Feb 9 1944

Dear Mr. [Name],

I am writing to express my gratitude for your kind offer of assistance. As I am currently in a new environment, I am looking for a place to settle in that will be conducive to my studies. I have been considering your offer, and I am very interested in knowing more about the arrangements you have made.

I am currently in [location], and I am eager to explore the area and meet new people. I am particularly interested in [specific aspect of the location].

Please let me know if there are any additional details I should consider. I would be grateful for any advice or suggestions you may have.

Thank you again for your kind offer.

Yours sincerely,

[Your Name]
hand. She may not have known her own heart, and only talked for very ceremonious duty, but yet it is quite likely that Cassandra saw in her thoughts much more than if she had not made a choice of a gallant upon whom to test her affections.

Her education was complete and to a ready mind she added a knowledge of many arts and sciences. The child of a rich father must have been granted whatever she desired. This freedom (as it were) was diminished however by her strong sense of what was right and also the fact that she was neither thoughtless nor capricious. Without doubt, she thought it very hard that her father should have allowed the lottery of the caskets for the 300 crowns to stay in his will and marry even though she did not love her suitor. Every time of the princes or nobles who sought her hand took (their) chance of winning to losing her, she must have looked one with a trembling heart. The chances were to find that the same love felt greater discouragement as each new knight failed. "Everyone else was unsuccessful but this man may afer the right casket," and with that
feelings must she have been the man she loved making his choice, for each poet was to give her any intimation concerning the success. The saint, saint, marrying comrade, hopeless, a horrible dread. I felt the other trials the way comparatively indifferently, but now the happiness of her life is stated on Bocanero's decision. The relief from this terrible doubt must have been joyful in the extreme, "Give them, I live.

The spirit in which Portia yields herself to Bocanero is a perfect model of her character. Modesty and love are well blended together (and indeed such a spirit would move any one to love the maiden). Who spake it? All of Portia's self-reliance is gone; Bocanero is now her guide, she depends entirely upon him and commits to him all that she is and has. Her husband for her, however, never makes her appear (as somewhat) elevation (in importance); we do not diminish in our respect for her when she thus implicitly trusts Bocanero. There are some characters whose, when they fall in love, seem to lose their identity. We lose all our respect for them and consider them as only very silly, woolly sociables. And with this love Thacker...
He has made Portia a woman of fine intellect and a high character, but she has also made Bassanias a man who, equalled if he did not surpass her in those qualities. Had Portia been above Bassanias, we should have had a slight contempt for both of them. We should have disliked Bassanias because Portia was his superior and we should have disliked Portia for stooping to a man below her. We should not exactly dislike, but our respect for both characters would have been decreased.

It is in the trial scene, however, that Portia's character is fully developed, as rare are the women who have minds strong enough to undertake such a task in the air. The possibility of discovery must have rendered her doubtful concerning the attempt and the difficulties in the way must have added much to the desquilibria of her mind. Portia is a woman who commands our love and respect whose wit charms us, whose intellect astonishes us, and whose youth and beauty render her an object of admiration.

April 1st, 1881.