

but friend & protector. It is my only consolation, dear
Pippa, & I know you
won't refuse me, for
the sake of some affect
you once had for
me in my hapless &
more fortunate days.
I am sorry for the
letter I wrote your
mother, & I wish
it had
never been written, but I
hope she got
telegram
paid no
attention
to my mad
letter. I was
of my head with grief
when I wrote it. Please
forgive me for every thing, & love yours
4779

My dear Pippa
Meadow's Hotel, Lahore
June 7
Oliver wrote & told me
that he was writing to you &
ask you to be so kind as to
send me news of Julia sometimes
& told me to write to you myself
about it as well. My dear Pippa
I don't know what to say to you, or
how to ask such a favour - I am
absolutely heart-broken about it
all - It is all my fault, & yet I
have can't feel that it is - & I can't
bear the thought of Julia being torn
away from me - she seems to be
& will always think of you as Julia's

So absolutely my very own, & it seems so dreadfully cruel to take her away from me like this - I am I have been a dreadful ^{fatherly} fool ^{and} and I always find out that I have done things without thinking, though at the time I feel I am thinking a great deal - It is all very dreadful, & perhaps it is better for everyone that it shd. be like this, as Oliver & I ^{were} ~~all~~ ^{were} ~~with~~ ^{were} ~~for~~ ^{were} such a long time, & though both of us tried hard to come together again we both failed hopelessly - It gives him the chance of more happiness in the future than he has had for a long time past - It was all so different first, & I thought I was going to be happier than any one had ever been before - but all the unhappiness came so soon, & so much of it - & once it began things never seemed to come right

again - The punishment of an unhappy marriage ~~is~~ ^{is} ~~not~~ ^{is} very great - I don't feel that I have deserved so much - it has not all been my fault - & anyhow mine was not the first fault - and once things go wrong it is not easy to put them right - It is easy for spectators, like my own mother especially, to judge one harshly & say you ought not to have done it - but I don't see how any one is capable of judging who has not gone through the same thing - At times I have felt I wd. rather die than go on with it but there was always Julia who kept me from killing myself - & nothing else ed. have done it until I got more hardened to it all - & now I must lose Julia, who was so much & everything to me when I had nothing else; I can hardly bear it - do you think you

ed. help me, dear Pippa? Could
you bring yourself to writing me
news of her sometimes, even if it
is only three or four times a year -
just to say she is alive & well &
getting on nicely & happy? - How can
I bear to live in the same world
as her, & yet never hear a word
of her. ^{It} It is dreadful - Pippa, you
won't forget what I begged you, and
you promised me just before
Rupert was born & I thought I rather
hoped I wd. die? You promised
to take my place, & give Julia all
the love a mother ed. give her, if
I died or anything happened to me.
I have no right now to ask this, but
still I cannot help asking it, and
I feel there is no one in all the world
I ed. or would trust to do it as I
want it to be done, but you alone -
Always love Julia as though she were
your own child & take care of her for
the sake of her very unhappy mother
who will always love you the same