

The Nemesis of Froude. By Alexander Carlyle and Sir James Crichton-Browne. New York: John Lane.

It would have been wiser and more dignified if the representatives of Carlyle had preserved that silence which Carlyle himself preached so strenuously, yet it was perhaps more than human flesh could bear to let pass unnoticed the pamphlet, "My Relations with Carlyle," published by Froude's heirs. The charge in that pamphlet was gross and absurd; as the present rejoinder says, no one with any psychological knowledge or with a mind not wholly unbalanced could read Carlyle's early letters to his wife and believe for a moment the silly slander concocted by Miss Jewsbury and bottled up by Froude for future use. This is an unseemly quarrel and dishonors every one concerned with it. The result of it all seems to us perfectly clear: Froude's original picture of Carlyle is in the main correct, but was written with that imaginative art which throws into salient relief the characteristic features of its subject. There is, when examined closely, a manifest exaggeration in the portrayal, but when looked at from the proper distance (or, to drop the metaphor, when perused with the ordinary dullness of the average reader), the result is clear and veracious. Later in life Froude, possibly from worry over the scandal raised by Carlyle's heirs, lost his balance, and in a moment of weakness wrote that incredible folly, "My Relations with Carlyle," which only tends to throw discredit over his whole work.