

28/12/28

My dear John :

After what you said yesterday when I was at great disadvantage, understanding what you meant about 3 sentences after, I feel that we've reached a dead-lock.

I'm in general agreement with you over Biddy. So much to the good. But nothing at all can be done until my health is restored, which will be a matter of some time. Consider, now and again, suppose anything happened to me, would you ever see her again? Her fortune would be enough for her education, & she will be left with guardians of my choosing. As I told you last October, I'm at the end of my strength

How will that get you what you want? If you persist in telling me probably to go to hell, & at the same time ask me to meet your wishes — wishes partly my own, & do nothing to help me to fulfill them in this personal crisis. Well, what is likely to happen?

One thing, en passant, is impossible. When I understood it, I was knocked flat — the child cannot come & stay next door to me with you & M. Bernain unless I put in some sort of an appearance there. I can think of nothing more likely to confuse her. ^{What would she make of it?} She can come up & sleep here, or at Chalon, not at a strange man's house, with her father & without me.

(I write & express myself with difficulty)

All this at a moment when I need money for food & firing, the plainest physical necessities, nothing ^{can} ~~will~~ happen one way or the other.
Tany.

Richard