

which was decidedly complimentary to *her*. These three women, Carlyle thinks, were the prime movers in those wars, and kept Europe in turmoil—in fact, in a perfect maelstrom of agitation and blood. Numbers of such quotations might be given; but in all *peculiarity* stands forth prominently. He gathers stores of words of the most suggestive kind, and throws them together with a prodigality which would have excited to envy amiable and kind Dr. Johnson. At the same time there is perfect method in this torrent of verbiage, which shows systematic writing and extensive erudition. “No pent up utica contracts his powers,” and no orthodoxy of style cramps his energies. In this latitude of thought does he show himself a true son of genius. No creeds terrify him; no threatened ostracism from pseudo-critics appal him; no shibboleth can attach him to party in church or state. As a lover of literature he ranges its wide domains, and seeks sweet council in its sequestered nooks, as well as on the altitude of its highest mountains, hymning in rude but sterling stanzas songs of nature, not circumscribed by the garden-plot of a bigoted sectary, nor hedged in by omnipotent public opinion. He fills, to some extent, Pascal’s idea: “You tell me that such a person is a good mathematician, but I have nothing to do with mathematics; you assert of another that he understands the art of war, but I have no wish to make war upon anybody. The world is full of wants, and loves only those who can satisfy them. It is false praise to say of any one that he is skilled in poetry, and a bad sign when he is consulted solely about verses.” Carlyle was too ardent a believer in the potency of books. They were to him *par excellence*, the principal vehicle for human thought to permeate and influence and mould the masses. All other motive powers were subordinate and secondary. Hence his statement that “the writer of a book, is he not a preacher, preaching not in this parish or that, but to all men, at all times and places? 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.” Such utterances drew down on his head severe animadversions, and were styled rank heterodoxy. Are they true? Let the moralist or the christian say (if he thinks the matter over) which would be the worst alternative for christendom, to have all literature “wiped out,” and to trust only to *viva voce* instruction, or to keep the mighty presses only going on “true books,” pamphlets and tracts, and flood the world with them? Let some country debating school decide the question. Both are mighty to influence public opinion, and both will exist in all civilized countries—co-workers in a mighty struggle of right against wrong. Yet, has not the immortal work of the mighty dreamer done more cumulative good, and will do so to latest generations, than all his preaching? The congregations of such as he augment, as ages roll on, through magic words, and the witchery of the potent story keeps, and shall keep, young and old, rich and poor, wise and ignorant, spell-bound by the simple story of Christian and his family. Carlyle