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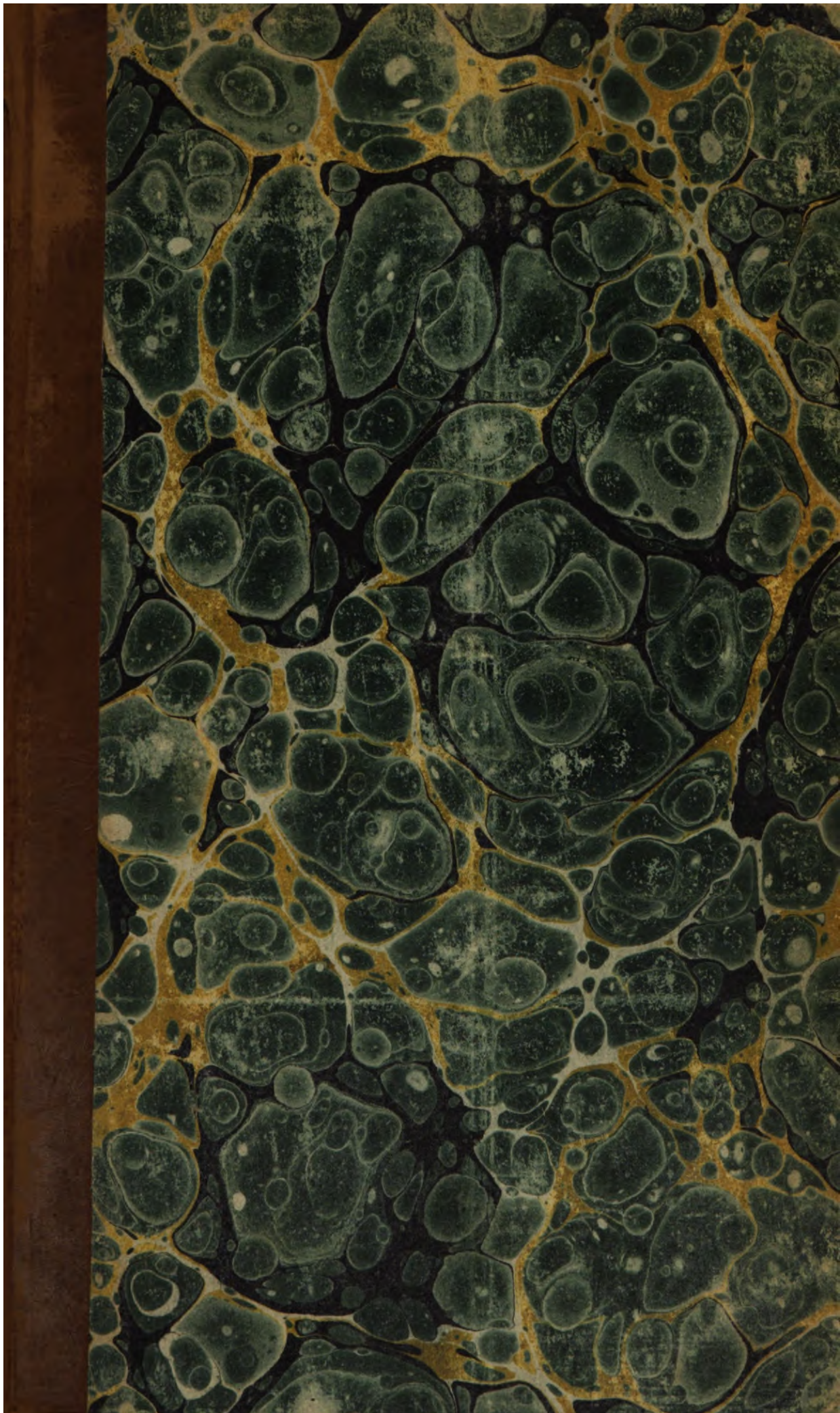
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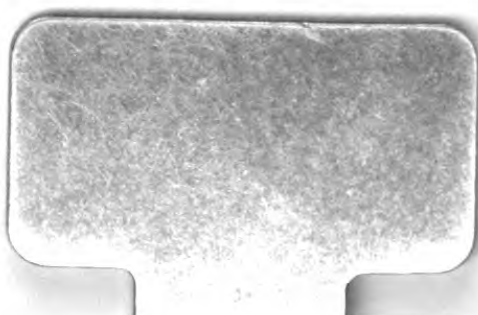
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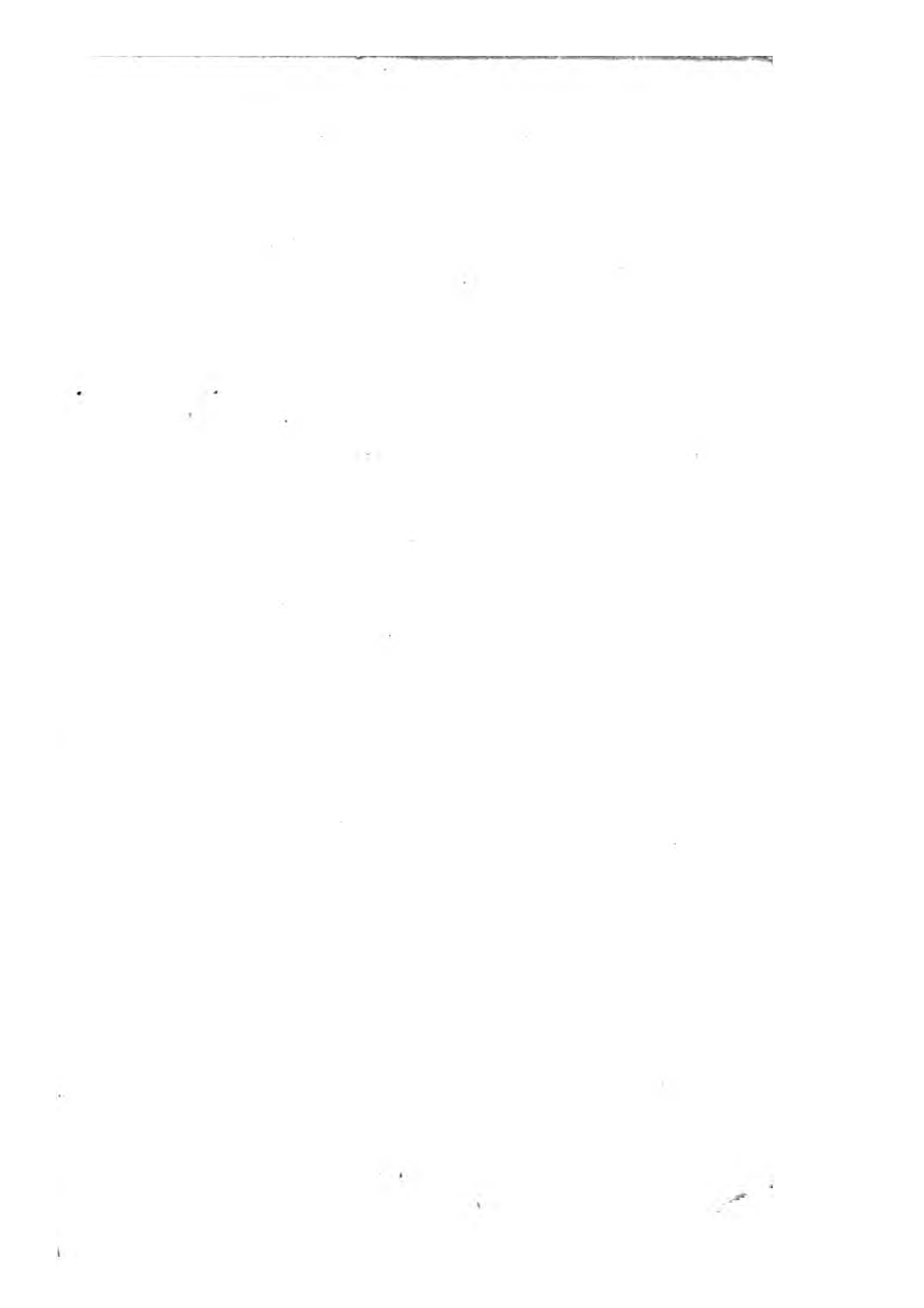


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43. 243.







THOUGHTS
ON
THOMAS CARLYLE;
OR,
A COMMENTARY
ON THE
"PAST AND PRESENT,"

BY
R. B. E.

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—
1843.



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TO

JOHN ABRAHAM HERAUD, ESQ.

THE AUTHOR OF

“ THE JUDGMENT OF THE FLOOD,”

“ THE LIFE AND TIMES OF SAVONAROLA,” &c.

These Thoughts are Dedicated,

AS A HUMBLE TESTIMONY TO THE POWER OF HIS GENIUS,

AND THE CATHOLICITY OF HIS SPIRIT,

BY HIS FRIEND,

R. B. E.

London, July 18, 1843.



THOUGHTS

ON

THOMAS CARLYLE.

THE prophet may be considered in two aspects. In the earlier periods of the world, when men knew little of the earth in which they lived, or the Being by whom they were created, the prophet had a direct communication with the Great Supreme—was rendered the medium through which light was diffused, subdued and modified to human vision—the representative of the Governor of the world, and also the repository and the oracle of truth, attained not by the power of reason, but by direct inspiration. Such a man could not err, and that order of men was extinguished with the completion of the sacred volume. But with the last of the prophets the prophetic spirit did not leave the world; like some celestial being she ever sought a human form in which to enshrine her glories; and though she no longer disclosed to view those beatific visions which enchanted the Hebrew seers, no longer awakened the spiritual senses to hold direct communion with the Author of Light, yet she matured and enlightened the natural faculties of the mind, imbued the spirit with the love of truth, imparted the prophetic power of vision to scan “the inner facts of the universe” and view their progress in the coming age, and directed the eye of faith to that eternal balance of justice suspended in the heavens, which made the angel of goodness to exult, but the devil to believe and tremble.

The prophet, the teacher, and the seer, have been

associated with every age; standing aloof from the rest of mankind, in solemn and serious accents inviting men to return to truth, and telling them, "That if they walk according to the law, the Lawgiver will befriend them." There are now no new truths to be revealed, inspiration has disclosed enough for time to solve, finite beings seem scarcely prepared for a new revelation; it is then the office of the modern seer to take the truths which his inspired predecessors divulged, and command men to obey and love them.

If then a mortal, whatever the character of his mind, advocates the simplest truth, succeeds in one instance in separating fact from semblance, reality from fiction, though his sphere of action be but an obscure hamlet or a desert waste, yet with honesty and faith in his soul, he is entitled to say, I have the prophetic spirit, I am a true successor of the apostles, I am a seer. To this character many are aspiring, as they did in every age. One claiming a high rank, as a teacher of Ethics, is the author of the "Past and Present,"—Thomas Carlyle.

Looking beyond the ordinary facts and secondary causes of the world's phenomena, he assumes a higher office; proclaims himself a lover and a student of those infinite truths which are associated with the human history and the divine administration; he lays a claim to the office of interpreter of those mysteries which prophets and apostles taught, and which the human race must learn ere it quit its finite state, or become that beautiful order of beings which the Supreme designs to make it. It is for us to examine into the validity of his claims, and pronounce him a true or a false prophet.

The greatest nation in the world is in an alarming condition. Men are filled with wonder and dismay. Institutions seem crumbling to the dust, the bands of society seem loosened, civilization stayed her march, and the destroying angel is apparently hovering over the land, about to pour out his vial. If ever human society required the guidance of the prophet, it is at this awful juncture in its history. If he who can lay

bare the secondary causes of our national ills, suggest remedies for the temporary alleviations of a country's miseries, guarantee to a suffering people prosperity for years to come, is entitled to all the gratitude and eulogy which a nation can bestow upon her deliverer, what must be the position of that man who sees beyond the sphere of statesman and ruler, follows the source of evil to its remotest springs, who throws a spiritual light upon human errings, and illustrates, that not in governments, nor laws, nor famine, nor pestilence, does national destruction take its rise, but in some great apostacy from some great law or truth, whereby the law and the truth (what awful antagonism!) are in open hostility to the nation or universe?

As certain as mind governs matter, as the spiritual world transcends in beauty and glory the physical creation; as certain as our race is destined to be spiritual in its senses and actions, so sure all evil, all distress, must have an origin in a spiritual cause. The physical creation, planets and suns, have no deviation in their laws or phenomena; the world of instinct never errs, and the race of animals knows no revolution or catastrophe; and if human society is disorganized, if rational beings are in a state of confusion, the deviation must be theirs; the laws of providence are changeless and alter not, and if they are at issue, the man must have seceded from the law, not the law or lawgiver abandoned the man.

We pass then with pleasure to the consideration of a work which professes to examine human nature on these principles; and though time and generations must pass ere these great questions can be decided, we are gratified that they are mooted in our time, and trust that the present age will render such truths intelligible to posterity.

The principle is great, the contemplation leads us from the chicanery of human governments, to lofty and noble themes; and had our author done nothing more than suggest these trains of thought, he would be entitled to the gratitude of his country, and prove to the world of intellect what Columbus was to that of matter.

In surveying the aspect of the country, the first great fact which arrests the attention of the author, is that this nation, the richest and the greatest, is destitute and wretched; that its wealth resembles the enchanted fruit which none dare touch or handle.

There never was such an aspect presented to the sun as England and her inhabitants. The faculties of millions of men seem developed to their utmost degree of acuteness and power, and these faculties are in ceaseless action; at their command matter quits its original state, and combines with other matter to form some engine of utility and beauty; the elements, earth, sea, and air obey them; the electric current, the subtle fluid, the deep-hidden metal, come at the command of these workers, like the beasts of the forest and birds of the air to the ark of the ante-diluvian patriarch, and obey; the ocean is fathomed, the very heaven of heavens is being surveyed; there is not a region nor a law, not an element or a combination, on which some of the sons of England are not intent, and to which some are not devoting the energies of their body and soul: and yet regard the condition of the land, "men peep about to find themselves dishonorable graves!" "*Of these successful* workers some two millions, it is now counted, sit in workhouses, poor-law prisons, or have out-door relief flung over the wall to them; the workhouse bastille being filled to bursting, and the strong *poor-law* broken asunder by a stronger." (p. 2.)

There is wealth—associated with privation: grandeur, yet co-existent with misery and despair: these workers, the wonder of the world, toil and sow, but they reap not; the enchanted fruit, beauteous to the eye, is ashes to the taste. What then is the condition of the country? What the spell that holds in paralyzing enchantment the faculties, energies and hopes of a great nation? The author tells us, in the emphatic language of a fable we little thought would ever be the symbol of our own state:

"Midas longed for gold, and insulted the Olympians. He got gold, so that whatsoever he touched became gold,—and he, with his long ears, was little better for it. Midas had

misjudged the celestial music-tones ; Midas had insulted Apollo and the gods ; and the gods gave him his wish, and a pair of long ears, which also were a good appendage to it." (p. 8.)

In the present argument we must bear in mind the great principle of our author ; we have now nothing to do directly with corn laws, tariffs, or any of the minor details of legislation, there is that which is beyond them, there are agencies very far remote, great principles and facts which must one day be adjusted ; the fundamental truths of the Universe, to whose tribunal statesmen and laws, corn laws, and churches, prophet, priest, and king, must one day come to reply to the solemn question, Are ye in accord with us ? What of truth have ye ? And to be admitted or condemned according to their intrinsic value.

Having given a suggestion in the fable, our author proceeds to the Sphinx.

He states, that to man as to nations the Sphinx presents a riddle to be solemnly and seriously answered by them.

"Of each man, she asks in a mild voice, yet with terrible significance, 'Knowest thou the meaning of this day ? What thou canst do to-day wisely attempt to-day.'" This is one of those inner facts which the early prophets revealed ; and it devolves upon their successors to hold up to men and nations these deathless truths. Is it not so ? Away with destiny and fate. Does not the Sphinx meet man silently and alone on the sea shore of time with eternity in his view, and ask him, when there is no interpreter and no priest, a serious and solemn question ? It is so. And as he answers it, is his destiny and condition for good or evil. To use the emphatic language of our author, "Nature, universe, destiny, existence, howsoever we name this grand unnameable fact in the midst of which we live and struggle, is as a heavenly bride and conquest to the wise and brave, to them who can discern her behests and do them ; a destroying fiend to them who cannot. (p. 9.)

It is a great act to isolate a single mind, place time

and eternity in its view, remove it from the influence of sense, and ask it the meaning of "Its to-day."

Say to it, Thou deathless existence, what is thy nature? what thy destiny? what part wilt thou choose in the great drama of spiritual life? where is the first faint line of deviation from right, and how wilt thou and truth walk together in harmony and peace? Such is a great question. But to call up the collected intellect of England in all its majesty and meanness, power and weakness, goodness and depravity, portray its passions, ascertain its aberrations, know the meaning of its *to-day*, trace its deviations from the law, and show it the path by which it and the law-giver may walk in sacred communion; such is a theme beyond human power to encompass, such a work which all the combined and concentrated intellect of all human minds, prophets and apostles, cannot unaided, accomplish: it is the work of a God, though man may be the humble instrument. The author then proceeds to illustrate a great truth, of which, however, he was not the discoverer. Christianity had told it long before; and in the sacred testimony, though framed in different language, there is the great idea. *We, as Midas, have offended the Supreme Powers; like him we have parted company with the internal inner facts of the universe, and followed the transient outer appearances thereof. Properly, it is the secret of all unhappy men, and unhappy nations.*

The great idea, then, of Carlyle is, that all individual and national distress and degeneracy have their origin in our personal or national apostacy from the inner facts or laws of the universe, these great inner laws and facts changing not, and we, as men, having the attribute of free will, the deviation must be in us, and for it we are responsible; we are gratified to find the great law of human responsibility so forcibly, though so indirectly, inculcated. Deprive man of his character of a free agent, (and a free agent is by necessity responsible,) and you lower the dignity of his nature, pronounce evil as much an accident as the ejection of a mass of nickel from the moon,

whilst virtue alternates with wickedness, like the ebbing and flowing of the tide, as though dependant upon the condition of some electric current or a planetary control.

Having laid down this proposition we can easily follow our author. "In all battles, if you wait the issue, each fighter has prospered according to his right. His right and his might at the close of the account were one and the same. He has fought with all his might, and in exact proportion to all his right he has prevailed. His very death is no victory over him. He dies ; but his work lives, very truly lives."

Thus is decay of the British empire attributed to a spiritual cause. Is it wonderful that the teacher of such a truth is considered unintelligible by those rulers, legislators, and thinkers, both authorized and gratuitous, who, without dwelling on causes, place their faith in emigration, agriculture, church extension, and factory education bills? Can these little petty changes in the mere surface of society, alone and unaided, restore human beings to harmony with truth, render the laws and them so united that man shall be the living symbol and representative of divine law? It will be a glorious era for humanity when this great principle is universally recognized—a truth which Plato and Pythagoras sought to teach. These were the ethics which Aristotle loved ; in such a creed Cicero would have exulted, and all those sages of ancient and modern times, who sought man in man, who deemed the spiritual life greater than the vital principle which animates terrestrial clay. Such was the prophets' cry, and of such the apostles' doctrine. Apostacy from the Supreme and his laws is the crime of man, reunion with him and them essential to his dignity, security, and happiness. Such is our author's creed. The Sphinx's riddle then is, "What is truth?" But the love of truth must originate the question ; jesting Pilate, the Roman governor, who had heard of Cicero and Socrates, asked that question, but it was profanely, and he knew it not ; the dying thief, the outcast from his kind, had enkindled within him a sacred and a

yearning love, and the love was the harbinger of wisdom.

Such is the malady. What then will cure? In the cant phrase of the day, spiritualized and rendered emphatic by our author, "That England requires a *fair day's wages for a fair day's work.*" Such will be an indication of the return of justice to the earth. As long as this is not so, we are at variance with the great laws and inner facts of the universe. We might follow our author in his beautiful episode. What had Milton and Cromwell for their day's work? Over them he seems rather to lament; we think that over them ought to be used the language of exultation. What to them would have been the world's justice? What the adulation of an assembled universe? Such men had not parted company with truth. The idolater shall perish with his idol, the devotee of superstition with his shrine; but truth, like that mysterious glory which shone forth on the mount of transfiguration, invests her worshippers with a light, proving to the universe, though her birthplace was Heaven, earth is likewise the place of her abode; though angels are her ministering spirits, men are her apostles to their fellowmen. Cromwell and Milton are safe, and their

"Good is *not* interred with their bones."

We apprehend that as the "fair day's wages for the fair day's work" is the motto of every philanthropist, the truth is very generally admitted, and if its spiritual sense is not recognized, in its temporal view, it is beyond doubt. The great question which agitates society is, How is this attainable? Our author states, that not by the aid of "Morrison's pill," or any panacea, is this great change to be produced. We know the desideratum, but how few the path, which leads to its realization.

It seems to be the opinion of the editor of the present work, that the world's legislation has ever consisted of "Morrison's pills" and panaceas. To satisfy the cravings of the present, to form laws and institutions which shall prevent society from being imme-

diately dissolved or revolutionized; such has been the policy of those beings who stand in our cathedrals and market-places, invested by the sculptor with senatorial robes, and termed wise and great in their generation. But did they ever legislate for time to come? What must be the ambition or the calibre of a minister who struggles and legislates for a Stuart or a Bourbon, and abandons in his theories and manifestoes the interests of the human race?

Expediency in all her ramifications has no cure; she cannot restore the age of compensation.

Read the emphatic language of our friend. "Alas! by no reform bill, ballot box, Five Point charter; by no boxes, or bills, or charters, can you perform this alchemy: '*Given a world of knaves to produce an Honesty from their united action.*'" (p. 33.)

Again: "Quacks shall no more have dominion over us, but true heroes, healers." (p. 34.)

The author, admitting the truth, that if men are miserable they must have been unwise, proceeds to examine the question—whether a vast proportion of this misery may not be attributable to their guides—and having discarded the empiric and the man of expediency, he proceeds to the *aristocracy of talent*. Will this have a tendency to bring about the golden age? Man in the aggregate, endowed as he is with reason and an innate analytical power (which by cultivation may be made almost unerring) to distinguish between the true and false, still requires a governor, a guide, and a prophet in the human form, and unhappy is that country and age that is without one. "But with how little wisdom, my son, is the world governed!" The guides of men, the legislators of the race, are not always the prophets, they are often at variance alike with them and the great facts they live to illustrate. It is the opinion of our author, that before any change can take place in the moral or physical condition of the people, governing powers must be constituted of the collected intellectual and moral greatness and wisdom of the country. The empiric must be removed, and a wise and good physician take charge of the dilapidated constitution.

“We,” says Carlyle, “must have more wisdom to govern us; we must be governed by the wisest; we must have an aristocracy of talent.” (p. 39.)

Were the wise and the great in the high places of the earth, what would be its condition? Why is it not so? Has not England now her wise men who are forgotten in the mass, but who, in their limited sphere, are dropping the seeds of truth, gladdened to see one ear or blossom? Whereas, were they in another sphere, whole countries would be the recipients of these seeds, and harvests rich and glorious would be gathered into the world's garner.

It is not, ye people of England, solely the faults of your guides; you admit that such a governance would be beneficial to the race. Why are not the wise the world's governors? Because you innately love neither talent nor wisdom for their own sake. The silent thinker, unadorned with the paltry externals of conventional life; the prophet, the poet, and the sage, having no rank save that of their own inherent greatness, no orders and titles but simple spiritual manhood, heaven-originated and heaven-tending; such beings have none of your worship, and therefore they are not enshrined in the temple. The glittering trappings of rank or custom, these are your idols, therefore your governors. Though ages have passed away since the reign of Nebuchadnezzar, the image is yet on the plains of Drura, and it is but few who worship infinite truth. The image on the plains of Drura! What was the history of this idol-maker? Will it never have a parallel? The aristocracy of talent and wisdom is essential to our national regeneracy, but it is far from us, because the people love it not.

Our limits prevent an examination of that part of the work entitled “The Ancient Monk,” though we pronounce it replete with interest, and with great and glorious conceptions. The “Modern Worker” seizes upon our attention. The author in the first chapter, entitled “Phenomena,” states, and somewhat abruptly, that our religion is gone, that Heaven and hell, instead of being invested with awful solemnities, which were their attributes in earlier times, (e. g., in the period of

the Ancient Monk), are become mere moral philosophies, sanctioned by able computations of profit and loss. The great idea, illustrated in a preceding page, that we have closed our eyes to the eternal substance of things, and opened them only to the shows and semblance of things, is here repeated; but there is this addition, that we live in a utilitarian age, and that Utilitarianism is the greatest heresy of the day.

Men estimate the earth on which they tread, the heavens, with all their wonderous phenomena, the laws and secrets of nature, by a system of profit and loss! We cannot imagine a system more calculated to lower the dignity of the human mind than this peculiar heresy. To take all that is beautiful in religion, morals, and nature, reject or accept it according as it is valuable to the present interests of a sordid mind, to demand of a law or an institution, How is my temporal state to be benefited by this?—will society have more of territory, more of wealth, or more of liberty by this proposition? This is the fearful spirit of the present day. The higher themes of the poet, the moral philosopher, and the Christian sage, on this principle, are rejected. But we believe that the vulgar utilitarianism is not consistent with its own principles. All truth is by necessity useful: no truth stands separate and alone, having no connection with other truths and principles. Who can tell the bearings of a single truth upon the universe, or its administration? Who can foretell the momentous sequence of a trivial or apparently insignificant discovery? Euclid, as he sat in his solitary chamber, might have been despised and termed a dreamer; but destitute of the principles he elucidates, what astronomer could fathom the heavens? or what navigator comprehend the laws of navigation? Columbus was mistrusted by his age, but what noble moral triumphs have resulted from his gigantic enterprize!

The true utilitarian loves truth wherever he may find it, and when he cannot trace the Divine Worker, he trusts him. There is in the world much for our perception, but more for our faith.

“ All work,” says our author, in a more advanced portion of the work, “ even cotton spinning, is noble ; work alone is noble ; and in like manner all dignity is painful ; a life of ease is not for any man nor for any god. The life of all gods figures itself to us a sublime sadness—earnestness—of infinite struggle against infinite labour. For the son of man there is no noble crown, well worn or even ill worn, but is a crown of thorns.”

It is for such thoughts as these that we value our author. All laws and agencies throughout nature, all beings in the spiritual world, as far as our knowledge extends, are in ceaseless action. Throughout the universe there is no such thing as repose ; but in storms and calms, through violence and silence, in the regions of life and the territory of death, the great work of divine legislation is moving on. Man too is a worker. It is not, What hast thou thought ? But, what hast thou done ? The cotton spinner who forms a substance that shall protect from the wintry blast the poorest outcast of humanity is a worker, no less so, though inferior in degree, than a Brindley, who united streams and originated an inland navigation, than a Bacon, who has given a solidity to philosophy, and has thereby influenced the heroes and legislators of the race ; no less than Cromwell, who said, to falsity, semblance, tyranny, and divine right, Ye shall not be. Who that has ambition despiseth toil ? Where is greatness without it ? The mind and character are built up like the Roman Capitol ; they do not drop from Heaven with all their attributes, like the statue of the heathen goddess. Yes, throughout the universe of being, there is not an agent, animate or inanimate, that exists for itself : particles of matter, water, insects, birds, the whole visible world, man and angel, are all separate agents, through which the Supreme is carrying out, by their united action, his wondrous plans. The man or agent who absents himself from this conclave of workers defeats the end of his existence, becomes an outcast and valueless ; yet, not useless—the drunken Helot was not useless to

the Athenian youth ; he illustrated how lost and degraded humanity might become ; and the deformity of vice, when embodied, illustrated by contrast the dignity of virtue.

Listen to our Author :

“ Brief brawling day, with its noisy phantasms, its poor paper crowns, tinsel-gilt, is gone, and divine everlasting night, with her star diadems, with her silences and her veracities is come ! What hast thou done, and how ? Happiness, unhappiness : all that was but the wages thou hadst ; thou hast spent all that, in sustaining thyself hitherward ; not a coin of it remains ; it is all spent, eaten ; and now thy work—where is thy work ? Swift, out with it, let us see thy work !”

Thus is the poet’s aphorism confuted : happiness is *not* our being’s end and aim : these great agencies are in action not for the mere purpose of producing happiness ; happiness will be one of the ultimate results : but before us is stern duty, and our lot a scrupulous fulfilment of the part which, as an agent of the Supreme, man is destined to act. The work must be accomplished often in sorrow, but the divine plan must be carried on, and then there will be as much happiness for man as is compatible with his dignity and moral discipline.

In this volume there is one chapter to which we must especially refer the reader. It is entitled “ The English.”

“ The English are a dumb people. They can do great acts, but not describe them. Like the old Romans, and some few others, *their* Epic Poem is written on the Earth’s surface : England her Mark ! It is complained that they have no artists : one Shakspeare indeed ; but for Raphael only a Reynolds ; for Mozart nothing but a Mr. Bishop : not a picture, not a song. And yet they did produce one Shakspeare : consider how the element of Shakspearean melody does lie imprisoned in their nature ; reduced to unfold itself in mere Cotton-mills, Constitutional Governments, and such like ;—all the more interesting when it does become visible, as even in such unexpected shapes it succeeds in doing !

The Editor speaks the truth. *The English are a dumb people.* With what silence are their great and glorious movements conducted ! Whether it be the

siege of a city, the subjugation of an empire, or the implanting the cross on the shores of heathen lands.

No hero, rising in a Napoleon form, appeals to their passions or ambition, and bids them to be great; no government or ministry, no genius-gifted king, are necessary to call up their moral strength and point the way to glory and renown; no gewgaws or shows, no recapitulation of heroic deeds, no pointing to pyramids, no oracles or omens are audible or visible in this land. But from individuals and congregated masses rises the genius of the English Nation. Commerce, Trade, Religion, are extended; and as the eye surveys the surface of the earth, her deserts blooming, her barbarians listening to the soothing song of reason and of truth, her heathen submitting to the Christian sway, and those who were once slaves with unfettered limbs exulting in the sunlight of liberty, we are not more astonished at the achievements than at the silence with which they were performed.

We wish to be citizens of the world: wherever man is found we desire to call him brother, but we are compelled to exult in the triumphs of the Anglo-Saxon race, which seems to have been the heaven-appointed agent in the great work of renovating mankind. Our author continues: "The spoken word, the written poem, is said to be the epitome of the man, how much more the done work."

We cannot in this phrase recognize the distinction which seems to strike our author.

The spoken word, the written poem, are the work of the preacher and the bard, as much as the Bridgewater canal is the work of its illustrious projector, and a far higher work. The poet's sway is over the mind. Whence do the spiritual rulers of this earth derive their strength and energy? Is it not from the outpourings of the poet's soul? How often do the prophets of the age retire to the works of Dante or Shakspeare to increase their faith, solemnity, and power? Such beings are not ordained by Providence as mere ornaments to humanity. In their productions

he has opened springs to refresh the travellers as they pass through this sublunary wilderness: these thinkers, these systems of philosophy, these epic poems, as far as they are consistent with truth, are the great productions of the earth, and they live and shall live when pyramids and temples shall be crumbled in the dust. What is based in matter shall perish, but the true thought embodied in language never dies.

At the same time England's work is a living unwritten Iliad. It was wondrous what the Grecian poet conceived, more wondrous had his conceptions been realities; but there are greater marvels associated with the British nation, and the bard who embodies them will have a nobler theme.

We introduce our readers to a chapter entitled "Over-production." The author shall address them in his own words:—

"But what will reflective persons say of a Governing Class, such as ours, addressing its Workers with an indictment of 'Over-production!' Over-production: runs it not so? 'Ye miscellaneous, ignoble manufacturing individuals, ye have produced too much! We accuse you of making above two hundred thousand shirts for the bare backs of mankind. Your trousers too, which you have made, of fustian, of cassimere, of Scotch-plaid, of jane, nankeen, and woollen broadcloth, are they not manifold? Of hats for the human head, of shoes for the human foot, of stools to sit on, spoons to eat with—Nay, what say we hats or shoes? You produce gold watches, jewelleries, silver forks, and epergnes, commodes, chiffoniers, stuffed sofas—Heavens, the Commercial Bazaar and multitudinous Howel-and-Jameses cannot contain you. You have produced, produced;—he that seeks your indictment let him look around. Millions of shirts and empty pairs of breeches, hang there in judgment against you. We accuse you of over-producing: you are criminally guilty of producing shirts, breeches, hats, shoes, and commodities, in a frightful overabundance. And now there is a glut, and your operatives cannot be fed.'"

Were the great process of reasoning reversed, were we, as spectators, to enter into an unknown country, and hear its legislators and authorities assert that there was "Over-production," we should, judging from results, decide (as the mass of mankind usually

infer) that there was in existence a bad and dangerous legislation.

We can easily imagine the voice of science and the God of labour exclaiming : *Onward!* Telling man there are secrets in the bowels of the earth yet undiscovered, there are achievements wondrous in magnitude and usefulness, yet to be wrought out by the human race ; but how terrible to hear the mandate, Stand still! labour shall be suspended, the earth has been too generous, the faculties of man have created too much ; and now, though we cannot roll back the wheels of time, we will check the march of human improvement,—saying to the superabundant talent and intellect and moral worth of our country, Retire from our coasts, and disseminate your knowledge in other climes less oppressed with greatness.

We think the cry, “ Overproduction,” to be one of the most serious that lifts itself up in any state. Rebellion is transient, panic is fleeting, but this sinks to the heart of the English people, those dumb workers, telling them to work no more ; for man and nature can do nothing ; the resources of both are exhausted. We recommend this chapter to the serious attention of the reader : it moots a great question ; if it be the design of Providence and the real abandonment of nature, it is an awful truth, and we should be compelled to watch the gathering evil, as thousands doubtless did the rising of the waters of the deluge, overwhelming shrub and tree and city,—the grove where fathers saw their children play, the mountain where the shepherd sat to watch the morning and the evening star, feeling conscious that on our lofty pinnacle the waters would speedily rush, until the devastation was complete, and the destruction was universal.

None could depict the horrors of the coming age, were it proved to be a truth that there was “ Overproduction.” But we do not, in this terrific sense, believe it. Nature is not exhausted, nor has Providence abandoned the earth. A legislation, mean and paltry, the joint production of avarice and mental imbecility, at direct variance with the dictates o

wisdom, the testimony of experience, and the inner facts of the universe, has achieved this mischief; this has originated the temporary "Over-production," whilst through this folly the worker stands still, the genius of the country seems resigning her sceptre, whilst the nation trembles as, day after day, Fate unrolls her volume, wondering what may be the nature of the catastrophe at hand.

The author, in his zeal for truth, addresses, with terrible force, the "unworking aristocracy." That a class of men, he states, "entitled to live sumptuously on the marrow of the earth; permitted simply, nay entreated, and as yet entreated in vain, to do nothing at all in return, was never heretofore seen on the face of this planet. That such a class is transitory, an exception, and unless nature's laws fall dead, cannot continue."

It is certainly an anomaly, no other created agent is unemployed. Does the law of gravitation ever cease to operate, or the centrifugal and centripetal forces vary in their power? But man, for whom secondarily the planet has been created, is allowed in some of his ranks, to trifle, loiter along the bank of time, a true bubble, a true vapour—his life a true dream: but we know the nature of the dream, and daily see the bubble burst. They pass away, but the river flows on, the thinker lives and governs, and the true worker has his immortality in his productions.

From chaos, to form the physical creation, to place living beings, and man to govern them, upon it, was an act worthy of a God; but to restore the harmony of the human race, to readjust society, to bid arise from this scene of confusion an order of truth-loving beings—this revolution is reserved for later times, and will far exceed in grandeur the formation of ten thousand planets.

"A high class, without duties to do, is like a tree planted on a precipice, from the roots of which all the earth has been crumbling."

When will men cease to worship these beings, and call them heroes? There have been heroes in the

world. What rendered them such? Labour! from Hercules to Napoleon. Place them side by side—compare them. There is not an age but produces some great one;—study, appreciate, and venerate him; but do not bow down before an idler, it degrades both people and priest. We cannot omit the quotation of the following passage: it is one of those numerous beauties which adorn the work:—

“For all human things do require to have an Ideal in them; to have some Soul in them, as we said, were it only to keep the Body unputrefied. And wonderful it is to see how the Ideal or Soul, place it in what ugliest Body you may, will irradiate said Body with its own nobleness; will gradually, incessantly, mould, modify, new form, or reform said ugliest Body, and make it at last beautiful, and, to a certain degree, divine!—O, if you could dethrone that Brute-god Mammon, and put a Spirit-god in his place! One way or other he must and will have to be dethroned.”

The sentiment is worthy of the author; but the reader will discover on the following page that he is led into a fallacy. You may dethrone the god Mammon in the human soul, and put a spirit-god in its place; but spirits vary in their character,—there are evil and good. We admire with our author the age of chivalry. We feel conscious that, glaring as were its errors, it became the means of civilizing the race: to a world sunk in barbarism it was an improving and enlightening institution, and true heroes lived in that day.

But chivalry will not sanction murder; it may render it less offensive, but not less criminal. The horrible conflicts of those ages may form a noble study for the limner, and epics for the bard; but if we take the New Testament for our guide they present a scene of human depravity and impiety, the details of which are enough to pollute another world. As Mr. Carlyle judges, he must be judged; and the few pages which follow our quotation are as much at variance with the inner facts of the universe as the prayer of Midas and the unworking aristocracy. “Man is created to fight,”

says our author. How different the statement of Revelation!

We do not deny that there are fields of battle where tyranny is attempting to triumph, and religious intolerance placing in jeopardy the national faith; where we would ~~not~~ recognize the nobleness of patriotism and the dignity of religion; but where these are not, no chivalry can take away the stain, or invest the conflict with truth, dignity, or justice. In a spiritual sense, let man be a perpetual fighter; but let nothing induce us to render attractive to our eye the reign of Force. "Religion, I said, for properly speaking all true work is religion; and whatsoever religion is not work may go and dwell among the Bramins, Antinomians, and pining dervises, or where it will—with me it shall have no harbour. Admirable was that of the old monk, *Laborare est orare*—Work is worship." (p. 270.)

We must bring the doctrine of Carlylism, as all others, to some standard of truth, and therefore the preceding. Work is worship—the worship of the Supreme Being. That is to say, that when the husbandman tills the ground, and the mechanic moulds the metal, he is performing an act of devotion. The King Eternal requires nothing more. There have been many discoverers in the world of morals, and dogmas have ever and anon been promulgated which have startled the universe by their strangeness and novelty; but it has been left for Mr. Carlyle to be the discoverer of this new moral wonder, surpassing all preceding ones in the marvellous.

We will illustrate this. In an early period of the christian era, the great Author of our salvation sat by a well's side, and a woman of Samaria visited him; and she, as she imagined, received spiritual life from that interview; but how very unphilosophical! Why should she need spiritual life? Religion does not consist in conformity to the divine image, *it is work*; she was at her devotions when carrying the pitcher and drawing the water: *work is worship*; the injunctions of our Lord were dignified, but they were

unnecessary. Paul and Silas were guilty of great inconsistency; they found a man so devoted to work, so faithful to the task of gaolership, that the dictates of humanity were hushed by the predominant influence of this religious principle; and so powerful was the love of work, that imagining his religious efforts were foiled, he was about, like another Cato, to die upon his sword; but the apostle cried out, "Do thyself no harm;" and when on his entrance, he exclaimed, "What shall I do to be saved?" or, What is religion? He, instead of telling him to re-rivet the chains, close the prison doors, pace up and down the ramparts, *work—work*; directed him to a mere moral act, termed faith in a divine Being: the apostles were not sufficiently advanced in Ethics to discover that "*work was worship.*" Of what value a spirituality of mind? What all the ennobling impulses which raise the human soul from earth to heaven? Why were prophets sent, invested with their wondrous power, and apostles inspired by the spirit of truth? If work is worship, why were the offerings of Cain passed by, the produce of toil—whilst the lambent flame played around the sacrifice of Abel, which indicated nothing but a spiritual act, a faith in a coming atonement. If a man has no settled idea of the Divine Being, it is not at all surprising that his notions of worship should be variable and inconsistent; and we must say, that however great our friend is on political subjects, however sublime when he touches upon attributes of a great mind, whenever he approaches religion he seems far beyond his ordinary compass; he cannot grasp it. Throughout the whole of his allusions to religion, the reader will perceive that Carlyle's God cannot be the God of the scriptures. At one time it is nature; at another, the laws of nature; at another period the soul of the world; and such is the confusion and inconsistency, that were it not for the solemnity of the subject, we should dismiss these things with a smile; though at the same time, we should receive it as another evidence of the hopelessness of approaching the character of the Great Supreme, except through

the medium of his direct revelation of himself. It is on these points that we and Mr. Carlyle are at issue. The reader will perceive that as we have advanced step by step through the volume, it has been replete with truth and sublimity, but we must pause when the author assumes the character of the religious teacher. It is apparently the author's opinion that the world consists of an intellectual church, and the qualifications for membership are mere intellectual power.

This church, in its selection of members, knows nothing of sects or moral character; but the pagan and the christian are alike admitted into its pale, and are invested with its privileges. In the temple which he constructs for the assembling of these masses, Mahomet ranks with Moses, and Cicero with Jesus: the worshipper of fire is seen kneeling by the servant of the Son of God, whilst the Eleusinian mysteries and the Holy Eucharist are represented as equally acceptable to the Divine Being. Were we to take Carlyle's system, and reduce it to a positive visible thing amongst us, we should thus frame it.—We should wander through the varied universities, and select from all ranks the most learned and enlightened; Wordsworth from the Lakes; Whately from Dublin; Strauss from Germany; Dickens from London; with the editor of the "Times" and "Examiner;" and the most enlightened men of the age. These might form the elders of the church. The leading article of the "Times," number of "Martin Chuzzlewit," and a copy of "Strauss' History of Jesus," would be considered as offerings in this temple; whilst those who could not present epics, would bring plans of canals, models of aerial-machines, and railway guide-books; the constituents of the church being in the humbler grades of intellect, would produce their cotton garments, their gun-stocks, and their pump-handles. Thus would be constituted Carlyle's "Temple of Devotion," one vast Polytechnic Institution; and by such, he proposes to regenerate the world!

We will allow the existence of this church, with its elders and constituents. We should exult to view an

assembly of the intellectual of the earth in one vast temple—the poet, the philosopher, and the artizan ; and when these great ones had departed, we would weep over their tomb, and their deeds should be enshrined in our memory ; but, when this dramatic exhibition is to be substituted for Christian worship ; when a mere action, without reference to its moral origin or quality, is represented as homage to the God of all,—when mere mental power is declared sufficient to ensure his complacency, and occupation his regard, it is then that we are compelled to pronounce the author of such a heresy a deluder, and an enemy of mankind.

How different the scene presented in the temple of Christianity ! there are workers the greatest and the mightiest, but the worshippers must be first under the influence of an enlightened faith, not impelled by a spirit of self-dependance. The grand operating motive which the New Testament inculcates is, a desire to advance the Divine glory, not a selfish wish to see the column rise, or the epic arrive at its consummation. In such a temple, the attribute of power is subordinate, and its High Priest regards with special complacency the virtues of charity, peace, and love ; in such a community every member has a soul, and can grasp the great essentials of piety and devotion, though it may not rise to the sublimities of theological science. The success of this church being dependant upon a Divine power, and not on human agency, it does not seek the aid of the intellectually great and distinguished, but would exclude from her pale and communion a Milton or a Mahomet, a Luther or a Napoleon, bards and philosophers, heroes and statesmen, the workers and the thinkers, unless they were to receive her tenets with the simplicity of a little child, and admit their own utter worthlessness and degeneracy.

Christianity is like no other system, it will not admit of compromise. She would not stoop from her lofty position to enlist amongst her ranks Michael and his angels. The world, in gazing around, feels proud of her

great men ; we view great truths in Mahomedanism, and prize them ; we behold beauties and high moral qualities in chivalry, and venerate them ; we apprehend a poetry in the mythology of the East, and exult in the delicious imagery there presented ; we gaze upon the Indian with awe, as he worships the Great Spirit, and recognize the universal idea of a God implanted in the human breast ; we may admit them into our Pantheon, Dagon and the Ark.

But will Christianity deign to incorporate with systems, or baptize individuals in whose decalogue and teaching truth is but an accident or an episode ? Or would such a system, when incorporated, ever raise human nature to that degree of purity and dignity which our friend would desire to see, and which prophesy declares will one day be realized ?

It may be urged, that the arguments of this work do not touch upon the subject of religion, but can only be done so by a superficial reader. Thomas Carlyle is emphatically an ethical teacher, to this he is ever aspiring. On the thinking part of the community he is exercising a prodigious influence, and many who are charmed by his eloquence may be weakened in their faith.

Carlyle is deeply sensible of the degeneracy of the race, and is anxious for its restoration. And he, like philosophers who have preceded him, has prepared his nostrum for this terrible disease. In the "Sartor Resartus," in the "Hero Worship," and in the "Past and Present," this is exemplified.

The human mind, and therefore the national mind, when its principles are not fixed, is ever seeking for some new idol. Materialism has done her work, and retired from the stage ; other systems are succeeding, deviating in their origin so slightly from truth, that the difference is scarcely perceptible, but leading to positive idolatry ; the age is too enlightened, we trust, to adopt a system allied with impurity ; but there are heresies which charm by their purity, and seem to ennoble the mind as it embraces them. It is

to these that he would especially direct "Young England"; let it be on its guard.

Thus will it ever be. Systems will arise, astonish, and work, and containing the elements of their own ruin will fall; and when the world is weary of these repeated disappointments, and the race views around it the ruins of so many temples and so many shrines, Christianity will be received with greater earnestness, and mankind will be willing to tread the path which God had ordained for ages, and forsake the enchanting labyrinths, which either led to scenes of alluring lethargy, or to a gulf of overwhelming terror.

We hasten from the contemplation of these subjects, to a portion of the work where our author speaks oracularly. As long as he addresses us on men, as inhabitants of the earth, rather than as candidates for immortality, we find him wise and profound. We will again introduce him to our readers.

"Who can despair of Governments that passes a Soldiers' Guardhouse, or meets a redcoated man on the streets! That a body of men could be got together to kill other men when you bade them: this, *a priori*, does it not seem one of the impossiblest things? Yet look, behold it: in the stolidest of Donothing Governments, that impossibility is a thing done. See it there, with buff-belts, red coats on its back; walking sentry at guardhouses, brushing white breeches in barracks; an indisputable palpable fact. Out of grey Antiquity, amid all finance-difficulties, *scaccarium*-tallies, ship-monies, coat-and-conduct monies, and vicissitudes of Chance and Time, there, down to the present blessed hour, it is.

"Often, in these painfully decadent and painfully nascent Times, with their distresses, inarticulate gaspings, and 'impossibilities;' meeting a tall Lifeguardsman in his snow-white trousers, or seeing those two statuesque Lifeguardsmen in their frowning bearskins, pipe-clayed buckskins, on their coal-black sleek-fiery quadrupeds, riding sentry at the Horse-Guards,—it strikes one with a kind of mournful interest, how, in such universal down-rushing and wrecked impotence of almost all old institutions, this oldest Fighting Institution is still so young! Fresh-complexioned, firm-limbed, six feet by the standard, this fighting-man has verily been got up, and can fight. While so much has not yet got into being, while so much has gone gradually out of it, and become an empty

Semblance or Clothes-suit ; and highest king's-cloaks, mere chimeras parading under them so long, are getting unsightly to the earnest eye, unsightly, almost offensive, like a costlier kind of scarecrow's blanket,—here still is a reality !”

Who that passes a guard-house can despair of Governments ? Who that passes a guard-house without profound humiliation ? Behold a race of beings, emphatically immortal, material in outward frame, but possessing intellect and the power of self-government ; who would imagine that for such a race of beings, important enough to have created for them this beautiful world, coercion was necessary, and that in proportion to the state of civilization, was the force and power of the military organization ? This for ages has been the test of national greatness. Compared with this, all institutions in human estimation have sunk into insignificance. War has been the deity to which the human intellect has paid its perpetual homage, and even now the occupiers of thrones and the members of senates gaze around, paying *some* deference to public opinion, but say to this mighty force—this is our stay, and by this we maintain our dignity and our pre-eminence. Is it true that battles must be fought, and are the lessons to mankind to be dictated in blood ? Is national honour dependant upon gunnery, and the best interests of the human race committed to the custody of the soldier and his sword ? Such say senators and kings, such despotism and republicanism, all forms of legislation—the bond and the free.

To disperse this powerfully organized body is not our design ; the doctrine of necessity may find arguments for its continuance, but when we regard it as a bold fact, we shudder ; it is the type of an awful reality ; it distinctly recalls us from our rich and luxuriant dreams, and tells that this is not a universe of love, it is a world of fear. It tells us,—can it be true ? that these vast numbers of human beings are peaceful and silent only, as the Israelites were, when the awful phenomena of Sinai overwhelmed them. Its predominance proclaims the countries where it is adored as replete with vast prison-houses of human disorder,

where gaolers stand and move and act, lest the inmates should outrage the laws of humanity.

But is this beautiful creation, with such a canopy and such luxuriance, ever and for ever to have its landscape and its scenes disfigured by the guard-house? Will there never be a Prime Minister in this or any other country who can look around on human society and see no glittering spear or murdering phalanx? Can we compute the period by Olympiads and Cycles when that same Prime Minister shall view our national dignity unshaken, and yet no flag; our sway unquestioned, and yet no battle array; civilization marching through the land, unattended by military music, and justice retaining her supremacy, even though she has discarded, as her emblem, the sword? These are themes which have occupied attention in ages before us. Inspiration has emphatically told us that this vision of brightness, seen in the distance by the prophetic eye, shall one day be recorded in the historian's page in deathless characters. And still, the spirit of the "Past and Present" directs our attention to these glorious subjects, we may say that we view in society a great change—an increasing moral repugnance to war: the warrior is not yet forgotten, and his name and his deeds are still on human tongues; but we have viewed, and with infinite pleasure, other beings rising to the hero-throne; the muses are more honored than of yore; the philosopher and the bard, and the minstrel too, are enshrining themselves in men's hearts; the reign of intellect seems superseding that of force; Mars has long monopolized the worship of the world; but men are now looking for other constellations,—some star whose symbol is peace, whose orbit is not marked by fire, but whose silent, clear, and celestial light, enlightens without blasting, exciting an admiration which subdues passion, not a wonder which arouses the base and fiery passions of the human breast.

There must be a period, then, when the soldier must retire from the stage; his very existence is indicative of the depravity of man, and his remoteness from per-

fection. Let not governments, then, rely too much upon this organized body; let them recollect that they govern men—men created to think and reason; they may rely on force too long, and it may prove a fatal security.

Our readers will perceive that in our criticism of the "Past and Present," we have adhered to a running commentary on its statements and truths; we have decided upon this, because we apprehended that there were many theories which required further elucidation, and many heresies, the fallacies of which we deemed necessary to expose. It is our province now to decide upon the merits of the work, and also as to the claims of our author to the prophetic character.

The reader will have perceived, that as we passed along from truth to truth we were struck with their sublimity and power. The explanation of the cause of the degeneracy of the race could have proceeded only from the lips of wisdom. The cause of degeneracy is apostacy from the Divine Lawgiver and the law—a truth which the Apostle of the Gentiles would have sealed with his blood!

But does Mr. Carlyle attempt to urge this upon us as a new truth, as a new moral discovery? Does Mr. Carlyle rest his claims to the prophetic character upon the chapters which promulgate this doctrine? This is one of the revelations of the New Testament; this truth Hebrewism and Christianity were, and are perpetually teaching; Isaiah and Paul made this the theme of their ministry, and without concealing our admiration for the man who attempts to illustrate apostolic truths, we think that it would have been but common justice to have asserted their origin, and have mentioned the source from which these conceptions sprang. The basis, then, of Carlyle's book is a great Scriptural truth, therefore the merit of discovery is not with our author. This idea may be carried throughout the whole of the work; the basis is good, but we imagine that the author ought to have acknowledged the foundation. The work is evidently the production of a genius, but it is by no means a perfect specimen

of composition. Mr. Carlyle's *great error lies in his misapprehension of the nature and attributes of the Divine Being*; he gazes on him merely in one aspect, namely, a great Creator; he takes the character of God from the first chapter of Genesis, and views him as forming the world: he proceeds no farther in the great history of the Governor of the world. God, according to this creed, is a mere active agent, creating and renewing, and sustaining from eternity to eternity, and his creatures are pleasing or offensive to him, in proportion as they are imitators of this peculiar attribute; virtue consisting in action, and vice in inactivity; in fact, as we previously mentioned, *work is worship*. Mr. Carlyle, we apprehend, not merely misapprehends the character of God, but his ideas on his nature and personality are in a state of extreme confusion. Frequently during the perusal of the work we have been at a loss to conceive what he designates his God; at one time it is the Creator, another time Nature, and at another period the Soul of the World. We imagine, then, that this is one great cause of our author's inconsistencies, his total misunderstanding of the character of God.

We apprehend that, in worshipping the Divine Being, we must have the idea of personality. Mr. Carlyle seems to worship his attributes: here is the great mistake. His favorite attribute is mental power; and what is the consequence? He views it in the Creator, and worships *it, not him*; he beholds it in Moses, and worships him as well as his attribute; Mahomet and Odin, Shakspeare and Johnson, Goethe and Burns, Cromwell and Napoleon, rise before his imagination; they are possessed of this power, and again he worships; so that his mind and his system is one vast Pantheon, where every being who has moral force has an altar and a homage. We would dwell upon this, because we apprehend it is one of the most dangerous heresies of the present day; it is calculated to lead in captivity the purest and best of spirits. There is an idolatry which debases and pollutes by its touch, and the higher orders of minds instinctively shrink from it; but there is another species, which, as its

principles insinuate themselves, seems to elevate and dignify the mind, a partial purity pervades the spirit, and the worshipper exults in his thralldom, because his idol is the intellectual.

We have traced the influence of Carlylism upon the most enlightened mind, and we pronounce it as directly in antagonism with the New Testament, as the worship of Baal Peor was opposed to the ritual of the Hebrew church.

If by hero worship is meant reverence for great men and great deeds, we sincerely subscribe to the creed, but if it is to take the place of simple devotion to a Divine Father, we pronounce it alike impious and degrading. That Mr. Carlyle would emphatically assert this we do not believe, but such is the evident tendency of his productions. Socinius did not conceive of the excesses of Unitarianism, but he is responsible for much of their deviation from truth.

We apprehend, too, that in this work Mr. Carlyle does not comprehend the nature of the human soul. His great cry is, *Get a soul; some men have no souls, not enough to preserve them from corruption.* In common parlance, we can understand the expression. Some intellects are in a morbid state, and have a limited capacity; but if it is Carlyle's opinion that a human being is created without the capacity of walking in harmony with the inner laws of the universe, or, in other words, destitute of a capacity for religion, we must again dissent, and state that, though *Carlylism* is not within the reach of every intellect, *Christianity* and its doctrines may be comprehended by every mind.

Another objection to the work is, that though professedly raised upon Christian principles, it does not speak of what we conceive to be the great essentials of Christianity; indeed it seems at total variance. If Carlylism is true, the atonement was an unnecessary display of the Divine benevolence, as human salvation is not dependent on faith, but action.

Another great defect in the work is, that whatever of truth there may be in the description of the sources and causes of human degeneracy, there is no specific

or practical remedy suggested for the restoration. What directions are there for prime ministers to study, or mechanics to act upon?

Admitting that aristocracy of talent and wisdom is necessary, how would our friend ensure it? Admitting the evils of an unworking aristocracy, how would the editor annihilate it? On these great questions he is silent.

But are we really to condemn the book? Certainly not. It is the production of an extraordinary genius—of a man who is a sincere lover of truth. He seeks her in all her abodes with humility and earnestness; the themes he touches are the loftiest, and with a master's hand. We must remember that if ever we find him unintelligible or obscure, he is grappling with great truths; that he is endeavouring to encompass the Infinite, and we must not be startled if his spirit sinks under its weight, and is lost in immensity.

Though we have expressed our dissent from many of his theological opinions, yet we never find him approaching the awful confines of eternity with profaneness and levity, but he is invested with a solemn awe, whilst his mind is in a state of profound veneration. Our author, too, is in direct antagonism with sensualism; he acknowledges the supremacy of the human soul, and scorns all men and nations who would attempt to eclipse its glories. Like the immortal Channing, many of his errors seem to be the result of the innate purity of his spirit; they both seem to have trampled under foot the sensual state, and to have exulted in that intellectual activity which so dignifies human nature; but they little think of the imperfections of other mortals, and of their utter inability to attain their transcendental state.

We hail Thomas Carlyle with gratitude; he is not a dreamer, but a thinker; he is not a sophist, but a wise man. He has an attribute essential to all wisdom—an innate love of it. He is calculated to benefit mankind, for this he was created. He will never, like Kant, raise a system or establish a school, but he

may be instrumental in destroying others which are based upon error ; he is not capable of originating a system of reform, but he is pre-eminently qualified to lay bare the errors and evils which are corrupting society ; and if he cannot direct the view to the path of safety, he can expose the gulph of danger with all its yawning terrors. Carlyle now holds a responsible station—he may stand alone. Let him take his stand upon truth, and then he, like the heroes he eulogizes, will be immortal ; but if the empty delusions of popular opinion, or the vain desire of immediate and transient renown, seduce him from his path, his high elevation will merely add to the extent of the necessary catastrophe. He is a star ; but stars, like atoms, must retain their courses. The luminary which obeys its laws is chosen as an emblem of truth and constancy, and all that is dignified and ennobling ; whilst wandering stars are lost in the blackness of darkness for ever.

