

The Carlyles and St. Luke's, The Chelsea Parish Church¹

David Southern
Duke University Press

The parish church, St. Luke's, and the remarkable household of Thomas (TC) and Jane Welsh Carlyle (JWC) at 5 Cheyne Row were equally important, equally central institutions of mid-nineteenth-century Chelsea. The Carlyles arrived there in 1834 from Craigenputtoch in Scotland, and their home in "old Dutch-looking Chelsea" (Blunt *Carlyles'* 14) soon became a mecca for writers, editors, philosophers, clergy, and artists.

The Gothic-revival St. Luke's Church was erected in the 1820s to replace the ancient and inadequate All Souls (afterward called Chelsea Old Church) at Cheyne Walk and Church Street (Crook 62). In the Carlyles' time, indeed from when it was dedicated in 1824 until the end of the century, three rectors served there: Dr. Gerald Valerian Wellesley, Charles Kingsley (father of the celebrated Broad Church leader and author of the same name), and Gerald Blunt. Like

¹I thank Hildegard Ryals for her kindness in allowing the use of the library of the late Professor Clyde de L. Ryals. Additional thanks go, individually and collectively, to all of the editors of *The Collected Letters of Thomas and Jane Welsh Carlyle* (1970–), past and present, and specifically to Kenneth J. Fielding, David R. Sorensen, and Brent E. Kinser who read an early draft of this essay.

5 Cheyne Row, St. Luke's rectory was a dynamic gathering place, a forum representing a far-reaching network of liberal, latitudinarian, Christian socialist influences and counterinfluences.

Social circles surrounding the Carlyles and St. Luke's overlapped, connecting such individuals as Frederick Denison Maurice, Julius Charles Hare, Henry Hart Milman, William Brookfield, Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, and John Ruskin. James Anthony Froude, TC's literary executor and biographer, was a member of that congregation; moreover, he was the younger Kingsley's brother-in-law. In 1837 Charles Dickens was married to Catherine Hogarth in St. Luke's (Johnson 129). Canons and deans, among them Stanley, Samuel Wilberforce, and the younger Kingsley as well as other celebrated men of the cloth, preached from that pulpit just as John Donne and Jonathan Swift once preached in the older All Saints (Stewart 12). Through St. Luke's, direct philosophic lineages may be traced from Samuel Taylor Coleridge and from Tom Arnold amid additional scholastic associations to specific colleges and societies at Oxford and Cambridge universities.

Gerald Blunt's son Reginald recalled the Carlyles vividly though he was still a very young child when his father became St. Luke's third rector in 1860. From his privately printed memorial to his father come many particulars of the Carlyles not found elsewhere:

[JWC] often came in to luncheon or dinner at the Rectory; Carlyle came several times, but less frequently. My father took great pains to get for him the special long clay pipes which he always smoked, and after dinner he liked to sit down at the side of the drawing-room fireplace, and would then smoke and talk incessantly for hours. They met Maurice and Hort and Brookfield and the Wedgwoods at the Rectory, whilst G. [Gerald Blunt] and F.M.B. [Fannie Blunt] met Ruskin at Cheyne Row, who afterwards came to the Rectory on more than one occasion.

Carlyle was, during the greater part of these years 1861-65, "in the valley of the shadow of Frederick the Great," as he expressed it to my father; working in winter in the soundproof garret-room at

the top of the house, surrounded by pictures, portraits and maps relating to his work; in summer, descending to the garden, where, under an improvised awning, and with a butler's tray full of books by his side, he sat smoking and working on a barrel-seat of green earthenware. His chief exercise (apart from an occasional ride in the Chelsea omnibus the whole length of its journey to Islington and back, which he considered as a fine vibratory treatment of a refractory liver) was riding; and when Fritz, who had carried him "30,000 faithful miles," came down with him in February, 1863, in Regent's Park, and broke his knees, he was replaced, through Lady Ashburton's kindness, by an excellent successor, whom Carlyle christened "Noggs." Later in this same year, Mrs. Carlyle, who had already been in ill-health for a year or more, was knocked down by a cab in St. Martin's Lane, and the shock and laceration led to a long period of illness, with acute neuralgia, sleeplessness and misery.

In August, when the mulberries ripened on the fine old tree in the Rectory garden, it was my particular privilege to take baskets of the fruit to No. 5; and I can well remember on one occasion how Mrs. Carlyle, looking very worn and white and delicate, called her husband down from the garret-room to present me, in return for my mulberries, with an apple-covered inkstand of china, which I now prize mightily, though at the time (I was about eight years old) I should greatly have preferred that the apple had been a real one. (*Memoirs* 80)

In the 1890s Reginald Blunt led the movement to preserve the Carlyles' house, and he was central to the commission of the statue of TC by Sir Thomas Edgar Boehm erected near the Thames Embankment and the bust of TC placed in the Chelsea Library (131, 136). In fact,

²Among these are *The Carlyles' Chelsea Home* (1895), *An Illustrated Historical Handbook to the Parish of Chelsea* (1900), *Paradise Row* (1906), *Memoirs of Gerald Blunt of Chelsea, His Family and Forebears* (1911), *In Cheyne Walk and Thereabouts* (1914), *The Wonderful Village* (1919), *By Chelsea Reach* (1921), *The Lure of Old Chelsea* (1922), *The Crown & Anchor* (1925), *The Cheyne Chelsea Reach* (1921),

the younger Blunt was a sort of *de facto* historian of Chelsea, writing numerous articles and books about the area.² He knew equally well both Froude and Alexander Carlyle. The diary of his mother, Mrs. Gerald Blunt, quoted throughout the *Memoirs*, supplies dates of Carlyle visits in the five years before JWC's sudden death and dates of the less frequent encounters with TC afterward.

In this section taken from a more inclusive map (see Figure 1), the Carlyle house, No. 5 Cheyne Row, is marked 14. North of King's Road, St. Luke's Church is a dominant square block. The site of Thomas Smollett's house is 12. The Smollests lived in Monmouth House, facing the river on Lawrence Street (Pocock 36). The old china works with the mark of a red anchor (Pocock 23, 38), likewise on Lawrence Street, is 11. Adjacent is the rectory, 10, where the Kingsleys and then the Blunts lived. Their garden was accessible from the bend of Cheyne Row. George Eliot lived briefly in the former home of artist Daniel Maclise, marked 20 on Blunt's map. Leigh Hunt's house, around the corner from the Carlyles, is marked 15; Dante Gabriel Rossetti's is 18.

When TC was house-hunting in May 1834, he described to JWC the location on Cheyne Row as "within a gunshot of [Leigh] Hunt's" (*Collected Letters* 7:172). Writing on June 17, 1834 to his brother John, he added, "we are here on *literary* classical ground, as Hunt is continually ready to declare and unfold: not a stone-cast from this House Smollett wrote his *Count Fathom* (the house is ruined and we happily do not see it); hardly another stone-cast off, old More entertained Erasmus" (*CL* 7:215).

Smollett's old dwelling was pulled down not long after the arrival of the Carlyles (Blunt *Carlyles*' 14); its location must have been very near the rectory garden. The Reverend Fenton Hort, writing in 1862, explained,

You know Carlyle lives not fifty yards from his [Blunt's] garden

Book of Chelsea China and Pottery (1925), *Red Anchor Pieces* (1928), the introduction to W. H. Stewart's *Chelsea Old Church* (1932), and *The Metropolitan Borough of Chelsea* (1937). He also wrote the article "Mrs. Carlyle and her Little Charlotte," which introduced JWC's letters to her maid, Charlotte Southam.



Figure 1: Detail of Chelsea Map (Blunt *Carlyles'* 48)

door, and they have become great friends. Of Mrs. Carlyle, they see a great deal. She is quite an oddity, but very genuine and good. After seeing her and hearing about her one can quite understand John Sterling's love of that household. Dear old Carlyle himself seems to be terribly bitter, that being the form taken by his increasing sadness and despair of the world. (Qtd. in Blunt *Memoirs* 82-83)

Curiously, in the Carlyles' letters that remain, there is not a single reference to the first rector of the new church, Dr. Gerald Valerian Wellesley. This very well-connected scion of an old Anglo-Irish family was the younger brother of the Duke of Wellington. His wife was the daughter of the first Lord Cadogan and granddaughter of Sir Hans Sloane, the eminent scientist whose collection of specimens became the foundation of the British Museum. The Reverend Henry Blunt, father of Gerald and grandfather of Reginald, became Dr. Wellesley's curate in 1824 (Blunt *Memoirs* 4), and Wellesley stood as godfather to Gerald Blunt at his christening on November 2, 1827 (3). Upon the resignation of Dr. Wellesley, Lord Cadogan offered the rectorship of St. Luke's to Henry Blunt in addition to his duties at nearby Trinity Church, but the offer was declined (4).

I. THE KINGSLEY ERA, 1836-1860

Charles Kingsley became rector of St. Luke's in 1836, and his literary sons lived briefly in the rectory. The younger Charles Kingsley, in his late teens at the time of his father's appointment, walked daily to classes at King's College. He was bored with St. Luke's and its parishioners (Kingsley, Frances E. G. 1:37); moreover, he found their singing unmelodious (1:38), which leads one to suspect there was a lapse, during his father's tenure, in the excellent musical traditions associated with that church. Thomas Attwood, once a student of Mozart, is reported to have directed the music (Crook 62), though there

³See, for example, recent editions of these works, edited by Nicholas Slonimsky and Stanley Sadie, respectively.

is no such record of that in Baker's or Grove's reference works.³ He resided close by at 17 Cheyne Walk between Don Saltero's celebrated establishment and the later residence of Rossetti, Swinburne, and Meredith—marked 16 and 18 on Blunt's map, in coincidental reverse of their actual street numbers. His own student, Sir John Goss, was indeed organist at St. Luke's (62) from its dedication until 1838, when he followed Attwood as organist of St. Paul's.

In a letter dated January 8, 1842, to his mother, TC spoke of meeting the elder Kingsley for the first time:

On going out for walking along one of these streets an elderly, innocent, intelligent-looking gentleman accosted me with "Apologies for introducing himself to Mr. Carlyle whose works &c, &c. He was *the Parish clergyman*," rector of the Parish of St. Luke's Chelsea! I replied of course with all civility to the worthy man (though shocked to admit that after seven years of parishionership I did not know the face of him). We walked together as far as our roads would coincide, then parted with low bows. I mean to ask about the man (whose *name* I do not even know yet!) and, if the accounts be good, to invite a nearer approximation. (CL 14:9)

JWC, writing to TC who was traveling in Wales in July 1843, remarked that "a Mrs Hermitage (or Hemorrhage) and a Mrs Daniel . . . were 'dying to know ME['] . . . and had heard of me from so many people and lastly from our Rector Mr Kingsly" (CL 16:274). Apparently, a "nearer approximation" never ripened, for the last word from the Carlyles on the subject of the elder Kingsley occurs in a letter from TC to his brother John on May 20, 1853. It was the year of the building of the soundproof attic study at 5 Cheyne Row, a project perhaps inspired by the constant din of civil engineering that was progressing up the street, the sewer that TC called the "Cloaca Maxima." To Dr. Carlyle, he wrote,

Very pleasant weather here indeed;—and our street still choked with Chaos (tho' now getting filled up actually, in spite of Whit-

Monday and its gin); likely not to be clear and *quiet* for a ten days to come. The cutting now extends into Cook's grounds as well: it seems, there are to be streets &c there; the old (French-Huguenot, Chelsea-China &c) Chapel is to vanish, the Bishop & Kingsley *won't* have it rebuilt on their premises. (CL 28:152)⁴

A map accompanying Reginald Blunt's *Paradise Row* locates "Cook's Grounds" in the immediate vicinity of the rectory (gatefold following 191), a sort of back lot beginning behind the row of buildings lining the north side of Upper Cheyne Row and extending past the rectory grounds toward King's Road. David Masson, a frequent visitor at 5 Cheyne Row in the mid-1840s, often was accompanied by TC for part of the way on his walk homeward: "The direction being determined by my convenience, our route was almost uniformly by Cook's Ground to King's Road, and then . . . along the lighted and still lively King's Road to Sloane Street" (Masson 60).

As to the "Chelsea-China" TC alludes to, potsherds and the remains of kilns have been found in an extensive area there (Pocock 39). But for the "old chapel," TC likely means something other than Chelsea Old Church, a chapel perhaps not Anglican. Though the old church was briefly threatened around the time of the building of St. Luke's, by the mid-1850s a major restoration was being planned (Beaver 60). It is unlikely a sewer project could have displaced the ancient shrine where Elizabeth I is supposed to have worshiped in her youth (Stewart 12, 30) or

⁴The footnote that accompanies this letter in *The Collected Letters of Thomas and Jane Welsh Carlyle* must be re-examined and perhaps amended. It reads: "Carlyle must have been writing about the 13th-century Chelsea Old Church, still in existence. It became the Parish Chapel under the 1819 act for the building of St. Luke's, the new parish church. There was an inscription in the nave to the memory of the owner of the Chelsea China Works, Francis Thomas (1725?-70). Chelsea China was manufactured ca. 1745 to 1769. The works were demolished in 1784. The Huguenots Jean Cavalier (1681-1750) and Capt. Rieutort are buried in the churchyard." This is correct in some measure, but Chelsea Old Church was not in this particular path of sewer construction; on the contrary, it was two blocks to the west at the

could have been allowed to sunder its tombs and monuments to Sir Thomas More, Jane Duchess of North-umberland, Sir Arthur Gorges, Sir Hans Sloane, and numerous Brays, Cheynes, Stanleys, and Lawrences.⁵

“The dissenters are notoriously a forward, lively folk in the parish,” TC is supposed to have remarked (qtd. in James 435). Chelsea was indeed notable for a particular diversity of Protestant sects outside the established church, and there were Huguenot, Moravian, and Irvingite meeting-houses within several blocks of Cook’s Grounds (Beaver 84, 171–72, 220, 342). So what could TC have meant, finally, when he wrote that “the old (French-Huguenot, Chelsea-China &c) Chapel is to vanish”? A genealogical website, London Ancestor, includes “Cook’s Grounds, Chelsea” in a list of Dissenting chapels, though no primary source is given, nor is there further identification of this particular congregation. Coincidentally, reference to “Cook’s Grounds” occurs twice in TC’s *Reminiscences* (1881), both recounting a single incident: the last occasion in which TC saw Edward Irving (91, 346):

I followed him to the door; held his bridle (doubtless) while he mounted, no groom being ever with him on such occasions; stood on the steps as he quietly walked or ambled up Cheyne Row, quietly turned the corner (at Wright’s door, or the Rector’s back garden-door) into Cook’s Grounds,—and had vanished from my eyes

⁵Alfred Beaver provides information on the monuments to these and other notables (57–84), supplying a complete list of memorial inscriptions in Appendix II (374–80) of his *Memorials of Old Chelsea* (1892). Tragedy did eventually befall Chelsea Old Church: “In April, 1941, . . . parachute-mines designed to produce maximum lateral blast, were dropped on Chelsea. One of these exploded at the base of the Old Church tower. The church itself—and the five ARP workers within—were destroyed” (Pocock 203). This landmark has been faithfully reconstructed on the site; its ancient relics, however, are irreplaceable.

⁶In their edition of *Reminiscences* Kenneth J. Fielding and Ian Campbell note that Cook’s Grounds is “now Glebe Place” (346) which, with Bramerton Street (see Figure 1), where the rectory cow was once pastured, explains Car-

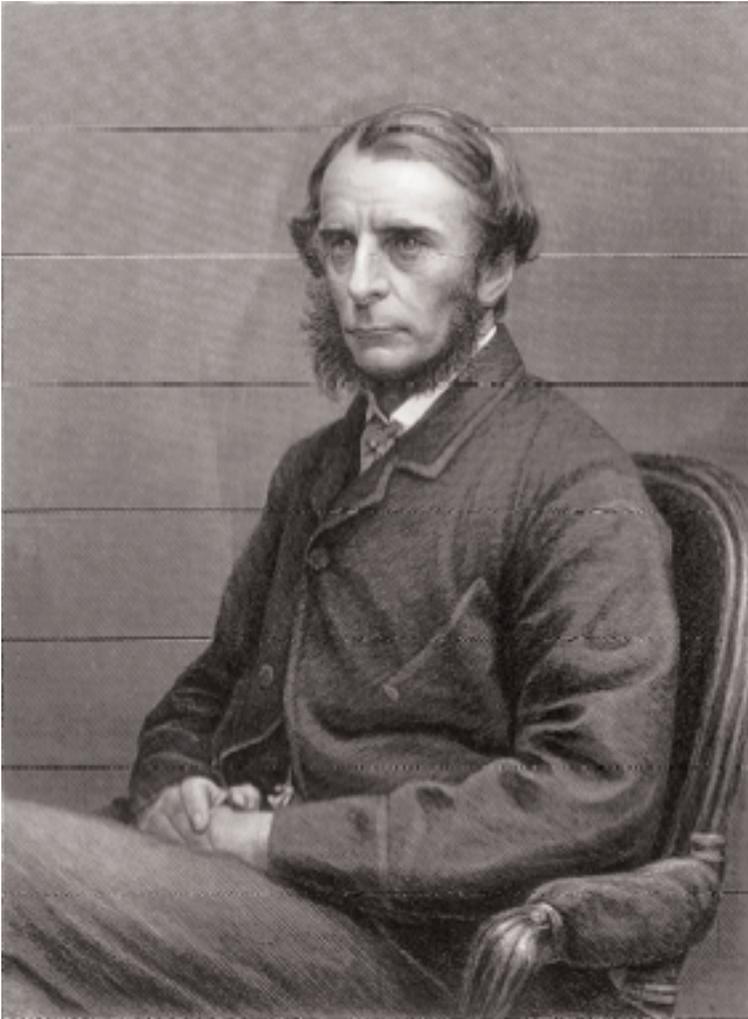


Figure 2: Charles Kingsley (1819-75)

for evermore. (346)⁶

The younger Charles Kingsley was destined to have a closer relationship with the Carlyles than his father had enjoyed, and he was an occasional visitor at 5 Cheyne Row. Like many of his

generation—particularly in his university days—he was an avid and careful reader of TC’s books and was influenced as well by the German philosophy and literature that had instructed TC in his own university days (Kingsley, *Frances E. G.* 1:85). Rodger L. Tarr in his introduction to *Sartor Resartus* (1833–34) cites in fascinating detail the manifold influences of TC’s only novel, among them this: “Charles Kingsley was so impressed that he created a Carlylean philosopher-hero for both *Yeast* and *Alton Locke*” (xxviii). *Alton Locke, Tailor and Poet: an Auto-biography* (1850) and its attendant prefatory “Cheap Clothes and Nasty” may be said to owe even more to *Sartor Resartus* than does Froude’s *The Nemesis of Faith* (1849). JWC likely thought so.

Two books published in 1848 by John W. Parker were received by TC: John Sterling’s *Essays and Tales*, collected and edited by Arch-deacon Julius Charles Hare (CL 22:175), and Charles Kingsley’s first book, a drama entitled *The Saint’s Tragedy: or, the True Story of Elizabeth of Hungary, Landgravine of Thuringia, Saint of the Romish Calendar* (CL 22:232). TC’s interest in Saint Elizabeth was renewed at the time of his research on Frederick the Great. Kingsley may have been the familiar, though now unknown, recipient of TC’s letter dated September 18, 1854, in which he coyly coined the word “HEMERAPYGE” as “rubric” for this ancient saint, no doubt thinking of her disrobing in a chapel on the occasion of Good Friday (CL 29:151).

In TC’s letter to JWC, dated April 3, 1849, he describes Kingsley as Froude’s host in Devonshire. There Froude met his future wife, Charlotte Grenfell, the sister of Kingsley’s wife (CL 24:7). On May 1 of that year TC wrote to Kingsley, telling him that the announced gift of *Twenty-Five Village Sermons* (1849) had not arrived. He added,

if it do *not* come in a couple of weeks, depend on hearing from me again. And pray come and see me, according to promise, when you are next at the Rectory,—which, especially by the Garden door, is a mere step from us, any evening or afternoon. . . . The English Church is a strange place for a man with your ideas to find himself in; very strange indeed, and difficult enough, according to my computations of it. But in all “places,” in the most complicated and dislocated and even distracted “place,” surely the presence of a brave man, if he *can* maintain his footing there is like to be beneficent

both for the place and for us! None can more cordially wish you Good-speed than I do. (CL 24:40-41)

Late in the summer of 1850, TC was visiting in Scotsbrig. On August 30, JWC wrote from Chelsea that

[t]here is also come a novel called *Alton Locke*—which I flung aside in my *worry* as not readable—but now I hear from Geraldine, whom the Athenaeum has invited to review it, that it is the novel of young Kingsley—and tho ‘too like Carlyle’ a production of astounding merit—So I shall fall on it some evening—. (CL 25:185)

Apparently, Geraldine Jewsbury was not assigned the review or did not complete it (though she did review Kingsley’s next novel, *Yeast* [1851]). *The Athenaeum* notice of *Alton Locke* appeared—upon publication of a new edition, from Macmillan this time, with a preface “To the Undergraduates of Cambridge”—almost twelve years later in the issue of April 12, 1862, and the reviewer was editor William Hepworth Dixon. At least one critical report of Kingsley’s book did appear in the summer of 1850 (“Alton”), for TC wrote to JWC on September 4 that “*Alton Locke* did not look very promising in the *Leader*; I knew it to be Kingsley’s, but thot it had been a secret. If you read it and find it *good*, send it (for two sixpences); not otherwise” (CL 25:192).

In a letter to TC, begun on September 6 and finished the following day, JWC announced, “I shall send *Alton Locke* so soon as I have waded to the end of it” (CL 25:200), and indeed on the following day she wrote,

Tomorrow I shall lay out two sixpences in forwarding *Alton Locke* (*The Devil among the tailors* would have been the best name for it) It will surely be gratifying to you, the sight of your own name in almost every second page! but for *that*; I am ashamed to say, I should have broken down in it a great way on this side of the end! It seems to me in spite of Geraldines Hallelujahs a mere not very well boiled broth of Morning chronicleism in which *you* play the part of *the tasting bone of Poverty Row*. An oppressive painful book!— I don’t mean painful from the miseries it delineates—but

from the impression it gives one that “young Kingsley” and many like him are “running to the Crystal[”] as hard as they can, —and that ‘the end of all that agitation will be the tailors and needlewomen eating up all Maurices means (figuratively speaking). And then—all the *indignation* against existing things strikes somehow so numbly!—like your Father licking *the bad children* under the bedclothes! but the old Scotchman [the character Sandy Mackaye who befriends the protagonist] is capital—only that there never was nor will be *such* an old Scotchman—I wonder what will become of Kingsley—go mad perhaps—. (CL 25:202)

TC gossiped to his brother John on New Year’s Day, 1851, that “[a]nother night Kingsley was here, and [Erasmus] Darwin: K. *stuttered* more than usual, was very *yeasty* and explosive, but rational and good at bottom;—intrinsicly really a good fellow of his sort” (CL 26:3). Clearly, TC was aware that Parker would publish Kingsley’s novel *Yeast* within that year, though with the author anonymous as with *Alton Locke* when first published. On January 12, TC reported to his brother another Kingsley visit (CL 26:14), and two months later Kingsley secured an audience with TC for an earnest young follower, Viscount Goderich. To Kingsley, TC wrote on March 21, “If this young Nobleman imagines he can get any furtherance towards a solution of his thrice-intricate problem by a sight of me, surely it were very hard to refuse him. . . . Poor fellow, there is a bigger gulph ahead of him than perhaps any of us (Alton Locke included)” (CL 26:48).

The first half of the 1850s was a prolific period for Kingsley with several novels published to compliment collections of sermons. During this time TC was deep in the “valley of Frederick,” and he cut his social engagements drastically. But there may have been, simultaneously, an underlying lessening of enthusiasm for the ambitious clergyman, possibly first detectable in a letter dated July 23, 1852, from JWC to TC in Linlathen, Dundee: “after tea Ballantyne came, and soon after Kingsley. Ballantyne gave me the ten pounds, and Kingsley told me about his Wife—that she was ‘the adorablest wife man ever had’! I was extremely happy to hear it and hoped she might continue so. Neither of these men staid long” (CL 27:178).

On January 12, 1856, at a dinner at Lord Ashburton's the scientist John Tyndall sat next to JWC, and in her table talk she described Kingsley as "rank and noisy" (CL 31:2n.). On April 27 of that same year, Kingsley via the circuit of the District Visiting Society was guest minister at St. Luke's and preached his sermon "Saved by Hope" (Kingsley, Frances E. G. 1:465). JWC recorded the event in her journal: "All the world has been down at Chelsea today hearing Charles Kingsley preach!—Much good may it do them! Kate Sterling came from *him* here, and then Mrs Wedgwood" (CL 30:248). Compare that to the journal entry of April 16, nine days earlier, when "Geraldine and I went to day to St Lukes to witness a Confirmation performed by the Bishop of Oxford [Samuel Wilberforce]. Heavens, how well he DID it! Even *I* was almost touched by the tears in his voice and the adorable tenderness of his exhortation!" (CL 30:243).

TC, writing to Lady Harriet Ashburton on January 14, 1857, allowed that "Kingsley came in one night; and did nothing but spoil poor Froude, who is good for something to me: a blustery questionable bag of things that Kingsley, blow[n] too big, for the present" (CL 32:75). Finally, TC wrote to JWC on May 24, 1857 that

[i]t was half an hour too late for dressing for the Goderichs, and I was quite fluttered and knocked awry, when Kingsley, at that late hour, came in upon me; stamm[er]ed babbled, and did nothing but smoke a little tobacco,—till I absolutely broke off, and went most of the way in a Cab. (CL 32:154)

The elder Kingsley died in February 1860, and after a "brief interregnum of the Reverend Mr. Lockwood" Lord Cadogan offered the rectorship again to Gerald Blunt (Blunt *Memoirs* 68–69). Blunt and the younger Kingsley "spent a long afternoon" at the Rectory on April 12 discussing parish affairs, and on the following Sunday Blunt preached his first sermon there (71).

II. THE BLUNT ERA, 1861–1901

Henry James recounts an early meeting between TC and the new rector:

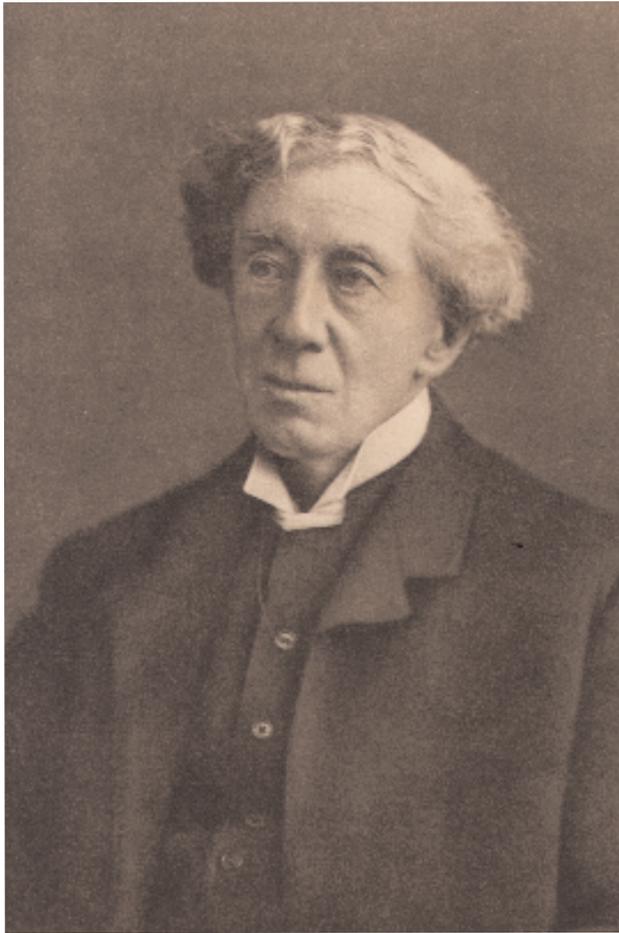


Figure 3: Gerald Blunt (1827-1902)

He [TC] also spoke of a call he had just received from the new rector of the parish in which he lived. He had got some previous intimation of the rector's dutiful design; so that when he came, Carlyle met him at the door, hat on head and cane in hand, ready for a walk. He apologized to the somewhat flustered visitor for not

asking him in, but the fact was that his health was so poor that a walk in the afternoon had become a necessity for him. "Would the reverend gentleman be going towards the city, perhaps? Yes? Ah, then we can confer as we walk." Of course the gentleman's animus in proffering the visit had been to feel his doughty parishioner's pulse, and ascertain once for all how it beat towards religion as by laws established. And equally, of course, Carlyle had not the least intention of assisting at any such preposterous auscultation. The hopeful pair had no sooner begun their trudge, accordingly, than Carlyle proceeded to dismount his antagonist's dainty guns by a brisk discharge from his own ruder batteries.

"I have heard of your settlement in the parish," he said, "with great pleasure, and my friends give me great hope that you have a clear outlook at the very serious work that lies before you here. The butcher up there at the corner of Sloane Street was a great thorn, I am told, in the side of your predecessor, and is prepared, no doubt, to give you as much trouble as he can consistently with the constitution of the vestry and his own evangelical principles; and the dissenters are notoriously a forward, lively folk in the parish. But it is my firm belief that if these turbulent people could once be brought to know some one who really believed for himself the eternal veracities, and didn't merely tell them of some one else who in old time was *thought* to have believed them, they would all be reduced to speedy silence. Our sanguinary evangelical friend at the corner, yonder, would betake himself hopelessly to his muttoms, and dissent have no leg left to run upon. It is much, no doubt, to have a decent ceremonial of worship, and an educated, polite sort of person to administer it. But the main want of the world, as I gather, just now, and of this parish especially, which is that part of the world with which I am altogether best acquainted, is to discover someone who really knows God otherwise than by hearsay, and to tell us what divine work is actually to be done here and now in London streets, and not of a totally different work which behooved to be done two thousand years ago in old Judæa. I have much hope that you are just the man we look for, and I give you my word that you will strike dis-

sent dumb if such really be the case. What? Your road carries you now in another direction? Farewell, then! I am glad to find that we are capable of so good an understanding with each other.['] (435–36)

This anecdote purports to describe a meeting that occurred sometime in 1860, soon after Reverend Blunt was installed. However, Reginald Blunt gives 1861 for the first meeting between his parents and the Carlyles, as did the rector himself when recalling his first moment inside the doors of 5 Cheyne Row. It may be that James conflated two or more anecdotes, possibly confusing a story about Reverend Blunt and another concerning the earlier Reverend Kings-ley with whom his recollection makes a more reasonable fit. Or, the anecdote may be a total work of fiction meant to give a typically Carlylean portrayal, which it does, particularly in the monologue James draws from TC's mouth. Reginald Blunt writes that

[t]he acquaintance with the Carlyles began in 1861. There are, unfortunately, hardly any records of this friendship beyond the bare entries in the diary of visits and dinings at the Rectory and No. 5, Great Cheyne Row, which was reached by a little gate at the S.E. corner of the Rectory garden opening directly on to the top of the Row. Mrs. Carlyle came much to the Rectory, and my mother became greatly attached to her, and grieved over the illness and weariness, which increasingly sapped her strength and spirit. (*Memoirs* 78)

Many years later, in 1892, in fact, on the occasion of the unveiling of the Carlyle bust at the Chelsea Library, when the Reverend Blunt was asked to deliver some recollections of the Carlyles, his remarks were reported in the *Standard*:

His first acquaintance with Carlyle began in 1861, when Carlyle was sixty-five years old. He was then in the middle of writing his "Life of Frederick the Great," and he was heartily sick of it, but he was bound to go on to the end of his task. If one asked him how he

was, he replied that he was as well as could be expected, barring the shadow of Frederick the Great. The first introduction he had to Mr. Carlyle was not an auspicious one. They had been trying in 1861 to set up a library and scientific institution in Chelsea, and he and a friend—now a Bishop in the English Church—were deputed to ask Carlyle if he would become one of the Vice-Presidents. So with trembling and misgiving they went to No. 5, Cheyne Row, one very dark and wet afternoon. They were both dripping and wet, and perhaps not very presentable, and he sent up his card, and they were shown up to Mrs. Carlyle. She received them very ungraciously. She held his card in her hand, while he explained to her the object of their visit. Mrs. Carlyle told them that Mr. Carlyle was very much engaged, that there was no use her asking him to undertake more, and, in fact, they were bowed out without having been asked to sit down. But, about half an hour afterwards, a note came from Carlyle himself, saying that his “good wife,” as he called her, had not read their card, being half blind and the room being dark, and adding that he would be glad to help anything good in Chelsea. So he became one of the Vice-Presidents. Never again was there any occasion to complain of want of courtesy in Mr. or Mrs. Carlyle. (Qtd. in *Memoirs* 95)

JWC had met and befriended Isabella Emily Barnes, daughter of her physician, in 1859. To Miss Barnes on April 3, 1861, she related how she had received the rector and his wife after returning from an errand in the rain:

When I came in I was, if not wetted, thoroughly *damped* and had to change my dress; and it being within a couple of hours of the time when I was engaged to dine at Mr Forsters, with Dickens and Wilkie Collins, I thought I had best make one dressing do for all, and thus it happened, that as early as half after four, I was sitting on my sofa in the black velvet gown your Father found so “stunning.” with pearl necklace and bracelets (!) and the smallest of make-believe (lace) caps—when, without my having heard any rap, the drawing-room door was flung open and Charlotte announced

“Mr and Mrs Blunt!” Mercy of Heaven! Is that man always to find me in some *false position*! To your Father I could say I am going out to dinner, and am so ashamed to be caught with a bare head! But I couldnt enter into such explanation with these strangers—and had to stand Mrs Blunts [sic] survey of me, in a broad glare of sunlight; with inward protest againt appearances and “appeal to Posterity”! As for Mr Blunt (God bless him!) I don’t imagine he could have told when he left, whether I had on a velvet dress or a strait-waist-coat, whether my necklace was of pearls or butter-cups!—He looked so straight at my face all the time, with such a look of unworldly profoundly HUMAN trust and friendliness, that it was all I could do to keep from flinging myself at his feet, or into his arms, and saying; “oh Yes! I will visit your poor women—if you wish it! will even come and hear you preach if you wish it!—I restrained myself however, and for the present went no further than inviting him and his wife to tea! (MS 9086, National Library of Scotland)

The invitation was postponed a week and then complicated by the fact that Reverend Blunt had to go to Paris to attend “a sick Brother. . . . To show he wasn’t angry,” JWC wrote to Richard Monckton Milnes on April 13, 1861, noting that “his Wife came by herself! and it would have amused you to hear the wild effort made by Geraldine Jewsbury and me to adapt our conversation to our abstract ideas of a Rector’s Wife!” (Houghton Papers).

The rectory diary for 1861 records that TC called there on May 17. On July 22 there was a dinner party “of Lord Glenelg, Miss Grant, Mrs. Carlyle, and Mrs. Blunt.” On October 1 “Mrs. Carlyle dined with us,” and on the following day the Blunts and the Horts “spent the evening with the Carlyles” (Blunt *Memoirs* 76–77). For the remaining months of 1861, JWC suffered “three months of illness, and relapses” (Froude *Letters* 3:93).

In February 1862, JWC attended the wedding of Miss Barnes to Mr. Simmonds and wrote of it on February 23 in a letter to her close friend, Mary Russell, of Thornhill, Scotland. Having already promised to attend the wedding, still she had

renounced all idea of going to the church, for fear of being laid up with a fresh cold; and meant to attend only the breakfast party after, in which I took less interest. But imagine how good the people here are to me. Our rector, in whose church (St. Luke's) the marriage was to take place, being told by his wife I wished to go, but durstn't for fear of the coldness of the church, ordered the fires to be kept up from Sunday over into Tuesday morning! besides a rousing fire in the vestry, where I sat at my ease till the moment the ceremony began! (Froude *Letters* 3:97)

JWC repeated the story in a letter, dated March 8, to Mary Dods, adding that it was "the most astounding 'delicate attention' ever paid me in my Life!— And me a *Presbyterian* too!—" (Fielding and Sorensen 273). There are essential differences in an Anglican and a Presbyterian service, such as "trespasses" and "debts," respectively, as those terrestrial errors for which forgiveness is beseeched in the Lord's Prayer. Moreover, the Church of Scotland is distinctly *non-liturgical*. JWC continued, in her letter to Russell,

I was much prepared afterwards to acknowledge how superior the English way of marrying was to the Scotch and asked how I had liked it, I said my feelings were very mixed—"Mixed?" the rector asked, "mixed of what?" "Well," I said, "it looked to me something betwixt a religious ceremony and a—pantomime!" (Froude *Letters* 3:97)

According to the rectory diary, on February 21, 1862, the Blunts "drank tea with the Carlyles. Met Mr. Ruskin. Very friendly and pleasant"; on March 12 "Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle called" (Blunt *Memoirs* 81). On March 31 Gerald Blunt "saw the Carlyles. Lady M. Feilding and Mrs Carlyle dined with us. Mr. Carlyle came in the evening" (82). Reginald Blunt records that

Mrs. Carlyle came to the christening of Elaine [Blunt] in May, 1862, and brought a pretty little message from her husband, wishing for the baby "health and wealth and wit to guide them." . . .

Mrs. Carlyle, when she came back to the Rectory after the christening, brought, besides Carlyle's wishes of "health and wealth," some other slips of favourite sayings which Carlyle had sent by way of kindly benison. "Be thankful you are not in Purgatory!" was one of these which was read to the guests, Maurice, who was one of them, rejoining with a quiet smile, "Oh, but that is just where we are!" "Maurice's answers," my father said, "when he stood godfather in S. Luke's, still ring in my ears with a depth of intense devotion and reality." Mrs. Carlyle took Maurice back with her from the Rectory to see Carlyle. (79)

Diary entries reveal that JWC dined at the rectory on July 17, 1862, that the Carlyles visited there with the Wedgwoods on May 27, 1863, and that there were "bad accounts of Mrs. Carlyle's illness" on November 30, 1863 (84, 85, 86). There was some improvement late in that year, but JWC's chronic neuralgia worsened again and "continued throughout the winter. JWC was confined to her room, which she came to hate, and saw no one" (Ashton 431). In March 1864, JWC was transported to the care of Dr. and Mrs. Blackiston at St. Leonard's on the south coast (Fielding and Sorensen 296), where she remained through the spring. TC gives the chronology of JWC's further travels in search of healing:

But in the meanwhile, hour by hour, things were growing more intolerable. Twelve successive nights of burning summer, totally without sleep; morning after the eleventh of them she announced a fixed resolution of her own, and the next morning executed it. Set off by express train, with John for escort, to London; would try Mrs. Forster's instead of her own horrible room; but would go (we could all see) or else die. . . . With a stately, almost proud step, my poor martyred darling took her place, John opposite her, and shot away.

At the Forster's she had some disturbed sleep, not much; and next morning ordered John to make ready for the evening train to Dumfries (to sister Mary's [Austin], at the Gill), and rushed along all night, 330 miles at once—a truly heroic remedy of nature's own

prescribing, which did by quick steps and struggles bring relief.
(Qtd. in Froude *Letters* 3:201)

JWC wrote to TC from the Gill on July 15, 1864,

I had given up all idea of Scotland when I left St Leonards—felt neither strength nor courage for it—but postponed *projects* till I saw what lay for me at Palace Gate House [the Forsters’]—I found there such kindness, and much STATE, and a firm expectation that I was merely passing thro! And if they had wanted me ever so much to stay; there was not a bed in the house fit to be slept in—from the noise point of view!—Cheyne Row full of Larkins and my old room in the same state—horrible was the idea to me!—The Blunts perhaps out of town— London—very hot! I *did* sleep some *human* sleep in my luxurious bedroom, all crashing with wheels—but only the having had *no* sleep the night before made me so clever!” (MS 607.632, NLS)

She remained in Scotland for the remainder of the summer and into the fall, first with her sister-in-law Mary Austin and then with the Russells at Thornhill. Rosemary Ashton notes that “[w]ith gentle nursing and country food, Jane did improve, even putting on some weight,” and arrived “at Cheyne Row on 1 October . . . greeted with joy and kisses from Carlyle and the maids” (433, 434). Reginald Blunt comments further on JWC’s health at this time:

In the autumn of that year [1864], after having spent much of the spring and summer in great misery and suffering at St. Leonards, and afterwards in Scotland, Mrs. Carlyle returned again to Cheyne Row, frail and shattered indeed, yet with a wonderful renewal of her brightness and spirit. On December 27th, 1864, she notes in a letter [to Mary Russell]: “On Christmas Day . . . our Rector—bless him!—came when he left church, and sat with me till eleven.” She had a brougham of her own (driven by Silvester), and with its help renewed her friendships in London. She was ordered new milk in

the mornings, and my father arranged that it should be carried daily to No. 5 from the Rectory cow, whose pasturage is now Bramerton Street, then part of the rectory garden. (*Memoirs* 88).

The story of the fresh milk from the rectory is related in letters from JWC to Mary Russell and Mary Carlyle Austin. To Russell, JWC wrote on October 6, 1864,

Only think! I get my new milk again at eight as usual!! Our Rectors wife keeps a cow for her children, and I have a key to their grounds, and going thro' that way, it is not three minutes walk for my cook, to take a warm tumbler and fetch it back full of REAL milk, milked into it there & then. I get plenty of cream, quite good—paying for it exorbitantly, but no matter, so that I get it. My eight stones eleven pounds and a half would soon have had a hole made in it without the milk & cream. (MS 608.685, NLS).

To Mrs. Austin, she repeated herself and added on October 18,

Only think of my getting *here*, every morning, a tumbler of milk warm from the cow and all frothed up, just as at the Gill and at Holm Hill, to my infinite benefit. The stable fed cow does not give such delicious milk as those living on grass in the open air; but still it is milk without a drop of water or anything in it, and milked not five minutes before I drink it. Mr C says it is a daily recurring miracle. The miracle is worked by our Rector's wife who keeps two cows for her children, and she has kindly included *me* as "the biggest and best Child" —and with a key into their garden my Cook can run to their stable with a tumbler and be back at my bedside in ten minutes. Indeed it is impossible to tell who is kindest to me—my fear is always that I shall be stifled with roses! They make so much of me, and I am so weak! (MS 608.688, NLS)

A week later, JWC instructed Mrs. Austin on the shipping of fresh eggs, as the ones that had arrived, packed in JWC's own basket, were mostly broken:

Depend upon it; all the new fangled ways of packing eggs, suggested to you, are downright nonsense! Plenty of hay, and a paper round each egg is the only safe course. In spite of breakage, we shall now be able, with the six weekly eggs from Addiscombe, and an occasional one, dropt by an exceptional hen at the top of this street, to go on for some time. ([MS [no shelfmark], NLS)

The “exceptional hen at the top of this street” was, of course, at the rectory. In another letter to Russell late in October, JWC wrote, “This morning the Rector’s wife is to send me a woman of fifty to inspect, on the idea of making *her* my Cook, and Mary my present Cook to be Housemaid. I have a great distrust of women of fifty—but we shall see” (MS 608.689, NLS).

Between February 6 and April 10, 1865, there are several entries in the rectory diary concerning the horse Noggs, left by TC in the keeping of Reverend Blunt (*Blunt Memoirs* 87). But earlier,

[i]n January, 1865, Carlyle finished “Frederick,” that “unspeakable book” with which he had “struggled horribly” for twelve years; and, after correcting the final proofs, they went off, with an immense feeling of relief, to the Ashburtons in Devonshire. The month before they left Chelsea, Carlyle came round to the Rectory and offered my father his horse “Noggs,” which he declined to accept, but offered to keep for him in the Rectory stables, and to ride him occasionally in Carlyle’s absence. This he did during February and March, but I don’t think he found “Noggs” a very satisfactory steed; he had too long been accustomed to the ways of a pre-occupied rider, who had ambled absent-mindedly about 30,000 miles—the majority of it while he was thrashing out “Frederick the Great.” People had often seen Noggs grazing quietly along the roadside on Clapham Common, the reins loose on his neck, whilst history was being evolved upon his back; and Noggs, having too long had his own way, resented a rider who had ideas of his own as to whither and at what pace they should go; and in May, when Carlyle went to

Annandale, he took his horse north with him for the summer (89).

Noggs had been given to TC by Louisa, Lady Ashburton as a replacement for the horse Fritz that had fallen while TC was riding (Ashton 425). In March 1865, the Carlyles were at Seaforth Lodge in Devonshire with Lady Ashburton (Fielding and Sorensen 303):

Mrs. Carlyle returned to Chelsea, and my mother and she saw a good deal of each other; and in the autumn, when Carlyle came back, she was busy, with my father's help, in arranging for the rescue from the workhouse, and establishing, in tiny quarters of her own, of their old laundress, the faithful Mrs. Cook. (*Blunt Memoirs* 90).

"Moreover tell Anne she will find Mrs Cooks bill in my blot-book," JWC instructed TC on July 8, 1857, from Haddington (*CL* 32:174), and the old Chelsea launderer is mentioned again in five letters over the next seven years—through September 14, 1864, when JWC reported that "poor old Mrs Cook . . . can no longer do the things herself, nor can she employ women who can" (*MS* 608.671, NLS). TC tells a fuller story in his *Reminiscences*:

Our old Laundress, "Mrs. Cook," a very meritorious and very poor and courageous woman, age eighty or more, had fairly fallen useless that Autumn, and gone into the Workhouse: I remember a great deal of trouble taken about her, and the search for her, and settlement of her,—such driving and abstruse inquiry in the slums of Westminster, and to the Workhouses indicated; *discovery* of her at length, in the *chaos* of some Kensington Union (a truly *cosmic* body, herself, this poor old Cook); with instantaneous stir in all directions (consulting with Rector Blunt, interviews with Poor-Law Guardians etc. etc.),—and no rest till the poor Mrs. Cook was got promoted into some quiet *cosmic* arrangement; small cell or "cottage" of your own somewhere, with liberty to read, to be clean, and to accept a packet of tea, if any friend gave you one, etc. etc.: a *good*

little “triumph” to my Darling;—I think perhaps the best she had that spring or winter. (186).

For once, the rectory diary gives less than enough, particularly in regard to the warm friendship between JWC and Mrs. Blunt in the last year and a half of JWC’s life. For 1865 there is no entry, at least not one quoted in the *Memoirs* regarding the Carlyles, beyond the line—“my mother and she saw a good deal of each other” (*Blunt Memoirs* 90) That is, nothing from April 10, when Noggs was returned to TC, until August 10, when “Mrs. Carlyle lunched at the Rectory” (88). In “May the neuritis, which had for two years more or less crippled her left arm, passed to the right” (*Blunt Chelsea* 167), and by June JWC’s difficulty had increased severely. She fed herself with her left hand and dictated her letters until she learned how to manage that act left-handed as well. TC was in Scotland; JWC had ordered more painting and papering to 5 Cheyne Row, was being treated by Dr. Quain “since Dr. B[arnes] is postponed into the vague” (*Froude Letters* 3:260), and was staying with the Macmillans in Tooting. On June 8 in a letter to TC written for her by Mrs. Macmillan, JWC told him, “my further plans it may be interesting not to state, except just this much that I leave here on Monday but you need be under no apprehension about the paint as Mrs Blunt has given me a bedroom at the Rectory” (MS 609.718, NLS). A week later (and with her left hand), JWC explained to TC,

Dont mind that I write no letter in these days I cannot get on my Left hand without plenty of time and composure— And I have neither—I am very busy and bothered. and Geraldine does not come—and Mrs Blunt is not a person one can dictate to The Rectory is not so good a place to sleep in as one might have hoped—but I have not lain awake *the whole* night—I shall be very glad to get out of the *ourie* little Bedroom. (MS 609.721A, NLS)

Her line—“Mrs Blunt is not a woman one can dictate to”—is acridly comic, whether double or single in meaning. Reginald Blunt reports that

[i]n October of this year, Mrs. Carlyle’s doctor, Herbert Barnes, upon whose visits she had relied greatly during this last year of weak-

ness and prostrations, died suddenly; and my mother, hearing the news, and fearing that Mrs. Carlyle might be greatly shocked if the intelligence reached her abruptly, at once went over to Cheyne Row, and broke the tidings quietly to her. (*Memoirs* 90)

Writing to Russell on October 16, 1865, JWC asked,

What is to become of *me* for a Dr when next I need one? I was so satisfied with Herbert Barnes last winter, when I had conquered my prejudices against having a Dr under thirty, who wore a glass in his eye! He treated me most skillfully; and was so gentlemanly and kind and I had been quite at ease as to what I should do next time. I was saying to Mrs Warren [her cook-housekeeper from November 1864 (Holme 192)] one night, what a comfort *that* was. And went down stairs after to receive the Rectors Wife, who looked anxious and flurried, and bit by bit told me the astounding fact that Herbert Barnes was DEAD! He had become a great favorite with his Fathers Patients, and is much lamented. The poor old Father took the news like a child; crying one moment and forgetting the next! I know of no other Dr in Chelsea that I could trust myself or any belonging to me to, without a shudder! though there are some scores of them! And Dr Quain is at such a distance; besides the *delicacy* about sending for *him*; when he absolutely refuses his fee! (MS 609.755, NLS)

In the same letter she remarked on the progress of Jessie Hiddlestone, daughter of her mother's old servant, who had entered her service in May (Holme 192):

Jessey is well, and continues to be an active and punctual Servant. Mr C is immensely pleased with her. and has reason to be. I think she must have her mother's preference for the *male* sex! for she never exhibits any ill temper with Mr C but is ready to *fly* at his word. Perhaps one reason why she is better for *him* than for the rest of us, is, the He never pays the slightest regard to a servants *humours*; remaining sublimely unconscious of them! So long as he gets his bidding done! . . . With Mrs Warren she seems to *fight* less

than at first; but still they are by no means cordial. . . . the right is with Mrs Warren, who has never spoken of Jessej at all beyond *once*, asking me, 'if the friends from whom I had got Jessej had not told me what a dreadful temper she had.['] . . . Whereas Jessej is never weary of complaining of Mrs Warren, and saying things of her which I *know* to be *untrue*. (MS 609.755, NLS)

Jessie, later Jessie Broadfoot, provided information to Carlyle biographer Wilson (Wilson and MacArthur 32–39) and Chelsea historian Reginald Blunt (*Memoirs* 91; *Cheyne Walk* 285–311) and in 1901 presented the trustees of the Carlyles' house with a packet of Carlyle letters (Wilson and MacArthur 33).

The next year, according to Reginald Blunt,

In February, 1866, Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle came to dine at the Rectory on the 19th [Mrs. Blunt had spent the evening with them on the 7th, according to her diary (*Blunt Memoirs* 97)], and three days later Mrs. Carlyle came to superintend the making of the Rectory marmalade in accordance with the delicious but very elaborate recipe which she had given my mother. I well remember the look of the large stone-flagged Rectory kitchen on these solemn occasions; the big dresser by the window covered with the huge Sevile oranges, the boiling in the big copper stew-pan, the coring and separate treatments of the peel and the pulp, the cooling and setting and tasting, and the covering and marking of the pots before they were ranged away in the great store cupboard in the servants' hall. (*Memoirs* 90)⁷

Then, says Blunt,

In March, Carlyle started for Edinburgh for his installation and address as Lord Rector, which took place on April 2nd, after which he went to Scotsbrig "to cool down." On Saturday afternoon, the 21st, the news of Mrs. Carlyle's sudden death whilst

driving in her brougham in Hyde Park was brought to the Rectory—I think by Silvester [JWC’s driver, keeper of a livery stable in Church Street], after he had met my father.

Jessie Broadfoot, who was the Carlyles’ maid at this time, gives this interesting account in a letter she wrote me ten years ago [approximately 1901]: —“I remember your father quite well, as he used to call at Cheyne Row frequently. We (Silvester and I) met him that day Mrs. Carlyle died, when we were on our way to St. George’s Hospital. I was going to identify the body. I gave him a letter I had with me from Mr. Carlyle to Mrs. Carlyle, which had arrived that afternoon from Scotland, after Mrs. Carlyle had gone out [for] her drive. I remember how annoyed he was she did not get it in the early morning, and Mr. Carlyle himself was so grieved she had not got it (his last letter to her) then, for he said he had written it that she might have it in the morning. The letter was lying on the lobby table when Silvester came for me, and I just took it in my hand, as I knew it would say where Mr. Carlyle was, and that information would be wanted; I gave it to your Father, as I thought he would know best what to do with it. It would be about 5 o’clock when Silvester came back from St. George’s for me. Mrs. Carlyle was to come home for dinner about 4 o’clock, and I know it was after that time. A number of friends were asked to tea that evening [Ruskin, among others], and I remember how shocked they were when they came and I told them the sad news. Silvester and I went to the Hospital, and we called for Mr. Forster at Palace Gate, either on our way or coming back. ‘Tiny’ [Miss Bromley’s little dog, entrusted temporarily to Mrs. Carlyle’s care—Alexander Carlyle] was lying at the foot of the bed, at the hospital, on which Mrs. C.’s body was lying, and he recognized me at once. Mrs. C. was fully dressed—just as she had gone out—when I identified the body. There was very little the matter with ‘Tiny,’ only a slight bruise to his paw. . . . We never saw the dog again. Mrs. C.’s body was brought back to Cheyne Row, encoffined, about midnight on the Saturday or early in Sunday morning.”

My father, on hearing the news, at once went to find Froude,

and then came round to Cheyne Row to see what help could be given and how the news could best be broken to Carlyle. There he was joined by John Forster, and shortly after by Froude. [Blunt gives a more detailed account in the section “Mrs. Carlyle and Her Housemaid” of his book *In Cheyne Walk and Thereabout*. “In the Life (vol. ii. P. 312) Froude says he was at home all that day, and that a servant sent from Cheyne Row brought the news that something had happened to Mrs. Carlyle—a curious little instance of the inaccurate memory that so often led him astray. He was out when my father called, and saw Mrs. Froude, who was, of course, greatly distressed at the news, and at her husband’s absence.” (Blunt, *Cheyne Walk* 304)] It was a distracting moment for them all. In the first place, they did not know certainly where Carlyle was; the letter from him to his wife, brought back by my father, lay on her table in the drawing-room, but they could not at first bring themselves to open it. Then they all realised that an inquest and autopsy must, if it could possibly be managed, be avoided. Mrs. Carlyle lay dead in a little room at St. George’s Hospital. Time pressed. No one saw clearly how best her husband was to be found and told. Eventually, I believe, Forster went off to get Dr. Quain’s help, and Froude and my Father sent off telegrams to Carlyle’s brother and to Dr. John Brown at Edinburgh, asking them to use their discretion in communicating. Carlyle, who, as it turned out, was staying at The Hill (Sister Jean’s) Dumfries, got these telegrams about 9 o’clock that Saturday night, and set off for London with his brother on Monday morning.

Mrs. Carlyle’s body had been brought back to Cheyne Row from the hospital late on Saturday night, and laid upon “her own red bed”—the solid ancient curtained four-poster in her room behind the drawing room—lighted by the wax candles about which she had once vexed her mother, and which she had made Mrs. Warren put by, to be used “when the last had come.” On the following Wednesday, Carlyle, with his brother and Forster, set out with their burden for Haddington, where, in the nave of the old ruined Abbey Kirk, Mrs. Carlyle was laid to rest next day.

After Mrs. Carlyle’s death my father saw less of Carlyle. He

dined or supped a few times at the Rectory, and my father always enjoyed particularly to repeat Carlyle's delightful and characteristic account of his meeting with the Queen, arranged by the little Dean [Stanley] at Westminster early in 1869. When a big bazaar was being got ready in the Rectory garden in June, 1874, G. B. [the Reverend Blunt] ventured to ask Carlyle's help in a contribution of autographs. "A barrow-load, if you like," Carlyle at once good-humouredly promised; and he wrote on half-sheets of notepaper some dozens of his favourite verses and sentences, which, of course, sold well, and added considerably to the total of receipts. On his 80th birthday (or about that time), my mother and some other ladies who knew him sent him a carriage clock, for use on his drives. (*Memoirs* 90-92)

The Reverend Blunt is mentioned only twice more in letters after JWC's death. In a letter to his brother John, dated June 15, 1870, TC complained midway that "Blunt the Rector has come in; eaten away all my time; sorrow on it" (MS 527.20, NLS)." On April 10, 1874 in a letter to Froude, TC stated that "the Review in the Times, which probably I should not have known of except for a hint by accident from Rector Blunt, pleased me on the whole very well" (Dunn 595).

Finally, according to Reginald Blunt, TC's niece,

Miss Mary Aitken . . . came to live with him in 1868, and the loss of power of his right hand, which became complete in 1870, made him entirely dependent upon her for any writing. She came occasionally to the Rectory, and I remember my father's delight in her bright, quick-witted humour; but he at any rate—than whom a more retiring and less "pushing" man seldom lived—felt that Carlyle's reiterated desire to be let alone should, so far as he was concerned, be respected; and, except for casual meetings in the streets of Chelsea, I do not think they saw anything of each other during the last ten years of Carlyle's life. When the end came (February 5th, 1881) my father preached an In Memoriam sermon next day at St. Luke's upon Carlyle, "the voice of one crying in the wilderness," giving an interesting appreciation of his work and charac-

ter. (*Memoirs* 92–93)

WORKS CITED

- “Alton Locke: A Chartist Novel.” *London* 1 (1850): 544.
- Ashton, Rosemary. *Thomas and Jane Carlyle: Portrait of a Marriage*. London: Chatto and Windus, 2002.
- Beaver, Alfred. *Memorials of Old Chelsea: a New History of the Village of Palaces*. London: Elliot Stock, 1892.
- Blunt, Reginald. *By Chelsea Reach*. London: Mills & Boon, 1921.
- . *The Carlyles’ Chelsea Home, being an account of No. 5, Cheyne Row*. London: George Bell and Sons, 1895.
- . *The Cheyne Book of Chelsea China and Pottery*. Boston: Houghton, 1925.
- . *The Crown & Anchor*. [London]: Chelsea Publishing, 1925.
- . *An Illustrated Historical Handbook to the Parish of Chelsea*. London: Lamley, 1900.
- . *In Cheyne Walk and Thereabouts*. Philadelphia: Lippincott, 1914.
- . Introduction. *Chelsea Old Church: an Illustrated Guide to the Parish Chapel*. 1926. By W. H. Stewart. Ed. Reginald Blunt. London: Oxford UP, 1932. 9–16.
- . *The Lure of Old Chelsea*. London: Mills and Boon, 1922.
- . *Memoirs of Gerald Blunt of Chelsea, His Family and Forebears*. London: n.p., 1911.
- . “Mrs. Carlyle and her Little Charlotte.” *Strand Magazine* 49 (March 1915, April 1915): 281–91, 413–20.
- . *Paradise Row, or a Broken Piece of Old Chelsea*. London: Macmillan, 1906.
- . *Red Anchor Pieces*. London: Mills and Boon, 1928.
- . *The Wonderful Village*. London: Mills and Boon, 1919.
- , and Anne Edgar. *The Metropolitan Borough of Chelsea*. London: E. J. Burrow, 1937.
- Boehm, Sir Thomas Edgar. *Thomas Carlyle*. Chelsea Embankment Gardens, London.
- Carlyle Letters. National Library of Scotland, Edinburgh.
- Carlyle, Thomas. *Frederick the Great*. 1858–65. *Works*. 30 vols. Ed. H. D. Traill. London: Chapman and Hall, 1896–99. Vol. 12–19.

- . *Reminiscences*. 1881. Ed. by Kenneth J. Fielding and Ian Campbell. London: Oxford UP, 1997.
- . *Sartor Resartus*. 1833–34. Ed. Rodger L. Tarr and Mark Engel. Berkeley: U of California P, 2000.
- Crook, J. Mordaunt. “Points of Entry: St Luke’s Church, Chelsea.” *History Today* 38 (June 1988): 62.
- Dixon, William Hepworth. “Alton Locke: Tailor and Poet.” *Athenaeum* No. 1798 (April 12, 1862): 492–93.
- Dunn, Waldo H. “Carlyle’s Last Letters to Froude: III.” *Twentieth Century* 159 (June 1956): 591–97.
- Fielding, Kenneth J., and David R. Sorensen. *Jane Carlyle: Newly Selected Letters*. Aldershot, Eng.: Ashgate, 2004.
- Froude, James Anthony, ed. *Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle*. 3 vols. London: Longmans, Green, 1883.
- . *The Nemesis of Faith*. London: John Chapman, 1849.
- Holme, Thea. *The Carlyles at Home*. London: Oxford UP, 1965.
- Houghton Papers. Trinity College Library, Cambridge University, Cambridge.
- James, Henry. *The Literary Remains of the Late Henry James*. 1884. Boston: Osgood, 1885.
- Johnson, Edgar. *Charles Dickens: His Tragedy and Triumph*. New York: Simon, 1952.
- Kingsley, Charles. *Alton Locke, Tailor and Poet: an Autobiography*. London: Chapman and Hall, 1850.
- . *The Saint’s Tragedy: or, The True Story of Elizabeth of Hungary, Landgravine of Thuringia, Saint of the Romish Calendar*. London: John W. Parker, 1848.
- . *Twenty-Five Village Sermons*. London: John W. Parker, 1849.
- . *Yeast*. London: John W. Parker, 1851.
- Kingsley, Frances E. G. *Charles Kingsley: His Letters and Memories of His Life*. 2 vols. London: H. S. King, 1877.
- London Ancestor* <www.londonancestor.com/recipe/recipe.htm>.
- Masson, David. *Memories of London in the 'Forties*. Edinburgh: Blackwood, 1908.
- Pocock, Tom. *Chelsea Reach: The Brutal Friendship of Whistler and Walter Greaves*. London: Hodder and Stoughton, 1970.

- Sadie, Stanley, ed. *The New Grove Dictionary of Music and Musicians*. 2nd ed. 29 vols. London: Macmillan, 2001.
- Slonimsky, Nicholas, ed. *Baker's Biographical Dictionary of Musicians*. New York: Shirmer, 2001.
- Sterling, John. *Essays and Tales*. Ed. Julius Charles Hare. London: John W. Parker, 1848.
- Stewart, W. H. *Chelsea Old Church: an Illustrated Guide to the Parish Chapel*. 1926. London: Oxford UP, 1932.
- Tarr, Rodger L. Introduction. *Sartor Resartus*. 1833–34. Ed. Rodger L. Tarr and Mark Engel. Berkeley: U of California P, 2000. xxi–cxxvii.
- Wilson, David Alec, and David Wilson MacArthur. *Carlyle in Old Age (1865–1881)*. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner 1934.