

of Lady Ashburton owes its magnitude perhaps partly to the loving treatment of it by the biographer, who, as readers of his history know, is particularly fond of dilating on delicate topics of this kind. It is surely strange, if so much bitter feeling existed, that Mrs. Carlyle, a woman of uncommon spirit, should have consented to be her rival's guest while her husband was elsewhere. Whatever apologies the biographer may make, he can hardly doubt at heart what course would have been taken with regard to these miserable records by a true friend. The world, however, will easily pardon one who has gratified its love of gossip, no matter at whose expense. The more important question is whether a philosophy which is the manifest and almost the avowed expression of dyspepsia and insomnia is likely to be sound. When a man, being in a diseased and highly irritable condition, believes the whole world, himself and his own little circle of admirers excepted, to be a moral, political, social, and economical Gehenna, the world being in fact nothing of the sort, are the theories of life and government founded on that belief likely to afford sure guidance to mankind? On Carlyle's transcendent excellence as a painter of historical scenes and as a sardonic humorist it is needless again to dwell. In his philosophy there is nothing really positive or constructive any more than there is in that of Swift, who, under the influence of a temperament equally morbid, painted his kind as Yahoos, though among all the Yahoos there was none filthier than himself. His praise of the Past is merely oblique satire on the Present. He could not have seriously proposed the thirteenth century as a social type. His government by heroes, towards the realization of which he vouchsafes us not the faintest hint of a practical kind, is merely a condemnation of Democracy, which, no doubt, by its excessive self-confidence and self-complacency, courted his rebukes and may profitably lay them to heart. Even his histories, though they display industry as well as genius, are not essentially true; they are pictures cast by an extraordinarily brilliant, yet distorting magic lantern; in the "French Revolution," which, after all, is his best work, you do not get the actual sequence of events or the real account of the catastrophe. The character of Frederic is as false as the narrative of his battles is vivid; and the selection of him, as of Francia and other tyrants, for an apotheosis is at bottom a cynic's way of trampling on humanity. Unfortunately the common principles of morality are trampled on at the same time. Besides dyspepsia and insomnia, a third disturbing influence was at work in the brain of Carlyle and has produced undetectable results. To fancy that there is an immense moral gulf between himself and the rest of the human race, a man, whatever his professions of humanity, must have a self-esteem touching on insanity: and those who have an inordinate opinion of themselves are very apt both in act and in language to forget what is due to others. Carlyle and his fellow prophet, Mr. Ruskin, both think themselves above good manners. Carlyle calls Keble "a little Ape," speaks of Newman as a man with no more intellect than a rabbit, makes offensive remarks on the physiognomy of Mr. Bright, and designates Mr. Gladstone as "a poor Ritualist" and "a spectral kind of phantasm of a man," besides repeatedly accusing him of insincerity. Charges of lifelong insincerity are brought against other men of eminence, such as Thirlwall and Wilberforce. It is true that Carlyle's ideas about truth are curious. He prefers Disraeli to Gladstone (at least after Disraeli's offer to him of the Grand Cross of the Bath), on the ground that Disraeli is conscious of the falsehoods which he tells, while Gladstone is not; and if his hierophant is to be trusted he deems Frederic veracious because that hero, though he lies to others, did not lie to himself. Carlyle's reflections on the character of Mr. Mill, once his bosom friend, and a man from whom he had received the heartiest support when it was most needed, are deeply discreditable to him who wrote them and left them for publication. In all these cases the responsibility is shared by the biographer, who does not render his conduct in publishing insults to eminent men more graceful by publishing at the same time high compliments to himself.

SILLIER stuff than Carlyle, and Mr. Froude in faithful imitation of Carlyle, write about Political Economy will not be found in the writings of any mystic. They seem to flatter themselves that by their denunciations, combined with those of Mr. Ruskin, the "Dismal Science," as they wittily call it, has been driven out of existence. Whether Carlyle had ever fairly studied Adam Smith when he formed his judgment does not appear. Mr. Froude certainly had not. From his history of Henry VII. we learn that he took the economic Statutes, passed by the feudal land-owners to keep down the serf, for impartial arbitration between classes, stamped with the wisdom and justice of a golden age; and that he had never heard of the debasement of the currency, which, when perpetrated by Henry VIII., he interprets as a loan from the Mint. Political economy is not social morality; it simply teaches the laws which govern the production, accumu-

lation, and distribution of wealth. Nobody, it may be presumed, doubts the existence of such laws or seriously questions the utility of a knowledge of them. Nor is anything in science much more beautiful than their operation, whereby workers in different quarters of the globe are brought into co-operation with each other, and the price of the smallest article which their joint labour produces is divided with perfect and unerring justice among them all. A man who says that political economy enjoins a regard for nothing but wealth might as well say that physiology enjoins a regard for nothing but the body, or that geology enjoins us not to raise our eyes and thoughts above the earth. Mr. Froude, who scoffs at Political Economy as a creed which its professors mistake for a science, himself mistakes the creed of utilitarianism, in its lowest and narrowest form, for the science of Political Economy. It seems almost like reasoning with lunacy to argue against men who believe, or pretend to believe, that serfdom or slavery was the happiest condition for the working class, and that freedom of labour has been their ruin. What was the end of serfdom? The Insurrection of Wat Tyler, the Jacquerie, the Peasants' War; proofs all of them, not only that the labourer was miserable, but that the relation between him and his master, instead of being paternally beautiful and beneficent, was one of devilish hatred on both sides. As to Slavery, in favour of which Carlyle put forth his foolish and arrogant manifesto, there is hardly a man now at the South, even of the master class, who would bring it to life again if he could. That it was unfavourable to production is shown by the increase of production since its overthrow; while the society to which it gave birth was utterly barbarous, as all who have read the calm and judicial description given in Olmsted's "Cotton Kingdom" must know. After the victory of the North, it seems, Carlyle admitted to his friend that he had not quite seen to the bottom of that matter. His philosophy, of which his passion for slavery was the logical outcome, had led him totally astray on the greatest question of his time; and it would have beseemed the false prophet to go into an inner chamber to hide himself rather than get upon the housetop and pour his maledictions on mankind.

THE biographer of Carlyle, in giving us the intellectual history of his victim, incidentally gives us his own. A very curious history it is, and highly illustrative of the stormy zone through which opinion, during the last half century, has been passing. As a student at Oxford he fell, like most other young men of active minds and lively sensibilities in those days, under the influence of that fascinating teacher who is now held up to derision as "a man with no more intellect than a moderate-sized rabbit," and of the "little ape" who wrote the "Christian Year." The singular ease and grace of his style are the mark of a literary disciple of Newman; and it is lucky for him that in this respect his first allegiance has not been supplemented by his last. He was engaged, among other members of the party, in the composition, under Newman's auspices, of the Neo-Catholic "Lives of the English Saints," a series of narratives in which fact inevitably and almost avowedly gave way, in large measure, to salutary fiction. Nor has he, in subsequently donning the historian, by any means doffed the hagiologist. After the catastrophe of Newmanism, he passed, as it were by a sudden bound of fancy, and without any logical process of transition discernible by his readers, to the very opposite extreme, and surprised the world with two ultra-sceptical, as well as ultra-sentimental tales, "The Nemesis of Faith" and "The Shadows of the Clouds." After the lapse of a few years he reappeared as, in outward guise at least, a Protestant, the enthusiastic chronicler of the English Reformation and the unlimited panegyrist of Henry VIII. It was evident, however, that he had by this time fallen under the influence of Carlyle; that Henry VIII. had been selected on account of his arbitrary and sanguinary character for worship as a Hero; and that it was by Carlyle's moral method that the acts of the tyranny were defended, and its victims crushed under its wheels once more. Mr. Froude's nature must be very impressible and ductile, for he ended by completely surrendering himself to the sway of the Prophet of Chelsea, and repeating, it might almost be said parroting, all the prophet's judgments on men and things. Carlyle discarded Christianity, while he retained Calvinism, and believed in God, but not in a Personal God; though, if his mind could form a conception of a God without moral personality it did what no ordinary mind can do. Mr. Froude seems to be placed nearly at the same point of view, at least so far as the negative part of his prophet's faith is concerned. He lays it down, in Carlyle's name and his own, that "since Science has made known to us the real relation between this globe of ours and the stupendous universe, no man, whose mind and heart are sound, can any longer sincerely believe in the Christian faith." This seems rather a loose way of talking, as well as somewhat dogmatic. The difficulties of Christianity, whatever they may be, can hardly be said to arise from the relation discovered by