

The cousins rose, and advanced slowly toward the middle of the room. When they had gotten there, the two crossed, Mrs. Brinkly, cool, white as steel, placed her arm within that of Dick, while Lottie, red and quivering, held out her hand toward Mr. Bob, and said,

"If he wants it."

Mrs. Billy stepped forth, and Mr. Bob and Dick looked upon each other.

"Oh, Dick! Dick! Dick! was *that* the way of it?"

"Oh, Uncle Bob! Uncle Bob! Uncle Bob! was *that* the way of it?"

Then Mr. Bob, even before taking Lottie's extended hand, and Dick, dropping the arm of the widow, fell upon each other, and hugged and cried, the uncle the tightest and the heartiest.

Then Mr. Billy rose, his eyes streaming with happy tears. "I can't stand that," said Mr. Billy. "Jes' them two a-huggin', and them male persons at that!"

He seized Lottie's arms, put them around Mr. Bob's neck, seized the widow's, put them around Dick's neck, put one of his own arms around his wife's neck, huddled all of them together in a bunch, and reaching his other arm around, shouted:

"Let EVERYBODY run here and jine in the huggin'! And then"—when, after a few moments, they had gotten loose from his embrace—"to think that Patsy found it all out yisteday, and never told me!"

"Because I knowed you couldn't keep your mouth shet."

"In case I couldn't, and wouldn't, and shouldn't, and mightentest, couldentest, or wouldentest shouldentest, as Betsy says when she gittin' her grammar lesson. And to think that them boys has been a-growlin' at one another without knowin' t'other from which of the wimmin' both was arter! It beat our day, Patsy."

Mr. Billy thus went on, until Mrs. Brinkly brought in the julep pitcher.

It was a glorious dinner—sucking-pig, pea-fowl, chicken, broiled, fried, and pied, and home-cured ham; as for vegetables and preserves, it would have bothered to count *them*.

Riding along home in the evening, Mr. Billy looked over into the widow's bottom corn field, so rank and green as to be almost black, and said to his wife: "Dick's right, Patsy. He take the settled 'oman, and the managin' 'oman, and the plantation. Blamed ef she ain't got a better crop 'n mine! Bob's right too. The young

gal got no prop'ty, but she got industry, and Bob got a plenty for both. Bob ain't nothin' but a boy, nohow. It's all right."

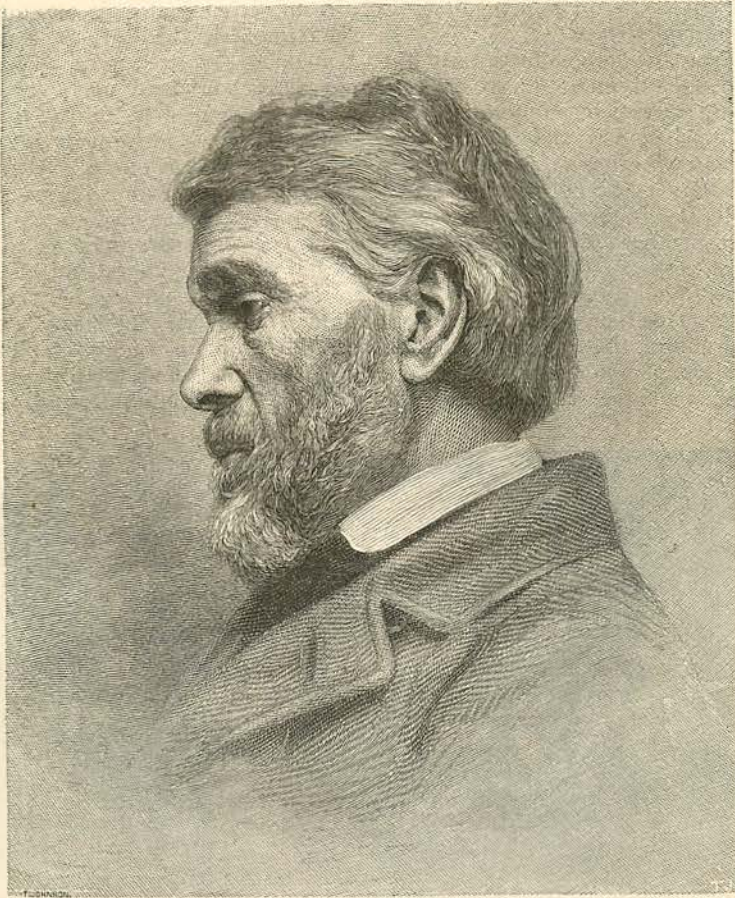
Some writers attempt things beyond their strength. Warned by their fate, I shall not essay a description of that double wedding. Yet I will say that when the two couples stood up, everybody felt, and so expressed himself, that each was full fairly matched; and I will only add that Mr. Billy, such was the exuberance of his feelings, though often requested thereto by his wife, persistently, all during the festivities, and even on the way home, and until stretched upon his bed for sleep, refused to keep his mouth shut, and the burden of his talk was, that "ef them wimmin', or them young gals, or whatsomever they might call themselves—ef any one of them had been a Patsy Clark, them boys never would 'a settled it a-during of oak and ash."

THOMAS CARLYLE.

THE world is fortunate in that these many years there was at the side of Thomas Carlyle a great historian—one who, of all living men, perhaps, has most profoundly studied the relation of individual minds and characters to events of world-wide import, and who in this particular case can combine for the true presentation of a great man the fine apprehension of the scholar with the insight gained by long and intimate friendship. In the hands of James Anthony Froude, Carlyle long ago placed his autobiographical essays and personal sketches, the old familiar letters that told the homely story of the early life of the family and himself, and the still more precious letters—matchless of their kind—written by his wife, containing the simple and grand story of his advance to fame. When these see the light, the world will know as much as any one man can contribute to a right knowledge of the mighty spirit which so long and so faithfully sat at its task during strange and eventful times.

But the real record of Carlyle's life will be a long task, employing not only many human hands, but even the hand of Time itself.

While writing his history of Friedrich the Great, the author had prepared—as, indeed, the growth of the work had demanded—a special study at the top of his house in Chelsea, in which only that pa-



THOMAS CARLYLE.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ELLIOTT AND FRY, LONDON.]

per, book, or picture was admitted which was in some way connected with the subject in hand. One side of the room was covered from floor to ceiling with books; two others were adorned with pictures of persons or battles; and through these several thousand books and pictures was distributed the man he was trying to put together in comprehensible shape. I used to feel when in that study that even more widely was the man before me distributed. In what part of the earth have not his lines gone out and his labors extended? On how many hearts and minds, on how many lives, has he engraved passages which are transcripts of his own life, without which it can never be fully told? To report this one life, precious contributions must be brought from the lives of Goethe, Emerson, Jeffrey, Brewster, Sterling, Leigh Hunt, Mill, Mazzini, Margaret

Fuller, Harriet Martineau, Faraday—but how go on with the long catalogue? At its end, could that be reached, there would remain the equally important memories of lives less known, from which in the future may come incidents casting fresh light upon this central figure of two generations; and were all told, time alone can bring the perspective through which his genius and character can be estimated. In one sense, Carlyle was as a city set upon a hill, that can not be hid; in another, he was an "open secret," hid by the very simplicity of his unconscious disguises, the frank perversities whose meaning could be known only by those close enough to hear the heart-beat beneath them; and many who have fancied that they had him rightly labelled with some moody utterance, or safely pigeon-holed in some outbreak of a soul acquainted

with grief, will be found to have measured the oak by its mistletoe.

It has been the happy fortune of the writer of these sentences to have enjoyed friendly and unbroken intercourse with Thomas Carlyle since early in the year 1863. Those who have listened to the wonderful conversation of this great man know well its impressiveness and its charm: the sympathetic voice now softening to the very gentlest, tenderest tone, as it searched far into some sad life, little known or regarded, or perhaps evil spoken of, and found there traits to be admired, or signs of nobleness; then rising through all melodies in rehearsing the

of some other materials obtained by personal inquiries made in Scotland and in London. I realized many years ago that my diary contained a statement which might some day be useful to my own countrymen in forming a just estimate and judgment on one whose expressions were often unwelcome among them, and this conviction has made me increasingly careful, as the years went on, to note any variations of his views, and his responses to criticisms made so frequently upon statements of his which had been resented. I do not in the least modify or suppress, nor shall I set forth these things in such order or relation as to illustrate any



BIRTH-PLACE OF CARLYLE.

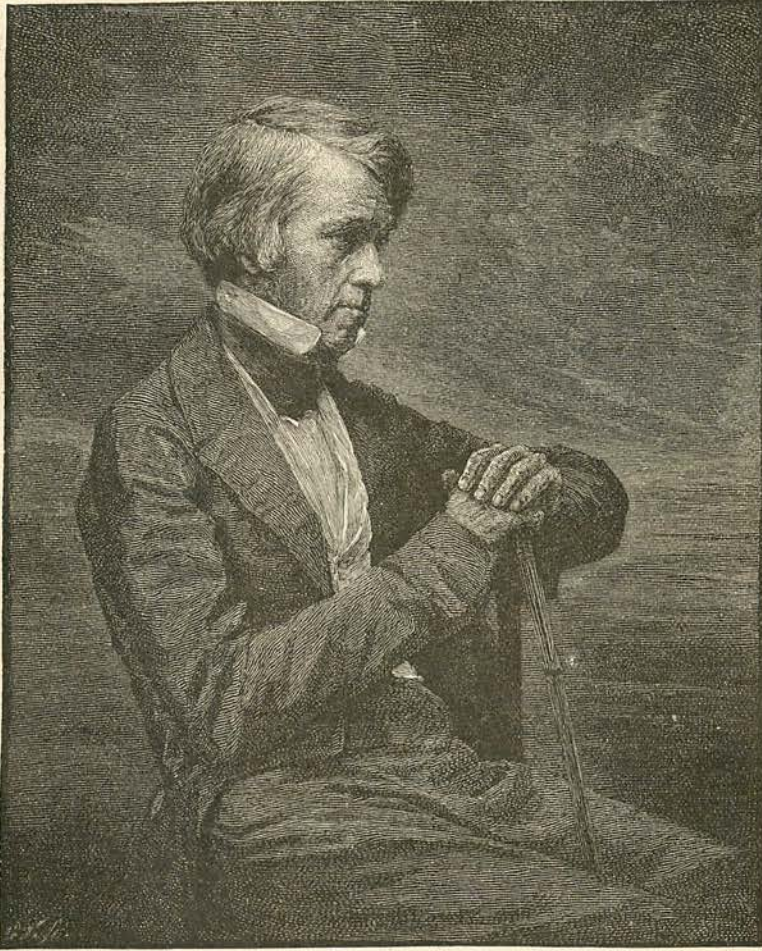
deeds of heroes, and anon breaking out with illumined thunders against a special baseness or falsehood, till one trembled before the Sinai smoke and flame, and seemed to hear the tables break once more in his heart: all these, accompanied by the mounting, fading fires in his cheek, the light of the eye, now serene as heaven's own blue, now flashing with wrath, or presently suffused with laughter, made the outer symbols of a genius so unique that to me it had been unimaginable, had I not known its presence and power. His conversation was a spell; when I had listened and gone into the darkness, the enchantment continued; sometimes I could not sleep till the vivid thoughts and narratives were noted in writing. It is mainly from these records of conversations that the following pages are written out, with addition

theory of my own. He who spoke his mind through life must so speak on, though he be dead.

Thomas Carlyle was born on the 4th of December, 1795, in the parish of Middlebie, near Ecclefechan, Dumfries-shire. The plain stone house still belongs to the family, and has often in later years been visited by the great man who was born beneath its humble roof. It was a favorite saying of his that great men are not born among fools. "There was Robert Burns," he said one day; "I used often to hear from old people in Scotland of the good sense and wise conversation around that little fireside where Burns listened as a child; notably there was a man named Murdoch who remembered all that; and I have the like impression about the early life of most of the notable men and women I have heard or read of. When a great

soul rises up, it is generally in a place where there has been much hidden worth and intelligence at work for a long time. The vein runs on, as it were, beneath the

was proved by the strong individuality it steadily developed, and in none more notably than the father of Thomas. The humble stone-mason certainly "buildd



EARLY PORTRAIT OF THOMAS CARLYLE.

surface for a generation or so, then bursts into the light in some man of genius, and oftenest that seems to be the end of it." Carlyle was thinking of other persons than himself, but there are few lives that could better point his thought. Nothing could be more incongruous with the man and his life than the attempt some foolish person once made to get up a Carlyle "pedigree," and the only response it ever got at Chelsea was a hearty outbreak of laughter. But the vigor of the lowly Cumberland stock that was transplanted a little way from the vicinity of Carlisle

better than he knew," though he lived long enough to hear his son's name pronounced with honor throughout the kingdom. An aged Scotch minister who knew him well told me that old James Carlyle was "a character." "Earnest, energetic, of quick intellect, and in earlier life somewhat passionate and pugnacious, he was not just the man to be popular among his rustic neighbors of Annandale; but they respected his pronounced individuality, felt his strong will, and his terse, epigrammatic sayings were remembered and repeated many years after his death (1833).

In the later years of his life he became a more decidedly religious character, and the natural asperities of his disposition and manner were much softened."



CARLYLE'S MOTHER.

Mr. James Routledge, in an Indian periodical, *Mookerjee's Magazine*, October, 1872, says:

"I was interested enough in Mr. Carlyle the younger to make a special tour, some years ago, to learn something of Mr. Carlyle the elder, and from what I gathered, the reader may be pleased with a few scraps, as characteristic of the school of *Sartor Resartus*. Mr. Carlyle's landlord was one General Sharpe, of whom little is now known, though he was a great man in those days. On one occasion James Carlyle and he had a quarrel, and James was heard to say, in a voice of thunder, 'I tell thee what, Matthew Sharpe'—a mode of salutation that doubtless astonished General Sharpe; but it was 'old James Carlyle's way,' and was not to be altered for any general in existence. There was much in the old man's manner of speaking that never failed to attract attention. A gentleman resident in the locality told me that he remembered meeting him one very stormy day, and saying, 'Here's a fearful day, James,' which drew forth the response, 'Man, it's a' that; it's roaring doon our glen like the cannon o' Quebec.' My informant added, 'I never could forget that sentence.' James had also a wondrous power of fixing upon characteristic names for all man-

ner of persons, and nailing his names to the individuals for life. Samuel Johnson was 'Surly Sam,' and so on—a gift which has come among us in a more livable form from the pen of his son. Mr. Carlyle was a stern Presbyterian—a Burgher; held no terms with prelacy or any other ungodly offshoot from the Woman of Babylon, but clung to the 'auld Buke,' without note or comment, as his only guide to heaven. He was one of the elders of his church when its pastor, having received a call from a church where his stipend would be better than that of Ecclefechan, applied for leave to remove. The church met, and lamentation was made for the irreparable loss. After much nonsense had been spoken, Mr. Carlyle's opinion was asked. 'Pay the hiring his wages, and let him go,' said the old man; and it was done. Mr. Carlyle had a thorough contempt for any one who said, 'I can't.' 'Impossible' was not in his vocabulary. Once, during harvest-time, he was taken seriously ill. No going to the field, Mr. Carlyle, for weeks to come; water-gruel, doctors' bottles, visiting parson, special prayers—poor old James Carlyle! Pshaw! James was found crawling to the field early next morning, but still an idler among workers. He looked at the corn, provokingly ripe for the sickle, and then stamping his foot fiercely to the ground, he said, 'I'll gar mysel' work at t' harvest.' And he did work at it like a man. On one occasion a reverend gentleman had been favoring the congregation of Mr. Carlyle's church with a terrible description of the last judgment. James listened to him calmly; but when the sermon was finished, he came out of his pew, and placing himself before the reverend gentleman and all the congregation, he said, aloud; 'Ay, ye may thump and stare till yer een start fra their sockets, but you'll na gar me believe such stuff as that.'

"If the reader will now go back with me to those days, and view for a few minutes the little farm at Maine Hill, after the fair, honest, and well-earned hours of evening rest have fully arrived, we shall in all probability find Mr. Carlyle reading from the Bible, not for fashion's sake, not to be seen and praised by men, but for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness; and his children will be listening, as children should. Refused his proper place in society for

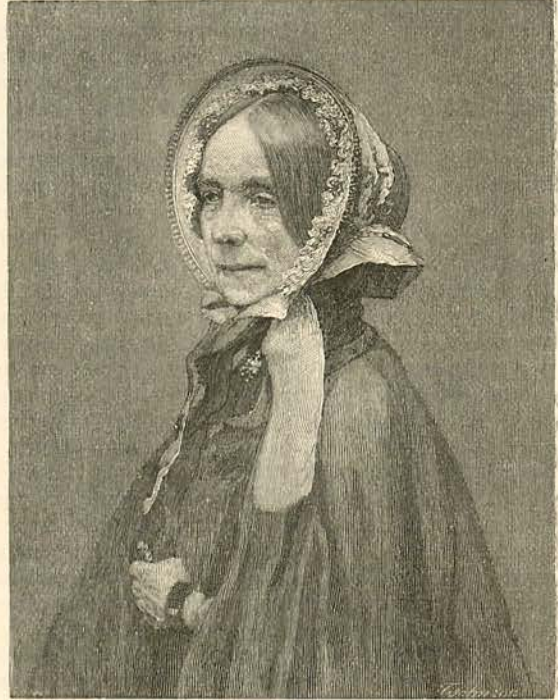
want of learning, we shall see this brave old man doing the next best thing to moulding the age—training his children to do that which he felt a power within him capable of performing, but for which the means—the mechanical means, the verb and pronoun kind of thing—were denied. Such was the father, and such the earliest school of Thomas Carlyle.”

Of the many anecdotes told of this elder Carlyle, one seems to be characteristic not only of the man, but of the outer environment amid which Thomas passed his earlier life. On the occasion of the marriage of one of the sons, the younger members of the household proposed that a coat of paint should be given the house; but the old man resisted this scheme for covering the plain wood with the varnish of falsehood. An attempt was made by the majority to set aside his will, but unfortunately old Mr. Carlyle was at home when the painters arrived, and planting himself in the doorway, demanded what they wanted. They replied that they “cam’ tae pent the house.” “Then,” returned the old man, “ye can jist slent the bog wi’ yer ash-baket feet, for ye’ll pit nane o’ yer glaur on ma door.” The painters needed no translation of this remark, and “slent the bog,” *i. e.*, went their ways. “Glaur” had come all the way from the moonshine-demon of Iceland, Glam, to give the old man his idea of decorative lies; and his horror lasted into his famous son’s description of the “bottled moonshine” which Coleridge threw over Sterling in his metaphysical glamour. I have sometimes thought that if the father had been able to admit those house-painters, the son’s destiny might have been different. The latter’s dislike of rhyme and poetic measures, after showing that he could excel in them, and all literary architecture, had in it an echo of that paternal horror of “glaur.” He scented a falsehood from afar. Some one spoke of “England’s *prestige*.” “Do you remember what *prestige* means?” asked he, sharply: “it is the Latin word for a lie.”

On reflection, I do not see that I can do better than introduce here, as well as my notes and memory enable me, some

of Carlyle’s own rambling reminiscences of those who were the presiding destinies of his early life. But for this it will be necessary to pass to a comparatively recent period, and attend him to an eminence in his life from which those young years were beheld in natural perspective. And my reader must pardon me for now and then turning into a by-way on our road.

It was in the evening of the day when Carlyle was inaugurated Lord Rector of



MRS. THOMAS CARLYLE.

Edinburgh University that he himself told me most fully the story of his early life, and of his struggles in that ancient city which had now decorated itself in his honor. That day was the culmination of his personal history. No pen has yet described the events of that day, and the main fact of it, in their significance or picturesqueness; nor can that be wondered at. The background against which they stood out were the weary trials, the long unwatched studies, the poverty and want, amid which the little boy of fourteen began, fifty-four years before, to climb the rugged path which ended on this height. When on that bright day

(the 2d of April, 1866) Carlyle entered the theatre in Edinburgh, the scene was one for which no memory of the old university could have prepared him. Beside him walked the venerable Sir David Brewster, fourteen years his senior, who first recognized his ability, and first gave him literary work to do. The one now Principal, the other Lord Rector, they walked forward in their gold-laced robes of office, while the professors, the students, the ladies, stood up, cheering, waving their hats, books, handkerchiefs, as if some wild ecstasy were sweeping over the assembly. Who were these around him? The old man sat and scanned for a little the faces before him. With a start of surprise, his eye alights on Huxley, and sure enough, not far away, is the face of his friend Tyndall, all sunshine. Another and another face from London, a score of aged faces that bring up memories from this and that quiet retreat of Scotland, and the occasion begins to weave its potent influences around the man who had never faced audience since, some twenty-six years before, he had celebrated "Heroes," and among them some less heroic than this new Lord Rector. On that last occasion, in the Edwards Street Institute, London, Carlyle brought a manuscript, and found it much in his way. On the next evening he brought some notes, but these also tripped him up, till he left them. The rest of the lectures were given without a note, simply like his conversation, and they required very little alteration when they came to be printed. For this Edinburgh occasion, also, Carlyle at first thought of writing something; he made out some headings and a few notes, and carried them in his pocket to the theatre, but he did not look at them.

What that address really was no one can imagine who has only read it. Throughout, it was phenomenal, like some spiritualized play of the elements. Ere he began, Carlyle, much to the amusement of the students, shook himself free of the gold-laced gown; but it was not many minutes before he had laid aside various other conventionalities: the grand sincerity, the drolleries, the auroral flashes of mystical intimation, the lightnings of scorn for things low and base—all of these severally taking on physiognomic expression in word, tone, movement of the head, color of the face, really seemed

to bring before us a being whose physical form was purely a transparency of thought and feeling.

When, after the address, Carlyle came out to the door, a stately carriage was waiting to take him to the house of Mr. Erskine, of Linlathen, but he begged to be allowed to walk. He had no notion, however, what that involved. No sooner did the delighted crowd, or friendly mob, discover that the Lord Rector was setting out to walk through the street than they extemporized a procession, and followed him, several hundred strong, with such clamorous glorification that he found it best to take a cab. As he did so, he turned and gave the crowd a steady look, and said, softly, as if to himself, "Poor fellows! poor fellows!" It was the only comment I heard him make on the ovation he received in the street.

During the dinner that evening, at which Mr. Erskine entertained Lord Neaves, Dr. John Brown, and other Edinburgh celebrities, Carlyle was very happy, and conversed in the finest humor; but when the ladies had retired, he asked me to go with him to his room in order to consult a little about the revision of his address for the press. This being through with, he lit his pipe, and fell into a long, deep silence. In the reverie every furrow passed away from his face; all anxieties seemed far away. I saw his countenance as I had never seen it before—without any trace of spiritual pain. The pathetic expression was overlaid by a sort of quiet gladness—like the soft evening glow under which the Profile on the New England mountain appears to smile; there fell on this great jutting brow and grave face, whose very laughter was often volcanic as its wrath, a sweet child-like look. He was, indeed, thinking of his childhood.

"It seems very strange," he said, "as I look back over it all now—so far away—and the faces that grew aged, and then vanished. A greater debt I owe to my father than he lived long enough to have fully paid to him. He was a very thoughtful and earnest kind of man, even to sternness. He was fond of reading, too, particularly the reading of theology. Old John Owen, of the seventeenth century, was his favorite author. He could not tolerate anything fictitious in books, and sternly forbade us to spend our time over the *Arabian Nights*—those down-

right lies,' he called them. He was grimly religious. I remember him going into the kitchen, where some servants were dancing, and reminding them very emphatically that they were dancing on the verge of a place which no politeness ever prevented *his* mentioning on fit occasion. He himself walked as a man in the full presence of heaven and hell and the day of judgment. They were always immi-

had better opportunities than I for comprehending, were they comprehensible, the great deeps of a mother's love for her children. Nearly my first profound impressions in this world are connected with the death of an infant sister—an event whose sorrowfulness was made known to me in the inconsolable grief of my mother. For a long time she seemed to dissolve in tears—only tears. For sever-



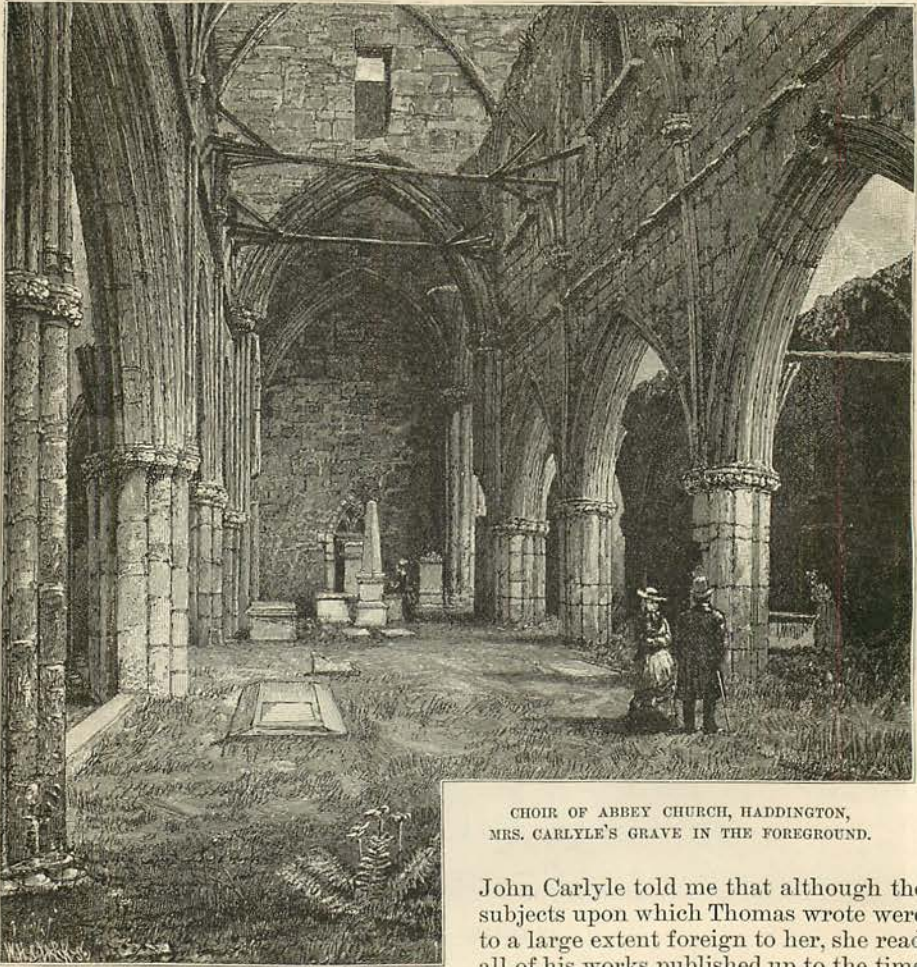
AN INTERIOR AT CHELSEA.

nent. One evening some people were playing cards in the kitchen, when the bake-house caught fire; the events were to him as cause and effect, and henceforth there was a flaming handwriting on our walls against all cards. All of which was the hard outside of a genuine veracity and earnestness of nature such as I have not found so common among men as to think of them in him without respect.

“My mother stands in my memory as beautiful in all that makes the excellence of woman. Pious and gentle she was, with an unweariable devotedness to her family; a loftiness of moral aim and religious conviction which gave her presence and her humble home a certain graciousness, and, even as I see it now, dignity; and with it, too, a good deal of wit and originality of mind. No man ever

al months not one night passed but she dreamed of holding her babe in her arms, and clasping it to her breast. At length one morning she related a change in her dream: while she held the child in her arms it had seemed to break up into small fragments, and so crumbled away and vanished. From that night her vision of the babe and dream of clasping it never returned.

“The only fault I can remember in my mother was her being too mild and peaceable for the planet she lived in. When I was sent to school, she piously enjoined upon me that I should, under no conceivable circumstances, fight with any boy, nor resist any evil done to me; and her instructions were so solemn that for a long time I was accustomed to submit to every kind of injustice, simply for her sake. It was a sad mistake. When it was practi-



CHOIR OF ABBEY CHURCH, HADDINGTON,
MRS. CARLYLE'S GRAVE IN THE FOREGROUND.

cally discovered that I would not defend myself, every kind of indignity was put upon me, and my life was made utterly miserable. Fortunately the strain was too great. One day a big boy was annoying me, when it occurred to my mind that existence under such conditions was unsupportable; so I slipped off my wooden shoe, and therewith suddenly gave that boy a blow on the seat of honor, which sent him sprawling on face and stomach in a convenient mass of mud and water. I shall never forget the burden that rolled off me at that moment. I never had a more heart-felt satisfaction than in witnessing the consternation of that contemporary. It proved to be a measure of peace also; from that time I was troubled by the boys no more."

Carlyle's mother died in 1853. Dr.

John Carlyle told me that although the subjects upon which Thomas wrote were to a large extent foreign to her, she read all of his works published up to the time of her death with the utmost care; and his *History of the French Revolution*, particularly, she read and re-read until she had comprehended every line. With a critical acumen known only to mothers, she excepted *Wilhelm Meister* from her pious reprobation of novel-reading (not failing, however, to express decided opinions concerning Philina and others). At first she was somewhat disturbed by the novel religious views encountered in these books, but she found her son steadfast and earnest, and cared for no more. I have heard that it was to her really inquiring mind that Carlyle owed his first questioning of the conventional English opinion of the character of Cromwell.

"As I was compelled," continued Carlyle, "to quietly abandon my mother's non-resistant lessons, so I had to modify my father's rigid rulings against books of

fiction. I remember few happier days than those in which I ran off into the fields to read *Roderick Random*, and how inconsolable I was that I could not get the second volume. To this day I know of few writers equal to Smollett. Humphry Clinker is precious to me now as he was in those years. Nothing by Dante or any one else surpasses in pathos the scene where Humphry goes into the smithy made for him in the old house, and whilst he is heating the iron, the poor woman who has lost her husband and is deranged comes and talks to him as to her husband. 'John, they told me you were dead. How glad I am you have come! And Humphry's tears fall down and bubble on the hot iron.

"Ah, well, it would be a long story. As with every 'studious boy' of that time and region, the destiny prepared for me was the nearly inevitable kirk. And so I came here to Edinburgh, aged fourteen, and went to hard work. Nearly the only companion I had was poor Edward Irving, then one of the most attractive of youths; we had been to the same Annan school, but he was three years my senior. Then, and for a long time after, destiny threw us a good deal together."

(An old Scotch gentleman who knew the two in those years told me that these two were vehemently argumentative; also that though Carlyle was the better reasoner, Irving generally got the best of the argument, since he was apt to knock Carlyle down with his fist when himself driven into logical distress.)

"Very little help did I get from anybody in those years, and, as I may say, no sympathy at all in all this old town. And if there was any difference, it came least where I might most have hoped for it. There was Professor Playfair. For years I attended his lectures, in all weathers and all hours. Many and many a time when the class was called together it was found to consist of one individual, to wit, of him now speaking; and still oftener, when others were present, the only person who had at all looked into the lesson assigned was the same humble individual. I remember no instance in which these facts elicited any note or comment from that instructor. He once requested me to translate a mathematical paper, and I worked through it the whole of one Sunday, and it was laid before him, and it was received without remark or thanks.

After such long years I came to part with him, and to get my certificate. Without a word, he wrote on a bit of paper: 'I certify that Mr. Thomas Carlyle has been in my class during his college course, and has made good progress in his studies.' Then he rang a bell, and ordered a servant to open the front door for me. Not the slightest sign that I was a person whom he could have distinguished in any crowd. And so I parted from old John Playfair."

Carlyle's extraordinary attainments were clearly enough recognized by his fellow-students, among whom, no doubt, he might have found sympathetic friends had he been willing to spare time from the books he was devouring in such vast quantities. When he had graduated, the professors began to note that their best student had gone. Professor Leslie, the coadjutor, and afterward the successor, of Playfair, procured for him and Irving situations as teachers in the neighborhood.

"It had become increasingly clear to me that I could not enter the ministry with any honesty of mind; and nothing else then offering, to say nothing of the utter mental confusion as to what thing was desired, I went away to that lonely straggling town on the Frith of Forth, Kircaldy, possessing then as still few objects interesting to any one not engaged in the fishing profession. Two years there of hermitage, utter loneliness, at the end of which something must be done. Back to Edinburgh, and for a time a small subsistence is obtained by teaching a few pupils, while the Law is now the object aimed at. Then came the dreariest years—eating of the heart, misgivings as to whether there shall be presently anything else to eat, disappointment of the nearest and dearest as to the hoped-for entrance on the ministry, and steadily growing disappointment of self with the undertaken law profession—above all, perhaps, wanderings through mazes of doubt, perpetual questionings unanswered.

"I had already become a devout reader in German literature, and even now began to feel a capacity for work, but heard no voice calling for just the kind of work I felt capable of doing. The first break of gray light in this kind was brought by my old friend David Brewster. He set me to work on the *Edinburgh Encyclopædia*; there was not much money in it, but a certain drill, and, still better, a sense of accomplishing something, though far yet from

what I was aiming at; as, indeed, it has always been far enough from *that*." I may recall here an occasion when Carlyle was speaking in his stormy way of the tendency of the age to spend itself in talk. Mrs. Carlyle said, archly, "And how about Mr. Carlyle?" He paused some moments: the storm was over, and I almost fancied that for once I saw a tear gather in the old man's eyes as he said, in low tone, "Mr. Carlyle looked long and anxiously, to find something he could do with any kind of veracity: he found no door open save that he took, and had to take, though it was by no means what he would have selected." Between the years 1820-1824 Carlyle wrote for the *Edinburgh Encyclopædia* sixteen articles, namely, Mary Wortley Montagu, Montaigne, Montesquieu, Montfaucon, Dr. Moore, Sir John Moore, Necker, Nelson, Netherlands, Newfoundland, Norfolk, Northamptonshire, Northumberland, Mungo Park, Lord Chat-ham, William Pitt. To the *New Edinburgh Review*, in the same years, he contributed a paper on Joanna Baillie's "Metrical Legends," and one on Goethe's "Faust." In 1822 he made the translation of Legendre, and wrote the valuable essay on "Proportion" prefixed to it, though it did not appear until 1824. M. Louis Blanc informed me that he once met with a small French book devoted to the discussion of the mathematical theses of Carlyle, the writer of which was evidently unaware of his author's fame in other matters.

"And now" (toward the close of his twenty-seventh year would be a proximate date) "things brightened a little. Edward Irving, then amid his worshippers in London, had made the acquaintance of a wealthy family, the Bullers, who had a son with whom all teachers had effected nothing. There were two boys, and he named me as likely to succeed with them. It was in this way that I came to take charge of Charles Buller—afterward my dear friend, Thackeray's friend also—and I gradually managed to get him ready for Oxford. Charles and I got to love each other dearly, and we all saw him with pride steadily rising in Parliamentary distinction, when he died. Poor Charles! he was one of the finest youths I ever knew. The engagement ended without regret, but while it lasted was the means of placing me in circumstances of pecuniary comfort beyond what I had previously

known, and of thus giving me the means of doing more congenial work, such as the *Life of Schiller*, and *Wilhelm Meister's Wanderjahre*. But one gaunt form had been brought to my side by the strain through which I had passed, who was not in a hurry to quit—ill health. The reviewers were not able to make much of Wilhelm. De Quincey and Jeffrey looked hard at us. I presently met De Quincey, and he looked pale and uneasy, possibly thinking that he was about to encounter some resentment from the individual whom he had been cutting up. But it had made the very smallest impression upon me, and I was quite prepared to listen respectfully to anything he had to say. And, as I remember, he made himself quite agreeable when his nervousness was gone. He had a melodious voice and an affable manner, and his powers of conversation were unusual. He had a soft, courteous way of taking up what you had said, and furthering it apparently; and you presently discovered that he didn't agree with you at all, and was quietly upsetting your positions one after another."

The review of *Wilhelm Meister* by Jeffrey was one of the notable literary events of the time. Beginning his task with the foregone conclusion that prevailed at Holland House concerning all importations from Germany, even before they were visible, Jeffrey pronounced *Wilhelm Meister* to be "eminently absurd, puerile, incongruous, and affected," "almost from beginning to end one flagrant offense against every principle of taste and every rule of composition." Unfortunately, this was preceded by the statement that the judgment was made "after the most deliberate consideration"; for in the latter part of the review the writer is compelled to regard the translator "as one who has proved by his preface to be a person of talents, and by every part of the work to be no ordinary master of at least one of the languages with which he has to deal"; and finally, this strange review (this time evidently "after the most deliberate consideration") winds up with its confession: "Many of the passages to which we have now alluded are executed with great talent, and we are very sensible are better worth extracting than those we have cited. But it is too late now to change our selections, and we can still less afford to add to them. On the whole, we close the book with some feeling of mollification toward its faults,

and a disposition to abate, if possible, some part of the censure we were impelled to bestow on it at the beginning."

"And now an event which had for a long time been visible as a possibility drew on to consummation. In the loveliest period of my later life here in Edinburgh there was within reach one home and one family—to which again Irving, always glad to do me a good turn—had introduced me. At Haddington lived the Welshes, and there I had formed a friendship with Jane, now Mrs. Carlyle. She was characterized at that time by an earnest desire for knowledge, and I was for a long time aiding and directing her studies. The family were very grateful, and made it a kind of home for me. But when, farther on, our marriage was spoken of, the family—not unnaturally, perhaps mindful of their hereditary dignity (they were descended from John Knox)—opposed us rather firmly. But Jane Welsh, having taken her resolution, showed further her ability to defend it against all comers; and she maintained it to the extent of our presently dwelling man and wife at Comely Bank, and then at the old solitary farmhouse called Craigenputtoch, that is, Hill of the Hawk. The sketch of it in Goethe's translation of my *Schiller* was made by George Moore, a lawyer here in Edinburgh, of whom I used to see something. The last time I saw old Craigenputtoch it filled me with sadness—a kind of Valley of Jehoshaphat. Probably it was through both the struggles of that time, the end of them being not yet, and the happy events with which it was associated. It was there, and on our way there, that the greetings and gifts of Goethe overtook us; and it was there that Emerson found us. He came from Dumfries in an old rusty coach; came one day and vanished the next. I had never heard of him: he gave us his brief biography, and told us of his bereavement in the loss of his wife. We took a walk while dinner was preparing. We gave him a welcome, we were glad to see him: our house was homely, but she who presided there made it in neatness such as was at any moment suitable for a visit from any Majesty. I did not then adequately recognize Emerson's genius; but my wife and I both thought him a beautiful transparent soul, and he was always a very pleasant object to us in the distance. Now and then a letter comes from him, and amid all the smoke and mist of this

world it is always as a window flung open to the azure. During all this last weary work of mine, his words have been nearly the only ones about the thing done—*Friedrich*—to which I have inwardly responded, 'Yes—yes—yes; and much obliged to you for saying that same!' The other day I was staying with some people who talked about some books that seemed to me idle enough; so I took up Emerson's *English Traits*, and soon found myself lost to everything else—wandering amid all manner of sparkling crystals and wonderful, luminous vistas; and it really appeared marvellous how people can read what they sometimes do, with such books on their shelves. Emerson has gone a very different direction from any in which I can see my way to go; but words can not tell how I prize the old friendship formed there on Craigenputtoch hill, or how deeply I have felt in all he has written the same aspiring intelligence which shone about us when he came as a young man, and left with us a memory always cherished.

"After Emerson left us, gradually all determining interests drew us to London; and there the main work, such as it is, has been done; and now they have brought me down here, and got the talk out of me!"

When I left Mr. Erskine's house that night, it was to go to the office of the *Scotsman*, in order to revise the proof of the new Lord Rector's address. Carlyle placed in my hands the notes he had made beforehand for the occasion, saying as he did so that he did not suppose they would assist me much. His surmise proved unhappily true. The notes had been written partly in his own hand, partly by an amanuensis. Those written by the amanuensis had been but little followed in the address, and those added by himself were nearly undecipherable. Already that tremor which so long afflicted his hand when he held a pen—it was much steadier when he used a pencil—afflicted him. The best-written sentences in the notes (now before me) are the lines of Goethe which he repeated at the close of the address, a fac-simile of which I give.

For the rest, I find in these notes some passages which were not spoken, but were meant to reach the public. I therefore quote them here, premising only that where I have supplied more than a con-

Best heard on the hoiss,
 Heard on the Ages,
 The waters and the Ages:
 "Chamwell, & chain is
 Being & at enden.
 "Ham says to regard you
 In University's fellowmen,
 Ham is all fullness,
 The learner, to regard you;
 Work, & sustain rest."

FAC-SIMILE OF CARLYLE'S HANDWRITING.

necting word here and there, such phrase is put in brackets, and mainly taken from what he really did say.

EXTRACTS FROM THE NOTES.

Beautiful is young enthusiasm; keep it to the end, and be more and more correct in fixing on the object of it. It is a terrible thing to be wrong in that—the source of all our miseries and confusions whatever.

The "Seven Liberal Arts" notion of education is now a little obsolete; but try whatever is set before you; gradually find what is fittest for you. This you will learn to read in all sciences and subjects.

You will not learn it from any current set of History Books; but God has *not* gone to sleep, and eternal Justice, not eternal Vulpinism [is the law of the universe].

It was for religion that universities were first instituted; practically for that, under all

changes of dialect, they continue: pious awe of the Great Unknown makes a sacred canopy under which all has to grow. All is lost and futile in universities if that fail. Sciences and technicalities are very good and useful indeed, but in comparison they are as adjuncts to the smith's shop.

There is in this university a considerable stir about endowments. That there should be need of such is not honorable to us at a time when so many in Scotland and elsewhere have suddenly become possessed of millions which they do not know what to do with. Like that Lancashire gentleman who left a quarter of a million to help pay the national debt. Poor soul! All he had got in a life of toil and struggle were certain virtues—diligence, frugality, endurance, patience—truly an invaluable item, but an invisible one. The money which secured all was strictly zero. I am aware, all of us are aware, a little money is needed; but there are limits to the need of money, comparatively altogether narrow limits. To every mortal in this stupendous universe incalculably higher objects than money. The deepest depth of Vulgarism is that of setting up money as our Ark of the Covenant. Devorgilla gave [a good deal of money gathered by John Balliol in Scotland] to Balliol College in Oxford, and we don't want it back; but as to the then ratio of man's soul to man's stomach, man's celestial part to his terrestrial, and even bestial, compared to the now ratio in such improved circumstances, is a reflection, if we pursue it, that might humble us to the dust.

I wrote the same night to Mrs. Carlyle, adding particulars regarding Carlyle himself which I knew she would be glad to hear. Alas! alas! It was but a few weeks after that I placed in Carlyle's hand, when he returned from her grave, the answer to my letter—one of the last she ever wrote. Here it is:

"5 CHEYNE ROW, CHELSEA, 5 April, 1866.

"MY DEAR MR. CONWAY,—The 'disposition to write me a little note' was a good inspiration, and I thank you for it; or rather, accepting it as an inspiration, I thank Providence for it—Providence, 'Immortal Gods,' 'Superior Powers,' 'Destinies,' whichever be the name you like best.

"Indeed, by far the most agreeable part of this flare-up of success, to my feeling, has been the enthusiasm of personal affection and sympathy on the part of his friends. I haven't been so fond of everybody, and so pleased with the world, since I was a girl, as just in these days when reading the letters of his friends, your own included. I am not very well, having done what I do at every opportunity—gone off my sleep; so I am preparing to spend a day and night at Windsor for change of at-

mosphere, moral as well as material. I am in a hurry, but couldn't refrain from saying, 'Thank you, and all good be with you!'

"Sincerely yours, JANE W. CARLYLE."

"Whatever 'triumph' there may have been," said Carlyle, when I next met him, "in that now so darkly overcast day, was indeed *hers*. Long, long years ago, she took her place by the side of a poor man of humblest condition, against all other provisions for her, undertook to share his lot for weal or woe; and in that office what she has been to him and done for him, how she has placed, as it were, velvet between him and all the sharp angularities of existence, is a fact that remains now only in the knowledge of one man, and will presently be finally hid in his grave."

Nothing could be more beautiful than the loving reverence of Carlyle for the delicate, soft-voiced little lady whose epitaph he wrote in words that may here be quoted:

"Here likewise now rests Jane Welsh Carlyle, spouse of Thomas Carlyle, Chelsea, London. She was born at Haddington, 14th July, 1801, only child of the above John Welsh and of Grace Welsh, Caplegell, Dumfries-shire, his wife. In her bright existence she had more sorrows than are common, but also a soft invincibility, a capacity of discernment, and a noble loyalty of heart which are rare. For forty years she was the true and loving helpmate of her husband, and by act and word unweariedly forwarded him as none else could in all of worthy that he did or attempted. She died at London, 21st April, 1866, suddenly snatched away from him, and the light of his life is as if gone out."

When Carlyle's mood was stormiest, her voice could in an instant allay it; the lion was led as by a little child. She sat a gentle invalid on the sofa, and in the end, whatever had been the outburst of indignation, justice was sure to be done, and the mitigation sure to be remembered. I can hear her voice now—"But, Mr. Carlyle, you remember he did act very nobly toward that poor man," etc., followed from the just now Rhadamanthus with, "Ah, yes; he had, after all, a vein of good feeling in him;" and then came the neatest summing up of virtues concerning some personage whose fragments we had despaired of ever picking up. Mrs. Carlyle had a true poetic nature, and an almost infallible insight. In the conversation which went on in the old drawing-room at Chelsea there was no suggestion of things secret or reserved; people with sensitive toes had no careful provision made for them, and had best keep

away; free, frank, and simple speech and intercourse were the unwritten but ever-present law. Mrs. Carlyle's wit and humor were overflowing, and she told anecdotes about her husband under which he sat with a patient look of repudiation until the loud laugh broke out and led the chorus. Now it was when she described his work on Frederick as one of those botanical growths which every now and then come to a knot, which being slowly passed, it grows on to another knot. "What Mr. Carlyle is when one of those knots is reached, must be left to vivid imaginations." Again it was a transitory cook who served up daily some mess described by Carlyle as "Stygian," with "Tartarean" for a variant. She being dismissed, another applicant comes. "Carlyle having, you are aware, deep intuitive insight into human character, goes down to speak to the new woman, and returns to pronounce her a most worthy and honest person. The woman next comes to me, and a more accomplished Sairey Gamp my eyes never looked on. The great coarse creature comes close, eyes me from head to foot, and begins by telling me, 'When people dies, I can lay 'em out perfect.' 'Sairey' was not retained, though I had no doubt whatever of her ability to lay any of us out 'perfect.'" One evening the talk fell on the Brownings. Carlyle had given us the most attractive picture of Robert Browning in his youth. "He had simple speech and manners, and ideas of his own; and I recall a very pleasing talk with him during a walk, somewhere about Croydon, to the top of a hill. Miss Barrett sent me some of her first verses in manuscript, and I wrote back that I thought she could do better than write verses. But then she wrote again, saying: 'What else can I do? Here am I chained to my sofa by disease.' I wrote then, taking back all I had said. Her father was a physician, late from India; a harsh impracticable man, as I have heard, his lightest word standing out like laws of the Medes and Persians. One day she read some verses Browning had written about her." "Oh no," interrupts Mrs. Carlyle, "she wrote something about Browning." "Ah, well," continues Carlyle, "you shall give the revised and corrected edition presently. As I was saying, she wrote something about him, comparing him to some fruit—" "Oh, Mr. Carlyle!" exclaims Mrs. C. "She

compared him," continues Carlyle, "to a nectarine." "That's too bad," says Mrs. Carlyle; "she compared his poetry to a pomegranate—it was suggested by the title of his poems, *Bells and Pomegranates*:"

"And from Browning some pomegranate which,
cut deep down the middle,
Shows a heart within blood-tinctured with a
veined humanity."

"I stand corrected," says Carlyle; "and the lines are very sweet and true;" and he then proceeded to tell the pleasant romance on which he set out with a subtle appreciation and sympathetic admiration which made it sweeter than the tale of the Sleeping Beauty.

The advice which Carlyle gave to Miss Barrett, and which so many will rejoice that she did not follow, but induced him to take back, was characteristic. That Carlyle was himself a poet, all his true readers know; had his early life been happier, it is even probable that he might have broke upon the world with song; but his ideal was too literally a *burden* to rise with full freedom on its wings. He could rarely or never read the rhymes of his contemporaries—Goethe always excepted—without a sense of some frivolity in that mode of expression. The motto of *Past and Present*, from Schiller—"Ernst ist das Leben"—was deeply graven on Carlyle's heart. Thomas Cooper, author of the "Purgatory of Suicides" (dedicated to Carlyle), like so many others who had suffered for their efforts for reform, was befriended by Carlyle. "Twice," says Cooper, "he put a five-pound note in my hand when I was in difficulties, and told me, with a grave look of humor, that if I could never pay him again he would not hang me." Carlyle gave Cooper more than money—a copy of *Past and Present*, and therewith some excellent advice. The letter is fine, and my reader will be glad to read it.

"CHELSEA, September 1, 1845.

"DEAR SIR,—I have received your poem, and will thank you for that kind gift, and for all the friendly sentiments you entertain toward me—which, as from an evidently sincere man, whatever we may think of them otherwise, are surely valuable to a man. I have looked into your poem, and find indisputable traces of genius in it—a dark Titanic energy struggling there, for which we hope there will be a clearer daylight by-and-by. If I might presume to advise, I think I would recommend you to try your next work in *Prose*, and as a

thing turning altogether on *Facts*, not *Fictions*. Certainly the *music* that is very traceable here might serve to irradiate into harmony far profitable things than what are commonly called 'Poems,' for which, at any rate, the taste in these days seems to be irrevocably in abeyance. We have too horrible a practical chaos round us, out of which every man is called by the birth of him to make a bit of *Cosmos*: that seems to me the real Poem for a man—especially at present. I always grudge to see any portion of a man's *musical talent* (which is the real intellect, the real vitality or life of him) expended on making mere words rhyme. These things I say to all my poetic friends, for I am in earnest about them, but get almost nobody to believe me hitherto. From you I shall get an excuse at any rate, the purpose of my so speaking being a friendly one toward you.

"I will request you farther to accept this book of mine, and to appropriate what you can of it. 'Life is a serious thing,' as Schiller says, and as you yourself practically know. These are the words of a serious man about it; they will not altogether be without meaning for you."

Those who have read the "Purgatory of Suicides" will be able to understand the extent to which Carlyle was influenced by his sympathies. A man who, like Cooper, had been in jail for Chartist opinions, might be pretty sure in those days of getting a certificate for some "traces of genius" from Carlyle.

Carlyle and his young wife had visited London before there was any thought of their going to reside there. In February, 1832, they were staying at 4 Ampton Street, Gray's Inn Road. Here one morning Carlyle received a volume addressed to the author of the essay on *Characteristics*. It was acknowledged in a note now in the possession of Mr. Alexander Ireland,* who has permitted me to copy it:

"The writer of the Essay named *Characteristics* has just received, apparently from Mr. Leigh Hunt, a volume entitled *Christianism*, for which he hereby begs to express his thanks. The volume shall be read: to meet the Author of it personally would doubtless be a new gratification.
T. CARLYLE."

* Author of one of the most valuable bibliographical works in existence, *List of the Writings of William Hazlitt and Leigh Hunt, chronologically arranged, etc., and of the Works of Charles Lamb*. This scholarly work contains notes descriptive, critical, and explanatory concerning the works of other great modern authors, and the reception they met with. Mr. Ireland was always the valued personal friend of Carlyle, Emerson, and other literary men. His collection of literary treasures is as rich as any in England.

The volume alluded to bore on its title-page: "*Christianism; or, Belief and Unbelief Reconciled*. Being Exercises and Meditations. 'Mercy and Truth have met together; Righteousness and Peace have kissed each other.' Not for sale: only seventy-five copies printed. 1832." It was a book which completely captivated the heart of Carlyle. It was enlarged and published in 1853 under the title *The Religion of the Heart*, but as it is a production little known I can not forbear offering here an extract from its preface, styled "Introductory Letter," and signed Leigh Hunt:

"To begin the day with an avowed sense of duty, and a mutual cheerfulness of endeavor, is at least an earnest of its being gone through with the better. The dry sense of duty, or even of kindness, if rarely accompanied with a tender expression of it, is but a formal and dumb virtue, compared with a livelier sympathy; and it misses part of its object, for it contributes so much the less to happiness. Affection loves to hear the voice of affection. Love wishes to be told that it is beloved. It is humble enough to seek in the reward of that acknowledgment the certainty of having done its duty. In the pages before you there is as much as possible of this mutual strengthening of benevolence, and as little of dogmatism. They were written in a spirit of sincerity, which would not allow a different proceeding.....Some virtues which have been thought of little comparative moment, such as those which tend to keep the body in health and the mind in good temper, are impressed upon the aspirant as religious duties. What virtues can be of greater consequence than those which regulate the color of the whole ground of life, and effect the greatest purposes of all virtue, and all benevolence? Much is made, accordingly, not only of the bodily duties, but of the very duty of cheerfulness, and of setting a cheerful example. In a word, the whole object is to encourage everybody to be, and to make, happy; to look generously, nevertheless, on such pains, as well as pleasures, as are necessary for this purpose; to seek, as much as possible, and much more than is common, their own pleasures through the medium of those of others; to co-operate with heaven, instead of thinking it has made us only to mourn and be resigned; to unite in the great work of extending knowledge and education; to cultivate a reasonable industry, and an equally reasonable enjoyment; not to think gloomily of this world, because we hope for a better; not to cease to hope for a better, because we may be able to commence our heaven in this."

Carlyle was already weary of the shrill negations, albeit he had accepted many of them, and found in such thoughts and as-

pirations as these the expression of a congenial spirit. He had, indeed, read with admiration Leigh Hunt's previous and public works, but now he longed to know him. The brief note quoted seems to have elicited a cordial response from Leigh Hunt. Here is another note from Carlyle to Leigh Hunt, dated soon after the last quoted:

"4 AMPTON STREET,

"GRAY'S INN ROAD, 20 February, 1832.

"DEAR SIR,—I stay at home (scribbling) till after two o'clock; and shall be truly glad, any morning, to meet in person a man whom I have long, in spirit, seen and esteemed.

"Both my wife and I, however, would reckon it a still greater favor could you come at once in the evening, and take tea with us, that our interview might be the longer and freer. Might we expect you, for instance, on Wednesday night? Our hour is six o'clock; but we will alter it in any way to suit you.

"We venture to make this proposal because our stay in town is now likely to be short, and we should be sorry to miss having free speech of you.

"Believe me, dear Sir, very sincerely yours,
"THOMAS CARLYLE."

It was a characteristic of Carlyle that he never recalled his heart once given. There were many who felt that (as I once heard Mill say) "Carlyle had turned against all his friends," but this was only true of their radicalism, which he once shared. On the other hand, Charles Kingsley, who had shared his reaction in political affairs, kept away from him a good deal because he felt himself to be one of the large number implicitly arraigned in the *Life of Sterling* as the disappointed young ladies who had taken the veil. But Carlyle always spoke affectionately of Kingsley. "I have a very vivid remembrance," he once said, "of Charles coming with his mother to see me. A lovely woman she was, with large clear eyes, a somewhat pathetic expression of countenance, sincerely interested in all religious questions. The delicate boy she brought with her had much the same expression, and sat listening with intense and silent interest to all that was said. He was always of an eager, loving, poetic nature."

With Alfred Tennyson his frequent friendly intercourse was interrupted when the poet went to reside in the Isle of Wight. Until then they used to sit with a little circle of friends under the one tree that made the academe of the Chelsea

home, smoke long pipes, and interchange long arguments. But when Tennyson visited London, they generally met, and were very apt to relapse into the old current of conversation that began under the tree. I may mention here the delicacy of Carlyle toward Tennyson when they were both offered titles at the same time by Disraeli. Carlyle having written his reply declining the offer, withheld it carefully until the answer of Tennyson had been made known, fearing that the latter might in some degree be influenced by the course he himself had resolved to adopt.

Some of Carlyle's earlier friends had been drawn to him by the dazzling attractions of *Sartor Resartus*. A contemporary writer reports of the audiences which attended the lectures on "Heroes" that "they chiefly consisted of persons of rank and wealth," and he added, "There is something in his manner which must seem very uncouth to London audiences of the most respectable class, accustomed as they are to the polished deportment which is usually exhibited in Willis's or the Hanover rooms." Not a few of these Turveydrop folk fell back when they found whither that pillar of fire was leading them.

Dr. John Carlyle told me, with reference to the quaint frame-work of his brother's unique book, that he had no doubt it was suggested by the accounts he (Dr. C.) used to give him of his experiences in Germany while pursuing his medical studies there. There was a Schelling Club, which Schelling himself used to visit now and then, devoted to beer, smoke, and philosophy. The free, and often wild, speculative talks of these cloud-veiled (with tobacco smoke) intelligences of the transcendental Olympus amused his brother Thomas much in the description and rehearsal, and the doctor said he recalled many of the comments and much of the laughter in *Sartor Resartus*. Apart from this frame-work, there never was a book which came more directly from the heart and life of a man, and being for that very reason a chapter of the world's experience, it was a word which came to its own only to find a slow reception. It was a long time before it could find a publisher—this great book into which five years of labor had gone—but at last (1833) Mr. Fraser consented to publish it in his magazine much to the consternation of his readers.

"When it began to appear," said Carlyle, "poor Fraser, who had courageously undertaken it, found himself in great trouble. The public had no liking whatever for that kind of thing. Letters lay piled mountain high on his table, the burden of them being, 'Either stop sending your magazine to me, or stop printing that crazy stuff about clothes.' I advised him to hold on a little longer, and asked if there were no voices in a contrary sense. 'Just two—a Mr. Emerson, of New England, and a Catholic priest at Cork.' These said, 'Send me *Fraser* so long as "*Sartor*" continues in it.'" Some years afterward Carlyle visited Cork, and found out his Roman Catholic reader, and he used to relate, with some drollery, how he was kept waiting for some time because the servant was unwilling to disturb him during some hours of penance and prayer with which he was engaged in the garden.

Sartor Resartus first appeared in book form in New England, edited by Emerson, to whom also is to be credited the collection of Carlyle's miscellaneous papers. Carlyle loved to dwell upon the recognition he had received from New England in the years when he was comparatively unknown in his own country. "There was really something maternal in the way America treated me. The first book I ever saw of mine, the first I could look upon as wholly my own, was sent me from that country, and I think it was the most pathetic event of my life when I saw it laid on my table. The *French Revolution*, too, which alarmed everybody here, and to this day has, I think, brought me no penny here, was taken up in America with enthusiasm, and as much as one hundred and thirty pounds sent to me for it." *Sartor Resartus* and the *Miscellanies* were both published in England in book form in 1838, after their appearance in America.

Mr. Carlyle was much urged about that time to visit the United States, and had intended to do so: he was, I believe, only prevented from fulfilling his intention by the pressure of his labors on the *French Revolution*—more particularly by the necessity of reproducing the first volume of it, which had been burned by a servant-girl.

There is a letter of which my reader will be glad to read a portion in this memoir, and in connection with what has been said concerning the home and circum-

stances amid which *Sartor Resartus* was written. It is Carlyle's letter to Goethe, published in the latter's translation of the *Life of Schiller* (Frankfort, 1830).

"You inquire with such warm interest respecting our present abode and occupations, that I feel bound to say a few words about both, while there is still room left. Dumfries is a pleasant town, containing about fifteen thousand inhabitants, and may be considered the centre of the trade and judicial system of a district which possesses some importance in the sphere of Scottish industry. Our residence is not in the town itself, but fifteen miles to the northwest, among the granite hills and the black morasses which stretch westward through Galloway almost to the Irish Sea. In this wilderness of heath and rock our estate stands forth a green oasis, a tract of ploughed, partly inclosed, and planted ground, where corn ripens, and trees afford a shade, although surrounded by sea-mews and rough-wooled sheep. Here, with no small effort, have we built and furnished a neat, substantial dwelling; here, in the absence of professorial or other office, we live to cultivate literature according to our strength, and in our own peculiar way. We wish a joyful growth to the rose and flowers of our garden; we hope for health and peaceful thoughts to further our aims. The roses, indeed, are still in part to be planted, but they blossom already in anticipation. Two ponies, which carry us everywhere, and the mountain air, are the best medicines for weak nerves. This daily exercise—to which I am much devoted—is my only recreation: for this nook of ours is the loneliest in Britain—six miles removed from any one likely to visit me. Here Rousseau would have been as happy as on his island of St. Pierre. My town friends, indeed, ascribe my sojourn here to a similar disposition, and forebode me no good result. But I came hither solely with the design to simplify my way of life, and to secure the independence through which I could be enabled to remain true to myself. This bit of earth is our own; here we can live, write, and think as best pleases ourselves, even though Zoilus himself were to be crowned the monarch of literature. Nor is the solitude of such great importance; for a stage-coach takes us speedily to Edinburgh, which we look upon as our British Weimar. And have I not, too, at this moment piled up upon

the table of my little library a whole cart-load of French, German, American, and English journals and periodicals—whatever may be their worth? Of antiquarian studies, too, there is no lack. From some of our heights I can descry, about a day's journey to the west, the hill where Agricola and his Romans left a camp behind them. At the foot of it I was born, and there both father and mother still live to love me. And so one must let Time work.

"But whither am I wandering? Let me confess to you I am uncertain about my future literary activity, and would gladly learn your opinion concerning it; at least pray write to me again, and speedily, that I may feel myself united to you. The only piece of any importance that I have written since I came here is an 'Essay on Burns.' Perhaps you never heard of him, and yet he is a man of the most decided genius, but born in the lowest rank of peasant life, and through the entanglements of his peculiar position was at length mournfully wrecked, so that what he effected was comparatively unimportant. He died, in the middle of his career, in the year 1796. We English, especially the Scotch, loved Burns more than any poet that had lived for centuries. I have often been struck by the fact that he was born a few months before Schiller, in the year 1759, and that neither of them ever heard the other's name. They shone like stars in opposite hemispheres, or, if you will, the thick mist of earth intercepted their reciprocal light." Goethe, commenting upon this letter, says that Burns was not unknown to him. He speaks in the highest terms of the exactness with which Carlyle had entered into the life and individuality of Schiller, and of all the German authors whom he had introduced to his countrymen. He prefaces his translation of the *Life of Schiller* with two pictures of the residence of Carlyle. In the year after the above letter was written, Mr. Carlyle wrote another letter to Goethe in reply to one from the latter, which I believe has not been published in England, but is interesting as indicating the feeling in that country toward German literature up to the time at which he began his work. This letter was written on December 22, 1829, and in it Carlyle says: "You will be pleased to hear that the knowledge and appreciation of foreign and especially of German literature spreads with increasing rapidity

wherever the English tongue rules; so that now at the Antipodes, in New Holland itself, the wise men of your country utter their wisdom. I have lately heard that even in Oxford and Cambridge, our two English universities, hitherto looked upon as the stopping-place of our peculiar insular conservatism, a movement in such things has begun. Your Niebuhr has found a clever translator at Cambridge, and at Oxford two or three Germans have already enough employment in teaching their language. The new light may be too strong for certain eyes, yet no one can doubt the happy consequences that shall ultimately follow therefrom. Let nations, as individuals, only know each other, and mutual jealousy will change to mutual helpfulness; and instead of natural enemies, as neighboring countries too often are, we shall all be natural friends."

The servant who burned the *French Revolution* was in the employ of Mrs. Taylor, afterward Mrs. Mill. "One day," said Carlyle, in relating this tragedy, "Mill rushed in and sat there, white as a sheet, and for a time was a picture of speechless terror. At last it came out, amid his gasps, that Mrs. Taylor, to whom he had lent the manuscript, in whose preparation he had been much interested, had laid it on her study table, when her servant-girl had found it convenient for lighting the fire; each day the volume must have been decreasing, until one day the lady, coming in, found scattered about the grate the last burned vestiges of the most difficult piece of work I had yet accomplished. The downright agony of Mill at this catastrophe was such that for a time it required all our energies to bring him any degree of consolation; for me but one task remained in that matter: the volume was rewritten as well as I could do it, but it was never the same book, and I was never again the same man.

"I used to see a good deal of Mill once, but we have silently—and I suppose inevitably—parted company. He was a beautiful person, affectionate, lucid; he had always the habit of studying out the thing that interested him, and could tell how he came by his thoughts and views. But for many years now I have not been able to travel with him on his ways, though not in the least doubtful of his own entire honesty therein. His work on *Liberty* appears to me the most exhaustive statement of precisely that I feel to be untrue

on the subject therein treated. But, alas! the same discrepancy has become now a familiar experience."

I have before me, as I write, a little note, never before published, from Carlyle to Leigh Hunt, dated Craigenputtoch, Dumfries, 20 November, '32, in which he says: "Being somewhat uncertain about the number of your house, I send this under cover to a friend, who will personally see that it reaches its address. If he deliver it in person, as is not impossible, you will find him worth welcoming: he is John Mill, eldest son of India Mill, and, I may say, one of the best, clearest-headed, and clearest-hearted young men now living in London."

John Stuart Mill always seemed to me to grow suddenly aged when Carlyle was spoken of. The nearest to painful emotion in him which I ever saw was when he made that remark, "Carlyle turned against all his friends." I did not and do not think the remark correct. When Carlyle came out with his reactionary opinions, as they were deemed, his friends became afraid of him, and nearly all stopped going to see him at the very time when they should have insisted on coming to a right understanding. Carlyle was not reserved in speaking of the change which had come over his convictions. "I used to go up stairs and down spouting the oratory of all radicals, especially the negro emancipationists. Nor have I the slightest doubt that such people have sometimes put an end to the most frightful cruelties. What worth they put into such work they reaped. But it steadily grew into my mind that of all the insanities that ever gained foot-hold in human minds, the wildest was that of telling masses of ignorant people that it is their business to attend to the regulation of human society. I remember when Emerson first came to see me that he had a great deal to say about Plato that was very attractive, and I began to look up Plato; but, amid the endless dialectical hair-splitting, was generally compelled to shut up the book, and say, 'How does all this concern me at all?' But later on I have read Plato with much pleasure, finding him an elevated soul, spreading a pure atmosphere around one as he reads. And I find him there pouring his scorn on the Athenian democracy—the charming government, full of variety and disorder, dispensing equality alike to equals and unequals—

and hating that set quite as cordially as the writer of the *Latter-Day Pamphlets* hates the like of it now; expressed in a sunny, genial way, indeed, instead of the thunder and lightning with which the pamphlet man was forced to utter it. Let Cleon, the shoemaker, make good shoes, and no man will honor him more than I. Let Cleon go about pretending to be legislator, conductor of the world, and the best thing one can do for Cleon is to remand him to his work, and, were it possible, under penalties. And I demand nothing more for Cleon or Cuffee than I should be prepared to assert concerning the momentarily successful of such who have managed to get titles and high places. In that kind, for example, his Imperial Majesty Napoleon Third—an intensified Fig, as, indeed, must some day appear.”

It became clear to my own mind, after a few months' acquaintance with Carlyle, that he had in his mind a very palpable Utopia, one neither unlovely nor unjust, whose principles, if genuinely applied, would make ordinary conservatives glad enough to accept those of Mill in preference. It was part of his view, for instance, that private proprietorship in land should be abolished; and I well remember him building a long discourse on the English “fee,” Scotch “feu,” as derived of *foi, fides, a trust*, and destined to be that again when Cosmos replaced Chaos. The “paper nobility” would stand small chance in his commonwealth. It was they mainly who usurp the posts of highest work, for which they are incompetent, and keep the true kings, the Voltaires, Burnses, Johnsons, in the exile of mere “talk.” But I also felt that it was by a rare felicity that Margaret Fuller spoke of him as “the Siegfried of England—great and powerful, if not quite invulnerable.” His vulnerable point was a painful longing to make present facts square with his theory and ideal. He could not bear to think the realization of his hope so distant as the world said. He had lived through the generation of bread riots, Chartism, Irish rebellions, trade-union strikes and rattenings, and longed for a fruitful land, with bread for all, work for all, each laborer provided for, disciplined, regulated—a great army of honest and competent toilers, making the earth blossom as a rose, and at the same time dwelling peacefully in patriarchally governed homes. If this could only be realized somewhere!

Then there reached him the tidings that in the Southern States of America there was such a fair country. I found him fully possessed with this idea in 1863. In his longing that his dream should be no dream, but a reality, he had listened to the most insubstantial representations. An enthusiastic Southern lady had repeatedly visited him, and found easy credence to her story that such was the inherent vitality of slavery, and the divine force attending it, that even then, when the South was blockaded, and harassed by war on every side, prosperity was springing up, and factories appearing. Southern theorists, indeed, there were as sincerely visionary as himself, and they came to him personally with a wonderful scheme, by which the South and the West Indies were to be constituted into one great nation, in which the physical beauty of the country would only be surpassed by the songs of the happy negroes working in their own natural clime, untainted by any of the mad, wild strife between labor and capital, the greed of pelf, or the ambitions of corrupt politics. As a Southerner myself, I had another story to tell. A dream as fair had been driven from my own heart and mind, when I was able to look beyond the peaceful homes of one or two small districts in my beloved Virginia to the actual condition of the average South, and I laid before him the facts which had expelled that dream. One or two of the simplest facts which I narrated, on a day when we walked in Hyde Park, so filled him with wrath at the injustice perpetrated that his denunciations attracted the attention of loungers in the Park. I saw before me the same man that afterward so deeply sympathized with the wronged African Langualele, when Bishop Colenso came over from Natal to plead for him against English oppressors—the man whose voice has helped to arrest the schemes to obtain English aid for the European slave-trader, “the unspeakable Turk.”

Carlyle was always most patient when he was vigorously grappled with about his facts, perhaps from a half-consciousness that there lay his weakness, and from a natural honesty of mind. Soon after David A. Wasson had written to him that stern and dignified paper which appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*, he asked me about Wasson, and remarked that he seemed to be “an honest, sturdy, and valiant kind of man.” Subsequently I had

the pleasure of introducing to him the friendly but severe critic in question, and I have rarely seen him so genial in conversation with any American.

Carlyle awakened from his dream of a beautiful patriarchal society in the Southern States slowly, but he did awake. One day he received from the Rev. Dr. Furness, of Philadelphia, as a reply to his "Ilias in Nuce," a photograph taken of the lacerated back of a negro, with the words, "Look upon this, and may God forgive your cruel jest!" He asked me about Dr. Furness, and I was able to give him an account which relieved him from the suspicion that the picture was "got up" for partisan purposes. A good many things made him, as I thought, uneasy about his position in those days. But the staggering blow, dealt with all the force of love, came from Emerson. It was early in October, 1864, that I found him reading and re-reading a letter from Emerson. Long years before he had written to an American, "I hear but one voice, and that comes from Concord": the Voice had now come to him again, freighted with tenderness, but also with terrible truth. He bade me read the letter. It spoke of old friendship, conveyed kindest sympathies to Mrs. Carlyle—always an invalid, mentioned pleasantly a friend whom Carlyle had introduced; but then the sentences turned to fire—fire in which love was quick as enthusiasm was burning. With simplest sorrow and wonder he spoke of hearing Carlyle quoted against the cause of humanity, but could not make up his mind to believe it. There must be some strange misunderstanding and mistake. Carlyle must for once be experimenting on idlers, must be, etc., etc. But he could not by any means be disguised from those eyes that saw deep; they knew him better than he knew himself, perhaps, certainly better than others knew him; and so Carlyle felt when he read in this letter, at the close, "Keep the old kindness, which I prize above words."

"No danger but *that* will be kept," said Carlyle. "For the rest, this letter, the first I have received from Emerson this long time, fills me with astonishment. That the cleanest mind now living—for I don't know Emerson's equal on earth for perception—should write so is quasi-miraculous. I have tried to look into the middle of things in America, and I have seen nothing but a people cutting throats

indefinitely to put the negro into a position for which all experience shows him unfit. Two Southerners have just been here. One of them, I should say, has some negro blood in him, and he said, quietly, the Southerners will all die rather than submit to reunion with the North. The other, a Mr. John R. Thompson, brought me an autograph letter from Stonewall Jackson."

I knew Mr. Thompson very well, and said that there could be no doubt whatever of his honor and sincerity. No one could be more sensible than I was that there were in the South many excellent people, earnest and even religious believers in the system of slavery. It had been the heaviest tragedy of my personal life when I came to feel and know that so much heart and sincerity as that amid which I grew up in Virginia were pitted against all the necessary and irresistible currents and forces of the universe. My old Virginian relatives and friends, or most of them, failed to get that point of view from outside which residence in free States had opened to me with personally sorrowful results, and they could not see that the movement for emancipation in the United States was fed from world-wide sources. They thought me a traitor to them, I feared, though I would die to do them any service. They regarded the abolitionists as wicked, self-seeking men, and they were certainly therein proceeding against the fact and the truth. Was Emerson a wicked, self-seeking man? I had known Emerson—refined, retiring, loving solitude, hating mobs—I have known him for this cause face a wild mob; and it was along with Garrison, Wendell Phillips, and others who had thrown away all self-interest and all popularity to plead for justice to the race most powerless to repay them.

Carlyle said, after a long pause, and in the gentlest voice: "All the worth they or you have put into this thing will return to you. You must be patient with me when I say how it all appears to me. I can not help admiring the Northern people for their determination to maintain their Union. There is Abraham Lincoln" (taking up a photograph I had brought); "plainly a brave, sincere kind of man, who seemed to me crying to the country, 'Come on!' without in the least knowing where he was leading them, or even with quiet doubts whether he might

not be leading them to a struggle against the laws of this universe. The Americans will probably never believe it, but no man feels more profoundly interested and concerned for all he believes really for their good than the man who now speaks to you. Notwithstanding all the irritation which the Americans feel toward England, America owes a great deal to England; a vast deal of English courage, wealth, literature, have gone to give America her start in the world; and I have always believed it would be paid back, with compound interest, in the steady working out to demonstration of the utter and eternal impossibility of what Europe is pursuing under the name of Democracy. The Americans are powerful, but they can not make two men equal when the universe has determined that they are and shall be unequal. They may pursue that road, and believe they are on the way to *Je-rusalem*, but they shall find it *Ge-henna* that is finally arrived at. Nor can I doubt that an increasing number of men in America perceive this just as clearly as I do, whatever they may think of negro slavery. Many an intelligent American has told me in this room what evils their country has suffered from a vast mass of crass ignorant suffrage; and I have even come to envy America her advantage over England, inasmuch as her democratic smash up bids fair to precede ours, with little chance of preventing it. I believe it even probable that the rule of men competent to rule—as against both sham nobility and the ignorant populace—will be first established in the United States."

Carlyle was talking in this way once when an eminent American clergyman was present, and the latter began to defend with energy the right of every man to an equal vote. "Well," said Carlyle, "I do not believe that state can last in which Jesus and Judas have equal weight in public affairs."

A few years ago Mrs. Charles Lowell, of Cambridge, with characteristic tact, sent Carlyle a copy of the memorial volume of the Harvard students who fell in the civil war. He read this volume with care, and when afterward Mrs. Lowell presented herself in person at his door, he seized her hand with the utmost cordiality, and confessed to her that he had been mistaken in his judgment upon that contest and its causes. "I doubt I have been

mistaken," he said, and to other friends he declared that he now realized that there was much in the American struggle which he had not comprehended. In recent years nothing could be more marked than his kindness and attention to his American visitors.

No man was a stronger hater of tyranny. He rejoiced in the American Revolution, and also in the story of the Dutch as related by Motley—a historian of whose works he spoke very warmly indeed. "Those Dutch are a strong people. They raised their land out of a marsh, and went on for a long period of time breeding cows and making cheese, and might have gone on with their cows and cheese till doomsday. But Spain comes over and says, 'We want you to believe in St. Ignatius.' 'Very sorry,' reply the Dutch, 'but we can't.' 'God! but you *must*,' says Spain; and they went about with guns and swords to make the Dutch believe in St. Ignatius; never made them believe in him, but did succeed in breaking their own vertebral column forever, and raising the Dutch into a great nation." Louis Napoleon was simply "a swindler who found a people ready to be swindled." Speaking of the "mere worship of force," which had been attributed to him, he said: "Most of that which people call force is but the phantasm of it, not reverend in the slightest degree to any sane mind. Here is some small unnoted thing silently working, or for the most part invisibly, in which lies the real force. Plenty of noise and show of power around us. Men in the pulpits, platforms, street corners, crying (as I hear it), 'Ho! all ye that wish to be convinced of the thing that is not true, come hither'; but the quietly *true* thing prevails at last. I admire Phocion there among those oratorical Athenians. Demosthenes says to him, 'The Athenians will get mad and kill you some day.' 'Yes,' says Phocion—'*me* when they are mad, *you* when they are in their senses.' They sent Phocion to look after Philip, who was coming against them. Phocion returned and told them they could do nothing against Philip, and had better make peace with him. All the tongues began to wag and abuse him. Phocion quietly broke his staff, and cast the pieces to them. 'Let me be out of it altogether.' Demosthenes and the orators had it their own way, and the Athenians were defeated. They then had to go to Phocion to

get them out of the trouble as well as he could. I think of all this when they tell me Mr. So-and-so has made a tremendous speech. If I had my way with that eloquent man, I should say to him, 'Have you yourself done, or tried to do, any of these fine things you talk about?' 'Done?' he would most likely have to say; 'quite the reverse. The more I say them, the less need have I to do them.' Then I would just snip a little piece of that eloquent tongue off. And the next time he made an eloquent speech, I would put to him the same question, and when the like reply came, I would snip another small piece of his tongue off. And in the end very little, most likely nothing at all, of that eloquent tongue would be left. If he could not then act, at least my fine orator could be silent. The strongest force in Europe just now—Bismarck—is the silentest. He completes the slow work of seven hundred years, but neither with tongue nor pen. Not the least service he is doing Europe, could the people give right heed to it, might be regarded his demonstration that most of the men esteemed as powerful are only wind-bags."

I should remark that this was said long before Prince Bismarck was suspected of conniving with the Pope. Since then I never heard Carlyle mention him. Carlyle might scold the Socialists, but his hatred was reserved for Jesuitism.

Carlyle has suffered much from having his humorous exaggerations taken, as one might say, underfoot of the letter. If the parties of progress have been misled by this kind of interpretation, still more have those been mistaken who have inferred from his anti-democratic utterances a disposition to court the aristocracy. When, in the latter years of his life, those of high rank who had forgotten, or had never read, what he used to write about "paper nobility," began to make much of Carlyle, his tone occasionally showed that he remembered another story of his favorite Phocion, how when the Athenian assembly applauded, he turned to his friends and asked "what bad thing he had let slip." When the Emperor of Germany sent him the Order for Civil Merit (founded by Frederick the Great), he did not refuse it; but, as the world knows, he would not accept the patronage at home, which might imply an admission that honest thought is to be paid in royal decorations. When, about

the time in which the German honor to the biographer of Frederick came, Queen Victoria sought an interview with him, he met her at the residence of the Dean of Westminster, and her Majesty became aware that she was in the presence of a man beyond all fictions of etiquette when he said, "Your Majesty sees that I am an old man, and if you will allow me to be seated, I may perhaps be better able to converse." The Queen bowed assent, but she had never before conversed with one of her subjects on such terms of equality. And when at length the decoration of the Grand Cross of the Bath was offered and declined, the throne, the ministry, and the people heard once more from the vicinity of Ayr the brave song:

"A prince can mak a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might—
Guid faith he mauna fa' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities, and a' that,
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
Are higher ranks than a' that."

Carlyle was sensible of a certain magnanimity in Disraeli's proffer of this honor, for he had written some severe things about the Prime Minister. The two men had never been introduced to each other. Disraeli perhaps thought that Carlyle remembered an early satire he had written upon him, which was not the case, Carlyle being always utterly free from personal resentments of that kind. Their point of nearest contact was when they were sitting together upon the late Lord Derby's commission of the National Portrait Gallery. On that occasion the portrait of Lord Brougham (he being still living) was offered, and though all present felt that the acceptance of it would be a bad precedent—since politicians might utilize the gallery to advance their fame—yet all hesitated to oppose the offer save one. Carlyle rose up and said that "since the rest hesitated, he begged leave to move that the Brougham picture be for the present rejected." The motion was adopted; and Disraeli left his seat, went round to where Carlyle was, and stood before him for a few moments, uttering no word, but fairly *beaming* upon the only man who had the courage to do that which all felt to be right.

Disraeli's letter to Carlyle was not only munificent—offering not only the Order, but also what sum of money might be de-

sired to support it—but it was expressed with the finest taste and feeling. This Order was fixed on because it had been kept more pure than others; and “since you, like myself, are childless,” wrote the Premier, the common baronetcy seemed less appropriate. Carlyle wrote an equally courteous and noble reply in declining—whose sentences I will not venture to record from memory, as no doubt the world will soon be enabled to read the correspondence—but with a fine delicacy withheld it until his friend Tennyson should have responded to a similar offer. One honor Carlyle did value—the naming of a green space in Chelsea “Carlyle Square.”

Carlyle never thoroughly enjoyed art. Had that side of him not been repressed in early life, his last years had been happier. He had, indeed, on his walls some beautiful pictures, but they were portraits, or pictures which had got there for some other reason than that they were works of art. When he first came to London he had a prejudice even against portraits. Count d’Orsay was only able to make his clever sketch half surreptitiously. I myself remember the difficulty which artists had in persuading him to sit for a picture. The first to coax him in that direction was Madox Brown. This excellent artist designed a picture of “Work,” in which he desired to introduce the Rev. Frederic D. Maurice as a working-man’s friend, and Carlyle as the Prophet of Work. He had no difficulty with Maurice, but Carlyle refused to sit, and could barely be persuaded to accompany the artist to South Kensington, and stand against a rail while a photographer took the full-length which Madox Brown needed. Carlyle made a slight grimace, however, and said, “Can I go now?” The completed picture represented builders busy on the street; some fashionably dressed ladies are picking their way past the bricks and mortar; Maurice looks on meditatively, and with some sadness in his face, at this continuance of the curse, “In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat thy bread”; while Carlyle rejoices in it, and while leaning on his cane laughs heartily—this laugh being the outcome of the grimace which he left on the photograph. Few of his portraits are good, partly, no doubt, because of the somewhat miserable look which spread over his face whenever he was induced to sit for his portrait. However, he gradually gained a respect for

the artist’s work, and expressed a child-like surprise and pleasure at seeing his face emerge from the chaos of pigments. Perhaps the best picture of him as a young man was that taken almost surreptitiously by Count d’Orsay, soon after the publication of *Sartor Resartus*. The only satisfactory picture I have ever seen of him is that by Tait, owned by Lady Ashburton. “An Interior at Chelsea,” by G. F. Watts, is too gloomy; that made by Whistler is a striking work, but makes the author, as he sits in a rude chair, hat in hand, too much like a beggar at a church door. Woolner’s bust is powerful, but the better part of Carlyle can not be suggested in marble; granite would be a better medium. Generally photographers have done him more justice than the painters.

What vague notions Carlyle had of art, even so late as 1850, may be gathered from a little note he wrote that year to Leigh Hunt, from which its possessor permits me to take a sentence: “One of my people to-night, an accomplished American, has begged a card of introduction to you. He is a son of a certain noted Judge Story; is himself, I believe, a kind of *sculptor* and artist, as well as a lawyer. Pray receive him if he call. You will find him a friendly and entertaining and entertaining man.” He had much admiration for his neighbor John Leech, and thoroughly enjoyed his cartoons in *Punch*. When that great master of caricature died prematurely of a nervous disorder, from which it was thought he might have recovered but for the organ-grinders, Carlyle, who suffered from the same fraternity, mingled with his sorrow for Leech some severe sermons against that kind of liberty which “permitted Italian foreigners to invade London, and kill John Leech, and no doubt hundreds of other nervous people, who die and make no sign.” John Leech was doing his work thoroughly well, and that is the only liberty worth anything. Carlyle did not attend the theatre. I have sometimes suspected that there was in him a survival of the religious horror of theatres which prevailed at Annandale. He went to hear Charles Dickens read his works, and enjoyed that extremely. “I had no conception, before hearing Dickens read, of what capacities lie in the human face and voice. No theatre stage could have had more players than seemed to flit about his face, and all

tones were present. There was no need of any orchestra." He also liked to go and hear Mr. Ralston, the charming and scholarly story-teller, recite and interpret his fairy lore. These enjoyments were very rare, however, as, indeed, they were poor beside the scenery of history, the heroic figures of great men, and the world drama, on which the eye of Carlyle never closed. The dramatic and other arts came within his reach too late in life. He had passed the age when he could enjoy them for beauty or turn them to use; and when the farther age came, and the feebleness which the arts might have beguiled, he had no pleasure in them.

Carlyle's was not only an essentially religious mind, but even passionately so. His profound reverence, his ever-burning flame of devout thought, made him impatient of all such substitutes for these as dogmas and ceremonies—the lamps gone out long ago. There was a sort of divine anger that filled him whenever forced to contemplate selfishness and egotism in the guise of humility and faith.

GEORGE ELIOT.

WHENEVER the life of George Eliot is written, it is plain that the interest will be found to lie chiefly in the records of her mind, as shown by what of her conversation can be preserved and by her correspondence. For of outward events her life had few. She shunned rather than courted publicity, and there will be nothing to satisfy any of those who look for exciting narratives in biography. The time, however, is not come for such a record. Her loss is obviously too recent to her own family and friends to enable them to sift and winnow with impartiality what may be at their disposal. We must be content to wait, and in the mean time merely gather up whatever may be known of one who has long been so much to so many on both sides of the Atlantic. Few of the notices which have yet appeared have been complete, and some have been incorrect. We will here attempt to relate, as far as may be, what there is to tell of her life, and try to give those who had not the great honor of her personal acquaintance some portrait of what she was.

No doubt it is difficult to judge those who live in our own immediate time. The greatest are sometimes hardly appreciated, the insignificant are given too high a

position, by those among whom they live. The sure verdict of the years can alone decide whether she whom we mourn was as great as we deem her. Great she surely was, with no ordinary greatness, who has so swayed the thoughts and moved the heart of her own generation.

Mary Ann Evans—not Marian, though this name was afterward given her by the affection of friends, and was that by which she frequently signed herself—Mary Ann Evans was born at Griff House, near Nuneaton, on the 22d November, 1820. Her father, Mr. Robert Evans, who had begun life as a master-carpenter, came from Derbyshire, and had become land agent to several important properties in that rich Warwickshire district. The sketches of Mr. Burge in *Adam Bede* and of Caleb Garth in *Middlemarch* would give a fair idea of her father's life in these two positions, although it must not be for a moment supposed that either of them was intended as a definite portrait. Her mother died when she was fifteen, and her father afterward removed to Foleshill, near Coventry, with which removal her childish life closed. It is not unlikely that the time will come when, with one or other of her books in their hand, people will wander among the scenes of George Eliot's early youth, and trace each allusion, as they are wont to do at Abbotsford or Newstead, and they will recognize the photographic minuteness and accuracy with which these scenes, so long unvisited, had stamped themselves on the mind of the observant girl.

Maggie Tulliver's Childhood is clearly full of the most accurate personal recollections, not, indeed, of scenery, for St. Oggs is the town of Gainsborough, in Lincolnshire, from which the physical features of the tale were taken. But her inner life as a child is described in it and in the autobiographical sonnets called "Brother and Sister." The "Red Deeps," however, the scene of Maggie's spiritual awakening, were near her own home, and had evidently been a favorite haunt of the real Maggie in childhood. So, too, the churches and villages, and the town described in the *Scenes of Clerical Life*, are all drawn from her own intimate experiences. "Cheveril Manor" is Arbury Hall, the seat of the Newdegates, Mr. Robert Evans's early patrons; Knebley, described in *Mr. Gilfil's Love Story*, is Astley Church, hard by; Shepperton, in