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To Night.

Come to me, O Night!
Pale and fleet are the steeds, and white,
That flee before thy dark'ning throng,
Through gloomy shades, in silence dread,
Afar I hear their dying tread,
Retreating from thy columns strong.
Yes, doubtful long the battle waged,
And death came fast to those engaged,
But charge on charge on charge thy forces won,
And routed far the burning sun.
And now the calm and gallant slain
Are scattered o'er the reeking plain:
With pallid cheek and hollowed eyes,
They grin and mock the laughing skies,
And stiff and stretched they lie apace,
While cold dark sweat now bathes each face.

A few yet keep the rampart heights,
Where oft they flee in coward flights,
And there await the telling blows,
And now each castled height they seem
To crowd with burnished arms, that gleam,
And on each straying, glancing beam,
Send challenges to prizing foes.

Charge their strongholds, Night!
None can stand to resist thy might,
When once thy felling thrusts they feel,
Adown in gorges bottomless,
They headlong plunge, where fathomless
They quiver from thy cooling steel,
Now far away they swarming flee,
Where o'er the hills a-west I see
Their gleaming spears and armor bright
Defending thee the swooning Light,
As westward on they crowd their way,
Nor wait nor wish their flight to stay.

Thine the victory, Night!
Cow'ring Day will now grant thee right
To hold the sway from sea to sea;
Over the nations, far and wide,
The titled lands, from tide to tide,
Thy empire now, alone, shall be,
Then softly there thy darkened halls,
Thy castle's gloom and heavy walls,
In silence deep and dark, I'll gain,
While oft some heavenly floating strain
I'll loose from off the burdened wind,
That there the Midnight's couch will find,
And wake the stillness there alone,
And sing and praise thy silent throne,
While stars will seem to catch the tune,
And laugh to rouse the dreamy moon.

Guard me then, O Night!
Strange the charm, and the fair delight,
Alone I gain from watch so rare,
Though shadowy cast thy martial form,
Yet still and calm and friendly warm
Thy anxious tend and guarding care,
Then hear me on, ah! hear me on
To where the great eternal Dawn
First lifts his banner o'er the sky,
When all his hosts draw nigh, draw nigh,
Where brilliant corps come strong, come strong,
With equal tread so far along,
While lonesomely the weary life
Plays well the last retreat of Life,
And bugles break eternal air,
Then leave me there, ah! leave me there.

L.

Carlyle's "Heroes and Hero Worship."

This work is a series of lectures embracing, supposedly, Mr. Carlyle's representative heroes. Either that, or he has stooped to common subjects for the novelty—to him—of pleasing. They are more evidently milestones in his theory of the intellectual and moral development of the world:—divinity, prophet, poet, priest, man of letters, King. Properly, we should take them in the order he has written, and explain, and exclaim against each one in turn. But I shall prefer getting at the truth of the book, and of the author's

style as best I may, taking the chances of being disposed of myself.

It had always run in my mind that Carlyle and Emerson were two comets, as it were, of the same quality, but of unequal magnitude—like two Messina oranges—always rating our American author as the lesser. This opinion came partly, I suppose, from the second-hand review-gossip of the newspapers, but was settled into an imaginary fact by a sentence of Poe's, arraigning Emerson as an imitator of Carlyle's mysticism. Now although I could see none of the mystic in Emerson, I rested for the time on this authority. But how differently experience settles things. The very essence of poetry, under Poe's definition,—“that which excites by elevating the soul,”—hangs like costly drapery upon the arms of Emerson's philosophy. Even that ethereality is there which Poe reckoned was incarnate only in Tennyson. But Emerson's poetry is beneficent in its moral grandeur, which moral sentiment Poe could only acknowledge as the source of poetry, as the rose is of honey. Carlyle he could never endure. In the book before us we can only by glimpses catch the drift of Carlyle's gospel—Action. His preface prepares us somewhat for the incompleteness of the sketches, but there is a lack that there is no apology for. He writes from pure demonism and insight, and not from any special philosophical reflections. But I must not begin attempted criticism here, lest I deserve Apollo's rebuke to Zoilus, who brought him a criticism upon a choice work of art. Apollo asked what were the beauties of the work. Zoilus answered that he had only found the faults. Thereupon Apollo gave him a bushel of wheat, telling him to pick out the chaff as his reward. For Carlyle was a terror to all critics. He will not be disposed of by a curt page in the best Review. Let us acknowledge at once that his beatitudes are from the gods. Grand, epical, giant-making, prophet-seeing, all these at times. But there are weaknesses. There are a thousand and one “dog-eared proverbs” in his books, that every mother's son of us uses on occasion; and yet he must inoculate them with Carlyleism, that makes them more than ever mere mannerisms. “Virtue is its own reward” acquires no special significance at this age of the world by Carlyle's sealing it with his seal. Still we like his whirlwind of god-talk, whenever he approaches one of these. Soul-thunders.

How he dandles the Norseman's gods! But it is only to set us fairly on our feet to see original man more plainly. You cannot help liking his dissertations on the Jotun; and that tree of Igdrasil. That one picture is a life lived before we are half into it. “Is not every leaf of it a biography, every fibre there an act or word? Its boughs are histories of nations.” “The tree of existence.” He has a rare faculty for hunting out all these beautiful symbols from the far-hidden beliefs of the past. I find his essay on this divinity as altogether beautiful. By far the most cele-

tial of all the essays. But his sketch of Mohamet is noticeably concise and brilliant. Rugged, too, as its author or the subject. Its chimes are of the heart-strings of Mohamet. And again, his narration of Luther's “turning point” between law and religion: “Alex is (his friend) and he had been to see the old Luther people at Mansfeldt; were got back again near Erfurt, when a thunder-storm came on; the bolt struck Alex, he fell dead at Luther's feet. What is this life of ours?—gone in a moment, burnt up like a scroll, into the black Eternity.” Thrilling, that! Is there any charlatanry there? Yes; but what thunderstrokes his empirical pills are! What a chasm in chaos he sets us blinking over, by the suddenness of the query: “What is this life of ours?” as if it had come with a lightning flash from Luther's eyes. Carlyle's reverence for Christianity is generally rendered most prominent by his entire silence upon the subject. He might cant about it but will not. Neither will he deny it. There is too much of the prophet in him. He sees God. “The age of miracles is forever here.” Luther is a symbol, Knox is a symbol; so are Republicanism and Liberty—all symbols of the progress towards God's equality of souls. Even Napoleon aids it. All are necessary; all bearing a proportion of divinity; but not to be idolized; for what are they more than mental symbols of a deity, while a heathen's symbol is only one step lower, a material one, a block. Literature, he finds ever rolling on to the boundlessness of God's perfecting, which plan we can hope only occasionally to see as in a dream. Cromwell and Washington are swollen streams driving frantically to the river of Reform. How he catches the drift of the centuries! Truth-development, ultimately. First, man as God; then as prophet; then poet; then priest; then writer; then King; and then—Eternity. This is his progress of the world. Not bad, either. Only, he plainly has not seen the world well rid of King as sovereign, and instead, government as sovereign. But his King is no Nero, though his hero-kings are queer selections. But his King is master of himself, under God. How he flings wide the corpulent dissertations of historians and Review writers upon his favorite Cromwell. Treats the matter in a wonderfully common-sense way. Will not allow that any man, much less a follower of the plough, plans and follows out twenty years of life ahead of time—a plan so brilliantly practical too. Even the staid old farmers must make allowance for the seasons.

And the Man of Letters is after the German Fichte's ideal, “a priest, continually unfolding the God-like to men.” And of this definition he finds Burns' rollicking madness and inspiration the incarnation. Carlyle was evidently confined and cramped in his rendering of this volume, else he would not go so far astray as to accept of either Rousseau or Burns in place of Goethe, of whom he confesses he will not speak, lest there should be no end. But let us see what his hero is:—“He who

lives in the inward sphere of things, in the True, Divine, Eternal: his being is in that; he declares that abroad, by act or speech, as it may be, in declaring himself abroad.” Still, Napoleon a hero! Like palming our best pen picture of Socrates' good-humor as being that of Diogenes with his surliness. How he shall metamorphose his (Napoleon's) “little gleam of time between two eternities” so that it shall appear of Jove's quality, not mockery of Jove, should be entertainment enough. But he cannot, nor can any man, make selfishness heroic. No more than magnanimity can be made out of envy. Bonaparte was born selfish. Selfishness was born in him. His earliest days were solitary and gloomy, always thinking, and ever pondering of Bonaparte. Perhaps it is because he has somewhat of the world-will of the hero, that Carlyle stamps him so. Somewhat that will not be conquered. Makes too much of his silent activity, of his non-querulousness. Now read Mr. Emerson's analysis of Napoleon, which I take on account of the unhandiness of Carlyle's own, and see how it mates with the latter's idea of the hero: “Bonaparte was singularly destitute of generous sentiments. He was a boundless liar. Like all Frenchmen he had a passion for stage effect. Every action that breathes of generosity is poisoned by this calculation. His star, his love of glory, his doctrine of the immortality of the soul, are all French. ‘I must dazzle and astonish.’ To make a great noise is his favorite design. His doctrine of immortality is simply fame. His theory of influence is not flattering—interest and fear. ‘Love is a silly infatuation. Friendship is but a name.’ He was thoroughly unscrupulous. He would steal, slander, assassinate, drown and poison, as interest dictated.” This is by far the best picture of the man ever written. And how lofty a conception of the heroic is that? Not up to Mr. Carlyle's standard, certainly—“he who lives in the inward sphere of things.” Every man has a touch of heroism in him. But the world makes heroism where is only a large individualism, Carlyle has allowed himself to err, so as to reach down to this ideal-hero-worship,—for every man has his hero, in a manner.

We like particularly, the lectures in this book concerning divinity, priest, poet—as to Dante,—and king—as to Cromwell. At our first reading of Emerson's lecture on Shakspeare, our heart throbbed back part of our youthful enthusiasm; but the meagreness of Carlyle's essay on the same made us heart-sick. Not that it was not a truthful insight into the man, but it was not voluminous enough; for Shakspeare is a second Nature to all Saxons. With all Mr. Carlyle's giant-making, there is something still unsatisfactory about him. In philosophy he is almost a Cagliostro—now reasonable, now prophetic, now stark mad as any poet. At one of his prophetic moments, you say, “now this Cagliostro is Grand Master of all the known metaphysical and moral lodges,” but the next turning of a paragraph he sends you spinning