Here, with no small effort, have we built and furnished a neat, substantial dwelling. Here, in the absence of a professional or other office, we live to cultivate literature according to our strength, and in our own peculiar way. We wish a joyful growth to the roses and flowers of our garden; we hope for health and peaceful thoughts to further our aims. The roses, indeed, are still in part to be planted, but they blossom already in anticipation. Two ponies, which carry us everywhere, and the mountain air are the best medicine for weak nerves. This daily exercise, to which I am much devoted, is my only recreation, for this nook of ours is the loneliest in Britain—six miles removed from any one likely to visit me."

In 1827 Carlyle appeared again in type, as the translator of a number of bright stories from Tieck, Hoffman, Jean Paul Richter and others. Besides magazine and review writing, our author also finished while at Craigenputtock, his famous "Sartor Resartus"—the Patched Tailor—one of the cheerfullest and most humorous of all his books. It failed to find a publisher, however, and it went the rounds of some half dozen or so of the book-makers, John Murray oddly enough, among the rest. *Fraser's Magazine* accepted it at last, and it was published serially. In America it had a better fate. Alexander Everett, the editor of the *North American Review*, was much impressed by its genius, as he read it in the numbers of *Fraser*, which came over the sea, and he put it into book-form on its completion. It became a great success, and the speculations of Herr Teufelsdrockh remain to-day one of the cleverest bits of satire known to readers of that class of literature. This book gave Carlyle a fine reputation with the American people, and he was soon flooded with invitations to visit the United States, which, however, his engagements at home never permitted him to accept. His next great book was the French Revolution. After he had completed the first volume, Mr. John Stuart Mill borrowed it, in manuscript, to