



[1882 Oct 9]

Well, we are in the city simultaneously again - I have been too ill to go away. Are you coming to see me? It pained me that you did not the last time. It was not just the disappointment of not seeing you, nor about the picture - for I did not think that there was one chance in fifty that you could or would sit for it - the disappointment was in yourself. I felt that you were doing things which made you feel that you could not, with comfort, look me in the face. Invalid as I am, for more than a year I have poured out my best strength in



one continuous appeal to your finer nature — & what has it availed? The dew might as well fall upon polished marble in the hope of producing a flower. You have had an opportunity for good such as does not come to one man in a million. And what have you done with it?

Look at your friends. To lie, to cheat, to steal, to forge, to bribe & be bribed — those are what they consider the avenues to your favor.

Do you realize what the reflection is upon yourself?

Ah, & you had one friend even more devoted than they — have you forgotten him?

He died last June — he even believed that you would find murder acceptable.

All my thoughts of you

now are full of sadness. I feel as if I should never again speak to you jestingly, or tell you about myself, or ask a favor — those things implied confidence. Can I ever trust you again? Regretfully I recall our meeting — we did not really meet — we only passed each other. I wanted to talk with you, but there were too many persons present. More than that, I wanted you to speak for yourself. You said I did you injustice — that I believed too readily what appeared in the papers — that you would like to give me the correct version in some of the cases discussed — that if I knew the truth, I would judge differently. Can you say that now? If I knew the truth, would I judge differently? You know I do not



wish to do you injustice - that  
it pains me beyond measure  
to think ill of you. But I love  
my country too much, to call  
myself your friend, while I  
believe you are doing it an  
injury. Am I wrong in believing  
that? If I am, come & tell  
me so yourself.

J. S. S.

New York.

[Julia C. Sand]

Oct 9<sup>th</sup>, 1882.

11,620  
(5,938)