

Nov 9<sup>th</sup>  
Sunday.

My sweet friend.

What an earnest joy possessed me at the sight of your dear note. which I rec<sup>d</sup> last night. just as I was going on the Stage for Bianca. I hastily placed it next my heart. I went to my work rejoicing. that I should be able to commune with you. after I had done.

My patience though tolerably well <sup>supported</sup> by circumstances. in all cases else failed in this. & after my first scene. I rushed to my room I broke the seal of your note glanced my eyes hastily over it. Saw that you were well. that you held me in your heart. that I had found my way. ~~at~~ where I wished to be placed. I then placed it where I had taken it from to remain quietly. until I had accom.  
2287.  
-pleased my most difficult task.

You will see what a comfort it must  
have been to me. when I could find time  
or compass room to break the seal. when  
I tell you. that from many representa-  
-tions. I was led to expect a cold audience  
I felt I had to work hard, on this very  
account to warm them. I knew I had to  
struggle against great disadvantages - in the  
opinions of the friends of those who have  
become re-established favourites (of this is your  
most difficult work). I found from my  
rehearsal that I had nothing earthly to  
hope for. from those around me - the  
company very miserable & the gentleman  
(I have seen the mark!) who was to act  
Fazio. not only in utter ignorance of his  
part. but apparently indifferent. whether  
he knew it or not - my only hope was in  
my own strength. which sooth to say - was  
winded but little - for I had been watched  
ill all the night & day before (hardly able to

fact to  
you may  
found  
I were,  
driving.  
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me - in  
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comfort

fact to prosecute my journey to Scotland  
 you may conceive my distress when I  
 found in the third act. My strength, as  
 it were, failing me. Overcome by absolute  
 driving. I was enabled to accomplish my  
 task. but was taken up more dead than alive  
 at the end: & ~~was~~<sup>lay</sup> out before the curtain to  
 receive the most enthusiastic greeting. I  
 was met in my life. either they forgot all  
 their coldness, or they had been unjustly  
 accused = but all this comes too near the  
 "praising of myself" as Shakespeare says.  
 I was led to tell you all this. that I might  
 show to you. My position happiness. when  
 all was over. & I was upon my sofa in  
 my dressing room. unable to stand up  
 to be undressed. I pressed my hand upon  
 my heart to assure myself your dear note  
 was safe. & then drew it forth. to comfort  
 me in my weariness. I indeed it did  
 comfort me. & sent joy to my weary soul.

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The consciousness of possessing you be-  
sits erected in light upon my heart. &  
your ingenious expression of your affec-  
tions makes me happier than you would believe.  
The love of any human being, is much  
to me, a young affection - like yours, is the  
most precious thing in the world.  
I covet it most earnestly. & prize it more  
dearly - & of infinite service will it be  
to me. I do not mean to let you think  
for a moment, that I have not found  
love before. no, no - but it is this very  
fading & proving weak, of older & more  
worldly hearts, that makes me sick  
with disgust, & exclaim, there is "no heart  
in us." In this morbid state, fearing  
& trusting none, I chanced (was it chance  
or the will of the great Ruler, who brings  
to us, even, what is for our good), upon your  
ingenious frank, facc. mirror'd

to me your heart. & I found what I had  
wanted a something that would lean to  
me for love. (that I could place trust in)  
Heaven me. You have not poured your  
"ocean into a sieve". I will be truly & fondly  
yours. Do you now understand. How you  
can bring good to my heart? By showing to  
me that in spite of the many worthless.  
there are those who are pure & good. whose  
hearts are capable of feeling & who may be  
depended on. - I have lived much in the  
world. I have seen studied human nature  
more than books. This enables me to portray  
strong character as I do in my profession.  
& also enables me to put my fellows upon  
a proper footing. but alas. the bloom has  
been taken off my own heart. The soul  
pure trusting has been lost. something  
beautiful has gone from myself in the  
painful knowledge & sorrow I have acquired  
of reading the hearts of others. believe me. I would

it is a wretched study. It brings much  
unhappiness to the unfortunate student.  
So do I prize your love. because I believe  
it true & pure. you gave me but few op-  
portunities of looking into your dear  
Eyes. for they were far too often cast down  
but enough to show me into your heart.  
when I saw myself a guest as then. but  
gradually approaching <sup>to</sup> a nearer & dearer  
relation. I believe in your love for me. need  
found as it is. I have every confidence  
in its continuation. & you shall find each  
day. your fear of losing me. grow less. in  
the proofs. I shall strive to give you of my  
growing attachment. Young as it is. as yet.  
My love. came to you full grown. is strong  
and earnest. twenty years. shall make  
it older - but not less youthfully ardent.

You call it suavity in me. leaving  
you to tell me what you would of yourself -  
not so! I told you I already knew. all

I wished to  
not alter me.  
But I knew  
circumstances  
You will believe  
of my own choice  
not reckless  
you. before I  
you ask me  
employment  
-tion you had  
-ities - & I love  
dispensing the  
are who have  
yet I love a  
very dear friend  
me what  
kind? I  
who do not  
to admire -  
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you asked

I wished to know knowing more. Could  
not alter me. I should be "Still The Same".  
But I knew all you have told me of your  
circumstances. before I spoke to you.  
You will believe in what I have told you  
of my own character & study. that I would  
not recklessly waste my feeling. I knew  
you before I saw you in my room: & when  
you ask me if I shall despise you for your  
employment. you little know. the admiration  
you have excited in me, by your "capabil-  
ities" & I love you all the better for not  
despising thru yourself. How many there  
are who have a horror of my profession.  
yet I love dearly the very hard work. the  
very drudgery. in it - which has made  
me what I am. Despise labour. of any  
kind? I honour it. & only despise those  
who do not find sufficient virtue in it  
to admire - You did not love me. when  
you asked me if I would despise you

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I thank you for your free  
admiration.

for it! But you must find little time  
for practising music. a hard & labour  
demanding vocation. I have tried it  
-self. Therefore am fully qualified to  
speak of it. Have you calculated the time  
it must take to fit you for a teacher. & are  
you able to give your whole heart to it. for  
indeed it demands it! Your gentleness of  
disposition. will do much for you in it.  
for oh. it requires more patience than brain  
but you have brains of no ordinary kind  
that seem to me channel'd into a narrow  
compass over a piano. How very many  
with no earthly capacity. were machines  
automatons. rise to eminence as pianists  
& teachers of the piano. it seems to me, even  
as a waste of God's greatest gift. intellect  
It is not alone poetry. that you write  
your notes, & letters are mature & free from  
girlishness. or manly sentiment. you  
write as freely as you think. & your thoughts  
are as genuine & fresh as your expressions.



I could almost give ~~you~~ those  
circumstances which have given you  
more confidence in this than in your  
other gift - would not the time spent  
upon the study of the piano, - under an  
able master, - prove of more serious ben-  
-efit to you. Spent in the study of the  
poetic art? I ask this - perhaps in ignorance  
of your views - or opinions of yourself -  
You promise me your ideas upon this  
"some other time." Let it be soon!

Your verses to me are sweetly pretty &  
I esteem them as you would have me  
in every way. I thank you for your free  
& public expressions of admiration - but  
there is one line in your last note which  
brings more joy to my heart than any  
thing else you could say. "were my pen  
quite untroubled - this letter w<sup>d</sup> be little  
else than - <sup>reiterated</sup> expressions of my love!"

Oh. You let you see say what you  
prompts. & you will make me happy  
I must manage to see more of you  
in securing this - or endeavouring to do  
I have written to day to make an arrange-  
ment to come to Sheffield for a day  
or two. on my way to London. If I  
can effect this. I will let you know  
I hope I may be successful. if so.  
shall see you in the colour of  
Sweet Eyn. I have your love from your  
own lips.

I am compelled to leave this  
I have many more things to say to you  
but I will leave them until I hear  
from you again. Don't let it be long  
first. I trust me, dear one, through  
all this I am fondly faithfully  
Your own  
Charlotte.

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