

38. Via Gregoriana 1^o. Roma. Nov 16th 1861.

The note which came to me on the 8th of Sept^r from you has
been made a part of my every day since then. You, who
believe in the most subtle distinctions and credit
them, for you would not be so whimsical & vain if you
did not. I do want to hear from you. I wish you
knew you were thus buckling to me with your clasps,
a sorry & sorry nation. You will "kill me with words"
before you shake off my claim upon your hearts. To
possess the affection is not in your hands: as well as
your eyes that you could for me made & made
no my rich indeed. But now, come, the difficulty.
This damn success note - which matters me just as
much & happy, when I read it today, as I did
the day I received it. Said. "You will write to me
when you are settled." I mean, when you have settled
of mind & body. I don't want a letter written in a
"hurry of things" Alas, if I wait for this, I shall never
write you a line from me save through those who
knowing from all time, my almost insupportable
of unsettled mind & "hurry of things" I forgive the
idea of the distress & accept the narrow happiness
from my pen, for just what they are worth, a mere
journal record of every day's fact, which for a value
only through their goodness of & sympathy for both
my old & new working days. I strive to write, but
in I did & do to reach it. But how can I write to you
in this way? How can I come to the pen with
a hurried note with my brain full of care, and oc-
cupation, with which every day in every land is full
for me? Alas I must come thus, or pause at the
threshold, & only look longingly through in, rather any
and admit my water outside the portal with
no Eucharistic incense, instead of songs. Will the

break the crust into me there with the ~~crust~~ from my
woman's work. And who sits at the high altar of great
minds, its ministering arch priestess? She must if
she would have the poor tend soul to lose her hands.
I cannot wish to you. I love you but I fear you & my work
blushes as I recognize the fear within the fear that it
may be man my self for outside fear you than my
heart. You are so wonderful to me I think of you ever.
Of all that you said I did not find a soul day I saw you.
When a new heaven & a new earth was revealed to me. I
remember all you look all your tones all your unchecked
flow of marvellous filling words all your far seeing - all
your subtle fancies - your facile dissections - your graphic
descriptions - your mimetic harmonies - your perfect
knowledge of - of ph, indifference to what you were doing -
your self possession - your serene intelligent sense
of power to have & to hold - even that which was ridiculous
to you through its ineffectual & the unaccountable failures
with which you held it up to my view - all, all, all, are
stamped upon my memory - with an electric force which
fills me yet! I feel you marvellous! What have I
no ~~with~~ communion with each! What though I am hardly
hidden - what can I offer in exchange? Oh, poverty of
soul & nature. Why should I think of parting. Can I
not accept the bounty of the beautiful - by far that I saw,
without this miserable self rising up to refuse an
obligation? There is but one offer - none other in the world
like you! I cannot hope to speak or think or write like you
why should I consider myself. Why should I not minister
in my own poor way? Because - I want your consideration
I want your respect - I want your care for me - your thought
of me to be as good as my admiration of you & I fear to lose all
through my desire to possess all. But I cannot bear not

to hear from you - to hear of things now through handwriting
part is my aim to me but I want more. The crumbs which
fall from your table will make high Carnival for me &
I cannot wait any longer in the hope that I shall
enter "Sabbath" - you have "lesion of mind or body" - you
to be occupied with the "rings of things" - in the pain
of mind which these would induce I am with it, alone.
I ought to write to you. Dear soul, I will not misjudge
you. I will not misjudge you. I will try to discover &
with this frank avowal of my conscious poverty &
my absolute needs. I will beg you to write me when you
can. Let me hear from you, if it be but so little. Tell
me of yourself - if you are well. If you have enjoyed
your summer - if you have ever thought of me - and
to know of me! - I know through my friends that
you will be glad to hear from me now. I hear of you
from saying - for my little friend is clever & knows
how to get her letter acceptably in all ways. Please I'm
her this letter to you in gratitude, for it will please her!
My journey was pleasant & Rome - rather delightful
in my mind in Paris ten days - I had - oh such a long day
beautiful pride satisfying day with Rosa Bonheur down at
her house in the forest of Fontainebleau. I wish I could describe
it to you - it was so pretty & she was so beautiful & natural
& took me up to her platform, without any ceremony! I was
very pleased & contented with this day. When I see you - I
must describe her studio to you - a new one which she has just
been building down in the forest among all sorts of wild things
I saw some very good acting - bought two dresses - which I
think you would approve - an unexceptionable bunch - which
took much consideration for I very much prefer them in a
hat! - Purchased one hard & earnest worker - to the very highest
found in the ladder - by a young & gifted country woman of
Rome - with a contract to give - which has done me no amount - when
I found a surprising in Paris & I know God in his goodness gave
me the opportunity of helping to a great success at the Italian
opera - and that did much in a little time for I had the need
of many to look after them on to send when we pause & to see the

Statues - then to Bologna - then to Florence - when the Exhibition
surprised & delighted us. & then to Rome - and in a few
months of servitude months - I found Rome & Ravello full
possession. The work of Ejection has been Herculean but in
last "for me" I am not well! a cough which I brought from
Paris. second determined to be taken back there - in a few
months of servitude to Rome. The climate so far is delightful
but very very warm. too warm. Sirocco blowing all the time
relaxing to the last degree. Of my occupations here - I wonder
if you will care to know them, in case you should not. I
will spare you - in case you do. my friend who brings me letters
will read them to you from his letter which is an envelope to the



My dear
Mrs. Carlyle

I wish I could show you Rome! wish that thou couldst come I
wonder! what a pleasure it would be to see. Do you think how
happy it would make me? No you cannot! I wish to write to
Emily Hawker, did she not write you see. How much
do I not owe her - where is she? will you write her to know where
I am. or me to know where she is? will you write to me.
Miss Tibbitts is very busy making her sketch for a statue to Honor
mann - she hopes you will not forget her. Commend me with
humility unto his highness! the King writes "hold me in all
truth & loving sincerity your faithfully affectionate
Charles Cushman"