

found that the London booksellers were willing to publish it on the munificent half-profits system, which meant that they got everything and the author, nothing. Three publishers besieged Harriet Martineau in her own house for her book on America; but, for the history that is among the others, as a living man among corpses, no one would offer a shilling. Carlyle made literature his crutch, not his walking-stick, and it served him ill. His letters show depression, natural enough. Of his genius there could be no doubt, still less, of his infinite capacity for taking pains; his achievement was already great and solid; he was thrifty with Scottish thrift and proud with Scottish pride; and yet he had turned forty and had not grasped success. With all his gifts he could not, with the most strenuous efforts, do what a hundred thousand tradesmen in London were doing, make his home secure against poverty. It was in this crisis that his friends found for him a way of escape.

From the first, all who knew him were struck with Carlyle's power of the tongue. For a long time, it was greater than his power of the pen; and when he did master that difficult instrument, his very originality, the thing the world clamors for and when found, abuses, stood in the way of his success. The Edinburgh address almost makes us wish that he had obtained, in time, one of the positions he applied for. Thomas Carlyle, Professor of History, of Moral Philosophy, of Literature, of Things in General, would have been a force in any university; he might have been the kind of inspired teacher he hoped as a lad to find in Edinburgh, Blackie, Jowett, and Fichte in one. He might still have written all his books and have been a happier man, for having an assured livelihood, and regular work, and the constant inspiration of young disciples. As it was, in the year that Queen Victoria came to the throne, the year in which 'her little majesty' and *The French Revolution* began to reign together, Carlyle