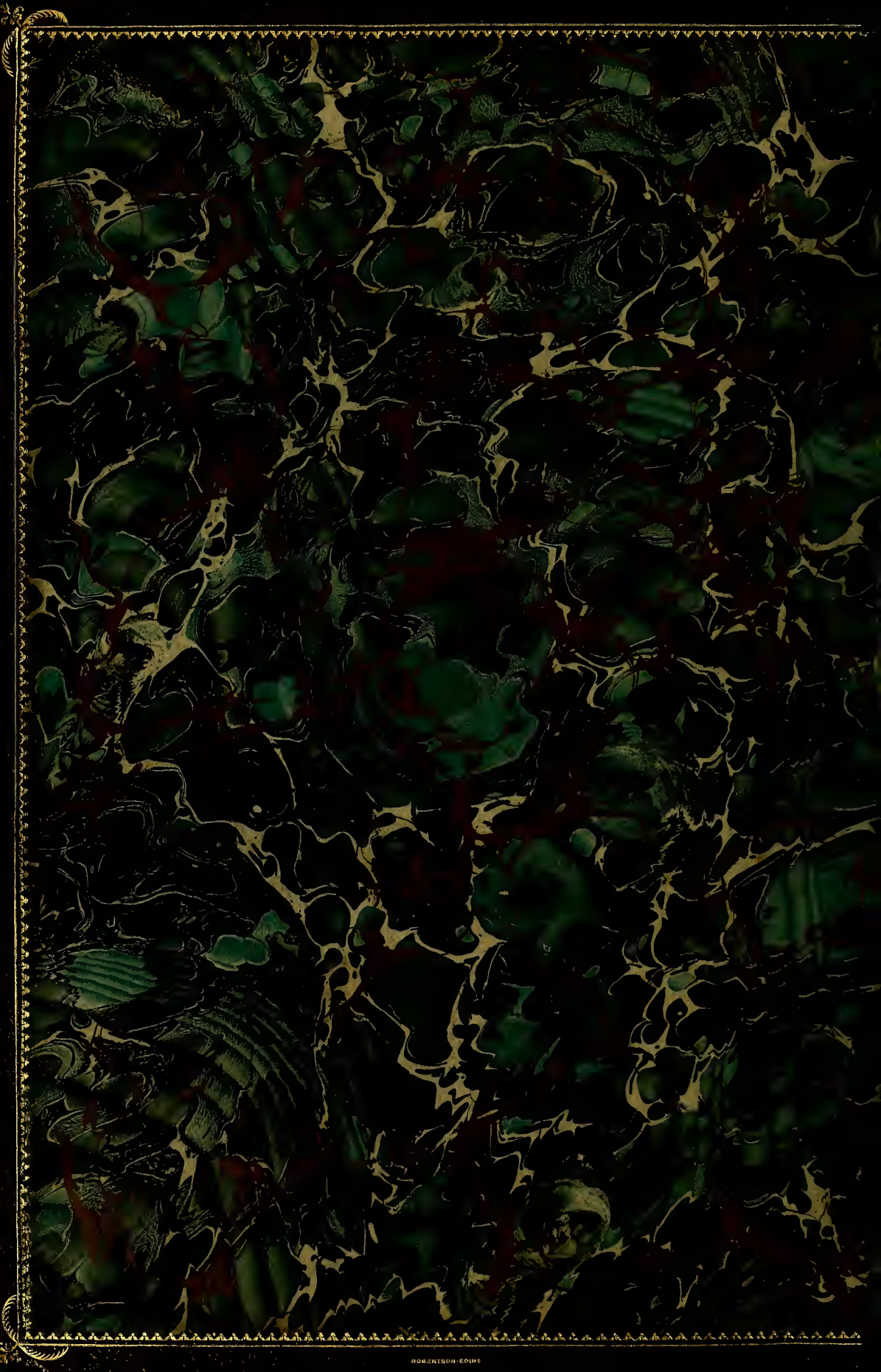

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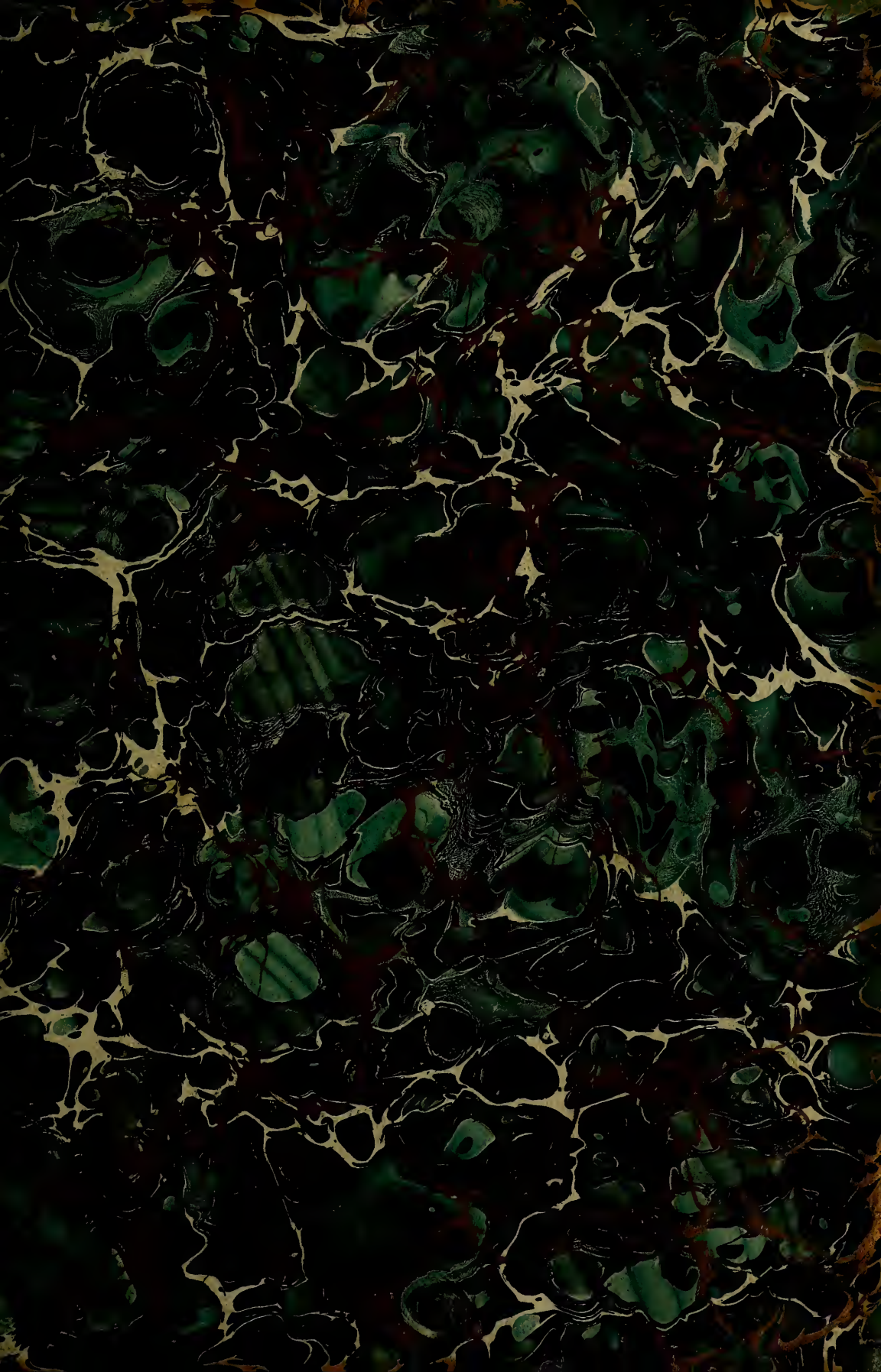

A. L. S. of Carlyle inserted, also extra portrait.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

IMPRESSION LIMITED TO 250 COPIES

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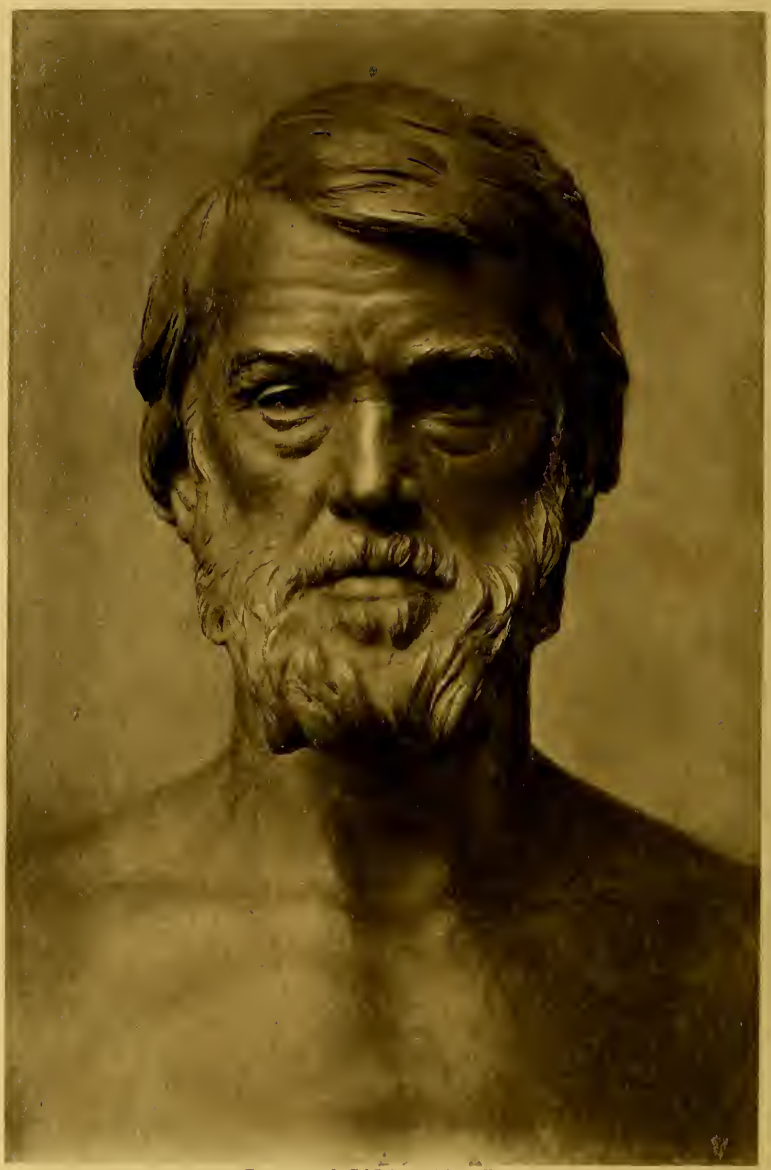

Photogravure by T. & R. Annan, & Sons, Glasgow.

T. Carlyle

CARLYLE

THE ADDRESS DELIVERED BY
DAVID MASSON, LL.D.,
ON UNVEILING A BUST OF
THOMAS CARLYLE
IN THE WALLACE MONUMENT.

PRINTED WITH PROFESSOR MASSON'S CONSENT.

GLASGOW
MDCCCXCI

GLASGOW:
CARTER AND PRATT,
PRINTERS.

Thomas Carlyle (Chelsea, 1865)

PREFATORY.

THE bust of Thomas Carlyle was unveiled in the Wallace Monument at Stirling on the 25th of July, 1891. The Custodiers and those invited to be present at the ceremony met in Stirling and drove to the Abbey Craig, on the brow of which stands the National Monument to Sir William Wallace. The bright, pleasant weather which prevailed that day enabled the company on reaching the summit of the hill to enjoy a view of the surrounding country, which amply compensated for the somewhat toilsome ascent. From this central height, looking to the east may be seen the "Silver Forth," tracing the maze of its winding course among folds and islands of richly cultivated land. Across the

valley rises the mediæval town of Stirling, cresting, like another Edinburgh, the ridge on which it is built, and terminating with the grey, machicolated and embattled walls of the old castle. A little beyond lies the "*Marathon*" of Scotland—famous BANNOCKBURN! Far-stretching to the west the massive Grampians are heaped, and in the extreme distance may be discerned the blue peaks of Argyleshire. These in brief are the outstanding features of the beautiful and historic scene, the contemplation of which bestirs in the memory of every true Scot a long pageant of glorious circumstances. Presently the company, having entered the monument, ascended to the lofty, vaulted chamber known as "The Hall of Heroes." Situated in the heart of a thick walled tower whose head reaches the clouds, there is, in this sombre deep-echoing place, with its sculptures and dim light from stained glass, a sympathy for the imagination which carries one back into the Past and puts the mind in attitude to confront those almost ghostly presentments of Scotland's mighty dead which are arrayed about. Here, in this Valhalla, before these mute witnesses,

the image of the last comer was unveiled, and in the sympathetic ear of his compatriots was delivered the following noble oration proclaiming and justifying the entry of another Hero —the eulogy of the scribe, the votive image, the whole ceremony, curiously recalling some antique funeral rite.

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Decorative Pieces by David Gauld.

Chelsea, London, 16 May
1845 -

Dear Sir,

I have read your Observations on Tenant-Right, with much approval so far as I can understand the matter; thanks to you for sending this Pamphlet, and for the other friendly things you express to me.

It is greatly to be desired that persons of sense and veracity of mind, acquainted with Practical Agriculture and the nature of things, should consult with one another as to what is next to

be done with that unhappy land and people! Evi-
-dently there is nothing wanted but a good and
just disarrangement as to this; for if land and peo-
-ple could be brought into the true relation to
one another, it seems admitted that there are
ample resources there for them all; that there
need not be, at this hour, one idle man in Ire-
-land who could handle his spade or hoe, and
was willing to work. It is a tremendous re-
-flexion that this should be the possible fact,
and that the actual one is what we see!

I think it a pity the L^d Lieutenant
himself, or some other eminent man or body of
men in Ireland, did not very soon call together,
by his own summons, a Competent Number of
Practical Patriotic Persons, such as you, from all

question of Ireland, — a real Irish Parliament, and Convocation of the Notables; — and (carefully excluding every Newspaper Reporter, and binding every member to strict secrecy on even silence as to what he had seen there), ask them, in the name of God that made us able, and bade us able be just and wise, not iniquitous, negligent and mad, What can be done to bring these benighted unbelieving millions into contact with our fruitful cultivated or uncultivated Irish land? Can nothing be done? Does human ingenuity, which has invented steam-ships and found out the law of the stars, give back in this limited terrestrial problem? I will not believe it; — it must be human courage only, and human determination to

Justice, that fails! — We are getting into bear-ford conditions on this side of the Water too; if nothing be done. The streets of London truly are getting studded with Irish Beggars more thickly every day; representing the "Irish Problem", which no legislator will take up, to the British Community at large with in-timation that they must either solve it, or drink along with it to worse than death! —

Believe me,

Dear Sir,

Yours Sincerely

T. Carlyle

THOMAS CARLYLE

AN ADDRESS BY

DAVID MASSON.

THERE is no more becoming instinct of human nature than that which prompts to the commemoration of important lives and persons of the past by such monumental means as statues and busts. The real justification of such memorials is not that they confer honour upon the dead, but that they express powerful feelings of the living. We are met here to-day to testify in this manner our regard for the memory of a man who died more than ten years ago. What are the special reasons for commemoration in this particular case; and why is it in this place? Were there no other reason, it might be enough merely to

remember what a writer Carlyle was, what bequests his life has left to us in the form of additions to the greater and more permanent literature of the English speech. In the twenty-fifth year of his age at the close of the reign of George III., and then already known among his private friends by the first outbreakings of a literary genius the full future of which none of them could precalculate, he began his public career of authorship in the reign of George IV.; it extended thence through the reign of William IV.; but it was in its subsequent long stretch of no less than forty-four years into the reign of Queen Victoria that he flashed out conspicuously, and by almost universal acknowledgment, as the supreme English prose-writer among his contemporaries, —the first thirty of those years being the time of his boldest, strongest, and most productive manhood, and the remaining fourteen the time of his comparative rest in his old age, of the diffusion of his writings in collective editions among new generations of readers, and of consummated national veneration for him as the literary patriarch emeritus of the British

Islands. We can now survey the total chronologically. His *Translation of Wilhelm Meister*, his *Life of Schiller*, his *Specimens of German Romance*, the rich series of his *Miscellanies* contributed to various periodicals from 1827 onwards, his *Sartor Resartus*, his *History of the French Revolution*, his *Chartism*, his *Lectures on Heroes and Hero-Worship*, his *Past and Present*, his *Letters and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell*, his *Latter Day Pamphlets*, his *Life of John Sterling*, and his *History of Frederick the Great:* these, together with the posthumously-published *Reminiscences*, and a number of relics besides, compose the array of volumes that now stand on the shelves of our libraries as the Works of Thomas Carlyle. With our recollections of these, or of any considerable portion of them, do we need any further reason for our present meeting, and the setting up of this bust?

Within this general reason, however, there is certainly contained what, if taken by itself, may well serve as further and more peculiar reason. Carlyle was not only a great man of letters; he was a great man of letters of a rare

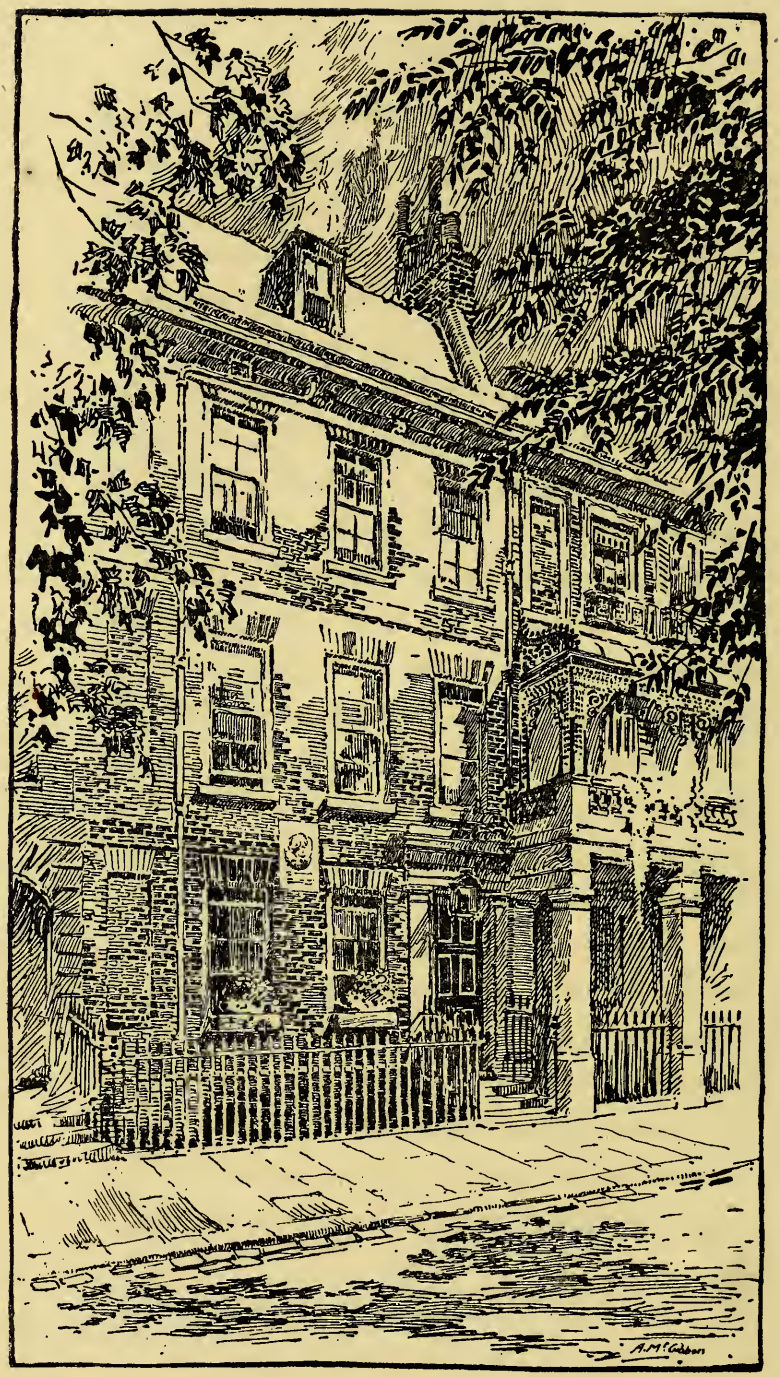
and very extraordinary kind. His books are not only examples of splendid literary art and workmanship, exhibitions of a powerful intellect transferring itself from subject to subject, and always with masterly result: they are all this, and are admirable and valuable individually on this account; but they are much more. Collectively and connectedly, they are manifestoes and expositions of a system of doctrine, a mode of thinking and feeling, which came upon his contemporaries at first as a perplexity and astonishment, but took possession of them whether they would or not, breathed a new soul into all British literature round about him, and has affected to this day the thought, and even the language, of the whole English-speaking world. It is interesting now, in this connection, to recall the impression made by Carlyle in the very beginning of his literary career upon such a man as Goethe, whom he had never seen, and who could judge of him only from his early articles on German writers in the *Edinburgh Review* and elsewhere. "It "is admirable in Carlyle," said Goethe in one of his conversations with Eckermann in the year

1827, "that in his judgments of our German "authors he has especially in view the *mental* "*and moral core* as that which is really influ- "ential. Carlyle is *a moral force of great* "*importance;* there is in him much for the "future, and we cannot foresee what he will "produce and effect." Goethe's discernment, we see, had fastened on that very constitutional peculiarity of Carlyle, visible in his writings from the very first, which most irritated and troubled Jeffrey in his editorial dealings with him—his being always "so dreadfully in earnest" was one of Jeffrey's phrases for it—as the most distinctive thing in Carlyle's genius, and the surest promise of a future not capable of being exactly predicted, but certain to be uncommon. Goethe died while Carlyle was still only beginning to reveal himself; but the whole of Carlyle's long literary life, we can now see, was a fulfilment of Goethe's forecast. Essayist, scholar, critic, biographer, historian, author also now and then of pieces describable only as phantasies or extravaganzas—in each and any of these walks so splendid a literary artist that, though he had for his contemporaries, senior or

junior, such celebrities in English prose as Landor, Hallam, Leigh Hunt, Wilson, De Quincey, Milman, Lockhart, Grote, Macaulay, Newman, Hugh Miller, John Stuart Mill, Thackeray, Dickens, Ruskin, and Matthew Arnold, he stood massively singular among them all, and reverenced by the best of them—what still chiefly distinguishes him from these and from all his other literary contemporaries is the intensity of the *moral force* in his writings, their blazing moral fervour, the ardour with which they inculcate a new ethical creed, almost a new religion. This combination in him of the moral and spiritual propagandist with the essayist, the biographer, the historian, the miscellaneous man of letters, was so unusual that people became accustomed to it but gradually. At first, in the Edinburgh circle round Jeffrey, it was enough to call him a Mystic or a German Mystic, and so have comfortably done with him. Later, when he emerged from his solitude at Craigenputtock and transferred himself to London, his reception there was that of a man who had come out of a wilderness—his raiment of camel's hair, and his food hitherto

locusts and wild honey—wonderful certainly, but uncouth. Still later, when the succession of his greater books, the perfection of their execution, and the beauties and melodies interspersed with their roughnesses, had made the original estimate seem insufficient, there was a licence in his favour to persevere in breaking established literary conventions; but it was an exceptional licence, and accorded to no other. And so on and on, till they ended by calling him "The Chelsea Prophet," and imagined him as the aged tenant of a shrine whence nothing could come but, at longer intervals than before, and in gradually feebler form, the same thunders and the same lightnings. Always it was the *moral force* in Carlyle, the vein of peculiar spiritual and ethical teaching contained in his writings, that made him the unique man he was in the British Literature of the Victorian era. What need to try here to define this peculiar spiritual and ethical creed, or to specify its chief articles? Enough if I remind you of what you all already know of it by describing it generally as having consisted in a never-ceasing effort to resuscitate among his countrymen and others certain struct-

ural or elementary faiths of the human spirit which he conceived to have been lamentably dead or dormant in modern times, and if, trying to be more particular, and describing it farther as having consisted in a fervid natural Theism with its immediate moral derivatives, I ask you to go along with me while I repeat a few sentences which I have used on another occasion. Thinking of him in connection with the only other men of his generation whom we can recognise as having been of public note beside him, though in a different guise, in the same great function of spiritual leadership among their fellows—I meant the chiefs of the Christian clergy—"Did he not excel them all, or almost "them all," I ventured to ask, "in the intensity "and tremendousness with which he inculcated "and disseminated his creed, such as it was? "Did he not stand out for fifty years as, in this "respect, a living rebuke to the lukewarmness "and lassitude of many of those whose express "profession was that his creed was but naught "at its best, and that they themselves were the "accredited messengers of one so much richer "and fuller? In comparison with him, how



5 CHEYNE ROW, CHELSEA.

"many thousands of his contemporaries were "liable to the charge of being dreadfully "at ease in what they maintained to be their "own better Zion! From what British pulpit, "from what thousand British pulpits, has there "been poured into the veins of the British com- "munity, and of kindred peoples, within existing "memory, a tide of more stimulating and rous- "ing influence than that which came from the "humble home of Carlyle at Chelsea?"

The man himself was coequal with his teachings. Not all literary celebrities, I can assure you, stand being seen and closely known; but Carlyle did. For an adequate conception of him, indeed, it is almost necessary to have known him to some extent personally, to have been for some hours in his company, to have listened to his marvellous talk, to have heard his great laugh, to have had cognisance of samples of his behaviour in the daily round of his opportunities and duties. So seen and observed, the effect he produced burst the bounds of all ordinary preconceptions of what a great man of letters might be, and caused a sense of something preternatural in his presence, of mingled

fear and delight, amazement and affection. But the delight overcame the fear, and the affection the amazement; and one ended by being attracted to him prodigiously, and loving him as hardly any one else. But what about his reported sternness and harshness, his capacity of being savage and rude; and what, again, about his perpetual dolefulness, the melancholy of his views of things, the eternal wailing with which he is said to have gone through the world? In my opinion, there has been much exaggeration in the posthumous descriptions of Carlyle in both these aspects. Of his sternness and harshness we should have heard far less but for the unfortunate publication, which he never would himself have sanctioned, of some of his private self-communings about particular things and persons; but, so far as his demeanour through life did exhibit this characteristic, how much of it may be resolved into the very largeness and fearlessness of his honesty! There are two kinds or forms of honesty in speech. There is that lower honesty—I call it "lower," but it is a most valuable virtue, and very rarely attained—which consists in never saying, or seem-

ing to say, anything that one does not really think; and there is that higher honesty which consists in always and on every occasion saying all that one does think. Of this higher honesty —the general practice of which would make society unendurable, such licence would it give to blockheads—Carlyle did permit himself the exercise in an unusual degree; and hence much of what has been called his rudeness. But, suppose that this will not cover all, and attribute as much as you like to mere irascibility and a habit of contradiction, what of that in relation to the total of which it was a part? I knew Carlyle; and I aver to you that his heart was as large and generous as his brain was powerful, that he was essentially a most lovable man, and that there were depths of tenderness, kindliness, benevolence, and most delicate courtesy in him, with all his seeming ruggedness and sternness, such as I have hardly found, throughout my life, in any other human being. Then, as to the gloominess and melancholy of his habitual mood, though he is himself responsible for that tradition respecting him, not the less do I discern in it something of biographical

error, an insufficient summation of the facts of his mental history. The melancholy of which he tells us so much was rather, I believe, the mood into which his mind subsided and settled in its solitary hours, when it was not otherwise at work, than the permanent mood of its activity when it was fully engaged and in miscellaneous commerce with the world; it was the mood to which he tended in afterthought, when he reflected upon himself and what he had been doing; it was the mood, therefore, in which he had chiefly seen himself, and which he recollected in over-proportion. How much else in him those about him saw than what could in any sense be called melancholy! What an eye he had for the humorous in every form; how he revelled in the humorous; in any hour you were with him how he shook you again and again with laughter as he entertained you with picturesque stories, anecdotes, and character-sketches; and how, if there *were* sighings, and tempests, and blasts of denunciation from him, as there were sure to be, in the course of his conversation, he always recalled himself to placidity, and always with a laugh! If

CRAIGENPUTTOCK.

"happiness" consists in the experience from moment to moment, and the accumulated remembrance, of the richest and most ecstatic sensations and mental stirrings that life and the spectacle of the world can supply or originate, how can we think of Carlyle, all his melancholy notwithstanding, as having been really an "unhappy" man? But, vote the melancholy to have been all-dominant in his life, what a noble melancholy it was! Take two glimpses of him, at points of his life two and thirty years apart. "One night lately," he wrote from Dumfriesshire to his friend Sterling on the 28th of July 1837, "I rode through "the village where I was born. The old kirk-"yard tree, a huge, old gnarled ash, was nest-"ling itself softly against the great twilight in "the north. A star or two looked out, and the "old graves were all there, and my father and "sister; and God was over all." Again, on the 14th of October 1869, when he was in the seventy-fourth year of his age and the third of his great bereavement, this is what he wrote in his journal in his house in Cheyne Row, Chelsea:—"Three nights ago, stepping out after

"midnight, with my final pipe, and looking up "into the stars, which were clear and numerous, "it struck me with a strange new kind of feel- "ing, 'Hah! in a little while I shall have seen "*you* also for the last time. God Almighty's "own Theatre of Immensity, the Infinite "made palpable and visible to me, that also "will be closed, flung in my face; and I shall "never behold that either any more.' And I "knew so little of it, real as was my effort and "desire to know. The thought of this eternal "deprivation . . was sad and painful to me. "And then a second feeling rose in me, What "if Omnipotence, which has developed in me "these pieties, these reverences and infinite "affections, should actually have said 'Yes, "poor mortals! such of you as have gone so far "shall be permitted to go farther? Hope! des- "pair not!'" What writing that is, and how divine the kind of melancholy! Was not this a man to be remembered with love?

Our final reason for the act in which we are now engaged, and that which causes us to be performing it here, is that this man, of such extraordinary mark and proportions in the

recent literary and intellectual history of the British Islands, and so widely famous now on that account over the rest of the earth, was of Scottish birth and origin. One can have no patience, indeed, and ought to have no patience, with that spirit of ultra-Scotticism, describable only as Scotticism run mad, which can take no interest in anything that is not Scottish, has no admiration for anything that is not Scottish, grows sulky in particular at the mention of England's greatness, or at any suggestion that England ever exhibited, or could exhibit, a superiority to Scotland in any matter or form whatsoever, and would forget or ignore the immense importance for Scotland of that conjunction at last with the larger neighbour kingdom which admitted Scotland to full partnership in the splendid inheritance of intellectual and literary wealth, distinctively England's own till 1707, which is represented by the names of Chaucer, Spenser, Bacon, Shakespeare, Milton, Dryden, Locke, and Sir Isaac Newton. But a very different thing from any such absurd state of temper is the patriotic Scottish feeling, the sense of our Scottish nationality, which we pro-

fess by being here. It is but *our* form of a feeling which is natural in every country that has had an independent history and still preserves marks of inherited and indestructible individuality. In any such country, be it England, Ireland, France, Germany, Italy, or any other,

> "Breathes there the man with soul so dead
> Who never to himself hath said
> 'This is my own, my native land?'"

We Scots have the reputation of cherishing this feeling of nationality in excess; but, if so, how can we help it? Scotland territorially is but a small country, but it has had a history as heroic, as picturesque, as interesting, as heart-stirring and imagination-stirring, as any national history on the face of the earth; and, with all the changed conditions of that new partnership with England which has now continued for nearly two centuries, Scotland still stands where it did, immemorially Scotland, indestructibly Scotland. It is not for nothing that in this central spot of the map of Scotland where we are now assembled, on this crag looking round and down upon Scotland's ancient battle-fields, there has been erected this tower to the memory of the man who may be

said to have created the Scottish nation, or at least saved it from destruction, and sent it on unimpaired for centuries of further independent life,—the half-mythical, yet astoundingly real, Wallace of Elderslie. The monument that bears his name serves, even in that passing view of its strikingly-conceived contour which is obtained from any distance in the surrounding landscape, the double function of reminding natives or tourists of the fact that there *were* such centuries of independent Scottish history, and of impressing also the fact that those centuries are not forgotten yet by the Scottish people, and that the spirit and traditions from them are at work still in the changed conditions of our later time, nerving Scottish energy for adequate, and perhaps still peculiarly characteristic, co-operation with England and Ireland in the affairs of the united British body-politic and of the British Empire. It was a good thought, however, that within the monument there should be gathered gradually, for the inspection of closer visitors, miscellaneous relics illustrative of the Scottish past, and especially that in one of its halls there should be portrait-busts, or other sculptured re-

membrances, of a selection of the more eminent Scotsmen of successive generations. Only a beginning has been made in this excellent direction; but already, in addition to the ideal statue of Wallace himself over the doorway of the monument, and to the bust in this hall, not wholly ideal, but founded on authentic evidence, of Wallace's great successor and executor, King Robert Bruce, there have been gifted to the monument by different patriotic donors, and are now also in this hall, busts of Knox and Buchanan as representative of the older Scotland, and of Adam Smith, James Watt, Robert Burns, Sir Walter Scott, Tannahill, Thomas Chalmers, Hugh Miller, and David Livingstone, as representatives of the later. When the gaps in the earlier series are filled up we may look surely for busts, or such substitutes for busts as the sculptor's art can furnish, of (to name only celebrities of the intellectual and literary order) Barbour, the poet-king James I, Dunbar, Gavin Douglas, Sir David Lindsay, Napier of Merchiston, and Drummond of Hawthornden; and among the most desirable additions to the later series (still of the same order) are certainly Allan Ramsay,

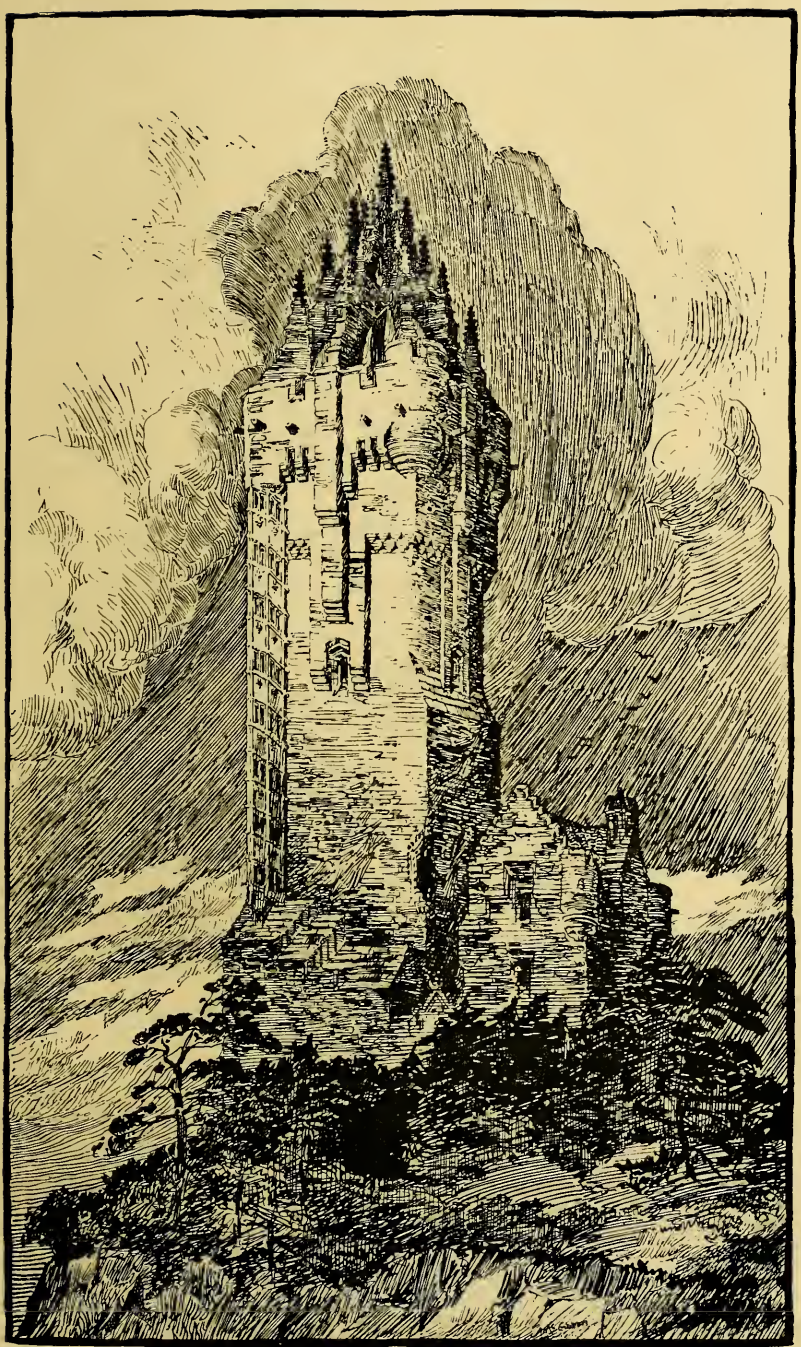
Lady Elizabeth Wardlaw, James Thomson, David Hume, Tobias Smollett, the Baroness Nairne, Thomas Campbell, John Wilson, and Sir William Hamilton. One addition to the later series we are enabled, by the generosity of an anonymous donor, to make to-day; and it is the addition for which, all over Scotland, the vote would be overwhelmingly decisive, and indeed unanimous. There are portraits and busts, or other memorials, of Carlyle, in considerable number already in Scotland, and there will be more and more of them; but it would be strange if this little Scottish Walhalla on the Wallace Craig near Stirling did not contain its own representation of the face and features of this greatest of recent Scotsmen.

In newspaper-paragraphs about Carlyle of late, both in England and in Scotland, I have observed a habit of imagining him as an eccentric, absent-minded, and feebled-bodied old gentleman, who habitually talked Scotch, and might be heard muttering to himself in his walks such Scotch or pseudo-Scotch phrases as "Ech, "sirs," "O, mon," "Na, na," "Dinna, dinna." The imagination is totally incorrect. When I

first knew Carlyle, he was a tall, spare man, of close on six feet in height; he was formidable-looking then, and he remained formidable-looking to the last, even after his stature had shrunk in extreme old age, and he stooped and somewhat tottered in his gait; so far from being absent-minded at any time or in any degree, he had a remarkable boldness of eye for the observation of whatever was round him, almost the wide-awakeness of a hawk; and, though he could speak in racy Scotch when he liked, or when he made a Scottish quotation,—a faculty, I hope, which we all retain,—his own habitual vocabulary was not Scotch at all, but very choice, and even stately, English. If you studied his intonation, however, you had him at once. There was no mistaking the Scotsman in him then. He moved among the Londoners for nearly fifty years an unabashed Annandale man, and talked his splendours, wherever he went, in the unabashed accent of that Scottish region, only modified into a kind of lyrical chaunt peculiar to himself, and with one or two minute peculiar pronunciations. Nor was he less of the Scotsman in many of his ways of thinking, in some of his strongest affec-

tions, and in the memories most frequent with him and from which he drew his kindliest inspirations. It is within my knowledge that he meditated at one time some sort of biography of Wallace, and looked into the materials. Knox was a hero of his heart, and the little he has left us about Knox is but a fragment of that larger history of Knox and the Scottish Reformation which he had projected as his first important historical work, but from which he was drawn off by the subject of the French Revolution. He had a special liking for George Buchanan, and I remember his bringing home one day a portrait-print of that Scottish scholar, with the remark that he had been "investing in the Fine Arts" to that extent with much satisfaction, because it was such a strong, honest, Scottish physiognomy to have beside one. His essay on Burns, written in 1828, is one of the most impassioned pieces that ever came from his pen, and is to this day the most beautiful and perfect thing about Burns in the English language; and among all his contemporaries known to him personally there was no one of whom he spoke uniformly with higher regard and admiration than Dr. Chalmers. By

the strength and variety of his Scottish sympathies and recollections, therefore, and by the discernibly large amount and efficacy of the Scottish fibre in his constitution, even when he was not treating of Scottish themes, Carlyle was a typical Scotsman, and on that account too, as on so many others, deserves the effigy of him set up here. "Deserves the effigy!" how weak that expression for our real feelings respecting his place and proportions among the latest chief men of the Scottish nation! Burns, Scott, and Chalmers,—others are memorable, but these three, and in that order chronologically, are our national men of greatest magnitude of genius all in all immediately preceding Carlyle; and to these three Carlyle adds himself as the one indubitable fourth. Or, if it is magnitude of *literary* genius and effect that we principally think of, then, Chalmers left standing apart on ground of his own, it is Burns, Scott, and Carlyle that we name as the trio of Scotland's most recent immortals of supreme consequence. Nature dislikes repeating herself in the shapes of her productions; and, as we step, as it were, from one to another of these three, it is with a sense of co-equality



THE WALLACE MONUMENT.

the more extraordinary because of enormous difference. And so it is in company with Burns and Scott that we here place Carlyle in effigy,—that Burns whom he so loved that he used to speak of him more frequently and fondly, I think, than of any other mortal, and that Scott to whom unfortunately he did scantier justice, but whom, not the less resolutely and enthusiastically for that accident, *we* think of, and posterity to the end of time will think of, as the great and good and magical Sir Walter. In that company, I say; and where more fittingly than in this high hall of a tower rising from a famous crag in the centre of Scotland expressly to commemorate what has been best and most characteristic in Scotland hitherto? Yes,—

"Here's the platform, here's the proper place!
Hail to your purlieus,
All ye high-fliers of the feathered race,
Swallows and curlews! . . .
Here, here's his place, where meteors shoot, clouds form,
Lightnings are loosened,
Stars come and go! let joy break with the storm,
Peace let the dew send!
Lofty designs must close with like effects:
Loftily lying
Leave him,—still loftier than the world suspects,
Living and dying."

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

THE BUST

OF

THOMAS CARLYLE.

THE Bust is the work of Mr. Pittendrigh Macgillivray, sculptor, Glasgow. It is of Heroic size, and made of bronze. On its sides are inscribed the titles of four of Carlyle's greatest works—*Sartor Resartus*, *French Revolution*, *Cromwell*, and *Frederick the Great*. The bust is placed on a black marble plinth, which rests on an oak pedestal, having affixed a bronze tablet bearing the following inscription—

THOMAS CARLYLE,
BORN 1795, DIED 1881,
UNVEILED, JULY, 1891,
BY DAVID MASSON, LL.D.
PITTENDRIGH MACGILLIVRAY, Sc.

APPENDIX.

THE

NATIONAL WALLACE MONUMENT.

ALTHOUGH the memory of their great patriot and hero, Sir William Wallace, will be enshrined for ever in the breasts of his countrymen, still the feeling was general in Scotland about forty years ago that it would be fitting to erect a material monument in his honour on a site overlooking the scene of his greatest victory. It was also designed that the proposed monument should receive memorials of other Scotsmen, whose distinguished careers had heightened the renown of the country for whose liberties and independence Wallace struggled and died. The proposal was submitted to representative Scotsmen at a great assembly, presided over by the Earl of Elgin, and held in the King's Park, Stirling, on the anniversary of the battle of Bannockburn, 1856. It was carried by acclamation and with great enthusiasm, and an influential committee was formed to procure the necessary funds and carry through the project. The site fixed on was the summit of the Abbey Craig, and it was presented as a free gift by the Provost and Town

Council of Stirling. The appeal for money met a generous response; subscriptions poured in from Scotsmen at home and in all parts of the world. There were soon £6,000 in hand, and then, feeling financial success assured, the Committee invited designs; eventually selecting that of Mr. John H. Rochead, Glasgow. On the anniversary of the battle of Bannockburn, 1861, the foundation stone was laid with masonic honours by the Duke of Athole, Grand Master Mason of Scotland. The occasion was marked by an extraordinary outburst of patriotic feeling. The procession from the King's Park to the site was marshalled by General Sir James M. Wallace, and led by Col. Griffith of the Scots Greys. More than 40,000 persons took part in it, and these included 200 masonic and other lodges, and 30 companies of Scottish volunteers. Suitable orations, delivered and received with great enthusiasm, were made by Sir Archibald Allison, Sheriff Bell, Rev. Dr. Gillan, and Mr. James Dods.

This volume contains an artistic sketch of Mr. Rochead's design; it is that of a Tower in the early Scottish style, 36 feet square at the base, and rising to a height of 220 feet, while the Craig, on which it stands, is 360 feet above the river Forth, meandering peacefully through the fertile valley at its base. The building of the Monument was necessarily tedious, owing to its elevated position and other causes, but at length, eight years after the foundation stone was laid, the completed structure was formally handed over by Lord Jerviswoode, in name of the subscribers, to the Provost of Stirling as representing the permanent body of custodiers

entrusted with its preservation and maintenance. It would be impossible to mention the names of all those to whom the success of this national undertaking is due, but special reference may well be made to Mr. Colin Rae-Brown, Glasgow, the principal author of the project; and to the Rev. Dr. Rogers, Stirling, who displayed the utmost zeal and energy in carrying it out. The completed Monument became at once a centre of attraction for Scotsmen, and for visitors from all quarters, and it is now recognized as one of the principal objects of interest for sightseers in this country. Admission to the Monument is free, but visitors wishing to ascend the spiral staircase pay twopence each for that privilege; and so many thousands take advantage of it, that the custodiers were able to pay off all their outstanding liabilities, to pay a keeper's salary, and all expenses of maintenance. When all these charges had been met there was still a surplus balance in 1878 of fully £600. With this sum, and the security of an ample income from the same source, the custodiers proceeded to embellish and furnish the Monument. One of the halls was furnished with weapons of war and suits of armour belonging to the 13th and 14th centuries—these were contributed by the Secretary of State for War from the armoury in the Tower of London. The windows in the Monument, eleven in number, were filled in with stained glass, showing bold designs of Scottish warriors, patriotic emblems, and the National Escutcheon. A most valuable contribution to the Monument was arranged for at this time, when, by the sanction and authority of the War Office, the

sword of Wallace was removed from Dumbarton Castle, and, by the hands of Hugh Robert Wallace, Esq., of Busbie and Cloncaird—the lineal descendant of the Scottish Patriot—was given to the custodiers for preservation in their Hall of Heroes. Certain entries discovered in the accounts of the Lord High Treasurer of James IV., dated December 5th, 1505, have placed the genuineness of this precious relic beyond all reasonable doubt, and now, encased in a suitable shrine, it has found a fit and final resting-place in the National Wallace Monument. A colossal statue of Wallace was placed in the niche which had been prepared for its reception by the architect. This statue is thirteen feet in height, and made of bronze; it represents the hero in a martial attitude with drawn sword, looking towards the Bridge of Stirling. The work was unveiled by the Marquis of Bute on June 25th, 1887—a salute of artillery from Stirling Castle announcing the historic fact.

Within the last few years a number of memorial busts of eminent Scotsmen have been placed in what now must be regarded as the National Valhalla. It will be admitted that Donors and Custodiers in presenting and accepting these busts have made admirable selections—they all belong to the *Dii majores* of the Scottish race—and this brief sketch of the history of the Monument may be properly concluded by giving a list of the Busts presented, along with the names of Donors and dates of unveiling.

APPENDIX.

1. ROBERT BURNS, - - Unveiled September 4, 1886.
   Donor—Andrew Carnegie, Esq., New York.
2. KING ROBERT THE BRUCE, Unveiled September 4, 1886.
   Donor—The Marquis of Bute.
3. JOHN KNOX, - - Unveiled September 12, 1887.
   Donors—Sons of David Yellowlees, Stirling.
4. GEORGE BUCHANAN, - Unveiled September 12, 1887.
   Donors—Caledonian Society, Port of Mayne, Indiana.
5. SIR WALTER SCOTT, - Unveiled September 12, 1887,
   Donor—Mrs. Andrew Carnegie, New York.
6. JAMES WATT, - - Unveiled September 11, 1888.
   Donor—Andrew Stewart, Esq., Glasgow.
7. HUGH MILLER, - - Unveiled September 11, 1888.
   Donor—His Excellency R. H. Gunning, London.
8. DAVID LIVINGSTONE, - Unveiled March 7, 1889.
   Donor—Provost Donald, Dunfermline.
9. THOMAS CHALMERS, - Unveiled August 6, 1889.
   Donor—His Excellency R. H. Gunning, London.
10. ADAM SMITH, - - Unveiled September 19, 1889.
    Donor—His Excellency R. H. Gunning, London.
11. ROBERT TANNAHILL, - Unveiled September 19, 1889.
    Donor—Provost Miller, Hillhead, Glasgow.
12. THOMAS CARLYLE, - Unveiled July 25th, 1891.
    Donor—Anonymous.

APPENDIX.

CRAIGENPUTTOCK.

FROM A LETTER ADDRESSED TO GOETHE FROM CARLYLE.

Craigenputtock, 25 Sept., 1828.

You inquire with such affection touching our present abode and employments, that I must say some words on that subject, while I have still space. Dumfries is a pretty town, of some 15,000 inhabitants; the Commercial and Judicial Metropolis of a considerable district on the Scottish border. Our dwelling-place is not in it, but fifteen miles (two hours' riding) to the north-west of it, among the Granite Mountains and black moors which stretch westward through Galloway almost to the Irish Sea. This is, as it were, a green oasis in that desert of heath and rock; a piece of ploughed and partially sheltered and ornamented ground, where corn ripens and trees yield umbrage, though encircled on all hands by moorfowl and only the hardiest breeds of sheep. Here, by dint of great endeavour we have pargetted and garnished for ourselves a clean substantial dwelling; and settled down in defect of any Professional or other Official appointment, to cultivate Literature, on our own resources, by way of occupation, and roses and garden shrubs, and if possible health and a peaceable temper of mind to forward it. The

roses are indeed still mostly to plant; but they already blossom in Hope; and we have two swift horses, which, with the mountain air, are better than all physicians for sick nerves. That exercise, which I am very fond of, is almost my sole amusement; for this is one of the most solitary spots in Britain, being six miles from *any* individual of the formally visiting class. It might have suited Rousseau almost as well as his Island of St. Pierre; indeed I find that most of my city friends impute to me a motive similiar to his in coming hither, and predict no good from it. But I came hither purely for this one reason: that I might not have to write for bread, might not be tempted to tell lies for money. This space of Earth is our own, and we can live in it and write and think as seems best to us, though Zoilus himself should become king of letters. And as to its solitude, a mail-coach will any day transport us to Edinburgh, which is our British Weimar. Nay, even at this time, I have a whole horse-load of French, German, American, English Reviews and Journals, were they of any worth, encumbering the table of my little library. Moreover, from any of our heights I can discern a Hill, a day's journey to the eastward, where Agricola with his Romans has left a camp; at the foot of which I was born, where my Father and Mother are still living to love me.

APPENDIX.

5 CHEYNE ROW, CHELSEA.

CARLYLE'S DESCRIPTION OF THE HOUSE,

Sent to his Wife in May, 1834.

THE street runs down upon the river, which I suppose you might see by stretching out your head from the front window, at a distance of fifty yards on the left. We are called "Cheyne Row" proper (pronounced *Chainie* Row), and are a "genteel neighbourhood;" two old ladies on one side, unknown character on the other, but with "pianos." The street is flag pathed, sunk storied, iron railed, all old fashioned and tightly done up; looks out on a rank of sturdy old *pollarded* (that is, beheaded) lime trees standing there like giants in *tawtie* wigs (for the new boughs are still young); beyond this a high brick wall; backwards a garden, the size of our back one at Comely Bank; with trees, etc., in bad culture; beyond this green hayfields and tree avenues, once a bishop's pleasure grounds, an unpicturesque yet rather cheerful outlook. The house is eminent, antique, wainscoted to the very ceiling, and has all been new painted and repaired; broadish stair with massive balustrade (in the old style), corniced and as thick as one's thigh; floors thick as a rock, wood of them here and there worm-eaten, yet capable of cleanness, and still

with thrice the strength of a modern floor. And then as to the rooms, Goody! Three stories beside the sunk story, in every one of them three apartments, in depth something like forty feet in all—a front dining-room (marble chimney piece, etc.)., then a back dining-room or breakfast-room, a little narrower by reason of the kitchen stairs; then out of this, and narrower still (to allow a back window, you consider) a china-room or pantry or I know not what, all shelved and fit to hold crockery for the whole street. Such is the ground area, which of course continues to the top, and furnishes every bedroom with a dressing-room or second bedroom; on the whole a most massive roomy sufficient old house with places, for example, to hang, say, three dozen hats or cloaks on, and as many crevices and queer old presses and shelved closets (all tight and new painted in their way) as would gratify the most covetous Goody—rent, thirty-five pounds! I confess I am strongly tempted. Chelsea is a singular heterogeneous kind of spot, very dirty and confused in some places, quite beautiful in others, abounding with antiquities and the traces of great men—Sir Thomas More, Steele, Smollett, etc. Our Row, which for the last three doors or so is a street, and none of the noblest, runs out upon a "Parade" (perhaps they call it) running along the shore of the river, a broad highway with huge shady trees, boats lying moored, and a smell of shipping and tar. Battersea Bridge (of wood) a few yards off; the broad river with white-trowsered, white-shirted Cockneys dashing by like arrows in thin long canoes of boats; beyond, the green beautiful knolls of Surrey with

their villages—on the whole, a most artificial, green-painted, yet lively, fresh, almost opera-looking business, such as you can fancy. Finally, Chelsea abounds more than any place in omnibi, and they take you to Coventry Street for sixpence. Revolve all this in thy fancy and judgment, my child, and see what thou canst *make* of it.

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Yellowlees, R., Stirling.
Young, Rev. Forrest F., The Manse, Wash-on-Tyne.

CARLYLE

THE ADDRESS DELIVERED BY
DAVID MASSON, LL.D.,
ON UNVEILING A BUST OF
THOMAS CARLYLE
IN THE WALLACE MONUMENT.

GLASGOW
MDCCCXCI