

HIS OWN LIFE STORY.

Carlyle's Reminiscences Given to the World.

TELLING PEN PORTRAITS.

The Great Philosopher's Inner Life Unfolded.

Simultaneously with its appearance in England we have the "Reminiscences" of Thomas Carlyle, a fact due to the enterprise of Charles Scribner's Sons, who received the proof sheets from Mr. Froude as fast as they left the English printers' hands. Mr. Froude, it is known, is the literary executor of the late Mr. Carlyle, and as soon as the manuscripts came into his possession he made arrangements with his American publishers for the "authorized" edition of the "Reminiscences," of which he is the editor and for which he is paid the same rates as an American author. In the summer of 1880 Mr. Carlyle placed a collection of manuscripts in Mr. Froude's hands, of which he begged him to take charge. They consisted of letters written by his wife to himself and to other friends, with many notes in his own handwriting. In these manuscripts was as much of his life as Carlyle cared that the world should know, and there is certainly as much as is needed to obtain a full knowledge of the man, both as an author and as a husband. The essential part of his life was in his works, which all can read. "His object," Mr. Froude tells us, "was rather to leave a monument to a singularly gifted woman, who, had she so pleased, might have made a name for herself, and for his sake had voluntarily sacrificed ambition and fortune." And this object has been successfully accomplished. No one can read this tribute to his wife by this unhappy great man without tears. His devotion during her life, and his wretchedness after her death, make one of the most touching pictures the pen has ever painted.

The "Reminiscences" are of his father, James Carlyle; Edward Irving, the famous preacher; Lord Jeffrey, Jane Welsh Carlyle, his beloved wife, and in an appendix Southey and Wordsworth. These are the titles of the chapters and these are their subjects; but the stories are so woven into that of his own life as to make them autobiographical.

Speaking of his father, Carlyle says: He was irascible, choleric, and we all dreaded his wrath, yet passion never mastered him nor maddened him. It rather inspired him with new vehemence of insight and more piercing emphasis of wisdom. It must have been a bold man that did not quail before that face when glowing with indignation, grounded, for so it ever was, on the sense of right and in resistance of wrong. More than once he has lifted up his strong voice in tax courts and the like before "the gentlemen" (what he knew of highest among men), and reading assunder official sophisms, thundered even into their deaf ears the indignant sentence of natural justice to the conviction of all. Oh, why did we laugh at these things while we loved them? There is a tragic greatness and sacredness in them now.

JAMES CARLYLE AND BURNS.

The more I reflect on it the more I must admire how completely nature had taught him, how completely he was devoted to his work, to the task of his life, and content to let all pass by unheeded that had not relation to this. It is a singular fact, for example, that though a man of such openness and clearness, he had never, I believe, read three pages of Burns' poems. Not even when all about him became noisy and enthusiastic, I the loudest, on that matter did he feel it worth while to renew his investigation of it or once turn his face toward it. The poetry he liked (he did not call it poetry) was truth and the wisdom of reality. Burns, indeed, could have done nothing for him. As high a greatness hung over his world as over that of Burns—the ever present greatness of the Infinite itself. Neither was he, like Burns, called a rebel against the world, but to labor patiently at his task there, uniting the possible with the necessary to bring out the real, wherein also lay an ideal. Burns could not have in any way strengthened him in this course, and therefore was for him a phenomenon merely. Nay, rumor had been so busy with Burns, and destiny and his own desert had in very deed so marred his name that the good rather avoided him. Yet it was not with aversion that my father regarded Burns—at worst with indifference and neglect. I have heard him speak of once seeing him standing in "Rob Scott's smithy" (at Ecclefechan, no doubt superintending some work). He heard one say, "There is the poet Burns." He went out to look, and saw a man with boots on, like a well dressed farmer walking down the village on the opposite side of the burn. This was all the relation these two men ever had; they were very nearly coevals. I knew Robert Burns and I knew my father. Yet were you to ask me which had the greater natural faculty I might perhaps actually pause before replying. Burns had an infinitely wider education, my father a far wholesome. Besides, the one was a man of musical utterance; the other wholly a man of action, with speech subservient thereto. Never, of all the men I have seen, has one come personally in my way in whom the endowment from nature and the arena from fortune were so utterly out of all proportion. I have said this often and partly know it. As a man of speculation—had culture ever unfolded him—he must have gone wild and desperate as Burns; but he was a man of conduct and work keeps all right. What strange shapable creatures we are?

James Carlyle married the second time, in 1795, Margaret Aitken, the mother of the late Thomas Carlyle.

My mother (a woman of, to me, the fairest descent—that of the pious, the just and wise) was a faithful helpmate to him, toiling unweariedly at his side; to us the best of all mothers; to whom, for body and soul, I owe endless gratitude. By God's great mercy she is still left as a head and centre to us all and may yet cheer us with her pious heroism through many toils, if God so please. I am the eldest child, born in 1795, December 4th, and trace deeply in myself the character of both parents, also the upbringing and example of both; the inheritance of their natural health, had not I and the time beat on it too hard.

THE LAST PRESENT TO HIS FATHER.

The last thing I gave him was a cake of Cavendish tobacco sent down by Alick about this time twelvemonth. Through life I had given him very little, having little to give. He needed little, and from me expected nothing. Thou who wouldst give, give quickly. In the grave thy loved one can receive no kindness. I once bought him a pair of silver spectacles, of the receipt of which and the letter that accompanied them (John told me) he was very glad, and high weeping. "What I give I have," he read with these spectacles till his last days, and no doubt sometimes thought of me in using them.

NOT DISAPPOINTED IN CHALMERS.

Once, on a memorable Saturday, we made a pilgrimage to hear Dr. Chalmers at Dunfermline the morrow. It was on the inducting young Mr. Chalmers as minister there—Chalmers minimus, as he soon got named. The great Chalmers was still in the first flush of his long and always high popularity. "Let us go and hear him once more," said Irving. The summer afternoon was beautiful—beautiful exceedingly our solitary walk by Burntisland and the sands and rocks to Inverkeithing, where we lodged, still in a touchingly beautiful manner (host, the schoolmaster, one Douglas from Haddington, a clever old acquaintance of Irving's, in after years a Radical and editor of mark, whose wife, for thrifty order, admiration of her husband, etc., was a model and exemplar.) Four miles next morning to Dunfermline and its crowded day, Chalmers maximus not disappointing; and the fourteen miles to Kirkcaldy ending in late darkness, in rain and thirsty fatigue, which were cheerfully borne.

BITTEN AND BRIDLED BY DYSEPSIA.

During his first visit to London, in 1825, he says: My own situation was very wretched; primarily from a state of health which nobody could be expected to understand or sympathize with, and about which I had as much as possible to be silent. The accursed hag "dyspepsia" had got me bitten and bridled, and was ever striving to make my waking living day a thing of ghastly nightmares. I resisted what I could; never did yield or surrender to her; but she kept my heart right heavy, my little very sore and hopeless. One could not call it hope, but only desperate obstinacy refusing to flinch that animated me. "Obstinacy as of ten mules" I have sometimes called it since; but in candid truth there was something worthily human in it, too; and I have had through life, among my manifold unspeakable blessings, no other real bower anchor to ride by in the rough seas. Human "obstinacy" grounded on real faith and insight is good and the best.

A WALL FOR THE DEAD.

In the midst of some practical talk Carlyle stops to wall over his dead wife: "Oh, my dear one, sad is my soul for the loss of thee and will to the end be, as I compute. Lonelier creature there is not henceforth in this world; neither person, work or thing going on in it that is of any value in comparison, or even at all. Death I feel almost daily in express fact, death is the one heaven; and have occasionally a kind of kingship, sorrowful, but sublime, almost godlike, in the feeling that that is nigh. Sometimes the image of her, gone in her car of victory (in that beautiful death), and as if nodding to me, with a smile, "I am gone, loved one; work a little longer, if thou still carest; if not, follow. There is no baseness and no misery here. Courage, courage to the last!" that sometimes, as in this moment, is inexpressibly beautiful to me and comes nearer to bringing tears than it once did. Not all the Sands and Eliots and babbling coxwain of 'celebrated scribbling women' that have strutted over the world in my time could, it seems to me, if all boiled down and distilled to essence, make one such woman."

Long as is this article, it gives but a faint idea of the charm of this book. Seldom has the public been taken so into the confidence of a great man.

The Night-Air Superstition.

Before we can hope to fight consumption with any chance of success we have to get rid of the night-air superstition. Like the dread of cold water, raw fruit, etc., it is founded on that mistrust of our instincts which we owe to our anti-natural religion. It is probably the most prolific single cause of impaired health, even among the civilized nations of our enlightened age, though its absurdity rivals the grossest delusion of the witchcraft era. The subjection of holy reason to hearsays could hardly go further. "Beware of the night-wind; be sure and close your windows after dark!" In other words, beware of God's free air; be sure and infect your lungs with the stagnant, azotized, and offensive atmosphere of your bed-room. In other words, beware of the rock spring; stick to sewerage. Is night-air injurious? Is there a single tenable pretext for such an idea? Since the day of creation that air has been breathed with impunity by millions of different animals—tender, delicate creatures, some of them—fawns, lambs, and young birds. The moist night-air of the tropical forests is breathed with impunity by our next relatives, the anthropoid apes—the same apes that soon perish with consumption in the close though generally well-warmed atmosphere of our northern menageries. Thousands of soldiers, hunters, lumbermen sleep every night in tents and open sheds without the least injurious consequences; men in the last stage of consumption have recovered by adopting a semi-savage mode of life, and camping out-doors in all but the stormiest nights. Is it the draught you fear, or the contrast of temperature? Blacksmiths and railroad-conductors seem to thrive under such influences. Draught? Have you never seen boys skating in the teeth of a snow-storm at the rate of fifteen miles an hour? "They counteract the effect of the cold air by vigorous exercise." Is there no other way of keeping warm? Does the north wind damage the fine lady sitting motionless in her sleigh, or the pilot and helmsman of a storm-tossed vessel? It cannot be the inclemency of the open air, for, even in sweltering summer nights, the sweet south wind, blessed by all creatures that draw the breath of life, brings no relief to the victim of aerophobia. There is no doubt that families who have freed themselves from the curse of that superstition can live out and out healthier in the heart of a great city than its slaves on the driest highland of the southern Apennines.—Dr. Felix L. Oswald, in Popular Science Monthly for March.

CHAMPAGNE IN THE VESTRY.

Singular Divorce Case Brought by the Wife of an Archdeacon.

Mysterious Visits Paid at Night to the Church by Two Ladies—Vergers and Whisker.

There has been a sensational case in the London Divorce Courts. A few days ago Mrs. Edith Wentworth Dunbar brought an action for judicial separation on the ground of the alleged adultery of her husband, the Venerable Archdeacon Charles Gordon Cuming Dunbar, formerly of St. Andrew's church, Tavistock place. The petition said that while the respondent was there to conduct service in a very ornate and highly musical style he was frequently visited in the vestry by two ladies under very peculiar circumstances, and it was alleged that he was in the habit of visiting one of those ladies at her house in Gloucester place, Hyde Park. The London Daily News gives the following account of the first day's testimony:

Joseph Sharp was the first witness called. He said he was formerly the vergier of St. Andrew's church, Tavistock place, and he used to sleep in the vestry; above the vestry was another room, nicely fitted up, called "the Venerable Archdeacon Dunbar's study"; it was occupied by the archdeacon, who occasionally slept there; some of the choir were in the habit of remaining after the services were over; they used to drink and smoke in the vestry, and frequently stopped until 11 o'clock at night; a Mrs. Blake frequently came into the vestry after the service to see the archdeacon, and sometimes she went into his study and was with the archdeacon alone for an hour or an hour and a half; sometimes witness was ordered to tell her to remain in the church until the choir had left the vestry, and then to send her into the vestry to the archdeacon; witness was vergier for about two years, and Mrs. Blake's visits were most frequent in 1879; the archdeacon used to send him to the Lord John Russell the public house opposite, for spirits and beer; that was when Mrs. Blake was there; he had also seen a Mrs. Foote there, but that lady did not come so often as Mrs. Blake; he had known the archdeacon to be in the vestry with Mrs. Foote until 12 o'clock at night, and the archdeacon would bring champagne into the vestry for himself and Mrs. Foote.

Cross-examined—Mrs. Blake visited the archdeacon in the vestry oftener than Mrs. Foote; the drinking took place on the average three or four times a week after the services; he never saw a curate about the place; when witness gave his evidence to Mr. Deacon, a solicitor, he received a sovereign, and Mr. Wentworth, Mrs. Dunbar's brother, told him previously that he would be paid if he gave his evidence.

Re-examined—Mr. Deacon at the time was acting as Mr. Wentworth's solicitor; he received the usual fee with his summons, and that was all the money he got; he left the archdeacon's church some months ago; the gentleman who assisted the archdeacon with the services was Lord Theobald Butler.

Henry Tyson said that he was an acolyte in St. Andrew's church in 1878; he had seen drinking going on in the archdeacon's room late at night, and he had seen the archdeacon the worse for drink; he knew Mrs. Blake very well; she came to the church nearly every afternoon; she was there when there were services and when there were no services; she often went up into the archdeacon's study, the door of which on one occasion he found locked; he waited for sometime, and when the door was opened Mrs. Blake and the archdeacon came out; he had seen the archdeacon kiss several ladies as they were leaving church.

Cross-examined—He had seen Mrs. Blake in the church cleaning the brasswork and sweeping the carpets; witness had never been charged with pilfering money out of the offertory; the kissing he had spoken of took place in the porch, and the archdeacon kissed the ladies all round. (Laughter.)

William Kew, the vergier who succeeded Sharp, gave evidence as to the respondent and Mrs. Blake being frequently together in the vestry. He also stated that he had seen the archdeacon and Mrs. Blake the worse for drink upon several occasions.

Cross-examined—Witness was discharged for being drunk.

William George Boylett said he formerly acted as vergier and used to live at the church; he slept in the vestry; Mrs. Foote frequently gave him messages for the archdeacon, and on one occasion when she called there he put out the gas in the church, according to orders, and showed her up into the archdeacon's room, where they remained alone together for about twenty minutes; this sort of thing happened almost every Wednesday evening; witness had seen the archdeacon kiss Mrs. Foote about six times; he had fetched whiskey from a public house for the archdeacon, and on one occasion, after Mrs. Foote left, he noticed that half a bottle of whiskey had been drunk; Mrs. Foote visited the archdeacon when he was ill in bed.

Mrs. Edith Wentworth Dunbar, a tall, lady-like person, was next called. She said she was the petitioner in this suit; they were married on the 17th of October, 1872, and they lived together until January, 1879; much against her wish her husband took the church at Tavistock place, in February, 1878; her husband had the entire control of her income up to a few months before the separation; he was in the habit of drinking a great deal and upon one occasion he came home intoxicated; as he would not leave his church she went abroad in 1879, and she was not acquainted with the ladies whose names had been mentioned.

Cross-examined—In February, 1879, they separated; there was one child of the marriage named Beatrice, about the custody of whom a petition was filed in the Rolls Court; it was heard in August last; the first person to tell her of the circumstances which resulted in this suit was her brother; an order was made by the Master of the Rolls that the custody of the child should be given absolutely to her husband; that was because an offer was made in court that her husband would live with her again.

Re-examined—At that time she made no charges against her husband; Dr. Allen said the archdeacon had told him on two separate occasions that if the petitioner

would allow him \$500 a year he would give up the custody of the child, and that his wife could then go where she pleased and do what she liked.

This being the case for the petitioner, Mr. Waddy for the defence said that the respondent totally denied the charges alleged against him, which were false and wicked fabrications.

A TOUCHING TALE.

The Perfidy of a Faithless Wife.

How She Managed a Plot to Get Her Husband Back to Prison.

At the Central Criminal Court, London, the other day, just as the jury were beginning to consult as to their verdict, the prisoner, an ex-convict, who had been taken into custody with spurious coin in his possession, was allowed by the judge, Justice Hawkins, to question a policeman. The following sensational episode being the result:

"Was it a woman (he asked) who gave you the information?" The policeman hesitated.

"Answer," commanded the judge. "It was," said the officer.

"Do you see her in court?" asked the prisoner. The officer looked about vaguely.

"Is that the woman?" asked the prisoner, pointing to a rather showily dressed woman with handsome features but a cold, d dainful expression of face.

"It is," replied the officer.

"My lord," said the prisoner, with slight tremor in his voice, "that woman my wife!"

A buzz of surprise followed the announcement, and the woman turned her head away from the dock.

"I would like to say a few words, bring all his lord," continued the prisoner.

"The court will hear you," said Justice Hawkins.

"Thank you, my lord," said the prisoner, no longer betraying any emotion but speaking in clear, firm tones: "I have served seven years on a similar charge that now preferred against me. If I am again convicted you will give me at least one and twenty years, and that will be my life. Before you do so I would like you to know the whole truth of this affair."

married young. My wife unexpectedly showed extravagant tastes and very expensive habits. I was very fond of her, and did all I could to content her. Honestly I could not keep pace with her desires, and we took to coining. She was with me in all my operations, aided in the work, assisted in passing the money. When we were taken the evidence was just as strong against her against me. In answer to questions I put to my counsel, I was told that if I pleaded guilty and said I had compelled her to help me, she would get off. I did so, and she was acquitted. I was sentenced to seven years' penal servitude. I served my full time, and came back to London, determined to lead an honest life and to restore my wife to an honest home. It was some time before I found her; but I had obtained work at 30s. a week. I had only one wish—to make a new home for my wife. Eventually I found her. She was living with another man. His name is Foster. She told me that she had been obliged to accept his assistance or she would have starved. Foster was a fellow-workman of mine. I was willing to believe all she said and to forgive her. It was a bitter struggle, but I did it. 'Come home,' I said to her, 'and let bygones be bygones.' She said she could not come immediately. It would take a little time to break off with Foster; but she would do it. I waited, and every week as I received my wages I took £1 to her and gave it to her that she might have money without asking Foster for any. At last she appointed a night when she declared she would leave Foster. I was to meet her at the corner of Rathbone place. I did so. She said Foster had come out with her and was a street or so off, but that she would go and tell him now that she had made up her mind to leave him. 'I love you still,' she said, 'better than any other man in the world, and would never have left you of my own free will; hold this until I come back; I will only be a few minutes.' I waited, and almost immediately a policeman came and took me into custody. I did not know what the packet contained; it turned out to be false silver coinage." He paused here, and there was considerable sensation in court, everybody convinced of the truth of the man's statement, and impressed by its simple and dramatic force.

"I learned afterward," said he, "that when she left me with that packet in my hand she went up to the first policeman she met, told him where I stood, that I was a returned convict, a coiner of a power of bad money; she knew it, she said, because I had tried to pass some of it upon her. That is my story, my lord!"

A pin might have been heard drop while the prisoner was making his statement. The court listened with almost breathless interest. When he had finished a sort of half-controlled expression of wonder and indignation went round and the jury looked up at the judge in a bewildered and puzzled way.

"Policeman," said the judge.

"My lord," responded the officer.

"Did this woman speak to you, as the prisoner says?"

"Yes, my lord."

"And gave you the information as described?"

"Yes, my lord."

"Was the packet of spurious silver in his hand, as he says?"

"It was, my lord."

Upon the direction of the judge the prisoner was acquitted and those in court raised a subscription for him. They raised about £70 for him. His story has been verified in every detail.

The marriage arranged to take place between Captain Holbeck, 60th Rifles, aide-de-camp to General Luard in Canada, eldest son of the Archdeacon of Coventry, of Farnborough Hall, Warwickshire, and Lady Mary Clay, daughter of Sir John and the Hon. Lady Walrood, of Bradfield, Devon, was celebrated on Monday, the 29th ult.

Gilbert and Sullivan's new aesthetic libretto is a development of the ballad of the "Two Curates."

TEA TABLE GOSSIP.

—Cold brooks are making firm trout. —Receipt for steadiness—Where slip-pery, put ashes.

—The kiss reverential on the young lady's forehead is not invited by the frivolous bang.

—The grocer who wants to do the thing up brown uses brown paper for wrapping up sugar.

—Prof. Herrmann's card tricks do not take well in the state of Georgia. He was gambling.

—According to the Syracuse Herald, March came in like a sheep—in wolf's clothing.

—He couldn't raise the mortgage on his building lot, and so, poor man, without becoming blind he lost his site.

—In Toronto, within the past week, there has been a large quantity of coal oil seized for not being up to gravity.

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E TIN SHOP!

ours for neuralgic headache: squeeze the juice of a lemon into a small cup of strong coffee. This will usually afford immediate relief in neuralgic headache. Tea ordinarily increases neuralgic pain, and ought not to be used by persons affected with it.

—The St. Thomas Times is responsible for the statement that Molly Matches, the notorious confidence man, married a Bridgetown girl a short time ago. He went by the name of Wells, and the young woman is Catharine Flight. She overheard Mollie talking to one of his pals, and shortly afterwards left him.

—The boiler-makers of Chicago, except those in the railroad shops, are on strike for an advance of 10 per cent on the present wages. The ship-carriers and calkers there have also struck to have wages raised to \$3 a day. They were getting \$2.75. St. Louis bricklayers have got \$4 a day.

—Why do certain booksellers still crowd their windows with the horrible looking remnants of their stock of valentines? No one is desirous of laying in a stock for next Valentine's day. These blood-curdling looking portraits have probably been more productive of nightmares in youthful minds than all the mince pies of the Christmas season.

—The London "aesthetics" of the languid attitudes, the drawing tones, the long hair and the Greek styles, not forgetting dirty lace and peacocks' feathers, passionately adore Ruskin, who, it is said, went into raptures when he saw "the Jersey Lily." The "aesthetics" call Ruskin "master." The "lily" who is a very sensitive sort of lady?

—In the Butter and Egg Convention held at Cedar Rapids, Ia., the other day, a discussion on the question, "How shall poultry be dressed and packed for the eastern market?" brought out the fact that Boston wants only dry picked and drawn fowl with heads and feet off, while New York and Philadelphia want theirs with heads and feet on, dry picked and undrawn.

—A marriage service was in progress at St. John's church, New Orleans. A closely veiled woman with an infant in her arms walked up the centre aisle just as the clergyman asked if anybody objected to the union. "I do," said the intruder, pulling off her veil, and laying the baby at the feet of the bridegroom. "Here is your child. You are my husband. I am lawfully your wife, and you shall not marry this woman." She made a furious attempt to attack him, but was restrained by the ushers, while the bride screamed and fainted. It transpired that the woman was not the man's wife, though he had for years made her believe so by means of a forged certificate.

LAST WORDS.

Of a photographer—"Now keep very still."

Those of a dying ferryman—"I'm going over the river."

Those of a dying barber—"I'm going to make a new dye."

Those of a dying watchmaker—"I'm going to wind up my affairs."

Those of a dying shoemaker—"I'm through at last."

Those of a dying baker—"I'm not kneaded any longer."

Those of a dying conductor—"No return tickets where I'm going."