

and who, on account of Carlyle's subsequent fame, left clear testimony with their children, from their standpoint of view, on his home surroundings and boyhood life. It is all a grim, 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 family 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 steeple way; of a mother, with all her great virtue, a pestilence of fire and sword against a 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, downright hatred and far less brightness and sentiment than about the olden campfires of the American Chippewas of Sioux.

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 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-asperant," or pompous in manner and language, as well as "muckle auld-nou'd," or sagacious and crafty in discourse. The imperious obstinacy of the father, so marked a characteristic of the son, rather than just pride in intelligence for its own sake, determined him on making the boy a scholar; and this again widened the breach between the stone mason's family and the carping villagers. The latter stood in awe of his fists, but stung the brave wife's spirit wofully 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 by themselves that they had sustained contumely and sacrifice to give him those mighty advantages; while through his playfellows, on account of the disposition of their parents, he was made the victim of every conceivable species of savagery and contempt.

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, "snifflesnaffling" in infancy; mournful, moaning and haddering through the "cutty-gear" period; not into kilts before he had learned the unspeakable terrors of an infancy where every other child about him showed only the face of harassing ogre; in childhood a lamentable bairn set upon and scourged by bullying brats; and all his youth-tide the quarry of every ill-natured little human beast of the Ecclefechan gutters or by-lane cabins. Why, it seems to me that right here is found the true key to his whole aftertime nature. The royal protests, the often almost imbecile cavilings, the Titanic outbursts that rumble and

grumble and thunder throughout his mighty work were, after all, largely an endless if unconscious cry of the man's heart against the barbarities of his own childhood!

In the little stone cottage where they lived there is but one room below stairs. In the upper story there is a room the same size as that on the first floor. This is retained as a sort of show-room, and is well enough filled to be interesting with Carlyle relics, including his famous coffee pot in which he was wont to brew his own coffee and his equally famous tobacco-cutter—handmaids of the Cheyne Row, Chelsea, inspiration and inseparable companions of his irascibility and dyspepsia. Off this little chamber and sitting-room, in which there is set a quaint old fire-place, is a little, long bedroom over the archway; and in this Thomas Carlyle was born. Altogether the place is uninviting, meager, hard, austere.

Disassociating the man Thomas Carlyle from the heroism of his lofty work, you cannot come to one spot made warm, tender and glowing for his having been a part of it. Even the dreary old kirk-yard where he lies, but a few steps from where he was born, intensifies the feeling that something 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, neglected 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.

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MUMMY STUDY AT THE FAIR.

"How Calm, How Self Possessed!—is—ah—is he Dead?" This is the first line of thought that comes into one's mind on seeing the crush about the mummy "preserves" in the glass cases of the Colorado collection in the Anthropological building. These mummies, studies apparently in brown putty and withered leaves, have a marvelous power in attracting people, especially women. And the uglier, more repulsive these post-mortem souvenirs are, the larger, more continuous the crowd of women clustering about those cases, as though they could never see enough. It is as though the uncanny looking things were a beauty and a joy forever.

These relics of the predecessor of the Aztec were dug out and scraped up from the graveyards in the Cliff-Dweller country in southern Colorado, Utah, and they are in all positions and no positions at all, but principally bunched as though having died of cramps that tangled them up like a cork-screw. This supposition is sustained in the facial expression, which suggests anything but complacency and resignation. Our deceased friends long ago lost their shrouds, if

they ever had such clothing, or any clothing at all, living or dead, and modesty continues, as in life, at a large and healthy discount. Once in a while a figure is seen partially concealed in a feather blanket, that is, a dress suit made of hawk and eagle feathers; but this desperate effort at concealment of natural beauty does not seem to have been catching; and perhaps it is just as well, as were more of these "dear old things" wrapped up there would have been a rebellion among the women visitors at the World's Fair Columbian Exposition. Some of the late lamented must have had pretty decent heads of hair, judging from this post-mortem exhibit, and one dude in particular has his or her or its tresses skewed up with bean-shaped beads in a really attractive style. Bits of pottery and other "articles of vertu" accompany the more or less segregated remains, having been buried with them for the use of the soul on its return from the happy hunting grounds. The mummies may be all right in Chicago as appetizers and bonanzas for the World's Fair and the dime museum-objects of semi-veneration of the morbidly curious; but down in the Durango-Silverton country they have ceased to be even an attraction in the lager beer saloons. And what is more, the irreverent Colorado ranchman, with no respect for hoary, white whiskered antiquity, utilizes mummy-fluids for fuel; and this kind of fuel burns like tinder, if not like thunder.

But there is another "bone orchard" of later date in the Peruvian section. This is even more horrible than the pre-Aztec, pre-historic, pre-Raphaelite outfit in the Colorado exhibit. A company of irresponsible ethnologists and over-enthusiastic savants have been down on the west coast of Peru resurrecting not merely individual bodies but whole graveyards. And they have made as much fuss over the performance as a boy over his virgin pair of pants. In fact these enthusiasts in cadaver study have transplanted bodily to show visitors Peruvian cemeteries to this country, and planted the whole carrion-crow-smelling business in the World's Fair. The corpses were found done up in sacking of jute or some apparently imperishable material, as neatly as packages of prize candy; but these learned body snatchers, "in the interest of science," have denuded part of the outfit to show visitors "how the game was worked," and these horrid remains are stuck up there in the "reproduced" graveyards in all positions of distress—parodies of the human form divine, in their chocolate-colored ghastliness. Some of the bodies are quite well preserved, others are fragmentary, like the fag end of many good resolutions; but all have that "well done on both sides" appearance that distinguishes the genus man, species mummy.

Like their Colorado-Utah brethren, the Peruvian Indians left a wide and varied assortment of crockery for the soul to take post-mortem life easy on, and the same has been scattered around the Anthropological building cemetery with the same commendable object in view. Of course a multitude of people are hovering continually about the Peruvian antiques and horrors, never tired of trying to stare them out of countenance. But men often hang back. They prefer to study nature or native beauty of a much later date—native beauty unadorned, very much so, in