

Mrs Mrs Jewsbury

Wednesday

My dearest Child when the postman
 came at the bell I was meditating on a
 letter to you determined to address it to
 the Theatre Royal Dublin at a venture
 I was ill & worried all last week
 or you w^d. have heard from me - but
 recollect my darling all the two &
three in wh^{ch} my letters to you have
 gone sometimes for July a half
 one in return, so don't glorify yourself
 in sending me for once two to one!!

You are in a bad way just now &
 no wonder, you have had enough to do
 & distraction a whole regiment of men
 let alone women - I wish I ed be with you
 at this moment, but bless you my
 darling for saying you will come
 over & see me - be sure I will be
 thankful to have you for I want
 you every bit as much as you can
 want me - but don't distress yourself

too much in yr own heart, yr depression
& uncertainty, weariness & vexation of
spirit is in great measure the result
of all the superhuman exertions you
have had to go thro' for the last two
months - living in London society does
under any circumstances make one
exquisitely sad - & you have had it
like so much aqua fortis & vitriol
& corrosive sublimate all mixed
together!

Poets in their youth begin in gladness
and find the end despondency & madness!
You must expect & cannot help but
find a reaction as though at the elevation
the life you have led, the success the
acclamations - the perfect glare of triumph
in which you have moved for the last few
months are almost fabulous - like living
in the last scene of a Pantomime - no
nervous system that ever was of woman
born, could stand it - You are a
perfect miracle in my eyes - but

You are proving yr mortality by suffering
but you will recover yr balance & be
free - set down all the wretchedness
& morbid discomfort you are suffering
now, just to physical causes. Think
of them as a headache or an illness
but the present uneasiness is all your
nose & fear. it lies no deeper believe
me - I will pass away. You are over-
worked overstrained altogether - &
you look at things in general as one
is apt to do when we lie awake in
the night - every thing then looks black
& foggy like - there is nothing really
good or wrong the matter - I can
sympathise & fall well with yr actual
feelings - I know them by heart - for
being in every way weaker than you
are - a very small cause takes effect
on me - so do not by railing make
yr self miserable - it is bad enough
as it is - God knows - but there is no worse

at the bottom & that's a comfort -
but you must continue not to do so
much - another year - yr "passionate
work" will kill you else, for the nature
is very elastic - yet she won't stand
too much. Remember what I am saying
is not fancy - first I have suffered
myself. Next I have had the misery
of being brought right, for I was further
gone than you are, - (I had not strength
to help myself) & finally I have studied
the philosophy of the thing. - So I consider
I am qualified to speak - & you are
I believe what I tell you - do you
hear? - Next I want to put you right
about poor Mrs Paulet - with all
yr sagacity you are quite wrong
the day the week before last I had
a letter from her saying - "I want
so much to get to see Miss Cushman
before she leaves London" - then last

I had another letter - here it is - you
may see for yourself what she says -
"my advice" which she refers to, was that she
should put herself into an early confinement
whenever she went to see you - We for
two green gates at Leaforth. You will
find not a new Beaska perhaps but
a new Earth at any rate for you will
find such a perfect cessation of all
worry, I get nothing stagnant. You see
have seen what a week there did
for Carlyle after he had dined here
with Cromwell - I can assure you no other
if it for there is a different moral atmosphere
to any I ever met elsewhere - & you will
see Mrs. Paullet there in her own character
in London, Mrs. Carlyle declared
in that little house "she looked like
a wild zebra from the zoological
Gardens" - I can quite believe it
& finally living in that isolated place
"self contained" as it is - the intense

oriental idolence that lies at the
bottom of her character has got itself
developed far beyond what it is in
me (I got scolded me for it)
so that it is a real effort for her to
any where - she is not a natural
civilized London woman - but one
you will get real good out of -
there is a natural affinity between
you & me therefore there must be
one between you & her - so finally
you are to redound this error - I made
herself - or else "anathema sit" as
the old Church used to say.

Now for what you darkly allude
to - I know something of that worry too
but by way putting it makes me doubt
the sort of friends that are grumbled
at - are they sweethearts? but sweethearts
or not - if you know them to be worthy
if they are true & faithful as well

as loving - follow your own instincts
you need love to keep you up in
your daily course more even than most
women - you are essentially true
& noble minded yourself. I second
what you will never hold you - if they
are worthy - cling to them - you are
quite though perhaps not to get entangled
in any undesirable adjuncts - I do
not think that "society" ever thanked
any body yet for minding its clamor
rather despises them for being noisy
but this of course depends on circumstances
if those they want you to give up are
true & faithful & sterling - I deserve
to have your love - then I say keep
them tho' evil & good report -
but don't go making a grievance
for people who don't deserve it
- for people who don't deserve it
is nothing - you cannot be victimized
for loving body who chooses to

To smother you with their love - also
if you really love them there must
be some good in them. I sh^d. say -
of position be guided in yr course
by the actual worth of the parties
never mind their being not sp^{irit}
you can afford to do without me
spuriousness in yr people - I can
give you a case in point - Mr
Paullet has stood by me for 12 years
in spite of every thing that mortal
malice sh^d. say - & a reasonably good
conviction that much was gospel true
but she considered on the whole that
I was worth it. - Much the same trouble
has been taken to make me leave her
I can give you no conception of the
fierce things that have been said to
us both to shake our faith in each other
she has been as true as steel to me, but
I have seen her turn tail & throw overboard

several other people - because ³ as
she says - they maybe all good enough
but they are not worth the grievance
"I don't care what I do for people I care
for - I don't shew myself proud of them
no matter how they were run down
but I am not going to scandalise
people for nothing" - & that is finally
what "my amiable disposition" ^{is} ^{is}
me & say too - but not knowing yr ^{circumstances}
I can't say more particularly - & this
letter I am sure beats even Miss Cooke's
longest letters all & pieces! for it is
at least of five pages! & if you don't
write me a very long particular one in
return - I'll not say what I will do! -
I have been very unwell of late
I don't know what has been ailing
me - not hard work I fear! - I was
disappointed beyond reasonable
measure in not hearing from
Egypt by letter of the two last

mails. I cannot account for it
but am annoyed & anxious - it
taken the spirit out of me - Douglas
Jenoid has behaved like a man & a
Briton at last. I have printed one of
the things I sent him ^(the) due I wanted
& without altering a word that I could
& considering it was of a scandalous
nature, I am well pleased for
like Hamlet's Ghost I want a hearing
awful - how finally my darling
I have not seen Mr & Mrs late but
think of calling today. Give my love
Susan - I make my compliments to
doctor if you write to him poor fellow
I pity him a deal more than you
poor brute! - remember cruelty to
is a sin & a shame too. How do you
like Dublin & the people? How do you
I see you more than I - I wish
you - so good bye & God be with you
ever yr affectionate G. E. J.