kind and generous feelings. His treatment of Crabbe, the poet, is a brilliant chapter in his life. This excellent poet, having borrowed five pounds of a friend, had come to London as a literary adventurer. His stock of money being expended, he was reduced to a state of great distress. He applied for help to Lord North, Lord Shelburne, and Lord Thurlow; but in vain. At last, having been threatened with arrest, he applied to Burke, in a letter written with great simplicity, dignity and pathos. "The night after I delivered my letter at his door," said he to Mr. Lockhart some years after, "I was in such a state of agitation, that I walked Westminster bridge, backward and forward, till daylight."

With true Irish heartiness Burke received the poet, looked over his compositions, and induced Dodsley to publish them. He also assisted him with money, gave him a room at Beaconsfield, introduced him to Fox, Reynolds, and others, and effectually aided him in obtaining advancement in the church. How few great men, and especially those who have been addicted to politics, have exhibited either the humanity or sagacity displayed by Burke in this instance.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

At Home.

Retired as is Carlyle's life, his gaunt figure, attired in a brown coat, and dark horn buttons, and with a large, slouched felt hat, is familiar enough to Chelsea people. Nor will the denizens of that historico-literary locality let him pass quite so unnoticed as he would desire. Already a sort of preposthumous fame has gathered about him; and the gentlemen who wrote the life of Turner, and collected so much about that immortal genius from Chelsea folks, would find Chelsea no less fruitful of anecdote about Carlyle. There they tell how the great author of "Hero Worship" one day

found himself without three-pence to pay a fare, and how an irreverent omnibus conductor, having evidently strong doubts of his character, deputed a sharp newspaper boy to accompany him to the address he had given, and see "all was right;" and how the boy was interrogated by the philosopher with "Weel, cawn ye read?" and so forth; and found him "a very nice man," and hastened to the omnibus conductor to communicate the fact, that the supposed cheat was "a gentleman, and really did live in Great Cheyne Row, as he had solemnly alleged."

Carlyle always walks at night, carrying an enormous stick, and generally with his eyes on the ground. When he is in London any one may be sure of meeting him in some of the dark streets of that locality about midnight, taking his constitutional walk before retiring to bed—a custom which he continued all through the "garrotting" panic, in spite of warnings of friends that the history of Frederick the Great might one day be brought to an untimely and premature conclusion. Probably the philosopher was quite willing to trust to his knotted stick, although walking alone, as is his invariable custom. Occasionally he may be seen on horseback; and the good Chelsea folks, whom the philosopher will doubtless pardon for a little excess of that form of "hero-worship" which delights in accumulating details about "living celebrities," tell how he grooms his own horse, keeping it in a stable on an odd piece of waste ground, among donkeys, cows, and geese, who have also their abodes there, and from the crazy gateway of which he issues forth, always unattended, sitting erect in the saddle, like a skeleton guardsman. His solitary habits, however, are not altogether unbroken. Though it is rare indeed that he is ever seen to stop and speak to a grown person in the street—probably because he knows but one or two personally in his own neighborhood—he is always ready to recognize little children. The keeper of a small confectioner's shop, near the river-side, tells with delight how he will call upon her for

extravagant quantities of cheap sweetmeats, with which he will sometimes stop and load the laps of a little group of poor children in some of the purlieux of Lawrence street—that locality once hallowed by the presence of Smollett, Toland, and Budgell—but now, alas! sadly fallen from its old gentility.

Some popular anecdotes of him, however, are not, it must be confessed, of so genial a character. Mr. Babbage himself is not more sensitive to street noises, for which reason —this was before the days of Mr. Bass's bill—our philosopher would often be seen to rush out without his hat to offer the proprietor of a dreadful organ a bribe; failing which he would seize the outlandish offender by the coat collar and forcibly deposit him, instrument and all, at the door of a neighboring literary man, who had rendered himself conspicuous by defending the organ-grinding nuisance in the public press. Equally famous in that locality is his hatred of fowls and their noise; a neighbor's fowls having, as he once complained, succeeded in banishing him to an upper garret, because, as he said in his peculiar broad Doric, "they would neither hatch in peace nor let him." Generally, however, the philosopher and historian's friends may be glad to know that he enjoys a degree of retirement and seclusion not easily to be found in the suburbs of the metropolis. The street in which he resides is silent, deserted, and antique. A large garden, fit for philosophic meditation, and enclosed in fine old red brick walls—strangely neglected, by the way, and exhibiting all the "rank luxuriance" of the jungle—lies at the back of the house, where "rumors of the outward world" rarely reach him; and where, we hope, we may be pardoned for this brief, but not irreverent glance at the far-famed philosopher of Chelsea.—*John Camden Hotten.*

The followlng anecdotes of Carlyle are told by Mr. Lewes in his "Life of Goethe":

"I heard a capital story of Carlyle at a dinner party in Berlin, silencing the cant about Goethe's want of religion, by one of his characteristic sarcasms. For some time he sat quiet, but not patient, while certain pietists were throwing up their eyes, and regretting that so great a genius! so godlike a genius! should not have more purely devoted himself to the service of Christian truth! and should have had so little, etc., etc. Carlyle sat grim, ominously silent, his hands impatiently twisting his napkin, until at last he broke silence, and in his slow, emphatic way said, 'Meine Herren, did you never hear the story of that man who vilified the sun because it would not light his cigar?' This bombshell completely silenced the enemy's fire."

"I remember once, as we were walking along Piccadilly, talking about the infamous *Buchlein von Goethe*, Carlyle stopped suddenly, and with his peculiar look and emphasis, said, 'Yes, it is the wild cry of amazement on the part of all spooneys that the Titan was not a spooney too! Here is a godlike intellect, and yet you see he is not an idiot! Not in the least a spooney!'"

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

Precocity and Memory in Childhood.

When a child, standing up at the nursery window by his father's side, looking at a cloud of black smoke pouring out of a tall chimney, he asked if that was hell: an inquiry that was received with a grave displeasure which at the time he could not understand. The kindly father must have been pained almost against his own will at finding what feature of his stern creed it was that had embodied itself in so very material a shape before his little son's imagination. When in after days Mrs. Macaulay was questioned as to how soon she began to detect in the child a promise of the future, she used to say that his sensibilities and affections were

remarkably developed at an age which to her hearers appeared next to incredible. He would cry for joy on seeing her after a few hours' absence, and (till her husband put a stop to it) her power of exciting his feelings was often made an exhibition to her friends. She did not regard this precocity as a proof of cleverness, but, like a foolish young mother, only thought that so tender a nature was marked for early death.

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From the time that he was three years old he read incessantly, for the most part lying on the rug before the fire, with his book on the ground, and a piece of bread and butter in his hand. A very clever woman who then lived in the house as parlor-maid, told how he used to sit in his nankeen frock, perched on the table by her as she was cleaning the plate, and expounding to her out of a volume as big as himself. He did not care for toys, but was very fond of taking his walk, when he would hold forth to his companion, whether nurse or mother, telling interminable stories out of his own head, or repeating what he had been reading in language far above his years. His memory retained without effort the phraseology of the book which he had been last engaged on, and he talked, as the maid said, "quite printed words," which produced an effect that appeared formal, and often, no doubt, exceedingly droll. Mrs. Hannah More was fond of relating how she called at Mr. Macaulay's, and was met by a fair, pretty, slight child, with abundance of light hair, about four years of age, who came to the front door to receive her, and tell her that his parents were out, but that if she would be good enough to come in he would bring her a glass of old spirits; a proposition which greatly startled the good lady, who had never aspired beyond cowslip wine. When questioned as to what he knew about old spirits, he could only say that Robinson Crusoe often had some. About this period his father took him on a visit to Lady Waldegrave at Strawberry Hill, and was much pleased to exhibit to his old friend the fair, bright boy, dressed in a

green coat with red collar and cuffs, a frill at the throat, and white trousers. After some time had been spent among the wonders of the Orford Collection, of which he ever after carried a catalogue in his head, a servant who was waiting upon the company in the great gallery spilt some hot coffee over his legs. The hostess was all kindness and compassion, and when, after a while, she asked how he was feeling, the little fellow looked up in her face and replied: "Thank you, madam, the agony is abated."

But it must not be supposed that his quaint manners proceeded from affectation or conceit: for all testimony declares that a more simple and natural child never lived, or a more lively and merry one. He had at his command the resources of the Common: to this day the most unchanged spot within ten miles of St. Paul's, and which to all appearance will ere long hold that pleasant pre-eminence within ten leagues. That delightful wilderness of gorse bushes, and poplar groves, and gravel-pits, and ponds great and small, was to little Tom Macaulay a region of inexhaustible romance and mystery. He explored its recesses; he composed, and almost believed, its legends; he invented for its different features a nomenclature which has been faithfully preserved by two generations of children. A slight ridge, intersected by deep ditches towards the west of the Common, the very existence of which no one above eight years old would notice, was dignified with the title of the Alps; while the elevated island, covered with shrubs, that gives a name to the Mount pond, was regarded with infinite awe as being the nearest approach within the circuit of his observation to a conception of the majesty of Sinai. Indeed, at this period his infant fancy was much exercised with the threats and terrors of the law. He had a little plot of ground at the back of the house, marked out as his own by a row of oyster-shells, which a maid one day threw away as rubbish. He went straight to the drawing-room, where his mother was entertaining some visitors, walked into the circle, and said very solemnly:

"Cursed be Sally: for it is written, Cursed is he that removeth his neighbor's land-mark."

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The secret of his immense acquirements lay in two invaluable gifts of nature—an unerring memory, and the capacity for taking in at a glance the contents of a printed page. During the first part of his life he remembered whatever caught his fancy without going through the process of consciously getting it by heart. As a child, during one of the numerous seasons when the social duties devolved upon Mr. Macaulay, he accompanied his father on an afternoon call, and found on a table the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," which he had never before met with. He kept himself quiet with his prize while the elders were talking, and on his return home sat down upon his mother's bed, and repeated to her as many cantos as she had the patience or the strength to listen to. At one period of his life he was known to say that, if by some miracle of Vandalism all copies of *Paradise Lost* and the *Pilgrim's Progress* were destroyed off the face of the earth, he would undertake to reproduce them both from recollections whenever a revival of learning came. In 1813, while waiting in a Cambridge coffee-room for a post-chaise which was to take him to his school, he picked up a county newspaper containing two such specimens of provincial poetical talent as in those days might be read in the corner of any weekly journal. One piece was headed "Reflections of an Exile," while the other was a trumpery parody on the Welsh ballad "Ar hyd y nos," referring to some local anecdote of an ostler whose nose had been bitten off by a filly. He looked them once through, and never gave them a thought for forty years, at the end of which time he repeated them both without missing, or, as far as he knew, changing a single word.

As he grew older, this wonderful power became impaired so far that getting by rote the compositions of others was no longer an involuntary process. He has noted in his Lucan

T. B. Macaulay

the several occasions on which he committed to memory his favorite passages of an author whom he regarded as unrivalled among rhetoricians, and the dates refer to the year 1836, when he had just turned the middle point of life. During his last years, at his dressing-table in the morning, he would learn by heart one of the little idylls in which Martial expatiates on the enjoyments of a Spanish country-house or a villa-farm in the environs of Rome—those delicious morsels of verse which (considering the sense that modern ideas attach to the name) is an injustice to class under the head of epigrams.

Power of Assimilation.

Macaulay's extraordinary faculty of assimilating printed matter at first sight remained the same through life. To the end he read books faster than other people skimmed them, and skimmed them as fast as anyone else could turn the leaves. "He seemed to read through the skin," said one who had often watched the operation. And this speed was not in his case obtained at the expense of accuracy. Anything which had once appeared in type, from the highest effort of genius down to the most detestable trash that ever consumed ink and paper manufactured for better things, had in his eyes an authority which led him to look upon misquotation as a species of minor sacrilege.

Peculiarities.

He dressed badly, but not cheaply. His clothes, though ill put on, were good, and his wardrobe was always enormously overstocked. Later in life he indulged himself in an apparently inexhaustible succession of handsome embroidered waistcoats, which he used to regard with much complacency. He was unhandy to a degree quite unexampled in the experience of all who knew him. When in the open air he wore perfectly new dark kid gloves, into the fingers of which he never succeeded in inserting his own more than

half way. After he had sailed for India there were found in his chambers between fifty and sixty strops, hacked into strips and splinters, and razors without beginning or end. About the same period he hurt his hand, and was reduced to send for a barber. After the operation, he asked what was to pay. "Oh, sir," said the man, "whatever you usually give the person who shaves you." "In that case," said Macaulay, "I should give you a great gash on each cheek."

MISCELLANEOUS ANECDOTES.

Lincoln's Tenderness.

A striking incident in Mr. Lincoln's life is related by Judge Bromwell, of Denver, who visited the White House, in March, 1865. Mr. Seward and several other gentlemen were present, and the President gradually came to talk on decisions of life and death. All other matters submitted to him, he declared, were nothing compared with these, and he added: "I reckon there never was a man raised in the country on a farm, where they are always butchering cattle and hogs, and think nothing of it, that ever grew up with such aversion to bloodshed as I have, and yet I've had more questions of life and death to settle in four years, than all the men who have ever sat in this chair put together. But I've managed to get along and do my duty, I believe, and still save some of them; and there is no man who knows the distress of my mind. But there have been some of them I couldn't save—there are some cases where the law must be executed. There was that man ———, who was sentenced for piracy and slave trading on the high seas. That was a case where there must be an example, and you know how they followed and pressed to get him pardoned, or his sentence commuted; but there was no use of talking. It had to be done. I couldn't help him. And then there was

that ———, who was caught spying and recruiting within Pope's lines at Missouri. That was another case. They besieged me day and night, but I couldn't give way. We had come to a point where something must be done that would put a stop to such work. And then there was this case of Beal, on the lakes. That was a case where there must be an example. They tried me every way. They wouldn't give up; but I had to stand firm on that, and I even had to turn away his poor sister when she came and begged for his life, and let him be executed, and I can't get the distress out of my mind yet." As the kindly man uttered these words, the tears ran down his cheeks, and the eyes of the men surrounding him moistened in sympathy. There was a profound silence, in which they all rose to depart. Three weeks after the President was killed.

A Mortifying Predicament.

Madame De Campan mentions, as an amusing incident in her early life, though terrific at the time, and overwhelming to her sense of shame, that not long after her establishment at Versailles, in the service of some one amongst the daughters of Louis XV., having as yet never seen the king, she was one day suddenly introduced to his particular notice, under the following circumstances: The time was morning; the young lady was not fifteen; her spirits were as the spirits of a fawn in May; her *tour* of duty for the day was either hot come, or was gone; and, finding herself alone in a spacious room, what more reasonable thing could she do than amuse herself with *making cheeses?* that is, whirling round, according to a fashion practiced by young ladies both in France and England, and pirouetting until the petticoat is inflated like a balloon, and then sinking into a courtesy. Mademoiselle was very solemnly rising from one of these courtesies, in the centre of her collapsing petticoats, when a slight noise alarmed her. Jealous of intruding eyes, yet not dreading more than a servant at worst, she turned, and, O