

Transcript of letter from Edith Simcox following George Eliot's death

(The "Bull")

Nuneaton

Jan 3. 1881

Dear Sir

I know that to have received great kindness from one member of a family is not? a reason? for asking the same from another; & yet it is perhaps uncharitable to deprive some one else of an opportunity of doing kindness in fear lest the opportunity should be unwelcome. Forgive me if under the influence of this last thought I am indiscreet after all.

After the loss whose name

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she bares, I do not? think any one has deeper reasons than I for the deepest love & gratitude towards her by whose grave we stood on Wednesday. She was a? more than friend, her loss one of those sorrows that? make it physically impossible to resume quite at once the routine of daily work; & for days I have been pacing through the lanes & by her "brown canal" seeking if by any means one could draw from memory the scenes she loved, something?

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of her spirit of loving submission to which/what? must be.

You will understand that if it were possible I should wish much to visit her old home. I am sure (I heard you preach yesterday morning) that you can enter fully into the reverence which all must feel for "George Eliot's" genius, but no one who has not? known her closely can quite imagine the charm of her sweet and noble nature, which made those who loved her feel that her genius, great as it was,

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was? yet almost the least of her great gifts. I do not write this to your father because our common loss touches him too nearly for a stranger to venture on words that might give pain, & also partly because of your calling - which accustoms you to receiving appeals for help.

I could think of no better prayer for Bedworth than that some of her spirit might rest on you in your work there.

Believe me,

Yours Faithfully

Edith J. Simcox

Could I see you by calling any time on Wednesday?

Miss J. Simcox.