

THOMAS CARLYLE
AND
THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY

contrasted with each other

in respect to the form and the contents of their works.

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There is a certain conformity in forming a judgment of works of art as well as of literary productions, that is, to step back from the object, in order to receive a more general and total impression. That object not being a single work with its beginning and end contained in the same or in several volumes following each other, but being the whole of a productive author's works, it is indispensably urgent to read over most of those works, with continual respect to their relative approximation to what is believed the classical height or the ideal of human art.

Therefore, when I, after a highly interesting perusal of that long series of volumes, turned my mind to a comparative appreciation of Macaulay's and Carlyle's merits for the advancement of knowledge and civilization, I presumed to perceive, from that distant point of view, a considerable number of peculiarities which they both had in common. Born about the same time and in the same country, they both had a mind for literary life and struggles, from the period of juvenile ardour up to senility. It was history, joined with a predilection for poetry and literary history, that mostly attracted them both, that made them spend their lives in search of truth, as far as it concerned the republic of letters.

However, it would be losing one's labour to talk a great deal about similarities between the studies and writings of the two named historians, and I congratulate myself upon not having chosen to treat an analogy, but rather the "contrast" of Carlyle's works with those of Macaulay.

Without any doubt, firstly the form of their works, and secondly their contents supply us with the chief division of our treatise. It appears in some measure questionable which of those parts is to be treated first, diction and style being nearly almost stipulated by the contents of a work, so that their examination naturally follows the latter. But in our case we better anticipate the question about the style and the contrast it produces in the works of our authors. Since both were tilling the same ground, nay, since they have sometimes written about the very same facts and persons, and yet in a style completely different from each other, this difference needs must be the result of the whole of their talents and personal convictions with respect to the theory of style, independent of whatever object they treated on.

By the form of any writing critics generally mean first its relation to the usual etymology and application of words; after that the author's practice in the sphere of syntax, and lastly his mode of using rhetorical expedients and of arranging the succession of thoughts into an ingenious whole.

Macaulay, "the Titian of English prose", as Bulwer has called him in his "What will he do with it?"¹⁾ has well deserved that surname by his most perfect manner of making use of his mother tongue. It might seem convenient to search somewhat farther into that comparison which applies with peculiar felicity. It was in Venice that Titian learned the rudiments of his art and that he attained to its accomplishment. The Venetian sky does not excel, like that of Rome or Naples, by its wonderful brightness and splendour, it is rather remarkable

¹⁾ Tauchn. edit. vol. I. p. 100.

for the continual damp and mists which surround the sun with a light and transparent veil, that refracts his rays and produces those mysterious middle-tints, the very criterion of genuine art. In Titian's leading pictures that moderate and judicious use of gay lights is one of the chief characteristics, and never glaring colours try to dazzle the viewer of Titian's Christs at Milan and Dresde, of his Lavinia, of his two Florentine Venuses etc. To that artful moderation he joined an extreme attention to the correctness and accuracy of contours and shades, so that, without detracting from the ingenious and almost perfect conception and execution of his pictures, critics never overlook his skill and carefulness in particulars. Therefore Bulwer, in honouring Macaulay by the surname above mentioned, most likely thought of his congeniality, in his manner of writing,²⁾ with that great master's manner of painting. For Macaulay, as we shall try to show below, always kept in sight the strictest adherence of

²⁾ There is a passage in the Quarterly Review of the year 1868 (Vol. 124, p. 289) which by its peremptory words easily could bribe a superficial reader. "The artistic delineations and descriptions", says the Reviewer, "on which he (Macaulay) prided himself, have been compared to Rembrandt pictures, made up of dazzling lights and deep shades. . . . Lord Macaulay does not seem to know what an unvarnished narrative, a graduated tone, or a neutral tint means: he has only black and white, with two or three of the most showy colours, on his palette; and as he dashes them on his canvas with the impetuosity of creative genius, the results are too often mere fancy pieces, not drawings from nature or portraits from the life."

A reply to this unvarnished reprobation will be prompt to every one that knows the mutual animosity of English Reviewers, and Macaulay's intimate relations to the Edinburgh Review. Therefore, in all such questions, the "Audiatur et altera pars" never is to be neglected. But also Rembrandt's mastership appears in that passage somewhat dubious, and the Reviewer's judgment about Macaulay's not knowing neutral tints might only be in some measure admissible in respect to his first works, e. g. to his article on Milton, and to his article on History. The former has been declared by the author himself "overladen with gaudy ornament, so that there was scarcely a paragraph which his matured judgment approved of", and the latter has never been reprinted, because "everything is sacrificed to effect, picturesqueness, popularity, and success" (See: Fred. Arnold, The public life of Lord Macaulay, London 1862, p. 46 and 58).

his style to that of the master-pieces of his native language, and anxiously avoided transgressions beyond the limits of what his countrymen were accustomed to. It was this study which may be called in some sort a toricism in matters of language, that bade him carefully observe first of all the stock of words and terms then existing in his language. Macaulay knew well to appreciate its copiousness, and he bestowed much industry upon making his choice of synonyms, in order to call things always by their correctest name. But still more he was interested to abstain from new words, and from the formation of simple words that were in use before him into new connections and accumulations. Surely, it has struck me as a fact worth remarking, that Macaulay has not at all, by the great number of his writings, enlarged the index of English words. I raked into some hundreds of pages, for the only purpose of finding out such new invented words, but I have not succeeded in discovering a single one that was not yet enregistered in Webster's and others' dictionaries which may be depended upon.³⁾

Turning now upon Carlyle's manner of using the stock of words familiar to his countrymen, we find the case much altered. For as we have called Macaulay the Titian of English prose, so I might, in regard to his style in most of his writings, compare Carlyle to what Caravaggio has been as a painter. Like him, Carlyle did not care about the established laws and the spirit of caste that were thought well-becoming writers, and historians. He only seems to have used his own discretion in judging literary questions which concerned the best sort of style, be it for a mere historical inquiry, or for a philosophical digression, or for some grand and noble description.

As the first mark of this absolute will and exemption from control we mention the liberties Carlyle has taken in dis-

³⁾ It might seem trifling to mention e. g. the adverb "inexactly" as used by Macaulay, and not recorded in any dictionary as much as I know, while the adjective "inexact" and the adverb "exactly" often occur. But even such trifles might not be found frequently by him who would search through all the works of Macaulay.

posing of his mother tongue. He has invented and brought into his writings a great many words which never have been used before him by any English author, as e. g. the following terms: nameable, unnameable, unpromptly, unguidably, inexecutable, unmalignant, unveracity, unutterabilities, elfhood, knowingness, bullheadedness, whiskerless, whiskerage, mortcloth, ineffectuality, Septemberers, volcanically, irrecognisably, prophethood a. s. o. Further, there are constructions of words which seldom or never so frequently and so curiously formed are to be found in classical authors, as e. g. Dubarrydom, Pompadourism and Dubarryism, Kantism, Harlotdom and Rascaldom, Byronism (of taste). The examples just mentioned⁴⁾ could undoubtedly be multiplied, if any indefatigable reader would grudge no pains and peruse all Carlyle's works in respect to this question. For ought I know, this kind of researches into the peculiarities of modern English authors has not yet been made in any wise, and it is a strange fact to observe, that modern philologic periodicals, as f. i. L. Herrig's „Archiv für das Studium der neueren Sprachen und Literaturen“ should have altogether set aside such inquiries into the style of both, Macaulay and Carlyle.

By quoting some of Carlyle's abnormities in composing substantives and adjectives it will appear still more evidently, that there is a remarkable contrast in Carlyle's manner of writing with that of Macaulay. As I alluded to above, the latter kept strict watch over the purity of his style and its rich sounding. He is reported to have been so selfconceited by what he once had written and reviewed, and what he thought likely to captivate the reader's ear by its cadence, that he scarcely would change some passage, even after having been convinced of its incorrectness.⁵⁾ It might be just as hard a task to cite from Macaulay's works a considerable number of extraordinary compositions of substantive nouns with adjectives, as it has

4) The extraordinary words he invents, may, to use his own language, be termed "unbeautiful". Th. Gaspey, *British Conversations* p. 129. ... "To try so severely the temper and the judgment of future lexicographers of the English tongue". *Quarterly Review* 1859, vol. 105, p. 278.

5) *Preussische Jahrbücher* 1860, vol. VI, p. 393.

proved to be to find out many single words and terms unusual. Though M. has composed many poems and hymns in his earliest youth that were considered "wonderful for such a baby",⁶⁾ though he had obtained afterwards "the Chancellor's Gold Medal for the best English poem",⁷⁾ though he came forth, in his article on Milton, "bristling with point and glowing with eloquence, with an oriental wealth of imagery and illustration",⁸⁾ yet, after having become "something of a public character", he abstained from all terms and expressions which could give to his readers' intellects the slightest check and incommodity. In all his History of England, and even in his Speeches and his Critical and historical essays, there is, to my knowledge, not a single adjective metaphorically added to a substantive, the meaning of which could be in the least shocking to any judicious reader. Let him speak of "The adamant fortitude of Cromwell" and similar figures which, besides, are not at all frequent; never mind, by such expressions he exactly attains what he most likely is aiming at, viz. to stir up the fancy of his readers by an idea which is lively enough to interrupt the fluency in any way monotonous of mere historical relation, and the reach of which, nevertheless, is not large enough to restrain the readers' apprehensiveness. It may be chiefly for that soberness and chastity of his language, that Macaulay's works seldom puzzle readers little accustomed to any elevation of style or to the very English language.

Carlyle, in comparison, has been reproached for the eccentricity of his style, as it discloses by the author's inclination to accumulate two or more ideas into one grammatical notion. To give some few examples out of an unlimited number I mention these connections:

Rifle volleys death-winged. — Hot life-scold, hot life frenzy. — Singular gilt-pasteboard caryatides. — Horrid diabolic horse-laughter. — The wind-tossed moon-stirred Atlantic. — Longdrawn living flower-boarders. — On enough of the like

6) Fred. Arnold, The public life of Lord Macaulay, p. 15.

7) Ibid. p. 22.

8) Ibid. p. 46.

continually accumulating. — That intricate amphibious Potsdam region. — A highly interesting lean little old man. — A widespread inorganic trackless matter. — A strong-boned iracund herdsman-and-fisher people. — An inarticulate heavy-footed, rather iracund people. — Little adroit municipal rattle-snakes. — A poor splenetic impotent terrestrial libel. — A real, marketable, tangibly-useful possession.

Besides, there are other compositions of substantives and adjectives, or rather of two substantives joined together without any mark of coherence but the adequate association of ideas. The classical manner of writing which uses many nouns occasionally as substantives, e. g. gold, morning, London etc., in which cases the old adjectival suffix has been lost, was carried so far by Carlyle as to be called a characteristic extravagance of his style, and even mannerism. To quote examples, he mentions, in the second volume of his *Hist. of Fred. II.*, some ten times "The Sigismund time", four times "The Louis fourteenth war" etc. In his *French Revolution* he speaks of "Those Metz days", "That Metz sick-bed", "The Metz staircase and sabre", "The Dubarry hand", "The new Korff Berline" (that is to say: The newly built Berline belonging to Baroness de Korff) a. s. f.; in his *Hist. of Fred. II.* of "That Edict-of-Nantes French element", "Other Reverend Edict-of-Nantes gentlemen". Though these terms generally do not offer any difficulty to the reader, they nevertheless mark a wantonness of style surely censurable, and by no means they may be considered as a sort of ingenuity superior to those plain constructions of Macaulay.

As another deviation of Carlyle, in respect to single words and their usual practice, I cite his personifying of inanimate objects, as Hope, Nature, Town, Philosophism a. o., and his bestowing female sex upon those words of the neuter gender. This form of speech, save a few words, as ship, moon, sun etc., is used but seldom by English prose-writers; Macaulay, for instance, does not like it altogether, and only "poets and uneducated persons are fond of it".⁹⁾

⁹⁾ Adams, *The elements of the English language*, section 98.

Finally, Carlyle's predilection for the use of foreign words in their primitive language seems worth mentioning, if not blameworthy.¹⁰⁾ Thus he often, not always, retains the German Kaiser, Kaiserin, Kurfuerst, Ritter, Rath, Hof-Kanzler, Frau, Herr, Schloss etc., and the proper names Fritz, Friedrich, Wilhelm, Karl, Johann, Louis, Pommern, Preussen etc. which all could be given by English words without losing anything in impressiveness.¹¹⁾

The second paragraph of our inquiry about the form of Carlyle's works, and its contrast with that of Macaulay's, has to discourse on the syntactical peculiarities of both authors. Every one who may be called in some measure familiar with English prose, is, no doubt, surprised by the striking order and regularity that characterize Macaulay's sentences and periods. To give a minute description of his syntax would be nearly as much as to give an account of English syntax in general. But, that may be understood, the necessary changes being made! For Macaulay too, as well as almost every writer of some distinction, has many singularities that mark him out from the vast number of secondary rivals. Among those singularities I rank particularly the brevity and conciseness of his sentences. Macaulay contends visibly for avoiding longwinded periods, might they even, when artfully constructed, prove the utmost degree of rhetorical art, and effect. He appears to have been, in most of his writings, more studious of being understood by his readers fast and fully, than to be thought a first-rate wit or a wonderful rhetorical talent. He is too much a man of law, and a long practiced politician, that he ever might let

¹⁰⁾ Quarterly Review 1859, vol. 105, p. 302: ... "Neither does there seem to be any adequate reason for altering the nomenclature with which we have been long familiar in England."

¹¹⁾ Edinburgh Review 1840, vol. 71, p. 411: "He seemed a solitary or rare example of one who, in his native country, had unlearned his native language, and was as much a stranger among us as Jean Paul or Ludwig Tieck might have been, if suddenly transferred from their own metaphysical cloud-land to our matter-of-fact atmosphere."

loose the reins of his Pegasus, when treating on historical matters. Likewise, as he had "a memory singularly clear, retentive, and precise, and deep varied stores of general learning",¹²⁾ he was more fit for narratives of sober facts, though his rich imagination often varnished over prose with poesy. As I shall have afterwards an opportunity to enter into the particulars of that question, I now exhibit a few examples of his singular manner of connecting propositions, and of joining sentences.

Frederic the Great (in Macaulay's Biographical Essays), p. 20¹³⁾:

"It was the depth of winter. The cold was severe, and the roads heavy with mire. But the Prussians pressed on. Resistance was impossible. The Austrian army was then neither numerous nor efficient. The small portion of that army which lay in Silesia was unprepared for hostilities. Glogau was blockaded; Breslau opened its gates; Ohlau was evacuated."

Warren Hastings, vol. IV, p. 259:

"But we look on the conduct of Hastings in a somewhat different light. He was struggling for fortune, honour, liberty, all that makes life valuable. He was beset by rancorous and unprincipled enemies. From his colleagues he could expect no justice. He cannot be blamed for wishing to crush his accusers. He was indeed bound to use only legitimate means for that end."

History of England, vol. I, p. 125:

"The Commons passed a vote tending to accommodation with the King. The soldiers excluded the majority by force. The Lords unanimously rejected the proposition that the King should be brought to trial. Their house was instantly closed. No court, known to the law, would take on itself the office of judging the fountain of justice. A revolutionary tribunal was created. That tribunal pronounced Charles a tyrant, a traitor, a murderer" a. s. o.

¹²⁾ Edinburgh Review, 1849, vol. 90, p. 262.

¹³⁾ If there is no edition expressly named, I always cite, both from Carlyle's and from Macaulay's works, the Tauchnitz Edition.

Ibid. p. 170:

"In some respects he (the Earl of Clarendon) was well fitted for his great place. No man wrote abler state papers. No man spoke with more weight and dignity in Council and in Parliament. No man was better acquainted with general maxims of statecraft. No man observed the varieties of character with a more discriminating eye."

Lord Bacon (in M.'s Critical and Historical Essays), p. 26:

"The great struggle of the sixteenth century was over. The great struggle of the seventeenth century had not commenced. The confessors of Mary's reign were dead. The members of the Long Parliament were still in their cradles. The Papists had been deprived of all power in the state. The Puritans had not yet attained any formidable extent of power . . . Both belonged to the Established Church. Both professed boundless loyalty to the Queen. Both approved the war with Spain."

There is, in the two last of these passages, another peculiarity of Macaulay's style which, undoubtedly, could appear strange and quaint to critical readers. That manifest repetition of the same word in the same place of sentences following each other is to be considered as a rhetorical artifice which Macaulay often has used, but surely not in all his works, I think. It is a somewhat curious fact to observe, that in his very first writings this repetition does not occur frequently, while it becomes almost tiresome, by its continual returning, in the first volumes of the author's History of England. A few examples will best illustrate that mannerism.

Frederic the Great, p. 36 a. f.:

"There was a monopoly of coffee, a monopoly of tobacco, a monopoly of refined sugar. The public money . . . was lavishly spent . . . in building manufactories of porcelain, manufactories of carpets, manufactories of hardware, manufactories of lace."

Lord Bacon, p. 10:

"It is needless to relate how dexterously, how resolutely, how gloriously they directed the politics of England during the eventful years which followed, how they succeeded in uniting

their friends and separating their enemies, how they humbled the pride of Philip, how they backed the unconquerable spirit of Coligni, how they rescued Holland from tyranny, how they founded the maritime greatness of their country, how they outwitted the artful politicians of Italy, and tamed the ferocious chieftains of Scotland."

Ibidem p. 113:

"To sum up the whole, we should say that the aim of the Platonic philosophy was to exalt man into god. The aim of the Baconian philosophy was to provide man with what he requires while he continues to be man. The aim of the Platonic philosophy was to raise us far above vulgar wants. The aim of the Baconian philosophy was to supply our vulgar wants."

History of England, vol. I, p. 330:

"Next to the capital, but next at an immense distance, stood Bristol, then the first English seaport, and Norwich, then the first English manufacturing town. Both have since that time been far outstripped by younger rivals, yet both have made great positive advances. The population of Bristol has quadrupled. The population of Norwich has more than doubled."

I cannot help wondering that, to my knowledge, only one German critic ¹⁴⁾ and none of the English Reviewers have paid the least attention to this extraordinary manner of writing. ¹⁵⁾

¹⁴⁾ Preuss. Jahrb. 1860, Bd. 6, p. 381: „Um voller, sinnlicher, realistischer zu sprechen, damit sich der Gedanke tiefer und fester einpräge, so lässt der Schriftsteller soviel wie möglich dieselben Worte zu mehreren Malen an unser Ohr schlagen. Statt des Pronomens wiederholt er das Substantivum, statt das Zeitwort einmal zu setzen, lässt er durch Wiederholung desselben die Handlung immer von neuem vor unseren Augen vor sich gehen. Er behandelt das Material der Sprache nicht nach deren poetischem oder philosophischem Geist, sondern wie fertig geprägte Münzstücke, oder wie Bausteine, die erst durch die symmetrische Kunst seiner stylistischen Architektonik zu einem eindrucksvollen Ganzen combinirt werden können.“

¹⁵⁾ In the short Life of Lord Bacon there are similar passages, as the mentioned ones, to be found on p. 12, 24, 32, 37, 54, 55, 57, 68, 80, 119, 146.

Even in those passages of Macaulay's works which are considered as master-pieces of eloquence and which, no doubt, the author has elaborated most carefully, that frequent repetition does not escape notice. Thus it may be observed about eight times in the famous description of Warren Hastings' trial before the Lords which surely might be compared to the most illustrious specimens of any language.

Another rhetorical artifice, though less frequently applied, is the omission of conjunctions, as f. i. in the Life of Lord Bacon, p. 24: "Among the courtiers of Elizabeth had lately appeared a new favourite, young, noble, wealthy, accomplished, eloquent, brave, generous, aspiring." ¹⁶⁾

Contrasting now the peculiarities of Carlyle's manner of writing with what I have observed about the style of Macaulay, the "barbarous garb" ¹⁷⁾ of the former will easily be recognized by those critics who delight in the artful regularity of Macaulay's style. To sum up my opinion in a few words, Carlyle, if I may dare to say so, has made no shift to give his writings a purity of style painfully acquirable by revising and polishing and refining them. His thoughts rush down from his head into his hand, without being purified through the medium of calculating logic, and rhetorical delicacy. ¹⁸⁾ There is not one species

¹⁶⁾ There is a hard judgment in the Quarterly Rev. 1868, vol. 124, p. 289: . . . "that meretricious taste, that vanity of style, by which an author may be as dangerously misled as a woman by vanity of dress. Effect was to him what "Action" was to Demosthenes, or *l'audace, toujours l'audace* to Danton — his aim, his end, his principle, his condition and criterion of success."

¹⁷⁾ Edinburgh Review 1840, vol. 71, p. 411.

¹⁸⁾ Literary history relates more than one contrast of this kind, and it might seem interesting to read here a passage from H. Heine (Works, vol. XII, p. 10 sq.): „Die heutige Prosa . . . ist nicht ohne viel Versuch, Berathung, Widerspruch und Mühe geschaffen worden. Rahel liebte vielleicht Börne um so mehr, da sie ebenfalls zu jenen Autoren gehörte, die, wenn sie gut schreiben sollen, sich immer in einer leidenschaftlichen Anregung, in einem gewissen Geistesrausch befinden müssen — Bachanten des Gedankens, die dem Gotte mit heiliger Trunkenheit nachtaumeln. Aber bei ihrer Vorliebe für wahlverwandte Naturen hegte sie dennoch die grösste Bewunderung für jene besonnenen Bildner des Wortes, die all ihr Denken,

of grammatical singularities, and extraordinary turns that could not be supported by examples from Carlyle's works. He takes no offence at changing arbitrarily, on almost every page, the place of the subject, as if he were a poet while often relating plain historical facts. Thus we read in *The French Revolution*, vol. I, p. 8: "Dim are those heads of theirs, dull stagnant those hearts", "Such a changed France have we", "One other circumstance we must not forget" a. s. f.

Likewise, Carlyle never scruples at omitting verbs, pronouns, prepositions, conjunctions etc., even more frequently than poets might be fond of, as f. e. *On Heroes*, p. 47 (Edition Chapman and Hall, London 1872): "A good old man: Mahomet's Father, Abdallah, had been his youngest favourite son. He saw in Mahomet, with his old life-worn eyes, a century old, the lost Abdallah come back again, all that was left of Abdallah. He loved the little orphan Boy greatly; used to say, They must take care of that beautiful little Boy, nothing in their kindred was more precious than he." — *Ibid.* p. 81: "This was Dante's learning from the schools. In life, he had gone through the usual destinies; been twice out campaigning as a soldier for the Florentine State, been on embassy; had in his forty-fifth year, by natural gradation of talent and service, become one of the Chief Magistrates of Florence."

There is sometimes to be observed a checkered line of compendious. principal sentences followed by an endless period of secondary propositions, interrupted now and then by elliptical questions, and short cut exclamations. Interjections, full stops and breaks, notes of interrogation and admiration, are frequently crowded into the same paragraph, and readers accustomed to

Fühlen und Anschauen, abgelöst von der gebärenden Seele, wie einen gegebenen Stoff zu handhaben und gleichsam plastisch darzustellen wissen. Ungleich jener grossen Frau, hegte Börne den engsten Widerwillen gegen dergleichen Darstellungsart; in seiner subjectiven Befangenheit begriff er nicht die objective Freiheit, die Goethe'sche Weise, und die künstlerische Form hielt er für Gemüthlosigkeit; er glich dem Kinde, welches, ohne den glühenden Sinn einer griechischen Statue zu ahnen, nur die marmornen Formen betastet und über Kälte klagt."

Macaulay's manner of writing may take care not to be hindered in understanding, or put out of countenance, by that rich variety of Carlyle's style.

Finally, I could endeavour to find out a great number of Carlyle's modes of expression which might not be approved by scrupulous critics. Thus he is fond of surprising consonances, as f. i. "an ingenuous and ingenious man", "The hearts of men are saddened and maddened", but, what seems still worse, he has used in his prose now and then forms that are generally considered as poetical or unfashionable or even obsolete and uncouth, as f. i. the expressions: "It is permitted us to say", "What made it? Whence comes it? Whether goes it?" "They answered not", "He spake", and many singularities of a similar kind. But I would by far exceed the limits of my task, if I would abide any longer in such particulars. To show the contrast of Carlyle with his famous compatriot, it might seem sufficient, with regard to their manner of writing, to adduce in fine some of Carlyle's unsuitable or overladen phrases, and phraseologic abnormities: they do in fact not advantageously distinguish themselves from those plain and dilucid metaphors of Macaulay.

French Revol., vol. I, p. 19: "... a cup of trembling which all the nations shall drink". — Ibid. p. 49: "Our church stands haltered, dumb, like a dumb ox." — Vol. II, p. 111: "He (Malseigne) is of truculent moustachioed aspect ... of indomitable bull heart ... of thick bull-head." — p. 120: "redhot madness." — p. 221: "red ire." — p. 234: "an adamantine brow." — p. 209: "Stars fade out, and Galaxies; Streetlamps of the City of God." — p. 212: "All France is ruffled — roughened up into one enormous, desperate-minded, red-guggling Turkey Cock." — p. 235: Bouillé ... "is a substance and articulate-speaking piece of human Valour, not a fanfaronading hollow Spectrum and squeaking and gibbering Shadow!" — History of Frederic II., vol. I, p. 4: "Frederic is ... like an old snuffy lion on the watch." — Ibid. p. 13: French Revolution is called a "grand universal Suicide" and p. 14: "that whirlwind of the Universe ... black whirlwind, which made even apes serious,

and drove most of them mad... a disastrous wrecked inanity... a kind of dusky chaotic background." — Ibid. p. 99: The Wendish "god Triglyph" is called "a three-headed Monster... something like three whale's-cubs combined by boiling, or a triple porpoise dead-drunk." — Ibid. p. 208: Zisca: ... "a kind of human rhinoceros driven mad." "Rhinoceros Zisca" a. s. f. 19)

From what has been said above it might be concluded that Carlyle's literary merits, contrasted with Macaulay's, are none with respect to his style, that he is but dabbling at book-making, without being experienced in this art, or without caring about its principles. But such an opinion will prove at least superficial, if not altogether false and unjust, as soon as our inquiry will have passed from the particulars of style to the whole of that author's manner of writing. With all his imperfections he then could appear to some readers almost surpassing in skill and power the artful works of his competitor. For Macaulay's cardinal virtue as a writer is his exactness in observing the general rules of the style of whatever province he is occupied in. Since the principal object of his studies has been history with its accessory sciences, the historical style, as the theoreticians of all ages unanimously have described it, has outweighed all other inclinations of that rich mind. Therefore, the matters of fact and what else has been reported by history are the chief object of his very poetical works, and never Macaulay rises into the sphere of metaphysics, nay, he even derides that philosophy which "began in words and ended in words" (Lord Bacon, p. 113), that "barren philosophy", the fruit of which were "words, and more words, and nothing but words" (Bacon, p. 101). "For our own part", exclaims he (Lord Bacon, p. 94), "if we are forced to make our choice between the first shoemaker, and the author of the three books *On Anger*, we pronounce for the shoemaker. It may be worse to be angry than to be wet. But shoes have kept millions

¹⁹⁾ Some of the last phrases I cited above, as well as other expressions of that kind, have been reprehended in the *Quart. Review* 1859, vol. 105, p. 278, 280, 281.

from being wet; and we doubt whether Seneca ever kept any body from being angry." From constant conviction Macaulay therefore studied to make his own a coolness of thought and expression, if I may say so, as soon as he felt less safe on the ground of facts, and when in the current of events he had arrived to some point of transition or rest, such as might seem fit to some rhetorical or philosophic digression. For example, in his *Frederick the Great* (p. 60 a. f.) the exposition of his hero's fears and hopes, at the beginning of the seven years' war, would have been to any other writer, particularly to Carlyle, a most convenient place to enlarge upon his own opinions and conjectures about that interesting turn of modern history. But Macaulay, in an almost classical shortness and calmness of speech, adds up the reasons pro and con which could have exerted some influence upon the King's will, and not the least mark of commotion betrays the author's personal sympathy with his hero.

To that premeditated objectiveness and that dispassionate colour of his style ²⁰⁾ Macaulay sometimes joins an immoderate pregnancy of description whenever he fears not to be fully understood by his readers. He then either multiplies the examples that are to illustrate the leading proposition, or he raises their explanatory force by intense impressiveness, as f. i. in his *Essay on Ranke's History of the Popes*, p. 99: "She (the Roman Catholic Church) may still exist in undiminished vigour when some traveller from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's."

²⁰⁾ Since there is no disputing about tastes, I quote as a very strange one this passage from „*Monatsblätter für innere Zeitgeschichte*“, herausgegeben von H. Gelzer, 1868, p. 195: „Diese Innigkeit, dies Sympathetische seiner (Macaulay's) Schreibweise bringe ich mit der Eigentümlichkeit seiner Erziehung in Verbindung. Macaulay ist das Gegenteil von einem kalten Verstandesmenschen.“ — For my part, I straight-forward contradict this opinion as well as that of F. Arnold (*The public life of Lord Macaulay*, p. 360) who thinks the *History of England* told "with Homeric energy and fire".

“The inductive method”, says he in his *Life of Lord Bacon* (p. 123), “has been practised ever since the beginning of the world by every human being. It is constantly practised by the most ignorant clown, by the most thoughtless schoolboy, by the very child at the breast. That method leads the clown to the conclusion that if he sows barley he shall not reap wheat. By that method the schoolboy learns that a cloudy day is the best for catching trout. The very infant, we imagine, is led by induction to expect milk from his mother or nurse, and none from his father.”

A little below (p. 125), to illustrate the inductive process, Macaulay accumulates his examples in such a number²¹⁾ as might fatigue the taste of a judicious reader, were those examples not highly engaging the reader's curiosity by their variety, and striking demonstration. There are more such accumulated or exaggerated examples to be found on p. 2, 134, 141, and it would be a theme for itself to show, from all Macaulay's works, his characteristic manner of using examples.

Another way of striving for utmost perspicuity consists in the frequent use of antitheses. It has been rightly observed (Preuss. Jahrbücher 1860, p. 380) that Macaulay's style could do without commas, points, underlining of words, and other external shifts for prompt intelligibility: his short cut sentences we spoke of above, and his opposing of words and propositions relative to each other, would perfectly make up that want. There could be enumerated from Macaulay's works hundreds of antithetic periods more or less²²⁾ artfully arranged, as e. g. the following one taken from the *Life of Lord Bacon* (p. 117): “Philosophers as well as other men do actually love life, health, comfort, honour, security, the society of friends, and do actually dislike death, sickness, pain, poverty, disgrace, danger, separation from those to whom they are attached.”

²¹⁾ Quart. Rev. 1868, vol. 124, p. 290: “this rhetorical diarrhoea.”

²²⁾ Edinburgh Review 1849, vol. 90, pag. 250: “Sentences too curiously balanced, and unnecessary antitheses to express very simple propositions.” See also “The Star” in its number of December 31st, 1859, which contains a necrology on Macaulay.

From all these peculiarities of M.'s style it might result with some evidence, that his predilection to history, to the interpretation of the law, and to parliamentary acts overwhelmed more and more the inclination to poetry of his younger years. His imagination had not that transcendent character, which generally is thought the mark of real inspirations.²³⁾ It always was bound to empiric objects which, no doubt, he so adroitly exhibited to his reader as to give them the appearance, and often the very equivalence, of sublimest poetry.²⁴⁾

In that excellent essay on Macaulay which is contained in the *Preuss. Jahrbücher*, the author compares (p. 380) Macaulay's style to the waves of the Ocean: their white lines, as they roll up and down in endless and nearly monotonous regularity, at last make the viewer long for a storm which would trouble those lines and stir them up to wild and huge mountains. I dare amplify that comparison by likening the style of Carlyle to that agitated Ocean, with its irregular and always changing forms and colours. Carlyle is never computable in the fluctuating to and fro of his style. The most level parts of his narrative are varnished by a vivacity and briskness uncommon with English prose-writers, and might he even say simple things simply in his way, this simplicity nevertheless

²³⁾ *Preuss. Jahrb.* 1860, p. 359: „Es fehlte ihm zum Dichter an Unmittelbarkeit der Empfindung und an dem spontanen Impulse schöpferischer Phantasie.“ *Ibid.* p. 373: „Es ist der Formalismus des Juristen und des Logikers, der Gewalt über ihn gewinnt. In geschlossenen Gliedern rücken seine Zeugenaussagen und seine Beweise vor. Sein Raisonnement ist wie Maschinenarbeit, immer sauber und gleichmässig, aber umständlich und langweilig.“ P. 375: „Dieser Verstand hat ein natürliches Bedürfniss, sich mit sinnlichem Stoff zu umgeben . . . er rechnet am liebsten und am geschicktesten mit benannten Grössen.“

²⁴⁾ *Quarterly Review* 1869, vol. 124, p. 288: “Almost readers feel the charm of Lord Macaulay's eloquence — of his rich imagination, his descriptive powers, his gorgeous rhetoric, his glow, grasp, and comprehensiveness . . .” F. Arnold, p. 355: “The great charm of Macaulay was his style. The antithesis, allusion, playful exaggeration, hearty expression which periodical writers have copied till they have become vulgarised, have all a natural though an evanescent charm upon his page.”

widely differs from that of other historians. While Macaulay often simply entertains his readers, or while he excites their admiration by the glowing and picturesque description of historical facts, Carlyle, brimful of language as well as of thought, often compels his readers to pause, and to attempt to dive into the meaning of the author. To give some examples of that brimful language, let him firstly tell the plain fact that Leopold of Anhalt-Dessau landed on Rügen and was attacked there by Charles XII. of Sweden (*History of Friedrich II.*, vol. II, p. 169): "Leopold of Anhalt-Dessau, our rugged friend, in Danish boats which were but ill navigated, contrives, about a week after that Köppen feat, to effect a landing on Rügen, at nightfall; beats-off the weak Swedish party; — entranches, palisades himself to the teeth, and lies down under arms. That latter was a wise precaution. For, about four in the morning, Charles comes in person, with eight pieces of cannon and four-thousand horse and foot: Charles is struck with amazement at the palisade and ditch („Mein Gott, who would have expected this!" he was heard murmuring); dashes, like a fire-flood, against ditch and palisade; tears at the pales himself, which prove impregnable to his cannon and him. He storms and rages forward, again and again, now here, now there; but is met everywhere by steady deadly musketry; and has to retire, fruitless, about daybreak, himself wounded, and leaving his eight cannons, and four-hundred slain."

What a waste of rhetorical helps, or rather, what an abruptness of style! Throughout the whole of that long *History of Friedrich II.* this mode of writing perseveres whatever things there may be related. Vol. VII, p. 59: "Friedrich ... was astonished to find Neipperg taking up position, in intricate ground, near by, on the opposite side! Ground so intricate, hills, bogs, bushes of wood, and so close upon the River, there was no crossing possible; and Friedrich's Vanguard had to be recalled. Two days of waiting, of earnest ocular study; no possibility visible. On the third day, Friedrich, gathering in his pontoons overnight, marched off, down stream, Neissewards" a. s. o. Ibid. p. 207: "Friedrich visits the Baths of Aachen (what we call Aix-la-Chapelle); has the usual Inspections,

business activities, recreations, visits of friends. He opens his Opera-House, this first winter. He enters on Law-reform, strikes decisively into that grand problem; hoping to perfect it . . . His thoughts are wholly pacific; of Life to Minerva and the Arts, not to Bellona and the Battles: — and yet he knows well, this latter too is an inexorable element. About his Army, he is quietly busy; augmenting, improving it; the staff of life to Prussia and him."

Chiefly in his French Revolution Carlyle sometimes went beyond bounds, and has well deserved the reproof²⁵⁾ that "Rabelais never rioted in greater licence of style, or has more completely set decorum at defiance." In my judgment, that sketchy and almost drastic manner of writing is to be considered as an involuntary and artless habit of our author. To judge of Carlyle by his style, without regard to the contents of his works, he must be truly an extraordinary man,²⁶⁾ eagerly opposed to all sorts of tricks in thinking, speaking, and doing; and inspired by an uncommon love of veracity. The "fervour of heart, and capaciousness of intellect and imagination" (Life of Schiller, p. 50), "the bold vehemence of his passion for the true and the sublime, under all their various forms" (Ibid. p. 109), "the sincerity of heart and mind" (p. 256), all these noble qualities which Carlyle has ascribed to Schiller, may be too, methinks, his own. They have inflamed his imagination and influenced upon his style; they made "the wayward flights of his fancy"²⁷⁾ appear in strange words, and sentences often abrupt because not debilitated in their original vigour by reviewing and polishing.

What I observed above with respect to Macaulay, — that he sometimes appears rather tedious by the great number of examples to illustrate the same proposition, may also in some measure be observed in Carlyle. But while the former offends against the rules of eloquence from wishing to be understood

²⁵⁾ Quarterly Review 1859, vol. 105, p. 277.

²⁶⁾ Goethe, some forty years ago, has called him „ein zartfühlender, strebsamer, einsichtiger Mann über dem Meere“. (See Tauchnitz Edition, vol. 1026, appendix II. to The life of Schiller, p. 320.)

²⁷⁾ Quarterly Review 1865, vol. 118, p. 225.

completely and distinctly by his readers, the minuteness and verbosity of the latter emanates, I think, from another reason. Namely, Carlyle is fond of painting historical persons with the utmost particulars of their external show, not sparing of a profusion of words whenever he does not mean to succeed by a short and impressive delineation. Thus he describes Frederick's eyes (*History of Friedrich II.*, vol. I, p. 4): . . . "Such a pair of eyes as no man or lion or lynx of that Century bore elsewhere, according to all the testimony we have. Those eyes, says Mirabeau, which, at the bidding of his great soul, fascinated you with seduction or with terror. Most excellent potent brilliant eyes, swift-darting as the stars, stedfast as the sun; gray, we said, of the azure-gray colour; large enough, not of glaring size; the habitual expression of them vigilance and penetrating sense, rapidity resting on depth. Which is an excellent combination; and gives us the notion of a lambent outer radiance springing from some great inner sea of light and fire in the man." Truly, there may be few readers, whose imagination is not dizzy by that prodigal description of a man's eyes, and most of them will prefer "the black brows and flashing sun-eyes" of Burns (*On Heroes*, p. 79), because in these few words there is given a likeness really imaginable. — Likewise, the portrait of Dante's "most touching face" (*On Heroes*, p. 80) is overfilled with expressive details in such a manner as to disgust connoisseurs of that mode of painting. They probably like better, instead of such laboured productions, that other way of Carlyle's describing, viz. that hasty outlining which carries out but the most striking features in an almost masterly manner, as e. g. the portrait of "the Dessauer, not yet old" (*Hist. of Friedr. II.*, vol. II, p. 119 a. f.), the characteristics of the Book of Job (*On Heroes*, p. 45), the portrait of Knox (*ibid.* p. 139), of "Kaiser Barbarossa within the Hill near Salzburg yonder" (*Friedr. II.*, vol. I, p. 119), and of some hundreds of similar sketches, as they everywhere occur in Carlyle's works. The fervour of speech which glows through all those passages, may be perceived as well by that general colour of style as by some characteristic particulars. The author often, in the midst

of some narrative, comes into such a liveliness that he identifies his own self with the persons just spoken of, that he uses the first personal pronoun when relating the words and deeds of others, as e. g. (Fred. II., vol. VI, p. 297): "At half-past Twelve, the Ramparts, on all sides, are ours" (that is to say: We Prussians have taken the Ramparts). Ibid. p. 322: "Close upon our (viz. the Austrians') left wing"; p. 323: "our deficiency"; "we advance", "within cannon-range of us", "we salute — with all our sixty cannon", "our Prussian practice" a. s. o.²⁸)

In order to give a proper conclusion to the above account of the contrast which may be found in the style of Carlyle with that of Macaulay, I quote, by the side of a passage from Carlyle and his Prussian author, the very same fact told by Macaulay who undoubtedly used for his narrative the same Prussian authority.

F. Förster,	Carlyle,	Macaulay,
Friedrich Wilhelm I., vol. I, p. 356 not.	History of Friedrich II., vol. II, p. 250:	Frederic the Great, p. 10:
... Sein Herr Vater sei darauf zugekom- men, als der Lehrer Ihn aus der goldenen Bulle übersetzen liess, und da er einige schlechte lateinische Ausdrücke gehöret, so habe er zu dem Lehrer gesagt:	They had Latin books, dictionaries, grammars on the table, all the contraband apparatus; busy with it there, like a pair of coiners taken in the fact. Among other books was a copy of the Golden Bull of Kaiser Karl IV., — <i>Aurea Bulla</i> , from the little golden bullets or pellets hung to it — by which sublime Document, as perhaps we hinted long ago, certain so-called Fundamen- tal Constitutions, or at least formalities and solemn prac- tices, method of election, rule of precedence, and the like, of the Holy Roman	One of the preceptors ventured to read the Golden Bull in the ori- ginal with the Prince Royal. Frederic William entered the room, and broke out in his usual kingly style:

²⁸) Quarterly Review 1865, vol. 118, p. 235: "The loss of our Wilhelmina, says Mr. Carlyle, overtaking our sympathies as usual by his vehemence."

Empire, had at last been settled on a sure footing, by that busy little Kaiser, some three-hundred-and-fifty years before; a document venerable almost next to the Bible in Friedrich Wilhelm's loyal eyes. "What is this; what are you venturing upon here?" exclaims Paternal Vigilance, in an astonished dangerous tone.

„Was machst du Schurke da mit meinem Sohne?“

„Ihre Majestät, ich explicire dem Prinzen *auream bullam*.“

Der König habe den Stock aufgehoben und gesagt: „Ich will dich Schurke *beauream bullam*,“ — habe ihn weggejagt und das Latein habe aufgehört.

„Rascal, what are you at there?“

„Please your Majesty,“ answered the preceptor,

„I was explaining the Golden Bull to his Royal Highness.“

„I'll Golden Bull you, you rascal!“ roared the Majesty of Prussia. Up went the King's cane; away ran the terrified instructor; and Frederic's classical studies ended for ever.

This juxtaposition proves in some measure, I hope, the correctness of all those details I mentioned above with regard to the style of Carlyle and Macaulay.

Should I now, after having finished what I had to say about the style, deduce therefrom a dijudication, whether Macaulay's manner of writing or that of Carlyle might be thought preferable? Without mentioning that such a question would be, in the main, a very improper one and hardly ever coming to an end, I moreover think it not at all belonging to my task.

There may be, no doubt, many Englishmen that dislike "the bastard English" of Carlyle, and "the barbarian eloquence of his language", that think him writing only "for the desultory readers and thinkers of the day".²⁹⁾ But certainly there

²⁹⁾ Edinburgh Review 1840, vol. 71, p. 412.

are many others among his countrymen who "admire his sharply delineations and vivid representations",³⁰⁾ who are "sincerely attached to their profound Master of Paradoxes",³¹⁾ who entirely agree with the Reviewer's opinion,³²⁾ that a "passionless exposition must not be sought for from Mr. Carlyle. It would be to require of him a self-discipline absolutely contradictory to the laws of his nature. And, more than this, it would take half his worth away! His peculiar charm lies in that hearty resolution not only to lead, but to drive if needful, the reader along with him."

As for Macaulay, his literary reputation has been spread "as widely as the English language has travelled — *super et Garamantas et Indos.*"³³⁾ The "singular felicity of his style" being acknowledged by a great many of his countrymen, and perhaps still more by German and American readers, it would be somewhat ridiculous to depreciate it for its singularities, although one be not in the number of "the worshippers at the Macaulay shrine", who "will not rest satisfied with the ready, nay eager recognition of their idol as the most brilliant and popular essayist and historian of the age. They peremptorily insist on his infallibility. There is to be no appeal from his judgments. As who should say, "I am Sir Oracle."³⁴⁾

Let us here begin the second part of this treatise, namely, to explain in what respects Carlyle may be contrasted with Macaulay, with regard to the contents of their works. Both are chiefly historians, but what Carlyle meant by his "History" of Friedrich II., is far different from the meaning of Macaulay's "History" of England. This one, in the beginning of his work, purposes to recount, to relate, to record the events which happened in his country, to inform his readers in constant and

30) Westminster Review 1859, p. 175.

31) Quarterly Review 1865, vol. 118, p. 225.

32) Ibidem p. 243.

33) Edinburgh Review 1849, vol. 90, p. 249.

34) Quarterly Review 1868, vol. 124, p. 287.

progressive descriptions of all the facts which contributed to England's prosperity, since the beginning of her history. Besides, Macaulay leaves behind the customary method of historical inquiry ³⁵⁾ by "not passing by with neglect even the revolutions which have taken place in dress, furniture, repasts, and public amusements" (History of England, vol. I, p. 3). It may seem highly deplorable that Macaulay, in the second part of his work, evidently has been overpowered by the abundance of events and situations worth mentioning, that he has lost the right point of viewing by approaching too near his object. In the last volumes of the History of England "he was engaged upon an historical painting where each figure was drawn to the size of life.³⁶⁾ He was engaged upon a moving diorama, where nearly a mile of canvas was given to a mile of country. It took about a year of his life to reproduce a year of his History. . . . His work is a most signal instance of the limitation of all human powers."³⁷⁾ Undoubtedly, this passing beyond the limits of the original plan ³⁸⁾ is nowise to be excused, and whatever might be Macaulay's merits for the improvement of historical studies, his greatest work must needs be considered as an imperfect one for his deviating into endless particulars, neglecting all just proportions and the artful symmetry of the whole.

In order to give a somewhat complete account of Macaulay's peculiarities as an historian, and particularly to contrast him distinctly with Carlyle, I lay a stress upon the two circum-

³⁵⁾ H. Gelzer, Monatsblätter 1868, p. 348: „Macaulay war ebenso sehr abgeneigt der sogenannten *histoire de bataille*, die nur auf Schlachtfeldern verweilt, als der vermeintlichen Würde der Geschichte, die sich nie herablässt etwas Anderes als grosse politische Ereignisse zu erzählen.“

³⁶⁾ "A series of historical figures in relief, presented in bright succession, the embossed surfaces of heroic life." Mr. Justice Talfourd in *The public life of Lord Macaulay*, by F. Arnold, p. 268.

³⁷⁾ Arnold, *The public life of Lord Macaulay*, p. 354.

³⁸⁾ In his judgment of the first and second volumes of Macaulay's History the Reviewer (*Edinburgh Review* 1849, vol. 90, p. 255) could well observe that the author "writes like one seated on an eminence, and looking down on a vast landscape".

stances which I shall now speak about, namely, Macaulay's conscientiousness in literary matters, and Macaulay's pursuits in political and national questions.

He who sincerely relates the events of history, not wishing to obtrude his own individual opinion whenever there may be an opportunity, abstains voluntarily from many levers to work at his readers' minds and to convince them of his own persuasion and the excellence of his work. Not to become tiresome at length by recounting facts and nothing but plain facts, it requires that richness of expression, that variety of illustrations and allusions we spoke of above when judging of M.'s style. His very striving for the utmost minuteness, as far as it can be proved by any evidence and testimony written or printed, is engaging the reader's curiosity, and even admiration, in a great degree. Macaulay is reported to have often wandered from shop to shop to find out rare books and similar literary treasures; he often could be seen walking along Leadenhall Street with a bundle of dusty libels or ballads "printed this year" in his hand. Likewise, to know by his own eyes the scenery and locality of historical events, he did not mind any trouble and took up his residence for weeks at Weston Zoyland or at whatever place some important battle had been given, in order to describe exactly the Langmoor Rhine etc. All these particulars thus found out by the most industrious researches, he knew to interweave skilfully with his own thoughts, to bring forth at last "a finished performance of the highest polish". Certainly, from that striving for the accomplishment of style there is often but one step to the aberration from strict truth,³⁹⁾ and many attempts have been made by his adversaries to convict him of want of precision and veracity, but nearly all these charges have proved trifling and even unjust, with respect to

³⁹⁾ Preuss. Jahrbücher 1860, p. 390.

⁴⁰⁾ Quarterly Rev. 1859, vol. 105, p. 303: "The artist may enjoy for the time the triumph of having created masterpieces of composition, but they represent rather what he wishes to be accepted as the truth, than the truth itself."

the whole work and its manifold worth. The tory authors⁴¹⁾ having found out about a dozen of "blunders" in M.'s works, tried to call in question his authenticity altogether, as if the thousands of facts he has related were no more to be depended upon, that dozen of blunders showing sufficiently the author's irreverence to the sanctity of historical truth. But this conclusion is surely partial and immoderate; were there nothing wrong in it, then history never could be written by any human being. Therefore, those blunders set aside,⁴²⁾ we must thankfully acknowledge M.'s exertions to find out the remotest springs of historical events, while meantime we will not overlook his incompetency in treating on subjects he was not entirely master of. Thus he strongly injures the friends of ancient philosophy by observing (*Life of Lord Bacon*, p. 96): "We are forced to say with Bacon that this celebrated philosophy ended in nothing but dispositions, that it was neither a vineyard nor an olive-ground, but an intricate wood of briars and thistles, from which those who lost themselves in it brought back many scratches and no food." Further, M. discovers himself unacquainted with philological science by quoting Plutarch as a proper warranter for the opinion (*ibid.* p. 105), that from the time of Plato "the science of mechanics was considered as unworthy of the

41) Even F. Arnold, who confesses in the Preface (p. VI) of his *The public life of Lord Macaulay*, to have "written under a strong feeling of admiration and gratitude towards Lord Macaulay", enumerates (p. 359) several portraiture which "seem to him to be quite untenable". Likewise, even the *Edinburgh Review*, which always stood for him, owned frankly (1849, vol. 90, p. 261) that "some of his facts may be questioned, some authorities doubted, some deductions controverted or challenged". P. 291: "His talent for description sometimes gets the better of him: and although he neither invents nor imagines incidents, it now and then happens that he loads a fact with more inferences and accessories than it can easily sustain."

42) *Edinburgh Rev.* 1849, vol. 105, p. 283: "We shall leave such minute and Lilliputian criticisms to the minute and Lilliputian minds by whom alone they are ever made. Mr. Macaulay can afford to smile at all reviewers who affect to possess more than his own gigantic stores of information."

attention of a philosopher". Moreover, his annihilating invective against "the philosophy of thorns and words" (ibid. p. 119) which never made the world better though its authors "had been declaiming eight hundred years" (ibid. p. 115), shows openly M.'s antipathy against genuine philosophy, particularly against metaphysics, and his complete ignorance of the immortal works of Kant and his school.

With respect to literary history, Macaulay likewise often judges as not being the match for this delicate Muse. Bacon surely was a man of letters, but they who become acquainted with his personality only by M.'s *Life of Lord Bacon*, will think him to have been a clever statesman and an able lawyer, but they never will divine him to have smoothed the way to modern philosophy and to have recommended his inductive method by truly scientific arguments. In the *Life of Oliver Goldsmith* that same observation might be made in a still higher degree. Macaulay chiefly, I think, marks out in that biography the matters of fact in a dispassionate and almost historical style, while scarcely touching in a few lines the delightful combination of simplicity and pathos in which Goldsmith excels as well as in his great knowledge of human nature. I was really in doubt, after having perused Macaulay's essay on Goldsmith, whether that author had ever read Oliver's works, since he could disregard their proper merits and give to his readers nothing but a collection of facts which only concern the exterior events of his hero's life. To be sure, that taste for actual life and history becharmed M.'s mind and made him in a certain measure insensible of hearty and innocent pleasures, as they spring from nature, and pure love, and other sources of cordial feelings. In all his works I could not find a single description which sprung mainly from emotions of this kind. Whenever his thoughts take an extraordinary elevation, as e. g. in the most brilliant picture of Indian life, in the trial of Lord Hastings (p. 314 a. f.), it is not a heartfelt affection, but the reflective fancy of our author which seems exalted to utmost sensibility.

Even in descriptions of military events he sometimes shows

a want of those qualities which are required for that subject. In the relation of the battle of Plassey⁴³⁾ by which the fate of India was to be decided, and in which an Indian army twenty times as numerous as the English were completely routed, we might well expect a more detailed and reasoning account of that most interesting fact, than the few and shallow observations which Macaulay has made about it. Also, that fatal resolution of Lord Clive to remain at the head of the Indian government without being assigned to that place is, as I take it, most superficially related, and the very final expression "He consented" (p. 55) seems altogether mistaken, with regard to the intercourse between military persons and their superiors. But, surely, such offensive passages are not at all frequent in M.'s works, because he has been, on the one hand, too competent to his task⁴⁴⁾, and on the other hand too considerate an author, not to care about mistakes and blunders.

Before treating of M.'s pursuits in political and national questions which gave to his works a most peculiar character, I shall try to show step by step how distinctly Carlyle may be contrasted with Macaulay, with respect to the notions just mentioned.

The aim of Carlyle, at the beginning of his great historical work, was not only to relate facts,⁴⁵⁾ but rather "to make manifest . . . how this man (Friedrich II.), officially a king withal, comported himself in the Eighteenth Century, and managed not to be a Liar and Charlatan as his Century was, deserves to be seen a little by men and kings, and may silently have didactic meanings in it" (Hist. of Fried. II., vol. I, p. 21). Well, these "didactic meanings" are a remarkable touch of Carlyle's literary character. Besides his opposing the true protestant

43) Lord Clive, edit. Jäger, p. 46 a. f.

44) F. Arnold, p. 357: "Lord Macaulay's knowledge of facts was so extraordinary and so minute, that in any such controversy the chances decidedly are, that he is correct and his opponents in the wrong."

45) In his *Life of Schiller* (p. 139), Carlyle has made honourable mention, that "In his (Schiller's) view, the business of history is not merely to record, but to interpret" etc.

Kingdom of Prussia to the romance "Sham-Kingship" as he has drawn it in his French Revolution, it seems to be the author's intention, to show to his contemporaries the ideal of a man and a king, as if he (Carlyle) were not contented by the present state of things and as if he wished them to be in future time what they once had been. The same idea most likely was the cause to his work *On Heroes, Hero-worship and the Heroic in History*. "We cannot look, however imperfectly, upon a great man, without gaining something by him . . . How happy, could I but, in any measure, in such times as these, make manifest to you the meanings of Heroism" (*On Heroes*, Chapman edition, p. 2). This endeavour of Carlyle which sprung forth from his strong sense of what was right and lofty in human actions, of what has been a Reality, to use his favourite expression, in a world of Formulas, made him utter his moral indignation in an anthology of synonyms. He declaimed against formulism and falsehood, speciosities and unrealities, futility and ineffectuality, inanity and nonentity; he made the XVIIIth Century confess⁴⁶): "I am a swindler-century, . . . knowing hardly any trade but that in false bills, which I thought foolishly might last forever, and still bring at least beef and pudding to the favoured of mankind. But behold, it ends, and I am a detected swindler, and I have nothing even to eat. What remains but that I blow my brains out, and do at length one true action." This little sample of writing history proves sufficiently I think Carlyle's manner to be far different from that pragmatistical method of Macaulay. No wonder, that there have been many among his countrymen who felt disgusted by that strange mode of reasoning,⁴⁷) who earnestly deprecated his example, and who firmly protested against that species of historical inquiry. And not without good reasons. For what I tried to show above when speaking of Carlyle's style, that it wanted polishing and

⁴⁶) *Hist. of Friedrich II.*, vol. I, p. 13.

⁴⁷) *Quarterly Review* 1859, vol. 105, p. 277: "The perpetual exclamation against shows and unrealities is sure to end in being the most monstrous show and unreality of the whole."

refining, being almost a checkered chaos of propositions and sentences, that same observation might be made in some measure about the contents of his works. They never recommend themselves by a certain accomplishment of the whole, the parts of which were equally elaborated and in relative harmony to each other; everywhere the reader may meet with sketchy passages which displease by their want of proportion. The History of Friedrich II. has therefore been called "an edifice the scaffolding of which still remains standing round; heaps of materials, in various stages of preparation for use in the structure, lie confusedly in all directions; and the wanderer through some of its dark and unfinished passages is always in risk of stumbling over a basket of the workman's tools." ⁴⁸⁾ Inferring probably from his own works Carlyle therefore, in the works of other historians, greatly misses an index, and his very perseverance in complaining of this want might appear characteristic. ⁴⁹⁾

While Macaulay in his History plainly has related the facts and now and then cited his authors, without adding his own critical opinion, Carlyle mostly accompanies the passages which he cites literally, with continual remarks of his own, so that the former often appear completely suppressed, and even changed in their original meaning. As much as I consent to the Reviewer's scoff ⁵⁰⁾ at these "running comments", I might have censured that hyperphilosophical way of historical inquiry, which sometimes assumes hypotheses the conclusion of which never could be given by the very wisest men of all times. "If" Louis the sixteenth had behaved else in that fatal night at

⁴⁸⁾ Quarterly Rev. 1859, vol. 105, p. 301 and p. 303: "In these respects his (Carlyle's) workmanship stands in remarkable contrast to that of another eminent living historian, Lord Macaulay."

⁴⁹⁾ His Prussian authors are "books born mostly of Chaos, which want all things, even an Index" (Friedrich II., vol. I, p. 15), "not even an Index" (ibid. p. 16), "fatally destitute even of the Indexes" (p. 17), "without so much as an Index" (p. 24), "not so much as an Index granted you" (vol. II, p. 107), „without vestige of Index" (vol. III, p. 285), "these indexless books" (IV, p. 90), "fatally wants all index etc. as usual" (VI, p. 12), "without even an Index to help you" (VII, p. 207) a. s. f.

⁵⁰⁾ Quart. Rev. 1859, vol. 105, p. 302.

Varenes, there would have been "the whole course of French history different" (French Revolution, vol. II, p. 229). "Had Luther in that moment (at the Diet of Worms) done other, it had all been otherwise!" (On Heroes, p. 124).

One might expect, that an author who thus has disdained the pragmatism of historiography, would be the more prolific of interesting narratives about the state of morals, the development of arts and sciences, of trade and industry. But in no wise this supposition is ascertained, if not by some dozens of anecdotes as "Royal fustigation of idle apple-women", endless "double-marriage projects" etc., which all give far "too much of a family story"⁵¹⁾ as to leave room enough for a complete history of Frederic II. and the Hohenzollerns. The terms in which the want of those "revolutions in dress, furniture, repast etc." has been noticed by the Quarterly Review (1865, vol. 118, p. 251), are highly characteristic to contrast Carlyle with Macaulay; they seem to be written under the direct influence of Macaulay's History, because they just mind that foible of the former, for the want of which the latter is renowned among his countrymen. Namely, the Reviewer expected Carlyle to trace "the growth of Berlin from insignificance to splendour on its Sahara-like site — of Silesia from a dismal region of feudal decay and obstruction to one of the wealthiest provinces, both in agricultural and commercial prosperity which Europe has to show. Unfortunately, we must say it, Mr. Carlyle leaves us entirely without help on these and similar questions. Whether he is really so gluttonous an amateur of military details as to think that every forgotten skirmish in the Bohemian mountains requires to be embalmed in long pages, while the various stages of social progress and civil administration are below the notice of the historian of a hero?"

But those "military details" are undoubtedly the most finished parts of Carlyle's historical works. He who has read his Bombardment of Neisse (History of Friedrich II., vol. VI, p. 237 a. f.), his masterly descriptions of the capture of Glogau

⁵¹⁾ Westminster Rev. 1859, p. 175 and 177.

(ibid. p. 295 a. f.) and the Siege of Brieg (ibid. p. 378 a. f.), his Bouillé at Nanci (French Revol. II, p. 115 a. f.), will be reconciled in some measure with the weak side of Carlyle's historiography.

Perhaps it was his own method of writing history which he commends in his Life of Schiller (p. 130) as "undoubtedly the most philosophical", namely, "this method of combining the details of events, of proceeding as it were, per saltum, from eminence to eminence, and thence surveying the surrounding scene". Though it might be difficult to show in Carlyle's works a regular and systematical adhering to this plan, nevertheless it mostly prevented him from that boundlessness which I noticed above as a capital fault of M.'s History of England.

Both our historians have that in common, that with their own eyes they saw a great number of the places the description of which they have given in their Histories. Carlyle has not only "devoted much toil and travel to the patient inspection of field after field of the great war",⁵²⁾ but even for his biographical and critical works, as e. g. for his Life of Schiller, he made careful studies of the original materials, and to this day, in that famous library at Weimar, one may hear his name as of one of its old frequenters. Likewise, he thoroughly examined all sorts of books which had the slightest relation to the heroes whose lives he was about to compose, and I should think it an interesting research to show, in its full extent, the nature of his Dryasdust. For this "imaginary personage who comes on like the pantaloon in the pantomime, to be thwacked and rendered ridiculous as the representative of old fashioned history",⁵³⁾ has been too often called up not to excite our utmost curiosity. In order to keep a proper bulk to my treatise, I only remark that the Prussian historians collectively⁵⁴⁾ have been

⁵²⁾ Quart. Rev. 1865, vol. 118, p. 229.

⁵³⁾ Quart. Rev. 1859, vol. 105, p. 278.

⁵⁴⁾ In fact, those Prussian authors often are such "which gods and men, unless driven by necessity, have learned to avoid" (Carlyle, Hist. of Fried. II., vol. I, p. 237). Read but one page in „*Samuelis de Puffendorf, de rebus gestis Friderici Wilhelmi Magni electoris Brandenburgici, Commentariorum libri novemdecim*“ (there are 1634 pages folio in that book) and

often derided by that surname, as e. g. History of Friedrich II., vol. I, p. 16: "The Prussian Dryasdust, otherwise an honest fellow, and not afraid of labour, excels all other Dryasdusts yet known" etc. Ibid. p. 26: "The gelehrte Dummkopf (what we here may translate Dryasdust)". Ibid. p. 98, p. 231: "The German Dryasdust is a dull dog" etc., p. 238; vol. II, p. 70, 107; vol. IV, p. 115, 147; vol. VI, p. 207 etc. Elsewhere Carlyle has particularized his Dryasdusts by calling so Voigt (ibid. vol. I, p. 135, 136), Pauli (ibid. p. 237), The Authors of the „Helden-Geschichte“ (vol. VI, p. 295, cf. p. 115, and III, 285). But also English authors can be Dryasdusts (vol. II, p. 145), and to prove that Carlyle was just enough to acknowledge real merits even in Prussian historians, may be perceived from the following passage: "Ingenious Herr Professor Ranke, — whose History of Friedrich consists mainly of such matter excellently done, and offers mankind a wondrously distilled "Astral-Spirit" or ghost-like facsimile (elegant gray ghost, with stars dim-twinkling through) of Friedrich's and other people's Diplomatisings in this World — will satisfy the strongest diplomatic appetite; and to him we refer such as are given that way" (Hist. of Fried. II., vol. VII, p. 342).

Contrasting now Carlyle's minuteness and accuracy in particulars with the relative exactness of Macaulay, this one, as might have been concluded from their literary character in general, by far outdoes the former. Should even Carlyle's words "The Ideal of History is very high — we must renounce Ideals"⁵⁵) be throughout right, nevertheless many of his errors can nowise be justified. Who has ever seen men nine feet high?⁵⁶)

you will "keep remote from it" as Carlyle did with most of them. He who never has perused a catalogue raisonné of Prussian History, as e. g. that in the Royal Library at Berlin, or in the Ritter Academie at Brandenburg, would scarcely form a just notion of the prodigious number of volumes which treat of that object.

⁵⁵) History of Friedrich II., vol. I, p. 24.

⁵⁶) Ibid. vol. III, p. 5: "The shortest man of them rises, I think, towards seven feet, some are nearly nine feet high." Macaulay, Frederic the Great, p. 4: "men above the ordinary stature". Probably the longest was "one Irishman, more than seven feet high".

Who told Carlyle, that Ottmachau was from Neisse "twelve miles off"? 57) That desolate sand-hill near Brandenburg, "in our time Marienberg", why has he called it "a pleasant Hill, with its gardens, vines and whitened cottages", 58) since there is nothing of the like to be perceived round-about? His lively description of the "Mountainwall of the Argonne" has been enough derided by his countrymen; 59) his Schiller's Laura has been in fact the widow of Captain Vischer, some thirty years old, fond of snuff etc., and not "a living fair one whom he (Schiller) — loved in the secrecy of his heart". 60) His antediluvian judgment about "The Czaar of all the Russias" ... who "cannot yet speak", 61) his hard accusation of the "indolence of Intellect" in Austria, 62) his opinion, that "literature attracts nearly all the powerful thought that circulates in Germany", 63) these and many other sentences could well determine severe critics, and still more those who, from other causes, had already taken a dislike to him, to judge that Carlyle "in plain truth, has no title whatever" to be called an historian. 64)

On the other hand, the merits of Carlyle about literary history and philosophy, and his qualification for these branches of science, will advantageously exhibit themselves with what we observed above of Macaulay. Carlyle's lecture about The Hero as Man of Letters (On Heroes, p. 145 a. f.), his Life of Schiller, his enthusiasm for Shakespeare (On Heroes, p. 105), and the great number of dispersed notices concerning literary history

57) Ibid. vol. VI, p. 239. Half of that number would mark the right distance.

58) History of Friedrich II., vol. I, p. 99.

59) Edinburgh Review 1840, vol. 71, p. 437: "Alas! that picturesque history should be brought to the vulgar tests of geography and meteorology! The "mountains" and "torrents" of the Argonne (III, p. 63) are altogether as fabulous as the Noachian deluge with which he has vexed the invaders."

60) The Life of Schiller, p. 73.

61) On Heroes, p. 106.

62) History of Friedrich II., vol. I, p. 312.

63) The Life of Schiller, p. 71.

64) Edinburgh Review 1840, vol. 71, p. 415.

and philosophy, which may be found everywhere in his works, prove sufficiently his warm interest as well as his sound knowledge and refined taste for literary productions of that kind. Whoever has judiciously perused his Schiller and his Carlyle, cannot but acknowledge a certain congeniality that inspired them both with ardent attachment to works of thought, that made them both confess "The treasures of Literature are thus celestial, imperishable, beyond all price: with her is the shrine of our best hopes, the palladium of pure manhood; to be among the guardians and servants of this in the noblest function that can be intrusted to a mortal."⁶⁵) Truly, Carlyle with his "poor Account", as he has called his Life of Schiller (p. 311), has given to the German nation a present of great value which, in the whole of its conception, bears the stamp of a most hearty sympathy. For that masterly investigation of Schiller's noble mind⁶⁶) it wanted just as warm feelings as for the faithful descriptions of nature's most intimate life which Carlyle has given us now and then. He who knows to paint a summer-evening as perfectly as Carlyle has done it in his French Revolution (vol. II, p. 220), he who could draw such excellent characteristics as that of the Arabs (On Heroes, p. 44), of the Book of Job (ibid. p. 45), of Time (ibid. p. 8), has no doubt a just title to the utmost affection of his readers.

Turning our attention again to Macaulay and particularly to his public life, we observe that he began early to excel in the republic of letters. His fame spread over all England by his first speech at Freemasons' Hall against the slave-trade. He then was a youth of twenty-four, and Mr. Wilberforce, the nearest friend to his father, after having heard his "display of eloquence", observed "justly and rightly, that he would willingly bear . . . age and ten times more for the gratification he had this day enjoyed, in hearing one so dear to him plead such a cause in such a manner".⁶⁷) In the further life of Macaulay

⁶⁵) The Life of Schiller, p. 260.

⁶⁶) I might hint here especially at p. 74 of The Life of Schiller.

⁶⁷) Edinburgh Review 1824, vol. 41, p. 226.

one success followed the other.⁶⁸⁾ From his article on Milton (August 1825) and his Maiden Speech in the House of Commons (April 5th 1830) down to his last speech in that same House⁶⁹⁾ Macaulay never⁷⁰⁾ changed the tenor of his political creed; nay, there is even to be perceived a distinct uniformity in his very expressions of that creed. All his speeches abound in matters

⁶⁸⁾ Arnold, p. 318: "Parliament meant a great deal to him; office, power, a very large income, for an indefinite series of years... The University of Glasgow elected him Lord Rector. This is a very unique and remarkable distinction." P. 319: "Crowds admiringly (March 1849 in Glasgow) followed him wherever he went, to catch a glimpse of his face, even to see his handwriting.... It was resolved to present Mr. Macaulay with the freedom of the City." P. 325: "All over the country the news of his election (Juli 1852 in Edinburgh) was received with a burst of joy. Men congratulated each other as if some dear friend or relation of their own had received so signal an honour."

⁶⁹⁾ F. Arnold, p. 334, has given a part of it verbatim; see also p. 64 and 96.

⁷⁰⁾ Perhaps I said better "only once", with respect to his letter dated "October 1st 1839 from Windsor Castle", for which "impudence" The Times surnamed him Mr. Babbletongue Macaulay (Arnold, p. 255). — But I think proper to cite here some of Mr. Moultrie's verses (Arnold, p. 37) in which he has given us a portrait of his friend Macaulay:

. . . . Little graced,
With aught of manly beauty — short, obese,
Rough featured, coarse complexion, with lank hair
And small gray eyes . . . his voice abrupt,
Unmusical

. . . . to him
There was no pain like silence, no constraint
So dull as unanimity: he breathed
An atmosphere of argument

. . . . Meanwhile
His heart was poor and simple as a child's,
Unbreathed on by the world — in friendship warm,
Confiding, generous, constant; and though now
He ranks among the great ones of the earth,
And hath achieved such glory as will last
To future generations, he, I think,
Would soup on oysters with as right good will
In this poor house of mine as e'er he did
Some twenty years ago

of fact, which he presents in a most showy and comprehensible description. Much logic and no idle talk, that seems to be the principal object of his parliamentary pursuits. It is but in one regard that, in my opinion, he has gone perhaps beyond bounds. He has been too much of a Whig and too much of an Englishman. That same "party-spirit" which poisoned "every source of information as to our early history" (History of England, vol. I, p. 25), may well be marked throughout the whole of Macaulay's public and literary life. I would not dare to blame him for having, in a masterly way, illustrated the old maxim, that honesty is the best policy, by the example of the British policy in India; nor would I reproach him for looking "with pride on all that the Whigs have done for the cause of human freedom and of human happiness", as he exclaimed in one of his addresses to his Edinburgh electors (Arnold, p. 249); I even would praise him, that he might have meant to lose fortune, and friends, and whatever was dear to him, as soon as his honest name would have required a sacrifice of this kind, but nevertheless the great commoner would have better exhibited his opposition in other terms as e. g. "Bacon received the honour, if it is to be so called, of knighthood . . ." (Lord Bacon, p. 45), "Posterity . . . has obstinately refused to degrade Francis Bacon into Viscount St. Albans" (ibid. p. 68). From his History of England there could be cited more specimens of that "vehement hatred of oppression, that so frequently warped his judgment",⁷¹⁾ but, what is more interesting to us, because it directly shows Macaulay's contrast with Carlyle, his "English views" made him look upon men and events of other countries with eyes which often were dazzled by the state of things at home.⁷²⁾ Before

⁷¹⁾ Quarterly Rev. 1868, vol. 124, p. 288.

⁷²⁾ J. J. Rousseau, *Emile, Livre I*: „*Tout patriote est dur aux étrangers.*“ Preuss. Jahrb. 1860, p. 386: „Als Engländer und für Engländer, vom nationalen Standpunkte stellte er die Geschichte seines Vaterlandes dar . . . seine Darstellung Friedrich's des Grossen ist, abgesehen von ihrer journalistischen Flüchtigkeit, mit der Prätension ihrer trivial-moralischen und dabei stockenglischen Pointen ein rechtes Seitenstück zu den Blößen, die sich Englands Staatsmänner so oft bis auf den heutigen Tag in der Praxis ihrer auswärtigen Politik . . . geben.“

treating, from this point of view, of his Essay on Frederic the Great, let us cast a glance on Carlyle and his prepossession in favour of the German nation. When yet being a university man at Edinburgh, he filled up his leisure hours with reading and studying German authors. His Life of Friedrich Schiller which appeared 1823 in the London Magazine made him known far and wide as a profound connoisseur of German literature. He continued these studies by publishing his German Romances (1827, in four volumes), by delivering public lectures on German literature, and by translating some of its master-pieces. In his own works he often had an opportunity to hint at German authors: in his French Revolution (vol. II, p. 120) he compared Nancy to "that doomed Hall of the Nibelungen"; Queen Antoinette, when needing new clothes, was to him "Queen Chrimhilde with her sixty semstresses, in that iron Nibelungen Song" (p. 200). "The giant Jean Paul" (On Heroes, p. 8, 128), "the devout Novalis" (p. 10, 100), Goethe, "by far the notablest of all Literary Men, for the last hundred years" (p. 146, 18, 97, 151, 173), Fichte "the German philosopher" (p. 145), A. W. Schlegel, Grimm, and many other German authors,⁷³⁾ all now and then have been laid under contribution in Carlyle's works. Notwithstanding his translations from the German sometimes appear almost scholarlike,⁷⁴⁾ he understood already in his younger years German well enough as to be able to write a correct German letter.⁷⁵⁾ His eager affection and sympathy with the interests of our nation has not diminished with the years; I only mention his letter to The Times (January 1871, as far

⁷³⁾ Edinburgh Rev. 1840, vol. 71, p. 412: "...the endless scraps of Schiller, and Goethe, and Richter which are interwoven (without the trouble of anything deserving the name of a translation) in his composition..."

⁷⁴⁾ „Das Jahrhundert Ist meinem Ideal nicht reif“ (Marquis Posa in Schiller's Don Carlos): "The century Admits not my ideas." „Dass Menschen nur, nicht Wesen höh'rer Art, Die Weltgeschichte schreiben“ (Ibid.): "That mere men, Not beings of a calmer essence, write The annals of the world."

⁷⁵⁾ See his letter to Goethe, in the Appendix II. to The Life of Schiller, p. 321 a. f.

as I remember), in which he clears the title of Germany to Alsace and Lorraine by historical arguments, severely criticising the French nation as the representatives of untruth and falsehood, and praising Prince Bismarck as a statesman of consummate prudence and energy. That he could live to see the union and greatness of Germany, says he at the end of that letter, has been the most hopeful and happy event of his long life.

Nevertheless, Carlyle is not at all a one-sided admirer of all that is German: he knows well to discern "their downright-ness and simplicity, that sincerity of heart and mind, for which the Germans are remarked; their enthusiasm, their patient, long-continuing, earnest devotedness; their imagination . . . intellect . . ." etc. (*Life of Schiller*, p. 256) from the unfavourable sides of the German character, as e. g.: "their proneness to amplify and systematise, to admire with success, and to find, in whatever calls forth their applause, an epitome of a thousand excellencies, which no one else can discover in it" (*ibid.* p. 63) and "the endless jargon that encumbers their critical writings" (*ibid.* p. 70). He calls the Germans "men . . . to whom a certain degree of darkness appears a native element" (p. 149); he judges of Kant's philosophy that "its end and aim seem not to be to make abstruse things simple, but to make simple things abstruse" (p. 153). Also, it would be unjust not to ascribe to Carlyle, besides his affection for Germany, a warm love to his own country. He even has put in question Schiller's opinion that "the patriotic interest (in writing history) is chiefly of importance for unripe nations, for the youth of the world" (p. 140); as to his own part, Carlyle thought a certain patriotism indispensable for being a good historian (p. 141).

I mean to be now on the right point of view to contrast Macaulay's *Essay on Frederic the Great* with Carlyle's *History of Friedrich II.* But alas! though I am well aware this final part of my treatise to be the chief point of the whole, since both authors naturally may be supposed to differ most when writing about the very same object, yet I feel uneasy, considering the wide extent of this question and the narrow compass of my composition. To show in a somewhat scientific

manner the nature of the English Essay which induced Macaulay to make up in four pages the history of Frederic's ancestors, upon which Carlyle spent nearly two volumes; further, to show, with constant appeal to the best sources, in what respects neither Macaulay's description of Frederic's father nor that of Carlyle gives us a throughout true portrait of the famous "Husband" and "Drill-sergeant of the Prussian nation"; then, to enumerate, pace for pace, the long catalogue of differences in the accounts of both authors about Frederic himself, his character, his deeds, his friends, his enemies etc. etc., and never to lose sight of the Prussian Dryasdust and the critical examination of his manifold species — all this, I think (and I experienced too, by collecting the materials for it), is a treatise for itself, and a very bulky one.

Therefore I would finish here this present composition, hoping to have explained in some degree the matter in question, and to have added, for my part, some new ideas which might be serviceable to an accurate estimation of those two illustrious authors.

