



Plossgasse 3.  
Sunday 10<sup>th</sup> Dec. 1893.

My dear Grl. Fickert

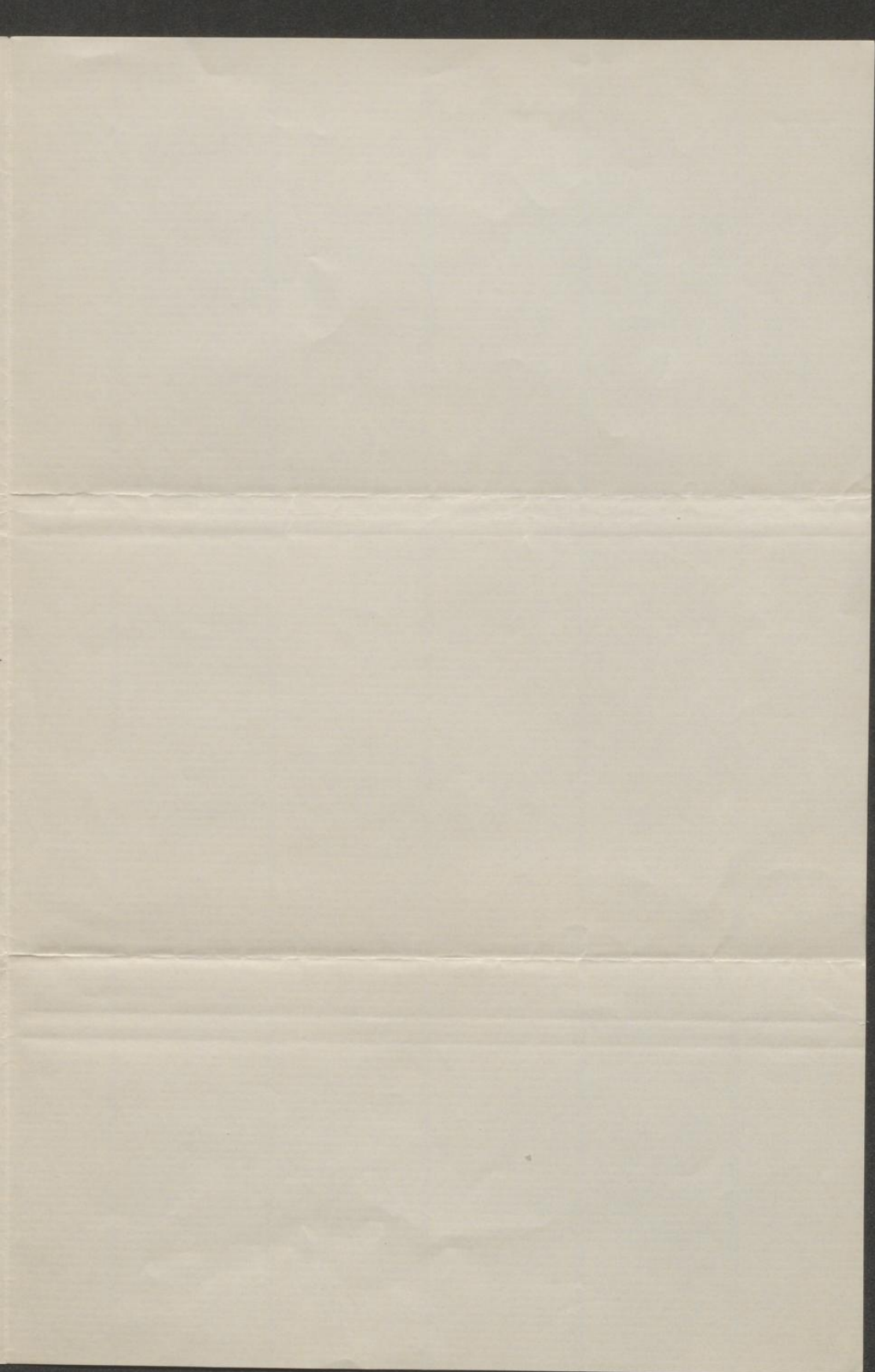
Your beautiful manner of speaking, the calm courage, the deep thought and feeling conveyed in every word you uttered affected me deeply. What a contrast your dignified forbearance of mistaken governments and social evils presented to poor little Grl. Doobjak's loud despotic clamour. Though some things that she said were good, on the whole, I was disappointed with her. As her German was a little difficult for me to understand, I may be doing her an injustice. She gave me the impression of not having learnt the beauty of combining courtesy with resistance of wrong, when dealing with one's inferiors. In this instance it is a faulty government that is her inferior,

and like a little despot, she will go to the House and demand her rights and take them if she can without one little "Bitte" even. I had imagined her a grand little character, but last evening I was disappointed. Am I wrong? Is she not giving the ignorant a false idea of "Rights"? Never was a little word of five letters so constantly abused and misapplied. I never feel myself that we have any of us a right to anything, although there are things that it seems right and just that we should have if we have toiled worthily for them.

But I will not trouble you with definitions which you probably know more about than I do, but merely keep to my object which is to express the deep sense of obligation I feel under to you for all your noble efforts.

Your true friend,  
Flora Carnegie.





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