

me, because it seems to you that I still exhale a faint perfume of our beloved Louise; try therefore to have something of the same feeling for one whom, throughout this letter, I have not hesitated to call our friend. If, in whatever direction he turns, a sort of offensive grandeur of soul makes itself manifest in him, should we not rather pity him than call him sternly and deliberately to account therefor? and do we not both know, by cruel experience, that the noblest and most brilliant things are also the most prompt to fall and be blotted out in everlasting darkness?