

## The Bowdoin Carlyle Fragments

*The editors present these fragments, which they have numbered 1–5 in an arbitrary manner, with minimal annotation. Carlyle hand is more difficult than usual in these fragments, which is understandable given the preliminary nature of his writing here. Illegible text is denoted by square brackets and question marks that account for the approximate number of characters in the unreadable word(s). The editors have used superscript and strike-through to re-create TC's methods of abbreviating and crossing out text. Angle brackets (< >) are used to denote excisions within excisions and also where using strike-through would not be clear. At certain points, when Carlyle begins to write and correct in between lines, the narrative thread of the text becomes difficult to retrace. In these instances, the editors have attempted to reconstruct Carlyle's texts as accurately as possible.*

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### MS Fragment 1

(2)

such a one, a Sir R<sup>t</sup> Peel even! Him we cannot get just now, not even him. — — What a man in possession of a mere pen can do? Tho' infinitesimally small, still verily something. Rouse the minds of those who are really kings; incite them to stand up with noble energy, and continually, ~~not all~~ not in the hustings and vestry meeting, but in all moments of their life, to assist their sacred calling appointed them by God the maker,—which is not so much a privilege in these days as a penalty; ~~th~~ a claiming of their right to be in the forlorn hope;. Here fellow citizens, is

our part; the ~~place~~ part of honour which is the part of danger too; of perennial difficulty and at last of noble death. Not ~~a~~ the claims for an idle soft-cushioned life waited only obsequious valetage, ~~and~~ delusive sycophancy and the luxury of mammon; no our ~~but the~~ claim ~~to claim~~ is for the distant but divine hope of victory to a ~~noble~~ death that shall be noble. Death found in the declared eternal war ag<sup>t</sup> such basenesses and their abettors in high places and in low. He that is of such temper, let them join us; he that is not, let him stay away.

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A free man: who properly is "free"? A good defin<sup>n</sup> of that, alive in the heads of man, was invaluable in those times. ~~Most people ask wide-eyed~~ Alas to the generality it is not even a question. Bobus asks us, free man? What! is not a man that has his franchise in his pocket, and is privileged to chose [*sic*] his king by ballotbox in alebarrel election or otherwise? Deeply bewildered Bobus, No, not in any wise.—Free is he who has his franchise in his heart, given him not primarily act of parl<sup>t</sup> but first of all by the immortal gods and the eternal fact of things. Freedom is obedience first of all; unconditional obedience to the divine law; ~~prostrate obedient loyalty~~ uncalculating loyal obedience of heart and soul to that; loyal disobedience to all else. Obedience, in so rigorous a universe as ours, is inevitable for ~~even~~ all mortals: the most mutinous has but his choice of obediences like the rest of us, can be obed<sup>t</sup> to the gods, or to the upholsterers, pastry-cooks, French tailors, brewers of fermented liquor; after deforcing many policemen, defrauding many auditors, and working other trouble as he may the most mutinous is at last obed<sup>t</sup> to the hemp of the gallows, and then rests from his mutiny. He, I think, is not a free man, and never was, however many franchises, rentrolls, and other official sheepskins you had drawn out on his behalf; not he but another, I think, in spite of your unhappy sheepskins. Continents of sheepskins cannot liberate a man whom the gods have made a slave; not if you wrote doglatin on them till you died, and passed daily acts of Parl<sup>t</sup> in confirmation, and gave the poor slave Potoris and Banks of England to dispose of: ~~bray him in a mortar, he is and remains a slave illuminate him in all your~~ [??? ???] the more you try ag<sup>t</sup> the divine fiat, ~~the~~ fiat, the less will you succeed, the fatallest will it be for you

and your poor enfranchised beprivileged begifted blockhead whom the gods had written down slave. The world's big box of miseries in these days, which defies all doctors ~~and their Morrison's Pillbox, Barricades, Ballotbox, or other~~ and their medical measures, comes even thence, that you have tried, to make under innumerable forms this long while, ~~to make~~ him a king whom the Eternal Maker made a No-king; and now at last thank God, the sport is done; the last ~~grains~~ veinlets of gold are eaten out by the revolutionary Will o' wisps (as Goethe's Tale has it);<sup>1</sup> and your scandalous Brummagen Composite king sinks help-lessly together.<sup>2</sup> Not sitting, not fallen, but huddled ignominiously into ruin (see Tale), over which decency draws a veil.

## MS Fragment 2

(3)

Your talk is of no value,—alas of how much less than none,—if it be not followed by action! Wise action is the end of Man, in all his words and thoughts and silent or loud endeavours. If there be not wisdom found, what is the good of all manner of constitutionalism? Election speeches, hustings speeches, ~~vestry meetings~~ parl' and other eloquence, and all the oratory you carry on,—it is a general “Litany to Chaos”; ~~can~~ invocation, not unsuccessful to the “Anarch Old.”<sup>3</sup> Good Heavens, what a worship in this sort is daily carried on in the Islands of ours, in the vestries, coteries, Town-councils, Sanitary Com<sup>ms</sup> Exeter Halls & West<sup>r</sup> Halls, and other Talking-Establish<sup>ts</sup> of this unhappy country

Wealth abounds, but the uses of wealth are sadly scarce. How to make money seems to be well known; how to use it nobly when made was never darker that it is a present (oh dear, oh dear! What shall I do?— my peat will not kindle at all!

<sup>1</sup> TC refers to Goethe's “Das Märchen” (1795).

<sup>2</sup> TC continues on the verso of the page at the hyphen in “helplessly.”

<sup>3</sup> See *Paradise Lost* 2.88–90

Obstructions to “grand issue arrived at” (see other page).—  
Constitutionalism; this stands next us; this is the sum of all.  
Divides itself into to portions (?): Faith in Parl<sup>l</sup>; value for  
Speaking (for what will get votes in Parl<sup>l</sup>). Immense results of  
this in our modes of education, everywhere our social distinc-  
tions (been mainly recruited from<sup>4</sup>

[Issue to be aimed at]

“Free man”; leather “chancellor” begets your Kings.

[nichts!]<sup>5</sup>

### MS Fragment 3

The issue to be attained is (in general):

That the wise men of the Community (who are the free men,  
the noble, and in every intrinsic sense the kings of the Coun<sup>y</sup>)  
sh<sup>d</sup> again take actual command of the Fools. They must do it;  
clearly till they do it, we have everywhere but an Anarchy, or  
Society without rule: all things drift hither and thither, ~~and~~  
trembling in aimless welter under the ~~beating~~ blind winds,  
~~of and popular opinion, which is and [????] an [????], hateful~~  
~~from the first to more of insight, and and results are realized~~  
~~much as force them we~~ realizing from the first a result which no  
ingenuous soul can see with much satisfaction, and at last (as  
now in 1849, in most quarters of Europe from Comoru fortress  
the workhouse of Connemara, a result which give pause to  
the dullest. “Anarchy.” how can it be otherwise? Anarchy is  
hatefuller than death, said Goethe.<sup>6</sup> Nay Anarchy is<sup>7</sup> “death,”  
~~and~~ horrid strangulation, extinction in foul ignominious  
agony, and this not to the body only but to the soul, to all that  
is noble in the soul and its aims. A desolate wanderer and not  
a citizen is every noble man tho<sup>l</sup>, when An<sup>y</sup> reign must it begin  
to try if it cannot cease

<sup>4</sup> The page is cut. TC continues on the verso with the endorsement.

<sup>5</sup> TC uses square brackets for the endorsement.

<sup>6</sup> See *The French Revolution*, ed. K. J. Fielding and David Sorensen (Oxford, 1989), 380.

<sup>7</sup> Illegible word written above “is.”

That anarchy cease: What a huge problem, at present! This problem is ours.

Now for the means. Alas, the “means,”— They are small just now. The painful burning tho<sup>t</sup> of here and there some poor lonely Son of Adam; silent amid the loud psalmodyings of Emancipation Principle, Abolition Principle, Ballotbox, Universal Philanthropic movement, Prison Discipline, Railway Miracles and the New Era; steeped to the lips in disgust and discouragement; painfully conscious that he is in a minority of one. The “means”<sup>8</sup>—alas, the task is enorm-ous<sup>9</sup> and —ours ~~and~~ the means are too exiguous! The “means” w<sup>d</sup> be some noble governing soul, filled with divine fire and conviction as to these things, who could straightway in some position of auspicious activity set about doing them, in defiance of the long-eared world and its psalmodies. Some Cromwell, some Wilh’ Conquestor some king once more in Israel. Alas, how welcome were the reminiscence of

#### MS Fragment 4

A man loyal to the laws of this universe, he may have some chance to assist in guiding you into these; a man not loyal, none.

Liberty is not lawlessness; liberty is submission to the just laws, which indeed means resistance to the unjust, but first of all, surely, recognition of the just laws, ~~and~~ sworn fealty to the just. Liberty begins not ~~by~~ in resistance but in submission: a thing well worth remembering in these days of barricades.— Does the free man sit think you at his ease in the creation? Drinking his claret or his heavy wet; requiring to be ordered by any one, and in a jolly defiant manner issuing his orders? Far from it, my Tenpound-Franchise friend. To obey the ~~unwritten~~ Eternal Law in so a chaotic a temporary time as ours, this is no jolly matter, my friend, but a grave and strenuous, not to say, in many cases, a grim and terrible one. ~~Not with his champagne glass or his pot of heavy wet before him will you readily find the free man To obey <this> such law is <difficult>~~,

<sup>8</sup> TC inserts “[t.o.]” below “The ‘means.’”

<sup>9</sup> TC continues on the verso at the hyphen in “enormous.”

to recognize it is the essence of human worship, the soul of all religion that has been or that will be among men. What else is worship in all forms up to martyrdom itself but the recognition To obey such law is to recognize it more and more as awful and divine, as a thing full of greatness of splendor and terror,—issuing in life eternal or death eternal. In such recognition <—> is it ~~not~~ the essence of human worship, the soul of all “religion” that has been, or that will be, among men. <“>God is great,<”> and there is nothing the great Worship in all forms up to martyrdom itself is either this same recognition, or it is a wretched phantasm nothing, and even less,—as alas we often in these times see it to be. Not a jolly matter, my friend, is this of real enfranchisement contrasted with apparent. Not oftenest with his pot of heavy wet before him, and his face beaming in jocund banter, will you find the free man: oftenest, I should say, with sorrowful very earnest face, as one intent on inevitable heavy labour, which he grieves that he cannot get done and one short both of tools and arena for the same. Lips closed in such a galimathias, I sh<sup>d</sup> rather fancy, and eyes perhaps looking silently sorrowful rather than jolly. I heard more than one, and still in a sad, confused and now even contemptible dialect occasionally hear a certain Supreme ~~Free Man~~ Figure in this sort, the Divinest Free Man ever seen, ~~below~~ I am told, and the One that made us all free, according to most; of him it was said that he was well acquainted with grief was no stranger to him, that he was does not appear that he was very jolly: grief and not jolly was his prevailing humour in this world: a man of sorrows, they say, and acquainted with grief, ~~there~~ his face was more saddened than that of any man.—Withdraw my jolly friend into the interior recesses of the pothouse and there be as jolly as thou wilt and canst; ~~this is not quite a time for drinking longs and [?????]~~ have there noisy carousing, joyful nouraises,<sup>10</sup> and unwholesome steaming liquor, is obstructs the despatch of business somewhat.

He that cannot read the unwritten Laws, how shall he assist you to translate them into writing? All human legislation, if it is not worse than a fatuity, is a translation of the Divine unwritten Law into practical human ~~Writing~~ precept and

<sup>10</sup> Nowruz is an ancient Persian festival celebrating the spring.

writing. Unerring, eternal, thro' every fibre of created Nature runs that Law of the Maker of Nature; not a sparrow falls to the ground, nor a sand-grain splits in the centre of Sahara, but follows this appoint' and no other's. High protocolling Kaisers, in their diplomacy of words poor huckstering costermongers in Schönbrunn,<sup>11</sup> in St. Giles's, not an alike His<sup>12</sup>

Who is free? Loyal to the Laws of this universe

Law is overthrown and in them. Not a life-pulse in the Kaiser or the Cottermonger but is preordained by Law. In life-pulse but is by His ordaining; not an act they do, in their sale of onions in their diplomacy of worlds, but is marked as either wrong or right no word or act that is not "written on the iron leaf,"<sup>13</sup>—towards the salvation of the world, or the towards its damnation. Awful enough; beautiful and terrible enough to the thinking heart, light as it may look to the hearts of unthinking heaven, of Apes by the Dead Sea! I remind thee, my friend, that in no act of word or thought it will not it do for them us to contradict this Law, not for any quantity of human Parlt's, of the most constitutl sort, will I wilfully [*sic*] assent to contradict it,—contradiction of it means ruin to all man and parl<sup>ts</sup>,—to all creations, whether of the Kaiser or the Cottermonger species, alike perish eternally, if they contradict this.

### MS Fragment 5

May it not be conjectured that the imagination of men has, in these mindless ages, permanently or not, ~~lamed itself~~ fallen lame, and is no longer capable of its old conquests and expansions? We still talk of incurability, heaven, hell, and such-like objects; but the meaning we attach to them, if well looked into, is quite melancholy and amazing. 'Incurability' is some faint dream of an inane Hades, whither, it is generally reported, we shall go, all go, ~~and where under by one means~~

<sup>11</sup> Schönbrunn ("beautiful spring"), palace and hunting retreat of the Habsburgs just outside of Vienna.

<sup>12</sup> TC continues at "Law" on the verso, beneath the endorsement and towards the bottom of the sheet.

<sup>13</sup> TC used the phrase earlier in *Past and Present* (189).

~~of which polite men~~ further exceptionable circumstances, which polite men and official discretion leads [*sic*] us to call good;—whereby, one way or another, the cowardly and indeed quite contemptible fear we have trying is, better or worse, put to sleep for the time being. “Heaven” is ~~what~~ again, all men loudly believe in. ~~but nobody much wishes to Heaven~~; and what is very notable everybody expects to get into it; ~~nobody figures it as~~ which signifies indeed, that nobody much wants to get into it. Nobody’s ~~imaginat<sup>n</sup>~~ imagination ~~much~~ can takes hold yet, can figure it as much other than some pale cloudland, quite of an uncertain nature: far better to stay here among the solid fleshpots and warm creature comforts if one could. “Gehanna” I am told is contracted into the French term gêne; to gêner a man, that is the meaning of Gehenna-ing him. Wonderful to consider!—If this be a fact however, we shall so wish to admit it, to ~~the~~ take of tho’ of it, and ascertain whence it comes and whither it is tending. /

Bollandus’s Acta Sanctorum is a Book which, read with human eyes, excites endless reflexions.<sup>14</sup> Honour Bollandus, poor man, as a real Hero-worshipper ~~in his way~~ after his sort, and one capable herein [???] of heroic enterprises in behalf of his heroes. To ~~gallu~~ search out from all the ~~reson~~ recesses of the world the remaining vestiges of ~~all the noble army of~~ Spiritual Heroes; to dig up their forms memory from the accumulated darkness and exuviae of 1500 years, and present them in their true likeness as a noble army and totality, ~~summoned~~ gathered from all countries and all times: the enterprise was high enough for one man. ~~Admire too the faithful~~ Bollandus died while the second of his fifty big folios was hardly yet printed; he died but successors did not fail him, have never entirely failed him down to this day. Admire too the diligent fidelity which has animated these men, inspiring each devoted Bollandist as with the opine of Bollandus himself. And think not, tho’ their element and material is one of error and mistake, ~~dim tradition, superstition, and every species of misleading, mesmerism and~~ that they themselves are false: far from it; nor are they, on all sides blind, but on the contrary, wherever their jesuitical

<sup>14</sup> Jean Bolland (1596–1665), Jesuit priest, compiler of the first five volumes of the *Acta Sanctorum*.

monastic spectacles will allow it, the natural eyesight of these men is clear, almost, faithful. Papeborch, Henschen,<sup>15</sup> and the others, but they do trod chiefly, have often made me pause in a kind of pathetic admiration. Good study, good scholarship, extensive information; clear vigilant criticism, everywhere with might efficiently doing its best to elucidate and illuminate, to bring out the buth fact as it was and is, silently rooting up innumerable this or the other incoherences of an uncritical Colganus, Capgravius;<sup>16</sup> a dispor<sup>n</sup> is the farthest in the world from falsity, ~~indolence, hard-credulity~~ active or passive;— these are qualities one everywhere ~~and may~~ requires [*sic*]. Poor fellows, in their dark mines of superstitious lumber, how interesting to see a lamp of rational-

*Bollandus* (Imagin<sup>n</sup>) [nothing!]<sup>17</sup>

~~and~~-ity<sup>18</sup> and veracity in the hand of the workman in these dreary regions! May his search prosper; a search, such as it, for human noblemen and divine patronage thereof; the summary of all interest whatever lies in success there if he can succeed. And so we open some of his Lives of Saints; and patiently read till some ~~he~~ meaning rise for us.

Strange enough meanings. These men then did believe in the immortal nature of man. Not a doctrine of the schools or pulpits that, but a ~~practical-truth~~ palpable practical fact, ~~to these men, and~~ practical, we may well fancy, beyond all other facts ever before conceived by man. I do not die, then, I live thro' Eternities; what a fact! I who now draw the transient breath of this poor world, I after my ~~threescore~~ 3 [????] years end! endure forevermore. ~~before my Maker~~; And either in ~~beatitude~~

<sup>15</sup> Daniel Papenbroeck, or Papebroch (1628–1714), Dutch Jesuit, first generation Bollandist who devoted 55 years of his life to the *Acta Sanctorum*. Godfrey Henschen (1601–81), Dutch Jesuit, early Bollandist who collaborated with Bolland himself.

<sup>16</sup> Johannes Colganus (ca. 1600–1657), Irish hagiographer, author of *Acta Sanctorum Hiberniae* (1645) and *Trias Thaumaturga* (1647). Johannes Capgravius (1393–1464), English historian and hagiographer, often associated with *Nova Legenda Angliae*, which he edited, but did not write.

<sup>17</sup> TC's square brackets.

<sup>18</sup> TC continues at the hyphen in “rationality,” on the bottom half of the page and under the endorsement.

