Sunday

Lovely and Loved Lady;

In the night I had a lucid interval when I saw that in that last precious letter to me there was something truly valuable for your book, something giving a whole chapter in an easy passage of a few words in the way which makes the greatest writing of that priceless book:

"....it is quite possible they took me for what I was trying to be--- a mere observerof what was going on in remaking the~~xxxx~~ country --not a critic of their theories. Seeing me so, and believing they ~~were~~ what they were doing ~~good~~ was good, they let me alone. ... What really interested me was how in the world it happened in Garibaldi's ~~xxxxxxxx~~ Italy, and whether it could happen here in G.W.'s .... ~~xxxxx~~ country."

Adapting that gramatically to insertion it is a hundred to one you could not put it as well again. It is the last sentence is priceless. For your tone

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is likly to lead to justfied question and doubt of ~~the~~ what ~~you~~ might be cale your
called ~~the~~ democr cy. You have always had an odd distatste for defining ypur there
self, as if feeling that -- no matter, here your sympathy comes out enough
without tieing you down to exposition of complex opinions.

I wish you would say G.W. 's and A.L.'s country.

I want to write this and that, but have to spare you now.

As Ever,

V.R.

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