Jane Carlyle
to Amalie Lödle.

28d December
5 Cheyne Row
1843

Unmenschliche!

Are you become so inoculated with the commercial spirit of this England, that you will no longer write to me but on the debtor-and-creditor principle? Am I no longer to have any privileges - moi? no longer to receive two or three or even four letters for one, in consideration of my worries and my indolence? Do you at least seem to have resolved! - but thank heaven there are still generous spirits among my correspondents who despise such balancing of accounts. Who rain down letters on me "thick as autumnal leaves" without asking even whether I read them! - And you think no shame of yourself, cold blooded calculating little German that you are? - Well then, open your ledger and set down now in black and

white – "Mademoiselle Bölte debitor
to Mrs Carlyle – in one letter –
– to be paid immediately – no
credit given –"

What are you doing and
thinking, and writing, and
hoping – for in Devonshire
I suppose people can still hope –
even in December – here the
thing is impossible – on the
dark dismal fog, which we
open our eyes upon every morning
there is written as over the
gate of the città dolente – alias
Hell – "Lasciate ogni speranza voi che
entrate." And many things besides speranza
have to be thrown overboard
as well. To keep one's soul and
body together seems to be quite
as much as one is up to under
the circumstances. I attempt
nothing more – as there is nothing
which I so much detest as
failure where I have willed, so
I take precious care never
to will anything as to which I

have a presentiment of failing –
My husband is more impudent
he goes on still willing to write
this Life of Cromwell under the
more desperate apprehension that it will
"never come to anything" – and
as if people had the use of their
faculties in all states of the
atmosphere! – and so he does
himself a deal of harm and nobody
any good. He came into this room
the other morning when I was
sitting peacefully darning his
stockings, and laid a great
bundle of papers on my fire,
enough to have kindled the chimney
if it had not been providentially
swept quite lately – the kindling
of a chimney (as you in your
German ignorance may perhaps
not be aware) subjecting one
here in London to the compul
visitation of three fire engines!
besides a fine of five pounds!
I fanned it the contents of his
waste-paper-basket that he
was ridding himself of by this
summary process – but happening
to look up at his face, I

4.

saw in its grim concentrated self-complacency the astounding truth, that the way all his labour since he returned from Scotland that had been there sent up the vent, in smoke! — "He had discovered over night" he said "that he must take up the damnable thing on quite a new tack"! Oh a very damnable thing indeed! I'm tell you a secret. I begin to be seriously afraid that his Life of Cromwell is going to have the same strange fate as the child of a certain French marchioness that I once read of — which never could get itself born, tho' carried about in her for twenty years till she died! — a wit is said to have once asked this poor woman if Madame was not thinking of swallowing a tutor for her son"? So one might ask Carlyle if he is not thinking of swallowing a publisher for his book? only that he is too miserable poor fellow without the addition of being laughed at!

In lamenting his slow progress, or rather no-progress, he said to me one day with a naiveté altogether touching "Well! they may twaddle as they like about the miseries of a bad conscience: but I should I like to know whether Judas Iscariot was more miserable than Thomas Carlyle who never did anything criminal, so far as he remembers!"! Oh my dear! this is all very amusing to write about; but to transact! — God help us well tho' it! and, as the Kilmarnock weaver prayed, "give us all a good conceit of ourselves", for this is what is chiefly wanted here at present! If my Inverand had half the conceit of himself, which Innes so conspicuous in some writers I could name, he would "take it easy" and regenerate the world with rose-water [twaddle], as they do: instead of ruining his digestive organs in the manufacture of oil of vitriol for their purpose!

Your little friend Miss Lennox called here the other day looking

inefably sweet! almost too sweet for practical purposes! — "That minds me" (as my Helen says) — I received by post a little while since a letter in a handwriting not new to me, but I could not tell in the first minutes whose it was. I read the first words: "Oh those bright sweet eyes!" — I stopt amazed, "as in presence of the Infinite"! What man had gone out of his wits? In what year of grace was I? what was it at all? — I looked for a signature — there was none! I turned to the beginning again and read a few words more: "There is no escaping their bewitching influence"! "Idiot!" said I "whoever you be"! having now got up a due matronly rage! I read on however. "It is "impossible that such eyes should "be unaccompanied with a benevolent "heart; could you not then intercede "with the possessor of them to do me "a kindness — the time of young "ladies is in general so uselessly "employed that I should think "you would really be benefitting

"— Miss Swanwick (!) in persuading "her to — translate for me those "French laws on pawn broking"! Now, the riddle was satisfactorily solved! the "bright sweet eyes" were none of mine but Miss Swanwick's; and the writer of the letter was Robert = son who you may remember I told you raved about those same eyes — to a weariness! my virtuous married woman, riding naked Bluebeard had been entirely thrown away! It was too ridiculous! But could you have conceived of such stupidity — even among authors — as this of beginning a letter to one woman with an apostrophe to the eyes of another?

My German friend has returned from Germany safe and sound, and brought me thence a highly curious gage d'amour, which is causing a sort of general panic among my admirers — Old Sterling in particular is furious at it and likens it to the Devil's tail. [where he saw the Devils tail whether at the Times newspaper office

or in what other unholy place I did not like to ask} The thing is the most splendid, most fantastic altogether inconceivable — bell-rope! made for me by the hands of Plattnaners Country-sisters. A country number of little chinese pagodas, of scarlet net-work festooned with white bugles, are threaded on a scarlet rope, ending in a "voluptuous" scarlet tassel, which again splits itself away into six little bugle-tassels!! For three days and three nights I was in the dreadfulest perplexity what to do with it! To ring up one's one maidservant with such a bell-rope would have been an act of inconsistency all too glaring! besides I should have been always fearing when I pulled it that I should bring a shower of bugles about my ears! So I decided finally to give it a sinecure-place beside the drawing-room door where there is no bell-wire but only a brass-headed nail to suspend it from — "Don't you admire it there?" I asked my husband after it was hung up.

as I have to give — and if I had any better you should have it with a blessing — And so this is why I write just today; because I mean that you should read my letter on Christmas —

Give my kindest regards to Mr & Mrs Buller — and a kiss to Theresa, who I hope is striding thro' all departments of human knowledge in seven-leagued boots and carrying all the cardinal virtues along with her! —

I send you a little thing for good luck to your new year

And so I commend you to Providence and your own sound little judgement — which is a very good deputy for Providence on this earth — and remain with sincere good wishes very kindly yours

Jane Carlyle

"Oh yes" said he "certainly! – as a splendid solecism! as one admires a beautiful idiot"!

But it strikes me that considering your demerits, my Dear, I'm here writing you an absurdly long letter! The fact is, that if I have not, I find, got quite rid of what somebody described as "that damned thing called the milk of human kindness" – and I bethink me that on Christmas day you will be feeling sad more or less – When one is far from one's own land and own friends, those anniversaries, however they may be cheered for one by present kindness always bring the past and distant strangely and cruelly near – and make one long (as one states) not long everyday to be as one has been! A word of encouragement and sympathy from a fellow-sufferer under these anniversary-feelings may be some little comfort to you at all rates it is such comfort

Mrs. Jane Carlyle
an Amalie Lölkn.
1845.

Amalie Lölkn.

Wednesday

le Friend!

for the

that is

awaiting you.' and

yet — should I like that

you were not to feel

some disappointment on

finding me no longer

there to welcome you

back? — certainly not —

I shall have been

here a fortnight on

Amalie Lölkn.

Bay House Wednesday

Oh my dear little friend!
I am so sorry for the
disappointment that is
awaiting you! and
yet – should I like that
you were not to feel
some disappointment on
finding me no longer
there to welcome you
back? – certainly not –
I shall have been
here a fortnight on

Amalia Lölh.

Saturday — How much longer we remain depends on others than me — for me I never can do long well in idleness — unless indeed in the idleness of Seaforth House which feels to be a sort of preparation for future exertion, a gathering of new strength from touching the bosom of Mother Earth — But at Seaforth House it is not so much idleness as indolence — and the difference is immense. The one is a repose for the faculties the other a shameful waste of them —

Mr Charles Buller is here — no other visitor for the present besides ourselves —

Lady Harriet is

peculiarly kind for me
and I admire her
more and more – but
do not feel to be
more intimate with
her — I fear she
is too grand for
ever letting herself
be loved – at least by
an insignificancy like me.
– I could love her immensely
if she looked to care
for it —

I have a very
stupid pain in my head just to day

J. 1848.

and afraid of having
to betake myself to bed
but I could in the
first place send you
this scrap that
you might have
some shadow of
a welcome from me
on your return —
By and by I shall
be back and then!
Ever your affectionate
Jane Carlyle

Jane Carlyle. London, 1848

My Dear

I think it fair to warn you that next Sunday evening there will be two female beings here neither of whom you may like to meet hopily - Mrs Jameson and Miss Dyce - Use your own discretion about coming

Ever yours Jane Carlyle

a. Lücke.

Jane Carlyle
an Amalie Lölle.

1848.

Thursday
5 Cheyne Row

My Dear

Having constituted yourself a little Providence for your friends you must take the con=sequence of being applied to in all sorts of contingencies. But you are a rash, slap-dash Providence and your interventions often miscarry thro' this over-zeal. So I pray you not only to to come to my aid with your good intentions, but to do it with a certain practical delibera=tion. My Maid is going away and I must have another. The reasons for my parting with her need not be stated here - enough that she is to go - and I must again

A. Lölle.

endure the horrors of a house-hold revolution - a fatigue thought, just now, whilst I am still confined to the house, and good for so little in it.

By communicating my want to the Trades people - or by putting an advertisement in the newspapers I might have plenty of servants sent me to look at - but such over-plenty! and a chance whether one would be found among them worth the trouble of investigating - and this year I have not poor Christie to receive the whole swarm and send me only such as seemed to have some feasability for my purposes.

Mrs Hyslop has a Welsh-woman out of a situation of whom she spoke to me some time since, in case of my hearing of a place for her: but she does not think her adequate to my own service. Tho' she says so much good of her that I have preped her to let me at least judge of her with my own two eyes.

It would be a kindness to me then, if you would inquire among your acquaintance if what Mr Buller calls "a treasure" be known to any of them. You should know by this time the sort of person of need - and such a one is more likely to be heard of among your poorer acquaintance than the rich ones - a

servant out of a fine house would not content herself in mine nor could I ever reconcile myself to the ways of such a one.
If you hear of any, write to me and tell me her particulars before sending her here - for there is great awkwardness in refusing any one sent, when one dont like her on examination.

There are Servants Homes and Places I believe where one can have choice on paying something But I am not well enough to venture out yet on such errands - my cough has been worse of late days and I have had mustard blisters on, and been bothered considerably -

Lady Harriet was here yester=day and met Miss Wynne at the parlour door - I never saw two such tall women in my room together. Her appearance really jones

Jane Carlyle

Jane Carlyle an Amalie Lövin.

6. Aug. 1849.

Friday

Thanks Dear. I send the address to Countess Pepoli by this post, and yours, and she can communicate with you or the not-young Lady herself - or await my return on Monday if she like that best -

As for Iggy - do not name that little viper to me again! - and if you wish to avoid serious disputes, material as well as moral you will let her and her concerns alone - I find everybody furious at what is

considered your impertinent and ill-intentioned interference with her — for she hereby makes herself a merit with the others of <u>showing you up</u>! — She took the last I must say very ill-advised letter you wrote her to Capt Robinson and said "See here what an impertinent and most improper letter Miss Bäte has written to me. I mean to write to her that she is to send me no more such letters, and that my mind is quite made up to go to India" —

and she writes to Fleming — [he had all the letters here yesterday] that she is quite satisfied that going to India is best — he is to buy a certain dog for her she had seen in the Park — and to get her a new dress — Bay keep from meddling yourself further in the concerns of such a little traitor or it will be the worse for you — Lady A is highly indignant at the unauthorized use made of her name — I also might be a little indignant at having mine used in inciting the wretch to open rebellion — but that you

are the most indiscreet little woman in the world is no news to me! I did not mean to have told you anything of all this till I could do it viva voce but having to write at any rate - I may as well put you on your guard, and advise you to give over meddling in what you cannot mend.

- Ever yours affectionately
Jane Dc

All you say to Lizzy - out of mistaken compassion is repeated to Fleming and Capt Robinson &c - and you are made to look a sort of Demon lying in wait for her soul - so pray be quiet & go

Jane Carlyle
an Amalie Lölk.

1849.

Dearest Mary

You divined perfectly right, Dear, as to the interior part of it; Lady A was to "take me with her to Addiscombe", and we were to have gone yesterday, to stay till Monday or Tuesday, as I meant to have told you in time to spare you a vain journey on Sunday. – But Lady A felt too unwell yesterday for making

a journey in such bitter cold - so put off till today and today I have another note from her putting off until the vague - I am thankful; tho I should have stood to my engagement I was wishing greatly I had not made it - this weather taking all spirit & enterprise out of me -

- Thanks for the offer of music but I found the only concert of that sort I ever tried dreadfully wearisome - and besides a crowd room in this weather! Oh my dear! "Dinna speak o't"!

Yesterday on my way to Oxford Street in quest of warm stockings I called in your milliner - but I saw nothing to excite my

capidity – besides, the things seemed to me most about the usual shop-price! –

Thanks for all your "delicate attentions" – I gather with you had been "a man"! for if anything could rouse a spirit in one it would surely be the getting nearly "closed in" and I think you understand me better than any male lover ever did – hang them all!

Your affectionate Lanadel

Jane Carlyle
an Amalie Lavalette.

18. Febr. 1849.

Addey Grove. Epsom.
Sunday. 18 Feby 1849

My dear Amalie

I am still here with no particular wish to return to London nevertheless as we live in a conditional world will endeavor to do better or worse — and "forms of society" to attend to and above all a cat & silver spoon to look after it behoves me to go back tomorrow when the first business requiring my attention, may have to be transacted with you yourself. I shall call for you tomorrow between 2 & 3 o'clock p. m. then I hope it will

not be inconvenient for you to receive me for a few minutes. Don't get into any apprehensions that I am empowered to make any proposal of either a legitimate or illegitimate nature having no superfluity of lovers on hand at present — while people are so universally occupied with politics. — But times may mend for us women as well as men in time — Meanwhile it is an innocent little amusement of a daily loneness I have to speak about. — for having always plenty of that sort of thing which it is a convenience to yourself as well as others to dispose of — N.B. Beauty to be dispensed with. — affectionately yours

A Ellwood

Jane W. Carlyle

Jane Carlyle

an Amalie Lölk.

5 Cheyne Row

14. Apr. 1849.

Tuesday

My poor little woman!

I can quite understand your inclination "to scream". I have the same feeling myself very often — a notion to scream for four and twenty hours without stopping! not over the treachery of one good for nothing Iggy but over the treachery of the Species generally — and indeed over what Mr Carlyle calls "the whole infernal candle of things"!

What I object to you is not so much what I call your indiscretion as a certain heedlessness of judgement. Thro' which you fly at helping everybody

in every difficulty, without having first satisfied yourself, that the difficulty is soluble, or the person capable of having it solved — for you know the proverb? "One man may take a horse to the water but twenty cannot make it drink." And when one tries to lead a girl without truth or affection like Fiffy to noble ends to noble aims it is a labour which a little consideration of the laws of nature might have spared one — all the trouble you take for an unhelpable person is so much out of the pocket of some other who could have been helped — But you have heard enough of Fiffy for the present I should think — I shall merely add that I have taken upon me to send those letters of hers to Lady Ashburton — (desiring to have them back) that she might see how little the correspondence of your seeking — and how detestably the girl had behaved to you — They (the guardians) talked much of their determination to put an end to your "correspondence" with her — I said the girl had done that herself I should suppose, when she carried your letter to Capt R. and declared she would order you to write to her (!) no more in such a foolish strain" — that if you found her worth

emergency with after that you must be fit for bedlam!
Capt R was going to write to you they said — Whoever writes to you, and whatever they say, I advise you to hold your peace altogether — if permissible — or if you must answer something; to make your words as few and cold and impersonal as you can —

I did something after your energetic fashion last night; Mrs Leeman came to me at seven, to say she must decide about the other education today — I liked her appearance and manner very much and so did Mr Carlyle — So rather than let her slip thro' their fingers, I put on my things tired as I was with my journey

and walked off with Fred the dark Canes to Country Roads at Kensington — She was (the Country) in a great quandary & undecided but promised to settle the matter in the morning — and she did — at eleven she came here, having first been to Miss Heerman; to tell me she had engaged her — I hope it will answer on both sides — I wish Capt S had got her — he thinks his Gal limp sadly ignorant —

The habit-shirt is a great hit! — the very sort of thing I have wanted for long — something that would cover my neck which looks very bad at this date, and at the

same time not give me the appearance of having a sore throat – thank you heartily for your pains –

My maid was so glad to get me back and had every thing so clean! – a real jewel she is! – for her too I have to thank you everyday – ? you see am one of the helpable so you had better stick to helping me in my various needs – I will go to see you some morning, if the weather mend before Sunday

Ever affectionately yours

Jane Carlyle

Mrs. Jane Carlyle
an Amalie Lölk.

Dedmanday

My Dear! You are too im-
-petuous by half! Festina
lente should be one's motto
even in good-doing, while
one lives in a conditional world.
Else one is apt to run one's
head metaphorically and
literally against many posts.
One may make an "old Aunt"
set for her picture par une
force. but Carlyle is not
to be so dealt with. one
may perhaps get him to
do it in the end, but it
must be thro' gradual
leading and thro' other motives
than sheer benevolence.

Amalie Lölk.

which you might have done by this time. He does not at all go upon. For him, it is not enough that the artist is young and handsome and in need of employment. He must also be sure that he can take likenesses before he would dream of setting to him! — He has already sat to a dozen, — with the worst results! — and he is not so indifferent as might be expected of a Philosopher to seeing bad portraits of him hanging loose on society. Accordingly I have requested Mr Hartman to bring some of his pictures to show us and then I will see more clearly what can be done for Mimi — for your sake — and also, now that I have seen him, for his own, I will do whatever I can for him — but I must do it in my own way — not in your break-neck-way which I can make no hand of — He looks the image of innocence and modesty and inexperience — much too beautiful for my taste in men — but that may be no objection ~~to his~~ with the generality still however until I can recommend him as a better painter, I

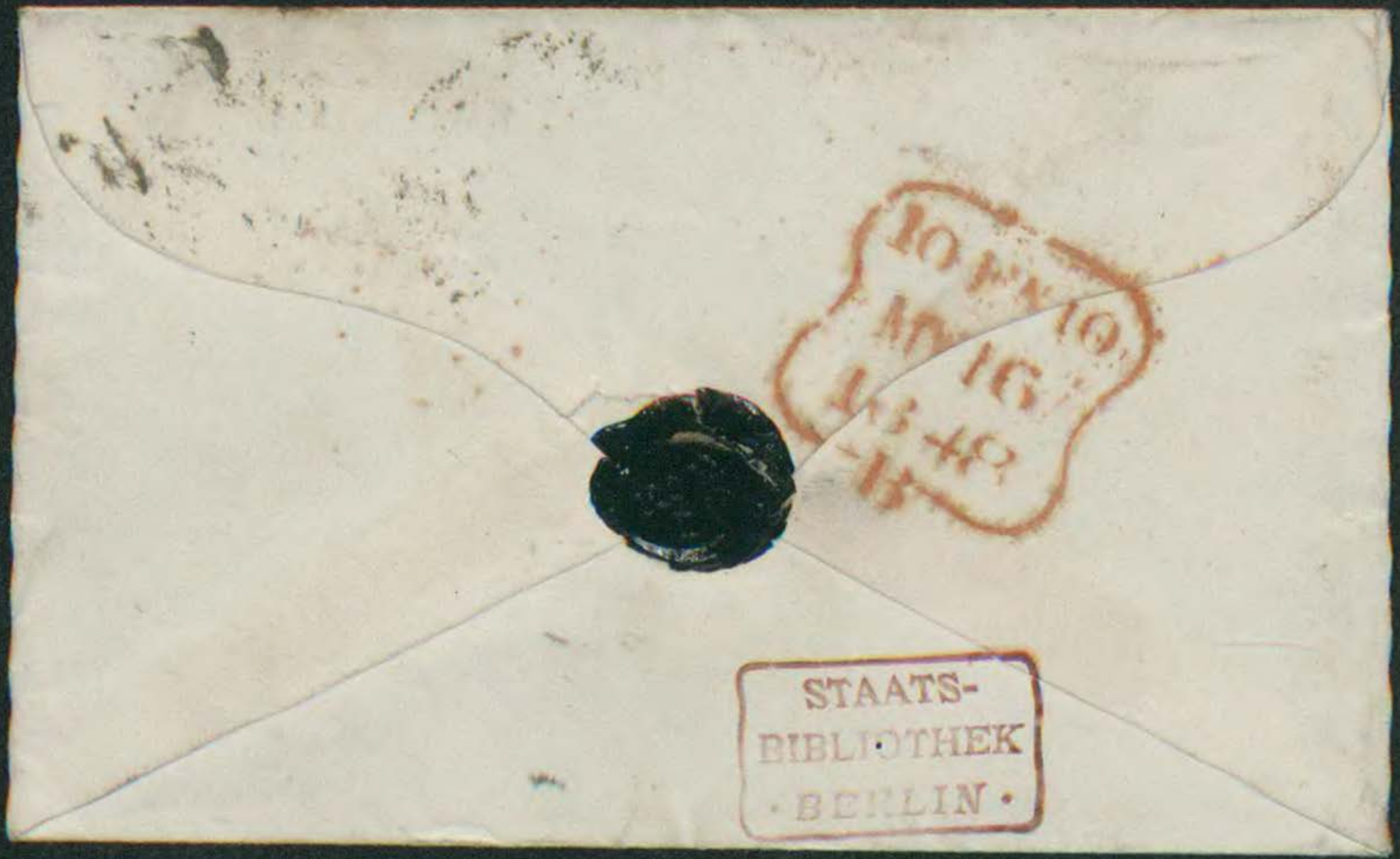
shall make small way in recommending him on the score of his looks and receptives. Miss Kerr Grant is in Paris – Mrs Gibson in Spain – Macready poor man worried out of his life – But I design to make Capt Sterling set on his own account – if the pictures he set are satisfactory – and I shall look out for others – I am very busy corresponding with the four winds about a new Scotch servant – Helen has had an offer to go and stay with a sort of gentleman brother she has got in Dublin – and much to my consternation has of course accepted – so I am in a little mess of practical difficulty but in

affectionately yours
J Lane Claff

Mrs Bolte

Davenport Place.

Hyde Park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