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Nassau Hotel, Dublin.

October 30th, 1908.

My dear Father:

I haven't written to you for some time for I have been hurrying to and fro, between Dublin, London and Liverpool where I had to see Mrs. Campbell and been very busy at all these places. Mrs. Campbell plays Deirdre here on the 9th, and we rehearse with her from next Monday. I think she will give a beautiful performance. She was reciting lines to me all the while at Liverpool. She, her son and daughter, Mrs. Emery, and I had supper and generally lunched together on each of the three days during which I was in Liverpool. She began by saying "Are you afraid of me?" and I replied: "Not in the very least, you merely fill me with alarm." Alarm seemed to me to be the accurate word. She asks the most alarming questions or makes the most startling announcements. A favorite way of opening supper is to announce that she is looking for a husband but wont marry her Stage Manager. This naturally leads the conversation into the middle of vital themes. The other day she asked me about some one or another who is a friend of mine, and I replied by praising my friend's courage. She said "Yes, I can walk to the cannon's mouth myself, but the real courage is to endure a husband that bores you." (I suppose she was thinking of her own man who is for all that supposed to have been very charming). A great Duchess said the other day:-"I married my husband out of curiosity, I endure him out of politeness." Another of her sayings was: "The difference between men is not breeding not even good manners, it is that some seem to have loved princesses and others to have loved sluts." She said this appropos of Arthur Symons which reminds me that you may not have heard how great a

misfortune has come upon him. His brain has gone. It is quite hopeless, paralysis of the brain, he has been sent to a doctor's home. I knew nothing of it until about a fortnight ago, when I got a letter from his wife. He is a great loss to me, a great personal loss and a great practical one. I thought of him a good deal when I wrote, always considering his approval or disapproval, and his support in the Athenaeum, which I always had when I wanted it, was very valuable. I have never known whether I liked or disliked his wife. She is beautiful, but I am inclined to think hard. I thought her letter hard, she seemed so anxious that one should know that she had taken every necessary step instead of simply expressing her sorrow. I think she would have been better matched with some rich man, above all with some man of stronger will than Symons. I think over-work had something to do with his breakdown, he always seemed to me to be struggling to give her a more luxurious life than he could afford as if he feared losing her. His last couple of years have been spent in trying to pay off a debt incurred to decorate their country cottage. Not a large sum, two or three hundred pounds, but a great deal for a man with no popular gift. Mrs. Symons says in her letter to me that he had to be sent away to a Home because his madness took the form of wanting to lock her into a room with him. I imagine he was very much in love with her. He had very careful habits and great industry but lacked, I think will power indeed this very lack made him a charming companion, one could talk to him with the certainty of finding not a competitor but a listener, he was not a creative energy. I wonder who among my friends will fall in love with his wife.

3.

I haven't yet read your story and have such a bad cold at present that I may not do so before post-time. The Theatre is doing very well at present, in fact it is paying in spite of the fact that the stalls remain empty. I don't suppose these good audiences will continue quite in their present state for they generally drop off after Christmas.

Your affectionate son,

W. Y.

Mrs. Campbell came to her first rehearsal yesterday, was very fine but said she felt on our small stage like a "gay elephant upon a table".