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That Abou Jabr should have been able to build him a house, and to live in it unmolested, in the heart of the Beni Sukhr Arabs, and distant a day's journey from Salt, is a fact of some significance. Mr. Oliphant points to it as an evidence of the rapid strides which the country is making towards order and good government. At present, excepting the inhabitants of the town of Salt, Abou Jabr is the only man in the whole province of the Belka, who lives in a house.

In chapter x., treating on the fertility of Gilead, Mr. Oliphant gives a map, showing the proposed railways and the site of the proposed colony. He quotes Canon Tristram—"Topography of the Holy Land," p. 312—as to the luxuriant exuberance of Gilead;[1] and he complains that this rich and luxuriant country should be only sparsely inhabited by a wandering population, possessing no legal title whatever to the soil. The Rev. Mr. Neil, a Protestant clergyman formerly resident in Jerusalem, is quoted as one of the many authorities showing that farming even to the west of the Jordan is a really profitable occupation. Lieutenant Conder, R.E., late on the Palestine Exploration service, who warmly advocates the establishment of a Jewish colony in Palestine, and the employment of *fellahin* labour, did not examine the lands to the east of the Jordan; but of Western Palestine he says that "the hills might be covered with vines and the valleys run with oil, the plains might be yellow with corn and the harbours full of ships, but for the greedy pasha and the unjust judge."

ART. VI.—REMINISCENCES BY THOMAS CARLYLE.[2]

"THOU dear father." "Thou dear good father! 'Man's chief end,' my father could have answered from the depths of his soul, 'is to glorify God and enjoy *Him* for ever.' By this light he walked, choosing his path, fitting prudence to principle with wonderful skill and manliness; through 'the ruins of a falling era,' not once missing his footing. . . . . Every morning and every evening, for perhaps sixty years, he had prayed to

[1] Mr. Oliphant refers his readers to Canon Tristram's book, "The Land of Moab" (published by Mr. Murray in 1873), a deeply interesting work, which in many respects is unique. Canon Tristram is now, while we write, paying another visit to the land of Moab; and we shall receive, it may be hoped, some further information concerning that region.

[2] "Reminiscences by Thomas Carlyle," edited by James Anthony Froude. Two volumes. Longmans, Green & Co. 1881.

the Great Father in words which I shall now no more hear him impressively pronounce: 'Prepare us for those solemn events, death, judgment, and eternity.' He would pray also: 'Forsake us not now when we are old and our heads grown grey.' God did not forsake him."

So wrote Thomas Carlyle nearly fifty years ago, as we learn from his "Reminiscences" now published. On January 26, 1832, Thomas Carlyle received tidings that his "dear and worthy father" was departed. He was, at the time, in London, and he determined, as soon as he heard the news, to pass the next few days, until the funeral was past, with his wife only, all others being excluded. He considered about many things if so that he "might accomplish the problem" to see clearly what his present calamity meant—what he had lost and what lesson the loss was to teach him. And while the impression was more clear and pure within him he resolved to mark down the main things he could recollect of his father.

"To myself," he wrote, "to myself, if I live to after years, it may be instructive and interesting, as the past grows ever holier the farther we leave it. My mind is calm enough to do it deliberately, and to do it truly. The thought of that pale earnest face which even now lies stiffened unto death in that bed at Scotsbrig,[1] with the Infinite of all worlds looking down on it, will certainly impel me."

The opening chapter of the "Reminiscences," from which we have quoted, shows the wonderful contrast between Mill and Carlyle. An autobiography which begins with so tender and so reverent a note has an interest which far surpasses the mere literary and intellectual.

From this touching *In Memoriam* which, after a lapse of fifty years, sees the light, we quote a few passages.

Thus the son begins:—

As for the departed, we ought to say that he was taken home, "like a shock of corn fully ripe." He had finished the work that was given him to do, and finished it (very greatly more than the most) as became a man. He was summoned, too, before he had ceased to be interesting—to be loveable. (He was to the last the pleasantest man I had to speak with in Scotland.) For many years, too, he had the end ever in his eye, and was studying to make all preparation for what, in his strong way, he called often "that last, that awful change." Even at every new parting of late years I have noticed him wring my hand

[1] Scotsbrig was a farm near Ecclefechan occupied by James Carlyle during the last six years of his life. His daughter Jane wrote, in his dying hour, that he offered up a prayer "in such accents as it is impossible to forget." Mrs. Carlyle added, in her own hand, "It is God that has done it. Be still, my dear children. Your affectionate mother. God support us all!"

with a tenderer pressure, as if he felt that one other of our few meetings here was over. Mercifully, also, has he been spared me till I am abler to bear his loss; till by manifold struggles I, too, as he did, feel my feet on the Everlasting Rock, and through time, with its death, can in some degree see into eternity with its life. So that I have repeated, not with unwet eyes—let me hope, likewise, not with unsoftened heart—those old and for ever true words: "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord; they do rest from their labours, and their works follow them."

From his small hard-earned funds his father sent Thomas Carlyle to school and college, and made him whatever he was or might become. While dwelling on James Carlyle's character with pride, the son says:—

I call him a natural man, singularly free from all manner of affectation; he was among the last of the true men which Scotland on the old system produced, or can produce; a man healthy in body and mind, fearing God, and diligently working on God's earth with contentment, hope, and unwearied resolution. He was never visited with doubt. The old theorem of the universe was sufficient for him; and he worked well in it, and in all senses successfully and wisely—as few can do. So quick is the motion of transition becoming, the new generation, almost to a man, must make their belly their god, and, alas! find even that an empty one. Thus, curiously enough and blessedly, *he* stood a true man on the verge of the old, while his son stands here lovingly surveying him on the verge of the new, and sees the possibility of also being true there. God make the possibility, blessed possibility, into a reality.

I can call my father a brave man, wrote Carlyle; "man's face he did not fear; God he always feared." "All his strength came from God, and ever sought new nourishment there, God be thanked for it." Again:—

On the whole, ought I not to rejoice that God was pleased to give me such a father; that from earliest years I had the example of a real man of God's own making continually before me? Let me learn of *him*. Let me write my books as he built his houses, and walk as blamelessly through this shadow world; if God so will, to rejoin him at last. Amen.

Of his father's education he writes:—

Greatly his most important culture he had gathered—and this, too, by his own endeavours—from the better part of the district, the religious men; to whom, as to the most excellent, his own nature gradually attached and attracted him. He was religious, with the consent of his whole faculties. Without religion he would have been nothing. Indeed, his habit of intellect was thoroughly free, and even incredulous. And strongly enough did the daily example of this work afterwards on me. "Putting out the natural eye of his mind to see better with a telescope"—this was no scheme for him. But he was in

Annandale, and it was above fifty years ago, and a Gospel was still preached there to the heart of a man in the tones of a man. Religion was the Pole-star for my father. Rude and uncultivated as he otherwise was, it made him and kept him "in all points a man."

"I have a sacred pride in my peasant father," said Carlyle. "God give me to live to my father's honour and to His."[1]

Of the second volume of the "Reminiscences," the greater portion is occupied with a pathetic idyl of domestic life. The heroine is Jane Welsh Carlyle, as Mrs. Carlyle was in the habit of signing herself. Jane Baillie Welsh was born in the ancient county town of Haddington. "In 1801, when she was born," wrote the bereaved Carlyle, "I was then in my sixth year, far away in every sense, now near and infinitely concerned, trying doubtfully, after some three years' sad cunctation, if there is anything that I can profitably put on record of her altogether bright beneficent and modest little life, and *her*, as my final task in this world." With these words Mr. Carlyle, in the year 1869, commenced an intended sketch of his wife's history (she had been taken from him in the year 1866); but he found the effort too distressing, and in the present work we have only the notes and recollections which he wrote down immediately after her death.

Craigenputtoch, which Mr. Carlyle devised to the University of Edinburgh for the endowment of bursaries in honour of his wife's family, was hers by her father's disposition, but she had transferred the life interest to her mother. As Mrs. Welsh's tenants Mrs. Carlyle and her husband occupied it on their removal from their cottage near Edinburgh. It was fourteen or fifteen miles from a town, Dumfries, and letters came once a week. Moorland, with rocks, surrounded it. So unfrequented was the district that "once in the winter time I remember," says Carlyle, "counting for three months there had not been any stranger, not even a beggar, called at Craigenputtoch door." According to a friend, the years of solitude at Craigenputtoch, though

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[1] In regard to religion there is a difference of tone in some portions of the "Reminiscences." We do not touch upon this now, however, but content ourselves with giving a sketch of Carlyle's life after marriage.

It may here be mentioned that Thomas Carlyle, son of a village mason, was born at Ecclefechan, in Annandale, in 1795. In 1806 he was sent to the Grammar School at Annan, and in 1809 to Edinburgh University. In 1814 he was appointed mathematical usher at Annan, and in 1816 schoolmaster at Kirkaldy. In 1818 he began to take pupils in Edinburgh. In 1822 he became private tutor in the family of Mr. Charles Buller—Charles Buller the younger—who was afterwards brilliantly distinguished in Parliament, being his pupil. In 1826 he married. After eighteen months he removed to Craigenputtoch, where he remained seven years. In 1834 he left Scotland, and settled in London.

the young wife bore them "cheerfully and willingly," were "undoubtedly a great strain upon her nerves, from which she never entirely recovered." According to Mr. Carlyle, "We were not unhappy; perhaps these were our happiest days." Happy they seemed to him, however, because he could do "fully twice as much work in a given time there as with my best effort was possible in London." Between such happiness and the strain upon Mrs. Carlyle of which the friend speaks there is no contradiction. "Hers was no holiday task of pleasant companionship; she had to live beside him in silence that the people in the world might profit by his full strength and receive his message."

Not from Mrs. Carlyle's suggestion came the migration to London. "Had the perpetual fluctuation, the uncertainty, and unintelligible whimsicality of Review Editors not proved so intolerable, we might have lingered longer at Craigenputtoch." But between January and August, 1830, "Sartor Resartus" was written —nine months it had cost him in writing—and its author decided to visit London to sell the book; but "poor 'Sartor'" was bandied ineffectually "among the blockheadisms."[1] This second visit to London made Craigenputtoch henceforth impossible for a permanence. Carlyle mooted the plan of residence in London, and, "though till then her voice on the subject had never been heard," she was very hearty for it.[2] Mrs. Carlyle

[1] The beggarly history of poor "Sartor" among the blockheadisms is not worth recording. In short, finding that whereas I had got £100 (if memory serve) for "Schiller" six or seven years before, and for "Sartor," at least thrice as good, I could not only not "get £200," but even get no "Murray," or the like, to publish it on "half-profits" (Murray, a most stupendous object to me; tumbling about; eyeless, with the evidently strong wish to say "yes and no;" my first signal experience of that sad human predicament); I said: "We will make it no, then; wrap up our MS.; wait till this Reform Bill uproar abates; and see and give our brave little Jeannie a sight of this big Babel, which is so altered since I saw it last (in '1824–25')!" She came right willingly, and had, in spite of her ill-health, which did not abate, but the contrary, an interesting, cheery, and, in spite of our poor arrangements, really pleasant winter here. We lodged in Ampton Street, Gray's Inn Lane, clean and decent pair of rooms. . . . . Visitors she had in plenty; John Mill . . . . Mrs. Basil Montague . . . . Jeffrey, Lord-Advocate . . . . Charles Lamb and his sister. . . . . News of my father's death came here; oh, how good and tender she was."

[2] In the year 1852 Carlyle lost his "dear old mother." She was eighty-three years old. She had often said, writes her son, "All the days of my appointed time will I wait till my change come." "The most beautifully religious soul I ever knew." "On the religious side, looking into the very heart of the matter, I always reckon her rather superior to my Jane, who in other shapes and with far different examples and conditions, had a great deal of noble religion, too." Carlyle was fifty-eight years of age when he lost his mother; when he wrote these "Reminiscences," "her memory still lies in me—sacred and tender."

advised that they should dismantle the farm-house, and carry to London all their furniture, "mostly all of it her father's furniture, whose character of solidly noble is visible upon it." "I was Thomas the Doubter," says he, "the unhoping;" but she, bright and brave, quickened his "desperate hope." From the first beginning of their two-and-thirty years in London (5, Cheyne Row, Chelsea), her loving care shielded him:—

> Years of hard battle against fate; hard, but not quite unvictorious, when she left me, as if in her car of heaven's fire. My noble one! I say deliberately, her part in the stern battle, and except myself none knows how stern, was brighter and braver than my own. Thanks, darling, for your shining words and acts, which were continual in my eyes, and in no other mortal's. Worthless I was your divinity, wrapt in your perpetual love of me and pride in me, in defiance of all men and things. Oh, was it not beautiful, all this that I have lost for ever!

Their income was very small; but she somehow contrived to "beat out these exiguous resources into covering the appointed space." In that, "as in her other tasks, she was silently successful always, and never, that I saw, had a misgiving about success." For himself, after writing his daily four or five pages of print, he would walk out at about 2 P.M., "always heavy laden, grim of mood." "Once or twice," when writing his "French Revolution,"[1] with nervous system irritated and inflamed, he found himself among the flood of equipages at Hyde Park Corner:—

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[1] We have now an account of the way in which the Carlyles received the news that the MS. of his first volume of the French Revolution had been burnt by a housemaid. He writes:—"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 round my neck, and openly lamenting, condoling, and encouraging, like a nobler, better self! Under Heaven is nothing beautifuller! 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 at it. Found it fairly impossible for about a fortnight; passed three weeks (reading Marryat'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. . . . 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 brought 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."

I recollect sternly thinking, "Yes; and perhaps none of you could do what I am at!" But generally my feeling was, "I shall finish this book, throw it at your feet, buy a rifle and spade, and withdraw to the Transatlantic wilderness, far from human beggaries and basenesses!" This had a kind of comfort to me; yet I always knew, too, in the background, that this would not practically do.

When he foreboded that even this book, though "from a man's very heart," would be trampled under foot and hoof, "'Pooh, pooh! they cannot trample that,' she would cheerily answer." At this time he gave monthly courses of lectures, "detestable mixture of prophecy and play-actorism." Edward Street, or Willis's Rooms, was the "place of execution." Often Mrs. Carlyle could not accompany him, when asked out, because they could not afford a fly. He remembers remorsefully his impatience at having one muddy night on their way to a soirée of Miss Martineau's to clasp one of her clogs which had come loose. "I cleaned my dirty fingers," he says, "in some handy little rain pool in the Park with diligent wiping." Cabs he avoided, dreading "a quarrel about fare, which was always my horror in such cases."

In 1842 Mrs. Welsh died, and the Carlyles came into possession of £200 a year from Craigenputtoch. That "to us was a highly considerable sum," and from this date "the pinch of poverty, which had been relaxing latterly, changed itself into a gentle pressure, or into a limit and little more." His literary income was "not above £200 a year in those decades, in spite of my continual diligence day by day." "'Cromwell,' written, I think, in 1844," a toil and misery to him for four years, was estimated on a scale more liberal "considerably than in any previous case," but it left their income unchanged. "Honour to her . . . . and thanks to poverty that showed me how noble, worshipful, and dear she was." He criticises "the singularly dark and feeble condition of public judgment," which, stimulated by his Rectorial Address, without "an idea or shadow of an idea in it but what had been set forth by me tens of times before," runs to buy his works in 1866. He calls to mind their poverty in 1842, and regrets that prosperity came too late for her to share it. "If they would give me £10,000 a year, and bray unanimously their hosannahs heaven-high for the rest of my life, who now would there be to get the smallest joy or profit from it? To me I feel as if it would be a silent sorrow rather." That he bought a brougham at last, "in spite of all Friedrichs and nightmares," is "a mercy of Heaven to me for the rest of my life!"

It was, indeed, useful and necessary as a means of health; but still more precious, I doubt not, as a mark of my regard for her. Ah me!

She never knew fully, nor could I show her in my heavy-laden, miserable life, how much I had at all times regarded, loved, and admired her. No telling of her now. "Five minutes more of your dear company in this world. Oh, that I had you yet for but five minutes, to tell you all!"

As he recollects "the four years of abstruse toil, obscure speculations, futile wrestling and misery," over "Cromwell," and the "infinitely worse" thirteen years over "Friedrich," years worn out in "hugging unclean creatures (Prussian Blockheadism) to my bosom, trying to caress and flatter their secret out of them," he thinks these were the duties of his life; laid upon him, he had to work them out. He laments deeply that he never was grateful enough to his wife. The day's work over, and the evening ride done, she was ever waiting for him with "something bright and pleasant to tell me, the most foredone of men," grains as of gold extracted by an alchemy all her own out of every day. The half-hour before dinner in the room, which, out of the smallest materials, she had made a most daintily pretty drawing-room, as he sat on the hearthrug with a pipe of tobacco, which "I had learnt to take with my back to the jamb, and door never so little open, so that all the smoke, if I was careful, went up the chimney," was "the one bright portion of my black day." His talk, however, would still be of the Prussian slough of despond through which he had been "tugging and wriggling":—

I had at last conquered Mollwitz, saw it all clear ahead and round me, and took to telling her about it, in my poor bit of joy, night after night. I recollect she answered little, though kindly always. Privately she at that time felt convinced she was dying:—dark winter, and such the weight of misery, and utter decay of strength, and, night after night, my theme to her, Mollwitz! . . . Never in my pretended superior kind of life have I done for love of any creature so supreme a kind of thing. It touches me at this moment with penitence and humiliation, yet with a kind of soft religious blessedness, too.

Volumes I. and II. of "Friedrich," writes Mr. Carlyle, were published in the year 1858:—

Probably about two years before that, was the nadir of my wife's sufferings,—internal sufferings and dispiritments; for outward fortune, &c., had now, for about six years, been on a quite tolerable footing, and indeed evidently fast on the improving hand: nor had this, at any worst time since, ever disheartened her, or darkened her feelings. But in 1856, owing to many circumstances, my engrossment otherwise (sunk in "Friedrich," in &c. &c.; far less exclusively, very far less, than she supposed, poor soul!); and owing chiefly, one may fancy, to the deeper downbreaks of her own poor health, which from this time, as I now see better, continued its advance upon the citadel, and

nervous system, and intrinsically grew worse and worse;—in 1856, too evidently, to whatever owing, my poor little darling was extremely miserable!

In March, 1866, Carlyle went to Edinburgh, to deliver his address as Rector. When he left his wife he was "in the saddest, sickly mood, full of gloom and misery, but striving to hide it; she too looked very pale and ill, but seemed intent only on forgetting nothing that could further me." "Softly regulating and forwarding as was her wont," she bade him good-bye.

Monday, at Edinburgh, was to me the gloomiest chaotic day, nearly intolerable for confusion, crowding, noisy inanity and misery, till once I got done. My speech was delivered as in a mood of defiant despair, and under the pressure of nightmares. Some feeling that I was not speaking lies alone sustained me. The applause, &c., I took for empty noise, which it really was not altogether. The instant I found myself loose, I hurried joyfully out of it over to my brother's lodgings (73, George Street, near by); to the students all crowding and shouting round me, I waved my hand prohibitively at the door, perhaps lifted my hat; and they gave but one cheer more; something in the tone of *it* which did for the first time go into my heart. . . . . That same afternoon, Tyndall's telegram, emphatic to the uttermost ("A perfect triumph," the three words of it) arrived here [*i.e.*, reached his wife]; a joy of joys to my little heroine. . . . . I do thank Heaven for this last favour to her that so loved me.

After that Edinburgh Monday, Mrs. Carlyle lived nineteen days. On April 21, 1866, "suddenly, as by a thunderbolt from skies all blue she was snatched from me."

Reviews.

The Worship of the Old Covenant Considered, more especially in Relation to that of the New. By the Rev. E. F. Willis, M.A., Vice-Principal of Cuddesdon Theological College. James Parker & Co. 1880.

The Sacrificial Aspect of the Holy Eucharist Considered in Relation to the One Atoning Sacrifice upon the Cross. An Eirenicon by the Rev. E. F. Willis, M.A., Vice-Principal of Cuddesdon Theological College. Second Edition. James Parker & Co. 1879.

IT is an indisputable fact that the facility with which error is disseminated and the extent of its diffusion depend mainly upon the amount of truth with which it is combined. The history of modern Ritualism, from its origin in the Oxford Tractarian movement down to the period of anarchy which it has recently inaugurated, presents a striking illustration of this apparent anomaly. Amongst the numerous