

# Thomas Carlyle and His Wife

THE STRANGE LIFE OF THE COUPLE PICTURED BY DAVID MASSON—A TERRIFIC DRAMA OF TWO GREAT AND SUFFERING SOULS; SAYS T. P. O'CONNOR—A TRAGEDY RELIEVED BY TOUCHES OF DEEP TENDERNESS.

Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M. P., in his review of David Masson's fascinating work, "Memories of London in the Forties," dwells on the chapters relating to the Carlyles as follows:

## THE INCOMPATIBLE CARLYLES.

Have you ever visited Carlyle's house in Cheyne Row, Chelsea? If you haven't, the sooner you do so the better. Not that there is really very much to see in the house itself. Judged simply from the point of view of the auctioneer or the house-hunter, you would see nothing but a plain, dark brick, smallish, narrow house, standing in the very midst of a long row of densely-packed and undistinguished-looking houses in the typically sombre monotony of a London suburban street. And inside, the rooms will prove to be disappointingly small in size and commonplace in appearance; the relics not very many nor very valuable or striking. And yet somehow or other you have a feeling in the small rooms, looking smaller and darker, more modest than ever in their present-day emptiness and desertion, of living daily life—yet somehow or other you feel an impressive, and almost oppressive, sense of trailing sacred ground, so potent and abiding the spirit of genius over places where it once trod; and so even more potent and abiding the spell of a human tragedy of sex and temperament when you have had the whole story revealed by the hands of the man and woman themselves who were its chief figures and its victims, and when, in addition to their contribution, you have the commentary of another man of genius, specially trained to the task, and vigorous description of the sombre and the poignant in human destinies. Looking around the narrow, bare, commonplace rooms, you seem to see them magnified and elevated by the terrific drama of two great and suffering human souls which within their small limits played out a great, passionate and fierce drama. And presently you fall into a reverie; and as when you look on an ancient battlefield lying peaceful, calm, and in the summer sun, you people again the silent solitude with the shouts, the cries, the penetrating and enduring wail of the souls in agony, so here in Cheyne Row you visualize the Carlyles, now so silent and suffering, one lying in Ekelefechan, the other by the side of her father in Haddington—no longer able to fret and torture, and pity and console each other in the ever-recurring tragedy of an incompatible marriage.

The reader will gather from these introductory words that I belong to the school of Froude in the controversy with regard to the realities of the lives of Carlyle and his wife. But one must not be too rigid in one's judgment of any human character and any human destiny. Life is not made up of great moments of either happiness or suffering; they are, after all, but moments; and in the long intervals between there is the commonplace, the tranquil, perhaps even an approach now and then to the happy. And it is well to be reminded that, however poignant was the tragedy of Carlyle and his wife, it wasn't all tragedy; it was not all wretchedness; it was not always at the acute stage of suffering; and, above all, its scars, and wounds, and agonies, and shots were carefully hidden as a rule from the public eye; the stern self-control of that marvelously self-restrained, proud and puritanically-reared race to which both husband and wife belonged enabled them to present to the world an equitable and composed face; it was only since the private letters have been made public, the drawers have been ransacked, and the secrets of the confessional have been revealed that the world has learned to know the whole truth that lay underneath the surface. The book which lies before me consists of pages written by one who was a countryman of Carlyle and his wife; who knew them well—it might almost be said, intimately; who saw them in their better hours, and who, himself kindly and perhaps a little un-critical—as kindly people are apt to be—believed them not with the cruel, cold, and sombre eye of a Froude, accustomed to regard the human lot as evil, and to dramatize it even in its commonplace aspects and hours, but with the kindly, benign and tranquil eye of a genial observer—habituated to regard human nature with the patient optimism that sees good as well as evil, and the joys and the sorrows of the sinister side of its many manifestations. The pages in which the late Professor Masson deals, then, with the Carlyle household are, then, as complementary and corrective to the pages of Froude; by mingling the two portraits one gets a nearer approach to the truth than by taking each picture by itself as complete.

The Carlyle you see in the pages of Masson is an amiable figure; generous, and yet shy in generosity; now and then in the tragic and ultra solemn mood, full of somber and beautiful reflections on the human lot and on the magnificent and infinite environment of firmament and far-off stars, and superhuman moonlight and vast horizons, in which the small human life is "encombed."

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passed, bolted and puzzled; yet also the Carlyle who could laugh with such roars as woke the echoes of almost all Hyde Park; and could laugh at everything—including even himself; and who could be teased by his wife with the conscious delight—as Mr. Masson puts it—of the lion being flicked by the tail of his splendid lioness spouse.

Let me illustrate this description of the contents of this volume by some extracts. I have often thought it is only since her death that the world in general has begun to realize that Carlyle's wife was in many respects almost as remarkable as Carlyle himself. It was one of the misfortunes of this ill-assorted union that the husband dwarfed the wife; and that, owing partly to the inexorable law of sex, the woman had to go under when there came to be a conflict between her claims to notice and her husband's. The story and character of Mrs. Carlyle ought to be written by someone who has no desire to take up either her side or her husband's in the painful struggle between them. But there is no one who would be so fair. I would like to see a book in which there was a literary genius spoiled. All the pictures I have seen drawn of her augment in my imagination the impression of a strong, magnetic, but not attractive personality. In July, 1842, Masson was brought for the first time to Cheyne Row by Robertson, another Scotchman of letters—an interesting and rather pathetic figure in the picture gallery of Scotsmen in London which appears in these pages—and they are both disappointed to find that the great man himself is not at home; but they have their compensation, for they get "a most kind reception by Mrs. Carlyle," and they have talked with her alone for more than an hour in the little upstairs drawing-room. And this is Masson's account of that conversation:

"Her conversation, which was more free and abundant than it probably could have been had Carlyle been there, was very good. She had, as I found then, and as is proved by some of her now published letters, a real liking for Robertson, though apt to make fun of him when opportunity offered; and Robertson's energetic ways had always an inspiring effect on people he was with, drawing them out admirably and starting topics. At all events, I shall never forget the first impression made upon me by the appearance of the remarkable lady as she sat, or rather reclined, in a corner of the sofa, talking to the curly Robertson, herself so fragile in form, with delicately cut and rather pained face of pale hue, very dark hair, smoothed on both sides of an unusually broad forehead, and large, soft, lustrous eyes of gypsy black. Something in her face and expression, then and afterwards, would occasionally remind me of portraits I had seen of the Young Voltaire, and the brilliance of her conversation, and even the style of it, bore out the resemblance. She was, indeed, one of the most brilliant of the witty talkers, full of light spirit, and though generally suppressing herself when her husband was present, she was delightfully copious as he was both in theme and words when she had to be his substitute. Though her style and manner of thinking had undoubtedly been influenced by him, an original difference had been preserved. Her most characteristic vein was the satirical; within this, the form to which she tended most was satirical narrative; and the narratives in which she most excelled were stories of things that had recently happened to herself or within the circle of her acquaintance."

This is the description of a remarkable personality, with powers of conversation which marked her out from any crowd, however brilliant.

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It is Carlyle, however, who interests the world more than the wife, and I return to those passages in Masson's essays which deal with him. And first almost as a picture of Carlyle as he is in his early middle age, which shows how little he was of an invalid, in appearance at least; the portrait has none of the pallor or sick lines some might have expected from all one has heard of Carlyle's dyspepsia and general ill-health.

"More vivid in my memory now than the matter of the talk is the impression made on me by Carlyle's powerful head and face; the hair then dark and thick, without a sign of grizzle, the complexion a strong bilious ruddy, the brow overhanging and cliff-like, the eyes deep sunk and aggressive, the firm mouth and chin then closely shaven. All in all, with his lean, erect figure, then over five feet eleven inches in height, and the peculiar ruddy of his face, he was, apart from the fire of genius in his eyes and flowing through his talk, not unlike some Scottish farmer or other rustic of unusually strong and wiry constitution, living much in the open air. His Annandale accent contributed to the resemblance. His vocabulary and grammar were of the purest and most stately English; and the Scotchness, which was very marked, was wholly in the pronunciation and intonation. Like Scotsmen generally, from whatever district of Scotland, he enunciated each syllable of every word with a deliberation and emphasis unusual with the English speakers, giving each, as it were, a good bite before letting it go. The Western Border intonation was, in his case, by a peculiarity of which was either wholly his own, or a special characteristic of the Carlyles of Ekelefechan. He spoke always with a monotone, and a whining sing-song, mainly of pulpit origin, one hears occasionally among Scotsmen, and which is suggestive too often of hypocrisy and a desire to cheat you, but a bold and varying chant, as of a man not ashamed to let his voice rise and fall, and obey by instinctive modulation every flexure of his meaning and feeling. Mrs. Carlyle had caught some-

thing of this lyrical chant, by sympathy and companionship; and the slighter Scotchness of her voice was dip-stained by the pleasant habit of lyrical rise and cadence."

There are one or two other extracts I must make, especially as they give a human picture of Carlyle, a necessary corrective and complement to the portrait we know from the hands of Froude—the grim, sickly, growing valetudinarian that made darkness and despair around him. Here, for instance, is how Carlyle appeared to the casual visitor, and it is a pleasant picture:

"One saw him best, as I had said, at his own house in the evenings. Though he was then in the throes of his 'Cromwell,' which had not yet taken its ultimate shape as the collected and elucidated 'Letters and Speeches,' he hung vaguely before him as possibly a regular biography or possibly a regular history, for the materials of which, as he tells us, he was 'reading hundred-weights of dreary books and elucidating dusty manuscripts.' I do not remember any evening when I found the least sign of flurry or fatigue of engrossing work in his domestic surroundings or demeanor. He seemed always to have transacted his sufficient quantity of pen-labor, what ever it was, during the day; there was never any litter of books or papers, or other evidence of pressing toil, in the room where we sat—which might be either the dining-room or the up-stairs drawing-room. In the latter he might be reading some volume when you entered, it was at once laid aside, and he was ready for tea and talk with you, or for talk alone, or talk and a smoke, if you had come later."

These tests were practically the only form of entertainment which the Carlyles offered to their friends; the stern Scotch thrift which was characteristic of them perhaps was the reason why they did not entertain more frequently and more generously. But there were occasional dinner-parties, and Masson gives a picture of one, which certainly presents Carlyle as amiable, good-humored; an ideal host, and a radiating center of gaiety instead of a creator of the heavy-laden gloom which comes from the ill-temper and the sickly. The extract is not long, but it is worth giving, because Carlyle there is so different from the Carlyle of Froude. "It was," writes Masson, "a pleasant little dinner, indeed, simple in style, but everything most excellent in its kind—the saddle of mutton perfect and perfectly cooked, and the sherry of beautiful quality, with an option of some particularly fine Cambridge ale from a small stock, which some admirer had sent to Carlyle as a present."

"Carlyle carved the saddle of mutton with great neatness and expertness, as I can remember more distinctly because of a slight mishap in the pro-

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Courage is the quality which enables us to meet without fear the difficulties that beset our path. It is the key to the coming conflict and makes us brave soldiers for the fight, ever whispering into our ears words of hope for the issues at stake.

The man of courage may fail, but he won't fly the track. He may be defeated, but he'll be up and at it, and keeps at it until he makes the colors of victory his standard. There is almost no difficulty that cannot be surmounted by an intense effort, and every victory is put forward without indomitable courage to back it.

Our desires are often the precursors of things we are capable of doing. The hesitating find everything impossible, because it seems so, but to the brave man it is only a question of energy and unswerving application.

The courageous never court failure, but always win success; at all times they repulse them, but they never become disheartened and still worship at her shrine until she consents to smile upon their suit, embraces them and rewards their ardor with her fairest gifts.

The coward, on the contrary, loses heart at the first rebuff, abandons hope, and dolefully goes down to despair, useless to himself and valueless to the world. Take Longfellow's advice:

In the world's broad field of battle,  
In the bivouac of life,  
Be not like dumb, aimless cattle,  
Be a hero in the strife.

Carve your way with undaunted courage through all opposition, never acknowledging defeat. Meet difficulties with unflinching persistence, and they will lose their formidable appearance.

The stout oak can resist the fiercest winds that blow; it towers in solemn majesty, confident by its strength to withstand the fury of the tempests. Be as the oak, defying the fierce onslaughts of temptation and majestically facing the threatening dangers; but you must not be reckless and rush to the brink of precipices you can avoid, lest you fall to destruction in their yawning depths. Too far east is west, and courage carried too far may degenerate into bravado.

## KING'S GREAT GARDEN PARTY

A WONDERFUL FUNCTION AT WINDSOR ON SATURDAY, JUNE 20—THEIR MAJESTIES MINGLE WITH THEIR GUESTS—THE COSTUMES.

The great garden party at Windsor Castle last year gave a new idea of what was meant by "entertaining royally." The scale was so great, and yet everything was so perfect. This year again the party gave its special ideal. Surely nowhere save in the sovereign's own gardens could such a very great number of people really enjoy going—really enjoy the feeling of being there. The King has certainly managed somehow to give the impression, even to those who are not important people or royal friends, that they are in truth his guests and that he would like to talk to them,

backwards over their heads. There were foreign officers in uniforms that were occasionally of pretty colors and unusual to English eyes. Otherwise the men had only such variety as the Labor members' soft gray hats could afford, or the undress frock coats of the officers of the Guards at Windsor.

The King wore a blue frock coat and gray hat, an orchid in his buttonhole and a diamond pin in his scarf tie.

The Queen was wearing a costume in her favorite shade of mauve with a toque to match, adorned with flowers of the same shade. The Princess of Wales, who was accompanied by Princess Mary and Princess Albert and Henry, wore white trimmed with pale pink embroidery, while her hat was adorned with pink roses. The Duchess of Connaught wore a charming black and white costume, and Princess Patricia of Connaught was all in white with a dash of scarlet in her white hat. Princess Louise (Duchess of Argyll) was in gray silk trimmed with chiffon and lace, and the Duchess of Albany wore a dress of deep mauve silk draped with black lace and a mauve and black bonnet.

Their Majesties, bowing most graciously, proceeded to the royal tents, where they had tea. After tea the Prime Minister of Nepal and his suite were presented, bending low as they kissed the Queen's hand; also the Maharajah of Cochin Behar and his suite; His Highness the Jam of Nawangar, with whom His Majesty engaged in lively conversation; and the Nawab of Janjira, and the Begum of Solikh. The Archbishop of Canterbury presented to Their Majesties a number of the bishops and clergy attending the Pan-Anglican Congress, and the King conversed with each for a short time.

One of the most interesting features was the complete tour of the assemblage made by the King and Queen and the Prince of Wales, which occupied upwards of an hour. The King spoke to all the Labor members, chatting freely, and he succeeded the Lord Chancellor made a large number of presentations, and the King stopped now and then to hold a sort of informal levee. Her Majesty also repeatedly halted to speak to a number of the guests, shaking hands with many, giving a smiling nod of recognition to others, and chatting gaily in their own language with many French guests. Some time before the Queen had returned and was resting in the royal tent.

At my incident occurred after tea. The venerable Parsi lady, Mrs. Dosebal Cowajji Jessawalla, who was among the peeresses on the opening of the present session of Parliament, was by special grace permitted to present to their Majesties a beautiful specimen of her cleverly worked embroidery in gold, silver and pearls. They consisted of a velvet cap, a band, and dress front. The cap was studded over with miniature portraits of the royal family, including the late Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort. The King's portrait was surmounted with a crown of gold, set with rubies and diamonds. The dress front and band were of beautiful design, being of stars made in pearls interlaced with gold and silver thread.

Mrs. Jessawalla is in her 78th year and is finishing her tour round the world. Their Majesties received her most graciously and greatly admired the work so cleverly wrought by those aged yet nimble fingers, and thanked Mrs. Jessawalla for the present, which was enclosed in an exquisitely carved sandalwood box.

At a quarter to seven, the National Anthem, played by the Grenadier Guards' band, was the signal for the departure of the royal party, and the guests speedily dispersed in the numerous special trains waiting.

When returning from Windsor on Sunday evening, Princess Henry of Battenberg's motor car broke down at Twickenham. A crowd gathered and recognizing her Royal Highness, respectfully saluted. The Princess sat in the car for some time smiling at the accident, until another one was obtained to convey her to her destination.

## LITTLE TOTS MAKE MUSIC

A UNIQUE PIANO AND VIOLIN COMPETITION IN PARIS FOR JUVENILES.

No fewer than 41 piano playing little girls and boys, and fourteen youthful violinists assembled the other day in the Pénina Hall in Paris to compete for gold medals and justify their titles as musical prodigies. None of the children were older than 10, and the youngest was only 5.

The jury, among whom were such artists as Paderewski, Debussy, and Raoul Pugno, and Jacques Thibaud, had arranged a number of test pieces, and these were not of the easiest. For piano, Handel's "Black and White Variations," and the finale of Mozart's D sharp sonata, while the young violinists had to go through Beethoven's E flat sonata and one of Beethoven's romances. The best among them, moreover, had to play afterward a very difficult piece of music from sight.

It was interesting to note the peculiar little ways of the budding musicians. Some with childish naïveté altered style and melody to suit themselves. The girls were more at ease than the boys. All of them gave evidence of much industrious study.

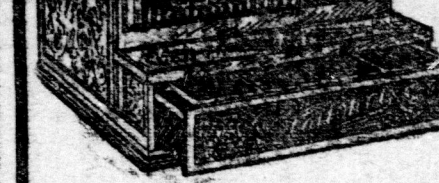
Most of them possessed sufficient musical training to go mechanically through the pieces placed before them, but few evinced genuine depth of musical feeling, and fewer still showed true genius. Others, however, seemed to have already been accustomed to look upon themselves as something out of the way, and with coquettish glances tried to captivate the favor of the audience.

It was Yvonne Lefebvre, a little girl of 5, whose marvellous execution on the piano immediately distinguished her from the dry-as-dust performances of the others. She won a gold medal, as did Jeanne Gaudin, also 5, for excellent violin playing. Neither had been brought up as a prodigy, but they showed unmistakable talent.

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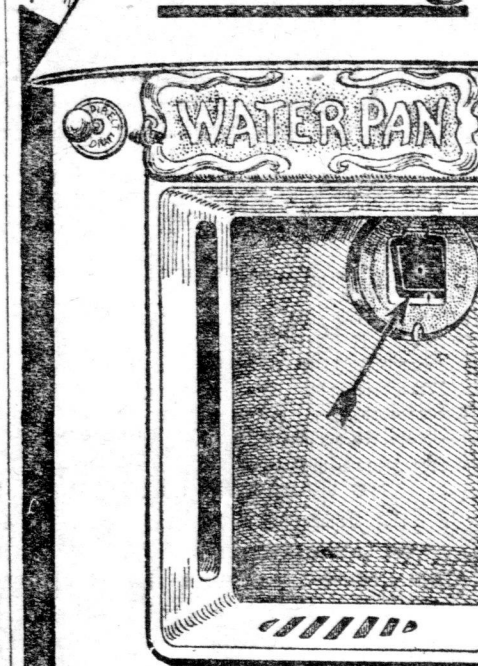
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## MEAT SCARCE IN AUSTRIA

PEOPLE TURNING TO HORSES FOR A FLESH DIET.

The dearth of meat in Austria, complaints of which have been filling the newspapers for many months, has led to experiments by the Austrian military authorities in the direction of vegetarianism. The various commissariat departments have received orders to test the value of milk and milk products, especially cheese, in the daily dietary of the troops. Skim milk is also to be taken into account.

It is suggested that recruits would form a very good subject for experiment, and that they might be fed on smaller rations of meat, with increased allowances of vegetables and pastry and puddings composed of milk and cereals. The war office is especially anxious to ascertain how such a reform of scale of diet would meet the requirements of the troops in manoeuvres and field exercises. It is understood that the private soldiers are by no means enthusiastic about the new dietary.

One result of the beef famine has been an enormous increase in the consumption of horseflesh in Vienna, and the municipal authorities have erected new slaughterhouses for horses. They cover an area of 3,300 square yards, with stabling for 200 horses. Land and buildings together have cost over \$200,000.

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