



*“Adieu, dear Bairn”*  
An Unpublished Letter from  
Thomas to Jane, 4 July 1841

MELVIN H. SCHUETZ OF ARMSTRONG BROWNING LIBRARY, Baylor University, brought to the attention of the CSA editors the following unpublished Carlyle letter, which was sold at auction for \$1,200 in June 2010 as item 380238105516 on eBay. In the sequence of the letters in the print edition of *The Collected Letters of Thomas and Jane Welsh Carlyle*, it would fall between TC to Alexander Carlyle, 28 June 1841, and TC to Henrietta Maria Stanley, 6 July 1841, and between pages 166 and 167 in volume 13. Surrounding letters add details to the gist of TC’s trip by steamer and rail to Scotland, with a stop at Newcastle to visit the ailing Harriet Martineau.



Ecclefechan 4 July (Sunday morn<sup>g</sup>) 1841

My dear Jeannie,

While they are raising the steam here to get me Breakfast, I will send you a syllable or two by way of announcement that I have arrived safe.

Our Steamer in a swift and supportable manner brought me to Shields on friday morning. It was a dim drizzly morning, and the sight of Tynemouth Castle thro’ that kind of weather, and the thought of poor Harriet there, was more impressive than joyful to me. About 11 o’clock however I had got down in person to the room and presence of the said Harriet; whom first of all I am happy to describe to you as decidedly not in so bad a way as we all supposed. Poor Harriet: I staid with her many hours, at various intervals, all that day and the morrow morning; I felt a real affection for her, and am very glad that I went. My opinion of her health as expressed above is not groun[d]ed on my own observation only, but also on the

verdict of Dr Greenough her brother-in-law, a shrewd useful-looking very honest man, whom I saw yesterday at Newcastle. ——— breakfast is ready; wherefore I must be swift!

Harriet is clear and decided for our coming to Tynemouth rather than Annan; at least for your coming, shoul[d] I even go upon my travels in the interim. I think she will write to you about it. The old Mrs Reid, dainty old lady (who got me a room to lodge in) is Harriet's only acquaintance there at present. Bathers abound; but it is not a Broadstairs at all, tho' by and by perhaps it will be one. I said to Harriet that the sea was beautiful (fine Fife sea), in wh[h] I bathed; that I must see Annan first &c.

Tomorrow accordingly I am down thither; you will hear from me in two days hence; there seems to be here, as yet no farther news on the subject. ——— Yesterday I was too late for the Newcastle train which would fit the Glasgow Mail thro' Ecclefechan; I found such to be the case when I reached Newcastle! It procured me a night of Greenough and of certain streets and edifices in Newcastle. Last night at Carlisle was indeed baddish, up at "twenty minutes to four, Sir," and feverish headache with only snatches of dog-sleep before. However, here I am, no bones broken; nothing wrong that will not mend. The world is of the moistest beautifullest green; weather hot without sun.

Adieu, dear Bairn. Thank me for this Letter, considering how I write it. Write there instantly, even if only a word.

And so good be with thee my poor Bairn. Adieu

T. Carlyle

*David Southern*