

was the net upshot of all this crimping, all this flogging, all the savage regime and cruel pedantry of the military system, so much admired by the worshippers of Frederick and his father? It was Jena. The Prussian army was a mere machine, without a breath of national life or spark of a national spirit, which, as soon as its framer's hand was withdrawn, grew rusty, decayed, and was annihilated by a single blow. With the forces which redeemed Prussia and Germany from the French yoke, Friedrich had nothing to do: the legislation of Stein, the free heroism of the Tugend-bund were the reversal of his system political and social as well as military, and their success was the condemnation of all that he had done, saving the achievements of his personal genius as a master of the art of war.

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