

(John D. P. S. S. S.)

Parsons House, Boston, Jan 3^d 1873

Did any other man ever write such a letter as that which I
rec'd for you on New Years morning? Did any other woman ever
receive such a letter? I don't believe it possible, & in saying this -
which was my first word, through tears, after reading it,
all the faith and belief of your heart were expressed. I
thank you from the depths of that heart for your affection
for me - it is as grateful as though I had no one else to
love me - & I could no longer live my life without it - but you
know all this - you know just how I admire your genius,
respect your great power, love your nature, & also love all that
belongs to you. I wish I knew them all, though they never
will seem more a part of me than they do now with my only
knowing you: but, if through the infinite goodness of God I just
made better and this good and wise & devoted man Thornton - I will
know them at no very distant day, & then, I shall be happier,

I cannot begin to tell you how very ill I have been since
you saw, or heard from me - last Tuesday - I thought I was passing
away, & you may imagine the state of my dear ones. Dr. Thornton
has never lost his courage or his faith for one moment - he believes
more firmly to-day than he did two weeks ago that I am on the
highroad to being cured. I have not been able to write and Mrs
S. hesitated to let you know how ill I was. The 'calmant' has
behaved to me - in a more desperate unworthy way than to
any patient the Dr. ever had - and it has taken my stomach ut-
terly - so that I can retain no food. This forced him to modify, and
change his formula. & hence the delay and the suffering.
But it is the only thing which deadens the pain - & the pain is more
than I can bear - so after a fortnight of such struggle - as I cannot
describe to you - I have been obliged to go back to my 'calmant'
& take the consequences!!! Oh! God! the remedy is worse than the
disease - how long I shall be able to bear it, he only knows. I cannot
think of you - though I am unable to write - & you will think of me as

shut up in measureless discontent - depressed beyond description - as
must necessarily be - but with a firm faith - that the Dr.
speaks ~~strudly~~ all he sees & thinks Poor man he has such a hard
time with me - for I am more depressed than you would believe
possible & dear Miss Stebbins is so depressed upon my state of
being - that if I am depressed the shades know no gloom
equal to hers - Write to me as often as you can - tell me what
you are doing about Charles - I am so glad you have him with
you, - about all your dear ones at home - about every one I
know or care for in Baltimore. I think Miss Lockel, [toil]
and her mother are back by this - if you can then plz
pray report me -

I have not been able to read anything - so the second
paper - or is it the first - on India. I have not read but
let me know what you are doing, thinking & feeling!
Do you see how the critics (English) are tearing Browning
limb from limb? - ~~Oh~~ what he lost in that fairy like
creature! - Do you see what a lovely thing they have done
by Carlyle - in London? Do you see that the College of Music
in New York seems crystallized? The man's name is out -
Mr. Wood. I hope some thing may come from it. & I believe
I can work something out of it. When will your time be
up in Baltimore & you be able to run ~~over~~ on here & see me!
Let me hear

& believe me ever faithfully & affectionately

Your true friend C.C.

As letters have to pass through the postman's hands - Miss
Stebbins asks me if you will address my letters to Miss
Cushman. She is awfully excited & thinks there is no other
whirl of Charlotte Cushman ~~there~~ are a sea! She desires
kindest love to you.