

Glasgow. Sunday. 30th Nov.

Dear Sir

Here I not thoroughly satisfied. That you
see my life of toil & constant occupation.
I should be unhappy that I am not able
to devote more time to writing to you. Think of
you. I do, most constantly. & with earnest love
& affection. but do what I would, towards, an
attempt now, to write to you this last week. I
have been prevented. I have been much engaged
in my profession. & besides this, have been most
wretchedly harassed upon some matter which
required long & tedious letters to be written. I often
sat down to my table with a resolution not to
leave it until I had written at least one line
to you. but before I could get through with
my business letters. I was wearied to my heart's
I had not a fresh thought. & now, I am thoroughly
unable to write to you. for I am ill. miserably
ill. & can hardly hold up my head. a week

are of this family. Mr. May interest

of worry to one of my beloved nature. it seems
to leave its marks upon me. & last night hard
work finished me. I was more dead than
alive last night at the end of the play & this
morning. I managed with great difficulty
to leave my bed room. but I could not. would
not allow another day to pass without writing
to you. My sweet friend. to thank you for your
last dear long letter. & to tell you. exactly how
I wish you have not heard from you wondrous.

Time slowly drags its way. Two weeks from
this day. I shall have you with me. oh. how I look
forward with delight to meeting you. I know I count
the hours as they go by. You say "I have had you
with me many hours in anticipation." Alas dear
me. have you not learned that many of our
brightest hours. our dearest thoughts. are in
anticipation? & will you be as happy when I
am with you. as you now believe you shall be?

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I hope so from my heart. You ask "shall we
be at Chapel together?" I fear not. My work
on the Saturday. Travelling & acting at night
will leave me unfit for Chapel. & I shall send
my sister off to Chapel ^{with Mr. Turton} while you come to
nurse me. will you do this. will you sit by
me. & soothe me with your sweet voice & gentle
Eyes. I know my own strength thoroughly. I
just what I can endure - I know that my
Saturday work will be too much for me. con-
-sequently. I count safely upon the aching head
& weary body. that Sunday will bring. I wish my
sister was not going to be with me. for I wish
much to have you all to myself. I want to talk
to you a great deal. & my sister has cold eyes &
may frighten you. but you will remember that
I can be in Sheffield but two days. & therefore
you will forget that any body is near you but
your own fond friend. & so - you wont encounter
my sister's Eyes: Oh. how I wish you were near me
now. for I need kind words & looks. & a loving heart.

are of this family. Mr. & Mrs. ...

near me. My head is cracking with pain & all
I am most miserable. I often think death to
be a great relief. I at times sigh for his embraces
You say you will be glad of the 'pencilings' in
The Book. There are plenty of them there. I shall
be ashamed to give it to you. So untidy, but you
will love it. for that it was mine. Will you not
And so, you were afraid that I should tell
that I would not be troubled with any more of the
Ah. no. how little do you know me. Your letters are
charms to me. There is a freshness about them.
Even though they may be at times restrained. make
me happy in their perusal - I only wish you would
follow the example I set you. of stepping over for
I write to me often. not waiting for the post to
reply. before you can venture a second. you did
so this last time. I made my heart bound again
for them. I felt sure you loved me. Oh write to me
often & often. think how I may be chained down
by toil & our exertions I write to me very frequently
You would not blame the comfort your letters
are to me. like "Mamma in the wilderness."

And, your love for me came "full grown" - Bless you
darkling for your sweet assurance of affection.
Believe me ~~that~~ ^{your love is} not misplaced. & you may
look as firmly into the future, as I do, for a steady
continuance of it. I have hope & happiness in
your love, so you will have in mine. When you
know me better. I have reflected, how strange
it is - for two beings, who have seen so little
of each other, to entertain such strength of
feeling. But then, there are minds so constituted
by God's goodness, that almost as it were by
intuition, can they find kindred spirits. No
conversations - no being together, could make
that feeling stronger, after being once inspired
& no absence, could ever make it less. Was
one of this family. The strong interest with which
you inspired me, found a kindred vein in
your own heart. I here shall see, acquaintance
of an hour: much ⁱⁿ true warm friendship, which
years could not have made stronger.

How happily & gently will I listen to you - while you
tell me the cause of your "restrained expression"
which I think I shall guess already. Bless your
sweet eyes. How I wish I could look into
their "blue depths" at this moment. I think
it would make me well.

I do speak of you often to Eliza Cook who wishes to
see you. & you shall meet her one of these days. You would
like her exceedingly - she is shy at first - but she breaks
through the distrust of women. I enclose you a song she wrote
to me. after our first meeting. will you let me have
it again. Some of her poetry is beautiful in the extreme
& among this is "Love on". — I did not think
you were so old as eighteen. & yet your mind was
matured enough for me to have believed so. Bless you
dear one. I fear you will find this a strange
stupid note. but indeed indeed. I am feeling
too ill to make it other. Write to me as often
as you find inclination. Love me & trust me
I am yours faithfully Your attached Charles
Until Friday. Arrive here 118 Argyll St. After Friday
Arrive Theatre Royal Newcastle upon Tyne.