

Bethelme

N. Hampshire

Oct. 28, 1844

My Queen,

I hope you got my note in Boston, explaining that I was kept here by a friend's coming to spend a week with me. I did not know your address, so sent it to my Auntie, who gave it to the Clerk at Music Hall. — I did not so much grieve over that disappointment, because I felt sure of seeing you in New York. I had planned to be there, the last of next week, for a week with my sister, and a week with Mrs. Botta. — But I begin

now to fear that I shall not see there, at all. Of course you have noticed the amount of the fresh outbreaks of diphtheria. Some friends who laughed at me for my fears in September, now beg me to stay away.

When do you set out for California? — I think if very possible that I may be in Colorado to welcome you when you come back; it feels less and less as if I should stay here. The gloom and gray of these skies, and the wet and pinch of this air are odious to me. My throat burns

particularly, and I feel a dread mingling even my fears all the time.

How gloriously will breathe (is it?) here within of you in the distance.

No word so true. So satisfying to my heart has ever been said of you before. — I have always had one of

these anxiety to read to people when I try to see them as I mentioned to you what you are. Off the coast, to people who love you and whom you love. —

Your faithful

A. K.

NH

I shall hold on here till the 5th or 6th
& then go to Boston, & wait for some
time to turn up. I am a bit of
drifting seaward this autumn. —

Walter Hunt