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Swiss Cottage  
Dorling

Your letter was a great pleasure to  
me this morning after haunting  
other sick rooms than your dear  
Louis, for I had been thinking  
of you in my vigil & your hand  
writing was a fair sight at  
dawn! It was good of dear  
Folly to send my note on. What  
woman has many a pleasant  
thought & act in her lucid  
moments. I wonder what the  
creature does, paragoning  
in Bath all her time just  
body. As you say I know

your feeling for me "verra well"  
~~well~~ yet I like it written  
 & spoken sometimes as well.  
 I can see you now always  
 pretty well, when I wish  
 to evoke a picture, being just "too  
 well acquaint" w<sup>th</sup> all your  
 low ways & habits from having  
 remained so long at the  
 Lakes of Sherryvore. I don't  
 like to think of your being  
 dependant for material &  
 spiritual food on "L'agneau  
 de Dieu" as Valentine & I  
 used to call her. *Mais vive la  
 Valentine et qu'elle se dépêche*

de guérir au plus vite pour  
 elle aussi bien que pour  
 others - As you have such  
 a good prospect as Dr. John  
 I won't report you to Folkepot  
 so be at rest, take all the  
 care you can, & get all the  
 pleasure you can take too.  
 Le Heuley writes this morning  
 that he is not off yet to  
 Downmouth. In a former  
 letter he seemed to have  
 'obtained' cold so the situation  
 defines itself with perfect  
 netteté. After language that  
 was maist awfic, & unparalled



angry discussion, a terrible silence  
 as to the position of the viscount  
 seems to have set in. As Bob is  
 never alluded to by any human  
 creature, I believe he has been  
 loaded into assassination. The  
 viscount spurred on probably by  
 the "lone & loathly" Henley or his  
 emissaries. Whatever has happened  
 in this matter of the translation  
 I have nothing to do with it all  
 except on amateur - if such a  
 word can be used with respect to  
 my long & cheap entanglement with  
 the viscount. I know my work was  
 no good even as friendly feeble  
 amateur aid, . . . Now dearest

Louis I am yours ever

Harriet Beecher Stowe