The last proofs of *Frederick* being corrected and dismissed, the Carlyles went down, in the spring of 1865, to stay with Lady Ashburton at a seaside cottage at Seaton, in Devonshire. They spent a few quiet weeks there, and then went home again—Carlyle, so he says, "sank and sank into ever new depths of stupefaction and dark misery of body and mind." He was a restless spirit. When busy, he complained that his work was killing him; when he was idle, his mind preyed upon itself. Perhaps, as was generally the case, he exaggerated his own discomforts. Long before he had told his family, when he had terrified them with his accounts of himself, that they ought to know that when he cried Murder he was not always being killed. When his soul seemed all black, the darkness only broken by lightnings, he was aware that sometimes it was only a want of potatoes. Still in the exhaustion which followed on long exertion he was always wildly humoured. About May he found that he wanted fresh change. Something was amiss with Mrs. Carlyle's right arm, so that she had lost the use of it for writing. She seemed well otherwise, however; she had no objection to being left alone, and he set off for Annandale, where he had not been for three years. Mrs. Carlyle made shift to write to him with the hand which was left to her; lively as ever, careful, for his sake, to take her misfortunes lightly.

[In Scotland] he had his horse with him—Fritz's successor, Lady Ashburton's present, whom he called Noggs.
On Noggs's back he wandered round the old neighbourhood, which he had first known as a schoolboy and then as usher. So went Carlyle's summer at the Gill. She meanwhile, dispirited by her lamed hand, and doubtful of the future, resolved that she, too, would see Scotland once more before she died.

Mrs. Carlyle was proud of her husband; she honoured his character, she gloried in his fame, and she was sure of his affection. But in her sick state she needed rest, and rest, when the dark spirit was on him, she could not find at his side. He had his sister with him; he had his brother James close at hand. To these kind kindred she might safely leave him; and she went on past Annan to the good Russells in Nithsdale, who had nursed her in the past year. Carlyle wished her only to do what would give her most pleasure. He went to see her at Thornhill, met her at Dumfries, was satisfied to know that she was in safe hands, and was blind to the rest.

To Mrs. Carlyle Nithsdale this time had been a failure. The sleeplessness came on again, and she fled back to Cheyne Row. “My poor witch-hunted Goody,” he said; “oh what a chace of the fiends.” Miss Bromley took charge of her at Folkestone, from which she was able to send a brighter account of herself. He, meanwhile, lingered on at his brother's at Scotsbrig.

The peaceable torpor did not last long. He was roused first into a burst of indignation by reading an “insolent and vulgar” review upon Ruskin’s Sesame and Lilies. It was written by a man who professed attachment to Mrs. Carlyle. I need not name him; he is dead now, and cannot be hurt by reading Carlyle’s description of him to her:

A dirtyish little pug, . . . irredeemably imbedded in commonplace, and grown fat upon it, & prosperous to an unwholesome degree. Don’t you return his love; nasty gritty creature, with no eye for “the Beautiful the” &c,—and awfully “interesting to himself, he too.”

In August Carlyle started on a round of visits—to Mr. Erskine at Linlathen, to Sir William Stirling at Keir, to Edinburgh, to Lord and Lady Lothian at Newbattle, and then again to Scotsbrig.

The summer ended, as summers do and summers will,
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And autumn saw the Carlyles together once more in their Chelsea home, which one of them was not again to leave alive. The great outward event of Carlyle's own life, Scotland's public recognition of him, was now lying close ahead. This his wife was to live to witness as her final happiness in this world. She seemed stronger, slept tolerably, drove about daily in her brougham; occasionally even dined out. Once I remember meeting her and Carlyle this autumn at the Dean of Westminster's, and walking home with him. Once they dined with me to meet Mr. Spedding of Mirrhouse, Ruskin, and Dean Milman. Ruskin, I recollect, that night was particularly brilliant, and with her was a special favourite. She was recovering slightly the use of her right hand; she could again write with it; and nothing visible on the surface indicated that danger was near.

I had been at Edinburgh, and had heard Gladstone make his great oration on Homer there, on retiring from office as Rector. It was a grand display. I never recognised before what oratory could do; the audience being kept for three hours in a state of electric tension, bursting every moment into applause. Nothing was said which seemed of moment when read deliberately afterwards; but the voice was like enchantment, and the street, when we left the building, was ringing with a prolongation of the cheers. Perhaps in all Britain there was not a man whose views on all subjects, in heaven and earth, less resembled Gladstone's than those of the man whom this same applauding multitude elected to take his place. The students too, perhaps, were ignorant how wide the contradiction was; but if they had been aware of it they need not have acted differently. Carlyle had been one of themselves. He had risen from among them—not by birth or favour, not on the ladder of any established profession, but only by the internal force that was in him—to the highest place as a modern man of letters. In Frederick he had given the finish to his reputation; he stood now at the summit of his fame; and the Edinburgh students desired to mark their admiration in some signal way. He had been mentioned before, but he had declined to be nominated, for a party only were then in his favour.

On this occasion the students were unanimous, or nearly so. His own consent was all that was wanting, and the
question lay before him whether, hating as he did all public displays, he would accept a quasi-coronation from them.

On November 7, 1865, he wrote to his brother:

My Rectorate, it seems, is a thing "settled"; which by no means oversets my composure with joy! A young Edinburgh man came here two weeks ago to remind me that, last time, in flatly refusing, I had partly promised for this, if my work were done; I objected to the Speech &c, he declared that to be a thing they would dispense with: "Well, if so—!" I concluded; but do not yet entirely see my way through that latter clause, which is the sore one. Indeed I have yet heard nothing of official upon it; and did not even see the Newspaper Paragraphs till yesterday. 

Hat wenig zu bedeuten [of very little importance], one way or the other.6

Hat wenig zu bedeuten. So Carlyle might say—but it was bedeutend [important] to him nevertheless, and still more so to his wife. It seemed strange to me, so strange as to be almost incredible, that the Rectorship of a Scotch University could be supposed to add anything to the position which Carlyle had made for himself. But there were peculiar circumstances which gave to this one special form of recognition an exceptional attractiveness. Carlyle's reputation was English, German, American—Scotch also—but Scotch only to a certain degree. There had always in Scotland been an opposition party; and if the prophet had some honour in his own country, it was less than in other places. At least some feeling of this kind existed in Cheyne Row, though it may have been partly fancy, and due to earlier associations. Carlyle's Edinburgh memories were almost all painful. His University days had been without distinction. They had been followed by dreary schoolmastering days at Kirkcaldy, and the scarcely less dreary years of private tutoring in Edinburgh again. When Miss Welsh, of Haddington, announced that she was to be married to him, the unheard of mésalliance had been the scoff of Edinburgh society and of her father's and mother's connections there.7

It had been hoped after the marriage that some situation might have been found for him, and they had settled in Comely Bank with a view to it. All efforts failed, however, and nothing could be done. At Craigenputtoch he laid the foundation of his reputation—but his applications for employment in Scotland had been still refused invariably,
and sometimes contumeliously. London treated him, in 1831, as a person of importance; when he spent the winter following in Edinburgh he was coldly received there—received with a dislike which was only not contempt because it was qualified with fear. This was all past and gone, but he had always a feeling that Edinburgh had not treated him well. The Rectorship would be a public acknowledgment that his countrymen had been mistaken about him, and he had an innocent satisfaction in the thought of it. She, too, had a similar feeling. Among old friends of his family, who knew little about literature, there was still an impression that "Jeannie Welsh had thrown herself away." They would be forced to say now that "Jeannie was right after all." She laughed when she talked about it, and I could hardly believe that she was serious. But evidently both in him and her some consciousness of the kind was really working, and this perhaps more than anything else determined him to go through with a business which, in detail, was sure to be distressing to him.

Thus it was all settled. Carlyle was chosen Rector of Edinburgh University, and was to be installed in the ensuing spring. The congratulations which poured in all the winter—especially from Mrs. C.'s Scotch kinsfolk—"amused" them. Even a speech had been promised, and so long as it was at a distance seemed not inexecutable.

During the winter I saw much of him. He was, for him, in good spirits, lighter-hearted than I had ever known him. He would even admit occasionally that he was moderately well in health. Even on the public side of things he fancied that there were symptoms of a possibility of a better day coming.

The time approached for the installation and the delivery of the speech in Edinburgh. Through the winter Carlyle had dismissed it from his mind as the drop of bitter in his cup; but it had now to be seriously faced. To read would have been handiest to him, but he determined to speak. A speech was not an essay. A speech written and delivered, or even written and learnt by heart was to him an imposture, or, at best, an insincerity. He did not seem to be anxious, but anxious he was, and painfully so. He had never spoken
in public since the lecture days. He had experienced then that he could do it, and could do it eminently well if he had practised the art—but he had not practised. In private talk he had no living equal; words flowed like Niagara. But a private room among friends, and a hall crowded with strangers where he was to stand up alone under two thousand pairs of eyes, were things entirely different; and Carlyle, with all his imperiousness and high scornful tones, was essentially shy—one of the shyest of men. He resolved, however, as his father used to say, to “gar [make] himself to go through with the thing,” or at least to try. If he broke down, as he thought that he probably would, he was old and weak, and it could signify little. Still, he says that he “was very miserable (angry with himself for getting into such a coil of vanity . . . ),”\(^8\) provoked that a performance which, to a vulgar orator would be a pride and delight, should to him appear so dreadful. Mrs. Carlyle kept up his spirits, made fun of his fears, bantered him, encouraged him, herself as much alarmed as he was, but conscious, too, of the ridiculous side of it. She had thought of going with him, as she had gone with him to his lectures, but her courage misgave her. Among the freaks of her imagination she fancied that he might fall into a fit, or drop down dead in the excitement. She had herself been conscious lately of curious sensations and sharp twinges, which might mean worse than she knew. A sudden shock might make an end of her also, “and then there would be a scene.”\(^9\) There would be plenty of friends about him. Huxley was going down, and Tyndall, who, wide as his occupations and line of thought lay from Carlyle’s, yet esteemed, honoured, loved him as much as any man living did. Tyndall made himself responsible to Mrs. Carlyle that her husband should be duly attended to on the road and at the scene of action; and to Tyndall’s care she was content to leave him. The journey was to be broken at Fryston, where he would be received by Milnes, now Lord Houghton. There he was to stay two nights, and then go on to Scotland.

Accordingly, on Thursday, the 29th of March, at nine a.m., Tyndall appeared with a cab in Cheyne Row, he himself radiant—confident—or if he felt misgivings (I believe he felt none), resolute not to show them. Carlyle submitted
JOHN TYNDALL. An important Victorian scientist, Tyndall was one of Carlyle's closest associates in later years. He accompanied Carlyle to Edinburgh in 1866 upon the occasion of Carlyle's inaugural address as Rector of the University, and later that same year he took a disconsolate Carlyle, mourning the death of his wife, to pass the winter in the south of France as guest of the second Lady Ashburton. (Photograph by Elliott & Fry, courtesy of the Columbia University Libraries.)
passively to his directions, and did not seem outwardly dis­
turbed, "in the saddest sickly mood, full of gloom and mis­
er, but striving to hide it." She, it was observed, looked pale and ill, but in those days she seldom looked otherwise. She had been busy providing little comforts for his journey. Remembering the lecture days she gave him her own small travelling flask, with a single glass of brandy in it, that he might mix and drink it in the Hall, and think of her and be inspired.

"The last I saw of her," he says, "was as she stood with her back to the Parlour-door to bid me her good-bye. She kissed me twice (she me once, I her a second time)." The cab drove away. They were never to meet again in this world. "Tyndall," he says in the Reminiscences, "was kind, cheery, inventive, helpful; the loyalest Son could not have more faithfully striven to support his father, under every difficulty that rose. And they were many." In a letter he says, "Tyndall's conduct to me has been loyalty's own self; no adoring son could have more faithfully watched a decrepit Father." Fryston was reached without misadventure. "Lord Houghton's and Lady's, kindness to me was un­
bounded." Tyndall wrote to Mrs. Carlyle daily reporting everything on its brightest side, though the omens did not open propitiously. "My first night here," he wrote himself, "owing to railway and other noises all thro', not to speak of excitations, talkings, dinnering &c, was totally sleepless,—a night of wandering, starting to (vain) tobacco, and utter misery," thought of flying off next morning to Auchtertool for quiet. Morning light and reflection restored some de­
gree of composure. He was allowed to breakfast alone— Tyndall took him out for a long, brisk ride. He dined again alone, threw himself on a sofa, "and, by Heaven's blessing, had for the first time an hour & half of real sleep." In his bed he slept again for seven or eight hours, and on the Saturday on which he was to proceed found himself "a new man."

Huxley had joined the party at Fryston. Lord Houghton went with them as far as York. The travelling was disagreeable. Carlyle reached Edinburgh in the evening, "the for­
lornest of all physical wretches." There too the first night was "totally hideous," with dreadful feelings "that speak­
ing would be impossible; that I should utterly break down,—
to which, indeed, I had in my mind said, ‘Well then,’ and was preparing to treat it with the best contempt I could.”

On Sunday, however, he found himself surrounded with friendly faces. Mr. Erskine had come from Linlathen. His two brothers were there from Scotsbrig; all Edinburgh was combining to do him honour, and was hearty and warm and enthusiastic. His dispiritment was not proof against a goodwill which could not but be agreeable. He collected himself, slept well the Sunday night (as felons sleep, he would himself probably have said, the night before execution), and on the Monday was ready for action.

The installation of a Rector is a ceremonious affair. Ponderous robes have to be laid on, and there is a marching in procession of officials and dignitaries in crimson and ermine through the centre of the crowded Hall. The Rector is led to a conspicuous chair; an oath is administered to him, and the business begins.

When Carlyle rose in his seat he was received with an enthusiasm at least as loud as had been shown for Mr. Gladstone—and perhaps the feeling of the students, as he had been one of themselves—was more completely genuine. I believe—for I was not present—that he threw off the heavy academic gown. He had not been accustomed to robes of honour. He had been only a man all his life; he chose to be a man still; about to address a younger generation who had come together to hear something that might be of use to them. He says of himself, “My Speech was delivered as in a mood of defiant despair, and under the pressure of night-mares. Some feeling that I was not speaking lies, alone sustained me. The applause etc., I took for empty noise, which it really was not altogether.”

This is merely his own way of expressing that he was doing what he did not like; that, having undertaken it, he became interested in what he was about, grew possessed with his subject, and fell into the automatic state in which alone either speaking or any other valuable work can be done as it ought to be. His voice was weak. There were no more volleys of the old Annandale grape-shot; otherwise he was easy, fluent, and like himself in his calmest mood.

He began with a pretty allusion to the time when he had first come up (fifty-six years before) to Edinburgh to at-
tend the University classes. Two entire generations had passed away since that time. A third, in choosing him as Rector, was expressing its opinion of the use which he had made of his life, and was declaring that "you are not altogether an unworthy labourer in the vineyard." At his age, and residing as he did, far away in London, he could be of little service to the University, but he might say a few words to the students which might perhaps be of some value to them. In soft, earnest language, with the plainest common-sense, made picturesque by the form in which it was expressed, he proceeded to impress on them the elementary duties of diligence, fidelity, and honest exertion, in their present work, as a preparation for their coming life. Their line of study was, in the main, marked out for them. So far as they could choose (after a half-reverent, half-humorous allusion to theology, exactly in the right tone for a modern audience) he advised them to read history—especially Greek and Roman history—and to observe especially how, among these nations, piety and awe of the gods lay at the bottom of their greatness; that without such qualities no man or nation ever came to good. Thence he passed to British history, to Oliver Cromwell, to their own Knox (one of the select of the earth), to the Covenanters, to the resolute and noble effort of the Scotch people to make Christ's gospel the rule of their daily lives. Religion was the thing essential. Theology was not so essential. He was giving in brief a popular epitome of his own opinions and the growth of them.

In early life he had himself been a Radical. He was a Radical still in substance, though no longer after the popular type. He was addressing students who were as ardent in that matter as he had himself once been, and he was going on dangerous ground as he advanced. But he chose to speak as he felt. He touched upon democracy. He showed how democracies, from the nature of things, never had been, and never could be of long continuance; how essential it was, in such a world as ours, that the noblest and wisest should lead and that the rest should obey and follow. It was thus that England and Scotland had grown to be what they were. It was thus only that they could keep the place which they had won. We were apt to think that through the spread of reading and knowledge the conditions of human nature
were changed, and that inequalities no longer existed. He thought slightly of the spread of knowledge as it was called, "Maid-servants . . . getting instructed in the 'ologies,' and are apparently becoming more and more ignorant of brewing, boiling, and baking; and above all, are not taught what is necessary to be known, from the highest of us to the lowest,—faithful obedience, modesty, humility, and correct moral conduct." Knowledge, wisdom, true superiority was as hard to come at now as ever, and there were just as few that arrived at it. He then touched on another branch of the same subject, one on which he was often thinking, the belief in oratory and orators which was now so widely prevailing. Demosthenes might be the greatest of orators, but Phocion proved right in the facts. And then after a word from Goethe on education, he came to speak of this present age, in which our own lot was cast. He spoke of it then as he always did—as an era of anarchy and disintegration, in which all things, not made of asbestos, were on the way to being consumed. He did not complain of this. He only bade his hearers observe it and make the best of it. He told them to be true and faithful in their own lives; to endeavour to do right, not caring whether they succeeded, as it was called, in life; to play their own parts as quietly and simply as they could, and to leave the rest to Providence. "Don't suppose," he said, "that people are hostile to you or have you at ill-will, in the world. . . . You may feel often as if the whole world were obstructing you, setting itself against you: but you will find that to mean only, that the world is travelling in a different way from you, and, rushing on in its own path, heedlessly treads on you. That is mostly all: to you no specific ill-will." He bade them walk straight forward; not expecting that life would be strewed with roses; and knowing that they must meet their share of evil as well as good. But he told them, too, that they would find friends if they deserved them, and in fact would meet the degree of success which they had on the whole deserved. He wound up with Goethe's hymn, which he had called, to Sterling, the "marching-music of the great brave Teutonic Kindred"; and he finished with the words which to the end were so often upon his own lips:

Wir heissen euch hoffen. (We bid you be of hope.)

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He was long puzzled at the effect upon the world's estimate of him which this speech produced. There was not a word in it which he had not already said, and said far more forcibly a hundred times. But suddenly and thenceforward, till his death set them off again, hostile tongues ceased to speak against him, and hostile pens to write. The speech was printed in full in half the newspapers in the island. It was received with universal acclamation. A low price edition of his works became in demand, and they flew into a strange temporary popularity with the reading multitude. *Sartor,* "poor beast," had struggled into life with difficulty, and its readers since had been few, if select. Twenty thousand copies of the shilling edition of it were now sold instantly on its publication. It was now admitted universally that Carlyle was a "great man." Yet he saw no inclination, not the slightest, to attend to his teaching. He himself could not make it out, but the explanation is not far to seek. The Edinburgh address contained his doctrines with the fire which had provoked the animosity taken out of them. They were reduced to the level of church sermons; thrown into general propositions which it is pretty and right and becoming to confess with our lips, while no one is supposed to act on them. We admire and praise the beautiful language, and we reward the performance with a bishopric, if the speaker be a clergyman. Carlyle, people felt with a sense of relief, meant only what the preachers meant, and was a fine fellow after all.

The address had been listened to with delight by the students, and had ended amidst rounds of applause. Tyn dall telegraphed to Mrs. Carlyle his brief but sufficient message, " 'A perfect triumph.' "24 The maids in Cheyne Row clapped their hands when it arrived. Maggie Welsh danced for delight. Mrs. Carlyle drove off to Forster's, where she was to dine. Dickens and Wilkie Collins were there, and they drank Carlyle's health, and it was, as she said, " 'a good joy.' "25 He meanwhile had escaped at his best speed from the scene of his exploit; making for his brother's lodgings in George Street, where he could smoke a pipe and collect himself. Hundreds of lads followed him, crowding and hurrahing. "I waved my hand prohibitively at the door," he wrote, "perhaps lifted my hat; and they gave

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but one cheer more,—something in the tone of it, which did for the first time go into my heart. 'Poor young men; so well affected to the poor old brother or grandfather here; and in such a black whirlpool of a world, all of us!' ”26

Anxiety about the speech and its concomitants had, as Mrs. Carlyle expressed it, “tattered [her] to fiddle-strings.”27 The sudden relief, when it was over, was scarcely less trying. She had visitors to see, who came with their congratulations. She had endless letters to receive and answer. To escape from part of this she had gone to Windsor, to spend two days with her friend Mrs. Oliphant, and had greatly enjoyed her visit. On coming back she had dined with Lady William Russell, in Audley Square, and had there a smart passage of words with Mr. Hayward, on the Jamaica disturbances, the news of which, and of Governor Eyre’s action, had just arrived.28 The chief subject of conversation everywhere was her husband’s address, and of this there was nothing said but good. Tyndall came back. She saw him, heard all particulars from him, and was made perfectly happy about it. Carlyle himself would be home in a day or two. For Saturday the 21st, purposely that it might be got over before his arrival, she had invited a small party to tea.

Principal Tulloch and his wife were in London; they wished to meet me or else I to meet them. I forget which it was. I hope the desire was mutual. I, the Tullochs, Mr. and Mrs. Spottiswoode, and Mrs. Oliphant were to be Mrs. Carlyle’s guests in Cheyne Row that evening. Geraldine Jewsbury, who was then living in Markham Square, was to assist in entertaining us. That morning Mrs. Carlyle wrote her daily letter to Carlyle, and took it herself to the post. In the afternoon she went out in her brougham for the usual drive round Hyde Park, taking her little dog with her. Nero lay under a stone in the garden in Cheyne Row, but she loved all kinds of animals, dogs especially, and had found another to succeed him. Near Victoria Gate she had put the dog out to run. A passing carriage went over its foot, and, more frightened than hurt, it lay on the road on its back crying. She sprang out, caught the dog in her arms, took it with her into the brougham, and was
never more seen alive. The coachman went twice round the drive, by Marble Arch down to Stanhope Gate, along the Serpentine and round again. Coming a second time near to the Achilles statue, and surprised to receive no directions, he turned round, saw indistinctly that something was wrong, and asked a gentleman near to look into the carriage. The gentleman told him briefly to take the lady to St. George's Hospital, which was not two hundred yards distant. She was sitting with her hands folded on her lap dead.

I had stayed at home that day, busy with something, before going out in the evening. A servant came to the door, sent by the housekeeper at Cheyne Row, to say that something had happened to Mrs. Carlyle, and to beg me to go at once to St. George's. Instinct told me what it must be. I went on the way to Geraldine; she was getting ready for the party, and supposed that I had called to take her there. I told her the message which I had received. She flung a cloak about her, and we drove to the hospital together. There, on a bed in a small room, we found Mrs. Carlyle, beautifully dressed, dressed as she always was, in quietly perfect taste. Nothing had been touched. Her bonnet had not been taken off. It was as if she had sate upon the bed after leaving the brougham, and had fallen back upon it asleep. But there was an expression on her face which was not sleep, and which, long as I had known her, resembled nothing which I had ever seen there. The forehead, which had been contracted in life by continued pain, had spread out to its natural breadth, and I saw for the first time how magnificent it was. The brilliant mockery, the sad softness with which the mockery alternated, both were alike gone. The features lay composed in a stern majestic calm. I have seen many faces beautiful in death, but never any so grand as hers. I can write no more of it. I did not then know all her history. I knew only how she had suffered, and how heroically she had borne it. Geraldine knew everything. Mrs. Carlyle, in her own journal, calls Geraldine her Consuelo, her chosen comforter. She could not speak. I took her home. I hurried down to Cheyne Row, where I found Forster half-distracted, yet, with his vigorous sense, alive to what must immediately be done. Mr. Blunt, the Rector of Chelsea, was also there; he, too, dreadfully
shaken, but collected and considerate. Two points had immediately to be considered: how to communicate the news to Carlyle; and how to prevent an inquest and an examination of the body, which Forster said would kill him. Forster undertook the last. He was a lunacy commissioner, and had weight with official persons. Dr. Quain had attended Mrs. Carlyle in her illness, and from him I believe Forster obtained a certificate of the probable cause of the death, which was received as sufficient. As to Carlyle, we did not know precisely where he was, whether at Dumfries or Scotsbrig. In the uncertainty a telegram was sent to John Carlyle at Edinburgh, another to Dr. John Brown, should John Carlyle be absent. By them the news was forwarded the same night to Dumfries, to his brother-in-law, Mr. Aitken, with whom he was staying, to be communicated according to Mr. Aitken's discretion.

And now I go on with Carlyle's own narrative written a fortnight after.

Saturday night about half-past nine, I was sitting in Sister Jean's at Dumfries; thinking of my Railway to Chelsea on Monday, and perhaps of a sprained ankle I had got at Scotsbrig two weeks or so before,—when the fatal telegram (two of them in succession) came; it had a kind of stunning effect upon me; not for above two days could I estimate the immeasurable depth of it, or the infinite sorrow which had peeled my life all bare, and, in one moment, shattered my poor world to universal ruin. They took me out next day, to wander (as was medically needful) in the green sunny Sabbath fields; and ever and anon there rose from my sick heart the ejaculation "My poor little Woman!"—but no full gust of tears came to my relief, nor has yet come... Monday morning, John set off with me for London;—never, for a thousand years, should I forget that arrival here of ours,—my first unwelcomed by her; she lay in her coffin, lovely in death... pale Death and things not mine or ours had possession of our poor dwelling. Next day wander over the fatal localities in Hyde Park; Forster and Brother John settling, apart from me, every thing for the morrow. Morrow, Wednesday morning, we were under way with our sacred burden; John and Forster kindly did not speak to me (good Twistleton too was in the train without consulting me): I looked out upon the Spring fields, the everlasting Skies, in silence; and had for most part a more endurable day,—till Haddington where Dods etc. were waiting with hospitalities, with etc. etc. which almost drove me openly wild. I went out to walk in the moonlit silent streets; not suffered to go alone: I looked up at the windows of the old Room where I had first
GRAVE OF JANE WELSH CARLYLE. Jane Carlyle, who died unexpectedly on 21 April 1866 while Carlyle was away in Scotland, lies buried according to her wish with her father in the ruined chancel of Haddington Parish Church. (Photograph by the editor.)
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seen her,—1821 on a Summer evening after Sunset,—five and forty years ago. Edward Irving had brought me out, walking to Had- dington; she the first thing I had to see there. The beautifullest young creature I had ever beheld; sparkling with grace and talent, though sunk in sorrow (for loss of her Father), and speaking little. I noticed her once looking at me,—Oh Heaven, to think of that now! . . .

Thursday (26th April 1866), wandered out into the Churchyard etc.: at one P.M. came the Funeral; silent, small (only twelve old friends, and two volunteer, besides us three), very beautiful and noble to me: and I laid her head in the grave of her Father (according to covenant of forty years back); and all was ended. In the nave of the old Abbey Kirk, long a ruin, now being saved from further decay, with the skies looking down on her, there sleeps my little Jeannie, and the light of her face will never shine on me more.\textsuperscript{31}

In these days, with mournful pleasure, Carlyle composed the beautiful epitaph which is printed in the \textit{Letters and Memorials}, “a word,” he said, “all true at least, and coming from my heart, which feels a momentary solace from it.”\textsuperscript{32}