

as to the memory of Cleveland! I shall begin to have quite an
ion of the "Man of Destiny" yet! Well, I haven't lost faith in Harriet
yet, though I am weakening greatly.

I am very glad you are happy — or very happy. It is all a mystery
to me. There is no happiness for me except in doing — achieving. If I cannot
accomplish, I prefer not to be. So I have no pleasure in what is unaccomplished
with an end. Of course a good play may rest me, because in that
I see people doing, feeling, living. Indeed, I fill out its lines, and it be-
comes life to me. Not so, however, with an opera: it is all false, unreal
to me — all but the ballet, that is apt to be a little too real. The music
of a concert, particularly an oratorio is apt to be very impressive to
me; but I would rather lie on the grass in the spring and hear
a bird sing and dream. I am glad you like it though and
like to have you write about it. Lucia must be a splendid com-
panion for such a life. She has just enough cynicism and irre-
dibility to enjoy pretending to be happy. It is an art and I know of no
one who has it in more perfection. She is compounded exactly
right for the city. I do not know of any one who could make a city
life so tolerable to me or tolerable for so long as she. I have always
wondered how she would seem "Under Green Apple Boughs" like a gladiator
without sand under his feet, I fear. Will remember me to the little witch.

I think it possible I may go by Phila. and spend a day or so —
perhaps a day and a night with you next week. I must leave New York
on Wednesday night in order to get to Woodstock in time. I think now
of going to Phila on Monday night (arr. Tuesday morning) and going over to
New York on Wednesday. Much will depend on my work.

I have been interrupted by people coming in and it is almost
eleven — thirty, have to bid. Good Bye

Albion