Rec'd Oct. 25th 1891

Bryn Mawr, Pa.

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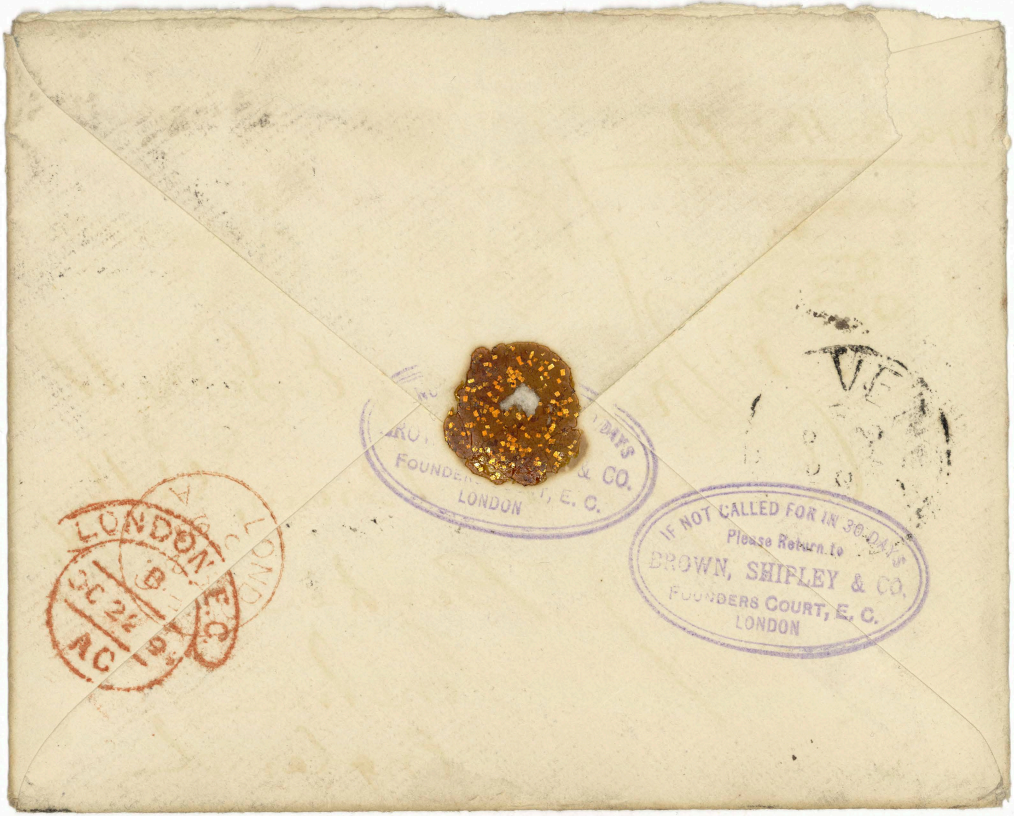
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Bryn Mawr Sunday Oct 11 (1)

Oh my dear I wonder if you know — & I hope you do know — how long it is since I wrote to you; it was exactly a month ago Thursday Sept 11th, about the fool, inasmuch as wh. letter yesterday I got yr telegram, so it either took a month to reach you, or you thought over it two weeks. But to go back to Sept 11 again. I had not heard from you then since Aug 17th, and on reaching B. M.

(2)

on Sunday Sept. 13th I felt only school enclosures & then in my indignation at yr carelessness regarding my most earnest request for only a few personal lines every week, a request wh you knew was in part made because of an anxiety I ~~cann~~ could not help feeling when I knew you were so far from well, and at your utter lack of recognition of the time I had taken from a summer already full of horrid business to write you every week long accts. of things & people I thought wd interest you —, things that I

bored me much to recount, I made a resolution to miss as many Sundays as you had missed. It was not a resolution made for revenge — indeed that the best of reasons for realising that it wd. make no difference to you at all (for if you had not cared for my letters so far I could certainly write none you wd. care for more) but simply because I cd. not write when I knew that prob. you had not cared to take the trouble or time while you were amused with a party of people and that you might resume writing if you were alone again, just

as you had done after Susan Travers left you. And so it was — for on Sunday Sept 20 at Thun you start on yr journey with Nicoline & consequently remember me again. Yesterday I got yr letter begun on the Riffelberg & closed at Brieg on Sept 29th & so if I am to write again at all I must make myself begin. I do not care how wretched you were you cd have done as I asked, and as I have said because you were wretched was a thousand fold more reason for doing so. You see if I am to try to write to you again I must scold you & tell you what I think — it is not done for the sake of being disagreeable

not for the sake of reforming you
for after this absence I shall not
write regularly to you again (I shall
never believe in you any more
you see) but only because, my
dear, I want to bring myself
a little nearer to you in this.
Your absence is so long & since
I have stopped writing or hearing
I cannot imagine what it will
be like to see you again — do you
ever feel so? — and if on the
Ruffelberg, I cd be "there with
you now this minute," as you
say, I do not know what it
would be like — I can conjecture
however that just at first I
should not see the panorama

of the Monte Rosa group you describe so graphically. Of course I have been there & to the Müren & over all the passes in yr itinerary & indeed to all yr places – I know Switzerland far better than you seem to imagine. Yes, we ~~road~~ rode on horses along the valley to Zermatt & climbed to the Riffelberg (mother being carried) & stayed there a week. It is the part of Europe most identified to me with her. If I, instead of that fortunate Nicoline, had been yr companion I sd have made you go up the Gornergrat for it is simply the most glorious

view in Europe - from sunrise to sunset. Mother and I sat there all day opposite the most splendid eternal snows of Monte Rosa — Mother cared more for it than any thing else in Europe I think. Still the Riffelberg view is glorious enough, and in its way the Belalp is glorious too. I hope you got there & I am glad you were prudent all the same. Guess what it is not to write to one's friends for two, my two Swiss summers we did not write at all. And now by your telegram you are in the Engadine & there you know I feel understood plainly a little

(8)

about what had happened to me — how stupid I had been to come there, & all the rest of it; only to realize my whole stupidity required Rome, & all the rest of it has not finished yet. I wonder if you have thought of it, & I think in looking back you, who understood, I am sure, from the first might have helped, and ~~[illegible]~~ I am getting too involved for a letter. I will tell you the rest — on the Riffelberg. Shall I tell you what will be fun if you ever get back before next winter — for you to ask me to go out & spend an evening at Montebello. I have

not talked to you in yr golden room for years & it is more identified with you than yr cathedral ~~stt~~ selling room or yr gallery can be yet. I suppose it wd be complicated and too fiddle-y for you, but it wd be only a fair return for yr generally horrid behaviour. . .

And now ab. yr tholos which I have been too displeased to comment on – I have kept the one you say to destroy an attendant – ~~It r~~ I must have something altho. this has yr very most provoking expression. Please send me back the reading one alence

(10)

or ask Hollyer to forward it
at once to me. And please
buy again & please (for my) have
one taken with yr hair low; and
please dont wear that dress. I
dislike it any how & it is every
thing a ~~dress~~ ball dress ought
not to be — wear all one
colour without great
patterns. You will note my
instructions for if you are to
meet favour even again you must
make all sorts of recompense
I have only a half minute
left to announce Margie's en-
gagement to Morris. You know
I told you I was sure she loved
him last Spring, but she knew

less well than I for she refused him three times & only 3 weeks ago I did and what I did have told her all along – that she is desperately in love. His wild delight is amusing & sweet to see – Hers 30 she 22. But Father is so lonely I scarcely know how we shall manage & Willie now must hurry Tho. Collyer & get his degree in 1893 so they may be married. I wish it cd have been delayed. The school must wait or fail. I can get it off in a separate enclosure by this mail – & there too an added grievance – to think that you left off writing just when you knew I was starving

over the building for two whole weeks from 9 till 5 I was at the school house. All there I must wait for I have 2 lectures to write — college news can wait — & all. Anne & Em are no longer here; her health broke down & he without her is too unsatisfactory but I have a college grad. "James" whom I am devoted to & a very nice cook eye alas her head.

And now after all my reproaches I am almost ashamed to send you something — the fruit of some long looks I took at yr pictures instead of writing to them original.

I think one other I sent you was written to a truly abominable picture you sent me from abroad upon somewhere the "marble new" one; & the sonnet on the picture I like so much you never got, & this is, I fancy, the worst of all; but perhaps if I send it you will give me a picture with yr hair right — as a reward. I am afraid you won't like it very much any more than the one I sent you to Deer Park wh you commented on so severely, because I dare not suppose you can under

stand here absolutely unlike
other things & here mortifying
it is to be wrested (that seem) the talent
of thing-pictures & leisure &
distractions generally are more
you have the time for them & it is your duty to distract yourself until you get strong
in yr line, but they simply prevent me
from making the kind of
reputation I care for — after
wh. concealed remark if I were
you I sd not have any thing
more to do with me — esp after
you have read the sonnet — but
if you do tell me what you
think of it

(14)

stand how absolutely unlike
other things & how mortifying
it is to be wasted the talent
of thing for lose & leisure &
distractions generally are not
you know [illegible]
in you here but they prevent me
from making the name of
reputation I care for. Of the
only concealed remark if there
you feel not have any thing
more to do with me — esp after
you have read the enclosed — but
if you do tell me what you
think of it.

The Deanery, Bryn Mawr,
Pa.

Close as the magic of a picture clings
About the heart of him, who many days
Ponders its beauty, till in far off ways
Still his eyes see its dim imaginings,
Even so, ah me, afar, from what time brings
Apart from her, of sweet or strange, she sways
My life towards hers, & her remembered gaze
Draws after it my heart to love's far springs

Dim is the way, & far, & passion haunted,
Nor lit at all, save only by her eyes,
Unknown the path; alien, neath alien skies
My life meets hers within the enchanted,
And, lo, at last, mid veiled mysteries,
In imminent hour supreme, love's dues are granted

Oct 4. 1891

(16)

(18)

Enclosed in letter of Oct. 11th, 191

and received at Venice on " 25th "