

his share of stripes, as who does not? Surely the man who could learn nothing, could extract no good, be cognizant of no sympathetic bond of fellow-feeling in the presence of intellects like these, who could not with all his hunger for applause and success—and he did hunger ravenously for both—who could not appreciate a line of friendly criticism from one, his equal at least, written in graceful acknowledgment of his genius, and appreciation of his own petted creation, must have been deeply tainted by the feverish touch of misanthropy, or hopelessly engulfed in the vortex of a fatuous and unhealthy apathy. Quietly ignoring his obligations as a citizen of the world to humanity, standing contemptuously aloof from the *flunkeyisms* of society at large, shunning the usual avenues to social reverence and social affection, he seems throughout his metropolitan career to have aimed at forming acquaintanceships simply for what he could learn by them; he gauged the worth of friendship by what it intellectually brought him, whether productive or unproductive; his associates were culled like oranges, if ripe and juicy they were eagerly clutched, and the rich spoil of hoarded mental treasure extracted with the avidity of an interrogative gourmand, then, when dry and sapless and affording no nutriment, the rinds were cast heedlessly away. If the individual were not a hero, and a hero after Carlyle, he was a nobody or a flunkey. If the intellect were not a transcendent one, and transcendent as interpreted by Carlyle, it was a nonentity or a sham. He lived in a world peopled by bodily presences it is true, but intellects were shadows, which when grasped at evaded his clutch or mocked him with incoherent gibberings, leaving him sadly discontented, wondering, and absolutely alone.

There is much of egotism in all this, much which detracts from the

lovableness of the man, which even mars the brilliancy of the man's genius. What a lesson might the philosopher not have learned from the blighted hopes and desolating fall of his whilom friend Irving. Surely the lesson was clear. To expect so much from humanity when humanity is but mortal, to set so great faith on human abilities, though they be one's own, when all ability, the brightest, the lowliest, can be but the spark which animates the dust, is madness; to believe in fancied inspirations, or put implicit faith in the infallibility of this or that dogma, or principle, or prejudice, is fallacy utter and absurd. Creeds crumble like empires, prejudices die with individuals or dissolve with nationalities, dogmas perish with the persecutions they necessitate and the sufferings they entail. Why should man, endowed though he may be with great mental gifts, and surrounded by every means of enlightenment and every inducement to liberal feeling, constitute himself the monomaniac of the hour, and break his heart because he cannot get all the world to think as he does? Rather let him eschew the religion of egotism, and espouse the creed of humanity; follow not the promptings of blind and often perverted preference but the dictates of a responsible and all-embracing tolerance; live as though life itself were the great object of life, so that dying, he may not learn too late that existence has slipped away without his having been aware of the fact of existence: in searching after the unattainable, why should he neglect the present good?

We turn with a feeling of satisfaction from Carlylese metaphysical soliloquy to Carlylese descriptive narrative. It is as a portrait painter of others that the author of the *Reminiscences* excels. What graphic realities are his verbal portraiture of Jeffrey, Walter Welsh, Examiner Strachey,