


Next Day. 1881,

 I sent you a short letter this morning, written last evening. I am so most truly sorry that I said what made you feel so badly. To think it was I that made you weep! And you were just back from your pleasant little trip, where you had been having such a fine time. I did not know that I said what was so expensive of me - beyond myself. I ought to be hanged. I would lay my head on a cold granite stone, and crack it like a hazel nut if it would do any good. Why should we grieve those we love? Your precious tears are worth too much to spend, those blessed ones. I think I have been an idiot all the way around. I have not done much the past year but to die:

took you. It was not my heart that
sinned, but my head.

I suspect that you had better take
the subject now, put it on the shelf
and rest easy. I do not want you to
think of my comfort at all. Do not
consider my feelings any more than if I were
a stick - which I am. Go on with
your work in the joy of your heart. If
at any time you should be nearing the
end of your several work - Wilkinson about
to go back on you - you might think then
what we could do. Really I do not
pine at all. I am well and robust,
can walk ten miles a day, and out-lead
fish like a native. I am as happy and
dreamy as ever, and yet also with a
grain or two of practical sense in me still.
I am content with your decision. It

would crowd us, it would be hard to
privilege the others for our sakes. It might
be unpleasant for you then I thought
to have hitherto work to do. It may
be that your hands, now being 29 or old,
~~would~~ have lost much of their suppleness,
so that you could not secure the best
results. It might happen that you could
not ^{study} take more than one year or there
and be unable to "pursue" it further, so
that the instruction and time and money
so far as the music is concerned, be little
better than wasted. Perhaps a musical career
would after all be less adapted to you than
some other. Possibly ~~we could not~~, you
could not, afford to give up the work you
are now in, to learn music merely as an
exercise, a recreation, an ornament. These are
all points to be considered, as Father would
say. I felt bold and thought we could
drive the scheme through, but something
might have broken, and left us badly off.
As I have reiterated I again iterate, that it
was solely your good and well-fare that I
was thinking about. If you are happier and

life seems more full of opportunity to you
to stay, stay by all means. You will
do well any where. When I come I am
going to make it lively for you and all,
I shall have one favorite way of boring you.
I shall read my productions to you.

You settled the matter once, let it be settled,
if there ~~was~~ ^{be} any way of proving my love
for you, let me know. Ask me a boon.

I was very much delighted with reading your
account of your trip. I am afraid you
have almost thought your head off, and I am
the one to blame, respecting this Plethia business.
Let it slide. Take care of your health at all
hazards. You spoke vaguely about an em-
bryo hope - that frightens me. Et Tu Paul?

You will not be frown by the time I am
back, will you? I wish I could lay
my hand under your good ears and make
them softer. How about the article,

Wilyum? The year is sliding on into
late summer again, and the sun is sinking
toward the equator. Let it slide. Eternity is
nearer.