

New York. Oct 26<sup>th</sup> 1860

Grant what beloved of my heart!  
The days have gone like maniacs. I in  
their course have taken my resolutions,  
my pleasures away from me. I have  
purpos'd & want'd. oh so much - to  
write to you - my chiefest pleasure in  
absence from you - is, first, in thinking  
of you, then, in writing to you - you know,  
you believe this - your own heart tells  
you how dearly I love you. & how much  
I would wish to be with you even in  
the miserable & unsatisfactory way,  
any communion is better than none.  
& I find comfort even in this way. for  
I love you, my presence on - just as  
dearly as you would have me. think of  
you just as fondly & admiringly. want  
you - just as much as you want me.  
The dear joy of my life is to think how  
near you are to me. how much nearer  
you will be to me. ere long - all mine.

comfortably & happily

Ever since I have been in New York, I  
have been so driven in one way and  
another, that I have never felt myself  
at liberty to take leisure time for writing  
as my heart dictates to you. You darling  
we returned to a house - which had to be  
put in entire order - to be habitable  
all this fell upon Aunt Susanna: you  
know how helpful I am generally -  
so I feel I can say this to you without  
the chance of being thought egotistical  
but when she is in the case, I have any  
thing to do, of course I am more help-  
ful than usual - consequently whenever  
anything comes to her to do, I have to  
do it for her. Mrs. Stebbins the same  
so I have had a world of occupation  
another thing - This last week my  
Rehearsals have begun again so I have  
been much occupied with them -  
all my mornings being spent at the  
Theatre. My afternoons have been  
only time for my letters - so of this I am

York. I  
may and  
let myself  
in for writing  
you darling  
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egotistical  
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this I am

would to take an hour or two for sleep  
or rest - for indeed my brain is too busy  
to let me sleep. - Then all my evenings  
at the play. That I have been unable  
to write to you. I have had business  
letters to write of such importance  
that <sup>they</sup> have taken all the brain I  
I had left. I <sup>try to</sup> comfort you by saying  
that I have not written to dear Ned  
for a week. & I try to comfort him  
by telling him I have not written to  
you for 12 long weary days. How strange  
human nature is - that we should  
try to satisfy our - with the loss of  
another. For thus my own sweet son  
is dear & good than flowing whether  
I write to him or not. That you painted  
that my love for her continues even as strong  
& beautiful as it ever was - from the first.  
Darling did we not love each other  
very quickly. I have not grown very sickly  
& peaceful - thus I shall send you my

precious one. until in "letter down". -  
I had such a nice letter from Ned. in  
darling. that I enclosed in for you  
to read. and thus when the Fields were  
gone to Boston they took in back of  
my sweet letter. & the part of it which  
referred to Ned. I also cut out & sent  
to your father. for I want him to see  
other people think of my own character  
as well as the character of his own man  
when he writes to me. Has I don't  
my precious? I like your father to see  
how much I trust him. & how much  
affectionate confidence exist between  
& myself. But if you think I was wrong  
I shall be sorry. Your father wrote in  
such a nice note about Ned. that  
pleased me & I sent that to Ned. so  
I try to put every body on a good footing  
towards each other. - Darling. I am  
getting my tired of my work. & all the  
business I have to attend to. I feel  
only my professional labour. I can  
not be much - but I have so much

to do - to try, to take care of & get possession  
of that which I have already earned, and  
thought would be sufficient for all my  
needs - but which I am, I have been so  
shamefully wronged out of by unworthy  
people. The letters I have to write would  
break your dear heart to see - I cannot  
know whether they will result in  
any thing. For the first time nodful to  
be in the hands of an honest friend  
- in your good father - I am working hard  
to put as much money into his hands,  
to nurse for me as I possibly can -  
that I may have enough to live upon  
comfortably & happily in a style which  
justly my many year of hard work  
entitles me to - & then I must leave  
all the rest - & fancy they come of  
it - in after time - it will be clear gain  
but if now - I must sigh & look upon  
it as the loss! - Why should I trouble  
you with all this? only to tell you  
my own sweat on that you are not  
neglected - & that in my not writing

You are not in thoughts of - God be  
with you my sweet - I would write you  
soon - I cannot tell - you will see  
the many letters I write to you &  
father that I must be busy. I  
tried to tell you often how I am  
mattered - & that will be a comfort  
to you - I wrote you father about  
Sunday "Wally, the sifist" off - I do  
not recaptulate that - I don't  
know - I have so many things to write  
to you about & no time to do it -  
am so called off - that I don't  
what I have written - God bless  
love love me as I love you & want  
has me down deep into me  
fondly devoted & passionately  
Your own own  
Lada