

of final expediency; when all shall understand as Schiller says "that nature with genius stands joined in league everlasting;" when in short, men shall be ever willing to look upon both sides of each question and shall "do their honest thinking in the sight of God."

CARLYLE'S PHILOSOPHY AND LITERARY STYLE.

Language is a mirror of the mind. It reflects the permanent image of character no less than the transient thought. Hence we judge that a specific style indicates a one-sided development of mind. The solemn flow of Hawthorne's diction is the monody of a turbid current welling up from those sources of sadness that lie deep within the human heart; while the versatility of Shakespeare is the portrait of a mind as symmetrical as the universe itself. How can we convict Johnson of affectation or regard as a hollow mask the brilliant diction of Pope, since the pomp of the former is the apparel of a royal mind and the grace and harmony of the latter the natural music of a sensitive instrument.

Ruggedness of style marks the path of the pioneer in the world of letters or philosophy and is, as in the Prometheus of Aeschylus or the Sartor Resartus of Carlyle, the manifestation of lumbering, ponderous though Herculean strength. To the pioneer belongs the irksome task of rifting vast masses from the mines of thought to be wrought by the more skillful though feebler hands of successors into varied forms of sculptural beauty or the cosmic structures of thought. Hence the need of force and vigor in opening new fields of inquiry and research—whence often come those personal traits in literature, marks, as it were, of the strong but rugged, unskilled mind.

Thomas Carlyle, a preacher of the gospel of transcendentalism is perhaps the most marked *personal* character in the literature of this century. That spirit which he possessed that could struggle in obscurity, taking counsel of the unseen and silent, that could descend to the manes and toil and suffer there till it could emerge with victory into the sunlight is the clearest proof of greatness in the man and shadows forth the energy which he has manifested in all his works. Exiling himself from the world he walked alone for many years over barren lands, broke with persistent energy through every barrier in his course and discovered finally an Eldorado of thought—the wondrous German lore.

Those writers whose thoughts are the headlights of progress gleaming through the centuries on the track of time now become his instructors and their every word is to him a revelation of the infinite. Richter with his chaotic, boundless imagination, his vehement rugged intellect and wild fantastic humor expressed in sentences of the most heterogeneous, lumbering and interminable character becomes his model in thought and style. He ascends the German Parnassus to its highest peak where the singer of the world's deep secrets sits alone, tuning his harp to strains of unsurpassed—nay, even unsurpassible excellence and grandeur.

This music of a soul in harmony with nature, this walking on hallowed ground awakened within him a sense of awe and reverence which became, as it were, his life's grace and power upon which as a foundation he

is built up into all further usefulness and strength. His adoration of the infinite, his sense of its sublimity and justice flowing from such a source pours its enlivening waters over the moral Sahara in many a reader's heart, transforming it into a moral paradise.

From the same source comes also his mysticism. That he always understands himself has sometimes been doubted. He catches a glimpse of his kinship with nature and deems it inspiration. Dim, distant it may be as a landscape in the twilight, yet by him it is cherished as a torch of divine truth and translated but vaguely into words. More frequently the conception has a wonderful vividness of color but is as vast and formless as Milton's idea of the infinite terror. This feeling of kinship with nature characterized in an eminent degree the childhood of humanity. In the Scandinavian as in the early Greek mythology the distinctions between the hero and nature's powers are too dim to be traced. He shares her fiery life, her strength and grandeur. We observe in the Norse god Thor sending forth his thundering hammer strokes and in the hero Achilles silently cherishing his wrath by the sea the same breathless energy as in elemental warfare or in the pent up fires of an *Ætna* or a *Vesuvius*.—But the crumbled dust of heroes, gods and *Ætnas* make up the soil from which our life-fruit grows. That life-tree which waves round thee in this hour and whereof thou in this hour art portion, has its roots deep down in the oldest death kingdoms; and grows; the three Times, Past, Present and Future, watering it from the sacred well!

The second and by far the more important principle in Carlyle's philosophy may be stated as follows. All things which we see or work within this earth, especially we ourselves and all persons are a kind of vesture or sensuous appearance; under these lies as the essence of them what he calls the "divine idea" of the world. This is the reality that lies at the bottom of all appearances. By the mass of men no such divine idea can be recognized. They live merely among the superficialities, practicalities and shows of the world. That science is superficial and touches not the real essence of things is to him a fact beyond dispute. According to this philosophy, logic is legerdemain applied to words and our system of morality is built upon the false assumption that happiness is the highest good. He regards the several sciences as systems of names which serve only to obscure the real and eternal in nature and that deep insight with its accompanying wonder and reverence which are essential elements of his character. This doctrine impressed itself vaguely on the mind of Shakespeare. His religion is summed up in that exclamation of Prospero,—*"We are such stuff as dreams are made of."* The same idea is implied in those beautiful words of Richter, *"I look up to the starry sky; and an everlasting chain stretches hither and over and below; and all is life and warmth and light, and is Godlike or God."*

But in Sartor Resartus (or Tallor Patched) his theory assumes a novel form. This work exhibits in their intensity the peculiarities of this style and thought. Cragged incoherent, inarticulate, with its masses of verbal rubbish as insurmountable as the wintry Alps, it contains much also of Alpine beauty; and the tourist who can bridge chasms, welter through infinite chaos and scale the rugged height will find its summit crowned with moral