

deserved, and Dr. Knighton gave his conversations with Carlyle in the *Contemporary*, which showed her in the light of a woman snubbed and silenced—and this too, when everyone knew, and Carlyle himself had confessed, that if she had not been Carlyle's wife she would have attained literary greatness of her own! A chorus of abuse followed. Swinburne called him, "The stormy sophist with his mouth of thunder, clothed with loud words," and his intellectual eminence began to be disparaged. The *Athenæum* wrote: "Ecclefechan had declared that the earth did not move; Carlyle had said in many brilliant essays and lectures that it should not move; but it moved nevertheless." The *Spectator* and the *Saturday Review* agreed that with "full admiration for his extraordinary genius and stupendous industry, it is hard to recognize any distinct result of this exercise of energy." Subscriptions to the Carlyle monument began to fail and his star had plainly sunk to the nadir. One side of the dispute Froude's book has definitely set at rest. It will be impossible for the future to look upon Carlyle, as we once noped was the case, as a Titan of literature equally great on the moral and intellectual side. He will always be remembered as neglectful of one of the great self-imposed duties of life, duty to and consideration for his wife. Her life must in many ways have been a miserable one, still "her high principles," Mr. Froude informs us, "enabled her to go through with it, but the dreams of intellectual companionship with a man of genius in which she had entered on her marriage had long disappeared; and she settled down into her place again with a heavy heart." The lesson drawn from her own experience that she preached to her young friends was, "My dear, whatever you do, never marry a man of genius," and in the late evening of her laborious life she is recorded to have said "I married for ambition. Carlyle has exceeded all that my wildest hopes ever imagined of him, and I am miserable." The relations between Carlyle and his wife are naturally the most interesting part of the volumes that have appeared, but one cannot rise from their perusal without other thoughts suggesting themselves; of the debt we owe to Jane Welsh for enabling Carlyle to do what he did for us; of the sacrifices that nature demands when any great work has to be done; and of the gloom that seems to envelop the life of the great prophet of this century, like clouds that gather about the mountain tops.

It is rather late in the day to comment upon a work that has been so widely read and discussed as Mr. Shorthouse's "John Inglesant," yet it will not perhaps be out of place here to point out the meaning of this work, appearing as does now after the conclusion of a prolonged period of religious and scientific discussion, culminating in 1874, the year of Professor Tyndall's Belfast Address. This was no less than a period of intellectual revolution, the results of which will be slowly gathered in succeeding years. Now every revolution divides into two periods—the period of Anarchy, and the period of Dormant Anarchy. The first is a period of open war, as was the case when Tyndall delivered his celebrated polemic; the second is a period of hastily patched-up peace, of apparent reaction resulting from the fears of both parties—of the party of progress and the party of order. Such a peace is always brought about by means of a compromise, not of course likely to be lasting, but such as appears to be the best settlement under the circumstances. This compromise found its literary expression in Mr. Shorthouse's book, the moral of which may be shortly summed up as Agnosticism *plus* Conformity to the Church of England, as opposed to the previous cry of Scepticism *or* Roman Catholicism.