

Carlyle's portrait in Scribner's

(1)

Harper's excuse.

40 years this grim crabbled shadowy ghost has been hurling curses at the present and pouring benediction on the past.

No living man and but one contemporary woman was accounted worthy of his praise.

Every great name and every noble movement of his age he scourged with a curse or besmirched with a sneer.

Professing to hate shams, he was himself the great apologist for frauds provided only that they were hard and harsh — and dead.

Hopelers of the present he stood along with his ~~face~~ ^{back} to the ~~past~~ ^{future} crying with the myriad voices of more than a score of volumes "Bark! Bark!"

Glorifying an impossible and sometimes hideous ideal he hated the

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real. Believing only evil of all who lived he sought not to cure amend and elevate but out of the cloud of his retirement smote with the lightning of bitterness and scorn.

He did not seek to reform. He had no thought that men could be made better and did not care enough about them to attempt it if they could. He delighted only to scold, to denounce, to minify. He did not seek to heal the meannesses of his age but only to make the age feel its meannesses. He likened the present to ~~some~~ wallowing in the gutter but instead of seeking to induce it to leave the gutter simply turned it over to ~~prof~~ disclose its filthiness more fully.

Everywhere he saw evil but he pro-

posed no remedy, - sought no change, pointed no way ^{out} of the labyrinth. He applauded truth and brutality - he deified candor and cruelty. He exalted manhood and defended slavery. He worshipped the giant and spurned the dwarf.

The idolater of monarchy, - he refused a decoration.

An unsatisfied, growling, cursing sphinx, he was consistent in but one thing - he was always a scold - the very prince and king of masculine viragos.

He scolded high and low and old and young and right and left and scattered his strange uncouth anathemas on all that

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the present counts good or beautiful or true.

He had a wonderful power too. He was not read by so many but those who did read his pages were the fiery intense natures who ~~gave~~ ^{received} and ~~gave~~ ^{give} forth so readily. They were the knight-errants of our nineteenth century world of thought.

They followed him as the knights of the Round Table followed King Arthur.

Especially in America -
So he became the leader of the Great Army of Gen-

— the grand master of
 slothful, efforters, do nothing
 discontent. The evil still
 and cure it out wing of
 humanity mastered under
 his lead and year by year
 grew more numerous.

— For a time we hardly
 noticed this influence here
 in America — Slavery of

The watchword is that this
 age is cold, hard, false
 greedy and corrupt —

Is it true? -

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What the age has done since
Dec. of Independence?

Other Humanities -

Nothing more to do in this

line - Economy -

Education -

Indians

Parties

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