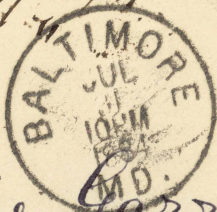


Recd by Aug. 15/84
Asst "



Miss Garrett
c/o John W. Garrett Esq,
Deer Park,
Garrett Co
Md.



July 31, 1884

Wednesday Evng.

Dearest Mary,

Your postal card today reminded me that I had said I wd. write, not that I had forgotten it, but every evng. when I came up in my study I said I will read because ~~to~~ I have wasted so much time today, & so it might have gone on until the 6th. Now if you were Dr Rhoads & somewhat of a trial to write to you do not know what quantities of letters my asceticism wd. send you. There are now four letters on my desk urgent and horrid but to night I will please myself. I do not think I meant that I have wished you to have time to discuss Bryan's new matters, that is only an aside. There are many other things &

(2)

sometimes when I have been reading
a book, as during this week, that has
made a difference ^{on me}, whether it lies
in me or ⁱⁿ the book or poem I can never
tell (I think perhaps it is a habit of
th't which blindly works on behind
a veil until some sentence ~~on~~ on the
pages of a book or in the mouth of a
person reads it & with a passion of appropria-
tion the thought is mine.) I wonder
what you wd. think of the book or the
th't - & I do not know. As one grows
older such things become the real
life, and other reaching this horizon
after horizon the land becomes in
time a new land ~~on~~ upon whose
possession we must enter. I will enclose
you few lines wh. have no merit except
that of expressing more clearly a
little of what I mean. I am afraid

(3)

I ought not to send them. I wish to ~~see~~
you to destroy them, ~~after you have read~~
~~them~~. Of course I do not wish you to show
them - Who but Ruskin has been my com-
panion lately. Grace is reading him, & I
find his Sesame & Lilies, his Storm &
Tide (I think that is the title) just what
they used to be, only Ruskin more so, be-
cause in all these years I have grown
Ruskinian. In a sense I believe every
word of our modern Chrysostomos Do you
know Meyer? No I believe you do not
because he is new to me, but then I have
been exiled so long, or rather have so
lately returned to exile. He belongs to
that school, altho. I believe him to think
himself a Xian, wh. has for me (& many
too I think) the power of bringing tears
to my eyes, of touching a heart string on
every page. Paler has it & thereby
charred yr. Swenburnes, Swenburne's
prose has it, Vernon Lee has it a
little & even Miss Robinson here &

there, Rossetti in every picture &
poem. & Ruskin in his own so majestically,
not by virtue of any school. Meyer
has it too & no one in all America,
is it not strange? ^{It} There is some thing
too not altogether genuine; it will
not be so for the next generation - &
for example Victor Hugo cannot be
great to them as he is to us. I do not
care to write unless my words can
have that quality, yet I think it is
a quality wh. great poems and pictures
do not have. ~~Shakespeare~~ Shakespeare &
Milton & Keats & Goethe. But I have
forgotten that I must go to bed &
before so doing I wish to tell you
how very very sorry I am to hear
of the possibility of Richard's leaving
you or rather of Alice's leaving. I
do hope she will not leave; I am
afraid it would so increase your
anxiety. Also may I do try, if you can,
and not worry about any thing. You
ought to be better. I am disappointed.

to hear the contrary; but I suppose I may know that no news is bad news, I have not looked up the trains but I will let you know by what train you may expect me on Wednesday, unless I hear from you, I will bring books. I shall be very glad to see you

Yours lovingly

Minnie C. T.

You are the only person left to whom I sign myself "Minnie" & I think I must conquer it.

6

to hear the contrary, but I suppose I may
know that no news is bad news, I
have not looked up the times but
leave it to you to know by what train you
may expect me on Wednesday, unless
I hear from you, I will send my boots.
I shall be very glad to see you

Yours faithfully

Amicus

Give me the copy from left to right
I hope myself Amicus I think I will
copy it.

7

② These many years within the sanctuary,
Which is my heart, alone I break and eat
The bread and wine of dreams, I hear the beat
Of hurrying thoughts, that wing from over sea,
From some far land of passion crying to me
Until at morn or eve I go — and meet
Mid dreams and thoughts made manifest her feet
Mid many hearts her heart's deep mystery.

For in that hour, afar or near at hand,
When I shall pass beyond her eyes and know
The very dreaming heart of her to grow
One with my thought and splendid, understand
Why I have loved her silence, I shall go
Content, nor lonely, in the passionate land.