CARLYLE'S EARLY HOME.

ANCIENT ECCLEFECHAN AND SOME OF ITS HISTORY.

The Quaint Border Village Where The Philosopher Was Born-An Odd Hamlet and Little Changed by Time-Glimpses of the Great Man's Childhood.

ECCLEFECHAN, Scotland, Sept. 14. -wall. On the other were straggling houses, and one, from its appearance, might have lishment formerly located behind it; or the ancient jail of the village, now smartly whitewashed and transformed into a lowly habitation. It was a mite of a thing with an archway through it occupying one-third of the lower story. At each side was a narrow oaken door, and, nearer each end, a tiny window. In the second story another little window above each lower one, looked into the street; and over the centre of the archway were two still more diminutive windows, side by side. It was a double house of the dwarf variety, and the one at the north end was the birth-place of Thomas Carlyle.

whom more has been written by little and great writers than has been penned in criticism or praise of Thomas Carlyle. And I am just as much in doubt whether any one or all of these, from passing essayist to stately biographer, ever really visited the birthplace of this rare and royally rampant genius. Yet that should have been every serious biographer's first duty. Interesting | was sent away to Edinburg to the Univeras may be every little detail in the maturer career of the man of genius, when we have Yearned each one by neart, and have been given standards by which to find his place, measure his personality and weigh his influence, we are still unsatisfied. What were the potent forces which sent him on his way, or which were overcome, in his upbuilding? Out of what manner of mold did he come? What was the actual envir- roundings and boyhood life. It is all a onment of the babe, the child, the youth? We wish to be shown the ultimate perspective. It is not to be found in any biography It is but two years less than one hundred

since Thomas Carlyle was born in that little

stone cottage. There is no place in Britain

where less change has come in that period

than in stern and tiny Ecclefechan. Indeed

the changelessness of all these ancient borimpressive characteristics. From Yetholm to Dumfries along the Scottish border, and from Berwick to Carlyle along the English border, it is just the same. They are all as they were; only a little more asleep. The railway stations are about all the structures in them that have large windows or smell of paint. They remain chiefly as they stood when the border raids were ended. They are gray, battle-scarred, ancient. They were built in fighting times and have their records in their hard old faces. To wander or three centuries and set down face to face with the grimness and cruelties of feudal times; and I sometimes think that the nature of the lowly tolk, beaten to savage hardness in those sorry times, is in this borderland of both kingdoms a long time taking on the gentler touch of our time. relics of a sorry age. The Scotch crowded close to the border; built more and stronger places of sally, even the tiniest of hamlets having likeness in sturdiness and strength to the larger towns, and then, being the the livliest on their legs, "harried" the English in such a brisk and occupying way, that they had little time on their hands,

important border towns. The quaint hamlet stands in a little hollow of the champaign land of south-eastern Annandale. The same old post-road which leads north from England through Carlyle and grewsome Gretna Green passes through it forming its principal and almost it only street. From the south this highway leads through a pleasant country, well watered and wooded and charmingly broken by clumps of ancient trees or newer plantamile or more to as bleak, suggestively dreary and hopeless horizon as you will often come upon in Normandy, or as are seen in the peasant pictures of Brittany by the master hand of Millet. To the northand other mountain ranges. Away to the Annandale and to the northwest, but four miles distant, the legend-haunted hill of Brunswark, where the boy Carlisle often wandered, lifts its Roman-camped head into the fleecy, vagrant clouds.

Eccletechan has great age but little history, aside from having produced this one famous man. At about the centre of the village, where a highway leaves the old Carlisie and Glasgow post-road to wander through the valley of Annan to the Solway- lived, there is but one room below stairs. In this lies Carlyle, his father and mother enough filled to be interesting with Carand other members of the family. It has lyle relics, including his famous coffee-pot or the church of St. Fechan. Fechan was which there is set a quaint old fire-place, is an Irish abbot of the seventh century from | a little, long bed-room over the arch-way; of Eccletechan.

Border war brought the ancient church Disassociating the man Thomas Carlyle time effaced what remained. But the not come to one spot made warm, tender found in a brown study.

Eccletechan's grave-yard of today; and all it. Even the dreary old kirk-yard where the stern descendants of those who swore he lies, but a few steps from where he was to "endeavor the extirpation of popery, born, intensifies the feeling that something prelacy, superstition, heresy, schism, protaneness, etc.," who have departed life in little Ecclefechan, are lying here in "consecrated ground." In carlyle's boyhood time there were many of hand-loom weavers here. Their stone cottages stood along the highway interspersed with a few shops At one side of the stream was an ancient and inns. The cottages remain, housing folk of the same social order comfortable laborers among the surrounding farms. At least three of the inns are still standing. been an olden stable; an abandoned lodge | Two have been transformed into humble at the entrance to some gentleman's estab- habitations. One, the Bush Hotel—a little, long, low, rambling structure jutting out into the highway invitingly, and presided over by a brisk, bonnie landlady, Mistress Kilgour, who is not afraid to tell you that she has no love for "Yonkee" pilgrims and their sneering ways-contains most of the life of the sleepy hamlet; and, with ministering to cyclers on their northern tours, modern coaching parties and occasional pilgrims to Carlyle's birthplace and grave, is almost as breezy and bustling as in the times of the packers and carters, when the olden post coaches changed their steaming horses, after the dash from Gretna, before

So this was the spot and these the physical surroundings of Thomas Carlyle from his birth in 1795, until his stone-mason father, James Carlyle, who "hammered on I doubt if there ever lived a writer about at Ecclefechan, making in his best year shom more has been written by little and £100," removed to the bleak farmstead of Mainhill, near Lockerbie, about ten miles north of his native hamlet, and still along the old Carlisle and Glasgow post road. This comprised the first fourteen years of of his life. During this time all the boyhood home and home surroundings he ever knew were his; for he had already felt the terrors of schoolboy life at Annan; and just after the family removal to Mainhill be sity, walking the whole distance, through Moffat, in company with a senior student in the University named Tom Smail.

There are none living here or hereabout now who knew Thomas Carlyle as a boy; but I tound very many old, old folk whose parents were his youthful companions, or his parents' "neebors," and who, on account of Carlyle's subsequent fame, left clear testimony with their children, from their standpoint of view, of his home surgrim, gray picture set in forbidding shadows, with but one bright, clear ray streaming through it-a brave, loyal mother's endless care and love; of a home so little and mean that no room in it permitted the have been watching the wasps with great tamily meals to be eaten by all its members at once; which forced young Carlyle to carry forth his food of bread crumbs boiled in milk to be eaten on the "coping of the wall," while the lad gazed at the distant mountains; of a father irascible as honest, unreasonable as sturdy, miserly as pious in the dim old steely way; of a mother, with der towns and hamlets is one of their most all her great virtue, a pestilence of fire and sword against all intellectual unfolding not in accord with her own almost savagely exacting creed; and of social and intellectual environment in which there were more melancholy, hopeless seriousness, petty caviling, down-right hatred and far less brightness and sentiment than about the olden campfires of the American Chippewas

It is plain that the Carlyles were not only

not beloved, but that they were disliked with that brutal sort of rancor common in ignorant neighborhoods. The father was the best workman of the community. Had he not possessed a furious temper and a among them is like being whisked back two hard fist, he would have been driven from the hamlet. He was feared, rather than liked or respected. The mother was held by her guidwife neighbors to be o'ersaintly and "o'er-asperans," or pompous in man-ner and language, as well as "muckle auldmou'd," or sagacious and crafty in discourse. The imperious obstinancy of the tather, so marked a characteristic of the son, rather than just pride in intelligence Scotland is richest in these weird old border for its own sake, determined him on making the boy a scholar; and this again widened the breach between the stonemason's family and the carping villagers. The latter stood in awe of his fists, but stung the brave wite's spirit wotully with their crafty gossip and raillery. The hurt was double upon the boy's defenseless head. The parents in their prayers, illustrated to the lad what a debt of gratitude was being piled up against him by the Almighty that he was permitted to live, and after chasing the raiders home, for building by themselves that they had sustained contumely and sacrifice to give him those mighty advantages; while through his playtellows, on account of the disposition of their parents, he was made the victim of every conceivable species of savagery and

From these old tales it is easy to learn that as a babe Thomas Carlyle drew in the very milk of unhappiness and rancor from his mother's breast. He was a weazened, thin, uncanny bairn, "sniffling-snaffling" in infancy; mournful, moaning and haddertions and small well tilled fields. Beyond ing through the "cutty-gear" period; not the hamlet the roads winds upward for a into kilts before he had learned the unspeakable terrors of an infanthood where every other child about him showed only the face of harrassing ogre; in childhood a them like a strong man. lamentable bairn set upon and scourged by bullying brats; and all his youth-tide east there are dim outlines of the Hartfell | the quarry of every ill-natured little human beast of the Ecclefechan gutters or bysouthwest are the misty vales of lovely lane cabins. Why, it seems to me that right here is found the true key to his whole attertime nature. The royal protests, the often almost imbecile cavilings, the Titanic outbursts, that rumble and grumble and thunder throughout his mighty work were, atter all, largely an endless if unconscious cry of the man's heart against the barbarities of his own

In the little stone cottage where they side town of that name, a little cross-street, In the upper story there is a room the same formed by this road, runs a few rods with | size as that on the first floor. This is reit and stops short by an ancient graveyard. tained as sort of show-room, and is well also hundreds of unamed graves, for half a in which he was wont to brew his own thousand years before the Carlyle line had coffee and his equally famous tobaccocrossed the border into Scotland from cutter-handmaids of the Cheyne Row, Carlisle with the adherents of returning Chelsea, inspiration and inseparable com-King David II., it was the site of a then panions of his irascibilty and dyspepsia. ancient church called Ecclesie S. Fechani, Off this little chamber and sitting-room, in Iona, who was canonized, his day being the and in this Themas Carlyle- was born. 20th of January. Hence the curious name | Altogether the place is uninviting meager, hard, austere.

to ruin. The spirit of the covenanters' from the heroism of his lofty work, you can-

churchyard of a thousand years ago is and glowing for his having been a part of of the human and humane was lacking, or was denied, his whole line. There does not seem to be one soul in all the region where he was born and reared who recalls the family name with loving kindness and respect. To be known as a pilgrim to the Carlyle home and tomb is to be regarded with suspicion and sneers. The very gravestone is parsimonious and shabby; the enclosure, unkempt; weeds and brambles crowd the spot closely; the lad that unlocks the gate snickers behind you; and as you stand for a little time leaning upon the iron railing in contemplation of the lonely, neg-lected grave of this rare old warrior in the field of letters, you cannot but wonder, after all, if any true greatness can ever exist so far above the heads and hearts of the lowly that they are not reached, aided and encompassed by it. EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

BIBULOUS BEES AND WASPS.

An English Medical Man Says They Can Get Very Drunk Indeed.

Mr. Lawson Tait, the well-known medical specialist of Birmingham, says:-I have been fully persuaded after thirty years of life as hard in work and as tull of responsibility as well could be, that the moderate use of alcohol is a necessity in our modern The second is that for the treatment of disease alcohol is of very little use, and what is said on the subjuct by doctors to the contrary may be entirely discounted. Every man of mature years is doctor enough for himself to know whether in moderation alcohol is of use to him or not, and his neighbors will soon judge for him the matter of its immoderate use. What doctors say on this point, and on many others, is very often lied about by their patients, and "My doctor ordered me" is very frequently a quite mendacious statement. I have on my desk as I write a letter to which there is a name, but unfortunately no address, blaming me in very strong language for making a triend of the writer a drunkard by advising her to drink spirits. I never gave a woman such advice in my life, and I don't think anyone ought to give it."

But to come to alcohol and wasps, the argument against all and every use of alcohol which we used to hear much of years ago was based on the statement that it was not a product of nature, and not used in any natural condition. The argument itself is a very unsate one, even if the premises were correct, but they are not, and the plague of wasps has proved it. I interest, and have noticed the avidity with which they attack certain truit when fully ripe, rotting in fact, and I have also noticed some of the peculiar results of their doing so. The sugar in some truits which are most attacked by wasps has a tendency to pass into a kind of kinds of alcohol in the ordinary process of rotting, a fact which is easily ascertained by the use of a still not large enough to attract attention of the excise authorities. On such fruits, particularly grapes and certain plums, you will see wasps pushing and fighting in numbers much larger than can be accommodated, and you will see them get very drunk, crawl away in a semi-somnolent condition, and repose in the grass for some time, till they get over the "bout," and then they will go at it again. It is while they are thus affected that they do their worst in stinging, both in the virulent nature of the stroke and the utterly unprovoked assaults of which they are guilty. I was stung last year by a drunken wasp, and suffered severely from symptoms of nerve poison for several days. In such drunken peculiarities they resemble their human contemporaries.

It is evident, therefore, that those who use the argument about alcohol to which I have objected must give it up; the more that we know that there are certain plants (orchids) whose cross-tertilization is secured by a regular system of public-houses in which bees are made drunk, for inebriation the bees would not go through the antics by which alone the orchids can be tertilized. I am quite sure, however, that our teetotal friends will derive arguments enough and awful examples quite sufficient from drunken wasps without the use of the argument I have disposed of. I can furnish them with one. Having found out how fond they were of alcohol, I provided them very abundantly with free "pubs," with swing doors and unlimited beer, and now we live in comparative comfort and view without compunction thousands of dead drunkards in our beer bottles.

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out of ten would rather be a pirate than a parson, and a good man never appeals to I was cured of lame back after suffering

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on the Northern Side of the Straight Shore Road (so called).

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For terms of Sale and other particulars apply to Plaintiff's Solicitor, or to the undersigned Referee. J. TWINING HARTT Referee in F. Dated the 5th day of August, A. D. 1893.

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