

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION





THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

A History by Thomas Carlyle

Abridged & Edited by A. H. R. BALL, M.A.

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PREFACE

MAZZINI said that Carlyle's History might more appropriately have been called a collection of Illustrations of the French Revolution. And because of this artistic detachment of scenes, and the frequent lack of proportion between its parts, the book loses little by abridgment. This volume is intended to give an adequate representation both of Carlyle's delineation of the Revolution, and of his poetic scheme of history. To ensure continuity of narrative, short explanatory link passages have been inserted between extracts, and, where necessary, I have not hesitated to put together sections from different chapters, or to change slightly Carlyle's order of events.

The Introduction gives a brief description of Carlyle's conception of history, the characteristics of the *French Revolution*—its poetic qualities, its theories, its historical accuracy, and relative value—and some account of its style. The conventional serial form of annotation has been abandoned in favour of alphabetical indexes, which have the advantage of leaving the text clear of unnecessary notes, and of being available for as much or as little reference as the needs of the individual reader require. These indexes include a brief biographical or explanatory note on every proper name, a glossary of unusual words and foreign

of the House of Bourbon, and a list of dates. For those who have an interest in topography, maps of Revolutionary Paris and the Campaign in the Argonne are included.

expressions, a summary of the Republican Calendar, a table

My thanks are due to Mr C. E. Carrington, of the Cambridge University Press, for many valuable suggestions; to Mr H. Lever of Manchester, and to the City Librarian and Staff of the Birmingham Reference Libraries, for their ready help with many obscure points in the notes.

A. H. R. B.

Manchester 1930





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INTRODUCTION

CARLYLE'S CONCEPTION OF HISTORY

THE outstanding impression of Carlyle's books, even to the least sympathetic reader, is that of a powerful and original mind; all his work is the spontaneous overflow of genius. In many fields of literature he did pioneer work, and in none more than history. Frederick the Great was a model of laborious and exhaustive narration of facts not before accessible. The description of the Puritans and the Commonwealth in Cromwell was the first living and intelligible account of that period for the ordinary reader, and the commentary on the letters is still the noblest contribution made to the history of Cromwell's time. The French Revolution was the first book to bring the full meaning and power of that tragedy before English people. It was, too, the sign of a new style in history, a style true to fact, and poetical. Though entitled a history, it might with greater truth have been called a poem—an epic for its spirit and scale, a drama for its action and narration, transporting us into the midst of the Terror.

Carlyle's conception of history can be gathered from his earlier works. There history is defined as primarily a register of morals and manners, a true transcript of the human comedy. And this record is not merely an account of "Redbook lists and Court Calendars and Parliamentary Registers", but "the Life of Man: what men did, thought, suffered and enjoyed; the form, especially the spirit, of their terrestrial existence, its outward environment, its inward principle; how and what it was; whence it proceeded, whither it was tending". In Past and Present he blames the chronicler, Jocelin of Brakelond, because in his description of a fortnight's visit of King John to St Edmundsbury Convent, he "notes only, with a slight subacidity of manner, that the King's Majesty, Dominus Rex,

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¹ Essay on Boswell's Johnson.



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did leave, as a gift for our St Edmund Shrine, a handsome enough silk cloak,—or rather pretended to leave, for one of his retinue borrowed it of us, and we never got sight of it again; and, on the whole, that the Dominus Rex, at departing, gave us 'thirteen sterlingii', one shilling and one penny, to say a mass for him; and so departed,—like a shabby Lackland as he was!" There is no word of what he said, what he did, how he looked, or at the very lowest, "what coat or breeches he had on". In Carlyle's work we meet Frederick and Cromwell face to face; we hear their words, the very tones of voice; we see them in all their most human difficulties, and against every background. Cromwell is one of the most complete pieces of biography

in the language.

But history is more than a faithful picture; it is the clearest evidence of God's mind towards men: "Spake we not of a Communion of Saints, unseen, yet not unreal, accompanying and brotherlike embracing thee, so thou be worthy? Their heroic Sufferings rise up melodiously together to Heaven, out of all lands, and out of all times, as a sacred Miserere; their heroic Actions also, as a boundless everlasting Psalm of Triumph. Neither say that thou hast now no Symbol of the Godlike; is not Immensity a Temple; is not Man's History, and Men's History, a perpetual Evangel? Listen, and for organ-music thou wilt ever, as of old, hear the Morning Stars sing together".2 History is thus a graphic demonstration of the mystery of life, and the historian becomes vates, prophet, or poet. "It is part of my creed", he wrote to Emerson, "that the only Poetry is History, could we tell it right". The poet's function, he says, is to "inform the Finite with a certain Infinitude of significance; or, as they sometimes say, ennoble the Actual into Idealness". And how much easier if the Actuality fixed on be already wonderful, already a poem: "Such is the dark grandeur of that 'Time-element',

¹ Book II, chap. i.

² Sartor Resartus: Organic Filaments.

³ Letter to Emerson, Aug. 12, 1834.



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wherein man's soul here below lives imprisoned,—the Poet's task is, as it were, done to his hand: Time itself, which is the outer veil of Eternity, invests, of its own accord, with an authentic, felt 'infinitude', whatsoever it has once embraced in its mysterious folds. Consider all that lies in that one word, Past! What a pathetic, sacred, in every sense poetic, meaning is implied in it; a meaning growing ever the clearer, the farther we recede in Time,—the more of that same Past we have to look through!—On which ground indeed must Sauerteig have built, and not without plausibility, in that strange thesis of his: 'That History, after all, is the true Poetry; that Reality, if rightly interpreted, is grander than Fiction; nay that even in the right interpretation of Reality and History does

genuine Poetry consist'".1

To Carlyle, therefore, history is at once mystic and realistic; human life is alternately a shrewd reality and a dream. These two minds are constantly replying to one another in his books, and especially in the French Revolution. On the one side is a sort of compassionate love for the great days gone by, and a vivid impression of awful scenes against vast and distant heavens. Each manycoloured act is but a moment in the lapse of Time, with Eternity behind and before: "One many-glancing asbestosthread in the web of Universal History, spirit-woven, it rustled there, as with the howl of mighty winds, through that 'wild-roaring Loom of Time'. Generation after generation, hundreds of them or thousands of them, from the unknown Beginning, so loud, so stormful-busy, rushed torrent-wise, thundering down, down; and fell all silent, nothing but some feeble re-echo, which grew ever feebler, struggling up; and Oblivion swallowed them all".2 On the other hand there is a vision of reality so wonderfully clear that it can paint the material scenes and the faces of men, even down to the very buttons on their coats.

Across these two veins, of prophet and recorder, there

1 Essay on Boswell's Johnson.

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² The Diamond Necklace.



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fall two others—those of the humorist and the theorist. Humour is present, in varying degrees, in everything Carlyle wrote. Often it is mere capriciousness of imagination, the accumulation of poetic incongruities; at times it is broad, and occasionally riotous. Much of *Cromwell* is pure buffoonery, and more than a quarter of *Frederick* is taken up with the grotesque ceremonial and artificial life of the petty German courts. But Carlyle's peculiar humour is the unexpected simplification of the complex facts of life, the stripping away of all coverings and outward appearances to reveal the underlying realities, though often he is led to disregard these coverings entirely, and to forget that they are realities of a sort. So he delights in ludicrous images and the startling contrasts of life. Everything is reduced to its lowest form.

Carlyle, particularly in his later works, insists on his theories with a somewhat wearisome dominie spirit, and on none more than that of the Hero. "Great men are the inspired (speaking and acting) Texts of that divine Book of Revelations, whereof a chapter is completed from epoch to epoch, and by some named History". 1 He adopts Fichte's doctrine that each age strikes out its own notions of beauty, truth, and social life, and the hero is he who represents the spirit and essence of the period. To him is the Divine revelation given; he embodies the ideals, and makes them clear to his fellows. Such men are the leaders, modellers, patterns, and creators, and they obtain the reverence of all other men in the epoch. Democracy thus becomes a mere brute force, ignorant and perverse, best led or driven, occasionally, through sheer blindness, rebelling against the heaven-sent leader. The lives and characters of these heroic men, to Carlyle, embody universal history, and he searches for typical figures, raising biography above its proper level in history.

Allied to this doctrine is the idea of the progression of life as a kind of spiral: mankind always advancing, but each upward, positive era followed by a critical, analytic,

¹ Sartor Resartus: Centre of Indifference.



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destructive era; ages of faith succeeded by ages of unfaith, in which it is a misfortune to be born and no good thing can come to perfection. Of this kind, to Carlyle, was the Eighteenth Century. But by such an age man does advance to the next positive age, though the process may be one of fierce wrestling with the powers of evil. Often these cannot be controlled, as in the time of the French Revolution; they devour all who come into their path, until the strong man comes to master them.

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CHARACTERISTICS

The French Revolution is, first and foremost, a great poem, taking for its subject "the destructive wrath of Sansculottism". With fervid imagination and grand solemnity, Carlyle sets out to portray, in a series of lurid sketches unmatched for picturesqueness, incisive imagery, and energy of utterance, the destruction of old France, with its ancient civilisation and cultured society. It is the story, not of one or two heroic souls, but of a whole world in dissolution; not of the 'light from above', but of the 'fire from beneath', and we feel at times that poetry would be the better medium. The quality of the drama is unique and incommunicable, but it is essentially poetic. There is none of the cold, severe, nonchalant elegance of Gibbon, Robertson, and Hume; Carlyle's cry came from the depths. He felt the scenes of oppression and revenge; the people, though crude in their processes, were to him the expression of consolidated wrong. The history of the French Revolution is the history of the *Iliad* or the *Heimskringla*, wild in narrative, adventurous, wonderful; related as by one who has been there and seen it all.

The natural result of this poetic scheme is that Carlyle sees events with the eye of the artist, in detached scenes and incidents. The people presenting their petition of grievances to the king, with the sole result that two of them are "hanged on a new gallows, forty feet high"; the



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fall of the ancient towers of the Bastille, the depository of the tyrannies, cruelties, and frauds of ages; the last stand of the martyred Swiss; the execution of the king: these things stand out in full relief. It is, as Mr Lowell described it, "history seen by flashes of lightning". For the moment things are shown up in intense illumination; the effect is that of vigorous pieces of instantaneous photography. There are no half-tones or gradations, and much is missed out. Continuity, therefore, is obtained, not by sane straightforward narrative, but by the unifying faculty

of poetic imagination.

The same poetic conception gives to Carlyle an almost exclusive interest in heroic or typical characters, which answer the wants of the drama or epic. Only leading figures appear; and in these he tends to exaggerate the slightly heroic, or caricature the comic. The people come in merely as a god from the machine to work out revenge for ages of cruelty and wrong. And it is not Carlyle's fault if his chief actors fall below the lofty standard of heroic greatness: the doctrine of the strong man is always clear. It can be found in a tentative form in his early essays, but it only becomes definite after the French Revolution. Throughout the pages of that book there is no hero; only the need of one. Mirabeau's inability to live another year; Louis' weakness in not enforcing the sensible proposals of the Séance Royale, his lack of firmness at Varennes, his refusal to defend the Tuileries on August 10th, 1792; the weakness of the Feuillants and constitutional party in passively stepping aside from the path of the violent section: in these factors Carlyle sees the failure of the Revolution. For the five years which the story covers, the convulsion rent in pieces whoever handled it. The titanic Mirabeau thought to control it by rallying the best men round the throne, but he died. Danton, too, was a Titan, but he fell quickly, and Napoleon, who mastered the problem till it mastered him, came in only at the very end.

So the tragedy into which these visions take us is tragic in the extreme. Not tragic because of any cruelty or



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severity in the writer, but tragic because of his mercifulness. If Carlyle had any cruelty, it was the cruelty of not understanding, and no man is free from that; the only hatred in him towards anything in mind or morals was towards the element of starch. If he does less than justice towards Robespierre and the Parliamentary leaders, it is actually because he has an indulgence for a blackguard who can run to the extreme. Louis XV is always "Poor Louis", and he has an admiration of a sort even for Cagliostro—he was at least thorough, hearty, and impetuous. The darkness of the tragedy rises rather from the helplessness, than from the sins of men. It has been noticed that Carlyle dwells with a kind of brooding on the many deaths on the scaffold; it may be said that we see more of these people when they are dying than during the rest of their lives. Now if they died for a substantial cause, it would not be unavailing, not alone and unfriended, but cheered and sustained with the honours of a sacrifice gladly made to the living and the unborn. Yet Carlyle will have it all through the book that their hope was vain, and the causes of liberty and equality for which they perished were worse than thankless, even disastrous. The noblest of the victims, like Mme Roland, come to their nobility not because of their creed, but in spite of it. If the philosophy of Rousseau was merely tawdry and false; if there was nothing holy in the liberal ideal for which these men died, and by which so many men lived, then they perished in vain, and as the fool dies.

All the time Carlyle's voice is heard as a kind of chorus, insisting on the moral, though the moral is all of a negative kind. A lie cannot endure for ever. Injustice, unbelief, dishonesty, indolence, sooner or later must bring with them their own punishment. The wages of idleness and falsity, of whatsoever may be included under the head of shams and lies, is death. A pitiless retribution awaits societies, as well as individuals, that have become in essence hollow and make-believe. And if, in the process, in the moment of universal madness, any pedant comes forward with his formula, then the fire abroad will burn up both



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the trash and the author of it. Man cannot cut clean loose from the past. The forces that lie beneath modern society are incalculable, and all-powerful.

In the higher poetry of the book there is an effect which aggravates the tragedy. Though all Carlyle's power is bent to give the scenes with the greatest vividness, he never loses sight of them as part of the divine comedy in the history of the world. He is continually trying to bring upon us the sense of the quiet revolution of the years, the seasons all the time going on. Through the storm and smoke of the victory of the Bastille the great clock of the Inner Court ticks on, hour after hour, at its ease, and the fever of the day is followed by the peace of evening:

O evening sun of July, how, at this hour, thy beams fall slant on reapers amid peaceful woody fields; on old women spinning in cottages; on ships far out in the silent main; on Balls at the Orangerie of Versailles, where high-rouged Dames of the Palace are even now dancing with double-jacketed Hussar-Officers;—and also on this roaring Hell-porch of a Hôtel-de-Ville! Babel Tower, with the confusion of tongues, were not Bedlam added with the conflagration of thoughts, was no type of it. One forest of distracted steel bristles, endless, in front of an Electoral Committee; points itself, in horrid radii, against this and the other accused breast. It was the Titans warring with Olympus; and they, scarcely crediting it, have conquered: prodigy of prodigies; delirious,—as it could not but be. Denunciation, vengeance; blaze of triumph on a dark ground of terror; all outward, all inward things fallen into one general wreck of madness!

The sense of these vast and distant heavens does but increase the melancholy of the lost lives, without friendship or fellowship between the heavens and them. Mazzini, who writes of these points in his splendid essay on Carlyle, relates that he rose from the book with the cry of the Breton mariners ringing in his ears: "O God, save me; thine ocean so vast, and my barque so small".

¹ Vol. 1, book v, chap. vii: Not a Revolt.



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In writing this new kind of history, Carlyle is liable to be told that the truth of poetry is typical and ideal, the truth of reality circumstantial; and the two cannot be yoked together. Yet the value of the French Revolution lies in the fact that it is more than a prose poem which grips our interest and imagination; more than a series of brilliant pictures of stirring events; more than a great lesson full of meaning and warning to men. It is distinguished by singular clearness and profound truth. Carlyle was not satisfied to accept hearsay or legend; he authenticated every detail. With prodigious labour he devoured every available history, diary, and memoir; with extraordinary patience he gathered together and sifted his materials.1 He was resolved to penetrate to the heart of things, and in 1825 he visited France, where Sievès, the constitutionbuilder, and Marat's sister were still living. He talked with several important survivors of the tragedy, and viewed every street and building of Paris connected with his story, amassing his illustrative materials with uncommon industry. Scene after scene of the finished book bears the mark of vivid impression and clear insight.

Carlyle's portraits, too, have stood the test of time. By date and text he verified genealogy and tradition, and reconstructed circumstances. The result is an unexcelled representation of external features and internal ideas and emotions. The King, the Queen, Mirabeau, Danton, Robespierre, Lafayette, Marat, d'Orléans, Sievès, Vergniaud,-all these still hold. Only in Desmoulins did he mistake professional agitation for the heroic strain. The pictures are not subtle, indeed Carlyle's appreciation was less psychological than physical and external, but he has an unerring eye for fleeting expressions of the moral features of character. Some of them are dashed off with vigour and originality in a few sharp strokes—dog-leech Marat, the sea-green incorruptible Robespierre, Orléans pert scaldheaded crow, Cromwell-Grandison Lafayette. Others, like Mirabeau and Danton, loom gigantic and terrible,

¹ See page xxvi.



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raised out of due importance at times by the vehement power of the description, but essentially alive. All are

startling in their piercing veracity.

This is not to say that the French Revolution is an infallible account; 1837 was too early for absolute historical Indeed there is hardly yet any really satisfactory account of the years 1787–1800 in France. Most French historians are partisan or one-sided, and only Sorel, in his L'Europe et la Révolution Française, approaches completeness or fairness. Others look at the Revolution through the eyes of theory. To Mignet and de Tocqueville it is the inevitable completion of a natural course, the abolition of Feudalism, from which a new society arises.1 Lamartine sees it as a revolt against bodily and mental slavery.² To Michelet it is the working of the spirit of France, forced against its will into savagery by the greed and ambition of surrounding nations.3 M. Aulard gives a remarkable collection of documents illustrating the application of the Rights of Man from 1789 to 1804, in the Press, in speeches and actions, and in all the diverse manifestations of public opinion.⁴ Only Michelet compares with Carlyle, and M. Taine has happily called our author the English Michelet. Allowing for natural differences between the enthusiastic Celt and the puritanical Scot, there is much truth in the assertion. Like Goethe in Germany, these two were to their nations a great emotional power and influence. Carlyle makes the scenes of the Revolution visible and tangible; with him we walk about the streets of Paris during these years as with a picturesque and well-informed guide.

Carlyle accepted the legend of the Revolution as the rising of an oppressed people, lost to faith and belief, ground down to want and misery by corruption and incapacity in high places. Actually faith and scepticism and

¹ Mignet, Histoire de la Rév. Fr.; de Tocqueville, L'Ancien Régime.

² Histoire des Girondins.

³ Histoire de la Révolution Française (1847).

⁴ Études et Leçons sur la Révolution Française, etc.



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bad government were only indirect factors. Feudalism died quicker in France than in most European countries, and its surviving remnants irritated rather than oppressed the mass of the people, rapidly developing into proprietorpeasants. Local distress after each failure of crops there naturally was, owing to short-sighted internal administration, and it was the object of the peasant to make himself appear as miserable as possible, for thus was he assessed for tax. But on the whole the reigns of Louis XV and Louis XVI were prosperous and progressive for the majority of the people, and the extravagances of the courts were not immediately associated with government. Bad harvests in the country, unemployment in the towns due to the growing commercial competition of England, the consequent presence in the cities of a growing army of unemployed at the time of the elections for the States-General: these were the economic factors that decided the trend of events. But to Carlyle the Revolution was always "a struggle, though a blind and insane one, for the infinite, divine nature of Right, of Freedom, of Country". It was one of the processes which democracy must experience in its due course through the "baleful stages of Quackocracy" before "a pestilential world be burnt up, and begin to grow green and young again". Honestly and unawares, he moulded history to the wants of his imagination.

The most serious objection to the French Revolution is its lack of proportion and its omissions. There are long descriptions of picturesque events—the fall of the Bastille, the Federation Fête, the mutiny at Nanci, the flight to Varennes—but comparatively little of the real Terror or of Robespierre. The account of the court and the approaching national bankruptcy to 1791—the section rewritten owing to Mill's accident with the first manuscript—is full and accurate, but after 1791 Carlyle turns aside to a series of pictures. There is little of the law-making and constitution-building for which M. Aulard's work is so valuable; still less of statistics and legal generalities. Carlyle, in fact, knew little of constitutional history and



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economics. He dismisses the events of the critical year 1790 in a sentence—"So, however, in this Medicean Tuileries, shall the French King and Queen now sit for one-and-forty months; and see a wild-fermenting France work out its own destiny, and theirs".1 There is no adequate account of the Legislative Assembly, and he passes over the fourteen months between the fall of Robespierre and the close of the Convention with only a brief reference to the vices and extravagances of the new society. Indeed he assigns to Sievès a part in this, almost the only constitution-building of these years in which he had no hand. The hero-theory is responsible for much of the disproportion. Carlyle is at his best in the account of the first nine months of the Convention, where he has a hero, Danton; after his fall, interest in the legislative body is lost. Similarly the account of the mutiny at Nanci is exaggerated out of all proportion to show the heroic virtues of Bouillé, who through the rest of the book appears only indirectly. Carlyle fails, also, to perceive that the Terror was the work of a small minority, and his attention is focussed too intently on Paris, missing the broader and more representative processes of the provinces. The picture of the Girondins as a respectable, talented, moderate party, and the mere violence of the Mountain, has no relation to fact. Finally, he underestimates, perhaps through religious intolerance, the work of men like Malouet, Mounier, and Turgot, whose real aims—devotion to abstract truth, belief in universal salvation, eradication of evil in society might have regenerated France.

STYLE

In spite of all these things, the *French Revolution* is a remarkable combination of picturesque word-painting and well-digested thought. Above all it is essentially interesting and readable. Carlyle describes the book to his brother John as "one of the *savagest* written for several centuries.

¹ Vol. II, book I, chap. i.

, on 11, book 1, enap. 1



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It is a book written by a wild man, a man disunited from the fellowship of the world he lives in, looking King and beggar in the face with an indifference of brotherhood and an indifference of contempt". To his wife he avows his intention to "splash down what I know in large masses of colours, that it may look like a smoke and flame conflagration in the distance, which it is". He notes later that there is a good deal of "lamentation and admonition" about the style; and indeed all the characteristic features of Carlyle are here: the prominence of the single, disjointed aspect, energy of words, rough and strong expressions, frequent coinage, more frequent use of the German compound substantive, elaborate scattering of capitals and italics, jagged and unfinished sentences, chaotic paragraphs, rapid transition from the stately and periodic to the abrupt and ejaculatory, innate love of the picturesque, splendour of illustration, and overwhelming accumulation of phrases and images.

Yet through the whimsical and grotesque chapter-headings—Astræa Redux, Windbags, Internecine, Burial with Bonfire, Storm and Victory, Epimenides, Flame-Picture, Grilled Herrings,—there is a train of connected thought. From the death of Louis XV, through the ministerial failures of Louis XVI, the meeting of the States-General, the consolidation of the Third Estate, the Terror in Paris, the attempts at Constitution, the fall of the king, the foreign wars, the quarrels of Gironde and Mountain, to the establishment of order by the "Whiff of Grapeshot", the matter of Carlyle's theme moves naturally and inevitably towards its conclusion. To this end the humour of the book is only an undercurrent, never free from the tragic note, and never in a channel of its own. Carlyle's fingers itched to give a picture of the grotesqueness and whimsicality of the French Court, and it is a great sign of his artistic tact that he put in so little. He depends on keeping up the unity of the book and the pace of the tragedy.

The most obvious effect is a surprising variety of moods.



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Introduction

At times he soars aloft with eloquence and splendid dignity as in the Siege of the Bastille, or the death of Louis XVI; at times there are chapters of keen insight and high generalising, as in Realised Ideals, Astræa Redux, and Make the Constitution; occasionally there is galling irony and scathing criticism, bringing out in full relief all oddities, eccentricities and drolleries of character: Loménie, "though of light nature, is not without courage of a sort. Nay, have we not read of lightest creatures, trained Canary-birds, that could fly cheerfully with lighted matches, and fire cannon; fire whole powder magazines".1 Contrat Social, Symbolic, Epimenides, and Grilled Herrings, he is the lofty moralist, the stern and vehement reprover of all that is base and conventional, the preacher of sincerity, manliness, and living faith. Lastly there is the pictorial style. Sir Frederick Stephen called Carlyle the greatest poet of his age, and much of his work is but poetry cast in the form of prose. Thoughts, visions, images, come to him in profusion. He produces great and varying effects: sudden changes of tone, flashes of humour, deep pathos, earnestness, scorn, sense of Infinity,—all in graphic and dramatic phrases which fall naturally into rhythmic language.

By its force and descriptive power alone the French Revolution commands attention. Though it sometimes loses the sense of proportion and makes lavish use of hyperbolical language, it brings the meaning of the Revolution before us better than any other writings have done. Clearsighted and tenacious of memory, with honest industry and exactness, with a conscientious determination to make us see things as they really were, with steadfast adherence to the truth as he saw it, Carlyle stimulates our moral energy and kindles enthusiasm. For originality, eloquence and force, stirring sense of reality, and belief in the possibilities of men, this book ranks among the first in insight and most vivid of English histories.

¹ Vol. 1, book 111, chap. vii: Internecine.



DATES IN THE LIFE OF CARLYLE

1795	Born at Ecclefechan, Dumfriesshire.						
1809	Enters the University of Edinburgh.						
1814	Leaves the university with a view to entering the ministry. Serves as a schoolmaster at Annan, and at Kirkcaldy with Irving.						
1818	Adopts a literary career. Three years' hack-work in Edinburgh.						
1821	The "Everlasting No". (See Sartor Resartus, II, vii.)						
1823-32	Literary and Biographical Essays.						
1826	Marries Jane Baillie Welsh.						
1828	Removes to Craigenputtock, between Dumfriesshire and Galloway.						
1829	Signs of the Times.						
1831	Characteristics.						
1833-4	Sartor Resartus appearing in the Fraser.						
1834	Removes to Cheyne Row, Chelsea.						
1837	The French Revolution.						
1839	Chartism.						
1841	Lectures on Heroes and Hero-Worship.						
1843	Past and Present.						
1845	Life and Letters of Oliver Cromwell.						
1850	Latter-Day Pamphlets.						
1851	Life of John Sterling.						
1858-65	History of Frederick the Great.						
1866	Rector of Edinburgh University: Inaugural Address. Death of Mrs Carlyle.						
1867	Shooting Niagara.						
1881	Death in London; buried at Ecclefechan. Reminiscences published posthumously.						



CHIEF WORKS QUOTED BY CARLYLE

Abrégé Chronologique de l'Histoire de France, Hénault.

Actes des Apôtres, Peltier and others.

Almanach du Père Gérard, Collot d'Herbois.

Biographie Universelle.

Captivité à la Tour du Temple, Duchesse d'Angoulême.

Causes secrètes de la Révolution de Thermidor, Vilate.

Considérations sur la Révolution Française, Mme de Staël.

Dictionnaire des Hommes Marquans.

Évènemens qui se sont passés sous mes yeux, Dampmartin.

Histoire de France, Montgaillard.

Histoire de France depuis la Révolution de 1789, Toulongeon.

Histoire de France pendant le 18me Siècle, Lacretelle.

Histoire de la Guerre de la Vendée, Vauban.

Histoire de l'Assemblée Constituante, A. Lameth.

Histoire de la Révolution Française, Deux Amis de la Liberté.

Histoire de Paris, Dulaure.

Histoire Parlementaire.

Journal during a Residence in France, Moore.

Mémoires: Bailly, Barbaroux, Bertrand-Moleville, Besenval, Bouillé, Buzot, Dumouriez, Genlis, Lally-Tollendal, Levasseur, Marmontel, Meillan, Mirabeau, Puisaye, Riouffe, Mme Roland.

Mémoires concernant Marie-Antoinette, Weber.

Mémoires sur la Vie privée de Marie-Antoinette, Mme Campan.

Mon Agonie de trente-huit heures, Jourgniac de Saint-Méard.

Moniteur.

Nouveau Paris, Mercier.

Prise de la Bastille, Dusaulx.

Relation du Départ de Louis XVI, Choiseul.

Roman de Faublas, Louvet.

Souvenirs sur Mirabeau, Dumont.

Travels during the years 1787-9, Young.

Vieux Cordelier, Camille Desmoulins.

Various newspapers, official records, reports, debates, etc.