

of a large fortune with splendid talents. At 25 he had made a European reputation. His life has been spotlessly pure. He has been generous to excess, mostly disinterested in thought and action. Yet few men have been more unhappy—his home has been desolate. . He has instructed and delighted millions; and his own portion has been dust and ashes.

But I must not end in this melancholy tone.— The world (meaning its human inhabitants) is like the globe they occupy, in perpetual revolution between light and darkness. The sunlight will come around again, and the good seed which has been sown will then spring up & make itself seen. If it is dark here there is light yonder in the American Goshen. . May you live long to enjoy it and believe me yours most faithfully

J A Froude



*An Afterword*  
 “Give Carlyle His Due”:  
 Goldwin Smith, Thomas Carlyle, and  
*The Bystander*

ON A VISIT TO BOSTON IN 1864, THE JOURNALIST, HISTORIAN, AND abolitionist Goldwin Smith (1823–1910) delivered an impassioned lecture, later published as *England and America* (1865), in which he congratulated the North for its resolute opposition to slavery and for its perseverance and fortitude in defending the great principle of human liberty. Smith saw the imminent triumph of the North as a vindication of Anglo-Saxon democracy, and a crushing repudiation of the hero-worshipping philosophy of Thomas Carlyle, who more than any other public figure had been responsible for swaying English opinion in favor of the South. For Smith, the inevitable defeat of the secessionists would also mark the nadir of Carlyle as a prophet and a sage. Yet this was not a conclusion that Smith especially savored. In the 1840s, he had been a member of the “Decade” debating group at Oxford, which included, among others, Matthew Arnold, Arthur Hugh

Clough, Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, Edward Augustus Freeman, and Benjamin Jowett. Despite their differences, they shared in common a loose allegiance to Carlyle, who had inspired their liberal Anglicanism by encouraging them to resist the double-talk, hypocrisy, bigotry, and stifling orthodoxy of Victorian “religiosity” (*Heroes* 42).

Smith’s analysis of Carlyle’s impact in *England and America* suggests the sharp sense of betrayal felt by this generation towards their spiritual mentor:

One English writer has certainly raised his voice against you with characteristic vehemence and rudeness. As an historical painter and a humourist Carlyle has scarcely an equal: a new intellectual region seemed to open up to me when I read his ‘French Revolution.’ But his philosophy, in its essential principle, is false. He teaches that the mass of mankind are fools—that the hero alone is wise—that the hero, therefore, is the destined master of his fellow-men, and that their only salvation lies in blind submission to his rule—and this without distinction of time or circumstance, in the most advanced as well as in the most primitive ages of the world. The hero-despot can do no wrong. He is a king, with scarcely even a God above him, and if the moral law happens to come into collision with his actions, so much the worse for the moral law. On this theory, a commonwealth such as yours ought not to exist; and you must not be surprised if, in a fit of spleen, the great cynic grasps his club and knocks your cause on the head, as he thinks, with a single blow. Here is the end of an unsound, though brilliant theory—a theory which had always latent in it the worship of force and fraud, which has now displayed its tendency at once in the portentous defence of the robber-policy of Frederick the Great and in the portentous defence of the Slave Power. An opposite theory of human society is, in fact, finding confirmation in these events—that which tells us that we all have need of each other, and that the goal towards which society actually moves is not an heroic despotism, but a real community, in which each member shall contribute his gifts and faculties to the common store, and the common government shall become the work of all. For, if the victory in this struggle has been won, it has been won, not by a man, but by the nation; and that it has been won, not by a man, but by a nation, is your glory and the pledge of salvation. (23–24)

Ironically, a year after dismissing him as moribund force, Smith returned to the subject of Carlyle in his next published work. The Governor Eyre controversy had put him and Carlyle on opposite sides of a political debate that was directly linked to the movement for parliamentary reform in England. Together with John Bright and Carlyle's old friend and nemesis, the recently elected MP John Stuart Mill, Smith organized the Jamaica Committee to prosecute Eyre for illegal acts in his brutal suppression of a black revolt in Jamaica in October 1865. In August 1866, Carlyle himself was elected to chair the Eyre Defense and Aid Fund. To raise money for the Jamaica Committee, Smith delivered a series of lectures, which were well-received and later published as *Three English Statesmen* (1867). His aim was to challenge Carlyle's false conception of hero-worship, which had resulted in the Chelsea prophet's misguided championship of Governor Eyre. But Smith's choice of three "true" British heroes—John Pym, Oliver Cromwell, and William Pitt—suggested his curious proximity to the author whose illiberal opinions he claimed to abhor.

In certain respects Smith's lectures served to elaborate and clarify the link in Carlyle's outlook between "might" and "right." His treatment of Cromwell, in particular, showed the extent of Carlyle's influence on his political judgment. Echoing Carlyle's distinction in *Heroes* between Cromwell and Napoleon, Smith asserts, "[The Protector] was great enough . . . to reign among the free. An ignoble nature like that of Bonaparte may covet despotism. A noble nature never cared for the affection of a dependent or for the obedience of a slave" (68). According to Smith, "Cromwell had quelled anarchy as well as tyranny. . . . [H]e had put down the great mutiny of the Levellers. He had . . . perhaps saved England from a reign of terror." In his assessment of the massacres at Wexford and Drogheda, Smith went further than Carlyle in condoning the Protector's actions: "The laws of war in those days were far less humane and chivalrous than they are now. . . . This excuse is not sufficient. . . . But it is at all events the excuse of a moral and responsible being" (61). Smith tacitly endorses Carlyle's view in *On Heroes* that true heroes are distinguished by what they "practically lay to heart, concerning [their] vital relations to this mysterious Universe" (*Heroes* 4). In Smith's estimate, "Cromwell was a fanatic, and all

fanatics are morally worse for their fanaticism. . . . But that this man's religion was sincere, who can doubt?" (64).

Perhaps aware of how near he was to Carlyle's perspective, Smith back-pedals in a series of qualifications. He acknowledges that he can "never speak of Mr. Carlyle without paying grateful homage to the genius which produced the 'French Revolution.' That work is his best, partly because it is free from a hero." But *Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches* is "hero-worship, and therefore it is not true; but like the alchemists who made chemical discoveries while they were in search of their visionary gold, though [Carlyle] has failed to reveal a god, he has not failed to help us in our study of the character of a great man." In a less equivocal manner Smith argues, "Carlyle prostrates morality before greatness. His imitators prostrate it before mere force, which is no more adorable than fraud, the force of those who are morally weak. We might as well bow down before the hundred-headed idol of a Hindoo. To moral force we may bow down: but moral force resides and can reside in those only whose lives embody the law" (67).

In the second part of his article on Carlyle and Catholicism, published in this issue of *Carlyle Studies Annual*, Owen Dudley Edwards quotes Chesterton's famous remark about the Chelsea sage: "He was something of a Tory, something of a Sans-culotte, something of Puritan, something of an Imperialist, something of a Socialist; but he was never, even for a single moment, a Liberal" (Chesterton 22–23). This may be true in a strictly political sense, but as Smith's example demonstrates, labels are of questionable worth when trying to pinpoint Carlyle's peculiar appeal to his age.

Goldwin Smith was still not done with the author who had done so much to help him clarify the precise nature of his liberal convictions. His own subsequent career as a journalist in Canada embittered him towards democracy and brought him back, always reluctantly, to the heterodoxies of Carlyle. As Christopher A. Kent points out in his entry on Smith in the *Oxford Dictionary of National Biography*, "[His] belief in democracy and the people, though real, was always fragile, and became increasingly so as he witnessed the failure of those influences he hoped would keep them on the paths of virtue. The defeat of the 'best men' . . . by party government, was perhaps the

central political tragedy for Smith.” With Carlylean ferocity and determination, Smith turned against Canada’s newspaper establishment. In Toronto he founded what Kent has called his “most distinctive contribution to journalism . . . [,] *The Bystander*, a sixty-six page monthly with an unprecedentedly wide circulation, which he wrote in its entirety.” He published it from January 1880 to June 1881, then as a quarterly in 1883, and again as a monthly from October 1889 to September 1890. In the March, April, and June issues of 1881, Smith used the occasion of Carlyle’s death to comment on his legacy. Unknown to previous scholarship, these articles seem to link Smith to Carlyle across time, and to confirm the latter’s closing words: “To thee I was but as a Voice. Yet was our relation a kind of sacred one; doubt not that!” (*FR* 2: 453).

DRS

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*The Bystander*

[March 1881, 163–67]

Had Carlyle lived another century he would have had nothing new to say. He had long been, to use his own phrase, “a shut-up man,” who had ceased to take in or give out any new truth. As an historical painter, he may almost be called peerless. Where shall we find rivals to such a series of scenes as his “French Revolution?” As a humorist, also, the writer of “Sartor Resartus” is great, great in himself, whatever may be his debt to the Germans. The introduction of humour into history is, perhaps, the most original stroke of his genius, and makes his appearance a literary epoch. His style is his own and a part of his humour; in his imitators it is detestable. His philosophy, we venture to think, is naught, or worse than naught. It would have put the world on a totally wrong track. The greatest of men is not a god nor anything like a god; and, therefore, to worship the greatest of men or to put blind trust in him is folly and degradation. But when greatness is identified with force, Hero worship becomes a superstition as gross as the adoration of any hundred-handed idol. The idea is an anachronism; in early times the chief is everything; as civilization advances the people rise to his level and his importance grows less. A passage in “Frederick” shows that Carlyle had never got rid of his Scotch Calvinism, and that at the root of his historical philosophy lay Predestination. The most unpractical of teachers, not even caring to be practical, he never asked himself how the hero, in following whom lay the world’s sole hope of salvation, was to be found. The names of Cromwell, Frederick, Napoleon issued from the urn of war or political convulsion, which would be rather costly modes of election. A vague sympathy with violence Carlyle succeeded in creating and, unhappily, it sometimes took practical forms. It must be said for him that while he perverts history by partiality for the hero and by flagrant injustice (or as he styles it “justice of the gods”) towards all who get in the hero’s way, he never, so far as we know, falsifies facts. But his imitators, the avenging Furies of eccentric genius, do falsify facts and turn history into

a vast lie for the glorification of some hero like King Henry VIII, and the disparagement of his victims. The moral of "Past and Present" is just as untrue as that of "Hero Worship"; the world with which Abbot Samson battled was, on Carlyle's own showing, not better, but worse than ours. Here, again, Carlyle himself keeps some measure with common sense, but he is followed by howling dervishes who denounce their generation, though it keeps them pretty comfortably, as a mere mass of roguery, and, being themselves the softest of sentimentalists, affect to pine for the return of a heroic age in which they would have been the most abject and the most constantly kicked of slaves. How much insight the sage derived from his philosophy was seen when he pronounced on the greatest practical question of his day, the struggle between Slavery and Freedom in the United States, a judgment most oracular in its form, most untrue in its version of the facts, and immediately falsified by the event. His chief discipline, in like manner, pronounces that the Irish question can be solved only by despotism, while statesmanship is successfully solving it in a milder way. To democratic optimism he administered some wholesome rebukes; but their extravagance deprives them of serious value; everybody knows that the "thirty millions," though very fallible, are no more "fools" than he is; and while he rails at the ballot-box, he proposes nothing in its room. Rosewater philanthropy again might have benefited by his preachings, if he had not ruined them by truculent sophistry and sometimes by downright brutality. His cynicism became at last as bitter, as indiscriminating, and as barren as the east wind. His sympathy with religious enthusiasm seems to indicate that his philosophy had a religious basis of some kind, but he never gave it or tried to give it a distinct form. No thinker of genius who ever lived was so satisfied to put up with haze. His tone was always high; he was a good antidote to materialism; but his Titanic vocabulary filled very weak men with false notions of their own strength, set them wielding a Thor's hammer of thundering talk, and generated the very humbug which he thought it his mission to put down. He sometimes cants terribly against cant; his praises of silence are very voluminous, and his Eternal Verities are about the best stuffing for windbags in the world.

[April 1881, 228–32]

Some of our friends think that in the short paragraph on Carlyle in our last number we failed to give him credit for some special effect which he had produced. It may well have been so, yet we find it difficult to discover what the special effect can have been. That his tone was always high, and that he was a good antidote to materialism, we have said; if we could say it in more august and striking words we fancy it would be about what our friends really mean. Did Carlyle supply any new motive power? Did he give any new practical rule? The answer to both questions must, we conceive, be in the negative, and if so, wherein does his greatness as a moral, social or political teacher lie? To his greatness, as a historical painter, we paid our homage in no stinted measure. Nothing is done by phrases however thundering, by talking spasmodically about earnestness, by mentally taking your coat off, as it were, to set with extraordinary energy about you know not what. Mere literary excitement begets not strength but weakness, and uncommonly weak, to tell the truth, some of the most rampant of the sect are. Carlyle looks down on Mazzini, saying, that though valiant, gifted, and noble, he “was hopelessly given up to his republicanism, his ‘Progress,’ and other Rousseau fanaticisms for which he (Carlyle) had at no time the least credence or even any considerable respect amidst his pity.” You can point to fruits and very important fruits of Mazzini’s teaching. Who can point to any fruits of the teaching of Carlyle? Mazzini’s teaching remained the same to the end. Carlyle’s passed from Radicalism to Toryism, from treating the Aristocracy and the Established Church as the grossest of shams to lauding and upholding both, and there is no assignable ground for his conversion other than a mere change of mood. The basis of his political philosophy is history, but, as we said before, it is history misread, since he fails to see that humanity changes in its onward course; and that, as the importance of the general intelligence waxes that of the individual chief wanes, so that now to uplift a man on our shields, dub him a demigod, and put ourselves blindly into his hands, would be at least as fatuous and ridiculous as any survival satirized in “Latter Day Pamphlets” or “Sartor Resartus.” Nor are Carlyle’s interpretations of particular periods by any means so true as the pictures through which they are conveyed are

glowing. Cromwell is to him as an autocrat sent from Heaven, to whom everybody was bound on pain of damnation, political and general, to pay absolute obedience: but the whole of the Protectorate was a constant effort on the part of the Protector himself to get back from autocracy to the constitutional government which is the special object of Carlyle's contempt. Nor does the "French Revolution," with all its admirable brilliancy, point and humour, give anything like an accurate or even intelligible account of the springs of the movement, of the forces which determined its course, or of the causes of its failure.

A man of Carlyle's genius can hardly fail intellectually to do good. Against this there is to be set no small measure of harm done by the sophistical perversion of morality in the interest of "heroes." The more questionable the hero, the greater and more frequent, of course, are the perversions, and no work of Carlyle's is more full of them than his life of that most questionable of heroes, Frederick the Great. Often in that book does he trample on justice and mercy, not seldom does he descend to the veriest pettifogging to cover the iniquities of a brilliant buccaneer or the brutalities of an old Cyclops who would have been seen in his true colors if he had not been the buccaneer's father. When the wrong-doing cannot be veiled, it is treated as privileged, and censure is daffed aside. "It is dangerous to have spoken kindly to the Crown-Prince, or almost to have been spoken to by him. Doris Ritter, a comely enough young girl, nothing of a beauty, but given to music, Potsdam Precentor's daughter, has chanced to be standing in the door, perhaps to be singing within doors, once or twice when the Prince passed that way; the Prince inquired about her music, gave her music, spoke a civility, as young men will, nothing more, upon my honour, though his Majesty believes there was much more; and condemns poor Doris to be whipt by the Beadle and beat hemp for three years. Radamanthus is a strict judge, your Majesty; and might be a trifle better informed." This, we submit to the Carlyleists, can hardly be the path of righteousness, or the way of salvation for mankind. The same may be said of the passages on the Katte affair and the forcible incorporation of the Saxon army into the Prussian; of that on the partition of Poland, and many others in the same history; while the whole book is pervaded by a spirit of inhumanity and a truculent

recklessness of bloodshed, which when found in a literary man, who ought to be a faithful servant of moral civilization, are very repulsive. The practical consequences of such doctrines were exhibited by Carlyle himself, Kingsley and others of the sect, in upholding slavery and applauding the dastardly atrocities of Governor Eyre. Nor is the historical insight displayed in "Friedrich" superior to the sentiment. What was the net upshot of all this crimping, all this flogging, all the savage regime and cruel pedantry of the military system, so much admired by the worshippers of Frederick and his father? It was Jena. The Prussian army was a mere machine, without a breath of national life or spark of a national spirit, which, as soon as its framer's hand was withdrawn, grew rusty, decayed, and was annihilated by a single blow. With the forces which redeemed Prussia and Germany from the French yoke, Friedrich had nothing to do; the legislation of Stein, the free heroism of the Tugendbund were the reversal of his system political and social as well as military, and their success was the condemnation of all that he had done, saving the achievements of his personal genius as a master of the art of war.

We assumed that Carlyle's philosophy was Hero-worship. It rather surprises us to find that there are some who resent this assumption as an injustice to the Teacher, and maintain that Hero-worship was merely one of the outward and adventitious "trappings" of the revelation. The vital doctrine, it seems, was "Do your Duty." Vital certainly, but not new. That we must do our duty, we are all taught at a very early age in language, which, though simple, is every whit as effective as all the grandiloquence about Eternities, Verities and Firmaments. The business of a philosopher is to show us what our duty is, and, if he can, to give us a new motive for doing it. What the business of a "Seer" may be in these modern times we cannot pretend to determine; but if it has anything to do with moral insight into the course of destiny, neither in the case of the struggle between Slavery and Freedom nor in any other case, so far as we remember, did Carlyle make good his claim to the heritage of Merlin. "Worship of a Hero," he writes in his book *On Heroes*, "is transcendent admiration of a Great Man. I say Great Men are still admirable; I say there is at the bottom nothing else admirable. No nobler feeling than this of admiration for one higher

than himself dwells in the breast of man. It is to this hour, and at all hours, the vivifying influence in man's life. Religion I find stands upon it; not Paganism only, but far higher and truer religions—all religions hitherto unknown. Hero-worship, heartfelt, prostrate admiration, submission, burning, boundless, for a noblest, godlike Form of Man,—is not that the germ of Christianity itself?" It is needless to say that Christ has been adored in the belief that He was not a great man, but God. But again—"For myself in these days, I seem to see in this indestructibility of Hero-worship the everlasting adamant lower than which the confused wreck of revolutionary ages will get down so far, no further. It is an eternal corner-stone, from which they can begin to build themselves up again. That man in some sense or other, worships heroes; that we, all of us, reverence and must ever reverence, great men: this is, to me, the living rock amid all rushings down whatsoever;—the one fixed point in modern revolutionary history, otherwise as if bottomless and shoreless." Those who, in face of such passages as these, and a hundred more of the same kind, undertake to declare that Hero-worship is not the essence of Carlyleism, but merely one of its trappings, can surely be nothing less than Seers themselves. What are "Cromwell," "Frederick," "Past and Present," "Dr. Francis," but so many embodiments of the doctrine taught in "Hero-worship" and of its corollary, propounded in the same place, "History is the biography of Great Men?" In the "French Revolution," Carlyle could not find a Hero, the men being not near so great as the events though he does all he can to inflate Mirabeau and Danton; and to this is at least partly due the superiority of that work as a real history, over all the rest. To characters which were simple examples of allegiance to duty, such as Lafayette, Carlyle is far from being partial: he was inclined to sneer at them as formalists and pedants. Time will winnow the chaff from the grain. We suspect that the Seer will vanish, while the Historic Painter and Humorist will remain forever.

[June 1881, 354–58]

Carlyle's "Reminiscences" are still the subject of a fierce affray in which the Editor has received a basting certainly sound and perhaps not undeserved. Unquestionably it is hard

upon obscure ghosts, who, when on earth, never courted public notice nor in any way forfeited the immunities of private life to be recalled from their quiet abodes beyond the Styx, and held up with their little infirmities and their "freckles" to gaze of a censorious world. The moral, perhaps, is that, if you are conscious of freckles, you had better not indulge in a Prophet's Chamber. But that anybody should be taken aback by Carlyle's pessimism, we must own, surprises us. What is his Hero-Worship but pessimism in disguise, a mode designated as heroic? You might almost as well look for literal fact in Pantagruel or Gulliver as in the historical writings of Carlyle. Of the "French Revolution," the nearest of them to the truth, as well as the most brilliant and memorable Guizot, who was too thoroughly a master of English to be repelled by any quaintness of style, said, "You ask me whether I have read Carlyle's history of the 'French Revolution:' tried to read it I have, to read it was impossible: it is a compound of petty accuracy with great inaccuracies: he is nothing but a bad Michelet." Carlyle is fully the peer of Michelet, but as a writer of history he belongs to the same class; he is a sentimentalist, a humorist, a phantasmagorist, with the most vivid of magic lanterns, a seer if you will, and if now-a-days seers really exist, but not a historian in the proper sense of the word. "Cromwell" is not a biography but a poem: its divine hero is a myth; the real Cromwell was only a man, the greatest perhaps of the English race, yet subject like other men to the defects and limitations of his time, his training and his party, as well as imperfect in himself. He was proved to be merely human by the commission of errors, of which none were more fatal than the execution of Charles I, for which Carlyle lauds him most highly, saying that it was a mortal blow to flunkeyism whereas the truth is, that Charles' blood has been the seed of flunkeyism to this hour. Cromwell himself would not have wished to be called a demi-god, or to receive "prostrate adoration:" he was great enough to wish to reign over freemen, not over slaves. "Frederick" is not only a myth but an ethical paradox; and an indiscriminate deification of that brilliant buccaneer entails, unfortunately, some very pettifogging casuistry, and some direct outrages on morality. "Dr. Francia," like Carlyle's vehement support of Governor Eyre, is a ludicrous instance of arbitrary violence fondly hailed as greatness. Read

as what he is, Carlyle may brace and kindle and elevate, as well as interest, which he never fails to do; read as a matter-of-fact narrator and a sober judge, he will fatally mislead. His arrogance ought to have been as well known to those who are now holding their hands in horror at it, as his pessimism. The positions which he assumed, and was encouraged by his circle to assume, was that of a prophet whose judgments were dictated by a moral insight superior to reason. One of his disciples the other day, writing in a Canadian journal, and in manners at least faithfully imitating, or rather outdoing his master, announced that the mysterious hero in the following of whom lay our hope of political salvation, but who, to the great inconvenience of perishing humanity, was never named, was in fact no other than Carlyle himself, though the revelation was postponed by his modesty and by the delicacy of his followers—two obstacles which might have been deemed not insurmountable, especially when the object was to save a world. Give Carlyle his due and he will be great enough: the coterie worship of him has had a fall.

Genius cannot be bequeathed, but cynicism can, arrogance can, and so can the trick of using lofty language about the Verities and Eternities, and fancying that it is moral superiority. All these have descended in unstinted measure to living prophets of the Carlyle type, who, like him, fancy themselves alone in their spiritual eminence, look upon the world as a Gehenna redeemed only by their presence, settle all social and economical problems by moral intuition without the knowledge of the commonest facts, treat Adam Smith and Mill as the dirt beneath their feet, fling about Billingsgate on all with whom they differ, and fancy that it is the thunder of Sinai. Self-assertion is carried by these teachers to a degree wholly incompatible with the soundness of judgment without which there can be no greatness, to the very verge, in fact, of insanity. They deem it the badge of their prophetic mission. For our part, we really have no patience with hysterical denunciations of the rottenness of the age, uttered by sentimentalists who, in all the shoddy-shops and manufactories of devil-dust will find nothing more rotten than a Gospel of grand words. Let pessimism leave off howling for a moment and look at any great department of industry, for example, the railroad system. What a multitude

and what a variety does it present of admirable products of mechanical skill, the soundness and genuineness of which are hourly tested by the most tremendous strain. What exact, faithful, punctual fulfillment of duty on the part of hundreds and thousands, often unobserved by the eye of a superior, in all weathers and under the most trying circumstances, does it imply? What order also and discipline does it exhibit, and how far removed is it from the anarchy which the imitators of Carlyle are always deploring as the universal condition of the time, and which they propose to cure by putting us all under military rule? Of fraud and adulteration there is far too much, no doubt, but if anyone thinks that there was no fraud or adulteration in the Golden Past, he must have derived his version of the history of Commerce from a private revelation and not from a study of the facts. Henry VIII is the model king of the school: that he rioted in innocent blood commends him to their masculine taste: but he also debased the currency, committing thereby, on the largest scale, and in the most noxious form, the crime for which coiners and utterers were hanged. Every literary man ought every hour of his life to thank industry and its organizers in his heart for the comforts, the advantages, the immunities, the privileged freedom to use his brain instead of toiling with his hands, which, through their beneficent activity, he enjoys. Whatever evil there is, it will not yield to grandiose professions. Christianity, when it came to regenerate the world, brought with it a new motive power; so, in a different way has Science; Carlyleism has none; it brings nothing but talk; and the net practical outcome of it, so far, has been a piece of amateur road-making, recommended as work to men whose proper duty was the use, not of their hands, but of their brains, which came to a speedy end amid general laughter. Nor do Carlylists live, or attempt to live, up to their own principles. George Fox, the Quaker, in his hermit suit of leather, was worthy of respect; he practically cut himself off from a world on the way to perdition, and was a sign and a warning to it at the same time. But the Carlylist goes about clad in the manufacturers which he reviles, and draws his dividend while he raves against interest. The Hebrew Prophet has had his day: the attempt to reproduce him in the nineteenth century leads to nothing but self-inflation.