Fort Hamilton  
Nov. 23, 1842

My Dear Wife,

When you left me at the depot I left for home immediately, but I did not get there till the next day. When I came to the forge, I found it turned and this cannot be stuck in the mud! They had been there since five o'clock and as it seemed likely they would remain there all night, I went back to Brooklyn and stayed all night, desiring to be "handy" to the C.N. next day. It turned out that the obstruction was removed and the cars made their trip through as usual, an hour or so, after I left.

Carma tells me she didn't get home till nine o'clock. I heard that the car for the town before I went back, but did not see her. I intended to advise her to go back to B. and stay all night and go on in the morning.

I'm a little more than we come to be a little of the way to get the Mi. at the time of the letter.

Love to all friends. Kindest love to Mrs. Behar, Mrs. Behar.

Ever yours sincerely, L.W.S.
When I returned, I found everything as neat as a pin. Much, if not all the "improvement," I have so doubt been made before you left so that I need not describe them. Emma is as good as she can be and does every thing she can to make me comfortable. The only thing I have nothing to complain of, is the absence of my wife and children. When I got back, I found that she was on a great deal tight; I tried to make her calm, but to no use, and I saw what was coming. The doctor came away. He declared, over and over again, that he would telegraph Boston, but whether to the army or not, I have not heard, and I have not spoken with him since. Time, time, how time flies. Since I last wrote to the "paradise" past my window two or three times with two or three nursing young ones, but Cape, as usual, out Cape, on, is usual.

I have scarcely seen the people of the garrison since you left. I mean, more particularly the_online_newspaper1 Community. Mr. L. was uncommunicative (usually) polite to me, two or three times, and that is all I have seen of them.

Capt. Maudel has been ordered to report with the battery to New Bedford. The bearer came to Capt. B. and when he showed the telegram to Budworth, your may imagine what a story it through his distinguished military Casseness. That says he grew pale, and his old gray moustache, worked up and down, his lips quivered so on. How may suppose that I wasn't so to speak particular and composed by this, and instantly put upon my command by office, on the contrary, quite the reverse, I rather enjoyed it.

By the way, since you left I heard, but not sure, I met Miss Ellis in the Post, I looked to her.