A Mystery Document

We recently received into our care from Mr Robin Lockhart, a collection of ledgers and legal documents pertaining to the Haddington section of the Ancient Order of Foresters. One item bore no relation to the friendly society; it was a typescript containing an article on Haddington and its environs along with two letters of Jane Welsh Carlyle. The typescript was anonymous and gave no clues to its origin or purpose. It may have been intended for magazine publication, but this was not the finished article, containing too many typing and spelling errors, or someone may have copied it for personal use.

There was a clue in the reference to *Brown as a Berry* by the same writer. This proved to be one George Douglas. There was a George Douglas, the author of *The House With the Green Shutters*, but *Brown as a Berry* was not listed among his credits. Eventually George Douglas proved to be the pen name of Lady Gertrude Georgina Douglas. She was a member of a branch of the family, once powerful in south west Scotland, that had played a large part in our history. The Douglases had supported William Wallace, another had been entrusted with the heart of Robert the Bruce on a pilgrimage to the holy land. They had led armies to France in support of the Auld Alliance and had borne numerous titles. Among their great houses were Sanquhar, Drumlanrig, Kinmount and, in Edinburgh, Queensberry House.

Lady Gertrude was born in 1842, the first child of Archibald, the seventh Marquess of Queensberry. When the document was written, around 1888, her brother, John Sholto, became the eighth marquess. Their mother Caroline Clayton had strong Irish connections which had led her to convert to Catholicism. (they also led her to support the Fenians in their struggle for an independent Ireland, to the acute embarrassment of her class!) Lady Gertrude followed her mother's lead and embraced the Catholic faith with all the ardour of a convert.

To escape the reaction to her strongly expressed Irish republican sympathies, Lady Caroline sought refuge in the more comfortable religious climate of France. Gertrude followed her mother's lead and went to live with her in Nantes. There, her brothers and sisters joined them at one time or another. John Sholto, or Lord Drumlanrig as the heir was titled, was about 18 at this time and a midshipman in the Royal Navy; he was able to join the family when on shore leave at Nantes. His naval career was brief as was his subsequent political phase, he lacked the will and perseverance to pursue a career, preferring the hunt, steeplechasing (he was good enough to ride in the Grand National), gambling and boxing. His skill and interest in the 'noble art' were such that he lent his title to the revised rules of the sport. Apart from these interests the only other occupation John Sholto found worthy of his attention was the untiring hounding of those he believed had slighted him. Lady Sybil long endured persecution, which went on even after she had sought relief in divorce. But his most singular achievement was the destruction of Oscar Wilde, because of his notorious association with Lord Alfred Douglas, John Sholto's third son.

Gertrude's other siblings all led eventful lives or met tragic ends. The death of Francis at eighteen had a profound effect on all the family. He had formed a passionate interest in mountaineering, a sport then in its infancy, and displayed an aptitude that could have made him a successful climber. A chance encounter with Edward Whymper led to him joining the team that made the first ascent of the Matterhorn, but he was one of the four who fell to their deaths when the descent went wrong. The next brother, Archibald, became a Catholic priest whose career was to impinge on Gertrude's life in an almost pitiful way.

Finally there were the twins, James and Florence. Florrie was the dominant personality, from whom James could not bear to be parted. Even after Florrie's marriage to Sir Alexander Dixie, Jim formed part of the household. Florrie was one of those indomitable Victorian ladies who carved out a career in a mans world. She explored Patagonia, taking her husband along with her

as well as Jim who joined them after a period of moping in her absence. A successful book followed and this led to an assignment reporting on the Zulu wars and the peace negotiations, she was accompanied, as ever, by her two men. She was brave enough to take up the cause of the Zulu chief, Cetsawayo, whom she believed to have been unfairly treated in the peace settlement. Alas for poor Jim he was at last persuaded to marry at the age of 36. His bride was Martha Hennesy of the cognac dynasty, who brought not only wealth to the union but also a steadying influence, being some years older than her groom, but Jim, parted from his twin, was not able to allow time for these advantages to compensate for his separation from Florrie, not long after his wedding day he killed himself by cutting his throat.

Archibald had a successful, if a little unconvential, career in the priesthood and by the 1880's he was in charge of St Vincent's, a Catholic home for deprived boys. Situated in a poor part of London, the home provided an education and vocational training. This was achieved by maintaining a bakery in which the boys learned the craft and at the same time helped to finance the home by selling their products on the door steps of the surrounding district. This was to prove an attractive refuge for Gertrude seeking a safe haven after several false starts in her search for a rewarding way of life.

As a young girl in Nantes, Gertrude had come to an understanding with a young French naval officer who, returning from a spell of duty, was devastated to find his intended a fervent convert to Catholicism. Gertrude had adopted her new faith with fervour, meticulously observing all the days of the church calendar and partook of the earliest mass of the day. Her loyalty to the church was such that she intended having her children brought up in the faith, while on his part her naval officer was a convinced protestant whose Huguenot ideals eschewed the 'grip of Rome'. There was a tearful parting, the young man going on to pursue his career and never marrying, while Gertrude was received into a convent.

Gertrude was not cut out to be a nun, she tried but other emotions springing from a strong maternal instinct proved too strong and, after some ten years of inner torment and struggle, she was discharged from her vows in 1870. Florrie had written several works, mainly related to her travels, and Gertrude too, aspired to be a writer. Fiction was her medium and she adopted the three volume novel form. Her first published work was *Brown as a Berry* (1874) under the *nom de plume* of *George Douglas* . This was a modest success and was written with such vigour as to convince some critics that the author was indeed a man. More novels appeared, some under her own name, but their excessive sentimentality and Roman Catholic leanings were obstacles to wider success.

In 1877 Gertrude joined her brother at St Vincent's and, at last, found an outlet for her repressed maternal instincts - she now had an ample supply of waifs in need of mothering. She raised funds, she cooked and she scrubbed, visitors were often surprised to be admitted by a noble lady wiping her hands on her apron. So effective was she in running the institution that the Reverend Archibald had no qualms over leaving the school in her charge while he was in Canada, arranging posts for graduates of St Vincent's. He should have been more wary.

When he got news of Gertrude's intended marriage to the school's head boy, Archibald wrote and telegraphed advising against a hasty wedding, and made arrangements to return at once. He was too late, Lady Gertrude Georgina Douglas and Thomas Henry Stock were married in the Roman Catholic church of the Holy Trinity in Hammersmith on the 3rd October, 1882. They gave their ages as thirtysix and twenty, Gertrude was really forty and Tom was probably about eighteen.

His training at St Vincent's had made the young bridegroom into a skilled baker so they opened a bakery in Hammersmith. Sadly, neither of them had the business skills to complement Tom’s expertise and the venture soon ran into difficulties and the ill matched couple had to decide on their future course.

They closed the bakery and headed north, to a market garden near Dumfries.
This is not as strange a decision as it might appear, at least in the choice of location. All of the Douglases had been brought up on the family estate of Kinmount in Dumfriesshire and which Gertrude's younger brother the 8th Marquess, had renounced as the family seat in a fit of pique with the local council. Also the Reverend Archibald had been sent as a missionary to the area following the scandal at St Vincent's. Sister Florrie was another sibling who had made the move from London. She and Sir Beaumont were staying at Glen Stuart, near Kinmount and from there she conducted her campaigns, women's rights, anti blood sports and even protested against the adoption of the numeral VII in Scotland by Edward, Prince of Wales on his succession, in spite of his having acted as godfather to one of her children!

Alas, the Stocks were even less well equipped to run a market garden and Tom must have become disillusioned, this was probably not the style of life he had anticipated on marrying into the aristocracy. In 1891 he enlisted in the Bechuanaland police and left for Africa. Gertrude had continued writing during this period and it is possible that the following piece belongs to this period in her life, if so, it must have been one of the last things that she wrote. It may have been intended for the magazine or newspaper market. It was in this year that her last novel was published, and its title seems to sum up her own experience, *A Wasted Life*.

Soon after Tom left, Gertrude returned to the south of England and was admitted to a home for distressed gentlewomen, run by St Joseph's Congregation of the Poor Handmaidens of Jesus Christ. Not long after admission, she contracted a disease of the lungs, probably a form of tuberculosis. Lady Gertrude Georgina Douglas died on 25th November, 1893, she was fifty-one.

The 8th Marquis, Gertrude's younger brother, had a very short temper and an obsessional streak that led him to pursue his enemies, as he saw them, over very long periods. His hounding of the poet and playwright, Oscar Wilde, is the most celebrated of the Marquis's vendettas. Wilde's last work, before his disgrace, was *The Importance of Being Earnest* . The plot hinges on a missing handbag containing the manuscript of a three volume novel, written by a lady of strong religious beliefs. Perhaps Lady Gertrude lives on as Miss Prism.

HADDINGTON
WITH TWO LETTERS BY MRS. JANE WELSH CARLYLE.
(Hitherto Unpublished)
By the author of *Brown as a Berry*.&co.

A quaint town with many red-roofed buildings, low-browed archways, and ancient mansions, where the East Lothian Nobility, a couple of centuries ago, used to spend their winters; an old fashioned town, beloved of Rooks, swallows, and pigeons; a sleepy town, situated in the midst of the richest and most fertile land in Scotland, on the banks of the river Tyne, celebrated for its plump and yellow trout. Such is Haddington where Mrs Carlyle was born and lived until her marriage with Thomas Carlyle. "Nowhere in the world, that I know of ", says Mrs. Carlyle in one of her letters to her husband, are there such beautiful drives, referring to those in the neighbourhood of Haddington. Allowing somewhat for a natural prejudice in favour of the place she loved so well, there is a good deal of truth in her statement. East Lothian is always charming, especially so in the month of June. The wealth of verdure the lush vegetation, the luxuriance of the crops are then fresh and in full perfection. The milk-white of the hawthorn has passed away, but the wild rose gives a sweet wayward touch of colour to the hedges as we drive along; sheets of forget-me-nots and buttercups turn the grassy margins of unfrequented lanes into blue and gold, while the scent of bean blossoms and honeysuckle comes pleasantly on the senses, borne to us by the west wind across wide fields of waving grain.

Everywhere are snug farm-houses and delightfully picturesque villages, both inland and on the sea-coast.

Even in winter East Lothian is not destitute of attractions. The vivid scarlet-tiled roofs of white-washed cottages and farm-buildings - the pale blue smoke curling up into the cold air from many a cheerful fireside - the tawny yellow of the stacks in the corn-yards are pleasant bits of bright colouring relieving the dusky browns, solemn purples, and tender grays of newly ploughed fields. The delicate traceries of lichened twigs and leafless branches of trees showing dim and subdued in a twilight have a certain dreaminess about them. There is a poetry in the evanescent brilliance of a stormy sunrise over the russet and violet tops of the Lammermuirs, which goes far towards compensating for the otherwise neutral tints of the landscape.

East Lothian is rich in legends and old ruined castles, of these Tantallon still keeps watch and ward over the sea near the grim Bass Rock; Dirleton's shattered walls look down upon a smiling garden and greensward ; Hailes, fast mouldering away under the influence of wind and weather, is close to some black and silent pools of the Tyne; and last, though not least, is Hobgoblin Hall at Yester, standing on a precipitous rock in a romantic glen, no great distance from the Lammermuirs.

Like the Belfry of Bruges, Haddington has been 'thrice consumed and thrice rebuilded'. Hence arose a custom dating from the sixteenth century, but now fallen into desuetude, though only within the last thirty years, of the town crier going round the principle streets of the burgh with a bell every evening, except Sundays, from Michaelmas till Candlemas and repeating the following lines:-

Coal and Candle
A' gude men-servants, where'er ye be,
Keep coal and can'le for charitie;
In bakehouse, barns, brewhouse, and byres
It's for your sakes keep well your fires;
Baith in your kitchen and your Ha'
Keep well your fires what'er befa'
For oftentimes a little spark,
Brings mony hands to mickle work,
Ye nourrices that hae bairnes tae keep,
Tak' care ye fa' na ower sound asleep,
For losing o' your gude renown.
An' banishing o' this burrow town,
It's for your sakes that I do cry,
Take warning from your neighbours by.

Although 'Coal and Candle' is now obsolete, some curious customs yet linger both in town and county. The Magistrates and Town Council of Haddington are bound under the penalty of a fine to attend the funerals of the Earls of Lauderdale, their place of burial being a vault in the Parish Church. Hallowe'en is not yet forgotten, apples are ducked for and nuts burned in many households; on Hogmanay, the last night of the year, the Guizards, relict of the Christmas mummers, go round singing; and Handsel Monday, an ancient holiday, is still observed in the country with all honours.

Passing a weather-stained edifice with carved vases and ornamented stone globes surmounting the upper storey, we reach one of those penthouse archways which are so common in Haddington. Entering a flagged passage beneath this archway, we leave the High Street, and find ourselves on the stone pavement that has hundreds of times echoed the gay, light-hearted footsteps of 'Jeanie Welsh', as her few surviving contemporaries still like to call her. And now the house where Dr. Welsh brought his beautiful (wife)[1] as a bride, and where his talented daughter was born, and passes the years of a singularly and happy childhood and girlhood, is before us. Out at this very door opposite us, Dr Welsh, cut off in manhood's prime, was taken to be buried. Thither came 'giant Irving' large both in body and mind, swarthy in complexion, dark eyed and dark haired, more like a foreigner than the son of an Annan burgher; and in later days stern, rough-hewed Thomas Carlyle was a frequent visitor, with his sad-toned Annandale voice, yet hearty laughter, infectious with its ringing bursts of mirth.

There are the windows of the room at which Carlyle 'looked up at the desolate moonlight, and the old summer dusk, and that bright pair of eyes inquiringly fixed on me (as I noticed for a moment), came up clear as yesterday, all

[1] The writer has omitted the noun; 'wife' or 'young wife' makes sense.

drowned in woes and death.' (night of Mrs Carlyle's funeral.) The house is exactly the same as when Dr. Welsh lived in it.

"The Drawing-room seemed to me the finest apartment I had ever sat or stood in:- in fact, it was a room of fine and large proportions, looking out on a garden, on near gardens or garden walls and sprinkling of trees across the valley or plain of the Tyne - which lay hidden, - house quite at the back of the Town, facing towards Lethington and so forth.....The summer twilight, I remember, was pouring in rich and soft; I felt as one walking transiently in upper spheres, where I had little right even to make transit."[2]

This humble opinion of himself was fully shared with Mrs. Carlyle's friends. "Oh, Jeanie, Jeanie, lassie, who was that wauf character I met you walking with the other evening?" 'Wauf' is almost untranslatable, the nearest approach to the expression in English is 'shabby'.[3]

About five minutes from Dr. Welsh's house - a convenient distance for the gifted little child to traverse long ago - is the Burgh School, where Edward Irving taught, and Jeanie Welsh learned, both the rudiments of Latin and of love. Here no merry voices are now heard, nor does the buzz of young tongues break the stillness as in Jeanie Welsh's day and generation. The old burgh school is closed, the youth of Haddington being now instructed in a new building - the Knox Institute, at the opposite end of the town. A little further on is the Bowling Green, with its rows of pollard limes, fragrant blossoms, where the bees are busy, and trim smooth shaven lawn. Then comes a line of trees making alterations (alternations?) of light and shade upon the paved road leading to the churchyard. The river flows hard by under the Nungate Bridge, on the parapet of which Jeanie Welsh was daring enough to climb along when a fearless, mischievous child.

Shall we leave the Via Dolorosa, trodden by the feet of countless mourners conveying their dead to their last home, and enter the churchyard?

The Franciscan monks of yore knew what they were about when they selected the situation for the 'Lamp of Lothian' as the Parish Church of Haddington was formerly called.[4] It stands on a slight elevation near the river, and must in its pristine splendour have been a noble building. Green meadows, fringed with great willow trees, are just below the churchyard wall. To the north glimpses of the town are visible, and in all directions peeps of the country are to be seen.

The general plan of the 'Lamp of Lothian' resembles that of Melrose Abbey. From the Gifford Gate a view is obtainable across the river little inferior to one of the far-famed 'fair' Abbey from a rising ground to the east of Melrose. The choir of the 'Lamp of Lothian' is in ruins, but the western portion of the church has been restored, and is used by the Established Presbyterians for service every Sunday. Some beautiful .....[5] is still intact, and the grand, grey, square tower rears its lofty head high above the willow trees, and is a landmark for miles around.

Within the walls of a small side building attached to the north of the chancel is an elaborate monument, constructed of alabaster, in honour of the Lord Lauderdale, Chancellor in the reign of James VI. of Scotland. There are four recumbent figures, representing the Chancellor and his wife, the Chancellor's son, and Lady Lauderdale.

An epitaph in old English characters, composed by James VI., commemorates the Chancellor's virtues and his services to a grateful country. The vault where the Lauderdales sleep the sleep of the just in their leaden coffins, and where the last Earl, killed

[2] This quotation was slightly garbled and is an abbreviation of a much longer passage; in clarifying it from another source I have added the three words following 'Lethington' which complete a phrase.

[3] The Concise Scots Dictionary has Waff, Wauf etc., vagabond like, scruffy, feeble minded.

[4] The writer has perpetuated a common misconception, Holy Trinity Episcopal church stands on the site of the original Franciscan Lamp of Lothian, lost in the upheaval of the Reformation. The title is now frequently applied , deservedly, to the restored Parish Church.

[5] The noun is missing, 'stonework' or 'carving' perhaps.

by lightning, 12th August, 1884 is buried, is down below the monument. Tradition asserts that, when a Lauderdale is about to die, the Tyne is in heavy flood, and the coffins in the vault shift their places.

Mrs. Carlyle's grave is towards the southern portion of the ruined choir.[6] A peaceful spot it is. As we look upon the marble slab let into the stone marking the place where lie the remains of Dr. Welsh, the evening sunbeams slant through the willow boughs, and long shadows fall upon the meadow where the boys are playing cricket. A kingfisher darts suddenly by, like a flash of an abbreviated rainbow; swallows are skimming over the smooth, glassy surface of the river; and the coral-footed pigeons inhabiting the chancel, are cooing and strutting up and down on the broken mason work, or sitting on a gargoyle pluming themselves. The pigeons haunt the ruin unmolested , and their nests, being built on holy ground, no boy durst venture to disturb them, consequently their number is legion. The choir resounds with their plaintive notes instead of the voices of Franciscan Friars, once lifted there in prayer and praise. Through the evening dusk the marble slab gleams white and distinct; the pathetic inscription thereon all the world knows:-
Here likewise now rests
JANE WELSH CARLYLE
Spouse of Thomas Carlyle, Chelsea, London.

She was born at Haddington, 14th July, 1801, only daughter of the above John Welsh, and of Grace Welsh, Caplegill, Dumfriesshire, his wife. In her bright existence she had more sorrows than are common, but also a soft invincibility, a clearness of discernment, and a noble loyalty of heart, which are rare. For forty years she was the true and ever loving helpmate of her husband, and by act and word unweariedly forwarded him, as none else could, in all or worthy he did or attempted. She died at London, 21st April, 1866; suddenly snatched away from him, and the light of his life, as if gone out.

[6] After the restoration the memorial stone was replaced towards the north of the choir.

The following are two hitherto unpublished letters by Mrs Carlyle from an authentic source:-

There follow two letters identified as letter No 1 and letter No 2. There is no indication as to whom they were addressed but, as the letters were indeed later published in New Letters and Memorials, Annotated by Thomas Carlyle and Edited by Alexander Carlyle, 1903, we know that they were addressed to Miss Agnes Howden of Maitlandfield. Presumably the writer was shown the originals by the addressee. Letter no. 1 is dated 22nd Nov. 1857 but the published version is dated the 23rd. Letter no.2 says, 'date about end of Sept. 1863' while the published version has 24 Oct.,1857. Passages in square brackets are omitted in the typescript , but appear in the published version.

Letter No. 1.

There's a good Girl! And thank you! - I choose the present moment for answering , as it is the most improbable I am likely to find, for I have the same sort of defiant pleasure in going in the teeth of probability that I used to have in going in the teeth of a high wind. I am pressed for time , having an appointment two miles off at one o' clock; my attention is distracted by a man painting beside me and talking; my nerves are all in a flurry from a recent fright; and Mr Carlyle has just brought me a impossible glove to mend. What more would I have?

But the fright. Gracious Goodness, the fright is worth telling about. I have a servant whom, during five years that she has been with me, I had never seen in a hurry, or excited, or deprived of her presence of mind. What, then, was my astonishment when she rushed into the drawing room last night with her head tumbled off(as it first looked to me) carrying it in her hands, crying wildly, "Oh, ma'am, I must go to a doctor, (scream) My ear, my ear, (scream) . An animal has run into my ear." She was holding her head as low as her waist, her cap off, her hair flying, and her hand

pressed to her left ear. I sprang forward and pulled her fingers from her ear, which was full of blood. "What animal?" I gasped.

"Oh, I think it is a black beetle" and her screams went on, and she declared that the beetle was running up into her brain. Her ignorance of anatomy was very unfortunate at that moment. I called up Mr Carlyle, for I had lost all presence of mind as well as herself. He took it coolly as he takes most things. "Syringe it" he said "Syringing will bring out any amount of Black Beetles."

There is an apothecary at the bottom of our street; I threw a table-cover about her and told her to run to him; and I begged Mr. C to go with her, as it was a dangerous thing for me to go out in the night air. "Go with her?" he said "What good could it do me[7] seeing the beetle taken out of her ear?"

But I had read in a newspaper not long ago of a man killed by some insect creeping into his ear, and how did I know the apothecary was not an ass, and might spoil her hearing for life with probes and things - if indeed she did not die of it, or go raving mad, as I should in her place, I thought.

I paced up and down the room for some ten minutes like a wild animal in its cage; then put on a cloak and bonnet , and rushed after her - Mr. C. running after me to pull me back. When I arrived in the man's little surgery, I found Ann covered with soap-suds, and comparatively calm, and the Beetle (it actually was a Black Beetle) extracted piecemeal (with a probe).

"There might be a leg or so left," he said; but he would syringe the ear again in the morning. She would not go back to him this morning, however; the rushing sounds being gone , and the deafness remaining being owing, she thinks, to the ear being swelled from the rough treatment it got. I was better pleased that this man should not probe any more. If she does not hear with it tomorrow, I will send her to a regular surgeon. Meanwhile I feel as if I had been pounded in a mortar with the fright of the thing, and have narrowly escaped a cold, for I coughed half the night. But that is passed off, Thank God. I am so afraid of another seven months confinement.

I liked to hear of your Hallowe'en - my ideas of Hallowe'en are all connected with Maitlandfield. I always spent it there as far back as I can recollect. Have ducked for apples and burnt nuts in that very kitchen of yours.

[If Mrs Skirving wants to escape money disaster and all sorts of disaster, she should replace little Ann Cameron's poor little white marble tablet in the Churchyard! I could not have confidence in my Fortunes, with such a thing in my cellar. Could you?][8]

I should like ill to be the wife of a speculator just now, Mr. C. has, or had, some money in America - he doesn't recollect how much, and doesn't feel a natural curiosity what has become of it, I have never heard a word out of his head about it, except to say once, "I suppose my money Will have gone in the crash, and poor B[utler][9] (the gentleman who invested for him) will be very sorry."

Being a Philosophers' wife has some advantages, I never think of money myself beyond what serves my daily needs - but if he weren't of the same mind, I might be sufficiently uncomfortable about it.

And now good luck to you, remember me to them all, [I owe your Sister-in-law a letter, which she shall get some day.][10]

Yours affect[ionate][10] ly

Jane W. Carlyle

Letter No. II

date about end of Sept. 1863.

[7] The published version has 'my' which is, perhaps, better grammar.

[8] This passage, which appears in the published version, was omitted from the typescript, presumably to avoid offence to people still living at the time.

[9] See footnote 8

[10] Omitted in the typescript.

Simpleton - not you, my dear, but me, There was I, all agog at having found quite a jewel of a correspondent, a correspondent who would actually go on with not exactly 'all the reciprocity on one side' (as the dear Irish say) but pretty nearly so(!)[11] The very sort of correspondent I had been wishing for all my life. Ach, and 'don't I wish I may get it', You like the rest, it would seem, write only on the one letter - for - letter principle, and, bless your sweet face, no thanks to you there,[12] Plenty of men women, and children, will write me letters on the simple condition on[13] my answering them - nay plenty of men to do them justice, will write me one, two, three, letters on the condition of my answering the third. But even that does not suit my humour always. I like to be left to the free, spontaneous use of both my pen and tongue, and any one who stands on 'the three thousand punctualities' with me doesn't know his or her own interest.

Well in consideration of the ivy leaf in your last, I forgive your silence this time. But look sharp and don't disappoint the romantic faith I felt in you. At my age, and with my experience of the world, it costs me such a wild effort to believe in youthful enthusiasm that, when one has believed, and finds oneself cheated, the reaction is formidable.

What a mercy your father has no crop on the ground today, if there is like here. It has rained what a Scotch servant of mine used to call 'Hale water' ever since I got out of bed; and, to complete my discomfort, I am lamed in the two first fingers of my right hand- bount[14] them very badly "with cealing (sic) wax of course?" a lady asked me. The 'of course' was a piece of fine Lady - logic, which I met by the start[l]ing avowal - "No, with the handle of a brass pan, in preserves[15] cranberries." And now I shall be regarded by that Lady with a sort of sacred horror, as a woman who has handled a brass pan; for being the grandchild of a mechanic, she shudders, "of course" at one who has the use of his or (her hands) , or at least uses them. The cranberry jam has turned out excellent, anyhow, and for the rest, it was worth while almost burning oneself to ascertain the superiority of cotton wool beyond all other applications for burns I ever tried before.

That reminds me to ask - Does your father prescribe Pepsien in stomach complaints? has he ever seen he blessed thing? ever heard of it ? [If he haven't, no more shame to him than had he missed to hear of the pretty little French Empress's very latest caprice in dress!][16] This Pepsien (I don't know if I spell it right) but as the word is made out of dyspepsia without the dis, I can't be very far wrong) is just the very latest caprice in medicine, that's all. It is something scraped of (sic) the inside of peoples stomachs (dead, the people must be before one can conveniently scrape their stomachs) or the stomachs of beasts, for that matter. (but Bear stomach is understood to supply most of this something) and being scraped of (sic) it is boiled, and distilled, and bottled, and sold, and taken in drops; and the patient thus furnished with a fictitious gastric juice which enables him to eat and digest like a bear. The doctors here are prescribing it at no allowance, and the druggists say they can't get enough for the demand. And one hears of emaciated wretches with one foot in the grave plumped out like partridges on the strength of it, and taking a new lease of their lives. Pleasant isn't it, the idea of swallowing the scrapings of a malefactor's stomach in drops. What next? I have been wondering if the whole calf's stomach I brought salted from Scotland to make rennet of curds, (alas that the cream is not included) mightn't serve all the purposes of Pepsien at a cheap rate? I shall try some day. I should greatly prefer that to Palmer's[17] or Miss Madeline(sic) Smith's[18] (if she has been hung) for my own use.

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[11] Omitted in the typescript which also starts the next sentence with a small 't'.

[12] Published version has 'then' . The typist has used commas and full stops indiscriminately , probably typing errors.

[13] Published version has 'of'

[14] Published version has 'burnt'.

[15] Published version has 'preserving'.

[16] The Empress Eugenie (1826-1920) wife of Napoleon III.

[17] Probably Dr Wm Palmer b1824, believed to have poisoned at least 14 victims. Publicly hanged 1856.

[18] Madeleine Smith b1834. Daughter of a prosperous Glasgow family. In 1857 found Not Proven of poisoning her lover. Died in America in 1928.

[Your sister - in - law told me a sad little bit of Haddington news; that Mrs Davidson's good old Mary was dangerously ill. I am very anxious to know the sequel. Many a Peeress could be better spared than that maid - of - all - work. I can see no life for her poor Mistress without her.

Has your Brother seen the grave - digger yet? and got poor little Ann Cameron's poor little Tombstone set up in his Garden, as he promised me? Of course not! And yet it would have been a pious deed to do!][19]

My writing is such as a right hand minus its two principle fingers can produce, so pray be content with it. Do you want [any][20] more autographs.

Remember me to everybody that cares for my remembrance.

Yours affect[ionate]ly

Jane W. Carlyle.

Appendix A List of Publications by Lady Gertrude Georgina Douglas

1874	Brown as a Berry
1876	Red House by the River
1876	Linked Lives
1877	Mar's White Witch
1879	St Quentin and Other Stories (Contribution)
1889	Natures Nursling (Partly based on her own life)
1892	A Wasted Life and Marred

Brown as a Berry was published under the *nom de plume* George Douglas, but thereafter the author seems to have used her own name.

Appendix B The Howdens of Maitlandfield

John Howden (1734-1799) was a farmer at Ugston, and was the first in the parish to install tile field drains in his property. His wife was Jean Dods, daughter of John Dods of Samuelston. They had ten children, the eighth was Thomas, born in 1787. He trained as a surgeon
and joined the Sumner and Welsh practice in 1808. He married Helena McNaughton, 1810.

Thomas and Helena had thirteen children, of whom two died in infancy. It may have been a coincidence that one of the children was christened John and another Jane, these being also the Christian names of, respectively, Dr Welsh and his daughter. But it must have been more than a coincidence that a third child was christened Francis Welsh Howden.

Agnes Catherine Howden was born on the 2nd June, 1829 and died on the 25th September, 1906. She was born some three years after Jane and Thomas Carlyle married and left Scotland, so any meeting between the two must have been much later. It can be assumed that the relationship between the Howdens and the Welshs' was a close one, indeed before her marriage Jane had acted as tutor to the younger Howdens. And this friendship continued between Jane and Agnes as the relaxed and chatty letters reproduced here demonstrate. Jane was in Haddington in 1849 and again in 1856. She mentions seeing Helena Howden (b. 1810), the oldest of the Howden children, on this latter visit. It is not unreasonable therefore, to assume that she met Agnes on that occasion. This fits in with the two letters reproduced here, which date from the following year. It also accords with a trend, identified by Aileen Christian of Edinburgh University, in which Jane cultivates younger women as correspondents, perhaps in order to influence their approach to life.

The Howdens provided Haddington with three medical men: Thomas Howden, 1787-1868, his son, also Thomas, 1812-1900 and his son Thomas (Tertius) Howden, 1840-1878. Robert, a brother of Thomas Tertius, also qualified as a doctor but practised elsewhere

Maitlandfield was probably built by Colonel Maitland of Pogbie, Humbie, and of the East

[19] Omitted in the typescript, perhaps because people still living at the time are named. Appears in the published version

[20] Omitted in the typescript but appears in the published version.

Lothian Yeomanry. The Howdens acquired the house early in the 18th century and it remained the family home for around a hundred years.

Arthur Reid

Howden research by Robin Lockhart

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