

St. Thomas de l'Enfer occurred quite literally to himself in Leith Walk as he was returning from his daily bath. In the chapter entitled "Getting Under Way," many of Carlyle's actual experiences may be discerned through the symbolical utterances in which he has clothed them. "That in 'Sartor' of the worm-trodden on, and turning into a torpedo is not wholly a fable," he says, "but did actually befall once or twice, as I still with a small, not ungenial, malice, remember." And though he has made no confession that the romance of Teufelsdröckh's love for Blumine was its counterpart in his own life, we find proof in the "Reminiscences" that it was no fable but an absolute fact, invested in 'Sartor' with that poetical halo in which first love would certainly surround itself in a nature of such intense feeling and vivid imagination as Carlyle's. Nearly fifty years after, he tells the story in the "Reminiscences" in more prosaic form, but with an almost audible sigh for that old romance then "quite extinct."

And now we must entreat forgiveness if in giving such an epitome of this idyl of Carlyle's youth as seems necessary for our purpose, we are inevitably compelled to mutilate and mar its beauty. Those who wish to read it as it ought to be read may find it in the fifth chapter of "Sartor Resartus."

"We seem to gather," writes Teufelsdröckh's supposed editor "that Blumine was young, hazel-eyed, beautiful, and some one's cousin; high-born, and of high spirit, but unhappily dependent and insolvent; living perhaps on the not too gracious bounty of moneyed relatives. Teufelsdröckh's first meeting with her, was at a certain fair Waldschloss, where he had gone officially one lovely summer evening. Invited to take a glass of Rhine wine, he was ushered into a Gardenhouse where sat the choicest party of dames and cavaliers embowered in rich foliage, rose clusters, and the hues and odors of a thousand flowers. Among them glanced Blumine, there in her modesty, a star among earthly lights. Hers was a name well known to him; herself also he had seen in public places; that light yet so stately form, those dark tresses shading a face where smiles and sunshine played over earnest deeps; but all this he had seen only as a magic vision, for him inaccessible, almost without reality. And now that rose-goddess sits in the same circle with him; the light of her eyes had smiled on him; if he speak she will hear it. Surely in those hours a certain inspiration was imparted to him; such inspiration as is still possible in our late era. The self-secluded unfolds himself in noble thoughts, in free glowing words; his soul is as one sea of light, the peculiar home of truth and intellect, wherein fantasy also bodies forth form after form, radiant with all prismatic colours. He ventured to address her, she answered with attention; nay, what if there were a slight tremor in that silver voice, what if the glow of evening were hiding a transient blush. At parting the Blumine's hand was in his; in the balmy twilight, with the kind stars above them, he spoke something of meeting again which was not contradicted; he pressed gently those small, soft fingers, and it seemed as if they were not hastily or angrily withdrawn.

"Day after day they met again; like his heart's sun she shone upon him. 'She looks on thee, she the fairest, noblest; do not her dark eyes tell thee thou art not despised? The heaven's messenger! all heaven's blessings be hers!' Thus did soft melodies flow through his heart, tones of an infinite gratitude; sweetest intimations that he also was a man; that for him also unutterable joys had been provided. In free speech, earnest or gay, amid lambent glances, laughter, tears, and often with the inarticulate, mystic speech of music, such was the element they now lived in; in such a many-tinted radiant Aurora, and by this fairest of Orient light-bringers, must our friend be blushed, and the new Apocalypse of Nature unrolled to him. Fairest Blumine! was there so much as a fault, a caprice, he could have dispensed with? Was she not in very deed a morning star? Did not her presence bring with it airs from heaven? Life bloomed up with happiness and hope. If he loved her? *Ach Gott!* his whole heart and soul and life were hers. He knows not to this day how in her soft, fervid bosom the lovely one found determination even on heat of necessity to cut asunder these so blissful bonds.

"One morning he found his morning-star all dimmed and dusky red; the fair creature was silent, absent; she seemed to have been weeping. She said in a tremulous voice they were to meet no more. We omit the passionate expostulations, entreaties, indignations, since they were in vain. 'Farewell then, Madam,' said he, not without sternness, for his stung pride helped him. She put her hand in his, she looked in his face, tears started to her eyes. In wild audacity he clasped her to his bosom; their lips were joined; their two souls, like two dew drops, rushed into one, for the first time and for the last! Thus was Teufelsdröckh made immortal by a kiss! And then? Why, then,—thick curtains of night rushed over his soul, as rose the immeasurable crash of doom, and through the ruins of a shivered universe was he falling, falling towards the abyss!"

In his "Life" of Carlyle, Mr. Froude quotes a passage from a notebook of Mrs. Carlyle's in which she says: "What the greatest philosopher of our day execrates loudest in Thackeray's novel, finds indeed 'altogether false and damnable' in it—is that love is represented as spreading itself over our whole existence, and constituting the one grand interest of it, whereas love—the thing people call love—is confined to a very few years of man's life; to, in fact, quite an insignificant fraction of it, and even then is but one thing to be attended to among many infinitely more important things. Indeed, so far as he (Mr. C.) has seen into it, the whole concern of love is such a beggarly futility that in a heroic age of the world nobody would be at the pains to think of it, much less to open his mouth upon it." Upon this Mr. Froude remarks: "A person who had known by experience the thing called love would scarcely have addressed such a vehemently unfavourable opinion of its

nature to the woman who had been the object of his affection . . . but with love his feeling for her (Miss Welsh) had nothing in common but the name." That Carlyle was never in love with Jane Welsh seems quite certain, but that he had actually experienced "the thing called love," for some one else, that he had loved deeply, passionately, those who read the story of Blumine can scarcely doubt. In it he describes that wonderful passion in its most exalted form; not only its magnetic attraction, its mystic longing for perfect union with the beloved, its fever of doubt, its delirium of hope, but its heavenly inspiration, bringing light, and joy, and emancipation in its train. "He loved once," we read of Teufelsdröckh, "and once only; for as your Congreve needs a new case or wrappage for every new rocket, so each human heart can properly exhibit but one love, if even one. First love, which is infinite, can be followed by no second like unto it." With Carlyle, as with Teufelsdröckh this love had ended in cruel disappointment and the bitterest mortification. "Let any feeling reader," writes Teufelsdröckh's editor, "who has been unhappy enough to experience the like, paint it out for himself, considering only, that if he for his perhaps comparatively insignificant mistress underwent such agonies and frenzies, what must Teufelsdröckh's have been with, a fire-heart, and for a nonpareil Blumine!" How the rough course of this love changed the whole current of Carlyle's being; into what stormy seas and perilous quicksands he was driven, till the wreck of his whole life seemed imminent, we may read in "Sartor Resartus," told in myths and symbols, but with a solid kernel of truth under each, nor is there anything more gloomy and despairing in the mental condition of Teufelsdröckh than Carlyle tells us of his own in those three or four miserable years after he left Kirkcaldy. "*Acti labores*," he says in his "Reminiscences;—" "Yes, but of such a futile, dismal; lonely and chaotic kind, in a scene all ghastly chaos, sad, dim and ugly as the shores of Styx and Phlegethon, as a nightmare dream becomes real! No more of that! It did not quite conquer or kill me, thank God!"

"Carlyle could not write a novel," says Mr. Froude, speaking of an attempt which he had once made in that direction. "He had no invention. His genius was for fact; to lay hold on truth with all his intellect and all his imagination. He could no more invent than he could lie." And as fact we must accept the story of Blumine.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE SCRAP BOOK.

PERSONAL CHARACTERISTICS OF F. D. MAURICE.

IN the early summer of 1856 my father moved to a much larger house—No. 5, Russell Square. Since his three nieces had come to live with him in March, 1854, the house in Queen Square had been inconveniently small. His habits had, in some respects, undergone a considerable change since he came to London. From all parts of the world people who had heard of him through others were continually asking to be introduced to him. His universal habit on these occasions was to say, "Could you come and breakfast with me to-morrow morning?" I don't think the invitation was ever given without a certain shyness and hesitation, as though it was something of a liberty for him to take to ask any human being to come to his house. He was always an early riser. Hardly ever later than six a.m., often much earlier than that, the sound of the splash of the cold tub, which, summer and winter, down to the end of his life, he invariably took both the first thing in the morning and the last at night, was to be heard, and a curiously pathetic almost agonized "shou-shou" followed, which seemed to tell that, for a frame that was kept so low as his by constant brain-work and a somewhat self-stinted diet, the shock was almost a penance endured rather than enjoyed. Immediately after dressing he settled down to work at whatever his special task for the time might be, though very frequently if anyone came into his room, at all suddenly, the result was to make him rise hurriedly from his knees, his face reddened, and his eyes depressed by the intense pressure of his hands. The Greek Testament, open at some special point which had occupied him at the moment he knelt down, lay on the chair before him; but as he rose the spirit seemed to have come back into his face from the far-off region to which it had been travelling, and there was just the hint in the face of an involuntary sadness and almost of reproach that the spirit should be recalled from the intercourse it had been enjoying. About twenty minutes to eight, with a small party from home, he started for the service at Lincoln's Inn, and was back about nine for breakfast. In the earlier days at Queen's Square his breakfasts when he had friends with him were merely gatherings of men, his sister Priscilla having been completely confined to her bed. He was always at his best at a breakfast at which he had gathered various friends. The very variety and, sometimes, almost incongruity of the guests who came to them gave scope to the unlimited sympathy and sympathetic power which enabled him to draw out the best of each. Whatever was the most interesting topic of the day in politics, literature, or any other region, was sure to come uppermost, unless there was some more special subject that closely concerned his particular guests.

It was a very great relief to him to compose his books by dictation and to avoid the labour of mechanical writing. His usual manner of dictation was to sit with a pillow on his knees or hugged tightly in his arms, or to walk up and down the room still clutching the pillow or suddenly sitting down or standing before the fire with the pillow still on his knees or under his left arm, to seize a poker and violently attack the fire. When, however he took into his own hands, for looking over and correction, a passage which he had either written or dictated, the chances were very strong that half at least of it would be torn out, or erased and re-written. All his