

Courant O. Oct 9<sup>th</sup> 1850  
Thursday P. M.

My Darling

Despite the gloom  
and rain without to day, I have been  
having such a delightful dream  
over my sewing, and I think  
I must tell it to you. I am  
very sure no evil spirit prompted  
it or I should not have  
been so happy dreaming and  
would it have left me without  
hopeful happiness.

I have been picturing to myself  
a life with Rosa in her home  
in Cleveland this winter. I  
have imagined all, from the  
quiet bridal some morning in  
the parlor below, the short ride  
on the cars, the tender loving re-  
ception of Rosa the short beautiful

house with my soldier-husband to one ray of thoughts and  
aged then the careful confiding of tenderness, from him which  
me to Nora's love and care. He make the house fly swiftly and  
brief farewell, and you leave me happily away. Exercise my mind  
alone yet so happy. I feel the birds and flowers, without the  
depression of spirit for a few glad some heart in any beam  
days but Nora will not let me make me healthy and strong  
grieve for you and I soon get and I am as you have as often  
joyous and interested in the predicted. I would be the first  
new city life, Nora is my kind guess of life as Albion's wife the  
gentle friend and mother, and happiest woman in the whole  
though, I seek a lonely couch would. True Albion you have  
at nightfall, my prayer there is it just as it glided through  
in thankfulness to my Heavenly my heart and brain and for  
Father for so much happiness were ago. You must not you  
I know my precious husband for Emma even if you know  
is doing, fighting nobly in the must be only a dream with  
cause of his eternity and it no shadow of reality. I know  
am content for their course. true faithful love would be it

for me were it possible and sh.  
if it only could be. I think  
it strange that my heart will  
go off thus, in these times of  
uncertainty, and my lover  
a soldier with whom life is  
but a chance at best.

I read the other day in a letter-book  
of a college boy who went through  
rain and sleet to the P. O. for a  
letter from the maiden of his love  
since he would get one for it had  
been three days after the usual time  
of her weekly love token, but he was  
disappointed and then how sad  
and lonely he felt. Do you remember  
ever feeling thus my boy? I was wearing  
those woolen socks for me, and did  
not write as usual, and now it  
had been almost three weeks and  
you a soldier in the army, with whom  
some expect casualties hourly and not  
a word from you. Just imagine my feeling  
then as yours now only as I have had things  
intensified. Adieu for the present my  
dear boy,  
E.