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[1835]

My dear Mr Cole

Since I saw you, I have had an interview with the Mother of my feeble Lincolna - a poor depreped creature, whom it is painful to see, and whom it would be next to impossible to use inwie harshly. She prays very earnestly that I should keep the useless Atom, so long as I have accomodation for a thing of the sort; so what ^{can} I do but keep her and be patient?

To send her home to starve a few weeks before the appointed time; that I might be a little better wanted upon in the mean time would turn to no good for any one.

Your benedict purpose in
my favours them, will remain
a purpose; but I shall not
therefore bear it less gratefully
in remembrance - For of
course there would be no
sense in having two little
apils who would indeed be
a new version of the bewitched
broomsticks broken in two parts
into two bewitched broomsticks,
each alike intent on deluging
the house, and drowning the poor
conjuror with too much service.

When will you come? On
Friday week for certain, but hope
that I should like you to spend
a day - calling is a nuisance
for Rational people. Your
husband would come to tea,
and fetch you home - I am

I wish he would, for he is
goodnatured too ^{is}

It is better that you should
come to me at present than
that I should go to you -

I am not comfortable in
leaving my house for any
length of time - see and
the ceremonial of the thing,
I pay you the compliment
to believe, goes for nothing
with you as with me

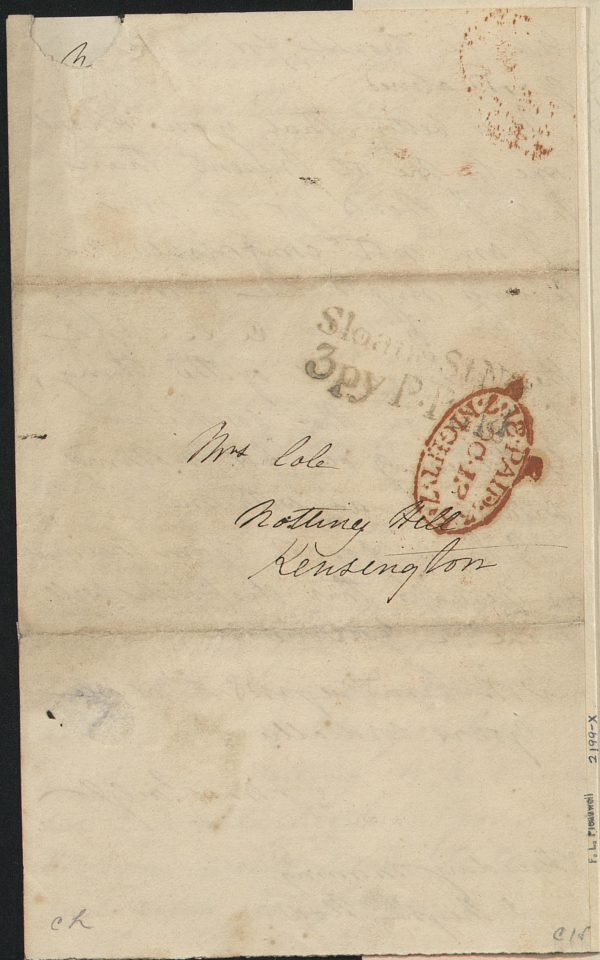
I have forgot your number
so perhaps this despatch will
prove a failure

With kind regards to Mr Cole
Yours cordially

Jane Carlyle

Tuesday morning [Oct. 13, 1833]

J. Meyne How



CARLYLE (JANE WELSH). Wife of Thomas Carlyle. A. L. S. to Mrs. Gilchrist. Fife, n.d. 4 pp., 8vo. [38] \$50.00
 ¶ A delightful chatty letter reading in part: "You ought to be here — and now that one has a cuddy (donkey) all to oneself, (as the children say) to walk about on the four legs of; one's own two legs being 'no go,' one ought to admit one has everything needed for happiness — except indeed for one thing — the faculty of being happy! Mr. C. is much pleased with the place and the 'soft food' it yields for himself and horse — and, as he hardly works at all, he would be much better — if he didn't, as he always does in 'the country,' take health by the throat (as it were)...."

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My dear Mrs Cole

Since I saw you I have had an interview with the mother of my feeble Cinderella, a poor depressed creature, whom it is painful to see, and whom it would be next to impossible to use unwise harshly. She prays very earnestly that I should keep the useless atom, so long as I have accomodation for a thing of the sort; so what can I do but keep her and be patient? To send her home to starve a few weeks before the appointed time, that I might be a little better waited upon in the meantime would turn to no good for any one.

Your benevolent purpose in my favour then, will remain a purpose; but I shall not therefore bear it less gratefully in remembrance - for of course there would be no sense in having two little girls who would indeed be a new version of the bewitched broomstick broken in despair into two bewitched broomsticks; each alike intent on deluging the house, and drowning the poor conjoror with too much service.

When will you come? On Friday week for certain, but before then I should like you to spend a day - calling is a nuisance for rational people. Your husband would come to tea, and fetch you home. I am sure he would; for he (too is) goodnatured.

It is better that you should come to me at present than that I should go to you - I am not comfortable in leaving my home for any length of time, &c &c and the ceremonial of the thing, I pay you the compliment to believe, goes for nothing with you as with me. I have forgot your number so perhaps this despatch will prove a failure. With kindest regards to Mr Cole

Tuesday morning (Oct. 13, 1835)

Yours cordially

Mrs Cole Notting Hill

Jane Carlyle

Kensington.

On October 12th 1835, Mrs Carlyle, in writing to her husband, then at Scotsbrig, referred to Mrs Henry Cole, as follows:- "Mrs Cole came the other day and sat an hour waiting for me while I was out, and finally had to go, leaving an obliging note offering me every assistance in procuring a servant".

On Oct 26th., to the same:- "Mrs Cole came for a day; her husband in the evening; talkative, niceish people."

There are references to Mr Cole in the Jane Welsh Carlyle correspondence indicating that he was interested in the manufacture or sale of "Brompton Boilers".

(Collection of Captain F. L. Pleadwell)