

far better work in stimulating them to get the best education at any sacrifice, in the full confidence that it is the best paying and most "practical" investment that a young man can make. The time is fast approaching when not only part but all of this opposition will be removed.

The Student's Scrap-book.

CARLYLE AND LORD JEFFREY.

Perhaps there is no essay of Carlyle's which so shames him, which so exhibits his own small, dried up heart and his expanded, never expended, opinion of himself, as his "reminiscence" of Lord Jeffrey. It has the mark of being composed in somewhat simpler style than much of Carlyle's work and contains one or two quite brilliant epigrams, thrown in as *mots*, aside; but given as the remembrance of the life of one who supposed himself something more than an acquaintance, a friend, and with whom friendly relations were maintained during life, it is a discourteous exposure which should never have been published. In it, Carlyle speaks and thinks constantly of himself as infinitely the superior of his friend in learning, depth of thought and "mysticism." Seldom has here been revealed to the world such a vain and altogether treacherous person as Carlyle in this shows himself to be.

From the first time they met, when Carlyle, the then unknown, was very obsequious, Lord Jeffrey was a benefactor to him. He immediately printed in the *Edinburgh Review*, then under his charge, the first article which the young Carlyle offered him, a study of "Jean Paul," which was quite in itself an introduction to the literary circles of literary Edinburgh, and when the graver article on "German Literature" followed, Thomas Carlyle found himself already famous in a fashion—Jeffrey had brought him out and for this alone he should have been eternally grateful, but he takes it rather as his due, all of it, though he had been waiting now ten years to meet this famous man!

They soon grew intimate, on the strength of what it is hard to say, for they had little in common it would seem. They had "long discussions and argumentative parryings and thrustings," but as they were opposite in radical principles neither could persuade the other; and so the more obstinate concludes, wisely enough perhaps, that it was not very profitable exercise. Jeffrey tried practically to help his friend by getting a professor's chair at St. Andrews and again at London University, but failed. He seems to have been uniformly patient with the impulsive youth, even though, as Carlyle himself admits, the younger man struck a tone which did not quite become their respective ages and positions. Their visits back and forth appear to have been free, of pleasure and in sincere spirit.

In speaking of Mrs. Jeffrey, the American Miss Wilkes, Carlyle manages to drag in a most uncivilized, boorish remark upon our civil war, a slur which should never fail to be thrown in the balance by all impartial readers when making their estimate of Carlyle. He said, then, "She was the sister of the 'Commodore Wilkes' who boarded the *Trent* some years ago, and almost involved us in

war with Yankee land, during that beautiful nigger agony or 'civil war' of theirs!" Turning for relief from the dark, word-jumbled *Sartor Resartus*, or the scarcely more satisfactory *Hero Worship* to the calm, meditative review of a contemporary, must we be confronted with a sentence like the above, so unworthy the pen of a man of letters, so unlike a Briton. What shall we say of the style of a writer who will, from the most carefully poised English sentences, fall at one breath so low as to call our late war a "beautiful nigger agony."

As Carlyle rises in worldly reputation—which he always affected to despise—he appears to think and care less for Jeffrey. He was not rich, indeed he was poor, and Jeffrey knew it and in the kindest possible manner offered to confer upon him an annuity of £100, which Carlyle makes great show in refusing, with, "each man to live on his own resources," and answers like that. But he found it convenient to borrow the same amount shortly after from Lord Jeffrey. Upon which Carlyle "endeavored to be thankful." And it is about this time that he observes upon the learned barrister that he did not find his "the brightest kind of insight in regard to any province whatever," refuses him the title of "deep" and discovers that he had no views which he (Carlyle) might adopt in preference to his own. Such is self-willed conceit.

When Carlyle goes to London he writes and obtains favors from his friend, now the Lord Advocate and in Parliament, and in return belittles the position and sneers at such callers as he happens to meet at the great man's house, affirming that Jeffrey did not consort with literary persons, but only with bores. And when Carlyle was refused by him the position of observer in the new Edinburgh astronomical observatory,—presumably because he was not fitted,—he finds satisfaction in calling the man who did get the place, another friend of Jeffrey's, "blear-eyed." After which their notes grew less. Did the old Scot ever speak well of anyone? Of his wife, perhaps, to whom he applies in this reminiscence, (with questionable propriety in such connection,) the most loving epithets.

Carlyle speaks of her constantly as his "dear Jeannie," and when she ceases her long correspondence with Jeffrey he calls her "my dearest." Perhaps it was lurking jealousy, after all, despite his protest to the contrary, that made Carlyle's friendship for Jeffrey less sincere than Jeffrey's for Carlyle. Jeffrey was much taken with the witty young woman from the time he first met her, discovered an old cousinship, and had common topics, "without shadow of offence" on Carlyle's part, as he asserts. "Could I grudge her the little bit of entertainment," he says, "she might be able to extract from this poor harmless sport." But the satisfaction with which the biographer chronicles the time when she "gave him up," (referring to Jeffrey) is not to be hidden. All actions have motives. Carlyle adds in a note to this essay, written at Mentone, that his internal conditions are "baddish or bad." C.

VOLTAIRE.

It has been well said that each age of human experience produces men who drill and blast enough stone and marble for generations to labor on; pioneers who hew away the old growth of timber and prepare the remains for use in constructing dwellings for human thought during another period of growth. But it often happens that