

Sunday P. M. Oct 12th

Albin

I have just given a reference
of your letter from the "left bank of
Salt River" received on Friday
~~"strange strange Albin"~~ I understood
as I laid it down. What makes
you do so Albin, will you tell
me? How I in any manner
forfeited my right and claim to
you? Should you ever have been
always to see the soul of him
lost your word, in this manner
I am not angry with you
Albin nor am I excited in
the least. I have not been able
since I received your letter
for one moment to keep it out
of my mind. I'll tell

was not so much there that me and my happiness are
could pain me. It must have longer, tell me so and I
been what was not there. shall expect nothing but if
I am sorry to have displeas'd you are really and truly the
you, in writing reports. I shall love you have been do not
hide your wishes, and do so as tell me that it may be well
more. You are no carpet knight or months before I can hear
I writing daily as if the world from you again. I am almost
existence depended upon it. convinced that you are not your
Why Albion! Can you really feel self that there are shadows on
it is right to speak thus to me, your brain, or you surely would
I would not have you write not send to me, after three weeks
at all to me if you take no pleasure that adds concern and
pleasure in it. If any hap so unlike Albion's tongue, my
pines is nothing to you, your betrothed husband. If you have
affection must indeed be anything to say to me, fear not
a strange one. Now Albion I can endure almost anything
let us have no more such I am surely well and about that
write as this. If you care for my natural and right that

should feel thus, and ask for an explanation, and you will give it to me.

In the battle of Redbank. I saw
that Gen's Jackson & Sevier were
killed. The 105th was undoubtedly
engaged, and I know nothing
of what your fate may be. You may
have fallen or are now suffering
from wounds. Oh! Albion if you
should die, and his last sight
your first message to me. Oh! the
thought is terrible. Pray Heaven
there is no reality in it. I should
expect if you are safely through, to
hear from you immediately or as
soon as you could write, but with
the ending of your last ringing in
my ears, how can I hope? Better
tell me all that is in your heart
surely I merit this. do I not.

God bless you, my crying boy,
Emma L. Miller