Rome Ga. Nov 24th 1858.

My darling little Tom could see me for one day - how I am torn to pieces by my absence, and
months of anxiety said. She would forgive me
I think & find excuses for me. Every morning I
am out of bed at 7½ - dry & I am up at the house
trying to put things straight. Trying to get the work people
on. Trying to get the furniture in. Trying to make them
understand what I want. Waiting for work people
until I am so nearly exhausted as a poor human
being can be. I cannot write - my family - my friends
all complain - but I cannot help it. If they cannot
find excuses for me, I must endure all sorts
of things at their hands - for I have more than my
hand can do to attend to with. My difficulty has been
much increased by not being able to speak the language
so I have misunderstood much.
Pity all the early part of the [illegible] was with me at
the house a good deal - but the work progressed
so slowly we could do but little good. But within
the last two weeks she has been my busy friend
helping up her Zenobia - & has not been able to assist
me at all. Throwing upon my own resources the
matter has been more difficult. But I am slowly
pushing my way through. It is only being worried
to death & fear that those I love are suffering

thinking right of me. darling dear darling my affections. a thousand times a day. if I could only speak my thoughts sufficiently loud to reach to you dear. you would find proof of my faithful constant love & affection. but I cannot find the time just now to sit down to letters. forgive me. my pet children that I love you all the same & that when the evil days have passed I shall come out all the brighter for this gloom. my patience now is so sorely tried. mine so nearly exhausted. & perhaps if you saw me, or were near me now. you would not find me so lovable as when I had your caresses & sympathies. I am obliged to write wherever I can. sometimes at the Studio of Mr Thom. sometimes at the Bank. sometimes early. & at times to write in my own room at the hotel. for I am seldom there. save at night. there is much visiting & going in next to you & will be for the next 2 months. before Lent. so that we have sometimes three parties in one night. & do not know for time to return the proper complimentary after receiving hospitality. so you may suppose my occupations. which seems to be sitting waiting & praying at times for the hour to come when I may see your dear letter enclosing the pretty Tartan cross which reached me yesterday. just in time to say many times to me I kissed it my darling

forehead & your hands & I thought for you my pets have been in kisses in its folds. Bless you my darling for your pretty thoughts dear. I love you dearly. just as dearly as you would have me if you could read a measure of quantity which would suit you. I think of all you bring it towards with the truest affection & only wish I could thank you more worthily for all you do to show me your love. but I am a poor one in thanks. I love you. I love you. troubles have wounded me. dear. wounded me that you are so surrounded by sickness. wounded that your father seems so worn. & most worn that the chances seem getting smaller of your getting away to England this summer. but darling you must try to come. all you can. I write up Haten to write to your father about his coming. but I am very much afraid that he will not let you come at any sacrifice. if you did you find it sufficiently to bring you as far as Newport to be met by your father. I had come all the way to S. Louis to see you. & I think he would find my wishes in the matter. but tell me. my darling. anything you will have me do. I will do it to accomplish such a result. but mind that you write & write. don't have flirtations, which are unworthy of a proud spirited woman. don't run away. don't fall in love with some neighbour's house or his husband or his

bring a few parts dresses & any thing else
in him. If you do you break Commandment
is dead for. about loving you less if you chose
I must not enter upon that subject here
than my room. I can only send you this sm
word to say. Love is so eminently subtle that
not be controlled - we may love what we not
respect. but the trial is dangerous. when respect
fear - we can never answer for the moment
love may take wings & even they are lifted. depend
upon it. they cannot be pushed in their original
softness & purity. I shall pain more than I
to confess if any thing should happen to prev
your coming to me next year. I shall do all I
to accomplish it - but what can I do? - Hatt
is not at all well. She is having any quantity
of boils - which are coming round her throat
neck. & she was confined to the house yesterday
with me - she has not heard of Mr Cortlandt
death & I am rather afraid to tell her just now
she has not time to write to her father. & Ruth
to say I know think she feels as much anxiety
to see as she does to your father. Yesterday
you see she does not write even to Lucy. God bless
bless you my dearest darling. Love me & remember
Kindest love to all your family. My dear faithful
Lucy