

"Villa Quaker Newport, R.I."
(Red Sect. - Helms)

(Johns. Hop. Rts.)

[? June]
June 23^d 1875

Dear friend, Your sweet & welcome letter of 17th reached me
22^d. I was so glad to hear from you for I had become anxious
that perhaps your work had been too much for you & that your
enemy had tried to overtake you again. Fearing that Miss
Stebbins' letter had not reached you & that a paper which I
wished you to receive about Sydney Robell - would not get to
you in safety - I sent it to Mr. Peacock - thinking he would be
of or from you or your wife before we did - he was to forward it -
I wanted you to see it - for I knew that you appreciated
the sweet gentle scholarly mind - I thought you would send me
some word about it - which I might send to his ~~dear~~ ^{delicate} & feeble
widow (who will not be long behind him) who craves every word
with hungry affection - which is said of him in a praiseful
intelligent way. I knew you would say something & that
something I should ask you to let me send to her as a solace
in her loneliness - I was too busy & too suffering to send you
a line when I sent the paper - but have intended writing you
'every day in the hour.' Fate has been stronger than my will -
Ever since I came here on the 5th inst. I have been suffering
more than I like to tell you of - and - and - shall I confess it -
despair seized me & threw me & for a time I was demoralized
to an hourly weeping - but at last - not being able to face
the pain longer I sent to Boston for my surgeon offering
to lie down again under heroic treatment - to escape the terror
of this increasing & growing gnawing near my heart.
When he arrived & declared we were too late for such a
any other treatment but anodynes & palliation - he also
shamed me for my want of 'pluck'. 'Why should I give
way?' I 'plucked up' ^{some} 'drown'd' honour' and since a well
aged have ^{some} ~~some~~ a little better what is very hard -
for I am not an enduring woman - fighting - struggling.

rebellious - conquering - but not enduring for one moment
physical pain - So you see - I have not been able to write -
- Dear Dr. Libby of Phil^a whom the Peacocks so love
& honour - came on here to pass Sunday with me &
comforted me a little with 'Ponds Extract' outwardly & a
'calmant' inwardly - but so inflexibly infinitesimal -
that but for a faith in him - my courage would fly
again. Miss Stebbins and her two lovely women sisters
are with me now - but wend their way to Seneca on the 1st / 2^d
of July - to finish up Miss Stebbins Cottage - which needs
the mistress's foot & eye - I shall remain here until
into August at least - I want you to find me any time
you can make it convenient to come - either here or
at Seneca - we have always a room for you - & what
would be so nice for your wife - if she can come with
you - If you must be in New York for the printing of
your book - I can send you the address of two little
pieces of mine who keep house there - where they
would be thankful to board you cheaply & you would
find care and thoughtfulness - If you are in Phil^a,
you will be watched over by the Peacocks who love you 'as
so much' - You can easily run to me from either city - & I
shall be so glad for you to see me surrounded by my
belongings which are sweet & healthful - come do come!
The 'Symphony' reads better every time & the 'Power of Pray'r'
is sweet touching & strong. No one has ever placed the
Southern negro so faithfully or picturesquely. No. a thousand
times, no. There is no discredit in being able to write
such a poem - only the daring to write & publish such a poem
so early in your career may make vulgar people wonder
as they always do & will - You have sent Culberts
criticisms of you in the Golden Age? Have you seen the Tribune article
on Culberts [17] ~~book~~ & I do so want you to know him. Love
him & read a bit & believe me ever - whether in pen or out of it, Charlotte Culberts