

Staten Island. July 14th 1861

The thoughts of my darling possess-
-ed me. I cannot lose her from my
mind's eye. I see her. as she stood
at the railing at the station. with
her dear tearful loving eyes. watching
her own aunt who was not leaving
her. saw in the miserable flesh
the soul her heart was fast
to her darling. I am well & hope
you shall I stand alone my
darling. I am now with you &
be from your aunt's loving
spirit at your side. - I am
ever fond of yours & your own

Just so far had I proceeded
when the servant says. I
shall miss the boat ^{main}
so I shall not say. I am
well, my beloved. How you
I am as busy as a bee, but
I think of you with the
fondest affection. I am

All your own
Ladie

How to me. I sent you

a note yesterday I hope
Mr Rusby at the Treasury
will send it to you. if not
please send up there for it

Ever Em. Basson

Aunt Ann's Sunday
how tomorrow