frank to stop his horse before the house to ask about you. The other day he wanted to know if you never wrote anything about the boys. He said he had thought of writing to you a good many times but had never done it. Said he should like to see you and play a game of checkers with you

My head aches and I am awful sleepy. I went to the choir meeting last night and we had the best sing I have ~~had~~ [^]been to since I begun to sing

And some of us kept it up till pretty late. And when I did get home and go to bed I was so nervous I could not sleep, you know what that is I suppose.

Oh I wish you were here my precious darling, it would be so much easier to talk than to write (and then you know I shouldn't have to set there with such cold feet either.)

I have got on the dress you bought me just before you went away and I can't bear to wear it out I like it...

[fragment letter ends here]