

**A VISIT TO
CARLYLE'S
ANNANDALE**

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A Visit to Carlyle's Annandale by W. L. Richardson

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W. L. RICHARDSON

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ANNANDALE**



THOMAS CARLYLE

"Work, and despair not: *Wir heissen euch hoffen*, 'We bid you be of hope!'—let that be my last word."

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CARLYLE'S ANNANDALE

BY
W. L. RICHARDSON

"Mein Vermächtnis, wie herrlich weit und breit!
Die Zeit ist mein Vermächtnis, mein Acker ist die Zeit."
—GOETHE

"My Inheritance, how lordly, wide and fair!
Time is my Inheritance, to Time I'm heir."
(As translated by Carlyle)

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FOREWORD

MY introduction to the writings of Thomas Carlyle took place in the autumn of 1892 when I secured a poor little edition of "Heroes and Hero Worship" for the sum of eighteen cents in a department store on State Street, Chicago. I am particular to mention the circumstance for it constituted, on the intellectual side, a momentous event in my simple history. The book opened to me a new world. I have it yet and I would not part with it willingly.

The impression which that book conveyed was deepened through the reading of others of Carlyle's characteristic writings—the "French Revolution," "Past and Present," the Reminiscences," the letters to Emerson, and, above all, "Sartor Resartus"—full of winged words, lofty ideas, shrewd wisdom and prophetic fire. "What can you say of Carlyle," Ruskin asked, "but that he was born in the clouds and struck by lightning!" This hits upon the essential thing, though it does not tell the whole story.

I know not whether it is common for the young men of to-day to give their days and nights to Thomas Carlyle, but I am thankful at all events for my youthful enthusiasms in that direction.

After the passage of twenty years that name remains for me one of the most significant in the whole range of English letters.

Small wonder that on my first visit to the mother country (in the summer of 1904) I made my plans to spend a few days in Annandale, the home of Carlyle. A week for Glasgow, the Burns country, the Trossachs, Edinburgh, and the land of Sir Walter Scott—then southwards on my Carlyle quest.

The sketch here given makes no pretensions. Indeed it is written largely in the words of the letters that I sent home at that time. My friends—for whom I have prepared this booklet—will perhaps be content not to play the part of critics, but will take the journey along with me to the home of Carlyle, ready to enjoy what they can and to make no complaints at what they cannot, after the wise custom of all good travelers.

"Rustic Annandale, with its homely honesties, rough vernacularities; safe, innocently kind, ruggedly motherlike, cheery, wholesome, like its airy hills and clear-rushing streams."

(Carlyle's own tribute)

"The Future hides in it
Gladness and sorrow;
We press still thorow,
Nought that abides in it
Daunting us, — onward.

"And solemn before us,
Veiled, the dark Portal;
Goal of all mortal:—
Stars silent rest o'er us,
Graves under us silent!

"While earnest thou gazest,
Comes boding of terror,
Comes phantasm and error;
Perplexes the bravest
With doubt and misgiving.

"But heard are the Voices,
Heard are the Sages,
The Worlds and the Ages:
'Choose well; your choice is
Brief, and yet endless.

"'Here eyes do regard you,
In Eternity's stillness;
Here is all fulness,
Ye brave, to reward you;
Work, and despair not.'"

Goethe, translated by Carlyle