

lyle, in an eloquent character of St. Edmund, draws a beautiful picture of a good landlord. A certain indolent abbot, Hugo, not averse to prayer, but very much to work, gets the estate of the community into a sad embarrassment; but happily Abbot Hugo took into his head to make a pilgrimage to Canterbury—and, more happily, Abbot Hugo died on the way. A certain stout-souled monk, Samson, a man after Carlyle's own heart, is elected abbot; and, fortunately, a certain minute observer, Jocelin, wrote a chronicle. This Jocelin is also beloved of Carlyle; and, in his endearment he calls him Bozzy—that is in a small way—for a Boswell is very gracious in the eyes of Carlyle, when there is a Dr. Johnson behind him. Abbot Samson sets to work like a man; reforms with radical energy—clears the house of drones—clears the estates of debts, and clears the vicinity of Jews. Abbot Samson has manifold occupations: he is governor, steward, judge, priest, and legislator; but Abbot Samson is equal to them all. Abbot Samson has troubles with his monks, which he subdues by a wise and gentle courage: and that courage does not blench even in contest with the dauntless *Cœur de Lion*. The abbot had a wealthy ward, whom the king would marry otherwise than the abbot deemed to be for her good. The king, by letter, requests that Abbot Samson will give her as he directs. Abbot Samson replies, with deep humility, that she is already given. New letters from Richard, of severer tenor, were answered with new humilities, with gifts and entreaties; with no promise of obedience. Richard's ire is kindled; messengers arrive at St. Edmundsbury, with emphatic messages to obey or tremble. Abbot Samson, wisely silent as to the king's threats, makes answer: "The king may send, if he will, and seize the ward: force and power, he has to do his pleasure, and abolish the whole abbey: I never can be bent to wish this that he seeks, nor shall it by me be ever done; for there is danger lest such things be made a precedent of, to the prejudice of my successors. *Videat Allessimus*. Let the Most High look on it. Whatsoever things shall befall, I shall patiently endure. Richard swore tornado oaths, worse than our army in Flanders: to be revenged on that proud priest. But, in the end, he discovered that the priest was right, and forgave him: and even loved him." The chronicle breaks off abruptly, and Carlyle closes the book with a fine chapter on the rise and progress of art and literature.

Then comes Book the third, on "The Modern Worker." In this we have the philosophy of modern England—and the philosophy is as grand as the subject. This is somewhat different from Jack-a-dandy Lester's, and his bottled pop and

small beer declamations on the "Glorious and the Shame of England." Carlyle does not conceal the shame of the age, but denounces it with a thunder voice; its atheism—its manimism—its dilettantism—its pretensions—its quakeries—its cant—its want of high and noble soul—its selfishness—its vain and idle aristocracies—its devouring monopolies—its naked and starving toilsomeness—its pleasure-seeking and pleasure-loving lords. The topics here simply indicated are rung out in Carlyle's huge diction, as if on the booming of St. Paul's great bell. But he gives the glory as well as the shame. He notes the force of principle and of purpose that lies in the silent depths of English character, and the evidence it leaves in the world—not in speech, but deeds—not in theories, but things. "The English," he says, "are a dumb people. They can do great acts, but not describe them. Like the old Romans, and some few others, their epic is written on the earth's surface: England her mark! It is complained that they have no artists; only Shakspeare; indeed: but for Raphael, only a Reynolds; for Mozart, nothing but a Mr. Bishop: not a picture, not a song. And yet they did produce one Shakspeare. Consider how the element of Shakspearean melody does lie imprisoned in their nature; reduced to unfold itself in mere cotton mills, constitutional government, and such like; all the more interesting when it does become visible, as even in such unexpected shapes it succeeds in doing!" \* \* \* Again: "Of all nations in the world at present, we English are the stupidest in speech and wisest in action. As good as a dumb nation. I say, who cannot speak, and have never yet spoken—spite of the Shaksperes and Miltons, who show the possibilities that are. O Mr. Bull, I look into that sudly face of thine with a mixture of pity and laughter, yet also with wonder and veneration. Thou complaineest not, my illustrious friend, and yet I believe the heart of thee is full of sorrow, of unspoken sadness, seriousness—profound melancholy, (as some have said), the basis of thy being. Unconsciously, for thou speakest of nothing, this great universe is great to thee. Not by levity of floating, but by stubborn force of swimming, shalt thou make thy way. The fates sing of thee that thou shalt many times be thought an ass and a dull ox, and shalt, with a godlike indifference, believe it. My friend, and it is all untrue: nothing falsier in point of fact! Thou art of those great ones, whose greatness the small passers-by do not discern. Thy very stupidity is wiser than their wisdom. A grand *vis inertiae* is in thee; how many grand qualities unknown to small men. Nature alone knows thee—acknowledges the bulk and strength of