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STUDIES IN PROSE-WRITERS

Vol. VIII

CARLYLE

By
B. R. MULLIK

(Third Edition)

1965

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THE AUTHOR

B. R. Mullik, who was born in 1916, is at present Associate Professor of English Literature at Agra College, Agra. In 1954 he was awarded the Degree of Ph. D. on the basis of his thesis, 'The Poetry of George Meredith', which earned glowing tributes from such eminent British scholars as Dr. G. M. Trevelyan, O. M. and Prof. B. Ifor Evans, who consider it as a valuable contribution to English critical literature. His first monograph—*Chaucer*, in the *Studies in Poets* series—appeared in 1955. Since then he has been regularly bringing out such monographs on Poets, Dramatists, Novelists, Prose-writers and other literary subjects. He is also an Author of *Modern Essays* which have been published in six volumes, and *A Guide to Better English*.

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STUDIES IN PROSE-WRITERS

FOR

[M.A. & B.A. Students of English Literature in Indian Universities]

Vol. VIII

C-Prose

CARLYLE

By

B.R. Mullik, M.A., Ph. D.
Associate Professor of English,
Agra College, Agra.

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FOREWORD

I have known Dr. B. R. Mullik for several years as one genuinely interested in English literature. His *STUDIES IN POETS* and *STUDIES IN DRAMATISTS* are evidence of his interest and understanding. These small volumes are well written and show an appreciative understanding of various aspects of the work of the Poets and Dramatists dealt with. These books will be of great service to young students of English literature in helping them to a better appreciation of these writers. Up to now Dr. Mullik has written on only a few poets and dramatists, but I am glad to know that he expects to continue the series. I congratulate him on the work he is doing.

Senate House,
Agra University, Agra.
October 25, 1955.

C. V. MAHAJAN,
M.A. (Oxon.), Lt.-Col., M.L.A.
Vice-Chancellor, Agra University.

PREFACE TO THE THIRD EDITION

In the third edition the monograph has been thoroughly revised, enlarged and brought up-to-date.

AGRA,
January, 1965.

B. R. MULLIK

PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION

In response to the persistent demand of the students of English literature all over the country, who have greatly appreciated my three series—*Studies in Poets*, *Studies in Dramatists* and *Studies in Novelists*, I have great pleasure in placing in their hands my fourth series—*Studies in Prose-writers*.

AGRA,
March, 1957.

B. R. MULLIK

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CARLYLE

(1795—1881)

Introduction

Thomas Carlyle is considered one of the greatest of English writers, who exerted a tremendous moral influence on his countrymen. Referring to his life and works, Hudson has observed in *An Outline History of English Literature*: "Incomparably the greatest figure in the general prose literature of his age, and one of the greatest moral forces of the modern world, Thomas Carlyle was born in 1795 at Ecclefechan, Dumfriesshire, where his father was a stone mason. He sprang straight from the rugged Scottish peasantry, and the stern doctrines of the old Calvinism in which he was born left, in spite of all his intellectual growth, a lasting impression upon his mind. From the academy at Annan, where he received the rudiments of his education, he proceeded to Edinburgh University, where he matriculated in 1809. Leaving without taking a degree, he then taught for a time at Annan and Kirkcaldy. His parents' design had been that he should enter the Scottish Church, but radical changes in his religious views made this impossible. Endowed with a passionately earnest nature, he suffered agonies from the doubts which assailed him during the many dark years in which he wandered in the 'howling wilderness of infidelity,' striving vainly to recover his lost belief in God, in life, and in himself; and then suddenly there came a moment of mystical illumination, or 'spiritual new birth,' which restored him, not indeed to his former religious convictions, but at least to the mood of courage and faith. The history both of the protracted spiritual conflict and of the strange experience by which it was ended, is written with immense power in the second book of *Sartor Resartus*. Unfortunately, though mental relief was now obtained, he was already the victim of the acute dyspepsia which was henceforth to make his life miserable and to colour much of his thought.

Private teaching and hack-writing (which included a translation of Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*) provided him with a scanty and precarious livelihood, and in 1825 he published in book form his first important piece of independent work, his admirable *Life of Schiller*. In 1826 he married Jane Welsh, a woman of brilliant intellectual parts, and for some years contributed much to the magazines, especially on subjects connected with German literature—a literature in which he had found 'a new heaven and a new earth'. On her father's death, Mrs. Carlyle inherited a small farmhouse amid the dreary moorlands of Craigenputtock, in Dumfriesshire, and it was while living here that he produced his most characteristic book, which is one of the most remarkable and vital books in modern English literature, *Sartor Resartus*. In the summer of 1834 he moved to London. His *French Revolution* appeared in 1837; his lectures on *Heroes and Hero-worship* (delivered in (1839-40) in 1841; *Past and Present* (the most penetrating and influential of all the many books which were inspired by the critical social and industrial conditions of the time) in 1843; the *Letters and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell*, in 1845; *Latter-day Pamphlets* (a piece of ferocious social criticism) in 1850; the *Life of John Sterling* (a valued friend who died several years before) in 1851; the *History of Frederick the Great*, his last important work, in instalments of two volumes a time, in 1858, 1862 and 1865. The death of his wife in 1866 was a blow from which he never recovered, and as he was now hopelessly pessimistic in regard to the movements and tendencies of the world about him, his remaining years were filled with sorrow and bitterness of soul. He died in 1881, and was buried, not in Westminster Abbey, as was suggested, but in accordance with his own wishes, at Ecclefechen."

1. Carlyle as an Historian.

Carlyle's approach to history was intensely personal and practical. Referring to this Hugh Walker has observed in *The Literature of the Victorian Era*: "Carlyle's histories are, like his other works, intensely personal...and also intensely practical. What he said of his *French Revolution* was true; it came direct and flaming from his heart. And it did so because to him the facts were not dead, but alive for lesson and for

warning. He was a John the Baptist, faring hard, girt with rough skins, and from his desert retreat calling upon the world to repent. His whole works are a sermon on the text that what men sow that shall they reap, whether as individuals or as nations. The French Revolution was to him simply the most impressive illustration of that truth afforded by modern Europe.

“So many centuries say only from Hugh Capet downwards had been adding together, century transmitting it with increase to century, the sum of Wickedness, of Falsehood, Oppression of man by man. Kings were sinners, and Priests were, and People. Open Scoundrels rode triumphant, bediademmed, becoroneted, bemitred; or the still fataler species of Secret-Scoundrels, in their fair-sounding formulas, speciosities, respectabilities, hollow within: the race of Quacks was grown many as the stands of the sea. Till at length such a sum of Quackery had accumulated itself as, in brief, the Earth and the Heavens were weary of. Slow seemed the Day of Settlement; coming on, all imperceptible, across the bluster and fanfaronade of Courtierisms, Conquering-Heroisms. Most Christian *Grand-Monarque-isms*. Well beloved Pompadourisms: yet behold it was always coming; behold it has come, suddenly, unlooked for by any man? The harvest of long centuries was ripening and whitening so rapidly of late; and now it is grown white, and is reaped rapidly, as it were, in one day. Reaped, in this Reign of Terror and carried home, to Hades and the Pit! ... Unhappy sons of Adam: It is ever so; and never do they know it, nor will they know it. With cheerfully smoothed countenances, day after day, and generation after generation, they calling cheerfully to one another, Well-speed-ye, are at work, *sowing the wind*. And yet, as God lives they *shall reap the whirlwind*: no other thing, we say, is possible,—since God is a Truth, and His World is a Truth.’

“This is no mere rhapsody; it was a belief firmly held by Carlyle: it was the belief which made all history so intensely alive to him. He is profoundly impressed by the scientific fact that no slightest action fails of its effect for ever. And what was true in the physical was equally, or if possible, was more deeply true in the moral sphere; for the spiritual is the real, and the

so-called real is only appearance, the vesture of the spiritual. It was largely, if not principally, to preach this doctrine that Carlyle wrote his *French Revolution*; and this purpose goes far to explain the plan of the book, which is rather, as it has been variously called, the 'epic' or the 'drama' than the 'history' of the Revolution. Carlyle's is, historically viewed, an extremely solid piece of work. Much has been discovered since which he did not know; many mistakes into which he fell have been revealed; yet having regard to what was known and was possible to be known seventy years ago, the book fully deserves the praise of accuracy. It has other and deeper merits, no new discoveries of fact can ever make antiquated the pictures drawn by Carlyle; no future historian can afford to ignore his delineations of the men of the Revolution. But even when it was new, Carlyle's history was not and did not pretend to be a record of the facts. The method is rather that of an apocalypse than that of a narrative. It assumes much knowledge in the reader; if he possesses that knowledge, the book throws a flood of light upon the subject; if he does not, it remains itself in some respects a mystery. For the soul of it, however, the only knowledge which is indispensable is a knowledge of human nature, the only dispensable power is the power to appreciate thought. Nothing but the heart to feel and the mind to think are needed for the appreciation of Mirabeau and Danton and Roespierre, of the taking of the Bastille, the fight to Varennes, the death of Louis XV, the carnage of the Swiss. All those wonderful pictures are so poetical that we can only marvel why the man who painted them could not express himself through the usual vehicle of poetry. But he tried and failed.

"If there were no specific declaration of Carlyle's belief in the importance of biography to be found, it would be amply attested by the character of his histories. They are emphatically histories of men, living, acting, failing, triumphing. No 'machine theory' of the universe will do for him; on nothing are the phials of his wrath emptied more copiously than on that. In the *Hero as Divinity* he pictures beautifully Igrasil, the Ash-tree of Existence, and with a sigh contrasts with it 'the Machine theory of the Universe.' He has no belief in the doctrine that the time calls forth! Alas, we have known

Times *call* loudly enough for their great man ; but not find him when they called ! He was not there ; Providence had not sent him ; the Time, calling its loudest, had to go down to confusion and wreck because he would not come when called. Hence history is nothing to Carlyle until he has to realise him as a man, clothed in flesh and blood. His outward appearance even was important as an index of inward character. Carlyle was skilled in physiognomy, and relied much upon it. 'Aut Knox and Diabolus,' he said of what he believed to be the genuine portrait of the Reformer ; if not Knox who can it be ? A man with that face left his mark behind him. And in 1854 he wrote with reference to a project of a National Exhibition of Scottish Portraits : 'In all my poor historical investigation it has been, and always is, one of the most primary wants to procure a bodily likeness of the personages inquired after ; a good *Portrait* if such exists ; failing that, even an indifferent if sincere one. In short, any representation, made by a faithful human creature, of that Face and Figure which he saw with his eyes, and which I can never see with mine,' is now valuable to me, and much better than none at all.

'The moving force in history, then, is the Great Man, Carlyle would have scoffed at the idea of a 'science' of history ; for as yet, at least, there is no science of human character. For parliaments, assemblies and the machinery of Government, Carlyle had little respect—too little. To him, the struggle between King and Parliament in England summed itself in the character of Cromwell. He could interest himself in nothing else ; and the history of the Commonwealth refused to be written by him. He could not interest himself even in the other human actors, much less in the 'machinery' : it was more tolerable to him to rescue the speeches of Cromwell from their 'agglomerate of opaque confusions, printed and reprinted ; of darkness on the back of darkness, thick and threefold.'

'The method of hero-worship has its dangers as all methods have. Carlyle has not escaped the tendency to idealise the hero. It is probable that Cromwell, in the latter part of his career, is less defensible against the charge of 'vaulting ambition' than Carlyle would make him. But it was with reference to Frederick that he had to do most violence to himself. Here

too he felt the need of the hero; but neither in respect of the man nor in respect of the period was his choice altogether happy. For periods of the world's history could be found with which Carlyle was less in sympathy than he was with the eighteenth century; and Frederick was in many the incarnation of the eighteenth century. But in two points Frederick satisfied Carlyle's needs; and in other respects the historian squared him as best he could with those requirements. The first and chief point was that Frederick was the man who placed the Prussian monarchy on a firm footing and raised it to the rank of a great Power. Carlyle already foresaw how much that would mean to Europe; and his history was hardly complete when the practical proof of his prescience came. Thus, in writing the history of Frederick he was dealing with no dead past, but with matters of vital moment to the Europe of his own day."

Referring to the peculiar attitude of Carlyle to history Oliver Elton has observed in *A Survey of English Literature* (1830—1880), Vol. I: "History is usually invoked to instruct the present in the wisdom of the past; but Carlyle likes to invert this process and to read the past in the light of the present. His picture of the French Revolution is visibly affected by his feeling that in the years after the Reform Bill parliaments, nobility, lawyers and churchmen alike were impotent to mend the lot of the poor or even to perceive the nature of the social problem. Faith was the motive power of Cromwell, the spring of his efficiency; there was no such faith, no such man, in Carlyle's own day. The new franchise only led to a greater confusion of counsel by a larger number of fools, whom there was no Frederick to drill into sense, or at least into obedience. The chronicle of Abbot Samson shows how these thoughts preoccupied Carlyle. He may have been right; but they gave to his exhibitions of the past a certain twist which is a more serious drawback than his picturesque bias in the choice of material. One deep misconception of history he encouraged. In the introduction to the *Cromwell* he applies the notion of the 'heroic' to whole periods of time. Study the heroic ages, he says, the 'unheroic' only merit oblivion. But which, we ask, are these? No doubt the eighteenth century, apart from Frederick, is judged to be one of

them ; indeed Carlyle says as much. His own age he reckons no better. The world, however, will persist in studying the ages of seed-time ; when great men are scarce and the sages and poets are silent, when a Renaissance, or a Reformation, is being prepared. Such a time was the fifteenth century in England. Carlyle's view reflects the distaste of an artist for an uncongenial subject. It also accords with the contempt, which grew upon him, for the 'dim common populations' of mankind. They, he is convinced, have not the ghost of an instinct for the means of their own salvation. They have no share in the realisation of the divine idea. Long before, Carlyle had proclaimed that such an idea works itself out, not only vertically through long periods of time, but horizontally, through the brotherhood of man, and through the 'filaments' that unite classes, and peoples, and races, in the same age. Their wrongs and claims, we are still told, are immense and indubitable ; but they are blind. It is a pity that Carlyle forgot the teaching of *Sartor*.

"Our source of the discomfort felt in reading his histories may be briefly noticed. They are often called epics, or dramas or picture-galleries, or a series of lightning flashes, or the like. And they also profess to read events in the light of certain universal principles. But how does Carlyle make a rational connexion between these principles and the scenes represented ? When the play is over and the lamps are down, we are at a loss to answer. Secondary causes, enlightening uniformities, proximate explanations, are what we do not end by perceiving. The sharp impression of things seen remains, the primary tenets remain ; but there is an ugly gap between, which we must go to other historians to see made good. The reason of his omission may be found in Carlyle's scorn and lack of science. Figures, and the growth of law and institutions, are not in his line. Sometimes, as in *Latter-Day Pamphlets*, he embarks on these waters, but in truth he does not think the voyage worthwhile. He is not like Thucydides, who can both depict and reason.

"Carlyle reduces the philosophy of history to a single article: There is one God, and right will at last prevail. So far, this is as simple as the creed of Islam. The methods of providence may, no doubt, be distressing and ambiguous through long periods of time. But any institution, race, or nation which

in the end has proved to work, and to be stable, can only have done so by virtue of some divine right inherent in it. Make the test long enough, and only what is justified will survive. This seems the fairest statement of the much debated doctrine of 'might and right'. Carlyle, however, complicates it by his view that the 'hero as king' is always the chosen instrument of providences, and by neglecting both the play of impersonal forces and the intelligence—call it even the 'horse-sense'—of the mass of mankind. But his real thesis is that 'might and right' so fearfully discrepant at first, are ever in the long run one and the same. Here Carlyle has defined for thousands, from whom other doctrines have fallen away, their residual faith; and it has a great emotional and fortifying power. Whether it will bear looking into is another matter. 'At any moment,' says Sir Leslie Stephen, a keen critic, 'the test of success may be precarious, while that of justice is infallible'. It would have been more natural for the prophet of righteousness to adopt the criterion of justice, and not the criterion of the event. But for two reasons he would not do so. First of all, I judge, he dimly felt the truth that all civilised achievement is based on most ambiguous beginnings and is evolved through an infinite amount of incidental egotism, rapacity and injustice; and he demanded some robust faith that could survive and could also seem to explain, such a spectacle. Secondly, he was drawn one way by his passion for righteousness, and another way by his passion for personality; which, in its full energy, is often 'frightfully discrepant' with righteousness. It is not true to say that he approves always of successful conquest; many such wars, he tells us in *Friedrich*, are sheer waste. He does not say that victory is always a stately exhibition of providence. He falls back on the doctrine of the 'long run'. But how long a run? The case of a small heroic nation being hopelessly beaten out of existence by pirates is a case that he does not consider. Frederick's performances in Silesia are warranted, we are led to suppose, by the ultimate consolidation of Prussia. But in that case, why drag in providence, and why not say with Treitschke that the State is above right and wrong? However, the problem of the scientific frontier between ethics and politics, or between the canons of private and public behaviour, is not of Carlyle's making,

and the only thing to be said against him is that he, like others, has failed to solve it. But he did not leave the question unaltered; he tried earnestly to test his peculiar faith upon the unsoftened facts of history."

Giving an estimate of Carlyle as an Historian Nichol has observed in his book, *Thomas Carlyle*: "Carlyle's conception of what history would be is shared with Macaulay: Both writers protest against its being made a mere record of 'court and camp,' of royal intrigue and state rivalry, of pageants of procession, or chivalric encounters. Both find the sources of these outwardly obtrusive events in the underground current of national sentiment, the conditions of the civilisation from which they were evolved, the prosperity of misery of the masses of the people.

'The essence of history does not lie in laws, senate-houses or battle-fields, but in the tide of thought and action—the world of existence that in gloom and brightness blossoms and fades apart from these.'

"But Carlyle differs from Macaulay in his passion for the concrete. The latter presents us with pictures to illustrate his political theory; the former leaves his pictures to speak for themselves. 'Give him a fact,' says Emerson, 'he loads you with thanks; a theory, with ridicule or even abuse.' It has been said that with Carlyle history was philosophy teaching by examples. He himself defines it as 'the essence of innumerable biographies'. He individualises everything he meets; his dislike of abstractions is everywhere extreme. Thus while other writers have expanded biography into history, Carlyle condenses history into biography. Even most biographies are too vague for him. He delights in Boswell; he gildes over their generalisations to pick out some previously obscurer cord from Clarendon or Hume. Even in *The French Revolution*, where the author has mainly to deal with masses in tumult, he gives most prominence to their leaders. They march past us, labelled with strange names, in the foreground of the scene, on which is being enacted the death wrestle of old Feudalism and young Democracy. This book is unique among modern histories of a combination of force and insight only rivalled by the most incisive passages of the seventh book of Thucydides, of Tacitus, of Gibbon, and of Michelet.

"*The French Revolution* is open to the charge of being a comment and a prophecy rather than a narrative : the reader's knowledge of the main events of the period is too much assumed for the purpose of a school book. Even Dryasdust will turn when trod on, and this book has been a happy hunting field to aggressive antiquarians, to whom the mistake of a day in date, the omission or insertion of a letter in name, is of more moment than the difference between vitalising or petrifying an era. The lumber merchants of history are the born foes of historians who, like Carlyle and Mr. Froude, have manifested their dramatic power of making the past, present and the distant near. That the excess of this power is not always compatible with perfect impartiality may be admitted ; for a poetic capacity is generally attended by heats of enthusiasm, and is liable to errors of detail : but without some share of it. Mere research, the unearthing and arrangement of what Sir Philip Sidney calls 'old motheaten records,' supplies material for the work of the historian proper : and, occasionally to good purpose, corrects it, but as a rule, with too much flourish. Applying this minute criticism to *The French Revolution*, one reviewer has found that the author has given the wrong number to a regiment ; another esteemed scholar has discovered that there are seven errors in the famous account of the flight to Varennes, to wit :—the delay in the departure was due to Bouille, not to the Queen ; she did not lose her way and so delay the start ; Ste. Menchould is too big to be called a village ; on the arrest, it was the Queen who asked for hot water and eggs ; the King only left the coach once ; it went rather faster than is stated ; and, above all, *infandum* ! it was not painted yellow, but green and black. This criticism does not in any degree detract from the value of one of the most vivid and substantially accurate narratives in the range of European literature. Carlyle's object was to convey the soul of the Revolution, not to register its upholstery. The annalist, be he dryasdust or gossip, is, in legal phrase, 'the devil' of the prose artist, whose work makes almost as great a demand on the imaginative faculty as that of the poet. Historiography is related to history as the Chronicles of Holinshed and the Voyages of Hakluyt to the plays of Shakespeare, plays which Marlborough confessed to have been the main source of his

knowledge of English history. Some men are born philologists or antiquarians ; but, as the former often fail to see the books because of the words, so the latter cannot read the story for the dates. The mass of readers require precisely what has been contemptuously referred to as the 'Romance of History,' provided it leaves with them an accurate impression, as well as an inspiring interest. Save in his over-hasty acceptance of the French *blague* version of 'The Sinking of the Vengeur,' Carlyle has never laid himself open to the reproach of essential inaccuracy. As far as possible for a man of genius, he was a devotee of facts. He is never a careless, though occasionally an impetuous writer ; his graver errors are those of emotional misinterpretation. It has been observed that, while condemning Robespierre, he has extenuated the guilt of Danton as one of the main authors of the September massacres, and, more generally, that 'his quickness and brilliancy made him impatient of systematic thought.' But his histories remain the best illuminations of fact in our language. *The French Revolution* is a series of flame-pictures ; every page is on fire, we read the whole as if listening to successive volleys of artillery : nowhere has such a motley mass been endowed with equal life. This book alone vindicates Lowell's panygyric : 'The figures of most historians seem like dolls stuffed with bran, whose whole substance runs through any hole that criticism may tear in them ; but Carlyle's are so real that if you pick them they bleed.'

"When Carlyle generalises, as in the introduction to his Essays, he is apt to thrust his own views on his subject and on his readers ; but, unlike De Quincey, who has a like love of excursus, he comes to the point before the close. The one claimed the privilege, assumed by Coleridge, of starting from no premises and arriving at no conclusion ; the other, in his capacity as a critic, arrives at a conclusion, though sometimes from questionable premises. It is characteristic of his habit of concentrating, rather than condensing that Carlyle abandoned his design of a history of the Civil Wars for *Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches*. The events of the period, whose issues the writer has firmly grasped, are brought into prominence mainly as they elucidate the career of his hero ; but the 'elucidations' have been accepted with a few reservations, as final. No other work has gone so far to reverse a

traditional estimate. The old current conceptions of the protector are refuted out of his own mouth ; but it was left for his editor to restore life to the half-forgotten records, and sweep away the clouds that obscured their revelations of a great though rugged character. *Cromwell* has been generally accepted in Scotland as Carlyle's masterpiece—a judgment due to the fact of its being, among the author's mature works, the least apparently opposed to the theological views prevalent in the north of our island. In reality—though containing some of his finest descriptions and battle pieces, conspicuously that of 'Dunbar'—it is the least artistic of his achievements, being overladen with detail and superabounding in extract. A good critic has said that it was a labour of love, like Spedding's *Bacon* ; but that the correspondence, lavishly reproduced in both works, has 'some of the defects of lovers' letters for those to whom they are not addressed.' Carlyle has established that Oliver was not a hypocrite, 'not a man of falsehood, but a man of truth' ; he has thrown doubts on his being a fanatic ; but he has left it open to M. Guizot to establish that his later rule was a practical despotism.

"In *Friedrich II*, he undertook a yet greater task ; and his work stretching over a wider arena, is, of necessity, more of a history, than any of his others. In constructing and composing it he was oppressed not only by the magnitude and complexity of his theme, but, for the first time, by hesitations as to his choice of a hero. He himself confessed, 'I never was admitted much to *Friedrich's* confidence, and I never cared very much about him.' Yet he determined, almost of malice prepense, to exalt the narrow though vivid Prussian as 'the last of the kings, the one genuine figure in the eighteenth century,' and though failing to prove his case, he has, like a loyal lawyer, made the best of his brief. The book embodies and conveys the most brilliant and the most readable account of a great part of the century, and nothing he has written bears more ample testimony to the writer's pictorial genius. It is sometimes garrulous with the fluency of an old man eloquent ; parts of the third volume, with its diffuse extracts from the King's survey of his realm, are hard if not weary reading ; but the rest is a masterpiece of historic restoration. The introductory portion, leading us through one of the most tangled

woods of genealogy and political adjustment, is relieved from tedium by the procession of the half-forgotten host of German worthies,...St. Adalbert and his mission; old Barbarossa; Leopold's mystery; Conrad and St. Elizabeth; Ptolemy Alphonso; Otto with the arrow; Margaret with the mouth; Sigismund *supra grammatican*; Augustus the physically strong; Albert Achilles and Alber Alcidiades; Anne of Cleves; Mr. John Kepler,—who move on the pages, more brightly 'pictured' than those of Livy, like marionettes inspired with life. In the main body of the book the men and women of the Prussian court are brought before us in fuller light and shade. Friedrich himself, at Sans Souci, with his cocked-hat, walking-stick, and wonderful grey eyes; Sophia Charlotte's grace, wit, and music; Wilhelmina and her books; the old Hyperborean; the black artists Seckendorf and Grumkow; George I, and his blue-bearded chamber; the little drummer; the Old Dessauer; the cabinet Venus; Gravenitz Hecate; Algarotti; Goetz in his tower; the tragedy of Katte; the immeasurable Comedy of Mupertius, the flattener of the earth, and Voltaire; all these and a hundred more are summoned by a wizard's wand from the land of shadows, to march by the central figures of these volumes to dance, flutter, love, hate, intrigue, and die before our eyes. It is the largest and most varied show-box in all history; a prelude to a series of battle-pieces—Rossbach, Leuthen, Molwitz, Zorndorf—nowhere else, save in the author's own pages, approached in prose, and rarely rivalled out of Homer's verse."

2. Carlyle's Political Philosophy.

It is wrong to consider, as some critics have observed, that Carlyle was against Democracy and supported Totalitarianism. Referring to this Gascoyne has observed in his *Thomas Carlyle*: "One of the most frequently repeated of modern misunderstandings of Carlyle is the idea that, because he was a critic of Democracy and an admirer of Heroes, he must have been one of the thinkers who prepared the way for Totalitarianism, along with Houston Stewart Chamberlain and the Comte de Gobineau. This is a disgraceful misunderstanding, and could only have grown so common in society which had ceased to know any longer what it means to believe in anything higher

than self-interest and the necessity for compromise. It is one of the many prevalent mild forms of insanity to believe that one's critics are always one's enemies. If what they say is true, they are on the contrary one's best friends. What Carlyle loathed and detested, and denounced so fervidly, was not the Democracy we know now that we really do want to achieve and perpetuate, but the early nineteenth century misconception masquerading under that name. If the last hundred years have witnessed a very considerable transformation in the popular understanding of what is meant by Democracy, and at least it is certain that no one today really believes that it means *laissez-faire*, then Carlyle is certainly one of the writers whom we have to thank most for the change.

"The thing that Carlyle had to tell the society of his time was that it had departed from Truth and Sincerity and that the materialist ideal of profit and prosperity which, with the newly laid-down railways and the ever more triumphant progress of industrial development on every hand, was whirling everyone away towards a future of entirely delusory glory, was a base and ungodly ideal. How vehemently and how repetitively he said just this and in what accents of tremendous, reverberative denunciation and admonition!

'Unhappy Workers, unhappier Idlers, unhappy men and women of this actual England. We are yet very far from an answer, and there will be no existence for us without finding one. 'A fair day's-wages for a fair day's-work': it is as just a demand as Governed men ever made of Governing. It is the everlasting right of man. Indisputable as Gospels, as arithmetical multiplication-tables: it must and will have itself fulfilled;—and yet, in these times of ours, with what enormous difficulty next door to impossibility!

'For the times are really strange; of a complexity intricate with all the new width of the ever widening world; times here of half frantic velocity of impetus, there of the dearest looking stillness and paralysis, times definable as showing two qualities, Dilettantism and Mammonism; most intricate obstructed times! Nay, if there were not a Heaven's radiance of Justice, prophetic, clearly of Heaven, discernible behind all these confused world-wide entanglements, of Landlord interests, Manufacturing interests, Tory-Whig interests, and who knows what other interests, expedioncies, vested interests, established possessions, inveterate Dilettantisms, Midas-eared Mammonisms—it would seem to every one a fiat impossibility, which all wise men might as well at once abandon. If you do not know eternal Justice from monetary Expediency and understand in your heart of hearts how Justice, radiant, beneficent,

as the all-victorious *Fire-element*, and melts all manner of vested interests, and the hardest iron cannon, as if they were soft wax, and does ever in the long run rule and reign, and allows nothing else to rule and reign—you also would talk of impossibility! But it is only difficult, it is not impossible. Possible? it is, with whatever difficulty very clearly inevitable.' "

Carlyle was the greatest critic of the political ideas prevailing in his own day. Referring to this Robertson has observed in *The Cambridge History of English Literature*, Vol. XIII: "As a political preacher and prophet, Carlyle was as one crying in the wilderness; his hand was against every man's; he was disowned by all parties, and, apart from a certain confidence which, in earlier days, he had felt in Peel, he was notoriously out of sympathy with the leaders of the two great political parties. He trampled ruthlessly on the toes of Victorian liberals, and flouted their most cherished ideas. Deep down in his heart, he remained the democratic Scottish peasant, who demanded, with Burns—like radicalism, that the innate nobility of manhood, whether in king or peasant, must be recognised; he claimed the right of nobly born souls to rise to be rulers of men. His own cure for all political ills was government by the ablest and the best; but he denied vehemently the possibility of the ablest and best being discoverable by the vote of a majority; for such a purpose, reform bills and secret ballots were wholly unsuitable. No nation could be guided aright—any more than a ship could double Cape Horn—by the votes of a majority. Exactly in what manner the best man, the hero, is to be discovered and endowed with power, is a problem Carlyle never reduces to practical terms or intelligible language;—and methods similar to those whereby Abbot Samson became the head of his monastery, if applied to the conditions of modern life, would—he must himself have admitted it—lead to anarchy not stable government. Carlyle had rather a kind of mystic belief in the able man entering into his inheritance by virtue of a supernatural right; that the choice of the man who should rule over men lay not so much with the ruled themselves as with a higher Power; and that the right to govern was enforced by a divinely endowed might to compel the obedience of one's fellow men.

"But the world, as Carlyle clearly saw, was not planned on so orderly a scheme as his faith implied, 'Might' showed itself

by no means always to be the same thing as 'right'; and, in spite of his belief in the virtue of strength, none could be more denunciatory than Carlyle of the victorious usurper, if the usurper's ends were not in accordance with Carlyle's own interpretation of God's purpose. Behind all political writings, and his asseveration of the right of might, there thus lay a serious and irreconcilable schism. 'The strong thing is the just thing,' he proclaimed with increasing vehemence; but he was forced to add that it might need centuries to show the identity of strength and justice. In truth, with all his belief in the strong man, Carlyle never came entirely out into the open; never expressed himself with the ruthless logical consistency of the individualistic thinkers of our own time; the doctrine of the *Übermensch* was not yet ripe. On the other hand, in the modern democratic ideal of a state built upon mutually helpful citizenship, Carlyle has little faith."

Carlyle's political ideas changed in the course of time. During his young age, he was a radical and believed in Democracy, but as he grew older he became more and more conservative until he denied to the people even the right to choose their rulers. Explaining the changes which occurred in the political ideas of Carlyle during his lifetime Nichol has observed in his book (*already quoted*): "At the close of his student days Carlyle was to all intents a Radical, and believed in Democracy; he saw hungry masses around him, and, justly attributing some of their suffering to misgovernment, vented his sympathetic zeal for the oppressed in denunciation of the oppressors. He began not only by sympathising with the people, but by believing in their capacity to manage best their own affairs: a belief that steadily waned as he grew older until he denied to them even the right to choose their rulers. As late, however, as 1830, he argued against Irving's conservatism in terms recalled in the *Reminiscences*. 'He objected clearly to my Reform Bill notions, found Democracy a thing forbidden, leading even to outer darkness. During the same period he clenched his theory by taking a definite side in the controversy of the age.' 'This,' he writes to Macvey Napier, 'this is the day when the lords are to reject the Reform Bill. The poor lords can only accelerate (by perhaps a century) their own otherwise inevitable enough abolition.'

“The political part of *Sartor Resartus*, shadowing forth some scheme of well-organised socialism, yet anticipates, especially in the character on *Organic Filaments*, the writer's later strain of belief in dukes, earls, and marshals of men ; but this work, religious, ethical and idyllic, contains mere vague suggestions in the sphere of practical life. About this time Carlyle writes of liberty : ‘What art thou to the valiant and the brave when thou art thus to the weak and timid, dearer than life, stronger than death, higher than purest love ?’ and agrees with the verdict, ‘The slow poison of despotism is worse than the convulsive struggles of anarchy.’ But he soon passed from the mood represented by Emily Bronte to that of the famous apostrophe of Madame Roland. He proclaimed that liberty to do as we like is a fatal license, that the only true liberty is that of doing what is right, which he interprets living under the laws enacted by the wise. Mrs. Austin in 1832 wrote to Mrs. Carlyle, ‘I am that monster made up of all the Wigs hate—a Radical and an Absolutist’. The expression, at the time, accurately defined Carlyle's own political position ; but he shifted from it, till the Absolutist, in a spirit made of various elements, devoured the Radical. The leading counsel against the aristocracy changed his belief and became chief advocate on their side, declaring ‘we must recognise the hereditary principle if there is to be any fixity in the things.’ In 1835, he says to Emerson :

‘I believe liberature to be as good as dead...and nothing but hungry Revolt and Radicalism appointed us for perhaps three generations ...I suffer also terribly from the solitary existence I have all along hid ; it is becoming a kind of passion with me to feel myself among my brothers. And then How ? Alas, I care not a doit for Radicalism, nay, I feel it to be a wretched necessity unfit for me ; Conservatism being not unfit only but false for me ; yet these two are the grand categories under which all English spiritual activity, that so much as thinks remuneration possible, must range itself...

And somewhat later—

‘People accuse me, not of being an incendiary, Sansculotte but of being a Tory, thank Heaven.’

“Some one has written with a big brush, ‘He who is not a radical in his youth is a knave, he who is not a conservative in his age is a fool’. The rough, if not rude generalisation has been plausibly supported by the changes in the mental careers

of Burke, Coleridge, Southey, and Wordsworth. But Carlyle was 'a spirit of another sort,' of more mixed yarn; and, as there is a vein of conservatism in his early Radicalism, so there is, as also in the cases of Landor and even of Goethe, still revolutionary streak in his later Conservatism.

"On all questions directly bearing on the physical welfare of the masses of the people, his speech and action remained consistent with his declaration that he had 'never heard an argument for the corn laws which might not make angels weep.' From first to last, he was an advocate of Free Trade.... His unwavering interest in the poor and his belief that legislation should keep them in constant view, was in accord with the spirit of Bentham's standard; but Carlyle, rightly or wrongly, came to regard the bulk of men as children requiring not only help and guidance but control.

"On the question of 'the Suffrage' he completely revolved. It appears, from the testimony of Mr. Froude, that the result of the Reform Bill of 1832 disappointed him in merely shifting power from the owners of land to the owners of shops, and leaving the handicraftsmen and his own peasant class no better off. Before a further extension became a point of practical politics he had arrived at the conviction that the ascertainment of truth and the election of the fittest did not lie with majorities. These sentences of 1835 represent a transition stage.

"Conservatism I cannot attempt to conserve, believing it to be a portentous embodied sham..... Whether the Tories stay out or in, it will be all for the advance of Radicalisms, which means revolt, dissolution, and confusion, and a darkness which no man can see through."

"No one had less faith in the paean chanted by Macaulay and others on the progress of the nation or of the race, a progress which, without faith in great men, was to him inevitably downward; no one protested with more emphasis against the levelling doctrines of the French Revolution. It has been observed that Carlyle's *Chartism* was 'his first practical step in politics'; it is more true to say that it first embodied, with more than his usual precision, the convictions he had for some time held of the dangers of our social system; with an indication of some of the means to ward them off, based on the realisation of the interdependence of all classes in the State. This

book is remarkable as containing his last, very partial, concessions to the democratic creed, the last in which he is willing to regard a wide suffrage as a possible, though by no means the best, expedient. Subsequently, in *Past and Present* and *Latter-Day Pamphlets*, he came to hold 'that with every extension of the Franchise those whom the voters would elect would be steadily inferior and more unfit.' Every stage in his political progress is marked by a growing distrust in the judgement of the multitude, a distrust set forth, with every variety of metaphor.

"Alongside of this train of thought there runs a constant protest against the spirit of revolt. In *Sartor* we find: 'Who-so cannot obey cannot be free, still less bear rule; he that is the inferior of nothing can be superior of nothing'; and in *Chartism*—

'Men who rebel and urge the lower classes to rebel ought to have other than formulas to go upon,.....those to whom millions of suffering fellow-creatures are 'masses,' mere explosive masses for blowing down. Bastiles with, for voting at hustings for us—such men are of the questionable species...Obedience is the primary duty of man...Of all 'rights of men' this right of the ignorant to be guided by the wiser, gently or forcibly—is the indisputablest...Cannot one discern across all democratic turbulence clattering of ballot-boxes, and infinite sorrowful jangle, that is at bottom the wish and prayer of all human hearts everywhere, 'Give me a leader' ?

"The last sentence indicates the transition from the merely negative aspect of Carlyle's political philosophy to the positive, which is his HERO WORSHIP, based on the excessive admiration for individual greatness,—and admiration common to almost all imaginative writers whether in prose or verse, on his notions of order and fealty, and on a reverence for the past which is also a common property of poets. The Old and Middle Ages, according to his view, had their chiefs, captains, kings, and waxed or waned with increase or decrease of their loyalty. Democracy, the new force of our times, must in its turn be dominated by leaders. Raised to independence over the arbitrary will of a multitude, these are to be trusted and followed, if need be, to death.

'Your noblest men at the summit of affairs is the ideal world of poets....Other aim in this earth we have none. That we all reverence 'great men' is to me the living rock amid all rushings down whatsoever.

All that democracy ever meant lies there, the attainment of a truer Aristocracy or Government of the Best. Make search for the Able man. How to get him is the question of questions.'

'Carlyle has laid down the doctrine that MIGHT IS RIGHT at various times and in such various forms, with and without modification or caveat, that the real meaning can only be ascertained from his own application of it. He had made clear, what goes without saying, that by 'might' he does not intend mere physical strength.

'Of conquest we may say that it never yet went by brute force; conquest of that kind does not endure. The strong man, what is he? The wise man. His muscles and bones are not stronger than ours; but his soul is stronger, clearer, nobler....Late in man's history, yet clearly at length, it becomes manifest to the dullest that mind is stronger than matter, that not brute Force, but only Persuasion and Faith, in the king of this world....Intellect has to govern this—'world and will do it'.

'There are sentences which indicate that he means something more than even mental force; as in his *Diary* (Froude, iv. 422), 'I shall have to tell Lecky, Right is the eternal symbol of Might'; and again in *Chartism*, 'Might and right do differ frightfully from hour to hour; but give them centuries to try it, and they are found to be identical. The strong thing is the just thing. In kings we have either a divine right or a diabolic wrong.' On the other hand, we read in *Past and Present* :

'Savage fighting Heptarchies: their fighting is an ascertainment who has the right to rule over them.'

And again :

'Clear undeniable right, clear undeniable might: either of these, once ascertained, puts an end to battle.

And elsewhere :

'Rights men have none save to be governed justly. Rights I will permit thee to call everywhere correctly articulated mights...all goes by wager of battle in this world, and it is, well understood, the measure of all worth....By right divine the strong and capable govern the weak and foolish....Strength we may say is Justice itself.'

'It is not left for us to balance those somewhat indefinite definitions. Carlyle has himself in his histories illustrated and enforced his own interpretations of the summary views of his political treatises. There he has demonstrated that his doctrine, 'Might is Right' is no more unguarded expression of the truism that moral might is right. In his hands it implies that virtue

is in all cases a property of strength, that strength is everywhere a property of virtue.

“Several of Carlyle’s conclusions and verdicts seem to show that he only acknowledges those types of excellence that have already manifested themselves as powers; and this doctrine (which, if adopted in earlier ages, would practically have left possession with physical strength) colours all his History and much of his Biography. Energy of any sort compels his homage. Himself a Titan, he shakes hands with all Titans, Gothic Gods, Knox, Columbus, the fuliginous Mirabeau, burly Danton dying, with ‘no weakness’ on his lips. The fulness of his charity is for the errors of Mohammed, Cromwell, Burns, Napoleon I—whose mere belief in his own star he calls sincerity,—the atrocious Francia, the Norman kings, the Jacobins, Brandenburg despots; the fulness of his contempt for the conscientious indecision of Necker, the Girondists, the Moderates of our own Commonwealth. He condones all that ordinary judgments regard as the tyranny of conquest, and has for the conquered only a *voe victis*. In this spirit, he writes:

‘M. Thierry celebrates with considerable pathos the fate of the Saxons; the fate of Welsh, too, moves him; of the Celts generally, whom a fiercer race swept before them into the mountains, whither they were not worth following. What can we say, but that the cause which pleased the gods had in the end to please Cato also?’

“The application of the maxim, ‘MIGHT IS RIGHT,’ to a theory of government is obvious; the strongest government must be the best, *i.e.*, that in which Power, in the last resort supreme, is concentrated in the hands of a single ruler; the weakest, that in which it is most widely diffused, is the worst. Carlyle in his Address to the Edinburgh students commends Machiavelli for insight in attributing the preservation of Rome to the institutions of the Dictatorship. In his *Friedrich* this view is developed in the lessons he directs the reader to draw from Prussian history. The following conveys his final comparative estimate of an absolute and a limited monarchy:

‘This is the first triumph of the constitutional Principle which has since gone to such sublime heights among us—heights which we begin at last to suspect may be depths leading down, all men now ask witherwards. A much admired invention in its time, that of letting go the rudder or setting a wooden figure expensively to take care of it, and in discovering that the ship would sail of itself so much the more easily. Of all things

a nation needs first to be drilled, and a nation that has not been governed by so called tyrants never came to much in the world.'

"This, the main drift of Carlyle's political teachings rests on his absolute belief in strength (which always grows by concentration), on his unqualified admiration of order, and on his utter disbelief in what his adverse friend Mazzini was wont, with overconfidence, to appeal to as 'collective wisdom.' Theoretically there is much to be said for this view; but, in practice, it involves another idealism as aerial as that of any 'ideologue' on the side of Liberty. It points to the establishment of an Absolutism which must continue to exist, whether wisdom survives in the absolute rulers or ceases to survive. The rule of Caesars, Napoleons, Czars may have been beneficent in times of revolution; but their right to rule is apt to pass before their power, and when the latter descends by inheritance as from M. Aurelius to Commodus, it commonly degenerates. It is well to learn, from a safe distance, the amount of good that may be associated with despotism; its worst is lawlessness, it not only suffocates freedom and induces inertia, but it renders wholly uncertain the life of those under its control. Most men would rather endure the 'slings and arrows' of an irresponsible press, the bustle and jargon of many elections, the delay of any reforms, the narrowness of many streets, than have lived from 1814 to 1840, with the noose around all necks, in Paraguay, or even precariously prospered under the paternal shield of the great Fritz's extraordinary father, Friedrich Wilhelm of Prussia.

"Carlyle's doctrine of the ultimate identity of 'might and right' never leads, with him, to its worst consequence, a fatalistic or indolent repose; the withdrawal from the world's affair of the soul holding no form of creed but contemplating all.' That he was neither a consistent optimist nor a consistent pessimist is apparent from his faith in man's partial ability to mould his fate. Not belief, but 'action,' 'action,' is his working motto.

"Besides these specific recommendations, three ideas are dominant in Carlyle's political treatises. *First*—a vehement protest against the doctrine of *laissez faire*; which, he says, 'on the part of the governing classes will, we repeat again and again, have to cease; pacific mutual divisions of the spoil

and a would-let-well-alone will no longer suffice':—a doctrine to which he is disposed to trace the Trade Unions wars, of which he failed to see the issue. He is so strongly in favour of *Free Trade* between nations that, by an amusing paradox, he is prepared to make it *compulsory*. 'All men,' he writes in *Past and Present*, 'trade with all men when mutually convenient, and are even bound to do it. Or friends of China, who refused to trade, had we not to argue with them, in cannon shot at last?' But in free trade between class and class, man and man, within the bounds of the same kingdom, he has no trust; he will not leave 'supply and demand' to adjust their relations. The result of doing so is, he holds, the scramble between Capital for larger interest and Labour for higher wage, in which the rich if unchecked will grind the poor to starvation, or drive them to revolt.

"*Second*--As a corollary to the abolition of *laissez faire*, he advocates the *Organisation of Labour*, 'the problem of the whole future to all who will pretend to govern men. The phrase from its vagueness has naturally provoked much discussion. Carlyle's begot dislike of Political Economists withheld him from studying their works; and he seems ignorant of the advances that have been made by the 'dismal science', or of what it has proved and disapproved. Consequently, while he brought in evidence by most of our modern social idealists, Comtists and Communists alike, all they can say is that he has given to their protest against the existing state of the commercial world a more eloquent expression than their own. He has no compact scheme,—as that of St. Simon or Fourier, or Owen—few such definite proposals as those of Karl Marx, Bellamy, Hertzka or Gronlund, or even William Morris. He seems to share with Mill the view that 'the restraints of communism are weak in comparison with this of capitalists,' and with Morris to look far forward to some golden age; he has given emphatic support to a co-partnership of employers and employed, in which the profits of labour shall be apportioned by some rule of equity, and insisted on the duty of the State to employ those who are out of work in public undertakings.

'Enlist, stand drill, and become from banditti soldiers of industry. I will lead you to the Irish bogs...English fox-cove's....New Forest, Salisbury Plains, and Scotch hill sides which as yet feed only sheep...thou-

sands of square miles...destined yet to grow green crops and fresh butter and milk and beef without limit ;... ; ...'—

an estimate with the usual exaggeration. But Carlyle's latter work generally advances on his earlier, in its higher appreciation of Industrialism. He looks forward to the boon of 'one big railway right across America,' a prophecy since three times fulfilled ; and admits that the new omnipotence of the steam engine is hewing aside quite other mountains than the physical, i.e., bridging the gulf between races and binding men to men. He had found, since writing *Sartor*, that dear cotton and slow trains do not help one nearer to God, freedom, and immortality.

"Carlyle's third practical point is his advocacy of *Emigration*, rather his insistend on it as a sufficient remedy for over-population. He writes of 'Malthusianism' with his constant contempt of convictions other than his own :

'A full formed man is worth more than a horse ... One man in a year, as I have understood it, if you lend him earth will feed himself and nine other (?)... Too crowded indeed !... What portion of this globe have ye tilled and delved till it will grow no more ? How thick stands your population in the Pampas and Savannahs—in the Curragh of Kildare ? Let there be an Emigration Service... so that every honest willing workman who found England too strait, and the organisation of labour incomplete, might find a bridge to carry him to western lands... One little isle has grown too narrow for us, but the world is wide enough yet for another six thousand years... If this small western rim of Europe is over-peopled, does not everywhere else a whole vacant earth, as it were, call to us 'Come and till me, come and reap me ?' "

3. Carlyle's Religion.

Carlyle was a deeply religious man and had an implicit faith in God. In fact his religion influenced his ideas on various aspects. Referring to Carlyle's religion Willy has observed in his *Nineteenth Century Studies* : "A man's religion (Carlyle said in *Heroes*) 'is the chief fact with regard to him' ; let us follow his lead and take his own religion first. It is not easy to divide his thought into 'aspects', for to him, as to Coleridge, 'the unity of all had been revealed, and one of the main sources of his influence was his power of suggesting that all topics were aspects of one topic, and that the most important of all, God and man, supernatural and natural, spirit and matter, sacred and profane—it was precisely by fusing and obliterating all

these time-honoured distinctions in his visionary furnace that he cast a spell over his listeners, and gave them a sense of deepened insight. It is thus impossible to consider his religion without considering the whole of his thought, even if for the sake of presentation we must make some sub-divisions.

"Carlyle is remembered, and his influence was felt, as an upholder of the spiritual view of the world in an age of increasing materialism and unbelief. Yet he is the most remarkable example of a phenomenon which I take to be typical of the nineteenth century, that of the religious temperament severed from 'religion.' Few 'secular' writers of his time can have the name of God more constantly, yet he meant by this word, as Sterling pointed out, something other than the God of Christianity. Sterling, criticising the trend of Teufelsdröckh's philosophy from the standpoint of a Christian minister, wrote as follows :

'What we find everywhere, with an abundant use of the name of God, is the conception of a formless Infinite, whether in time or space ; of a high inscrutable Necessity, which it is the chief wisdom and virtue to submit to, which is the mysterious impersonal base of all Existence,... Show itself in the laws of every separate being's nature ; and for man in the shape of duty.'

A far more eminent Christian contemporary, F. D. Maurice, said of Carlyle that 'a profound theocratic belief was really at the basis of his mind', and to Maurice it was a matter of regret and concern that so powerful influence as Carlyle's should not be working on the side of the Church. After reading as a man who although opposed to the Church, was teaching the reality of a divine order in history ; elsewhere, however, mythical vesture, and of indulging in 'wild pantheistic rant.'

"Carlyle belonged to the company of the escaped Puritans. Rejecting Church, creed and sacrament—all that he described as 'Hebrew Old-Clothes'—he yet retained the deep intuitions of his Calvinistic peasant-childhood, and it was from the unquestioned moral certainties of Puritanism that he derived both his satiric animus and his prophetic energy. It would be simpler and truer to say that he derived them from his mother, to whom he was bound by the strongest affection of his life, and whose love and anxious care for him continued unbroken until her death, when he himself was nearly sixty.

"In a real sense Carlyle *did* make religion his great lifelong study ; all the positives in his teaching are on the side of faith and against unbelief. The evils which he denounced were all due, he taught, to spiritual paralysis, lack of reverence, lack of wonder—in a word, to lack of religious belief. Like a Hebrew prophet, he recalls his age from following the idols of materialism, utilitarianism, democracy and the like, to the worship of the true God. Men's hearts and minds were stricken with the blight of eighteenth century rationalism ; the universe had gone dead and mechanical ; the nations would perish unless they could recapture the vision of God working in Nature and history and learn that the meaning of life lay in dutiful service, and not in motive-grinding or the felicific calculus. In all this Carlyle's affinity with the religious side of Romanticism is manifest enough. In so far as the Romantic Movement meant a rejection of the flimsy superficialities of the age of reason, an awakening to fuller and richer insights into reality and into the relation of past and present, and an acknowledgement of the authenticity of imagination and of Faith—then Carlyle's work can be seen as a vigorous continuation of that movement. The same forces led Coleridge from Unitarianism to Anglicanism, and Newman from the Church of England to Rome. The path of Carlyle's pilgrimage diverged widely from theirs, but his starting point was the same ; the demand for a deeper and more spiritual interpretation of experience then had been available in the previous century.

"Carlyle's position resembles that of Arnold in *Literature and Dogma* ; it is so differently stated as to be hardly recognizable as similar, yet essentially it is so. It is a position common to liberal Victorians with a religious temper ; the old certainties stand firm even when the dogmatic supports are removed, and all clear-sighted, honest men must see, or soon will see, that they have been removed. Carlyle does not talk of 'the eternal not ourselves that makes for righteousness,' nor of the 'steam of tendency' ; he uses language compounded out of Hebrew prophecy and German transcendentalism. Indeed, his divinity is a sort of amalgam of Jehovah, Odin, Calvin's predestinating God and the Soul of the world ; his faith, a blend of Old Testament monotheism, pantheism and philoso-

phic necessitarianism. Yet we shall misunderstand Carlyle unless we realise that this faith, describe it as we will, was the invisible sun by which he lived, and that from the time when he conquered his youthful spirit of negation its pure flame burnt inextinguishably within him.

‘Carlyle’s ‘Conversion’ or spiritual rebirth has become familiar from the account given in *Sartor Resartus* of Teufelsdröckh’s victory over the ‘Everlasting No’—an account which, he has told us, is true to his own experience. As in the story of many mystics, his illumination was preceded by a dark night of the soul—the ‘fixed starless Tartarean black,’ in which doubt has darkened into unbelief. This phase followed the discovery, through wide reading in European literature, that the religion of Annandale, though it had formed in him a pure, moral nature, and given him an unshakable, instinctive piety, was based in part upon assumptions no longer acceptable to the modern mind.

‘From this time onwards Carlyle increasingly assumes the tone of a religious seer, proclaiming that God lives and reigns, and executes judgement amongst the nations. His *French Revolution*, which more than any other single work won him fame, is unlike any book of history since the Pentateuch; it is a Vision of Judgement, in which the wrath of God is seen, as of old, descending upon a sinful and corrupt generation. Indeed the Revolution, the palmary modern instance of the workings of eternal divine justice, was ever in Carlyle’s mind the main evidence for the reality of a moral order in the world. Believe in God, seek the Truth, and do the Duty nearest to hand! is the burden of his message.’ Belief is the condition of all genuine life and work.

‘Belief is the condition of Life and Work, but the converse is also true; if you lack belief, ‘do the duty which lies nearest’; ‘he who has ever seen into the *infinite* nature of duty has seen all that costs difficulty. The universe has then become a temple for him, and the divinity and all divine things thereof will infallibly become revealed.’ Doubt can only be removed by action and by the reading of Goethe, whose works ‘are as the day-spring visiting us in the dark night.’

“The strength of Carlyle lay in the passionate sincerity with which he believed in his own ‘God.’ This ‘God’ may have been, as Sterling and others complained, a mere ‘formless Infinite’ or an ‘inscrutable Necessity’, but it was real to him, it may be conjectured, as the God of Christianity was to few ‘Christians’ of that age. But Carlyle’s appeal to many who were religiously inclined yet dissatisfied with orthodoxy, the exhilarating sense of release and renewal he brought them, were due not merely to the fiery energy of his own conviction. They were due also to this; that Carlyle’s teaching powerfully reinforced two tendencies which had for long been gathering momentum in the mind of Europe—the tendency to find God in Nature, and the tendency (produced, like the former, by the scientific movement) to regard all translations of picture-thinking into concept and law as closer approximations to Truth. Substitute ‘the Immensities and Eternities’ for God, substitute ‘the Temple of the Universe’ for the Church, ‘Literature’ for the Bible, ‘Heroes’ for saints, ‘Work’ for prayer, and the like: do all this and you have at one stroke destroyed ‘superstition’ and provided a true religion for honest men in these latter days. Here at last was a creed which did ‘correspond to fact’; which could be believed without putting out the eyes of the mind. What Mark Rutherford has said of Wordsworth may here be applied to Carlyle; speaking of his first reading of *Lyrical Ballads*, he says:

‘It excited a movement and a growth which went on till, by degrees, and the systems which enveloped me like a body gradually decayed from me and fell away into nothing—God is nowhere formally deposed, and Wordsworth would have been the last to say that he had lost his faith in the God of his fathers. But his real God is not the God of the church, but the God of the Hills, the abstraction nature, and to this my reverence was transferred. Instead of an object of worship which was altogether artificial, remote, never coming into genuine contact with me, I now had one which I thought to be real, one in which literally I could live and move and have being, an actual fact present before my eyes, God was brought from the heaven of the books, and dwelt on the downs in the far away distance, and in every cloud-shadow which wandered across the valley. Wordsworth unconsciously did for me what every spiritual reformer has done—he recreated my Supreme Divinity. Substituting a new and living spirit for the old deity, once alive, but gradually hardened, into an idol.’

We can watch this process going on in a passage like the following (from *Sartor*, bk. ii, ch. 9—‘The Everlasting Yea’):

"Often also could I see the black Tempest marching in anger through the distance; round some Schreckhorn, as yet grim blue, would the eddying vapour gather, and there tumultuously eddy, and flow down like a mad witch's hair; till after a space, it vanished, and, in the clear sunbeam, your Schreckhorn stood smiling grimwhite, for the vapour had held snow. How thou fermentest and elaboratest in thy great fermenting vat and laboratory of an Atmosphere, of a world, O Nature! —Or what is Nature? Ha! why do I not name thee God? Art not thou the 'Living Garment of God'? O heavens, is it, in every deed, He, then, that ever speaks through thee, that lives and loves in me?"

Thus does Carlyle translate the old conversion-story into the language of Nature-worship. Many of the characteristics of his style, too, are here illustrated; the tone of rapt soliloquy; the touch of Gothic terror, the poetic fury checked however by the abrupt changes of rhythm and by such a phrase as 'your Schreckhorn'; the *volte face* at 'Ha' the catch in the throat, and the freely flowing function of the final rhetorical question. Having thus woven his spell, and won your emotional assent, he can then complete the incantation in a strain of exalted tenderness, leading up to a clinching affirmative:

"Fore-shadows, call them rather fore-splendours, of that truth, and Beginning of Truths, fell mysteriously over my soul. Sweeter than Day-spring to the Shipwrecked in Nova Zemle; ah, like the mother's voice to her little child that strays bewildered, weeping, in unknown tumults; like soft streamings of celestial music to my too-exasperated heart, came that Evangel. The Universe is not dead and demoniacal, a charnel house with spectres; but godlike, and my father's!"

"It was in this way that Carlyle offered to his readers 'God's Universe' as a 'Symbol of the Godlike,' and 'Immensity' for a temple; it was an appeal which (as Pascal had long ago declared) could influence only those who already believed in God on other grounds. But there were plenty of these, and the appeal met with eager response."

4. Carlyle's Message.

Carlyle was a prophet and in his writings we find a message which can apply to the modern times also. Referring to the message of Carlyle for the present generation Gascoyne has observed in his book *Thomas Carlyle*: "The message of Carlyle for the present generation is also particularly that which he articulated in his book on his friend John Sterling, a man who failed to become an important poet or a religious

reformer, but spent his life struggling to give expression to his desire for a wider recognition of true greatness and nobility, and was perhaps a figure representative of the purest idealism of his generation.

'Old hide-bound Toryism, being now openly cracking towards some incurable disruption—long recognised by all the world, and now at least obliged to recognise its very self, for an overgrown Imposture supporting itself not by human reason but by flunkey blustering and brazen lying superadded to mere, brute force, could be no creed for young Sterling and his friends. In all things he and they were liberals, and, as was natural at this stage, democrats; contemplating root-and-branch innovation by aid of the hustings and ballot box. Hustings and ballot box had speedily to vanish out of Sterling's thoughts, but the character of root-and-branch innovator, essentially of "Radical Reformer", was indelible with him, and under all forms could be traced as his character through life.

...Piety of heart, a certain reality of religious faith, was always Sterling's, the gift of nature to him which he would not and could not throw away; but I find at this time his religion is as good as altogether Ethnic, Greekish, what Goethe calls the Heathen form of religion. The church, with her articles, is without relation to him. And along with obsolete spiritualisms, he sees all manner of obsolete thrones and big-wigged temporalities; and for them also can prophecy, and wish, only a speedy doom. Doom inevitable, registered in Heaven's Chancery from the beginning of days, doom unalterable as the pillars of the world; the gods are angry, and all nature groans, till this doom of eternal justice be fulfilled.

...We shall have to admit, may it will behove us to see and practically know for ourselves and him and others, that the essence of this creed, in times like ours, was right and not wrong. That, however the ground and form of it might change, essentially it was the monition of his fatal genius to this as it is to every brave man; the behest of all his clear insight into this Universe, the message of heaven through him, which he could not suppress, but was inspired and compelled to utter in this world by such methods as he had. There for him lay the first commandment; this is what it would have been the unforgivable sin to swerve from and desert; the treason of treasons for him, it were there; compared with which all other sins are venial!

"At first sight, I think it would not seem that this biography of a gifted young man who accomplished nothing, though he never ceased to be a seeker, were among the books of Carlyle's most likely to have interest for the modern reader. But it does contain the expression of an attitude towards established religion which still, if anything even more than when it was written, is the attitude of a mature and

free religious mind (and a religious mind that is merely a superstitious mind).

'This battle, universal in our said epoch, of 'all old things passing away' against 'all things becoming new,' has its summary and animating heart in that of Radicalism against church : there, as in its flaming core, and point of focal splendour does the heroic worth that lies in each side of the quarrel most clearly disclose itself ; and Sterling was the man, above many to recognise such worth on both sides. Natural enough, in such a one, that the light of Radicalism having gone out in darkness for him, the opposite splendour should next rise as the chief, and invite his loyalty till it also failed. In one form or the other, such an aberration was not unlikely for him. But an aberration, especially in this form, we may certainly call it. No man of Sterling's veracity, had he clearly consulted his own heart, or had his own heart been capable of clearly responding, and not been dazzled and bewildered by transient fantasies and theosophic manshine, could have undertaken this function (i.e., *that of the priesthood*). His heart would have answered, "No, thou canst not. What is incredible to thee, thou shalt not, at thy soul's peril, attempt to believe !—Elsewhither for a refuge, or die here. Go to Perdition if thou must,—but not with a lie in thy mouth ; by the Eternal Maker, no !"

"Commenting on a letter from Fance to himself from his friend Sterling, Carlyle writes as follows, giving a forceful indication of his attitude in maturity, towards all outward forms of religion in the modern world :

Tholuck, Schleiermacher, and the war of articles and rubrics were left in the far distance ; Nature's blue skies, and awful eternal voids, were once more around one, and small still voices, admonitory of many things, could in the beautiful solitude freely reach the heart. Theologies rubrics, surplices, church articles, and this enormous ever-repeated thrashing of the straw ? A world of rotten straw ; threshed all into powder-filling the universe and blotting out the stars and world :—Heaven pity you with such a threshing floor for world, and its draggled dirty farthing-candle for sun ! There is surely other worship possible for the heart of man ; there should be other work, or none at all, for the intellect and creative faculty of man !

"On another letter to him, from Rome, Carlyle makes even more scornful comment :

"It is surely fit to recognise with admiring joy any glimpse of the Beautiful and the Eternal that is hung out for us, in colour, in form or tone, in canvas, stone, or atmospheric air, and made accessible by any sense, in this world ; but it is greatly fitter still (little as we are used that way) to shudder in pity and abhorrence over the scandalous tragedy transcendent nadir of human ugliness and contemptibility which under the daring title of religious worship, and practical recognition of the Highest God, daily and hourly everywhere transacts itself there. And, alas, not there only, but elsewhere, everywhere, more or less ; whereby

our sense is so blunted to it :—whence, in all provinces of human life, these tears !

“If these words are vehement, they are not more so than those which Carlyle had quoted from a pseudonymous *alter ego* of his, whom he calls Crabbe, in the Seventh of the *Latter-Day Pamphlets* (‘Hudson’s Statue’, 1 July 1850), on the subject of the ‘so-called Christian Clerus’ (he himself calls it ‘a wild passage’) :

‘Legions of them, in their black or other gowas, I still meet in every country ; masquerading in strange costume of body and still stranger of soul : mumming, priming, grimacing,—poor devils, shamming, and endeavouring not to sham ; this is the sad fact. Brave men many of them, after their sort ; and in a position which we may admit to be wonderful—and dreadful ! On the outside of their heads some singular headgear tulipmitre, felt coal-scuttle, purple hat ; and in the inside,—I must say, such a theory of God Almighty’s Universe as I, for my part, am right thankful to have no concern with at it all ! I think, on the whole, as broken-winged, self-strangled monstrous a mass of incoherent incredibilities, as even dwelt in the human brain before, O God, giver of Light, hater of Darkness, of hypocrisy and cowardice, how long, long, how long !’

“These are not the words of an anti-religious man, but of a religious man of unusual earnestness ; and they show that it is not altogether a vagary to associate Carlyle’s name with that of Nietzsche : here, far more than in any supposed affinity of the Carlylian Hero with the Superman, may be perceived the real ground of any such connexion as there may be.

“That Carlyle’s attitude towards the rest of his fellow men had in it a certain amount of arrogance, his remark about Democracy : ‘Twenty-seven millions, mostly fools,’ is sufficient indication ; but it also contained such genuine humility and so clear a realisation of the insignificance of the greatest man in relation to the inscrutable. All, that he was ever incapable of the passionate self-assertiveness and dionysian hubris that carried Nietzsche off into his final madness. His religious radicalism is more adult and sane than that of the Prophet of Superman, while being healthier and less strained than the agonisingly scruple-tormented Kierkegaard’s.

“The essence of all ‘religion’ that ever will be is to make men free. Who is he that, in this life pilgrimage, will consecrate himself at all hazards to obey God and God’s servants, and to disobey the Devil and his ? With pious valour this free man walks through the roaming

tumults, invincibly the way whither he is bound. To him in the waste Saharas, through the grim solitudes peopled by galvanized corpses and drolful creatures, there is a lodestar; and his path, whatever those of others be, is towards the Eternal." A man well worth consulting, and taking note of, about matters temporal.'

'To-day once more it is important' to recognise in what Carlyle expresses in the passages quoted above the most essential part of his message as a religious man and a prophet. If anyone not really familiar with Carlyle's writings should be puzzled by remembering, in this connexion, the often-repeated expression 'Hebrew old clothes', which recurs constantly throughout his works; he may be enlightened by these words from Martin Ruber's outstanding work of exegesis of the Hebrew Prophets of the Old Testament: 'The leader-God... wants to root out of men's hearts the notion that is possible to satisfy Him merely with worship and cult.' And the word worship in this sentence is not to be confused, be it noted, with the meaning that Carlyle most often gives it; for Carlyle, worship was first and last the immediate reaction of sincerity, and without sincerity, nothing, nothing, nothing, that man, be he never so pious and never so highly consecrated and ordained, can either say or do, will ever be satisfying to God. But his own words can best tell us what Carlyle understood by the word Worship:

'I will insert this also, in a lower strain, from Sauersteig's *Aesthetische Springwurzeln*. 'Worship!' says he: 'before that inane tumult of Hearsay-filled men's heads, while the world yet lay silent, and the heart true and open, many things were Worship! To the primeval man whatsoever good came, descended on him (as, in mere fact, it ever does) direct from God; whatsoever duty lay visible for him, this Supreme God had prescribed. To the present hour I ask thee, Who else? For the primeval man, in whom dwelt Thought, this Universe was all a Temple; Life everywhere a Worship.'

(*Past and Present*, Bk. III, Chap. 15)

'The position of Carlyle in importance I would reckon to be somewhere about mid-way between two very great and extremely different' men of the nineteenth century, Soren Kierkegaard on the one hand, and Walt Whitman on the other. All three alike are particularly to be distinguished as having the basis of their work what Carlyle called 'an open loving heart.'

5. Carlyle as a Critic.

Carlyle counts very much as a critic and he was profoundly

influenced by British criticism. Referring to Carlyle as a critic Hugh Walker has observed in his *Literature of the Victorian Era* : "There is some exaggeration when we are told that Carlyle marks 'the beginning of a new era in the history of British criticism.' Undoubtedly he does, as contrasted with Jeffery and Gifford and the Blackwood group. The professional reviewing of the day was done in a style altogether foreign to Carlyle, a style which he did more, perhaps, than anyone else to render impossible. But Lamb and Coleridge and Shelley and Landor had written before Carlyle, or were writing contemporaneously with him ; and though they are all unlike him, still the germs of the revolution in criticism lay in them. The essence of the new criticism is sympathy, that of the old is rule. The eighteenth century critics, and those of the early nineteenth century who followed in their steps, wrote under the conviction that there were certain canons in literature, valid at all times and under all circumstances, by which the writer could be tried and under which he ought to be condemned if he were found guilty of infringement. Hence criticism was apt to consist either of mere laudation or of mere censure ; or if the two were mingled they were equally dogmatic. Wordsworth was simply condemned ; Shakespeare, having passed through the fires of censure, was merely lauded. 'Nine-tenths of our critics,' says Carlyle, 'have told us little more of Shakespeare than what honest Franz Horn says our neighbours used to tell of him 'that he was a great spirit, and step majestically along.'

"To Carlyle, criticism must be neither pure panegyric nor bare censure. Goethe must do something more than 'step majestically along' ; Voltaire must at least be understood. The first and chief thing needful is comprehension, sympathy ; only on that base is wise praise or wise censure possible. 'No man can pronounce dogmatically, with even a chance of being right, on the faults of a poem, till he has seen its very best and highest beauty—the beauty of the poem as a whole in the strict sense ; the clear view of it as an indivisible Unity.' And this could only be done by viewing it from the author's own standpoint.

"In all the works of Carlyle there is no idea so deep-rooted or so multifariously expressed as that of the supreme import-

ance of biography. This is the essence of his *Hero-Worship*. It is reaffirmed with hardly less emphasis in *Past and Present* and in *Latter-Day Pamphlets*. 'There is no biography of a man,' he says, 'much less any History, or Biography of a Nation, but wraps in it a message out of Heaven.' It is the core of his conception of history. 'History,' he quotes, 'is the essence of innumerable biographies.' In *Heroes and Hero-Worship* he declares that the history of the world is the biography of great men. In *Sartor Resartus* we are told that 'Biography is by nature the most universally profitable universally pleasant of all things; especially biography of distinguished individuals,' and again, 'Great Men are the inspired (speaking and acting) Texts of that divine Book of Revelations, whereof a chapter is completed from epoch to epoch and by some named History.' And he not only preached this doctrine, but he practised it as well. His *Cromwell* and his *Frederick* are both practical illustrations of the doctrine of hero-worship. The *French Revolution* itself is made, not always without some suspicion of violence, to revolve round persons, above all the person of Mirabeau.

"Carlyle's literary criticism comes under the same all-embracing conception: it too is essentially biographic. 'There is no heroic poem in the world but is at bottom a biography, the life of a man' and conversely, 'there is no life of a man, faithfully recorded, but is a heroic poem of its sort, rhymed or unrhymed.' The biographic element may be purely spiritual, as in Carlyle's own 'spiritual autobiography' *Sartor Resartus*, but in all cases we shall find that it is not only present but is essential. He conceives himself to be successful when he has got to the man's own inner meaning as it appeared to himself. Till that is done nothing is accomplished; and that can only be done through the power of sympathy. No character, we may affirm, was ever rightly understood till it had first been regarded with a certain feeling, not of tolerance only but of sympathy. For here, more than in any case, it is verified that the heart sees farther than the head. Let us be sure, our enemy is not that hateful being we are too apt to paint him. His vices and baseness lie combined in far other order before his mind than before ours; and under colours which palliate them, nay perhaps exhibit them as virtues. Were he the

wretch of our imagining, his life would be a burden to himself; for it is not by bread alone that the basest mortal lives; a certain approval of conscience is equally essential even to physical existence; is the fine all-pervading cement by which that wondrous union, a Self, is held together.'

'The first qualification of the critic, then, must be sympathy, the determination and the capacity to understand the thing criticised, in the light of its creator's purpose. Carlyle was warned of the importance of this because he saw so much of what he himself admire, of what head nourished his own spirit, condemned from sheer lack of comprehension. The favourite adjective deprecatory, of German literature, was the adjective mystical; and 'mystical', writes Carlyle in the essay on the *State of German Literature*, 'in most cases, will turn out to be merely synonymous with *not understood*.'

'A second qualification, equally necessary, is reverence; and that implies a radical change in, almost a reversal of, the attitude habitually assumed by the critic towards the thing criticised. The reviewer was in the habit of pronouncing his judgments *ex cathedra*: he was the judge, and the author came before him for sentence. In Carlyle's view, the critic at least, is the inferior. His function is only to understand; that of the author is to create. 'Criticism stands like an interpreter between the inspired and the uninspired, between the prophet and those who hear the melody of his words, and catch some glimpse of their material meaning but understand not their deep import.'

'Sympathy is good, reverence is good; but neither one nor the other, nor even both together, are sufficient. The fact remains that the critic has the function of judge. Sympathy is good in so far as it leads to comprehension, not if it produces confusion between right and wrong, wise and foolish. Reverence must be directed to that which is worthy of respect. The greatest of men are faulty and their works imperfect, and it is part, though a subordinate part, of the critic's duty to point out the imperfect one. In order to do so correctly he must act on some principle. 'To determine with any infallibility whether what we call a fault is in very deed a fault, we must previously have settled two points, neither of which may be so

readily settled. First, we must have made plain to ourselves what the poet's aim really and truly was, how the task he had to do stood before his own eye, and how far with such means as it afforded him, he has fulfilled it. Secondly, we must have decided whether and how far this aim, this task of his, accorded,—not with *us*, and our individual crotchets, and the crotchets of our little senate where we give or take the law,—but with human nature, and the nature of things at large, with the universal principles of poetic beauty, not as they stand written in our text books, but in the hearts and imaginations of all men.'

"It was in this spirit and under guidance of this principle, that Carlyle approached the task of criticism. He was successful in it exactly in proportion to his fidelity in following the laws he had himself laid down. On the whole he showed himself surprisingly catholic. His principal limitation was with reference to his own countrymen and contemporaries, whom he rarely judged generously or even justly. What he has said or written in letters or reminiscences about Lamb and Coleridge is well known. Of the formal essays published in his lifetime the least satisfactory is that on Scott, whose success he seemed to find it hard to pardon. He could not indeed blind himself to Scott's deep manliness, but he almost completely ignored his genius. A few cheap sneers at the restaurateur of Europe are a poor acknowledgement for a gallery of portraits unmatched for fulness and variety, and on the whole for quality, since Shakespeare.

"Scott's great fault, in Carlyle's view, was the want of sufficient seriousness. It is the lack of sympathy resulting from this idea which makes Carlyle's criticism of his great countryman so inadequate; Carlyle for once has been false to his own principle and the result is to demonstrate the truth and the importance of the principle. Had he been always as easily repelled, Carlyle would assuredly not have deserved the praise of catholicity; but if his subject were only removed sufficiently from himself, he could treat not only tolerantly but with generosity talents and aims the most widely opposed to his own. None of his essays is more creditable to him, though some are profounder, than those on the Frenchmen, Voltaire

and Diderot. Voltaire was nearly everything that Carlyle most detested, he had hardly any of the gifts which won his critic's spontaneous admiration. He speaks with truth of Voltaire's 'inborn levity of nature, his entire want of Earnestness.' He 'was by birth a mocker, and light *Pococurante*'. 'He is no great man, but only a great *persifleur* ; a man for whom life, and all that pertains to it, has, at best, but a despicable meaning ; who meets its difficulties not with earnest force, but with gay agility ; and is found always at the top, less by power in swimming, than by lightness in floating.' Voltaire's results are mainly negative and Carlyle loathed mere negation. In all points this man is as wide as the poles removed from Carlyle and from all that instinctively admires. But he is French, and he belongs to a slightly earlier time ; and instead of railing, Carlyle resolutely sets himself to understand him. He finds that great part of what he dislikes in Voltaire is not really the fault of Voltaire, but is the outcome of his surroundings. He cannot place Voltaire on such a pedestal as that on which he declares Goethe but he can and he does do justice to the much that is admirable in Voltaire's intellect, and gives generous recognition to his lucidity, his method and the wide sweeps of his knowledge. 'From Newton's *Principia* to the *Shaster* and *Vedam*, nothing has escaped him : he has glanced into all literatures and all sciences : nay studied in them, for he can speak a rational word on all. It is known, for instance, that he understood Newton when no other man in France understood him ; indeed his countrymen may call Voltaire the discoverer of intellectual England :—a discovery, it is true rather of the Curtis than of the Columbus sort, yet one which in his day still remained to be made. Nay, from all sides he brings new light into his country now, for the first time, to the upturned wondering eyes of Frenchmen in general does it become clear that Thought has actually a kind of existence in other kingdoms ; that some glimmerings of civilization had dawned here and there on the species, prior to the *Siecle de Louis Quatorze*.'

"Three conspicuous features mark the criticism of Carlyle : its profound humanity, its penetration, and its reach.

"Its humanity springs from his conviction of the essentially biographic character of all books worth calling books. To

him, as to Hegel, 'ideas are living things, and have hands and feet'. Everything in existence is the embodiment of thought; and 'of all the things which man can do or make here below, by far the most momentous, wonderful and worthy are the things we call Books', because a book 'is the *purest* embodiment the thought of man can have.' One of the numerous points of contact between Carlyle and Browning is conviction. The man and his work are always viewed in relations; the one throws a light on the other; and hence the book is no less vital than the writer. It is by this method that Carlyle is enabled to bridge the gulf between himself and writers like Voltaire and Diderot. It is thus that he fathoms the meaning of Goethe. It is in this spirit that he achieves such a triumph of criticism as the essay on Burns. Carlyle had drunk in with his mother's milk the knowledge necessary for the triumph in the last case. Scotch himself, and sprung from the class to which Burns belonged, he knew the poet's meaning by instinct, without needing to reason it out. Every word that Burns wrote was to him a revelation of the spirit of the man. His essay has rather the value of a piece of creative literature than of a mere criticism.

'The second point, the penetrative character of Carlyle's criticism, is closely connected with the first. He is absolutely indifferent to superficial and subordinate matters. Until he has reached the heart, he conceives himself to have achieved nothing; and usually he gains his end through groanings and travail. Dr. Garnett has admirably pointed out how, like 'another Jacob, he wrestled with Goethe, and would not let him go till he had won his blessing'; and how in the translation of *Wilhelm Meister* he gradually advanced from the view that 'Goethe is the greatest genius that has lived for a century and the great ass that has lived for three,' to the avowal that the principal demerit of his *Wilhelm Meister* is 'the disfigurement of a translation.' It is by a similar process that all Carlyle's successes are won. Occasionally, as in the case of Burns and partly of Richter and Johnson, by natural sympathy; sometimes, as in the case of the French writers, by a violent intellectual effort; sometimes, again, as with Goethe, by a mixed process, Carlyle wins the actual standpoint of his

author, or what he believes to be such and interprets his works from thence.

'The last point in connexion with Carlyle's criticism is its reach. He is scarcely ever purely critical; there is almost always something creative in his essays. The writers he values are those who give him an outlook over history and an insight into human nature; and he values them in proportion as they do that. Mere elegance of form and phrase he cares little for; rather, he has no patience with it; but genuineness, whether in a Corn-Law Rhymer or in a Goethe, he deems of incalculable worth. Both are emphatically men. 'Here is an earnest truth-speaking man; no theoriser, sentimentaliser, but a practical man of work and endeavour, man of sufferance and endurance.' Goethe is 'the Strong One of his time.' And both 'are valued for the insight they give into their own country or the history of German culture in his day', and the Corn Law Rhymes are rich in suggestions for the author of the *Latter-Day Pamphlets*. Behind literature there always lies to Carlyle something greater than literature. He cites the correspondence between Frederick and Voltaire and then adds his comment:—'We can perceive what kind of Voltaire it was to whom the Crown-Prince now addressed himself; and how luminous an object, shining afar out of the solitudes of Champagne upon the ardent young man, still so capable of admiration. Model epic, *Henriade*; model history, *Charles Douze*; sublime tragedies, *Cesar*, *Alzire* and others, which readers still know though with less enthusiasm, are blooming forth in Friedrich's memory and heart; such Literature as man never saw before; and in the background Friedrich has inarticulately a feeling as if, in this man, there were something grander than all Literatures: a Reform of human thought itself; a new 'Gospel,' good tidings or God's Message, by this man,—which Friedrich does not suspect, as the world with horror does, to be a *Ba'spel*, or Devil's 'Message of bad tidings'.

'This feeling, inarticulate in Frederick, is articulate in Carlyle. He quotes with approval the saying of Novalis that 'the highest problem of literature is the Writing of a Bible'; and that of Fichte, that the 'Literary Man' is the 'Priest' of these Modern Epochs. To Carlyle, therefore, there is nothing

of dilettantism in literature that is worthy of the name. Its function is to reveal the Divine Idea of the World ; and it is valuable just in proportion as it performs that function. A typical example of Carlyle's mode of criticism is the contrast he draws between Johnson and Hume. Brushing aside all subordinate matters he goes straight to the heart of each ; and he views both in relation to the life of Europe in their time.

"It is worthy of note that, in our little British Isle, the two grand Antagonisms of Europe should have stood embodied, under their very highest concentration, in two men produced simultaneously among ourselves. Samuel Johnson and David Hume were children nearly of the same year ; through life they were spectators of the same Life movement ; often inhabitants of the same city. Greater contrast, in all things, between two great men could not be. Hume well-born, competently provided for, whole in body and mind, of his own determination forces away into Literature : Johnson poor, moon-struck, diseased, forlorn, is forced into it 'with the bayonet of necessity at his back.' And what a part did they severally play there ! As Johnson became the father of all succeeding Tories ; so was Hume the father of all succeeding Whigs, for his own Jacobitism was but an accident, as worthy to be named Prejudice as any of Johnson's. Again, if Johnson's culture was exclusively English, Hume's in Scotland, became European ;—for which reason too we find his influence spread deeply over all quarters of Europe, traceable deeply in all speculation, French, German, as well as domestic ; while Johnson's name, out of England, as hardly anywhere to be met with. In spiritual stature they are almost equal ; both great, among the greatest ; yet how unlike in likeness ! Hume has the widest, methodising, comprehensive eye : Johnson the keenest for perspicacity and minute detail : so had, perhaps chiefly, their education ordered it. Neither of the two rose into poetry, yet both to some approximation thereof : Hume to something of an Epic clearness and method ; as in his delineation of the Commonwealth Wars ; Johnson to many a deep Lyric tone of plaintiveness and impetuous graceful power, scattered over his fugitive compositions. Both, rather to the general surprise, had a certain rugged humour shining through

their earnestness: The indication, indeed, that they were earnest men, and had subdued their wild world into a kind of temporary home and safe dwelling. Both were, by principle and habit, Stoics: yet Johnson with the greater merit, for he alone had very much to triumph over; further, he alone enabled his Stoicism into Devotion. To Johnson Life was a Prison, to be endured with heroic faith; to Hume it was little more than a foolish Bartholomew-Fair Show-Booth, with the foolish crowdings of which it was not worthwhile to quarrel; the whole would break up, and be at liberty, so soon. Both realised the highest task of Manhood, that of living like men; each did not unfitly, in his way: Hume as one, with fictitious, half-false gaiety, taking leave of what was itself wholly but a Lie: Johnson as one, with awe-struck, yet resolute and piously expectant heart, taking leave of a Reality, to enter a Reality still higher. Johnson had the harder problem of it, from first to last: whether, with some hesitation, we can admit that he was intrinsically the better gifted, may remain undecided."

6. Carlyle as a Literary Artist.

In spite of his many-sided activities—as an historian, preacher, literary critic—Carlyle is more famous as a literary artist. Referring to this Cazamian has observed in his work, *Carlyle*: "The greatness of the writer imposes recognition even by those who withstand the thinker and the man. Carlyle is one of the most spirited poets of modern England. When his words have exhausted all their practical effects, Carlyle will continue to live as a poet. The imperfections of his artistic instinct, the failures of his sense of rhythm, precluded his writing verse; but all other qualities of poetry, the essential qualities of poetry, were his. His vision of the world is that towards which the poets of the Romantic generation had striven: a perception of the spiritual in the material. But the universality, the might and lofty vistas of German idealism gave to Carlyle's vision, while he was at the very beginning of his literary career, a breadth and a clearness beyond comparison. His imagination lived so freely under the sense of the unreality of time and space that every spectacle he pictured had its double aspect of reality and dream. To his eyes, hazy depths revealed

themselves behind the configurations of nature and history ; the particular details are bathed in haze and, of a sudden, they melt into it and disappear ; and from the darkness of death, the past surges suddenly into view, still alive. Such swift appearances and disappearances intoxicate the mind with a penetrating, magnificent obsession ; and the poetry and the mystery of the beyond flow into all the aspects of the real more intimately than with any other writer. No poet has had in a higher degree sublimity of imagination, no poet has with greater power evoked the infinite, or the eternal silences which lie behind the transitory sights and sounds of life.

“To its unexamined power of metaphysical dissolution, Carlyle’s imagination joins the specifically English gift of concrete force and picturesque energy. It is as capable of concentrating its shining rays upon picture after picture, as of dissolving these pictures. The intellectual vigour of narrative and description, the precision of detail, the expressive richness of idiom make Carlyle’s style one of the most intense there are. His style is as effective upon those senses, at least, which are not, in the narrow connotation, sensual, those senses which a part of the mind and of the muscular energy. The sudden relaxations and irruptions, the broken rhythms of this style, its discordant harmony, its profound congruence with the vehemence, the bitterness, the irony and the humour of the thought it conveys, make it a unique instrument, the work of a unique temperament, an instrument which adds unforgettable note to the choir of English prose. Like his doctrine, Carlyle’s art has its weaknesses and its limitations in both art and doctrine ; the deepest quality, the quality which will best assure the duration of Carlyle’s work, is force, that energy which is capable of violating ideas, of subjugating them without inducing them to obedience or discipline ; but capable, too, without striving for or achieving the perfectly beautiful, of eliciting from the world and from the soul fragments marvellous in their beauty.”

Nichol who considers that the excellence of Carlyle’s best workmanship is universally acknowledged has observed in his *Thomas Carlyle* : “Various opinions will continue to be held as to the value of his sermons ; but the excellence of his best workmanship is universally acknowledged. He was endowed

with few of the qualities which secure a quick success—fluency, finish of style, the art of giving graceful utterance to current thought; but he had in full measure the stronger if slower powers—sound knowledge, infinite industry, and the sympathetic insight of penetrative imagination—that ultimately hold the fastnesses of fame. His habit of startling his hearers, which for a time restricted, at a later date widened their circle. There is much, sometimes even tiresome, repetition, in Carlyle's work; the range of his ideas is limited, he plays on a few strings, with wonderfully versatile variations; in reading his later we are continually confronted with the 'old familiar faces' of his earlier essays. But, after the perfunctory work for Brewster he wrote nothing wholly commonplace; occasionally paradoxical to the verge of absurdity, he is never dull.

“Nothing more impresses the student of Carlyle's works than his thoroughness. He never took a task in hand without the determination to perform it to the utmost of his ability; consequently when he satisfied himself that he was master of his subject he satisfied his readers; but this mastery was only attained, as it is only attainable, by the most rigorous research. He seems to have written down his results with considerable fluency; the molten ore flowed freely forth, but the process of smelting was arduous. The most painful part of literary work is not the actual composition, but the accumulation of details, the wearisome compilation of facts, weighing of previous criticisms, the sifting of the grains of wheat from the bushels of chaff. This part of his task Carlyle performed with an admirable conscientiousness. His numerous letters applying for out-of-the-way books to buy or borrow, for every pamphlet throwing light on his subject, bear testimony to the careful exactitude which rarely permitted him to leave and record unread or any worthy opinion untested about any event of which or any person of whom he undertook to write. From Templand (1833) he applies for seven volumes of Beaumarchais, these of Bassompierre, the Memoirs of Abbe Georgel, and every attainable account of Cagliostro and the Countess de la Motte, to fuse into *The Diamond Necklace*. To write the essay on *Werner* and the *German Playwrights* he swam through seas of trash. He digested the whole of Diderot for one review

article. He seems to have read through Jean Paul Richter, a feat to accomplish which German require a special dictionary. When engaged on the Civil War he routed up a whole shoal of obscure seventeenth century papers from Yarmouth, the remnant of a yet larger heap, 'read hundred-weights of dreary books, and endured a hundred Museum headaches.' In grappling with *Friedrich* he waded through so many gray historians that we can forgive his sweeping condemnation of their dullness. He visited all the scenes and places of which he meant to speak, from St. Ives to Prague, and explored the battle-fields. Work done after this fashion seldom brings a swift return; but if it is utilised and made vivid by literary genius it has a claim to permanence. Bating a few instances where his sense of proportion is defective, or his eccentricity is in excess, Carlyle puts his ample material to artistic use; seldom making ostentation of detail, but skilfully concentrating, so that we read easily and readily recall what he has written. Almost everything he has done has made a mark; his best work in criticism is final, it does not require to be done again. He interests us in the fortunes of his leading characters: *first*, because he feels with them; *secondly*, because he knows how to distinguish the essence from the accidents of their lives, what to forget and what to remember, where to begin and where to stop. Hence, not only his set biographies, as of Schiller and of Sterling, but the shorter notices in his *Essays*, are intrinsically more complete and throw more real light on character than whole volumes of ordinary memories."

7. Carlyle's Style.

Carlyle has been highly praised as well as condemned as a writer but the fact remains that he was the prominent master of prose of the nineteenth century. Referring to this Oliver Elton has observed in *A Survey of English Literature*, Vol. I: "People talked from the first, and talk still, against 'Carlylese,' and cried out that it was bad in itself and a bad model. The grammarians picked it to pieces, with its ellipses, gestures, capitals, interjections, iterations, and so following. All that is true from the grammarians' point of view, and it has been an easy game now for about eighty years. But it does not much matter. The

truth is that as we look back on the English prose of the nineteenth century, this old man, if any body, predominates in it. With all his tricks, with certain real and too manifest vices of language, he has not only a millionaire's stock and fund of speech, but a certain fundamental and nail-hitting rightness in the use of it. The vices are those of a man; the bad pages are those of man aging, at any rate, and like so much of Newman. Carlyle has let himself be misjudged, because in the region of ideas his power of expression is so much greater than his range of thought; but then this is not his only region, perhaps not his more native one, and some distinctions may be made, in order to see wherein his strength, if he be taken purely as writer, lies:

'He rolled forth Latter-Day Pamphlets by the hour together in the very words, with all the nicknames expletives and ebullient tropes that were so familiar to us in point, with the full voice, the Dumfries burr, and the kindling eye which all his friends recall. It seemed to me, the first time that I sat at his fireside and listened to him, that it was an illusion. I seemed to be already in the Elysian fields listening to the spirit rather than to the voice of the mighty 'Sartor'. Could printed essay and spoken voice be so absolutely the same?'

'This evidence, borne by Mr. Frederic Harrison, gives a key to Carlyle as a writer. He talked for half a century, in numberless letters, journals, monologues, and books. He did not talk like books; his books talked like him. All models of style and the like count for little; they colour or discolour the native stream for a moment, but they are soon absorbed. With its volume and onset, its long sounding course, its fertilising range, its turbid tumultuous rapids, that stream is after all the largest in our present field of country. The current gathers slowly and the first stretches are unpromising. *The Life of Schiller* was published at thirty; it lacks accent; were it unsigned, some future thesis-monger might have to prove that Carlyle wrote it. To trace the essays chronologically is to mark the accent sharpening, the touch of commonplace and rigmarole dwindling, the incandescence growing steadier, the fated style emerging. Meantime, Carlyle also becomes an easy, manly, companionable writer. But of his true style he is scarcely in regular command before the age of thirty-five, though it is accounted by many a sally. It is just before that age that his younger prose, whether lyrical or monitory, culminates. In the elegy on Goethe,

in *Characteristics*, and in some of the pages upon Burns, it is noticeably pure and untroubled. There is a specially tender and harmonious strain in his diction at this period. Like Shakespeare when he turned to his greater tragedies, Carlyle begins to torment expression when he embarks on harsher and deeper matter. Expression is wrestled with, as in a war embrace, and is at last victorious. Carlyle may fairly remind us of Shakespeare in two respects in the immense resources of his language, and in his power to extort from language its blessing. The comparison need not go further; for one thing, Carlyle, however much he may describe and interpret, has none of the dramatist's self-identifying gift; he is always and invincibly himself. The metaphysical prose of *Sartor* shows one kind of his power; other kinds are seen in his landscapes, his battles and riots and tumults, his flowing sardonic narratives, his pictures of life and manners; all these swell the grand total. Everywhere, of course, there is the unmistakable Carlylese on which a little must be said.

"It is late in the day to play the friendly schoolmaster to the idiom of *Sartor* and the other prophetic books. There is little to add to the strictures of Sterling, quoted in the *Life* (part II, ch. ii). Barbarous coinages, 'new and erroneous locutions, 'the constant recurrence of some words in a quaint and queer connexion' ('quite,' 'almost,' 'nay,' 'not-without,' 'and the like); Germanised compounds, frequency of inversion, fatiguing over-emphasis 'occasional jerking and almost spasmodic excitement'—such are the reproaches, to which others can be added; the sentences of telegraphic cast, whimsical archaic use of capitals, italics; and so following. These things besprinkle both the high bravura passages, and also the grotesque humorous commentary. Here Carlyle loves to repair to some feigned spokesman. Teufelsdröckh or Sauerteig or 'an author we have met with before,' his wilder self to wit, upon whom to father extravagance. Such alarms relieve the march of the discourse. But the idiom is still everywhere, and its origins have been rather unsuccessfully conjectured.

"Two features stand out from the rest. One is the noise of the style, and the strident emphasis, betokened by the trick of italicising which Carlyle uses more and more to the last; and

the other is the intense self-consciousness of all his writing, good and bad alike; the self-reference, the self-lashing, the self-scrutiny, the self-distrust; a quality which is deep down in the man, and which sometimes mars the form, even as egoism of another and nobler cast does not mar the form of Dante. On the whole, Carlyle's much debated 'style' is his natural speech, not something affected or excogitated, and he could not and would not change it, any more than the tones of his voice, for a hundred Sterlings or a thousand reviewers."

Cazamian who considers that the chief quality of Carlyle's style is that it is intensely personal has observed in *History of English Literature*: "Carlyle's style is one of the most personal in its sincerity, for it expresses a temperament, it is not devoid of a certain affection; it testifies to a fondness for violent habits of mind and feeling. It is a style that has been moulded into shape by the maturing of his genius under the action of an exalted sense of prophecy, of a spiritual enthusiasm, and under the influence of an intimate contact with German thought. The language of his early years has balance and simplicity. With *Sartor Resartus*, a mystic philosopher and an impetuous writer jointly put in an appearance. Construction, the sense of proportion, the reciprocal affinities of words, vanish at the same time; an unquenchable ardour breaks in upon and destroys the connectedness of thought. The reader has the impression of some great stream of burning lava pouring forth, and bringing with it a vocabulary that is rough, abrupt, mixed, thoroughly saturated with Saxon intensity and concrete vividness. And this prose, when once solid, has the sharp edges, the breaks, the dislocated formations of cooled volcanic rocks. In the order of powerfulness its effects are incomparable; but more winning are the rare occasions when its passion and its irony relax, and the evocation of the seer is softened by suggestion and dream.

"As the thought of Carlyle is all made up of faith, of eager affirmation, or scathing criticism, his work is that of a poet, untrammelled by regular rhythm, or incapable of it, whose energy sends itself in vigorous, brief flights of expression. His imagination, however, the strongest of his faculties, lends unity in movement and in tone to his broader narratives and

pictures. The inspiration which carries his *French Revolution* forward has the amplitude of epic grandeur. To Carlyle objectivity is impossible ; he does not know what detachment from self means, nor does he possess the fine perception of the pure artist in souls. But in his sympathy he can thoroughly grasp the characters which harmonise with his own, and so recreate them. His portrait of Cromwell is admirable. He is great by virtue of his intuition. That divining power he possesses to search the past or the present, fallible and limited as it is, cast forth, when favoured by spiritual grace, flashes of vivid light and even of beauty which are among the treasures of literature."

Saintsbury who considers that Carlyle's style represents a revolt against the limitations and conventions of the eighteenth century has observed in *A Short History of English Literature* : "The style which he used for this purpose, and which undoubtedly had not a little to do with the success of the method, could hardly have come into existence except at the time of revolt of the prose, following that of poetry, against the limitations and conventions of the eighteenth century. Representing, as it did, that revolt pushed to its very furthest, it naturally shocked precisions, some of whom are not reconciled to this day ; and it must be admitted that it was susceptible of degradation and mannerism even in its creator's hands, and has proved, almost without exception, a detestable thing in those of imitators. But Carlyle himself at his best, and sometimes to his last, could use it with such effect of pathos now and then, of magnificence often, of vivid and arresting presentation in all but a few cases, as hardly any prose-writer has excelled. His expression, like the matter conveyed in it, may be too strong for the weak, too varied and elusory in its far-ranging purport for the dull, too much penetrated with ethical gravity and clear eyed recognition of fact for those who like mere prettiness and mere aesthetic make-believe ; but both are of the rarest and greatest.

"Its characteristics, like those of nearly all great styles, are partly obvious, partly recondite, [or altogether fugitive, even from the most acute and persevering investigation. In the lowest place come the mechanical devices of capitals—revival,

of course, of an old habit—italics, dashes, and other recourses to the assistance of the printer. Next may be ranked certain stenographic tricks as regards grammar—the omission of conjunctions, pronouns, and generally all parts of speech which, by relying strictly on the reader's ability to perceive the meaning without them, can be omitted, and the omission of which both gives point and freshness to the whole and emphasises those words that are left. Next and higher come exotic, and specially German, constructions, long compound adjectives, unusual comparatives and superlatives like 'beautifuler' unsparing employment of that specially English idioms by which, as it has been hyperbolically said, every verb can be made a noun and every noun a verb, together with a certain, not very large, admixture of actual neologisms and coinings like 'Gigmanity'. Farther still from the mechanical is that art of arrangement in order of words and juxtaposition of clauses, cadence and rhythm of phrase, all of which go so far to make up style in the positive. And beyond these again comes an indefinable part, the part which always remains and defies analysis."

Giving a general estimate of Carlyle's style Nichol has observed: "Carlyle's style in the chairoscuro of which his histories and three-fourths of his Essays are set, has naturally provoked much criticism and some objurgation. M. Taine says it is 'exaggerated and demoniacal,' Hallam could not read *The French Revolution* because of its 'abominable' style, and Wordsworth, whose own prose was perfectly limpid, is reported to have said, 'No Scotchman can write English. Carlyle is a pest to the language.' Carlyle's style is not that of Addison, or Berkeley or of Helps; its peculiarities are due to the eccentricity of an always eccentric being; but it is neither affected nor deliberately imitated. It has been plausibly asserted that his earlier manner of writing, as in *Schiller*, under the influence of Jeffery, was not in his natural voice. 'They forget', he said referring to his critics, 'that the style is the skin of the writer, not a coat, and the public is an old woman.' Erratic, metaphorical, elliptical to excess, and therefore a dangerous model, 'the mature oaken Carlylese style,' with its freaks, 'nodosities and angularities,' is as set and ingrained in his nature as the *Birthmark* in Hawthorne's romance. To recast a chapter

of the *Revolution* in the form of a chapter of Macaulay would be like rewriting Tacitus in the form of Cicero, or Browning in the form of Pope. Carlyle is seldom obscure, the energy of his manner is part of his matter! its abruptness corresponds to the abruptness of his thought, which proceeds often as it were by a series of electric shocks that threaten to break through the formal restraints of an ordinary sentence. He wishes like one who must, under the spell of his own winged words, at all hazards, determined to convey his meaning; willing, like Montaigne, to 'despise no phrase of those that run in the streets', to speak in strange tongues, and even coin new words for the expression of a new edition. It is his fashion to care as little for rounded phrase as for logical argument; and he rather convinces and persuades by calling up a succession of feelings than by a train of reasoning. He repeats himself like a preacher, instead of condensing like an essayist.

"But though rugged, Carlyle was the reverse of a careless or ready writer. He weighed every sentence; if in all his works from *Sartor* to the *Reminiscences*, you pencil-mark the most suggestive passages you disfigure the whole book. His opinions will continue to be tossed to and fro; but as an artist he continually grows. He was, let us grant, though powerful a one-sided historian, twisted though in some aspects a great moralist; but he was, in every sense, a mighty painter, now dipping his pencil 'in the gloom of earthquake and eclipses', now etching his scene with the tender touch of a Millet.

"Emerson, in one of his early letters to Carlyle, wrote, 'Nothing seems hid from those wonderful eyes of yours; those devouring eyes; those thirsty eyes; those portrait painting eyes of thine'. Men of genius, whether expressing themselves in prose or verse, on canvas or in harmony, are, save when smitten, like Beethoven, by some malignity of Nature, and endowed with keener physical senses than other men. They actually, not metaphorically, see more than their fellows. Carlyle's supersensitive ear was to him, through life, mainly a torment; but the intensity of his vision was that of a born artist, and to it we owe the finest descriptive passages, if we except those of Mr. Ruskin, in English prose. None of our

poets, from Chaucer and Dunbar to Burns and Tennyson, has been more alive to the influence of external nature.

“Carlyle quotes a saying of Richter, that Luther’s words were half battles, much of his own writing is a fusillade. All three were vehement in abuse of things and persons they did not like ; abuse that might seem reckless if not sometimes coarse, were it not redeemed, as the rogueries of Falstaff are, by strains of humour. The most Protean quality of Carlyle’s genius is his humour now lighting up the crevices of some quaint fancy, not shining over his serious thought like sunshine over the sea, it is at its best as finely quaint as that of Cervantes, more humane than Swift’s. There is in it, as in all the highest humour, a sense of apparent contrast, even of contradiction, in life, of matter for laughter in sorrow and tears in joy. He seems to check himself, and as if afraid of wearing his heart in his sleeve, throws in absurd illustrations of serious propositions, partly to show their universal range, partly in obedience to an instinct of reserve, to escape the reproach of sermonising and to cut the story short. Carlyle’s grotesque is a mode of his golden silence, a sort of Socratic irony in the indulgence of which he laughs at his readers and at himself. It appears now in the form of transparent satire, ridicule of his own and other ages, now in droll reference or mock-heroic detail, in an odd conception, a simile, sometimes it lurks in a word, and again in a sentence. In direct pathos—the other side of humour—he is equally effective. His denunciations of sentiment remind us of Plato attacking the poets, for he is at heart the most emotional of writers, the greatest of the prose poets of England ; and his dramatic sympathy extends alike to the actors in real events and to his ideal creations. Few more pathetic passages occur in literature than his ‘stories of the deaths of kings.’”

3. ‘Sartor Resartus’.

Sartor Resartus is the most representative work of Carlyle and his final victory. Referring to this Oliver Elton has observed in *Survey of English Literature*, Vol. 1 : “Like most great confessions, *Sartor Resartus* describes a long past experience for which words had been wanting at the time. Carlyle’s early letters give us hardly an inkling of the inner struggle that

was shaping his soul and character, though they bring vividly before us the figure of the youthful Scott, with his egoism and rhetoric, his friendliness and piety, and his blind consciousness of future power. They open in a cheery schoolboy tone, touched with vague fierce striving, and soon break out into rhapsody. As the years from twenty to twenty-five go by, there is a sharpening of edge and purpose, though as yet of God only knows what purpose. The young Carlyle is seen flinging himself on life and books. He is by no means precocious; his mind and style develop slowly and painfully. Deep down in him are the memories, with their rainbow fringe, of his home and schooling, of his loves, and of the private passionate conflicts, afterward to be recorded in the chapters on the Everlasting No and Yea. All this is set down in *Sartor* in Carlyle's faithful ineffaceable way, happily not before he is master of his predestined style, and master also of the discords which enrich the compass of the style and are indispensable for the expression of his experience. But we must go carefully; for *Sartor* is also charged with the ideas and antipathies which had grown up in him meanwhile and which reflect their hues backward on the story of his youth.

"*Sartor* is not a book that can be drawn out into propositions, and it seems at first a confusion of unharmonised ideas. But its three-fold or four-fold origin can be noticed. There are, to begin with, Carlyle's own remembered doubts and despairs, and illuminations. Next there is the influence of the humorists, like Sterne and Butler, and possibly Richter; they may answer in some degree (though probably not much) for the whims and tricks of the language, and the pervading atmosphere of fantasy. And thirdly, there are the German thinkers and poets named already, whose conceptions peer out in a somewhat shapeless also humoristic guise. A fourth element must be added: Carlyle's fervent sympathy with Piers the Ploughman, and his engrossment with the problem of labour—the 'condition-of-England-question.' These four strands are interwoven past unravelling, but the resulting pattern is like nothing else in the world. Out of the mask that recalls the older humorists comes a voice different from theirs altogether. Swift might well have thought of a naked House of Lords, and *A Tale of a Tub* may have actually suggested the notion of a

mystical meaning for clothes, and of a working out that exorbitant fancy to the bitter end ; but for Carlyle's elaboration of it Swift might have judged it to be fit only for the 'house for fools and mad' that he founded. And, in truth, the whole business of the 'clothes-philosophy' is worried by Carlyle to death. The gods command lucid irony, but the Titans hatch a splay and clumsy humour. The handiwork often does injustice to the ideas. The name of 'clothes' is given to the successive coats, wrappings, or disguises—concealing but also symbolic—of the soul of man, proceeding from the soul outwards, and including all his personal attributes (even his name) and surroundings, his circumstances and origin, and all that makes him be or seem what he is. Carry this process far enough, and it is clear that while each man is alone in his inner fastness and must make his own salvation (by means of the 'Everlasting Yea'), which is the assertion against the universe of his own will, freedom and hope—still, since the surroundings, the clothes, invest my brother as well as me, the fates of all individuals are found in the long run to intertwine and overlap essentially ; and by such 'organic filaments' one indivisible society of souls is formed. This is the sphere, and this also the warrant, of all the pieties of life and of human brotherhood, especially the brotherhood of those who labour honestly at any worthy end. The noblest of such labourers stand at the extremes ; 'two men I honour and no third' ; the thinker or poet (afterwards the 'hero'), and again Piers the Ploughman, the producer, the underpaid, the ignored, without whose toil we perish. At this stage Carlyle muses more on the sufferings and rights of the mass of men than on their imbecility. He declared later that Piers was only fit to be dragooned and obey ; but in *Sartor* that dubious twist to the gospel is unapparent.

"The central passages of *Sartor* disclose a surprising transformation of the Protestant consciousness. The pages on the Everlasting No and Yea tell the story of Bunyan and Fox and a million more, but in a form sublimed and universalised, and rid of all doctrine but a vague profound Theism which is hardly personal in character. This is the one fixed article that Carlyle retains. It amounts to a belief in good and justice,

which he calls God, finally prevailing ; a force regarded, however, not as working from without but as immanent in the actual process of the world's history, and as manifested chiefly in the labours of the elect of the world. When he was eighty-three he said to Allingham :

'The evidence to me of God—and the only evidence—is the feeling I have deep down in the very bottom of my heart of right and truth and justice. I believe that all things are governed by Eternal Goodness and Wisdom, and not otherwise ; but we cannot see and never shall see how it is all managed...Whoever looks into himself must be aware that at the centre of things is a mysterious Demiurge—who is God, and who cannot in the least be adequately spoken of in any human words.'

Robertson who considers *Sartor Resartus* as the basis of the new spiritual idealism of the 19th century has observed in *Cambridge History of English Literature*, Vol. XIII : "Apart from his essays, the work by which Carlyle takes his place as the English representative of German romanticism is *Sartor Resartus*, an immediate product of his affectionate study of Jean Paul. The ideas, from the very style, of this work, which repelled many when it first appeared and had made the search for a publisher dishearteningly difficult, have all the stamp of Jean Paul on them. But into the German fabric, which has more consistency of plan, and a more original imaginative basis than it is usually credited with, Carlyle wove his own spiritual adventures, which had already found expression in a cruder and more verbose form in an unfinished autobiographical novel, *Wotton Reinfred*. *Sartor Resartus* falls into two parts, a disquisition on 'the philosophy of clothes'—which, doubtless, formed the original nucleus of the book—and in autobiographic romance modelled, to a large extent, on the writings of Jean Paul. The philosophy of clothes left most of Carlyle's contemporaries cold ; and, indeed, to his early critics, it seemed lacking in originality, as a mere adaptation of an idea from Swift's *Tale of a Tub* ; in their eyes, it was overshadowed by the subjective romance, as it seems to have been in the case of Carlyle himself as he proceeded with it. The German village of Entepfuhl took on the colouring of Ecefechan ; the German University, the name of which Teufelsdröckh forbears to disclose, was suggested by what Carlyle had experienced in Edinburgh ; the clothes-philosophy made way, more and more, for a vivid depiction of the spiritual

and moral crisis in the author's own life. The three chapters, 'The Everlasting No,' 'Centre of Indifference' and 'The Everlasting Yea,' were an epitome of what Carlyle had himself come through acutely in 1821. Here, moreover, and not in its metaphysics, lay the significance of *Sartor Resartus* for more than one generation of English men; in Carlyle's cry of defiance—for defiance it was, rather than meek resignation—in his 'Close thy Byron, open thy Goethe!' 'Love not pleasure; love God. This is the Everlasting Yea, wherein all contradiction is solved: wherein who so walks and works, it is well with him,' they found a veritable fingerpost pointing to the higher moral and spiritual life. Here was basis for that new spiritual idealism, based on suffering and resignation, but 'strong in will to strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield,' which, later, was to pass into the poetry of *In Memoriam*, and into the more assured optimism of Browning."

Giving an estimate of *Sartor Resartus* Routh has observed in his book *Towards the Twentieth Century*: "Carlyle wrote *Sartor Resartus* to prove that the older philosophers knew what was best for the factory-ridden England which they had never seen. They lived a concentrated introspective life, studying the appetencies and affinities of the human soul. Yet we should be able to discern the essential virtue and wholesomeness of our own chaotic civilisation, if we learnt their secret, and applied it to our own overcrowded and superficial lives. Being so egocentric he naturally used his own experiences to explain the needed adjustment. He was well advised, for he was thus speaking as an individual on morality on an individual problem.

"*Sartor* describes first of all the despondency of a man who feels himself to be full of energy, which he must employ; full of intellectual aptitudes, so he must employ his energy in thought and research; full of love for humanity so he could satisfy his soul only by serving his fellow-creatures, a faithful craftsman in ideas. But when he goes out into the world to earn his living, he finds nothing worth doing and his fellow-creatures will not pay him for his help because they do not want it. To judge by the selfishness, materialism, greed and rivalry of his contemporaries, the eighteenth century rationalists were right;

men are highly magnetised machinery ; or if they have a soul, it is petrified under modern conditions. We cannot fulfil our best selves under the mammonism of this age. The writer is half convinced ; he loses hope, and begins to despair of his age and consequently of himself. He even whispers that revolt is useless, that things cannot be changed. This pessimistic resignation is *The Everlasting No*. So his humanity and religious sense are thwarted, his spirit grows restless and turns inward upon itself ; dwells upon its own helplessness, exaggerates its difficulties ; shudders at the weight of circumstances.

"Suddenly, while nursing these fears, it dawns upon him that he is helping to suppress his own soul for the spirit lives only in the consciousness of its invincibility. To confess yourself the victim of mortal circumstances, is or deny your immortality ; to be afraid of man is to confess that you have no part with God. The individual who sees further and higher than the life around him must be spiritually superior to its influence. He can afford to be indifferent to evil. Such is *The Centre of Indifference*.

"But if there are godlike impulses in you, so must there be in other people, for the world is made up of beings like yourself. Consequently, this mammonism, corruption and selfishness are more apparent than real. Perhaps they are only the disabilities of transition, perhaps ever the birth-pangs of a newer, more perfect order. Byron, a romantic decadent, may have declared the world to be unworthy of his immortal soul, but Goethe had shown that our daily life may give it ample scope. So surely the individual of today can find some response to his aspirations, some reflection in experience of the pattern which hangs in his head. Such is *The Everlasting Yea*.

"He will find much more. If like Goethe, he can study the needs of man first as revealed in himself, then as revealed in the contacts what the German would call a Daimon—is still active, bringing our highest qualities into play, unless we are too centred, to read the new mystery. Nineteenth century industrialisation does not really antagonise human beings ; it weaves them together and breeds a religion of exalted co-operation, in which we ought to rise above the physiocrats and romantics—'a second all embracing Life, wherein our first in-

dividual life becomes doubly and trebly alive and whatever of Infinitude was in us bodies itself forth, and becomes visible and active.' A grand idea! For this mysticism, certified by the observation of facts, ought to give scope to one's whole nature. Man should now have a target worth shooting at.

"The difficulty was to bring this truth home to the imagination. That is why Carlyle, especially in this treatise, avoids the academic note, and does not quote authorities. He was probably thinking of Theresa's pronouncement: 'The man, to whom the universe does not reveal directly what relation it has to him; whose heart does not tell him what he owes to himself and others—that man will scarcely learn it out of books; which generally do little more than give our errors names.' So the doctrine is embodied in the allegory of *clothes philosophy*. Whatsoever sensibly exists, whatsoever represents spirit to spirit, is properly Clothing, a suit of Raiment,...the whole External Universe is but clothing. This symbolism was not, of course, an invention of Carlyle's. It is found in *A Tale of a Tub*, in *Faust*, and in Heine's *Reise Nach Munchen*. Carlyle may, in the first place, have been inspired by Fichte's assertion 'that all things which we see and work with on this earth, especially we ourselves and all persons, are as a kind of vesture or sensuous appearance.' He had probably already played with the idea in the lost *Thoughts and Clothes*, refused by Fraser in 1830, and he continued to play with after he had written *Sartor*. In 1848 he projected *Exodus from Houndsdith*, that is from the old clothes of Hebrew Christianity, but abandoned the plan. Even in that later altered mood, he revered the wrappings too much to tear them off and leave some souls to perish in spiritual nakedness. In 1831 he was more affirmative. He uses the figure to show that civilisation, with all its failures and crimes, is the vesture by which God humanises society. 'Thinking reader, the reason seems to me twofold: first that *Man is a spirit*, and bound by invisible bonds to all *Men*; secondly that he wears clothes which are the visible emblem of that fact.'

"To render his philosophy not only pictorial but picturesque, Carlyle associated this clothes philosophy with a definite personage. In doing so he followed a well-established usage, already practised by F. Schelling, Tieck, Jean Paul, Godwin

and Byron, but of course his chief inspiration was Goethe's *Werther* and *Meister*. It is surprising how often the spirit of the latter work breathes through Carlyle's assertions and ejaculations. Under such influences the essay ought to have been quite easy to read, if the author had not insisted on discussing the duties of citizenship in the spirit of a romantic poet. But he did not adhere to their point of view. The romantic philosophers had taught that man has received a designation surpassing his earthly limits and therefore yearns for the infinite, but they insisted that this *Unendlichkeit* is to be cultivated in poetry, art, and the sentiment of love. Carlyle asserted that what he calls our infinitude can find full scope only in the nexus of society. For instance, a shoeblick is infinite in soul, but he will become conscious of his infinity not in contemplating Shelley's universe 'all vacant azure, hung with a few frosty mournful if beautiful stars, but in blacking shoes. Space and time could and should be transcended amid the commonest and most conventional pursuits of middle class life. By virtue of his citizenship the average wage-earner should live a transcendental poem. Such an exposition involved many paragraphs full of introspection, much apostrophising and ruminating, much repetition and some confusion. The author himself admits the difficulty. 'How to paint to the sensual eye what passes in the Holy of Holies of man's soul; in what words, known to these profane times, speak even afar off the Unspeakable.'

"The effect of the book is weakened yet further because Carlyle writes only for those who are of his mind. If any reader was predisposed to doubt whether the bigness of modern city-life rendered the citizens big, Carlyle would not convert him. The 'Sartor does not persuade our reason, he exacts our obedience. He is more dogmatic than Newman without the dialectical skill. He convinces only those who have abandoned theism, without abandoning the theistic temperament. He does not, as Spinoza might have taught him, trace back ideas to their original causes, thus explaining and defining them. He exhorts, illustrates and appeals to the reader's self-consciousness for confirmation. Take, for instance, his brilliant definition of society as 'as the vital articulation of many individuals into a collective individual.' Such was to be the conclusion of Her-

bert Spencer's Synthetic Philosophy, patiently argued through principle of municipal administration. But Carlyle is content to formulate the idea in a few graphic sentences and to exact the reader's consent on pain of having to lose his soul.

"Altogether it is not surprising that the author had difficulty in placing this series of essays. He hurried from Craigenputtock to London in the autumn of 1831 to find a publisher. But no printing house, to the depressed state of the market, would take the risk, especially as everyone was talking about the Reform Bill. After two years' delay this inspired and impassioned appeal at last appeared in detached fragments in *Fraser*. It was not till 1836 that James Munroe in Boston published the work in form with Emerson's preface. It was not till 1838 that Sounders and Otley published the work in London, after the *French Revolution* had made the author famous.

"Nevertheless, *Sartor* is immensely significant, because it shows that Carlyle's mind has taken its bent. He seems to realise that modern society will involve the spiritual death of its members unless they realise its meaning. One might almost say that he aims his idea. So far he has discussed only the individual's needs, which are as wide as the universe, if not wider. In Mill's phrase, 'his eyes are unsealed,' but he has still to discern the channels through hope, not effectiveness. Yet the Carlyles were work-people and believed that human earnestness should be approved by what it produced. Thomas, being a writer, would have to show his fellow-creatures more precisely how to fulfil the scheme of the World Spirit."

9. A General Estimate of Carlyle.

Carlyle occupies the foremost place among the British writers and thinkers of the Victorian period. Referring to this Nichol has observed: "The general verdict on Carlyle's literary career assigns to him the first place among the British authors of his time. No writer of our generation, in England, has combined such abundance with such power. Regarding his rank as writer there is little or no dispute; it is admitted that the irregularities and eccentricities of his style are bound up with its richness. In estimating the value of his thought we must discriminate between instruction and inspiration. If we ask

what new truths he has taught, what problems he has definitely solved, our answer must be, 'few'. This is perhaps inevitable result of the manner of his writing, or rather of the nature of his mind. Aside from political parties, he helped to check their exaggerations by his own, seeing deeply into the undercurrent evils of the time. Even when vague in his remedies he was of use in his protest against leaving these evils to adjust themselves—what has been called 'the policy of drifting'—or of feeling with them only by catchwords. No one set a more incisive brand on the meanness that often marks the unrestrained competition of great cities; no one was more effective in his insistence that the mere accumulation of wealth may mean the ruin of true prosperity; no one has assailed with such force the mammon-worship and the frivolity of his age. Everything he writes comes home to the individual conscience; his claim to be regarded as an ethical teacher remains unrelaxed. It has been justly observed that he helped to modify the thought rather than the opinion of two generations.' His message, as that of Emerson, was that 'life must be pitched in a higher plane.' Goethe said to Eckermann in 1827 that Carlyle was a moral force so great that he could not tell what he might produce. His influence has been, though not continuously progressive, more marked than that of any of his compeers, among whom he was, if not the greatest, certainly the most imposing personality. It had two culminations: shortly after the appearance of *The French Revolution*, and again towards the close of the seventh decade of the author's life. To the enthusiastic reception of his works in the Universities, Mr. Froude has borne eloquent testimony, and the more reserved Matthew Arnold admits that 'the voice of Carlyle, overstrained and misused since, sounded then in Oxford fresh and comparatively sound, though he adds, 'The friends of one's youth cannot always support a return to them.' In the striking article in the *St. James' Gazette* of the date of the great author's death we read: 'One who had seen much of the world and knew a large proportion of the remarkable men of the last thirty years declared that Mr. Carlyle was by far the most impressive person he had ever known, the man who conveyed most forcibly to those who approached him (best on resistance principles) that general impression of genius and force of character which it is impossible

either to mistake or to define.' Thackeray, as well as Ruskin and Froude, acknowledged him as, beyond the range of his own *metier*, his master, and the American Lowell, penitent for past disparagement, confesses that 'all modern Literature has felt his influence in the right direction'; while the Emersonian hermit Thoreau, a man of more intense though more restricted genius than the poet politician, declares—'Carlyle alone with his wide humanity has, since Coleridge, kept to us the promise of England. His wisdom provokes rather than informs. He blows down narrow walls, and struggles, in a lurid light, like the Jothuns, to throw the old woman Time; in his work there is too much of the anvil and the forge, not enough haymaking under the sun. He makes us act rather than think. He does not say, know thyself, which is impossible but know thy work. He has not pillars of Hercules, no clear goal but an endless Atlantic horizon. He exaggerates. Yes, but he makes the hour great, the picture bright, the reverence and admiration strong; while mere precise fact is a 'coil of lead.' Our leading journal on the morning after Carlyle's death wrote of him in a tone of well-tempered appreciation: 'We have had no such individuality since Johnson. Whether men agreed or not, he was a touchstone to which truth and falsehood were brought to be tried. A preacher of Doric thought, always in his pulpit and audible he denounced wealth without sympathy, equality without respect, mobs without leaders, and life without aim.' To this we may add the testimony of another high authority in English letters, politically the opposite pole: 'Carlyle's influence in kindling enthusiasm for virtues worthy of it, and in stirring a sense of the reality on the one hand and the unreality on the other, of all that men can do and suffer, has not been surpassed by any teacher now living. Whatever later teachers may have done in definitely shaping opinion...here is the friendly fire-bearer who first conveyed the Promethean spark; here the prophet who first smote the rock.' 'Carlyle,' writes one of his oldest friends, may be likened to a fugleman; he stood up in the front of Life's Battle and showed in word and action his notion of the proper attitude and action of men. He was, in truth, a prophet and he has left his gospels.' To those who contest that these gospels are for the most part negative, we may reply that to

be taught what not to do is to be far advanced on the way to do.

"In nothing is the generation after him so prone to be unjust to a fresh thinker as with regard to his originality. A physical discovery, as Newton's, remains to ninety-nine out of a hundred a mental miracle ; but a great moral teacher 'labours to make himself forgotten.' When he begins to speak he is suspected of insanity ; when he has won his way he receives a Royal Commission to appoint the judges ; as a veteran he is shelved for platitude. So Horace is regarded as a mere jewellery store of the Latin, Bacon in his *Essays*, of the English wisdom, which they each in fact helped to create. Carlyle's paradoxes have been exaggerated, his partialities intensified in his followers ; his critical readers, not his disciples, have learnt most from him ; he has helped across the Slough of Despond only those who have helped themselves. When all is said of his dogmatism, his petulance, his 'evil behaviour,' he remains the master spirit of his time, its Censor, as Macaulay is its Panegyrist, and Tennyson its Mirror. He has saturated his nation with a wholesome tonic, and the practice of any one of his precepts for the conduct of life is ennobling. More intense than Wordsworth, more intelligible than Browning, more fervid than Mill, he has indicated the pitfalls in our civilisation. His works have done much to mould the best thinkers in two continents, in both of which he has been the Great Heart to many pilgrims. Not a few could speak in the words of the friend whose memory he has so affectionately preserved : 'Towards me it is still more true than towards England that no one has been and done like you.' A champion of ancient virtue, he appeared in his own phrase applied Fichte, as 'a Cato Major among degenerate men.' Carlyle had more than the shortcomings of a Cato ; he had all the inconsistent vehemence of an imperfectly balanced mind ; but he had a far wider range and deeper sympathies. The message of the modern preacher transcended all mere applications of the text *delenda est*. He denounced, but at the same time nobly exhorted, his age. A storm-tossed spirit, 'tempest-buffed,' he was 'citadel-crowned' in his unflinching purpose and the might of an invincible will."

Hugh Walker who considers Carlyle as one of the greatest men of the world has observed in his book *The Literature of*

the Victorian Era : "In every respect Carlyle was to his contemporaries an enigma. He was an enigma in his politics. He believed himself to be, and in truth he was one of the most thoroughgoing of Radicals ; and yet he poured contempt on those who called themselves by that name, and on all their nostrums. For 'Ballot-boxes, Reform Bills, winnowing machines' he has little respect. He declares democracy to be inevitable, to be indeed here ; and he adds that it is not a form of government at all. No ballot-boxes will guide the state aright any more than unanimity of voting will navigate a ship round Cape Horn. 'On this side of the Atlantic and on that, Democracy, we apprehend, is for ever impossible ! ...The Universe itself is a monarchy and Hierarchy The Noble in the high place the Ignoble in the low, that is, in all times and in all countries, the Almighty Maker's Law.' For Conservatives, on the other hand he had the warning that "Truth and justice alone are capable of being 'conserved' and 'preserved.'

"In religion likewise all parties in turn found Carlyle impracticable. He had no belief whatever in the dogmatic part of Christianity. While he regarded the whole universe as miraculous he was utterly incredulous of the specific miracle which consisted in a violation or suspension of the law of that universe. *The Life of Sterling* was a revelation to many, especially to men of the Coleridgean school, of the negative character of Carlyle's views on this question ; but the fact that revelation was needed is a proof how ill they had comprehended his earlier work. And yet, on the other hand, it was plain on almost every page that Carlyle was one of the most religious of men. To him, religion was the chief fact about a man ; and his quarrel with the eighteenth century had its root in the irreligion of that time.

"Carlyle then was to all sects and parties a speaker of things unwelcome. It is no matter for surprise that he was long unpopular ; it is rather the most eloquent tribute to his vast power and to the fundamental rightness and goodness and truth of his doctrine that at length he won recognition and conquered popularity. His services have been great, greater than they have ever yet been acknowledged to be. Two charges have been often brought against him which

demand a brief investigation. The first is the charge of self-contradiction. It is easily enough established by following the plan of taking this passage and that from different parts of his writings and setting them against one another. In this way, for example, he might be made to appear a pronounced individualist or a rampant socialist. To the orthodox, he is irreligious; to the materialist, he might seem superstitious. He denounced *Laissez faire*. 'Competition and Devil take the hindmost,' and, in a word, poured anathemas on all political economy. Yet he admitted that the regulation of life by the wisest of mediæval religious minds would have made modern Europe a Thibet. In his own day he saw men under a system of *Laissez faire* distributing themselves over a new continent: and he declared that it was done on the whole with wonderful success.

"To some extent the contradiction is real and is a flaw in Carlyle. In his emphatic way he exaggerated that which threatened to be neglected, and depreciated or ignored what he conceived to figure too prominently. In a democratic society he thought the lesson of order more important than that of freedom; and hence he sometimes wrote as if the latter need not be considered at all. The defect of *Past and Present* is that the past is idealised, and the present painted in hues of unnatural blackness. In *Latter-day Pamphlets* the denunciations are shrill and unmeasured. But to a larger extent Carlyle can be defended on the ground that the seeming contradictions are both true. He had not studied Kant's antinomies in vain. Thus, there is no real contradiction between the individualistic and the socialistic elements in his political philosophy; pure individualism and pure socialism being alike impossible extremes, and wise statesmanship consisting in discovering the just mean between them.

"The second and, if it were true, by far the more serious objection to Carlyle is that his work has borne no fruit in practice, that he denounced modern society and yet failed to show how it was to be improved. The answer of more sympathetic critics is the true one. It seems to us as if this were the case because in so many instances what Carlyle denounced has been reformed, and what he recommended has been done or is in process of being done. No one any longer defends

Laissez faire as alone a sufficient principle of government ; and no one did so much as Carlyle to turn the mind of the country against it. He insisted upon the organisation of labour as 'the universal vital Problem of the World.' When he wrote labour was regarded a thing which would organise itself and must be left to do so. Now, it is recognised by all that, however difficult it may be of solution, this problem does exist and must be faced. The difference between the political economy of the present day and that which he denounced is a tribute to the wisdom of Carlyle ; in no small degree it is due to his influence. The science of abstract laws has disappeared ; a science based on concrete facts is taking its place. With Carlyle's aid we see, as it was never seen before, how much is assumed in the phrase 'free competition' ; but if the freedom be real, the law of competition is perhaps the safest of all laws. There may be doubt whether Carlyle would have admitted this ; and yet he has stated the principle clearly enough in pointing out the possible effects of 'benevolence'. Incompetent Duncan M'Pastehorn, the hapless incompetent mortal to whom I give the cobbling of my books,—and cannot find in my heart to refuse it, the poor drunken wretch having a wife and ten children ; he *withdraws* the job from sober, plainly competent and meritorious Mr. Sparrowbill, generally short of work too ; discourages Mr. Sparrowbill, teaches him that he too may as well drink and loiter and bungle ; that this is not a scene for merit and demerit at all, but for dupery, and whining flattery, and incompetent cobbling of every description ;—clearly tending to the ruin of poor Sparrowbill ! What harm had Sparrowbill done me that I should so help to ruin him ? And I couldn't *save* the insalvable M'Pastehorn ; I merely yielded him, for insufficient work, here and there a half crown,—which he oftenest drank. And now Sparrowbill also is drinking !—(*Latter-Day Pamphlets*). Bastiat's 'what we see' and 'what we do not see' is not more vivid. There is nowhere a better argument for really free competition.

'Elsewhere, in *Past and Present*, he points out with faultless accuracy the real aim to be kept in view, and defines the true work of this vast 'organisation of labour'. 'Day's work for

day's wages? The Progress of Human Society consists even in this same—the better and better apportioning of wages to work. Give me this, you have given me all. Pay every man accurately what he has worked for, what he has earned and deserved,—to this man broad lands and honours, to that man high gibbets and tread-mills; what more have I to ask? Heaven's Kingdom, which we daily pray for, *has* come; God's will is done on Earth even as it is Heaven! This is the radiance of Celestial Justice; in the light or in the fire of which all impediments, vested interests, iron cannon are more and more melting like wax, and disappearing from the pathways of men' (*Past and Present*).

“Behind everything in Carlyle lay an unalterable belief in the Law of the Universe, which was his Religion, and a conviction that this law was identical with Truth and Justice—the only things capable of being conserved. No one even preached this doctrine more consistently; and, what is more difficult, no one ever lived more consistently in accordance with it. No higher standard on truth than Carlyle's has ever been held before the world. Neither by word, nor by action, nor by refraining from action, would he palter with the truth. For this lesson alone, if it owed him nothing else, the world would have cause to rank him among its great men.”

Discussing Carlyle's significance for modern times Routh has observed in his book *Towards the Twentieth Century*: “It will be found that his value is twofold. He helped, in the first place, to bring about a new order, because he unsettled other people's convictions. He questioned Anglicanism, evangelicalism, the Oxford Movement, democracy, political economy, metaphysics, Benthamism, biology, zoology, Darwinism. He was really the ‘spirit that denies,’ though he would rather have accepted a baronetcy than have confessed to The Everlasting Nay. So he perpetuates the habit of thinking for oneself. He is even more to be valued because this habit did not lead to nihilism. Despite every rebuff, he cannot argue himself to the world as a God-fearing man in search of God. Not finding what he sought elsewhere, he learnt from German literature to look for it in his own heart. There he discovered influences and aspirations which seemed to be other than himself, though

known to him through his intellect. These satisfied his sense of mysticism. Late in life he declared : 'It is in the soul of man; when reverence, love, intelligence, magnanimity have been developed there, that the *highest* can disclose itself face to face in sun-splendour.' Such illumination, vitally necessary to himself, was equally necessary to his contemporaries, so Carlyle concluded that it was the author's duty to substantiate this inward vision—to look outwards on the works and ways of other men ; in the phrase of the pantheist Hegel to look for the dignity which sleeps in stone, dreams in animals, and is awake in man.

"Thus Carlyle has no new gospel to proclaim when he taught that men could and should be demigods. It was a literary tradition, a religious creed becoming more and more secularised in the mouth of each succeeding preacher. The idea began with the romantic philosophers ; they merely speculate and affirm. It continues in the romantic poets ; they recognise the truths in their hearts, then prove them through their imagination ; their lyricism brings joy, and is not expected to convince. Then came the Oxford Movement, and Newman, like the philosophers and poets, directs our eyes into our consciences, where God is first to be found and, for proof, refers us to Scripture, Theology and Church History. There by the light of your conscience, and the keen but reverent employment of your intellect, you will find the same true God as you found in your hearts. You will find that what we call the Church is the embodiment of the Christ. But as the prototype was one, so must his substantiation be. Therefore, our destiny is to find the one pure indivisible Church and cling to it. Thus mysticism becomes a motive for conduct, and in this practical application it does not suit the age. Tennyson, for instance, will have none of it, but he also has learnt to feel the need of God in his heart. So he looks for confirmation in his poetic experiences, embracing the whole culture of his age. Yet it is only in friendship that he finds the promise of immortality and spiritual progress ; not a certainty, but a hope ; and he gives up the rest of the world in despair. But Tennyson, it may be urged, was moody and passionate. Then let us take Browning, an optimist and a man of action. He is temperamentally inclined to believe

that the world is worthy of our best aspirations. Being a social humanist, he is sure that he will demonstrate the presence of God by studying the minds of his fellow-creatures. His researches are fascinating but inconclusive, for he can confirm his ideals only by embodying them in figures resuscitated from some vanished age. His portraits are the products of the historical imagination, not of experience.

“So it appears that the leaders of Victorian culture were still living on the inspiration of the romantic movement, but each applied it to his own world in his own way. They looked within themselves for a divine pattern on which to model their thoughts; they looked on conduct for a reflection of that pattern, describing what they saw as to make it fit in with their ideal. They tried to adjust ethics to metaphysics. There is a rather ignoble temptation to belittle the achievement of these geniuses whom we can no longer imitate. They were great as artists and yet greater as a moral force. Whoever is scholar enough to yield to their magic, must also yield to their high sense of duty. Yet their influence will not stay with the admirer because these moralists protest too much. None wholly convinced themselves, nor their contemporaries, much less us. They express a tension, a yearning, not a realisation. They show us how they think we ought to love, not how we can live.

“Carlyle is conspicuous amongst these figures because he is the most aggressively practical of them all. He insists as vigorously as any on the evidence of his eyes, that is to say, on conduct as observed in past and present events. He asserted the superiority of the ‘poorest historical fact’ over fiction, even over imaginative poetry. He was so intolerant of ‘windy sentiments’ that he would not tolerate any theories at all. As such he exercised an enormous influence in the ‘forties and ‘fifties. He got as close as he could to life without renouncing his visions. He was a realist in ideals. But he is much more significant for us as a realist who could not substantiate his ideals. Thanks to his pragmatism he ended by finding himself in a false position. In fact, towards the end of his life he seemed to fear that he would become as he described his contemporaries, ‘destitute of faith and terrified at scepticism’. For

instance, earnest and adventurous thinkers in the 'fifties and 'sixties were trying to explain the mysteries and anomalies of human nature by tracing its origin. Carlyle did not examine or even consider their hypothesis, though crowded with facts. He merely betrayed the animosity inspired by fear, caricaturing their conclusions as 'man-made chemically out of *Urschleim* or a certain blubber called protoplasm.' On another occasion, near the end of his life, when Froude remarked that one could believe only in a God who did something 'with a cry of pain which I shall never forget,' he said, 'he does nothing'."

Giving an estimate of Carlyle Compton-Rickett has observed in *A History of English Literature*: "There are two ways of regarding Carlyle's significance, We may regard him merely as a force in letters, we may look at him as prophet to his age. In both capacities he deserves the attention of the literary student.

"Let us consider these two aspects more fully than we have hitherto done. And first of all take Carlyle as a literary artist.

"Even those who condemn his thought as confused, and esteem his ethical influence as overrated, concede him greatness as an artist. His books abound in brilliantly vivid pictures. Whatever he touches, whether a bit of landscape, as historical character, a biographical detail, even a date, is made alive and significant. His style has serious defects, but actuality and intensity are not among them. With a few strokes of the pen he can vitalise the landscape.

'Waving, blooming country of the brightest green; dotted all over with handsome villas, handsome groves: crossed by roads and human traffic, here inaudible or heard only as a musical hum; and behind all swarm, under olivetinted haze, the illimitable, liminary ocean of London.'

"Equally well can he paint the human element, as in this sketch of Coleridge's interminable monologues:

'He began anywhere, you put some question to him, made some suggestive observation; instead of answering this, or decidedly setting out towards an answer of it, he would accumulate formidable apparatus, logical swim-bladders, transcendental life-preservers, and other precautionary and vehiculatary gear for setting out; perhaps did at last get under way—but was swiftly solicited, turned aside by the flame

of some radiant new game on this hand or on that into new courses, and ever into new; and before long into all the universe, where it was uncertain what game you would catch, or whether any.'

"In the case of Coleridge the blame exceeds the praise, if we turn to his picture of Cromwell, where his moral sympathies were more actually engaged, we may see how well he can penetrate the peculiarities of the man and get at the core of his greatness.

'And withal this hypochondria, what was it but the very greatness of the man, the depth and tenderness of his ideal affections; the quantity of sympathy he had with things? The quantity of insight he could get over things; this was his hypochondria. The man's misery, as men's misery always does, came of his greatness. Samuel Johnson is that kind of man. Sorrow-stricken, half-distracted, the wide element of mournful black enveloping him—wide as the world. It is the character of a prophetic man with his whole soul seeing and struggling to see.'

"Carlyle's imagination is, as Emerson truly observed, of the stereoscopic order. He can give substance and perspective to his pictures. His figures are not embroidered decorations on flat surfaces. No writer of our time can more happily sum up the character of a man in a phrase. Take, for instance, the following felicities: 'Bacon sees—Shakespeare sees through.' Swift carried 'sarcasm to an epic pitch'—Mazzini, 'merciful and fierce, true as steel, the word and thought of him limpid as water; by nature a little lyrical poet.' With what humorous insight he has referred to Dean Stanley as 'knocking holes in the Church of England'; satirised the arguments of the imitative Tractarians as 'spectral Puseyisms,' and Coleridge's failure of will power as 'a steam engine of a hundred horse-power with the boiler burst.'

"Small wonder that Emerson said of him, 'Nothing seems hid from those wonderful eyes of yours; those devouring those thirsty eyes; those portrait-eating, portrait-painting eyes of thine.'

"No two writers of divergent temperament better appreciated each other's greatness than Carlyle and Emerson. The opposite of Emerson in temperament and in method, no one has better appraised his style than Carlyle, in the following sentence:

'Brevity, simplicity, softness, homely grace, with such a penetrating meaning, soft enough, but irresistible, going down to the depths and up to the heights as silent electricity goes.'

'This brilliant intensity of style is occasionally blinding and leads the writer into violent contrasts that lack proportion; but it is only the defect of his virtue as a writer. For the writing is always individual and forceful, never dull, insincere, nor trivial.

'Passing from the manner to the matter of his criticism, it may be noted now that he reduces every subject to a common moral denomination. His best criticisms are something much more than literary estimates, they are spiritual appreciation. Take, for instance, his admirable essay on Burns. Here he goes to the root of the matter at once:

'The excellence of Burns is, indeed, among the rarest, whether in poetry or prose; but, at the same time, it is plain and easily recognised; his *Sincerity*, his indisputable air of Truth. Here are no fabulous woes or joys; no hollow fantastic sentimentalities; no wire-drawn refinings, either in thought or feeling: the passion that is traced before us has glowed in a living heart; the opinion he utters has risen in his own understanding, and been a light to his steps. He does not write from hearsay, but from sight and experience: it is the scenes that he has lived and laboured amidst, that he describes; those scenes, rude and humble as they are, have kindled beautiful emotions in his soul, noble thoughts, and definite resolves; and he speaks forth what is in him, and from any outward call of vanity or interest, but because his heart is full to be silent. He speaks it with such melody and modulation as he can 'in homely rustic jungle'; but it is his own, and genuine. There is the grand secret for finding readers and retaining them: let him who would move and convince others be first moved and convinced himself.'

'The same applies to his finely suggestive essays on German literature. He had little of Coleridge's subtle metaphysical power, but had a ready instinct for expressing German thought in terms of human worth.

'As a literary critic Carlyle has none of the lighter graces, for he is too stern a wayfarer to care to saunter along the highways of literature; his imagination, intense and concrete, finds no sustenance in the exquisite abstractions of a Shelley on the one hand, or the clear, logical presentment of a John Stuart Mill on the other. There must be passion, or pronounced ethical bias in a writer for Carlyle to value him. He valued the teacher in Goethe rather than the artist; the genial man in

Scott rather than the story-teller, and where he could detect no distinct moral purpose, nor gripping emotional power, he was frankly uninterested and did less than justice to his subject. Personality is everything to him. This supplies him with his motive as a historian. History to him is 'the essence of innumerable biographies'—so he makes it his purpose to find out what the distinctive qualities are of the great man. With the anatomy of history he is not concerned, and if he is unduly contemptuous of the externals, at any rate few men have striven more earnestly to probe its soul. If blind to the fascination of its pageantry, he is fully alive to its drama.

"History for him, therefore, is one long battle between the forces within and the forces without, and he is at his best in dealing with the fierce dramatic crises of history, such as the French Revolution or the Puritan revolt. He can forgive brutality; he will never condone weakness. The great man for him is the strong man; 'it is the property of the hero that in every time, every place he comes back to reality.'

"Carlyle is at his happiest when the historical drama he is painting centres round a moral ideal—as in the case of Cromwell. There is much of Cromwell in Carlyle—and he brought the present generation face to face with the great Puritan; we have his words, we can hear the tone of his voice, we see him in his tent, in council every detail, the must minute, is here.

"He has done much to rescue the Puritans from obloquy; popular modern sentiment had decided they were half hypocrites, half fanatics. The hypocritical idea he quite exploded, and if he did not attempt to explain away the fanaticism he made of it a much more glorious thing than we had accounted it. Cromwell's fine conception of Justice, his noble ideal of Duty, his splendid Honesty, the grit, the patience, the compelling personality of the man are made manifest.

"In reproaching England for her sloth, her Godlessness, and in sighing for the return of the Puritan ideals, one feels that Carlyle, just as he constitutionally exaggerated the evils of the day, exaggerates the value of his remedy. Extremes produce extremes. The Puritan despotism, excellent in many ways, produced the Restoration. The middle Ages he so idealised in

Past and Present had evil of their own quite as oppressive as those we have today, and the return of mediaevalism sighed for by Carlyle can scarcely be considered seriously. He seized on certain features which he admired, the defects he never noticed.

"The world liberty had for him none of the glamour, the inspiration which it signified to the poet Shelley, nor even the more qualified political value which Mill attached to it. Revolutionary though he was in his preaching, he had not escaped the strong wave of reaction against the Revolution which swept over England after the Napoleonic war. That great banner of the Revolution, Liberty, was too blood-stained; he recoiled from it.

'In freedom for itself, he says, 'there is nothing to raise a man above the fly: the first duty of a people is to find their chief, the second and last to obey him; we see to what men have been brought by liberty, equality and fraternity.'

"I think in his heart that Carlyle realised that the strong man is the wise man; the man who sees that the collective usefulness of a community lies in every part yielding up its quota. Force will not effect this: Persuasion and sympathy may. But he was carried away by his love of Strength, and did not see that for a few to whom Might was the symbol of Right, there were many for whom no moral claim could be preferred.

"Give them centuries to try it, he says and Might and Right will be found to be identical. The strong thing will prove itself the just thing. But this is begging the question. A Might that dominates for centuries and then is 'found out' does not cease to be Might: else we must approve the Spanish Inquisition. Mazzini failed at first; who would decry him as unjust? Carlyle sneered at him, but was obliged ultimately to admit his greatness.

"No: Carlyle's doctrine carried out logically leads to an oligarchy subversive of mental and moral growth. It is useful in certain stages of a nation's history, but it is not for grown up men and women.

"Carlyle safeguards his claim for obedience by maintaining that we hold no obedience to tyranny but obedience to enlightened despotism.

‘Of all “rights of men” this right of the ignorant to be guided by the wiser, gently or forcibly, is the indisputablest.....Cannot one discern, across all democratic turbulence, clattering of ballot-boxes, and infinite sorrowful jangle, that this is at bottom the wish and prayer of all human hearts everywhere, “Give us a leader ?” ’

‘A leader, certainly, but may not the leader come from the very democracy of which Carlyle is so scornful.

‘Certainly, some of the strong Carlyle admired were not just men, for he approved the Czar, unduly glorified Frederick, grievously idealised Governor Eyre.

‘Now it is not hard to see what is in Carlyle’s mind when he applauds Force especially the force of some potent personality for strength, even when tyrannous, is better than weakness. It is better to do ill than to do nothing. Weakness, vacillation, indifference, timidity, these things make for anarchy and stagnation. In times of confusion the strong man is wanted. England needs a Tudor despot—and thrives. France requires a Napoleon—and order is restored. But what then ?

‘The Stuarts failed—since England had ceased to need a despot. Despotism at best is a negative mood. It has no constructive power. It does not make the best of a race, it keeps them under. Napoleon accomplished a needful work—but in attempting to perpetuate force as a rule of statecraft, failed.

‘Carlyle’s famous remark that the people of England consisted of thirty millions, mostly fools, certainly harmonises—whatever allowance be made for humorous exaggeration—with his distaste for ‘the divine right of democracy’; yet we must not overlook the fact that no one more bitterly espoused the cause of the poor or more bitterly denounced the wealthy drones that abound in society.

‘Oh, if you could dethrone that brute, god Mammon, and put a spirit God in his place !’ he cries, ‘one way or other he must and will have to be dethroned. Supply and demand is not the one law of nature. Deep, far deeper, are law’s obligations, sacred as man’s life itself...To make some human hearts a little wiser, manfully happier, more blessed, less accursed, it is work for a God.’

‘He preached the doctrine of a moral change in society. He looks to the ruling classes for the initiative ; and fails to under-

stand the real significance of the democratic appeal. Far clearer in insight on this point was his contemporary, John Stuart Mill.

'The idea of rational democracy,' said Mill, 'is not that people themselves govern, but that they have security for good government. This security they can have only by retaining in their own hands the ultimate control. The people ought to be masters employing servants more skilful than themselves.'

'That surely is a sounder political ideal than Carlyle's enlightened despotism.

'Obedience is good : so also is loyalty and hero-worship. But the sense of individual responsibility is, after all, the most important ; as Emerson said, 'It is a low benefit to give something ; it is a high benefit to enable me to do somewhat of myself.' George Eliot expressed it even more pithily when she said : 'Those who trust us, educate us.'

'Carlyle's social philosophy is vitiated, therefore, by its extravagant dependence on authority. Apart from this, there are many admirable points in his dicta on political and social subjects.

'Yet it is an ethical force that Carlyle will be best remembered. Here scarcely ever is he at fault. Sincere and honourable in all his dealings he preached a practical workaday creed that is as much a living force today as in the time when it was first delivered. If his hatred of compromise led him at times into intemperance of speech, the feeling at the bottom was incontrovertible enough. By a little trimming, and toning down, he might at more than one juncture in his career have secured a material position that would have saved him many a year of hard struggle. But he never compromised, never abated a jot of what he held to be right. And if he proved impervious to the blandishments of money, he was equally impervious to the seduction of praise. Success has spoiled many a good man : it never affected Carlyle.

'I believe that the glowing sincerity of his *Sartors Resartus*, the moral suggestiveness of his *Hero-Worship* and his *Cromwell*, and the large poetic imagination of certain of his *Essays* will exercise a more commanding and permanent influence than ever the brilliance of the *French Revolution* and *Frederick*, and, that because, as Leight Hunt said of him :

"What Mr. Carlyle loves better than his fault-finding with all its eloquence, is the face of any human creature that looks suffering, and loving and sincere."

"In concluding this rough survey of his work, something may be said of Carlylism that has troubled and will continue to trouble many readers. Carlyle's style is, save with a few exceptions, notably in the *Life of Sterling*, a disturbing, bewildering, and often exasperating style; it is at the same time a perfectly sincere and natural expression of the writer's temper of mind. The style is the man. Its defects are bound up with its virtues (for *Sterling* only exhibits one side of Carlyle's nature), and though we may regret its extravagances and contortions, they are part of the price we pay for his peculiar humour, satire, and tempestuous eloquence. The style, just as in Meredith's case, will necessarily limit his appeal, and in an age like ours of hurry and bustle, the writers who express themselves clearly and simply will have, undoubtedly, the wider influence. As a figure in our social literary history Carlyle will always loom a large and important figure, but as a maker of letters he will probably survive to the reading world at large rather in suggestive fragments."

UNIVERSITY QUESTIONS

1. 'Carlyle is a damagogue with a stutter.' Discuss.
2. '*Sartor Resartus* is a prolonged metaphor.' Discuss.
3. 'Carlyle was the strongest moral force of the literature of his time.' Discuss.
4. Consider *Sartor Resartus* as a study of human life in imaginary biography.
5. Write a note on Carlyle as a critic of contemporary life.
6. 'Carlyle's approach to history is intensely practical and personal.' Discuss.
7. Write a note on Carlyle's views about the Hero.
8. 'Carlyle as an historian reads the past in the light of the present.' Discuss.
9. Write a note on Carlyle as an Historian.
10. 'Carlyle was against Democracy and supported Totalitarianism.' Discuss.
11. Write a note on Carlyle's political philosophy.
12. Write a note on Carlyle as a religious seer and prophet.
13. Discuss Carlyle's message for modern times.
14. 'Carlyle has profoundly influenced British criticism.' Discuss.
15. Write a note on Carlyle as a critic, and assess his place among the English critics.
16. 'Carlyle was, above all, a great literary artist.' Discuss.
17. Write a note on Carlyle's style.
18. 'Carlyle was the prominent master of prose of the nineteenth century.' Discuss.
19. Discuss the philosophy of *Sartor Resartus*.
20. 'Carlyle is the master-spirit of his time, its Censor.' Discuss.

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