

Dixfield Hill, S.

17th February
1867

Dearest Mr Carlyle

I should indeed have written to you,
as you bade me - long ago, if it had not
been that I had nothing to say except
either what you knew very well - / that I loved
you - and because I did, was glad, (in the time,
I had lost you) - or - what it would have
made you very angry with me to know.
which - as it must be told may as well
now be at once got ^{confessed} over. namely that
one day - soon after you left. I sat down
gravelly to consider what I could say about
poetry. and finding after a weary forenoon,
that the sum of my labours amounted to
four sentences, with the matter of two in them,
- that ^{also} my hands were hot - and my
lips parched. and my heart heavy -
I concluded that it was not the purpose of
fate that I should lose any more days
in such manner - and wrote to the Oxford
people a final & formal farewell
for which they have graciously expressed

A PAGE OF A LETTER TO THOMAS CARLYLE

(WITH A NOTE OF CARLYLE'S)