

Meanwhile believe in the constant gratitude  
of your affectionate old friend,

VENETIA ARTEMISIA HAMMOND.

PS.—Can you read the notes I have scribbled  
above? It is the duel music of *Don Gio-  
vanni* and Donna Anna's lament over her  
father. It has been running in my head ever  
since finishing the Abbess's story. Do you  
remember I played it to you after that walk  
at Pisa in the winter moonlight? Some day  
or other when my cousin and I shall have  
been shelved from our Embassy, and you will  
be a famous historian, we must all make a  
pilgrimage to Louis Norbert's grave, and then,  
with fingers as decrepit as that old hotel piano  
(do you remember it?), I will play that music  
for you once more.

THE END