

faithful," for his troops endured toils and fatigues untold, and performed prodigies of valour, to the very last, and asked no questions, as to the reasons why. Carlyle's history, however, in spite of its faults, is unique. It has marvellous force, originality and untrammelled thought and such works of his have found, in style, many copyists, as the classic purity of the writings of Steele, Addison, Johnson or Blair, furnished for many long years, the models of successive scribes.

Carlyle has doubtless passed by his best days for he is now (Dec. 4th, 1871,) in his seventy-sixth birth-day, and for the last few years he has seldom appeared in public, or in print. His remarkable inaugural address at Edinburgh will probably be his last, and as far as I know, his letter last year, on German matters, has closed his career as a writer, on politics. He is, however, "a worthy Scot" of whom his country may be proud, and who has entered the lists successfully in an age remarkable for powerful pens, and in a country where giants in intellect have to be to succeed, not simply chiefs, but *chiefest* among the sons of Anak. I regret that I never cast my eyes on Carlyle, so as to be able to give of him a personal notice, but if his pictures do not belie him, he is small of stature, wiry in body, with a good deal of the nervous in his constitution. His nostrils are well dilated as if he smelled better from afar. He has bushy eye-brows and large eyes, apparently grey and observant. His face knows no razor and his hair points "a' the airts the wind can blow,"—beard and locks being as bristly as a Scotch thistle. There is nothing remarkable in his physique, except, that a glance shows endurance, and at first his countenance would appear as if that of a "dour" man, but it is only an appearance, for he possesses a great fund of humor, and is kindly withal, but has the reserve of his countrymen with strangers, that is, a sort of "canniness." The following, going the rounds of the papers is characteristic:

A fresh and good thing of Carlyle's.—Travelling north during the past summer in a cart, comfortably, with aristocratic travelling company, conversation turned upon Darwin and his theory. The ladies argued the *pros* and *cons* in a womanly manner, looking to Mr. Carlyle for approval. He gave every *faire ladye* the same kindly nod and smile, no doubt remembering Josh. Billings's saying, "Woman's influence is powerful—espechila when she wants enny thing." One of the party, after she had given out, said: "What do you think, Mr. Carlyle?" His cool reply was, "Ladies, you have left nothing to be said." Oh, yes; but what is *your* opinion? You have not given us that." Carlyle was too far north to be sold. His witty reply was, "For myself I am disposed to take the words of the Psalmist, 'Man was made a *little* lower than the angels.'"

So is the letter to Thomas Hughes, M. P., on being requested to contribute a copy of his works to a library, forming in Chicago since the fire:

NO. 5 CHEYNE ROW, CHELSEA, NOV. 12, 1871.

DEAR HUGHES: Forgive me that I have not sooner answered your friendly, cheery, and altogether pleasant little note. I supposed Burgess would have told you my objections to the project; that it seemed to me superfluous, not practicable by the methods he proposed (for the gifts of all the *books* of living authors will go for very little in such an enterprise) and, third and worst, that it wore