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ON HEROES, HERO-WORSHIP
II

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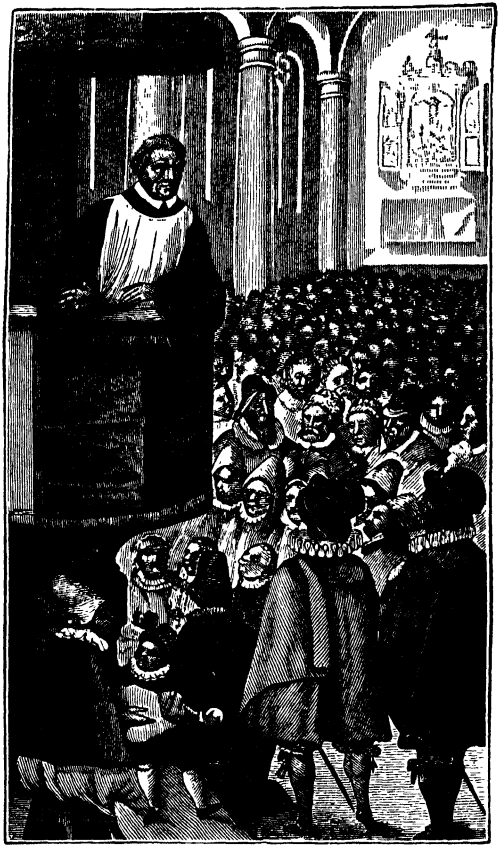

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On Heroes, Hero-Worship

and

The Heroic in History

By

Thomas Carlyle

With an Introduction and Notes by

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INTRODUCTION

THOMAS CARLYLE was born at Ecclefechan in Dumfries on 4th December, 1795. His father, a stonemason, a typical Scottish peasant of the best class, God-fearing, intelligent, and of sturdy independence, was a man of remarkable character though somewhat austere, and more to be reverenced than warmly loved.

Carlyle's schooldays at Ecclefechan and Annan left no happy memories with him, and showed no special promise for the future; he seems to have matured slowly. He passed on to Edinburgh University, leaving in 1813 without taking a degree. For the next few years he supported himself by teaching and by such literary work as he could obtain. Soon he began to write regularly for the magazines, especially on German Literature. In this way and through his first books—he wrote a translation of *Wilhelm Meister* in 1824—he was one of the first to make German thought known in England.

In 1826 he married Jane Baillie Welsh, and settled on a farm at Craigenputtock. Here he wrote *Sartor Resartus*, the first of his books to show his own peculiar style. It is largely autobiographical, and illustrates his intellectual and spiritual growth.

In 1834, on the advice of a friend who told him that while Scotland bred men England nursed them, he settled in London at 5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea, and there published his chief works, *The French Revolution*, *Chartism*, *Past and Present*, *Cromwell*, *The Life of Sterling*, and *Frederick the Great*.

In 1865 he was elected Rector of Edinburgh University. The death of his wife in the same year practically ended his literary work, though he lived on till 4th February, 1881. He was buried at Ecclefechan.

On his private life and character Froude's volumes turned the searchlight of an all too candid and confident friendship. But his account exaggerates the irascible, nervous temperament of the man, somewhat soured by his austere bringing up, by his early struggles, by ill-health, and by family jars with his clever, witty, sarcastic wife. Froude's picture of him has been corrected by the later work of other friends. As Dr. Johnson said of Goldsmith. "Let not his frailties be remembered: he was a very great man."

Carlyle was the principal man of letters of the Victorian age. His originality and sincerity, and the force with which he made his appeal, gave him an immense and widespread influence.

As a critic, he was one of the first to aim at explaining his author by showing up merits rather than defects, appreciating the method, aims and forms of his work instead of trying it by the standards of the past. His best work, on Burns, for instance, Johnson, Dante, Shakespeare, is for all time. But he had limitations. He disparaged Wordsworth and Coleridge, Shelley and Keats, and even Virgil. Nor was he drawn to the literature of ancient Greece.

His parents intended him for the Presbyterian Ministry. This plan he gave up through the loss of his belief in the formal creed of Christianity. But he remained essentially religious, "A Calvinist without dogma," a mystic. Against materialism he upheld strenuously the belief in Duty as above Pleasure, in Eternity and Immortality, in God and in "God's presence manifested not to our eyes only, but to our hearts in our fellow-men." That is the "Everlasting Yea!" Sometimes there is a touch of Pantheism: "We are . . . light sparkles, floating in the æther of Divinity."

His teaching is, no doubt, somewhat vague. He looked at

the world from a spiritual and imaginative point of view, not in the light of pure reason. His masters were the German Idealists, notably Fichte and Goethe. Like some Hebrew Prophet, he told the world round him its faults in picturesque, volcanic language. If he "taught us little" in the way of reconstruction, "our soul has felt him like the thunder-roll." As a thinker he was not systematic, nor constructive, nor always coherent. Like Socrates in relation to Athens, he was the gadfly that stung that "fat and beanfed horse," the British Public, into serious thinking and testing all conventions.

The age was proud of its commerce, its science, its political and material progress. But to Carlyle science seemed "a gorilla-damnification of Human Nature, and Forgetfulness of God." Progress concealed much social wrong, worship of Mammon, a policy of drift and *laissez-faire*, lacking the controlling discipline of really great men. "I want what Novalis calls God, Freedom, Immortality. Will swift railways . . . help me towards that?" The growth of freedom meant too often the spread of licence. "Of all things a nation needs first to be drilled; and a nation that has not been governed by so-called Tyrants has never come to much good." He had little respect for the wisdom of our ancestors or for the judgment of the masses, or the "Talking Apparatus" of Parliament. Extension of the franchise was "Shooting Niagara," and bringing in "new supplies of blockheadism . . . by way of amending the woes we have had from previous supplies of that article." Although in the main a Radical, he had Conservative instincts in his love of order and authority. When Governor Eyre of Jamaica was recalled for hanging the leader of a negro rising after a hurried court-martial, Carlyle supported him, declaring that he "deserved to be made Dictator of Jamaica for the next twenty-five years." He welcomed the German Empire of 1870 as the triumph of efficiency and strenuous effort. Bismarck understood him, and sent him the Prussian Order of Merit for writing the life of Frederick the Great. An offer of the Grand Cross of the

Bath from Disraeli was refused. *Chartism* and *Past and Present* show he had a real sympathy with the poor and oppressed, and contain suggestions and even prophecies of social improvement. But he lacked a feeling for tradition and for those constitutional methods which oil the mechanism of society and serve as a slow but sure means of preventing violence and injustice.

Underlying all his historical work, in his *French Revolution* (1837), in *Cromwell* (1845) and in *Frederick the Great* (1858-65), is the thesis expounded in *Heroes* that " the history of what man has accomplished in this world is, at bottom, the history of the great men who have worked there," through whom we have our best vision of God. " In freedom there is nothing to raise a man above a fly . . . The first duty of a people is to find, which means to accept, their chief; the second and last is to obey him." Perhaps so, if kings were always philosophers or philosophers kings. But, as Plato saw, the difficulty is how to find the Hero and get him accepted. Revolution brought Cromwell and Napoleon to the front: their system fell with them. Frederick rules by hereditary right: his principles, in hands less wise and less strong, ended in the disasters of 1918.

The ideal of the

" Still strong man in a blatant land
Who can rule, and dare not lie,"

may become a necessity in times of confusion. Carlyle, we may surmise, would have welcomed Mussolini. But such men show little respect for the views of those who differ from them, and have a summary method of overriding opposition. Milton's dictum that " opinion in good men is knowledge in the making " is far more sane and human than the glorification of the Tyranny which Carlyle often seems to condone. The world wants as little turmoil and tyranny as may be. Absolutism is alien, at any rate, to the British conception of a freedom which

" Slowly broadens down
From Precedent to Precedent."

The unheroic ages are the true seedtime of the Heroic. Shakespeare is as truly the creation of his own and past ages as he is the glory of our Literature. Might and right do not always coincide, even in the long run, though Carlyle writes, "In all battles, if you await 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 . . . clear undeniable right, clear undeniable might; either of these once ascertained puts an end to the battle." But in all this there is one lesson true for his and our own day. In the spread of democratic principles, when so many voices entice a nation now this way and now that, peoples have more than ever the need to find good and wise men for their leaders; but their loyalty to these leaders must be as discriminating as it is keen.

Hallam called Carlyle's style detestable; Taine called it demoniacal. To Wordsworth it was a proof that no Scotchman could write English. On the surface, indeed, his faults and mannerisms are obvious: his fondness for nicknames; queer grammar; strange expletives; abuse of capitals and italics; Germanised locutions; barbarous coining of words; jerky, spasmodic utterances. But for the main stream

Fervet, immensusque ruit profundo
Pindarus ore.

It fairly sweeps the reader away with its force and originality; abrupt explosive ejaculations; a deep pathos that stirs the soul; fierce denunciation; fervent appeal; a wonderful power of narrative drawn in pictures of flame; passages of noble prose-poetry, like the eighth chapter of the fourth book of *Sartor*; an all-pervading humour, now grim, now mocking, now grotesque, but lacking in the serenity of the highest humour;—all these stir our feeling in turn, and are expressed with an amazing command of language.

His friends record that he wrote as he spoke. Something of his style was inherited from his father, of whom he writes: "None of us will ever forget that bold, flowing style of his,

flowing free from his natural soul; full of metaphor, . . . with all manner of potent words. . . . Nothing did I ever hear him undertake to render visible, which did not become almost ocularly so. Emphatic I have heard him beyond all men." The fourth chapter of the first book of *Sartor* supplies a bit of self-portraiture in its description of Professor Teufelsdröckh's style: "Consummate vigour, a true inspiration; his burning thoughts step forth in burning words, like so many formed Minervas, issuing amid flame and splendour from Jove's head; a rich idiomatic diction, picturesque allusions, fiery poetic emphasis, or quaint tricksy turns. . . . A wild tone pervades the whole utterance of the man, like its keynote or regulator; now screwing itself aloft as into the song of spirits, or else the shrill mockery of fiends. . . . Gleams of an ethereal love burst from him, soft wailings of infinite pity."

Nowhere does Carlyle show more wonderful power than in his ability to make live before our eyes that medley of the sublime and the ridiculous, of passions and prejudices, of good and evil in motive and in action, of wisdom and folly, which at the time of great events accompanies and informs human society. Passages of this kind are scattered broadcast throughout the *French Revolution.*

The *Lectures on Heroes and Hero-Worship* were delivered in 1837-9 and published immediately afterwards. The idea of the book was probably taken in part from Fichte's *Discourses on the Nature of the Scholar*, referred to at the beginning of the fifth lecture. But it is the man of action that Carlyle has in mind more than the thinker.

Of the 'Heroes' discussed in this volume Luther and Knox were subjects after Carlyle's own heart, and fully and adequately dealt with.

Two are described somewhat sketchily. Rousseau's private character was not unreasonably detestable to Carlyle. But he does not do justice to his intellectual brilliancy. Whatever may be thought of some of his opinions, they had an

enormous influence in France and outside it. His 'Contrat Social,' however unhistorical in treatment, became the gospel of the Jacobins and the inspiration of some of their legislation. His doctrine of the Sovereignty of the People, his republican ideals, his appeals, however vague, for a return to 'Nature,' fired the imagination and the emotions—powerful factors in times of change. He moved the masses in a way the Encyclopedists could not, and sowed the seeds of the Revolution in men's hearts. He was a pioneer of Social Reform in his insistence on the rights of the poor and the duties of the rich. The system of Émile may be impossible; but his ideas bore fruit. It was the first application of the democratic spirit to education. In his love and praise of country life he influenced the Romantic movement of a later day.

The account of Napoleon also is very brief. We miss a full recognition of his clear and penetrating intellect, shown conspicuously in his four months' work on the Code, when confronted with the—to him—wholly new problems of the law. Here and in many other ways, he evolved order out of anarchy, and secured to France all the best things at which the Revolution aimed. His wish to found a Dynasty had its vulgar side; but it was also an attempt to secure the perpetuation after his own death of the system he had built up for the country's good.

When Napoleon said to Metternich, 'You do not know what happens in the soul of a soldier. I have grown up in battlefields, and a man such as I am cares little for the life of a million men,' it is clear that in his ambition there was a vulgar, personal element far less noble and unselfish than in Cromwell's. But Napoleon in France had some of the detachment of the foreigner: Cromwell was a patriotic Englishman. Carlyle calls Washington 'no immeasurable man.' Yet Washington's refusal to prolong his Presidency lest one man should seem indispensable in a free country was nobler still. His maintenance of constitutional procedure

is in sharp contrast with Cromwell's failure to rule as anything but a despot. Carlyle belittles the constitutional leaders such as Pym and Hampden, and condones the execution of the king. Still the lecture and the *Letters and Speeches* remain a just rehabilitation of Cromwell's character.

To Johnson and Burns, read with the 'Essays,' the lecture pays fit tribute, though one misses some account of Johnson as the king of conversationalists; while the 'tragedy' of Burns's life was due quite as much to his own faults as to the failure of the powers of the day to reward his merit as it deserved.

ON HEROES, HERO-WORSHIP
AND
THE HEROIC IN HISTORY

LECTURE IV

THE HERO AS PRIEST. LUTHER; REFORMATION: KNOX; PURITANISM

[*Friday*, 15*th May* 1840]

Our present discourse is to be of the Great Man as Priest. We have repeatedly endeavoured to explain that all sorts of Heroes are intrinsically of the same material; that given a great soul, open to the Divine Significance of Life, then there is given a man fit to speak of this, to sing of this, to fight and work for this, in a great, victorious, enduring manner; there is given a Hero,—the outward shape of whom will depend on the time and the environment he finds himself in. The Priest too, as I understand it, is a kind of Prophet; in him too there is required to be a light of inspiration, as we must name it. He presides over the worship of the people; is the Uniter of them with the Unseen Holy. He is the spiritual Captain of the people; as the Prophet is their spiritual King with many captains: he guides

them heavenward, by wise guidance through this Earth and its work. The ideal of him is, that he too be what we can call a voice from the unseen Heaven; interpreting, even as the Prophet did, and in a more familiar manner unfolding the same to men. The unseen Heaven,—the 'open secret of the Universe,'—which so few have an eye for! He is the Prophet shorn of his more awful splendour; burning with mild equable radiance, as the enlightener of daily life. This, I say, is the ideal of a Priest. So in old times; so in these, and in all times. One knows very well that, in reducing ideals to practice, great latitude of tolerance is needful; very great. But a Priest who is not this at all, who does not any longer aim or try to be this, is a character—of whom we had rather not speak in this place.

Luther and Knox were by express vocation Priests, and did faithfully perform that function in its common sense. Yet it will suit us better here to consider them chiefly in their historical character, rather as Reformers than Priests. There have been other Priests perhaps equally notable, in calmer times, for doing faithfully the office of a Leader of Worship; bringing down, by faithful heroism in that kind, a light from Heaven into the daily life of their people; leading them forward, as under God's guidance, in the way wherein they were to go. But when this same *way* was a rough one, of battle, confusion and danger, the spiritual Captain, who led through that, becomes, especially to us who live under the fruit of his leading, more notable than any other. He is the warfaring and battling Priest; who led his people, not to quiet faithful labour as in smooth times, but to faithful valorous conflict, in times all violent,

dismembered: a more perilous service, and a more memorable one, be it higher or not. These two men we will account our best Priests, inasmuch as they were our best Reformers. Nay I may ask, Is not every true Reformer, by the nature of him, a *Priest* first of all? He appeals to Heaven's invisible justice against Earth's visible force; knows that it, the invisible, is strong and alone strong. He is a believer in the divine truth of things; a *seer*, seeing through the shows of things; a worshipper, in one way or the other, of the divine truth of things; a Priest, that is. If he be not first a Priest, he will never be good for much as a Reformer.

Thus then, as we have seen Great Men, in various situations, building-up Religions, heroic Forms of human Existence in this world, Theories of Life worthy to be sung by a Dante, Practices of Life by a Shakspeare,—we are now to see the reverse process; which also is necessary, which also may be carried-on in the Heroic manner. Curious how this should be necessary: yet necessary it is. The mild shining of the Poet's light has to give place to the fierce lightning of the Reformer: unfortunately the Reformer too is a personage that cannot fail in History! The Poet indeed, with his mildness, what is he but the product and ultimate adjustment of Reform, or Prophecy, with its fierceness? No wild Saint Dominics and Thebaïd Eremites, there had been no melodious Dante; rough Practical Endeavour, Scandinavian and other, from Odin to Walter Raleigh, from Ulfila to Cranmer, enabled Shakspeare to speak. Nay the finished Poet, I remark sometimes, is a symptom that his epoch itself has reached perfection and is finished;

that before long there will be a new epoch, new Reformers needed.

Doubtless it were finer, could we go along always in the way of *music ;* be tamed and taught by our Poets, as the rude creatures were by their Orpheus of old. Or failing this rhythmic *musical* way, how good were it could we get so much as into the *equable* way ; I mean, if *peaceable* Priests, reforming from day to day, would always suffice us ! But it is not so ; even this latter has not yet been realised. Alas, the battling Reformer too is, from time to time, a needful and inevitable phenomenon. Obstructions are never wanting : the very things that were once indispensable furtherances become obstructions ; and need to be shaken-off, and left behind us,—a business often of enormous difficulty. It is notable enough, surely, how a Theorem or spiritual Representation, so we may call it, which once took-in the whole Universe, and was completely satisfactory in all parts of it to the highly-discursive acute intellect of Dante, one of the greatest in the world,—had in the course of another century become dubitable to common intellects ; become deniable ; and is now, to every one of us, flatly incredible, obsolete as Odin's Theorem ! To Dante, human Existence, and God's ways with men, were all well represented by those *Malebolges, Purgatorios ;* to Luther not well. How was this ? Why could not Dante's Catholicism continue ; but Luther's Protestantism must needs follow ? Alas, nothing will *continue.*

I do not make much of ' Progress of the Species,' as handled in these times of ours ; nor do I think you would care to hear much about it. The talk on that subject is

too often of the most extravagant, confused sort. Yet I may say, the fact itself seems certain enough; nay we can trace-out the inevitable necessity of it in the nature of things. Every man, as I have stated somewhere, is not only a learner but a doer: he learns with the mind given him what has been; but with the same mind he discovers farther, he invents and devises somewhat of his own. Absolutely without originality there is no man. No man whatever believes, or can believe, exactly what his grandfather believed: he enlarges somewhat, by fresh discovery, his view of the Universe, and consequently his Theorem of the Universe,—which is an *infinite* Universe, and can never be embraced wholly or finally by any view or Theorem, in any conceivable enlargement: he enlarges somewhat, I say; finds somewhat that was credible to his grandfather incredible to him, false to him, inconsistent with some new thing he has discovered or observed. It is the history of every man; and in the history of Mankind we see it summed-up into great historical amounts,—revolutions, new epochs. Dante's Mountain of Purgatory does *not* stand 'in the ocean of the other Hemisphere,' when Columbus has once sailed thither! Men find no such thing extant in the other Hemisphere. It is not there. It must cease to be believed to be there. So with all beliefs whatsoever in this world,—all Systems of Belief, and Systems of Practice that spring from these.

If we add now the melancholy fact, that when Belief waxes uncertain, Practice too becomes unsound, and errors, injustices and miseries everywhere more and more prevail, we shall see material enough for revolution. At all turns, a man who will *do* faithfully, needs to believe

firmly. If he have to ask at every turn the world's suffrage ; if he cannot dispense with the world's suffrage, and make his own suffrage serve, he is a poor eye-servant ; the work committed to him will be *mis*done. Every such man is a daily contributor to the inevitable downfall. Whatsoever work he does, dishonestly, with an eye to the outward look of it, is a new offence, parent of new misery to somebody or other. Offences accumulate till they become insupportable ; and are then violently burst through, cleared off as by explosion. Dante's sublime Catholicism, incredible now in theory, and defaced still worse by faithless, doubting and dishonest practice, has to be torn asunder by a Luther ; Shakspeare's noble Feudalism, as beautiful as it once looked and was, has to end in a French Revolution. The accumulation of offences is, as we say, too literally *exploded,* blasted asunder volcanically ; and there are long troublous periods before matters come to a settlement again.

Surely it were mournful enough to look only at this face of the matter, and find in all human opinions and arrangements merely the fact that they were uncertain, temporary, subject to the law of death ! At bottom, it is not so : all death, here too we find, is but of the body, not of the essence or soul ; all destruction, by violent revolution or howsoever it be, is but new creation on a wider scale. Odinism was *Valour ;* Christianism was *Humility,* a nobler kind of Valour. No thought that ever dwelt honestly as true in the heart of man but *was* an honest insight into God's truth on man's part, and *has* an essential truth in it which endures through all changes, an everlasting possession for us all. And, on

the other hand, what a melancholy notion is that, which has to represent all men, in all countries and times except our own, as having spent their life in blind condemnable error, mere lost Pagans, Scandinavians, Mahometans, only that we might have the true ultimate knowledge! All generations of men were lost and wrong, only that this present little section of a generation might be saved and right. They all marched forward there, all generations since the beginning of the world, like the Russian soldiers into the ditch of Schweidnitz Fort, only to fill-up the ditch with their dead bodies, that we might march-over and take the place! It is an incredible hypothesis. Such incredible hypothesis we have seen maintained with fierce emphasis; and this or the other poor individual man, with his sect of individual men, marching as over the dead bodies of all men, towards sure victory: but when he too, with his hypothesis and ultimate infallible credo, sank into the ditch, and became a dead body, what was to be said?—Withal, it is an important fact in the nature of man, that he tends to reckon his own insight as final, and goes upon it as such. He will always do it, I suppose, in one or the other way; but it must be in some wider, wiser way than this. Are not all true men that live, or that ever lived, soldiers of the same army, enlisted, under Heaven's captaincy, to do battle against the same enemy, the empire of Darkness and Wrong? Why should we misknow one another, fight not against the enemy but against ourselves, from mere difference of uniform? All uniforms shall be good, so they hold in them true valiant men. All fashions of arms, the Arab turban and swift scimetar, Thor's strong hammer smiting down *Jötuns*, shall be welcome.

Luther's battle-voice, Dante's march-melody, all genuine things are with us, not against us. We are all under one Captain, soldiers of the same host.—Let us now look a little at this Luther's fighting; what kind of battle it was, and how he comported himself in it. Luther too was of our spiritual Heroes; a Prophet to his country and time.

As introductory to the whole, a remark about Idolatry will perhaps be in place here. One of Mahomet's characteristics, which indeed belongs to all Prophets, is unlimited implacable zeal against Idolatry. It is the grand theme of Prophets: Idolatry, the worshipping of dead Idols as the Divinity, is a thing they cannot away-with, but have to denounce continually, and brand with inexpiable reprobation; it is the chief of all the sins they see done under the sun. This is worth noting. We will not enter here into the theological question about Idolatry. Idol is *Eidolon*, a thing seen, a symbol. It is not God, but a Symbol of God; and perhaps one may question whether any the most benighted mortal ever took it for more than a Symbol. I fancy, he did not think that the poor image his own hands had made *was* God; but that God was emblemed by it, that God was in it some way or other. And now in this sense, one may ask, Is not all worship whatsoever a worship by Symbols, by *eidola*, or things seen? Whether *seen*, rendered visible as an image or picture to the bodily eye; or visible only to the inward eye, to the imagination, to the intellect: this makes a superficial, but no substantial difference. It is still a Thing Seen, significant of Godhead; an Idol. The most rigorous Puritan has his Confession of Faith, and intellectual Representation of Divine things,

and worships thereby; thereby is worship first made possible for him. All creeds, liturgies, religious forms, conceptions that fitly invest religious feelings, are in this sense *eidola*, things seen. All worship whatsoever must proceed by Symbols, by Idols:—we may say, all Idolatry is comparative, and the worst Idolatry is only *more* idolatrous.

Where, then, lies the evil of it? Some fatal evil must lie in it, or earnest prophetic men would not on all hands so reprobate it. Why is Idolatry so hateful to Prophets? It seems to me as if, in the worship of those poor wooden symbols, the thing that had chiefly provoked the Prophet, and filled his inmost soul with indignation and aversion, was not exactly what suggested itself to his own thought, and came out of him in words to others, as the thing. The rudest heathen that worshipped Canopus, or the Caabah Black-Stone, he, as we saw, was superior to the horse that worshipped nothing at all! Nay there was a kind of lasting merit in that poor act of his; analogous to what is still meritorious in Poets: recognition of a certain endless *divine* beauty and significance in stars and all natural objects whatsoever. Why should the Prophet so mercilessly condemn him? The poorest mortal worshipping his Fetish, while his heart is full of it, may be an object of pity, of contempt and avoidance, if you will; but cannot surely be an object of hatred. Let his heart *be* honestly full of it, the whole space of his dark narrow mind illuminated thereby; in one word, let him entirely *believe* in his Fetish,—it will then be, I should say, if not well with him, yet as well as it can readily be made to be, and you will leave him alone, unmolested there.

But here enters the fatal circumstance of Idolatry, that, in the era of the Prophets, no man's mind *is* any longer honestly filled with his Idol or Symbol. Before the Prophet can arise who, seeing through it, knows it to be mere wood, many men must have begun dimly to doubt that it was little more. Condemnable Idolatry is *insincere* Idolatry. Doubt has eaten-out the heart of it: a human soul is seen clinging spasmodically to an Ark of the Covenant, which it half-feels now to have become a Phantasm. This is one of the balefulest sights. Souls are no longer *filled* with their Fetish; but only pretend to be filled, and would fain make themselves feel that they are filled. "You do not believe," said Coleridge; "you only believe that you believe." It is the final scene in all kinds of Worship and Symbolism; the sure symptom that death is now nigh. It is equivalent to what we call Formulism, and Worship of Formulas, in these days of ours. No more immoral act can be done by a human creature; for it is the beginning of all immorality, or rather it is the impossibility henceforth of any morality whatsoever: the innermost moral soul is paralysed thereby, cast into fatal magnetic sleep! Men are no longer *sincere* men. I do not wonder that the earnest man denounces this, brands it, prosecutes it with inextinguishable aversion. He and it, all good and it, are at death-feud. Blamable Idolatry is *Cant*, and even what one may call Sincere-Cant. Sincere-Cant: that is worth thinking of! Every sort of Worship ends with this phasis.

I find Luther to have been a Breaker of Idols, no less than any other Prophet. The wooden gods of the Koreish, made of timber and bees-wax, were not more

hateful to Mahomet than Tetzel's Pardons of Sin, made of sheepskin and ink, were to Luther. It is the property of every Hero, in every time, in every place and situation, that he come back to reality ; that he stand upon things, and not shows of things. According as he loves, and venerates, articulately or with deep speechless thought, the awful realities of things, so will the hollow shows of things, however regular, decorous, accredited by Koreishes or Conclaves, be intolerable and detestable to him. Protestantism too is the work of a Prophet : the prophet-work of that sixteenth century. The first stroke of honest demolition to an ancient thing grown false and idolatrous ; preparatory afar off to a new thing, which shall be true, and authentically divine !—

At first view it might seem as if Protestantism were entirely destructive to this that we call Hero-worship, and represent as the basis of all possible good, religious or social, for mankind. One often hears it said that Protestantism introduced a new era, radically different from any the world had ever seen before : the era of 'private judgment,' as they call it. By this revolt against the Pope, every man became his own Pope ; and learnt, among other things, that he must never trust any Pope, or spiritual Hero-captain, any more ! Whereby, is not spiritual union, all hierarchy and subordination among men, henceforth an impossibility ? So we hear it said.—Now I need not deny that Protestantism was a revolt against spiritual sovereignties, Popes and much else. Nay I will grant that English Puritanism, revolt against earthly sovereignties, was the second act of it ; that the enormous French Revolution itself was the third act, whereby all sovereignties earthly and

spiritual were, as might seem, abolished or made sure of abolition. Protestantism is the grand root from which our whole subsequent European History branches out. For the spiritual will always body itself forth in the temporal history of men; the spiritual is the beginning of the temporal. And now, sure enough, the cry is everywhere for Liberty and Equality, Independence and so forth; instead of *Kings*, Ballot-boxes and Electoral suffrages: it seems made out that any Hero-sovereign, or loyal obedience of men to a man, in things temporal or things spiritual, has passed away forever from the world. I should despair of the world altogether, if so. One of my deepest convictions is, that it is not so. Without sovereigns, true sovereigns, temporal and spiritual, I see nothing possible but an anarchy; the hatefulest of things. But I find Protestantism, whatever anarchic democracy it have produced, to be the beginning of new genuine sovereignty and order. I find it to be a revolt against *false* sovereigns; the painful but indispensable first preparative for *true* sovereigns getting place among us! This is worth explaining a little.

Let us remark, therefore, in the first place, that this of 'private judgment' is, at bottom, not a new thing in the world, but only new at that epoch of the world. There is nothing generically new or peculiar in the Reformation; it was a return to Truth and Reality in opposition to Falsehood and Semblance, as all kinds of Improvement and genuine Teaching are and have been. Liberty of private judgment, if we will consider it, must at all times have existed in the world. Dante had not put-out his eyes, or tied shackles on himself; he was at home in that Catholicism of his, a free-seeing soul in it,—if

many a poor Hogstraten, Tetzel and Dr. Eck had now become slaves in it. Liberty of judgment? No iron chain, or outward force of any kind, could ever compel the soul of a man to believe or to disbelieve: it is his own indefeasible light, that judgment of his; he will reign, and believe there, by the grace of God alone! The sorriest sophistical Bellarmine, preaching sightless faith and passive obedience, must first, by some kind of *conviction*, have abdicated his right to be convinced. His 'private judgment' indicated that, as the advisablest step *he* could take. The right of private judgment will subsist, in full force, wherever true men subsist. A true man *believes* with his whole judgment, with all the illumination and discernment that is in him, and has always so believed. A false man, only struggling to 'believe that he believes,' will naturally manage it in some other way. Protestantism said to this latter, Woe! and to the former, Well done! At bottom, it was no new saying; it was a return to all old sayings that ever had been said. Be genuine, be sincere: that was, once more, the meaning of it. Mahomet believed with his whole mind; Odin with his whole mind,—he, and all *true* Followers of Odinism. They, by their private judgment, had 'judged'—*so*.

And now I venture to assert, that the exercise of private judgment, faithfully gone about, does by no means necessarily end in selfish independence, isolation; but rather ends necessarily in the opposite of that. It is not honest inquiry that makes anarchy; but it is error, insincerity, half-belief and untruth that make it. A man protesting against error is on the way towards uniting himself with all men that believe in truth. There is no

communion possible among men who believe only in hearsays. The heart of each is lying dead; has no power of sympathy even with *things*,—or he would believe *them* and not hearsays. No sympathy even with things; how much less with his fellow-men! He cannot unite with men; he is an anarchic man. Only in a world of sincere men is unity possible;—and there, in the longrun, it is as good as *certain*.

For observe one thing, a thing too often left out of view, or rather altogether lost sight of, in this controversy: That it is not necessary a man should himself have *discovered* the truth he is to believe in, and never so *sincerely* to believe in. A Great Man, we said, was always sincere, as the first condition of him. But a man need not be great in order to be sincere; that is not the necessity of Nature and all Time, but only of certain corrupt unfortunate epochs of Time. A man can believe, and make his own, in the most genuine way, what he has received from another;—and with boundless gratitude to that other! The merit of *originality* is not novelty; it is sincerity. The believing man is the original man; whatsoever he believes, he believes it for himself, not for another. Every son of Adam can become a sincere man, an original man, in this sense; no mortal is doomed to be an insincere man. Whole ages, what we call ages of Faith, are original; all men in them, or the most of men in them, sincere. These are the great and fruitful ages: every worker, in all spheres, is a worker not on semblance but on substance; every work issues in a result: the general sum of such work is great; for all of it, as genuine, tends towards one goal; all of it is *additive*, none of it subtractive. There is true union,

true kingship, loyalty, all true and blessed things, so far as the poor Earth can produce blessedness for men.

Hero-worship? Ah me, that a man be self-subsistent, original, true, or what we call it, is surely the farthest in the world from indisposing him to reverence and believe other men's truth! It only disposes, necessitates and invincibly compels him to *dis*believe other men's dead formulas, hearsays and untruths. A man embraces truth with his eyes open, and because his eyes are open: does he need to shut them before he can love his Teacher of truth? He alone can love, with a right gratitude and genuine loyalty of soul, the Hero-Teacher who has delivered him out of darkness into light. Is not such a one a true Hero and Serpent-queller; worthy of all reverence? The black monster, Falsehood, our one enemy in this world, lies prostrate by his valour; it was he that conquered the world for us!—See, accordingly, was not Luther himself reverenced as a true Pope, or Spiritual Father, *being* verily such? Napoleon, from amid boundless revolt of Sansculottism, became a King. Hero-worship never dies, nor can die. Loyalty and Sovereignty are everlasting in the world:—and there is this in them, that they are grounded not on garnitures and semblances, but on realities and sincerities. Not by shutting your eyes, your 'private judgment'; no, but by opening them, and by having something to see! Luther's message was deposition and abolition to all false Popes and Potentates, but life and strength, though afar off, to new genuine ones.

All this of Liberty and Equality, Electoral suffrages, Independence and so forth, we will take, therefore, to be a temporary phenomenon, by no means a final one.

Though likely to last a long time, with sad enough embroilments for us all, we must welcome it, as the penalty of sins that are past, the pledge of inestimable benefits that are coming. In all ways, it behoved men to quit simulacra and return to fact; cost what it might, that did behove to be done. With spurious Popes, and Believers having no private judgment,—quacks pretending to command over dupes,—what can you do? Misery and mischief only. You cannot make an association out of insincere men; you cannot build an edifice except by plummet and level,—at *right*-angles to one another! In all this wild revolutionary work, from Protestantism downwards, I see the blessedest result preparing itself: not abolition of Hero-worship, but rather what I would call a whole World of Heroes. If Hero mean *sincere man*, why may not every one of us be a Hero? A world all sincere, a believing world: the like has been; the like will again be,—cannot help being. That were the right sort of Worshippers for Heroes: never could the truly Better be so reverenced as where all were True and Good! —But we must hasten to Luther and his Life.

Luther's birthplace was Eisleben in Saxony; he came into the world there on the 10th of November 1483. It was an accident that gave this honour to Eisleben. His parents, poor mine-labourers in a village of that region, named Mohra, had gone to the Eisleben Winter-Fair: in the tumult of this scene the Frau Luther was taken with travail, found refuge in some poor house there, and the boy she bore was named MARTIN LUTHER. Strange enough to reflect upon it. This poor Frau Luther, she had gone with her husband to make her

small merchandisings; perhaps to sell the lock of yarn she had been spinning, to buy the small winter-necessaries for her narrow hut or household; in the whole world, that day, there was not a more entirely unimportant-looking pair of people than this Miner and his Wife. And yet what were all Emperors, Popes and Potentates, in comparison? There was born here, once more, a Mighty Man; whose light was to flame as the beacon over long centuries and epochs of the world; the whole world and its history was waiting for this man. It is strange, it is great. It leads us back to another Birth-hour, in a still meaner environment, Eighteen Hundred years ago,—of which it is fit that we *say* nothing, that we think only in silence; for what words are there! The Age of Miracles past? The Age of Miracles is forever here!—

I find it altogether suitable to Luther's function in this Earth, and doubtless wisely ordered to that end by the Providence presiding over him and us and all things, that he was born poor, and brought-up poor, one of the poorest of men. He had to beg, as the school-children in those times did; singing for alms and bread, from door to door. Hardship, rigorous Necessity was the poor boy's companion; no man nor no thing would put-on a false face to flatter Martin Luther. Among things, not among the shows of things, had he to grow. A boy of rude figure, yet with weak health, with his large greedy soul, full of all faculty and sensibility, he suffered greatly. But it was his task to get acquainted with *realities*, and keep acquainted with them, at whatever cost: his task was to bring the whole world back to reality, for it had dwelt too long with semblance! A youth nursed-

up in wintry whirlwinds, in desolate darkness and difficulty, that he may step-forth at last from his stormy Scandinavia, strong as a true man, as a god: a Christian Odin,—a right Thor once more, with his thunder-hammer, to smite asunder ugly enough *Jötuns* and Giant-monsters!

Perhaps the turning incident of his life, we may fancy, was that death of his friend Alexis, by lightning, at the gate of Erfurt. Luther had struggled-up through boyhood, better and worse; displaying, in spite of all hindrances, the largest intellect, eager to learn: his father judging doubtless that he might promote himself in the world, set him upon the study of Law. This was the path to rise; Luther, with little will in it either way, had consented: he was now nineteen years of age. Alexis and he had been to see the old Luther people at Mansfeldt; were got back again near Erfurt, when a thunderstorm came on; the bolt struck Alexis, he fell dead at Luther's feet. What is this Life of ours?—gone in a moment, burnt-up like a scroll, into the blank Eternity! What are all earthly preferments, Chancellorships, Kingships? They lie shrunk together—there! The Earth has opened on them; in a moment they are not, and Eternity is. Luther, struck to the heart, determined to devote himself to God and God's service alone. In spite of all dissuasions from his father and others, he became a Monk in the Augustine Convent at Erfurt.

This was probably the first light-point in the history of Luther, his purer will now first decisively uttering itself; but, for the present, it was still as one light-point in an element all of darkness. He says he was a pious monk,

ich bin ein frommer Mönch gewesen ; faithfully, painfully struggling to work-out the truth of this high act of his ; but it was to little purpose. His misery had not lessened ; had rather, as it were, increased into infinitude. The drudgeries he had to do, as novice in his Convent, all sorts of slave-work, were not his grievance : the deep earnest soul of the man had fallen into all manner of black scruples, dubitations ; he believed himself likely to die soon, and far worse than die. One hears with a new interest for poor Luther that, at this time, he lived in terror of the unspeakable misery ; fancied that he was doomed to eternal reprobation. Was it not the humble sincere nature of the man ? What was he, that he should be raised to Heaven ? He that had known only misery, and mean slavery : the news was too blessed to be credible. It could not become clear to him how, by fasts, vigils, formalities and mass-work, a man's soul could be saved. He fell into the blackest wretchedness ; had to wander staggering as on the verge of bottomless Despair.

It must have been a most blessed discovery, that of an old Latin Bible which he found in the Erfurt Library about this time. He had never seen the Book before. It taught him another lesson than that of fasts and vigils. A brother monk too, of pious experience, was helpful. Luther learned now that a man was saved not by singing masses, but by the infinite grace of God : a more credible hypothesis. He gradually got himself founded, as on the rock. No wonder he should venerate the Bible, which had brought this blessed help to him. He prized it as the Word of the Highest must be prized by such a man. He determined to hold by that ; as through life and to death he firmly did.

This, then, is his deliverance from darkness, his final triumph over darkness, what we call his conversion; for himself the most important of all epochs. That he should now grow daily in peace and clearness; that, unfolding now the great talents and virtues implanted in him, he should rise to importance in his Convent, in his country, and be found more and more useful in all honest business of life, is a natural result. He was sent on missions by his Augustine Order, as a man of talent and fidelity fit to do their business well: the Elector of Saxony, Friedrich, named the Wise, a truly wise and just prince, had cast his eye on him as a valuable person; made him Professor in his new University of Wittenberg, Preacher too at Wittenberg; in both which capacities, as in all duties he did, this Luther, in the peaceable sphere of common life, was gaining more and more esteem with all good men.

It was in his twenty-seventh year that he first saw Rome; being sent thither, as I said, on mission from his Convent. Pope Julius the Second, and what was going-on at Rome, must have filled the mind of Luther with amazement. He had come as to the Sacred City, throne of God's Highpriest on Earth; and he found it—what we know! Many thoughts it must have given the man; many which we have no record of, which perhaps he did not himself know how to utter. This Rome, this scene of false priests, clothed not in the beauty of holiness, but in far other vesture, is *false:* but what is it to Luther? A mean man he, how shall he reform a world? That was far from his thoughts. A humble, solitary man, why should he at all meddle with the world? It was the task of quite higher men than he. His business

was to guide his own footsteps wisely through the world. Let him do his own obscure duty in it well; the rest, horrible and dismal as it looks, is in God's hand, not in his.

It is curious to reflect what might have been the issue, had Roman Popery happened to pass this Luther by; to go on in its great wasteful orbit, and not come athwart his little path, and force him to assault it! Conceivable enough that, in this case, he might have held his peace about the abuses of Rome; left Providence, and God on high, to deal with them! A modest quiet man; not prompt he to attack irreverently persons in authority. His clear task, as I say, was to do his own duty; to walk wisely in this world of confused wickedness, and save his own soul alive. But the Roman Highpriesthood did come athwart him: afar off at Wittenberg he, Luther, could not get lived in honesty for it; he remonstrated, resisted, came to extremity; was struck-at, struck again, and so it came to wager of battle between them! This is worth attending to in Luther's history. Perhaps no man of so humble, peaceable a disposition ever filled the world with contention. We cannot but see that he would have loved privacy, quiet diligence in the shade; that it was against his will he ever became a notoriety. Notoriety: what would that do for him? The goal of his march through this world was the Infinite Heaven; an indubitable goal for him: in a few years, he should either have attained that, or lost it forever! We will say nothing at all, I think, of that sorrowfulest of theories, of its being some mean shopkeeper grudge, of the Augustine Monk against the Dominican, that first kindled the wrath of Luther, and produced the Protestant Refor-

mation. We will say to the people who maintain it, if indeed any such exist now : Get first into the sphere of thought by which it is so much as possible to judge of Luther, or of any man like Luther, otherwise than distractedly ; we may then begin arguing with you.

The Monk Tetzel, sent out carelessly in the way of trade, by Leo Tenth,—who merely wanted to raise a little money, and for the rest seems to have been a Pagan rather than a Christian, so far as he was anything,—arrived at Wittenberg, and drove his scandalous trade there. Luther's flock bought Indulgences ; in the confessional of his Church, people pleaded to him that they had already got their sins pardoned. Luther, if he would not be found wanting at his own post, a false sluggard and coward at the very centre of the little space of ground that was his own and no other man's, had to step-forth against Indulgences, and declare aloud that *they* were a futility and sorrowful mockery, that no man's sins could be pardoned by *them.* It was the beginning of the whole Reformation. We know how it went ; forward from this first public challenge of Tetzel, on the last day of October 1517, through remonstrance and argument ;—spreading ever wider, rising ever higher ; till it became unquenchable, and enveloped all the world. Luther's heart's-desire was to have this grief and other griefs amended ; his thought was still far other than that of introducing separation in the Church, or revolting against the Pope, Father of Christendom.—The elegant Pagan Pope cared little about this Monk and his doctrines ; wished, however, to have done with the noise of him : in a space of some three years, having tried various softer methods, he thought good to end it by *fire.* He dooms

the Monk's writings to be burnt by the hangman, and his body to be sent bound to Rome,—probably for a similar purpose. It was the way they had ended with Huss, with Jerome, the century before. A short argument, fire. Poor Huss: he came to that Constance Council, with all imaginable promises and safe-conducts; an earnest, not rebellious kind of man: they laid him instantly in a stone dungeon 'three-feet wide, six-feet high, seven-feet long'; *burnt* the true voice of him out of this world; choked it in smoke and fire. That was *not* well done!

I, for one, pardon Luther for now altogether revolting against the Pope. The elegant Pagan, by this fire-decree of his, had kindled into noble just wrath the bravest heart then living in this world. The bravest, if also one of the humblest, peaceablest; it was now kindled. These words of mine, words of truth and soberness, aiming faithfully, as human inability would allow, to promote God's truth on Earth, and save men's souls, you, God's vicegerent on earth, answer them by the hangman and fire? You will burn me and them, for answer to the God's-message they strove to bring you? *You* are not God's vicegerent; you are another's than his, I think! I take your Bull, as an emparchmented Lie, and burn *it*. You will do what you see good next: this is what I do.—It was on the 10th of December 1520, three years after the beginning of the business, that Luther, 'with a great concourse of people,' took this indignant step of burning the Pope's fire-decree 'at the Elster-Gate of Wittenberg.' Wittenberg looked on 'with shoutings'; the whole world was looking on. The Pope should not have provoked that 'shout'! It was the

shout of the awakening of nations. The quiet German heart, modest, patient of much, had at length got more than it could bear. Formulism, Pagan Popeism, and other Falsehood and corrupt Semblance had ruled long enough: and here once more was a man found who durst tell all men that God's-world stood not on semblances but on realities; that Life was a truth, and not a lie!

At bottom, as was said above, we are to consider Luther as a Prophet Idol-breaker; a bringer-back of men to reality. It is the function of great men and teachers. Mahomet said, These idols of yours are wood; you put wax and oil on them, the flies stick on them: they are not God, I tell you, they are black wood! Luther said to the Pope, This thing of yours that you call a Pardon of Sins, it is a bit of rag-paper with ink. It *is* nothing else; it, and so much like it, is nothing else. God alone can pardon sins. Popeship, spiritual Fatherhood of God's Church, is that a vain semblance, of cloth and parchment? It is an awful fact. God's Church is not a semblance, Heaven and Hell are not semblances. I stand on this, since you drive me to it. Standing on this, I, a poor German Monk am stronger than you all. I stand solitary, friendless, but on God's Truth; you with your tiaras, triple-hats, with your treasuries and armouries, thunders spiritual and temporal, stand on the Devil's Lie, and are not so strong!—

The Diet of Worms, Luther's appearance there on the 17th of April 1521, may be considered as the greatest scene in Modern European History; the point, indeed, from which the whole subsequent history of civilization takes its rise. After multiplied negotiations, disputations,

it had come to this. The young Emperor Charles Fifth, with all the Princes of Germany, Papal nuncios, dignitaries spiritual and temporal, are assembled there: Luther is to appear and answer for himself, whether he will recant or not. The world's pomp and power sits there on this hand: on that, stands-up for God's Truth, one man, the poor miner Hans Luther's Son. Friends had reminded him of Huss, advised him not to go; he would not be advised. A large company of friends rode-out to meet him, with still more earnest warnings; he answered, "Were there as many Devils in Worms as there are roof-tiles, I would on." The people, on the morrow, as he went to the Hall of the Diet, crowded the windows and housetops, some of them calling out to him, in solemn words, not to recant: "Whosoever denieth me before men!" they cried to him,—as in a kind of solemn petition and adjuration. Was it not in reality our petition too, the petition of the whole world, lying in dark bondage of soul, paralysed under a black spectral Nightmare and triple-hatted Chimera, calling itself Father in God, and what not: "Free us; it rests with thee; desert us not!"

Luther did not desert us. His speech, of two hours, distinguished itself by its respectful, wise and honest tone; submissive to whatsoever could lawfully claim submission, not submissive to any more than that. His writings, he said, were partly his own, partly derived from the Word of God. As to what was his own, human infirmity entered into it; unguarded anger, blindness, many things doubtless which it were a blessing for him could he abolish altogether. But as to what stood on sound truth and the Word of God, he could not recant

it. How could he? "Confute me," he concluded, "by proofs of Scripture, or else by plain just arguments: I cannot recant otherwise. For it is neither safe nor prudent to do aught against conscience. Here stand I; I can do no other: God assist me!"—It is, as we say, the greatest moment in the Modern History of Men. English Puritanism, England and its Parliaments, Americas, and vast work these two centuries; French Revolution, Europe and its work everywhere at present: the germ of it all lay there: had Luther in that moment done other, it had all been otherwise! The European World was asking him: Am I to sink ever lower into falsehood, stagnant putrescence, loathsome accursed death; or, with whatever paroxysm, to cast the falsehoods out of me, and be cured and live?—

Great wars, contentions and disunion followed out of this Reformation; which last down to our day, and are yet far from ended. Great talk and crimination has been made about these. They are lamentable, undeniable; but after all, what has Luther or his cause to do with them? It seems strange reasoning to charge the Reformation with all this. When Hercules turned the purifying river into King Augeas's stables, I have no doubt the confusion that resulted was considerable all around: but I think it was not Hercules's blame; it was some other's blame! The Reformation might bring what results it liked when it came, but the Reformation simply could not help coming. To all Popes and Popes' advocates, expostulating, lamenting and accusing, the answer of the world is: Once for all, your Popehood has become untrue. No matter how good it was, how

good you say it is, we cannot believe it; the light of our whole mind, given us to walk-by from Heaven above, finds it henceforth a thing unbelievable. We will not believe it, we will not try to believe it,—we dare not! The thing is *untrue;* we were traitors against the Giver of all Truth, if we durst pretend to think it true. Away with it; let whatsoever likes come in the place of it: with *it* we can have no farther trade!—Luther and his Protestantism is not responsible for wars; the false Simulacra that forced him to protest, they are responsible. Luther did what every man that God has made has not only the right, but lies under the sacred duty, to do: answered a Falsehood when it questioned him, Dost thou believe me?—No!—At what cost soever, without counting of costs, this thing behoved to be done. Union, organisation spiritual and material, a far nobler than any Popedom or Feudalism in their truest days, I never doubt, is coming for the world; sure to come. But on Fact alone, not on Semblance and Simulacrum, will it be able either to come, or to stand when come. With union grounded on falsehood, and ordering us to speak and act lies, we will not have anything to do. Peace? A brutal lethargy is peaceable, the noisome grave is peaceable. We hope for a living peace, not a dead one!

And yet, in prizing justly the indispensable blessings of the New, let us not be unjust to the Old. The Old *was* true, if it no longer is. In Dante's days it needed no sophistry, self-blinding or other dishonesty, to get itself reckoned true. It was good then; nay there is in the soul of it a deathless good. The cry of 'No Popery' is foolish enough in these days. The speculation that Popery is on the increase, building new chapels and so

forth, may pass for one of the idlest ever started. Very curious: to count-up a few Popish chapels, listen to a few Protestant logic-choppings,—to much dull-droning drowsy inanity that still calls itself Protestant, and say: See, Protestantism is *dead;* Popeism is more alive than it, will be alive after it!—Drowsy inanities, not a few, that call themselves Protestant are dead; but *Protestantism* has not died yet, that I hear of! Protestantism, if we will look, has in these days produced its Goethe, its Napoleon; German Literature and the French Revolution; rather considerable signs of life! Nay, at bottom, what else is alive *but* Protestantism? The life of most else that one meets is a galvanic one merely,—not a pleasant, not a lasting sort of life!

Popery can build new chapels; welcome to do so, to all lengths. Popery cannot come back, any more than Paganism can,—*which* also still lingers in some countries. But, indeed, it is with these things, as with the ebbing of the sea: you look at the waves oscillating hither, thither on the beach; for *minutes* you cannot tell how it is going; look in half an hour where it is,—look in half a century where your Popehood is! Alas, would there were no greater danger to our Europe than the poor old Pope's revival! Thor may as soon try to revive.—And withal this oscillation has a meaning. The poor old Popehood will not die away entirely, as Thor has done, for some time yet; nor ought it. We may say, the Old never dies till this happen, till all the soul of good that was in it have got itself transfused into the practical New. While a good work remains capable of being done by the Romish form; or, what is inclusive of all, while a *pious life* remains capable of being led by it, just so long, if

we consider, will this or the other human soul adopt it, go about as a living witness of it. So long it will obtrude itself on the eye of us who reject it, till we in our practice too have appropriated whatsoever of truth was in it. Then, but also not till then, it will have no charm more for any man. It lasts here for a purpose. Let it last as long as it can.—

Of Luther I will add now, in reference to all these wars and bloodshed, the noticeable fact that none of them began so long as he continued living. The controversy did not get to fighting so long as he was there. To me it is proof of his greatness in all senses, this fact. How seldom do we find a man that has stirred-up some vast commotion, who does not himself perish, swept-away in it! Such is the usual course of revolutionists. Luther continued, in a good degree, sovereign of this greatest revolution; all Protestants, of what rank or function soever, looking much to him for guidance: and he held it peaceable, continued firm at the centre of it. A man to do this must have a kingly faculty: he must have the gift to discern at all turns where the true heart of the matter lies, and to plant himself courageously on that, as a strong true man, that other true men may rally round him there. He will not continue leader of men otherwise. Luther's clear deep force of judgment, his force of all sorts, of *silence*, of tolerance and moderation, among others, are very notable in these circumstances.

Tolerance, I say; a very genuine kind of tolerance: he distinguishes what is essential, and what is not; the unessential may go very much as it will. A complaint

comes to him that such and such a Reformed Preacher 'will not preach without a cassock.' Well, answers Luther, what harm will a cassock do the man? 'Let him have a cassock to preach in; let him have three cassocks if he find benefit in them!' His conduct in the matter of Karlstadt's wild image-breaking; of the Anabaptists; of the Peasants' War, shows a noble strength, very different from spasmodic violence. With sure prompt insight he discriminates what is what: a strong just man, he speaks-forth what is the wise course, and all men follow him in that. Luther's Written Works give similar testimony of him. The dialect of these speculations is now grown obsolete for us; but one still reads them with a singular attraction. And indeed the mere grammatical diction is still legible enough; Luther's merit in literary history is of the greatest; his dialect became the language of all writing. They are not well written, these Four and-twenty Quartos of his; written hastily, with quite other than literary objects. But in no Books have I found a more robust, genuine, I will say noble faculty of a man than in these. A rugged honesty, homeliness, simplicity; a rugged sterling sense and strength. He flashes-out illumination from him; his smiting idiomatic phrases seem to cleave into the very secret of the matter. Good humour too, nay tender affection, nobleness, and depth: this man could have been a Poet too! He had to *work* an Epic Poem, not write one. I call him a great Thinker; as indeed his greatness of heart already betokens that.

Richter says of Luther's words, 'his words are half-battles.' They may be called so. The essential quality of him was, that he could fight and conquer; that he

was a right piece of human Valour. No more valiant man, no mortal heart to be called *braver*, that one has record of, ever lived in that Teutonic Kindred, whose character is valour. His defiance of the 'Devils' in Worms was not a mere boast, as the like might be if now spoken. It was a faith of Luther's that there were Devils, spiritual denizens of the Pit, continually besetting men. Many times, in his writings, this turns-up; and a most small sneer has been grounded on it by some. In the room of the Wartburg where he sat translating the Bible, they still show you a black spot on the wall; the strange memorial of one of these conflicts. Luther sat translating one of the Psalms; he was worn-down with long labour, with sickness, abstinence from food: there rose before him some hideous indefinable Image, which he took for the Evil One, to forbid his work: Luther started-up, with fiend-defiance; flung his inkstand at the spectre, and it disappeared! The spot still remains there; a curious monument of several things. Any apothecary's apprentice can now tell us what we are to think of this apparition, in a scientific sense: but the man's heart that dare rise defiant, face to face, against Hell itself, can give no higher proof of fearlessness. The thing he will quail before exists not on this earth or under it.—Fearless enough! 'The Devil is aware,' writes he one occasion, 'that this does not proceed out of fear in me. I have seen and defied innumerable Devils. 'Duke George,' of Leipzig, a great enemy of his, 'Duke George is not equal to one Devil,'—far short of a Devil! 'If I had business at Leipzig, I would ride into Leipzig, though it rained Duke-Georges for nine days running.' What a reservoir of Dukes to ride into!—

At the same time, they err greatly who imagine that this man's courage was ferocity, mere coarse disobedient obstinacy and savagery, as many do. Far from that. There may be an absence of fear which arises from the absence of thought or affection, from the presence of hatred and stupid fury. We do not value the courage of the tiger highly! With Luther it was far otherwise; no accusation could be more unjust than this of mere ferocious violence brought against him. A most gentle heart withal, full of pity and love, as indeed the truly valiant heart ever is. The tiger before a *stronger* foe—flies: the tiger is not what we call valiant, only fierce and cruel. I know few things more touching than those soft breathings of affection, soft as a child's or mother's, in this great wild heart of Luther. So honest, unadulterated with any cant; homely, rude in their utterance; pure as water welling from the rock. What, in fact, was all that downpressed mood of despair and reprobation, which we saw in his youth, but the outcome of preëminent thoughtful gentleness, affections too keen and fine? It is the course such men as the poor Poet Cowper fall into. Luther to a slight observer might have seemed a timid, weak man; modesty, affectionate shrinking tenderness the chief distinction of him. It is a noble valour which is roused in a heart like this, once stirred-up into defiance, all kindled into a heavenly blaze.

In Luther's *Table-Talk*, a posthumous Book of anecdotes and sayings collected by his friends, the most interesting now of all the Books proceeding from him, we have many beautiful unconscious displays of the man, and what sort of nature he had. His behaviour at the deathbed of his little Daughter, so still, so great and

loving, is among the most affecting things. He is resigned that his little Magdalene should die, yet longs inexpressibly that she might live;—follows, in awe-struck thought, the flight of her little soul through those unknown realms. Awestruck; most heartfelt, we can see; and sincere,—for after all dogmatic creeds and articles, he feels what nothing it is that we know, or can know: His little Magdalene shall be with God, as God wills; for Luther too that is all; *Islam* is all.

Once, he looks-out from his solitary Patmos, the Castle of Coburg, in the middle of the night: The great vault of Immensity, long flights of clouds sailing through it,—dumb, gaunt, huge:—who supports all that? "None ever saw the pillars of it; yet it is supported." God supports it. We must know that God is great, that God is good; and trust, where we cannot see.—Returning home from Leipzig once, he is struck by the beauty of the harvest-fields: How it stands, that golden yellow corn, on its fair taper stem, its golden head bent, all rich and waving there,—the meek Earth, at God's kind bidding, has produced it once again; the bread of man! —In the garden at Wittenberg one evening at sunset, a little bird has perched for the night: That little bird, says Luther, above it are the stars and deep Heaven of worlds; yet it has folded its little wings; gone trustfully to rest there as in its home: the Maker of it has given it too a home!——Neither are mirthful turns wanting: there is a great free human heart in this man. The common speech of him has a rugged nobleness, idiomatic, expressive, genuine; gleams here and there with beautiful poetic tints. One feels him to be a great brother man. His love of Music, indeed, is not this, as it were,

the summary of all these affections in him? Many a wild unutterability he spoke-forth from him in the tones of his flute. The Devils fled from his flute, he says. Death-defiance on the one hand, and such love of music on the other; I could call these the two opposite poles of a great soul; between these two all great things had room.

Luther's face is to me expressive of him; in Kranach's best portraits I find the true Luther. A rude plebeian face; with its huge crag-like brows and bones, the emblem of rugged energy; at first, almost a repulsive face. Yet in the eyes especially there is a wild silent sorrow; an unnamable melancholy, the element of all gentle and fine affections; giving to the rest the true stamp of nobleness. Laughter was in this Luther, as we said; but tears also were there. Tears also were appointed him: tears and hard toil. The basis of his life was Sadness, Earnestness. In his latter days, after all triumphs and victories, he expresses himself heartily weary of living; he considers that God alone can and will regulate the course things are taking, and that perhaps the Day of Judgment is not far. As for him, he longs for one thing: that God would release him from his labour, and let him depart and be at rest. They understand little of the man who cite this in *dis*credit of him!—I will call this Luther a true Great Man; great in intellect, in courage, affection and integrity; one of our most lovable and precious men. Great, not as a hewn obelisk; but as an Alpine mountain,—so simple, honest, spontaneous, not setting-up to be great at all; there for quite another purpose than being great! Ah yes, unsubduable granite, piercing far and wide into the Heavens; yet in all the

clefts of it fountains, green beautiful valleys with flowers! A right Spiritual Hero and Prophet; once more, a true Son of Nature and Fact, for whom these centuries, and many that are to come yet, will be thankful to Heaven.

The most interesting phasis which the Reformation anywhere assumes, especially for us English, is that of Puritanism. In Luther's own country Protestantism soon dwindled into a rather barren affair: not a religion or faith, but rather now a theological jangling of argument, the proper seat of it not the heart; the essence of it sceptical contention: which indeed has jangled more and more, down to Voltaireism itself,—through Gustavus-Adolphus contentions onward to French-Revolution ones! But in our Island there arose a Puritanism, which even got itself established as a Presbyterianism and National Church among the Scotch; which came forth as a real business of the heart; and has produced in the world very notable fruit. In some senses, one may say it is the only phasis of Protestantism that ever got to the rank of being a Faith, a true heart-communication with Heaven, and of exhibiting itself in History as such. We must spare a few words for Knox; himself a brave and remarkable man; but still more important as Chief Priest and Founder, which one may consider him to be, of the Faith that became Scotland's, New England's, Oliver Cromwell's. History will have something to say about this, for some time to come!

We may censure Puritanism as we please; and no one of us, I suppose, but would find it a very rough defective thing. But we, and all men, may understand that it was a genuine thing; for Nature has adopted it,

and it has grown, and grows. I say sometimes, that all goes by wager-of-battle in this world; that *strength*, well understood, is the measure of all worth. Give a thing time; if it can succeed, it is a right thing. Look now at American Saxondom; and at that little Fact of the sailing of the Mayflower, two-hundred years ago, from Delft Haven in Holland! Were we of open sense as the Greeks were, we had found a Poem here; one of Nature's own Poems, such as she writes in broad facts over great continents. For it was properly the beginning of America: there were straggling settlers in America before, some material as of a body was there; but the soul of it was first this. These poor men, driven-out of their own country, not able well to live in Holland, determine on settling in the New World. Black untamed forests are there, and wild savage creatures; but not so cruel as Starchamber hangmen. They thought the Earth would yield them food, if they tilled honestly; the everlasting heaven would stretch, there too, overhead; they should be left in peace, to prepare for Eternity by living well in this world of Time; worshipping in what they thought the true, not the idolatrous way. They clubbed their small means together; hired a ship, the little ship Mayflower, and made ready to set sail.

In Neal's *History of the Puritans*[1] is an account of the ceremony of their departure: solemnity, we might call it rather, for it was a real act of worship. Their minister went down with them to the beach, and their brethren whom they were to leave behind; all joined in solemn prayer, That God would have pity on His poor children, and *go* with them into that waste wilderness, for He also

[1] Neal (London, 1755), i. 490.

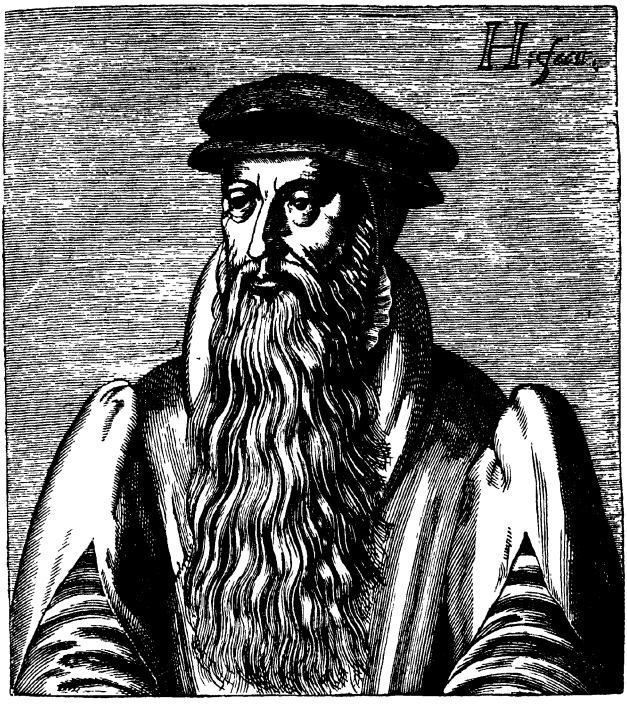
had made that, He was there also as well as here.—Hah! These men, I think, had a work! The weak thing, weaker than a child, becomes strong one day, if it be a true thing. Puritanism was only despicable, laughable then; but nobody can manage to laugh at it now. Puritanism has got weapons and sinews; it has fire-arms, war-navies; it has cunning in its ten fingers, strength in its right arm; it can steer ships, fell forests, remove mountains;—it is one of the strongest things under this sun at present!

In the history of Scotland, too, I can find properly but one epoch: we may say, it contains nothing of world-interest at all but this Reformation by Knox. A poor barren country, full of continual broils, dissensions, massacrings; a people in the last state of rudeness and destitution, little better perhaps than Ireland at this day. Hungry fierce barons, not so much as able to form any arrangement with each other *how to divide* what they fleeced from these poor drudges; but obliged, as the Columbian Republics are at this day, to make of every alteration a revolution; no way of changing a ministry but by hanging the old ministers on gibbets: this is a historical spectacle of no very singular significance! 'Bravery' enough, I doubt not; fierce fighting in abundance: but not braver or fiercer than that of their old Scandinavian Sea-king ancestors; *whose* exploits we have not found worth dwelling on! It is a country as yet without a soul: nothing developed in it but what is rude, external, semi-animal. And now at the Reformation, the internal life is kindled, as it were, under the ribs of this outward material death. A cause, the noblest of causes kindles itself, like a beacon set on high;

high as Heaven, yet attainable from Earth;—whereby the meanest man becomes not a Citizen only, but a Member of Christ's visible Church; a veritable Hero, if he prove a true man!

Well; this is what I mean by a whole 'nation of heroes'; a *believing* nation. There needs not a great soul to make a hero; there needs a god-created soul which will be true to its origin; that will be a great soul! The like has been seen, we find. The like will be again seen, under wider forms than the Presbyterian: there can be no lasting good done till then.—Impossible! say some. Possible? Has it not *been*, in this world, as a practised fact? Did Hero-worship fail in Knox's case? Or are we made of other clay now? Did the Westminster Confession of Faith add some new property to the soul of man? God made the soul of man. He did not doom any soul of man to live as a Hypothesis and Hearsay, in a world filled with such, and with the fatal work and fruit of such!——

But to return: This that Knox did for his Nation, I say, we may really call a resurrection as from death. It was not a smooth business; but it was welcome surely, and cheap at that price, had it been far rougher. On the whole, cheap at any price;—as life is. The people began to *live:* they needed first of all to do that, at what cost and costs soever. Scotch Literature and Thought, Scotch Industry; James Watt, David Hume, Walter Scott, Robert Burns: I find Knox and the Reformation acting in the heart's core of every one of these persons and phenomena; I find that without the Reformation they would not have been. Or what of Scotland? The Puritanism of Scotland became that of England, of New



JOHN KNOX
After H. Hondius

England. A tumult in the High Church of Edinburgh spread into a universal battle and struggle over all these realms;—there came out, after fifty-years struggling, what we all call the '*Glorious* Revolution,' a *Habeas-Corpus* Act, Free Parliaments, and much else!—Alas, is it not too true what we said, That many men in the van do always, like Russian soldiers.march into the ditch of Schweidnitz, and fill it up with their dead bodies, that the rear may pass-over them dry-shod, and gain the honour? How many earnest rugged Cromwells, Knoxes, poor Peasant Covenanters, wrestling, batʟling for very life, in rough miry places, have to struggle, and suffer, and fall, greatly censured, *bemired*,—before a beautiful Revolution of Eighty-eight can step-over them in official pumps and silk-stockings, with universal three-times-three!

It seems to me hard measure that this Scottish man, now after three-hundred years, should have to plead like a culprit before the world; intrinsically for having been, in such way as it was then possible to be, the bravest of all Scotchmen! Had he been a poor Half-and-half, he could have crouched into the corner, like so many others; Scotland had not been delivered; and Knox had been without blame. He is the one Scotchman to whom, of all others, his country and the world owe a debt. He has to plead that Scotland would forgive him for having been worth to it any million 'unblamable' Scotchmen that need no forgiveness! He bared his breast to the battle; had to row in French galleys, wander forlorn in exile, in clouds and storms; was censured, shot-at through his windows; had a right sore fighting life: if this world were his place of recompense,

he had made but a bad venture of it. I cannot apologise for Knox. To him it is very indifferent, these two-hundred-and-fifty years or more, what men say of him. But we, having got above all those details of his battle, and living now in clearness on the fruits of his victory, we, for our own sake, ought to look through the rumours and controversies enveloping the man, into the man himself.

For one thing, I will remark that this post of Prophet to his Nation was not of his seeking; Knox had lived forty years quietly obscure, before he became conspicuous. He was the son of poor parents; had got a college education; become a Priest; adopted the Reformation, and seemed well content to guide his own steps by the light of it, nowise unduly intruding it on others. He had lived as Tutor in gentlemen's families; preaching when any body of persons wished to hear his doctrine: resolute he to walk by the truth, and speak the truth when called to do it; not ambitious of more; not fancying himself capable of more. In this entirely obscure way he had reached the age of forty; was with the small body of Reformers who were standing siege in St. Andrew's Castle,—when one day in their chapel, the Preacher, after finishing his exhortation to these fighters in the forlorn hope, said suddenly, That there ought to be other speakers, that all men who had a priest's heart and gift in them ought now to speak;—which gifts and heart one of their own number, John Knox the name of him, had: Had he not? said the Preacher, appealing to all the audience: what then is *his* duty? The people answered affirmatively; it was a criminal forsaking of his post, if such a man held the word that was in him silent. Poor Knox was obliged to stand-up; he

attempted to reply; he could say no word;—burst into a flood of tears, and ran out. It is worth remembering, that scene. He was in grievous trouble for some days. He felt what a small faculty was his for this great work. He felt what a baptism he was called to be baptised withal. He 'burst into tears.'

Our primary characteristic of a Hero, that he is sincere, applies emphatically to Knox. It is not denied anywhere that this, whatever might be his other qualities or faults, is among the truest of men. With a singular instinct he holds to the truth and fact; the truth alone is there for him, the rest a mere shadow and deceptive nonentity. However feeble, forlorn the reality may seem, on that and that only *can* he take his stand. In the Galleys of the River Loire, whither Knox and the others, after their Castle of St. Andrew's was taken, had been sent as Galley-slaves,—some officer or priest, one day, presented them an Image of the Virgin Mother, requiring that they, the blasphemous heretics, should do it reverence. Mother? Mother of God? said Knox, when the turn came to him: This is no Mother of God: this is 'a *pented bredd*,'—a piece of wood, I tell you, with paint on it! She is fitter for swimming, I think, than for being worshipped, added Knox; and flung the thing into the river. It was not very cheap jesting there: but come of it what might, this thing to Knox was and must continue nothing other than the real truth; it was a *pented bredd*: worship it he would not.

He told his fellow-prisoners, in this darkest time, to be of courage; the Cause they had was the true one, and must and would prosper; the whole world could not put it down. Reality is of God's making; it is alone

strong. How many *pented bredds*, pretending to be real, are fitter to swim than to be worshipped!—This Knox cannot live but by fact: he clings to reality as the shipwrecked sailor to the cliff. He is an instance to us how a man, by sincerity itself, becomes heroic: it is the grand gift he has. We find in Knox a good honest intellectual talent, no transcendent one;—a narrow, inconsiderable man, as compared with Luther: but in heartfelt instinctive adherence to truth, in *sincerity*, as we say, he has no superior; nay, one might ask, What equal he has? The heart of him is of the true Prophet cast. "He lies there," said the Earl of Morton at his grave, "who never feared the face of man." He resembles, more than any of the moderns, an Old-Hebrew Prophet. The same inflexibility, intolerance, rigid narrow-looking adherence to God's truth, stern rebuke in the name of God to all that forsake truth: an Old-Hebrew Prophet in the guise of an Edinburgh Minister of the Sixteenth Century. We are to take him for that; not require him to be other.

Knox's conduct to Queen Mary, the harsh visits he used to make in her own palace, to reprove her there, have been much commented upon. Such cruelty, such coarseness fills us with indignation. On reading the actual narrative of the business, what Knox said, and what Knox meant, I must say one's tragic feeling is rather disappointed. They are not so coarse, these speeches; they seem to me about as fine as the circumstances would permit! Knox was not there to do the courtier; he came on another errand. Whoever, reading these colloquies of his with the Queen, thinks they are vulgar insolences of a plebeian priest to a delicate high lady, mistakes the purport and essence of them altogether.

It was unfortunately not possible to be polite with the Queen of Scotland, unless one proved untrue to the Nation and Cause of Scotland. A man who did not wish to see the land of his birth made a hunting-field for intriguing ambitious Guises, and the Cause of God trampled underfoot of Falsehoods, Formulas and the Devil's Cause, had no method of making himself agreeable! "Better that women weep," said Morton, "than that bearded men be forced to weep." Knox was the constitutional opposition-party in Scotland: the Nobles of the country, called by their station to take that post, were not found in it; Knox had to go, or no one. The hapless Queen;—but the still more hapless Country, if *she* were made happy! Mary herself was not without sharpness enough, among her other qualities: "Who are you," said she once, "that presume to school the nobles and sovereign of this realm?"—"Madam, a subject born within the same," answered he. Reasonably answered! If the 'subject' have truth to speak, it is not the 'subject's' footing that will fail him here.—

We blame Knox for his intolerance. Well, surely it is good that each of us be as tolerant as possible. Yet, at bottom, after all the talk there is and has been about it, what is tolerance? Tolerance has to tolerate the *un*essential; and to see well what that is. Tolerance has to be noble, measured, just in its very wrath, when it can tolerate no longer. But, on the whole, we are not altogether here to tolerate! We are here to resist, to control and vanquish withal. We do not 'tolerate' Falsehoods, Thieveries, Iniquities, when they fasten on us; we say to them, Thou art false, thou art not tolerable! We are here to extinguish Falsehoods, and

put an end to them, in some wise way! I will not quarrel so much with the way; the doing of the thing is our great concern. In this sense Knox was, full surely, intolerant.

A man sent to row in French Galleys, and such like, for teaching the Truth in his own land, cannot always be in the mildest humour! I am not prepared to say that Knox had a soft temper; nor do I know that he had what we call an ill temper. An ill nature he decidedly had not. Kind honest affections dwelt in the much-enduring, hard-worn, ever-battling man. That he *could* rebuke Queens, and had such weight among those proud turbulent Nobles, proud enough whatever else they were; and could maintain to the end a kind of virtual Presidency and Sovereignty in that wild realm, he who was only 'a subject born within the same': this of itself will prove to us that he was found, close at hand, to be no mean acrid man; but at heart a healthful, strong, sagacious man. Such alone can bear rule in that kind. They blame him for pulling-down cathedrals, and so forth, as if he were a seditious rioting demagogue: precisely the reverse is seen to be the fact, in regard to cathedrals and the rest of it, if we examine? Knox wanted no pulling-down of stone edifices; he wanted leprosy and darkness to be thrown out of the lives of men. Tumult was not his element; it was the tragic feature of his life that he was forced to dwell so much in that. Every such man is the born enemy of Disorder; hates to be in it: but what then? Smooth Falsehood is not Order; it is the general sumtotal of *Dis*order. Order is *Truth*,—each thing standing on the basis that belongs to it: Order and Falsehood cannot subsist together.

Withal, unexpectedly enough, this Knox has a vein of drollery in him; which I like much, in combination with his other qualities. He has a true eye for the ridiculous. His *History*, with its rough earnestness, is curiously enlivened with this. When the two Prelates, entering Glasgow Cathedral, quarrel about precedence; march rapidly up, take to hustling one another, twitching one another's rochets, and at last flourishing their crosiers like quarter-staves, it is a great sight for him everyway! Not mockery, scorn, bitterness alone; though there is enough of that too. But a true, loving, illuminating laugh mounts-up over the earnest visage; not a loud laugh; you would say, a laugh in the *eyes* most of all. An honest-hearted, brotherly man; brother to the high, brother also to the low; sincere in his sympathy with both. He had his pipe of Bourdeaux too, we find, in that old Edinburgh house of his; a cheery, social man, with faces that loved him! They go far wrong who think this Knox was a gloomy, spasmodic, shrieking fanatic. Not at all: he is one of the solidest of men. Practical, cautious-hopeful, patient; a most shrewd, observing, quietly discerning man. In fact, he has very much the type of character we assign to the Scotch at present: a certain sardonic taciturnity is in him; insight enough; and a stouter heart than he himself knows of. He has the power of holding his peace over man's things which do not vitally concern him,—"They? what are they?" But the thing which does vitally concern him, that thing he will speak of; and in a tone the whole world shall be made to hear: all the more emphatic for his long silence.

This Prophet of the Scotch is to me no hateful man!—

He had a sore fight of an existence; wrestling with Popes and Principalities; in defeat, contention, life-long struggle; rowing as a galley-slave, wandering as an exile. A sore fight: but he won it. "Have you hope?" they asked him in his last moment, when he could no longer speak. He lifted his finger, 'pointed upwards with his finger,' and so died. Honour to him! His works have not died. The letter of his work dies, as of all men's; but the spirit of it never.

One word more as to the letter of Knox's work. The unforgivable offence in him is, that he wished to set-up Priests over the head of Kings. In other words, he strove to make the Government of Scotland a *Theocracy*. This indeed is properly the sum of his offences, the essential sin; for which what pardon can there be? It is most true, he did, at bottom, consciously or unconsciously, mean a Theocracy, or Government of God. He did mean that Kings and Prime Ministers, and all manner of persons, in public or private, diplomatising or whatever else they might be doing, should walk according to the Gospel of Christ, and understand that this was their Law, supreme over all laws. He hoped once to see such a thing realised; and the Petition, *Thy Kingdom come*, no longer an empty word. He was sore grieved when he saw greedy worldly Barons clutch hold of the Church's property; when he expostulated that it was not secular property, that it was spiritual property, and should be turned to *true* churchly uses, education, schools, worship; —and the Regent Murray had to answer, with a shrug of the shoulders, "It is a devout imagination!" This was Knox's scheme of right and truth; this he zealously endeavoured after, to realise it. If we think the scheme

of truth was too narrow, was not true, we may rejoice that he could not realise it; that it remained after two centuries of effort, unrealisable, and is a 'devout imagination' still. But how shall we blame *him* for struggling to realise it? Theocracy, Government of God, is precisely the thing to be struggled for! All Prophets, zealous Priests, are there for that purpose. Hildebrand wished a Theocracy; Cromwell wished it, fought for it; Mahomet attained it. Nay, is it not what all zealous men, whether called Priests, Prophets, or whatsoever else called, do essentially wish, and must wish? That right and truth, or God's Law, reign supreme among men, this is the Heavenly Ideal (well named in Knox's time, and namable in all times, a revealed 'Will of God') towards which the Reformer will insist that all be more and more approximated. All true Reformers, as I said, are by nature of them Priests, and strive for a Theocracy.

How far such Ideals can ever be introduced into Practice, and at what point our impatience with their non-introduction ought to begin, is always a question. I think we may say safely, Let them introduce themselves as far as they can contrive to do it! If they are the true faith of men, all men ought to be more or less impatient always where they are not found introduced. There will never be wanting Regent-Murrays enough to shrug their shoulders, and say, "A devout imagination!" We will praise the Hero-priest rather, who does what is in *him* to bring them in; and wears-out, in toil, calumny, contradiction, a noble life, to make a God's Kingdom of this Earth. The Earth will not become too godlike!

LECTURE V

THE HERO AS MAN OF LETTERS. JOHNSON, ROUSSEAU, BURNS

[*Tuesday*, 19*th May* 1840]

HERO-GODS, Prophets, Poets, Priests are forms of Heroism that belong to the old ages, make their appearance in the remotest times; some of them have ceased to be possible long since, and cannot any more show themselves in this world. The Hero as *Man of Letters*, again, of which class we are to speak to-day, is altogether a product of these new ages; and so long as the wondrous art of *Writing*, or of Ready-writing which we call *Printing*, subsists, he may be expected to continue, as one of the main forms of Heroism for all future ages. He is, in various respects, a very singular phenomenon.

He is new, I say; he has hardly lasted above a century in the world yet. Never, till about a hundred years ago, was there seen any figure of a Great Soul living apart in that anomalous manner; endeavouring to speak-forth the inspiration that was in him by Printed Books, and find place and subsistence by what the world would please to give him for doing that. Much had been sold and bought, and left to make its own bargain in the marketplace; but the inspired wisdom of a Heroic Soul

never till then, in that naked manner. He, with his copy-rights and copy-wrongs, in his squalid garret, in his rusty coat; ruling (for this is what he does), from his grave, after death, whole nations and generations who would, or would not, give him bread while living, —is a rather curious spectacle! Few shapes of Heroism can be more unexpected.

Alas, the Hero from of old has had to cramp himself into strange shapes: the world knows not well at any time what to do with him, so foreign is his aspect in the world! It seemed absurd to us, that men, in their rude admiration, should take some wise great Odin for a god, and worship him as such; some wise great Mahomet for one god-inspired, and religiously follow his Law for twelve centuries: but that a wise great Johnson, a Burns, a Rousseau, should be taken for some idle nondescript, extant in the world to amuse idleness, and have a few coins and applauses thrown him, that he might live thereby; *this* perhaps, as before hinted, will one day seem a still absurder phasis of things!—Meanwhile, since it is the spiritual always that determines the material, this same Man-of-Letters Hero must be regarded as our most important modern person. He, such as he may be, is the soul of all. What he teaches, the whole world will do and make. The world's manner of dealing with him is the most significant feature of the world's general position. Looking well at his life, we may get a glance, as deep as is readily possible for us, into the life of those singular centuries which have produced him, in which we ourselves live and work.

There are genuine Men of Letters, and not genuine; as in every kind there is a genuine and a spurious. If

Hero be taken to mean genuine, then I say the Hero as Man of Letters will be found discharging a function for us which is ever honourable, ever the highest; and was once well known to be the highest. He is uttering-forth, in such way as he has, the inspired soul of him; all that a man, in any case, can do. I say *inspired;* for what we call 'originality,' 'sincerity,' 'genius,' the heroic quality we have no good name for, signifies that. The Hero is he who lives in the inward sphere of things, in the True, Divine and Eternal, which exists always, unseen to most, under the Temporary, Trivial: his being is in that; he declares that abroad, by act or speech as it may be, in declaring himself abroad. His life, as we said before, is a piece of the everlasting heart of Nature herself: all men's life is,—but the weak many know not the fact, and are untrue to it, in most times; the strong few are strong, heroic, perennial, because it cannot be hidden from them. The Man of Letters, like every Hero, is there to proclaim this in such sort as he can. Intrinsically it is the same function which the old generations named a man Prophet, Priest, Divinity for doing; which all manner of Heroes, by speech or by act, are sent into the world to do.

Fichte, the German Philosopher, delivered, some forty years ago at Erlangen, a highly remarkable Course of Lectures on this subject: '*Ueber das Wesen des Gelehrten*, On the Nature of the Literary Man.' Fichte, in conformity with the Transcendental Philosophy, of which he was a distinguished teacher, declares first: That all things which we see or work with in this Earth, especially we ourselves and all persons, are as a kind of vesture or sensuous Appearance: that under all there lies, as the

essence of them, what he calls the 'Divine Idea of the World'; this is the Reality which 'lies at the bottom of all Appearance.' To the mass of men no such Divine Idea is recognisable in the world; they live merely, says Fichte, among the superficialities, practicalities and shows of the world, not dreaming that there is anything divine under them. But the Man of Letters is sent hither specially that he may discern for himself, and make manifest to us, this same Divine Idea: in every new generation it will manifest itself in a new dialect; and he is there for the purpose of doing that. Such is Fichte's phraseology; with which we need not quarrel. It is his way of naming what I here, by other words, am striving imperfectly to name; what there is at present no name for: The unspeakable Divine Significance, full of splendour, of wonder and terror, that lies in the being of every man, of every thing,—the Presence of the God who made every man and thing. Mahomet taught this in his dialect; Odin in his: it is the thing which all thinking hearts, in one dialect or another, are here to teach.

Fichte calls the Man of Letters, therefore, a Prophet, or as he prefers to phrase it, a Priest, continually unfolding the Godlike to men: Men of Letters are a Perpetual Priesthood, from age to age, teaching all men that a God is still present in their life; that all 'Appearance,' whatsoever we see in the world, is but as a vesture for the 'Divine Idea of the World,' for 'that which lies at the bottom of Appearance.' In the true Literary Man there is thus ever, acknowledged or not by the world, a sacredness: he is the light of the world; the world's Priest:—guiding it, like a sacred Pillar of Fire, in its dark pilgrimage through the waste of Time. Fichte

discriminates with sharp zeal the *true* Literary Man, what we here call the *Hero* as Man of Letters, from multitudes of false unheroic. Whoever lives not wholly in this Divine Idea, or living partially in it, struggles not, as for the one good, to live wholly in it,—he is, let him live where else he like, in what pomps and prosperities he like, no Literary Man; he is, says Fichte, a 'Bungler, *Stümper*.' Or at best, if he belong to the prosaic provinces, he may be a 'Hodman'; Fichte even calls him elsewhere a 'Nonentity,' and has in short no mercy for him, no wish that *he* should continue happy among us! This is Fichte's notion of the Man of Letters. It means, in its own form, precisely what we here mean.

In this point of view, I consider that, for the last hundred years, by far the notablest of all Literary Men is Fichte's countryman, Goethe. To that man too, in a strange way, there was given what we may call a life in the Divine Idea of the World; vision of the inward divine mystery: and strangely, out of his Books, the world rises imaged once more as godlike, the workmanship and temple of a God. Illuminated all, not in fierce impure fire-splendour as of Mahomet, but in mild celestial radiance;—really a Prophecy in these most unprophetic times; to my mind, by far the greatest, though one of the quietest, among all the great things that have come to pass in them. Our chosen specimen of the Hero as Literary Man would be this Goethe. And it were a very pleasant plan for me here to discourse of his heroism: for I consider him to be a true Hero; heroic in what he said and did, and perhaps still more in what he did not say and did not do; to me a noble spectacle: a great heroic ancient man, speaking and keeping silence

as an ancient Hero, in the guise of a most modern, high-bred, high-cultivated Man of Letters! We have had no such spectacle; no man capable of affording such, for the last hundred-and-fifty years.

But at present, such is the general state of knowledge about Goethe, it were worse than useless to attempt speaking of him in this case. Speak as I might, Goethe, to the great majority of you, would remain problematic, vague; no impression but a false one could be realised. Him we must leave to future times. Johnson, Burns, Rousseau, three great figures from a prior time, from a far inferior state of circumstances, will suit us better here. Three men of the Eighteenth Century; the conditions of their life far more resemble what those of ours still are in England, than what Goethe's in Germany were. Alas, these men did not conquer like him; they fought bravely, and fell. They were not heroic bringers of the light, but heroic seekers of it. They lived under galling conditions; struggling as under mountains of impediment, and could not unfold themselves into clearness, or victorious interpretation of that 'Divine Idea.' It is rather the *Tombs* of three Literary Heroes that I have to show you. There are the monumental heaps, under which three spiritual giants lie buried. Very mournful, but also great and full of interest for us. We will linger by them for a while.

Complaint is often made, in these times, of what we call the disorganised condition of society: how ill many arranged forces of society fulfil their work; how many powerful forces are seen working in a wasteful, chaotic, altogether unarranged manner. It is too just a com-

plaint, as we all know. But perhaps if we look at this of Books and the Writers of Books, we shall find here, as it were, the summary of all other disorganisation ;—a sort of *heart*, from which, and to which, all other confusion circulates in the world ! Considering what Book-writers do in the world, and what the world does with Book-writers, I should say, It is the most anomalous thing the world at present has to show.—We should get into a sea far beyond sounding, did we attempt to give account of this : but we must glance at it for the sake of our subject. The worst element in the life of these three Literary Heroes was, that they found their business and position such a chaos. On the beaten road there is tolerable travelling ; but it is sore work, and many have to perish, fashioning a path through the impassable !

Our pious Fathers, feeling well what importance lay in the speaking of man to men, founded churches, made endowments, regulations ; everywhere in the civilised world there is a Pulpit, environed with all manner of complex dignified appurtenances and furtherances, that therefrom a man with the tongue may, to best advantage, address his fellow-men. They felt that this was the most important thing ; that without this there was no good thing. It is a right pious work, that of theirs ; beautiful to behold ! But now with the art of Writing, with the art of Printing, a total change has come over that business. The Writer of a Book, is not he a Preacher preaching not to this parish or that, on this day or that, but to all men in all times and places ? Surely it is of the last importance that *he* do his work right, whoever do it wrong ;—that the *eye* report not falsely, for then all the other members are astray ! Well ; how he may do

his work, whether he do it right or wrong, or do it at all, is a point which no man in the world has taken the pains to think of. To a certain shopkeeper, trying to get some money for his books, if lucky, he is of some importance; to no other man of any. Whence he came, whither he is bound, by what ways he arrived, by what he might be furthered on his course, no one asks. He is an accident in society. He wanders like a wild Ishmaelite, in a world of which he is as the spiritual light, either the guidance or the misguidance!

Certainly the Art of Writing is the most miraculous of all things man has devised. Odin's *Runes* were the first form of the work of a Hero; *Books*, written words, are still miraculous *Runes*, the latest form! In Books lies the *soul* of the whole Past Time; the articulate audible voice of the Past, when the body and material substance of it has altogether vanished like a dream. Mighty fleets and armies, harbours and arsenals, vast cities, high-domed, many-engined,—they are precious, great: but what do they become? Agamemnon, the many Agamemnons, Pericleses, and their Greece; all is gone now to some ruined fragments, dumb mournful wrecks and blocks: but the Books of Greece! There Greece, to every thinker, still very literally lives; can be called-up again into life. No magic *Rune* is stranger than a Book. All that Mankind has done, thought, gained or been: it is lying as in magic preservation in the pages of Books. They are the chosen possession of men.

Do not Books still accomplish *miracles*, as *Runes* were fabled to do? They persuade men. Not the wretchedest circulating-library novel, which foolish girls thumb and con in remote villages, but will help to regulate the

actual practical weddings and households of those foolish girls. So 'Celia' felt, so 'Clifford' acted: the foolish Theorem of Life, stamped into those young brains, comes out as a solid Practice one day. Consider whether any *Rune* in the wildest imagination of Mythologist ever did such wonders as, on the actual firm Earth, some Books have done? What built St. Paul's Cathedral? Look at the heart of the matter, it was that divine Hebrew Book,—the word partly of the man Moses, an outlaw tending his Midianitish herds, four-thousand years ago, in the wildernesses of Sinai! It is the strangest of things, yet nothing is truer. With the art of Writing, of which Printing is a simple, an inevitable and comparatively insignificant corollary, the true reign of miracles for mankind commenced. It related, with a wondrous new contiguity and perpetual closeness, the Past and Distant with the Present in time and place; all times and all places with this our actual Here and Now. All things were altered for men; all modes of important work of men: teaching, preaching, governing, and all else.

To look at Teaching, for instance. Universities are a notable, respectable product of the modern ages. Their existence too is modified, to the very basis of it, by the existence of Books. Universities arose while there were yet no Books procurable; while a man, for a single Book, had to give an estate of land. That, in those circumstances, when a man had some knowledge to communicate, he should do it by gathering the learners round him, face to face, was a necessity for him. If you wanted to know what Abelard knew, you must go and listen to Abelard. Thousands, as many as thirty-

thousand, went to hear Abelard and that metaphysical theology of his. And now for any other teacher who had also something of his own to teach, there was a great convenience opened: so many thousands eager to learn were already assembled yonder; of all places the best place for him was that. For any third teacher it was better still; and grew ever the better, the more teachers there came. It only needed now that the King took notice of this new phenomenon; combined or agglomerated the various schools into one school; gave it edifices, privileges, encouragements, and named it *Universitas*, or School of all Sciences: the University of Paris, in its essential characters, was there. The model of all subsequent Universities; which down even to these days, for six centuries now, have gone on to found themselves. Such, I conceive, was the origin of Universities.

It is clear, however, that with this simple circumstance, facility of getting Books, the whole conditions of the business from top to bottom were changed. Once invent Printing, you metamorphosed all Universities, or superseded them! The Teacher needed not now to gather men personally round him, that he might *speak* to them what he knew: print it in a Book, and all learners far and wide, for a trifle, had it each at his own fireside, much more effectually to learn it!—Doubtless there is still peculiar virtue in Speech; even writers of Books may still, in some circumstances, find it convenient to speak also,—witness our present meeting here! There is, one would say, and must ever remain while man has a tongue, a distinct province for Speech as well as for Writing and Printing. In regard to all things this must

remain; to Universities among others. But the limits of the two have nowhere yet been pointed out, ascertained; much less put in practice; the University which would completely take-in that great new fact, of the existence of Printed Books, and stand on a clear footing for the Nineteenth Century as the Paris one did for the Thirteenth, has not yet come into existence. If we think of it, all that a University, or final highest School can do for us, is still but what the first School began doing, —teach us to *read*. We learn to *read*, in various languages, in various sciences; we learn the alphabet and letters of all manner of Books. But the place where we are to get knowledge, even theoretic knowledge, is the Books themselves! It depends on what we read, after all manner of Professors have done their best for us. The true University of these days is a Collection of Books.

But to the Church itself, as I hinted already, all is changed, in its preaching, in its working, by the introduction of Books. The Church is the working recognised Union of our Priests or Prophets, of those who by wise teaching guide the souls of men. While there was no Writing, even while there was no Easy-writing or *Printing*, the preaching of the voice was the natural sole method of performing this. But now with Books!—He that can write a true Book, to persuade England, is not he the Bishop and Archbishop, the Primate of England and of All England? I many a time say, the writers of Newspapers, Pamphlets, Poems, Books, these *are* the real working effective Church of a modern country. Nay not only our preaching, but even our worship, is not it too accomplished by means of Printed Books? The noble sentiment which a gifted soul has clothed for us in

melodious words, which brings melody into our hearts,—is not this essentially, if we will understand it, of the nature of worship? There are many, in all countries, who, in this confused time, have no other method of worship. He who, in any way, shows us better than we knew before that a lily of the fields is beautiful, does he not show it us as an effluence of the Fountain of all Beauty; as the *handwriting*, made visible there, of the great Maker of the Universe? He has sung for us, made us sing with him, a little verse of a sacred Psalm. Essentially so. How much more he who sings, who says, or in any way brings home to our heart the noble doings, feelings, darings and endurances of a brother man! He has verily touched our hearts as with a live coal *from the altar*. Perhaps there is no worship more authentic.

Literature, so far as it is Literature, is an 'apocalypse of Nature,' a revealing of the 'open secret.' It may well enough be named, in Fichte's style, a 'continuous revelation' of the Godlike in the Terrestrial and Common. The Godlike does ever, in very truth, endure there; is brought out, now in this dialect, now in that, with various degrees of clearness: all true gifted Singers and Speakers are, consciously or unconsciously, doing so. The dark stormful indignation of a Byron, so wayward and perverse, may have touches of it; nay the withered mockery of a French sceptic,—his mockery of the false, a love and worship of the True. How much more the sphere-harmony of a Shakspeare, of a Goethe; the cathedral-music of a Milton! They are something too, those humble genuine lark-notes of a Burns,—skylark, starting from the humble furrow, far overhead into the blue depths, and singing to us so genuinely there! For

all true singing is of the nature of worship ; as indeed all true *working* may be said to be,—whereof such *singing* is but the record, and fit melodious representation, to us. Fragments of a real 'Church Liturgy' and 'Body of Homilies,' strangely disguised from the common eye, are to be found weltering in that huge froth-ocean of Printed Speech we loosely call Literature! Books are our Church too.

Or turning now to the Government of men. Witenagemote, old Parliament, was a great thing. The affairs of the nation were there deliberated and decided ; what we were to *do* as a nation. But does not, though the name Parliament subsists, the parliamentary debate go on now, everywhere and at all times, in a far more comprehensive way, *out* of Parliament altogether? Burke said there were Three Estates in Parliament ; but, in the Reporters' Gallery yonder, there sat a *Fourth Estate* more important far than they all. It is not a figure of speech, or a witty saying ; it is a literal fact,—very momentous to us in these times. Literature is our Parliament too. Printing, which comes necessarily out of Writing, I say often, is equivalent to Democracy : invent Writing, Democracy is inevitable. Writing brings Printing ; brings universal everyday extempore Printing as we see at present. Whoever can speak, speaking now to the whole nation, becomes a power, a branch of government, with inalienable weight in law-making, in all acts of authority. It matters not what rank he has, what revenues or garnitures : the requisite thing is, that he have a tongue which others will listen to ; this and nothing more is requisite. The nation is governed by all that has tongue in the nation : Demo-

cracy is virtually *there*. Add only, that whatsoever power exists will have itself, by and by, organised; working secretly under bandages, obscurations, obstructions, it will never rest till it get to work free, unencumbered, visible to all. Democracy virtually extant will insist on becoming palpably extant.—

On all sides, are we not driven to the conclusion that, of the things which man can do or make here below, by far the most momentous, wonderful and worthy are the things we call Books! Those poor bits of rag-paper with black ink on them;—from the Daily Newspaper to the sacred Hebrew BOOK, what have they not done, what are they not doing! For indeed, whatever be the outward form of the things (bits of paper, as we say, and black ink), is it not verily, at bottom, the highest act of man's faculty that produces a Book? It is the *Thought* of man; the true thaumaturgic virtue; by which man works all things whatsoever. All that he does, and brings to pass, is the vesture of a Thought. This London City, with all its houses, palaces, steam-engines, cathedrals, and huge immeasurable traffic and tumult, what is it but a Thought, but millions of Thoughts made into One;—a huge immeasurable Spirit of THOUGHT, embodied in brick, in iron, smoke, dust, Palaces, Parliaments, Hackney Coaches, Katherine Docks, and the rest of it! Not a brick was made but some man had to *think* of the making of that brick.—The thing we called 'bits of paper with traces of black ink,' is the *purest* embodiment a Thought of man can have. No wonder it is, in all ways, the activest and noblest.

All this, of the importance and supreme importance of the Man of Letters in modern Society, and how the

Press is to such a degree superseding the Pulpit, the Senate, the *Senatus Academicus* and much else, has been admitted for a good while ; and recognised often enough, in late times, with a sort of sentimental triumph and wonderment. It seems to me, the Sentimental by and by will have to give place to the Practical. If Men of Letters *are* so incalculably influential, actually performing such work for us from age to age, and even from day to day, then I think we may conclude that Men of Letters will not always wander like unrecognised unregulated Ishmaelites among us ! Whatsoever thing, as I said above, has virtual unnoticed power will cast-off its wrappages, bandages, and step-forth one day with palpably articulated, universally visible power. That one man wear the clothes, and take the wages, of a function which is done by quite another : there can be no profit in this ; this is not right, it is wrong. And yet, alas, the *making* of it right,—what a business, for long times to come ! Sure enough, this that we call Organisation of the Literary Guild is still a great way off, encumbered with all manner of complexities. If you asked me what were the best possible organisation for the Men of Letters in modern society ; the arrangement of furtherance and regulation, grounded the most accurately on the actual facts of their position and of the world's position,—I should beg to say that the problem far exceeded my faculty ! It is not one man's faculty ; it is that of many successive men turned earnestly upon it, that will bring-out even an approximate solution. What the best arrangement were, none of us could say. But if you ask, Which is the worst ? I answer : This which we now have, that Chaos should sit umpire in it ; this is the

worst. To the best, or any good one, there is yet a long way.

One remark I must not omit, That royal or parliamentary grants of money are by no means the chief thing wanted! To give our Men of Letters stipends, endowments and all furtherance of cash, will do little towards the business. On the whole, one is weary of hearing about the omnipotence of money. I will say rather that, for a genuine man, it is no evil to be poor; that there ought to be Literary Men poor,—to show whether they are genuine or not! Mendicant Orders, bodies of good men doomed to *beg*, were instituted in the Christian Church; a most natural and even necessary development of the spirit of Christianity. It was itself founded on Poverty, on Sorrow, Contradiction, Crucifixion, every species of worldly Distress and Degradation. We may say, that he who has not known those things, and learned from them the priceless lessons they have to teach, has missed a good opportunity of schooling. To beg, and go barefoot, in coarse woollen cloak with a rope round your loins, and be despised of all the world, was no beautiful business;—nor an honourable one in any eye, till the nobleness of those who did so had made it honoured of some!

Begging is not in our course at the present time: but for the rest of it, who will say that a Johnson is not perhaps the better for being poor? It is needful for him, at all rates, to know that outward profit, that success of any kind is *not* the goal he has to aim at. Pride, vanity, ill-conditioned egoism of all sorts, are bred in his heart, as in every heart; need, above all, to be cast-out of his heart,—to be, with whatever pangs, torn-out of it,

cast-forth from it, as a thing worthless. Byron, born rich and noble, made-out even less than Burns, poor and plebeian. Who knows but, in that same 'best possible organisation' as yet far off, Poverty may still enter as an important element? What if our Men of Letters, men setting up to be Spiritual Heroes, were still *then*, as they now are, a kind of 'involuntary monastic order'; bound still to this same ugly Poverty,—till they had tried what was in it too, till they had learned to make it too do for them! Money, in truth, can do much, but it cannot do all. We must know the province of it, and confine it there; and even spurn it back, when it wishes to get farther.

Besides, were the money-furtherances, the proper season for them, the fit assigner of them, all settled,—how is the Burns to be recognised that merits these? He must pass through the ordeal, and prove himself. *This* ordeal; this wild welter of a chaos which is called Literary Life: this too is a kind of ordeal! There is clear truth in the idea that a struggle from the lower classes of society, towards the upper regions and rewards of society, must ever continue. Strong men are born there, who ought to stand elsewhere than there. The manifold, inextricably complex, universal struggle of these constitutes, and must constitute, what is called the progress of society. For Men of Letters, as for all other sorts of men. How to regulate that struggle? There is the whole question. To leave it as it is, at the mercy of blind Chance; a whirl of distracted atoms, one cancelling the other; one of the thousand arriving saved, nine-hundred-and-ninety-nine lost by the way; your royal Johnson languishing inactive in garrets, or har-

nessed to the yoke of Printer Cave; your Burns dying broken-hearted as a Gauger; your Rousseau driven into mad exasperation, kindling French Revolutions by his paradoxes: this, as we said, is clearly enough the *worst* regulation. The *best*, alas, is far from us!

And yet there can be no doubt but it is coming; advancing on us, as yet hidden in the bosom of centuries: this is a prophecy one can risk. For so soon as men get to discern the importance of a thing, they do infallibly set about arranging it, facilitating, forwarding it; and rest not till, in some approximate degree, they have accomplished that. I say, of all Priesthoods, Aristocracies, Governing Classes at present extant in the world, there is no class comparable for importance to that Priesthood of the Writers of Books. This is a fact which he who runs may read,—and draw inferences from. "Literature will take care of itself," answered Mr. Pitt, when applied-to for some help for Burns. "Yes," adds Mr. Southey, "it will take care of itself; *and of you too*, if you do not look to it!"

The result to individual Men of Letters is not the momentous one; they are but individuals, an infinitesimal fraction of the great body; they can struggle on, and live or else die, as they have been wont. But it deeply concerns the whole society, whether it will set its *light* on high places, to walk thereby; or trample it underfoot, and scatter it in all ways of wild waste (not without conflagration), as heretofore! Light is the one thing wanted for the world. Put wisdom in the head of the world, the world will fight its battle victoriously, and be the best world man can make it. I call this anomaly of a disorganic Literary Class the heart of all

other anomalies, at once product and parent ; some good arrangement for that would be as the *punctum saliens* of a new vitality and just arrangement for all. Already, in some European countries, in France, in Prussia, one traces some beginnings of an arrangement for the Literary Class ; indicating the gradual possibility of such. I believe that it is possible ; that it will have to be possible.

By far the most interesting fact I hear about the Chinese is one on which we cannot arrive at clearness, but which excites endless curiosity even in the dim state : this namely, that they do attempt to make their Men of Letters their Governors ! It would be rash to say, one understood how this was done, or with what degree of success it was done. All such things must be very *un*successful ; yet a small degree of success is precious ; the very attempt how precious ! There does seem to be, all over China, a more or less active search everywhere to discover the men of talent that grow up in the young generation. Schools there are for every one : a foolish sort of training, yet still a sort. The youths who distinguish themselves in the lower school are promoted into favourable stations in the higher. that they may still more distinguish themselves,—forward and forward : it appears to be out of these that the Official Persons, and incipient Governors, are taken. These are they whom they *try* first, whether they can govern or not. And surely with the best hope : for they are the men that have already shown intellect. Try them : they have not governed or administered as yet ; perhaps they cannot ; but there is no doubt they *have* some Understanding,—without which no man can ! Neither is Understanding a *tool*, as we are too apt to figure ; ' it is a *hand* which can

handle any tool.' Try these men : they are of all others the best worth trying.—Surely there is no kind of government, constitution, revolution, social apparatus or arrangement, that I know of in this world, so promising to one's scientific curiosity as this. The man of intellect at the top of affairs : this is the aim of all constitutions and revolutions, if they have any aim. For the man of true intellect, as I assert and believe always, is the noble-hearted man withal, the true, just, humane and valiant man. Get *him* for governor, all is got ; fail to get him, though you had Constitutions plentiful as blackberries, and a Parliament in every village, there is nothing yet got !—

These things look strange, truly ; and are not such as we commonly speculate upon. But we are fallen into strange times ; these things will require to be speculated upon ; to be rendered practicable, to be in some way put in practice. These, and many others. On all hands of us, there is the announcement, audible enough, that the old Empire of Routine has ended ; that to say a thing has long been, is no reason for its continuing to be. The things which have been are fallen into decay, are fallen into incompetence ; large masses of mankind, in every society of our Europe, are no longer capable of living at all by the things which have been. When millions of men can no longer by their utmost exertion gain food for themselves, and ' the third man for thirty-six weeks each year is short of third-rate potatoes,' the things which have been must decidedly prepare to alter themselves !— I will now quit this of the organisation of Men of Letters.

Alas, the evil that pressed heaviest on those Literary Heroes of ours was not the want of organisation for Men

of Letters, but a far deeper one ; out of which, indeed, this and so many other evils for the Literary Man, and for all men, had, as from their fountain, taken rise. That our Hero as Man of Letters had to travel without highway, companionless, through an inorganic chaos,—and to leave his own life and faculty lying there, as a partial contribution towards *pushing* some highway through it : this, had not his faculty itself been so perverted and paralysed, he might have put-up with, might have considered to be but the common lot of Heroes. His fatal misery was the *spiritual paralysis*, so we may name it, of the Age in which his life lay ; whereby his life too, do what he might, was half-paralysed ! The Eighteenth was a *Sceptical* Century ; in which little word there is a whole Pandora's Box of miseries. Scepticism means not intellectual Doubt alone, but moral Doubt ; all sorts of *in*fidelity, insincerity, spiritual paralysis. Perhaps, in few centuries that one could specify since the world began, was a life of Heroism more difficult for a man. That was not an age of Faith,—an age of Heroes ! The very possibility of Heroism had been, as it were, formally abnegated in the minds of all. Heroism was gone forever ; Triviality, Formulism and Commonplace were come forever. The ' age of miracles ' had been, or perhaps had not been ; but it was not any longer. An effete world ; wherein Wonder, Greatness, Godhood could not now dwell ;—in one word, a godless world !

How mean, dwarfish are their ways of thinking, in this time,—compared not with the Christian Shakspeares and Miltons, but with the old Pagan Skalds, with any species of believing men ! The living TREE Igdrasil, with the melodious prophetic waving of its world-wide

boughs, deep-rooted as Hela, has died-out into the clanking of a World-MACHINE. 'Tree' and 'Machine': contrast these two things. I, for my share, declare the world to be no machine! I say that it does *not* go by wheel-and-pinion 'motives,' self-interests, checks, balances; that there is something far other in it than the clank of spinning-jennies, and parliamentary majorities; and, on the whole, that it is not a-machine at all!—The old Norse Heathen had a truer notion of God's-world than these poor Machine-Sceptics: the old Heathen Norse were *sincere* men. But for these poor Sceptics there was no sincerity, no truth. Half-truth and hearsay was called truth. Truth, for most men, meant plausibility; to be measured by the number of votes you could get. They had lost any notion that sincerity was possible, or of what sincerity was. How many Plausibilities asking, with unaffected surprise and the air of offended virtue, What! am not I sincere? Spiritual Paralysis, I say, nothing left but a Mechanical life, was the characteristic of that century. For the common man, unless happily he stood *below* his century and belonged to another prior one, it was impossible to be a Believer, a Hero; he lay buried, unconscious, under these baleful influences. To the strongest man, only with infinite struggle and confusion was it possible to work himself half-loose; and lead as it were, in an enchanted, most tragical way, a spiritual death-in-life, and be a Half-Hero!

Scepticism is the name we give to all this; as the chief symptom, as the chief origin of all this. Concerning which so much were to be said! It would take many Discourses, not a small fraction of one Discourse, to state

what one feels about that Eighteenth Century and its ways. As indeed this, and the like of this, which we now call Scepticism, is precisely the black malady and life-foe, against which all teaching and discoursing since man's life began has directed itself: the battle of Belief against Unbelief is the never-ending battle! Neither is it in the way of crimination that one would wish to speak. Scepticism for that century, we must consider as the decay of old ways of believing, the preparation afar off for new better and wider ways,—an inevitable thing. We will not blame men for it; we will lament their hard fate. We will understand that destruction of old *forms* is not destruction of everlasting *substances;* that Scepticism, as sorrowful and hateful as we see it, is not an end but a beginning.

The other day speaking, without prior purpose that way, of Bentham's theory of man and man's life, I chanced to call it a more beggarly one than Mahomet's. I am bound to say, now when it is once uttered, that such is my deliberate opinion. Not that one would mean offence against the man Jeremy Bentham, or those who respect and believe him. Bentham himself, and even the creed of Bentham, seems to me comparatively worthy of praise. It is a determinate *being* what all the world, in a cowardly half-and-half manner, was tending to be. Let us have the crisis; we shall either have death or the cure. I call this gross, steam-engine Utilitarianism an approach towards new Faith. It was a laying-down of cant; a saying to oneself: "Well then, this world is a dead iron machine, the god of it Gravitation and selfish Hunger; let us see what, by checking and balancing, and good adjustment of tooth and pinion, can be made of it!"

Benthamism has something complete, manful, in such fearless committal of itself to what it finds true; you may call it Heroic, though a Heroism with its *eyes* put out! It is the culminating point, and fearless ultimatum, of what lay in the half-and-half state, pervading man's whole existence in that Eighteenth Century. It seems to me, all deniers of Godhood, and all lip-believers of it, are bound to be Benthamites, if they have courage and honesty. Benthamism is an *eyeless* Heroism: the Human Species, like a hapless blinded Samson grinding in the Philistine Mill, clasps convulsively the pillars of its Mill; brings huge ruin down, but ultimately deliverance withal. Of Bentham I meant to say no harm.

But this I do say, and would wish all men to know and lay to heart, that he who discerns nothing but Mechanism in the Universe has in the fatalest way missed the secret of the Universe altogether. That all Godhood should vanish out of men's conception of this Universe seems to me precisely the most brutal error,—I will not disparage Heathenism by calling it a Heathen error,—that men could fall into. It is not true; it is false at the very heart of it. A man who thinks so will think *wrong* about all things in the world; this original sin will vitiate all other conclusions he can form. One might call it the most lamentable of Delusions,—not forgetting Witchcraft itself! Witchcraft worshipped at least a living Devil; but this worships a dead iron Devil; no God, not even a Devil!—Whatsoever is noble, divine, inspired, drops thereby out of life. There remains everywhere in life a despicable *caput-mortuum*; the mechanical hull, all soul fled out of it. How can a man act heroically? The 'Doctrine of Motives' will teach

him that it is, under more or less disguise, nothing but a wretched love of Pleasure, fear of Pain ; that Hunger, of applause, of cash, of whatsoever victual it may be, is the ultimate fact of man's life. Atheism, in brief ;—which does indeed frightfully punish itself. The man, I say, is become spiritually a paralytic man ; this godlike Universe a dead mechanical steam-engine, all working by motives, checks, balances, and I know not what ; wherein, as in the detestable belly of some Phalaris'-Bull of his own contriving, he the poor Phalaris sits miserably dying !

Belief I define to be the healthy act of a man's mind. It is a mysterious indescribable process, that of getting to believe ;—indescribable, as all vital acts are. We have our mind given us, not that it may cavil and argue, but that it may see into something, give us clear belief and understanding about something, whereon we are then to proceed to act. Doubt, truly, is not itself a crime. Certainly we do not rush out, clutch-up the first thing we find, and straightway believe that ! All manner of doubt, inquiry, σκέψις as it is named, about all manner of objects, dwells in every reasonable mind. It is the mystic working of the mind, on the object it is *getting* to know and believe. Belief comes out of all this, above ground, like the tree from its hidden *roots*. But now if, even on common things, we require that a man keep his doubts *silent*, and not babble of them till they in some measure become affirmations or denials ; how much more in regard to the highest things, impossible to speak-of in words at all ! That a man parade his doubt, and get to imagine that debating and logic (which means at best only the manner of *telling* us your thought, your belief

or disbelief, about a thing) is the triumph and true work of what intellect he has: alas, this is as if you should *overturn* the tree, and instead of green boughs, leaves and fruits, show us ugly taloned roots turned up into the air,—and no growth, only death and misery going-on!

For the Scepticism, as I said, is not intellectual only; it is moral also; a chronic atrophy and disease of the whole soul. A man lives by believing something; not by debating and arguing about many things. A sad case for him when all that he can manage to believe is something he can button in his pocket, and with one or the other organ eat and digest! Lower than that he will not get. We call those ages in which he gets so low the mournfulest, sickest and meanest of all ages. The world's heart is palsied, sick: how can any limb of it be whole? Genuine Acting ceases in all departments of the world's work; dextrous Similitude of Acting begins. The world's wages are pocketed, the world's work is not done. Heroes have gone-out; Quacks have come-in. Accordingly, what Century, since the end of the Roman world, which also was a time of scepticism, simulacra and universal decadence, so abounds with Quacks as that Eighteenth? Consider them, with their tumid sentimental vapouring about virtue, benevolence, —the wretched Quack-squadron, Cagliostro at the head of them! Few men were without quackery; they had got to consider it a necessary ingredient and amalgam for truth. Chatham, our brave Chatham himself, comes down to the House, all wrapt and bandaged; he 'has crawled out in great bodily suffering,' and so on;—*forgets*, says Walpole, that he is acting the sick man; in the fire of debate, snatches his arm from the sling,

and oratorically swings and brandishes it! Chatham himself lives the strangest mimetic life, half-hero, half-quack, all along. For indeed the world is full of dupes; and you have to gain the *world's* suffrage! How the duties of the world will be done in that case, what quantities of error, which means failure, which means sorrow and misery, to some and to many, will gradually accumulate in all provinces of the world's business, we need not compute.

It seems to me, you lay your finger here on the heart of the world's maladies, when you call it a Sceptical World. An insincere world; a godless untruth of a world! It is out of this, as I consider, that the whole tribe of social pestilences, French Revolutions, Chartisms, and what not, have derived their being,—their chief necessity to be. This must alter. Till this alter, nothing can beneficially alter. My one hope of the world, my inexpugnable consolation in looking at the miseries of the world, is that this is altering. Here and there one does now find a man who knows, as of old, that this world is a Truth, and no Plausibility and Falsity; that he himself is alive, not dead or paralytic; and that the world is alive, instinct with Godhood, beautiful and awful, even as in the beginning of days! One man once knowing this, many men, all men, must by and by come to know it. It lies there clear, for whosoever will take the *spectacles* off his eyes and honestly look, to know! For such a man the Unbelieving Century, with its unblessed Products, is already past; a new century is already come. The old unblessed Products and Performances, as solid as they look, are Phantasms, preparing speedily to vanish. To this and the other noisy, very great-

looking Simulacrum with the whole world huzzahing at its heels, he can say, composedly stepping aside: Thou art not *true;* thou art not extant, only semblant; go thy way!—Yes, hollow Formulism, gross Benthamism, and other unheroic atheistic Insincerity is visibly and even rapidly declining. An unbelieving Eighteenth Century is but an exception,—such as now and then occurs. I prophesy that the world will once more become *sincere;* a believing world; with *many* Heroes in it, a heroic world! It will then be a victorious world; never till then.

Or indeed what of the world and its victories? Men speak too much about the world. Each one of us here, let the world go how it will, and be victorious or not victorious, has he not a Life of his own to lead? One Life; a little gleam of Time between two Eternities; no second chance to us forevermore! It were well for *us* to live not as fools and simulacra, but as wise and realities. The world's being saved will not save us; nor the world's being lost destroy us. We should look to ourselves: there is great merit here in the 'duty of staying at home'! And, on the whole, to say truth, I never heard of 'worlds' being 'saved' in any other way. That mania of saving worlds is itself a piece of the Eighteenth Century with its windy sentimentalism. Let us not follow it too far. For the saving of the *world* I will trust confidently to the Maker of the world; and look a little to my own saving, which I am more competent to!—In brief, for the world's sake, and for our own, we will rejoice greatly that Scepticism, Insincerity, Mechanical Atheism, with all their poison-dews, are going, and as good as gone.—

Now it was under such conditions, in those times of Johnson, that our Men of Letters had to live. Times in which there was properly no truth in life. Old truths had fallen nigh dumb ; the new lay yet hidden, not trying to speak. That Man's Life here below was a Sincerity and Fact, and would forever continue such, no new intimation, in that dusk of the world, had yet dawned. No intimation ; not even any French Revolution,—which we define to be a Truth once more, though a Truth clad in hell-fire ! How different was the Luther's pilgrimage, with its assured goal, from the Johnson's, girt with mere traditions, suppositions, grown now incredible, unintelligible ! Mahomet's Formulas were of 'wood waxed and oiled,' and could be *burnt* out of one's way : poor Johnson's were far more difficult to burn.—The strong man will ever find *work*, which means difficulty, pain, to the full measure of his strength. But to make-out a victory, in those circumstances of our poor Hero as Man of Letters, was perhaps more difficult than in any. Not obstruction, disorganisation, Bookseller Osborne and Fourpence-halfpenny a day ; not this alone ; but the light of his own soul was taken from him. No landmark on the Earth ; and, alas, what is that to having no loadstar in the Heaven ! We need not wonder that none of those Three men rose to victory. That they fought truly is the highest praise. With a mournful sympathy we will contemplate, if not three living victorious Heroes, as I said, the Tombs of three fallen Heroes! They fell for us too ; making a way for us. There are the mountains which they hurled abroad in their confused War of the Giants ; under which, their strength and life spent, they now lie buried.

SAMUEL JOHNSON
From an engraving by Finden

I have already written of these three Literary Heroes, expressly or incidentally; what I suppose is known to most of you; what need not be spoken or written a second time. They concern us here as the singular *Prophets* of that singular age; for such they virtually were; and the aspect they and their world exhibit, under this point of view, might lead us into reflections enough! I call them, all three, Genuine Men more or less; faithfully, for most part unconsciously, struggling, to be genuine, and plant themselves on the everlasting truth of things. This to a degree that eminently distinguishes them from the poor artificial mass of their contemporaries; and renders them worthy to be considered as Speakers, in some measure, of the everlasting truth, as Prophets in that age of theirs. By Nature herself a noble necessity was laid on them to be so. They were men of such magnitude that they could not live on unrealities,—clouds, froth and all inanity gave-way under them: there was no footing for them but on firm earth; no rest or regular motion for them, if they got not footing there. To a certain extent, they were Sons of Nature once more in an age of Artifice; once more, Original Men.

As for Johnson, I have always considered him to be, by nature, one of our great English souls. A strong and noble man; so much left undeveloped in him to the last: in a kindlier element what might he not have been,—Poet, Priest, sovereign Ruler! On the whole, a man must not complain of his 'element,' of his 'time,' or the like; it is thriftless work doing so. His time is bad: well then, he is there to make it better!—Johnson's youth was poor, isolated, hopeless, very miserable.

Indeed, it does not seem possible that, in any the favourablest outward circumstances, Johnson's life could have been other than a painful one. The world might have had more of profitable *work* out of him, or less; but his *effort* against the world's work could never have been a light one. Nature, in return for his nobleness, had said to him, Live in an element of diseased sorrow. Nay, perhaps the sorrow and the nobleness were intimately and even inseparably connected with each other. At all events, poor Johnson had to go about girt with continual hypochondria, physical and spiritual pain. Like a Hercules with the burning Nessus'-shirt on him, which shoots-in on him dull incurable misery: the Nessus'-shirt not to be stript-off, which is his own natural skin! In this manner *he* had to live. Figure him there, with his scrofulous diseases, with his great greedy heart, and unspeakable chaos of thoughts; stalking mournful as a stranger in this Earth; eagerly devouring what spiritual thing he could come at: school-languages and other merely grammatical stuff, if there were nothing better! The largest soul that was in all England; and provision made for it of 'fourpence-halfpenny a day.' Yet a giant invincible soul; a true man's. One remembers always that story of the shoes at Oxford: the rough, seamy-faced, rawboned College Servitor stalking about, in winter-season, with his shoes worn-out; how the charitable Gentleman Commoner secretly places a new pair at his door; and the rawboned Servitor, lifting them, looking at them near, with his dim eyes, with what thoughts,—pitches them out of the window! Wet feet, mud, frost, hunger or what you will; but not beggary: we cannot stand beggary! Rude stubborn

self-help here; a whole world of squalor, rudeness, confused misery and want, yet of nobleness and manfulness withal. It is a type of the man's life, this pitching-away of the shoes. An original man;—not a secondhand, borrowing or begging man. Let us stand on our own basis, at any rate! On such shoes as we ourselves can get. On frost and mud, if you will, but honestly on that;—on the reality and substance which Nature gives *us*, not on the semblance, on the thing she has given another than us!—

And yet with all this rugged pride of manhood and self-help, was there ever soul more tenderly affectionate, loyally submissive to what was really higher than he? Great souls are always loyally submissive, reverent to what is over them; only small mean souls are otherwise. I could not find a better proof of what I said the other day. That the sincere man was by nature the obedient man; that only in a World of Heroes was there loyal Obedience to the Heroic. The essence of *originality* is not that it be *new*: Johnson believed altogether in the old; he found the old opinions credible for him, fit for him; and in a right heroic manner lived under them. He is well worth study in regard to that. For we are to say that Johnson was far other than a mere man of words and formulas; he was a man of truths and facts. He stood by the old formulas; the happier was it for him that he could so stand: but in all formulas that *he* could stand by, there needed to be a most genuine substance. Very curious how, in that poor Paper-age, so barren, artificial, thick-quilted with Pedantries, Hearsays, the great Fact of this Universe glared in, forever wonderful, indubitable, unspeakable, divine-infernal,

upon this man too! How he harmonised his Formulas with it, how he managed at all under such circumstances: that is a thing worth seeing. A thing 'to be looked at with reverence, with pity, with awe.' That Church of St. Clement Danes, where Johnson still *worshipped* in the era of Voltaire, is to me a venerable place.

It was in virtue of his *sincerity*, of his speaking still in some sort from the heart of Nature, though in the current artificial dialect, that Johnson was a Prophet. Are not all dialects 'artificial'? Artificial things are not all false;—nay every true Product of Nature will infallibly *shape* itself; we may say all artificial things are, at the starting of them, *true*. What we call 'Formulas' are not in their origin bad; they are indispensably good. Formula is *method*, habitude; found wherever man is found. Formulas fashion themselves as Paths do, as beaten Highways, leading towards some sacred or high object, whither many men are bent. Consider it. One man, full of heartfelt earnest impulse, finds-out a way of doing somewhat,—were it of uttering his soul's reverence for the Highest, were it but of fitly saluting his fellow-man. An inventor was needed to do that, a *poet;* he has articulated the dim-struggling thought that dwelt in his own and many hearts. This is his way of doing that; these are his footsteps, the beginning of a 'Path.' And now see: the second man travels naturally in the footsteps of his foregoer, it is the *easiest* method. In the footsteps of his foregoer; yet with improvements, with changes where such seem good; at all events with enlargements, the Path ever *widening* itself as more travel it;—till at last there is a broad Highway whereon the whole world may travel and drive.

While there remains a City or Shrine, or any Reality to drive to, at the farther end, the Highway shall be right welcome! When the City is gone, we will forsake the Highway. In this manner all Institutions, Practices, Regulated Things in the world have come into existence, and gone out of existence. Formulas all begin by being *full* of substance; you may call them the *skin*, the articulation into shape, into limbs and skin, of a substance that is already there: *they* had not been there otherwise. Idols, as we said, are not idolatrous till they become doubtful, empty for the worshipper's heart. Much as we talk against Formulas, I hope no one of us is ignorant withal of the high significance of *true* Formulas; that they were, and will ever be, the indispensablest furniture of our habitation in this world.——

Mark, too, how little Johnson boasts of his 'sincerity.' He has no suspicion of his being particularly sincere,—of his being particularly anything! A hard-struggling, weary-hearted man, or 'scholar' as he calls himself, trying hard to get some honest livelihood in the world, not to starve, but to live—without stealing! A noble unconsciousness is in him. He does not 'engrave *Truth* on his watch-seal'; no, but he stands by truth, speaks by it, works and lives by it. Thus it ever is. Think of it once more. The man whom Nature has appointed to do great things is, first of all, furnished with that openness to Nature which renders him incapable of being *in*sincere! To his large, open, deep-feeling heart Nature is a Fact: all hearsay is hearsay; the unspeakable greatness of this Mystery of Life, let him acknowledge it or not, nay even though he seem to forget it or deny it, is ever present to *him*,—fearful and wonder-

ful, on this hand and on that. He has a basis of sincerity; unrecognised, because never questioned or capable of question. Mirabeau, Mahomet, Cromwell, Napoleon: all the Great Men I ever heard-of have this as the primary material of them. Innumerable commonplace men are debating, are talking everywhere in their commonplace doctrines, which they have learned by logic, by rote, at secondhand: to that kind of man all this is still nothing. He must have truth; truth which *he* feels to be true. How shall he stand otherwise? His whole soul, at all moments, in all ways, tells him that there is no standing. He is under the noble necessity of being true. Johnson's way of thinking about this world is not mine, any more than Mahomet's was: but I recognise the everlasting element of heart-*sincerity* in both; and see with pleasure how neither of them remains ineffectual. Neither of them is as *chaff* sown; in both of them is something which the seed-field will *grow*.

Johnson was a Prophet to his people; preached a Gospel to them,—as all like him always do. The highest Gospel he preached we may describe as a kind of Moral Prudence: 'in a world where much is to be done, and little is to be known,' see how you will *do* it! A thing well worth preaching. 'A world where much is to be done, and little is to be known:' do not sink yourselves in boundless bottomless abysses of Doubt, of wretched god-forgetting Unbelief;—you were miserable then, powerless, mad: how could you *do* or work at all? Such Gospel Johnson preached and taught;—coupled, theoretically and practically, with this other great Gospel, 'Clear your mind of Cant!' Have no trade with Cant: stand on the cold mud in the frosty weather, but let it be

in your own *real* torn shoes : ' that will be better for you,' as Mahomet says ! I call this, I call these two things *joined together*, a great Gospel, the greatest perhaps that was possible at that time.

Johnson's Writings, which once had such currency and celebrity, are now, as it were, disowned by the young generation. It is not wonderful ; Johnson's opinions are fast becoming obsolete : but his style of thinking and of living, we may hope, will never become obsolete. I find in Johnson's Books the indisputablest traces of a great intellect and great heart ;—ever welcome, under what obstructions and perversions soever. They are *sincere* words, those of his ; he means things by them. A wondrous buckram style,—the best he could get to then ; a measured grandiloquence, stepping or rather stalking along in a very solemn way, grown obsolete now ; sometimes a tumid *size* of phraseology not in proportion to the contents of it : all this you will put-up with. For the phraseology, tumid or not, has always *something within it.* So many beautiful styles and books, with *nothing* in them ;—a man is a *male*factor to the world who writes such ! *They* are the avoidable kind !— Had Johnson left nothing but his *Dictionary*, one might have traced there a great intellect, a genuine man. Looking to its clearness of definition, its general solidity, honesty, insight and successful method, it may be called the best of all Dictionaries. There is in it a kind of architectural nobleness ; it stands there like a great solid square-built edifice, finished, symmetrically complete : you judge that a true Builder did it.

One word, in spite of our haste, must be granted to poor Bozzy. He passes for a mean, inflated, gluttonous

creature ; and was so in many senses. Yet the fact of his reverence for Johnson will ever remain noteworthy. The foolish conceited Scotch Laird, the most conceited man of his time, approaching in such awestruck attitude the great dusty irascible Pedagogue in his mean garret there : it is a genuine reverence for Excellence ; a *worship* for Heroes, at a time when neither Heroes nor worship were surmised to exist. Heroes, it would seem, exist always, and a certain worship of them ! We will also take the liberty to deny altogether that of the witty Frenchman, that no man is a Hero to his valet-de-chambre. Or if so, it is not the Hero's blame, but the Valet's : that his soul, namely, is a mean *valet*-soul ! He expects his Hero to advance in royal stage-trappings, with measured step, trains borne behind him, trumpets sounding before him. It should stand rather, No man can be a *Grand-Monarque* to his valet-de-chambre. Strip your Louis Quatorze of his king-gear, and there *is* left nothing but a poor forked radish with a head fantastically carved ;—admirable to no valet. The Valet does not know a Hero when he sees him ! Alas, no : it requires a kind of *Hero* to do that ;—and one of the world's wants, in *this* as in other senses, is for most part want of such.

On the whole, shall we not say, that Boswell's admiration was well bestowed ; that he could have found no soul in all England so worthy of bending down before ? Shall we not say, of this great mournful Johnson too, that he guided his difficult confused existence wisely ; led it *well*, like a right-valiant man ? That waste chaos of Authorship by trade ; that waste chaos of Scepticism in religion and politics, in life-theory and life-practice ;

in his poverty, in his dust and dimness, with the sick body and the rusty coat: he made it do for him, like a brave man. Not wholly without a loadstar in the Eternal; he had still a loadstar, as the brave all need to have: with his eye set on that, he would change his course for nothing in these confused vortices of the lower sea of Time. 'To the Spirit of Lies, bearing death and hunger, he would in no wise strike his flag.' Brave old Samuel: *ultimus Romanorum!*

Of Rousseau and his Heroism I cannot say so much. He is not what I call a strong man. A morbid, excitable, spasmodic man; at best, intense rather than strong. He had not 'the talent of Silence,' an invaluable talent; which few Frenchmen, or indeed men of any sort in these times, excel in! The suffering man ought really 'to consume his own smoke'; there is no good in emitting *smoke* till you have made it into *fire*,—which, in the metaphorical sense too, all smoke is capable of becoming! Rousseau has not depth or width, not calm force for difficulty; the first characteristic of true greatness. A fundamental mistake to call vehemence and rigidity strength! A man is not strong who takes convulsion-fits; though six men cannot hold him then. He that can walk under the heaviest weight without staggering, he is the strong man. We need forever, especially in these loud-shrieking days, to remind ourselves of that. A man who cannot *hold his peace*, till the time come for speaking and acting, is no right man.

Poor Rousseau's face is to me expressive of him. A high but narrow contracted intensity in it: bony brows; deep, strait-set eyes, in which there is something

bewildered-looking,—bewildered, peering with lynx-eagerness. A face full of misery, even ignoble misery, and also of the antagonism against that; something mean, plebeian there, redeemed only by *intensity*: the face of what is called a Fanatic,—a sadly *contracted* Hero! We name him here because, with all his drawbacks, and they are many, he has the first and chief characteristic of a Hero: he is heartily *in earnest*. In earnest, if ever man was; as none of these French Philosophers were. Nay, one would say, of an earnestness too great for his otherwise sensitive, rather feeble nature; and which indeed in the end drove him into the strangest incoherences, almost delirations. There had come, at last, to be a kind of madness in him: his Ideas *possessed* him like demons; hurried him so about, drove him over steep places!—

The fault and misery of Rousseau was what we easily name by a single word, *Egoism*: which is indeed the source and summary of all faults and miseries whatsoever. He had not perfected himself into victory over mere Desire; a mean Hunger, in many sorts, was still the motive principle of him. I am afraid he was a very vain man; hungry for the praises of men. You remember Genlis's experience of him. She took Jean Jacques to the Theatre; he bargaining for a strict incognito,—"*He* would not be seen there for the world!" The curtain did happen nevertheless to be drawn aside: the Pit recognised Jean Jacques, but took no great notice of him! He expressed the bitterest indignation; gloomed all evening, spake no other than surly words. The glib Countess remained entirely convinced that his anger was not at being seen, but at not being applauded

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when seen. How the whole nature of the man is poisoned; nothing but suspicion, self-isolation, fierce moody ways! He could not live with anybody. A man of some rank from the country, who visited him often, and used to sit with him, expressing all reverence and affection for him, comes one day, finds Jean Jacques full of the sourest unintelligible humour. "Monsieur," said Jean Jacques, with flaming eyes, "I know why you come here. You come to see what a poor life I lead; how little is in my poor pot that is boiling there. Well, look into the pot! There is half a pound of meat, one carrot and three onions, that is all: go and tell the whole world that, if you like, Monsieur!"—A man of this sort was far gone. The whole world got itself supplied with anecdotes, for light laughter, for a certain theatrical interest, from these perversions and contortions of poor Jean Jacques. Alas, to him they were not laughing or theatrical; too real to him! The contortions of a dying gladiator: the crowded amphitheatre looks-on with entertainment: but the gladiator is in agonies and dying.

And yet this Rousseau, as we say, with his passionate appeals to Mothers, with his *Contrat-social*, with his celebrations of Nature, even of savage life in Nature, did once more touch upon Reality, struggle towards Reality; was doing the function of a Prophet to his Time. As *he* could, and as the Time could! Strangely through all that defacement, degradation and almost madness, there is in the inmost heart of poor Rousseau a spark of real heavenly fire. Once more, out of the element of that withered mocking Philosophism, Scepticism and Persiflage, there has arisen in this man the ineradicable feeling and knowledge that this Life of ours is

true; not a Scepticism, Theorem or Persiflage, but a Fact, an awful Reality. Nature had made that revelation to him; had ordered him to speak it out. He got it spoken out; if not well and clearly, then ill and dimly,—as clearly as he could. Nay what are all errors and perversities of his, even those stealings of ribbons, aimless confused miseries and vagabondisms, if we will interpret them kindly, but the blinkard dazzlement and staggerings to and fro of a man sent on an errand he is too weak for, by a path he cannot yet find? Men are led by strange ways. One should have tolerance for a man, hope of him; leave him to try yet what he will do. While life lasts, hope lasts for every man.

Of Rousseau's literary talents, greatly celebrated still among his countrymen, I do not say much. His Books, like himself, are what I call unhealthy, not the good sort of Books. There is a sensuality in Rousseau. Combined with such an intellectual gift as his, it makes pictures of a certain gorgeous attractiveness: but they are not genuinely poetical. Not white sunlight: something *operatic;* a kind of rosepink, artificial bedizenment. It is frequent, or rather it is universal, among the French since his time. Madame de Staël has something of it; St. Pierre; and down onwards to the present astonishing convulsionary 'Literature of Desperation,' it is everywhere abundant. That same *rosepink* is not the right hue. Look at a Shakspeare, at a Goethe, even at a Walter Scott! He who has once seen into this, has seen the difference of the True from the Sham-True, and will discriminate them ever afterwards.

We had to observe in Johnson how much good a Prophet, under all disadvantages and disorganisations,

can accomplish for the world. In Rousseau we are called, to look rather at the fearful amount of evil which, under such disorganisation, may accompany the good. Historically it is a most pregnant spectacle, that of Rousseau. Banished into Paris garrets, in the gloomy company of his own Thoughts and Necessities there; driven from post to pillar; fretted, exasperated till the heart of him went mad, he had grown to feel deeply that the world was not his friend nor the world's law. It was expedient, if anyway possible, that such a man should *not* have been set in flat hostility with the world. He could be cooped into garrets, laughed at as a maniac, left to starve like a wild-beast in his cage;—but he could not be hindered from setting the world on fire. The French Revolution found its Evangelist in Rousseau. His semi-delirious speculations on the miseries of civilised life, the preferability of the savage to the civilised, and suchlike, helped well to produce a whole delirium in France generally. True, you may well ask, What could the world, the governors of the world, do with such a man? Difficult to say what the governors of the world could do with him! What he could do with them is unhappily clear enough,—*guillotine* a great many of them! Enough now of Rousseau.

It was a curious phenomenon, in the withered, unbelieving, secondhand Eighteenth Century, that of a Hero starting up, among the artificial pasteboard figures and productions, in the guise of a Robert Burns. Like a little well in the rocky desert places,—like a sudden splendour of Heaven in the artificial Vauxhall! People knew not what to make of it. They took it for a piece

of the Vauxhall fire-work ; alas, it *let* itself be so taken, though struggling half-blindly, as in bitterness of death against that ! Perhaps no man had such a false reception from his fellow-men. Once more a very wasteful life-drama was enacted under the sun.

The tragedy of Burns's life is known to all of you. Surely we may say, if discrepancy between place held and place merited constitute perverseness of lot for a man, no lot could be more perverse than Burns's. Among those secondhand acting-figures. *mimes* for most part, of the Eighteenth Century, once more a giant Original Man ; one of those men who reach down to the perennial Deeps, who take rank with the Heroic among men : and he was born in a poor Ayrshire hut. The largest soul of all the British lands came among us in the shape of a hard-handed Scottish Peasant.

His Father, a poor toiling man, tried various things ; did not succeed in any ; was involved in continual difficulties. The Steward, Factor as the Scotch call him, used to send letters and threatenings, Burns says, 'which threw us all into tears.' The brave, hard-toiling, hard-suffering Father, his brave heroine of a wife ; and those children, of whom Robert was one ! In this Earth, so wide otherwise, no shelter for *them*. The letters 'threw us all into tears' ; figure it. The brave Father, I say always ;—a *silent* Hero and Poet ; without whom the son had never been a speaking one ! Burns's Schoolmaster came afterwards to London, learnt what good society was ; but declares that in no meeting of men did he ever enjoy better discourse than at the hearth of this peasant. And his poor 'seven acres of nursery-ground,' —not that, nor the miserable patch of clay-farm, nor

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anything he tried to get a living by, would prosper with him; he had a sore unequal battle all his days. But he stood to it valiantly; a wise, faithful, unconquerable man;—swallowing-down how many sore sufferings daily into silence; fighting like an unseen Hero,—nobody publishing newspaper paragraphs about his nobleness; voting pieces of plate to him! However, he was not lost: nothing is lost. Robert is there; the outcome of him,—and indeed of many generations of such as him.

This Burns appeared under every disadvantage: uninstructed, poor, born only to hard manual toil; and writing, when it came to that, in a rustic special dialect, known only to a small province of the country he lived in. Had he written, even what he did write, in the general language of England, I doubt not he had already become universally recognised as being, or capable to be, one of our greatest men. That he should have tempted so many to penetrate through the rough husk of that dialect of his, is proof that there lay something far from common within it. He has gained a certain recognition, and is continuing to do so over all quarters of our wide Saxon world: wheresoever a Saxon dialect is spoken, it begins to be understood, by personal inspection of this and the other, that one of the most considerable Saxon men of the Eighteenth Century was an Ayrshire Peasant named Robert Burns. Yes, I will say, here too was a piece of the right Saxon stuff: strong as the Harz-rock, rooted in the depths of the world;—rock, yet with wells of living softness in it! A wild impetuous whirlwind of passion and faculty slumbered quiet there; such heavenly *melody* dwelling in the heart of it. A noble rough

genuineness ; homely, rustic, honest ; true simplicity of strength ; with its lightning-fire, with its soft dewy pity ;—like the old Norse Thor, the Peasant-god !—

Burns's Brother Gilbert, a man of much sense and worth, has told me that Robert, in his young days, in spite of their hardship, was usually the gayest of speech ; a fellow of infinite frolic, laughter, sense and heart ; far pleasanter to hear there, stript cutting peats in the bog, or suchlike, than he ever afterwards knew him. I can well believe it. This basis of mirth ('*fond gaillard*,' as old Marquis Mirabeau calls it), a primal-element of sunshine and joyfulness, coupled with his other deep and earnest qualities, is one of the most attractive characteristics of Burns. A large fund of Hope dwells in him ; spite of his tragical history, he is not a mourning man. He shakes his sorrows gallantly aside ; bounds forth victorious over them. It is as the lion shaking 'dew-drops from his mane' ; as the swift-bounding horse, that '*laughs* at the shaking of the spear.'—But indeed, Hope, Mirth, of the sort like Burns's, are they not the outcome properly of warm generous affection,—such as is the beginning of all to every man ?

You would think it strange if I called Burns the most gifted British soul we had in all that century of his : and yet I believe the day is coming when there will be little danger in saying so. His writings, all that he *did* under such obstructions, are only a poor fragment of him. Professor Stewart remarked very justly, what indeed is true of all Poets good for much, that his poetry was not any particular faculty ; but the general result of a naturally vigorous original mind expressing itself in that way. Burns's gifts, expressed in conversation,

are the theme of all that ever heard him. All kinds of gifts: from the gracefulest utterances of courtesy, to the highest fire of passionate speech; loud floods of mirth, soft wailings of affection, laconic emphasis, clear piercing insight; all was in him. Witty duchesses celebrate him as a man whose speech 'led them off their feet.' This is beautiful: but still more beautiful that which Mr. Lockhart has recorded, which I have more than once alluded to, How the waiters and ostlers at inns would get out of bed, and come crowding to hear this man speak! Waiters and ostlers:—they too were men, and here was a man! I have heard much about his speech; but one of the best things I ever heard of it was, last year, from a venerable gentleman long familiar with him. That it was speech distinguished by always *having something in it.* "He spoke rather little than much," this old man told me; "sat rather silent in those early days, as in the company of persons above him; and always when he did speak, it was to throw new light on the matter." I know not why any one should ever speak otherwise!—But if we look at his general force of soul, his healthy *robustness* everyway, the rugged downrightness, penetration, generous valour and manfulness that was in him,—where shall we readily find a better-gifted man?

Among the great men of the Eighteenth Century, I sometimes feel as if Burns might be found to resemble Mirabeau more than any other. They differ widely in vesture; yet look at them intrinsically. There is the same burly thick-necked strength of body as of soul;—built, in both cases, on what the old Marquis calls a *fond gaillard.* By nature, by course of breeding, indeed

by nation, Mirabeau has much more of bluster ; a noisy, forward, unresting man. But the characteristic of Mirabeau too is veracity and sense, power of true *insight*, superiority of vision. The thing that he says is worth remembering. It is a flash of insight into some object or other : so do both these men speak. The same raging passions ; capable too in both of manifesting themselves as the tenderest noble affections. Wit, wild laughter, energy, directness, sincerity : these were in both. The types of the two men are not dissimilar. Burns too could have governed, debated in National Assemblies ; politicised, as few could. Alas, the courage which had to exhibit itself in capture of smuggling schooners in the Solway Frith ; in keeping *silence* over so much, where no good speech, but only inarticulate rage was possible : this might have bellowed forth Ushers de Brézé and the like ; and made itself visible to all men, in managing of kingdoms, in ruling of great ever-memorable epochs ! But they said to him reprovingly, his Official Superior said, and wrote : ' You are to work, not think.' Of your *thinking*-faculty, the greatest in this land, we have no need ; you are to gauge beer there ; for that only are *you* wanted. Very notable ;—and worth mentioning, though we know what is to be said and answered ! As if Thought, Power of Thinking, were not, at all times, in all places and situations of the world, precisely the thing that *was* wanted. The fatal man, is he not always the *un*thinking man, the man who cannot think and *see* ; but only grope, and hallucinate, and *mis*see the nature of the thing he works with ? He missees it, mis*takes* it as we say ; takes it for one thing, and it *is* another thing, —and leaves him standing like a Futility there ! He is

the fatal man; unutterably fatal, put in the high places of men.—"Why complain of this?" say some: "Strength is mournfully denied its arena; that was true from of old." Doubtless; and the worse for the *arena*, answer I! *Complaining* profits little; stating of the truth may profit. That a Europe, with its French Revolution just breaking out, finds no need of a Burns except for gauging beer,—is a thing I, for one, cannot *rejoice* at!—

Once more we have to say here, that the chief quality of Burns is the *sincerity* of him. So in his Poetry, so in his Life. The Song he sings is not of fantasticalities; it is of a thing felt, really there; the prime merit of this, as of all in him, and of his Life generally, is truth. The Life of Burns is what we may call a great tragic sincerity. A sort of savage sincerity,—not cruel, far from that; but wild, wrestling naked with the truth of things. In that sense, there is something of the savage in all great men.

Hero-worship,—Odin, Burns? Well; these Men of Letters too were not without a kind of Hero-worship: but what a strange condition has that got into now! The waiters and ostlers of Scotch inns, prying about the door, eager to catch any word that fell from Burns, were doing unconscious reverence to the Heroic. Johnson had his Boswell for worshipper. Rousseau has worshippers enough; princes calling on him in his mean garret; the great, the beautiful doing reverence to the poor moonstruck man. For himself a most portentous contradiction; the two ends of his life not to be brought into harmony. He sits at the tables of grandees; and has to copy music for his own living. He cannot even

get his music copied. "By dint of dining out," says he, "I run the risk of dying by starvation at home." For his worshippers too a most questionable thing! If doing Hero-worship well or badly be the test of vital wellbeing or illbeing to a generation, can we say that *these* generations are very first-rate?—And yet our heroic Men of Letters do teach, govern, are kings, priests, or what you like to call them; intrinsically there is no preventing it by any means whatever. The world has to obey him who thinks and sees in the world. The world can alter the manner of that; can either have it as blessed continuous summer sunshine, or as unblessed black thunder and tornado,—with unspeakable difference of profit for the world! The manner of it is very alterable; the matter and fact of it is not alterable by any power under the sky. Light; or, failing that, lightning: the world can take its choice. Not whether we call an Odin god, prophet, priest, or what we call him; but whether we believe the word he tells us: there it all lies. If it be a true word, we shall have to believe it; believing it, we shall have to do it. What *name* or welcome we give him or it, is a point that concerns ourselves mainly. *It*, the new Truth, new deeper revealing of the Secret of this Universe, is verily of the nature of the message from on high; and must and will have itself obeyed.—

My last remark is on that notablest phasis of Burns's history,—his visit to Edinburgh. Often it seems to me as if his demeanour there were the highest proof he gave of what a fund of worth and genuine manhood was in him. If we think of it, few heavier burdens could be laid on the strength of a man. So sudden; all common *Lionism*, which ruins innumerable men, was as nothing

to this. It is as if Napoleon had been made a King of, not gradually, but at once from the Artillery Lieutenancy in the Regiment La Fère. Burns, still only in his twenty-seventh year, is no longer even a ploughman; he is flying to the West Indies to escape disgrace and a jail. This month he is a ruined peasant, his wages seven pounds a year, and these gone from him: next month he is in the blaze of rank and beauty, handing down jewelled Duchesses to dinner; the cynosure of all eyes! Adversity is sometimes hard upon a man; but for one man who can stand prosperity, there are a hundred that will stand adversity. I admire much the way in which Burns met all this. Perhaps no man one could point out, was ever so sorely tried, and so little forgot himself. Tranquil, unastonished; not abashed, not inflated, neither awkwardness nor affectation: he feels that *he* there is the man Robert Burns; that the 'rank is but the guinea-stamp'; that the celebrity is but the candle-light, which will show *what* man, not in the least make him a better or other man! Alas, it may readily, unless he look to it, make him a *worse* man; a wretched inflated wind-bag,—inflated till he *burst*, and become a *dead* lion; for whom, as some one has said, 'there is no resurrection of the body'; worse than a living dog!— Burns is admirable here.

And yet, alas, as I have observed elsewhere, these Lion-hunters were the ruin and death of Burns. It was they that rendered it impossible for him to live! They gathered round him in his Farm; hindered his industry; no place was remote enough for them. He could not get his Lionism forgotten, honestly as he was disposed to do so. He falls into discontents, into miseries, faults; the

world getting ever more desolate for him; health, character, peace of mind all gone;—solitary enough now. It is tragical to think of! These men came but to *see* him; it was out of no sympathy with him, nor no hatred to him. They came to get a little amusement: they got their amusement;—and the Hero's life went for it!

Richter says, in the Island of Sumatra there is a kind of 'Light-chafers,' large Fire-flies, which people stick upon spits, and illuminate the ways with at night. Persons of condition can thus travel with a pleasant radiance, which they much admire. Great honour to the Fire-flies! But—!—

LECTURE VI

THE HERO AS KING. CROMWELL, NAPOLEON MODERN REVOLUTIONISM

[*Friday*, 22*nd May* 1840]

WE come now to the last form of Heroism; that which we call Kingship. The Commander over Men; he to whose will our wills are to be subordinated, and loyally surrender themselves, and find their welfare in doing so, may be reckoned the most important of Great Men. He is practically the summary for us of *all* the various figures of Heroism; Priest, Teacher, whatsoever of earthly or of spiritual dignity we can fancy to reside in a man, embodies itself here, to *command* over us, to furnish us with constant practical teaching, to tell us for the day and hour what we are to *do*. He is called *Rex*, Regulator, *Roi:* our own name is still better; King, *Konning*, which means *Can*-ning, Able-man.

Numerous considerations, pointing towards deep, questionable, and indeed unfathomable regions, present themselves here: on the most of which we must resolutely for the present forbear to speak at all. As Burke said that perhaps fair *Trial by Jury* was the soul of Government, and that all legislation, administration, parliamentary debating, and the rest of it, went on, in

'order to bring twelve impartial men into a jury-box'; —so, by much stronger reason, may I say here, that the finding of your *Ableman* and getting him invested with the *symbols of ability*, with dignity, worship (*worth*-ship), royalty, kinghood, or whatever we call it, so that *he* may actually have room to guide according to his faculty of doing it,—is the business, well or ill accomplished, of all social procedure whatsoever in this world! Hustings-speeches, Parliamentary motions, Reform Bills, French Revolutions, all mean at heart this; or else nothing. Find in any country the Ablest Man that exists there; raise *him* to the supreme place, and loyally reverence him: you have a perfect government for that country; no ballot-box, parliamentary eloquence, voting, constitution-building, or other machinery whatsoever can improve it a whit. It is in the perfect state; an ideal country. The Ablest Man; he means also the truest-hearted, justest, the Noblest Man: what he *tells us to do* must be precisely the wisest, fittest, that we could anywhere or anyhow learn;—the thing which it will in all ways behove us, with right loyal thankfulness, and nothing doubting, to do! Our *doing* and life were then, so far as government could regulate it, well regulated; that were the ideal of constitutions.

Alas, we know very well that Ideals can never be completely embodied in practice. Ideals must ever lie a very great way off; and we will right thankfully content ourselves with any not intolerable approximation thereto! Let no man, as Schiller says, too querulously 'measure by a scale of perfection the meagre product of reality' in this poor world of ours. We will esteem him no wise man; we will esteem him a sickly, discon-

tented, foolish man. And yet, on the other hand, it is never to be forgotten that Ideals do exist; that if they be not approximated to at all, the whole matter goes to wreck! Infallibly. No bricklayer builds a wall *perfectly* perpendicular, mathematically this is not possible; a certain degree of perpendicularity suffices him; and he, like a good bricklayer, who must have done with his job, leaves it so. And yet if he sway *too much* from the perpendicular; above all, if he throw plummet and level quite away from him, and pile brick on brick heedless, just as it comes to hand—! Such bricklayer, I think, is in a bad way. *He* has forgotten himself: but the Law of Gravitation does not forget to act on him; he and his wall rush-down into confused welter of ruin!—

This is the history of all rebellions, French Revolutions, social explosions in ancient or modern times. You have put the too *Un*able Man at the head of affairs! The too ignoble, unvaliant, fatuous man. You have forgotten that there is any rule, or natural necessity whatever, of putting the Able Man there. Brick must lie on brick as it may and can. Unable Simulacrum of Ability, *quack*, in a word, must adjust himself with quack, in all manner of administration of human things;—which accordingly lie unadministered, fermenting into unmeasured masses of failure, of indigent misery: in the outward, and in the inward or spiritual, miserable millions stretch-out the hand for their due supply, and it is not there. The 'law of gravitation' acts; Nature's laws do none of them forget to act. The miserable millions burst-forth into Sansculottism, or some other sort of madness: bricks and bricklayer lie as a fatal chaos!—

Much sorry stuff, written some hundred years ago or more, about the 'Divine right of Kings,' moulders unread now in the Public Libraries of this country. Far be it from us to disturb the calm process by which it is disappearing harmlessly from the earth, in those repositories! At the same time, not to let the immense rubbish go without leaving us, as it ought, some soul of it behind—I will say that it did mean something; something true, which it is important for us and all men to keep in mind. To assert that in whatever man you chose to lay hold of (by this or the other plan of clutching at him); and clapt a round piece of metal on the head of, and called King,—there straightway came to reside a divine virtue, so that *he* became a kind of god, and a Divinity inspired him with faculty and right to rule over you to all lengths: this,—what can we do with this but leave it to rot silently in the Public Libraries? But I will say withal, and that is what these Divine-right men meant, That in Kings, and in all human Authorities, and relations that men god-created can form among each other, there is verily either a Divine Right or else a Diabolic Wrong; one or the other of these two! For it is false altogether, what the last Sceptical Century taught us, that this world is a steam-engine. There is a God in this world; and a God's-sanction, or else the violation of such, does look-out from all ruling and obedience, from all moral acts of men. There is no act more moral between men than that of rule and obedience. Woe to him that claims obedience when it is not due; woe to him that refuses it when it is! God's law is in that, I say, however the Parchment-laws may run: there is a Divine Right or else a Diabolic Wrong at

the heart of every claim that one man makes upon another.

It can do none of us harm to reflect on this: in all the relations of life it will concern us; in Loyalty and Royalty, the highest of these. I esteem the modern error, That all goes by self-interest and the checking and balancing of greedy knaveries, and that, in short, there is nothing divine whatever in the association of men, a still more despicable error, natural as it is to an unbelieving century, than that of a 'divine right' in people *called* Kings. I say, Find me the true *Konning*, King, or Able-man, and he *has* a divine right over me. That we knew in some tolerable measure how to find him, and that all men were ready to acknowledge his divine right when found: this is precisely the healing which a sick world is everywhere, in these ages, seeking after! The true King, as guide of the practical, has ever something of the Pontiff in him,—guide of the spiritual, from which all practice has its rise. This too is a true saying, That the *King* is head of the *Church*.—But we will leave the Polemic stuff of a dead century to lie quiet on its book-shelves.

Certainly it is a fearful business, that of having your Able-man to *seek*, and not knowing in what manner to proceed about it! That is the world's sad predicament in these times of ours. They are times of revolution, and have long been. The bricklayer with his bricks, no longer heedful of plummet or the law of gravitation, have toppled, tumbled, and it all welters as we see! But the beginning of it was not the French Revolution; that is rather the *end*, we can hope. It were truer to say, the

beginning was three centuries farther back : in the Reformation of Luther. That the thing which still called itself Christian Church had become a Falsehood, and brazenly went about pretending to pardon men's sins for metallic coined money, and to do much else which in the everlasting truth of Nature it did *not* now do : here lay the vital malady. The inward being wrong, all outward went ever more and more wrong. Belief died away ; all was Doubt, Disbelief. The builder *cast away* his plummet ; said to himself, " What is gravitation ? Brick lies on brick there ! " Alas, does it not still sound strange to many of us, the assertion that there *is* a God's-truth in the business of god-created men ; that all is not a kind of grimace, an ' expediency,' diplomacy, one knows not what !—

From that first necessary assertion of Luther's, " You, self-styled *Papa*, you are no Father in God at all ; you are—a Chimera, whom I know not how to name in polite language ! "—from that onwards to the shout which rose round Camille Desmoulins in the Palais-Royal, " *Aux armes !* " when the people had burst-up against *all* manner of Chimeras,—I find a natural historical sequence. That shout too, so frightful, half-infernal, was a great matter. Once more the voice of awakened nations ;—starting confusedly, as out of nightmare, as out of death-sleep, into some dim feeling that Life was real ; that God's-world was not an expediency and diplomacy ! Infernal ; —yes, since they would not have it otherwise. Infernal, since not celestial or terrestrial ! Hollowness, insincerity *has* to cease ; sincerity of some sort has to begin. Cost what it may, reigns of terror, horrors of French Revolution or what else, we have to return to truth. Here is a

Truth, as I said : a Truth clad in hellfire, since they would not but have it so !—

A common theory among considerable parties of men in England and elsewhere used to be, that the French Nation had, in those days, as it were gone *mad ;* that the French Revolution was a general act of insanity, a temporary conversion of France and large sections of the world into a kind of Bedlam. The Event had risen and raged ; but was a madness and nonentity,—gone now happily into the region of Dreams and the Picturesque ! —To such comfortable philosophers, the Three Days of July, 1830, must have been a surprising phenomenon. Here is the French Nation risen again, in musketry and death-struggle, out shooting and being shot, to make that same mad French Revolution good ! The sons and grandsons of those men, it would seem, persist in the enterprise : they do not disown it ; they will have it made good ; will have themselves shot, if it be not made good ! To philosophers who had made-up their life-system on that 'madness' quietus, no phenomenon could be more alarming. Poor Niebuhr, they say, the Prussian Professor and Historian, fell broken-hearted in consequence ; sickened, if we can believe it, and died of the Three Days ! It was surely not a very heroic death ; —little better than Racine's, dying because Louis Fourteenth looked sternly on him once. The world had stood some considerable shocks, in its time ; might have been expected to survive the Three Days too, and be found turning on its axis after even them ! The Three Days told all mortals that the old French Revolution, mad as it might look, was not a transitory ebullition of Bedlam, but a genuine product of this Earth where we all live ;

that it was verily a Fact, and that the world in general would do well everywhere to regard it as such.

Truly, without the French Revolution, one would not know what to make of an age like this at all. We will hail the French Revolution, as shipwrecked mariners might the sternest rock, in a world otherwise all of baseless sea and waves. A true Apocalypse, though a terrible one, to this false withered artificial time; testifying once more that Nature is *preter*natural; if not divine, then diabolic; that Semblance is not Reality; that it has to become Reality, or the world will take-fire under it,—burn *it* into what it is, namely Nothing! Plausibility has ended; empty Routine has ended; much has ended. This, as with a Trump of Doom, has been proclaimed to all men. They are the wisest who will learn it soonest. Long confused generations before it be learned; peace impossible till it be! The earnest man, surrounded, as ever, with a world of inconsistencies, can await patiently, patiently strive to do *his* work, in the midst of that. Sentence of Death is written down in Heaven against all that; sentence of Death is now proclaimed on the Earth against it: this he with his eyes may see. And surely, I should say, considering the other side of the matter, what enormous difficulties lie there, and how fast, fearfully fast, in all countries, the inexorable demand for solution of them is pressing on,—he may easily find other work to do than labouring in the Sansculottic province at this time of day!

To me, in these circumstances, that of 'Hero-worship' becomes a fact inexpressibly precious; the most solacing fact one sees in the world at present. There is an everlasting hope in it for the management of the world.

Had all traditions, arrangements, creeds, societies that men ever instituted, sunk away, this would remain. The certainty of Heroes being sent us; our faculty, our necessity, to reverence Heroes when sent: it shines like a polestar through smoke-clouds, dust-clouds, and all manner of down-rushing and conflagration.

Hero-worship would have sounded very strange to those workers and fighters in the French Revolution. Not reverence for Great Men; not any hope or belief, or even wish, that Great Men could again appear in the world! Nature, turned into a 'Machine,' was as if effete now; could not any longer produce Great Men:—I can tell her, she may give-up the trade altogether, then; we cannot do without Great Men!—But neither have I any quarrel with that of 'Liberty and Equality'; with the faith that, wise great men being impossible, a level immensity of foolish small men would suffice. It was a natural faith then and there. "Liberty and Equality; no Authority needed any longer. Hero-worship, reverence for *such* Authorities, has proved false, is itself a falsehood; no more of it! We have had such *forgeries*, we will now trust nothing. So many base plated coins passing in the market, the belief has now become common that no gold any longer exists,—and even that we can do very well without gold!" I find this, among other things, in that universal cry of Liberty and Equality; and find it very natural, as matters then stood.

And yet surely it is but the *transition* from false to true. Considered as the whole truth, it is false altogether; —the product of entire sceptical blindness, as yet only *struggling* to see. Hero-worship exists forever, and everywhere: not Loyalty alone; it extends from divine

adoration down to the lowest practical regions of life. 'Bending before men,' if it is not to be a mere empty grimace, better dispensed with than practised, is Hero-worship,—a recognition that there does dwell in that presence of our brother something divine; that every created man, as Novalis said, is a 'revelation in the Flesh.' They were Poets too, that devised all those graceful courtesies which make life noble! Courtesy is not a falsehood or grimace; it need not be such. And Loyalty, religious Worship itself, are still possible; nay still inevitable.

May we not say, moreover, while so many of our late Heroes have worked rather as revolutionary men, that nevertheless every Great Man, every genuine man, is by the nature of him a son of Order, not of Disorder? It is a tragical position for a true man to work in revolutions. He seems an anarchist; and indeed a painful element of anarchy does encumber him at every step, —him to whose whole soul anarchy is hostile, hateful. His mission is order; every man's is. He is here to make what was disorderly, chaotic, into a thing ruled, regular. He is the missionary of Order. Is not all work of man in this world a *making of Order?* The carpenter finds rough trees; shapes them, constrains them into square fitness, into purpose and use. We are all born enemies of Disorder: it is tragical for us all to be concerned in image-breaking and down-pulling; for the Great Man, *more* a man than we, it is doubly tragical.

Thus too all human things, maddest French Sansculottisms, do and must work towards Order. I say, there is not a *man* in them, raging in the thickest of the madness, but is impelled withal, at all moments, towards

Order. His very life means that; Disorder is dissolution, death. No chaos but it seeks a *centre* to revolve round. While man is man, some Cromwell or Napoleon is the necessary finish of a Sansculottism.—Curious: in those days when Hero-worship was the most incredible thing to every one, how it does come-out nevertheless, and assert itself practically, in a way which all have to credit. Divine *right*, take it on the great scale, is found to mean divine *might* withal! While old false Formulas are getting trampled everywhere into destruction, new genuine Substances unexpectedly unfold themselves indestructible. In rebellious ages, when Kingship itself seems dead and abolished, Cromwell, Napoleon step-forth again as Kings. The history of these men is what we have now to look at, as our last phasis of Heroism. The old ages are brought back to us; the manner in which Kings were made, and Kingship itself first took rise, is again exhibited in the history of these Two.

We have had many civil-wars in England; wars of Red and White Roses, wars of Simon de Montfort; wars enough, which are not very memorable. But that war of the Puritans has a significance which belongs to no one of the others. Trusting to your candour, which will suggest on the other side what I have not room to say, I will call it a section once more of that great universal war which alone makes-up the true History of the World,—the war of Belief against Unbelief! The struggle of men intent on the real essence of things, against men intent on the semblances and forms of things. The Puritans, to many, seem mere savage Iconoclasts, fierce destroyers of Forms; but it were more

just to call them haters of *untrue* Forms. I hope we know how to respect Laud and his King as well as them. Poor Laud seems to me to have been weak and ill-starred, not dishonest; an unfortunate Pedant rather than anything worse. His 'Dreams' and superstitions, at which they laugh so, have an affectionate, lovable kind of character. He is like a College-Tutor, whose whole world is forms, College-rules; whose notion is that these are the life and safety of the world. He is placed suddenly, with that unalterable luckless notion of his, at the head not of a College but of a Nation, to regulate the most complex deep-reaching interests of men. He thinks they ought to go by the old decent regulations; nay that their salvation will lie in extending and improving these. Like a weak man, he drives with spasmodic vehemence towards his purpose; cramps himself to it, heeding no voice of prudence, no cry of pity: He will have his College-rules obeyed by his Collegians; that first; and till that, nothing He is an ill-starred Pedant, as I said. He would have it the world was a College of that kind, and the world *was not* that. Alas, was not his doom stern enough? Whatever wrongs he did, were they not all frightfully avenged on him?

It is meritorious to insist on forms; Religion and all else naturally clothes itself in forms. Everywhere the *formed* world is the only habitable one. The naked formlessness of Puritanism is not the thing I praise in the Puritans; it is the thing I pity,—praising only the spirit which had rendered that inevitable! All substances clothe themselves in forms: but there are suitable true forms, and then there are untrue, unsuitable. As the briefest definition, one might say, Forms which *grow*

round a substance, if we rightly understand that, will correspond to the real nature and purport of it, will be true, good; forms which are consciously *put* round a substance, bad. I invite you to reflect on this. It distinguishes true from false in Ceremonial Form, earnest solemnity from empty pageant, in all human things.

There must be a veracity, a natural spontaneity in forms. In the commonest meeting of men, a person making, what we call, 'set speeches,' is not he an offence? In the mere drawing-room, whatsoever courtesies you see to be grimaces, prompted by no spontaneous reality within, are a thing you wish to get away from. But suppose now it were some matter of vital concernment, some transcendent matter (as Divine Worship is), about which your whole soul, struck dumb with its excess of feeling, knew not how to *form* itself into utterance at all, and preferred formless silence to any utterance there possible,—what should we say of a man coming forward to represent or utter it for you in the way of upholsterer-mummery? Such a man,—let him depart swiftly, if he love himself! You have lost your only son; are mute, struck down, without even tears: an importunate man importunately offers to celebrate Funeral Games for him in the manner of the Greeks! Such mummery is not only not to be accepted,—it is hateful, unendurable. It is what the old Prophets called 'Idolatry,' worshipping of hollow *shows*: what all earnest men do and will reject. We can partly understand what those poor Puritans meant. Laud dedicating that St. Catherine Creed's Church, in the manner we have it described; with his multiplied ceremonial bowings, gesticulations, exclamations: surely it is rather the rigorous formal *Pedant,*

intent on his 'College-rules,' than the earnest Prophet, intent on the essence of the matter!

Puritanism found *such* forms insupportable; trampled on such forms;—we have to excuse it for saying, No form at all rather than such! It stood preaching in its bare pulpit, with nothing but the Bible in its hand. Nay, a man preaching from his earnest *soul* into the earnest *souls* of men: is not this virtually the essence of all Churches whatsoever? The nakedest, savagest reality, I say, is preferable to any semblance, however dignified. Besides, it will clothe itself with *due* semblance by and by, if it be real. No fear of that; actually no fear at all. Given the living *man*, there will be found *clothes* for him; he will find himself clothes. But the 'suit-of-clothes pretending that *it* is both clothes and man—!—We cannot 'fight the French' by three-hundred-thousand red uniforms; there must be *men* in the inside of them! Semblance, I assert, must actually *not* divorce itself from Reality. If Semblance do,—why then there must be men found to rebel against Semblance, for it has become a lie! These two Antagonisms at war here, in the case of Laud and the Puritans, are as old nearly as the world. They went to fierce battle over England in that age; and fought-out their confused controversy to a certain length, with many results for all of us.

In the age which directly followed that of the Puritans, their cause or themselves were little likely to have justice done them. Charles Second and his Rochesters were not the kind of men you would set to judge what the worth or meaning of such men might have been. That there could be any faith or truth in the life of a man, was what

these poor Rochesters, and the age they ushered-in, had forgotten. Puritanism was hung on gibbets,—like the bones of the leading Puritans. Its work nevertheless went on accomplishing itself. All true work of a man, hang the author of it on what gibbet you like, must and will accomplish itself. We have our *Habeas-Corpus*, our free Representation of the People; acknowledgment, wide as the world, that all men are, or else must, shall and will become, what we call *free* men;—men with their life grounded on reality and justice, not on tradition, which has become unjust and a chimera! This in part, and much besides this, was the work of the Puritans.

And indeed, as these things became gradually manifest, the character of the Puritans began to clear itself. Their memories were, one after another, taken *down* from the gibbet; nay a certain portion of them are now, in these days, as good as canonised. Eliot, Hampden, Pym, nay Ludlow, Hutchinson, Vane himself, are admitted to be a kind of Heroes; political Conscript Fathers, to whom in no small degree we owe what makes us a free England: it would not be safe for anybody to designate these men as wicked now. Few Puritans of note but find their apologists somewhere, and have a certain reverence paid them by earnest men. One Puritan, I think, and almost he alone, our poor Cromwell, seems to hang yet on the gibbet, and find no hearty apologist anywhere. Him neither saint nor sinner will acquit of great wickedness. A man of ability, infinite talent, courage, and so forth: but he betrayed the Cause. Selfish ambition, dishonesty, duplicity; a fierce, coarse, hypocritical *Tartufe*; turning all that noble Struggle for constitutional Liberty into a sorry farce played for his own benefit: this

and worse is the character they give of Cromwell. And then there come contrasts with Washington and others; above all, with these noble Pyms and Hampdens, whose noble work he stole for himself, and ruined into a futility and deformity.

This view of Cromwell seems to me the not unnatural product of a century like the Eighteenth. As we said of the Valet, so of the Sceptic: He does not know a Hero when he sees him! The Valet expected purple mantles, gilt sceptres, bodyguards and flourishes of trumpets: the Sceptic of the Eighteenth century looks for regulated respectable Formulas, 'Principles,' or what else he may call them; a style of speech and conduct which has got to seem 'respectable,' which can plead for itself in a handsome articulate manner, and gain the suffrages of an enlightened sceptical Eighteenth century! It is, at bottom, the same thing that both the Valet and he expect: the garnitures of some *acknowledged* royalty, which *then* they will acknowledge! The King coming to them in the rugged *un*formulistic state shall be no King.

For my own share, far be it from me to say or insinuate a word of disparagement against such characters as Hampden, Eliot, Pym; whom I believe to have been right worthy and useful men. I have read diligently what books and documents about them I could come at; —with the honestest wish to admire, to love and worship them like Heroes; but I am sorry to say, if the real truth must be told, with very indifferent success! At bottom, I found that it would not do. They are very noble men, these; step along in their stately way, with their measured euphemisms, philosophies, parliamentary eloquences, Ship-moneys, *Monarchies of Man;* a most

OLIVER CROMWELL

Picture by Walker, at Hinchinbrooke

constitutional, unblamable, dignified set of men. But the heart remains cold before them; the fancy alone endeavours to get-up some worship of them. What man's heart does, in reality, break-forth into any fire of brotherly love for these men? They are become dreadfully dull men! One breaks-down often enough in the constitutional eloquence of the admirable Pym, with his 'seventhly and lastly.' You find that it may be the admirablest thing in the world, but that it is heavy,—heavy as lead, barren as brick-clay; that, in a word, for you there is little or nothing now surviving there! One leaves all these Nobilities standing in their niches of honour: the rugged outcast Cromwell, he is the man of them all in whom one still finds human stuff. The great savage *Baresark:* he could write no euphemistic *Monarchy of Man;* did not speak, did not work with glib regularity; had no straight story to tell for himself anywhere. But he stood bare, not cased in euphemistic coat-of-mail; he grappled like a giant, face to face, heart to heart, with the naked truth of things! That, after all, is the sort of man for one. I plead guilty to valuing such a man beyond all other sorts of men. Smooth-shaven Respectabilities not a few one finds, that are not good for much. Small thanks to a man for keeping his hands clean, who would not touch the work but with gloves on!

Neither, on the whole, does this constitutional tolerance of the Eighteenth century for the other happier Puritans seem to be a very great matter. One might say, it is but a piece of Formulism and Scepticism, like the rest. They tell us, It is a sorrowful thing to consider that the foundation of our English Liberties should have been laid by

'Superstition.' These Puritans came forward with Calvinistic incredible Creeds, Anti-Laudisms, Westminster Confessions; demanding, chiefly of all, that they should have liberty to *worship* in their own way. Liberty to *tax* themselves: that was the thing they should have demanded! It was Superstition, Fanaticism, disgraceful ignorance of Constitutional Philosophy to insist on the other thing!—Liberty to *tax* oneself? Not to pay-out money from your pocket except on reason shown? No century, I think, but a rather barren one would have fixed on that as the first right of man! I should say, on the contrary, A just man will generally have better cause than *money* in what shape soever, before deciding to revolt against his Government. Ours is a most confused world; in which a good man will be thankful to see any kind of Government maintain itself in a not insupportable manner: and here in England, to this hour, if he is not ready to pay a great many taxes which *he* can see very small reason in, it will not go well with him, I think! He must try some other climate than this. Taxgatherer? Money? He will say: "Take my money, since you *can*, and it is so desirable to you; take it,—and take yourself away with it; and leave me alone to my work here. *I* am still here; can still work, after all the money you have taken from me!" But if they come to him, and say, "Acknowledge a Lie; pretend to say you are worshipping God, when you are not doing it: believe not the thing that *you* find true, but the thing that I find, or pretend to find true!" He will answer: "No; by God's help, no! You may take my purse; but I cannot have my moral Self annihilated. The purse is any Highwayman's who might meet me with a loaded pistol: but

the Self is mine and God my Maker's; it is not yours; and I will resist you to the death, and revolt against you, and, on the whole, front all manner of extremities, accusations and confusions, in defence of that!"—

Really, it seems to me the one reason which could justify revolting, this of the Puritans. It has been the soul of all just revolts among men. Not *Hunger* alone produced even the French Revolution; no, but the feeling of the insupportable all-pervading *Falsehood* which had now embodied itself in Hunger, in universal material Scarcity and Nonentity, and thereby become *indisputably* false in the eyes of all! We will leave the Eighteenth century with its 'liberty to tax itself.' We will not astonish ourselves that the meaning of such men as the Puritans remained dim to it. To men who believe in no reality at all, how shall a *real* human soul, the intensest of all realities, as it were the Voice of this world's Maker still speaking to *us*,—be intelligible? What it cannot reduce into constitutional doctrines relative to 'taxing,' or other like material interest, gross, palpable to the sense, such a century will needs reject as an amorphous heap of rubbish. Hampdens, Pyms and Shipmoney will be the theme of much constitutional eloquence, striving to be fervid;—which will glitter, if not as fire does, then as *ice* does: and the irreducible Cromwell will remain a chaotic mass of 'madness,' 'hypocrisy,' and much else.

From of old, I will confess, this theory of Cromwell's falsity has been incredible to me. Nay I cannot believe the like, of any Great Man whatever. Multitudes of Great Men figure in History as false selfish men; but if

we will consider it, they are but *figures* for us, unintelligible shadows; we do not see into them as men that could have existed at all. A superficial unbelieving generation only, with no eye but for the surfaces and semblances of things, could form such notions of Great Men. Can a great soul be possible without a *conscience* in it, the essence of all *real* souls, great or small?—No, we cannot figure Cromwell as a Falsity and Fatuity; the longer I study him and his career, I believe this the less. Why should we? There is no evidence of it. Is it not strange that, after all the mountains of calumny this man has been subject to, after being represented as the very prince of liars, who never, or hardly ever, spoke truth, but always some cunning counterfeit of truth, there should not yet have been one falsehood brought clearly home to him? A prince of liars, and no lie spoken by him. Not one that I could yet get sight of. It is like Pococke asking Grotius, Where is your *proof* of Mahomet's Pigeon? No proof!—Let us leave all these calumnious chimeras, as chimeras ought to be left. They are not portraits of the man; they are distracted phantasms of him, the joint product of hatred and darkness.

Looking at the man's life with our own eyes, it seems to me, a very different hypothesis suggests itself. What little we know of his earlier obscure years, distorted as it has come down to us, does it not all betoken an earnest, affectionate, sincere kind of man? His nervous melancholic temperament indicates rather a seriousness *too* deep for him. Of those stories of 'Spectres'; of the white Spectre in broad daylight, predicting that he should be King of England, we are not bound to believe much;—probably no more than of the other black Spectre

or Devil in person, to whom the Officer *saw* him sell himself before Worcester Fight! But the mournful, oversensitive, hypochondriac humour of Oliver, in his young years, is otherwise indisputably known. The Huntingdon Physician told Sir Philip Warwick himself, He had often been sent for at midnight; Mr. Cromwell was full of hypochondria, thought himself near dying, and "had fancies about the Town-cross." These things are significant. Such an excitable deep-feeling nature, in that rugged stubborn strength of his, is not the symptom of falsehood; it is the symptom and promise of quite other than falsehood!

The young Oliver is sent to study Law; falls, or is said to have fallen, for a little period, into some of the dissipations of youth; but if so, speedily repents, abandons all this: not much above twenty, he is married, settled as an altogether grave and quiet man. 'He pays-back what money he had won at gambling,' says the story;—he does not think any gain of that kind could be really *his*. It is very interesting, very natural, this 'conversion,' as they well name it; this awakening of a great true soul from the worldly slough, to see into the awful *truth* of things;—to see that Time and its shows all rested on Eternity, and this poor Earth of ours was the threshold either of Heaven or of Hell! Oliver's life at St. Ives and Ely, as a sober industrious Farmer, is it not altogether as that of a true and devout man? He has renounced the world and its ways; *its* prizes are not the thing that can enrich him. He tills the earth; he reads his Bible; daily assembles his servants around him to worship God. He comforts persecuted ministers, is fond of preachers; nay can himself preach,—exhorts his

neighbours to be wise, to redeem the time. In all this what 'hypocrisy,' 'ambition,' 'cant,' or other falsity? The man's hopes, I do believe, were fixed on the other Higher World; his aim to get well *thither*, by walking well through his humble course in *this* world. He courts no notice: what could notice here do for him? 'Ever in his great Taskmaster's eye.'

It is striking, too, how he comes-out once into public view; he, since no other is willing to come: in resistance to a public grievance. I mean, in that matter of the Bedford Fens. No one else will go to law with Authority; therefore he will. That matter once settled, he returns back into obscurity, to his Bible and his Plough. 'Gain influence'? His influence is the most legitimate; derived from personal knowledge of him, as a just, religious, reasonable and determined man. In this way he has lived till past forty; old age is now in view of him, and the earnest portal of Death and Eternity; it was at this point that he suddenly became 'ambitious'! I do not interpret his Parliamentary mission in that way.

His successes in Parliament, his successes through the war, are honest successes of a brave man; who has more resolution in the heart of him, more light in the head of him than other men. His prayers to God; his spoken thanks to the God of Victory, who had preserved him safe, and carried him forward so far, through the furious clash of a world all set in conflict, through desperate-looking envelopments at Dunbar; through the death-hail of so many battles; mercy after mercy; to the 'crowning mercy' of Worcester Fight: all this is good and genuine for a deep-hearted Calvinistic Cromwell. Only to vain unbelieving Cavaliers, worshipping not God but their

own 'love-locks,' frivolities and formalities, living quite apart from contemplations of God, living *without* God in the world, need it seem hypocritical.

Nor will his participation in the King's death involve him in condemnation with us. It is a stern business killing of a King! But if you once go to war with him, it lies *there;* this and all else lies there. Once at war, you have made wager of battle with him: it is he to die, or else you. Reconciliation is problematic; may be possible, or, far more likely, is impossible. It is now pretty generally admitted that the Parliament, having vanquished Charles First, had no way of making any tenable arrangement with him. The large Presbyterian party, apprehensive now of the Independents, were most anxious to do so; anxious indeed as for their own existence; but it could not be. The unhappy Charles, in those final Hampton-Court negotiations, shows himself as a man fatally incapable of being dealt with. A man who, once for all, could not and would not *understand:*—whose thought did not in any measure represent to him the real fact of the matter; nay worse, whose *word* did not at all represent his thought. We may say this of him without cruelty, with deep pity rather: but it is true and undeniable. Forsaken there of all but the *name* of Kingship, he still, finding himself treated with outward respect as a King, fancied that he might play-off party against party, and smuggle himself into his old power by deceiving both. Alas, they both *discovered* that he was deceiving them. A man whose *word* will not inform you at all what he means or will do, is not a man you can bargain with. You must get out of that man's way, or put him out of yours! The Presbyterians, in

their despair, were still for believing Charles, though found false, unbelievable again and again. Not so Cromwell: "For all our fighting," says he, "we are to have a little bit of paper?" No!—

In fact, everywhere we have to note the decisive practical *eye* of this man; how he drives towards the practical and practicable; has a genuine insight into what *is* fact. Such an intellect, I maintain, does not belong to a false man: the false man sees false shows, plausibilities, expediencies: the true man is needed to discern even practical truth. Cromwell's advice about the Parliament's Army, early in the contest, How they were to dismiss their city-tapsters, flimsy riotous persons, and choose substantial yeomen, whose heart was in the work, to be soldiers for them: this is advice by a man who *saw*. Fact answers, if you see into Fact! Cromwell's *Ironsides* were the embodiment of this insight of his; men fearing God; and without any other fear. No more conclusively genuine set of fighters ever trod the soil of England, or of any other land.

Neither will we blame greatly that word of Cromwell's to them; which was so blamed: "If the King should meet me in battle, I would kill the King." Why not? These words were spoken to men who stood as before a Higher than Kings. They had set more than their own lives on the cast. The Parliament may call it, in official language, a fighting '*for* the King'; but we, for our share, cannot understand that. To us it is no dilettante work, no sleek officiality; it is sheer rough death and earnest. They have brought it to the calling-forth of *War;* horrid internecine fight, man grappling with man in fire-eyed rage,—the *infernal* element in man called

forth to try it by that! *Do* that therefore; since that is the thing to be done.—The successes of Cromwell seem to me a very natural thing! Since he was not shot in battle, they were an inevitable thing. That such a man, with the eye to see, with the heart to dare, should advance, from post to post, from victory to victory, till the Huntingdon Farmer became, by whatever name you might call him, the acknowledged Strongest Man in England, virtually the King of England, requires no magic to explain it!—

Truly it is a sad thing for a people, as for a man, to fall into Scepticism, into dilettantism, insincerity; not to know a Sincerity when they see it. For this world, and for all worlds, what curse is so fatal? The heart lying dead, the eye cannot see. What intellect remains is merely the *vulpine* intellect. That a true *King* be sent them is of small use; they do not know him when sent. They say scornfully, Is this your King? The Hero wastes his heroic faculty in bootless contradiction from the unworthy; and can accomplish little. For himself he does accomplish a heroic life, which is much, which is all; but for the world he accomplishes comparatively nothing. The wild rude Sincerity, direct from Nature, is not glib in answering from the witness-box: in your small-debt *pie-powder* court, he is scouted as a counterfeit. The vulpine intellect 'detects' him. For being a man worth any thousand men, the response your Knox, your Cromwell gets, is an argument for two centuries whether he was a man at all. God's greatest gift to this Earth is sneeringly flung away. The miraculous talisman is a paltry plated coin, not fit to pass in the shops as a common guinea.

Lamentable this! I say, this must be remedied. Till this be remedied in some measure, there is nothing remedied. 'Detect quacks?' Yes do, for Heaven's sake; but know withal the men that are to be trusted! Till we know that, what is all our knowledge; how shall we even so much as 'detect'? For the vulpine sharpness, which considers itself to be knowledge, and 'detects' in that fashion, is far mistaken. Dupes indeed are many: but, of all *dupes*, there is none so fatally situated as he who lives in undue terror of being duped. The world does exist; the world has truth in it, or it would not exist! First recognise what is true, we shall *then* discern what is false; and properly never till then.

'Know the men that are to be trusted:' alas, this is yet, in these days, very far from us. The sincere alone can recognise sincerity. Not a Hero only is needed, but a world fit for him; a world not of *Valets*;—the Hero comes almost in vain to it otherwise! Yes, it is far from us: but it must come; thank God, it is visibly coming. Till it do come, what have we? Ballot-boxes, suffrages, French Revolutions:—if we are as Valets, and do not know the Hero when we see him, what good are all these? A heroic Cromwell comes; and for a hundred-and-fifty years he cannot have a vote from us. Why, the insincere, unbelieving world is the *natural property* of the Quack, and of the Father of quacks and quackeries! Misery, confusion, unveracity are alone possible there. By ballot-boxes we alter the *figure* of our Quack; but the substance of him continues. The Valet-World *has* to be governed by the Sham-Hero, by the King merely *dressed* in King-gear. It is his; he is its! In brief, one of two things: We shall either learn to know a Hero, a true

Governor and Captain, somewhat better, when we see him; or else go on to be forever governed by the Unheroic;—had we ballot-boxes clattering at every street-corner, there were no remedy in these.

Poor Cromwell,—great Cromwell! The inarticulate Prophet; Prophet who could not *speak*. Rude, confused, struggling to utter himself, with the savage depth, with his wild sincerity; and he looked so strange, among the elegant Euphemisms, dainty little Falklands, didactic Chillingworths, diplomatic Clarendons! Consider him. An outer hull of chaotic confusion, visions of the Devil, nervous dreams, almost semi-madness; and yet such a clear determinate man's-energy working in the heart of that. A kind of chaotic man. The ray as of pure starlight and fire, working in such an element of boundless hypochondria, *un*formed black of darkness! And yet withal this hypochondria, what was it but the very greatness of the man? The depth and tenderness of his wild affections: the quantity of *sympathy* he had with things,—the quantity of insight he would yet get into the heart of things, the mastery he would yet get over things: this was his hypochondria. The man's misery, as man's misery always does, came of his greatness. Samuel Johnson too is that kind of man. Sorrow-stricken, half-distracted; the wide element of mournful *black* enveloping him,—wide as the world. It is the character of a prophetic man; a man with his whole soul *seeing*, and struggling to see.

On this ground, too, I explain to myself Cromwell's reputed confusion of speech. To himself the internal meaning was sun-clear; but the material with which he was to clothe it in utterance was not there. He had

lived silent; a great unnamed sea of Thought round him all his days; and in his way of life little call to attempt *naming* or uttering that. With his sharp power of vision, resolute power of action, I doubt not he could have learned to write Books withal, and speak fluently enough; —he did harder things than writing of Books. This kind of man is precisely he who is fit for doing manfully all things you will set him on doing. Intellect is not speaking and logicising; it is seeing and ascertaining. Virtue, *Vir-tus*, manhood, *hero*hood, is not fair-spoken immaculate regularity; it is first of all, what the Germans well name it, *Tugend* (*Taugend*, *dow*-ing or *Dough*-tiness), Courage and the Faculty to *do*. This basis of the matter Cromwell had in him.

One understands moreover how, though he could not speak in Parliament, he might *preach*, rhapsodic preaching; above all, how he might be great in extempore prayer. These are the free outpouring utterances of what is in the heart: method is not required in them; warmth, depth, sincerity are all that is required. Cromwell's habit of prayer is a notable feature of him. All his great enterprises were commenced with prayer. In dark inextricable-looking difficulties, his Officers and he used to assemble, and pray alternately, for hours, for days, till some definite resolution rose among them, some 'door of hope,' as they would name it, disclosed itself. Consider that. In tears, in fervent prayers, and cries to the great God, to have pity on them, to make His light shine before them. They, armed Soldiers of Christ, as they felt themselves to be: a little band of Christian Brothers, who had drawn the sword against a great black devouring world not Christian, but Mammonish, Devilish,—they

cried to God in their straits, in their extreme need, not to forsake the Cause that was His. The light which now rose upon them,—how could a human soul, by any means at all, get better light? Was not the purpose so formed like to be precisely the best, wisest, the one to be followed without hesitation any more? To them it was as the shining of Heaven's own Splendour in the waste-howling darkness; the Pillar of Fire by night, that was to guide them on their desolate perilous way. *Was* it not such? Can a man's soul, to this hour, get guidance by any other method than intrinsically by that same,—devout prostration of the earnest struggling soul before the Highest, the Giver of all Light; be such *prayer* a spoken, articulate, or be it a voiceless, inarticulate one? There is no other method. 'Hypocrisy'? One begins to be weary of all that. They who call it so, have no right to speak on such matters. They never formed a purpose, what one can call a purpose. They went about balancing expediencies, plausibilities; gathering votes, advices; they never were alone with the *truth* of a thing at all.—Cromwell's prayers were likely to be 'eloquent,' and much more than that. His was the heart of a man who *could* pray.

But indeed his actual Speeches, I apprehend, were not nearly so ineloquent, incondite, as they look. We find he was, what all speakers aim to be, an impressive speaker, even in Parliament; one who, from the first, had weight. With that rude passionate voice of his, he was always understood to *mean* something, and men wished to know what. He disregarded eloquence, nay despised and disliked it; spoke always without premeditation of the words he was to use. The Reporters,

too, in those days seem to have been singularly candid ; and to have given the Printer precisely what they found on their own note-paper. And withal, what a strange proof is it of Cromwell's being the premeditative ever-calculating hypocrite, acting a play before the world, That to the last he took no more charge of his Speeches ! How came he not to study his words a little, before flinging them out to the public ? If the words were true words, they could be left to shift for themselves.

But with regard to Cromwell's 'lying,' we will make one remark. This, I suppose, or something like this, to have been the nature of it. All parties found themselves deceived in him ; each party understood him to be meaning *this*, heard him even say so, and behold he turns-out to have been meaning *that !* He was, cry they, the chief of liars. But now, intrinsically, is not all this the inevitable fortune, not of a false man in such times, but simply of a superior man ? Such a man must have *reticences* in him. If he walk wearing his heart upon his sleeve for daws to peck at, his journey will not extend far ! There is no use for any man's taking-up his abode in a house built of glass. A man always is to be the judge how much of his mind he will show to other men ; even to those he would have work along with him. There are impertinent inquiries made : your rule is, to leave the inquirer *un*informed on that matter ; not, if you can help it, *mis*informed, but precisely as dark as he was ! This, could one hit the right phrase of response, is what the wise and faithful man would aim to answer in such a case.

Cromwell, no doubt of it, spoke often in the dialect of small subaltern parties ; uttered to them a *part* of his

mind. Each little party thought him all its own. Hence their rage, one and all, to find him not of their party, but of his own party! Was it his blame? At all seasons of his history he must have felt, among such people, how, if he explained to them the deeper insight he had, they must either have shuddered aghast at it, or believing it, their own little compact hypothesis must have gone wholly to wreck. They could not have worked in his province any more; nay perhaps they could not now have worked in their own province. It is the inevitable position of a great man among small men. Small men, most active, useful, are to be seen everywhere, whose whole activity depends on some conviction which to you is palpably a limited one; imperfect, what we call an *error*. But would it be a kindness always, is it a duty always or often, to disturb them in that? Many a man, doing loud work in the world, stands only on some thin traditionality, conventionality; to him indubitable, to you incredible: break that beneath him, he sinks to endless depths! "I might have my hand full of truth," said Fontenelle, "and open only my little finger."

And if this be the fact even in matters of doctrine, how much more in all departments of practice! He that cannot withal *keep his mind to himself* cannot practise any considerable thing whatever. And we call it 'dissimulation,' all this? What would you think of calling the general of an army a dissembler because he did not tell every corporal and private soldier, who pleased to put the question, what his thoughts were about everything?—Cromwell, I should rather say, managed all this in a manner we must admire for its perfection. An endless vortex of such questioning 'corporals' rolled

confusedly round him through his whole course ; whom he did answer. It must have been as a great true-seeing man that he managed this too. Not one proved falsehood, as I said ; not one ! Of what man that ever wound himself through such a coil of things will you say so much ?—

But in fact there are two errors, widely prevalent, which pervert to the very basis our judgments formed about such men as Cromwell ; about their 'ambition,' 'falsity,' and suchlike. The first is what I might call substituting the *goal* of their career for the course and starting-point of it. The vulgar Historian of a Cromwell fancies that he had determined on being Protector of England, at the time when he was ploughing the marsh lands of Cambridgeshire. His career lay all mapped-out : a program of the whole drama ; which he then step by step dramatically unfolded, with all manner of cunning, deceptive dramaturgy, as he went on,—the hollow, scheming Ὑποκριτής, or Play-actor, that he was ! This is a radical perversion ; all but universal in such cases. And think for an instant how different the fact is ! How much does one of *us* foresee of his own life ? Short way ahead of us it is all dim ; an *un*wound skein of possibilities, of apprehensions, attemptabilities, vague-looming hopes. This Cromwell had *not* his life lying all in that fashion of Program, which he needed then, with that unfathomable cunning of his, only to enact dramatically, scene after scene ! Not so. We see it so ; but to him it was in no measure so. What absurdities would fall-away of themselves, were this one undeniable fact kept honestly in view by History ! Historians

indeed will tell you that they do keep it in view ;—but look whether such is practically the fact! Vulgar History, as in this Cromwell's case, omits it altogether ; even the best kinds of History only remember it now and then. To remember it duly with rigorous perfection, as in fact it *stood*, requires indeed a rare faculty ; rare, nay impossible. A very Shakspeare for faculty ; or more than Shakspeare ; who could *enact* a brother man's biography, see with the brother man's eyes at all points of his course what things *he* saw ; in short, *know* his course and him, as few 'Historians' are like to do. Half or more of all the thick-plied perversions which distort our image of Cromwell, will disappear, if we honestly so much as try to represent them so ; in sequence, as they *were ;* not in the lump, as they are thrown-down before us.

But a second error, which I think the generality commit, refers to this same 'ambition' itself. We exaggerate the ambition of Great Men ; we mistake what the nature of it is. Great Men are not ambitious in that sense ; he is a small poor man that is ambitious so. Examine the man who lives in misery because he does not shine above other men ; who goes about producing himself, pruriently anxious about his gifts and claims ; struggling to force everybody, as it were begging everybody for God's sake, to acknowledge him a great man, and set him over the heads of men! Such a creature is among the wretchedest sights seen under this sun. A *great* man ? A poor morbid prurient empty man ; fitter for the ward of a hospital, than for a throne among men. I advise you to keep-out of his way. He cannot walk on quiet paths ; unless you will look at him, wonder

at him, write paragraphs about him, he cannot live. It is the *emptiness* of the man, not his greatness. Because there is nothing in himself, he hungers and thirsts that you would find something in him. In good truth, I believe no great man, not so much as a genuine man who had health and real substance in him of whatever magnitude, was ever much tormented in this way.

Your Cromwell, what good could it do him to be 'noticed' by noisy crowds of people? God his Maker already noticed him. He, Cromwell, was already there; no notice would make *him* other than he already was. Till his hair had grown gray; and Life from the downhill slope was all seen to be limited, not infinite but finite, and all a measurable matter *how* it went,—he had been content to plough the ground, and read his Bible. He in his old days could not support it any longer, without selling himself to Falsehood, that he might ride in gilt carriages to Whitehall, and have clerks with bundles of papers haunting him, "Decide this, decide that," which in utmost sorrow of heart no man can perfectly decide! What could gilt carriages do for this man? From of old, was there not in his life a weight of meaning, a terror and a splendour as of Heaven itself? His existence there as man set him beyond the need of gilding. Death, Judgment and Eternity: these already lay as the background of whatsoever he thought or did. All his life lay begirt as in a sea of nameless Thoughts, which no speech of a mortal could name. God's Word, as the Puritan prophets of that time had read it: this was great, and all else was little to him. To call such a man 'ambitious,' to figure him as the prurient windbag described above, seems to me the poorest solecism. Such

a man will say : " Keep your gilt carriages and huzzaing mobs, keep your red-tape clerks, your influentialities, your important businesses. Leave me alone, leave me alone ; there is *too much of life* in me already ! " Old Samuel Johnson, the greatest soul in England in his day, was not ambitious. 'Corsica Boswell' flaunted at public shows with printed ribbons round his hat ; but the great old Samuel stayed at home. The world-wide soul wrapt-up in its thoughts, in its sorrows ;—what could paradings. and ribbons in the hat, do for it ?

Ah yes, I will say again : The great *silent* men ! Looking round on the noisy inanity of the world, words with little meaning, actions with little worth, one loves to reflect on the great Empire of *Silence*. The noble silent men, scattered here and there, each in his department ; silently thinking, silently working ; whom no Morning Newspaper makes mention of ! They are the salt of the Earth. A country that has none or few of these is in a bad way. Like a forest which had no *roots ;* which had all turned into leaves and boughs ;—which must soon wither and be no forest. Woe for us if we had nothing but what we can *show*, or speak. Silence, the great Empire of Silence : higher than the stars ; deeper than the Kingdoms of Death ! It alone is great ; all else is small.—I hope we English will long maintain our *grand talent pour le silence*. Let others that cannot do without standing on barrel-heads, to spout, and be seen of all the market-place, cultivate speech exclusively,—become a most green forest without roots ! Solomon says, There is a time to speak ; but also a time to keep silence. Of some great silent Samuel, not urged to writing, as old Samuel Johnson says he was, by *want of money*, and

nothing other, one might ask, "Why do not you too get up and speak; promulgate your system, found your sect?" "Truly," he will answer, "I am *continent* of my thought hitherto; happily I have yet had the ability to keep it in me, no compulsion strong enough to speak it. My 'system' is not for promulgation first of all: it is for serving myself to live by. That is the great purpose of it to me. And then the 'honour'? Alas, yes;—but as Cato said of the statue: So many statues in that Forum of yours, may it not be better if they ask, Where is Cato's statue?"——

But now, by way of counterpoise to this of Silence, let me say that there are two kinds of ambition; one wholly blamable, the other laudable and inevitable. Nature had provided that the great silent Samuel shall not be silent too long. The selfish wish to shine over others, let it be accounted altogether poor and miserable. 'Seekest thou great things, seek them not:' this is most true. And yet, I say, there is an irrepressible tendency in every man to develop himself according to the magnitude which Nature has made him of; to speak-out, to act-out, what Nature has laid in him. This is proper, fit, inevitable; nay it is a duty, and even the summary of duties for a man. The meaning of life here on earth might be defined as consisting in this: To unfold your *self*, to work what thing you have the faculty for. It is a necessity for the human being, the first law of our existence. Coleridge beautifully remarks that the infant learns to *speak* by this necessity it feels.—We will say therefore: To decide about ambition, whether it is bad or not, you have two things to take into view. Not the coveting of the place alone, but the fitness of the man

for the place withal : that is the question. Perhaps the place was *his ;* perhaps he had a natural right, and even obligation, to seek the place ! Mirabeau's ambition to be Prime Minister, how shall we blame it, if he were ' the only man in France that could have done any good there ' ? Hopefuler perhaps had he not so clearly *felt* how much good he could do ! But a poor Necker, who could do no good, and had even felt that he could do none, yet sitting broken-hearted because they had flung him out, and he was now quit of it, well might Gibbon mourn over him.—Nature, I say, has provided amply that the silent great man shall strive to speak withal ; *too* amply rather !

Fancy, for example. you had revealed to the brave old Samuel Johnson, in his shrouded-up existence, that it was possible for him to do priceless divine work for his country and the whole world. That the perfect Heavenly Law might be made Law on this earth ; that the prayer he prayed daily, ' Thy kingdom come,' was at length to be fulfilled ! If you had convinced his judgment of this ; that it was possible, practicable ; that he the mournful silent Samuel was called to take a part in it ! Would not the whole soul of the man have flamed-up into a divine clearness, into noble utterance and determination to act ; casting all sorrows and misgivings under his feet, counting all affliction and contradiction small,—the whole dark element of his existence blazing into articulate radiance of light and lightning ? It were a true ambition this ! And think now how it actually was with Cromwell. From of old, the sufferings of God's Church, true zealous Preachers of the truth flung into dungeons, whipt, set on pillories, their ears cropt-off, God's Gospel-cause trodden under foot of the unworthy ; all this had lain

heavy on his soul. Long years he had looked upon it, in silence, in prayer; seeing no remedy on Earth; trusting well that a remedy in Heaven's goodness would come,—that such a course was false, unjust, and could not last forever. And now behold the dawn of it; after twelve years silent waiting, all England stirs itself; there is to be once more a Parliament, the Right will get a voice for itself: inexpressible well-grounded hope has come again into the Earth. Was not such a Parliament worth being a member of? Cromwell threw down his ploughs, and hastened thither.

He spoke there,—rugged bursts of earnestness, of a self-seen truth, where we get a glimpse of them. He worked there; he fought and strove, like a strong true giant of a man, through cannon-tumult and all else,—on and on, till the Cause *triumphed*, its once so formidable enemies all swept from before it, and the dawn of hope had become clear light of victory and certainty. That *he* stood there as the strongest soul of England, the undisputed Hero of all England,—what of this? It was possible that the Law of Christ's Gospel could now establish itself in the world! The Theocracy which John Knox in his pulpit might dream of as a 'devout imagination,' this practical man, experienced in the whole chaos of most rough practice, dared to consider as capable of being *realised*. Those that were highest in Christ's Church, the devoutest wisest men, were to rule the land: in some considerable degree, it might be so and should be so. Was it not *true*, God's truth? And if *true*, was it not then the very thing to do? The strongest practical intellect in England dared to answer, Yes! This I call a noble true purpose; is it not, in its own dialect, the

noblest that could enter into the heart of Statesman or man? For a Knox to take it up was something; but for a Cromwell, with his great sound sense and experience of what our world *was*,—History, I think, shows it only this once in such a degree. I account it the culminating point of Protestantism; the most heroic phasis that 'Faith in the Bible' was appointed to exhibit here below. Fancy it: that it were made manifest to one of us, how we could make the Right supremely victorious over Wrong, and all that we had longed and prayed for, as the highest good to England and all lands, an attainable fact!

Well, I must say, the *vulpine* intellect, with its knowingness, its alertness and expertness in 'detecting hypocrites,' seems to me a rather sorry business. We have had but one such Statesman in England; one man, that I can get sight of, who ever had in the heart of him any such purpose at all. One man, in the course of fifteen-hundred years; and this was his welcome. He had adherents by the hundred or the ten; opponents by the million. Had England rallied all round him,—why, then, England might have been a *Christian* land! As it is, vulpine knowingness sits yet at its hopeless problem, 'Given a world of Knaves, to educe an Honesty from their united action';—how cumbrous a problem, you may see in Chancery Law-Courts, and some other places! Till at length, by Heaven's just anger, but also by Heaven's great grace, the matter begins to stagnate; and this problem is becoming to all men a *palpably* hopeless one.—

But with regard to Cromwell and his purposes: Hume, and a multitude following him, come upon me here with

an admission that Cromwell *was* sincere at first; a sincere 'Fanatic' at first, but gradually became a 'Hypocrite' as things opened round him. This of the Fanatic-Hypocrite is Hume's theory of it; extensively applied since,—to Mahomet and many others. Think of it seriously, you will find something in it; not much, not all, very far from all. Sincere hero hearts do not sink in this miserable manner. The sun flings-forth impurities, gets balefully incrusted with spots; but it does not quench itself, and become no Sun at all, but a mass of Darkness! I will venture to say that such never befell a great deep Cromwell; I think, never. Nature's own lion-hearted Son; Antæus-like, his strength is got by *touching the Earth*, his Mother; lift him up from the Earth, lift him up into Hypocrisy, Inanity, his strength is gone. We will not assert that Cromwell was an immaculate man; that he fell into no faults, no insincerities among the rest. He was no dilettante professor of 'perfections,' 'immaculate conducts.' He was a rugged Orson, rending his rough way through actual true *work*,—doubtless with many a *fall* therein. Insincerities, faults, very many faults daily and hourly: it was too well known to him; known to God and him! The Sun was dimmed many a time; but the Sun had not himself grown a Dimness. Cromwell's last words, as he lay waiting for death, are those of a Christian heroic man. Broken prayers to God, that He would judge him and this Cause, He, since man could not, in justice yet in pity. They are most touching words. He breathed-out his wild great soul, its toils and sins all ended now, into the presence of his Maker, in this manner.

I, for one, will not call the man a Hypocrite! Hypo-

crite, mummer, the life of him a mere theatricality; empty barren quack, hungry for the shouts of mobs? The man had made obscurity do very well for him till his head was gray; and now he *was*, there as he stood recognised unblamed, the virtual King of England. Cannot a man do without King's Coaches and Cloaks? Is it such a blessedness to have clerks forever pestering you with bundles of papers in red tape? A simple Diocletian prefers planting of cabbages; a George Washington, no very immeasurable man, does the like. One would say, it is what any genuine man could do; and would do. The instant his real work were out in the matter of Kingship,—away with it!

Let us remark, meanwhile, how indispensable everywhere a *King* is, in all movements of men. It is strikingly shown, in this very War, what becomes of men when they cannot find a Chief Man, and their enemies can. The Scotch Nation was all but unanimous in Puritanism; zealous and of one mind about it, as in this English end of the Island was always far from being the case. But there was no great Cromwell among them; poor tremulous, hesitating, diplomatic Argyles and suchlike; none of them had a heart true enough for the truth, or durst commit himself to the truth. They had no leader; and the scattered Cavalier party in that country had one: Montrose, the noblest of all the Cavaliers; an accomplished, gallant-hearted, splendid man; what one may call the Hero-Cavalier. Well, look at it; on the one hand subjects without a King; on the other a King without subjects! The subjects without King can do nothing; the subjectless King can do something. This Montrose, with a handful of Irish or Highland savages,

few of them so much as guns in their hands, dashes at the drilled Puritan armies like a wild whirlwind; sweeps them, time after time, some five times over, from the field before him. He was at one period, for a short while, master of all Scotland. One man; but he was a man: a million zealous men, but *without* the one; they against him were powerless! Perhaps of all the persons in that Puritan struggle, from first to last, the single indispensable one was verily Cromwell. To see and dare, and decide; to be a fixed pillar in the welter of uncertainty;—a King among them, whether they called him so or not.

Precisely here, however, lies the rub for Cromwell. His other proceedings have all found advocates, and stand generally justified; but this dismissal of the Rump Parliament and assumption of the Protectorship, is what no one can pardon him. He had fairly grown to be King in England; Chief Man of the victorious party in England: but it seems he could not do without the King's Cloak, and sold himself to perdition in order to get it. Let us see a little how this was.

England, Scotland, Ireland, all lying now subdued at the feet of the Puritan Parliament, the practical question arose, What was to be done with it? How will you govern these Nations, which Providence in a wondrous way has given-up to your disposal? Clearly those hundred surviving members of the Long Parliament, who sit there as supreme authority, cannot continue forever to sit. What *is* to be done?—It was a question which theoretical constitution-builders may find easy to answer; but to Cromwell, looking there into

the real practical facts of it, there could be none more complicated. He asked of the Parliament, What it was they would decide upon? It was for the Parliament to say. Yet the Soldiers too, however contrary to Formula, they who had purchased this victory with their blood, it seemed to them that they also should have something to say in it! We will not "For all our fighting have nothing but a little piece of paper." We understand that the Law of God's Gospel, to which He through us has given the victory, shall establish itself, or try to establish itself, in this land!

For three years, Cromwell says, this question had been sounded in the ears of the Parliament. They could make no answer; nothing but talk, talk. Perhaps it lies in the nature of parliamentary bodies; perhaps no Parliament could in such case make any answer but even that of talk, talk! Nevertheless the question must and shall be answered. You sixty men there, becoming fast odious, even despicable, to the whole nation, whom the nation already calls Rump Parliament, *you* cannot continue to sit there: who or what then is to follow? 'Free Parliament,' right of Election, Constitutional Formulas of one sort or the other,—the thing is a hungry Fact coming on us, which we must answer or be devoured by it! And who are you that prate of Constitutional Formulas, rights of Parliament? You have had to kill your King, to make Pride's Purges, to expel and banish by the law of the stronger whosoever would not let your Cause prosper: there are but fifty or three-score of you left there, debating in these days. Tell us what we shall do; not in the way of Formula, but of practicable Fact!

How they did finally answer, remains obscure to this day. The diligent Godwin himself admits that he cannot make it out. The likeliest is, that this poor Parliament still would not, and indeed could not dissolve and disperse; that when it came to the point of actually dispersing, they again, for the tenth or twentieth time, adjourned it,—and Cromwell's patience failed him. But we will take the favourablest hypothesis ever started for the Parliament; the favourablest, though I believe it is not the true one, but too favourable.

According to this version: At the uttermost crisis, when Cromwell and his Officers were met on the one hand, and the fifty or sixty Rump Members on the other, it was suddenly told Cromwell that the Rump in its despair *was* answering in a very singular way; that in their splenetic envious despair, to keep-out the Army at least, these men were hurrying through the House a kind of Reform Bill,—Parliament to be chosen by the whole of England; equable electoral division into districts; free suffrage, and the rest of it! A very questionable, or indeed for *them* an unquestionable thing. Reform Bill, free suffrage of Englishmen? Why, the Royalists themselves, silenced indeed but not exterminated, perhaps out*number* us; the great numerical majority of England was always indifferent to our Cause, merely looked at it and submitted to it. It is in weight and force, not by counting of heads, that we are the majority! And now with your Formulas and Reform Bills, the whole matter, sorely won by our swords, shall again launch itself to sea; become a mere hope, and likelihood, *small* even as a likelihood? And it is not a likelihood; it is a certainty, which we have won, by God's strength

and our own right hands, and do now hold *here*. Cromwell walked down to these refractory Members; interrupted them in that rapid speed of their Reform Bill;—ordered them to begone, and talk there no more.—Can we not forgive him? Can we not understand him? John Milton, who looked on it all near at hand, could applaud him. The Reality had swept the Formulas away before it. I fancy, most men who were realities in England might see into the necessity of that.

The strong daring man, therefore, has set all manner of Formulas and logical superficialities against him; has dared appeal to the genuine Fact of this England, Whether it will support him or not? It is curious to see how he struggles to govern in some constitutional way; find some Parliament to support him; but cannot. His first Parliament, the one they call Barebones's Parliament, is, so to speak, a *Convocation of the Notables*. From all quarters of England the leading Ministers and chief Puritan Officials nominate the men most distinguished by religious reputation, influence and attachment to the true Cause: these are assembled to shape-out a plan. They sanctioned what was past; shaped as they could what was to come. They were scornfully called *Barebones's Parliament:* the man's name, it seems, was not *Barebones*, but Barbone,—a good enough man. Nor was it a jest, their work; it was a most serious reality,—a trial on the part of these Puritan Notables how far the Law of Christ could become the Law of this England. There were men of sense among them, men of some quality; men of deep piety I suppose the most of them were. They failed, it seems, and broke-down, endeavouring to reform the Court of Chancery! They

dissolved themselves, as incompetent; delivered-up their power again into the hands of the Lord General Cromwell, to do with it what he liked and could.

What *will* he do with it? The Lord General Cromwell, 'Commander-in-chief of all the Forces raised and to be raised'; he hereby sees himself, at this unexampled juncture, as it were the one available Authority left in England, nothing between England and utter Anarchy but him alone. Such is the undeniable Fact of his position and England's, there and then. What will he do with it? After deliberation, he decides that he will *accept* it; will formally, with public solemnity, say and vow before God and men, "Yes, the Fact is so, and I will do the best I can with it!" Protectorship, Instrument of Government,—these are the external forms of the thing; worked out and sanctioned as they could in the circumstances be, by the Judges, by the leading Official people, 'Council of Officers and Persons of interest in the Nation': and as for the thing itself, undeniably enough, at the pass matters had now come to, there *was* no alternative but Anarchy or that. Puritan England might accept it or not; but Puritan England was, in real truth, saved from suicide thereby!—I believe the Puritan People did, in an inarticulate, grumbling, yet on the whole grateful and real way, accept this anomalous act of Oliver's; at least, he and they together made it good, and always better to the last. But in their Parliamentary *articulate* way, they had their difficulties, and never knew fully what to say to it!—

Oliver's second Parliament, properly his *first* regular Parliament, chosen by the rule laid-down in the Instrument of Government, did assemble, and worked;—but

got, before long, into bottomless questions as to the Protector's *right*, as to 'usurpation,' and so forth; and had at the earliest legal day to be dismissed. Cromwell's concluding Speech to these men is a remarkable one. So likewise to his third Parliament, in similar rebuke for their pedantries and obstinacies. Most rude, chaotic, all these Speeches are; but most earnest-looking. You would say, it was a sincere helpless man; not used to *speak* the great inorganic thought of him, but to act it rather! A helplessness of utterance, in such bursting fulness of meaning. He talks much about 'births of Providence': All these changes, so many victories and events, were not forethoughts, and theatrical contrivances of men, of *me* or of men; it is blind blasphemers that will persist in calling them so! He insists with a heavy sulphurous wrathful emphasis on this. As he well might. As if a Cromwell in that dark huge game he had been playing, the world wholly thrown into chaos round him, had *foreseen* it all, and played it all off like a pre-contrived puppetshow by wood and wire! These things were foreseen by no man, he says; no man could tell what a day would bring forth: they were 'births of Providence,' God's finger guided us on, and we came at last to clear height of victory, God's Cause triumphant in these Nations; and you as a Parliament could assemble together, and say in what manner all this could be *organised*, reduced into rational feasibility among the affairs of men. You were to help with your wise counsel in doing that. "You have had such an opportunity as no Parliament in England ever had." Christ's Law, the Right and True, was to be in some measure made the Law of this land. In place of that, you have

got into your idle pedantries, constitutionalities, bottomless cavillings and questionings about written laws for *my* coming here ;—and would send the whole matter in Chaos again, because I have no Notary's parchment, but only God's voice from the battle-whirlwind, for being President among you ! That opportunity is gone ; and we know not when it will return. You have had your constitutional Logic ; and Mammon's Law, not Christ's Law, rules yet in this land. " God be judge between you and me ! " These are his final words to them : Take you your constitution-formulas in your hand ; and I my *in*formal struggles, purposes, realities and acts ; and " God be judge between you and me ! "—

We said above what shapeless, involved chaotic things the printed Speeches of Cromwell are. *Wilfully* ambiguous, unintelligible, say the most : a hypocrite shrouding himself in confused Jesuitic jargon ! To me they do not seem so. I will say rather, they afforded the first glimpses I could ever get into the reality of this Cromwell, nay into the possibility of him. Try to believe that he means something, search lovingly what that may be : you will find a real *speech* lying imprisoned in these broken, rude, tortuous utterances ; a meaning in the great heart of this inarticulate man ! You will, for the first time, begin to see that he was a man ; not an enigmatic chimera, unintelligible to you, incredible to you. The Histories and Biographies written of this Cromwell, written in shallow sceptical generations that could not know or conceive of a deep believing man, are far more *obscure* than Cromwell's Speeches. You look through them only into the infinite vague of Black and the

Inane. 'Heats and jealousies,' says Lord Clarendon himself: 'heats and jealousies,' mere crabbed whims, theories and crotchets; these induced slow, sober, quiet Englishmen to lay down their ploughs and work; and fly into red fury of confused war against the best-conditioned of Kings! *Try* if you can find that true Scepticism writing about Belief may have great gifts; but it is really *ultra vires* there. It is Blindness laying-down the Laws of Optics.—

Cromwell's third Parliament split on the same rock as his second. Ever the constitutional Formula: How came *you* there? Show us some Notary parchment! Blind pedants:—"Why, surely the same power which makes you a Parliament, that, and something more, made me a Protector!" If my Protectorship is nothing, what in the name of wonder is your Parliamenteership, a reflex and creation of that?—

Parliaments having failed, there remained nothing but the way of Despotism. Military Dictators, each with his district, to *coerce* the Royalist and other gainsayers, to govern them, if not by act of Parliament, then by the sword. Formula shall *not* carry it, while the Reality is here! I will go on, protecting oppressed Protestants abroad, appointing just judges, wise managers, at home, cherishing true Gospel ministers; doing the best I can to make England a Christian England, greater than old Rome, the Queen of Protestant Christianity; I, since you will not help me; I while God leaves me life!—Why did he not give it up; retire into obscurity again, since the Law would not acknowledge him? cry several. That is where they mistake. For him there was no giving of it up! Prime Ministers have

governed countries, Pitt, Pombal, Choiseul; and their word was a law while it held: but this Prime Minister was one that *could not get resigned.* Let him once resign, Charles Stuart and the Cavaliers waited to kill him; to kill the Cause *and* him. Once embarked, there is no retreat, no return. This Prime Minister could *retire* no-whither except into his tomb.

One is sorry for Cromwell in his old days. His complaint is incessant of the heavy burden Providence has laid on him. Heavy; which he must bear till death. Old Colonel Hutchinson, as his wife relates it, Hutchinson, his old battle-mate, coming to see him on some indispensable business, much against his will,—Cromwell 'follows him to the door,' in a most fraternal, domestic, conciliatory style; begs that he would be reconciled to him, his old brother in arms; says how much it grieves him to be misunderstood, deserted by true fellow-soldiers, dear to him from of old; the rigorous Hutchinson, cased in his Republican formula, sullenly goes his way. —And the man's head now white; his strong arm growing weary with its long work! I think always too of his poor Mother, now very old, living in that palace of his; a right brave woman; as indeed they lived all an honest God-fearing Household there: if she heard a shot go-off, she thought it was her son killed. He had to come to her at least once a day, that she might see with her own eyes that he was yet living. The poor old Mother!——What had this man gained; what had he gained? He had a life of sore strife and toil, to his last day. Fame, ambition, place in History? His dead body was hung in chains; his 'place in History,'—place in History forsooth!—has been a place of ignominy

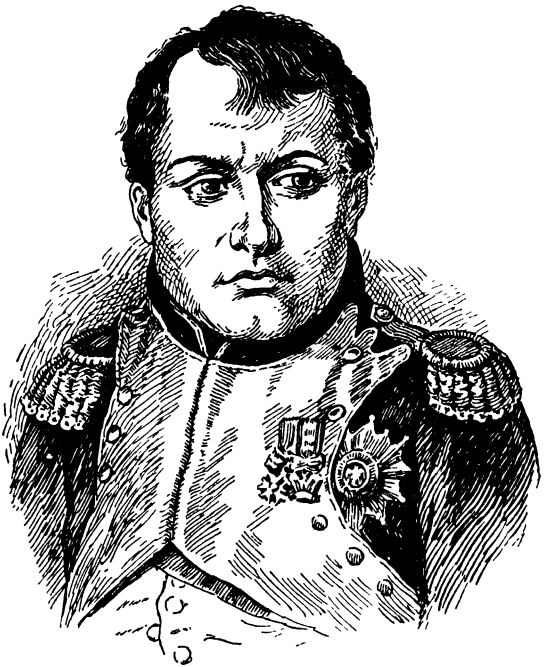
accusation, blackness and disgrace; and here, this day, who knows if it is not rash in me to be among the first that ever ventured to pronounce him not a knave and a liar, but a genuinely honest man! Peace to him. Did he not, in spite of all, accomplish much for us? *We* walk smoothly over his great rough heroic life; step-over his body sunk in the ditch there. We need not *spurn* it, as we step on it!—Let the Hero rest. It was not to *men's* judgment that he appealed; nor have men judged him very well.

Precisely a century and a year after this of Puritanism had got itself hushed-up into decent composure, and its results made smooth, in 1688, there broke-out a far deeper explosion, much more difficult to hush-up, known to all mortals, and like to be long known, by the name of French Revolution. It is properly the third and final act of Protestantism; the explosive confused return of mankind to Reality and Fact, now that they were perishing of Semblance and Sham. We call our English Puritanism the second act: "Well then, the Bible is true; let us go by the Bible!" "In Church," said Luther; "In Church and State," said Cromwell, "let us go by what actually *is* God's Truth." Men have to return to reality; they cannot live on semblance. The French Revolution, or third act, we may well call the final one; for lower than that savage *Sansculottism* men cannot go. They stand there on the nakedest haggard Fact, undeniable in all seasons and circumstances; and may and must begin again confidently to build-up from that. The French explosion, like the English one, got its King,—who had no Notary parchment to show for

himself. We have still to glance for a moment at Napoleon, our second modern King.

Napoleon does by no means seem to me so great a man as Cromwell. His enormous victories which reached over all Europe, while Cromwell abode mainly in our little England, are but as the high *stilts* on which the man is seen standing; the stature of the man is not altered thereby. I find in him no such *sincerity* as in Cromwell; only a far inferior sort. No silent walking, through long years, with the Awful Unnamable of this Universe; 'walking with God,' as he called it; and faith and strength in that alone: *latent* thought and valour, content to lie latent, then burst out as in blaze of Heaven's lightning! Napoleon lived in an age when God was no longer believed; the meaning of all Silence, Latency, was thought to be Nonentity: he had to begin not out of the Puritan Bible, but out of poor Sceptical *Encyclopédies*. This was the length the man carried it. Meritorious to get so far. His compact, prompt, every-way articulate character is in itself perhaps small, compared with our great chaotic *in*articulate Cromwell's. Instead of '*dumb* Prophet struggling to speak,' we have a portentous mixture of the Quack withal! Hume's notion of the Fanatic-Hypocrite, with such truth as it has, will apply much better to Napoleon than it did to Cromwell, to Mahomet or the like,—where indeed taken strictly it has hardly any truth at all. An element of blamable ambition shows itself, from the first, in this man; gets the victory over him at last, and involves him and his work in ruin.

'False as a bulletin' became a proverb in Napoleon's time. He makes what excuse he could for it: that it



NAPOLEON BONAPARTE

From an engraving by Fiesinger of a picture by Guérin

was necessary to mislead the enemy, to keep-up his own men's courage, and so forth. On the whole, there are no excuses. A man in no case has liberty to tell lies. It had been, in the long-run, *better* for Napoleon too if he had not told any. In fact, if a man have any purpose reaching beyond the hour and day, meant to be found extant *next* day, what good can it ever be to promulgate lies? The lies are found out; ruinous penalty is exacted for them. No man will believe the liar next time even when he speaks truth, when it is of the last importance that he be believed. The old cry of wolf!—A Lie is *no*-thing; you cannot of nothing make something; you make *nothing* at last, and lose your labour into the bargain.

Yet Napoleon *had* a sincerity: we are to distinguish between what is superficial and what is fundamental in insincerity. Across these outer manœuverings and quackeries of his, which were many and most blamable, let us discern withal that the man had a certain instinctive ineradicable feeling for reality; and did base himself upon fact, so long as he had any basis. He has an instinct of Nature better than his culture was. His *savans*, Bourrienne tells us, in that voyage to Egypt were one evening busily occupied arguing that there could be no God. They had proved it, to their satisfaction, by all manner of logic. Napoleon looking up into the stars, answers, "Very ingenious, Messieurs: but *who made* all that?" The Atheistic logic runs-off from him like water; the great Fact stares him in the face: "Who made all that?" So too in Practice: he, as every man that can be great, or have victory in this world, sees, through all entanglements, the practical

heart of the matter; drives straight towards that. When the steward of his Tuileries Palace was exhibiting the new upholstery, with praises and demonstration, how glorious it was, and how cheap withal, Napoleon, making little answer, asked for a pair of scissors, clipt one of the gold tassels from a window-curtain, put it in his pocket, and walked on. Some days afterwards, he produced it at the right moment, to the horror of his upholstery functionary; it was not gold but tinsel! In St. Helena, it is notable how he still, to his last days, insists on the practical, the real. "Why talk and complain; above all, why quarrel with one another? There is no *result* in it; it comes to nothing that one can *do*. Say nothing, if one can do nothing!" He speaks often so, to his poor discontented followers; he is like a piece of silent strength in the middle of their morbid querulousness there.

And accordingly was there not what we call a *faith* in him, genuine so far as it went? That this new enormous Democracy asserting itself here in the French Revolution is an insuppressible Fact, which the whole world, with its old forces and institutions, cannot put down; this was a true insight of his, and took his conscience and enthusiasm along with it,—a *faith*. And did he not interpret the dim purport of it well? '*La carrière ouverte aux talents*, The implements to him who can handle them:' this actually is the truth, and even the whole truth; it includes whatever the French Revolution, or any Revolution, could mean. Napoleon, in his first period, was a true Democrat. And yet by the nature of him, fostered too by his military trade, he knew that Democracy, if it were a true thing at all, could not be an

anarchy: the man had a heart-hatred for anarchy. On that Twentieth of June (1792), Bourrienne and he sat in a coffee-house, as the mob rolled by: Napoleon expresses the deepest contempt for persons in authority that they do not restrain this rabble. On the Tenth of August he wonders why there is no man to command these poor Swiss; they would conquer if there were. Such a faith in Democracy, yet hatred of anarchy, it is that carries Napoleon through all his great work. Through his brilliant Italian Campaigns, onwards to the Peace of Leoben, one would say, his inspiration is: 'Triumph to the French Revolution; assertion of it against these Austrian Simulacra that pretend to call it a Simulacrum!' Withal, however, he feels, and has a right to feel, how necessary a strong Authority is; how the Revolution cannot prosper or last without such. To bridle-in that great devouring, self-devouring French Revolution; to *tame* it, so that its intrinsic purpose can be made good, that it may become *organic*, and be able to live among other organisms and *formed* things, not as a wasting destruction alone: is not this still what he partly aimed at, as the true purport of his life; nay, what he actually managed to do? Through Wagrams, Austerlitzes; triumph after triumph,—he triumphed so far. There was an eye to see in this man, a soul to dare and do. He rose naturally to be the King. All men saw that he *was* such. The common soldiers used to say on the march: "These babbling *Avocats*, up at Paris; all talk and no work! What wonder it runs all wrong? We shall have to go and put our *Petit Caporal* there!" They went, and put him there; they and France at large. Chief-consulship, Emperorship, victory over

Europe;—till the poor Lieutenant of *La Fère*, not unnaturally, might seem to himself the greatest of all men that had been in the world for some ages.

But at this point, I think, the fatal charlatan-element got the upper hand. He apostatised from his old faith in Facts, took to believing in Semblances; strove to connect himself with Austrian Dynasties, Popedoms, with the old false Feudalities which he once saw clearly to be false;—considered that *he* would found "his Dynasty" and so forth; that the enormous French Revolution meant only that! The man was 'given-up to strong delusion, that he should believe a lie'; a fearful but most sure thing. He did not know true from false now when he looked at them,—the fearfulest penalty a man pays for yielding to untruth of heart. *Self* and false ambition had now become his god: *self*-deception once yielded to, *all* other deceptions follow naturally more and more. What a paltry patchwork of theatrical paper-mantles, tinsel and mummery, had this man wrapt his own great reality in, thinking to make it more real thereby! His hollow Pope's-*Concordat*, pretending to be a re-establishment of Catholicism, felt by himself to be the method of extirpating it, "*la vaccine de la religion*": his ceremonial Coronations, consecrations by the old Italian Chimera in Notre-Dame,—"wanting nothing to complete the pomp of it," as Augereau said, "nothing but the half-million of men who had died to put an end to all that"! Cromwell's Inauguration was by the Sword and Bible; what we must call a genuinely *true* one. Sword and Bible were borne before him, without any chimera: were not these the *real* emblems of Puritanism; its true decoration and

insignia ? It had used them both in a very real manner, and pretended to stand by them now ! But this poor Napoleon mistook : he believed too much in the *Dupeability* of men ; saw no fact deeper in man than Hunger and this ! He was mistaken. Like a man that should build upon cloud ; his house and he fall down in confused wreck, and depart out of the world.

Alas, in all of us this charlatan-element exists ; and *might* be developed, were the temptation strong enough. 'Lead us not into temptation !' But it is fatal, I say, that it *be* developed. The thing into which it enters as a cognisable ingredient is doomed to be altogether transitory ; and, however huge it may *look*, is in itself small. Napoleon's working, accordingly, what was it with all the noise it made ? A flash as of gunpowder wide-spread ; a blazing-up as of dry heath. For an hour the whole Universe seems wrapt in smoke and flame ; but only for an hour. It goes out : the Universe with its old mountains and streams, its stars above and kind soil beneath, is still there.

The Duke of Weimar told his friends always, To be of courage ; this Napoleonism was *unjust*, a falsehood, and could not last. It is true doctrine. The heavier this Napoleon trampled on the world, holding it tyrannously down, the fiercer would the world's recoil against him be, one day. Injustice pays itself with frightful compound-interest. I am not sure but he had better have lost his best park of artillery, or had his best regiment drowned in the sea, than shot that poor German Bookseller, Palm ! It was a palpable tyrannous injustice, which no man, let him paint an inch thick, could make-out to be other. It burnt deep into the hearts of men,

it and the like of it; suppressed fire flashed in the eyes of men, as they thought of it,—waiting their day! Which day *came:* Germany rose round him.—What Napoleon *did* will in the long-run amount to what he did *justly;* what Nature with her laws will sanction. To what of reality was in him; to that and nothing more. The rest was all smoke and waste. *La carrière ouverte aux talents:* that great true Message, which has yet to articulate and fulfil itself everywhere, he left in a most inarticulate state. He was a great *ébauche,* a rude-draught never completed; as indeed what great man is other? Left in *too* rude a state, alas!

His notions of the world, as he expresses them there at St. Helena, are almost tragical to consider. He seems to feel the most unaffected surprise that it has all gone so; that he is flung-out on the rock here, and the World is still moving on its axis. France is great, and all-great; and at bottom, he is France. England itself, he says, is by Nature only an appendage of France; "another Isle of Oleron to France." So it was *by Nature,* by Napoleon-Nature; and yet look how in fact—HERE AM I! He cannot understand it: inconceivable that the reality has not corresponded to his program of it; that France was not all-great, that he was not France. 'Strong delusion,' that he should believe the thing to be which *is* not! The compact, clear-seeing, decisive Italian nature of him, strong, genuine, which he once had, has enveloped itself, half-dissolved itself, in a turbid atmosphere of French fanfaronade. The world was not disposed to be trodden-down underfoot; to be bound into masses, and built together, as *he* liked, for a pedestal to France and him: the world had quite other

purposes in view! Napoleon's astonishment is extreme. But alas, what help now? He had gone that way of his; and Nature also had gone her way. Having once parted with Reality, he tumbles helpless in Vacuity; no rescue for him. He had to sink there, mournfully as man seldom did; and break his great heart, and die,—this poor Napoleon: a great implement too soon wasted, till it was useless: our last Great Man!

Our last, in a double sense. For here finally these wide roamings of ours through so many times and places, in search and study of Heroes, are to terminate. I am sorry for it: there was pleasure for me in this business, if also much pain. It is a great subject, and a most grave and wide one, this which, not to be too grave about it, I have named *Hero-worship*. It enters deeply, as I think, into the secret of Mankind's ways and vitalest interests in this world, and is well worth explaining at present. With six months, instead of six days, we might have done better. I promised to break-ground on it; I know not whether I have even managed to do that. I have had to tear it up in the rudest manner in order to get into it at all. Often enough, with these abrupt utterances thrown-out isolated, unexplained, has your tolerance been put to the trial. Tolerance, patient candour, all-hoping favour and kindness, which I will not speak of at present. The accomplished and distinguished, the beautiful, the wise, something of what is best in England, have listened patiently to my rude words. With many feelings, I heartily thank you all; and say, Good be with you all!

SUMMARY

LECTURE IV.

THE HERO AS PRIEST. LUTHER; REFORMATION: KNOX; PURITANISM

THE Priest a kind of Prophet; but more familiar, as the daily enlightener of daily life. A true Reformer he who appeals to Heaven's invisible justice against Earth's visible force. The finished Poet often a symptom that his epoch itself has reached perfection, and finished. Alas, the battling Reformer, too, is at times a needful and inevitable phenomenon: Offences *do* accumulate, till they become insupportable. Forms of Belief, modes of life must perish; yet the Good of the Past survives, an everlasting possession for us all. (p. 8)—Idols, or visible recognised Symbols, common to all Religions: Hateful only when insincere: The property of every Hero, that he come back to sincerity, to reality: Protestantism and 'private judgment.' No living communion possible among men who believe only in hearsays. The Hero-Teacher, who delivers men out of darkness into light. Not abolition of Hero-worship does Protestantism mean; but rather a whole World of Heroes, of *sincere* believing men. (p. 16)—Luther; his obscure, seemingly-insignificant birth. His youth schooled in adversity and stern reality. Becomes a Monk. His religious despair: Discovers a Latin Bible: No wonder he should venerate the Bible. He visits Rome. Meets the Pope's fire by fire. At the Diet of Worms: The greatest moment in the modern History of men. (p. 26)—The Wars that followed are not to be charged to the Reformation. The Old Religion once true: the cry of 'No Popery' foolish enough in these days. Protestantism not dead: German Literature and the French Revolution rather

considerable signs of Life! (p. 29)—How Luther held the sovereignty of the Reformation and kept Peace while he lived. His written Works: Their rugged homely strength: His dialect became the language of all writing. No mortal heart to be called *braver*, ever lived in that Teutonic kindred, whose character is valour: Yet a most gentle heart withal, full of pity and love, as the truly valiant heart ever is: Traits of character from his Table-Talk: his daughter's Deathbed: The miraculous in nature. His love of Music. His Portrait. (p. 35)—Puritanism the only phasis of Protestantism that ripened into a living faith: Defective enough, but genuine. Its fruit in the world. The sailing of the Mayflower from Delft Haven the beginning of American Saxondom. In the history of Scotland properly but one epoch of world-interest, the Reformation by Knox: A 'nation of heroes'; a believing nation. The Puritanism of Scotland became that of England, of New England. (p. 39)—Knox 'guilty' of being the bravest of all Scotchmen: Did not seek the post of Prophet. At the siege of St. Andrew's Castle. Emphatically a sincere man. A Galley-slave on the River Loire. An Old-Hebrew Prophet, in the guise of an Edinburgh Minister of the Sixteenth Century. (p. 42)—Knox and Queen Mary: 'Who are you, that presume to school the nobles and sovereign of this realm?' 'Madam, a subject born within the same.' His intolerance—of falsehoods and knaveries. Not a mean acrid man; else he had never been virtual President and Sovereign of Scotland. His unexpected vein of drollery: A cheery social man; practical, cautious—hopeful, patient. His 'devout imagination' of a Theocracy, or Government of God. Hildebrand wished a Theocracy; Cromwell wished it, fought for it: Mahomet attained it. In one form or other, it is the one thing to be struggled for.

LECTURE V.

THE HERO AS MAN OF LETTERS. JOHNSON, ROUSSEAU, BURNS

THE Hero as Man of Letters altogether a product of these new ages: A Heroic Soul in very strange guise. Literary men, genuine

and spurious. Fichte's ' Divine Idea of the World ' : His notion of the True Man of Letters. Goethe the Pattern Literary Hero. (p. 53)—The disorganised condition of Literature, the summary of all other modern disorganisations. The Writer of a true Book our true modern Preacher. Miraculous influence of Books : The Hebrew Bible. Books are now our actual University, our Church, our Parliament. With Books, Democracy is inevitable. *Thought* the true thaumaturgic influence, by which man works all things whatsoever. (p. 61)—Organisation of the ' Literary Guild ' : Needful discipline ; ' priceless lessons ' of Poverty. The Literary Priesthood, and its importance to society. Chinese Literary Governors. Fallen into strange times ; and strange things need to be speculated upon. (p. 67)—An age of Scepticism : The very possibility of Heroism formally abnegated. Benthamism an *eyeless* Heroism. Scepticism, Spiritual Paralysis, Insincerity : Heroes gone out ; Quacks come in. Our brave Chatham himself lived the strangest mimetic life all along. Violent remedial convulsions : Chartisms, French Revolutions : The Age of Scepticism passing away. Let each man look to the meaning of his own Life. (p. 76)—Johnson one of our Great English Souls. His miserable Youth and Hypochondria : Stubborn Self-help. His loyal submission to what is really higher than himself. How he stood by the old Formulas : Not less original for that. Formulas ; their Use and Abuse. Johnson's unconscious sincerity. His Twofold Gospel, a kind of Moral Prudence and clear Hatred of Cant. His writings sincere and full of substance. Architectural nobleness of his Dictionary. Boswell, with all his faults, a true hero-worshipper of a true Hero. (p. 85)—Rousseau a morbid, excitable, spasmodic man ; intense rather than strong. Had not the invaluable ' talent of Silence.' His Face, expressive of his character. His Egoism : Hungry for the praises of men. His books : Passionate appeals, which did once more struggle towards Reality : A Prophet to his Time ; as he could, and as the Time could. Rosepink, and artificial bedizenment. Fretted, exasperated, till the heart of him were mad : He could be cooped, starving, into garrets ; laughed at as a maniac ; but he could not be hindered from setting the world on fire. (p. 89)—Burns a genuine Hero, in a withered, unbelieving, secondhand Century. The largest soul of all the British

lands, came among us in the shape of a hard-handed Scottish Peasant. His heroic Father and Mother, and their sore struggle through life. His rough untutored dialect: Affectionate joyousness. His writings a poor fragment of him. His conversational gifts: High duchesses and low ostlers alike fascinated by him. (p. 93)—Resemblance between Burns and Mirabeau. Official Superiors; The greatest 'thinking faculty' in this land superciliously dispensed with. Hero-worship under strange conditions. The notablest phasis of Burns's history his visit to Edinburgh. For one man who can stand prosperity, there are a hundred that will stand adversity. Literary Lionism.

LECTURE VI.

THE HERO AS KING. CROMWELL, NAPOLEON: MODERN REVOLUTIONISM

THE King the most important of Great Men; the summary of *all* the various figures of Heroism. To enthrone the Ablest Man, the true business of all social procedure; The Ideal of Constitutions. Tolerable and intolerable approximations. Divine Rights and Diabolic Wrongs. (p. 103)—The world's sad predicament; that of having its Able-Man to seek, and not knowing in what manner to proceed about it. The era of Modern Revolutionism dates from Luther. The French Revolution no mere act of General Insanity: Truth clad in hell-fire; the Trump of Doom to Plausibilities and empty Routine. The cry of 'Liberty and Equality' at bottom the repudiation of sham Heroes. Hero-worship exists forever and everywhere; from divine adoration down to the common courtesies of man and man: The soul of Order, to which all things, Revolutions included, work. Some Cromwell or Napoleon the necessary finish of Sansculottism. The manner in which Kings were made, and Kingship itself first took rise. (p. 109) —Puritanism a section of the universal war of Belief against Make-believe. Laud a weak ill-starred Pedant; in his spasmodic vehemence heeding no voice of prudence, no cry of pity. Universal necessity for true Forms: How to distinguish between True and

False. The nakedest Reality preferable to any empty Semblance, however dignified. (p. 112)—The work of the Puritans. The sceptical Eighteenth Century, and its constitutional estimate of Cromwell and his associates. No wish to disparage such characters as Hampden, Eliot, Pym; a most constitutional, unblamable, dignified set of men. The rugged outcast Cromwell, the man of them all in whom one still finds human stuff. The One thing worth revolting for. (p. 117)—Cromwell's 'hypocrisy,' an impossible theory. His pious Life as a Farmer until forty years of age. His public successes honest successes of a brave man. His participation in the King's death no ground of condemnation. His eye for facts no hypocrite's gift. His Ironsides the embodiment of this insight of his. (p. 124)—Know the men that may be trusted; Alas, this is yet, in these days, very far from us. Cromwell's hypochondria; His reputed confusion of speech: His habit of prayer. His speeches unpremeditated and full of meaning. His *reticences*; called 'lying' and 'dissimulation': Not one falsehood proved against him. (p. 130)—Foolish charge of 'ambition.' The great Empire of Silence; Noble silent men, scattered here and there, each in his department; silently thinking, silently hoping, silently working. Two kinds of ambition; one wholly blamable, the other laudable, inevitable: How it actually was with Cromwell. (p. 137)—Hume's Fanatic-Hypocrite theory. How indispensable everywhere a *King* is, in all movements of men. Cromwell, as King of Puritanism, of England. Constitutional palaver. Dismissal of the Rump Parliament. Cromwell's Parliaments and Protectorate; Parliaments having failed, there remained nothing for him but the way of Despotism. His closing days: His poor old Mother. It was not to men's judgments that he appealed; nor have men judged him very well. (p. 149)—The French Revolution the 'third act' of Protestantism. Napoleon infected with the Quackeries of his age: Had a kind of sincerity,—an instinct towards the *practical*. His *faith*—'the Tools to him that can handle them,' the whole truth of Democracy. His heart-hatred of Anarchy. Finally his quackeries got the upper hand: He would found a 'Dynasty': Believed wholly in the dupeability of Men. This Napoleonism was *unjust*, a falsehood, and could not last.

NOTES.

LECTURE IV. THE HERO AS PRIEST.

P. 3, l. 16. **Theories . . . Practice.** See Lecture III. p. 123, l. 23. 'Dante has given us the Faith or soul; Shakespeare, in as noble a way, the Practice or body' of Mediæval Europe.

l. 27. **St. Dominic.** 1170-1221. He founded in 1215 the Dominican order of preaching Friars, called Black Friars from the colour of their cloaks. They became great missionaries, and are here called 'wild' because the Spanish Inquisition was in their hands. Dante speaks of St. Dominic in *Paradiso*, x-xii.

Thebaid Eremites: A favourite resort of Hermits, from the third century, was the district round Thebes in Egypt.

l. 29. **Scandinavian**: see Lecture I. The Norse mythology, the chief God in which was **Odin**, whom Carlyle regards as a Deified Hero. The English are in part Norse by descent, and akin in language. **Raleigh**, 1552-1618, is mentioned to illustrate the spread of dominion over America and elsewhere. **Ulfila** was the missionary of the Mœso-Goths on the Danube, and translated the Bible into their language *c.* 350. Carlyle wrongly regards this version as the earliest specimen of the original Teutonic tongue from which English is descended. **Cranmer**, 1481-1561, the first archbishop of our reformed Church, to whom we owe in part our liturgy and our version of the Bible.

l. 32. **epoch is finished**: *cf.* Lecture III. p. 123, l. 27.

P. 4, l. 4. **Music** in the Greek sense of the word included all that concerns the cultivation of the mind.

l. 5. **Orpheus**, son of Apollo and the Muse Calliope, the legendary originator of Greek Music and Poetry, is

said to have made trees and rocks follow him as he sang.

P 4, l. 24. **Dante** introduced into his poem the whole philosophy and religion of the Middle Ages. **Malebolge** is the last circle but one in his Inferno. From Hell he passed to the Mountain of **Purgatory,** where souls are purified from sin before rising to Paradise.

l. 30. **Progress** : Carlyle did not share the enthusiasm of his time over its progress in science, commerce, invention, and its democratic ideals.

P. 5, l. 21-23. **ocean of the other Hemisphere.** To Dante the inhabited world lay round Jerusalem as its centre. Directly below Jerusalem was the funnel-shaped pit of Hell reaching to the earth's centre. The Antipodes of Jerusalem was the **Mountain of Purgatory** rising from the only island in the Southern Ocean.

Columbus discovered America, or the West Indies rather, in 1492. He did not discover the Southern Ocean.

P. 6, l. 14. **Feudalism** : Shakespeare wrote of feudal Europe, the last vestiges of which the French Revolution swept away.

l. 27. **Odinism** : see Lecture I. p. 27. Norse mythology, Carlyle says, was the glorification of valour.

P. 7, l. 10. **Schweidnitz** : a city in Silesia which suffered many sieges. The reference here is to its capture, on 1st Oct. 1761, by Loudon with an Austrian and Russian army in the Seven Years' War.

l. 32. **Jötuns** : the Norse Giants, against whom Thor, the God of Thunder, armed with his hammer, waged perpetual war (Lecture I.).

P. 8, l. 9. **Mahomet.** Before his time the Arabians were idolaters. His greatest reform was to teach them the unity of God.

l. 18. **Eidolon** : Greek word for idol.

l. 31. **Confession of Faith** : *e.g.* that of Augsburg. See on p. 33, l. 10.

P. 9, l. 16. **Canopus** : a star in the constellation Argol. The Sabeans and all Arab tribes in some degree were star-worshippers.

l. 17. **Caabah** : the temple at Mecca, purified from idolatry by Mahomet, save for the veneration of an ancient fetish in the shape of a black stone let into the wall at one corner of the building. See Lecture II. p. 60, l. 14.

P. 10, l. 9. **Ark of the Covenant** : that of the Israelites.

l. 17. **Formulism** : a word Carlyle frequently uses to denote the acceptance, without any real thought or belief, of conventional doctrines.

l. 32. **Koreish** : see Lecture II. p. 61 ; the family to which Mahomet belonged ; hereditary guardians of the Caabah.

P. 11, l 1. **Tetzel's Pardons** : see on p. 22, l. 6.

l. 9. **Conclave** : is strictly the shutting up of the cardinals in locked cells until they agree on the election of one of their number as Pope.

l. 15. **Protestantism.** The name in itself does not imply a protest against authority in favour of the right of private judgment. It originated in 1529 at the Second Diet of Spires, when the Lutheran Princes protested against re-enacting the Edict of Worms of 1521, which pledged the Emperor to use all his power against Luther.

P. 12, l. 7. **Liberty,** Fraternity and Equality, the motto of the French Revolution and still that of the French Republic.

P. 13, l. 1. **Hogstraten** or Hochstraten, a Dominican who wrote and acted violently against Luther. **Eck** was also a violent opponent of the Reformation, and a chief actor in the disputations at Leipsic with Luther. The latter said 'he ran away from the Bible like the Devil from the Cross.' Eck actually brought to Germany the Papal Bull against Luther. See p. 23, l. 1.

l. 7. **Bellarmine,** 1542-1621, the chief defender of the Roman Church in the sixteenth century.

l. 29. **honest inquiry** : *cf.* Milton, *Areopagitica*, 'opinion in good men is but knowledge in the making.'

P. 15, l. 14. **Serpent-queller** : like St. George who slew the Dragon.

l. 20. **Sansculottism** : mob-rule. The Court party in France called the popular revolutionists 'Sansculottes' ; not because they were 'without breeches,' but because they gave up knee-breeches for trousers.

P. 17, l. 21. **had to beg** : while at school at Eisenach.

P. 18, l. 8. **Alexis** : after he had entered the University of Erfurt, 1501-5.

l. 27. **a Monk** : in 1505. He took with him to the monastery only a Virgil and a Plautus. The Canons Regular of Augustine, or Austin Friars, were founded about 1060.

P. 19, l. 5. **novice** : intending monks bore this name *till* they took their full vows. Luther was ordained priest in 1507.

l. 21. **Bible.** He was also led to study the works of S. Augustine.

P. 20, l. 11. **Elector of Saxony** : a warm supporter of the Reformation and protector of Luther. On the death of the Emperor Maximilian, he procured the election of Charles V., refusing to stand himself. He died in 1515. Certain Princes were styled 'electors' as having a vote in the election of the German Emperor.

l. 13. **Wittenberg** : Luther remained here, 1508-21. As preacher he taught S. Augustine's doctrine of justification by faith.

l. 19. **Rome** : in 1511.

l. 20. **Julius II.** : Pope 1503-13. He drove out the infamous Borgia, aimed at restoring the temporal power of the Papacy in Italy, but for the cause of religion itself did little.

P. 21, l. 21. **peaceable** : but once engaged in controversy, he certainly did violence to his nature. Controversialists in those days one and all used violent language, and Luther was quite equal to the occasion.

l. 30. **shopkeeper grudge.** Tetzel and Hogstraten were Dominicans. The various orders frequently showed great jealousy of each other.

P. 22, l. 6. **Tetzel . . . Leo X.** The latter, who became Pope in 1513, was more a patron of Art and Literature than a religious leader. So Carlyle (p. 23, l. 12) calls him an 'elegant Pagan.' To obtain money for the rebuilding of St. Peter's at Rome, he permitted the sale of **Indulgences,** *i.e.*, remissions to penitent sinners of the temporal punishment due after sin and its eternal punishment had been remitted. **Tetzel** and other agents in Germany, in carrying on this work, were guilty of much extravagance and irreverence in their appeals to the people to buy them. He came to Wittenberg in 1517.

l. 21. **public challenge** : Luther, attended by the university staff, nailed on the door of the Parish Church a paper containing 95 theses against the use of Indulgences.

P. 23, l. 1. **to be burnt** : the Pope sent a delegate to Germany to confute Luther. A conference in 1519 at Leipsig with Eck failed of result. So the Pope issued his Bull excommunicating Luther.

P. 23, l. 4. **Huss,** 1369-1415: a Bohemian reformer much like Wycklif in England. For his attacks on clerical abuses he was tried at Constance and burned. The Moravian Church sprang out of his teaching.

Jerome: 1360-1416, friend and disciple of Huss, met a like fate in 1416.

l. 24. **Bull**: so called from the Bulla or seal attached to Papal letters sent out through the Apostolic Chancery in the Vatican. Luther at the same time issued 'An address to the Christian Nobility of Germany,' and a popular pamphlet 'On the Babylonish Captivity of the Church,' committing, as Erasmus said, 'two crimes. He has hit the Pope on the crown and the Monks on the belly.'

P. 24, l. 25. **triple hat**: the Pope's tiara or crown is a high cap of cloth of gold, encircled by three crowns, with a cross of gold at the top.

l. 28. **Diet of Worms.** A Diet was an Imperial council. It met to consider various political questions and the case of Luther. It ended in a treaty between Charles and Leo. The Pope engaged to aid the Emperor in driving the French out of Italy, Charles in return promising to use all his power against Luther.

P. 25, l. 15. **Whosoever denieth me**: *S. Luke*, xii. 9.

P. 26, l. 16. **Great wars.** In Luther's time occurred only the Peasant revolt of 1525. Later came the Thirty Years' War, the English Puritan Wars, and the Huguenot Wars in France.

l. 22. **Hercules**: the Greek demigod, son of Zeus and Alcmena, intended by Zeus to be King of Argos. The jealous Hera made Eurystheus king instead, and compelled Hercules to serve him. The cleansing of the stable was one of the twelve labours appointed him by Eurystheus.

P. 27, l. 30. **No Popery**: a cry often heard in England, notably in the Gordon riots of 1780.

P. 29, l. 11. **living**: Luther's active life ended in 1529; he died in 1546.

l. 30. **Tolerance.** Neither Luther nor Knox dreamed of religious toleration as we understand it. That principle had to wait another two hundred years. No government, Protestant or Roman Catholic, believed that any citizen could be loyal who did not join in the National Religion. The tolerance Carlyle speaks of was as to detail within the National Church.

P. 30, l. 6. **Karlstadt** : a reformer whose wild utterances, image-breaking riots, and encouragement of 'prophets,' drew Luther back from the Wartburg to Wittenberg that he might denounce him. Accused of fomenting the Peasants' War (see below) he fled to, and died at, Basle.

l. 7. **Anabaptists** : a fanatical sect led by Münzer and others about 1520. They established their 'Kingdom of Heaven,' with community of goods, in Münster. They were put down by force in 1525 because of their immoral extravagances.

Peasants' War, 1525, was a revival of the 'Bundschuh' troubles of 1492. The main cause was hatred of the feudal exactions of the landowners. But the religious ferment of the moment gave them a second cry. Luther, however, denounced them, and the rising was suppressed with much bloodshed.

l. 30. **Richter,** 1763-1825. The great humourist of Germany. This quotation is from his *Vorschule der Aesthetik.*

P. 31, l. 10. **Wartburg.** When Luther left the Diet of Worms, he was forcibly carried off by his friends to the Wartburg in Thuringia, to ensure his safety. While there, he began translating the Bible into German.

l. 28. **Duke George** : presided at the conference between Eck and the reformers held at Leipsig in 1519. Luther wrote the words while returning to Wittenberg from the Wartburg.

P. 32, l. 21. **Cowper,** 1731-1800, was subject to fits of religious mania, imagining himself a lost soul hated by all. He several times attempted suicide.

l. 32. **Daughter** : Magdalene, died 1542. Another daughter, Elizabeth, had died in 1528. His wife, married in 1525, was an escaped nun of good family, Catherine de Bora. In all they had six children.

P. 33, l. 9. **Islam** : the name of the Mahometan Creed. It means 'Resignation.'

l. 10. **Coburg** : Luther took shelter there while Charles V. at the diet of Augsburg tried to enforce the decrees against him in 1530. He and Melancthon there drew up the 'Confession of Augsburg,' a statement of Lutheran doctrine, which the Protestant Princes wished for as a basis for compromise.

Patmos : an island in the Aegean to which St. John was exiled and where he wrote the *Revelation.*

l. 14. **the Pillars of it** : *Job,* xxvi. 11 ; *Psalm,* lxxv. 3.

P. 33, l. 32. **Music** : He played the flute and guitar, and composed many noble hymns. 'Music,' he said, 'is the art of the prophets. It is the only art which, like Theology, can calm the agitation of the soul, and put the Devil to flight.'

P. 34, l. 8. **Kranach,** 1472-1553 : the Court painter at Wittenberg. He prepared a series of popular woodcuts attacking the Papal system, as part of Luther's propaganda.

P. 35, l. 7. **Puritanism** was originally a wide term, including those within the Church of England who wished to simplify ceremonial and to conform doctrine in some degree to Continental models, as well as those who broke away from the Church and formed separate sects.

l. 8. **a barren affair.** Luther's mind was essentially conservative. He had little interest in speculation ; and as a theologian left little mark on the world. Though the principle underlying Protestantism was the right of private judgment, once his opinions were formed he would not change them. He held out against Melancthon, who wished to revise the Confession of Augsburg, and called him a Crypto-Calvinist. After his death a new party grew up substituting a narrow lifeless scholasticism for the zealous preaching of the gospel to the detriment of the spiritual life of the Church. The influence of **Voltaireism** (the teaching of Voltaire) also showed itself in sceptical speculations.

l. 13. **Gustavus Adolphus** : King of Sweden, 1611-32. In the Thirty Years' War he entered Pomerania in 1630 to support the Protestant Princes of Germany ; and after a wonderful career of victory was slain at Lutzen.

P. 36, l. 6. **The Mayflower.** The exiles were actually brought over from Holland in the *Speedwell*, in 1620. The *Mayflower* sailed with them from Plymouth. They founded the New England colonies. Within twenty years 20,000 English people joined them.

l. 17. **Starchamber.** A court founded by Henry VII. to try nobles too powerful for the ordinary courts to deal with. In Stuart times it was used oppressively in dealing with the Puritans. The Long Parliament abolished it in 1640.

l. 25. **Neal,** 1678-1743. His book was published 1732-8.

P. 37, l. 20. **Columbian** : the South American Republics have been specially subject to revolutions attending on the election of their Presidents.

P. 37, l. 26. **Sea-king** : a mistranslation of **vik-ing,** which means people of the fiords, not sea-kings.

P. 38, l. 15. **Westminster Confession.** The Long Parliament convoked, 1643-7, an assembly of Divines who drew up this 'Confession of Faith,' with the Longer and Shorter Catechisms, which has remained ever since as the authoritative exposition of Presbyterianism. This form of church government was never really established in England owing to the opposition and supremacy of the Independents, and finally to the Restoration.

l. 27. **Watt,** 1736-1819 : invented the steam engine.

Hume, 1711-76 : wrote the well-known *History of England.* As a philosopher his work was mainly sceptical and destructive, but influenced other philosophers—Kant, for instance—to constructive efforts.

l. 32. **became that of England** : see note on p. 38, l. 15. The Long Parliament actually signed the Covenant.

P. 39, l. 1. **A tumult** : when Knox preached in St. Giles' against the proposed marriage of Mary with Darnley.

l. 4. **Glorious Revolution,** of 1688 : when William III. became king in place of James II.

Habeas Corpus, 1679 : to secure the trial of prisoners at the next assize after their arrest.

l. 11. **Covenanters:** referring to the insurgents of Charles II's. time, who took up arms in defence of the Presbyterian religion and against the Act of 1662 re-establishing Episcopacy.

l. 29. **galleys** : see p. 41, l. 15.

l. 30 **exile** : 1547-59, in England and on the Continent.

l. 31. **shot at** : in 1571, during the regency of Lennox, in Edinburgh.

P. 40, l. 1-20. **Knox.** Born in Haddington 1605. At Glasgow University 1522. While tutor to the sons of a Scottish laird he fell under the influence of the reformer Wishart, who was burned at the stake 1546. In retaliation Wishart's friends murdered Cardinal **Beaton,** the leader of the Roman Catholic party, and seized the Castle of **St. Andrew's.** Knox joined them there. The castle was besieged and taken, and Knox was sent to the galleys in France, whence he was released in 1549 at the request of Edward VI., and coming to England was made one of the king's chaplains and even offered a bishopric.

P. 41, l. 22. **bredd** : board.

P. 42, l. 12. **Morton** : see on p. 46, l. 29.

P. 43, l. 5. **Guises** : James V. of Scotland died in 1542 leaving the throne to Mary, his infant child. Her mother, Mary of Guise, became regent in 1554, and championed the Roman Catholic cause against the Reformers with French aid. In 1557 the Protestant 'Lords of the Congregation' rose against her, and asked Knox to return to Scotland. Eventually with English aid they forced the French troops to surrender at Leith and leave the country. Mary of Guise died, and the Reformers became supreme. Queen Mary, who had been educated in France, and as wife of Francis II. actually Queen of France 1559-60, returned on Francis' death to reign in Scotland in 1561, when her devotion to the Roman Church at once brought her into conflict with the Protestant party. The Dukes of Guise, in France, were active in fighting the Huguenots and held a monopoly of power under the weak kings of the period.

P. 44, l. 20. **pulling down cathedrals** : much devastation of this kind took place during this period, *e.g.* at St. Andrews, after a sermon by Knox.

P. 45, l. 2. **drollery** : see Carlyle's essay on 'Portraits of Knox.'

l. 4. **History** : Knox's *History of the Reformation in Scotland*, from which the story that follows is taken.

l. 16. **Bourdeaux** : for two friends who visited him on 2nd Nov. 1572 in Edinburgh three weeks before his death, he broached a new cask of wine, saying it was a pity it should be wasted.

P. 46, l. 4. **'Have you hope?'** Richard Bannatyne said to him :—'Now, Sir, the time that you have long called for—to wit, the end of your battle—is come. And seeing that all natural power now fails, remember the comfortable promises, which ofttimes you have shown to us, of our Saviour Christ; and that we may understand and know that ye hear us, make us some sign.' Knox died 24th Nov. 1572. His house at Edinburgh is still shown.

l. 29. **the Regent Murray** : Lord James Stuart, Mary's half brother, was appointed regent in 1567, when Mary, after her marriage with Bothwell, was deposed in favour of her son James VI. He was murdered in 1670, and was succeeded by Lennox, and he by Mar. Finally Morton became regent in 1572.

P. 47, l. 7. **Hildebrand** : the family name of Gergory VII., Pope 1073-85, the resolute champion of the Temporal Power in his struggle against lay Investiture and the spiritual and moral evils of the time in Church and State.

LECTURE. V. THE HERO AS MAN OF LETTERS

P. 49, l. 2. **Copy-rights and copy-wrongs.** Since the first Copyright Act of 1709, enlarged later on, authors have the sole right of printing their books for a fixed period. By 'copy-wrongs' Carlyle means that these rights were once non-existent, and later on sometimes infringed, to the serious loss of the authors.

garret. Grub Street—now Milton Street—was the typical home of the starving author. Not till the eighteenth century did writers begin to make a living out of their books.

l. 12. **Odin** : see Lecture I. Carlyle supposed that Odin was a real man subsequently deified.

P. 50, l. 24. **Fichte,** 1762-1814 : one of the German Transcendental philosophers who had great influence on Carlyle. The work here mentioned may have suggested the subject of these lectures.

P. 51, l. 31. **Pillar of Fire** : *Exodus*, xiv. 24.

P. 53, l. 5. **general state of knowledge** : German literature and thought was little known in England until Carlyle began to popularise it

P. 54, l. 26. **Printing.** The invention is ascribed to Gutenberg of Mainz about 1440, not with absolute certainty. Caxton brought the art into England in 1466-7.

P. 55, l. 12. **Runes** : (lit., secret) a Norse method of writing used only on inscriptions. See Lecture I.

l. 20. **Agamemnon** : King of Mycenae, who led the Greeks against Troy.

l. 21. **Pericles** : the famous statesman who made the Athenian Empire. He died 429 B.C.

P. 56, l. 10. **Midianitish** : *Exodus*, ii. 15.

l. 31. **Abelard** : (1079-1142), the great Scholastic lecturer : he made Aristotle the almost exclusive basis of theological dialectics, and taught that only that faith which is grounded on reason is well assured. 'Understand that thou mayest believe.'

P. 57, l. 8. **the King** : Charlemagne founded the University of Paris, which grew up round the school of Nôtre Dame.

P. 59, l. 6. **lily of the fields** : *S. Matthew*, vi. 28.

l. 8. **handwriting** : *Daniel*, v. 7.

l. 14. **live coal** : *Isaiah*, vi. 6.

l. 25. **withered mockery** of Voltaire.

P. 60, l. 5. **Homilies** : collections of sermons, published in 1547 and 1652, mentioned in the 35th Article in the Prayer Book as suitable to be read in Churches.

l. 9. **Witenagemote** : Anglo-Saxon assembly of wise men ; one of the origins of our Parliament.

l. 15. **Burke.** The Three Estates of the realm are the Lords, the Clergy, and the Commons. The fourth estate is the Press. This saying does not occur in Burke's published works.

P. 62, l. 2. **Senatus Academicus** : the governing body of an University.

l. 11. **Ishmaelites** : outcasts.

l. 20. **Literary Guild.** The 'Royal Literary Fund' was founded in 1790 and incorporated in 1818, its object being to relieve literary men. Up to 1889 it had granted £109,000 in this way. This was the only approach to an 'organisation' when Carlyle wrote ; but there is now a Society of Authors (to protect their legal rights) and a British Academy of Letters.

P. 63, l. 11. **Mendicant Order** : begging Friars such as the Franciscans.

l. 27. **better for being poor** : Johnson's best work was done during his early struggles. Indolent by nature he required the spur of poverty. 'No man,' he said, 'but a blockhead ever wrote except for money.' (Boswell, 1776).

P. 65, l. 1. **Cave** : editor of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, for whom Johnson did much ill-paid work from 1738.

l. 2. **Gauger** : an officer in the Excise. Burns applied for the post himself. Interest had been made to procure him a pension from the Government. The attempt had failed in part owing to Burns's political vagaries.

l. 17. **Pitt** : the younger Pitt, Prime Minister 1783-1801, 1804-6.

l. 19. **Southey,** 1774-1843 : Poet-laureate.

P. 66, l. 2. **punctum saliens** : the point of origin for new growth.

P. 66, l. 4. **France and Prussia,** referring to the Académie Française, founded for the encouragement of Literature, Science, and Art; and the 'Akademie der Wissenschaft' of Berlin.

l. 9. **Chinese** : a vast system of competitive literary examinations in Chinese learning supplied the men who were to govern the country.

P. 67, l. 11. **plentiful as blackberries** : 1. *Henry IV.*, II. iv. 265.

l. 25. **millions** : the immense increase of population consequent on the Industrial Revolution brought with it serious social problems.

P. 68, l. 15. **Pandora.** The first woman on earth, according to the Greek myth, was given a box containing every form of human ill. When she opened it out of curiosity, the ills spread all over the earth, but Hope still remained in the box.

l. 30. **Skalds** : The old Norse poets.

l. 31. **Igdrasil** : see Lecture I.; the ash tree of existence, which supported the world, according to the Norse mythology.

P. 69, l. 1. **Hela** : the realm of the dead.

l. 5. **motives** : see on p. 70, l. 17.

P. 70, l. 3. **black malady** : a reference to the Black Death which devastated Europe in 1348.

l. 17. **Bentham** : with Paley and Mill, an exponent of Utilitarianism.

P. 71, l. 10. **Samson** : *Judges*, xvi. 21 foll.

l. 30. **caput mortuum** : lit., 'a dead head'; a phrase used by the old chemists for the residuum of chemicals after all their volatile matters had escaped. Used here for worthless dross.

l. 31. **hull** : husk or shell.

P. 72, l. 9. **Phalaris'-Bull.** Phalaris, tyrant of Agrigentum, *c.* 550 B.C., was roasted alive in the brazen bull which he had himself invented to punish criminals.

P. 73, l. 21. **Roman World** : the Western Empire ended in 476.

l. 25. **Cagliostro,** 1743-95 : a Sicilian quack who travelled all over Europe vending the Elixir of youth, and died in prison. See Carlyle's *Essays*, vol. iii.

l. 28. Chatham, 1708-78 : 'half-hero, half-quack' (p. 74, l. 2). *Cf.* the opening of Macaulay's Essay on Chatham : 'He was an almost solitary instance of a man of real genius, and of a brave, lofty, and commanding spirit, without simplicity of character.'

P. 73, l. 31. **Walpole** : Horace, 1717-97, son of Sir Robert Walpole, the Prime Minister ; a patron of art, and famous as a letter-writer.

P. 74, l. 14. **Chartisms:** Chartism was a movement of the working class disappointed with the results of the Reform Bill of 1832, suffering from great distress, and therefore, demanding farther reforms ; 1838-48.

P. 76, l. 13. **Mahomet's Formulas** : see Lecture II. He abolished polytheism and idolatry in Arabia.

l. 21. **Osborne** : a bookseller, who reproved Johnson for negligence in his service. Johnson then, it is said, knocked him down with a folio Septuagint and departed. See Boswell under date 1742.

Fourpence-halfpenny a day : see Boswell under date 1737. Johnson said a man could breakfast on bread and milk for a penny, dine for sixpence, and do without supper. For threepence he could at a coffee house be in very good company for some hours. On 'clean shirt' days he could go abroad and pay visits, and lodge in a garret for eighteen pence a week.

l. 24. **loadstar** : the star that 'leads' North ; the Polar Star.

l. 31. **War of the Giants** : the giants, sons of Tartarus and Ge (Earth), warred on Jupiter.

P. 77, l. 1. **already written** : see Carlyle's Essays on Burns and on 'Boswell's Life of Johnson.' Of Rousseau he had written in *The French Revolution.*

P. 78, l. 7. **diseased sorrow.** He suffered from scrofula, for which he was 'touched' by Queen Anne, and from hypochondria : see Boswell under 'early years,' and the last few pages of the book.

l. 12. **Nessus'-shirt** : Nessus was shot by Hercules, whose wife he attempted to carry off. He gave her his tunic stained with his blood and bade her use it as a sure love charm should Hercules tire of her. In due time she gave it to Hercules, into whose flesh it ate like fire.

l. 24. **story of the shoes** : see Boswell, date 1731. A servitor, like a Sizar at Cambridge, was partly supported out of the College funds. Formerly his duty was to wait at table on the fellows and gentlemen commoners.

P. 79, l. 20. **the old opinions** : Johnson was a Tory of the Tories and a staunch High Churchman. To him, Whiggism 'was a negation of all principle,' 'The first Whig was the Devil' ; Boswell, 1763 and 1778.

P. 80, l. 5. **St. Clement Danes** : *cf.* Boswell, 1773, and elsewhere. Johnson's pew, No. 18, is still shown.

P. 82, l. 21. **a kind of Moral Prudence.** Johnson wrote on morals, *e.g.* in *Rasselas*, from the standpoint of reason and common sense ; and the same may be said when he discussed religious questions. But his prayers and his revelation of himself to his intimates, like Boswell, show his deeply religious character.

l. 31. **'Clear your mind of Cant!'** : see Boswell, date 1783.

P. 83, l. 5. **Johnson's Writings** : the reputation of these—especially of the *Lives of the Poets*, the Preface to Shakespeare, the Dictionary, and the two long poems, 'London' and 'The Vanity of Human Wishes'—has grown again since Carlyle's time.

l. 32. **poor Bozzy** : James Boswell, 1740-97, eldest son of Lord Auchinleck, to whose estate he succeeded in 1782, thus becoming a 'Laird.' He had a passion for knowing great men. His first meeting with Johnson should be read in Boswell, date 1763. His faults were obvious. That he was no fool is proved by his writing the best biography ever written, and by the qualities of his friends. Johnson was fond of abbreviating his friends' names ; Sheridan and Goldsmith became 'Sherry' and 'Goldie.'

P. 84, l. 10. **the witty Frenchman.** The saying is ascribed to several people, among them to the Prince de Condé and Maréchal de Catinat. Its substance is found two or three times in Plutarch.

l. 17. **Grand-Monarque** : Louis XIV. of France.

l. 19. **forked radish** : from 2 *Henry IV.* iii. 2, 334.

P. 85, l. 2. **rusty coat.** Boswell (date 1763) thus describes Johnson : 'His brown suit of cloaths looked very rusty : he had on a little old shrivelled unpowdered wig, which was too small for his head. His shirt-neck and knees of his breeches were loose ; his black worsted stockings ill drawn up ; and he had a pair of unbuckled shoes by way of slippers. But all these slovenly particularities were forgotten the moment he began to talk.'

l. 9. **ultimus Romanorum** : 'last of the Romans.' The name was given to Brutus and to Cassius, as the last champions of the Roman Republic against the Emperor, and was afterwards applied to the Roman general who defeated Attila in Gaul in the fifth century.

P. 85, l. 10. **Rousseau :** Jean Jacques, 1712-78. He was born in Geneva of French extraction ; his work was done in France.

l. 11. **not . . . a strong man.** Vain and egotistic, repulsive in many respects in his morals and his conduct of life, he yet had an intellectual brilliancy to which scant justice is here done.

l. 16. **consume his own smoke :** Rousseau's *Confessions* are the least reticent of autobiographies.

l. 22. **convulsion-fits :** especially towards the end of his life he verged on insanity.

l. 27. **hold his peace :** *Exodus*, xiv. 14, 'The Lord shall fight for you and ye shall hold your peace.'

P. 86, l. 24. **Genlis,** Comtesse de, 1746-1830 ; wrote *Mémoires Inédits sur le XVIII Siècle et la Revolutı n Française.* She took the popular side when the Revolution began, but had to fly to Switzerland in 1793 and Germany.

P. 87, l. 22. **appeals to Mothers :** as in his *Émile*, II. 1. 2. 600. He condemned the social frivolity which made mothers neglect their nurseries. *Émile* is a treatise on education. His own five children, alas ! he consigned at their birth to the Foundling Hospital. He married the uneducated maid of an inn.

'Contrat Social,' 1762 : Rousseau's book on Government.

l. 23. **celebrations of Nature.** He was never so happy as when living quietly in the country. In this he was a precursor of much of the Romantic Movement of the next century.

savage life. Most of the great minds of that time believed enthusiastically in the perfectibility of man. Rousseau was an exception. He did not believe in the possibility of evolving a better order. Revolution was necessary, but it must destroy the past. Only those laws were valid which the whole people approved ; kings were usurpers, a republic the ideal.

l. 31. **Persiflage :** light insincere treatment of serious subjects.

P 88, l. 6. **stealing of ribbons.** For three months he was employed by Mme. de Vercelles. At her death he stole some old pink ribbon. When detected, he said it had been given to him by a maid.

l. 23. **Mme. de Staël,** 1766-1817 : one of the most illustrious of Frenchwomen, the daughter of the minister Necker.

She wrote *Considérations sur la Révolution Française, De l'Allemagne,* and *Corinne.* Her salon from 1802 was a centre of criticism against Napoleon and she spent some years in exile in consequence.

P. 88, l. 24. **St. Pierre** : Bernardin de St. Pierre, 1737-1814 ; a friend of Rousseau's last years, who imbibed his sentimentalism and his political ideas. His one work of genius is his *Paul et Virginie.*

P. 89, l. 7. **driven from post to pillar** : a metaphor from the riding school, which had a pillar in the centre and posts placed two and two round the circumference to direct the riders. Rousseau led a wandering and harassed life. He ran away from his apprenticeship, and wandered like a tramp, with intervals as a servant and a secretary. From 1728-40 he lived happily with Mme. de Warens, with occasional lapses into vagrancy. In 1762 *Émile* was ordered to be burned by the hangman, and to avoid arrest he lived in exile for eight years, 'moved on' several times by the authorities. He visited England and received a pension from the king. Returning to France, he sometimes found a refuge with friends. In Paris he lived chiefly in 'garrets,' and often copied music for a meagre living.

P. 90, l. 27. **Schoolmaster** : John Murdoch, who boarded with Burns's father and taught his children with others from the neighbourhood.

P. 91, l. 7. **pieces of plate** were often at this time presented as a reward for public services.

l. 16. **the general language of England.** As a matter of fact his English poems with few exceptions are of secondary merit. His fame rests on those in his own dialect.

l. 28. **Harz-rock** : mountains in North Germany, famous as a home of legends and folk-lore.

P. 92, l. 3. **Thor** : the Norse God of thunder ; see Lecture I.

l. 11. **Mirabeau,** 1715-89, father of the Revolutionary leader.

l. 18. **dewdrops** : from Shakespeare, *Troilus and Cressida,* III. 3 :

> And like a dewdrop from a lion's mane
> Be shook to air.

l. 19. **spear** : *Job,* xli. 29.

l. 28. **Stewart** : Professor Dugald Stewart, 1753-1828, saw much of Burns at Edinburgh.

P. 93, l. 5. **Witty duchesses** : the Duchess of Gordon, during Burns's first visit to Edinburgh, 1786-7.

P. 93, l. 8. **Lockhart,** 1794-1854: married Scott's daughter, and wrote the lives of Scott and Burns.

l. 28. **Mirabeau**: the son of the Marquis mentioned p. 92, l. 11, and the leader in the early part of the French Revolution.

P. 94, l. 12. **politicised.** When he went to Dumfries in 1791, Burns began to dabble in politics. He criticised Pitt freely, and praised the French Revolution. Once, on capturing a smuggling vessel, he tried to send its four guns with a letter to the Legislative Assembly. Not unnaturally his superiors rebuked him. He had been appointed a gauger in 1788.

l. 16. **Ushers de Brézé**: the Marquis de Brézé, supreme usher to Louis XVI., ridiculed by Carlyle as the personification of empty etiquette; see *The French Revolution*, Bk. v. c. 2, where Mirabeau haughtily rebukes him. When a deputation came to see the little Dauphin lying dead, he announced it to the corpse, 'Monseigneur, a Deputation of the States General.'

P. 96, l 27. **Edinburgh**:. in 1786-7; see p. 93, l. 5.

P. 97, l. 5. **disgrace and jail**: he was not in danger of jail, but his failure in farming and certain private troubles made him think of emigrating.

l. 9. **cynosure**: the metaphor is used with a recollection of Milton's *L'Allegro*:

> Where perhaps some Beauty lies,
> The Cynosure of neighbouring eyes.

l. 17. **rank,** etc.: from his poem, 'A man's a man for a' that.'

l. 27. **Lion-hunters were the ruin of Burns.** At least they hindered his farming, and to a man of his convivial habits were a temptation.

LECTURE VI. THE HERO AS KING.

P. 99, l. 12. **King**: the true derivation is from the Anglo-Saxon cyning, formed from *cyn*, a tribe or kin, 'a man of good birth.'

l. 17. **Burke.** This statement appears not to occur in his published works. Lord Brougham, in his speech of 7th Feb. 1828 on 'The Present State of the Law,' quotes the saying without naming an author.

P. 100, l. 8. **Hustings** were platforms set up for Parliamentary candidates to speak from on polling days.

P. 100, l. 14. **Ballot-box** : Voting by Ballot in Parliamentary elections was introduced in 1872.

l. 29. **Schiller,** 1759-1805 : German poet and dramatist.

P. 102, l. 2. **Divine Right** : the doctrine of the Stuart kings and their supporters that the monarch was responsible to God alone.

P. 104, l. 17. **Papa** : Latin, 'father.' Originally applied to all bishops, it is now in the Western Church confined to the Pope. In the Greek Church it is the title of all the clergy.

l 18. **Chimera** : properly a fabulous monster of the Greek Mythology, with a lion's head, a goat's body, and the tail of a dragon.

l. 20. **Camille Desmoulins** : see Carlyle's *French Revolution*, I. Bk. v. c.4. 12th July, 1789, 'Citizens,' he said, 'they have driven Necker from office. They are preparing a St. Bartholomew for patriots. To arms ! To arms ! For a rallying sign take green cockades, the colour of hope.' Two days afterwards the Bastille was stormed.

l. 31. **reigns of terror** : the rule of the Committee of Public Safety under Robespierre, 1793-4.

P. 105, l. 12. **July 1830** : 27th-29th July, when Charles X. of France was dethrôned and replaced by Louis Philippe.

l. 21. **Niebuhr,** 1776-1831. His death was hastened by the fear that the revolution would affect the world as that of 1789 had done.

l. 25. **Racine,** 1639-99 : the great French dramatist. In his later years he for some reason lost the king's favour. In 1698 he tried through Mme. de Maintenon to clear himself from the charge of Jansenism. As he received no answer, his death appears to have been hastened by his mortification.

P. 108, l. 2. **Bending before men** : a phrase from Novalis, a German writer (1772-1801) whom Carlyle often quotes. His real name was Friedrich von Hardenberg.

P. 109, l. 3. **Some Cromwell** : as Burke foretold in his *Reflections on the French Revolution.*

l. 20. **Red and White** : *i.e.* York and Lancaster, 1455-85.

Simon de Montfort : the leader of the Barons against Henry III. ; famous as the summoner of the first real Parliament which included representatives of the Commons ; killed at Evesham, 1265.

P. 109, l. 22. **War of the Puritans** : the civil war in Charles I.'s time, 1642-49.

P. 110, l. 3. **Laud** : Archbishop of Canterbury, 1633, was executed by the Long Parliament, 1644.

l. 25. **in forms** : this is the thesis of Carlyle's *Sartor Resartus* (the tailor reclothed).

P. 111, l. 23. **Funeral Games** : like those in honour of Patroclus; Homer, *Iliad*, 22.

P. 112, l. 28. **Charles Second** : referring to the moral reaction which set in after the Restoration had driven out Puritanism. **Rochester** was the wittiest reprobate of Charles's Court.

P. 113, l. 2. **gibbets** : metaphorically in Butler's satire *Hudibras;* while literally the bodies of Cromwell and others were thus treated.

l 17. **Eliot,** etc. Parliamentary leaders in the struggle with Charles I.

l. 19. **Conscript Fathers** : the title of the Roman Senators.

l. 31. **Tartufe** : the chief character in Molière's comedy of that name.

P. 114, l. 2. **Washington.** The hero of the American War of Independence seemingly did not much attract Carlyle, probably as being too constitutional in his attitude.

l. 32. **Ship-moneys** : a tax for the defence of the realm properly levied only on coast towns, but extended by Charles to inland counties.

Monarchies of Man : a book written by Eliot (p. 113, l. 17) during his imprisonment.

P. 115, l. 15. **Baresark** : a hero of Scandinavian Mythology. His twelve sons inherited the name of Berserker with their father's wild berserker rage. The name means 'bear-shirt,' not 'bare shirt.'

P. 116, l. 2. **Calvinistic creeds** : creeds like that of Calvin, 1509-64. Though French, he did his work as a reformer in Geneva—systematizing the doctrine and organizing the discipline of Protestantism in France and Switzerland; and indirectly, through Knox, in Scotland.

P. 118, l. 18. **Pococke . . . Grotius** : legend said that Mahomet trained pigeons to pick peas out of his ear pretending they were visible forms of the Holy Ghost; see Lecture II. p. 53, l. 20.

Pococke, a distinguished Oriental scholar of Oxford University. **Grotius,** 1583-1645, the famous Dutch

jurist, whose work *De Jure Belli et Pacis* was the standard authority on international law.

P. 118, l. 29. **'Spectres'**: these stories, probably apocryphal, were told by Dr. Simcott to Sir P. Warwick, who left memoirs of the period. See Carlyle's *Cromwell*, under date 1620.

P. 119, l. 2. **Worcester Fight**: see p. 120, l. 30.

l. 13. **study Law**: his name is not found in the record of the Inns of Court; probably he studied under some lawyer for a time privately.

l. 15. **dissipations.** Of these there is no proof. A sentence in his letter of 13th Oct. 1638, 'You know what my manner of life hath been. I was a chief, the chief, of sinners,' probably implies no more than Bunyan's self-reproach for his fondness for bellringing and the game of tipcat.

P. 120, l. 6. **'Ever . . . eye'**: see Milton's sonnet, 'On his being arrived to the age of twenty-three.'

l. 11. **Bedford Fens**: see *Cromwell's L. and S.*, Pt. i., date 1637. His object was to secure the neighbourhood from inundations by the Ouse by completing the embankment called 'The Bedford Level.'

l. 28. **Dunbar**: In 1650 the Scotch proclaimed Prince Charles king. Cromwell advancing towards Edinburgh, and compelled to retreat by failure of supplies, found his road to England cut off at Dunbar. A false move of the Scotch enabled him to win a crushing victory, 3rd Sept. On the same day next year he defeated Charles at **Worcester** and ended the civil wars. For his **'prayer'** and **'thanks to God,'** see *Cromwell's L. and S.*, Letters 123, 124.

P. 121, l. 1. **love-locks**: curls worn at the side of the head. The Puritans, wearing short hair, were called 'roundheads' and 'crop-eared.'

l. 2. **without God**: from *Ephesians*, ii. 12.

l. 5. **in condemnation**: but the decision to try the king was only got by 'Pride's Purge' of the Commons; a new court was made to try him, which acted with novel procedure, one might even say with new law. He was executed on 30th Jan. 1649; see *Cromwell's Letters and Speeches*, end of Part iv.

l. 17. **negotiations.** Charles I. was finally defeated at Naseby, 14th June 1645. In May the next year he surrendered to the Scotch, who in Jan. 1647 handed

him over to the Parliament. In June he was carried off by the Army from Holmby House. In November he escaped to the Isle of Wight from Hampton Court, and was once more taken prisoner by the Army. They found that during the negotiations which occupied this period his purpose had been to play off the Parliament and Presbyterians against the Army and Independents. So the Army decided to bring the king to trial.

P. 122, l. 11. **Cromwell's advice** to Hampden: 'Your troops are most of them old decayed serving men, and tapsters, and such kind of fellows, and their [the Cavaliers'] troops are gentlemen's sons, younger sons and persons of quality: do you think that the spirits of such base and mean fellows will ever be able to encounter gentlemen that have honour and courage and resolution in them?'

l. 23. **I would kill the King.** The story is probably apocryphal: see *Letters and Speeches*, Introduction to Letters 9-12.

P. 123, l. 25. **pie-powder**: a court of summary powers held at Fairs to settle disputes on the spot. Derived from *pied-poudré, i.e.* with the dust still on the prisoners' feet.

P. 125, l. 9. **Euphemisms**: fair-sounding phrases used to disguise unpleasant facts, as when a tax is called a 'benevolence'; but here it seems to be applied to the courtiers who were skilled in the use of such language, as if they were euphemisms personified.

Falklands: Lucius Cary, Lord Falkland; a man of singularly noble character with wide and liberal interests. His policy of conciliation was perhaps hopeless in those days. The war broke his heart. But he went fearlessly into action, and fell in the first battle of Newbury, 1643.

l. 10. **Chillingworth**, 1602-44: a great preacher of the English Church.

Clarendon: Edward Hyde, Lord Clarendon, 1608-74, one of the moderate party in Parliament. He was with Charles II. in his exile and became his first Minister at the Restoration. He wrote a history of the Revolution.

l. 30. **reputed confusion of speech**: visible everywhere in his letters and speeches, though the latter no doubt suffered from bad reporting.

P. 126, l. 32. **Mammonish** : Mammon was the God of riches.

P. 128, l. 20. **his heart upon his sleeve** : *Othello*, I. i.

P 129, l. 21. **Fontenelle**, 1657-1757 : a French writer who attempted nearly every form of literature, though never in the first class.

l. 32. **questioning 'corporals.'** Cromwell's soldiers were accustomed to form political clubs, elect delegates to their commanders, and pass resolutions on high questions of state—all this without detriment to military discipline.

P. 132, l. 17. **gilt carriage to Whitehall** : Cromwell as Protector lived in the palace, was addressed as 'Your Highness,' and kept up considerable state.

P. 133, l. 6. **'Corsica Boswell'** appeared in this guise at the Stratford Jubilee. He was a friend of Paoli, the Corsican patriot, and wrote a book about the island.

l. 29. **Solomon** : *Eccles.* iii. 7.

P. 134, l. 9. **Cato**, B.C. 234-149, known as 'the censor.' A typical Roman of the old school, he opposed the introduction of Greek refinement and luxury. The story is given in Plutarch's life of him.

l. 18. **'Seekest thou great things ?'** : *Jeremiah*, xlv. 5.

l. 28. **Coleridge** : Carlyle was probably thinking of a passage in the introduction to the second section of *The Friend*.

P. 135, l. 3. **Mirabeau** : see Carlyle, *F.R.* vol. II. iii. 7. Always a royalist, though he led the popular party from 1789, he was finally distrustful of their ultimate aims. 'I carry in my heart the death-dirge of the French Monarchy ; the dead remains of it will now be the spoil of the factions.' In 1790 unavailing attempts were made to appoint him as the king's Minister. 'When I am gone they will know what the value of me was.'

l. 7. **Necker**, a Genevese banker, became Minister of Louis XVI. in 1776 in the hope he might save France from bankruptcy. He resigned in 1781, but was recalled 1788-90.

l. 10. **Gibbon**, the historian, at one time was in love with Suzanne Churchod, who eventually married Necker. She and Gibbon remained constant friends.

l. 31. **ears cropt-off** : as was done to Prynne twice ; in 1734 for his *Histrio-Mastix*, and in 1637 for pamphlets attacking the bishops.

P. 136, l. 5. **twelve years** : during which Charles had ruled without Parliament, 1629-40.

P. 138, l. 13. **Antæus** : a giant son of Gé (Earth), who as a wrestler renewed his strength every time he touched his mother earth. Hercules crushed him by holding him up in the air.

l. 20. **Orson** : son of Belisant, sister of King Pepin. Carried off and suckled by a bear, he was the terror of France, and was called 'The Wild Man of the Forest.' His twin brother Valentine at length reclaimed him, and he married a daughter of the Duke of Aquitaine.

l. 25. **Cromwell's last words** : the account should be read in the last pages of Carlyle's *Cromwell*.

P. 139, l. 5. **virtual King** : he was actually offered and refused the title; see Letter 101 to Speech 13 in Carlyle's *Cromwell*.

l. 9. **Diocletian** : Roman Emperor, 284; abdicated with his colleague Maximian in 305. Then, till his death in 313, he devoted himself to philosophic reflection, rural pursuits, and horticulture. Notorious for his persecution of the Christians.

l. 10. **Washington** refused to prolong his second term as President, lest a single man should become indispensable contrary to the principles of a free country. He retired to his estate in the country.

l. 22. **diplomatic Argyles.** Archibald, the 8th Duke, fought for the king; but in 1652 submitted to the Protector. On the Restoration he repaired to Whitehall, but was arrested and executed in Edinburgh for compliance with usurpation; see Scott's *Legend of Montrose*.

l. 26. **Montrose** : the 'Great Marquis,' 1612-50. In 1644 he raised the Highland clans for the king. His wonderful career of victory ended at Philiphaugh, 1645, where he was hopelessly defeated by Leslie and fled the country. He made a second attempt in 1650 which failed. Eventually he was caught and executed in Edinburgh.

P. 140, l. 13. **lies the rub** : *Hamlet*, III. i.; a metaphor taken from the game of bowls. The rub is any obstacle that hinders the run of the ball.

l. 15. **dismissal of the Rump** : Pride's Purge (p. 141, l. 27), 6th Dec. 1648, had excluded ninety-six members, arrested forty-eight, and left seventy-eight to form the House. Of these, twenty-eight refused to attend. The remaining fifty (p. 141, l. 15) formed the Rump

and voted for the king's trial. They were dismissed on 20th April, 1653, as being corrupt in their government and unpopular in the country, and because they proposed a new Parliament should meet in which they themselves should share without re-election, and by which unsuitable members should be excluded—a sham 'free Parliament.' See Carlyle's *Cromwell*, notes after Letters 55 and 126.

Protectorship : see on p. 144, l. 14.

P. 142, l. 2. **Godwin,** Sir William, wrote a *History of the Commonwealth*, 1824.

P. 143, l. 6. **Milton** : was Latin Secretary to the Commonwealth. See his *Panegyric to My Lord Protector*, his sonnet to Cromwell, and his prose *Pro Populo Anglicano Defensio*, 1651.

l. 16. **Barebones's Parliament,** 4th July-11th Dec. 1653. A minority rose early in the morning and dissolved themselves, convinced no good could come from their further deliberations ; see Carlyle's *Cromwell*, Speech I. and notes, Letters 128-9 and notes.

P. 144, l. 14. **Instrument of Government** : this was a written constitution drawn up by the council of officers, appointing a council of state with Cromwell as Protector, 16th Dec. 1653 ; see Carlyle's *Cromwell*, Letter 129 and notes.

l. 30. **Oliver's second Parliament,** 3rd Sep. 1654-8th Jan. 1655 ; summoned under the Instrument of Government. See *Cromwell*, Speeches III., IV., Letters 134-5 with notes.

P. 145, l. 5. **third Parliament,** 17th Sept. 1656-4th Feb. 1657. Of those elected many were excluded as opponents to the then regime. A House of Lords was set up, and filled from Cromwell's chief supporters. The Commons then began to undo their work and were therefore dismissed. It was now that Cromwell was offered the title of king (p. 139, l. 5). See *Cromwell's Letters and Speeches*, V.-XVII., with notes.

P. 146, l. 28. **The Histories and Biographies** : See *Cromwell's Letters and Speeches*, chap. ii.

P. 147, l. 27. **Queen of Protestant Christianity** : Cromwell made peace with Holland, and tried to form a league of Protestant States. He made an alliance with France against Spain, the champion of the Pope, and did his best to protect the Waldenses of Piedmont against their persecutors.

P. 148, l. 1. **Pombal,** 1699-1782, the greatest of Portuguese statesmen, held office 1750-77.

Choiseul, 1719-85: the all-powerful Minister of Louis XIV., called by the Empress of Russia 'Le Cocher de l'Europe.' The rise to favour of Mme. Dubarry led to his retirement in 1770.

l. 11. **Hutchinson**: see his *Memoirs*, written by his wife.

l. 22. **his poor Mother**: see *Cromwell's Letters and Speeches*, notes on Speech III., at end; she died in 1654, aged 94.

l. 31. **hung in chains**: his body was, at the Restoration, dug up from its tomb in the Abbey and thus treated at Tyburn.

P. 150, l. 18. **Encyclopédies**: D'Alembert and Diderot published a famous Encyclopédie, 1751-72, which advocated the most advanced opinions of the time and helped to prepare men's minds for the Revolution.

l. 31. **'False as a bulletin'**: see Bourrienne's *Memoirs*, vol. i. c. 24.

P. 151, l. 23. **Bourrienne,** secretary and early friend of Napoleon. His *Mémoires sur Napoléon* are very interesting and instructive, but not quite trustworthy. The story is told in vol. i. ch. 28.

P. 152, l. 2. **Tuileries Palace.** The story comes from Las Cases, vol. ii. April 1816.

P. 153, l. 3. **as the mob rolled by.** In 1792 the king dismissed three of his Ministers (Girondists). The mob rose and invaded the hall of the Assembly and the Palace; and in a second insurrection (10th Aug.) massacred the king's Swiss Guard, and demanded and obtained the deposition of the king: see Bourrienne, vol. i. c. 2.

l. 10. **Italian Campaigns.** These amazing campaigns laid the foundation of Napoleon's fame. The Austrians were swept out of Italy; a cis-Padane republic was established in French interest; Belgium and the Rhine frontier were secured. The Preliminaries of **Leoben** were confirmed by the Peace of Campo Formio, 1797.

l. 23. **Wagram**: in 1809 Austria once more declared war, but was crushed at Wagram, 6th July, and forced to make peace by the treaty of Schönbrunn.

Austerlitz, 2nd Dec. 1805: the Russians and Austrians were beaten, the third coalition was broken up, and the Peace of Pressburg left Napoleon supreme in Germany and Italy. The news hastened Pitt's death (1806).

P. 153, l. 30. **petit Caporal.** Las Cases, *Memoirs*, under date 1815. Napoleon was, and looked, so young during his Italian Campaign that the soldiers humorously gave him promotion after each victory. At Lodi they made him 'caporal': the title stuck to him.

l. 32. **Chief-consulship.** On 9th Nov. 1799, Napoleon turned out the Directoire, and the executive was vested in three Consuls, of whom he was appointed 'First' for ten years. Next year he became First Consul for life, and on 18th May, 1804, **Emperor.**

P. 154, l. 7. **Dynasties:** In 1809-10 Napoleon divorced Josephine and married the Austrian princess Marie Louise. In 1802 by the **Concordat** he restored the Roman Church in France, the Pope accepting the constitutional clergy, a reduced establishment, and the land settlement. At his **Coronation** the Pope came to Paris to officiate. Napoleon—apart from mere vulgar ambition—probably saw clearly the difficulty of securing his regime after his own death; and to that end wished to connect himself with the ancient religions and political institutions of Europe. By Josephine he had no heir.

l. 22. **pretending:** 'People say I am a Papist. I am nothing. I was a Mahommedan in Egypt. I shall be a Catholic here for the good of the people.' Religion he called 'the mystery of the social order, the **Vaccine** against the grosser forms of charlatanism; the golden hope, which kept the outcasts of this world in bondage to a lot otherwise intolerable' (Fisher).

l. 27. **Augereau:** a general under Napoleon; made Duc de Castiglione after the battle of that name, 1796.

P. 155, l. 3. **dupeability:** see Bourrienne, vol. i. c. 45, 'Men well deserve the contempt I feel for them. I have only to put some gold lace on the coats of my virtuous republicans and they immediately become just what I wish them.'

l. 6. **build upon Cloud:** in allusion to the imaginary Cloud-Cuckoo-town of the *Birds* of Aristophanes.

l. 21. **Duke of Weimar:** the friend of Goethe.

l. 30. **Palm:** A Nuremberg bookseller shot in 1806 by Napoleon's order for a pamphlet denouncing the conduct of the French in Bavaria. His death greatly stimulated the rise of a national spirit in Germany, which found its opportunity in Napoleon's Moscow failure, 1812. The Germans rose as one man—as the

Spaniards had done before them—and with the other allies sealed his doom.

P. 156, l. 14. **at St. Helena.** He was exiled there in 1815 and died 5th May, 1821. The story below will be found in Las Cases, vol. ii. date 4th May, 1816.

l. 27. **Italian nature.** The Bonaparte family, though long settled in Corsica, was of Italian origin. Napoleon has been called a typical 'condottiere' of the Middle Ages. To the last he never spoke French correctly.

QUESTIONS AND SUBJECTS FOR ESSAYS.

1. What attempts were made before Luther's time to reform the Church ?

2. What is meant by the ' Right of Private Judgment ' ?

3. Give a short account of the religious wars in Europe consequent on the Reformation.

4. Contrast the ideas of Toleration in our time with those of the reformers.

5. Write a poem on the *Mayflower*.

6. Knox as the maker of the Scottish nation.

7. How did Mary's character and antecedents render her unfit to rule Scotland ?

8. How far is it true that the faith of Knox became Cromwell's?

9. Discuss the justice of Carlyle's criticism of the Eighteenth Century.

10. What is meant by ' Grub Street ' ?

11. ' The true University of these days is a Collection of Books.' What elements in a University are omitted in this definition ?

12. Is the organisation of Men of Letters possible or desirable ?

13. Johnson as a conversationalist

14. What special charm do you find in Burns's poetry ?

15. Is ' putting the unable man at the head of affairs ' (p. 101) the cause of revolutions ?

16. The character of a Puritan Gentleman.

17. A dialogue between Sir Harry Vane and a staunch supporter of Cromwell when the Protectorate was set up.

18. ' The heart remains cold before Pym, Hampden, Eliot. The rugged outcast Cromwell—he is the man.' Discuss this statement.

19. ' Liberty to tax oneself as the first right of man.' Is this a fair statement of the constitutional question ?

20. Which side would you have taken in the English Revolution, and why ?

21. An account of Montrose.

22. What attempts to dominate Europe were made previous to Napoleon I. ?

23. In what respects is Carlyle's account of Napoleon deficient ?

24. Contrast the ambitions of Cromwell and Napoleon.

25. Can you name any qualities or characteristics common to all Carlyle's ' Heroes ' ?

26. Your opinion of Carlyle's style.

HELPS TO FURTHER STUDY.

I. CARLYLE. The material is very abundant. Carlyle's own *Reminiscences ; The Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle ; The Early Letters of T. Carlyle* (Ed. Norton) ; the *Life* by J. A. Froude ; a more recent *Life* by D. A. Wilson, Vol. I. Carlyle till his marriage, Vol. II. Carlyle to his *French Revolution*, Vol. III. Carlyle to his *Cromwell*. There are also Nichol's *Carlyle* in the ' English Men of Letters ' Series, and the article on Carlyle in the Dictionary of National Biography. The most useful critical accounts are—on the literary side, Elton in his *Survey of English Literature* 1830-80, Vol. I. ; on the philosophical, Ernest Barker in *Political Thought in England from Herbert Spencer to To-day*. (Home University Library).

II. LUTHER AND KNOX. On the Reformation generally the *Cambridge Modern History*, Vol. II. should be consulted. Tulloch's *Early Reformers* has good articles on both reformers. The best *Life of Luther* is Köstlin's. Other books are Michelet's *Life ;* T. M. Lindsay, *Luther and the German Reformation ;* M'Crie's is a good Life of Knox. Carlyle has an essay on his portraits. Knox gives his own story in his *History of the Reformation in Scotland*.

III. JOHNSON. Boswell's *Life* and his *Tour to the Hebrides* stand supreme. The best edition is by Birkbeck Hill, who has also published *The Wit and Wisdom of Dr. Johnson*, giving an alphabetical list of his sayings. Mrs. Piozzi's *Anecdotes* are interesting but not wholly accurate. Of critical studies the best are

Carlyle's essay on Boswell's Life; Bailey, *Dr. Johnson and his Circle* (Home University Library); Leslie Stephen's *Johnson* (English Men of Letters).

IV. ROUSSEAU. John Morley's *Rousseau* gives a good and full account of the man and his writings. The best French monograph is *J. J. Rousseau* by St. Marc Girardin.

V. BURNS. Shairp's *Burns* (English Men of Letters). R. L. Stevenson, *Men and Books*. Lockhart's *Life*.

VI. CROMWELL. Carlyle's *Letters and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell*, the first book to do Cromwell full justice, should be read. There are now three short but admirable studies of Cromwell, by Lord Morley, by F. Harrison (Twelve English Statesmen), and by Sir Charles Firth (Heroes of the Nations), besides the great history of the period by S. R. Gardiner.

VII. NAPOLEON. There is a whole library of books to choose from. Fournier's *Napoleon I.* is of high authority and has an exhaustive bibliography. For the general history of the time the *Cambridge Modern History*, Vols. VIII., IX.; and the lives by J. H. Rose, 2 vols., J. R. Seeley, H. Fisher (Home University Library), are all useful. The *Memoirs* of Bourrienne, and Las Cases' *Journal of the life at St. Helena* are interesting but one-sided. Lord Rosebery's *The Last Phase* contains a brilliant study of Napoleon's temperament. Thomas Hardy's *The Dynasts* should be read.

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