

WHEN WITCHES BURNED.

A BIBLE PARAGRAPH THAT CAUSED PERSECUTION.

"Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live."—The Dark Days of Salem—The Old Shipping Days of the Town—Where Hawthorne Was Born.

The Boston East Wind was out in all its glory and very "nipping" was the morning air on the day I set out to visit Salem—the Naumkeag of old—the Witch city.

The state of the atmosphere did not, however, lessen my interest in this old New England town, with its unique and interesting history. Salem is interesting, in the first place, as an old Puritan town, settled but six years later than the Mayflower landing; as the scene of the Roger Williams and other religious persecutions by the Puritans; and above all, as being the place where, of old, they put poor old people to death as being "witches." It was in Salem also that the first show of armed resistance to British authority was made in early Revolutionary times. This fact is commemorated by an inscription on a granite block at the edge of a stream called the North River, where the British were opposed.

Commercially, Salem possesses a peculiar interest—not for what it is but for what it has been. It is, commercially, historic also. To literary folks Salem is interesting as being the birthplace of Nathaniel Hawthorne. It has sent forth many men who have distinguished themselves in the service of their country and in various walks of life, such, for instance, among well-known names, as Prescott, the historian, Rogers, the sculptor, Ward, the Chinese fighter, Story, sculptor and author, Maria S. Cummins, author of "The Lamplighter." Worcester, of dictionary fame, kept a school in Salem and was, at one time, an instructor of Hawthorne.

Salem is a compact little city and the stranger within its borders does not require to travel very far, or to run much danger of losing himself, in looking it over. In coming in by rail from Boston, the visitor is on the look-out, he will notice a bleak and rocky eminence, the south and west faces of which remain abrupt and precipitous. On top is a level area from which one can look out to sea. This is Gallows hill and the place where, during the "epidemic of superstition" which raged in 1692, nineteen poor old, innocent people were put to death for witchcraft! Besides these, one poor old man, Giles Corey, over eighty years of age, was pressed to death between two heavy stones because he refused to plead either guilty or not guilty. Hundreds were put in jail and tortured in various horrible ways. It seemed difficult to decide who were possessed of the devil and who were not. But one infallible sign of diabolic dominion was the finding of the "witch-mark." In the search for this, poor old men and women were stripped naked, by orders of the court, and their bodies pricked all over with pins. If an "insensible spot" or witch-mark was found on the body it sealed their fate. This was, no doubt, supposed to be the place where the devil had placed his thumb upon them and sealed them as his own. The "witch pins," used for this purpose, or, as some say, used by the witches to torture people with, are still to be seen in the Salem court house.

Witch prosecutions had taken place in other parts of New England, and in 1856 one Ann Hibbins, the wife of a wealthy Boston merchant, was hanged for witchcraft on Boston Commons—according to tradition from a branch of the Great Elm. Think of this, O modern cultured Boston, where reason now reigns and the intellect has abolished superstition! Various other executions took place in different parts of New England, but the climax was reached in Salem. Here appears to be headquarters of the broomstick riders and here they suffered severely. These witchcraft persecutions form a strange chapter in New England history, but it was only a case of the old world delusion imported into the new. From the time of the Witch of Endor down to Salem in 1692 is a long, long stretch, but during all those years the belief in witchcraft or sorcery or communion with the Evil One was prevalent to a greater or lesser degree. In 1431 the heroic Joan of Arc was burned by the French as a witch. During the sixteenth century witch persecutions were unusually violent in Europe and hundreds of thousands of persons were put to death by burning, drowning or hanging. All this was done, be it remembered, in the name of "religion." In the name of what else, it might almost seem fair to ask, have such horrors been perpetrated? O, poor soul of man, what evils have been done, what wars been waged, what persecutions carried on, in order to save thee in a right and proper manner and keep thee from the influence of the devil!

The Puritans of Salem based their actions upon the bible and when they read in Exodus xxii. 18. "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live," they endeavored to carry out the command. The difficulty, of course, was to find the witches. Old women always seem to have been more susceptible to the influences of evil spirits than others, and, as elsewhere, so in Salem, they were the principal offenders. Fourteen of them, among the many imprisoned, were hanged.

The Puritans did not seem to have been nice to women. They were very strict and intolerant. Among their other customs we read that "woman's tongue, being considered peculiarly unmanageable, was fastened in a cleft stick." However, this strange superstitious panic with which old Salem village was shaken to its centre two hundred years ago, soon subsided, and today we can only wonder at the strange delusion which effected all alike, from the highest to the lowest. At the bottom of it, no doubt, were psychic causes which, as yet, we very imperfectly understand. In Salem, and what is now Danvers, the witch houses are still standing, where the examinations of poor old people accused of practising witchcraft were conducted.

Turning from the consideration of such uncanny things as witches, another interesting chapter in Salem history may be found in the records of its commercial glory. Salem now has no foreign trade.

The wharves where its vessels from all parts of the world formerly lay are deserted and rotting silently away. The place is still about as Hawthorne has described it. Yet, this was once the commercial rival of Boston, New York and Philadelphia, and carried her trade into Eastern ports where the names of these latter cities were then hardly known. Her ships were the first to display the stars and stripes in and to open trade with St. Petersburg, Zanzibar, Calcutta, Bombay, Arabia, Madagascar, Australia, etc. In the early part of the century she had a fine fleet of merchant vessels and a noble class of men owned and managed them. In the war with Great Britain, of 1812-15, when the government of the United States legalized piracy by allowing merchants to fit out vessels as privateers to prey upon British merchantmen, Salem fitted out forty such vessels and Boston thirty-one. One Salem privateer, the America, an account of whose career appeared in a recent number of the New England Magazine, brought in over twenty-five prizes, which brought her owners more than a million dollars. The war of 1812 did not, however, work for the permanent good of Salem, for from about that time her foreign trade seemed to decline and finally became extinct or was absorbed in that of Boston. Her harbor also was not suited to large modern vessels, for, be it remembered, this great trade was done in vessels of small tonnage compared with modern craft. They were an improvement upon the class of the old Mayflower, which was only 180 tons, but not like the large vessels of these days in which this foreign trade is carried on. In the year 1806 there were 73, ships 11 barks and 48 brigs engaged in foreign commerce, out of Salem. Today there is not one. There is a museum. It is under the auspices of the Peabody Academy of Service, which was founded by a gift of \$140,000 from George Peabody, the philanthropist, of London, Eng., who was born near here. This museum contains, besides a good scientific collection, all the treasures and curiosities of the old East India Marine society, which were brought from foreign seas. There is also here such a great curiosity as a common "Nova Scotia Birch Bark Canoe." In this East India hall are gathered together the portraits of this fine old race of merchants and ship-owners of Salem's palmy days, with various facts concerning them, and here are the pictures of the ships in which they traded. There is something pathetic about this. In some way it turns my thoughts towards St. John. Poor old St. John. It does not go ahead very fast, it, indeed, it does not go backward. The wooden ship is not what it used to be in the good old times. The ship-yards are bare and silent. The winter-port business lulls but slowly and St. John people do not readily adapt themselves to new conditions. It is to be hoped, however, that St. John will never become a second Salem, with Ichabod written upon its walls—its commercial glory forever departed; with the pictures of its big ships, its great ship-owners and ship-masters, gathered into a museum, in the old Mechanics' Institute or elsewhere, for strangers to come and look upon and wonder at those good old days when St. John ships were upon every sea and when it was necessary for every properly constituted St. John man to be able to talk "ship," and to own a greater or lesser number of sixty-fourths. Perish such thoughts! It should be mentioned that Salem, though usually considered a commercially dead city, still does some coasting trade and that there is here some establishment as the Naumkeag steam cotton company, which has a plant of 160,000 spindles and employs 1500 hands. This is now the big industry of the place.

From commerce to literature. Here in Salem was born Nathaniel Hawthorne. The event took place at an unattractive wooden house, with old fashioned gambrel roof, now known as number 27 Union street. Near this house, at Number 12 Herbert street, he also lived for some time and wrote some of his early tales. The various other houses, connected with Hawthorne's life in Salem, are all marked out and easily found by the visitor who feels interested in such a charming writer. What a wonder is this quality or combination of qualities which men call genius! Here is a man of most quiet and retiring nature,

not known to many of his fellow townsmen and not much of a success as a custom house official. He writes a few stories and, lo! he soon becomes world-famous and the place of his birth a place of note forever on that account. Even the old desk on which he wrote, in the custom house, and which bears the mark of his pen-knife, is carefully preserved. It is in charge of the Essex Institute and is deposited within the old building which was erected as a place of worship for the first Puritan church organized in America. The church was established in Salem in 1629 and this, its first house of worship, was built in 1634. The frame of the little building is preserved intact by the Essex Institute, together with many other relics, and is open for the inspection of visitors. The old town pump of Salem, of which Hawthorne wrote in one of his early productions—"A Rill from the Town Pump"—is not now standing. On the site of it, though, water still runs—or is supposed to run, for I could not coax any from the faucet which is there set in a stone post. Hawthorne did not forget the old pump or this early effort of his. In his introduction to "The Scarlet Letter" he says: "It may be, however, oh! transporting and triumphant thought—that the great grandchildren of the present race may sometimes think kindly of the scribbler of bygone days, when the antiquary of days to come, among the sites remarkable in the town's history, shall point out the locality of 'the town pump.' And so it is. We do think kindly thoughts of the gentle Hawthorne, standing at this spot. It takes but a touch of the magic wand of genius to transform mud into marble or idealize forever so commonplace a thing as a 'town pump.'"

Just here the sound of a muffled voice issues forth from an inner compartment: "I say, old man, isn't it about time you had finished that yarn you are writing for PROGRESS about old Salem?" The owner of that voice never half appreciates literary efforts. Out goes the light. I will to bed. PELHAM.

A Novelty in Swindling.

An English paper tells this story: A young gentleman applied the other day to a clergyman after church for ballad-ry, which he had dropped into the collecting plate by mistake for sixpence. He could not afford to give half-a-sovereign, he said, and should be glad to have his nine-and-sixpence back again. Curiously enough, when one considers how prone is the natural man to be generous at other people's expense, the clergyman declined to accede to his request. He examined the contents of the collecting-plate and found only a very few gold pieces, the donors of which were all identified. The device in question therefore appears to be a novelty in the art of swindling, and must be added to the long list of "plants."

Drum Language.

Of all queer forms of language perhaps that used by the natives of the Cameroons is the queerest. It is what may be called the drum language. For this purpose a peculiarly shaped drum is used. The surface of the head is divided in two unequal parts. In this the instrument is made to yield two distinct notes. By varying the intervals between the notes a complete code of signals for every syllable in the language is produced. All the natives understand the code, and by means of it messages can be sent quickly from one village to another. The drummer in one village sends on to the next the signals which he hears, and so on until the message is delivered.

The Eye Knows not What It Sees.

Here are some of the paradoxes of architecture. It is a column which supports an entablature is perfectly straight, it appears to lean outward; therefore the architect makes it lean inward. The perfectly level edge of a roof appears to drop about the middle; therefore it must be raised slightly at that point. A tapering monument with straight sides appears to be concave; therefore the sides are swelled a trifle. Corners are made to look square by being in truth a little broader angled. Architects discovered, ages ago, that the human eye was prone to deceive, and they have humored it ever since.

Old Time Skating.

Skating had its origin in Holland hundreds of years ago, but the name of the individual who first practiced it has not been handed down to posterity. This sport has had its home before its iron stool came, for we are told that it was customary in the thirteenth century for the young men to fasten the leg-bones of animals under their feet by means of thoughts, and slide along the ice, pushing themselves by means of an iron-shod pole. The date of the introduction of metallic skates is not known.

The English as Tea-Drinkers.

England consumes 600,000 pounds or about 4,000,000 gallons of tea every day, which is as much as is used by the rest of Europe, North and South America, Africa, and Australia combined. The green tea of former days has almost ceased to be known, while the Twankay, Hyson, and gunpowder teas are seldom heard from. China only supplies one-twelfth of the quantity, the rest coming from India and Ceylon. The Indian tea goes half as far again as the Chinese, as regards color and flavor.

He Didn't Marry the Queen.

There is a pretty story in the Vaux family, of Philadelphia, in regard to the late Richard Vaux's gallantries at the Court of St. James's, when he danced with the young and yet unmarried Queen Victoria. The family was of Quaker faith, and, according to the story, when the news came from abroad of the favor the young man found with the Queen, his mother spoke of his attentions to the royal lady, and then added, "But I hope Richard will not marry out of meeting."

LETTERS FROM NANNARY.

No. 7.

It is sweet and commendable in their natures and a beautiful object lesson to an outsider or a looker on in Venice, to see how the people of Honolulu treat and regard each other. There is a population of eighteen or twenty thousand in the town, and I do not suppose there are more than five thousand white people; the rest are made up of native and foreign people of different colors, ranging from yellow to black, but all seem to blend harmoniously, and every nationality and religion appears to live in peace and concord with each other. In politics of course there is the usual jarring that may be prevalent in other places; the adherents of a dethroned monarchy of course can not see much good in the methods of the republicans, or the annexationists either, but in matters of religion there does not appear, on the surface at least, anything harsh or unpleasant cropping out. The place is full of churches, beautiful and otherwise. There are Mormons and pagans, Christian, Jew and infidel, and yet, during my stay of seven weeks among them, I never saw a line in a newspaper or heard a cruel jest or bitter remark reflecting on any form of worship in the island. The hypocritical missionary, for there are wolves in sheep's clothing in every fold, sometimes comes under the ban of mild censure from some of these people and perhaps, in some cases, he is fully deserving of all that is said of him in any form of condemnation. So it is with the people—they all seem to get along without any of that disagreeable friction we can not help observing in other quarters of the globe. It is not an unusual sight to see a Portuguese boy or man, a native or an American, hand and glove with an Asiatic. The Chinese and Japanese, although they may be at sword's point slaughtering each other by land and sea over the possession of the "Land of the Morning Calm," in the far off Omet, are apparently happy and content to let their brethren in that distracted region settle their differences among themselves, and if their sympathies go out to their respective fatherlands across the shining sea they do not at least betray a rebellious spirit of strife and rivalry in their new homes in this land of beauty and eternal summer.

The residence portion of the town is simply beautiful, dreams of architectural natural and artificial loveliness.

The major portion of these residences are planted amid lovely grounds, away from the street, shaded by a wealth of tropical beauty in tree and shrub and flower, and there is certainly an air of quiet culture and refinement creeping out of these latticed windows and over and around the balconies of these lovely homes when the sensuous fragrant air of the tropics is stealing out over well kept velvety lawns and among the beauties of the coconut and the palm and many other beautiful specimens of tropical vegetation. The Queen's Palace, or what was once the Palace of the Kings before her time, is a magnificent structure, nesting amid a gorgeous bloom of verdant loveliness. The portraits of Hawaii's rulers in the past are hanging on the walls, the stately thorne chairs are relegated to the basement, a few soldiers clad in the same garb as the American soldiers are in evidence in and around the building, a few innocent looking cannons are staring at you open mouthed as you venture near this weak stronghold of an infant republic. On yonder street where poor "Queen Lil" now resides we see a rather tasteful white painted wooden structure, the blinds and shutters closed with all the aristocratic and exclusive air of a Vanderbilt or an Astor mansion, when they have deserted their summer homes for the pleasures and gaieties of Newport and other fashionable body and soul destroying resorts, either in their own or in somebody else's country. Not so this poor unfortunate Queen or ex-Queen, if you will, of a weak and offensive people. She is there living in quiet seclusion within its four walls, nursing her wrongs, like a lovely bird in a gilded cage, chafing and fretting for the royal spouse that she lost and the crown that was rudely torn from her wise and thoughtful looking dusky brow by the grasping and ambitious stranger. Over there is the statue of one of her dead kings, reared in bronze, nesting among the trees and flowers upon the emerald lawn in front of one of the beautiful public buildings, where the Salons of the land not theirs are making laws for the poor native who should own more of it than he does at the present writing.

Sunday in Honolulu is somewhat refreshing after the kind one gets in San Francisco; perhaps it may be a trifle too puritanical for some people who are accustomed to the other kind, but after all it brings rest and repose to the weary workers, who have been battling with the world's strife during the other six days of the week. Everything is closed up, but the churches, the street cars and the mouths of the gossippers who talk about their neighbors just the same in Honolulu as they do in colder latitudes. Everybody goes to church or Sunday school; lots of people no doubt assuming virtues which they may not have, go to swell the crowd and, at the risk of being thought hypocritical, I went with

the rest of them, not only on my first Sunday in the Islands but every one while I remained. I sought the cathedral of Notre Dame, which I learned from the pages of the city directory existed and which was easily found. It is not of course the Notre Dame of Paris or even Montreal, in architectural pride and beauty, still it is all right in its way and fully up to the times in a land where less than a century ago the natives made square meals off some sleek, fat Boston missionary and cold lunches off some poor tempest-tossed mariner who had been cruelly driven on some of the coral reefs that lured him to destruction amid the merchant marring ledges in these then man-eating latitudes at a time in the history of the place when clothes of any kind were as little known as in Eden after the "Fall," when they lived in grass houses and danced the "Hula" with more freedom, grace and abandon than civilized life will permit them to do at the present time. When the early missionaries began to get there some time after the ill-fated Captain Cook had made the place known to the outside world and afterwards was devoured by these cannibals, they commenced going to church, where the dawn of civilization with its luminous wings began to spread the light over these green hills and fruitful vales, but they have no clothes, nothing much, it has been said, but a sweet smile, and looked around them to see what their sisters had on just as they do in other lands where tailors and modistes grow fat and rosy catering to the fashionable tastes and whims of people who are more engrossed in fashion plates and literature of that order than they are with events that to many are yet of some weight and importance in this moving world of ours.

But, as the novelist would say, I am digressing, for I began by saying that I went to church, and there I found the service just the same, the music just as beautiful and impressive, as in hundreds of their churches of the same faith that I have visited in my wanderings over a vast continent. The sermon I did not understand, but as it was not intended particularly for me and spoken in the native tongue which the major portion of the congregation did understand and who listened to it all with such an evident relish of interest and attention that I am sure I had no cause to complain on that score. The good intellectual looking Bishop and his zealous self-sacrificing priests preach in their languages at the different services on Sunday, viz., in Portuguese, English and Kanaka, so that no one is deprived of the pleasure of their eloquence. The people, however, who were there at devotions all around me with prayer books and beads in their hands were certainly an interesting and thoughtful study; every hue of color and many, very many nationalities were there assembled, to thank the God of all for some blessing bestowed on them or to ask for something more to keep them on the straight and narrow path.

There was color everywhere in these groups of worshippers—not only in their faces but in the clothes they wear, the gayest and brightest tints imaginable, which were trifling light as air in many ways veiling the dusky hues and swarthy forms of many of those poor people who might have wandered around in earlier years just as our good old parents Adam and Eve did in the garden six thousand years ago.

WHITTIER'S LOVE EPISODE.

Though She Did Not Marry Him, She Remained Single and Kept His Secret.

The residence of eighteen months in Hartford introduced Whittier to a vigorous anti-slavery circle of men, culture and a more delicate refinement than any he had known, and within that circle incarnated in a most lovely woman he was to find his fate.

Among the friends the biographer has mentioned Judge Russ, a man well known in that day for brilliant parts and a handsome person. The family was distinguished for beauty and brightness. Of these members whom Whittier knew, Mary, the oldest, married Silas E. Burrows. Mrs. Burrows died of consumption in New York in 1841, at the age of 34. There survived only an unmarried daughter, Cornelia, and one son, Charles James Russ, who twenty years later was a prominent lawyer in Hartford.

Cornelia, the youngest child, born in 1814, was but 17 years old when she parted from Whittier in 1831. He was 21. The strong anti-slavery zeal of the family threw the two young people much together and the clear brain and tender heart of the poet yielded to very uncommon charms. One who saw her during the last year of her life describes her in this way: "At 28 Cornelia was a most beautiful woman. She had dark blue eyes, like pansies, with long dark lashes, black hair, and the most exquisite color. If she was like the rest of her family, she was a very brilliant woman."

Judge Russ, who was a member of the Congress in 1790, had died in 1832. Of this Whittier probably heard through his friend Law, but that he overheard of the death of Mary Burrows or Cornelia there was no evidence. When he was writing his letter of sympathy to the friends of Lucy Hooper, Cornelia was lying on her death-bed. She had nursed her sister through her illness, had imbued the poison, and followed her in the April of 1842.

The poem called "Memories," to which Whittier attributed a special significance, was written during Cornelia's last illness. He thinks of her as still bright and living,

and when in 1888 he desired the poem to be placed at the head of his "Subjective" verses, his heart was still true to her, but gave no token that he knew hers had ceased to beat.

After Cornelia's death her papers passed into the hands of the only surviving member of her family, Charles James Russ, who died in 1861. At that time her private letters came into the hands of his widow, who destroyed most of them, but kept from pure love of the poet the precious pages in which Whittier had offered himself to her kinswoman. I have not myself read the letter, which is still in existence, but one who has read it, the present possessor, writes to me as follows: "The letter was short, simple, and manly, as you would know. He evidently expected to call next day and learn his fate." Another who has seen the letter writes: "It was somewhat stiff—such a letter as a shy Quaker lad would be likely to write, for that he was in spite of his genius. He begged her, if she felt unable to return his affection, to keep his secret, for he said: 'My respect and affection for you are so great that I could not survive the mortification, if your refusal were known.'" Cornelia's Russ was sought in marriage by several distinguished persons, but she died unmarried; and she kept Whittier's secret. His poem suggests that the stern creed of Calvin held them apart—a thing very likely to happen in Connecticut half a century ago; but if he had known that she had changed her early connections for the more liberal associations of the Church of England he would have seen yet more distinctly that "shadow of himself in her," of which the poem speaks.

Those who are familiar with "Memories" will recall the "hazel eyes" and "light brown hair" which it commemorates, and fancy, perhaps, that there is some mistake. It is not likely that Whittier forgot the color of Cornelia's eyes or hair. In some effusive moment he had shown the poem to James T. Field and Edwin P. Whipple. In 1850, when Cornelia had been dead eight years, they wished to publish it, and he was very reluctant. He had not outgrown his early passion, and before it was printed undoubtedly changed a few descriptive words to screen the truth—it may be from Cornelia herself. She never saw it, but I think he died believing that she had.

Rumors of this story reached me long ago, but I would not print a mere surmise, and by long and devious ways—leading through probate offices and town registers, through church records and private papers, in a varied correspondence that has occupied two months, have I followed the story as I tell it.

BOARDED BY A WINE CASK.

A Strange Incident While Lying To in a Storm off Cape Horn.

Dr. Wheeler, Portland, Ore., has two bottles of claret of uncertain age and still more uncertain flavor, which he delights in offering to his friends, not because of the fine quality of the wine, but because it gives him a chance to tell again a story of the sea that is a little out of the ordinary. The claret is put in lime bottles, such as may be found aboard any long-voyage vessel, and, while its most pronounced flavor is a cross between lime juice and salt water, there is still a "smack" in it that reminds one that it must have been at one time prime "stuff." Dr. Wheeler was presented with the bottles by Capt. Dexter of the British ship "Samaritan," who, by the way, is a worthy Nova Scotian. The ship recently left Oregon in cargo for Liverpool, and the captain told the following story of how he came by them:

"In the fall of '93 we were bound from Liverpool to Shanghai in ballast, and were nearing the Horn when a big storm overtook us. We were not drifted about 1,000 miles off shore.

"The storm was one of the worst I have ever experienced in twenty years of seafaring life, and one dark night, when big seas were breaking over us, a big burly fellow from the forecastle came aft, knite in hand, and walked directly up to me. I thought for a minute that Mulvey was aboard, and, drawing my revolver, ordered him to stand back. But I soon saw he was terribly frightened, and, with chattering teeth, he told me that a frightful looking object was floundering amidships. "I went with him to see it, and, sure enough, whenever a wave struck us a huge black body glowing in the phosphorescent blaz of the tropics, could be seen floundering about on deck. I soon ascertained that it was lifeless, and then proceeded to investigate. It proved to be nothing but a huge wine cask, every stave of which was encrusted with barnacles, and it had probably been left on deck by a receding wave. Vision of dead bodies buried at sea in casks loomed up before me as I lashed the trophy to the rigging, to await daylight before investigating.

"When the storm cleared away I tapped the cask, and by means of a long iron rod ascertained that there was nothing but liquor in it. I drew off some of the stuff and tried it on two Portuguese sailors aboard. They pronounced it prime, so we all took a s.e. After that I drew off all the wine and stored it in these lime bottles, the only thing I had handy. The cask I placed in the British museum at Shanghai, for it was a real curiosity. The chances are that cask of claret was thrown overboard from some wreck, and it must have floated about in mid-ocean for three years at least before it came aboard of us. Barnacles do not form on floating wood in less time than that, and the cask was so covered with them that not a tit of the wood was visible."

Carlyle's Tailor.

Mr. Thomas Garthwaite, of Ecclefechan, who recently died, was known to fame as the maker of Carlyle's clothes. Even when Carlyle lived at Chelsea he still patronized the village tailor, though the latter did not think much of the honor. "They tell me that Tam was a great man in London," he used to say, "but he never was thoct sae muckle o' here. He wisnae ill tae please. He just wrote for a suit and I sent it, and he wore it till done; and then he sent for another, and never a word about fit. He was a gude enough man that way."