

## *Whitman's sources in Thomas Carlyle's Heroes*

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*On Heroes, Hero-Worship, and The Heroic in History* is an 1841 book by Thomas Carlyle. It consists of six lectures given in May, 1840. Thomas Carlyle.

*On Heroes, Hero-worship, & the Heroic in History: Six Lectures ; Reported, with Emendations and Additions* (London: James Fraser, 1841).

<b>Common trope</b>	Whitman poems	<i>Hero-worship</i> (1841)
<i>all things an emblem of the Godlike</i>	<b>I hear and behold God in every object</b>	To ...primeval men, <b>all things... were an emblem of the Godlike</b>
<i>every blade of grass is a God</i>	<b>I believe a leaf of grass is no less than the journeywork of the stars . . . I hear and behold God in every object</b>	To us also, through every star, <b>through every blade of grass, is not a God made visible</b> , if we will open our minds and eyes? ... every object still verily is “ <b>a window through which we may look into Infinitude itself</b> ”?
<i>the mystery in us that calls itself “I”</i>	Stout as a horse, affectionate, haughty, electrical, <b>I and this mystery here we stand.</b>	the <b>mystery in us that calls itself “I”</b>
<i>the Body of Man... Nothing is holier</i>	<b>Divine am I inside and out, and I make holy whatever I touch or am touched from</b>	Novalis [writes], “the Body of Man... Nothing is holier... We touch Heaven when we lay our hand on a human body!”
<i>We are the miracle of miracles</i>	I believe in the flesh and the appetites, Seeing hearing and feeling are miracles, and <b>each part and tag of me is a miracle.</b>	<b>We are the miracle of miracles</b>
<i>we know not how to speak of it; but it is so</i>	<b>To elaborate is no avail . . . . Learned and unlearned feel that it is so . . .</b>	We cannot understand it, <b>we know not how to speak of it; but</b> we may feel and know, if we like, that <b>it is verily so.</b>

	<p>. . . I cannot define my satisfaction . . yet it is so, I cannot define my life . . yet it is so.</p>	
<p><i>a great man . . . take the dimensions of him.</i></p>	<p><b>Taking myself the exact dimensions of Jehovah</b> and laying them away,</p>	<p>Show our critics <b>a great man</b>, a Luther for example, they begin to... <b>take the dimensions of him...</b></p>
<p><i>Thinker's thought awakens slumbering thought</i></p>	<p>It is you talking just as much as myself . . . . <b>I act as the tongue of you, It was tied in your mouth . . . . in mine it begins to be loosened.</b></p>	<p>the great Thinker came... whose shaped spoken Thought awakes the slumbering capability of all into Thought... <b>What he says, all men were not far from saying,</b> were longing to say...</p>
<p><i>compost</i></p>	<p>(compare Whitman's poem "This Compost")</p>	<p>your wheat may be mixed with... barn-sweepings, dust and all imaginable rubbish; no matter: <b>you cast it into the kind just Earth; she grows the wheat, — the whole rubbish she silently absorbs, shrouds it in, says nothing of the rubbish</b></p>
<p><i>pure or impure</i></p>	<p>What blurt is it about virtue and about vice? <b>Evil propels me, and reform of evil propels me . . . . I stand indifferent,</b> My gait is no faultfinder's or rejecter's gait, I moisten the roots of all that has grown.</p>	<p>[Nature] is true and not a lie; and yet so great, and just... She requires of a thing only that it be genuine of heart; she will protect it if so... <b>What we call pure or impure, is not with her the final question.</b> Not how much chaff is in you; but whether you have any wheat.</p>
<p><i>He could have been all these</i></p>	<p>And the soldiers suppose him to be a captain . . . . and the sailors that he has followed the sea, And the authors take him for an author . . . . and the artists for an artist, And the laborers perceive he could labor with them and love them; <b>No matter what the work is, that he is one to follow it or has followed it,</b></p>	<p>[The Poet] could not sing the Heroic warrior, unless he himself were at least a Heroic warrior too. <b>I fancy there is in him the Politician, the Thinker, Legislator, Philosopher; — in one or the other degree, he could have been, he is all these.</b></p>
<p><i>Stars and grass, the thoughts of God</i></p>	<p><b>I believe a leaf of grass is no less than the journeywork of the stars</b></p>	<p>Poet and Prophet have penetrated both of them into the sacred mystery of the Universe; what Goethe calls 'the open secret' ... [namely, that] <b>all Appearance, from the starry sky to the grass of the</b></p>

		<b>field</b> , but especially the Appearance of Man and his work, <b>is... the realized Thought of God.</b> "
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