

and make laughter with as keen wit, as any happier man. To the very few friends in whom he truly believed, Carlyle was a genial pleasant companion. He did not show his worse humors in public. Irritable, arrogant and very proud he was everywhere, but it was only within his own four walls that he was a grumbling, tyrannical misanthrope. Poor Mrs. Carlyle was the only one who really suffered from his tempestuous fault-finding. He has been severely blamed for his treatment of his wife, has been pictured as a very brute towards her. In truth, he was only a rough, blundering man who did not understand a woman's nature, who did not know, until he was told of it, that he had been unkind. He was selfish in his sufferings; it did not occur to him that his wife suffered also. The knowledge of his unconscious cruelty to her whom he loved better than any one, except his peasant mother, came upon him after her death as a stern terrible surprise. A pitiful, heart-broken sorrow for what he had so unwittingly done added so much to the misery of his lonely later years. The domestic unhappiness in the Chelsea household was only another result of the unhappy temperament of its master. He should not be blamed for it; he should only be pitied.

It was not ambition that made Carlyle a writer of books. He did not choose a literary life; he was forced into it because there was no other way open for him. He studied for the ministry, for the bar, he found that neither profession suited him. He tried to obtain work in active life, but all to no purpose. It was not until he was almost an old man, that the truth came home to him that he was not to be an actor on any stage of public life, but must simply be a commentator on the acts of other men.

He was a severe critic, often an unjust one. He savagely denounced the men and the methods of his time. Politically, socially, morally, English life, as he saw it, seemed a farce-pretense, with little that was real or sincere about it except, the suffering of the starving paupers. He belonged to no political party. He simply looked on, and thought the world was all gone wrong, and felt it his stern duty to preach that a just God would punish with a punishment as inevitable and as terrible as it would be just. He told the English people that they were sowing poverty and enforced idleness among their mechanics and farmers,—seed that might some day cover their whole land with the crimson blooms of a French Revolution. Perhaps he was right, perhaps wrong, it does not matter now. But he believed what he said and was terribly in earnest about it. His countrymen read his strange words, thought and talked about them. The stately House of Lords became agitated and a trifle alarmed, and passed reform laws that otherwise might not have passed at all. Yet few of them believed what the prophet had spoken.

It was not a matter of ill-temper that Carlyle hated the petty shows and vanities of London life. The fine parties and balls, the frivolous callers, the fashionable late dinners, could neither be pleasant or profitable to a simple peasant, a man who felt that life was a very serious business. He had been born and bred among simple, unworldly people, and he was like them always. His sincerity was only an intense application of the lessons he had learned in his boyhood. His style, which had been explained and accounted for in diverse ways, was in many respects like the stern mode of speech that made the neighbors fear and admire James Carlyle.

Carlyle was an intense lover of nature. Yet he had no artistic appreciation of form or color. His feeling was only like that of the old Norse people he understood so well. He saw the workings of a great divine power in everything. The natural was always supernatural to him. He had no patience with the scientists who were trying to explain the mystery of world; for to him that mystery was and

unexplainable. He never stopped to think of the physical laws that govern the rising of the sun; he could only look, and wonder,—and worship God. He belonged to no religion; he scarcely ever attended church. The fixed forms, and ceremonies, and recited prayers were hardly endurable to him. Yet he was stern and devout in his belief in a living God. He was a Puritan who had lost his creed.

The long stormy life ended peacefully. Quietly and without show, the greatest man of his time was laid to rest among his kindred in the humble Scotch kirkyard. The worldly honor of a tomb in Westminster Abby was refused as all empty honors were during his life. He knew that he had only tried to do his duty. The only epitaph that seems fitting for him is what he had written of his father: "He liveth to do all his work, and he did it manfully."

Literary Notes.

Marie Corelli is Queen Victoria's favorite novelist.

Thomas Hardy's characters are studies from real life.

Hereafter the *New Englander* is to be the *Yale Record*.

Mrs. Kate Upson Clark has assumed editorial control of the *Romance*.

The new Author's club, of London, will admit as members American literary men.

A cablegram has been sent from New York to London and an answer received in four minutes.

"A statement that won't wash" can't be trusted to the dampened tissue of the official letter book.—*Puck*.

Madame Daudet, wife of Alphonso Daudet, is a charming woman and an author. Her writings are mostly delightful children's stories.

A statue of Christopher Columbus is to be raised at New Haven, Conn. It is to be made of bronze, eight and one-half feet high, and cost \$17,000.

A book entitled, "The Last Words of Thomas Carlyle" is about to be published. This contains Carlyle's only novel, "Wolton Reinfred," and some of his other unpublished works.

The discovery of how to produce organic compounds has led to an endless criticism and fear of science. Writers are constantly endeavoring to harmonize the two ideas. Perhaps the ablest work of this kind is Le Conte's "Evolution and Religion."

Miss Slimdiet,—Here is an advertisement of "a literary man" who wants board. Does he say he's a literary man to show he is a person of refinement and culture?

Mrs. Slimdiet,—No; it's to show that he can not pay much.—*Puck*.

The spirit of H. W. Bowen's volume of sonnets, "Losing Ground," is admirable. It is an earnest appeal for a purer, more self-sacrificing public spirit in our country. Its value as poetical contribution to literature is not great. "Most of it is excellent prose, and, although the eye discerns the author's poetical intent, the unaided ear would often remain unaware of it."

It is hoped that one of the effects of the international copy right act will be to harmonize the English and American methods of spelling. Now, brother Jobathan has no idea of bothering himself to spell honor "honour," while brother John knows that "honour" is the only correct form. It is expedient that the spelling of honor, as well as other words, where a disagreement exists, should be brought to some conformity between the two countries.

The following article is taken from the *Bookman*, an English paper. "The first impression that a bookman receives