

read. Through unexampled carelessness on the part of the eminent Political Economist, the precious sheets were left in such an exposed situation, that Mr. Mill's cook, thinking them of little use, turned the papers to account in baking some cakes, partly as lining for the cake-tins and partly as fuel. When this was discovered the unfortunate Mill became wild with excitement and terror; there was no help for it, however, and he sought his friend and told him the story. Carlyle says of this interview:—

"How well do I still remember that night when he came to tell us, pale as Hector's ghost, that my unfortunate first volume was burnt. It was like half sentence of death to us both, and we had to pretend to take it lightly, so dismal and ghastly was his horror at it, and try to talk of other matters. He stayed three mortal hours or so; his departure quite a relief to us. Oh, the burst of sympathy my poor darling then gave me, flinging her arms around my neck, and openly lamenting, condoling, and encouraging like a nobler second self! Under heaven is nothing beautifuler. We sat talking till late; 'shall be written again,' my fixed word and resolution to her. Which proved to be such a task as I never tried before or since. I wrote out 'Feast of Pikes' (vol. II.), and then went fairly at it. Found it fairly impossible for about a fortnight; passed three weeks (reading Marryatt's novels), tried, cautious-cautiously, as on ice paper-thin, once more; and, in short, had a job more like breaking my heart than any other in my experience. Jenny, alone of beings, burnt like a steady lamp beside me. I forget how much of money we still had. I think there was at first something like £300, perhaps £280, to front London with. Nor can I in the least remember where we had gathered such a sum, except that it was our own, no part of it borrowed or given us by anybody. 'Fit to last till "French Revolution" is ready!' and she had no misgivings at all. Mill was penitently liberal; sent me £200 (in a day or two), of which I kept £100 (actual cost of house while I had written burnt volume); upon which he bought me 'Biographie Universelle,' which I got bound, and still have. Wish I could find a way of getting the now much macerated, changed and fanaticized, 'John Stuart Mill' to take that £100 back; but I fear there is no way."

The work was published in three large volumes in 1837 complete, and Carlyle was never known to lend a manuscript again under any circumstances. In this same year he appeared as a lecturer on German literature in Willis' rooms, London, and though his appearance on the platform was ungainly and uncouth, the subject-matter of his paper disarmed all personal criticism, and the audience were de-