Trials had fallen sharply on Carlyle, entirely, as Jeffrey had said, through his own generosity. He had advanced £240 in the education and support of his brother John. He had found the capital to stock the farm at Craigenputtoch, and his brother Alick thus had received from him half as much more—small sums, as rich men estimate such matters, but wrung out by Carlyle as from the rock by desperate labour, and spared out of his own and his wife's necessities. John (perhaps ultimately Alexander, but of this I am not sure) honourably repaid his share of this debt in the better days which were coming to him, many years before fortune looked more kindly on Carlyle himself. But as yet John Carlyle was struggling almost penniless in London. Alick's farming at Craigenputtoch, which Carlyle had once rashly thought of undertaking for himself, had proved a disastrous failure, and was now to be abandoned. The pleasant family party there had to be broken up, and his brother was to lose the companionship which softened the dreariness of his solitude. Alick Carlyle had the family gift of humour. His letters show that had he been educated he too might have grown into something remarkable. Alick could laugh with all his heart and make others laugh. His departure changed the character of the whole scene. Carlyle himself grew discontented. An impatient Radicalism rings through his remarks on the things which were going on round him. The political world was shaken by the three glorious days in
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Paris. England, following the example, was agitating for Reform, and a universal and increasing distress flung its ominous shadow over the whole working community. Reports of it all, leaking in through chance visitors, local newspapers, or letters of friends, combined with his own and his brother's indifferent and almost hopeless prospects, tended too naturally to encourage his gloomy tendencies. Ever on the watch to be of use to him, the warm-hearted Jeffrey was again at hand to seduce him into conformity with the dominant Liberal ways of thinking; that in the approaching storm he might at least open a road for himself to his own personal advancement. In August Jeffrey pressed his two friends in his most winning language to visit him at Craigcrook. Carlyle, he said, was doing nothing, and could employ himself no better than to come down with his blooming Eve out of his "blasted Paradise," and seek shelter in the lower world. To Mrs. Carlyle he promised roses and a blue sea, and broad shadows stretching over the fields. He said that he felt as if destined to do them real service, and could now succeed at last. Carlyle would not be persuaded; so in September the Jeffreys came again unlooked for to Craigenputtoch. Carlyle was with his family at Scotsbrig.

How brilliant Jeffrey was, how he delighted them all with his anecdotes, his mockeries, and his mimics, Carlyle has amply confessed; and he has acknowledged the serious excellence which lay behind the light exterior. It was on this occasion that he sent £50 to Hazlitt which came too late and found poor Hazlitt dying. It was on this occasion that he renewed his generous offer to lift Carlyle for a time over his difficulties out of his own purse, and when he could not prevail, promised to help John Carlyle in London, give him introductions, and if possible launch him in his profession. He charged himself with the "Literary History," carried it off with him, and undertook to recommend it to Longman. From all this Jeffrey had nothing to gain: it was but the expression of hearty good will to Carlyle himself for his own sake and for the sake of his wife, in whom he had at least an equal interest. He wrote to her as cousin: what the exact relationship was I know not; but it was near enough, as he thought, to give him a right to watch over her
welfare; and the thought of Carlyle persisting, in the face of imminent ruin, in what to him appeared a vain hallucination, and the thought still more of this delicate woman degraded to the duties of the mistress of a farmhouse, and obliged to face another winter in so frightful an climate, was simply horrible to him. She had not concealed from him that she was not happy at Craigenputtoch; and the longer he reflected upon it the more out of humour he became with the obstinate philosopher who had doomed her to live there under such conditions.

It is evident from his letters that he held Carlyle to be gravely responsible. He respected many sides of his character, but he looked on him as under the influence of a curious but most reprehensible vanity, which would not and could not land him anywhere but in poverty and disappointment, while all the time the world was ready and eager to open its arms and lavish its liberality upon him if he would but consent to walk in its ways and be like other men. In this humour nothing that Carlyle did would please him. He quarrelled with the "Literary History." He disliked the views in it; he found fault with the style. After reading it, he had to say that he did not see how he could be of use in the obstetrical department to which he had aspired in its behalf.

Meanwhile, and in the midst of Jeffrey's animadversions, Carlyle himself was about to take a higher flight. "I have a Book in me that will cause ears to tingle."\(^1\) Out of his discontent, out of his impatience with the hard circumstances which crossed, thwarted, and pressed him, there was growing in his mind Sartor Resartus. He had thoughts fermenting in him which were struggling to be uttered. He had something real to say about the world and man's position in it to which, could it but find fit expression, he knew that attention must be paid. The "clothes philosophy," which had perhaps been all which his first sketch contained, gave him the necessary form. His own history, inward and outward, furnished substance, some slight invention being all that was needed to disguise his literal individuality; and in the autumn of the year he set himself down passionately to work. Fast as he could throw his ideas upon paper the material grew upon him. The origin of the book is still trace-
able in the half fused, tumultuous condition in which the metal was poured into the mould. With all his efforts in calmer times to give it artistic harmony he could never fully succeed. "There are but a few pages in it," he said to me, "which are rightly done." It is well perhaps that he did not succeed. The incompleteness of the smelting shows all the more the actual condition of his mind. If defective as a work of art, Sartor is for that very reason a revelation of Carlyle's individuality.

The idea had first struck him when on a visit with Mrs. Carlyle at Templand. Customs, institutions, religious creeds, what were they but clothes in which human creatures covered their native nakedness, and enabled men themselves to live harmoniously and decently together? Clothes, dress, changed with the times; they grew old, they were elaborate, they were simple; they varied with fashion or habit of life; they were the outward indicators of the inward and spiritual nature. The analogy gave the freest scope and play for the wilfullest and wildest humour. The "Teufelsdröckh," which we have seen seeking in vain for admission into London magazines, was but a first rude draft. Parts of this perhaps survive as they were originally written in the opening chapters. The single article, when it was returned to him, first expanded into two; then he determined to make a book of it, into which he could project his entire self. The Foreign Quarterly continued good to him. He could count on an occasional place in Fraser's. The part already written of his "Literary History," slit into separate articles, would keep him alive till the book was finished. He had been well paid for his Life of Schiller. If the execution corresponded to the conception, then Sartor would be ten times better.

On the 19th of October he described what he was about to his brother:

For myself here I am leading the stillest life; musing amid the pale sunshine, or rude winds of October Tirl[shake]-the-trees, when I go walking in this almost ghastly solitude; and for the rest, writing with impetuosity. I think it not impossible that I may see you this winter in London! I mean to come whenever I can spare the money; that I may look about me again among men for a little. . . . What I am writing at is the strangest of all things. . . . A very singular piece, I assure you! It glances from Heaven to

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Carlyle's Study, Craigenputtoch. Here he wrote *Sartor Resartus* in 1830–31. "I will speak out what is in me, tho' far harder chances threatened," Carlyle wrote to his brother John on 17 July 1831: "I must to my Dreck, for the hours go." (Photograph by John Patrick, courtesy of the University of Edinburgh.)
Earth & back again in a strange satirical frenzy whether fine or not remains to be seen.2

Sartor was indeed a free-flowing torrent, the outbursting of emotions which as yet had found no escape. The discontent which in a lower shape was rushing into French Revolutions, Reform Bills, Emancipation Acts, Socialism, and Bristol riots and rick burnings, had driven Carlyle into far deeper inquiries—inquiries into the how and why of these convulsions of the surface. The Hebrew spiritual robes he conceived were no longer suitable, and that this had something to do with it. The Hebrew clothes had become "old clothes"—not the fresh wrought garments adapted to man's real wants, but sold at second-hand, and gaping at all their seams. Radical also politically Carlyle was at this time. The constitution of society, as he looked at it, was unjust from end to end. The workers were starving; the idle were reveling in luxury. Radicalism, as he understood it, meant the return of Astraea—an approach to equity in the apportionment of good and evil in this world; and on the intellectual side, if not encouragement of truth, at least the withdrawal of exclusive public support of what was not true, or only partially true. He did then actually suppose that the Reform Bill meant something of that kind; that it was a genuine effort of honourable men to clear the air of imposture. He had not realised, what life afterwards taught him, that the work of centuries was not to be accomplished by a single political change, and that the Reform Bill was but a singeing of the dungheap. Even then he was no believer in the miraculous effects to be expected from an extended suffrage. He knew well enough that the welfare of the State, like the welfare of everything else, required that the wise and good should govern, and the unwise and selfish should be governed; that of all methods of discovering and promoting your wise man the voice of the mob was the least promising, and that if Reform meant only liberty, and the abolition of all authority, just or unjust, we might be worse off perhaps than we were already. But he was impatient and restless; stung no doubt by resentment at the alternative offered to himself either to become a humbug or to be beaten from the field by starvation; and the memorable epitaph on Count Zaehdarm and his achievements in this world
showed in what direction his intellectual passions were running.\(^3\)

It seems that when Jeffrey was at Craigenputtoch Carlyle must have opened his mind to him on these matters, and still more fully in some letter afterwards. Jeffrey, who was a Whig of the Whigs, who believed in liberty, but by liberty meant the right of every man to do as he pleased with his own as long as he did not interfere with his neighbour, had been made seriously angry. Mysticism was a pardonable illusion, provoking enough while it lasted, but likely to clear off, as the morning mist when the sun rises higher above the horizon; but these political views, taken up especially by a man so determined and so passionately in earnest as Carlyle, were another thing, and an infinitely more dangerous thing. Reform within moderate limits was well enough, but these new opinions if they led to anything must lead to revolution. Jeffrey believed that they were wild and impracticable; that if ever misguided missionaries of sedition could by eloquence and resolute persistence persuade the multitude to adopt notions subversive of the rights of property, the result could only be universal ruin. His regard and even esteem for Carlyle seem to have sensibly diminished from this time. He half feared him for the mischief which he might do, half gave him up as beyond help—at least as beyond help from himself. He continued friendly. He was still willing to help Carlyle within the limits which his conscience allowed, but from this moment the desire to push him forward in the politico-literary world cooled down or altogether ceased.

He tried the effect, however, of one more lecture, the traces of which are visible in Sartor. He had a horror of Radicalism, he said. It was nothing but the old feud against property, made formidable by the intelligence and conceit of those who had none. . . . Carlyle's views either meant the destruction of the right of property altogether, and the establishment of a universal co-operative system—and this no one in his senses could contemplate—or they were nonsense. Anything short of the abolition of property, sumptuary laws, limitation of the accumulation of fortunes, compulsory charity, or redivision of land, would not make the poor better off, but would make all poor; would lead to the
destruction of all luxury, elegance, art, and intellectual culture, and reduce men to a set of savages scrambling for animal subsistence. The institution of property brought some evils with it, and a revolting spectacle of inequality. But to touch it would entail evils still greater; for though the poor suffered, their lot was only what the lot of the great mass of mankind must necessarily be under every conceivable condition. They would escape the pain of seeing others better off than they were, but they would be no better off themselves, while they would lose the mental improvement which to a certain extent spread downwards through society as long as culture existed anywhere, and at the same time the hope and chance of rising to a higher level, which was itself enjoyment even if it were never realised. Rich men after all spent most of their income on the poor. Except a small waste of food on their servants and horses, they were mere distributors among frugal and industrious workmen.

If Carlyle meant to be a politician, Jeffrey begged him to set about it modestly and patiently, and submit to study the questions a little under those who had studied them longer. If he was a Radical, why did he keep two horses himself, producing nothing and consuming the food of six human creatures, that his own diaphragm might be healthily agitated? Riding-horses interfered with the subsistence of men five hundred times more than the unfortunate partridges. So again Carlyle had adopted the Radical objections to machinery. Jeffrey inquired if he meant to burn carts and ploughs—nay, even spades too, for spades were but machines? Perhaps he would end by only allowing men to work with one hand, that the available work might employ a larger number of persons. Yet for such aims as these Carlyle thought a Radical insurrection justifiable and its success to be desired. The very first enactments of a successful revolution would be in this spirit: the overseers of the poor would be ordered to give twelve or twenty shillings to every man who could not, or said he could not, earn as much by the labour to which he had been accustomed.

Speculations on these and kindred subjects are found scattered up and down in Sartor. Jeffrey was crediting Carlyle with extravagances which it is impossible that even
in his then bitter humour he could have seriously entertained. He was far enough from desiring insurrection, although a conviction did lie at the very bottom of his mind that incurably unjust societies would find in insurrection and conflagration their natural consummation and end. But it is likely that he talked with fierce exaggeration on such subjects. He always did talk so. It is likely, too, that he had come to some hasty conclusions on the intractable problems of social life, and believed changes to be possible and useful which fuller knowledge of mankind showed him to be dreams. Before a just allotment of wages in this world could be arrived at—just payment according to real desert—he perceived at last that mankind must be themselves made just, and that such a transformation is no work of a political revolution. Carlyle too had been attracted to the St. Simonians. He had even in a letter to Goethe expressed some interest and hope in them; and the wise old man had warned him off from the dangerous illusion. "Von der Société St. Simonienne bitte Sich fern zu halten," Goethe had said, "From the Society of the St. Simonians I entreat you to hold yourself clear." Jeffrey’s practical sense had probably suggested difficulties to Carlyle which he had overlooked; and Goethe carried more weight with him than Jeffrey. Sartor may have been improved by their remonstrances; yet there lie in it the germs of all Carlyle’s future teaching—a clear statement of problems of the gravest import, which cry for a solution, which insist on a solution, yet on which political economy and Whig political philosophy fail utterly to throw the slightest light. I will mention one to which Carlyle to his latest hour was continually returning. Jeffrey was a Malthusian. He had a horror and dread of over-population. Sartor answers him with a scorn which recalls Swift’s famous suggestion of a remedy for the distresses of Ireland.

When Carlyle published his views on “the Nigger question,” his friends on both sides of the Atlantic were astonished and outraged. Yet the thought in that pamphlet and the thought in Sartor is precisely the same. When a man can be taught to work and made to work, he has a distinct value in the world appreciable by money like the value of a horse. In the state of liberty where he belongs to nobody,
and his industry cannot be calculated upon, he makes his father poorer when he is born. Slavery might be a bad system, but under it a child was worth at least as much as a foal, and the master was interested in rearing it. Abolish slavery and substitute anarchy in the place of it, and the parents, themselves hardly able to keep body and soul together, will bless God when a timely fever relieves them of a troublesome charge.

This fact, for fact it is, still waits for elucidation, and I often heard Carlyle refer to it; yet he was always able to see “the other side.” No Hengst or Alaric had risen in the fifty years which had passed since he had written Sartor; yet not long before his death he was talking to me of America and of the success with which the surplus population of Europe had been carried across the sea and distributed over that enormous continent. Frederick himself, he said, could not have done it better, even with absolute power and unlimited resources, than it had “done itself” by the mere action of unfettered liberty.

A change meanwhile came over the face of English politics. Lord Grey became Prime Minister, and Brougham Chancellor, and all Britain was wild over Reform and the coming millennium. Jeffrey went into Parliament and was rewarded for his long services by being taken into the new Government as Lord Advocate. Of course he had to remove to London, and his letters, which henceforward were addressed chiefly to Mrs. Carlyle, were filled with accounts of Cabinet meetings, dinners, Parliamentary speeches—all for the present going merry as a marriage bell. Carlyle at Craigenputtoch continued steady to his work. His money difficulties seemed likely to mend a little. Napier was overcoming his terror, and might perhaps take articles again from him for the Edinburgh. The new Westminster was open to him. The Foreign Quarterly had not deserted him, and between them and Fraser's he might still find room enough at his disposal. The “Literary History” was cut up as had been proposed; the best parts of it were published in the coming year in the form of Essays, and now constitute the greater part of the third volume of the Miscellanies. A second paper on Schiller, and another on Jean Paul, both of
which had been for some time seeking in vain for an editor who would take them, were admitted into the *Foreign Review* and *Fraser's*. Sufficient money was thus ultimately obtained to secure the household from starvation. But some months passed before these arrangements could be completed, and *Sartor* had to go on with the prospect still gloomy in the extreme. Irving had seen and glanced over the first sketch of it when it was in London, and had sent a favourable opinion.

Alick Carlyle was to leave Craigenputtoch at Whitsuntide, a neighbouring grazier having offered the full rent for the farm, which Alick was unable to afford.7 Where he was to go and what was to become of him was the great family anxiety.

Both brothers were virtually thrown upon his hands, while he seemingly was scarce able to take care of himself and his wife. When Alick was gone he and she would be left "literally *unter vier Augen* [to ourselves], alone among the whinstone desarts; within fifteen miles not one creature that we can so much as speak to";8 and *Sartor* was to be written under such conditions. Another winter at Craigenputtoch in absolute solitude was a prospect too formidable to be faced. They calculated that with the utmost economy they might have £50 in hand by the end of the summer; "Teufelsdrockh" could by that time be finished. Mrs. Carlyle could stay and take care of Craigenputtoch, while Carlyle himself would visit "the great Beehive and Waspnest"9 of London, find a publisher for his book, and then see whether there was any other outlook for him.

Meanwhile the affairs of the poor Doctor were coming to extremity. Excellent advice might be given from Craigenputtoch; but advice now was all that could be afforded. Even his magazine articles, for which he had been rebuked for writing, could not be sold after all. It was time clearly for a *deus ex machina* to appear and help him. Happily there was a *deus* in London able and willing to do it in the shape of Jeffrey. Though he had failed in inducing Carlyle to accept pecuniary help from him, he could not be prevented from assisting his brother, and giving him or lending him some subvention till something better could be arranged. Here, too, Carlyle's pride took alarm. It was pain and humili-
ation to him that any member of his family should subsist on the bounty of a stranger. He had a just horror of debt. The unlucky John himself fell in for bitter observations upon his indolence. John, he said, should come down to Scotland and live with him. There was shelter for him and food enough, such as it was. He did not choose that a brother of his should be degraded by accepting obligations. But this time Jeffrey refused to listen. It might be very wrong, he admitted, for a man to sit waiting by the pool till an angel stirred the water, but it was not necessarily right therefore that because he could not immediately find employment in his profession, he should renounce his chances and sit down to eat potatoes and read German at Craigenputtoch. He had no disposition to throw away money without a prospect of doing good with it, but he knew no better use to which it could be put than in floating an industrious man over the shoals into a fair way of doing good for himself. Even towards Carlyle, angry as he had been, his genuine kindness obliged him to relent. If only he would not be so impracticable and so arrogant! If only he could be persuaded that he was not an inspired being, and destined to be the founder of a new religion! But a solitary life and a bad stomach had so spoilt him, all but the heart, that he despaired of being able to mend him.

Jeffrey was so evidently sincere that even Carlyle could object no longer on his brother's account. "My Pride," he said, "were true Pride, savage, satanic and utterly damnable, if it offered any opposition to such a project, where my own Brother and his future happiness may be concerned." Jeffrey did not mean to confine himself to immediate assistance with his purse. He was determined to find, if possible, some active work for John. Nothing could be done immediately, for he was obliged to leave London on election business. Help in money at least was to be given as soon as he returned.

At Craigenputtoch the most desperate pinch was not yet over. One slip of the "Literary History" came out in the April number of the Edinburgh in the form of a review of Taylor's Historic Survey of German Poetry, but payment for it was delayed or forgotten. Meanwhile the farm-horses had been sold. Old Larry, doing double duty on the road and in the cart, had laid himself down and died—died from over-
work. So clever was Larry, so humorous, that it was as if the last human friend had been taken away. The pony had been parted with also, though it was recovered afterwards; and before payment came from Napier for the article they were in real extremity. Alick by his four years of occupation was out of pocket £300. These were the saddest days which Carlyle had ever known.

The summer came, and the Dunscore moors grew beautiful in the dry warm season. "So still, so pure are the air, the foliage, the herbage and everything round us," that he said, he "might (if Arcadianly given) almost fancy that the yellow butter-cups were Asphodel, and the whole scene a portion of Hades—some outskirt of the Elysian portion. . . . the very perfection of solitude." Between the softness of the scene and the apparent hopelessness of his prospects, Carlyle's own heart seems for a moment to have failed. He wrote to Jeffrey in extreme depression, as if he felt he had lost the game, and that there was nothing for it but to turn cynic and live and die in silence. The letter I have not seen, and I do not know whether it has been preserved, but Jeffrey's answer shows what the tone of it must have been. "The cynic tub," "the primitive lot of man," Jeffrey frankly called an unseemly and unworthy romance. If Carlyle did not care for himself, he ought to think of his young and delicate wife, whose great heart and willing martyrdom would make the sacrifice more agonising in the end. It was not necessary. He should have aid—effective aid; and if he pleased he might repay it some day ten times over. Something should be found for him to do neither unglorious nor unprofitable. He was fit for many things, and there were more tasks in the world fit for him than he was willing to believe. He complimented him on his last article in the Edinburgh. Empson had praised it warmly. Macaulay and several others, who had laughed at his "Signs of the Times," had been struck with its force and originality. If he would but give himself fair play, if he could but believe that men might differ from him without being in damnable error, he would make his way to the front without difficulty. If Jeffrey had been the most tender of brothers he could not have written more kindly. Carlyle if one of the proudest was also one of the humblest of mortals. He replied that
he “felt ready to work at any honest thing whatsoever”; that he “did not see that Literature could support an honest man otherwise than à la Diogenes.” In this fashion he “meant to experiment, if nothing else could be found, which however, thro all channels of investigation, I was minded to try.”

It is not easy to see precisely what kind of employment Jeffrey had really in view for Carlyle. At one time no doubt he had thought of recommending him strongly to the Government. At another he had confessedly thought of him as his own successor on the Edinburgh Review. But he had been frightened at Carlyle’s Radicalism. He had been offended at his arrogance. Perhaps he thought that it indicated fundamental unsoundness of mind. He little conjectured that the person for whom he was concerning himself was really one of the most remarkable men in Europe, destined to make a deeper impression upon his contemporaries than any thinker then alive. This was not to be expected; but it must be supposed that he was wishing rather to try the sincerity of Carlyle’s professions than that he was really serious in what he now suggested. He gave a list of possible situations: a clerkship at the Excise or the Board of Longitude or the Record Office, or a librarianship at the British Museum, or some secretarship in a merchant’s house of business. He asked him which of these he would detest the least, that he might know before he applied for it.

Poor Carlyle! It was a bitter draught which was being commended to his lips. But he was very meek; he answered that he would gratefully accept any one of them; but even such posts as these he thought in his despondency to be beyond his reach. He was like the pilgrim in the valley of humiliation. “I do not expect,” he told John, “that he will be able to accomplish anything for me. I must even get thro’ life without a trade, always in poverty, as far better men have done. Our want is the want of Faith. Jesus of Nazareth was not poor tho’ he had not where to lay his head. Socrates was rich enough.—I have a deep, irrevocable all-comprehending Ernulphus Curse to read upon—gigmanity; that is the Baal Worship of this time.”

The picture of Carlyle’s condition—poor, almost without hope, the companions which had made the charm of his
solitude—his brother Alick, his horse Larry—all gone or going, the place itself disenchanted—has now a peculiar interest, for it was under these conditions that *Sartor Resartus* was composed. A wild sorrow sounds through its sentences like the wind over the strings of an aeolian harp. Pride, too, at intervals fiercely defiant, yet yielding to the inevitable, as if the stern lesson had done its work. Carlyle's pride needed breaking. His reluctance to allow his brother to accept help from Jeffrey had only plunged him into worse perplexities. John had borrowed money, hoping that his articles would enable him to repay it. The articles had not been accepted, and the hope had proved a quicksand. Other friends were willing to lend what was required, but he would take nothing more; and the only resource left was to draw again upon Carlyle's almost exhausted funds.

Once more [to John] on the 17th of the same month:

I am labouring at *Teufel* with considerable impetuosity and calculate that unless accidents intervene, I may be actually ready to get under way about the end of the month. But there will not be a minute to lose. I sometimes think the Book will prove a kind of medicinal Assafoetida for the pudding Stomach of England, and produce new secretions there. *Iacta est alea* [The die is cast]! I will speak out what is in me, tho' far harder chances threatened. I have no other trade, no other strength, or portion in this Earth. Be it so. . . . Courage! Courage! *Tapferkeit*, "deliberate valour" is God's highest gift, and comes not without trial to any. Times will mend: or if Times never mend, then in the Devil's name, let them stay as they are, or grow worse, and we will mend.— I know but one true wretchedness, the Want of Work (Want of Wages is comparatively trifling); which want, however, in such a world as this Planet of ours, cannot be permanent—unless we continue blind therein. . . . I must to my *Dreck*, for the hours go: *Gott mit Dir* [God be with you]!¹⁵

It was a sad, stern time to these struggling brothers; and it is with a feeling like what the Scots mean by *wae* that one reads the letters that Jeffrey was writing during the worst of it to Mrs. Carlyle. He had done what he was allowed to do. Perhaps he thought they understood their own matters best; and it was not easy to thrust his services on so proud a person as Mrs. Carlyle's husband, when they were treated so cavalierly; but he did not choose to let the correspondence fall, and to her he continued to write lightly and brilliantly on London gaieties and his own exploits in the
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House of Commons. The tone of these letters must have been out of harmony with the heavy hearts at Craigenputtoch, but he was still acting as a real friend and remained on the watch for opportunities to be of use, if not to Carlyle himself, yet at least to his brother.

So July ran out and Sartor was finished, and Carlyle prepared to start, with the manuscript and the yet unpublished sections of the "Literary History" in his portmanteau, to find a publisher for one or both of them; to find also, if possible, some humble employment to which his past work might have recommended him; to launch himself, at any rate, into the great world, and light on something among its floating possibilities to save him from drowning, which of late had seemed likely to be his fate. With Craigenputtoch as a home he believed that he had finally done. The farm which was to have helped him to subsist had proved a failure, and had passed to strangers. Living retired in those remote moorlands, he had experienced too painfully that from articles in reviews he could count on no regular revenue, while the labour lost in the writing led to nothing. Work of such a kind, if it was to be profitable, must become an intellectual prostitution and to escape from this was the chief object of his London journey. He had so far swallowed his pride as to accept after all a loan of £50 from Jeffrey for his expenses. The sums due to him would provide food and lodging during his stay. Such hopes as he still may have entertained of the realisation of his old dream of making a mark in the world lay in the manuscript of Sartor. "It is a work of genius, dear," Mrs. Carlyle said to him as she finished the last page—she whose judgement was unerring, who flattered no one, and least of all her husband. A work of genius! Yes; but of genius so original that a conventional world, measuring by established rules, could not fail to regard it as a monster. Originality, from the necessity of its nature, offends at its first appearance. Certain ways of acting, thinking, and speaking are in possession of the field and claim to be the only legitimate ways. A man of genius strikes into a road of his own, and the first estimate of such a man has been, is, and always will be, unfavourable. Carlyle knew that he had done his best, and he knew the
worth of it. He had yet to learn how hard a battle still lay ahead of him before that worth could be recognised by others. Jeffrey compared him to Parson Adams going to seek his fortune with his manuscript in his pocket. Charles Buller, more hopeful, foretold gold and glory. Jeffrey, at any rate, had made it possible for him to go; and, let it be added, John Carlyle, notwithstanding his struggles to avoid obligations, had been forced to accept pecuniary help from the same kind hand.