

themselves, and to the institution they represent. None of them are indulging in blustering talk, but each one has settled down to the commendable occupation known as "sawing wood."

As a means of breaking the news gently to those interested, we will state that the university orator will be "there or thereabouts" when the decision is made at the state contest.

It is to be hoped, that there will be an item in the coming appropriations, providing for the improvement of the campus.

LITERARY.

Perhaps no man who has ever stood before the public as an English author was thoroughly un-English as Thomas Carlyle. His life, his habits, and his literature were most decidedly German. The mansion on Piccadilly, the sedate tea parties, the literary clubs, and even the coveted tomb in old Westminster, so dear to the heart of every Englishman, were things of no moment to Carlyle. He was a recluse, not that he had any aversion for men, but that he loved his books and loved Nature better. He saw little of society; yet, though he never bent his knee to it, he never trampled upon its laws. He was merely indifferent to it, for he was one of the few men who can live utterly independent of it, while those who condemn it most severely, cling to it as the only thing which can give them zest or ambition enough to live. He respected social laws, for they are the outgrowth of man's honest sentiments of what is best to be done in his conduct toward his fellows. He revered any production of the hand or of the mind of man, be it some old rune cut upon stone in an English forest, or a social code which allotted to his higher, stronger nature and passions the same sphere of action as to every coal heaver on the streets of London. He said but little of the great vices of the time or of the wrongs which he himself suffered. He bore no sense of enmity toward any one; he only pitied,—with all the strength of his great heart,—pitied everything that lived.

Carlyle posed but poorly as a political economist. His love and sympathy for humanity were boundless, and he understood great minds and earnest souls as no other man ever has. In this lay his power as a biographer and as a historian. He could understand how the Marsellaise might set men's hearts on fire; the storming of the Bastille, and the revolt of the women, pictures after his own heart, in which the hot blood of the old sea kings still raged. The passions and the sincerity of the French revolution made it sacred to him. But of the liberals of his own country, men who demanded rights but never shed one drop of honest blood in defense of them; whose revolts were mere riots, instigated neither by principle nor by patriotism, but by sullen anger; whose aspirations rose from an ale glass, and found their tomb therein—of these he understood nothing; they were dark enigmas to him; he was "above them all, alone with the stars." Moreover, Carlyle was not a practical man. He knew, for instance, that education is the right of every man, and that it is the most potent factor in the suppression of crime. But when the English liberals rushed upon him, asking whether education should be compulsory; at what age this compulsory education should begin; at whose expense; and whether the schools should be sectarian, he was utterly aghast. He was only an awkward fellow, born a peasant, and a peasant

always, with a great genius, and a soul sincere as truth itself. He could handle the most profound problem in metaphysics delicately enough, but he was dull and bungling when he tried to grasp political theories. Perhaps the gist of the whole matter was, that he was always looking for a cause, or for its effect in everything, both of which are somewhat difficult to find in modern English politics. He was always dreaming too, one half his heart was always in Valhalla. The best traits of character, and the strongest powers of his mind belonged to other times and to other people.

He went far out into one of the most desolate spots of Scotland, and made his home there. There among the wild heaths, and black marshes, and grim dark forests, which have remained unchanged since the time of the Picts and the Saxons, he did his best work. He drew his strength from those wild landscapes; he breathed into himself the fury of the winds; the strength of the storm went into his blood. Carlyle was the greatest painter in England. His pictures were not wild sketches of imagination, but were photographs from nature.

Like Scott, he lived much in the open air, and might be seen evening after evening striding the heath, or climbing the rocky hills, his tall, angular figure, braced to the wind, standing out sharply against the stormy red sunset.

It is well known that Carlyle's married life was not strictly a happy one, and that Mrs. Carlyle sometimes complained bitterly of his indifference to her. The wife of an artist, if he continues to be an artist, must always be a secondary consideration with him; she should realize that from the outset. Art of every kind is an exacting master, more so even than Jehovah. He says only, "Thou shalt have no other gods before me." Art, science, and letters cry, "Thou shalt have no other gods at all." They accept only human sacrifices. There are few women who love an abstract ideal well enough to see this, fewer still who like Mary Shelley, will honor it, and submit to such treatment without jealousy. It is very likely that Carlyle used violent language when interrupted in one of the soliloquies of *Teufelsdröckh* to be informed that his coffee was ready. Very likely Mrs. Carlyle was much hurt and grieved; she certainly made excellent coffee. She would have liked it better if he had lived in London, and put on a white tie and a dress coat, and gone to the receptions. She hated this solitude which was her husband's inspiration, and indeed it must have been very unpleasant for her. The lack of harmony in their conjugal relations was due to the faults of neither, but was merely a very unfortunate circumstance.

Carlyle's was one of the most intensely reverent natures of which there is any knowledge. He saw the divine in everything. His every act was a form of worship, yet it was fortunate that he did not enter the ministry. He would have been well enough in the pulpit, though he would have preached on Scandinavian mythology, and on the Hindoo, as well as on the Hebrew faith; but he could never have smiled benignly at the deaconess' tea parties, nor have praised the deacon's stock, nor have done the thousand other little things requisite for success. The minister of to-day should be as shrewd a wire-puller as the politician. He would have gone to the kirk with the very best intentions, and, being suddenly struck with some idea while ascending his pulpit stairs, would have made an eloquent and a powerful address upon the doctrines of Buddha, at which his audience would either have gone to sleep, or have been shocked, as they happened to feel listless or irritable. He was too passionately, too intensely religious to confine himself to any one creed. He could never see why Saint Peter's and the Coliseum should