

Hotel Beaford. Rue de l'Arcade. Paris
June 15 1834

The dear long letter from your hands has been the
first I have had for some time. I received it but I do not
know how to give you any long answer. but to one who
knows what it is to be long professionally & socially
I need no apology for not indulging in friendly cor-
respondence. I have, through the kindness of Mr
Burdock, received from him to whom you have written. I
wrote I should be glad to hear from you now as I did when
you were here but I have not found the moment when
I could take you by letter. And now. I cannot tell
you half. I would. for you are sitting there beside me
though in my own field with my own work. I do
not feel bluish in the least. I will with my pen and
quill to carry a whole paper. I will I will I will
write as you have found me to be. I will I will I will
write, dear Grace, dear dear friend. I will I will I will
I can talk - with you but what a great deal I
am in Philadelphia at the moment. I will I will I will
sign of much suffering. much, very much. I will I will I will
much grateful pride. much professional and
what a little. I will I will I will I will I will I will
much fatigue. much peace. I will I will I will I will I will I will
I have experienced since I saw you last. I will I will I will I will I will I will
you that I was greatly disappointed. I will I will I will I will I will I will
you before you sailed. I could have given you but
not to me before you sailed. I will I will I will I will I will I will
to ascertain what hour you should be in London
that you would write to me again. I will I will I will I will I will I will
know when you will be in London. I will I will I will I will I will I will

the night before you sailed. How I watched & waited
so as not to miss you. How no letter came & I hurried
into town & then down to the landing stage, where they
kept on board to see you. How they refused my permission
to go. How I spoke to a stranger, a gentleman, & told him
to say my parole & a hurried word written on a card
while standing in my hospital uniform upon the landing
stage. How I did not hear any thing of you from you
until by chance I heard at a dinner that you
were married. How short after that I had a note
from you scolding me for a seeming neglect which
was your own fault. How ill I was at that time
for then exactly there alone with Father & Mother
in a state of excitement, hoping that my throat would
speedily recover after my stay in England & about to return
to Paris & so on to Paris & I nearly broke my heart
if not my mind. How I had long determined that
there was nothing superior to you & how this & my
disappointment of that time fell upon me like a death blow
which I was to "work" was that my true work which
was to open this work which was meant to crush me.
How I came to London & made my way down
down to Liverpool for the holidays. To refresh my strength
for my work. How I did it. How I returned to London
defeated & weary. At the Haymarket in "Requiem" the
first which since your going I had made my first
appearance in. How partly successful I was. Yet
through the influence of a worthy & unworthy person
who can tell of the tears upon the Theatre curtain
I was not contented much beyond a little success.

through power of will intense struggle & power but no
pathos. no womanliness. Then I was to be successful
in showing that my engagement which was made
for 12 nights was extended to 40. But they felt for the
little opportunity of showing womanliness in pathos
at least an opportunity came, through the wonder-
ful of Mr. Cholley's beautiful play which I will find
in a copy of a letter I wrote to Mr. Cholley. It was
worthy of the fate it would have met had it been
today's play but Cholley's of my acting Queen
Katherine which everyone attended to down in
the way of artistic culture in the opinion of the
critics. I was immediately accorded the highest
place on the rolls of historical drama at once was
"womanly. genuinely pathetic & noble" & "the work of
an artist". Then I could not
Tuesday evening reception which for many years
a fashionable people found quite new & fresh
reception into the shade. I was patronized by brilliant
society, by those who were not very fashionable
but were people. Painters, poets, scholars, composers,
artists of all kinds & I am sure I
my happy moments. I was staying with the Brays
- who were excellent dancers. I cannot explain
had decided to throw up my hands. I had kind words they
to me. Doing things in the face of a world to which
my wound. What time their object they have been to help
they had my own simple kindness. I had known them
some kind. Living with them my party was more
known. I could not then see how they could have been so kind.

my friends, as their own. As last in Feb. Miss Bay
came back. my mother, my sorrowful, my ill
suffering. my indignation to find that my friend
had almost ~~decided~~ to take his place. my present
doubts. Having found I had the power to
confess my mistake in having left Mr. Bay for Mr.
Bay. who had been almost driven out by his friend. Mr.
Bay. who all this time had been in the
to me. This has of course caused a breach between Mr.
B. & Miss Bay. But I am forced to say, notwithstanding
all she has made in suffering, she still believes in Miss
Bay. Now that she has found her mistake, I in a
short time, now, in that to together again. Now again per-
haps to which she once was, but still, perhaps, better
for us both that I am not so dependent upon her & that
in her trials other. I believe from Miss Bay's letter
to me that I have passed a very miserable winter in
London. When she returned I was wonderful
informed what had taken place since she left.
That time might be in together again. I can believe how
much she has suffered. at all events I can never suffer
so much again. You know there is no such. for no
human being could bear all the tortures to which
I was subjected while in Rome - for no one said but
our too soon. However - to no one should I write of
these things as I have written to you. You saw me
in all this suffering when the sister of a friend told
how I had been driven out. I tell you I am
happier than I have been in years. That I am now in
Paris when I have been four weeks with a young friend
from Liverpool. That I am enjoying every moment of my
life in quite happy communion with one of the most

My dear mother, I am so glad to hear that you
are taking Paris with your own hands & that you are
going on in your own way. You will not wonder that
I am as happy as the day is long. I have left behind
me ~~my~~ waiting my return to contribute
to my happiness for the next two months in the Isle
de France where I am going to stay my two pretty
children also & my dear mother.

I wish my strength were as great as yours
 to put his weakness down to his breast & my
 nearly flies along the road if I will let him - the
 pretentious Park phantom which I don myself - not
 a little one but a very elegant affair. My blood runs
 "Bay" the most faithful loving creature that ever was
 seen my Scotch terrier "Eggs" - I miss Harry - who with
 me then was a source of pleasure & that much
 said do they not dear friend. I wish I could
 if I were seated by your side in your study
 could tell you of these things & that was I don't
 as the man in this play says "you must be
 informed to your friend" - At that time I was
 myself & my affairs - I am going along - I should
 be glad if any one would ever know the
 contents of this letter further than that I am very
 happy & prosperous. That Miss May was to leave
 the winter but by the time this reaches you will have
 rejoined me again better & happier. And for the
 business part of your letter which absolutely requires an-
 answer. Mr. Cushman has repeatedly to thank me about
 this "biographical sketch" I have told him I have no power
 over the sketch Mr. Bowditch did. but further than that
 I have not time or inclination to do any thing further.



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Paris, June 15, 1854
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