Several letters concern the preparation of the four volumes of Helps's *Spanish Conquest in America*, published from 1855 to 1861, in which he completed the chronicle begun in *The Conquerors of the New World* and treated the subject of the origins of slavery in the New World in greater depth. His work as a historian, notable for the extent and thoroughness of his research, which took him on two separate journeys to Spain to study original manuscripts, has been variously appreciated,¹ and is seemingly deserving of Carlyle's respect. It led to his being offered the Oxford Professorship of Modern History, which he refused because it did not offer enough money and because he had lost interest in the writing of history.

Helps had sent in Carlyle a copy of the first of the volumes or a portion of it, probably in proof, for critical comment. This Carlyle acknowledged in the letter of 17 May 1855 that follows.² Carlyle is here generally enthusiastic, but mildly critical, about the part he

The first part of this article appeared in the preceding number of the *Bulletin*.

¹ W. B. Donne, Helps's friend, in a criticism of the first two volumes of *The Spanish Conquest* in the *National Review* (January 1856, pp. 47–8), proposed that too much of the essayist has been retained from Helps's earlier historical writing and that Helps participated too directly in his narrative as an interlocutor. Indeed, 'Mr. Carlyle set this evil precedent in his *Life and Letters of Cromwell*'. A. V. Dicey wrote in the *Nation* in 1872 (16 May, p. 234) that Helps has, 'as an historian, produced works which place him high among historical writers of the second class'. John Hullah in his *Athenaum* obituary of 1875 (15 March, p. 359) wrote, 'No expenditure of toil or money did he ever allow to stand between him and the truth of whatever kind. Were the only copy of a manuscript at Simancas, to Simancas would he go; were a book inaccessible save by purchase, he would buy it; were it written in a language he did not know—bitter experience had given him an absolute distrust of translations—he would work to study that language.'

² National Library of Scotland MS 3823, ff. 208–9; Correspondence, pp. 171–3.
has so far read. That he had read as far as Book II, pp. 106–7,\(^1\) is suggested by the fact that in the published edition Helps made, probably on the basis of his friend’s recommendation, a distinc-
tion between the two Peter Martyrs, so that on the pages mentioned there is a statement, begun in the text but continued in a footnote, reading, ‘Peter Martyr, who knew Columbus well . . .
must not be confused with the Peter Martyr who took a prominent part in the Reformation.’ However, even if Carlyle had read to the end of the volume, he would not have discovered what Helps had ‘made out of Charles V’, about whom a query is made in the letter, for the latter is presented in the first volume only as a young prince under the regency of Cardinal Ximenes (pp. 492 ff.) The Morgan in the letter who brought the book could well have been the helpful builder.

Like most of his contemporaries, Carlyle was concerned about the events of the Crimean War, especially since Balaklava. The deliberations of the investigative committee established by Roebuck, the motion for the formation of which had brought about the fall of the Aberdeen government, were also on everybody’s mind. There are perhaps three contenders for the ‘Supreme Charlatan’, referred to in this letter. One was Louis Napoleon, who had made a state visit to Britain in April of this year and who now wanted to lead a grand campaign of conquest: ‘A gentleman who has shewn only housebreaker qualities hitherto, and is required now to shew heroic ones, or go to the Devil,’ Carlyle wrote to Emerson.\(^2\) Lord Raglan, the commander at Crimea, who was then being subjected to much criticism, may also have been the person Carlyle had in mind; he wrote to Emerson (13 May 1855) that ‘we are without any general, or with a mere sash and cocked hat for one’.\(^3\) Another possibility is Palmerston.\(^4\)

\(^1\) Reference is made in this article to the first edition published by John Parker in 1855.
\(^2\) Carlyle to Emerson, 13 May 1855. Published in Slater, p. 506.
\(^3\) Ibid.
\(^4\) Concerning Palmerston, Carlyle said that he was a ‘playactor cast in the part of a patriot statesman’, and that he was ‘a fitting leader for an age without sincerity or veracity’ (Charles Cavan Duffy, *My Life in Two Hemispheres* (London, 1898), ii. 52). D. A. Wilson comments (*Carlyle at His Zenith*, p. 402) that
Chelsea, 17 May 1855

Dear Helps,

It gives me real pleasure that you turn up again,—serene as ever, and "with the time of day in your pocket" (one may say, tho' in another sense than the Irish mother, rejoicing over her son's new watch when he came home)! Many and many a time in this last grim year, one of the grimmest and loneliest I ever had, have I asked myself, "What has become of Helps? What has come over him?"

Morgan left the little volume faithfully last night. To read it will be nothing but a pleasure to me, had you no business with it. I can never rightly see whither you are tending with this Book; but all the parts of it I read are luminous, naive, and human: extremely comfortable reading to me, you may believe.

But am I to send the volume back? And if so, when?—the Post will be my handiest way; and I will time according as you order. ... I find a "Peter Martyr" often quoted from, this morning. Have you explained anywhere that he is not the Oxford Protestant—Italian M'; but another of the name with a difference,—of whom further details are scarce with me? I know not what you have made out of Charles V (who remains entirely invisible in Robertson and all English Histories hitherto); I know only for absolutely certain, that he has the Austrian chin, a pair of lazy deep eyes,—and shews here and there a longheaded Flemish mercantile character to me, of much obstinacy and occasional arrogance and wrath, dead to the higher considerations, or pretty nearly so.... Good speed to you, good speed! Happy men that are within "two months" of the shore; not bound in dreary Polar seas, like some others of us; nothing on any azimuth but Icebergs and walruses, the very stars for most part gone out!

It would do me real good, I am certain, to get down for a whole week to the silence of Vernon Hill; and I will pray for it, while the leaves are all green, and the summer in its pride: pray;—but the gods are very deaf: alas!

Well we cannot help it; we must toil along, with the general "Balaklava" round us, the Supreme Charlatan on the top of it; and Roebuck's Committee publishing daily reports by way of remedy. God is great.

Yours ever truly (in haste)

T. Carlyle

Carlyle acknowledged in a letter of 2 June 1855, and expressed almost rhapsodic enjoyment of, two 'fragments', evidently further pages, in proof, of one or both of the shortly-to-be published first two volumes of *The Spanish Conquest in America*.¹ He shows special appreciation of his friend's persistence, diligence, and

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thoroughness, although he may not accept his basic intentions. Perhaps Carlyle’s reference to ‘Black business’ has to do with Helps’s anti-slavery emphasis.

Carlyle’s allusion to the ‘Sinumbra lamp’ is also of interest. Charles Tomlinson’s *Cyclopaedia of Useful Arts* (London, 1854) describes at length, with diagrams. Phillips’s *Sinumbra lamp* ‘or lamp without a shadow (*sine umbra*), [in which] the shadow if not destroyed is rendered imperceptible by the peculiar form given to the circular oil vessel. . . . Its three surfaces meet in the form of a flat wedge, the sharp edge of which is directed toward the flame’.¹

Dear Helps,

I may safely say I have read both the Fragments, especially the big one, with real pleasure and approval. “Remarks” I have none, perhaps a stroke on the margin here and there which really does not pretend to be anything: but this record of my experience as your reader may be worth giving, and encourage your weary steps thro’ that great black wilderness where you have been journeying so long.

It is a fact that these pieces, especially the bigger, make capital reading, and are likely to suit all kinds of classes, in that respect, who have any naivety of heart, whether much intellect or little,—for your writing will suit both kinds; which is a rare quality in writing. A beautiful piety looks thro’ the record everywhere, touches of mournful banter (what we recognise as Helpsisms nothing loth); and on the whole, a beautiful mild light (as of Sinumbra lamps, or of the Sun shining without glare, thro’ fleecy clouds as he does at Quito) illuminates everything that is narrated or that is taught: very well done indeed. I have not read so easily remembered a Book for years back: “easily remembered”, I daresay you understand how many things that presupposes, and I certify to you that that is so.

Your fearless diligence, long-continued patient labour, and determination everywhere to spare no cost in getting to the actual truth so far as possible: these qualities obtain and merit a still more emphatic suffrage from me. They greatly distinguish your work and you,—alas that it should be so,—in this unfortunate epoch of the world. Every man is certain to be damned (so say the very Bishops, if they understand themselves),—very certain to be damned, unless he do even in that fashion: and I leave you to count on your fingers how many you know in any trade who do it! It is actually frightful:—visible at Balaklava, Sodom, and some other places modern and ancient.

Adieu, dear Helps; may you go lausto pede, and come out victorious on the hither side of that Black business, whatever it may (essentially) be.

Yours ever sincerely.

T. Carlyle

¹ii. 107–8.
Helps acknowledged the receipt of this letter the next day (3 June).\(^1\) In his reply he is resolved that, in spite of difficulties, he will continue with his historical writing but expresses a longing to return to the sanitary reform that has so long interested him. Indeed, as recently as the early part of 1854 he had been devoted to a project to prevent a threatened cholera epidemic in the East End of London, in the extensive correspondence concerning which there is no mention of Carlyle.\(^2\) Helps, indeed, had several career alternatives tugging at him throughout his life, political as well as literary, but humanitarian concerns were always uppermost. When he refused a new post with his old employer, Lord Carlisle, for instance, he wrote on 25 March 1855, 'I should have felt it a duty to go to the Crimea, had I been asked to go as one of the Sanitary Commissioners—a dreadful duty, but one that could not be put aside for a moment with a safe conscience. But there would be many persons who could fill the situation of Private Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant [of Ireland] as well as, or better than, A. H. And he, poor man, is always immersed in work, which, whether good or bad, is at any rate, in his opinion, of some usefulness, or he would not go on with it.'\(^3\) Of some interest is the fact that at the end of this letter to Carlisle Helps refers to ‘a professor at Belfast, named Craik, the author of that work, “The Pursuit of Knowledge Under Difficulties”, who is a very sound thinker and a superior man, as you will soon see, if he comes your way’. Craik, a member of the Carlyle circle, was one of the men Helps had called on, as we see in his 3 June letter to Carlyle, to comment on instalments of his history.

One also notices in Helps’s letter of 3 June a characteristic slur on biographers and those who keep letters.\(^4\)

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\(^1\)National Library of Scotland MS 1767, ff. 67–70; Correspondence, pp. 393–4.

\(^2\)Much of this correspondence, especially letters from Helps to Stephen Spring-Rice, is in the National Library of Ireland. Mention is made there of the involvement of Dickens and Ruskin.

\(^3\)The original is in the archives at Castle Howard.

\(^4\)Helps published in Fraser’s Magazine, April 1860, pp. 561–3, an article entitled ‘The Publication of Letters Nuisance’. One of his chief objections to the publishing of letters is that sometimes a man may write something humorously in a letter that, if published, might be taken seriously, with disadvantage to his reputation.
My dear Carlyle,

Your letter, received this morning, is very welcome to me, and helps to cheer me in my toilsome journey.

Often I am somewhat dispirited, and think (when I have time to think from my work) that I might have given all this labour to other things with more effect. You know what interest I take in sanitary matters, & how I long sometimes to set to work at London, & see whether that huge creature could not be made a shade less ugly & pestilential.

I know, without talking vainly, that I have several of the qualities for doing something in that way. I am by nature (you won't esteem me the more of that) a regular stump-orator; and by character, as in countenance, somewhat of a bull-dog—melancholy, obstinate (you may cut off my tail bit by bit, and I don't let go my hold with my mouth), and alas! to complete the picture honestly! lamentably fond of the she-dogs. Well, the bull-dog nature is a famous one for getting anything done, either in office, or in that den of other wild beasts, the H of Commons.

So that I sometimes look back with regret at these years I have given to this book; but I hope at last to make it something which other people at least may deduce some wisdom from. I don't suppose, for instance, that you will take my views on American history; but I want to give you something which should enable you to form your own views on a wider basis than can be obtained from isolated accounts of mere conquests. Enough of this!

I think, if you do not recalcitrare, I shall have another portion sent to you, when it is ready. It is easier for you to read it in this way; and then I shall have your remarks in the margin. All that you have made are good and serviceable. I doubt, though, whether you observed that the brother of the Queen of Scotland was an old man. Perhaps that may get us out of the difficulty. Craik has been considering it; also James Doyle,¹ the brother of Dick, who is a very intelligent fellow and a sound historian. Amongst us, we shall be able to make out the thing rightly, before the book comes to a second edition, if it ever does so.²

By the way, is there anybody whom you would like me to send a presentation copy to (I am now making up my list) some poor man, for instance, who would care about the subject but could not afford to buy the book—one of those men to whom all books properly belong?

I wish you were here.

Always yours

AH.

¹ James Edward Doyle (1822–93) was the elder brother of the better known Richard Doyle (1824–83). Although he began his career as an artist, James gave it up for that of a historian. His Chronicles of England was published in 1864. He is best known for his Official Baronage of England.

² It is not possible to find the exact passage alluded to, and it may be that the change was made before the first publication.
P.S. You had better destroy this letter. You are one of those unfortunate fellows who will be biographed some day. Though it be a long way off & they will judge you from your correspondents. Besides these d—d biographers never understand a joke. They are all little dry cadgers like Lord John.

That Helps was now sufficiently acquainted with Carlyle to be at the point of developing a warm friendship is indicated by the anecdotal use he makes of his knowledge of him; for instance, in the final instalment of a series of three articles published in Fraser's Magazine in 1855 and 1856 entitled 'Friends in Council Abroad'. Here he refers to Carlyle's at least elementary acceptance of the basic tenets of sanitary science concerning the purity of water. The context is a discussion regarding prudent planning for one's children. Milverton, Helps's alter-ego, says: There was a man who had notions upon financial affairs generally, and the circulating medium in particular; and of all birds in the air and fishes in the sea, whom should he choose to enlighten by letter week after week but our friend Carlyle. "Ah, sir," said the philosopher [Carlyle] to me, 'What is the good of all the money in the world—tons of gold, sir, when the richest man in London can't get, for love or money, a single glass of good water?' This was before some of the water companies had made their recent great improvements; which, however, are but a beginning of what must be done in that way. But there is a great deal of depth in Carlyle's saying.'

And again: the dialogue is concerning the proper use of scientific men and "'indoor statesmen', as your friend Henry Taylor well designates them'. Milverton replies to this statement by Ellesmere:²

Certainly, my dear Ellesmere. Scientific men are not half enough made use of by our government, and other eminent persons [here including 'indoor statesmen'] are neither caught at all or caught too late. Now I will given an instance that may astonish you, but which is, nevertheless, a good instance. Take our friend Carlyle. When I was quite a youth, and he just in the vigour of early manhood, I remember one thing that struck me about him that he would make an excellent man of business.

Ellesmere: I find it difficult to realize that.

¹Fraser's Magazine, February 1856, p. 131.
²Perhaps a reference to The Statesman (1836) by Henry Taylor (1800–86), a mutual friend of Helps and Carlyle.
Milverton: It is true, though; and those who know him intimately will confirm what I say. Such a man as that I should have caught immediately if I had been such a statesman, and had seen any way of catching him. If I failed in making him a good 'in-door statesman', I should have left him a still better and abler writer than he is now.¹

Carlyle acknowledged the receipt of the third volume of *The Spanish Conquest* on 10 March 1857.² In his letter to Helps he recognized, with a fellow historian's sympathy, the heavy burdens that the writing of history was placing on his friend.

Chelsea 10 March 1857.

Dear Helps,

I heartily congratulate you on getting so massive a new Piece of the Sysiphus Rock rolled up, and fairly laid at rest on the top of the hill! I will read your new volume; and I have no doubt it will be with the old pleasure: but that, & all men's reading and applauding, or not reading and even hissing, is (if I may judge by my own sad feelings), a small matter in comparison with the above most important fact,—which is indisputable to critics.

Oh Heavens, yes certainly if I ever live across this horrid vortex of the jingling infinitude of Prussian sand and marine-stoves (which feat seems often problematic to me), I do certainly intend to recreate myself at Vernon Hill: but all that is yet—God knows how far!

Pity me, pray for me; and accept my thanks, congratulations, good auguries, and old and new regards.

Yours ever truly

T. Carlyle

Helps, as a chronic advocate of sanitary reform, wrote to Carlyle on 22 December 1857³ inviting him to become a member of the permanent committee of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science, in which he would be associated with eminent men of science and literature. This association, of which the eminent sanitary reformer John Simon was one of the founders, was established in 1857, and the first Social Science Congress was held in Birmingham in October of that year. Royston Lambert writes of the organization that it 'for a generation, canalised and expressed the anxiety of the Victorian middle-classes to understand and tackle the problems of their

¹ *Fraser's Magazine*, February 1856, pp. 133–4.
² National Library of Scotland MS 3823, ff. 212–13; *Correspondence*, p. 191.
society, and which became one of the most notable pressure groups of the day. Although Helps's name is often mentioned as an active participant, an examination of Times accounts and of the Transactions of the Association from 1857 to the end of 1860 has found no mention of Carlyle.

At the end of the letter Helps reveals once again his ability to assume the ironic tone of his correspondent as he protests detestation of the conventional Christmas greetings.2

[15]

46. Chester Square
Dec 22/57.

My dear Carlyle,

At a meeting of the Public Health Section of the Council of the Social Science Association, it was agreed that you should be invited to become a member of the permanent committee of the Public Health Department; and I was requested to communicate with you upon the subject.

This committee will consist of very eminent men in many ways—there will be 6 or 7 of the first surgeons & physicians—3 engineers—4 or 5 political men such as Lord Stanley,3 Goderich,4 Mr Cowper5 &c—Men of science such as Owen,6 Faraday7—resolute sanitarians such as Chadwick8—a few men of letters who have shown interest in the subject.

1Lambert, p. 299.
2In striking contrast, and as a demonstration of Helps's unique gift for adapting his style and tone to different people, it is interesting to note his Christmas greeting to the Princess of Wales on 19 December 1870, where, with proper obsequiousness, he writes of how 'at this period of the year, one has a disorder which may be called "Christmas gifts on the Brain". With you great people, however, who have at least unlimited "tick" (His Royal Highness will explain that schoolboy word) this disorder is not so bad as it is with some of us who have to screw our presents out of very little cash or credit, and so we have a great deal of extra thinking.' A copy of this letter is in the possession of Mrs Peter Thornton, a daughter of the late E. A. P. Helps.

3Edward Henry (1826–93), who became 15th Earl of Derby, had, according to the DNB, 'long been conspicuous for his knowledge of an interest in such non-party matters as sanitary reform'.

4Viscount Goderich (George Frederick Samuel Robinson (1827–1909)) the distinguished Liberal and a friend of Arthur Helps.

5William Francis Cowper (1811–88), nephew of Melbourne, during his long and distinguished career was interested in public health and in sanitary reform.

6The socialist Robert Owen (1771–1858). He, also, read a paper at the first meeting of the Social Science Association at Birmingham in October 1857.

7Apparently the scientist Michael Faraday (1771–1867).

8Sir Edwin Chadwick (1800–90), an eminent sanitary reformer and friend of Arthur Helps.
Whether you accept this invitation or not, I think you would have been pleased to see the way in which your name was received—as that of a man who had already done good services.

There will be an annual guinea.

If you were to ask me the use of the thing—I shd say it would be in collecting & sifting information, in occasionally administering some stimulus to the government. These matters go on being managed as badly as possible.

I have been appointed referee for this year to the Public Health dep' of this Association, & have had to look through all the papers sent in to be read at Birmingham—in order to make a selection for printing. Precious work, I can tell you; but I have learnt a great deal from it: and I have become more assured than ever how much might be done if there were more vigour, & sagacity & care for the subject in high quarters.

Send me a formal answer—addressed to me at Vernon Hill, Bishop's Waltham.

Shall I wish you & Mrs Carlyle a merry Xmas? I think not: it is too farcical a wish for any but extreme juveniles.

May you prosper in your good work, & ever remember kindly

Yours most heartily

Arthur Helps

I go down to V.H. tomorrow morning.

Helps's letter to Carlyle accompanying a gift of a copy of *Oulita the Serf*, his most successful blank verse tragedy, on 22 February 1858, is written with characteristic self-deprecation. It is of particular interest because of its reference to their early friendship.

[16]

Vemon Hill
Bishop's Waltham
Feb 22/1858

My dear Carlyle,

Think kindly of me for sending you the accompanying book: look upon it as a hearty shake of the hand from an old friend; and that you may think kindly, do not read the book, which will only bore you.

I should not like, however, to publish anything which I did not send to you. I owe to you so much pleasure in the past: so many happy walks and fierce, jovial rides as we have had together!

With kindest regards to Mrs Carlyle,

I remain
yours ever

Arthur Helps

Thomas Carlyle Esq

Although there is no surviving letter from either Helps or Carlyle regarding a gift of the two volumes of the second series of *Friends in Council* (1859), there is a reference in the work itself to the latter. In the pessimistic Mr Midhurst’s essay ‘On the Miseries of Human Life’, the speaker comments that ‘Mankind is like “a bag of serpents”, as Mr. Carlyle well says, “in which each serpent is rearing his head and hissing, and struggling to get higher than the others”’.¹

Carlyle, on the receipt of the fourth and final volume of the *Spanish Conquest*, evidently breathed a sympathetic sigh of relief as he wrote to Helps on 13 February 1861.² He had already ‘dipped’ into the volume, but hoped to give it, in due course, ‘an Examination much worthier of its qualities’.

**Chelsea, 13 Feby 1861**

Dear Helps,

Many kind thanks for this kind Gift of your last Volume. It is very pretty reading, like its predecessors, when I dip into it. By and by, if it please Heaven, I design to give that Work an Examination much worthier of its qualities than I cd yet bestow on it,—or anything that has appeared in its time: wretched sinner, swallowed in the Prussian quagmires (fetid as the Stygian), and swimming for life (too literally that!) as I have long been.

Yes, my friend, I do congratulate you on getting honourably done with such a Business. None feels more than myself what a blessed consummation;—nor do I know any one who has deserved it better. Euge!

I thank you much, dear Helps, for this Volume itself, and for what it is the token of; and am always (below par in health for some days past, which has occasioned the delay).

Yours sincerely,

T. Carlyle

Helps suggested in *Organization in Daily Life*, published in 1862 but written ‘earlier’, that Carlyle was one of those men eminent in literature, science, or art who ‘could have been an excellent man of business. His drafts and dispatches would have been expressed in language not strictly in accordance with that of routine, but they would have been full of insight and foresight, and practicality of all kinds’.³

² National Library of Scotland MS 3823, ff. 214–15; Correspondence, p. 241.
There is no known correspondence between the two from 1861 to 1868, although there is reason to believe that at least one letter may have been written from Carlyle to Helps in 1866. G. L. Craik, Professor of English Literature and History at Queen's College, Belfast, and a friend of both, had suffered a paralytic stroke in February 1866. Helps and Carlyle were anxious to gain for him financial assistance, although it was too late for him to be placed on the Civil List for that year. Helps wrote to Forster on 19 March 1866, 'I feel sure that Ld Russell will do what he can, as I sent on to him an excellent letter from our friend Carlyle. You know how well he writes on such occasions'.

Helps wrote to Carlyle on 5 March 1868 inquiring about the literary qualifications of one William Knighton, especially about his ability to translate 'from English into Hindoostani well' the Queen's Leaves from the Journal of Our Life in the Highlands [18].

Judging from the tart comments both Carlyles were known to have made about persons behind their backs, one would not expect a letter of recommendation from either of them to be too complimentary, whatever a person's merits might be. Such is certainly not the case in Carlyle's reply of 6 March 1868. The man Knighton was evidently of at least modest competence. He had been a Professor at the University of Calcutta and his extensive publications included a history of Ceylon. Froude, of whom Helps had also asked information, replied in a somewhat more positive tone than Carlyle (5 March): 'Mr Knighton has written some papers in Fraser called Village Sketches in Oude above the average merit. He is in the Indian Civil Service and I think was raised into it from some lower position in consequence of showing special talents—I cannot tell what he is up to in

1 Original in the Forster Collection, Victoria and Albert Museum, F48, E.4. It has not been possible to locate the letter referred to, written by Carlyle either to Helps or Lord John Russell. Although Craik did not live to receive a pension, there is a reference in the Civil Lists of 1866 to pensions granted (£30 a year) to Miss Mary Craik and Miss Georgiana Craik "in consideration of the Services of their Father the late Dr Craik as Professor of History and English Literature in the Queen's College, Belfast" (PRO T 16650B/17996).
translation but I should expect fully to find capacity of that kind in a man of his position.¹

Helps himself seems to have had another possible candidate for translator in mind. The eminent philologist Max Müller wrote to him on 11 March,² ‘I do not know Mr. Knighton personally, and I can form no idea whether he is competent to undertake the translation into Hindustani of the Queen’s book; I agree with you, however, that it would be far better if an educated Hindu would undertake such a work. It should be translated not into Hindustani only, but likewise into Bengali and Mahratti. The book might at first startle the natives of India with their ingrained ideas of Oriental royalty, but it would leave a deep and wholesome impression. I would recommend an excellent translator to Bengali—young Satyendra Nath Tagori, one of the native candidates who came over to pass the Indian Civil Service Examination, and who, by dint of hard work, came out No. 6 in the final examination.’ One does not know whether this man was competent in all three languages. Müller suggests as another possibility: Nohemiahl Gorch, a convert to Christianity.

Chelsea, 6 March 1868

Dear Helps,

Practically I know almost nothing of Friend Knighton. Ten or 12 years ago he was a Schoolmaster, in orthodox circ⁴ in this neighb⁴; and came down 4 or 5 times to volunteer a bit of dialogue with me, wh⁵ I struggled (unsuccessfully) not to be bored with—poor good Knighton! He always seemed to me an honest, placid, well intentional soul, intellig⁵ enough too, what is called intellig⁵, to whom I really wished well, but only at a distance (had it pleased heaven and him,—as it soon happily did!) Since his last ‘return from India’ I have hardly seen him; and wish in genl I hadn’t heard either.

His Literatures, of wh⁶ I have read a specimen or two, are of free-flowing, vivacious, orthodoxly jolly nature; but always too loose and flabby. By no means wanting in a kind of talent for the utterly idle reader; and showing traces even of a moral vein. Nothing of malign or ill-natured, nothing of fatu did I ever discern in them or in him, but also nothing of rigidly accurate; a far-and-away. [?] kind of good eueptic man.

¹ MS Sir Arthur Helps Papers, William R. Perkins Library, Dept. of Manuscripts, Duke University. That the Carlyles and Knighton were on friendly terms is suggested by an article by the latter, ‘Conversations with Carlyle’, in The Contemporary Review, xxxix (June, 1881), 904–20.

² Original in the Helps Papers.
He has lived twice in India; and must have made some mode of speaking intelligibly [sic] to the Natives. But of his power or likelihoods for good Hindoo translit* out of English I can really form no safe guess. With an educated Hindoo to ride upon and oversee [?], he might perhaps have a chance, better than none? I know nothing.

Yrs ever truly
T. Carlyle

P.S. Thanks for y* copy of the Queen's Journal,—wh^ has entertained several of my neighbours, and will more.—You have seduced me into reading Realmah spoonful by spoonful in Macmillan's Magn*: shame to you; the like never befel me before!—

This letter is important for other reasons. One is its mention of the Queen's Journal [of Our Life in the Highlands], officially published in 1868 but of which two privately printed editions had previously appeared. A copy, with which Helps had been assisted by his eldest daughter, Alice, had evidently just been sent to Carlyle. Several painful months had been occupied in its preparation additional to Helps's performance of his duties as Clerk of the Privy Council, an office which he had assumed in 1860.

Also of value is the letter's reference to Realmah, a Utopian romance set in Bronze Age Switzerland but making thinly veiled allusions to affairs of the day such as the Gibraltar question. Carlyle's apparent enthusiasm could have been at least partially motivated by his satisfaction at being included in the course of the work among those historians who will not 'cease to be valued and their works to be read'—such as Hallam, Macaulay, Grote, and Froude¹—and a complimentary association of his name with those of Emerson and Kingsley.² Carlyle, too, would have enjoyed Ellesmere's statement about his 'favourites, the dogs. ... They could talk well enough about the subjects nearest to their hearts,

²Ibid. ii. 7: 'I have never heard a more exquisite conversation than the one in which Carlyle and Emerson, both of them nice and patient observers of all natural objects, discoursed upon the merits and beauties of common grass.' See also ii. 94. Here Sir Arthur Godolphin, not to be confused with Helps himself, in commenting on the requirements for election to the Cambridge Apostles, declares: 'A man to succed with us must be a real man, and not a "sham", as Carlyle would say.'
but they have read their Carlyle, and they know that stern purpose is gradually frittered away by idle talk.\textsuperscript{1}

\textit{Realmah} had been published serially (‘spoonful by spoonful’) in \textit{Macmillan’s}, and Carlyle, like many of his distinguished contemporaries, was anxious to see the completed book. However, on 14 December 1868 he was able to write in appreciative acknowledgment of the volume.\textsuperscript{2} He, too, indicated that he had kept his promise to return with greater thoroughness to the reading of the Spanish history, although he speaks of some minor disagreements with certain of its contents, not here specified. But the letter is perhaps of the greatest importance in that it tells of Carlyle’s recent discovery of ‘these disastrous events’ that had recently befallen Arthur Helps.\textsuperscript{3}

About 1861 Helps had discovered a deposit of china clay on his estate at Bishops Waltham and had undertaken to establish a clay and pottery works to be operated according to the high-minded principles declared in \textit{Claims of Labour} (1844).\textsuperscript{4} He fully considered the welfare of his workers, providing excellent working quarters, educational opportunities, and a coffee house operated by his faithful Alice. But the too idealistic Helps was unable to compete with the Staffordshire potteries; he had invested too heavily in the project, and his managers eventually cheated him and absconded to America.\textsuperscript{5} Universal sympathy was expressed for his misfortunes, not least by Ruskin\textsuperscript{6} and by the Queen herself.\textsuperscript{7}

\textsuperscript{1}Ibid. ii. 206. Another reference (i. 3) is similar to that mentioned above in \textit{Friends in Council}, 2nd ser. (see above p. 417, n. 1): ‘As Carlyle says: “We are like snakes in a bottle, all wriggling about and endeavouring to get uppermost, biting and hissing at one another.”’

\textsuperscript{2}National Library of Scotland MS 3823, ff. 218–19; \textit{Correspondence}, pp. 267–8.

\textsuperscript{3}Carlyle wrote (see Wilson, \textit{Carlyle in Old Age}, p. 177), ‘Poor Helps, I was shocked to hear at Proctor’s for the first time distinctly, is utterly ruined, confiscated (owing to some mine of Potter’s Clay he discovered) and is now living on a bare allowance of £200 a-year, near Croydon!’

\textsuperscript{4}See E. A. P. Helps, op. cit.

\textsuperscript{5}On 26 September 1866 Helps wrote to Edwin Chadwick, ‘I believe that on my estate there is the finest mine of clay that has yet been discovered. I do not say this rashly or boastfully; but some of the great Staffordshire people, who have been to see it, said that it was not only the finest mine in England; but they thought the finest mine in the world. There are immense beds lying in the hills close to the surface, of every colour and quality; and a special railway has
Chelea
14 December, 1868

Dear Helps,

I followed Realmah faithfully to his last frag in Macmillan; and now I have him in a piece, to take a spell when I please. Thanks, thanks. It is a strange wandering meandering Book, like no other I have ever read; but it is full of lively fancies, wise delicate discernments; loyally humane, wholesome, everywhere vividly clear;—and there runs thro' it (as thro' all this Author's Books) a fine vein of of [sic] gentle real humour, wisdom wearing quietly a pathetic smile;—these, I can assure you, are rare and considerable charms!—By aid of these and the like, I went thro' the big Spanish Conquest volumes too (whb you yielded me some years ago), in a right pleas and prosperous way; & not always quite sharing the Author's views on certa minor questions, yet always glad to go with him in his mild leniency, in his perfect clearness of heart and head; and always wishing him cordially good speed in this bad world. I now pray only, May his diligence continue, increasing, not abating.

If it do,—perhaps these disastrous Events (of whb I never heard clearly till the other day), perhaps these may be only new quickeners in this directa, and if so, are not disasters after all, dear Helps, but only blessings in disguise! That, I believe, is verily the truth of the matter; essentially, what it means? Bear a hand, at any rate; work manlike while it is called Today: the wages one gets, these are a mad thing always, mad especially in this our maddest of epochs; we won't bother abt these. Some things are for the day, and are eaten within the day; some other things are forever, forever. Go ahead, I say, with a valiant heart.

If some day you shewed face here aga, wdn't it be a glad thing? Seeing and speaking, or silent and remembering, my affect good wishes, and good hopes, are with you always, dear Helps. I remain and am

Yours sincerely,
T. Carlyle

Helps was obviously appreciative of Carlyle's sympathy but passed it off with characteristic stoicism and lightness of touch in his reply of 15 December, in which he is especially appreciative of the latter's apparent liking for his new book.¹

²Queen Victoria's Journal, 28 April 1867, p. 112: 'Helps's affairs are in a sad state & he will have to part with his estate, which is a dreadful grief to him.'
My dear Carlyle,

Your letter, received today, was most welcome to me.

Yes: I have had a very sair time of it, and I suppose should have gone clean mad from misery, if I had not had so much to do, and so much else to think of.

However, on these matters it is not wise to dwell, though a kind and loving word about them from a dear friend comes very soothingly to one.

'Realmah' certainly is a very strange 'meandering' kind of book, but I have contrived to say a great many things in it which I wanted to say.

I am greatly pleased at your liking it.

I will assuredly come to see you soon. I long to do so; but the days are very full for me.

I am, most heartily and gratefully, yours

Arthur Helps

As the works of Helps became almost as universally recognized as those of Carlyle, whose equal as an author he was now generally considered, so the differences both in matter and in manner between the two writers became clear. For instance, on 10 February 1870, Matthew Arnold wrote to Helps that he 'saw with just pleasure in what good company last week's Saturday [Review] put me'. Indeed, in an article, 'Literature and Business', in the 5 February issue of this periodical, Arnold's name had been associated not only with that of Helps but with the names of John Stuart Mill, Grote, and Henry Taylor, writers whose works were strictly essays written in intervals of business [in whom] literature has lain, not on the main road of life, but on the byways which diverge from it on either side. ... They all write like men of business, in the best sense of the term. A rare sanity of mind and style, lucidity of arrangement, and directness of treatment, are common to them all. The reader feels they have been in immediate contact with men and things, and that they bring him into relations with reality almost as direct as their own. The best training for literature seems to be other than purely literary. Pot-boilers in literature are not likely to turn out masterpieces any more than pot-boilers in art. Glaring effects of style, topics ephemerally interesting, and rapidity of production, are the all but essential conditions of success in commercial authorship. For this reason, probably, it is that much of the higher literature, philosophical and scholarly, has come from men who have been able to give it only the fraction of their time, but who have not been compelled to write because they must publish, and to think, or make a show of thinking, because they must write. The man of business who writes, being

1MS Beinecke Rare Book and Manuscript Library, Yale University.
disciplined to common sense, is little likely to fall into that over-elaboration of trifles, that subtlety of the schools, and that indulgence of his own fantastic humours which belong to the recluse author.  

Thus:

Had Mr. Carlyle been a man of affairs as well as a man of letters, his splendid genius might probably have found deliverance from some of its besetting infirmities and most mischievous aberrations.  

Another indication of the high reputation of Helps in relation to that of Carlyle, but with no mention of the differences, is found in an article by Kingsley, 'Mr. Helps as an Essayist', in Macmillan's Magazine in 1872.  

Praising them jointly, Kingsley (pp. 201–2) proclaimed that 'no two men have done more, I believe, to save this generation from two or three extremes of fanaticism than Mr. Carlyle and Mr. Helps; and that because they have been just to all that was sound and vital in the Middle Ages, just to all that was sound in the French Revolution; and, be it remembered, to all that was sound in the young Puritan time of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Thus they have earned the right to be heard, and they have on the whole been heard, when they have preached, not indeed content with the established order of things, but at least patience, charity and caution in reforming it [sic].'

Also, on 2 May 1874 Helps's candidacy for the Lord Rectorship of Edinburgh University was solicited by J. W. Collins because of his 'eminence in literature', 'sympathy with youthful aspirations', and the fact that his writings exert an influence 'over the youth of the present day'. Collins mentioned that Carlyle had held the post from 1865 to 1868. Helps refused, however, because he did not wish to compete with the other candidates (the Duke of Argyll

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1 The Saturday Review, 6 February 1870, pp. 176–7.
2 Ibid. p. 177. On 8 June of this year Helps wrote to W. D. Christie, 'I send the enclosed with the greatest of pleasure. I could not, however, muster up courage to sign higher up than Carlyle or our Master of Trinity' (original in my possession). The suggestion may be offered that this was a petition to grant Christie a further pension, an honorary degree, or candidacy for a Parliamentary seat. But it could, too, have been in advocacy of a book to be published. Christie's edition of Dryden appeared in 1870.
4 J. W. Collins to Sir Arthur Helps, 2 May 1874. In Helps Papers, formerly at Cregane Manor, Ireland.
and Lord Derby) and also because his duties as Clerk of the Privy Council might conflict with those of a Lord Rector.\footnote{Helps to J. W. Collins, 6 May 1874. In Helps Papers. Also, Correspondence, pp. 367–8.}

The letter from Arnold to Helps mentioned above was written upon receipt of a copy of Helps’s *Casimir Maremma* (1870), a novel about emigration, and Carlyle acknowledged his copy on 8 March. Although evidently not as popular as his first work of fiction, it had its admirers. John Stuart Mill, for example, wrote (28 March) that ‘as a story it is more successful than “Realmah”, though perhaps not more interesting to a psychologist’.\footnote{Correspondence, p. 282.} In the book Helps made one of his by now customary references to Carlyle. Ellesmere, the distinguished jurist, says that the four days in his life that were the happiest were spent alone and in silence, to which Mauleverer retorts that ‘he must he must have been in prison’. Then Milverton (Helps) declares, ‘How great men resemble one another! That great man, Carlyle, used to say what advantages there would be in being condemned to solitary confinement for a time, and really he was so eloquent (for no man equals him in talk that I ever heard) that I began to think it would be desirable to commit some crime that would ensure one a spell of solitary confinement.’\footnote{*Casimir Maremma* (London, 1870), iii. 251–2.}

It was with a copy of *Casimir Maremma* that Helps sent his letter of 6 February to Carlyle [21].\footnote{National Library of Scotland MS. 1769, pp. 173–4. Unpublished.} In addition to his characteristic self-deprecation, this is of interest because of his use of the word ‘tremmock’, which, he declared, ‘Alice picked up in her visits to Hampshire cottagers’.\footnote{Helps to William Stone, 9 March 1870. In Helps Papers.} It evidently suggests some sort of fear or trepidation. In his letter to Carlyle Helps acknowledges that he was rather ‘in a tremmock’ … to send a new work of mine to you’. In spite of such hesitation ‘I take heart and dare to do it’. Carlyle ‘can read between the lines of my feeble writing, filling up those interstices with your own forcible words’. He reminisces, ‘What a pleasant evening we had at the Froude’s the last time that you and I met.’
Carlyle's reply, properly appreciative, was sent on 8 March. The delay, he apologized, was due to an extended visit to the Ashburtons. In his comments he has occasion to refer to and quote a stanza from the seventeenth-century Scottish ballad, 'Maggie Lauder' by Francis Semple. Because he is evidently quoting from memory, the passage from the first stanza is neither complete nor accurate. Although Carlyle evidently approves of the theme of Helps's book, his use of the quotation suggests that its charm is quite unrelated to everyday affairs.

Chelsea, 8 March, 1870

Copied

Dear Helps,

I can at least bid you dismiss the “tremmock”, or any remnants of it, and change it altogh’ for a cheerier, suitabler feeling: and I ought to have done so sooner,—tho’ in truth y’ Letter found me, not here, but on a visit in Wiltshire (Melchet-Court, Lady Ashburton’s); and it was weeks before I c’d get hold of Casimir himself and fasten on him. After wh’ all was plain sailing. I read the Book at a stretch, and with the reverse of difficulty; ready to read as many more of the same sort as you like to try me with: this is a plain matter of fact,—wh’ sends the “tremmock” clean over the hills.

“Casimir,” you may depend on it, is a true Helpsian Book. Full of humanity, sincerity, clearness, good-sense and good-nature; beautiful really like the face of an ingenous pretty Child,—and with a trickle of the old queer hum’ everywhere tinkling thro’ it, such as c’d belong only to a head getting gray. It is a strange and to me a very taking element, this. Pathetic, sarcastic, cheerfully patient, always full of tenderness, ingenuity and smiling pity.

For the rest, one of the strangest Books (except Realmah) that I ever read!

1National Library of Scotland MS 32863, ff. 220–1; Correspondence, pp. 2278–80.

2It is possible, too, that Helps was quoting from another version of the ballad than the one published in Scottish Poetry of the Seventeenth Century, edited by George Eyre-Todd (Glasgow, 1895), pp. 278–9. The first stanza here reads as follows:

Wha wadna be in love

Wi’ bonnie Maggie Lauder?

A piper met her gaun to Fife

And spiered what was’t they ca’d her;

Richt scornfully she answered him,

‘Begone, you hallan-shaker!

Jog on your gate, you bladderskate!

‘My name is Maggie Lauder.’
And all the more, as it does not, like Realmah, plant itself in any Lacustrine antediluvian scene and epoch, but quietly presents itself in the streets and drawing rooms of hodiernal London, and goes ab1 there as it was quite like other people! Whb it is so amazingly far from being. But I suppose the Author understands his trade, all the same; and do not enter upon this. With his ideas on Colonizatb and the crying necessity for it just now, I entirely and heartily concur;—and with regard to that strange child (strange as any other of them) "the Lady Usefulness", will recite only the old Scotch stave she bro1, dancing and haha-ing, into my head, from a half-century's distance:—

"A Piper mother gawn to Fife (not Londb at all!)
And spier'd [?] what was't they ca'd her:—
Jog on yr gates, ye bletherskates,
My name is Maggie Lauder!"

Adieu, dear Helps, with many thanks and good wishes, and true regards,
Yours always,
T. Carlyle

Concerning this letter Helps wrote to his son-in-law, William Stone, that he was sending him a 'teazer from Carlyle'. He explained that the 'first difficult word is "tremmock"' and proceeded to tell him how Alice found the word. He continued, 'I am half-ashamed to send you Carlyle's letter on account of the praisefulness; but I think it will please you, & that you will like to see it.' 1 This letter, as well as the reply to Carlyle, was written on 9 March, the day on which Helps had introduced Dickens to Queen Victoria.

In his letter to Carlyle he proclaimed that he was going to dedicate his forthcoming Life of Hernando Cortes to his friend. 2 This was one of a series of biographies based on his histories of the Spanish conquest. Some were written with the aid of collaborators, such as his assistant Herbert Preston-Thomas and his son E. A. Helps, but this one appears to have been entirely his own work. 3

[23]

Council Office
March 9, 1870

My dear Carlyle,
You have relieved me from my 'tremmock'; and, for the last two weeks I have experienced several little shakes, which reminded me of my great

1See above, p. 425, no. 5.
2National Library of Scotland MS 1769, ff. 185–6; Correspondence, pp. 395–6.
3Helps acknowledged the assistance of his son E. A. Helps with the Life of Los Casas (1868) and that of Herbert Preston-Thomas with the Life of Columbus (1869).
‘tremmock’, when sending you the book, for I greatly value your good opinion, and am always afraid lest I should not have it as regards anything I do.

It is evident to me that you rather like the book, though you think the author a queer fellow—an opinion which I had some dim notion before now, that you entertained.

An infliction will come upon you in the course of the next three months. It is now your turn to have a ‘tremmock’. I meditate dedicating to you my ‘Life of Cortes’, in a long epistle, which will give me an opportunity of saying some things which I want to say—especially to declare that this book is not a mere warmed-up portion of the Spanish Conquest.

I wish you would not talk about a head growing gray. In the first place I deny the fact: there is not enough hair left for anybody to say what colour it is. In the next, it would seem to insinuate that I am growing old, whereas I never felt so young as I do now. My troubles and sorrows seem to have educesed from me some latent juvenility to hear them.

The next thing will be, that you will be pretending to be growing older, whereas I declare that I never found you more alive and more jovially—shall we say tempestuously vigorous than when I last met you at dinner at our dear friend, Froude’s.

I am ever,

Yours with much affection
and gratitude

Arthur Helps

In his promised dedication, dated ‘Feb. 1871’, Helps publicly acknowledged his personal and literary friendship with Carlyle: ‘I dedicate this work to you,’ he writes, ‘because I desire an occasion to record my gratitude for all your kindness to me in times past. When you first honoured me by making me your friend, I was a mere youth, while you were in the full maturity of manhood; but you were always kind and tolerant to me; and we were from the first, as we have been ever since, the best of friends. In all our walkings, ridings, and talkings together, I cannot remember a single occasion in which a harsh or unkind word was ever said by one to the other.’ However, ‘I do remember that we were not always of the same mind in our discussions on things in general; but there were some points on which we did agree, thoroughly. We both believe that there is such a thing possible as good government.’ Helps emphasizes here, as in his letters, that he has made use of some of the same materials in his biographies as in his histories but that the Life of Cortes is essentially a different work, profiting from corrections and new materials. He has, however, ‘adopted a great many of the notes which are to be
found in "The Spanish Conquest in America". He realizes, too, that 'foot-notes are easily skipped' but that they are important to 'such men as you and Froude'. Helps tries to convince Carlyle of the absolute authenticity of some of his statements: 'I have ... an author's as well as a friend's, reason for this dedication. Some time ago, you hinted to me—delicately but decisively—that there might be some doubts as to the truth of the wonderful things I have told about Mexico.' At this moment Froude 'was with you'. Helps makes much of the fact that he has consulted several sources and mentions three different accounts he had used in his description 'of the principal market in the city of Mexico, as it existed at the time of the Conquest'. In a postscript Helps declares that he has once again referred to the account of 'The Anonymous Conqueror' and finds 'some notes in your handwriting on his account of the Market in Mexico [perhaps a reference to the time when Carlyle had checked Helps's proofs]. You are, therefore, charged with this knowledge: and I shall be able to show you, that, as I have said before, the other accounts do not essentially differ from that given by the Conqueror.'

With proper explanations of the reasons for his delay, Carlyle responded to the dedication and the gift of the book in a highly complimentary vein on 10 April 1871.1

[24]

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea
10 April 1871

Dear Helps,

I am very much gratified by that kind dedication of your Cortes to me. It has in the very tone of it a beautiful simplicity and sincerity; it puts on record,

1 The Life of Hernando Cortes (London, 1871), i. x. Helps declared, furthermore, that Froude and Carlyle 'will naturally consult them [footnotes] and form your own opinions, whether with me or against me, upon my deductions from them'. In a letter of 24 April 1871, J. D. Coleridge responded to this passage, 'I have just read the dedication to Carlyle—Forgive me but why—oh why—class him and Froude together—Do you for a moment believe that 50 years hence any one will read Froude? while some of Carlyle at least is immortal' (original in the Helps Papers).

2 The 'Anonymous Conqueror' has been identified with Francisco de Terrazas, major-domo of Cortes.

3 Life of Cortes, pp. x–xi.

4 National Library of Scotland MS 3823, ff. 222–3; Correspondence, pp. 308–9.
before I leave this world, a relation which was always gracious cheerful profitable and pleasant to me;—in short it gives me more satisfaction than all the "dedications" that were ever made to me, or are like to be.

Cortes himself I believe will profit not a little from being disengaged from the big Book where so many cannot afford to follow him; and to the select few who, like myself, desire also to know his connections there, he still remains attainable in that form. I return you many thanks for Dedication and Copy both, the latter of which is again in process of being read here. Long may you live, dear Helps, to write new Books and purify and pacify your distracted fellow creatures with sprinklings of mild wisoms, in a form all your own!

It has not been want of will that has kept me so long from answering your message, but simply an imbroglio of interruptions and botheration, excelling any strength I now have.

With grateful and affectionate feelings,

Yours always truly,

T. Carlyle

The cluster of correspondence concerning the Life of Hernando Cortes and related matters is the last known to exist between Helps and Carlyle. There is no reason to doubt, however, that the friendship continued to flourish. Indeed there are frequent references, often cordial, made by Helps to Carlyle in his remaining published works.

In Conversations on War and General Culture (1871) he has Milverton, in an attempt to clarify the 'remarkable difference ... between English and French nature', declare, 'To use the expression of our friend Carlyle, "the imagination of a Frenchman seems sometimes to be divorced from fact"'. Of some interest is that after the publication of this work, Helps wrote to Enoch, an editor for Smith, Elder, on 25 April 1871, that he wishes reviewers of the book to take into account that 'culture was only begun to be treated in that work' because of the thematic emphasis stated in the title, so that he had neither time nor space to make mention of 'those works in English literature which would necessarily enter into the training of a man of high culture. But, as Carlyle would say, this branch of the subject could never "get itself" talked out.'

In Brevia, likewise published in 1871, Helps wrote, 'When I was very young in office, I remember a minister being very much

1Conversations on War and General Culture (London, 1871), p. 84.
2Original in my possession.
abused in the newspapers for having done, as it is supposed, a base and mean thing. Now, he was quite innocent. He had not done that thing, but “quite other”, as Mr. Carlyle would say; and I knew this, having docketed the correspondence.¹

Referring once again to the theme of social compatibility with Carlyle, Helps, long since having left Vernon Hill and now living in a house provided by the Queen at Kew Gardens, wrote in Some Talk of Animals and Their Masters (1872), ‘You ascertain what are the joys of high companionship when you take a walk with Carlyle, Emerson, Kingsley, and many others whom I might mention.’² He is reminiscing of earlier, happier days, before calamity struck.

In Social Pressure (1875), his last book (he died on 7 March), he again made references to Carlyle. In one of these, concerning human relationships, Milverton comments, ‘Carlyle’s shrewd answer that “the hero is not a hero to his valet, because the valet is a valet and not because the hero is not a hero”, does not exhaust that question.’³ G. H. Lewes took issue with the authenticity of the above statement in a letter to Helps of January 1875.⁴

Milverton’s comments on Maulever’s essay on ‘Intrusiveness’, reported by the faithful Johnson, sound once again the keynote of basic compatibility amidst differences in the references to bygone days and the early friendship between Carlyle and Helps.

He spoke of Mr. Carlyle [declares Johnson]. He said how he had been very kind to him when he was a youth; how they had long walks together; how, still, though he immensely admired his companion, he had been less influenced by

¹Brevia (London, 1871), pp. 40–1. In a letter to his brother about an interview with Lord Granville shortly before his being offered the Clerkship of the Council, Helps wrote, ‘But strange to say the subject he wished to see me about was “quite other”, as Carlyle would say, than the Clerkship in question; and scarcely a word passed about it’ (Correspondence, p. 229).
⁴Correspondence, pp. 387–88: ‘He [Carlyle] got it from Goethe who got it from Hegel (it occurs in the Philos. der Geschichte).’ Of some interest is the statement of Duffy in a conversation with Carlyle concerning the sojourn in Malvern and the bathman who was proud of his attendance on Carlyle: ‘The bathman was a living witness that a man may still be occasionally a hero to his valet de chambre’ (Conversations with Carlyle, p. 199).
him than other young men were, who had possessed the happiness of close intimacy with Mr. Carlyle. For as he [Milverton] said, they were two men of very different natures; and he often wondered how Carlyle had tolerated him. But there was one thing, as regards which he felt the intensest sympathy with Carlyle, and had been greatly strengthened by him.

It was in the profound belief that men differ very much from one another; and that to get a great man, or even a very capable man, into a potent place, was a signal gain for the world. Half men, ‘demi-semi’ men, were, comparatively speaking, of no use. ‘You can’t think with me, you can’t feel with me,’ said Mr. Milverton, somewhat mournfully; ‘even Cranmer [another of the ‘Friends in Council’] has not had quite my experience, and seen what it is to have the real man to do anything. Such a man, as Carlyle used to say to me, makes the most unfit positions, the positions from which you think nothing good or great could come, fitting, useful, and productive.’

1Social Pressure, p. 98.