

Hill Gate
August 6th
1840

My dearest Emma.

I received your letter
~~from~~ this afternoon, and I can hardly
believe that you have really accepted
my offer. I cannot believe it, that
we are really going to meet. I try not
to think too much about it, for fear
that we might be disappointed. God
grant that it may not be so, but
still I have never learned to say,
"Thy will be done".

When you get up to the Lake next week, I
will see to every thing for you, and
as you are going to spend a short time
in town, before you get up, it will be time
enough when you arrive to make any
final arrangements with Brown.
I hardly know what I am writing
about, it seems so strange to be
thinking about you going to the
Lake. Can you believe that we are
ever more going to meet? I cannot,
really cannot. You said nothing
respecting the money I spoke therefore
John thinks that I had better send

he says that, that order will pass current
any where.

I never see any of our family. I think
that it is nearly two years since I have
seen a person bearing the name of
Hoffman. Except Virginia, who came
to see me once or twice last winter.
And I must not forget Julie, dear Julie
she is a sweet affectionate girl, and I love
her dearly. How happy she will be to
see you. She is left alone and desolate
in the world, with but not like you
my dear Emma, a good, kind, husband,
to take care of her.

You will find home sadly altered
since you left, many many changes
have taken place, and many hearts
that would ~~be~~ ^{be} thrilled with joy at the
idea of seeing Emma, now ^{are} chilled in
the snow. But still there are many
left to welcome ^{you} with an affection
which time and distance have
not diminished. And even if there
were no other hearts to welcome you,
my love would be enough, I know
my dear Emma, to make you feel
happy in home come, for you cannot
tell how deeply, and with all my
heart I love you. But I must

stop for it is late and I have quite
a bad ^{headache}, owing I really believe to the
exhaustion I have ^{put} ~~put~~ ^{put} myself into.
And Mary sends her very best best
love to you and the children all day.
Mammy & Emma really coming here.
Very like Mammy find it hard to
realize.

Give a thousand kisses to your dear
kind boy, you will have to be a
little jealous of him, for I will not
attempt to deny, that I think very
very often of seeing him, when
you will think I ought as well
give all my thoughts to his mother.
But I will let you settle the quarrel
between you, and I will go on loving
both Mother & Son.

My love to the Dr. and thank him
from me, for granting my request.
Did you ever persuade him, or did he
voluntarily consent to go? I really want
to know.

John sends you and his best love and
remembers him kindly to the Dr. Give
my love and a kiss to dear Mammy
and Mary and her little family.
And now, God bless my dear dear
Emma, until we meet once more.
Good night my dearest, best Emma.
Yours now and forever

3^d

W

Mrs Richard S. Molony
Care of the Rev. J. S. Whitman
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