

THE FRIENDSHIP OF THOMAS CARLYLE AND RALPH WALDO EMERSON

by

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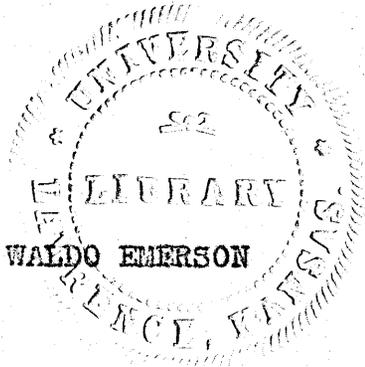
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To the one who has
encouraged me through-
out my entire school
life

MY MOTHER

this thesis is lovingly
dedicated.

PREFATORY NOTE

One of the most enjoyable experiences connected with the preparation of this manuscript is offered in my opportunity to acknowledge assistance given to me. To members of the English Department in general, and to two members in particular, am I gratefully indebted. To Dr. W. S. Johnson, for the suggestion of the subject and continued assistance upon it, and to Dr. J. H. Nelson, for his indefatigable and invaluable aid in the actual arrangement and composition of the thesis, do I especially acknowledge this indebtedness. Much credit, moreover, is due the staff members of Watson Library, and I especially appreciate the cooperation and help received from Miss Ida Day. To all who have in any way promoted my interest in the investigation of the friendship of Thomas Carlyle and Ralph Waldo Emerson, and to the above named persons in particular, I offer my sincerest thanks.

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Chapter I

INTRODUCTION

The literary world has seen fit to evidence a continuous interest in two master minds of the nineteenth century - men who were leaders, thinkers, social critics, notable men of letters: Thomas Carlyle and Ralph Waldo Emerson. The force of their personalities, perhaps even more than the original genius of their written and printed convictions, was felt in their day. While it is no longer possible for one to exchange conversation with, and to know personally, these two characters, it is significant that the twentieth century remains interested in them as men, not philosophers, teachers, prophets, or poets.

There exists a small library of collected volumes on the works, influence, prophetic power, and directive force of both Carlyle and Emerson. No one, however, has made a thoroughgoing investigation of the long and significant friendship of the two: no one has told in clear-cut fashion the story of this memorable friendship. The purpose of this paper is to give, in so far as possible, the complete account of the personal relationship which existed between the "Sage of Chelsea" and the "Seer of Concord." The account will be carried forward in chronological order, excepting necessary digressions. Whenever possible, the original words of these two men, as they

conversed with each other, or expressed themselves through their correspondence, will be given.

The material available to enable one to write such an account is at hand. In the main, it consists of the two volume collection of their correspondence; namely, The Correspondence of Thomas Carlyle and Ralph Waldo Emerson - 1834-72.¹ Other valuable material which helps to round out the story is contained in biographies and numerous diaries and letters. Those letters written by Carlyle and Emerson to friends and relatives are of primary importance. The most significant familiar writings of these two men are the ten volumes of the Journals of Ralph Waldo Emerson,² New Letters of Thomas Carlyle,³ and Letters of Thomas Carlyle to John Stuart Mill, John Sterling, and Robert Browning.⁴

As previously stated, by far the most important source for information on this, "one of the most beau-

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- ¹ The Correspondence of Thomas Carlyle and Ralph Waldo Emerson - 1834-72. Edited by Charles Eliot Norton. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin and Company, 1883-84. 2 vols.
 - ² Journals of Ralph Waldo Emerson. Edited by Edward Waldo Emerson and Waldo Emerson Forbes. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin, 1909. 10 vols.
 - ³ New Letters of Thomas Carlyle. Edited by Alexander Carlyle. London and New York: John Lane, 1904. 2 vols.
 - ⁴ Letters of Thomas Carlyle to John Stuart Mill, John Sterling, and Robert Browning. Edited by Alexander Carlyle. London: T. Fisher Unwin, 1923.

tiful of all literary friendships,"¹ is their correspondence. This correspondence is ably and sympathetically edited by a scholar and a mutual friend of the correspondents, Charles Eliot Norton. Certainly a word about this man who gave faithful service to the memory of his two friends is not amiss here. As an editor, he has proved worthy of his trust. An English journal, commenting on the excellent manner in which he has performed his duties, placed the correct stamp of him by stating that he, "is admirably unobtrusive, yet always at hand when wanted."² Fortunately for the friends of Carlyle, there is, in this case, no second Froude to blur or misrepresent the picture.

There are numerous proofs of the esteem in which both these men held Norton. He and Carlyle were intimate friends during his five-year residence in England. One expressed proof of the regard Carlyle had for this friend is found in a letter written by him, then an old man of seventy-eight years, to his brother, Dr. Carlyle.

Chelsea, 10th May, 1873.

Yesterday I took leave of Norton, who came down to have one last walk with me . . . I was really sorry to part with Norton. . . he has been

¹ W. J. Dawson, The Makers of Modern Prose, p. 208.

² The Westminster Review, LXIII (Jan. - April, 1883), p. 452.

through Winter the most pious-minded, cultivated, intelligent, much-suffering man. . . He is off to-day for Oxford; will meet Emerson at Liverpool on Thursday next, whence Westward Ho! by the best Steamer they could fix on.¹

That an equal devotion existed between Norton and Emerson is somewhat evidenced by the fact that Norton accompanied Emerson on his last return trip from England in 1873. On this homeward journey Emerson's birthday marked the passing of his threescore years and ten, and Mr. Charles Eliot Norton saluted him thus on that birthday morning:

To R. W. Emerson
May 25, 1873

Blest of the highest gods are they who die,
Ere youth is fled. For them, their mother Fate
Clasping from happy earth to happier sky,
Frees life, and joy, and love from dread of date.

But thee, revered of men, the gods have blest
With fruitful years. And yet for thee, in sooth,
They have reserved of all their gifts the best, -
And thou, though full of days, shalt die in youth.²

With the editorship of this understanding friend, the reader may be assured of getting the true story of their comradeship, as they revealed themselves in their correspondence.

The friendship of these two men who came face to face only on the three occasions of Emerson's visits to England,³

¹ New Letters of Thomas Carlyle, p. 297.

² Edward Waldo Emerson, Emerson in Concord, p. 259. With this final tribute, Emerson's son closes the memoir of his father.

³ The dates of Emerson's three visits to England are 1833, 1847-8, 1872-3.

spending in all, very few days out of their long lives together, must be judged largely by the letters which are expressions of their thoughts and actions.

This correspondence begins with a letter from Emerson dated Boston, 14 May, 1834, and closes, some thirty-eight years later, with a letter from Carlyle, dated 5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea, 2 April, 1872, and embodies a hundred and ninety-four letters. As a new book of 1883, it was much reviewed in the American and English journals. Such significant descriptions as the following are found:

Two men of rare and beautiful genius converse with each other, and the conversation is a kind of exhibition.¹

It (the correspondence of Carlyle and Emerson) is as intimate a revelation as could be made of two of the most eminent figures of their time, and it leaves them both at once more truly understood and more admirable.²

Edwin Percy Whipple, author of American Literature and Other Papers, has briefly, but aptly, described the general character of this correspondence when he states:

. . . the letters which passed between Emerson and Carlyle from 1834 to 1872 . . . are natural, in the sense of expressing the inmost natures of the correspondents, and are thus thoroughly sincere. But the sincerity of Emerson was that of

¹ The Century, XXVI (June, 1883), p. 265.

² Harpers New Monthly Magazine, LXVI (May, 1883), p. 956.

a sweet, serene, hopeful, tolerant, wholesome, and aspiring nature; the sincerity of Carlyle was that of a nature harsh, unquiet, despondent, intolerant, despairing, and unhealthy. Both of the correspondents were eminently strong men; it was impossible that either could be swayed from his predetermined course by fear or flattery, by social ostracism or social favor, by the apprehension of poverty or the deduction of wealth; but the strength of Emerson was ever calm, while that of Carlyle was oftentimes spasmodic.¹

As is to be expected, occasionally during this long period of their correspondence certain threads of the story of their friendship become dim. One needs then to dip into supplementary sources for material to round out the narrative. The fact remains, however, that a precious friendship, - one which could maintain itself even without an exchange of messages, - did exist for nearly forty years between these two powerful leaders and guiders of nineteenth century thought. The discovery of Carlyle by Emerson, and the story of their first meeting, all preceding the correspondence, but necessary to the complete story, is discussed in the following chapter.

¹ Edwin Percy Whipple, American Literature and Other Papers. p. 234.

Chapter II

EMERSON'S DISCOVERY OF CARLYLE and FIRST VISIT WITH HIM

From 1883, the publication date of the correspondence of Thomas Carlyle and Ralph Waldo Emerson, one needs to turn back half a century to find the first faint sparks of the fire which soon developed into the blaze of a steadfast friendship. During those forty years the fire was never extinguished; sometimes it burned with a glittering flame; again, it was only embers; but never was it ashes.

"When Emerson first began to glimpse the auroral gleam of the as yet unrisen literary genius who was to be his spiritual yoke-fellow during life, we do not know."¹ One does know, however, that Emerson, during the early years of the 1830's was drawing away from the faith of his fathers, was becoming less and less orthodox, and was showing himself to be somewhat of an original thinker. He was disturbed and restless, and it is to be expected that, as a progressive-minded young thinker, he was reading the contemporary literature of Europe. This supposition is confirmed when one reads the journal entry for October 1, 1832. Emerson, now twenty-nine years old, makes this notable entry which probably marks his first recognition of Carlyle.

¹ Denton J. Snider, A Biography of Ralph Waldo Emerson, p. lll.

I am cheered and instructed by this paper on Corn Law Rhymes in the "Edinburgh" by my Germanick new-light writer, whoever he be. He gives us confidence in our principles. He assures the truth-lover everywhere of sympathy. Blessed art that makes books, and so joins me to that stranger by this perfect railroad.¹

This paper, appearing anonymously, was by Carlyle.² It is of interest, perhaps, to note that in the earliest days of the friendship, Emerson courted the affection of Carlyle. With the passing of years, however, the scale dips slightly in the other direction and one finds, in the latter days, that the reverse situation is more nearly true and that Carlyle courts the friendship of Emerson.

The account of Emerson's discovery and early appreciation of Carlyle is so effectively given by Denton J. Snider in his biography of Emerson that it is quoted here at some length.

Thus the forecasting Emerson with a sort of prayerful gratitude hails the new luminary of writ whose name even he does not yet know. The evangel drops suddenly upon him from the unseen Beyond, imparting to him fresh confidence in his principles, which have just been sorely put to the proof. . . . Emerson's withdrawal from his pulpit while the afterstrokes of that trying struggle were still pounding in his bosom, and when he most needed to be 'cheered and instructed' by this strong-worded paper of Carlyle, . . . Emerson, rejected and dejected, having read himself into the unknown writer as well as into the humble hero of that article, rose out of his blue despondency, to himself saying: I must know more of that nameless rescuer of mine who has thus descended into my life just at the Providential moment with his new Gospel.

¹ Journals of Ralph Waldo Emerson, II, p. 575.

² "Corn-Law Rhymes" appeared in the Edinburgh Review, July, 1832.

Accordingly we have to think that Emerson started on the hunt through the British Reviews for other works of his benefactor. Soon he indicates in his Journal that he has dug up back numbers of Fraser's Magazine, and has read Carlyle's notice of Schiller, now more than eighteen months old.¹ Here too we find this fervent apostrophe which shows that he has by this time uncovered the name of his deliverer.²

The significant journal entry above referred to reads:

October 19, 1832. . . If Carlyle knew what an interest I have in his persistent goodness, would it not be worth one effort more, one prayer, one meditation? But will he resist the Deluge of bad example in England? One manifestation of goodness in a noble soul brings him in debt to all the beholders that he shall not betray their love and trust which he has awakened."³

Denton J. Snider has, doubtlessly, carefully followed Emerson's journal entries, for he further continues:

So we have to conceive Emerson at this time occupied for dear life with one supreme fate-coercing task: he must delve for and devour the writings of Thomas Carlyle not yet collected, but scattered at random through various English periodicals. . . We may infer that he had pretty well finished in about six weeks the most if not all of the Essays of Thomas Carlyle up to date, (1832) possibly from the first one printed in 1827 on Richter.⁴

From Emerson's own journal entry, one may see that he is busily at work in Boston, reading Carlyle's articles, and drawing conclusions from them.

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- 1 "Schiller" appeared in Fraser's Magazine, CXI (March, 1831).
 - 2 Denton J. Snider, A Biography of Ralph Waldo Emerson, pp.111.
 - 3 Journals of Ralph Waldo Emerson, II, p. 524.
 - 4 "Jean Paul Friedrich Richter" in Edinburgh Review, June, 1827.
- Denton J. Snider, A Biography of Ralph Waldo Emerson, p. 112.

Unconsciously we are furnishing comic examples, to all spectators, of cobwebbed ethical rules. I go to the Athenaeum and read that 'man is not a clothes-horse,' and come out and meet in Park St. my young friend who, I understand cuts his own clothes, and who little imagines that he points a paragraph for Thomas Carlyle.¹

According to Snider, Emerson appears to have gained somehow the clew of Sartor at least a year before its first publication in Fraser (November, 1833). As is to be expected, he is delighted with the idea, as he had just abandoned his vocation, "that he might not be a clothes-horse, the depository of Time's old garments, especially of the clerical pattern."² Snider further states:

. . . it is certain that Emerson up to the end of 1832 when he starts for Europe, could have found access to some two dozen or more of Carlyle's magazine articles which had been written during the five preceding years, from 1827. Moreover these productions form the most influential and universally readable portion of Carlyle's works. . . But especially did they appeal to Emerson whom they picked up just at this nodal psychological crisis. It may be doubted if Carlyle ever wrote anything afterwards which so decisively took hold of his present disciple.³

Uncertain health, a desire to see the ancient cities and to meet a few men at whose shrine he had worshipped in America, namely Coleridge, De Quincey, Landor, Wordsworth, and chiefly Carlyle, led Emerson to Europe, and

¹ Journals of Ralph Waldo Emerson, II, p. 530.

² Denton J. Snider, A Biography of Ralph Waldo Emerson, p. 113.

³ Ibid.

on Christmas Day, 1832, he sailed out of Boston Bay. He went to Sicily, then to Naples, Rome, and Florence.

During his short stay in France on his way northward, of which there is no mention in English Traits, he made this entry in his journal:

Paris, July 11. (1833)

Thus shall I write memoirs? A man who was no courtier, but loved men, went to Rome, and there lived with boys. He came to France and in Paris lives alone, and in Paris seldom speaks. If he do not see Carlyle in Edin burgh, he may go to America without saying anything in earnest except to Cranch and to Landon.¹

Emerson was then a young disciple, an unknown preacher without a pulpit, and a thinker with no congenial soul with whom he could exchange thoughts. A yearning amounting to an uncontrollable desire held him to one purpose,² that

¹ Journals of Ralph Waldo Emerson, III, p. 159.

Another expression of this longing for experiences as yet unsatisfied is found: "Am I who have hung over their works in my chamber at home not to see those men in the flesh and thank them and interchange some thoughts with them when I am passing their very doors?" Edward Waldo Emerson, Emerson in Concord, p. 45.

² "It is of import to mark that Emerson was now thirty years old and had not yet begun his literary career; in fact, he was just passing out of his apprenticeship. Carlyle was seven years older and more, and had nearly completed one stage of his total authorship; he was beginning to transcend his purely German epoch, and was getting ready to flee from his solitary farm-house to its opposite, densely peopled London." Denton J. Snider, A Biography of Ralph Waldo Emerson, p. 117.

of a visit to Carlyle, the star whose gleam had already helped to light his troubled path.

Turning his steps toward Edinburgh, in August, 1833, he met a man who was to prove through the years one of his most ardent admirers, Alexander Ireland. Ireland, in his Recollections of Emerson, tells of this first meeting with "the young American traveller" whose "name was then utterly unknown in the world of letters." Emerson, then thirty years old had not yet delivered the addresses "which took by surprise the most thoughtful of his countrymen, as well as of cultivated English readers. Neither had he published any of those essays which afterwards stamped him as the most original thinker America has produced."¹

¹ Alexander Ireland, Recollections of Emerson. Old South Leaflets, No. 138, VI, pp. 273.

Ireland makes further interesting comment on his visit with Emerson. "On Sunday, the 18th of August, 1833, I heard him deliver a discourse in the Unitarian Chapel, Young Street, Edinburgh. . . He spoke on many subjects connected with life, society, and literature, and with an affluence of thought and fulness of knowledge which surprised and delighted me. . . A refined and delicate courtesy, a kind of spiritual hospitality, so to speak, - the like of which, or anything approaching to which, I have never encountered, - seemed to be a part of his very nature, and inseparable from his 'daily walk and conversation.'" Ireland's Recollections of Emerson, pp. 273-4.

It may be said, further, that this first visit of Emerson is in striking contrast to the last which he, in company with his daughter Ellen, made in 1873, some forty years afterward.

Alexander Ireland, later (1846-7) so influential in persuading Emerson to lecture in England and Scotland, assisted him in locating the habitation of Carlyle. This story, so frequently reviewed by biographers of Emerson, is here given in Ireland's own words:

There was great and, I remember, almost insuperable difficulty in ascertaining where Mr. Carlyle then lived, and I well remember the pains Mr. Emerson took to get the information. . . 'I will be sure to send you, before sailing, an account of my visit to Carlyle and Wordsworth, if I should be fortunate enough to see them.' Accordingly, in faithful fulfilment of his promise, he wrote me a letter on the 30th of August, 1833, from Liverpool, giving an account of the interviews he had with both of them. . . He found that Carlyle had heard of his purpose to visit him from a friend,¹ and, on his arrival he insisted on dismissing the gig which had been hired to carry him from Dumfries to Craigenputtock, - a distance of sixteen or seventeen miles. It was therefore sent back, to return the next day, in time for him to secure his seat in the evening coach for the south. So he spent nearly twenty-four hours with Carlyle, and his accomplished wife, who were living in perfect solitude among some desolate hills in the parish of Dunscore, - not a person to speak to within seven miles.²

¹ "He (Emerson) had obtained an introduction to him (Carlyle) from John Mill, in London, armed with which he had come off to Scotland. Mill had prepared Carlyle for his possible appearance not very favourably, and perhaps recognized in after years the fallibility of his judgment." James Anthony Froude, Thomas Carlyle. First Forty Years of his Life. II, p. 287.

² Alexander Ireland. Recollections of Emerson, p. 276.

This first meeting of Carlyle and Emerson "unit together, at the beginning of their career, the two men who were to give, each in his own land, the most significant and impressive utterance of spiritual truth in their age. Mutual respect and open sympathy arose in their hearts at first sight, and soon became a loyal and trustful affection, which, endeared by use and wont, proved for almost fifty years one of the best earthly possessions that fell to their lot."¹ The significance of this meeting is described by one of Carlyle's biographers in the following apt comparison: "Never since Macbeth encountered the witches had there been so memorable a meeting on a Scotch moor."²

Several records, by Emerson himself, are available on this memorable meeting.³ One is found in his journal, dated "Carlisle in Cumberland, August 26. (1833)."⁴ Another, and perhaps the most familiar one, is found in English Traits,⁵

¹ The Atlantic Monthly, LI (April, 1883), p. 560.

² Richard Garnett, Life of Thomas Carlyle, p. 62.

³ See chapter VII, p. 3, for a letter from Emerson to Rev. James F. Clarke, giving an account of this first visit.

⁴ Journals of Ralph Waldo Emerson, III, p. 182.

⁵ This account reads more smoothly and is somewhat more detailed. In it we get a picture strikingly different from the one contained in Lectures and Biographical Sketches, the material for which was gathered during Emerson's second visit to Carlyle.

published some twenty-three years after the visit was made. Both of these accounts are essentially the same, for it was Emerson's custom to use his journal entries practically without change in the composition of an essay, or more particularly here, in recalling the details of a visit some quarter of a century earlier.

Emerson's long and detailed description of this first visit to Carlyle, as found in English Traits, is thought to be of sufficient interest to be quoted here entire.

From Edinburgh I went to the Highlands. On my return I came from Glasgow to Dumfries, and being intent on delivering a letter which I had brought from Rome,¹ inquired for Craigenputtock. It was a farm in Nithsdale, in the parish of Dunscore, sixteen miles distant. No public coach passed near it, so I took a private carriage from the inn. I found the house amid desolate heathery hills, where the lonely scholar nourished his mighty heart. Carlyle was a man from his youth, an author who did not need to hide from his readers, and as absolute a man of the world, unknown and exiled on that hill-farm, as if holding on his own terms what is best in

¹ The history of the two letters of introduction which Emerson had with him is as follows:

"John Stuart Mill had given Emerson a letter of introduction to Carlyle, which was presented in person on August 25th." Letters of Thomas Carlyle to John Stuart Mill, John Sterling, and Robert Browning, Footnote, p. 66.

In Froude's Thomas Carlyle, the footnote to this quoted passage of English Traits, II, p. 289, states: "From Gustave d'Richthel. Emerson does not mention the note from Mill. Perhaps their mutual impressions were not dissimilar."

James Elliot Cabot in his Life states that Emerson never delivered the card to Carlyle which had been given by John Stuart Mill. Memoir, I, p. 194.

London. He was tall and gaunt, with a cliff-like brow, self-possessed and holding his extraordinary powers of conversation in easy command; clinging to his northern accent with evident relish; full of lively anecdote and with a streaming humor which floated every thing he looked upon. His talk playfully exalting the familiar objects, put the companion at once into an acquaintance with his Lars and Lemurs, and it was very pleasant to learn what was predestined to be a pretty mythology. Few were the objects and lonely the man; 'not a person to speak to within sixteen miles except the minister of Dunscore;' so that books inevitably made his topics.

He had names of his own for all the matters familiar to his discourse. Blackwood's was the 'sand magazine;' Fraser's nearer approach to possibility of life was the 'mad magazine;' a piece of road near by, that marked some failed enterprise, was the 'grave of the last sixpence.' When too much praise of any genius annoyed him he professed hugely to admire the talent shown by his pig. He had spent much time and contrivance in confining the poor beast to one enclosure in his pen, but pig, by great strokes of judgment, had found out how to let a board down, and had foiled him. For all that he still thought man the most plastic little fellow in the planet, and he liked Nero's death, 'Qualis artifex pereo!' better than most history. He worships a man that will manifest any truth to him. At one time he had inquired and read a good deal about America. Landor's principle was mere rebellion; and that he feared was the American principle. The best thing he knew of that country was that in it a man can have meat for his labor. He had read in Stewart's book that when he inquired in a New York hotel for the Boots, he had been shown across the street and had found Mungo in his own house dining on roast turkey.

We talked of books. Plato he does not read, and he disparaged Socrates; and, when pressed, persisted in making Mirabeau a hero. Gibbon he called the 'splendid bridge from the old world to the new.' His own reading had been multifarious. Tristram Shandy was one of his first books, after Robinson Crusoe,

and Robertson's America an early favorite. Rousseau's Confessions had discovered to him that he was not a dunce; and it was now ten years since he had learned German, by the advice of a man who told him he would find in that language what he wanted.

He took despairing, or satirical views of literature at this moment; recounted the incredible sums paid in one year by the great booksellers for puffing. Hence it comes that no newspaper is trusted now, no books are bought, and the booksellers are on the eve of bankruptcy.

He still returned to English pauperism, the crowded country, the selfish abdication by public men of all that public persons should perform. Government should direct poor men what to do, Poor Irish folk come wandering over these moors. My dame makes it a rule to give to every son of Adam bread to eat, and supplies his wants to the next House. But here are thousands of acres which might give them all meat, and nobody to bid these poor Irish go to the moor and till it. They burned the stacks and so found a way to force the rich people to attend to them.

We went out to walk over long hills, and looked at Criffel, then without his cap, and down into Wordsworth country. There we sat down and talked of the immortality of the soul. It was not Carlyle's fault that we talked on that topic, for he had the natural disinclination of every nimble spirit to bruise itself against walls, and did not like to place himself where no step can be taken. But he was honest and true, and cognizant of the subtle links that bind ages together, and saw how every event affects all the future. 'Christ died on the tree; that built Dunscore kirk yonder; that brought you and me together. Time has only a relative existence.'

He was already turning his eyes towards London with a scholar's appreciation. London is the heart of the world, he said, wonderful only from the mass of human beings. He liked the huge machine. Each keeps its own round. The baker's boy brings muffins to the window at a fixed hour every day, and that is all the Londoner knows or wishes to know on the subject. But it turned out good men. He named certain individuals, especially one man of letters, his friend, the best mind he knew,¹ whom London had well served.²

¹ John Stuart Mill.

² Ralph Waldo Emerson, English Traits, pp. 14-19.

According to Carlyle's story, the Carlyles were sitting alone at dinner on a Sunday afternoon at the end of August when a Dumfries carriage drove to the door, and there stepped out of it - Emerson. The beautiful story is told by Carlyle himself to the most intimate of his correspondents, his mother. Two days after this visit, Carlyle writes of three "little happinesses" which had befallen them, two being of minor importance, and the third described as follows:

Our third happiness was the arrival of a certain young unknown friend, named Emerson, from Boston, in the United States, who turned aside so far from his British, French, and Italian travels to see me here! He had an introduction from Mill and a Frenchman (Baron d'Eichthal's nephew), whom John knew at Rome.¹ Of course we could do no other than welcome him; the rather as he seemed to be one of the most lovable creatures in himself we had ever looked on. He stayed till next day with us, and talked and heard talk to his heart's content, and left us all really sad to part with him. Jane says it is the first journey since Noah's Deluge undertaken to Craigenputtock for such a purpose. In any case we had a cheerful day from it, and ought to be thankful.²

Carlyle writes of this visit in further detail in the following month to his very good friend John Stuart Mill,

¹ See page 15, footnote.

² James Anthony Froude, Thomas Carlyle. The First Forty Years of his Life. II, pp. 290-1.

who had given Emerson, while he was in London, a note of introduction to Carlyle. It is evident from the following reference to Emerson that Carlyle early saw the worth of the man who later was to prove his friendship in manifold ways.

Thomas Carlyle to J. S. Mill, India House.
 Craigenputtock, 10th September, 1833.

Emerson, your Presentee, rolled up hither one still Sunday afternoon while we sat at dinner. A most gentle, recommendable, amiable, whole-hearted man; whom we thank for one of the pleasantest interruptions to our solitude. He staid with us four-and-twenty hours; and was thro' the whole Encyclopedia with us in that time. A good 'Socinian' understanding, the clearest heart; above all, what I loved in the man was his health, his unity with himself; all people and all things seemed to find their quite peaceable adjustment with him, not a proud domineering one, as after doubtful contest, but a spontaneous-looking, peaceable, even humble one.¹

One other record of this first visit is a single sentence, written by Carlyle long years after, when he was preparing his papers for this world, as he prepared himself for the next. Throughout his lifetime, the memory of that visit had remained sweet.

The visit of Emerson from Concord, and our quiet night of clear fine talk, was also very pretty to both of us.²

As one returns to Emerson's accounts of the first visit,

¹ Letters of Thomas Carlyle to John Stuart Mill, John Sterling, and Robert Browning, p. 66.

² Reminiscences of Thomas Carlyle, Edited by James Anthony Froude, p. 245.

it is pleasurable to find him recalling the promise which he had made to young Ireland that he would send him an account of his visits to Carlyle and Wordsworth if he were fortunate enough to see them. He, therefore, sent to Ireland a letter on the 30th of August, 1833, from Liverpool, telling many interesting points about Carlyle.

I found him one of the most simple and frank of men, and became acquainted with him at once. We walked over several miles of hills, and talked upon all the great questions that interest us most. The comfort of meeting a man of genius is that he speaks sincerely; that he feels himself to be so rich that he is above the meanness of pretending to knowledge which he has not, and Carlyle does not pretend to have solved the great problems, but rather to be an observer of their solution as it goes forward in the world. I asked him at what religious development the concluding passage in his piece in the 'Edinburgh Review' upon German literature (say five years ago) and some passages in the piece called 'Characteristics' pointed? He replied that he was not competent to state it even to men of far less power who had got greater insight into religious truth. He is, as you might guess from his papers, the most catholic of philosophers; he forgives and loves everybody, and wishes each to struggle on in his own place and arrive at his own ends. But his respect for eminent men, or rather his scale of eminence, is about the reverse of the popular scale. Scott, Mac-kintosh, Jeffrey, Gibbon - even Bacon - are no heroes of his; stranger yet, he hardly admires Socrates, the glory of the Greek world - but Burns, and Samuel Johnson, and Mirabeau, he said interested him, and I suppose whoever else has given himself with all his heart to a leading instinct, and has not calculated too much. But I cannot think of sketching even his opinions, or repeating his conversations here. I will cheerfully do it when you visit me in America. He talks finely, seems to love the broad Scotch, and I

loved him very much at once. I am afraid he finds his entire solitude tedious, but I could not help congratulating him upon his treasure in his wife, and I hope he will not leave the moors; 'tis so much better for a man of letters to nurse himself in seclusion than to be filed down to the common level by the compliances and imitations of city society.¹

Time seems to have hung heavily on Emerson's hands as he awaited good weather for sailing, for his missions had been fulfilled: his search for health had been fruitful; he had found the friend he came on faith to see, and loved him; and he was now eager to express the thoughts and convictions which were crowding into his mind.

His journal, somewhat neglected while he was busily hurrying from place to place seeing the British country and storing in his memory the remarks of notable men whom he had visited, is again resumed. Two days after Emerson's lengthy letter to Ireland, while yet at Liverpool awaiting a steamer for America, he writes at some length on his impressions of his newly made friends. Carlyle remains to Emerson a teacher - with unforeseen reservations.

I love his (Carlyle's) love of truth. The spot is the preference of such a scrub as Mirabeau to Socrates.²

There is a genuine note of sincerity running through his expression of gratitude over his recent visits; more-

¹ Alexander Ireland, Recollections of Emerson, p. 277.

² Journals of Ralph Waldo Emerson, III, p. 188.

over this note is fortified by the independence of his views. Never an imitator or copyist, he remains true to his convictions.

I thank the Great God who has led me through this European scene. . . He has shown me the men I wished to see, - Landor, Coleridge, Wordsworth; he has thereby comforted and confirmed me in my convictions. Many things I owe to the sight of these men. I shall judge more justly, less timidly, of wise men forevermore. To be sure not one of these is a mind of the first class, but what the intercourse with each of these suggests is true of intercourse with better men, that they never fill the ear - fill the mind - no, it is an idealized portrait which always we draw of them. . . Especially are they all deficient, - in insight into religious truth. They have no idea of that species of moral truth which I call the first philosophy. . . But Carlyle - Carlyle is so amiable that I love him.¹

The tone of this journal entry is carried forcibly into the following one. Emerson is not to be deceived, nor is he to be awed by the greatness of a name. Noticeable, however, is the kindly manner in which he offers his criticism. This characteristic note is found to be a part of his general nature, increasing in magnitude as his opinions increase in importance. He would have himself at fault rather than acknowledge that others have erred. With Carlyle alone he longs for a second visit.

Liverpool, September 2, 1833.

Ah me! Mr. Thomas Carlyle, I would give a gold pound for your wise company this gloomy eve. Ah, we would speed the hour. Ah, I would rise above

¹ Journals of Ralph Waldo Emerson, III, pp. 135-6.

myself - what self-complacent glances casts the soul about in the moment of fine conversation, esteeming itself the author of all the fine things it utters, and the master of the riches the memory produces, and how scornfully looks it back upon the plain person it was yesterday without a thought. It occurs forcibly, yes, somewhat pathetically, that he who visits a man of genius out of admiration for his parts should treat him tenderly. 'T is odds but he will be disappointed. That is not the man of genius's fault. He was honest and human, but the fault of his own ignorance of the units of human excellence. Let him feel that his visit was unwelcome, and that he is indebted to the tolerance and good nature of his idol, and so spare him the abuse of his own re-acting feelings, the back-stroke.¹

In closing the picture of the first episode of this beautiful literary friendship, a word spoken by Carlyle to his friend Richard Monckton Milnes, gives the status in which the friends parted, not to meet again until 1847, by which time the literary reputation of both had become a matter of permanence in history.

That man came to see me. I don't know what brought him, and we kept him one night and then he left us. I saw him go up the hill; I did n't go with him to see him descend. I preferred to watch him mount and vanish like an angel.²

¹ Journals of Ralph Waldo Emerson, III, p. 190.

² Ralph Waldo Emerson, English Traits, (Centenary ed.), V, Notes, p. 319.

Chapter III

CORRESPONDENCE FROM 1834 to 1847

Soon after Emerson's return to the New World,¹ he began his correspondence with Carlyle. In Liverpool, Emerson had instructed Fraser, the London publisher, to send him his magazine, in which Sartor was about to appear in instalments. Not until he had read four instalments of Sartor did he venture upon his first letter to Carlyle. On May 14, 1834, from Boston, Massachusetts, Emerson addresses this initial message to Carlyle, who is no longer solitary in the desolation of Craigenputtock, but who has now become a resident of London. J. M. Sloan, has given an enthusiastic, and without doubt a true, description of this first letter. He is here briefly quoted.

One of the noblest compositions ever written by one genius to a contemporary, by the younger man to a senior, is this opening letter of a correspondence, published in two volumes, than which there is not in all literature a more worthy or more inspiring record of friendship. No arrangement with a view to correspondence had been made. Emerson writes as a stranger introducing himself for the second time.²

It seems advisable to give in more or less careful detail the contents of the first two letters which Carlyle and Emerson exchanged in the belief that they indicate

1 "Emerson sailed from Liverpool, September 4th, (1833) and arrived in New York, October 9th." James Elliot Cabot, Ralph Waldo Emerson, p. 205.

2 The Living Age, CCCIX (May 21, 1921), pp. 486-7.

quite clearly the general trend of the correspondence through the years. The notes struck in these early letters are practically in constant vibration for the forty years of their friendship and correspondence.

With courage gained from his recent visit to Carlyle and his renewed acquaintance with him through the reading of Sartor, Emerson writes to his friend. In this letter he cannot refrain from reaffirming his belief in his teacher. His introduction breathes the spirit of preceding journal entries made at the time when he was discovering his prophet.

Some chance wind of Fame blew your name to me, perhaps two years ago, as the author of papers which I had already distinguished (as indeed it was very easy to do) from the mass of English periodical criticism as by far the most original and profound essays of the day, - the works of a man of Faith as well as Intellect, sportive as well as learned, and who, belonging to the despairing and deriding class of philosophers, was not ashamed to hope and to speak sincerely. Like somebody in Wilhelm Meister, I said: This person has come under obligation to me and to all whom he has enlightened. He knows not how deeply I should grieve at his fall, if, in that exposed England where genius always hears the Devil's whisper, 'All these kingdoms will I give thee,' his virtue also should be an initial growth put off with age. When therefore I found myself in Europe, I went to your house only to say, 'Faint not, - the word you utter is heard, though in the ends of the earth and by humblest men; it works, prevails.' Drawn by strong regard to one of my teachers I went to see his person, and as he might say his environment at Craigenputtock. Yet it was to fulfil my duty, finish my mission, not with much hope of gratifying him, - in the spirit of 'If I love you, what is that to you?' Well, it happened to me that I was delighted with my visit, justified to myself in my respect, and many a time upon the sea in my homeward voyage I remembered with

joy the favored condition of my lonely philosopher, his happiest wedlock, his fortunate temper, his steadfast simplicity, his all means of happiness; - not that I had the remotest hope that he should so far depart from his theories as to expect happiness. On my arrival at home I rehearsed to several attentive ears what I had seen and heard, and they with joy received it.¹

Feeling his way about, perhaps, to find some just criticism of Sartor Resartus, which he was then devouring, he finds expression in these terms:

I am so glad that one living scholar is self-centered, and will be true to himself though none ever were before . . . And 't is good to have a new eye inspect our mouldy social forms, our politics, and schools, and religion.²

The contents of the new book please Emerson mightily, but the style he finds to be a "grotesque Teutonic apocalyptic strain." He ventures boldly upon a criticism of it.

I delight in the contents; the form, which my defective apprehension for a joke makes me not appreciate, I leave to your merry discretion. And yet did ever wise and philanthropic author use so defying a diction? As if society were not sufficiently shy of truth without providing it beforehand with an objection to the form. Can it be that this humor proceeds from a despair of finding a contemporary audience, and so the Prophet feels at liberty to utter his message in droll sounds. Did you not tell me, Mr. Thomas Carlyle, sitting upon one of your broad hills, that it was Jesus Christ built Dunscore Kirk yonder? If you love such sequences, then admit, as you will, that no poet is

¹ The Correspondence of Thomas Carlyle and Ralph Waldo Emerson, I, pp. 11-12.

² Ibid., p. 13.

sent into the world before his time; that all the departed thinkers and actors have paved your way; that (at least when you surrender yourself) nations and ages do guide your pen, yes, and common goose-quills as well as your diamond graver. Believe then that harp and ear are formed by one revolution of the wheel; that men are waiting to hear your epical song; and so be pleased to skip those excursive involved glees, and give us the simple air, without the volley of variations. At least in some of your prefaces you should give us the theory of your rhetoric. I comprehend not why you should lavish in that spend-thrift style of yours celestial truths. Bacon and Plato have something too solid to say than that they can afford to be humorists. You are dispensing that which is rarest, namely, the simplest truths, - truths which lie next to consciousness, and which only the Platos and Goethes perceive. I look for the hour with impatience when the vehicle will be worthy of the spirit, - when the word will be as simple, and so as resistless, as the thought, - and, in short, when your words will be one with things.¹

Always sympathetic, yet never to the point of mere acquiescence, Emerson here declares his ultimatum, his independence in the famous sentence,

And though with all my heart I would stand well with my poet, yet if I offend I shall quickly retreat into my Universal relations, wherefrom I affectionately espy you as a man, myself as another.²

A word on politics, a notice of the forwarding of favorite books, a kind remembrance for Mrs. Carlyle, close the first letter of a memorable correspondence. "Prophet,"

¹ Correspondence, I, pp. 13-15.

² Ibid., p. 15.

"Poet," "Truth-speaker," "perhaps the best Thinker of the Saxon race" are titles gleaned from the pages of this letter. With such esteem, Emerson sealed and sent the letter, and eagerly awaited its reply.

Steamers plying Between the New World and the Old in those early years of the 1800's were not frequent, but on 12 August, 1854, from 5 Great Cheyne Row, Chelsea, London, comes Carlyle's reply. How great must have been Emerson's joy when he opened the letter and found in it a glad return of affection and understanding! Carlyle speaks of his friend's letter as a "voice of affectionate remembrance, coming from beyond the Ocean waters, first decisively announcing for me that a whole New Continent exists, - that I too have part and lot there!"¹

He, likewise, recalls and comments on the visit which Emerson has made to Craigenputtock, for the memory of that meeting was then a fresh experience for them.

Among the figures I can recollect as visiting our Nithsdale hermitage, - all like Apparitions now, bringing with them airs from Heaven or else blasts from the other region, - there is perhaps not one of a more undoubtedly supernal character than yourself: so pure and still, with intents so charitable; and then vanishing too so soon into the azure Inane, as an Apparition should! Never has your Address in my notebook met my eye but with a friendly influence. Judge if I am glad to know

¹ Correspondence, I, p. 13.

that there, in Infinite Space, you still hold by me.¹

Carlyle eagerly receives Emerson's praise and criticism of Sartor Resartus, for he had a deep affection for Teufelsdröckh, one of the youngest and strongest children of his brain. Four years before when he was at work on this book, in the desolate loneliness of Craigenputtock, he doubted its worth, expressing himself as thinking it "goodish, at other times bad." Early recognizing its peculiar character, he declared that "a strange book all men will admit it to be."² Unsuccessful as Carlyle had been in his effort to print it as a book,³ he still cherished an affection for it, and Emerson's praise he received with a glad heart.

You thank me for Teufelsdröckh, how much more ought I to thank you for your hearty, genuine, though extravagant acknowledgment of it! Blessed is the voice that amid dispiritment, stupidity, and contradiction proclaims to us, Euge! Nothing ever was more ungenial than the soil this poor Teufelsdröckhish seed-corn has been thrown on here; none cries, Good speed to it; the sorfiest nettle or homlock seed, one would think, had been more welcome. .

¹ Correspondence, I, p. 18.

² Jane Carlyle, one of Carlyle's severest critics, after reading the manuscript of Sartor, declared as she finished the last page - "It is a work of genius, dear." James Anthony Froude, Thomas Carlyle, First Forty Years of His Life, II, p. 130.

³ Sartor Resartus was printed piece-meal in ten successive numbers in "Fraser's Magazine," starting in November, 1835.

Poor Teufelsdröckh! - Creature of mischance, miscalculation, and thousand-fold obstruction! Here nevertheless he is, and now, as a stitched pamphlet 'for friends,' cannot be burnt or lost before his time.¹

He entreats his "Transoceanic brothers" to read the book earnestly, "for it was earnestly meant and written." Then receiving in all good faith Emerson's criticism of its style, he greets it as "welcome and instructive," defends it - in a measure - and says:

Since I saw you I have been trying, am still trying, other methods, and shall surely get nearer the truth, as I honestly strive for it. Meanwhile, I know no method of much consequence, except that of believing, of being sincere: from Homer and the Bible down to the poorest Burns's Song, I find no other Art that promises to be Perennial.²

"Quitting rhetorics" he tells Emerson of his newly established residence in London in the home that proved through the years to be the workshop of the great "Sage of Chelsea." Still desolate, even among the millions, still poor to the point occasionally of actual necessity, he cries out, "Much as I can speak and hear, I am alone, alone," and again, "so do I . . . stand with the hugest, gloomiest Future before me."³

With a note of greeting and remembrance from Jane Carlyle, a hint of a journey to the "Western Woods," and a word to Emerson that already he is "constantly studying

¹ Correspondence, I, p. 20.

² Ibid., pp. 23-4.

³ Ibid., p. 24.

with my whole might for a Book on the French Revolution," the first letter of Carlyle to Emerson closes.

It would not be advisable, however, to retell, letter by letter, the story of this famous correspondence. Emphasis, as heretofore said, is placed on the initial letter of each in the hope that such procedure will assist the reader in understanding the lines of activity then in progress in Concord and in London.

In Concord, Emerson is adjusting himself to an important niche in the social and civil life of the community, is bringing to his home a new wife,¹ and is entering upon the most productive period of his literary career.²

Carlyle, now removed to London "to seek bread and work," is laboring on the great history³ which is to make permanent his literary supremacy.

It has long been a matter of common knowledge that Emerson, secure from financial worry,⁴ early sought to

1 "Concord, 12 March, 1835. In a few months, please God, at most, I shall have wife, house, and home." Correspondence, I, p. 50.

2 From 1833 to 1847, when Emerson makes his second visit to England, he published the following: Nature, 1836; The Dial, 1840-44; Essays, 1841; Essays, Second Series, 1844; Poems, 1846.

3 The History of the French Revolution.

4 Emerson was left a legacy of \$22,000 from his first wife.

assist his friend. To Carlyle's cries of poverty and desolation, Emerson turned a responsive ear. When Sartor, christened by Emerson as a "noble Philosophical Poem,"¹ finds no man in all England interested in it, Emerson sets about in the New World to spread its popularity. Soon it is found that he has interested such a wide circle of friends that "you may hear the Sartor preached from some of our best pulpits and lecture-rooms."² An American edition prefaced by Emerson finds its way into print through the kind offices of Dr. Le-Baron Russell,³ a young engineer whom Emerson has converted to Carlyle. First, one finds that "five hundred copies of the Sartor are all sold"⁴ and a new American edition called for.

Carlyle, ever grateful to his American friends, but sensitive yet to the ill-success of his work in his native land, praises Emerson for his unflagging interest. By February, 1837, however, even in England " a kind of whisper

¹ Correspondence, I, p. 29.

² Ibid., p. 84.

³ "This first edition of Sartor as an independent volume was published by James Munroe and Company, Boston. Emerson, at Mr. (now Dr.) Russell's request wrote a Preface for the book. He told Dr. Russell that his brother Charles was not pleased with the Preface, thinking it too commonplace, too much like all prefaces." Correspondence, footnote, p. 86.

⁴ Correspondence, I, p. 131.

and whimper" about the Sartor arises, and at length Carlyle, at rest in Annandale, Scotland, where his wife has sent him hither "very sickly and unhappy, out of the London dust," reports to Emerson that an "English Teufelsdröckh" is now ready for him. So grateful is Carlyle of the kindly brotherhood of Emerson that he here bursts forth with one of his most beautiful eulogies on friendship:

Surely no man has such friends as I. We ought to say, May the Heavens give us thankful hearts! For, in truth, there are blessings which do, like sun-gleams in wild weather, make this rough life beautiful with rainbows here and there. Indicating, I suppose that there is a Sun, and general Heart of Goodness, behind all that; - for which, as I say again, let us be thankful evermore.¹

What Emerson and his American friends did in spreading the fame of Sartor, they did in even greater degree for Carlyle's French Revolution, and the Miscellanies. Disheartened, desolate, but plodding through "numberless books," Carlyle writes the French Revolution, saying all the while that it "drags itself along in a way that would fill your benevolent heart with pity."² The cry that runs through the period of its composition, to that sympathetic ear of Emerson, a cry increasing to a grumbling refrain, is "if life is lent me, I shall be done with

¹ Correspondence, I, p. 177.

² Ibid., p. 42.

the business." Never finding any joy in the composition, of "that beggarly Book," "that weary Book!" that "wild, savage, ruleless, very bad Book," he cries across space to Emerson:

. . . wreck and confusion of all kinds go tumbling and falling around me, within me; but to wreck and growth, to confusion and order, to the world at large, I turn a deaf ear; and have life only for this one thing, - which also in general I feel to be one of the pitifulest that ever man went about possessed with. Have compassion for me! It is really very miserable; but it will end. Some months more, and it is ended; and I am done with French Revolution, and with Revolution and Revolt in general; and look once more with free eyes over this Earth, where are other things that mean internecine work of that kind: things fitter for me, under the bright Sun, on this green Mother's-bosom (though the Devil does dwell in it)! For the present, really, it is like a Nessus' shirt, burning you into madness, this wretched Enterprise; nay, it is also like a kind of Panoply, rendering you invulnerable, insensible, to all other mischiefs.¹

But time heals many wounds and at length Carlyle is freed from the three volumes of that "beggarly Distortion." A stray proof-sheet which he sent to Emerson with the announcement of the completion of his book, receives these words:

Over the finished History, joy and evergreen laurels. I embrace you with all my heart. I solace myself with the noble nature God has given you, and in you to me, and to all.²

When at last, in 1837, the completed volumes make their way to Emerson, the praise which he gives his master is bountiful and free and glorious.

¹ Correspondence, I, pp. 90-91.

² Ibid., p. 117.

I think you a very great giant, disporting yourself with an original and vast ambition of fun: pleasure and peace not being strong enough for you, you choose to suck pain also, and teach fever and famine to dance and sing. . You have broken away from books, and written a mind. It is a brave experiment, and the success is great.¹

Not to Emerson fell the duties of a friend - the publication in America of the French Revolution. He quickly set about finding a publisher and ordered a thousand copies,² at his own risk,³ so assured was he over the permanent literary position of his Scottish friend.

Soon (12 March, 1838) six hundred and fifty copies of this book, "which, as people have not fashioned, has to fashion the people,"⁴ are gone, and it continues to find friends and purchasers. Then, bountiful providence in the shape of a bill of exchange for fifty pounds sterling goes from the New World to the Old, finding Carlyle at rest in his mother's home in Scotland. From Carlyle

¹ Correspondence, I, pp. 129-130.

² "It (F. R.) is to be printed in two volumes of the size of our American Sartor, one thousand copies, the estimate making the cost of the book say (in dollars and cents) \$1.18 a copy, and the price \$2.50. The bookseller contracts with me to sell the book at a commission of twenty per cent on that selling price, allowing me however to take at cost as many copies as I can find subscribers for." Correspondence, pp. 135-6.

³ "It (F. R.) is published at my risk. . . The selling price of the book is \$2.50; the cost of a copy, \$1.26; the bookseller's commission, 50 cts.; so that Thomas Carlyle only gets 74 cts. on each copy they sell." Correspondence, p. 146.

⁴ Ibid., p. 147.

comes these words:

From beyond the waters there is a hand held out; beyond the waters too live brothers. I would only the Book were an Epic, a Dante, or undying thing, that New England might boast in after times of this feat of hers; and put stupid, poundless, and penniless Old England to the blush about it!¹

This £50 bill of exchange is only the beginning of a long and steady stream of notes which find their way to 5 Great Cheyne Row, Chelsea, London - there to relieve the terrific strain under which the frugal Scotchman was laboring. Emerson's management of the publication of Carlyle's French Revolution is only one link in the chain of assistance which he renders to his friend. Somewhat encouraged by the sale of this book in America, he has published two volumes of Carlyle's Miscellanies "to turn a penny for our friend again," and Letters and Speeches of Cromwell. From all these sources and from the publication of Past and Present, as well as several minor articles,² Carlyle was receiving American dollars.³

¹ Correspondence, I, p. 177.

² Three of the articles from which Carlyle was receiving money are as follows: "Your Life of Schiller, and Wilhelm Meister, have been long printed here." Correspondence, I, p. 58.

"Little and Brown are to print it (Chartism). Correspondence, I, p. 307.

³ Partial list of money received by Carlyle from America: 1838, £ 50; 1839, £ 200; 1840, £ 259; 1841, £140; 1842, £ 51; 1843, £ 25; 1844, £ 98.

Gratitude for this timely assistance comes from Carlyle in true Carlylean language:

I will say . . . there never came money into my hands I was so proud of; the promise of a blessing looks from the face of it; nay, it will be twice blessed. So I will ejaculate, with the Arabs, Allah akbar! and walk silent by the shore of the many-sounding Babel-tumult, meditating on much. Thanks to the mysterious all bounteous Guide of men, and to you my true Brother far over the sea.¹

Carlyle, ever conscious of his debt to Emerson, acknowledges it in a letter to John Stuart Mill,

The Americans have sent me a handsome purse of money as the produce of their Edition of the Revolution Book: is not that a smart thing? It was Emerson's doing.²

and again, writing to his brother Dr. Carlyle, then in Naples.

Precisely at this point arrives the Postman. . . and a letter from Emerson at Concord enclosing a draft for £100! Their Boston Edition of the French Revolution is all sold out. . . Was any braver thing over heard of? A hundred and fifty pounds from beyond the salt sea, while not a sixpence could be realised here in one's own country, by the thing! I declare my American friends are right fellows, and have done their affair with effect.³

It would appear after examination of some of Carlyle's acknowledgments of American money that here regards it all as

¹ Correspondence, I, p. 211.

² Letters of Thomas Carlyle to John Stuart Mill, John Sterling, and Robert Browning, p. 163.

³ New Letters of Thomas Carlyle, p. 149.

a bountiful gift of the gods - and kind friends. One of his most pointed acknowledgments is a much quoted one:

A reflection I cannot but make is that at bottom this money was all yours; not a penny of it belonged to me by any law except that of helpful Friendship. I feel as if I could not examine it without a kind of crime!¹

At length, these American receipts, little by little, relieve the strained condition of Carlyle's financial burden, and one hears an exulting shout across the sea that

I am for the present no longer poor. . . . Not for these twelve years, never since I had a house to maintain with money, have I had as much money in my possession as even now.² (1839)

It would be unfair to Carlyle, however, to say that all the acts of friendship were from the American side. Carlyle could never assist Emerson in the same way in which Emerson had assisted him. The occasion for such a reciprocation did not present itself and if it had presented itself would, probably, never have been seized upon with equal vigor by Carlyle. Carlyle, differing in temperament from Emerson, had far less faith in mankind. His circle of friends was necessarily limited and selected. Granting that he was willing, it is to be doubted whether he could have juggled with accounts and troublesome book-sellers or, being buffeted on the sea by pirates, have

¹ Correspondence, I, p. 258.

² Ibid., p. 259.

brought his ship to a safe harbor.

What he could do for Emerson, he did. He expressed continuous faith in him¹ - a factor of inestimable value to Emerson -, encouraging him always to write fearlessly what was in him to write. When Carlyle's preface to Emerson's Essays would insure its reprint in England, Carlyle wrote one.²

From the earliest letter in 1833, the correspondence soon becomes brisk, one impetus being a proposed visit of Carlyle to the New World. This hope of Emerson to see Carlyle in the New England home, in his beautiful town of Concord, never entirely ceased until Emerson definitely decided to visit England again in 1847. Emerson tenderly

- ¹ Carlyle writes to a mutual friend: "To Americans, I sometimes say, this Emerson, such as he is, seems to me like a kind of new era: really in any country all sunk crown-deep in cant, twaddle, and hollow Traditionality, is not the first man that will begin to speak the truth, Any truth, a new and newest era?" Letters of Thomas Carlyle to John Stuart Mill, John Sterling, and Robert Browning, p. 245.
- ² Carlyle explains to Emerson the publication of his essays. "Fraser undertakes it (Emerson's Essays), 'on half-profits'; - Thomas Carlyle writing a Preface, - which accordingly he did (in rather sullen humor, not with you!) . . . The edition is Seven Hundred and Fifty; which Fraser thinks he will sell. With what joy shall I then sack up the small Ten Pounds Sterling perhaps of 'Half-Profits', and remit them to the man Emerson; saying 'There, Man! Tit for tat, the reciprocity not all on one side! . . . 'Write you a Preface,' said he (Fraser), 'and I will reprint it!'" Correspondence, I, p. 364.
- Emerson's Essays were later pirated, but withal, Carlyle sent \$150 on 30 September, 1844, for the first edition. Later yet, in November, 1844, Carlyle announced a second edition of Emerson's Essays "with a Preface from me."

nurses the thought through its first weak infancy, ever urging Carlyle with such inducements as,

Come and found a new Academy that shall be church and school, and Parnassus, as a true Poet's house should be. . . Indeed, indeed, you shall have the continent to yourself were it only as Crusoe was king.¹

The Concord sage keeps the thought constantly before his correspondent, never ceasing to express his desire that Carlyle should embark for Boston. Knowing his friend's conversational ability and the financial difficulties under which he labors, Emerson seeks to strengthen his invitation by adding the suggestion of a series of lectures which will more than recompense Carlyle for his time.

If you cared to read literary lectures, our people have curiosity, and the apparatus is very easy to set agoing.²

That Carlyle seriously considered an American trip is known from various letters which he wrote to Emerson and to others inquiring for definite information on the cost of the trip, the type of lectures to be read, and the rewards for such an attempt. Emerson, to whom no amount of trouble was too great when he was helping his friend, carefully figures expenses and prospective profit and sends all in a long letter to Carlyle under date of 30 April, 1835

¹ Correspondence, I, p. 34.

² Ibid., p. 34.

I cannot but think that if we do not make out a case strong enough to make you build your house, at least you should pitch your tent among us. . . To me, as you can divine it would be an unspeakable comfort.¹

To Concord, he entreats Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle to take their way; their room is ready and their fire is made. Carlyle, however, then at work on the French Revolution, wearied and despondent beyond all belief so that he cannot refrain from crying out,

Rest is nowhere for the Son of Adam: all looked so 'spectral' to me in my old familiar Birthland; Hades itself could not have seemed stranger. Annandale also was part of the kingdom of Time,²

is answered from across the Atlantic by a serene and quiet voice which seeks to comfort him:

O my friend, if you would come here and let me nurse you and pasture you in my nook of this long continent. I will thank God and you therefor morning and evening, and doubt not to give you, in a quarter of a year, sound eyes, round cheeks, and joyful spirits.³

Months and years pass by, and practically every letter carries to Carlyle a renewed and loving invitation to share the joy and comfort and serenity of Emerson's fireside. Delays and disappointments on the English side prevent Carlyle from this adventure. More urgent and appealing, perhaps, than many others, is the invitation of 15 May, 1839.

¹ Correspondence, I, pp. 61-2.

² Ibid., p. 91.

³ Ibid., p. 97.

Come, and make a home with me; and let us make a truth that is better than dreams. From this farm-house of mine you shall sally forth as God shall invite you, and 'lecture in the great cities.' You shall do it by proclamation of your own, or by the meditation of a committee, which will readily be found. Wife, mother, and sister shall nurse thy wife meantime, and you shall bring your republican laurels home so fast that she shall not sigh for the Old England. Eyes here do sparkle at the very thought. And my little placid Muskotauquid River looked gayer to-day in the sun. In very sooth and love, my friend, I shall look for you in August.¹

Such invitation cannot fail to be appreciated by its recipient and Carlyle writes thus to his mother:

But the grand thing that seems to animate Emerson is the speculation that I shall go to America this back-ond (Autumn) and lecture! His house, he says, is all brightened up into brilliancy at news of it; they will nurse my wife, and me, they will, etc., etc.,: in fact, nothing can be kinder than these good people all are.²

The fascination of the journey was alluring to Carlyle, and thankfulness was in his heart when he replied.

Very singular and pleasant it is to me to feel as if I had a house of my own in that far country: so many leagues and geographical degrees of wild-weltering 'unfruitful brine'; and then the hospitable hearth and the smiles of brethren awaiting one there!³

In 1840, after delivering a series of lectures in

¹ Correspondence, I, pp. 250-1.

² New Letters of Thomas Carlyle, p. 163.

³ Correspondence, I, pp. 74-5.

England on Great Men (now incorporated into Heroes and Hero-Worship) and being disturbed over their reception, he writes hopefully to Emerson.

In the fire of the moment I had all but decided on setting out for America this autumn, and preaching far and wide like a very lion there.¹

Never, however, was the dream to be realized,² and finally, as has been said, it was definitely abandoned by 1847 when Emerson again goes to England.

Secure in the faith they bore each other, and the knowledge that their words would be rightly interpreted, they exercised a freedom of exchange of criticism. It is interesting to see the faithfulness of each to his own convictions, as if he were a complete unit within himself. Each exhibited a tenderness toward the other's limitations and inextinguishable differences of opinion. Each was prompted by brotherly love to allow for this stupendous difference and to acknowledge that as far as the greatest moral questions were concerned, they were aliens to each other.

When one considers that these two men were the acknowledged leaders of thought of their century, he may be

¹ Correspondence, I, p. 320.

² Henry James, Jr., writing of Carlyle's proposed trip to America, says: "It is impossible to imagine ^{what} the historian of the French Revolution, of the iron-fisted Cromwell, and the Voltairean Frederick, would have made of that sensitive spot, or what Concord would have made of Carlyle. The Century, XXVI (June, 1883), p. 267.

surprised to find the really small amount of space given over to discussions of matters of great moment. There are no arguments, no discussions, no controversies to be ironed out. Aside from suggestions on each other's style, an occasional apt and pertinent allusion to social conditions, or an infrequent burst of emotion or philosophy, the correspondence is occupied with matters of domestic or immediately human interest. Simple details of family life, accounts of neighborly activity, the progress of their respective lectures, an exchange of well-beloved books and friends, daily activity and plans and projects, family bereavements, the condition of home finance, - all are treated with a loving care which is assured of a kindly reception.

When, however, one reviews the criticisms of the two correspondents on each other's books, he finds a certain "candour, searchingness, and thorough appreciation."¹ Of Emerson's Essays, first series, which he himself calls "my poor little arid book - which is as sand to my eyes," and which Carlyle has constantly encouraged his Concord friend to write, the Chelsea sage says, upon first reading the book:

My friend, I thank you for this Volume of yours; not for the copy alone which you send to me, but for writing and printing

¹ The Academy, XXIII (April 7, 1883), p. 235.

such a book. Euge! say I, from afar.
 The voice of one crying in the desert; -
 it is once more the voice of a man. Ah me!
 I feel as if in the wide world there was
 still but this one voice that responded
 intelligently to my own; as if the rest were
 all hearsays, melodious or unmelodious echoes;
 as if this alone were true and alive. My bles-
 sing on you, good Ralph Waldo. . . It (the Book)
 has rebuked me, it has aroused and comforted me.
 Objections of all kinds I might make, how many
 objections to Superficies and detail, to a dia-
 lect of thought and speech as yet imperfect enough,
 a hundred-fold too narrow for the Infinitude it
 strives to speak; but what were all that? It is
 an Infinitude, the real vision and belief of one,
 seen face to face; a 'voice of the heart of Nature'
 is here once more. . . These voices of yours which
 I likened to unembodied souls, and censure some-
 times for having no body, - how can they have a
 body? They are light-rays darting upwards in the
 East; they will yet make much and much to have
 a body!¹

It is soon noticeable in reading the correspondence
 that while Emerson is generous in his praise of others'
 works, he is extremely modest about his own. He speaks
 of his address at the Cambridge Divinity School as a
 "storm in our washbowl," and is surprised at Carlyle's
 praise of the Phi Beta Kappa address, The American Scholar,
 now frequently alluded to as "America's Intellectual De-
 claration of Independence."

¹ Carlyle writes to a friend about Emerson's Essays:
 "To the Revd. John Sterling. Not for a long time
 have I read anything (Emerson's Essays) with more
profit. I cannot so much say pleasure as profit;
 this man, for the veracity of the rude word that
 is in him, seems to me one of a thousand. I do
 regard him as the sign of a New Era in Yankee-
 land." New Letters of Thomas Carlyle, p. 251.
Correspondence, I, pp. 351-2.

Carlyle praises the Oration thus:

I find in this, . . . that noblest self-assertion, and believing originality, which is like sacred fire, the beginning of whatsoever is to flame and work; and for your men especially one sees not what could be more vivifying. Speak, therefore, while you feel called to do it; and when you feel called.¹

One of the most inspiring passages, perhaps, in the entire correspondence, is the challenge flung out by Carlyle to the younger writer. It is a challenge to produce in actuality what Carlyle feels is lying dormant in Emerson; it is a challenge from a man of action to a dreamer.

. . . a faculty is in you for a sort of speech which is itself action, an artistic sort. You tell us with piercing emphasis that man's soul is great; show us a great soul of a man, in some work symbolic of such, . . . I long to see some concrete Thing, some Event, Man's life, American Forest, or piece of Creation, which this Emerson loves and wonders at, well Emersonized, depicted by Emerson, filled with the life of Emerson, and cast forth from him then to live by itself.²

This challenging note is frequently struck by Carlyle, and especially is it noticeable in his comments on The Dial. Carlyle sought always to bring Emerson to earth, to make him a creature of facts, for he says (1836), "I grow daily to honor Facts more and more, and Theory less and less."³ Emerson's flights of fancy may be said frequently to ir-

¹ Correspondence, I, p. 216.

² Ibid., pp. 216-7.

³ Ibid., p. 93.

ritate the Scottish critic; Emerson was too ethereal, too mystical; Carlyle would make him more concrete, more settled, more definite.

Emerson offers a copy of The Dial to Carlyle, acknowledging with all due modesty that it is a "poor little thing." One can imagine that he is not disturbed from the even round of his thought when Carlyle's brisk reply comes.

The Dial No. 1 came duly. . .; it is an utterance of what is purest, youngest in your land; pure, ethereal, as the voices of the Morning! And yet - you know me - for me it is too ethereal, speculative, theoretic: all theory becomes more and more confessedly inadequate, untrue, unsatisfactory, almost a kind of mockery to me! I will have all things condense themselves, take shape and body, if they are to have my sympathy. I have a body myself; . . .¹

To others, Carlyle frequently poured out the bitterest, the harshest, the most satirical of words; but in all the hundreds of pages of messages to Emerson, there is not a single trace of such a temperament. Here the criticism is apt and pertinent, but kindly in the highest degree.

¹ Correspondence, I, p. 330.

Speaking further of Emerson and The Dial, Carlyle writes: "To the Revd. John Sterling (1841). I should like to know in full your deliberate opinion about Emerson: he is becoming a phenomenon worth forming a theory about. Did you ever see any Numbers of that strange Magazine of his called the Dial? . . . You will be far from entertained in reading them; it is to me the most wearisome of readable reading; shrill, incorporeal, spirit-like, - I do not say ghastly, . . . This New England business I rather liken to an un born soul, that has yet got no body; not a pleasant neighbour either." New Letters of Thomas Carlyle, p. 243.

Emerson exercises the freedom which he grants his friend and comments on objectionable points in Carlyle's writing. Always calm, serene, modest, good, he remains so, as he offers his thoughts to Carlyle. He would have in the Diamond Necklace less "brilliant-colored hieroglyphics whereby the meaning is conveyed."¹ He says furthermore:

I thought as I read this piece that your strange genius was the instant fruit of your London. It is the aroma of Babylon. Such as the great metropolis, such is this style: so vast, enormous, related to all the world, and so endless in details. I think you see as pictures every street, church, parliament-house, barrack, baker's shop, mutton-stall, forge, wharf, and shop, and whatever stands, creeps, rolls, or swims thereabouts, and make all your own. Hence your encyclopediacal allusion to all knowables, and the virtues and vices of your panoramic pages. Well, it is your own; and it is English, and every word stands for somewhat; and it cheers and fortifies me. And what more can a man ask of his writing fellow-man? Why, all things; inasmuch as a good mind creates wants at every stroke.²

¹ Correspondence, I, pp. 118-9.

² Ibid., p. 119.

Notes from Emerson's journal on Carlyle's style:

"I think he has seen, as no other in our time, how inexhaustible a mine is the language of conversation. He does not use the written dialect of the time in which scholars, pamphleteers and the clergy write, nor the Parliamentary dialect, in which the lawyer, the statesman, and the better newspapers write, but draws strength and mother-wit of a poetic use of the spoken vocabulary, so that his paragraphs are all a sort of splendid conversation." Journals of Ralph Waldo Emerson, IV, pp. 196-7.

"O Carlyle, the merit of glass is not to be seen, but to be seen through; but every crystal and lamina of the Carlyle glass is visible." Journal, VII, p. 216.

There is much writing, and very excellent writing, throughout the pages of the correspondence of Carlyle's doctrine of silence. He warns his New England disciple again and again to beware of too much writing. "Sit still; do nothing; Wait - Wait!" - this is the repeated message which comes from across the salt-sea. Carlyle worshipped the doctrine himself, ever repeating:

Silence is the great thing I worship at present; almost the sole tenant of my Pantheon. Let a man know rightly how to hold his peace. I love to repeat to myself, 'Silence is of Eternity.'¹

To Emerson, he sends continual expressions of this belief:

Be tranquil, my friend; utter no word till you cannot help it.²

Again and again he warns Emerson, thus:

I say, sit still at Concord, with such spirit as you are of; under the blessed skyey influences, with an open sense, with the great Book of Existence open round you: we shall see whether you too get not something blessed to read us from it.³

¹ Correspondence, I, p. 139.

² Ibid., p. 259.

³ Ibid., p. 114. Another expression of this same belief is found on p. 39. "For the rest, that you have liberty to choose by your own will merely, is a great blessing: too rare for those that could use it so well; nay, often it is difficult to use. But till ill health of body or of mind warns you that the moving, not the sitting, position is essential, sit still, contented in conscience; understanding well that no man, that God only knows what we are working, and will show it one day; that such and such a one, who filled the whole Earth with his hammering and trowelling, . . . turns out to have built of mere coagulated froth, and vanished with his edifice. . . while again the other still man, by the word of his mouth, . . . was scattering influences as seeds are scattered. . ."

Carlyle repeats his warning so frequently that one is not surprised to find a sentence hidden away in Emerson's journals, bearing most directly upon the doctrine:

It is droll to hear this talker talking against talkers, and this writer writing against writing.¹

Throughout the period from 1833 to 1847, the love which Carlyle bore for Emerson became constantly stronger. He advises him in the tenderest tones, counsels and encourages him to write courageously. His advice is the reiteration of previously preached doctrines:

Friend Emerson ought to be content; - and has now above all things, as I said to be in no haste. Slow fire does make sweet malt; how true, how true! Also his next work ought to be a concrete thing; not theory any longer, but deed. Let him 'live it', as he says; that is the way to come to 'painting of it': Geometry and the art of Design being once well over, take the brush, and andar con Dios!²

The peace that was Emerson's through this busy period was never Carlyle's. One can picture the Concord seer as he moves about among his fellow men preaching from the lecture-platform the doctrine which he had been forbidden to proclaim from the pulpit. For Carlyle, there was no such composure, such serenity and peacefulness. He rejoices, however, for Emerson, saying:

¹ Journals of Ralph Waldo Emerson, VII, p. 404.

² Correspondence, I, p. 168.

I rejoice much in the glad serenity of soul with which you look out on this wondrous Dwelling-place of yours and mine.¹

With Emerson, likewise, the admiration and love steadily grew.² As he became a man of multifarious activities, spreading his talents far and wide through Yankee-land, seeing daily the force of this teachings in an increasingly larger number of select followers, his capacity for love proportionally increased. From the early years of their comradeship, those harsh days when the Scottish scholar was straining every nerve to maintain his soul, those days when he cries out in self-defense: "Me Mammon will pay or not as he finds convenient; buy me he will not;"³ to days when at 5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea, there is less confusion and fewer heartaches, Emerson sends out his call of encouragement across the salt-sea. Early he

¹ Correspondence, I, p. 112.

² An expression of Emerson's love for his friend is found in 1838 in the following journal entry: "Carlyle, too; ah, my friend! I thought, as I looked at your book to-day, which all the brilliant so admire, that you have spoiled it for me. Why, I say, should I read this book? The man himself is mine: he can sit under trees of Paradise and tell me a hundred histories deeper, truer, dearer than this, all the eternal days of God. I shall not tire, I shall not shame him: we shall be children in heart and men in counsel and in act. . . I think my affection to that man really incapacitates me from reading his book. In the windy night, in the sordid day, out of banks and bargains and disagreeable business, I espy you; and run to my pleasant thoughts. Journals of Ralph Waldo Emerson, IV, pp. 398-9.

³ Correspondence, I, p. 114.

sends this call: (1835)

So love and rejoice and work, my friend, and God you aid, for the profit of many more than your mortal eyes shall see. Especially seek with recruited and never-tired vision to bring back yet higher and truer report from your Mount of Communion of the Spirit that dwells there and creates all.¹

Emerson calls again:

Believe, when you are weary, that you who stimulate and rejoice virtuous young men do not write a line in vain.²

Later, somewhat, when the light seems less clouded, and Carlyle appears more settled, the tone of Emerson's message changes slightly. From loving, although abstract, encouragement, it becomes an announcement of the spread of Carlyle's popularity in America. Emerson (17 October, 1838) sends from Concord word as follows:

¹ Correspondence, I, p. 51.

² Ibid., p. 83. From Emerson's journals, Vol. IV, pp. 272-3, one sees Emerson's acceptance of Carlyle's nobility. "Carlyle: how the sight of his handwriting warms my heart. . . A man seeking no reward, warping his genius, filing his mind to no dull public, but content with the splendors of nature and art as he beholds them, and resolute to announce them if his voice is orotund and shrill, in his own proper accents - please or displease the world. . . How noble that, alone and unpraised, he should still write for he knew not whom, and find at last his readers in the valley of the Mississippi, and they should brood on the pictures he had painted, and untwist the many-colored meanings which he had spun and woven into so rich a web of sentences. . . This man upholds and propels civilization. For every wooden post he knocks away he replaces one of stone. He cleanses and exalts men and leaves the world better. He discharges his duty as one of the world's scholars."

You are getting to be a great favorite with us all here, and are daily a greater with American public.¹

In a long letter from Emerson under date of 15 March, 1839, setting forth booksellers' accounts and arrangements, announcing his course of lectures on 'Human Life' and other interesting data, he squeezes in these significant words:

Your books are read. I hear, I think, more gratitude expressed for the Miscellanies than for the History. Young men at all our colleges study them in closets, and the Copernican is eradicating the Ptolemaic lore. I have frequent and cordial testimonies to the good working of the leaven, and continual inquiry whether the man will come hither Speriamo.²

Some dozen years afterward, when Emerson is on the eve of his departure again for the Old World, he sends words of the spread of Carlyle's fame.

I have seen lately a Texan, ardent and vigorous, who assured me that Carlyle's Writings were read, with eagerness on the banks of the Colorado.³

Had one the disposition to follow through the Journals of Ralph Waldo Emerson for allusions to Carlyle, he would reap a rich harvest. Frequently he sets down in his journal his first impressions upon receiving a letter, a book, or an opinion of Carlyle. This entry, when transferred to Carlyle through the correspondence, is paler, less virile,

¹ Correspondence, I, p. 183.

² Ibid., p. 220.

³ Ibid., II, p. 166.

less elemental. Through his journal, Emerson characterizes Carlyle:

Strong he is, upright, noble, and sweet, and makes good how much of our human nature.¹ . . . Then he is a worshipper of strength, heedless much whether its present phase be divine or diabolic. Burns, George Fox, Luther, and those unclean beasts Diderot, Danton, Mirabeau, whose sinews are their own, and whotbample on the tutoring and conventions of society, he loves. For he believes that every noble nature was made by God, and contains, if savage passions, also fit checks and grand impulses within it, hath its own resources, and however erring will return fromfar. Then he writes English, and crowds meaning into all the nooks and corners of his sentences. Once read, he is but half read.²

Nearly two hundred letters passed between these great nineteenth century thinkers, but not one contains such a clean-cut, unbiased and pertinent criticism of the one by the other as is contained in the following journal entry of Emerson, then thirty-seven years old, and in the bloom of his creative period.

Carlyle shall make a statement of a fact, shall draw a portrait, shall inlay nice shades of meaning, shall play, shall insinuate, shall banter, shall paralyze with sarcash, shall translate, shall sing a Tyrtæan song, and speak out like the Liturgy, or the old English Pentateuch all the secrets of manhood. This he shall do and much more, being an upright, plain-dealing, hearty, loving soul of the clearest eye and of infinite wit, and using the language like a

¹ Journals of Ralph Waldo Emerson, IV, p. 181.

² Ibid., p. 196.

protean engine which can cut, thrust, rasp, tickle or pulverize as occasion may require. But he is not a philosopher; his strength does not lie in the statement of abstract truth. His contemplation has no wings. . . What he has said shall be a proverb; nobody shall be able to say it otherwise.¹

Emerson throughout the years of their friendship had no hesitations in sending to the Sage of Chelsea the bright intellectual lights of New England culture. He sends A. Bronson Alcott, "a large piece of spiritual New England," Margaret Fuller, "wise, sincere, accomplished, and most entertaining of women. . . our citizen of the world by quite special diploma," and others who meet with varying fortune at the little house in Cheyne Row. The high esteem in which Carlyle held his correspondent, however, did not prevent the Scotchman from returning remarks of "humorous irreverence"² on these people who he had every reason to believe were associated with Emerson in the Brook Farm Movement. Always a great and genuine admirer of the genius and the spirit of his American friend, he so expresses his feeling along this line to the American visitors at Chelsea house.

Perhaps the most genuinely sincere and sacred pair of letters of this rather long period of fruitful correspondence

¹Journals of Ralph Waldo Emerson, IV, pp. 440-441.

²The Century, XXVI (June, 1883), p. 267.

are the ones written on the death of Emerson's five-year old son. No where in this exchange of sympathies of over a dozen years does Emerson so merit one's love, or Carlyle one's admiration.

Among the beautiful tributes which Emerson pays to the memory of his son is the following:

A few weeks ago I accounted myself a very rich man, and now the poorest of all. . . a promise like that Boy's I shall never see. How often I have pleased myself that one day I should send to you this Morning Star of Mine, and stay at home so gladly behind such a representative.¹

Carlyle, with heavy news of his own over the death of Jane Carlyle's mother, sends words of sincere comfort to Emerson and an assurance of the immortality of the soul.

What can we say in these cases? There is nothing to be said, - nothing but what the wild son of Ishmael, and everythinking heart, from of old have learned to say: God is great! He is terrible and stern; but we know also He is good, 'Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him.' . . . Poor Lidian Emerson, poor Mother! Such poignant unspeakable grief, I believe, visits no creature as that of a Mother bereft of her child.²

The second chapter in the lives of these two eminent nineteenth century men closes in 1847. Their correspondence of some fifteen years, at some times brisker than at others, settles down to a comfortable exchange of eight or nine let-

¹ Correspondence, I, p. 390.

² Ibid., p. 392.

ters a year. Each enjoys the complete assurance of the other's love and affection. Now there no longer exists the urgent need for expanding the fame of these men. In fact, Emerson's fame has spread over New England, then taken flight across the Atlantic to the British.¹ He is called to England and to Scotland to preach his gospel, and the letters of 1846 have much discussion of a proposed foreign lecture tour. The decision is made, and so closes the most significant and mutually helpful period of this long friendship of some forty years' duration.

¹ Carlyle writes at various times to Emerson telling him of the spread of his popularity in England. "The people are beginning to quote you here; tant pis pour eux." (1839). Correspondence, I, p. 231.
 "Doubt not your new utterances are eagerly waited here." (1839)
 ". . . your Public in this Country; it is a very pretty public; extends pretty much, I believe, though all ranks, and is a growing one, - and a truly aristocratic, being of the bravest inquiring minds we have." (1845) Correspondence, II, p. 92.

Chapter IV

EMERSON'S SECOND VISIT TO ENGLAND - 1847-48

The publication in England of Emerson's Essays, first series, prefaced¹ by his friend Thomas Carlyle, and that of the second series of essays, which took place a year or two later, made the name of the Concord seer widely known throughout Great Britain, and "thinking people recognized in him an intellectual leader."²

¹ Carlyle's preface to Emerson's Essays, first series, 1841, is here quoted from Alexander Ireland's Recollections of Emerson, pp. 278-9. "The name of Ralph Emerson is not entirely new in England; distinguished travellers bring us tidings of such a man; factions of his writings have found their way into the hands of the curious here; fitful hints that there is, in New England, some spiritual notability called Emerson glide through reviews and magazines. Whether these hints were true or not true, readers are now to judge for themselves a little better. . . Emerson's writings and speakings amount to something; and yet, hitherto, as seems to me, this Emerson is perhaps far less notable for what he has spoken or done than for the many things he has not spoken and has foreborne to do. With uncommon interest I have learned that this, and in such a never-resting, locomotive country, too, is one of these rare men who have withal the invaluable talent of sitting still! That an educated man, of good gifts and opportunities, after looking at the public arena, and even trying, not with ill success, what its tasks and its prizes might amount to, should retire for long years into rustic obscurity; and amid the all-prevading jingle of dollars and loud chaffering of ambitions and promotions, should quietly, with cheerful deliberateness, sit down to spend his life, not in Mammon worship, or the hunt for reputation, influence, place, or any outward advantage whatsoever; this, when we get a notice of it, is a thing worth noting."

² Ireland, Alexander, Recollections of Emerson, p. 279.

Writing to his friend Carlyle, under date of 31 January, 1847, he states that letters from Liverpool and Manchester¹ have come inviting him to lecture in those cities. It is evident from the correspondence that he considers the suggestion favorably. Especially is he pleased with one aspect of the visit:

Ah then, if I dared, I should be well content to add some golden hours to my life by inseeing you, now all full-grown and acknowledged amidst your own people - to hear and to speak is so little yet so much.²

Carlyle, then the recipient of Emerson's Poems³, eagerly seizes upon the idea, assuring Emerson that while he does not personally know the "Manchester negotiators," he feels they are men of "respectability, insight, and

¹ Ireland further states (Recollections, p. 279), that "In the autumn of 1846. . . I wrote him (Emerson) a hasty note in pencil urging him to entertain the project of a lengthened visit to England, and which should embrace the delivery of lectures in some of the chief towns. Before long I received a reply, which was more favorable than I expected."

² Correspondence, II, p. 148.

³ Carlyle writes of Emerson's poems, "I read your Book of Poems all faithfully. . . I did gain though under impediments, a real satisfaction and some tone of the Eternal Melodies sounding, afar off, ever and anon, in my ear! . . . But indeed you are very perverse; and through this perplexed un-diaphanous element, you do not fall on me like radiant summer rainbows, like floods of sunlight, but with thin piercing radiances which affect me like the light of stars. It is so: I wish you would become concrete, and write in prose the straightest way; but under any form I must put up with you; that is my lot." Correspondence, II, pp. 151-2.

activity." He promises success to Emerson and

an audience of British aristocracy in London here, - and of British commonalty all manner of audiences that you liked to stoop to.¹

Moreover, he yearns for a renewed personal touch with the American friend who has so faithfully proved, times without number, his right to friendship.

. . .and I, for my share of it, shall see you once again under this Sun! O Heaven, there might be some good in that! Nay, if you will travel like a private quiet person, who knows but I, the most unlocomotive of mortals, might be able to escort you up and down a little, to look at many a thing along with you, and even to open my long-closed heart and speak about the same? - There is a spare-room always in this House for you, - in this heart, in these two hearts, the like!²

Alexander Ireland, the Manchester correspondent, and the most influential factor (aside from the personal friendship of Carlyle) in getting Emerson to revisit England, tells that on the twenty-eighth of February, 1847, some weeks after Emerson's letter to Carlyle intimating the proposed trip and before Carlyle's urgent return invitation, Emerson wrote to him as follows:

I owe you new thanks for your friendly and earnest attention to the affair of Lectures. . .I really have not the means of forming an opinion of the expediency of such an attempt. I feel no call to make a visit of literary propagandism in England. All my impulses to work of that kind would rather

¹Correspondence, II, pp. 153-4.

² Ibid., pp. 154-5.

employ me at home. . . It would be very agreeable to me to accept any good invitation to read lectures from institutions, or from a number of friendly individuals who sympathized with my studies, . . . my belief is that in no one city, except perhaps London, could I find any numerous company to whom my name was favorably known.¹

It is characteristic of Emerson that he would underestimate the extent of his popularity in England. Repeated requests from Ireland, who later met with Carlyle and was found to be "an old Edinburgh acquaintance," and appeals from Carlyle that

it will actually do your heart good to look into the faces, and speak into minds of really Aristocratic Persons, - being one yourself, you Sinner,²

made easy the decision for Emerson. The proposed visit he termed to Carlyle "an afternoon rainbow in the East," but when he gives an account of it in English Traits, he says simply:

I did not go very willingly. . . But the invitation was repeated and pressed at a moment of more leisure, and when I was a little spent by some unusual studies. I wanted a change and a tonic, and England was proposed to me. . . and sailed from Boston, on Tuesday, 5th October, 1847.³

There is something intensely human in the way each of these great men invites the other to share the companion-

¹ Alexander Ireland, Recollections of Emerson, pp. 279-280.

² Correspondence, II, p. 157.

³ Ralph Waldo Emerson, English Traits, pp. 25-6.

ship of his hearth. In the early 1830's, Emerson's letters are filled with a message of welcome to Carlyle; now (1847) Carlyle's letters carry a like invitation.

Ireland continued a correspondence with Emerson and further states that as soon as the prospect of the Concord seer's visit became a known fact, applications "from every part of the kingdom began to flow in." In typical Carlylean style, the Chelsea sage says that "Ireland. . . seems to have awakened all this North Country into the fixed hope of hearing you," and he himself is expectant because he writes:

I do not know another man in all the world to whom I can speak with clear hope of getting adequate response from him; if I speak to you, it will be a breaking of my silence for the last time perhaps, - perhaps for the first time, on some points! . . . a prophet's chamber is ready for you in Chelsea, and a brotherly and sisterly welcome.¹

The letter announcing Emerson's time of arrival, by "scandalous carelessness" on the part of a Derbyshire postmaster, did not reach Carlyle until Emerson was approaching the coast of England. Carlyle, aghast at this unpleasant mistake, wrote immediately to Emerson re-affirming his invitation to 5 Cheyne Row, and enclosed it with a note to

¹ Correspondence, II, p. 169.

Ireland¹ with whom he knew Emerson to be in close correspondence. The invitation, in part, follows:

Know, then, my friend, that is verity your Home while in England is here; and all other places, whether work or amusement may call you, are but inns and temporary lodgings. . . My Wife has your room all ready; and here surely, if anywhere in the wide Earth, there ought to be a brother's welcome and kind home waiting you.²

¹ The note to Ireland reads as follows: "To Alexander Ireland, Manchester. Chelsea, 15 Octr., 1847. By a letter I had lately from Emerson, - which had lain, lost and never missed, for above a month in the treacherous Post-office of Buxton, where it was called for, and denied, - I learn that Emerson intended to sail for this country 'about the first of October'; and infer therefore that probably even now he is near Liverpool or some other of our Ports. Treadmill, or other as emphatic admonition, to that scandalous Postmaster of Buxton! He has put me in extreme risk of doing one of the most unfriendly and every way unpardonable looking thing a man could do!

Not knowing in the least to what port Emerson is tending, where he is expected, or what his first engagements are, I find no way of making my word audible to him in time; except that of entrusting it, with solemn charges to you, - as here. Pray do me the favour to contrive in some sure way that Emerson may get hold of that Note the instant he lands in England. I shall be permanently grieved otherwise; shall have failed in a clear duty (were it nothing more), which will never probably in my life offer itself again. Do not neglect I beg very much of you. And, on the whole, if you can, get Emerson put safe into the Express Train, and shot up hither, as the first road he goes! This is the result we aim at. But the Note itself, at all events; I pray you get that delivered duly, and so do me a very great favour for which I depend on you."

New Letters of Thomas Carlyle, p. 50

² Correspondence, II, p. 116.

On Saturday, the 22d of October, 1847, after a few hours' friendly talk with Emerson,¹ Ireland, following the strict instructions of Carlyle, sent the New England visitor to Chelsea, where he remained for a week resting and visiting with his two friends.

Turning at this point to Emerson's diary, one finds the complete story of this visit, told in the simplest, most straightforward, yet touching, manner. It commemorates the second meeting of two great men, now friends of long standing.

I found at Liverpool, after a couple of days, a letter which had been seeking me, from Carlyle, addressed to 'R. W. E. on the instant when he lands in England,' conveying the heartiest welcome and urgent invitation to house and hearth. And finding that I should not be wanted for a week in the Lecture-rooms I came down to London on Monday, and, at ten at night, the door was opened by Jane Carlyle, and the man himself was behind her with a lamp in the hall. They were very little changed from their old selves of fourteen years ago (in August), when I left them in Craigenputtock. 'Well,' said Carlyle, 'here we are shovelled together again.' The floodgates of his talk are quickly opened, and the river is a plentiful stream. We had a wide talk that night until nearly one o'clock, and at breakfast next morning again. At noon or later we walked forth to Hyde Park and the Palaces, about two miles from here, to

¹ "Emerson rested in Liverpool over Sunday, heard James Martineau preach, and took tea with him. Mr. Ireland put a welcome missive into his hands." Journals of Ralph Waldo Emerson, VII, p. 344. The missive which Ireland gave to Emerson was Carlyle's urgent invitation.

the National Gallery, and to the Strand, Carlyle melting all Westminster and London into his talk and laughter, as he goes. Here, in his house, we breakfast about nine, and Carlyle is very prone, his wife says, to sleep till ten or eleven, if he has no company. An immense talker, and altogether as extraordinary in that as in his writing; I think, even more so; you will never discover his real vigor and range, or how much more he might do than he has ever done, without seeing him. My few hours' discourse with him, long ago, in Scotland, gave me not enough knowledge of him; and I have now at last been taken by surprise by him.¹

One is to imagine now that Emerson, rested from his oceanic voyage, and refreshed from talk with one of the most famous of English talkers, is returned to Manchester ready to begin his lectures. The narrative of Emerson's visit to England and Scotland is not properly the mission of this chapter.² Where the lives of these two eminent

¹ Journals of Ralph Waldo Emerson, VII, pp. 344-5.

² A very brief narrative of Emerson's journey follows: "In December, he (Emerson) travelled to Manchester and Birmingham, lecturing. . . His travels took him to Edinburgh and Perth, and back to Ambleside and he reached London again in February. . . In May he crossed to Paris, just in time to witness an abortive revolution. . . Back in London (in June), he finds that his lectures - the lectures of the Massachusetts Indian, as he calls himself - are a social event of the first importance. The lectures delivered in England had the following titles: 'Books,' 'Natural Aristocracy,' 'Powers and Laws of Thought,' 'Relation of Intellect to Natural Science,' 'Tendencies and Duties of Men of Thought,' 'Politics and Socialism,' 'Poetry and Eloquence,' 'Napoleon,' 'Shakespeare,' and 'Domestic Life.'" Robert M. Gay, Ralph Waldo Emerson, pp. 201-6.

men meet with the result that their ideas cross or mingle will, however, be considered.

Under date of November 5, 1847, Emerson commenting to Carlyle that the "days are absorbed in precious nothings," says that he has established himself as a "sort of citizen," and finds

here a very kind reception from your friends, as they emphatically are, - Ireland, Espinasse, Miss Jewsbury, Dr. Hodgson, and a circle expanding on all sides outward.¹

Confusion from welcomes, invitations to lectures, inquiries concerning his own discourses, proffers of hospitality "threaten to eat up a day like a cherry." The thing uppermost in his mind, however, he expresses in these words:

In this fog and miscellany, and until the heavenly sun shall give me one beam, will not you, friend and joy of so many years, send me a quiet line or two now and then to say that you still smoke your pipe in peace, side by side with wife and brother also well and smoking, or able to smoke? Now that I have in some measure calmed down the astonishment and consternation of seeing your dreams change into realities, I mean, at my next approximation or perihelion, to behold you with the most serene and sceptical calmness.²

Carlyle, making a ready reply to this friendly note of Emerson's, offers every assistance in advice, information or other help that lies within his power, but remains

sunk deep here, in effete Manuscripts, in abstruse meditations, in confusions old and new; sinking, as I may describe myself, through

¹ Correspondence, II, p. 181.

² Ibid., p. 181-2.

stratum after stratum of the Inane, - down to one knows not what depth! . . . To keep silence, therefore, is among the principal duties at present.¹

The letters which pass between Carlyle and Emerson during Emerson's visit in England and Scotland do not furnish a very complete account of their actions, as Emerson was busy with his lectures, and had been urged by Carlyle to do no other than "voluntary writing" to him. Carlyle reports, however, that he hears of Emerson's success with the Northern populations, at which Emerson modestly replies:

I am seeing this England more thoroughly than I had thought was possible for me. I find this lecturing a key which opens all doors. I have received everywhere the kindest hospitality from a great variety of persons. I see many intelligent and well-informed persons, and some fine geniuses.²

Emerson spends the winter months engaged in lecturing and draws to him a wide circle of friends. In and around London, the best people were "carried away by the enthusiasm for Emerson - the Martineaus, Hennells, Marian Evans (George Eliot), Matthew Arnold, the Howitts, Sir Arthur Helps, Sir A. Alison, W. E. Forster, M. P., Richard Cobden, M. P., W. J. Fox, M. P., J. S. Mill, Arthur Clough, Monckton Milnes (Lord Houghton), the Carpenters, Dr. Chapman, and others."³

¹ Correspondence, II, p. 183.

² Ibid., p. 186.

³ Moncure Daniel Conway, Autobiography, Memoirs and Experiences, p. 103.

Through these winter months, Carlyle reports:

For myself I have been entirely idle, - I dare not even say, too abstrusely occupied; for I have merely been looking at the Chaos even, not by any means working in it. I have not even read a book - that I liked. All 'Literature' has grown inexpressibly unsatisfactory to me,¹

and Emerson answers

I say I have heard nothing of your late days; of your early days, of your genius, of your influence, I cease not to hear and to see continually, yea, often am called upon to resist the same with might and main.²

Sympathetic and generous as one may be, still must he recognize the established fact that differences do exist between the friends. Emerson, an ingrained optimist, moves in a world of ethereal sublimity, of beautiful serenity and universal good; Carlyle, an inherent pessimist, lives in a world of terrible concreteness. Battle and strife with an ultimate heroic victory he sees in individuals; but in social conditions in general, all is sham, deception, knavery. Snarcs and pitfalls await him who would seek the truth. That the opinions of Carlyle and Emerson are occasionally at cross purposes is recognized and commented on by a mutual friend John Burroughs. Burroughs, after a lengthy discussion of their similarities

¹ Correspondence, II, p. 189.

² Ibid., p. 191.

and differences, sums it all up as follows:

A tranquil, high-sailing, fair-weather cloud is Emerson, and a massive, heavy-laden storm-cloud is Carlyle. Carlyle was never placidly sounding the azure depths like Emerson, but always pouring and rolling earth-ward, with wind, thunder, rain and hail. He reaches up to the Emersonian altitudes, but seldom disports himself there; never loses himself, as Emerson sometimes does; the absorption takes place in the other direction; he descends to actual affairs and events with fierce precipitation.¹

This variance of opinion does not escape the eyes of either of the friends. Each makes an entry in his personal journal setting forth the fact. True to one's expectations, Emerson's entry is the more kindly of the two. He is, as ever, true to his former attitude of implicit faith in his prophet, and seeks to understand and excuse him.

His (Carlyle's) sneers and scoffs are thrown in every direction. He breaks every sentence with a scoffing laugh, - 'windbag,' 'monkey,' 'donkey,' 'bladder,' and let him describe whom he will, it is always 'poor fellow.' I said, 'What a fine fellow are you to beapatter the whole world with this oil of vitriol!' 'No man,' he replied, 'speaks truth to me.' I said, 'See what a crowd of friends listen to and admire you.' He said, 'Yes, they come to hear me, and they read what I write, but not one of them has the smallest intention of doing these things.'

I said on one occasion, 'How can you under- value such worthy people as I find you surrounded with, - Milnes, and Spedding, and Venables,

¹ John Burroughs, Fresh Fields, p. 226.

and Darwin, and Lucan, and so forth?' He replied, 'May the beneficent gods defend me from every sympathizing with the like of them!'

I begin to understand that this arrogance and contempt of all people around him is brought to the genius by numerous experiences of disappointments in the promise of characters in a great population.¹

Dawson, in his book Makers of Modern Prose, is of like opinion with Burroughs, that a marked difference existed between the friends. The writer wonders, however, whether a different color might not be given to the stories of their differences if one could know the spirit in which the remarks were made. Each man understood that his expressions would be received in the frank, open, unbiased manner in which they were given. Dawson, attempting to give a true picture of conditions as they existed, quotes what he considers a significant sentence setting forth Carlyle's views, and hence Emerson's, on social conditions in London.

The hopefulness of Emerson positively angered him (Carlyle). He took him around London, showing him the worst of its many abominations, asking after each had been duly objurgated, 'Do you believe in the devil now?'²

Yet another story is current on the differences that arose between Carlyle and Emerson during this rather ex-

¹ Journals of Ralph Waldo Emerson, VII, pp. 347-8/

² W. J. Dawson, The Makers of Modern Prose, p. 193.

tended visit of the New England lecturer to Britain. In his Autobiography, Moncure Daniel Conway gives some little attention to the story. Conway states that he reproduces the story because of its historical interest, and the added fact that his long acquaintance with English friends of both Carlyle and Emerson makes clear the circumstances of its entry. The entry, dated February 9, 1848, is of a melancholy tone and gives, among other matters, Carlyle's own verdict on his relationship with Emerson. The writer does not seek to defend Carlyle in the statement, but it can easily be seen that undoubtedly it was written during one of those attacks of dyspepsia which affected Carlyle in brain and heart as well as stomach. Furthermore, it is well to keep in mind the fact that Carlyle's temper rose to great proportions whenever he was disturbed in his work. Abundant evidence is available to show that he later is regretful of the harshness of his words. The journal entry in all its Carlylean exaggeration and boldness reads:

Emerson is now in England, in the north, lecturing to Mechanics' Institutes, etc. - in fact, though he knows it not, to a band of intellectual canaille. Came here and stayed with us some days on his first arrival. Very exotic; of smaller dimensions, too, and differed much from me as a gymnosophist sitting idle on a flowery bank may do from a wearied worker and wrestler passing that way with many of bones broken. Good of him I could get none, except from his friendly looks and elevated, exotic, polite ways; and he would not let me sit silent for a minute. Solitary

on that side, too, then? Be it so, if so it must be. But we will try a little further. Lonelier man is not in this world that I know of.¹

Conway attempts to explain the peculiar circumstances of such an expression from Carlyle. He says,

It was a terrible trial for a man who, after slow years of toil and poverty, had gained the sympathy of the best heads in his country to find himself in the position of a 'Lost Leader.' But it was just that which Emerson's presence in England revealed to Carlyle.²

Conway would have the friends of Carlyle and Emerson to believe that the circle of friends who had gathered about the Scottish sage had gathered about a mythical Carlyle - one formed from their reading of his French Revolution and Cromwell, a creature that never existed. Furthermore, as they parted from Carlyle and grouped themselves about Emerson, they duplicated their error, for Emerson was, as he had been proclaimed by Carlyle, an Aristocrat.

None of the distrust, if it ever really existed, served to turn Emerson from the man whom he had once rescued from poverty for the world. Carlyle resolves to "try a little further," and Emerson constantly reaffirms his love and confidence in his friend, "extolling his honesty and grandeur in uttering his thought even when unwelcome to his friends."³

¹ James Anthony Froude, Thomas Carlyle, A History of His Life in London, I, pp. 360-1.

² Moncure Daniel Conway, Autobiography, Memoirs and Experiences, II, pp. 102-3.

³ Ibid., p. 104.

Not a month passes from Carlyle's entry on Emerson to a letter which he writes his friend, inviting him to re-inhabit his room in the Carlyle home.

. . .your room is standing vacant ever since you quitted it, - ready to be lighted up with all manner of physical and moral fires that the place will yield; and is in fact your room, and expects to be accounted such.¹

Whether Emerson ever availed himself of this particular invitation is not known, for while there were frequent calls, the correspondence consists only of short notes of greeting and exchanges of dinner invitations.

Not many weeks before Emerson finished his course of lectures in London, at the Portman Square Literary and Scientific Institution,² he made several important entries about Carlyle in his Journal. Among them is one pertaining to young disciples of Carlyle (as Emerson had once been himself).

I wonder the young people are so eager to see Carlyle. It is like being hot to see the Mathematical or the Greek professor, before you have got your lesson. They fancy it needs only clean shirt and palaver. If the genius is true, it needs genius.³

Another of importance shows Carlyle to be no idealist.

Carlyle is no idealist in opinions, but a pro-

¹ Correspondence, II, p. 192.

² "The London lectures were not as successful as he and his friends had hoped. He had expected £200 as his profits, but received only £80." Robert M. Gay, Ralph Waldo Emerson, p. 205.

³ Journals of Ralph Waldo Emerson, VII, p. 437.

tectionist in political economy, aristocrat in politics, epicure in diet, goes for murder, money, punishment by death, slavery, and all the petty abominations, tempering them with epigrams, His seal holds a griffin with the word, humilitate. He is a comenanter-philosopher and a sans-culotte-aristocrat.

Yet it must be said of Carlyle that he has the kleinstadtslich traits of an islander and a Scotchman, and believes more deeply in London than if he had been born under Bow Bells, and is pretty sure to reprimand with severity the rebellions instincts of the native of a vast continent which makes light of the British islands. He is an inspired Cockney.¹

One other journal entry ought not to be passed by as it indicates how clearly Emerson saw the true nature of his Scottish friend.

Carlyle is malleus mediocritatis. He detects weakness on the instant in his companion, and touches it: . . .

I fancy, too, that he does not care to see anybody whom he cannot eat, and reproduce to-morrow, in his pamphlet or pillory. Alcott was meat that he could not eat, and Margaret Fuller likewise, and he rejected them, at once.

He is the voice of London, a true Londoner with no sweet country breath in him, and the instigation of these new Pamphlets is the indignation of the night-walking in London streets. And 't is curious, the magnificence of his genius and the poverty of his aims, He draws his weapons from the skies, to fight for some wretched English property, or monopoly, or prejudice.

He looks for such an one as himself. Hewould willingly give way to you and listen, if you could declaim to him as he declaims to you. But he will not find such a mate.²

The man who was writing these journal entries is pictured by Carlyle himself, as he describes to his sister in Dum-

¹ Journals of Ralph Waldo Emerson, VII, pp. 441-2.

² Ibid., pp. 442-3.

fries, the Barings' dinner for Emerson:

On Thursday, I had again an eight-o'-clock dinner to execute at the Barings', on occasion of Emerson, - or rather Emerson was but the excuse of it, for he kept very quiet; mild modest eyes, lips sealed together like a pair of pincers, and nobody minded him much; we had quantities of Lords, Townwits (Thackeray, etc.), beautiful ladies.¹

Undaunted, however, by anything which might be interpreted as offensive to this friendship, Emerson maintains that his hero stands the tests. In a few simple sentences, Emerson reaffirms this faith in his friend.

Have you given any words to be the current coin of the country? Carlyle has.

What all men think, he thinks better.

Carlyle is thought a bad writer. Is he? Wherever you find good writing in Dorian or Rabelaisian, or Norse Sagas, or English Bible, or Cromwell himself, 't is odd, you find resemblance to his style.²

It would be impossible to close the account of the visit of this famous Concord Transcendentalist in Old England without giving the comparison between him and Carlyle which Stirling, a very dear mutual friend, notes. Once in London, on the occasion of a lecture delivered by Emerson, at which Carlyle was present on the platform, Stirling had seen the two great men together. Here follows his comparison:

What contrast it was to look upon them!
Emerson the calm, the chastened, the unmoved -

¹ New Letters of Thomas Carlyle, p. 58.

² Journals of Ralph Waldo Emerson, VII, p. 561.

motionless, emotionless - a being on whom the outward world could not make a mark, but still the slouching, as it were, and retiring scholar. . . Carlyle like a wild St. John of the wilderness, with fire and smoke of genius rolling through him ever; his thick dark hair (it may be, in contempt of Gall) confused upon his forehead, shutting it from view, and the Rousseau of his nature glancing from his eye the question (I thought), Do you recognize me here? Emerson was the latest known to me, and I had but listened to his words, and ah! I said to myself, Carlyle may be the intellectual but Emerson is the moral; Carlyle may be heart and brain, but Emerson is will, and law, and purpose; Carlyle may be motion, but Emerson is rest; Carlyle may be the eagle that has swept with me from my desert, but he has only borne me, nevertheless, to this rock Emerson.¹

After meeting, enjoying, and associating with a large number of literary and social celebrities, including "Rogers, Hallam, Macaulay, Milnes, Milman, Barry Cornwall, Dickens, Thackeray, Tennyson, Leigh Hunt, D'Israeli,² Helps, Wilkinson, Vailey, Kenyon and Forster: the younger poets, Clough, Arnold and Patmore; and among the men of science, Robert Brown, Owen, Sedgwick, Faraday, Buckland, Lyell, De la Beche, Hooker, Carpenter, Babbage and Edward Forbes,"³ and probably taking a fond leave of Thomas and Jane Carlyle, Emerson sails again for the New World, having gathered together material for his English Traits, and his famous paper on Carlyle in Lectures and Biographical Sketches.

1 Amelia Hutchison Stirling, James Hutchison Stirling, His Life and Work, pp. 262-3.

2 Later the family spelled the name "Disraeli."

3 Ralph Waldo Emerson, English Traits, pp. 292-3.

In his biographical sketch, written as a letter soon after Emerson's return to Concord in 1848, and later read after the death of Carlyle, 1831, one finds Emerson's lasting judgments of his friend. Only a few of the most significant passages are given, - and with these, closes the next epoch in the lives of Carlyle and Emerson.

He (Carlyle) is not mainly a Scholar, . . . but a practical Scotchman. . . I called him a trip-hammer with 'an Aeolian attachment.' He has, too, the strong religious tinge you sometimes find in burly people. . . He talks like a very unhappy man, - profoundly solitary, displeased and hindered by all men and things about him. . . He is obviously greatly respected by all sorts of people. . . And, though no mortal in America could pretend to talk with Carlyle who is also as remarkable in England as the Tower of London, yet neither would he in any manner satisfy us (Americans), or begin to answer the questions which we ask. He is a very national figure, and would by no means bear transplantation. . . So this man is a hammer that crushes mediocrity and pretension. . . He detects weakness on the instant, and touches it. He has a vivacious, aggressive temperament, and un-impressionable. . . There is nothing deeper in his constitution than his humor. . . His guiding genius is his moral sense. . . Carlyle has, best of all men in England, kept the manly attitude in his time. . . His errors of opinion are as nothing in comparison with his merit, in my judgment. . . He never feared the face of man.¹

¹ Emerson, Ralph Waldo, Lectures and Biographical Sketches, pp. 455-463.

Chapter V

CORRESPONDENCE FROM 1848 to 1872

The period in the lives of Carlyle and Emerson which opens in 1848 with Emerson's return to Concord from his second visit to England and closes in 1872 with his third trip abroad, is not markedly different from the preceding fruitful period of their correspondence, - the period between 1834-47. Noticeable points of similarity are found in the general tone and tenor of the letters. They continue to be preeminently personal, to carry notes of greeting from mutual friends, to report on family activities and the progress of their respective literary activities, to bear an exchange of critical opinion on their published works, and to express the steady love and affection which each bore the other.

Despite the similarities of the correspondence taken as a whole, there are, however, some perceptible differences due to a large number of factors. Chief of the reasons for this change is the advance of old age, bringing with it a slackening of virile power and ambition. Moreover, this is an extensive period; in fact, it is nearly twice as long as the period of their vigorous letter writing from 1834 to 1847. No visits intervene to help them renew their impressions of each other. Each writer, furthermore, has passed the zenith of his fame and has the knowledge that his future works will serve only, perhaps, as added glory. On Emerson's part there is no longer any need to search

out advantageous publishers for Carlyle or to juggle booksellers' accounts, sending all to him in long, detailed, and somewhat tiresome letters. Moreover, the years bring to America the Civil War, with its strenuous demands on the minds and actions of its citizens. As these friends differ widely on the cause of freedom and as it has never been their policy to allow their correspondence to become a series of controversies or quarrels, practically a closed period occurs here. For all these reasons, therefore, and doubtless numerous others, one finds the correspondence taking on a decidedly different tone. In some ways it is less colorful and masculine; in others, more pathetic and philosophical. One sees these two great thinkers, leaders of multitudes, grow old, and it is a sorrowful sight.

One wishes to know, however, the manner in which the similarities and differences arise, and such knowledge cannot be had without following through the letters which mark the passing of years in the lives of these two men.

Sailing from Liverpool on the 15th of July, 1848, Emerson reaches home before the end of the month and promptly resumes a correspondence with Carlyle which he has never allowed to grow slack since his initial letter in 1834. It is to Carlyle alone, however, that he addresses a letter, for Carlyle, writing a reply (6 December,

1848) to Emerson's letter (2 October, 1848) says, "Nobody except me seems to have heard from you; at least the rest, in these parts, all plead destitution when I ask for news."¹ Emerson tells that he has settled himself again to the peace and quiet of Concord and that he has fallen again quickly "into my obscure habits, more fit for me than the fine things I have seen."² This course of action is highly approved by Carlyle, who has never ceased to proclaim the doctrine of silence. He counsels Emerson, as ever, that it is well that he be left alone "even of a letter from Chelsea, till you get your huge bale of English reminiscences assorted a little."³

Here, it is interesting to note, one finds the first expressions, which later become more and more frequent, of a plea from Carlyle for forgiveness of former shortcomings and unintentional offenses. It is gratifying to find that Carlyle is eager to set aright any adverse opinions which his friend may have formed of him during his extended English visit. Carlyle writes to Emerson expressing this sentiment:

Forgive me my ferocities; you do not quite know what I suffer in these latitudes, or perhaps it would be even easier for you. Peace for me, in a Mother of Dead Dogs like this, there is not,

¹ Correspondence, II, p. 198.

² Ibid., p. 197.

³ Ibid., p. 198.

was not, will not be, - till the battle itself
 end; . . . Adieu, dear Emerson; do not forget
 us, or forget to think as kindly as you can of
 us, while we continue in this world together!¹

Carlyle's next letter carried the same plea for forgiveness,
 this time briefer but more strikingly plaintive than the
 former.

O, forgive me, forgive me all treapasses, -
 and love me what you can!²

The idea seems to recur again and again to Carlyle, for
 some years after Emerson's second English visit.³ In a
 letter dated 7 May, 1852, commenting much on the death of
 "Poor Margaret" (Fuller Ossoli), Carlyle sends a much long-
 er and more fervent plea. It is to be wondered whether any
 defaulter of as grim and unwavering disposition as Carlyle
 could ever plead more earnestly for forgiveness of uninten-
 tional mistakes than Carlyle does in this passage, only
 part of which is here quoted.

My manifold sins against you, involuntary all
 of them I may well say, are often enough present
 to my sad thoughts; and a kind of remorse is mixed
 with the other sorrow, - as if I could have helped
 growing to be, by aid of time and destiny, the grim
 Ishmaelite I am, and so shocking your serenity by
 my ferocities. I admit you were like an angel to

1 Correspondence, II, pp. 198-9.

2 Ibid., p. 210.

3 It remains a question to me whether Carlyle ever sincerely felt that he had materially wronged Emerson in anything he said to him or wrote about him.

me, and absorbed in the beautifullest manner all thunder-clouds into the depths of your immeasurable aether; - and it is indubitable I love you very well, and have long done, and mean to do!¹

Life does not change in its grimness for Carlyle even though the years have brought material success² and literary recognition from an ever increasing multitude of friends. Through a twist or kink in the peculiar inherent nature of the man, it seems that he is never to enjoy serenity and peacefulness. Soon after Emerson's return to Concord he hears this woeful cry from Carlyle.

. . .my life is very grim, . . .and is like to be; God only knows what further quantity of braying in the mortar this foolish clay of mine may yet need!³

By 1855, when at work on his Life of Frederick, he declares that obstinacy is the only quality left to him, that all others "hope, among them"⁴ seem to have taken leave.

Life, however, holds no such terrors for Emerson. He laments, though, over his negligence in the matter of his correspondence with Carlyle, for he fears that it will wrongfully indicate a lack of love and affection. By 1853 (19

¹ Correspondence, II, p. 241.

² Carlyle writes to his brother Alexander in Canada, 1870:
 ". . . 'tho not to be called in the modern ^{English} dialect rich, I have plenty of money, far far beyond any wants I shall now ever have.'" New Letters of Thomas Carlyle, p. 262.

³ Correspondence, II, p. 208.

⁴ Ibid., p. 279.

April) Emerson feels keenly his shortcoming in this matter.¹ Except for this neglect, however, life runs smoothly. He addresses his "dear wise man" to tell him the calm even tenor of his Concord life.

But what had I, . . . to tell you? What, but that life was still tolerable; still absurdly sweet; still promising, promising, to credulous idleness; - but step of mine taken in a true direction, or clear solution of any the least secret, - none whatever. I scribble always a little, - much less than formerly, -. ²

While Emerson is "scribbling" perhaps less than formerly, still he is producing some of his most famous and best beloved books,³ and Carlyle continues to exercise the privilege of a friend in commenting on them. Emerson's first book, after his return, is a compilation in part of the lectures which he had delivered abroad. This book, Representative Men, is acknowledged by Carlyle in a letter of 19 July, 1850, in complimentary phrases. "Plato" he likes least of all, although he acknowledges its worth to others; "Swendenborg" he praises with reservations. On the book as a whole, he comments as follows:

I found the Book a most finished, clear and perfect set of Engravings in the line manner; portraits full of likeness, and abounding

¹ Emerson's last letter to Carlyle had been nearly a year before. It is dated "May (?), 1862."

² Correspondence, II, p. 249.

³ Emerson, while writing a book, comments very little on it to Carlyle; on the other hand, when Carlyle is writing a book, his letters to Emerson are filled with recitals of his labors.

in instruction and materials for reflection to me: thanks always for such a Book; and Heaven send us many more of them.¹

One gets an inkling of another of Emerson's notable books of this period (1853) when he reads that the Concord author has written "hundreds of pages about England and America."² Carlyle calls and continues to call for this book, a brief piece of which had appeared in British newspapers.³ In 1855, he writes again that he and the English people are eagerly awaiting the book,

I must in my own name, and that of a select company of others, inquire rigorously of R. W. E. why he does not give us that little Book on England he has promised so long? I am very serious in saying, I myself want much to see it;. . . Bring it out, I say, and print it, tale quale. You will never get it in the least like what you wish it, clearly no! But I venture to warrant, it is good enough, - far too good for the readers that are to get it!⁴

Carlyle writes again in July, 1856, reproaching Emerson that he does not bring out the "Discourse on England."

At last, however, in August of the same year, he writes that he is pleased "that this English (book), so long twinkling

¹ Correspondence, II. p. 218.

² Ibid., p. 251.

³ Carlyle (1854) urges Emerson as follows: "Tell me, . . . what has become of your Book on England? We shall really be obliged to you for that. A piece of it went through all the Newspapers, some years ago; which was really unique for its quaint kindly insight, humor, and other qualities; like an etching by Hallar or Durer, amid the continents of vile smearing which are called 'pictures' at present. Come on, Come on; give us the Book and don't loiter." Correspondence, II, p. 272.

⁴ Correspondence, II, p. 281.

in our expectations and always drawn back again, is at last, ^{verily} to appear."¹ It is apparent that Emerson has warned Carlyle that a portion is devoted to him, upon which fore-warning Carlyle writes in all fairness to his critic as follows:

You speak as if there were something dreadful said of my own sacred self in that Book: Courage, my Friend, it will be a most miraculous occurrence to meet with anything said by you that does me ill; whether the immediate taste of it be sweet or bitter, I will take it with gratitude, you may depend, - nay even with pleasure, what perhaps is still more incredible. But an old man deluged for half a century with the brutally nonsensical vocable of his fellow-creatures (which he grows to regard soon as rain, 'rain of frogs' or the like, and lifts his umbrella against with indifference), - such an old gentleman, I assure you, is grateful for a word that he can recognize perennial sense in; as in this case is his sure hope.²

All these words said in anticipation of the book are verified and strengthened when Carlyle finally reads it. He thinks that not "for seven years or more" has he had such a book. Especial praise he accords to the chapter on the church,³ but does not "much seize" his idea in regard to "Literature." He calls the book one for "grown-up people,"⁴ and praises it as follows:

¹ Correspondence, II, p. 289.

² Ibid., pp. 289-290.

³ Carlyle says of this chapter, "That Chapter on the Church is inimitable - 'the Bishop asking a troublesome gentleman to take wine,' - you should see the kind of grin it awakens on our best kind of faces." Correspondence, II, p. 294.

⁴ The story of Carlyle's contrasting Tennyson's Idyls and Emerson's English Traits is found in the Corres., pp. 339-340. The inference is that Tennyson's work is "lollipops," but "superlative" ones, for children; whereas, Emerson's work is for "grown-up" people.

Book by a real man, with eyes in his head; nobleness, wisdom, humor, and many other things, in the heart of him. Such Books do not turn up often in the decade, in the century. In fact I believe it to be worth all the Books w ever written by New England upon Old. Franklin might have written such a thing (in his own way); no other since!¹

Emerson's The Conduct of Life is lauded by Carlyle,² but to Society and Solitude, he gives his most generous praise.³ The reader can scarcely fail to be interested in the remarkable critical judgment which Carlyle expresses on this book. In a measure, he sums up all his former criticisms and offers them fresh and alive to his correspondent. His criticisms of the book approximate a criticism of the author himself:

It seems to me you are all your old self here, and something more. A calm insight, piercing to the very centre; a beautiful epic humor; a soul peaceably irrefragable in this loud-bangling world, of which it sees the ugliness, but notices only the huge new opulences (still so anarchic), knows the electric telegraph, with all its vulgar botherations and impertinences, accurately for what it is, and ditto, ditto the oldest eternal Theologies of men.

¹ Correspondence, II, pp. 293-4. can

² "I read it a great while ago, . . . - I tell you, if you do not already guess, with a satisfaction given me by the Books of no other living mortal." Correspondence, II, p. 311.

³ "On the fly-leaf of Carlyle's copy (of Society and Solitude) is inscribed in Emerson's hand, "To the General in Chief from his Lieutenant, March, 1870!" New Letters of Thomas Carlyle, footnote, p. 266.

All this belongs to the Highest Class of thought; and again seemed to me as, in several respects, the one perfectly human Voice I had heard among fellow-creatures for a long time.¹

Emerson's style which had, in former years, been criticized somewhat by Carlyle, here offers no offense. Frequently quoted is the following description - kindly yet true - of Emerson's style.

And then the 'style,' the treatment and expression, - yes, it is inimitable, best - Emersonian throughout. Such brevity, simplicity, softness, homely grace; with such a penetrating meaning, soft enough, but irresistible, going down to the depths and up to the heights, as silent electricity goes.²

During this long period, the letters of Carlyle have much discussion over his writing, mainly the Life Of Frederick the Great,³ and secondarily the Life of Sterling,⁴ and Latter-Day Pamphlets.⁵ The Life of Sterling⁶ is well

1 Correspondence, II, p. 360.

2 Ibid., p. 360.

3 History of Friedrich II of Prussia, called Frederick the Great was begun in 1853, when Carlyle was 58 years old. In 1858, volumes one and two were published; 1862, volume three; 1864, volume four; 1865, volumes five and six. Carlyle worked twelve years on the six volumes.

4 The Life of Sterling was published in 1851. Emerson writes about this book as follows: "In reading Carlyle's Life of Sterling, I still feel, as of old, that the best service Carlyle has rendered is to Rhetoric or the art of writing. Now here is a book in which the vicious conventions of writing are all dropped; you have no board interposed between you and the writer's mind, but he talks flexibly, now, high, now low, . . . and all this living narration is daguerreotyped for you in his page. He has gone nigher to the wind than any other craft." Journals, VIII, pp. 216-2.

5 Latter-Day Pamphlets were issued originally as eight pamphlets in wrappers, 1850. American edition 1850.

6 Emerson writes that he "rejoiced with the rest of mankind in the Life of Sterling." Correspondence, II, p. 240.

received, but the Latter-Day pamphlets arouses a "horrible barking of the universal dog-kennel."¹ To the great work with which he labors twelve years, however, is most attention given. One learns, by a letter in 1852, that Carlyle has been reading for a year on Frederick the Great, having twice before read on his life, but that he definitely is not "writing on him, not at all practically contemplating to do so." By 1854, however, he has started writing on his "Prussian History," but makes little progress. The story of Frederick is perhaps too long to be given here, although it is an integral part of the life of Carlyle from 1853 until he, a man of seventy years, closes its six volumes in 1865. Early in this period, he feels the terrific strain of the task, sees that all is confusion and the "unutterablest mass of dead rubbish, which is not even English, which is German and inhuman."² His heart does not warm to his hero, and he finds "Fritz himself. . .not sufficiently divine."³ He calls out across the sea to Emerson, who is resting tranquilly in Concord:

I am getting old, and heavy of heart; - and in short, it ~~is~~ oftenest seems to me I shall never write any word about that matter; and have again fairly got into the element of the Impossible.⁴ Pity me, pity me; I know not on what hand to turn; and have such a Chaos filling all my Earth and

¹ Correspondence, II, p. 219.

² Ibid., p. 270.

³ Ibid., p. 270.

⁴ Ibid., p. 270.

Heaven as was seldom seen in British or Foreign Literature!¹

Year by year, however, the history takes on form, order rules over chaos, and the volumes are completed and sent to the printer's hand. Carlyle, through the years, christens the volumes, "bad, poor mis-shapen, feeble, nearly worthless,"² calls Frederick a "Stygian Abyss,"³ sends out a call for help fearing that he may not be able to hold out until its completion, as he says, "In my life I was never worn nearly so low, and seem to get weaker monthly."⁴ At last the twelve years of the "mulish pulling and pushing" close⁵ and, except for a reference to the ultimate disposition of the reference material, Carlyle ends his story of Frederick in a letter to his friend. He writes from Mentone, France, Alpes Maritimes, 27 January, 1867.

. . .The truth is, I was nearly killed by that hideous Book on Friedrich, - twelve years in

1 Correspondence, II, p. 271.

2 Ibid., pp. 299-300.

3 Ibid., p. 308.

4 Ibid., pp. 312-3.

5 Moncure Daniel Conway, a friend of Carlyle and Emerson, reports that Jane Carlyle thought "The Life of Frederick a terrible piece of work, and wished that Frederick had died when a baby. 'The book is like one of those plants that grow up smoothly and then forms a knot, smoothly again, and then forms another knot, and so on; what Carlyle is when one of those knots is being passed must be left to the imagination.' Carlyle was a picture of meekness when his wife said this." Moncure Daniel Conway, Autobiography, Memorirs, and Experiences, I, pp. 351-2.

continuous wrestle with the night-mares and the subterranean hydras; - nearly killed, and had often thought I should be altogether, and must die leaving the monster not so much as finished.¹

From time to time throughout this wretched period of Carlyle's life, Emerson sends words of encouragement. As the volumes are published and received in America, Emerson praises the results² and urges Carlyle to be courageous, believing that a "beneficent Providence is not very likely to interrupt"³ the history. The praise which he gives upon receipt of the first two volumes, as recorded in his journal (May, 1859), has long been a matter of more or less common knowledge to students of these men. It is exuberant and enthusiastic in the highest degree.

And meantime here has come into the country three months ago a book of Carlyle, History of Frederick, infinitely the wittiest book that ever was written, a book that one would think the English people would rise up in mass to thank him for by cordial acclamation, and congratulate themselves that such a head existed among them, and sympathising and much-

¹ Correspondence, II, pp. 357-8.

² Carlyle appreciates Emerson's praise of the first two volumes, and says, "Let me say. . .that the few words you sent me about those first Two volumes are present with me in the far more frightful darknesses of these last Two; and indeed are often almost my one encouragement. That is a fact, and not exaggerated, though you think it is." Correspondence, II, p. 309.

³ Ibid., p. 313.

reading America would make a new treaty extraordinary of joyful grateful delight with England, in acknowledgment of such a donation, - a book with so many memorable and heroic facts, working directly, too, to practise, - with new heroes, - things unvoiced before, with a range of thought and wisdom, the largest and the most colloquially elastic, that ever was, not so much applying as inoculating to every need and sensibility of a man, so that I do not^{so} much read a stereotype page, as I see the eyes of the writer looking into my eyes; all the way, bhuckling with undertones and puns and winks and shrugs and long commanding glances, and stereoscoping every figure that passes, and every hill, river, wood hummock, and pebble in the long perspective, and withal a book that is a Judgment Day, too, for its moral verdict on men and nations and manners of modern times, with its wonderful new system of mnemonics, whereby great and insignificant men are ineffaceably ticketed and marked in the memory by what they were, had, and did.

And this book makes no noise: I have hardly seen a notice of it in any newspaper or journal, and you would think there was no such book; but the secret interior wits and hearts of men take note of it, not the less surely. They have said nothing lately in praise of the air, or of fire, or of the blessing of love, and yet, I suppose, they are sensible of these, and not less of this Book, which is like these.¹

The final volumes are received in Concord, and Emerson eulogizes them. He calls the treatment "so spontaneous, self-respecting, defiant"² and assures his friend that no traces of an aged mind are visible in its pages.

Through all the long period of this correspondence,

¹ Journals of Ralph Waldo Emerson, IX, pp. 195-6.

² Correspondence, II, p. 330.

however, Emerson calls intermittently for a representative book from his friend, a book which more nearly expresses the writer. In 1858, he writes enthusiastically to his friend urging him to bring out yet a different kind of composition.

Yet that book will not come which I most wish to read, namely, the culled results, the quintessence of private conviction, a liber veritatis, a few sentences, hints of the final moral you drew from so much penetrating inquest into past and present men. All writing is necessitated to be exoteric, and written to a human should instead of to the terrible is. And I say this to you, because you are the truest and bravest of writers.¹

Some eight years later, in a letter from Emerson in which he attempts to offer consolation to Carlyle over his "sad return to an empty home," he again calls for this book. He encourages Carlyle to hold on to life and bear in mind this own counsels.

Long years you must still achieve, and, I hope, neither grief nor weariness will let you 'join the dim choir of the bards that have been,' until you have written the book I wish and wait for, - the sincerest confessions of your best hours.²

For the first five years after Emerson's return to Concord, an average of four letters a year are exchanged. For the next ten-year period, the average drops to two, a

¹ Correspondence, II, p. 296.

² Ibid., p. 336.

letter a year from one to the other. During the year 1857 not a single letter is exchanged. The same average of two letters a year holds for the last ten-year period, although one finds that for two years (1863 and 1868) no letters are exchanged. The year 1870 is a fruitful year, however, because Carlyle is contemplating a bequest of his Cromwell and Frederick the Great library to Harvard. In this year Emerson writes four and Carlyle six letters, a fact which holds the average for the ten-year period, as has been said, to two letters a year.

Much space in these letters of this twenty-five year period is given over to introductory apologies over delays in writing. As early as 1850, only a comparatively short time from their visit together, Carlyle writes an apology for his negligence.

My Friend, my Friend, - You behold before you a remorseful man! It is well nigh a year now since I despatched some hurried rag of paper to you out of Scotland, indicating doubtless that I would speedily follow it with a longer letter; and here, when gray Autumn is at hand again, I have still written nothing to you, heard nothing from you! It is miserable to think of. . . If it please Heaven, the like shall not occur again.¹

The like was, however, to recur time and time again. Nearly twenty years later, 1869, he addresses to Emerson a letter from 5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea, commenting on the state of their correspondence, and referring to the great tragedy of his

¹ Correspondence, II, p. 216.

life.

It is near three years since I last wrote to you; from Mentone, under the Ligurian Olive and Orange trees, and their sombre foreign shadows, and still more sombre suggestings and promptings; the saddest, probably, of all living men.¹ That you made no answer I know right well means only, 'Alas, what can I say to him of consolatory that he does not himself know!' Far from a fault, or perhaps even a mistake on your part; nor have I felt it otherwise. . . I count with frequent regret that our Correspondence (not by absolute best of Fate) should have fallen extinct, or into such abeyance; but I interpret it as you see; and my love and brotherhood to you remain alive, and will while I myself do.²

Emerson, likewise, writes much about his negligence and delay in his correspondence with Carlyle. In 1866, he asks permission to hurry a letter to his friend's door, and urges that it be able to claim its old right to enter, "and to scatter all your convictions that I had passed under the earth."³ Once he warns his friend he thinks seriously of crossing to England personally to excuse his negligence. He remarks:

I was to write once a month. My own disobedience is wonderful, and explains to me all the sins of omission of the whole world. The levity with which we can let fall into disuse such a sacrament as the exchange of greeting at short periods, is a kind of

¹ After the death of Jane Carlyle, Professor Tyndall took Carlyle to Mentone, France, Alpes Maritimes, to be the guest of Lady Ashburton. They started December 22, 1866. Carlyle, "languid and indifferent" felt that probably he would never return to England alive.

² Correspondence, II, pp. 241-2.

³ Ibid., p. 329.

magnanimity, and should be an astonishing argument of the 'Immortality'; and I wonder how it has escaped the notice of philosophers.¹

Emerson says he fears to disgust his friends, "as with a book open always at the same page,"² and pleads total "ossification." A letter in 1859, however, states that he has renewed his resolution to continue frequent correspondence.

A correspondence even of twenty-five years should not be disused unless through some fatal event. Life is too short, and, with all our poetry and morals, too indigent to allow such sacrifices. Eyes so old and wary, and which have learned to look on so much, are gathering an hourly harvest, -. I cannot spare what on noble terms is offered me.³

Ten years later, however, he calls himself the "victim of miscellany, - miscellany of designs, vast debility, and procrastination,"⁴ and terms himself the "ignoblest of all men in my perpetual short-comings to you," - all this denunciation of himself because he has failed again to maintain regular and frequent correspondence with his friend.

This repeated lapse in the correspondence seems to be more severely felt by Carlyle than by Emerson. Such

¹ Correspondence, II, p. 249.

² Ibid., p. 257a.

³ Ibid., pp. 304-5.

⁴ Ibid., p. 370.

a situation is not to be wondered at, because Emerson was by nature and temperament serene, peaceful, and tranquil. Moreover, he was situated in beautiful Concord, with wife and children to comfort and cheer him, and with the solitude and companionship of nature to inspire him. Carlyle's situation is quite the contrary; after 1866¹, he is sadly alone, with no life companion nor children to comfort and love him. In London, he has never found satisfaction, and his friends, though sincere and true, prove insufficient relief from the loneliness of his life.

Carlyle makes repeated calls to Emerson that he communicate with him, that he hold himself to a kind of "dialogue" with him, that he help to dispel the "gaunt loneliness of this Midnight Hour,"² for he tells his friend, "I am often abundantly solitary in heart; and regret the old days when we used to speak oftener together."³ In a sad letter to his friend telling of the death of his beloved mother, and proclaiming again his doctrine of silence, he tells Emerson how he longs for the companionship of his letters.

On the whole, I perceive you will not utterly give up answering me, but will rouse yourself now

¹ Jane Carlyle died April 21, 1866, when Carlyle was seventy-one years old.

² Correspondence, II, p. 250.

³ Ibid., p. 258.

and then to a word of human brotherhood on my behalf, so long as we both continue in this Planet. And I declare, the Heavens will reward you, and as to me, I will be thankful for what I get, and submissive to delays and to all things: all things are good compared with flat want in that respect.¹

It would be a strange correspondence, indeed, and a curious friendship, if no records at all were left of the beliefs each man held on certain social conditions. Especially is this true when one considers that these men were among the acknowledged leaders of thought of their day. The correspondence does made note of two such matters of importance: slavery and the Civil War in America. In 1851, Emerson writes that the enactment of the Fugitive Slave Bill has driven him to some writing and speech-making; again in 1854, he writes that a series of lectures in Western towns has shown him that "American is growing furiously, town and state"² and that the fight of slave and free-man is drawing nearer. He urges Carlyle to "come and see how the question will be settled." Carlyle replies that he, likewise, considers that the "Battle of Freedom and Slavery" is very far from ended, and "that the fate of poor 'Freedom' in the quarrel is very questionable indeed!"³ By 1862, Emerson writes enthusiastically in the

¹ Correspondence, II, p. 263.

² Ibid., p. 267.

³ Ibid., p. 272.

defense of freedom, states that the war is their "sole and doleful instructor," that no foreign powers can help America, and that the issue is "that we must get ourselves morally right."¹ Another notable letter relating pertinently to this question is written by Emerson in 1864.

I have in these last years lamented that you had not made the visit to America, which in earlier years you projected or favored. It would have made it impossible that your name should be cited for one moment on the side of the enemies of mankind. Ten days' residence in this country would have made you the organ of the sanity of England and of Europe to us and to them, and have shown you the necessities and aspirations which struggle up in our Free States. . . Ah! how gladly I would enlist you, with your thunderbolt, on our part.²

His famous verdict on the war is written in a letter to this friend, as he explains to him the havoc and the result of war.

Everybody has been wrong in his guess, except good women, who never despair of an Ideal right.³

The "bright days of . . . peace" have come, and five years have passed when Emerson writes an urgent invitation to his friend to seek the medicine of an ocean voyage to America. He tells Carlyle that his sins of opposition to the war in America and his strenuously worded tracts on slavery are

¹ Correspondence, II, p. 317.

² Ibid., pp. 321-2.

³ Ibid., p. 324.

no longer remembered against him.

Every reading person in America holds you in exceptional regard, and will rejoice in your arrival. They have forgotten your scarlet sins before and during the war. I have long ceased to apologize for or explain your savage sayings about America or other republics or publics, and am willing that anointed men bearing with them authentic charters shall be laws to themselves as Plato willed.¹

Certainly not even the most critical investigator of the friendship of Carlyle and Emerson can ever prove that America's Civil War was a source of controversy between the friends. Each unquestionably held his own convictions and expressed them freely, but he did not allow them to creep into their mutual correspondence.

That differences existed between Carlyle and Emerson is not to be gainsaid.² They recognized this factor strongly when Emerson made his second visit to his friend. Each commented on it to others and secretly wrote it in his personal papers. The fact is again recognized by Carlyle in 1850, when he comments on it to Emerson.

¹ Correspondence, II, p. 372.

² Conway reports a conversation of Carlyle in which he says, "Emerson has gone a different direction from any in which I (Carlyle) can see my way to go; but words cannot tell how I prize the old friendship formed there on Craigenputtock hill, and how deeply I have felt in all he has written the same aspiring intelligence which shone about us when he came as a young man and left with us a memory always cherished." Moncure Daniel Conway, Autobiography, Memorirs, and Experiences, I, p. 93.

May I have not at any time forgotten you, be that justice done the unfortunate: and though I see well enough what a great deep cleft divides us, in our ways of practically looking at this world, - I see also (as probably you do yourself) where the rock-strata, miles deep, unite again; and the two poor souls are at one. Poor devils! - May if there were no point of agreement at all, and I were more intolerant 'of ways of thinking' than I even am, - yet has not the man Emerson, from old years, been a Human Friend to me? Can I ever forget, or think otherwise than lovingly of the man Emerson?¹

The same note is struck again in 1892.

. . . deep as is my dissent from your Gymnosophist view of Heaven and Earth, I find an agreement that swallows up all conceivable dissents.²

It remains true that whenever either speaks of this difference he makes generous allowance and usually finds the cause of it to be himself. Carlyle makes repeated affirmations of his affections for Emerson, phrasing it first one way, then another. In 1851, he finds him "spite. . . (his) many sins, . . . among the most human of all the beings I now know in the world;"³ - and, again, in the same year he writes to emphasize his gratitude to Emerson:

In fact you are very good to me, and always were, in all manner of ways; for which I do, as I ought, thank the Upper Powers and you. That truly has been

¹ Correspondence, II, p. 217.

² Ibid., p. 241.

³ Ibid., p. 225.

and is one of the possessions of my life in this perverse epoch of the world. . .¹

It is not advisable nor wise to quote here the frequent expressions of Carlyle which indicate his love for Emerson. They are not veiled shadowy expressions of admiration and respect, which one contemporary might give to another, but they are a voicing of sincere love which is bigger and broader and deeper than mere respect. In 1852, Carlyle writes to his friend thus:

- You are a born enthusiast, as quiet as you are; and it will continue so, at intervals, to the end. I admire your sly low-voiced sarcasm too; - in short, I love the sternly-gentle close-buttoned man very well, as I have always done, and intend to continue doing!²

Emerson seems never to have been disappointed with his prophet,³ unless one might call momentary differences of opinion a disappointment. The love which he bore his friend from the time of the visit to Craigenputtock in 1834 continues to grow and become a more integral part of the man. He happily expressed this sentiment in 1852.

¹ Correspondence, II, p. 234.

² Ibid., p. 246.

³ In Emerson's journal, one finds this note on Carlyle. "England makes what a step from Dr. Johnson to Carlyle! what wealth of thought and science, what expansion of views and profounder resources does the genius and performance of this last imply! If she can make another step as large, what new ages open!" Journals of Ralph Waldo Emerson, VIII, p. 463.

You make me happy with your loving thoughts and meanings toward me. I have always thanked the good star which made us early neighbors, in some sort, in time and space. And the beam is twice warmed by your vigorous good-will, which had steadily kept clear, kind eyes on me.¹

A letter in 1855, describing to Carlyle the spread of his fame, finds Emerson regretful of his neglect for his friend.

Yet I have not changed (from twenty years or more ago). I have the same pride in his genius, the same sympathy with the Genius that governs his, the old love with the old limitations, though love and limitation be all untold. And I see well what a piece of Providence he is, how material he is to the times, which must always have a solo Soprano to balance the roar of the Orchestra. The solo sings the theme; the orchestra roars antagonistically but follows.²

The last letter which Emerson ever wrote to Carlyle, the letter which closes for him a correspondence of nearly forty years' duration, carries the same note of friendship that the first did.

I count it my eminent happiness to have been so nearly your contemporary, and your friend, - permitted to detect by its rare light the new star almost before the Easterners had seen it, and to have found no disappointment, but joyful confirmation rather, in coming close to its orb. . I know well all your perversities, and give them a wide berth. They seriously annoy a great many worthy readers, nations of readers sometimes, - but I heap a them all as style, and read them as I read Rabelais's gigantic humors which astonish in order to force attention, and by and by are seen

¹ Correspondence, II, p. 244.

² Ibid., pp. 274-5.

to be the rhetoric of a highly virtuous gentleman who swears.¹

Many matters of interest occupy the pages of this period of the correspondence. Each is travelling: Emerson to the fast developing Middle West and on to California and the Pacific coast, and Carlyle in his own country, Ireland, Germany, and France. Carlyle is chosen Rector of Edinburgh University, goes to make his acceptance speech and returns to find Jane Carlyle, the companion of his life, dead.² The mothers of both Carlyle and Emerson, who have held for so many years a sacred spot in their hearts, die. Mutual friends come and go, carrying words of greeting from one to the other. Emerson fulfils a long anticipated wish and sends a son (Edward) to receive the blessing of Carlyle.³ Carlyle sends to Harvard University

1 Correspondence, II, p. 384.

2 Carlyle writes of this sorrowful event to his friend thus:
 "By the calamity of April last, I lost my little all in this world; and have no soul left who can make any corner of this world into a home for me any more. Bright, heroic, tender, true, and noble was that lost treasure of my heart, who faithfully accompanied me in all the rocky ways and climbings; and I am forever poor without her. . . I should be among the dullest and stupidest, if I were not among the saddest of all men." Correspondence, II, p. 338.

3 Emerson writes, "I hope you will have returned safely from the Orkneys in time to let my son Edward W. E. see your face on his way through London to Germany. . . Give him your blessing." Correspondence, II, pp. 382-3.

his library on Cromwell and "Friedrich the Great," being assisted in this enterprise by Charles Eliot Norton and Emerson. He forwards also to Emerson a complete edition of his published works, which gift receives ready appreciation from Emerson.

There is through all these years, and underlying all the transactions, one note which Carlyle constantly strikes: that Emerson's voice is the only answering one which he, in the myriad of human voices, can hear. He calls Emerson "unique among (his) fellow-creatures" because from him he receives full response. He repeats his conviction in a letter in 1854.

It remains true, and will remain, what I have often told you, that properly there is no voice in this world which is completely human to me, which fully understands all I say, and with clear sympathy and sense answers to me, but your voice only.¹

The same thought he sends to Emerson in the following year.

How you are, and have for a long time been, the one of all the sons of Adam who, I felt, completely understood what I was saying; and answered with a truly human voice, - inexpressibly consolatory to a poor man, in his lonesome pilgrimage, toward the evening of the day!²

Again and again, Carlyle states that Emerson's voice is the "one completely human voice"³ in the world to

¹ Correspondence, II, pp. 268-9.

² Ibid., p. 277.

³ Ibid., p. 308.

him.¹

One other matter receives considerable attention during this period, that of the steady and inevitable approach of old age. Carlyle being the older, is the first to feel its approach and to mention it. To him, it takes the form of heightening an already existing ugly view of life. Again he censures Old Age for the delay in Emerson's letters, or excuses his friend because of it. At a later day, he braces himself with his doctrine of silence, and says, "Be silent, thou poor fool; and prepare for that Divine Silence which is now not far!"² Through the major number of his expressions, the same tone is noticeable, as in a letter of 1867.

You will think me far gone, and much bankrupt in hope and heart; - and indeed I am; as good as without hope and without fear; a gloomily serious, silent, and sad old man; gazing into the final chasm of things, in mute dialogue with 'Death, Judgment, and Eternity' (dialogue mute on both sides!), not caring to discourse with poor articulate-speaking fellow-creatures on their sorts of topics.³

¹ Practically the same words are used by Carlyle in 1867, when he says, ". . . (your notes are) almost the only truly human speech I have heard from anybody living;" Correspondence, II, p. 337.

Three years later, he repeats his thought when he writes, "(your writing) again seemed to me as, in several respects, the one perfectly Human Voice I have heard among my fellow-creatures for a long time." Correspondence, II, p. 360.

² Ibid., p. 269.

³ Ibid., p. 337.

Such a view of old age is not the one held by Emerson, for he says, "I . . . grow old contented."¹ He sees that the evening of life has certain virtues and rewards. His most effective explanation of this attitude toward age and long friendships is given in a letter to Carlyle in 1858.

And a friendship of old gentlemen who have got rid of many illusions, survived their ambitions, and blushes, and passion for euphony, and surface harmonies, and tenderness for their accidental literary stores, but have kept all their curiosity and awe touching the problems of man and fate and the Cause of causes, - a friendship of old gentlemen of this fortune is looking more comely and profitable than anything I have read of love.²

The years pass by and on 2 April, 1872, a letter from Carlyle to his life-long friend marks the close of a correspondence of nearly forty years' duration. As the exchange of letters started with Emerson, it closes with Carlyle, and the fourth period of their friendship is at an end. There is yet another chapter in this beautiful comradeship, however, which begins with Emerson's third and final visit to Carlyle. In November, 1872, Emerson goes to England and again meets his friend. After a brief visit in England he, with his daughter Ellen, proceeds to the Continent and Egypt, returning to London in the spring of 1873. For the last time Carlyle and he see each other.

¹ Correspondence, II, p. 303.

² Ibid., p. 297.

That no letters are exchanged after this third visit is not surprising when one understands the age of each, the fact that Carlyle's right hand is palsied,¹ and that Emerson is not in full command of his powers of memory. Theirs, however, was a friendship that could endure even without an exchange of letters.

¹ In March, 1871, Carlyle loses the use of his right hand.

Chapter VI

EMERSON'S THIRD VISIT TO ENGLAND, AND THE CLOSING DAYS OF THEIR FRIENDSHIP

A number of events are responsible for Emerson's third and last visit to Britain, chief among them, perhaps, being the fire that destroyed his home on July 24, 1872.¹ Driven from familiar surroundings and from his library which for many years had been such an integral part of him, he finds himself being urged by friends to take a trip during the re-building of his home,² this trip to include Greece and the Nile. The prospect of seeing a few friends, old and new, in England, and visiting ancient Greece and Egypt, finally wins him to a decision, and he, in company with his eldest daughter, Ellen, sails from New York for England, October 23, 1872.

News of this journey seems to have reached his old friend Carlyle, now a man of seventy-seven years, for he

1 Serious consequences resulted to Emerson from the shock of this fire. His biographer, James Elliot Cabot, commenting on it, says, "It was natural that the loss of memory and of mental grasp which was afterwards noticed should be dated from this period." James Elliot Cabot, A Memoir of Ralph Waldo Emerson, p. 655.

2 It is interesting to note that Dr. Le Baron Russell, the convert of Emerson to Carlyle, and the man responsible for the first American publication of Sartor Resartus, thought Emerson should be relieved from his lecturing and induced to take a vacation. He, with many other friends, contributed a purse of between eleven and twelve thousand dollars to assist in the enterprise.

writes his favorite brother, than at work in Dumfries, about it.

Chelsea, 26 October, 1872

Perhaps by this time you have heard from young Emerson, who is walking hopefully St. James's Hospital; and came here last Sunday and said he would write to you. Perhaps he told you withal, what is a great secret, that Emerson Father, with his unmarried Daughter, is now on the seas for England! Actually so; but means to keep it secret all he can, being out of health and sent straight-way for Italy; not till after some months in which, will he return and openly show himself to England. I fear he is not in a very good state of health, - perhaps beginning, like the rest of us, to feel that he too is entering the gloomy valley of Old Age. Meanwhile I shall be greatly interested to see Emerson once again, on the terms there are. . . 1

Emerson and his daughter arrive in England and are met by his son Edward, then a student at St. Thomas's Hospital in London. Edward is compelled to sail for home in November, but the Emersons are affectionately welcomed and cared for by a number of old friends, both American and English,² among whom is the one "best valued," - Carlyle, now "old, broken, and sad."³ The sea voyage and the enforced idleness somewhat refresh Emerson, and he goes

¹ New Letters of Thomas Carlyle, II, p. 289.

² The editors of Emerson's journals state that the friends especially helpful to the Emersons were Colonel Henry Lee, Charles Eliot Norton, Rev. William Henry Channing, Moncure D. Conway, Thomas Hughes, Dean Stanley and Lady Augusta, William MacCormac, and Carlyle.

³ Journals of Ralph Waldo Emerson, X, p. 396.

about to see the most intimate of his friends. Carlyle, naturally, receives a visit from this man who through some forty years has been his correspondent. Emerson writes lovingly of this visit to his wife.

London, November 8, 1872

. . . Yesterday I found my way to Chelsea, and spent two or three hours with Carlyle in his study. He opened his arms and embraced me, after seriously gazing for a time: 'I am glad to see you once more in the flesh,' - and we sat down and had a steady outpouring for two hours and more, on persons, events, and opinions. . . As I was curious to know his estimate of my men and authors, of course I got them all again in Scottish speech and wit, with large deduction of size. He is strong in person and manner as ever, - though so aged-looking, - and his memory as good.¹

The picture which is here given of Carlyle as he appeared to his aged friend shows a man whose nature has never materially changed - a man with an embrace and greeting for a friend; a ready flow of conversation on people, their opinions and actions; an exhibition of Scottish speech and wit, - but a picture shaded and dulled somewhat by the advance of old age.

Emerson remains in London only a week, then on to Canterbury for a couple of days, thence to Paris. From Paris, the Emersons travel to Marseilles, Nice, Italy,

¹ James Elliot Cabot, A Memoir of Ralph Waldo Emerson, II, p. 658.

and reach the Nile before the end of December, stopping en-route at Rome.¹ They spend the winter months idling here and there, but apparently Emerson goads himself into writing some few letters, for Carlyle reports as much in a letter which he writes to his brother.

To Dr. Carlyle, Dumfries, Chelsea, 22 March, 1873.

He (Norton) read me a bit of a letter which reported Emerson's safe arrival in Paris, with 'his age renewed' by his Egyptian winter, and in particular, instead of the utterly bare, or slightly wooly scalp, a visible coat of hair again, or under way.² I suppose he will be here in not many days; probably I told you already he contemplates six weeks in England. . .³

Finally they return to London in April, arriving on Saturday, the fifth. As his friend reports, Emerson is much improved in health and willing and eager to renew friendships with former favorites. During the three weeks of

¹ A more detailed account of this journey reads as follows: (From Paris) . . . "They went thence by rail to Marseilles and Nice and by boat to Genoa, thence by rail to Leghorn. Making but short stays at Pisa and Florence, they reached Rome on the last day of November. . . Thence they went to Naples, and after four days sailed for Egypt. Christmas found them in Alexandria, and in the last days of the year they proceeded to Cairo." Journals of Ralph Waldo Emerson, X, p. 397.

² It is reported by James Elliot Cabot that Emerson's hair remained thick with its brown color unchanged up to rather a late period (1870) when suddenly it began to come off in large patches. The biographer later notes that after the Egyptian trip, Emerson's health was improved "and his hair growing thick again in places and quite brown."

³ New Letters of Thomas Carlyle, II, p. 296.

their visit in London, they are the recipients of many invitations. The editors of Emerson's journals, commenting on this visit to London, say, "Of course¹ the meeting with his oldest and best friend in England was what was foremost in Mr. Emerson's mind."² Miss Emerson writes of the call which her father made on Carlyle.

He was in more amiable and cheerful humour than he had been a few days before when Father walked with him, and Father has been very happy in the remembrance of this call.³

One sees, as he moves through the accounts of these last visits of the friends together, that Civil War nor controversial opinions nor old age has been successful in dulling the friendship which was formed at Craigenputtock on that memorable Sunday afternoon in August nearly forty years before (1833). Just before leaving London, Emerson again visits his friend, perhaps for the last time. A very brief report of this visit is given by Emerson's daughter.

Father, after breakfast with Mr. Gladstone, spent the forenoon with Mr. Carlyle with real comfort, bade him good-bye, and then went to the Howards' and lunched with Mrs. Lewes.⁴

This call which gives "real comfort" to Emerson is the oc-

¹ It is interesting to note the expression "of course," as though one might expect this visit to be one of the principal regards of the trip.

² Journals of Ralph Waldo Emerson, X, p. 415.

³ Ibid., p. 415.

⁴ Ibid., p. 415.

casion of a letter from Carlyle to his brother, although letter writing has now become for him an extremely laborious task.

In return I have next to nothing, or altogether nothing, of news to tell you. Except indeed that Emerson is just leaving us, and that except in Edinburgh, about ten days hence, I know not where there is any chance of your meeting him. He came down hither day before yesterday, sat about a couple of hours, talking cheerfully in his mild, modest, ingenious but rather theoretic way; and then rose inexorably to go to Forster's who had asked him to dinner for this (Saturday) night, but was to find him inexorably engaged elsewhere. So he went his way, and ^{it} is probable I shall see him no more, as he departs punctually to-morrow morning for Merthyr Tydvyl, Oxford, Manchester, etc., etc.; nothing fixed but that he is to be in Edinburgh, and that he sails with Norton from Liverpool on the 16th of next month. I think sometimes the Edinburgh University people should give him a public dinner; things of that kind have been proposed here, but given ~~y~~ up, perhaps declined; Edinburgh is perhaps the fitter place, if any place can be fit. Should you be writing to Masson, you might fling out a hint?¹

These are perhaps the only accounts available of their last visits together, for Emerson had practically abandoned his journal and was indisposed toward letter-writing, and Carlyle, because of a palsied hand ^{and} the melancholy in which he lived, wrote very rarely to anyone. This concludes, for all practical purposes, the story of the friendship of Carlyle and Emerson. For the sake of round-

¹ New Letters of Thomas Carlyle, II, p. 297.

ing out the story, however, one should continue it until the death of each, and should give all the information available, as the closing years of their lives yield occasional remarks which indicate clearly that their affection continued as long as life itself.

Resuming, then, the narrative of Emerson's trip, one finds that he has a happy visit in Oxford, a three-day stop at Stratford-on-Avon; thence to Durham; thence to Edinburgh. The account of the visit of Emerson and his daughter in Edinburgh is given in some detail by Alexander Ireland, who had proved through the years a most sincere and helpful friend. Whether or not a public celebration was considered for Emerson, as his friend Carlyle had suggested, is not known but the fact that he was a guest in the city only a day (May 8, 1873) or possibly two, leads one to believe that no such plan was ever made. The last two days of his final visit to England are spent with his friend Ireland, whose account of them follows:

He spent the last two days of this his final visit to England under my roof, along with his beloved daughter, Ellen. This afforded an opportunity of bringing together many of his old friends and hearers of 1847-8, whom he was well pleased to meet. To every one he gave a few minutes, and the stream of conversation flowed on for several hours. After all the guests had departed, he indulged in a cigar, and expressed his gratification at having met so many 'good people,' as he called them. 'Would that I could have held converse with each for half an hour.'¹

¹ Alexander Ireland, Recollections of Emerson, p. 289.

Emerson sails for America in May, 1873, on which return voyage he passes his seventieth birthday, an occasion which Charles Eliot Norton made memorable by the composition of verses which have previously been quoted in this paper.

As has been said, no further letters are exchanged by Carlyle and Emerson after Emerson's return to Concord in 1873. The records of this friendship from that date until the death of each of the friends are necessarily very limited. The years move on and the evening of their lives grows late. Honors of varying nature are heaped upon these friends but they are no longer able to send word across the sea relating the events. Carlyle is awarded the Order of Merit which Frederick himself had founded,¹ is offered a baronetcy and pension from Disraeli,² which

¹ Carlyle said of this honor that it would do him "neither ill na gude" and that a "pound of good tobacco" would have added to his happiness more.

² In January, 1875, Carlyle comments on this offer to his brother. "The enclosed Letter (from Disraeli, offering Carlyle a baronetcy and pension) and copy of my answer ought to go to you as a family curiosity, and secret: . . . You would have been surprised, all of you to have found unexpectedly your poor old Brother Tom converted into Sir Tom, Bart., but, alas, there was no danger at any moment of such a catastrophe. I do however truly admire the magnanimity of Dizzy in regard to me: he is the only man I almost never spoke of w except with contempt and if there is anything of scurrility anywhere chargeable against me, I am sorry to own he is the subject of it; and yet see, here he comes with a pan of hot coals for my guilty head! I am on the whole gratified a little within my own dark heart at this mark of the good will of high people, - Dizzy by no means the chief of them, which has come to me now at the very end, when I can have the additional pleasure of answering, 'Alas, friends, it is of no use to me, and I will not have it.' New Letters of Thomas Carlyle, II, pp. 310-311.

he refuses, and a "big Doctor's Diploma" from Harvard University,¹ which he accepts. Laboriously he writes "in largish letters with blue pencil" a brief note to "dear Sister Jenny," 12 April, 1875, the year in which two of these honors are offered him, that he has grown very old, fast approaching his eightieth year, and that he is "very weak and useless."² He says further:

Silent my thoughts are obliged mostly to be, for my hand this long while back is quite useless for writing and indeed even by dictation I never do write except on absolute compulsion.³

This obligatory silence, in its own manner, answers many questions.

Emerson's powers of writing also grow fainter and fainter. By the year 1875, he has practically abandoned

¹ Carlyle writes to Dr. Carlyle, his brother, about the honor from Harvard University, as follows: ". . . there has also arrived from Harvard University a big Doctor's Diploma and sublime little Letter from the President of Harvard College, with which I know not yet what to do; never having been consulted upon it, and being resolute never to accept such a Title and yet reluctant to fling the whole affair irreverently in their faces, good souls, who meant to gratify me highly." New Letters of Thomas Carlyle, II, p. 318.

Carlyle here made an exception and accepted the diploma in the spirit in which it was offered to him.

² Letters of Thomas Carlyle to his Youngest Sister, p. 249.

³ Ibid., p. 248.

his journal. Upon examination, one finds only twenty-six printed lines to commemorate that year, but the simple notation of Carlyle's eightieth birthday is significant.

December 5, 1875
Thomas Carlyle's 80th birthday¹

This birthday, remembered by the sincerest and most loyal, perhaps, of all Carlyle's friends, and simply noted in his journal² is the occasion for somewhat of a celebration among the British and foreign admirers of Carlyle. Tributes of respect poured in upon Cheyne Row on that day. From Scotland came a medal inscribed with his name; from Berlin, a remarkable letter from Prince Bismarck. In characteristic Carlylean language, he says, "There has been this morning a complete whirlwind of birthday gifts and congratulations about the poor arrival of my eightieth and probably last 4th of December."³ The excitement seems to have worried him, for he describes the day as "of the most miserable agitation he could recollect in his life."⁴ The Edinburgh medal, until he reflected that "kindness and good will had lain at the heart of every part of it"⁵ were

¹ Journals of Ralph Waldo Emerson, X, p. 445.

² Emerson's memory appears to have played a trick on him, as Carlyle's birthday was December 4, not December 5.

³ James Anthony Froude, Thomas Carlyle, A History of His Life in London, II, p. 372.

⁴ Ibid., p. 372.

⁵ Ibid., p. 372.

mere "fret and fuss" to him.

One of these Edinburgh medals finds its way across the Atlantic and into the hands of Emerson. To Emerson, it is of enough consequence to occasion an entry into a journal all but abandoned.

On Saturday, February 5, received through the post-office a packet containing a silver medal, on one face bearing the profile of Carlyle, with the name 'Thomas Carlyle' inscribed; on the other face,

'In Commemoration
1875

December 4'

A card enclosed reads, 'To R. W. Emerson from Alexander Macmillan' (London); for which welcome and precious gift I wish to write immediately my thanks to the kind sender.¹

Except for a poem by William Allingham, "Poesia Humana," which had been sent to Emerson as a grateful tribute of a disciple to a master, his journal kept for more than half a century closes with this notation on Carlyle's medal. Is it not significant that perhaps the last original writing in the journal was about the life-long friend, Carlyle?

One can gather only scattered bits of information from 1875 on to the close of the lives of these two men as to the regard they held for one another. It is a welcome bit which one gets from Moncure D. Conway, who tells of a conversation with Carlyle in 1880, a single year

¹ Journals of Ralph Waldo Emerson, X, p. 449.

before his death. The utterance is from a man of eighty-five, one who is reminiscent, lonely, feeble, and impatiently awaiting the last call of his life. Conway was leaving on a journey to America and as he departed, Carlyle said, "Give my love to Emerson. I still think of his visit to us in Craigenputtock as the most beautiful thing in my experiences there."¹

One other bit of interesting data is found in John Tyndall's "Personal Recollections of Carlyle." Tyndall remarks that during an evening visit with Carlyle, while they stood before the drawing-room fire, he spoke to him of Emerson, and that "there was something lofty in the tone of Carlyle's own voice as he spoke of the 'loftiness' of his great American friend."² A footnote continues the account and gives valuable information on this memorable friendship.

Their friendship continued unimpaired to the end. Not long before Carlyle's death, I noticed two volumes of the same shape and binding on the table of his sitting-room. Opening one of them I found written on the fly-leaf: -

To Thomas Carlyle
with unchangeable affection
from Ralph Waldo Emerson.¹

The two volumes were Emerson's own collected works. 'That,' I said, 'is as it ought to be; you and Emerson must remain friends to the last.' 'Ay,' he responded, 'you are quite right; take the volumes with you, but return them punctually.'³

¹ Moncure Daniel Conway, Autobiography, Memorials and Experiences, p. 104.

² Littell's Living Age, CLXXXIV (February, 1890), 325.

³ Ibid., pp. 325-6.

By the middle of July, 1880, it is reported that Carlyle is "exceedingly weak" and has absolutely abandoned correspondence with even the dearest of relatives and most intimate of friends.¹ His time is spent in "lying on the sofa, reading in his easy chair, and smoking an occasional pipe,"² which activities, with a daily drive and conversations with friends, make up the hours of his day. The elixir of his life becomes constantly thinner and thinner and on the fifth of February, 1881, he dies, having lived a long, busy life of over eighty-five years. His biographer says of him that "Nature had made him weak, passionate, complaining, dyspeptic in body and sensitive in spirit, lonely, irritable, and morbid. . . (but) he has left in his life a model of simplicity and uprightness which few will ever equal and none will excel."³ What Carlyle was, he became by holding with unwavering rectitude to a principle of right which was his inflexible guide to conduct. Unable to change his temperament, he held, however, to a code which never permitted him to write a single line that he did not believe with his whole heart. Westminster Abbey

¹ Carlyle's biographer Froude reports that, "The loss of the use of his (Carlyle's) right hand was more than a common misfortune. It was the loss of everything. The powers of writing, even with pencil, went finally seven years before his death. . . I never knew him so depressed as when the fatal certainty was brought home to him." James Anthony Froude, Thomas Carlyle, A History of His Life in London, II, p. 387.

² Letters of Thomas Carlyle to his Youngest Sister, pp. 254-5.

³ James Anthony Froude, Thomas Carlyle. A History of His Life in London, II, p. 392.

was offered as the final resting place for Carlyle, but, in accordance with his previously stated principles, it was refused, and he, as was his wish, was buried in the kirkyard of his native Ecclefechan.¹

On the Atlantic side, there is sorrowing by a multitude of admirers and by his loyal friend Emerson. While Carlyle and Emerson had actually exchanged no messages since 1873, their affection had maintained the same steady glow of days of former activity and vigor. Emerson, now a man of seventy-eight years, makes his second from the last public appearance to read a paper on Carlyle² when requested

¹ A relative of Carlyle's, writing to Carlyle's youngest sister, tells the story of the funeral: "The vale of Annan was grim and wintry. . . The most touching sight I saw was that of three gray haired, smooth crowned fathers of the village of Ecclefechan, who stood together by the wayside, bare-headed and with unfeigned sadness of face and manner silently and impressively bearing witness to their sorrow. It was really very touching to look upon. The Presbyterian Kirk bells tolled mournfully. . . and all was as unostentatious as he himself desired it might be." Letters of Thomas Carlyle to his Youngest Sister, p. 258.

See Littell's Living Age, CLXXXIV (February, 1890), 339, for a sympathetic account by John Tyndall of Carlyle's funeral.

² In February, 1881, Emerson read before the Massachusetts Historical Society his paper on Carlyle now contained in Lectures and Biographical Sketches. Emerson "was no longer able to write an address, but, unwilling to be silent at the meeting held in the great writer's honor, or to disappoint expectation entirely, read this short paper. Most of it is taken from a letter written by him soon after his visit to Carlyle in 1848, and to this a few passages from the journals were added. Hence this account . . . had the characteristics of a letter written to near friends who well knew the honor and affection in which the writer held its subject." Emerson's Lectures and Biographical Sketches, (Centenary ed.), Notes, pp. 617-8.

to do honor to the great writer's name. He ventures out of doors to give to his life-long friend a tribute which few men have merited: "He never feared the face of man."¹

There is something sadly fitting in the fact that the year following Carlyle's death marks that of Emerson. As their lives had been in curious contrast, so was the twilight of their days. All through life Emerson was cheerful by temperament and principle, and in his last days he was very happy. He constantly rejoiced in the good fortune of a lot which granted him country, loyal friends, home, wife, and loving family. Years had dulled his powers until he was but a shadow of his former self, but he was tranquil and happy. In April, 1882, he took a severe cold from which he never recovered. When his son, Dr. Edward Emerson, called to see him on the evening of April nineteenth he found him feverish. The following day found him weaker and less able than usual to find the right word. One impression remained indelibly stamped on his memory, however, - the memory of Carlyle. Up to his last illness the picture of this Scottish comrade remained clear and undimmed by the ravages of time and loss of vital energy. Emerson's son notes this significant fact

¹ Ralph Waldo Emerson, Lectures and Biographical Sketches, p. 498.

and records it, along with a defense of the friendship of Carlyle and Emerson, in his account of the closing days of his father.

Yet, though dulled to other impressions, to one he was fresh as long as he could understand anything, and while even the familiar objects of his study began to look strange he smiled and pointed to Carlyle's head and said, 'That is my man, my good man!' I mention this because it has been said that this friendship cooled and that my father had for long years neglected to write to his early friend. He was loyal while life lasted, but had been unable to write a letter for years before he died. Their friendship did not need letters.¹

Life lingered for several days after his statement on Carlyle, but on Thursday the twenty-seventh of April, 1882, he died, and the doors closed on this beautiful friendship. He had lived a life marked for all time by serenity, by absolute sincerity, genuine manhood, and unwavering faith in the principles of goodness and right, and was at the end of his life laid to rest in Concord under a pine-tree which he had chosen for the graves of his mother and child.²

¹ Edward Waldo Emerson, Emerson in Concord, p. 194.

² Emerson's son tells that, "On Sunday, the thirtieth of April, his (Emerson's) body was laid first by the altar in the old church while the farewell words were spoken in the presence of a great assembly of friends, and townsmen and many who had come from afar to do him reverence, then under a pine-tree which he had chosen on the hill above Sleepy-Hollow by the graves of his mother and child; even as he had written when a youth in Newton, 'Here sit Mother and I under the pine-tree, still almost as we shall lie by and by under them.' Edward Waldo Emerson, Emerson in Concord, p. 196.

By the friendship of such great men as Carlyle and Emerson, much more, perhaps, than by diplomatic treaties and alliances, will the old world and the new be brought into clearer understanding and appreciation of each other. Differing from one another in numerous of the great social questions, in mode of life and action, in their basic outlook on life itself, they still maintained a friendship for each recognized that under the deep layer of practicality of the one, and idealism and theorism of the other, was an undeniable similarity - a love for truth, a hatred for sham, an appreciation for the simple, original, fundamental nature of mankind. The body of this paper, setting forth as clearly and sympathetically as possible the story of the friendship of these two great thinkers and personalities of the nineteenth century, closes with a brief eulogy to their memory.

Carlyle and Emerson

A bale-fire kindled in the night,
 By night a blaze, by day a cloud,
 With flame and smoke all England woke,
 It climbed so high, it roared so loud.

While over Massachusetts' pines
 Uprose a white and steadfast star;
 And many a night it hung unwatched,
 It shone so still, it seemed so far.

But Light is Fire, and Fire is Light;
 And Mariners are glad for these,
 The torch that flares along the coast,
 The star that beams above the seas.¹

¹ The Atlantic Monthly, LI (June, 1883), 774.

Chapter VII

SUMMARY AND CONCLUSION

From the preceding pages it is evident that the story of the friendship of Carlyle and Emerson naturally divides itself into five distinct periods, marked off by Emerson's three visits to Carlyle and the intervening years, which produce a prolific correspondence. For the sake of refreshing one's memory, it may be well to review the five parts of the story in chronological order: Emerson's discovery of Carlyle and first visit to him in August, 1835; the correspondence from 1834 to 1847; Emerson's second visit to Carlyle 1847-8; the correspondence from 1848 to 1872; Emerson's third visit to Carlyle, (1872-3) and the closing years of their friendship.

One finds himself with two pictures in mind in viewing the early years of the 1830's. On the American side of the Atlantic is Emerson, an original thinker and young theologian who has seen fit to depart from his church to search out new fields of activity. He is an extraordinary instance of a man of religious genius who passes through religious change without being subject to any of its attendant passion. In browsing about among European contemporary literature he discovers a new author who speaks from a regard for principle. The spirit of this writer tremendously influences Emerson, as he sees himself to be in full sympathy with his principles. Former numbers of the "Edinburgh" and "Foreign Quarterly Review" are sought

and he reads all available writing from his newly discovered master.

This new master is Thomas Carlyle, a Scotchman, living on the most meager income in the desolation and absolute loneliness of Craigenputtock. Carlyle is writing, among numerous magazine articles, a book - Teufelsdröckh, with which he hopes firmly to establish his literary reputation. It is to this melancholy pair that Emerson makes his way in 1833, having been urged by friends in America to find relief in an ocean voyage. Having acted upon the suggestions of his friends and a physician, Emerson had sailed to Italy, France, and Britain seeking rest for body and mind. The lodestar of the journey directs him to England, hence to Edinburgh, hence to Craigenputtock, where on an August Sunday afternoon he meets for the first time Carlyle, the man who is to be his intellectual companion until death ultimately parts the friends.

The visitor is welcomed into the home and hearts of the Carlyles, and there is much talk among the three. One can imagine Carlyle and Emerson walking over the rocky, barren hills together and packing the precious minutes with philosophizing on life, its problems, battles, and rewards. In characteristic Carlylean fashion, Carlyle sees the intrinsic worth of his visitor, and encourages him to live the doctrine of silence, buffeting the billows of the world in his unerring search for truth. The beauty

of this first visit remains fresh in the minds of the three participants long years after. To Carlyle, it was the most beautiful experience of his desolate years at Craigenputtock;¹ to Emerson, it was as a stabilizer and an encouragement when encouragement was most needed. To Jane Carlyle, it was a visit never to be forgotten. Years later she wrote of it in tender words to Emerson.

'Forgotten you?' O, no, indeed! If there were nothing else to remember you by, I should never forget the Visitor, who years ago in the Desert descended on us, out of the clouds as it were, and made one day there look like enchantment for us, and left me weeping that it was only one day.²

A single day they visited; then Emerson returns to New England to put into words the thoughts which had been crystallizing. Upon his arrival in America, he writes to a friend his impressions of the visit. In this letter to Rev. James F. Clarke which precedes by a month the one which opens the correspondence of Emerson and Carlyle, it is at once noticeable that Emerson sees clearly and understands thoroughly his friend's circumstances and that he manifests a feeling of generosity toward him.

Plymouth, Mass., March 12, 1834.

You asked in your note concerning Carlyle. My recollections of him are most pleasant, and I feel

¹ Carlyle later (December, 1837) describes Emerson's visit as follows: ". . .since a certain sky-messenger alighted to me at Craigenputtock, and vanished in the Blue again." Correspondence, I, p. 140.

² Correspondence, I, p. 192.

great confidence in his character. He understands and recognizes his mission. He is perfectly simple and affectionate in his manner, and frank, as he can well afford to be, in his communications. He expressed some impatience of his total solitude, and talked of Paris as a residence. I told him I hoped not; for I should always remember him with respect, meditating in the mountains of Nithsdale. He was cheered, as he ought to be, by learning that his papers were read with interest by young men unknown to him in this continent; and when I specified a piece which had attracted warm commendation from the New Jerusalem people here, his wife said that is always the way; whatever he had writ that he thinks has fallen dead, he hears of two or three years afterward. He had many, many tokens of Goethe's regard, miniatures, medals, and many letters. If you should go to Scotland one day, you would gratify him, yourself, and me, by your visit to Craigenputtock, in the parish of Dunscore, near Dumfries. He told me he had a book which he thought to publish, but was in the purpose of dividing into a series of articles for 'Fraser's Magazine.' I therefore subscribed for that book, which he called the 'Mud Magazine,' but have seen nothing of his workmanship in the last two numbers.¹

On May 14, 1834, Emerson writes to Carlyle to welcome Sartor Resartus, and to glory in his brave stand for spiritualism. He is repelled by Carlyle's oddity of speech used to convey his thoughts and longs for the time when the word will be adequate to the thought. This point of view is one which Emerson constantly reiterates in his letters until he ultimately claims that Carlyle's greatest contribution to literature is to the art of rhetoric. Early Emerson begins a campaign to spread the fame of Carlyle and interests

¹ Oliver Wendell Holmes, Ralph Waldo Emerson, pp. 78-9.

his circle of Transcendental friends in Sartor. Their sympathetic and enthusiastic interest causes in 1836 an American edition of Sartor to appear in book form prefaced by Emerson two years before it appears as a separate volume in England. When little is coming into the treasury at 5 Cheyne Row, London, from English publications, Emerson is busying himself with American publishers and sending remittances to Carlyle out of the profits accruing from American editions of his works. Much space in the letters is devoted to accounts of Emerson's experiences and successes with "greedy Yankee publishers," with "piratical" reprinters, and with other details of this friendly business. It has often been remarked, and truly so, that there is something highly humorous in the picture of Emerson the idealist, the theorist, juggling with bookkeepers' accounts and wrestling with the mysteries of subscription lists. He is always fearful that Carlyle may not be getting his due, but continues to send hundreds of pounds sterling to the "famishing author" who pockets the coin and immediately refuses to worry over any possible discrepancies in the accounts.

From the earliest letter to the closing ones of 1847, there is one constant hope which shines brightly for Emerson, the proposed visit of the English Transcendentalist to America. Emerson sends inducements of all kinds: promises

enthusiastic audiences, a welcome fireside, health for both Thomas and Jane Carlyle, and a circle of intellectual friends and admirers. It has been the thesis of several critical papers on these friends that the circumstances which kept them apart were, indeed, fortunate, for it is maintained that their friendship could never have withstood the strain of such intimate relationship. Such a statement can only be a conjecture, however.

Meanwhile, and before Emerson's second visit to England in 1847, both he and Carlyle have become "names" and are producing works which draw an increasingly large and select group of admirers. Presentation copies of their books go back and forth along with letters carrying critical opinions. Some of the greatest value of the correspondence lies in the portions devoted to this more or less even exchange of opinion. Always there is enthusiasm and sincere appreciation, but each sees faults in the other's works. To Carlyle, Emerson is too "incorporeal," theoretical, idealistic, mystical. Emerson finds less fault with Carlyle, although he maintains in 1834 that his "grotesque Teutonic apocalyptic strain" should be simplified to attract rather than repel followers. By 1837, he would have him "less Gothically efflorescent." His praise of the books as they are produced, however, is exuberant, enthusiastic, eulogistic. To Emerson, Carlyle is a great Intellect, a mouthpiece for truth, a historian without predecessor,

contemporary, or follower.

During this period from 1840-7, friends are sent from Concord to Chelsea to stand the inspection of "those thirstyeeyes, those portrait-eating, portrait-painting eyes of thine."¹ Of the Brook Farm devotees, Bronson Alcott (1842) and Margaret Fuller (1846) receive ready attention. Webster, Henry Barnard, Grinnell, Henry Hedge, Henry Loe and others of equal and less importance are given audience with the Chelsea sage and meet with varying success. In the main, Carlyle's criticism is more or less harsh on these favorites of Emerson's, although Emerson himself remain "my worthy Country-man, Kinsman, and brother Man."²

As has been said, Carlyle is repeatedly invited to America both before and after his successful venture as lecturer in Willis' Rooms, London. The American visit is definitely abandoned, however, when Emerson decided to make a second visit to England, in 1847. Carlyle co-operates with Alexander Ireland in preparing advantageous engagements for his friend and entertains him for a quiet week upon his arrival. Emerson's lectures prove the success that his friends had prophesied, and he spends a busy year, seeing less of Carlyle than one might expect. He is

¹ Correspondence, I, p. 268.

² Ibid., p. 64.

impressed, however, by the "depth and range of Carlyle's scholarship and intellectual power,"¹ if one may judge correctly from his journal entries. Moreover, he observes how exactly Carlyle is able to determine the amount of genuine worth in a man.

Critics are not agreed entirely on the exact relationship of the friends during this prolonged stay of Emerson in Britain. Carlyle's journal entry on Emerson, stating that his friend differs from him "as a gymnosophist sitting idle on a flowery bank may do from a wearied worker and wrestler passing that way with many of bones broken," has been made much of - too much, in the opinion of the writer. The views which they hold, however, do not always converge into a single stream, as is evidenced by a reported letter of Carlyle's in which he writes of Emerson, "He seems very content with life, and takes much satisfaction in the world. It's a very striking and curious spectacle to behold a man in these days so confidently cheerful as Emerson."² That they do differ somewhat is quite plain when one reviews their correspondence and journal entries. Each recognizes that such is the situation, faces the facts, apologizes for his own short-

¹ The Living Age, CCCIX (May 21, 1921), 488.

² W. J. Dawson, Makers of Modern Prose, p. 210.

comings, and therefore maintains the affection of the other.

After Emerson's return to Concord in 1848, the correspondence is resumed in much the same tenor as formerly. In the period from 1848 to 1866, the two geniuses occupy widely different points of view in respect to Abolition and the American Civil War. Carlyle expresses his views emphatically on "the Nigger Question," but does not allow such bitterness to creep into the correspondence with Emerson. "Nothing injured Carlyle more, in the opinion of those Americans who most admired and appreciated his genius, than the position he took in regard to negro slavery."¹ During the war Carlyle is on the side of the Confederates and is far removed in thought and expressed word² from the "democratic humanitarianism which brought Emerson into line

¹ Edwin Percy Whipple, American Literature, p. 253.

² "Carlyle's fiercest libels on the North were not contained in letters to Emerson. Some were published in organs of English opinion; some were uttered to Americans who called upon him at his Chelsea home; and there is rumor that he condensed his opinions on the whole matter. . . in the following words, delivered in his broadest Scotch accent; 'And as for your war, it seems to me simply this: that the South said to the nigger, "God bless you and be a slave;" and the North said, "G- - d- - you, and be a freeman!"' Edwin Percy Whipple, American Literature, pp. 255-6.

with the American movement for Emancipation."¹ The war closed, however, without any noticeable breach in the friendship, and Emerson magnanimously forgives his friend and says that the reading public of America holds Carlyle in high regard and has forgotten his "scarlet sins" before and during the war.

Praise for new books continues to be exchanged, Carlyle's History of Frederick the Great on which he labors twelve years, is received by Emerson and proclaimed as "infinitely the wittiest book that ever was written." To Carlyle, Emerson's works are the "one completely human voice" anywhere to be heard. Sorrows with but few joys come with the years to Carlyle, while Emerson sits quietly at Concord enjoying family and friends. Carlyle calls across the sea for Emerson to maintain conversation with him, to give him the love and brotherhood which he has promised, to save him from utter loneliness and despair. This Emerson attempts to do, but seems to find it difficult to prod himself into letter-writing even with this dear friend. Each is sincerely apologetic over delays in the correspondence and seeks the right to renew it, to maintain it on its former vigorous level. All this is flavored by the melancholy

¹ The Living Age, CCCIX (May 21, 1921), 488.

approach of old age and accompanying decay of power.

Again Emerson goes to England and visits for a third time (1872-3) with Carlyle. The satisfaction which they enjoyed at their first meeting nearly forty years before is again felt, although, it must be admitted, with less enthusiasm. The Emerson and Carlyle of 1873 are different men from those of 1833 - men of less intellectual power, insight into contemporary social conditions, and masculine vigor. The years have exacted a full and severe toll, although the feeling of brotherhood and kinship is still alive and an integral part of their natures. That this friendship never cooled is abundantly proved by personal entries which each makes.

After this final visit, there is no direct communication between them because neither is any longer physically able to continue the correspondence. Words of greeting are carried by mutual friends, as the twilight of their lives grows late. At last, Carlyle, in his eighty-sixth year (1881) dies and is followed in the next year by Emerson who, in his last illness, pointed to the great head of his master and lisped, "That is my man, my good man!"

All this information setting forth the facts of the friendship of Carlyle and Emerson only serves to heighten one's interest, it is hoped, in them as men, as living personalities who moved and had their being in their in-

dividual spheres. That these spheres occasionally conflicted with each other is an incontrovertible fact. For instance, one can see how entirely different were their environments and outlook on life during the earliest years of the friendship. On one side of the ocean is Emerson, at Concord, freed from pressing financial care, serene in a philosophy of optimism, working in his garden or walking in the Walden woods, discovering the genius of certain of his townspeople, lecturing throughout New England, and jotting down reminiscences from which ultimately to build essays. On the other side is Carlyle, "the poorest man in London," who according to some critic's portrayal, is "hag-ridden by spirits of revolt and despair; wrestling with his books as with the demon, 'in desperate hope;' finding the face of nature spectral, and the face of man tragically buflesque."¹ These different environments shelter men of greatly different temperaments.

It must be admitted, therefore, that between Emerson and Carlyle, contemporaries and friends, there are some points of resemblance and many of divergence. Alfred H. Welsh, a man eminently qualified because of his study of

¹ The Atlantic Monthly, LI (April, 1882), 560.

their personalities and works to know these similarities and differences, sets forth his judgment as follows:

Both (Emerson and Carlyle) are similarly related to their period. Both have drawn from the same German masters. Both are protestants against materialism. Both have the sentiment of actuality and of the sublime. Both believe that sensible things are but appearances. Both feel the divine and mysterious character of existence. Both decry too much analysis, too careful calculation. Both are sincere and fearless. Both are revolutionary, - disdainful of the traditional and stereotyped. The one is tragic - sometimes grotesque; the other is neither. The one feels more profoundly, the other sees more truly; rather, the one looks into the abyss, and is overwhelmed; the other looks in, and is sustained. 'With the ideal is immortal hilarity, the rose of joy.' The one doubts, darkens, and circles round the Centre of Indifference alternately from the Everlasting No to the Everlasting Yea; the other ranges freely, is tranquil, and never falters, - his head in the empyrean, his feet on the solid earth. The one is gloomy, the other hopeful. The one sees deterioration in the midst of progress; the other sees melioration in the midst of conflict. The one adores men of action and intensity - Odin, Mahomet, Dante, Luther, Cromwell. The other venerates preeminently men of intellectual grasp - Plato, Swendenborg, Montaigne, Shakespeare, Goethe. What contrasted styles! The one impetuous, oratorical, sweeping, fairly connected even when most abrupt; the other aphoristic and complacent, seemingly unsystematic and without emphasis.¹

In the main, one might say that Emerson is the champion of the Ideal and of ideas; whereas, Carlyle is the champion of Fact and of men. According to John Burroughs, their

¹ Alfred H. Welsh, Development of English Literature and Language, p. 527.

mutual friend, their differences lie in the fact that Emerson's two words were "truth and beauty"¹ which lie, as it were, in the same plane; but Carlyle's two words were "truth and duty"¹ which lie in quite different planes. He believes Carlyle to be the more loving and emotional man even though perhaps "the savagest man in the world in his time."² Furthermore, he maintains that Emerson "heard many responding voices, touched and won many hearts, but Carlyle was probably admired and feared more than he was loved, and love he needed and valued above all else."²

As marked as are their differences, except in less degree, are their resemblances,³ or so one is led to believe when he understandingly reads such statements as those made by Richard Holt Hutton. Hutton compares them as thinkers, humourists, and spokesmen of the people:

As thinkers, both were eager transcendentalists, and at the same time, rationalists too. . . Both were, in their way, humourists,

¹ John Burroughs, Fresh Fields, Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston and New York, 1890. p. 226.

² Ibid., p. 224.

³ For good brief discussions on the similarities and differences of Carlyle and Emerson, see: John Burroughs, Fresh Fields, pp. 224-230; James Russell Lowell, A Fable for Critics; Richard Holt Hutton, Criticisms of Contemporary Thought, p. 46; W. J. Dawson, Makers of Modern Prose, p. 209; The Critic, II (May 20, 1882), 140.

though Emerson's humour was a much less profound constituent of his character than Carlyle's. Finally, both would have called themselves the spokesmen of 'the dim, common populations,' the enemies of selfish privilege, of all purely traditional distinctions between man and man, of all the artificial selfishness of class, of all the tyranny of caste, and the cruelty of custom.¹

Burroughs alleges that their "main group of kinship is the heroic sentiment which they share in common. . . Both nourish character and spur genius,"² or as W. J. Dawson phrases it, "what Carlyle writes in lightning, Emerson writes in light."³

Free expression to these personalities is gained through a number of sources, among the chief of which is their letters. The looser form of the letter more properly admits of free expression than works which are written with an immediate view toward publication. The investigator who seeks information about Carlyle and Emerson as men finds a fruitful harvest in their correspondence. It may be added that if one does know Carlyle, it is due in a great measure to the fact that he was so rich, so

¹ Richard Holt Hutton, Criticisms of Contemporary Thought, p. 47.

² John Burroughs, Indoor Studies: Arnold's View of Emerson and Carlyle, (1891 ed.), pp. 159-160.

³ W. J. Dawson, Makers of Modern Prose, p. 209.

original a letter-writer. His letters represent him both at his best and his worst, for, as one critic has said, they are "generally the unpremeditated, spontaneous expressions of his thoughts and feelings at the moment of writing, set down with perfect candour and sincerity, in his most rapid, fluent style. . . They bear evidence that the man who wrote them was not only sincere and candid, but also kindly disposed, full of sympathy and active helpfulness, ever ready with wise advice, friendly encouragement, and practical beneficence to all those with whom he was brought in contact."¹

This fact is at once noticeable to the reader and he early observes that Carlyle's truest expressions occur in his letters. Members of his immediate family -- and as he considered Emerson as a brother, he comes within this category -- were frequent receivers of passages of tenderness, pathos, unstinted regard. To them, he writes of his loneliness, depression, grim struggle, and submission to the inevitable. He writes from the heart, knowing that the words will find a welcome within another heart. It would be too extravagant a statement to say that Carlyle will live for posterity because of his letters. One

¹ New Letters of Thomas Carlyle, Preface, viii.

might not, however, be deemed too enthusiastic if he said that Carlyle will live as a man, a vivid personality, because of his correspondence. In his letters, his idiosyncrasies appear as peculiarly interesting characteristics and one views with delight the "originality, nature, humor, imagination, freedom, the disposition to talk, the play of mood, the touch of confidence"¹ contained therein. As Charles Townsend Copeland has fittingly said, "in the words of his mouth he utters the meditations of his heart."²

Emerson is not, perhaps, quite as famous an epistolary artist as is his friend Carlyle. The form and style of his letters, charming as they are, furnish abundant evidence for this conclusion. It was his policy first to make a rough draft of a letter to Carlyle, then revise and perfect it before mailing. This method robs his letters of some of the natural spontaneity which they otherwise would exhibit, although it does not prevent them from showing the high regard in which Emerson held his correspondent. An enthusiastic description of Emerson's letters in this famous correspondence is given in The Academy. The writer quotes from this article because it confirms her own belief.

Emerson's letters are redolent of his serene nature, his sweet equanimity, his inexhaustible tolerance, his everpresent

¹ The Century, XXVI (June, 1883), 265.

² The Atlantic Monthly, LXXXII (November, 1898), 691.

consideration for mistake and circumstance, his large meanings in simple words. There was a high, refined, and delicate courtesy every superadded to the affection he bore Carlyle, eminently characteristic of the man.¹

In the investigation of the writings of each man on, about, and to the other, one confronts a curious situation. He finds that Carlyle is the more prolific letter writer of the two,² pleading again and again with Emerson to communicate with him, but that Emerson is the more prolific commenter in his journals and elsewhere. Pages and pages of Emerson's journal are given over to statements concerning Carlyle; whereas, Carlyle's journal (in total hardly to be compared with Emerson's) contains practically no references to Emerson. In letters to friends, moreover, one sees that Emerson much more frequently makes Carlyle the subject of comment, than Carlyle customarily does. Through all this great mass of writing which Emerson did on Carlyle, there are few if any genuinely severe arraignments of Carlyle. Carlyle, in contrast, is several times vindictively out-

¹ The Academy, XXIII (April 7, 1885), 232.

² Carlyle wrote 103, Emerson 91, letters in the Correspondence. These numbers do not appear so significant until one realizes that some years do not produce a single letter and that in volume two, giving the correspondence for 1842-1872 (thirty years), Carlyle's letters exceed Emerson's by fifteen. It may be of interest to the reader to know that the first eight years of the correspondence produced 91 letters; whereas, the last thirty produced only 103.

spoken, although when one allows for his extravagant phraseology, one of his outstanding characteristics, he instantly observes that Carlyle is not unduly severe in his criticism of Emerson. Certainly this fact is a notable one.

It would perhaps be presumptuous on the part of the writer to attempt to estimate the value of this friendship for literary history, and such will not be attempted. A few concluding generalizations, however, may not be amiss. An investigation of the friendship of these two great leaders of nineteenth century thought has been considered valuable for several reasons, among the chief of which is that it affords a new approach to a biographical study of each. From the time of the beginning of the friendship in 1832-3 until it closed with the death of the friends, one can observe them as they move among their contemporaries, bringing into birth their thoughts and convictions, nurturing them until they grow into maturity, watching many of them fade away into nothingness. Snider, one of the biographers of Emerson, recognizes this fact and calls their correspondence in which they so intimately reveal themselves a "kind of parallel biography"¹ which he considers "more vital, more original

¹ Denton J. Snider, Biography of Ralph Waldo Emerson, p. 286.

and far-reaching than any of old Plutarch's rather external parallels."¹ He considers the work unique of its kind in literature, speaks of its likeness to the correspondence of Goethe and Schiller, and concludes by saying, "It is self-unfolding and self-written, you self-paralleling, and evolves through the active life of each of the mutually attracting and repelling personalities."¹

Existing in the correspondence are values other than biographical. It serves, in a measure, small though it be, as an index to social conditions and contemporary belief during a large part of the nineteenth century. The interested observer can trace, with a good deal of profit, certain social, industrial, political, and ecclesiastical changes. It serves, moreover, as a mirror of contemporaries, chiefly literary. Some of the most famous, and for some purposes the most valuable, passages in the correspondence are those in which Carlyle gives his descriptions of contemporaries. Bronson Alcott proves to be "all bent on saving the world by a return to acorns and the golden age;"² Dickens is "reserved for a questionable fate;"³ Leigh Hunt is "full of quips and

1 Denton J. Snider, Biography of Ralph Waldo Emerson, p. 286.

2 Correspondence, II, p. 8.

3 Ibid., I, p. 199.

cranks, with good humor and no common sense;"¹ Margaret Fuller is a "high-soaring, clear, enthusiast soul. . . (with) less of that shoreless Asiastic dreaminess"² than he expected; Landor is a "tall, broad, burly man, with gray hair, and large, fierce-rolling eyes; . . . a wild man whom no extent of culture had been able to tame;"³ Richard Monckton Milnes is "a most bland-smiling, semi-quizzical, affectionate, high-bred, Italianized little man."⁴ His biographer Froude is "a most clear, friendly, ingenious, solid, and excellent man;"⁵ Tennyson is "one of the finest-looking men in the world. A great shock of rough dusty-dark hair; bright-laughing hazel eyes; massive aquiline face, most massive yet most delicate; of sallow-brown complexion, almost Indian-looking; clothes cynically loose, free-and-easy; - smokes infinite tobacco;"⁶ Daniel Webster "is a magnificent specimen;. . . the tanned complexion, the amorphous crag-like face; the dull black eyes under their precipice of brows, like dull anthracite furnaces, needing only to be blown; the mastiff-mouth, accurately closed;"⁷ and lastly, Wordsworth is a

¹ Correspondence, I, p. 199.

² Ibid., II, p. 144.

³ Ibid., I, pp. 303-4.

⁴ Ibid., I, p. 239.

⁵ Ibid., II, p. 339.

⁶ Ibid., II, p. 67.

⁷ Ibid., I, pp. 260-1.

"garrulous rather watery, not wearisome old man."¹

The question of what one may truthfully say, in conclusion, on the value of the friendship for others is a puzzling one. It is a cheering fact, however, to know that the mutual affection of the friends was strong and deep, that theirs was a really vital friendship. The author agrees with a critic who has remarked that, "It is delightful to see a friendship not afraid of superlatives in declaring its love, nor of the most positive expression of criticism and dissent."² One cannot resist the temptation to quote another critic, Whipple, who gives a choice remark about the correspondence of these two (which virtually means the friendship of the two). Whipple says, "In richness and fulness of matter, there is nothing superior, nothing - one is prompted to say - equal to it in literary annals."³ If such praise is too extravagant, more than one critic has sinned as he talks about this intimate communion of two of the most original minds, and two of the most contrasted individualities that the nineteenth century produced. Doubtless it is too much

¹ Correspondence, I, p. 254.

² Harpers New Monthly Magazine, LXVI (May, 1883), 95-7.

³ Edwin Percy Whipple, American Literature, p, 240.

to expect that the greatness of the men will shine through the generations even more brilliantly than the greatness of their writings;¹ although no less worthy critic than Matthew Arnold has expressed his belief that he "should not wonder if really Carlyle lived, in the long run, by such an invaluable record as that correspondence between him and Emerson."² Despite all remarks to the contrary, these men have unquestionably bequeathed to mankind an enormous intellectual force and weight of character. That they were acquainted, that they influenced each other, that they were spiritually akin, that they maintained intellectual leadership, - all are significant. It is, indeed, fortunate that the twentieth century has a record of their years as friends, and that "the memory of a fine friendship, which may well prove hereafter the most notable in our literature," as a contributor of The Atlantic Monthly terms it, "has been added to the spiritual inheritance of the world."³

1 The notable American critic, Paul Elmer More, in an essay, "The Spirit of Carlyle," in Shelburne Essays comments on the fact that Carlyle as a personality will live. This belief is shown in the following statement: "He stands in Froude's biography a figure unique, isolated, domineering - after Dr. Johnson the greatest personality in English letters, possibly even more imposing than that acknowledged dictator."

2 Matthew Arnold, Discourses in America (1902 ed.), p. 167.

3 The Atlantic Monthly, LI (April, 1835), 564.

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