

Hoboken Aug. 3<sup>rd</sup> 1862 -

✓ My dearest Emil.

Once more I am at home, & glad to be here, altho' I miss you more than at first, and think that this August will pass less rapidly than that of one year ago. Do you remember that? I fear that new amusements and old associations will dim your recollection of what has come between.

I have not written to you every day, for I found it would take up too much of my thoughts, & make me stupid, besides, very likely, wearying you with long letters, when you show, by those you write, such a decided preference for the very shortest.

We reached home last Wednesday eve, and then John W. gave me your "Townsend's Herald" - How glad I was to see it, knowing you'd find it so short - I would have grieved on you for not devoting more time to me, but I thanked God for keeping you safely safe on your journey, thro' the perils of the sea, for even though I like that element, I know there is rather more sickness upon it than on the solid earth, and the thought of a ship borne down by tumble icebergs would cross my mind awhile. I was uncertain about you, now for me, the icebergs are all dissolved. Still, I forbore writing to you by the Saturday mail, and only the consideration that this is Sunday, when our affections should rise above revenge, leads me to overlook these two very short notes.

unceasing roll of thunder - We have  
been favoured in this way lately, and  
particularly during our trip down from  
Troy last Wednesday, when we had two  
regular hurricanes - and the steamboat  
on which we were was struck by lightning  
- no one was hurt - but think, I  
might have been - It was a sight worth  
seeing - that thunder storm just below  
West Point - The ladies "shuddered"  
from the deck - I thought Jerry was  
fainting - she grew so pale, and  
it was hard to keep dry anywhere  
but the clouds were magnificent  
rolling down the Highlands, and  
I only wished you were there to help  
me enjoy myself - These storms did  
not spoil our days sail however - for  
neither of them lasted long - and the  
decks dried so quickly, and the  
clouds blew over so fast that it was  
hard to remember that the storms had  
been... My great Boston shawl kept me  
dry - as it had kept me warm during  
the night trip to Troy, when I rolled it  
round me as I slept in a rather cool  
upper berth of our stateroom - I don't  
wish to shock your sense of propriety -  
but I must say that I always think  
of your arms when I fold that  
shawl around me - Well, the  
thunder & lightning have not ceased.