

Iowa City, Dec. 7<sup>th</sup> 1838

My dear, dear wife,

It is Sabbath evening  
I get so full that I must chat & converse a  
little with my "love", I board in a private board-  
ing house with perhaps 40 or 30 others. I while many  
of the rest are congregated in the common par-  
lor, talking, joking & laughing, I enter my room  
alone, I think of my wife & dear little ones, I have  
been too busy since I left home, to allow my mind  
to dwell much upon home, <sup>but</sup> to night I cannot  
easily prevent it. I would not if I could, Ah! how  
sweat home, there is no place like home, there are  
no friends like my wife & little ones, Do the little  
ones think of father in his absence? are they good  
children? ~~Is~~ my wife well, are the children well? How  
I would delight to sit <sup>in</sup> for one half hour & love &  
be loved by you all, I have attended two churches  
to day & now the bell calls for a third & I must go, I  
am disposed to hear as many different preachers  
in the city as I can.

Tuesday, Mr. Miller will leave this P.M. for home  
& I must say one word more to my wife, I went to bed  
Sabbath evening quite unwell, but felt better in  
the morning, thought I wrote <sup>intensely</sup> hard yesterday  
& feel ~~well~~ tired today, I am trying to get a bit ready

to go before the Senate tomorrow,

I have just received a letter from Mr. Little, saying that the wind had blown down about half of the fence on one side of the prison yard & done much damage to Winterbottom & the State. McMiller starts for home this P.M. I will take this along. I have sent you two letters previous to this, which I hope you have received.

I have no time to write more. Good bye,  
George