A long life, full of hard work has but recently ended. More than a score of volumes attest the application dogged perseverance and wonderful erudition of Thomas Carlyle. He has been a power in the world of thought for a period longer than the average life of man. Words, phrases and methods of thought and enquiry have become Carlylean. Through all these years this man — this name — has been a dim potent presence — a fierce growling Cerberus hidden in the mists of his native Lethe — a being seen of few, read of many, felt of all. A cloud surcharged with thunder — a mist laden with

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blight – an intelligence that lived only to scorch and smite and trample all other living intelligences, such was the individuality which we knew as the great Scotch=British historian, critic and ~~[illegible]~~ man rarely but more truly as a poet.

Shrinking from men he became a hermit. Hating his fellows he loaded the dead. Envious of the present he magnified the Past. ~~[illegible]~~ The victim of dyspepsia he was the prophet of health. Distrust=ful of himself and afraid of the face of man, he scourged the cow=ard with a whip of scorpions. Cowed by the ingrained=faced life which boiled and surged around him he took

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his courage by traducing its best spirits, cheering at its outbreak and applauding what was worst and meanest in today's life. The pretended apostle of liberty and humanity he was the acknowledged sympathizer with slavery and when the great struggle was ended which added five millions to the world's freedmen he had but one sigh of regret — one word of sympathy and that was for the meanest and basest accident of the Confederacy — the envious, jealous, despicable creature who was its nominal head and actual tail — the

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snarling misanthrope who today looks out upon the bright waters of the Gulf in sublime unconscious of his own demise.

Living at the very acme of the worlds development, when the thought of universal manhood was bursting through the shams and fetters of the past he sang the apothiosis of tyranny and was the very poet laureate of brutality. The dead he adored, the living he despised

The self-constituted champion of truth and laborious stickler for accuracy, he deified the most false and cruel and promoted the worship of the liar — asking only two questions as the condition precedent of his devotion — that the liar should have been also a robber and a brute in his day, and that he

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should have died before Carlyle lived.

Like a vulture he had no love for anything living. It was only when the odor of the tomb hung about a man, or an age, or a thought, that his rank taste revelled in its flavor. He lived among the tombs, possessed of an evil spirit which made him fly from his fellows and court the silent companionship of the dead.

Professing to be the champion of individuality and freedom of will, he extolled without stint those historic examples who had done most to restrain individualism and preserve autocracy.

He was an intellectual

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bully who maintained his as-
cendancy in the world of thought
by the mystery which surrounded
his secluded life and the absence
of those motives which are thought to
be common to humanity. This lat-
ter they Diogenes did not ev-
seem to care for the sunshine. He wish-
ed his books to sell, simply as a tribut
to his own self-love. He had only
scorn and contempt for those who
read them. He did not desire to do
any good or great thing for the ben-
fit of his fellows nor to win their
love. He was greedy of fame, as an
index of power, of wide spread of-

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feels, merely. He did not care whether he hurt or healed as long as he made himself felt. It was all the same to him whether he made a saint or a suicide, whether a man went Heavenward or Hellward as long as he was the impelling force. He mastered the use of biting words — aye he coined with laborious ingenuity a myriad of outlandish of forms and queer combinations of unfamiliar words, to make his inky hate sting and stick and scathe. Whoever erred and rose against him he scourged, bitterly and fiercely like an unchained fury lashing with unappeasable delight a helpless

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victim on to death.

It is a thing remarkable that none struck back, and is due no doubt to several causes. In the first place, none knew where to strike. The Carlyleans mind was nebulous in its dim murkiness of outline. It showed clearly only when it opened, first on this side and then on that, in a yawning chasm of scorching flame, which danced about his victim like lightning around the path of the Mountain traveller, scorching or bewildering for an instant, then vanishing in to empty formless darkness.

Besides that, his hate was so massive

sal and impartial as his. ‡ adoration of the dead. ~~[illegible]~~ He did not despise one man more than another. Whoever was less powerful and brutal and relentless than he would have been had the threads of fate been entrusted to his fingers, him he hated cordially; whoever did not bow at his altar and offer incense to his divinity him he sought opportunity to strike; and whomsoever made himself known of men by good words and works, whoever spoke to the prostrate manhood cheered the lonely heart, or prophesied good of the future out of

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the abounding love of his own heart and was, therefore, known and loved of men, that man he envied, sought opportunity to malign — by open slander, by dark insinuation or by overwrought laudation of his opposite.

Within a few months the world has been amazed, humiliated and shocked by the publication of a diary in which the malevolent recluse poured out the bitterness of his gully nature in concrete form. Those who had read his works with care knew already that he hated with unexampled bitterness and despised

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with an unmatched scorn. Some
keen-eyed analytics may have shrewd-
ly guessed, that the objects of his hate
were all those contemporaries to whom
fame gave the breath of good repute
and the victims of his scorn all
those who worshipped not the glam-
our of his genius; but there were
few indeed who dreamed that
of all the great and good who
lived during his long sojourn upon
the earth, he would find but one
man worthy of his approval and
but one woman who deserved
his praise — and still fewer would
have believed that one man
would be the father of Thomas

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Carlyle and that one woman the wife whose fortune enabled him to preserve his savage seclusion and whose love offered ceaseless sacrifice to his abounding vanity.

Yet it ought not to have surprised any one. It was only because Carlyle was so perfect a specimen of his type that the world failed to weigh and measure him aright before. In this posthumous volume of reminiscences Thomas Carlyle the man has only given into the hands of the dullest reader

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the key to the life and character of Thomas Carlyle, the thinker and writer. All that he shows himself in these sketches, he had shown himself before a thousand times. From the first page of Sartor Resartus, to the last paragraph of his last printed letter, there is hardly a page of any of his multitudinous works that does not show him as he was — querulous, envious, boastful, stubborn, selfish, narrow and vain beyond measure. The only reason that he was not recognized as such was that the age

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which he despised and maligned is one of infinite pity, prone to charity and not given to questioning professed good motives, unless they be contrasted with inconsistent acts. The world took Thomas Carlyle at his word and when he professed himself a fearless rough-hitter in the cause of truth it credited him with that purpose and even silted his mouth cynicism - itself a piece of artful hypocrisy - in proof of his disregard of public favor and earnest devotion to the cau-

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pede against the unreal. It took his "tom-toming" of his empty breastworks as a bona fide challenge to the demon of chaos and looked on in honest wonder at the courage of this keen-eyed recluse whose every utterance was but a repetition of the morbid minded primus philosophy of the cosmos -

Fie on't! 'Tis an unweeded garden
That goes to seed. Things rank and gross
In nature possess it merely!

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He went no further, however. He did not say "Oh cursed spite, "That ever I was born to set it right!" He did not propose to set it right. Indeed he hardly seemed to think it worth setting right. His province and mission and desire was only to curse it for being wrong! To seek for filth and rottenness and insincerity — no not to seek for it — but to impute it to all the living world, by every conceivable form of immunity and then to lash and scourge and cover it with mud be=

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cause of this unfruitful evil — this is what Carlyle did and all that he proposed or attempted to do. He was the very prince and chief of grumblers and instead of being the enemy of shams was himself the very king of shams. Seen now in the blazing light of his reminiscences, we easily perceive that the characteristic elements of Carlyle's character were —

1 — Moral Cowardice. —

He knew his own strength. The keen analytic power, the wonderful descriptive talent

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the fierce intensity which hammered and welded his material while at the white heat of passion, all were inconsistent with the idea of self-unconsciousness. No doubt the greater part of his astounding scorn of the living world arose from a comparison of his own gaunt intellect with the pigmy souls that were around him. He felt himself bigger than any one of them. Both of the Countess Whole, — of the mass of multitude — mankind he

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was afraid. He could despise Tom and Dick and Jerry, se=riation but he could not face them all and despise their unit=ed strength. He knew that the world was greater than he, the meanest multitude ~~was~~ mightier than the strongest man ± and he was enraged that it was true! So it came about that the heroes that he worshipped were always those who trampled on the mul=titude and never those who lifted mankind up, strength=ened its manhood or recognized

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its right. He had no love for man and he feared and hated men. He loved brute force because it enabled his heroes to do what he would but could not, so do — trample on the multitude! This boastful, conscious giant, shrink from the arena. He knew he was a better man than any who crossed swords therein but he could not stand the yuze of the populace. He wished to be great. The upturned faces of the world unnerved him. He longed to rule — not that he might do good to others nor yet for any lust, ambition, of place

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nor greed of rank or estate, but simply ~~for~~ for the sake of exercising power, and being ~~thought~~ esteemed a ruler ~~of~~ among men. He longed to dictate rule and sway — to be a king, dictator, "boss" — whatever name means power — but he had not that reckless daring and contempt of consequences to himself which leads fortune's favorites to draw the sword, fling away the scabbard and leap into the midst of life's great conflict there to hew his way to fame or sink beneath the blows of his opponents — and be trampled in the sands unnoticed of

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the world, or worse still jeered and hooted by the populace who cry "hub et" and withold the sign of mercy. Carlyle would have liked to rule but he dared not face the ridicule that waits on failure. He feared to take the chances which had no terrors for Disraeli. In one hand he knew he had the strength of a giant. The other was powerless as a baby's clutch fist. He hated others because they were not as strong as he and himself because he was weaker than they. So he became a grumbler instead of a doer — as snarler instead of an adviser, a scold

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instead of a reformer.

It is not intended by this analysis, to depreciate the power of Carlyle or the value of his labors. It is only in comparison with himself, that his life sinks into insignificance. You and I, the generation which is and those to come after will be benefitted by his works ~~which~~ when his grim, soured ~~and~~ ~~pegged~~ chagrined and disappointed personality shall have shrunk into insignificance or melted oblivion. "Athens needs a gadfly" was once pertinently said of the sensuous capital of Greece.

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for a vehicle more horrible than
unlettered language could afford.
If it be true, that in a future state
our employments are analagous to
those we pursued on earth, it
must certainly prove a puzzle
to the Infinite mind to find some-
thing for the Shade of Thomas Carlyle
to do. I could do much and could
he will if he preserves his silently.
Sooner than be at peace in Heaven
we may well fancy his perturbed
spirit wending his perverse
flight to the regions of eternal
torment to enjoy a disputa-

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Grumbler of the World". He did nothing else but grumble and did that with a pertinacity which would have builded a rival of Cheops had it been applied to building up instead of tearing down — to encouraging good instead of anathematizing evil. If he praised any one, it was only to sting by contrast some one whom he despised. He exhausted the language of anathema and not unfrequently groped about in the darkness of hideous metaphor

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something more than a
gulf, that we realize what
a wealth of manhood was
ousted when Carlyle became
a professional scold.
Nor can any one question
his eminence in his chosen
domain. Through all the ages
there is no scold of either gen-
der to compare with him.
Diogenes, Timon of Athens and
Xantippe are his only rivals thus
far in history, but he infinitely
outshines them all and is every
worthy to be dubbed "The Champion

Carlyle was the gad-fly of his age — the intellectual cantharidine which blistered every mind that came in contact with his own. Like the gad-fly or the counter-irritant, Carlylism provoked and attested, life — action, energy — work. Not a little of the vital force of existent minds is due to the stimulation of his bitter, styptic words. It is only when we think what he might have done with his splendid intellectual [illegible]vers and magnificent [illegible]larship, ~~the~~ had he been

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Lowell was the gad-fly of his age — the intellectual enthusiasm which blistered every mind that came in contact with his own. Like the gad-fly or the counter-irritant, Carlyleism provoked and altered life — action, energy — work. Not a little of the vital force of existent mind is due to the stimulation of his bitter, cleptic words. It is only when we think what he might have done with his splendid intellectual powers and magnificent scholarship, that he been

reaction in cursing the devil and his imps. It would suit well with his life. There would be no hope of reform, but if that he took no note — there would be plenty of iniquity to denounce and ample leisure to invent uncouth and many-syllabled invectives. He would no doubt be happy — Sulphurous flame would be unnecessary and the perpetrators of this polyglottic scorn would first begin to realize the accuracy of the newspapers in distinguishing be-

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tween "hell" and "heaven".

But it is not for the sake of analyzing the character of Thomas Carlyle that I have dwelt so long upon his characteristics. It is simply because he is the typical grumbler — the one perfect and unadulterated model of all the ages. He is the man as the type of the best and highest that can be expected from the grumbler that I would have you consider side by side with his great intellectual presence here

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flowed smoothly on a thous=
and other lives — infinitely
less in power but alive to the
bitter = sweetness of their fellow
mortals lives — men who ought
to do and did rather than de=
mean and degrade. They
were pigmies beside of this
grim giants who dwell by the
waters of Marah — but they
did something to make men
better and happier — to
make life sweeter and
nobler and their names
will be treasured in the

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world's great heart of hearts — the soul that suffers and endures, when the grumbling mastodon shall only be exhumed with labor from his many volumes as a matter of curiosity by the scientific bibliopole. Even poor Lamb whom ~~the~~ he defames will live in a myriad hearts while his betrayer shall have entrance to none. While he is forgotten save as a curious mental developement, Wilberforce and Cobden and Bright and Gladstone and Lincoln

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and Summer whom he scorned shall live on into the arms of the future growing brighter and dearer to the heart of humanity as Time ripens the bloom of their virtues and hides the mold of their errors while it lightens the glory of their motive.

'Tis the thought that enfumes
Not the outgrowing ash
The motive that lives
Not the beggarly husk.

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The grumbler always forgets this fact. The love of good is by no means synonymous with the denunciation of evil. A man may scourge the money changers in the temple without being fit for the priesthood.

It is no sure sign of wisdom to find fault. The Scriptures tells us that "a fool rageth and is confident." It is an easy thing to curse another's folly or iniquity but a hard thing to cure one's own infirmity. The grumbler, pure and simple is al-

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wraps a cowards, generally a fool and sooner or later, a failure.

To envy at another's success is only a weaker and meaner way of whining over your own misfortunes. The really brave man dies as nobly as lives without whining

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It is not enough that a man should eschew evil but he must also cleave to that which is good. No negation is sufficient to save any man from the deserved damnation of his fellows and posterity. A man must be good and do good and think good, if he would achieve a lasting success or win a kind remembrance from his fellows. There is no prospect that you will do better in this line than Carlyle has done; very little chance of your doing as well. He is finite princess in the great host of Grumblers hitherto and is likely to remain unmatched for generations

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Do not waste your energies in trying to ri=
val him. It is cheaper, easier and bet=
ter to be a straight=forward, upright
kind man, doing the work life offers
bravely and thoroughly; seeking for the
best, putting yourself in the way of
the tide, undertaking great things
nourishing great hopes, believing
in great good, loving the present
and hoping for the future=

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Do not get the idea that you are the only good man or the only wise man of your age, nation, city-town, school district or even family.

If you do not develop into an incurable and insufferable big-headedness, you will learn every year, to appreciate more and more what others know and you do not know; and you will learn also, the more you see of men and women, to look for good instead of for evil in them. It is doubtful if there is any such thing as a wholly bad

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and degraded man. The cloud you scan any life the more likely you are to find some grain of good in it.

Look for ~~this~~ good rather than the evil and the exercise will soon strengthen the better side of your own nature sweeten life and make your power more effective and ~~durable~~ lasting in the world.

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Do not get the idea that it is enough for you to work honestly and faithfully. The man who would do his full duty — towards himself and his age must do the right thing at the right time and in the right way, as well as do it with a will.

Canon of Colorado —

Grant —

Lincoln —

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Do not think to cure evils by merely scolding about them —

Gibraltar with green peas.

Go at the world and mend it better. If you cannot mend the whole move a part of it —

Politics — Party —

Dont stand off and bark but jump on and bite.

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The grumbler never has friends
A man may be mean or
overbearing or treacherous
and still have friends — but
the habitual growler cannot
keep one. No man or wo-
men cares to breakfast,
dine & cup on snarls.
He may stand it for a time
but sooner or later he
will give out and skin
around the corner when
he sees the grumbler com-
ing —

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Thomas Carlisle.

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