

CARLYLE'S EARLY HOME.

ANCIENT ECCELEFECHAN AND SOME OF ITS HISTORY.

The Quaint Border Village Where The Philosopher Was Born—An Odd Hamlet and Little Changed by Time—Glimpses of the Great Man's Childhood.

ECCELEFECHAN, Scotland, Sept. 14.—At one side of the stream was an ancient wall. On the other were straggling houses, and one, from its appearance, might have been an olden stable; an abandoned lodge at the entrance to some gentleman's establishment formerly located behind it; or the ancient jail of the village, now smartly whitewashed and transformed into a lowly habitation. It was a mite of a thing with an archway through it occupying one-third of the lower story. At each side was a narrow oaken door, and, nearer each end, a tiny window. In the second story another little window above each lower one, looked into the street; and over the centre of the archway were two still more diminutive windows, side by side. It was a double house of the dwali variety, and the one at the north end was the birth-place of Thomas Carlyle.

I doubt if there ever lived a writer about whom more has been written by little and great writers than has been penned in criticism or praise of Thomas Carlyle. And I am just as much in doubt whether any one or all of these, from passing essayist to stately biographer, ever really visited the birthplace of this rare and royally rampant genius. Yet that should have been every serious biographer's first duty. Interesting as may be every little detail in the mature career of the man of genius, when we have learned each one by heart, and have been given standards by which to find his place, measure his personality and weigh his influence, we are still unsatisfied. What were the potent forces which sent him on his way, or which were overcome, in his upbuilding? Out of what manner of mold did he come? What was the actual environment of the babe, the child, the youth? We wish to be shown the ultimate perspective. It is not to be found in any biography of Carlyle.

It is but two years less than one hundred since Thomas Carlyle was born in that little stone cottage. There is no place in Britain where less change has come in that period than in stern and tiny Ecclefechan. Indeed the changelessness of all these ancient border towns and hamlets is one of their most impressive characteristics. From Yetholm to Dumfries along the Scottish border, and from Berwick to Carlyle along the English border, it is just the same. They are all as they were; only a little more asleep. The railway stations are about all the structures in them that have large windows or smell of paint. They remain chiefly as they stood when the border raids were ended. They are gray, battle-scarred, ancient. They were built in fighting times and have their records in their hard old faces. To wander among them is like being whisked back two or three centuries and set down face to face with the grimness and cruelties of feudal times; and I sometimes think that the nature of the lowly folk, beaten to savage hardness in those sorry times, is in this borderland of both kingdoms a long time taking on the gentler touch of our time. Scotland is richest in these weird old border relics of a sorry age. The Scotch crowded close to the border; built more and stronger places of safety, even the tiniest of hamlets having likeness in sturdiness and strength to the larger towns, and then, being the liveliest on their legs, "harried" the English in such a brisk and occupying way, that they had little time on their hands, after chasing the raiders home, for building important border towns.

The quaint hamlet stands in a little hollow of the champaign land of south-eastern Annandale. The same old post-road which leads north from England through Carlyle and grewsome Gretna Green passes through it forming its principal and almost its only street. From the south this highway leads through a pleasant country, well watered and wooded and charmingly broken by clumps of ancient trees or newer plantations and small well tilled fields. Beyond the hamlet the roads winds upward for a mile or more to a bleak, suggestively dreary and hopeless horizon as you were often come upon in Normandy, or as are seen in the peasant pictures of Brittany by the master hand of Millet. To the north-east there are dim outlines of the Hartfell and other mountain ranges. Away to the southwest are the misty vales of lovely Annandale and to the northwest, but four miles distant, the legend-haunted hill of Brunark, where the boy Carlyle often wandered, lifts its Roman-camped head into the fleecy, vagrant clouds.

Ecclefechan has great age but little history, aside from having produced this one famous man. At about the centre of the village, where a highway leaves the old Carlyle and Glasgow post-road to wander through the valley of Annan to the Solway-side town of that name, a little cross-street, formed by this road, runs a few rods with it and stops short by an ancient graveyard. In this lies Carlyle, his father and mother, and other members of the family. It has also hundreds of unnamed graves, for half a thousand years before the Carlyle line had crossed the border into Scotland from Carlisle with the adherents of returning King David II., it was the site of a then ancient church called Ecclesie S. Fechan, or the church of St. Fechan. Fechan was an Irish abbot of the seventh century from Iona, who was canonized, his day being the 20th of January. Hence the curious name of Ecclefechan.

Border war brought the ancient church to ruin. The spirit of the covenanters' time effaced what remained. But the

churchyard of a thousand years ago is Ecclefechan's grave-yard of today; and all the stern descendants of those who swore to "endeavor the extirpation of popery, prelacy, superstition, heresy, schism, profaneness, etc." who have departed lie in little Ecclefechan, are lying here in "consecrated ground." In Carlyle's boyhood time there were many of hand-loom weavers here. Their stone cottages stood along the highway interspersed with a few shops and inns. The cottages remain, housing folk of the same social order, comfortable laborers among the surrounding farms. At least three of the inns are still standing. Two have been transformed into humble habitations. One, the Bush Hotel—a little, long, low, rambling structure jutting out into the highway invitingly, and presided over by a brisk, bonnie landlady, Mistress Kilgour, who is not afraid to tell you that she has no love for "Yonkee" pilgrims and their sneering ways—contains most of the life of the sleepy hamlet; and, with ministering to cyclists on their northern tours, modern coaching parties and occasional pilgrims to Carlyle's birthplace, and a few almost as breezy and bustling as in the times of the packers and carters, when the olden post coaches changed their steaming horses, after the dash from Gretna, before its hospitable door.

So this was the spot and these the physical surroundings of Thomas Carlyle, when his birth in 1795, until his stone-mason father, James Carlyle, who "hammered on at Ecclefechan, making in his best year £100," removed to the bleak farmstead of Mainhill, near Lockerbie, about ten miles north of his native hamlet, and still along the old Carlyle and Glasgow post road. This comprised the first fourteen years of his life. During this time all the boyhood home and home surroundings he ever knew were his; for he had already felt the terrors of schoolboy life at Annan; and just after the family removal to Mainhill he was sent away to Edinburgh to the University, walking the whole distance, through Moffat, in company with a senior student in the University named Tom Smal.

There are none living here or hereabout now who knew Thomas Carlyle as a boy; but I found very many old, old folk whose parents were his youthful companions, or his parents' "neighbours," and who, on account of Carlyle's subsequent fame, left clear testimony with their children, from their standpoint of view, of his home surroundings and boyhood life. It is all as grim, gray picture set in forbidding shadows, with but one bright, clear ray streaming through it—a brave, loyal mother's endless care and love; of a home so little and mean that no room in it permitted the family meals to be eaten by all its members at once; which forced young Carlyle to carry forth his food of bread crumbs boiled in milk to be eaten on the "coping of the wall," while the lad gazed at the distant mountains; of a father irascible as honest, unreasonably as sturdy, miserly as pious in the dim old steeple way; of a mother, with all her great virtue, a pestilence of fire and sword against all intellectual unfolding in accord with her own almost savage, exacting creed; and of social and intellectual environment in which there were more melancholy, hopeless seriousness, petty caviling, down-right hatred and far less brightness and sentiment than about the olden campfires of the American Chippewas or Sioux.

It is plain that the Carlyles were not only not beloved, but that they were disliked with that brutal sort of rancor common in ignorant neighborhoods. The father was the best workman of the community. Had he not possessed a furious temper and a hard fist, he would have been driven from the hamlet. He was feared, rather than liked or respected. The mother was held by her guidwife neighbors to be o'erastly and "o'er-asperans," or pompous in manner and language, as well as "muckle unmou'd," or sagacious and crafty in the course. The imperious obstinacy of the father, so marked a characteristic of the son, rather than just pride in intelligence for its own sake, determined him on making the boy a scholar; and this again widened the breach between the stone-mason's family and the carping villagers. The latter stood awe of his fist, but stung the brave wife's spirit wotfully with their crafty gossip and railery. The hurt was double upon the boy's defenseless head. The parents in their prayers, illustrated to the lad what a debt of gratitude was being piled up against him by the Almighty, that he was permitted to live, and by themselves that they had sustained contentedly and sacrifice to give him those mighty advantages; while through his playfellows, on account of the disposition of their parents, he was made the victim of every conceivable species of savagery and contempt.

From these old tales it is easy to learn that as a babe Thomas Carlyle drew in the very milk of unhappiness and rancor from his mother's breast. He was weakened, thin, uncanny bairn, "unifling-ansifling" in infancy; mournful, moaning and haddering through the "cutty-gear" period; not into kilt before he had learned the unspeakable terrors of an infanthood where every other child about him showed only the face of harrassing ogre; in childhood a lamentable bairn set upon and scourged by bullying brats; and all his youth-tide the quarry of every ill-natured little human beast of the Ecclefechan gutters or by-lane cabins. Why, it seems to me that right here is found the true key to his whole aftertime nature. The royal protests, the often almost imbecile cavillings, the Titanic outbursts, that rumble and grumble and thunder throughout his mighty work were, after all, largely endless if unconscious cry of the man's heart against the barbarities of his own childhood.

In the little stone cottage where they lived, there is but one room below stairs. In the upper story there is a room the same size as that on the first floor. This is often called as sort of show-room, and is well enough fitted to be interesting with Carlyle relics, including his famous coffee-pot in which he was wont to brew his own coffee and his equally famous tobacco-cutter—handmaids of the Cheyne Row, Chelsea, inspiration and inseparable companions of his irascibility and dyspepsia. Off this little chamber and sitting-room, in which there is set a quaint old fire-place, is a little, long bed-room over the archway; and in this Thomas Carlyle was born. Altogether the place is uninviting meager, hard, austere.

Disassociating the man Thomas Carlyle from the heroism of his lofty work, you can not come to one spot made warm, tender

and glowing for his having been a part of it. Even the dreary old kirk-yard where he lies, but a few steps from where he was born, intensifies the feeling that something of the human and humane was lacking, or was denied, his whole line. There does not seem to be one soul in all the region where he was born and reared who recalls the family name with loving kindness and respect. To be known as a pilgrim to the Carlyle home and tomb is to be regarded with suspicion and awe. The very grave-stone is parsimonious and shabby; the enclosure, unkempt; weeds and brambles crowd the spot closely; the lad that unlocks the gate snickers behind you; and as you stand for a little time leaning upon the iron railing in contemplation of the lonely, neglected grave of this rare old warrior in the field of letters, you cannot but wonder, after all, if any true greatness can ever exist so far above the heads and hearts of the lowly that they are not reached, aided and encompassed by it. EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

RIBULOUS BEES AND WASPS.

An English Medical Man Says They Can Get Very Drunk Indeed.

Mr. Lawson Tait, the well-known medical specialist of Birmingham, says—I have been fully persuaded after thirty years of life as hard in work and as full of responsibility as well could be, that the moderate use of alcohol is a necessity in our modern life. The second is that for the treatment of disease alcohol is of very little use, and what is said on the subject by doctors to the contrary may be entirely discounted. Every man of mature years is doctor enough for himself to know whether in moderation alcohol is of use to him or not, and his neighbors will soon judge for him in the matter of its immoderate use. What doctors say on this point, and on many others, is very often lied about by their patients, and "My doctor ordered me" is very frequently a quite mendacious statement. I have on my desk as I write a letter to which there is a name, but unfortunately no address, blaming me in very strong language for making a friend of the writer a drunkard by advising her to drink spirits. I never gave a woman such advice in my life, and I don't think anyone ought to give it.

But to come to alcohol and wasps, the argument against all and every use of alcohol which we used to hear much of years ago was based on the statement that it was not a product of nature, and not used in any natural way. The argument itself is a very unscientific one, even if the premises were correct, but they are not, and the plague of wasps has proved it. I have been watching the wasps with great interest, and have noticed the avidity with which they attack certain fruit when fully ripe, rotting in fact, and I have also noticed some of the peculiar results of their doing so. The sugar in some fruits which are most attacked by wasps has a tendency to pass into a kind of kinds of alcohol in the ordinary process of rotting, a fact which is easily ascertained by the use of a still not large enough to attract attention of the excise authorities.

Clearly grapes and certain plums, you will see wasps pushing and fighting in numbers much larger than can be accommodated, and you will see them get very drunk, crawl away in a semi-somnolent condition, and repose in the grass for some time, till they get over the "bout," and then they will go to it again. It is while they are thus affected that they do their worst in stinging, both in the virulent nature of the stroke and the utterly unprovoked assaults of which they are guilty. I was stung last year by a drunken wasp, and suffered severely from symptoms of nerve poison some several days. In such drunken peculiarities they resemble their human contemporaries.

It is evident, therefore, that those who use the argument about alcohol to which I have objected must give it up; that we know that there are some cases in which the use of alcohol is secured by a regular system of public-houses in which bees are made drunk, for inebriation the bees would not go through the antics by which alone the orchards can be fertilized. I am quite sure, however, that our teetotal friends will derive enough from the above to make them quite sufficient from drunken wasps without the use of the argument I have disposed of. I can furnish them with one. Having found out how fond they were of alcohol, I provided them very abundantly with free "pubs," with swing doors and unlimited beer, and now we live in comparative peace and without the thousands of dead drunkards in our beer bottles.

THINGS OF VALUE.

Not one time in a million are a man's tears dishonest; what may be said of a woman's is different.

"Mother, what shall I do for this dreadful cough?" "Take Paterson's Emulsion, my dear; it always helps our family."

Boys are crude in intellect and but little above the beast. For instance, a boy once asked me whether a pirate was a pirate or a parson, and a good man never appeals to them like a strong man.

I was cured of lame back after suffering 15 years by MINARDS LINIMENT. Two Rivers, N. S. ROBERT ROSS

I was cured of diphtheria after doctors failed by MINARDS LINIMENT. Antigonish. JOHN A. FOREY.

I was cured of contraction of muscles by MINARDS LINIMENT. Dalhousie. MRS. RACHEL SAUNDERS.

"There is nothing like giving your enemy an election tip," said a young man. "Why?" "If he wins you make him your friend and if he loses you have your revenge."

Shall I Ever Get Well I Wonder.

Rather a plaintive, even sad, sort of question to put, but one that is often spoken by an unfortunate one or other every minute of the day in this big bustling world. The proprietors of Membray's Kidney and Liver Cure can point you to testimonials from happy and healthy people who felt as hopeless as you are. Keep up your courage, therefore, and try this simple and safe cure.

Knew the Proper Shade.

Architect.—Have you any suggestions for the study, Mr. Quickrich? Quickrich.—Only that it must be brown. Great thinkers, I understand, are generally found in a brown study.

Saved to Her Mother

After Physicians and Medicines Failed!

A Grateful Parent's Testimony!

She Says: "My Daughter is Now Perfectly Well and Strong!"



LITTLE MISS STINCHCOMBE.

It is a sad sight to see the young grow up weak, puny and sickly. Thousands of girls and boys around us are unable to enjoy life with their playmates. Parents should bear in mind that there is no reason why their children should suffer, when such a medicine as Paine's Celery Compound cures and gives new life and new vitality. Mrs. A. R. Stinchcombe, 19 William street, London, Ont., who is highly vouched for by Rev. W. Godwin, Methodist Minister of that city, gratefully speaks of the wonderful work of Paine's Celery Compound in her home. She writes as follows: "I think it is a duty to write you for the benefit of all who have delicate children, and to make known what Paine's Celery Compound has done for my child. She has been delicate all her life. I have tried many medicines, and have had my child under allopathic and homeopathic treatment, with but little benefit. Almost in despair, and as a last resort, I tried Paine's Celery Compound, and after using three bottles she is now perfectly well and strong. I have also used your medicine myself for complications arising from overwork and loss of rest and am greatly benefitted thereby. I would strongly urge all who are in any way afflicted to do as I have done, 'try Paine's Celery Compound,' and be convinced of its wonderful curing powers."

Just a Broad Hint.

"Jeems," said the laird one day to his gardener, "there was something I was going to ask you, but, man, for the life of me I canna mind what it was."

"Mebbe," said Jeems, who had received no pay for three weeks, "mebbe," said he, "it was to speir at me how wey I was keeping body and soul together on the wages I wisna gettin'."

PRINTERS.

Landing and in Stock,

900 REAMS

No. 1, 2, and 3 Book Paper, and No. 3 News.

—ALSO—

75 REAMS COVER PAPERS,

—AND—

900,000 ENVELOPES.

Schofield Brothers,

Importers and Wholesale Dealers,

St. John, N. B. P. O. Box 331.

Samples on Application.

BARGLAY

FOUNTAIN

SYRINGE.

Two Quarts.

Three Hard Rubber Pipes.

Six Feet Rubber Tubing.

Quality considered, the lowest price. Syringe on the market. Will last as long as a Syringe double its price.

Send for Illustrated Price List to

Moore's Drug Store,

Cor. Brunswick and Richmond Sts., St. John, N. B.

EQUITY SALE.

THERE WILL BE SOLD AT PUBLIC AUCTION at Chubb's Corner (as called), in the City of Saint John, ON SATURDAY, THE SEVENTH DAY OF OCTOBER NEXT, at the hour of 12 o'clock, noon, pursuant to the directions of a Decree of the Supreme Court in Equity, made on Tuesday, the 25th day of July last past, in a case in said Court pending wherein J. Douglas Hazen and George F. Smith, Trustees of the Estate of William Hazen and the late William Hazen as his Will and Testament of the Honorable William Hazen, deceased, are Plaintiffs, and James C. Lawton and Annie E. Lawton, his wife, are Defendants, with the approval of the undersigned Referee in Equity, the mortgaged premises in the Plaintiff's Bill, and in said Decree, Order mentioned and described as

"ALL THAT CERTAIN LOT, PIECE OR parcel of land, situate in the City of Saint John, being known and distinguished as all that part of Lot No. 20, Class M, in the partition of the Estate of the late Honorable William Hazen as lies on the Northern Side of the Straight Shore Road (so called)."

All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land, heretofore sold and conveyed by Charles Edward Scamell and Anne Maria, his wife to Benjamin Lawton, by Deed recorded in the office of the Registrar of Deeds for the City and County of Saint John, in Book F, No. 6 of Records, pages 414 and 415, and therein described as situate lying and being in the Town (now City) of Portland, in the City and County of Saint John, and Province aforesaid, (18) on a plan of division of land between the late William Hazen, Esquire, and the late James White, Esquire, having a front on the Straight Shore (so called) of one hundred (100) feet or thereabouts, commencing at low water mark and extending back, preserving the same breadth, until it meets the line of lands owned by the heirs of the said William Hazen, Esquire, and further referred to and described in a certain Indenture of Release and Partition, dated the eighth day of February, A. D., 1860, registered in Book Q, No. 4 of Records, pages 205, 206, 207 and 208, for the City and County of Saint John, and made between John Howe, of the City aforesaid, Esquire, and Mary, his wife, of the one part, and George W. Wilson, of the other part, as the land and premises recently in the tenancy of William Hazen, Esquire, and afterwards occupied by Nathan S. Demill.

For terms of Sale and other particulars apply to Plaintiff's Solicitor, or to the undersigned Referee. Dated the 6th day of August, A. D., 1893. J. TWISING HART, Plaintiff's Solicitor. CHARLES DOHERTY, Referee in Equity.



SURPRISE

SOAP

DID IT.

That snowy whiteness so sought for in linen can be had by washing it with **Surprise Soap**. You can't get it with common cheap soap no matter how hard you try.

The peculiar qualities of Surprise Soap gives the cleanliness, the whiteness and sweetness, without boiling or scalding the clothes. The directions on the wrapper tell you how it's done. Read them, they are short. You will find out then how thousands wash their clothes with perfect satisfaction—you can too.

Surprise is stamped on every cake.

You Want The Best.

Naturally you pay for it and are entitled to it. And when it comes to dyeing, we are prepared to furnish it to you.

Ladies' and gentlemen's work of every description gives satisfaction if dyed at **UNCAR'S**.

One Trial Convinces. He makes the old new.

BE SURE and send your Parcels to UNCAR'S Steam Laundry and Dye Works, St. John, (Waterloo street); Telephone 68. Or Halifax: 60 to 70 Barrington street. They will be done right, if done at **UNCAR'S**.



is not only the one, who, when she sees the beneficial effects of such a pure soap as **Baby's Own** on her own or baby's skin, exclusively adopts it for all toilet purposes, but observes also that she is not imposed upon by any of the worthless imitations which grocers will tell her are "just as good."

THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., MONTREAL.

Copyright 1893, by the Albert Toilet Soap Co.

ALWAYS INSURE your property in the **PHOENIX Insurance Company of Hartford, Conn.** WHY? Because of its STRENGTH, LOSS-PAYING POWER, and record FOR FAIR AND HONORABLE DEALING.

Statement January 1st, 1891.	D. W. C. SKILTON, President.
Cash Capital.....\$2,000,000 00	J. H. MITCHELL, Vice-President.
Reserve for Unadjusted Losses.....200,581 17	GEO. H. BURBICK, Secretary.
Reserve for Re-Insurance.....1,819,003 88	CHAS. E. GALACAR, 2nd Vice-President.
NET SURPLUS.....1,817,079 35	CANADIAN BRANCH HEAD OFFICE, MONTREAL.
TOTAL ASSETS.....\$5,624,814 73	GERALD E. HART, General Manager.
Knowlton & Gilchrist	Full Depot with the Dominion Government.
	132 Prince William Street, St. John, N. B.

HAROLD PERLEY, — GEO. F. CALKIN,

GENERAL Sole Agents for the

Carbons Electric Light New

AND Beacon Lamps.

Railway Supplies. Incandescent

Estimates Furnished for Complete Plants.

All Goods Guaranteed.

H. CHUBB & CO., {Chubb's Corner}, St. John, N. B.

ESTABLISHED 1855

Chubb's Safes

145 & 147 FRONTS EAST

B. B. BLIZARD, St. John, N. B., Sole Agent for the Maritime Provinces.