

1028/59/33
My dear Fed

Edward Cole to his brother Featherstone V5417/59.33

Mr. Atkinson has so fully answered all the professional part of your letter that he has spared me the necessity of saying more than this--that although all disappointments are very unpleasant when they occur and that I regret with you the present one yet that no man was ever worth anything who had not been disciplined by few. They are the very winter of the mind, cold and cheerless enough, but concentrating its powers for a burst in the spring, and destroying the noxious reptiles which would devour its productions, or to give you nearly the same idea as I once wrote it in the Album of a friend who had received more than a common share of trials--

Death is misfortunes wintry hour
And stern her iron sway,
Yet thence is winter's noblest power,
And wisdoms brightest ray.
So the strong nurselings of the storm
With matchless vigour shoot,
Give to the spring the greenest form,
And bear the richest fruit.

What you write of your voice is nonsense. It is nothing more than the weakness of inertion and if you wish to overcome it, every day until you are tired, and you will quickly find nothing to complain of. If I do not touch a piano for a fortnight, it makes my arms ache to play for ten minutes. Practice enables all muscles to bear almost unlimited exertion.

Father appears set up for the winter. He had been declining for many weeks, and we began to fear the worst when happily a sharp bilious vomiting came on which quite him, so that after four or five days confinement to bed, he rose with a clear complexion, and not diminished strength. Another good effect it will have is making him more tractable in taking the medicine he may require. I sat up with him for three or four nights, but rather as the nurse than the doctor, for nobody was at home but Mother and Henrietta, and I thought I could bear fatigue and watching the best.

Get the congregational magazine for October if you wish to be amused with a thundering attack upon me. The guns are not shotted; which I will venture to say will not be the case with my reply. You know that my paper was published in a net 12 tract of 24 pages at 8⁹ per hundred. The first edition is gone, and a second immediately forthcoming. W. H. A. writes me that the Dissenters are much annoyed at it, which I think probable, but I am really astinished at the wretches reply they have got up. It appeared three months before in the Patriot, and the Congregational by republishing it after so long an interval would justify me in considering it as the best they can get up--at least they give it their most deliberate sanction, and accept a miserable mixture of cayenne written (the first in temper, the second in argument) as their chosen and satisfactory vindication. However, they and he shall have, according to the free translation of the motto in the operating theatre of Greays "ospital "Miserere non mercede" misery not mercy.

I had only one hymn in the last Remembrance, but there will be three if not five in the present. I have six more to write for the December No. which I shall get off as soon as I have finished my reply which will be in two or three days at most, and then I will at once set to with Mr. Lake's. Remember me most affectionately to him. I will write him with the hymns.

I have recd. the proof of my paper, from the Royal Society and the plates are beautifully done. I write in extreme haste as you will perceive.

Believe me

Ever your most affectionate Brother
Edward