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THE LOVE LETTERS OF THOMAS
CARLYLE AND JANE WELSH—II

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UNIFORM WITH THIS WORK

NEW LETTERS AND MEMORIALS

OF JANE WELSH CARLYLE. A Collection of hitherto Unpublished Letters. Annotated by THOMAS CARLYLE, and edited by ALEXANDER CARLYLE, with an Introduction by Sir JAMES CRICHTON BROWNE, M.D., LL.D., F.R.S., numerous Illustrations drawn in Lithography by T. R. WAY, and Photogravure Portraits from hitherto unreproduced Originals. In Two Volumes. Demy 8vo.

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CARLYLE. Edited and Annotated by ALEXANDER CARLYLE, with Notes and an Introduction and numerous Illustrations. In Two Volumes. Demy 8vo.



JANE WELSH, ÆT. 25

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THE LOVE LETTERS OF THOMAS CARLYLE AND JANE WELSH

EDITED BY ALEXANDER CARLYLE, M.A.
WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS
TWO IN COLOUR. TWO VOLUMES. VOL. II



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SUMMARY OF LETTERS

LETTER 101. CARLYLE—Birmingham, 2 September, 1824

His anxieties relieved by receipt of Miss Welsh's last Letter. Blessed be Cadmus, who first imported letters into Europe; blessed be Jane who makes so noble a use of that invention. She transports him from the smoky furnaces of Birmingham home to clear skies and souls that love him.—What a strange tragi-comedy is that of Dugald G., which she describes so neatly and with such graphic touches! Her conduct in the affair a pretty mixture of mercy, gracefulness, and female cunning. Wishes to know to whom she is "engaged": is he a genius and "elegant"? Is he a poet or a philosopher or both in one?—Asks if she is deliberating about the task he assigned her; he will take no denial.—Is idle himself: *Nondum* should be his motto, with Poppies argent and three Sloths dormant on a Tree disleaved. Is growing quite an Asiatic; and alas, this is not "Araby the Blest"!—Day-dreams of becoming the interpreter of truth and manly integrity and imaginative beauty, with Jane his fair and pure Egeria, to perfect, adorn, and recompense his labours!—Is going back to London, and perhaps into Kent with Mrs. Strachey and the Orator.—She *must* translate something of Schiller's for the "Life"

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LETTER 102. MISS WELSH—Templand, 17 September, 1824

Has many things to tell Carlyle, had she time. Has got a new Brother, the handsomest she ever saw or fancied,—Baillie by name. His want of genius alone saved her from falling seriously in love with him. Baillie is to be married in a month or two to one of the loveliest and most accomplished women in England; and Miss Welsh has no

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passion for hanging herself in her garters like the "unfortunate Miss Bailey," her namesake.—She is to visit Baillie as soon as may be after his marriage.—Has heard from the Orator, who will invite her to London as soon as his house is ready for the accommodation of a *lady*.—Cannot translate Schiller's poems even into prose.—Sees the artist "Benjamin B.," and is disillusioned.—None of the fine ladies Carlyle is seeing can like him half so well as she does

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LETTER 103. CARLYLE—Dover, 5 October, 1824

Happy effects on him of Miss Welsh's Letters.—Describes his journey to London: Stratford-upon-Avon, Shakespeare; the old monastic domes and minarets of Oxford.—In London found the good Orator sitting like a bittern by the pools of water. Followed Irving in a couple of days to Dover, and is now one of Miss Kirkpatrick's guests. "Kitty" Kirkpatrick, a singular and very pleasing creature, full of kindness and humour, not unbeautiful, young and rich, meek and modest as a Quakeress.—Irving as dry-nurse to his first-born: Nature is very lovely; pity she should ever be absurd.—Rejoices to hear that Miss Welsh has found a pleasing companion.—Hopes Baillie will bring her to London. The gay world will interest her spirit of observation, but not her heart or affections. In solemn hours she seems to him like a little *Mignon*, struggling for heavenly things but foiled by the coarse world. Oh! that he were able to set her on the right path!—Will not scold her: his own need of scolding is greater than hers

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LETTER 104. MISS WELSH—Templand, 14 October, 1824

Would have gone demented had Carlyle's Letter not come on Monday. Has no pleasure in life beyond what his Letters afford her.—Congratulates Carlyle on the domestic felicity he is now enjoying. "Miss Kitty Kirkpatrick!" Lord what an ugly name! Is not a bit jealous, only Carlyle may as well never mention that name again.—Will never be anything so heartless as a fashionable wife.—Her ideal home.—Is too idle to have time to open a book.—Catherine G. to be her pupil.—Dr. Fyffe and his

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jealousy of her.—Is soon going to Edinburgh. Carlyle must write at once

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LETTER 105. CARLYLE—Paris, 28 October, 1824

Has been persuaded and half-forced to accompany Mr. Strachey and Miss Kirkpatrick to Paris.—Journey thither.—The confusion, tumult, and hubbub unequalled.—His spirit flies joyfully away from this jingling chaos of frivolity, to join in communion, however interrupted, with the spirit that is dear to it beyond all others.—Sight-seeing.—Is more patient of the business than he anticipated, and in rather better health.—His impressions of Paris and Parisians.—Thinks Miss Welsh has no cause to be jealous. Knows she has hundreds of faults; but with the whole of them ten times told she is worth any twenty women in the world.—"A heart and spirit like my own Jane's I have seen nowhere." "Together we may fail to be happy; separate we can hardly fail to be miserable."—Is meditating a full translation of all Schiller's works, retiring into Annandale or some other dale, with the necessary apparatus, and there alternately writing and riding, reading and gardening, let nature restore him to his pristine strength and serenity of head and heart. Will Miss Welsh approve, take a share in it, and become a philosophical recluse?—"Fortune will yet shine out on us; we will *force* her to shine, and we shall both be happy"

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LETTER 106. CARLYLE—23 Southampton Street, London, 15 November, 1824

No Letter from Miss Welsh awaited him at Dover. A Letter from her would be particularly precious at this very time. "These Letters of ours are as it were the food of hope."—Is at last seated by a hearth of his own, and at liberty to live according to the dictates of his own will. Tomorrow he will begin a meditated plan of life and labour.—Is lonely, but means to be busy. Preferred lodgings to accepting hospitality from others.—Expects the first sheet of "Schiller" to-morrow. Occupation, strenuous exertion, is the panacea for the sufferings of a mortal.—Finds in his desk a little paper heart with "homeless"