

Mushey Heath, Herb 9 Feby 1861

Dear Selley

Your letter of the 4th, forwarded from the Club, reached me this morning & I lose no time in answering it, to prevent the risk of any well-meant motion on your part.

I would rather cut my head off than confide ^{my} by any circumstances to any two members of the Club - "friends" you

say. Surely you have not lived so long in the world as not to know that of all the selfish dens on the face of the earth, the companionship of Club Society furnishes the most perfect example. Why, if you & I were to die tomorrow, there would, ^{not} be ~~one~~ sigh breathed, nor a memory clouded for four & twenty hours.

Even the material friendships of the world, held together by the common

interchange of services, last no longer than the benefits can be reciprocated; & the noble & exalted existence of the true friendship is as a Bird of Paradise rarely seen, & difficult to live on our sordid sphere. As you observe, it is only when we may "meet in Heaven" that such matters, as the vexation of Choques will cease to give trouble, & the surrender of the Conscience of Clubs cause no more regret.

At my time of life I think it foolish to dwell on dis-appointed feelings, or lament evils which cannot be avoided. I ask myself for ever, Is it worth while? & the reply is "Certainly not" - yet one cannot help being grieved.

But I get quarulous. Excuse it. All I wish to say is that I trust to your treating my letters as Confidential. I could not look over a Club acquaintance in the face, if known how much my independence had been shaken, & how poor I was. So, please, let it be between us, as things were of old!

You have not stated if you had received my four volumes. I shall be glad to hear from you here, if you deem them worth acknowledging.

Believe me with very sincere & cordial regards
Dear Sir
Yours W. Jordan

P.S. The literary Gazette has just become the property of Miss Virtue & they have written to me. Should I re-light the flame in the old socket I would then indeed sadly miss a resort in Town.

P.S. 2^d. I have just got your letter saying you had received the Book. Long may it remind you, when I am gone, that it was presented by a warm friend who felt a too deep interest in your prosperity.