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Memoirs of the Reign of King George III., by HORACE WALPOLE, Youngest Son of Robert Walpole, Earl of Orford. Now first published from the Original MSS. Edited, with Notes, by Sir Denis Le Marchant, Bart. 4 vols. 8vo. London, 1845.

'The administration of the first William Pitt was a period of unanimity unparalleled in our annals. Popular and anti-popular parties had gone to sleep together; the great minister wielded the energies of the whole united nation. France and Spain were trampled in the dust —Protestant Germany saved—all North America was the dominion of the British crown—the vast foundation was laid of our empire in India. Of almost instantaneous growth, the birth of two or three years of astonishing successes, the plant of our power spread its broad and flourishing leaves East and West, and half the globe rested beneath its shade. Yet the worm at its root was not wanting. Parties awoke again, one hardly knows how or why. Their struggle during the early part of George III.'s reign was of such a character that after studying it attentively, we turn from it as from a period equally anomalous and disagreeable.'

Such is Dr. Arnold's account of the great changes that took place in those years of George III.'s reign, that are included in the present publication. Before we proceed to consider them, and to seek for a thread which may lead us through the cabals and intrigues in which they so plentifully abound, we must say a few words of the volumes before us.

Their pretensions to authenticity ought to be very great. Walpole, the son of a Prime Minister, universally received in the polished and educated circles of the day, sat down in the year 1782, being then sixty-five years of age, to record the personal history of a period which, however barren of great

national events, is for that very reason well capable of illustration by the kind of knowledge which Walpole was most inclined to gather. The time which had elapsed might have been supposed to sober and correct his prejudices. The great actors he wrote of were the very men in whose society he had been brought up, and his whole life passed. With some of them, from personal and family ties, he had been intimately connected. The ministry, at the opening of these volumes, consisted of the remnant of his own father's cabinet, recruited by some of the greatest names of the opposition that had first overthrown him, and then with a tardy compassion shielded their victim from the unpopularity they had so unscrupulously roused. Bolingbroke, indeed, was dead; and Henry Pelham; and Pulteney, to use Walpole's own words, had long since 'sunk into insignificance and an earldom:' but Newcastle, the former Secretary of State, was First Lord of the Treasury. Pitt, Lyttelton, and the Grenvilles, the 'Boys' of the 'Walpolean battle,' were high in office, and the first was the most powerful man, and the greatest, but one, in Europe. Henry Fox, Sir Robert's too teachable pupil, was Paymaster of the Forces. Granville presided over the council with a lazy decorum that contrasted whimsically with his restless intrigue and capricious vivacity in the days of the 'drunken administration.' Anson, whom Walpole had appointed to the command in which he effected his memorable voyage round the globe, was at the head of the Admiralty. Few writers have ever enjoyed such advantages for giving us a full and accurate account of transactions, which, if not themselves history, are at least its materials, and for combining a picture, which if less generalised and impartial than might have been hoped for at a more distant day, would be at least lively and interesting.

But we believe that, in truth, this publication has very generally disappointed the world. We are sure that it ought very much to detract from the deserved reputation which Horace Walpole acquired for his Letters. The materials of both works are identical. In the Memoirs, written fifteen or twenty years after the events described, we meet with no single deeper view, no explanation that seems to have cost the author a moment's more careful consideration, no judgment pronounced with any thought of a graver responsibility, than was demanded by the gossippy sketches in which he hastily dashed off the last night's debate, or the drawing-room of the week before, for the amusement of Sir Horace Mann or Lord Hertford. His utter lack of any idea of proportion becomes amusingly flagrant in the new form of these volumes. We can smile at the unaffected interest with which he discusses General Conway's prospects of promotion, and at the sagacity

with which he speculates on the chances that the Methodists will turn out to be concealed Papists; but a history becomes worthless when side by side with the European interest of the Peace of Paris, and the repeal of the Stamp Act, we find detailed narratives of the gossip of St. James's, and the scandal of fashionable society,—how George III. would not suffer the Duchesses of Ancaster and Richmond to speak to Queen Charlotte in private—how Lady Sarah Lennox stood at the gates of Holland House in the fancy-dress of a haymaker; with a thousand trivialities of this kind.

But Walpole's own personal character was the main impediment to his doing the work of an honest and fair historian. Measuring, as was his wont, all things, if not by the sordid standard of their value in money, at least by that of their importance in the scale of society, he was habitually prone to depreciate all things of higher purity or nobleness than the common,—to look upon self-denial as self-interest, only more cunningly or impudently concealed,—upon all loftiness of feeling as sordid and theatrical imposture. We are convinced that the temper which accustoms itself to paint continually in dark colours, is in itself infinitely false, that it tends to make its possessor the dupe of his own strained and exaggerated suspicions, and positively to lead him into errors more frequent than any to which the unsuspecting credulity of a great mind is liable. But such a disposition is especially prejudicial in an estimate of public men, and for this reason: History cannot go into the details of private life, and so of necessity misses much that may possibly relieve the most repulsive characters, with something of individual tenderness and affection. We hear of a statesman punishing great delinquents, planning destructive wars, imposing severe taxes, acting in much that renders him an object if not of violent execration, at least of dislike and fear, to whole communities. These proceedings, and they make up the staple of History, mark a man's character in lines, perhaps occasionally bright, but at all events severe and hard. If we judge of Cæsar or Napoleon by the blood shed in their wars, or of Burke by the terrible fierceness of his attacks on Warren Hastings, we should form estimates of them, not only unfavourable, but positively untrue; and yet History cannot give the separate instances in which Cæsar's sternest enemies were melted by his unspeakable mildness and generosity. It cannot go into the details of Madam D'Abrantes' Memoirs, and tell us of the gentleness in word and deed, which made Napoleon as much the idol of his family as of his army. It cannot dwell upon the heartbroken sorrow with which Burke lamented his son Richard. A historian who should aim at such particularity, would resemble a Dutch painter who

wasted days in elaborating a jar or a chair in the corner of his picture, to the total destruction of the general effect. The only way to keep the balance even, and to give upon the whole a faithful picture, is to atone in some degree for the harshness of the lines by the softness of the colouring. The want of this detracts in some degree from our pleasure even in Dr. Arnold's portraits. The intensity of his moral feelings induces him at times, we think, to overcharge his colours; especially when he seems led, from his antipathy to Cæsar, to varnish over the faults of Antony and Pompey. We are convinced that Mr. Carlyle's is the true extreme, when in the midst of the horrors of the Reign of Terror, he reminds us that there lay at the root of Danton's heart the elements of a human and heroic nature. 'The great heart of Danton is weary of it: He is gone to native Arcis. The great Titan walks silent by the banks of the murmuring Aube, in green native haunts that knew him when a boy.' But if this extreme severity be a defect, even when great crimes of ambitious and blood-thirsty men are condemned by a virtuous and impartial mind, how infinitely more blameable is it when the characters of history are brought under the scalpel of Horace Walpole's mean, ungenerous, mischief-loving nature. His harsh judgments have none of the compensating qualities that palliate those of Dr. Arnold or Mr. Hallam. He is never moved with pity, or contempt, or anger: his impulses are of the paltriest and meanest kind. The motives he attributes most plentifully to great statesmen, are not those which we are accustomed to connect with the archangel ruined,—of revenge, ambition, remorseless cruelty: they are simply the ordinary motives of selfish, spiteful men, of pickpockets and swindlers. To give one or two examples. Burke alluded to George Grenville in a well-known passage of the 'Thoughts on a late State of a Nation.' It was written at a time of great party heat, and was most generously corrected in the broad and animated panegyric in the speech on American Taxation. The original censure can scarcely be quite warranted, but at all events, it has more of historical probability than the malicious libel in which Walpole parades his impartiality. Lord Chatham, again, we know to have been of a great and soaring spirit, a man, in Macaulay's words, 'who might, under some strong excitement, have been tempted to ruin his country, but who never would have stooped to pilfer her.' An adverse witness might have applied to him in Sallust's famous description of Catiline, '*Vastus animus immoderata, incredibilia, nimis alta semper cupiebat.*' It was reserved for Horace Walpole to deduce the irregular animosity of his later opposition to George III., as originating in his pecuniary liabilities to Mr. Calcraft. Happily no one is likely

to be deceived by these caricatures. If the author's dislike for his contemporaries had been somewhat more moderated, we might possibly have put faith in his descriptions. But the daubing is too gross. The invention is too grotesque. Such various and discordant evil principles never co-existed but in his own fancy. No real living men and women are like the characters of these memoirs, any more than real birds and beasts resemble the heraldic varieties of those animals. But we pass from the Memoirs to their subject matter.

If we were to select an aristocratic government, flourishing in its highest splendour, we should point to the situation of England in the middle of the Seven Years' War. Nearly every one of the great families of the day were represented in high official station. The splendour too was of the purest kind, and one which promised the most lasting vigour. It did not rest, like that of Venice or Sparta, on the grinding predominance of a tyrannical caste: nor did the English nobility resemble the butterfly retainers of the French court, who exhausted every faculty and corrupted every generous sentiment in watching the smiles of a Louis, in threading the tortuous intrigues of Versailles, in rising to power by the caprices of a Pompadour or a Du Barri. It recalled rather the position of the Roman aristocracy in the healthy period that followed the Punic wars. The English, like the Roman, statesmen were the hereditary leaders of a free people, mixing eagerly in popular debate, their exertions constantly stimulated by the rise of new men, and wielding successfully the whole energies of the united Commonwealth. The middle classes were gratified by the presence of Pitt and Camden in the cabinet. The church was silent, in the disciplined Erastianism of the eighteenth century. The great mass of the people, supported by the rapid growth of commerce and manufactures, with no pressing hardships to divert them from the pursuits of industry, with no leisure for theories of political reform, nor any ears for declaimers and trading demagogues, reposed in contented reliance on the intellectual and brilliant aristocracy at their head.

We touched very hastily in a late article on some of the causes which, in the great revolution that followed the fall of the Feudal and Catholic system throughout Europe, constituted the English aristocracy and the French crown, the depositories of power in their respective countries. The difference was fundamentally rooted in the character of the two nations; for when the direction which society was to take was as yet uncertain, there lacked neither ambitious sovereigns in England, nor the elements of a haughty and turbulent aristocracy in France. But Henry VIII. had scarcely closed his eyes, when the nobility he had founded began to threaten the peaceful descent of

his authority. The rare sagacity of Elizabeth was nowhere more apparent than in her dexterous refusal to bring disputed questions to an issue, and her readiness to part with a portion of her power, rather than risk its principle in the chances of a discussion. It was the course most suited to her natural constitution. For with much in her private life of the littleness of a vain and irritable woman, whenever the public interests were at stake, she acted throughout in the spirit of a sensible and far-sighted man. She was never blind to the movement which was sifting every doctrine, and undermining every throne in Europe; but instead of striving to arrest, she was content to guide it. She was content to be practically the most absolute sovereign in Christendom, to receive from the free love of her people an authority undreamt of by the Philips and Catherines of the continent, without caring to raise inquiries into her title, by boasting of its soundness. Her successor was of a character directly opposite. Much as James I. loved the substance of power, he loved the show still more. It was not enough actually to rule England by his single will, unless he affronted his subjects by dogmatising about his divine right. He seemed to think he was never sure of their obedience till he had actually beaten them in argument. Discussion produced irritation, and this soon soured into a habit of chronic opposition. Thence arose the formal division of the nation into Cavaliers and Puritans, or, as we should prefer to term them, the Royalist and Republican parties. There can be no greater mistake than to identify them respectively with our own Conservatives and Liberals. The Cavaliers were accidentally conservative, because the aristocratic system which they opposed sought to raise itself on the ruins of the existing monarchy. But they, at least the wisest of their party, showed no objection to change or progress, as being in themselves bad; on the contrary, the continental monarchies, the great types of their imitation, had been, and then actually were, eminently progressive. The aristocratic or republican party still less resembled the Reformers; nay, it is another instance of the contrast between Elizabeth's prudence and the folly of the Stuart princes, that the great parliamentary questions all turned, ostensibly at least, on alleged encroachments by the King. If these had been avoided, theoretical improvements might have slept for ever. The constant complaint was that their ancient Franchises had been invaded. Their Great Charter was not a Reform Bill, but a Petition of Right. Much less was their's a popular or democratic party. The highest blood of England was on the Parliamentary side. Carre, Lord Somerset, and Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, the chosen favourites of successive monarchs, owed their rise from very humble sta-

tions to nothing but the favour of the Crown. We state it not as matter of praise or reproach; but it is the simple fact that the great aim of the Parliamentary party was not to extend popular rights, but to reduce the monarch to a cypher, and to make England virtually a republic. Charles I. was at one time on the point of submitting to this, when, in his anxiety to save Strafford's life, he named of the privy council, Hertford, Bedford, Essex, Bristol, Say, Savile, Kimbolton, and Warwick, and projected the memorable ministry in which Hampden hoped to have held the part of tutor to the Prince of Wales. But the spirit the nobility had raised proved far too powerful for them, and then was seen the difference between the Parliamentary party of Charles I.'s reign and one really popular. The King was beheaded. Ireton's Reform Bill was introduced. There was no longer any thought of an oligarchical government, but, with the instincts of a true democracy, the country threw supreme power into the hands of the first man of genius that arose. The Restoration followed; and after twenty years of further quarrelling, this great controversy was at last decided. The opposition had still been purely aristocratic. A Sydney and a Russell were the great martyrs of the age. At length James II. pushed the dispensing power to its full length, and men who would have stood by him in any parliamentary struggle on an abstract question, thought of nothing but keeping the power of legislation in their hands. The great problem of Charles I.'s reign was to be settled, whether the King or the aristocracy should make the laws. Whigs and Tories united to bring in a King who would be a puppet in their hands. The genius of the first of the new line nearly frustrated the attempt. Success was again doubtful, when Anne formed the short ministry of Harley and Bolingbroke. But when a foreigner by birth, unable to speak English, of mean abilities, and unattractive manners, was seated on the throne, the royal power was crushed, as it proved, for ever. We can only recollect three instances when either of the two first Georges showed 'a will of their own' in any matter of domestic government. At his accession, George II., mindful of old differences with Walpole, named Sir Stephen Compton, then Speaker of the House of Commons, as his first minister; but he was obliged to resign his office in three days, and the head of the great Whig connexion returned to power. In 1745 the King was suspected of listening to the secret influence of Lord Carteret and Lord Bath. The Pelham administration at once threw up their offices. Half the kingdom was in open insurrection. No one would undertake the government. The only choice lay between the Pelhams and Prince Charles Edward, and so the King was compelled to surrender at discretion. Again,

George II. long opposed the coalition of Newcastle and Pitt in 1757. But he yielded at length, and could only grumble that his great nobility were content to be the footmen of the Duke of Newcastle. It is not too much to say, that the Pretender often exercised greater personal influence in England than was permitted to George I. and II. during the whole duration of their reigns.

It is curious to contrast the course of events in France. It is the fashion to doubt the stability of the present French throne, now that it is no longer surrounded by a powerful and independent peerage. The distrust in question would scarcely have approved itself to Louis XIV., not usually thought a novice in monarchical government. In fact, from the day when Louis IX. gave a patent of nobility to his goldsmith, to the day when Louis Philippe consented to abolish the hereditary peerage, the constant aim of all French Kings has been to lower the pretensions and cramp the power of the aristocracy. Richelieu crushed them with martial law and on the scaffold; Louis XIV. more fatally attacked their influence by debasing them into mere court puppets. Some of our readers who are familiar only with the cant phrases about the brilliancy and exclusiveness of the French nobility, would be surprised at their actual genealogical pretensions. We have seen a curious memorial, composed in the opening of the eighteenth century, which must have caused as great a commotion at Versailles, as was excited six or seven years ago by Prince Dolgoroucki's pamphlet among the officials at St. Petersburgh. It was drawn up by the famous Duchesse de Maine, herself a daughter of the royal house of Condé, the soul of the Catholic opposition to the Regent's government. The claims of the dukes and peers to high blood and lineage are there dissected with critical research, and a truly feminine industry of malice. There we may see how the Ducs de Luynes, descended from the family of an obscure advocate in Mornas, named Honoré Albert, and how they afterwards claimed kindred with the Italian Albertis; how the De Grammont's were for a long time without any armorial bearings; how the brilliant Richelieu's sprang from a musician in the service of the great Cardinal, who gave his sister in marriage to his dependant, and procured for him the reversion of his dukedom. The monarchy, with all its prolific branches, rose firm and strong in the midst of this mushroom nobility. From the earliest period the King appears as the great central figure of the nation, round whom was grouped everything for which Frenchmen felt most pride and love. Writing of Philip VI., in the fourteenth century, Michelet uses words that would have been applicable to Louis XIV.:—

'C'était certainement alors un grand roi que le Roi de France. Il venait de replacer la Flandre dans sa dépendance. Il avait reçu l'hommage du Roi d'Angleterre pour ses provinces Françaises. Ses cousins regnaient à Naples, et en Hongrie. Il protégeait le Roi d'Ecosse, Il avait autour de lui comme une Cour de Rois, ceux de Navarre, de Bohème, de Majorque, souvent le Roi d'Ecosse. Il avait là une fête eternelle, toujours des joûtes, des tournois, la réalisation des romans de chevalerie, le Roi Arthur, et sa Table Ronde.'—Michelet, *Histoire de France*, vol. iii. p. 283.

In the affection of the community the Crown occupied the precise position of the English aristocracy, as the authority which had stood between the people and oppression, which was identified with all former struggles for equal laws and franchises, and all successful efforts of national defence. One King, Philip Augustus, had wrested Normandy from the craven John. Another had driven the English out of Guyenne. When the great feudatories were recklessly calling in the English to advance their own selfish intrigues, it was to a King, Charles VII., that Joan of Arc appealed to prevent the dismemberment of the kingdom by the Dukes of Berri and Burgundy. The Huguenot nobles gave up Harfleur in the sixteenth century to Elizabeth, and their descendants in the eighteenth were perpetually intriguing with the English Whigs; but it was a King, Louis XIV., to whom the nation had rallied, when he broke off the conferences of Gertruydenburg, and declared he would rather make war upon his enemies than upon his children. Nor was the majesty of the French Court one of mere outward show; excepting in the case of weak princes, like Louis XIII.; or of minors, as during the power of Mazarin, the French King took on himself the real task-work of a prime minister. Louis XVI., for instance, as we may see by his published diaries, rose before day-break, and was deep in reports and calculations, while Marie Antoinette was shining as the centre of all the beauty and rank of France. Napoleon's comparison of a constitutional King to a *cochon à l'engrain*, was really applicable to George I. or II. But the whole direction of French affairs has constantly varied with the personal health and temper of the sovereign. France was at repose from foreign war during the minority of Louis XIV. In the prime of his life her ambition destroyed the balance of European power. During the minority of his successor, ensued the long Peace at the commencement of Walpole's ministry. As he advanced in manhood there came the wars of the Polish and Austrian successions. The King was as much exhausted as the nation at the close of the Seven Years' War. Look too at the way in which French and English greatness have respectively developed themselves. England has grown great by the efforts

of individual orators in Parliament; of individual merchants on the seas; of individual colonists before whom the forest has gone down, and the morass has been dried up, and the cross has been planted in barbarous lands; of independent companies who have overturned thrones, and levied taxes, and commanded armies, and pushed English commerce to the uttermost ends of the earth. We have had abundance of fire and energy, with something too little of order and regularity. But France has always been superior wherever the presence of one presiding mind was visible. She has been the country of great public works, undertaken by the central government; of colonisation begun on a magnificent scale, though never supported by sufficient perseverance; the country of great ministers, great generals, and above all, of great diplomatists. If the English came to be the great nation, it is certain that the French Sovereign was always the great King.

So France always gained by the family alliances between royal houses, which so much occupied the Bourbon princes in the eighteenth century. By a family alliance Louis XIV. laid the foundation of the French and Spanish league. Another family alliance was on the point of destroying it, when, for the chance of attaining by the Polish match, a preponderance in Eastern Europe, the Infanta, betrothed to Louis XV., was sent back to the Spanish court. For the sake of securing Bourbon thrones to guard the Mediterranean in Naples, Sicily, Parma, Modena, as well as in France and Spain, Louis XV. sacrificed everything to family alliances at the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle. Finally, a family alliance cemented the coalition against England in the Seven Years' War, and the famous Family Compact united the two first naval powers, but our own, in assisting the American rebels. Now Frederic the Great was nephew to our George II., but the English ministry opposed him in the war of the Austrian succession, and joined him in that of the Seven Years, without the least regard for his relationship to their master.

These then were the two great classes into which European government divided themselves; the aristocratic, of which England was the great type, the monarchical, which, after transiently developing itself in the houses of Spain and Austria, finally reached its greatest splendour under Louis XIV. and his successors. Round these two centres there gradually grouped themselves, two distinct and opposed systems of foreign policy, where, speaking generally, and making allowance for accidental exceptions, the Protestant and aristocratic states attached themselves to the English alliance, the Catholics looked to the King of France as their natural head. This was the normal condition of English politics during the seventeenth and

eighteenth centuries, and furnished the regular channels in which the currents of national feeling firmly and uniformly flowed. Elizabeth threw herself into the popular cause of a vigorous Spanish war, and her less sagacious successors compromised themselves fatally by the resolution, not only to make England monarchical, but to force it into the train of continental Absolutism. James I. was obstinately bent on a French or Spanish match for his son Charles. Nothing disgusted the popular party so much as the coldness of his support to his daughter, the Electress Palatine. The French court and Italian priests of Queen Henrietta were a standing grievance to the Parliament. Charles II. again married a Catholic, but in spite of his reluctance was forced into the triple alliance with Sweden and the United Provinces. After the fall of the ill-starred Stuarts, their partisans showed the same hankering for a French alliance. Bolingbroke and Harley made the Peace of Utrecht, and there were few more striking instances of the former statesman's acuteness than his habit of appealing to the anti-Austrian feeling which had prevailed in England when the Austrians held the place in which Louis XIV. then stood at the head of the Catholic league. Many circumstances concurred to force Walpole to a peace with France; the insecurity of the new dynasty, the readiness of Cardinal Fleury to purchase repose by banishing the Stuarts from France; but the opposition that at last overthrew Sir H. Walpole appealed successfully to the old Whig antipathy to France and Spain. With singular shamelessness, the Tories and Bolingbroke, the authors of the Peace of Utrecht, swelled the cry for the destruction of the minister they hated; but the war was a Whig war, and though entered upon needlessly and with a guilty eagerness, it was still a war for the truest English policy, and English interests. In the Seven Years' War the struggle recommenced with greater fury than ever. Each side put out its whole force. The Bourbon princes had composed their long quarrel with Austria. Mr. Pitt had revived the spirit of the grand alliance, and organised the great Anglo-Prussian league to which England clung as her traditionary policy.

This, then, was the state of the English government at the accession of George III. The nation had never stood before foreigners in an attitude so prosperous and commanding. The aristocracy had never been so firmly rooted, nor its sway so contentedly submitted to. But the figure of the monarch, elsewhere so stately, was overtopped and lost among the phalanx of Whig magnates, and relegated to an obscurity most distasteful to a king, with keen appetite for arbitrary power, and indisposed to abate a jot of his personal prominence for the glory of his country.

George III. had both these qualities, but he added to them others which made it at the opening of his reign very doubtful whether he would be the idol or the execration of his subjects, He was haughtily sensitive to any encroachment on his authority, and his readiness to take offence contrasted disagreeably with the unforgetting rancour of his resentments. In any strong temptation, he could mask his dislike with a treacherous calmness, and the overacted smoothness of his demeanour finally cajoled Mr. Pitt into his separation from the Rockinghams. But though he sometimes temporized, he never forgave; and when the burden of restraint had become intolerable, he clung to his antagonist with a blind, bull-dog fury that spurned at all considerations of prudence, policy, or decency. He persisted, for instance, in pouring troops and money into America, long after his minister had declared the attempt to reduce them hopeless. Even when he submitted, the words addressed to Mr. Adams at St. James's, and so often quoted by the court parasites, were rather those of a man who deeply resented and conscientiously overlooked a severe personal affront, than of a constitutional King who obeyed the voice of his people in desisting from the prosecution of an ineffectual contest. Again: his payment from the privy purse of Lord Halifax's damages, when the King's Bench had decided in favour of Wilkes against that nobleman, was an impropriety in the guardian of the laws almost as lamentable as the reckless inhumanity with which he speculated on Lord Chatham's removal '*by decrepitude or death.*' But on the other hand, he had a large share of those household virtues which we are wont to associate with the sober German type, and which formed the best feature in the character of his great uncle Frederic William I. of Prussia. When the decencies of civilized life were outraged at Medmenham Abbey and the Duke of Grafton, as Prime Minister, led Anne Parsons across the Opera-house under the very eyes of the Queen of England, the respectful attachment of the people was sure after a season to be conciliated by the stiff and somewhat ostentatious purity of the new court, by the revival, in the king's life, of a well-nigh antiquated piety, and even by the retired life which at first exposed the royal couple to the charge of penurious economy. And if all this was not enough, it was impossible for the English mind to resist its attractions, when united to the welcome narrowness of George III.'s comprehension, and his congenial aversion to all theoretical improvement; to the unoffending dullness of that vulgar intellect, which did not so much reject, as utterly fail to conceive, truths beyond the wonted range of its vision. This is the literal history of his popularity and of its growth. Before he had sate on the throne three years, he had become more generally hated

than any English King since the days when, 'To your tents, O Israel,' had rang round the Guildhall in the ears of Charles I. Gradually the exasperation subsided into an acquiescence in his authority, and then into admiration of his domestic life, perhaps enhanced by a generous sympathy for the sturdy fight he had maintained against the great Whig nobles, till, by the end of the eighteenth century, George III. had become the worshipped representative of that great mass of Englishmen, whose creed was summed up in an undoubting and impartial hatred to Catholics, Americans, Frenchmen, and Philosophers.

To George III. then, the whole Whig system, its persons and principles, was naturally gall and wormwood. He disliked the arrogant pretension with which the nobility claimed a birthright in the prerogative of fashion, as well as in the government of the empire. He disliked the prevalent license of their private life. He disliked the general intelligence that pervaded the better minds of their party, their almost sceptical freedom from prejudice, their readiness to canvass and admit new views. But above all, he disliked, with a feeling which none but Englishmen can understand, the irreligious tone that had pervaded their councils ever since the church of the Stuarts threw her whole weight into the royalist scale. His religious feelings were strong and deep, he loved the church of England as Southampton and Clarendon had loved it, with a love of true English growth. It had none of the half-poetical expansiveness which makes the bitterest of Protestants relent in condemning even the most repulsive parts of Catholicism, for admiration of its daring unity and magnificent consistency of purpose. It was equally free from a spark of the fervid enthusiasm which blazed as fiercely in the hearts of Cromwell's soldiers, as in the old Hebrew prophets; which impelled 2000 Presbyterians to quit their benefices on the new St. Bartholemew, and which the Free Church of Scotland proves is not even yet extinct. Perhaps the nearest parallel out of England for the turn of George III.'s feeling is to be found in the sour and unamiable Jansenism of the French parliaments. They were generally more intolerant than their adversaries, the Jesuits, and rivalled Archbishop de Beaumont of Paris in their denunciations of Rousseau's Emile. George III.'s religion was of this kind, and operating as it did, chiefly in the way of hatred and all uncharitableness, it materially affected the general character of his reign. He began it by hurrying on the Peace of Paris, out of dislike to Frederic the Great. When he was removed from the actual administration of affairs, he left the empire on the brink of a civil war, from his antipathy to the Irish Catholics.

Unfortunately for the party which he so much disliked, it

was scarcely at harmony with itself. It has been the traditional curse of the Whigs ever habitually to oscillate between the extremes of oligarchical *morgue* and of democratical license. Yesterday, shaking hands with Wilkes, and yet excluding Burke from the cabinet; to-day, making Lichfield House compacts with O'Connell, yet looking shyly on the Anti-corn-law League, and breaking up cabinets from the quarrel of two noblemen; its history presents a chequered and varied aspect, perhaps not uncharacteristic of a republican system, in which an aristocracy constantly tended to expand, and by degrees to dissolve into a more popular form. The Whig party was accidentally aristocratic, but its real antithesis was not in democracy but in monarchy. Mr. Pitt had long been marked out as an unwelcome intruder into the ranks of the hereditary Revolution party. He sprang from a simple country family, and the prompt assertion of his independence, which first drove him into opposition, contributed to his unpopularity with his fellow seceders and malcontents. He was long looked upon with dislike and timorous suspicion. He was a political Ishmaelite, with his voice against every man in authority, gradually attracting a little band of followers around him, and idolized by the multitudes out of doors. To Carteret, and Newcastle, and Henry Fox, he was still the same 'terrible cornet of horse' who had thundered against Walpole. After the fall of the short Devonshire ministry, he had been obliged to lean on the support of the great families whom he had before disdained to conciliate. But the old wound was only scarred over, and might soon be easily inflamed. Pitt's colleagues had scarcely shared his zeal for the war. An opinion was set on foot that he wilfully prolonged it. He was even charged with planning expeditions for no other object than to delay the Peace which might put a stop to the career of his own glory.

He resigned in 1761. The immediate consequences of his fall admirably soothed the irritated vanity which intoxicated his whole nature. The cheers bestowed on the King became insulting when compared with the roars of applause that greeted Mr. Pitt when he appeared in public. The City of London declared in favour of the fallen minister. After all the concessions of his colleagues, the Spanish war which he had fallen in an attempt to anticipate, proved unavoidable, and the public persisted in ascribing all the successes that followed to the lingering influence of their darling statesman. But it may be doubted, whether, in spite of all those vexations, George III. ever made a more successful move. The very first political effort placed him far on the road to absolute power.

For the strong confederacy that fettered his independent action was now crippled and divided. He no longer appeared in the

odious light of a King, grasping to wrest power from the hands of a party headed by the richest blood, and the most powerful name in England, with its roots deeply fixed in the bosom of the greatest manufacturing and commercial nation in the world. That party was now broken, and between its two sections, there was fixed an insurmountable gulf: on one side was a group of haughty noblemen, vainly trusting to the magic of their families and escutcheons; on the other, was a great statesman, furious at being arrested in the flood-tide of his triumphs, and retaining out of office the encroaching lust of domination which had provoked and irritated his colleagues. Already the young King stood in the graceful position of arbiter between two angry factions, desperately bent on ruining each other, even though they should destroy the empire in doing so.

Then began the wretched days when all the narrow instincts of the King's nature had uninterrupted and congenial exercise, when his passion for low intrigue had ample room and verge for its developement, when all parties were played off against each other, till their dislikes, and jealousies, and misapprehensions were so fomented, that they were one and all actually powerless from mere aggravation of their spleen.

'It was no difficult matter,' says professor Smyth, 'for the king to drive Mr. Pitt from office; then the Duke of Newcastle; then Lord Rockingham, who came in as a Whig minister without Mr. Pitt; then Mr. Pitt, who came in as a Whig minister without Lord Rockingham; and so to manage the mistakes, the feelings, and the virtues of all concerned, as to destroy the confidence of all parties in each other, and in themselves, and by the aid of such men of talents as were ambitious, and of such men of property and connexion as were inclined to the court, to continue for ten or twelve years a sort of running fight with the Whigs and their principles.'—*Lectures on Modern History*, vol. 2, p. 336.

Lord Bute was the first person selected to carry out this scheme. 'He formed the plan (we quote from Mr. Adolphus) of breaking the phalanx which constituted and supported the ministry, and of securing the independence of the Crown, by a moderate use of the royal prerogative.' He was not ill chosen for the task. His family indeed, though noble and ancient, was of very different illustration from the Bedfords and Devonshires that supported the ministry. The English peers indeed looked upon the Scotch premier as an intrusive alien; much, in short, as their successors would look on a Secretary of State from Conciliation Hall in Dublin. He was totally unused to public affairs. But his permanent success would have been a far greater triumph to the Crown than that of North or the younger Pitt. For he would have owed nothing to himself, to his character, to the public; nothing, in short, to any human

beings but George III. and the Princess Dowager. The king's personal predilection would have been the great moving power of the state; and the policy which made Farinelli chief favourite to Charles III., and in our own days has promoted a pipe-boy to be Prime Minister of Turkey, would at once and triumphantly have planted itself in England. But it was destined to encounter far severer trials than this.

The Grenville ministry followed. Mr. Macaulay has drawn George Grenville's portrait in very unflattering, though, as we are inclined to think, in very true and just colours. It is curious to observe the points and the principle on which he agreed with George III. The ministry began with perfect harmony. They both disliked the war, the King from dislike of Frederic the Great, and Grenville from dislike of the expense. The love of arbitrary power was equally strong in both; they indicted Wilkes, and proceeded to attack America. But while George III. loved arbitrary power as a monarch, George Grenville was swelling with all the delegated authority of the House of Commons, and struck at the King as recklessly as he struck at Wilkes. The quarrel on the Regency Bill was too much for George III.'s patience, and down went the Grenvilles.

We may pass over the short interlude of the Rockinghams. Their government was strong in good intentions, in purity of character, in the prudery of abstaining from official emoluments, which is so favourite and easy a virtue with rich men. They passed several good measures; they repealed the Stamp Act, they provided for the security of our commerce in the West Indies, and reversed the tyrannical resolutions against Wilkes. But the alienation of Mr. Pitt, which their humblest submission was too weak to overcome, paralysed all their movements; and their subsequent treatment of Burke makes their connexion with him only noticeable as a memorial that neither genius, nor philosophy, nor eloquence, nor the most austere and self-denying patriotism, could save their possessor from the insolence of which Sheridan and Brougham were afterwards the victims.

Three ministers had succeeded each other in four years. At length a permanent one was established. The cabinet which, under the successive Presidency of Lord Chatham, the Duke of Grafton, and Lord North, continued in power for sixteen years, from 1766 to 1782, was really a decisive proof of George III.'s rather unkingly talent for sowing jealousies and dissolving friendships. The younger Pitt's government was more successful, but the ground had been prepared for that by the unpopularity of the coalition, and by the talents and hereditary claims of the young minister. But this government was for the most part composed of men of little ability, and no charac-

ter; it succeeded a tolerably popular administration, and retained office long, through the most disastrous war in all English history. This was all done by the craft and address of the King. We must here quote Mr. Burke's famous description of the work of which Lord Chatham was the ostensible artificer:—

'He made an administration so chequered and speckled; he put together a piece of joinery, so crossly indented and whimsically dovetailed; a cabinet so variously inlaid; such a piece of diversified mosaic; such a tesselated pavement, without cement; here a bit of black stone, and there a bit of white; patriots and courtiers, king's friends and republicans; Whigs and Tories; treacherous friends and open enemies; that it was indeed a very curious show; but utterly unsafe to touch and unsure to stand upon. The colleagues whom he had assorted at the same boards stared at each other, and were obliged to ask, "Sir, your name? Sir, you have the advantage of me. Mr. Such-a-one, I beg a thousand pardons." '—*Speech on American Taxation. Works,* vol. ii. p. 420.

From Lord Camden down to Robinson, the Bribe-master to the House of Commons, we believe that this government scarcely contained an individual who had not attached himself to it from some personal motive.

We begin with Lord Chatham. Ever since his resignation he had kept aloof from the Whigs. He was reconciled with George Grenville, and the King dexterously attacked his weakest part, in appealing for his help to rescue him from the Rockinghams. We think that it is Lord Jeffrey who somewhere says of Charles Fox, that if he disliked Kings, he was rather partial to princes. And so may we say of Lord Chatham, that his dislike to noblemen was only moderated by his partiality to Kings. Even on leaving office, in 1761, his behaviour to George III. had been humble and resigned to an almost slavish degree. And now the young King appealed to him, as the one man in all the nation who could reconcile parties and preside over harmonious councils. He could draw round him the chief men of every connexion, and form a government strong in great names and royal favour, and in the early popularity of William Pitt, which had survived the pension and Lady Hester's peerage.

Next came Augustus Duke of Grafton, First Lord of the Treasury. He had been rocked and dandled into a legislator, and very reluctantly left Newmarket for Downing Street. No single difference on any public question separated him from the Rockinghams. He had agreed with them on the repeal of the Stamp Act. He had agreed with them on the Declaratory Bill, on the establishment of Free Ports in Dominica and Jamaica, on the Russian treaty, and on the resolution upon

General Warrants. He was now joined to men with whom he knew himself to be at variance on many points; with Lord Chatham and Lord Camden, who differed with him on the Declaratory Bill; with Lord North and Charles Townsend, who disapproved of the repeal of the Stamp Act. But he was engrossed by an admiration for Lord Chatham, after whose retirement his position at the head of the Treasury was an hourly torment, till, outvoted in his own cabinet on the American question, and well nigh driven mad by Junius, he quitted office in 1770.

'That prodigy, Charles Townsend' was to lead the House of Commons, and though no one will credit the spiteful epigram upon him with which Walpole regaled himself, enough remains to show that his weak point was in lack of independent character. The fatal love of compliance, which Burke noticed, gives us a clue to the mastery which George III. obtained over him. He hastily pledged himself to draw a revenue from America, and the court kept him to his word; and it is said that the revival of that miserable dispute was owing to the fickle vanity of this gifted personage.

It is tedious to go through the remaining members of the government. Scarcely one of them had joined it from any motive which could with decency be publicly acknowledged. Lord Camden had been brought in from his personal friendship to Mr. Pitt. Lord Northington was rewarded with the Presidency of the Council for his share in the intrigues that had upset the Rockinghams. The official rank and file was made up of men to whom the countenance of the court was literally a witness to character, a stamp to give some kind of general currency to their exceeding worthlessness and unpopularity. There was Rigby, a hanger-on of the Duke of Bedford's; there was Lord George Germaine, with the brand of the Minden court-martial on him; there was Lord Sandwich, the *Jemmy Twitcher* of the *Beggars' Opera*, who had played king's evidence against Wilkes; there was Lord Barrington, 'who is always set down as a fixture in the inventory of the discarded minister's effects.'* They had, one and all, been seduced by the prospect of patronage, or by the gratification of their jealousies, to desert their old party connexions; and now, tossed over from the Butes to the Grenvilles, and from the Grenvilles to the Graftons, they stood before the world with their political morality debauched, and their reputations battered, with no earthly support but the personal favour of the King.

The fall of the North ministry in the days of its final ignominy, was hailed joyfully by the whole nation. Outside Par-

* Junius.

liament, little was thought of the principles at issue. The struggle was simply viewed as one between a corrupt minister and an able and increasing minority. But in-doors it was very different. The opposition scarcely concealed the bitterness of their temper towards the King. They did not, indeed, know the signal marks of favour he had bestowed on Lord George Germaine, perhaps the most unpopular man in all the kingdom; nor did they know that he was already tampering with the fidelity of their own body; nor yet that he had forced Lord North to remain in office, in despite of his own convictions. But they felt the sovereign's influence crippling them in all directions, and every nerve was strained to overthrow it. At length the ministry fell, and the King saw the work of twenty years' toil at once destroyed. The government was again in the same hands in which George II. had left it. The two sections of the Whig party were again in power; the Rockinghams, with purer characters and fresh leaders, strong in the genius of Burke, Fox, and Sheridan; the Pitt section had lost their leader's great name, but was supported by the varied talents of Shelburne, Camden, Dunning, and Barré. George III., though, was not disheartened. He looked on the Whigs as he had looked on Wilkes and the Americans, as acknowledged personal enemies, whom he might perhaps subdue, but whom at all events, with some private risk, he might severely injure. His tactics were the same as of old.

The last time that he had suffered the misfortune of a Whig ministry, he had appealed to Mr. Pitt. He now appealed to that part of the cabinet who inherited his views and feelings, and who, with a not uncommon waywardness, affected to indemnify themselves for the arrogant exclusiveness of Devonshire House and the Rockinghams, by comparative submission to the King. For a time the schism was glossed over, and a kind of *paix armée* subsisted between the two divisions. Every movement of the King's was scanned and scrutinized by the suspicious Rockinghams. Every favour granted to Lord Shelburne was made a pretext for demanding some compensating boon to themselves. The minutest arrangements of precedence and etiquette at the levées were made matters of serious discussion by Fox and Burke. At length Lord Rockingham's death gave the King an opportunity of provoking Fox into resignation, and the famous coalition was the consequence.

A coalition which Burke advised can scarcely have been a crime, but beyond a doubt it was one of the very gravest blunders. Its inconsistency was of that open and flagrant kind which rouses the whole nation in disgust at any shameless

abandonment of principle in public men. The tide, too, had for some time been turning in favour of the King, and the cry soon rose loud throughout the land in support of him and his young minister. The coalition cabinet saw themselves utterly destitute of that out-doors applause which is the very heart's blood to a Whig ministry, and in its stead they were exposed to deep and lasting unpopularity. The general election condemned Fox to an apparently perpetual exclusion from office, and the King's system, which had seemed to fall for ever, was now really rooted on a firm foundation.

In this cursory view of George III.'s early ministries, we have aimed merely at illustrating the operation of a principle which affords, as we are persuaded, the only satisfactory explanation for the inconsequent and anomalous positions of the men, the parties, and the cabals of the day,—a principle which the King himself very early conceived, and developed with singular determination,—and one, the realization of which might have powerfully affected the future history of England. We have endeavoured to reject all embarrassing details, and to present, in its naked simplicity, the results of the problem, whether England was to continue an aristocratic republic, or become an actual living monarchy. But as we have seen that at earlier periods of our history, the decision of this question was materially affected by considerations of foreign policy, and the state of our continental alliances; so now the picture of the present struggle would be very incomplete did we not notice how George III. attempted to modify the foreign policy of his predecessors.

Like the Stuart princes, whose steps he followed at home, he threw himself at once into the French and Absolutist alliance. The Seven Years' war had never found favour in his eyes; and there is no doubt that his personal influence mainly protracted M. Bussy's conferences in 1761, and at last forced on the Peace of Paris. It has been the fashion to decry the loud denuntiations of this peace made at the time, and to charge its opponents with factious folly, merely because France considered the actual arrangements as humiliating. This argument would justify any imaginary concessions, for surely it would be impossible to devise any terms, short of surrendering every single advantage, which would not appear intolerable to a high-spirited and vanquished rival. But we condemn the Peace of Paris for the same reason that we condemn that of Utrecht, not that it was void of wise provisions, nor wholly unfruitful of benefit to the country, but because the statesmen that effected it lost sight of the national interest in their zeal to support their own abstract views of domestic politics, and bartered the conquests bought by English blood and gold, for the theoretical

triumph of their own party traditions. The consequences were immediate and durable. The Anglo-German alliance, the great Protestant league, which with many vicissitudes and modifications, but always with honour and success to England, had now subsisted for two hundred years, which had triumphed over the Armada under Effingham, under Blake at Santa Cruz, under Marlborough at Blenheim, and under Wolfe at Quebec, was now broken up and scattered. Like the allies at Denain, Frederic the Great was left exposed to the hostility of the formidable confederacy that had threatened him ever since his accession. But he never forgave or forgot the desertion. He continued wavering between the Russian and the French alliance; a share in the partition of Poland was the price demanded for the first, and the second materially contributed to the success of the Choiseuil policy, which aimed at pacifying the continent, and leaving France at leisure to concentrate herself on the task of coping with us by sea. As to the the latter power, many difficulties were in the way of George III.'s sudden change of system—for though questions of principle are often at the root of international dissentions, yet they are gradually lost sight of in the growing habit of conflict, and wars which might never have arisen but from differences of political constitution and national modes of thought, continue to be furiously persecuted from mere exasperation and spite. France lay before us, crushed and bleeding at every pore, and her statesmen no more thought of cultivating English interests, from regard to George III. than Americans would cease to consider the occupation of Oregon a creditable attack upon aristocratic England, if a Chartist ministry was at the helm. The Duc de Choiseuil was as active in undermining English influence and aggrandizing the Bourbon confederacy, as if Mr. Pitt's system had been in full and formidable vigour. But the French alliance was favoured by the court, and everything was sacrificed to maintain it. The first symptoms of reviving discontent appeared in the distant stations where much is necessarily left to individual responsibility, and the authority of the home government is always comparatively weak. Differences were hourly springing up, which testified the profound alienation and hostility of the two nations. First came the attack of Tortuga, which was disavowed by the French cabinet. Then (1764) came the insults offered by Spanish xebecques to English merchantmen, and the expulsion of the settlers from Honduras by Don Ramirez. Then payment of the Manilla ransom was refused, and the Grenvilles shrunk from pressing their just claims to the alternative of war. But the short Whig interregnum under Lord Rockingham, in 1766, made an effort at retracing these steps: pay-

ment was obtained from Spain, and, as it proved, without a war; and the Russian treaty laid a basis for renewing the alliance with the northern courts. Mr. Pitt returned to power, and again there was one subject on which all cajolery would have been ineffectual to change his purpose. In the midst of sickness and seclusion, his heart was set upon repairing the work which had been broken in upon at the Peace of Paris, and continuing what the Rockinghams had begun.* Mr. Stanley was in consequence dispatched to St. Petersburgh, with the scheme of a great confederacy, to be headed by England, Russia, and Prussia, which was to include Denmark, Sweden, Holland, and some of the German powers, and might present a bold front to the Bourbon alliance, now strengthened by the accession of Austria. But while Frederic professed all admiration for Lord Chatham, he did not conceal his thorough disbelief of George III.'s good faith, and so the country was again left to an insecure dependence on the good will of exasperated France. Then came the annexation of Corsica, without a single word of protest from the English Government. In the East, the French settlement at Pondicherry sent experienced officers and eager volunteers to the assistance of Hyder Ali. Next, news arrived from the Falklands, of the outrage perpetrated on English subjects by the Governor of Buenos Ayres. The mistrust of the two nations was at its height. Choiseuil prepared for war; it is even said (on the very doubtful authority of Wraxall) that he sent for the Pretender to Paris, and only gave up the idea of invading England, in support of that prince's claims, on seeing the degraded intoxication in which he was habitually plunged. Lord Chatham fiercely inveighed against the delay that attended a settlement of the question, the English ministry tottered, but the French one fell, and Louis XV. wrote his famous letter to Charles III. 'My ministers would have war, but I will not.'—At length the time came for the flame to burst forth, and to prove the folly of our multiplied concessions. The French diplomatists had outwitted George III. in every single point. Their navy was completed. Their ports were fortified. England was engaged in a desperate struggle with her own children, and her loving ally had diligently fomented every difference, and fostered every continental jealousy. Half Europe was leagued for our destruction, commercial jealousies seduced the other half into the Armed Neutrality. Even Holland refused to fulfil the stipulations of the treaties of 1678 and 1716, and we were at length reduced to the most unfavourable Peace that English Plenipotentiaries ever signed

* Ellis's Original Letters. Second Series. Vol. iv. page 496. (Quoted by Hughes.)

since the Revolution. But exhausted as we were, France was scarcely less so, and made peace from a necessity almost as imperious as our own. Again her intrigues recommenced, and at the breaking out of the Revolution, Mr. Pitt had been finally forced to recur to his father's ideas, and re-construct the Anglo-Prussian league.

The Congress of Reichenbach, in 1790, was the point of demarcation between two distinct epochs. The French Revolution had arrived, to agitate and confuse the usual routine of diplomacy and international communications. It broke at once through all the ordinary habits of European life. The old historical monarchies disappeared; to be revived sometimes under new and fantastic denominations; sometimes, as republics. New combinations took place, unknown to the traditions of the preceding age. We saw France and Russia united against England. We saw Austria and Prussia united against France. England lavished her resources to replace the parties to the Family Compact on the thrones of France, and Spain, and Naples. The Tories had learnt to act vigorously against France. The Whigs, pupils of Fox and Chatham, had learnt to talk of the natural sympathies between two free nations, and to distrust the absolutist alliances of the North. But when the whirlwind of the Revolution had swept over Europe, like a whirlwind it passed away. The old forms reappeared. The scattered fragments readjusted themselves to the old unities: and now, after sixty years, European interests are gradually reassuming their old aspect, and gravitating back to their old centres. New actors are on the scenes, but the old ones are there also, with their former position and resentments. Still, France retains her magnificent diplomatic system, and still her ambassadors are rivalling and out-generalling ours in every quarter of the globe. Still, the resources of English diplomatists are being tasked to prevent a renewal of the Family Compact. Still, after the Goddess of Reason, and the feast of the Supreme Being, France is negotiating, as the first Catholic power, with the Pope; and still she arrogates the Protectorate of the Syrian Catholics, as haughtily as when, alone of all European flags, that of her consulate was known and respected in the Levant. And still we have the mockery of an *entente cordiale* to cripple and dishonour both of us.

Finally, in his domestic aims, we may say, that George III. succeeded rather in modifying the constitution of parties, than in seriously impairing parliamentary government. We leave him on the fall of the coalition, with his cherished schemes accomplished; his policy apparently successful; his opponents curbed and overthrown in the full career of their triumph; his favourite minister dictating to the legislature, and

backed by the enthusiastic support of the nation. His subjects had answered his appeal by investing him with powers practically greater than the boldest of his predecessors had claimed, Elizabeth at Tilbury, Charles on the Restoration, had scarcely been the objects of more devoted homage than George III. on the opening of the new Parliament in 1784. The cautious and intrepid Pitt had actually realized Strafford's fiery boast, that he would make his master the greatest King in Christendom. It is difficult to calculate how long, under any circumstances, such a supremacy could have endured; whether, with one or two successors of determination equal to that of George III. the people would have permanently consented to be played off against the Parliament, till (as, after two Revolutions, is yet the case in France) the Throne appeared the only stable institution in the whirl of feeble ministries, and dishonest parties. Our own opinion is unfavourable to the probability of such a result. The spirit of spontaneous cohesion, (an essential element of aristocracy,) the disposition to hereditary attachment, the rough vigour of the Saxons, the knightly impatience of control which the Normans left among us, would sooner or later have arrested the dissolution of the English Parliament into an assemblage of separate and helpless units. But the king's insanity, and consequent removal from public sight, anticipated the solution of this problem, and from that time to the present, the royal power, after its temporary elevation, has been always on the decline. As at the Revolution, so in this century, Whigs and Tories, differing in all else, have agreed in this, that the country should be ruled by the body which they jointly compose. No elective monarch could, no American President does, compete for the government of the country more undisguisedly than do Sir Robert Peel and Lord John Russell at the present day. It is curious to contrast language found, for instance, in Lord Eldon's correspondence on the King's personal objections to Catholic emancipation, with the deafening cheers that rang from the Tory benches, when Lord Stanley denounced 'the deep guilt of the minister, who should dare to use the Queen's name, to overawe the deliberations of the free Commons of England.' The last attempt, which with most dishonourable inconsistency the Whigs made in 1839, to revive the language of absolutism only proved the entire absence of any corresponding sentiment in the nation.

But George III.'s influence was nevertheless profound and lasting. The present Tory or Conservative party owes its existence mainly to him. We have seen how the party which supported Lord North, and finally placed Mr. Pitt in power, was originally made up of deserters from the old Whig and Tory parties, drawn together by no public sentiment, and

merely reflecting the opinion of the sovereign. For some time the services of these 'King's friends' were only required on behalf of the Minister of the day, while no question that involved a recurrence to first principles came under discussion. But round the standard which George III. thus erected, there rapidly grouped themselves all timid, and indolent, and selfish natures; and while the French Revolution encouraged the Whigs to imprudent and embarrassing declarations, it drove many over to the party of resistance. The confederacy grew and grew, gradually confirming itself into sympathy with the lowest English prejudices, till the enlightened Pitt found himself at the head of a party, whose only profession, we may seriously say, was to obstruct all that legislation, which the voice of contemporary statesmen has stamped as wise and good. He vainly trusted to his own genius, to school his followers into something like generosity and common sense. On Parliamentary Reform, on Negro Slavery, on Catholic Emancipation, they perpetually thwarted and held back their leader, and after his death, they threw overboard even the Free-Trade principles, which in the Irish Propositions, and the French Treaty, had laid the basis of his commercial reputation. This is not the place to speak of their subsequent history; but we may be permitted to say, that of all the singularities of our time, we know none which will appear more marvellous to future generations than the fact, that a party recruited from the people in avowed opposition to the Whig nobility, with full half of the wealth, and a fair share of the learning, eloquence, and official aptitude of their day, should have preferred George III. to William Pitt as the Apostle of their school.

Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches, with elucidations. By Thomas Carlyle. In two volumes. London: Chapman and Hall, 1845.

The attention of the reading public, still more of that smaller section, the thinking public, has of late years been much attracted to the times of 'the Great Rebellion,' and the commonwealth that arose out of its successful issue. That an increased desire should have arisen to know something about the history of the country in which we live, and for which we profess a patriotic pride that has become proverbial, is but a natural corollary of the increased desire for historical research

generally which, first roused by Niebuhr, has been further stimulated by such writers as Guizot, as Sismondi, as Arnold and Thirlwall. Not less natural is it that the eye of the historical inquirer should be attracted to the most striking point in the whole picture of our English state; that which is to English history what the main subject of Raphäel's paintings is to the whole picture, where all the back-ground is a succession of details either originated by, or themselves originating, the foremost object. But it is more than the mere scenic prominence of 'the Great Rebellion' that thus rivets modern gazers with an interest of more than modern curiosity. It has so long been the fashion to ascribe all the depraved and profligate tone of manners of the eighteenth century to this event and its immediate consequences; nay, it is so much the fashion of the present day to believe in a confused sort of parallel between our own times and those of the first Charles, that we need not search further for causes sufficient to call forth all the attention that can be given to the subject.

Fortunately too, it is not merely to the dilettante student or unpractical antiquarian, that the interest has been confined. We have had volume after volume put forth, such as may go far to satisfy any healthy appetite for real information, not only by our own countrymen, but even by foreign writers who have shared the epidemic interest of the day. And we may congratulate ourselves that we have no cause to blush for our countrymen in the comparison. It is no disparagement to any of the party to name together Mr. Forster, Mr. Macaulay, M. Guizot, and Mr. Carlyle. To this last-named writer, however we confess we consider our obligations greater than to any of the preceding. The sketch of Oliver Cromwell in 'Heroes and Hero worship,' has, we honestly believe, done more to clear the way for a dispassionate view of his character and his times, than any thing else that has been written. The canon which Mr. Carlyle there laid down in his clear, forcible, graphic manner, (and which the historical student should carry about with him, if not in letters of gold, yet in more enduring characters, '*ἀγράφοις δέλτοις φρενῶν*'), is so singularly applicable to this period of history that we cannot forbear quoting it here.

'There are two errors widely prevalent, which pervert to the very basis our judgments formed about such men as Cromwell, about their ambition, falsity, and such like. The first is what I might call substituting the *goal* of their career for the course and starting point of it. The vulgar historian of a Cromwell fancies that he had determined on being protector of England at the time when he was ploughing the marsh lands of Cambridgeshire. His career lay all mapped out, a program of the whole drama; which he then, step by step, dramatically unfolded, with all

manner of cunning, deceptive dramaturgy, as he went on—the hollow, scheming Ὑποκριτής, or play-actor that he was! This is a radical perversion, all but universal in such cases. And think for an instant how different the fact is! How much does one of *us* foresee of his own life? Short way ahead of us it is all dim, an *un*wound skein of possibilities, of apprehensions, attemptabilities, vague-looming hopes. This Cromwell had *not* his life lying all in that fashion of program which he needed then, with that unfathomable cunning of his, only to enact dramatically, scene after scene! Not so. We see it so; but to him it was in no measure so. What absurdities would fall away of themselves, were this one undeniable fact kept honestly in view by history! Historians indeed will tell you that they do keep it in view; but look whether such is practically the fact! Vulgar history, as in this, Cromwell's case, omits it altogether; even the best kinds of history only remember it now and then. To remember it duly, with vigorous perfection, as in the fact it *stood*, requires indeed a rare faculty; rare, nay impossible. A very Shakspeare for faculty, or more than Shakspeare; who could *enact* a brother man's biography, see with the brother man's eyes at all points of his course what things *he* saw; in short, know his course and him, as few "historians" are like to do. Half or more of all the thick-plied perversions which distort our image of Cromwell, will disappear if we honestly so much as try to represent them so, in sequence, as they *were;* not in the lump as they are thrown down before us.'—*Heroes and Hero Worship*, pp. 347-9.

On this canon the best possible commentary will be found in the Letters and Speeches of Cromwell in the two volumes now before us, which (if we may guess from an occasional hint scattered here and there over their pages) are not to complete the sum of our obligations to Mr. Carlyle in this matter. Meanwhile we must not underrate our gratitude for what has been already done, and for the manner in which it has been done. To say indeed, generally, that these Letters and Speeches have been collected carefully, and edited faithfully, with unflinching honesty of purpose, and unwearying exertion of diligence,—this is only (and we do not say it by way of rhetorical flourish, but in simple, respectful sincerity) to repeat that of which the heading of our article will have already advertised the reader, that the task has been performed by Mr. Carlyle. But more particular eulogy is needed here. There is in the volumes before us such an earnest, genuine, prophetic truth—such a loving zeal in collecting details—such a minute faithfulness, itself springing out of love, in setting them forth in clear, perspicuous sequence—such exact identification of places and times; above all, such a keen sagacity in discriminating between truth and falsehood, and such resolute, sustained diligence in forcing a path through the latter to get at the former, that we feel ashamed to offer Mr. Carlyle so faint an acknowledgment as thanks for what he has done.

Before, however, proceeding to the actual examination of the books themselves, we wish to notice two points of difference that has occurred to us in comparing the Essays of Mr. Macaulay on these times with what we have had from Mr. Carlyle on the same period. It is worth while to see how the subject is viewed by the two ablest English writers of our own day, who have attempted to treat of it. Mr. Macaulay's hero is John Hampden; Mr. Carlyle's, Oliver Cromwell. Mr. Macaulay says:—

'In Hampden, and in Hampden alone, were united all the qualities which, at such a crisis, were necessary to save the state, the valour, and energy of Cromwell, the discernment and eloquence of Vane, the humanity and moderation of Manchester, the stern integrity of Hale, the ardent public spirit of Sydney. Others might possess the qualities which were necessary to save the popular party in the crisis of danger; he alone had both the power and the inclination to restrain its excesses in the hour of triumph. Others could conquer; he alone could reconcile. A heart as bold as his brought up the cuirassiers who turned the tide of battle on Marston Moor. As skilful an eye as his watched the Scotch army descending from the heights over Dunbar. But it was when, to the sullen tyranny of Laud and Charles, had succeeded the fierce conflict of sects and factions, ambitious of ascendency and burning for revenge, it was when the vices and ignorance which the old tyranny had generated threatened the new freedom with destruction, that England missed the sobriety, the self-command, the perfect soundness of judgment, the perfect rectitude of intention, to which the history of revolutions furnishes no parallel, or furnishes a parallel in Washington alone.'—*Essays,* vol. i. pp. 489-90.

Mr. Carlyle, on the other hand:—

'For my own share, far be it from me to say or insinuate a word of disparagement against such characters as Hampden, Eliot, Pym; whom I believe to have been right worthy and useful men. I have read diligently what books and documents about them I could come at, with the honestest wish to admire, to love, and worship them like heroes; but I am sorry to say, if the real truth must be told, with very indifferent success! At bottom I found that it would not do.' . . . . . 'One leaves all these nobilities standing in their niches of honour; the rugged outcast Cromwell, he is the man of them all, in whom one still finds human stuff.'—*Hero Worship,* pp. 336-7.

Again, in speaking of the whole Puritan movement, there is a marked difference observable, which may perhaps be referred to the different avocations of the writers. Mr. Macaulay, besides his literary occupations, has been engaged at the bar, and in the House of Commons. Mr. Carlyle has led altogether a practical literary life, if we may be allowed an expression apparently so paradoxical. And we detect in Mr. Macaulay's position something of the tone acquired elsewhere; the tone of

a debater, rather than of a philosophical historian. He draws a parallel between 'the great Rebellion' and 'the glorious Revolution,' and is continually arguing the comparative merits of the cases. He is 'at a loss to conceive how the same persons who, on the 5th of November, thank God for wonderfully conducting his servant William, and for making all opposition fall before him, until he became our king and governor, can, on the 30th of January, contrive to be afraid that the blood of the royal martyr may be visited on themselves and their children.' Not that he is not bold to uphold the justice of the cause in which the Puritans drew their sword, apart from any relation of comparison (as witness his impassioned description of the whole Puritan character); but it seems more natural to take the course of a debater arguing against a party. 'You approve of this; what then have you to disapprove in the other?' But if the prosyllogism on which the major premise rests be not conceded?—

Mr. Carlyle, on the other hand, speaks from the first and throughout *absolutely*, with the tone of a writer anxious to have those of whom he writes tried on their own merits only, and their position in the times in which they lived; not referred to any other standard of comparison by which they may be elevated or depressed. A more difficult, perhaps, but we believe also a more valuable style of history, and, in Mr. Carlyle's hands, not losing in point what it gains in gravity. But to proceed to the volumes themselves.

Their object is, as Mr. Carlyle says, 'The collecting the letters and speeches of Oliver Cromwell, and presenting them in natural sequence, with the still possible elucidation, to ingenuous readers.' This is their object. As to the formal mode in which it has been fulfilled:—

'I have corrected the spelling of these Letters: I have punctuated and divided them into paragraphs, in the modern manner. The originals, so far as I have seen such, have in general no paragraphs: if the letter is short, it is usually found written on the first leaf of the sheet; often with the conclusion, or some postscript, subjoined crosswise on the margin, indicating that there was no blotting-paper in those days; that the hasty writer was loath to turn the leaf. Oliver's spelling and pointing are of the sort common to educated persons in his time; and readers that wish it may have specimens of him in abundance, and in all due dimness, in many printed books: but to us, intent here to have the Letters read and understood, it seemed very proper at once and altogether to get rid of that encumbrance. Would the rest were as easily got rid of! Here and there, to bring out the struggling sense, I have added or rectified a word,—but taken care to point out the same; what words in the Text of the Letters are mine, the reader will find marked off by single commas: it was of course my supreme duty to avoid altering, in any respect, not only the sense, but

the smallest feature in the physiognomy, of the original. And so 'a minimum of annotation' having been added, what minimum would serve the purpose,—here are the *Letters and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell*.'—Vol. i. pp. 116, 17.

In this last remark we find a sufficient answer to complaints that we have heard made, 'Mr. Carlyle does not clear up this,' —'Mr. Carlyle passes over that.' Of course Mr. Carlyle does. He tells his readers at starting he is going to add only 'a minimum of annotation,' (a principle of editing to which he continually refers throughout the book), and he is a man of his word. So we have only an incidental notice of Strafford, hardly so much of Laud, and the trial and execution of Charles himself passed over with but very few words, though those are of the most touching, thrilling interest. But wherever annotation was called for, we believe no reader will be disappointed. To a graphic power of describing scenery unequalled by any English writer, except Dr. Arnold, Mr. Carlyle adds that remarkable faculty ascribed by Dr. Arnold to Niebuhr, that 'rare instinct' which leads him 'to seize on some particular ipassage of a careless and ill-informed writer, and to perceive n it the marks of most important truth; while on other occasions he has set aside the statements of this same writer, with no deference to his authority whatever.'—(Hist. of Rome, Vol. I. p. 221). He sees too exactly what has real weight in the history, and what has not; and we profit accordingly. How necessary this 'instinctive power of discerning truth,' and this latter instinctive sagacity which results from it, must have been in his present task; how impossible the performance of the task must have been without it, we may gather pretty well from what is said at the commencement of the first volume:—

"The documents and records of it, (the Revolution), scattered waste as a shoreless chaos, are not legible. They lie there, printed, written, to the extent of tons and square miles, as shot-rubbish; unedited, unsorted, not so much as indexed; full of every conceivable confusion;—yielding light to very few; yielding darkness, in several sorts, to very many. Dull pedantry, conceited idle dilettantism,—prurient stupidity in what shape soever,—is darkness, and not light! There are from thirty to fifty thousand unread pamphlets of the Civil War in the British Museum alone: huge piles of mouldering wreck, wherein, at the rate of perhaps one pennyweight per ton, lie things memorable. They lie preserved there, waiting happier days; under present conditions they cannot, except for idle purposes, for dilettante excerpts and such like, be got examined. The Rushworths, Whitlockes, Nelsons, Thurloes; enormous folios, these and many others, they have been printed, and some of them again printed, but never yet edited,—edited as you edit waggon-loads of broken bricks and dry mortar, simply by tumbling up the waggon!"—Vol. i. pp. 4, 5.

Mr. Carlyle may well say 'Such a job of buck-washing as I do

not wish to repeat;" needing all the encouragement that the 'authentic utterances' of Cromwell himself could yield to make it even tolerable.

It is to this 'shoreless chaos,' in which all documents relating to the times lie, that Mr. Carlyle attributes in part our ignorance of the times themselves. To this in part, but also to an intrinsic cause existing in *us*, that their 'spiritual purport has become inconceivable, incredible to the modern mind.' And, more than all to a third cause, with which both these are (as it seems to us) connected; out of which, indeed, by a natural order, they do in some sort spring, and to which they contribute in their turn.

'What is it, all this Rushworthian inarticulate rubbish-continent, in its ghastly dim twilight, with its haggard wrecks, and pale shadows; what is it, but the common kingdom of death? This *is* what we call death, this mouldering dumb wilderness of things once alive. Behold here the final evanescence of formed human things; they had form, but they are changed into sheer formlessness;—ancient human speech itself has sunk into unintelligible maundering. This is the collapse,—the etiolation of human features into mouldy blank; dissolution; progress towards utter silence and disappearance; disastrous ever-deafening dusk of gods and men! Why has the living ventured thither, down from the cheerful light, across the Lethe-swamps and Tartarean Phlegethons, onwards to these baleful halls of Dis and the three-headed dog? Some destiny drives him. It is his sins, I suppose:—perhaps it is his love, strong as that of Orpheus for the lost Eurydice, and likely to have no better issue!'—Vol. i. pp. 16, 17.

But let the Letters speak for themselves.

The first we shall select was written when Cromwell was in his fortieth year. How that he was born of a fair lineage, son of Robert Cromwell, grandson of Sir Henry, the Golden Knight of Hinchinbrook, and great-grandson of Sir Richard, who was either nephew (as he signs himself) or some other near relation of Cromwell, Earl of Essex; how, when he was four years old, his childish imagination was stirred by the stately reception of King James at uncle Oliver's house of Hinchinbrook; how he went to Dr. Beard's School at Huntingdon, and in his eighteenth year was entered at Sydney-Sussex College under the auspices of worthy Master Richard Howlet; how, in the next year his father died, and Oliver, now become the representative of that branch of the house, exchanged college-studies for the conduct of a family at home; how, in 1617 he went to London and entered at a Bencher's Chambers, to gain some knowledge of Law, and in 1620 was married at the church of St. Giles, Cripplegate, to Elizabeth Bourchier, daughter of Sir James Bourchier, Knight, and with her lived on at Huntingdon 'for almost ten years: farming lands; most

probably attending quarter-sessions; doing the civic, industrial, and social duties, in the common way;' in the course of which years, Dr. Simcott, physician in Huntingdon, had often to be 'sent for at midnight' to allay his fits of hypochondria; how, in 1628, he sat in Parliament as member for Huntingdon, and did his part in the Petition of Right, and in 1629 brought before the house poor Dr. Alablaster for preaching 'flat Popery at Paul's Cross,' and his Diocesan, Neile, Bishop of Winchester, for encouraging him; how, in 1630 he was named one of the Justices of the Peace for Huntingdon, and in the next year left Huntingdon for a grazing-farm at St. Ives; whence, in 1636, he wrote 'to Mr. Storie at the sign of the Dog in the Royal Exchange, London,' in support of 'the Lecture in our County;' how, in the same year he moved to Ely to take possession of the estate of his deceased uncle, Sir Thomas Steward, whose principal heir he was, and is there during the ecclesiastical agitation in Scotland, and the trial of 'Cousin Hampden' in London for refusing his payment of Ship Money;—all this is told by Mr. Carlyle in the form of brief annals of singular terseness and interest. And this brings us to the letter itself:

'*To my beloved Cousin Mrs. St. John, at Sir William Masham his House called Otes, in Essex: Present these.*

'Ely, 13th October, 1638.

'DEAR COUSIN,

'I thankfully acknowledge your love in your kind remembrance of me upon this opportunity. Alas, you do too highly prize my lines, and my company. I may be ashamed to own your expressions, considering how unprofitable I am, and the mean improvement of my talent.

'Yet to honour my God by declaring what He hath done for my soul, in this I am confident, and I will be so. Truly, then, this I find: That He giveth springs in a dry barren wilderness where no water is. I live, you know where,—in Meshec, which they say signifies *Prolonging;* in Kedar, which signifies *Blackness:* yet the Lord forsaketh me not. Though He do prolong, yet He will I trust bring me to His Tabernacle, to His resting-place. My soul is with the Congregation of the Firstborn, my body rests in hope: and if here I may honour my God either by doing or by suffering, I shall be most glad.

'Truly no poor creature hath more cause to put himself forth in the cause of his God than I. I have had plentiful wages beforehand; and I am sure I shall never earn the least mite. The Lord accept me in His Son, and give me to walk in the light,—and give us to walk in the light, as He is the light! He it is that enlighteneth our blackness, our darkness. I dare not say, He hideth His face from me. He giveth me to see light in His light. One beam in a dark place hath exceeding much refreshment in it:—blessed be His Name for shining upon so dark a heart as mine! You know what my manner of life hath been. Oh, I lived in and loved darkness, and hated light; I was a chief, the

chief of sinners. This is true: I hated godliness, yet God had mercy on me. O the riches of His mercy! Praise Him for me;—pray for me, that He who hath begun a good work would perfect it in the day of Christ.

'Salute all my friends in that Family whereof you are yet a member. I am much bound unto them for their love. I bless the Lord for them; and that my Son, by their procurement, is so well. Let him have your prayers, your counsel; let me have them.

'Salute your Husband and Sister from me:—He is not a man of his word! He promised to write about Mr. Wrath of Epping; but as yet I receive no letters:—put him in mind to do what with conveniency may be done for the poor cousin I did solicit him about.

'Once more farewell. The Lord be with you: so prayeth

'Your truly loving Cousin,

'OLIVER CROMWELL.'*

In 1640 Oliver sits in the Short Parliament as Member for Cambridge, and in the November of the same year as Member for Cambridge again in the New Parliament. Here he presents a petition from John Lilburn, Prynne's amanuensis, shocks dainty Sir Philip Warwick by his 'plain cloth suit, which seemed to have been made by an ill country-tailor,' and his 'plain, and not very clean' linen, and tries courteous Mr. Hyde's patience in Committee. Here too in the following November of 1641 he takes part in 'the Grand Petition and Remonstrance,' and then, remonstrating and petitioning being at an end, comes forward in 1642 to lend money 'for the service of the Commonwealth, sends down arms into Cambridgeshire, and at last takes the field at Edge-Hill. Then, in the winter, he is mainly instrumental in organizing the Eastern Association for mutual defence among the counties of Norfolk, Suffolk, Essex, Cambridge, and Herts. In 1643 we have Newbury, the first battle, and Winceby fight, a fight nearly fatal to Oliver; in 1644 the Treaty of Uxbridge and Marston Moor, and in June 1645 came Naseby. We extract the letter in which Cromwell announces this victory to the Speaker of the House of Commons, not as being better than others announcing similar events, but as more suitable to our limits than any other which is the messenger of news equally important.

'*For the Honourable William Lenthall, Speaker of the Commons House of Parliament: These.*

'Harborough, 14th June, 1645.

'SIR,

'Being commanded by you to this service, I think myself bound to acquaint you with the good hand of God towards you and us.

'We marched yesterday after the King, who went before us from

* 'Thurloe's State Papers (London 1742), i. 1.'

Daventry to Harborough; and quartered about six miles from him. This day we marched towards him. He drew out to meet us; both armies engaged. We, after three hours fight very doubtful, at last routed his army; killed and took about 5000,—very many officers, but of what quality we yet know not. We took also about 200 carriages, all he had; and all his guns, being 12 in number, whereof two were demi-cannon, two demi-culverins, and I think the rest sackers. We pursued the enemy from three miles short of Harborough to nine beyond, even to the sight of Leicester, whither the King fled.

'Sir, this is none other but the hand of God; and to Him alone belongs the glory, wherein none are to share with Him. The General served you with all faithfulness and honour: and the best commendation I can give him is, That I daresay he attributes all to God, and would rather perish than assume to himself. Which is an honest and a thriving way:—and yet as much for bravery may be given to him, in this action, as to a man. Honest men served you faithfully in this action. Sir, they are trusty; I beseech, you, in the name of God, not to discourage them. I wish this action may beget thankfulness and humility in all that are concerned in it. He that ventures his life for the liberty of his country, I wish he trust God for the liberty of his conscience, and you for the liberty he fights for. In this he rests, who is

'Your most humble servant,
'Oliver Cromwell.'*

In September of this same year 1645, Bristol surrenders to the Parliamentary forces, and we must make one short quotation from the letter in which Oliver reports this new success, in order to illustrate a phrase occurring in the Letter just extracted, which might puzzle a reader not furnished with any commentary on the passage. The expression to which we refer is, '*Honest men* served you faithfully in this action.' Oliver is generally his own best interpreter, if we will only take the trouble to study his expressions and compare them. But to our quotation.

'Thus I have given you a true, but not a full account of this great business; wherein he that runs may read, That all this is none other than the work of God. He must be a very Atheist that doth not acknowledge it.

'It may be thought that some praises are due to those gallant men, of whose valour so much mention is made:—their humble suit to you and all that have an interest in this blessing, is, That in the remembrance of God's praises they be forgotten. It's their joy that they are instruments of God's glory, and their country's good. It's their honour that God vouchsafes to use them. Sir, they that have been employed in this service know, that faith and prayer obtained this City for you: I do not say ours only, but of the people of God with you and all England over, who have wrestled with God for a blessing in this very thing.

* 'Harl. Mss. no. 7502, art. 5, p. 7; Rushworth, vi. 45.'

Our desires are that God may be glorified by the same spirit of faith by which we ask all our sufficiency, and have received it. It is meet that He have all the praise. Presbyterians, Independents, all have here the same spirit of faith and prayer; the same presence and answer; they agree here, have no names of difference: pity it is it should be otherwise anywhere! All that believe, have the real unity, which is most glorious; because inward and spiritual, in the Body, and to the Head.* For being united in forms, commonly called Uniformity, every Christian will for peacesake study and do, as far as conscience will permit. And for brethren, in things of the mind we look for no compulsion, but that of light and reason. In other things, God hath put the sword in the Parliament's hands,—for the terror of evil-doers, and the praise of them that do well If any plead exemption from that,—he knows not the Gospel: if any would wring that out of your hands, or steal it from you under what pretence soever, I hope they shall do it without effect. That God may maintain it in your hands, and direct you in the use thereof, is the prayer of

'Your humble servant,
'OLIVER CROMWELL.'†

In March 1646 the first Civil War is ended by the surrender of the Royalist Generals, Sir Ralph Hopton in Cornwall, and Sir Jacob Astley 'at Stow among the Wolds of Glocestershire.' The King goes from Oxford to the Scots Army, and having refused to accede to the 'Propositions' of the parliamentary Commissioners, (for this mainly, and also for other uses which an intelligent reader may perhaps discover for himself,) has to retire in February 1647 'to Holmby House, in Northamptonshire, to continue in strict though very stately seclusion, "on fifty pound a day." and await the destinies there.'

With great reluctance we must pass over the history of the period between this date and November 1648; a period of intense interest, with its Presbyterian and Independent differences, Army Manifestoes, and feats of arms. But we have a long letter to quote here, and we must quote it entire, for it is the completest illustration the whole collection of letters affords of the character of the writer; his warm and tender affectionateness, his deep earnest sense of religion, and complete practical devotion to it, his strong and clear reason, and his stern severity of resolution. This last trait of the man is indeed familiar enough to those who know little else of his portraits. The rugged features have caught the eye of the most thoughtless passer by, but it needs a longer and more careful inspection to detect the softer and finer lineaments. The letter of which we speak is addressed to Colonel Robert Hammond, Governor of the Isle of Wight, in whose custody the King now is, and 'who seems to be in much straits about' him.

* '"Head" means *Christ*; "Body" is *True Church of Christ*.'
† 'Rushworth, vi. 85.'

'*To Colonel Robert Hammond: These.*

'Knottingly, near Pontefract,
25th November, 1648.'

'DEAR ROBIN,

'No man rejoiceth more to see a line from thee than myself. I know thou hast long been under trial. Thou shalt be no loser by it. All "things" must work for the best.

'Thou desirest to hear of my experiences. I can tell thee: I am such a one as thou didst formerly know, having a body of sin and death; but I thank God, through Jesus Christ our Lord, there is no condemnation, though much infirmity; and I wait for the redemption. And in this poor condition I obtain mercy, and sweet consolation through the Spirit. And find abundant cause every day to exalt the Lord, and abase flesh,—and herein * I have some exercise.

'As to outward dispensations, if we may so call them: we have not been without our share of beholding some remarkable providences, and appearances of the Lord. His presence hath been amongst us, and by the light of His countenance we have prevailed.† We are sure, the goodwill of Him who dwelt in the Bush has shined upon us; and we can humbly say, We know in whom we have believed; who can and will perfect what remaineth, and us also in doing what is well-pleasing in His eye-sight.

'I find some trouble in your spirit; occasioned first, not only by the continuance of your sad and heavy burden, as you call it, but also by the dissatisfaction you take at the ways of some good men whom you love with your heart, who through this principle, That it is lawful for a lesser part, if in the right, to force "a numerical majority" &c.

'To the first: Call not your burden sad or heavy. If your Father laid it upon you, He intended neither. He is the Father of lights, from whom comes every good and perfect gift; who of His own will begot us, and bade us count it all joy when such things befal us; they being for the exercise of faith and patience, *whereby in the end* (James, i.) *we shall be made perfect.*

'Dear Robin, our fleshly reasonings ensnare us. These make us say, "heavy," "sad," "pleasant," "easy." Was there not a little of this when Robert Hammond, through dissatisfaction too, desired retirement from the Army, and thought of quiet in the Isle of Wight?‡ Did not God find him out there? I believe he will never forget this. —And now I perceive he is to seek again; partly through his sad and heavy burden, and partly through his dissatisfaction with friends' actings.

'Dear Robin, thou and I were never worthy to be door-keepers in this Service. If thou wilt seek, seek to know the mind of God in all that chain of Providence, whereby God brought thee thither, and that Person to thee; how, before and since, God has ordered him, and affairs concerning him: and then tell me, Whether there be not some glorious and high meaning in all this, above what thou hast yet attained? And, laying aside thy fleshly reason, seek of the Lord to teach thee what that

* 'And in the latter respect at least.'

† 'At Preston, &c.'

‡ '6th September of the foregoing year.'

is; and He will do it. I dare be positive to say, It is not that the wicked should be exalted that God should so appear as indeed He hath done.* For there is no peace to *them.* No, it is set upon the hearts of such as fear the Lord, and we have witness upon witness, That it shall go ill with them and their partakers. I say again, seek that spirit to teach thee; which is the spirit of knowledge and understanding, the spirit of council and might, of wisdom and of the fear of the Lord. That spirit will close thine eyes and stop thine ears, so that thou shalt not judge by them; but thou shalt judge for the meek of the Earth, and thou shalt be made able to do accordingly. The Lord direct thee to that which is well-pleasing in His eye-sight.

'As to thy dissatisfaction with friends' actings upon that supposed principle, I wonder not at that. If a man take not his own burden well, he shall hardly others; especially if involved by so near a relation of love and Christian brotherhood as thou art. I shall not take upon me to satisfy; but I hold myself bound to lay my thoughts before so dear a friend. The Lord do His own will.

'You say: "God hath appointed authorities among the nations, to which active or passive obedience is to be yielded. This resides in England in the Parliament. Therefore active or passive resistance," &c.

'Authorities and powers are the ordinance of God. This or that species is of human institution, and limited, some with larger, others with stricter bands, each one according to its constitution. "But" I do not therefore think the Authorities may do *anything,*† and yet such obedience be due. All agree that there are cases in which it is lawful to resist. If so, your ground fails, and so likewise the inference. Indeed, dear Robin, not to multiply words, the query is, Whether ours be such a case? This ingenuously is the true question.

'To this I shall say nothing, though I could say very much; but only desire thee to see what thou findest in thy own heart to two or three plain considerations: *First,* Whether *Salus Populi* be a sound position?‡ *Secondly,* Whether in the way in hand,§ really and before the Lord, before whom conscience has to stand this be provided for;—or if the whole fruit of the War is not like to be frustrated, and all most like to turn to it was, and worse? And this, contrary to Engagements, explicit Covenants with those || who ventured their lives upon those Covenants and Engagements, without whom perhaps, in equity, relaxation ought not to be? *Thirdly,* Whether this Army be not a lawful Power, called by God to oppose and fight against the King upon some stated grounds; and being in power to such ends, may not oppose one Name of Authority, for those ends, as well as another Name,—since it was not the outward Authority summoning them that by *its* power made the quarrel lawful, but the quarrel was lawful in itself? If so, it may be, acting will be justified *in foro humano.*—But truly this kind of

* 'For other purposes that God has so manifested Himself as, in these transactions of ours, He has done.'

† 'Whatsoever they like.'

‡ 'The safety of the people the supreme law: is that a true doctiine or a false one?'

§ 'By this Parliamentary Treaty with the King.'

|| 'Us soldiers.'

reasonings may be but fleshly, either with or against: only it is good to try what truth may be in them. And the Lord teach us.

'My dear Friend, let us look into providences; surely they mean somewhat. They hang so together; have been so constant, so clear, unclouded. Malice, swoln malice against God's people, now called "Saints," to root out their name;—and yet they, "these poor Saints," getting arms, and therein blessed with defence and more!—I desire, he that is for a principle of suffering * would not too much slight this. I slight not him who is so minded: but let us beware lest fleshly reasoning see more safety in making use of this principle than in acting! Who acts, if he resolve not through God to be willing to part with all? Our hearts are very deceitful, on the right and on the left.

'What think you of Providence disposing the hearts of so many of God's people this way,—especially in this poor Army, wherein the great God has vouchsafed to appear! I know not one Officer among us but is on the increasing hand.† And let me say, it is after much patience,—here in the north. We trust, the same Lord who hath framed our minds in our actings is with us in this also. And all contrary to a natural tendency, and to those comforts *our* hearts could wish to enjoy as well as others. And the difficulties probably to be encountered with, and the enemies:—not few; even all that is glorious in this world. Appearance of united names, titles and authorities "all against us;"—and yet not terrified "we;" only desiring to fear our great God, that we do nothing against His will. Truly this is our condition.‡

'And to conclude. We in this Northern Army were in a waiting posture; desiring to see what the Lord would lead us to. And a Declaration § is put out, at which many are shaken:—although we could perhaps have wished the stay of it till after the Treaty, yet seeing it is come out, we trust to rejoice in the will of the Lord, waiting His farther pleasure.—Dear Robin, beware of men; look up to the Lord. Let Him be free to speak and command in thy heart. Take heed of the things I fear thou hast reasoned thyself into; and thou shalt be able through Him, without consulting flesh and blood, to do valiantly for Him and His people.

'Thou mentionest somewhat as if, by acting against such opposition as is like to be, there will be a tempting of God. Dear Robin, tempting of God ordinarily is either by acting presumptuously in carnal confidence, or in unbelief through diffidence: both these ways Israel tempted God in the wilderness, and He was grieved by them. Not the encountering of difficulties, therefore, makes us to tempt God; but the

* 'Passive obedience.'

† 'Come or coming over to this opinion.'

‡ 'The incorrect original, rushing on in an eager ungrammatical manner, were it not that common readers might miss the meaning of it, would please me better; at any rate I subjoin it here as somewhat characteristic: "And let me say it is here in the North after much patience, we trust the same Lord who hath framed our minds in our actings is with us in this also. And this contrary to a natural tendency, and to those comforts our hearts could wish to enjoy with others. And the difficulties probably to be encountered with, and the enemies, not few, even all that is glorious in this world, with appearance of united names, titles and authorities, and yet not terrified, only," &c.'

§ 'Remonstrance of the Army, presented by Ewer on Monday last.'

acting before and without faith.* If the Lord have in any measure persuaded His people, as generally He hath, of the lawfulness, nay of the *duty*,—this persuasion prevailing upon the heart is faith; and acting thereupon is acting in faith; and the more the difficulties are, the more the faith. And it is most sweet that he who is not persuaded have patience towards them that are, and judge not: and this will free thee from the trouble of others' actings, which, thou sayest, adds to thy grief. Only let me offer two or three things, and I have done.

'Dost thou not think this fear of the Levellers (of whom there is no fear) "that they would destroy Nobility," &c. has caused some to take up corruption, and find it lawful to make this ruining hypocritical Agreement, on one part?† Hath not this biassed even some good men? I will not say, the thing they fear will come upon them; but if it do, they will themselves, bring it upon themselves. Have not some of our friends, by their passive principle (which I judge not, only I think it liable to temptation as well as the active, and neither of them good but as we are led into them of God, and neither of them to be reasoned into, because the heart is deceitful),—been occasioned to overlook what is just and honest, and to think the people of God may have as much or more good the one way than the other? Good by this Man,—against whom the Lord hath witnessed; and whom thou knowest! Is this so in their hearts; or is it reasoned, forced in?‡

'Robin, I have done. Ask we our hearts, Whether, after all, these dispensations, the like to which many generations cannot afford,—should end in so corrupt reasonings of good men; and should so hit the designings of bad? Thinkest thou in thy heart that the glorious dispensations of God point out to this? Or to teach His people to trust in Him, and to wait for better things,—when, it may be, better are sealed to many of their spirits?§ And I, as a poor looker on, I had rather live in the hope of that spirit "which believes that God doth so teach us," and take my share with *them*, expecting a good issue, than be led away with the others.

'This trouble I have been at, because my soul loves thee, and I would not have thee swerve, or lose any glorious opportunity the Lord puts into thy hand. The Lord be thy counsellor. Dear Robin, I rest thine,

'Oliver Cromwell.'‖

But we must have done. In the space to which we are limited, we cannot hope to do more than give a critical notice of the work before us, hardly even that, and our object has been therefore to make such a selection of letters as may induce our readers to turn to the book itself for completer

* 'Very true, my Lord General,—then, now, and always!'

† 'Hollow Treaty at Newport.'

‡ 'I think it is reasoned in, and by bad arguments too, my Lord General! The inner heart of the men in real contact with the inner heart of the matter had little to do with all that:—alas, *was* there ever any such contact with the real truth of any matter, on the part of such men, your Excellency!'

§ 'Already indubitably sure to many of them.'

‖ 'Birch, p. 101; ends the Volume.'

information. We have wished to bring before them such different points in the character of Oliver Cromwell as his own letters offer to our view, and so help them in some sort to combine a whole for themselves, (if they will be at no more trouble in the matter than this,) that may at any rate be something of a likeness, not a distorted caricature. One or two more extracts only and we have done. The first from a letter written after the siege of Tredah, or Drogheda in 1649, a siege, as we have no need to inform our readers, in which Cromwell refused quarter. Hear what *he* has to say for himself about it.

'I am persuaded that this is a righteous judgement of God upon these barbarous wretches, who have imbrued their hands in so much innocent blood, and that it will tend to prevent the effusion of blood for the future. Which are the satisfactory grounds to such actions, which otherwise cannot but work remorse and regret.'

At Ross the Governor is anxious for certain conditions, 'liberty of conscience' among others. Oliver has a notable answer for him, notable for the modern politician in many ways.

'*For the Governor of Ross: These.*

'19th October, 1649.

'SIR,

'To what I formerly offered,* I shall make good. As for your carrying away any artillery or ammunition, that you brought not with you, or that hath not come to you since you had the command of that place,—I must deny you that; expecting you to leave it as you found it.

'As for that which you mention concerning liberty of conscience, I meddle not with any man's conscience. But if by liberty of conscience, you mean a liberty to exercise the Mass, I judge it best to use plain dealing, and to let you know, Where the Parliament of England have power, *that* will not be allowed of. As for such of the Townsmen who desire to depart, and carry away themselves and goods (as you express), I engage myself they shall have three months time so to do; and in the mean time shall be protected from violence in their persons and goods, as others under the obedience of the Parliament.

'If you accept of this offer, I engage my honour for a punctual performance hereof. I rest,

'Your servant,

'OLIVER CROMWELL.'†

And now, space for one letter more, written from the Army at Dunbar, and beaming pleasantly upon us from among details of battle and hurly-burly, as a glimpse of cheerful sunshine between black thunder-showers.

* 'To, *sic.*'

† 'Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 68).'

'*For my beloved Wife, Elizabeth Cromwell, at the Cockpit : These.*

'Dunbar, 4th September, 1650.

'MY DEAREST,

'I have not leisure to write much. But I could chide thee that in many of thy letters thou writest to me, That I should not be unmindful of thee and thy little ones. Truly, if I love you not too well, I think I err not on the other hand much. Thou art dearer to me than any creature ; let that suffice.

'The Lord hath shewed us an exceeding mercy :—who can tell how great it is! My weak faith hath been upheld. I have been in my inward man marvellously supported ;—though I assure thee, I grow an old man, and feel infirmities of age marvellously stealing upon me. Would my corruptions did as fast decrease! Pray on my behalf in the latter respect. The particulars of our late success Harry Vane or Gilbert Pickering will impart to thee. My love to all dear friends. I rest thine,

'OLIVER CROMWELL.' *

Of the speeches we have not said a word. Elsewhere, if opportunity be afforded, we may speak of these and some other things in the two volumes we have professed to notice here. For the present we can only repeat our thanks to Mr. Carlyle for having, at such cost of thought and labour to himself, furnished us with an authentic collection of Cromwell's 'utterances,' to which, in point of historical merit, we know no parallel.

A CHAPTER OF ROMAN HISTORY.

Δόξειεν ἂν παντὸς εἶναι προαγαγεῖν καὶ διαρθρῶσαι τὰ καλῶς ἔχοντα τῇ περιγραφῇ.—ARISTOT.

EARLY Roman History in its outline is beginning to be generally understood. The darkness which for ages rested upon it, first pierced by the solitary ray of light which M. de Beaufort darted into its thick obscurity, has been within the last quarter of a century almost entirely dispelled by the wonderful sagacity and acumen of the mighty Niebuhr. Reluctant as the English mind ever is to receive new impressions upon any subject, in this respect it has been compelled to give way. A light blazed forth from that transcendent genius, against

* 'Copied from the Original by John Hare, Esq., Rosemount Cottage, Clifton. Collated with the old Copy in British Museum, Cole MSS. no. 5834, p. 38. The Original was purchased at Strawberry-Hill Sale (Horace Walpole's), 30th April, 1842, for Twenty-one guineas.'

which it was in vain to close the eyes. Accordingly we have yielded, and the submission has been complete. Our books of reference on the subject have been all re-written; our old authorities for the period discarded. Keightley is now the school text-book in lieu of Ferguson or Goldsmith; Arnold the general reader's authority in the place of Hooke. Thus the reading world has been leavened, while for the volatile mass, who merely skim the surface of our lighter literature, Useful Knowledge Tracts, Quarterly Reviews, and Penny Magazines, have effected almost without their knowledge a similar change of sentiment. Niebuhr, reflected, diluted, anatomised, popularised, expanded, has been for the last ten years continually placed before the public, till now at length they discern Roman History in the form, more or less made out, which it received from him.

But while thus much has been gained to us by means of his wonderful ability, and through his influence so vast a stride in knowledge has been taken by the age, in one respect we may seem to have suffered from his very greatness and unapproachable excellence. Men have not only thought it presumption to differ from any of his views, but vanity even to imagine it possible to *add* to his discoveries. Yet this is really to misunderstand and misappreciate the nature of genius, of which it is the special characteristic that it hits on grand leading principles, which are capable of a vast extent of application, and strikes out bold outlines without stopping to elaborate them in detail, while it leaves to inferior minds the carrying out of those principles to their results, and the filling up of the details of that outline. Certainly very little appears to have been effected in this way by any of those writers to whom allusion has been made. Some, as Keightly, selecting from the somewhat irregular and confused mass of materials supplied by Niebuhr, the most important facts, set before us accurately enough, but most drily and unpleasingly, the bare ground-plan of his system. Others, as Arnold, build up a magnificent palace out of the same materials, yet still add nothing of their own but ornamental fret-work. Nothing like real progress is made, not a single step seems to have been gained; our authors do but tread and re-tread one and the same spot of ground.

These preliminary remarks will have enabled the sagacious reader to anticipate the general line taken in the ensuing pages. An attempt is made in them to throw new light upon one of the obscurest portions of ancient Roman History by applying to it in detail Niebuhr's principles. No claim is laid to originality in the *mode* of conducting the inquiry, but *results entirely new*, it is believed, are obtained by pursuing his method. Thus an example is set which it is hoped others more competent than

the writer will be led to follow, whereby the Aristotelian precept, placed at the head of this article may be observed, and the science of Roman History reach by degrees its full development.

The period which it is proposed to consider, is that which is contained between the years of Rome 389 (384), and 413 (408); in other words, that which extends from the passing of the Licinian to the enactment of the Genucian laws. It corresponds therefore with the latter part of the fifteenth and almost the whole of the sixteenth book of Diodorus, and is exactly comprised in the seventh book of Livy. Niebuhr treats of it in the third and fourth sections of his third volume, and Arnold in the twenty-seventh and twenty-eighth chapters of his history. It occupies the space of exactly a quarter of a century, and is familiarly known to the student of Roman History as the *transition* period between the times of the fierce contention and the cordial agreement of the patrician and plebeian orders.

Of this period, the most remarkable fact, according to the universal consent of all writers, is the partial recovery of the consulate by the patricians. In the year of Rome 400, within twelve years of the passing of the Licinian law, two patricians were seen again at the helm of the republic. During the remaining portion of the period, that is, for the space of thirteen years, similar violations of the law frequently recurred. The Consulate was engrossed by the patricians almost as often as it was shared between the orders. Meantime all continued peaceful; there was no outbreak, no secession, not even any organised agitation. Such was the confidence of the rulers in the continuance of domestic tranquillity, that a war with the most powerful nation of Southern Italy was provoked and entered on. Campania was encouraged to throw off her allegiance, and hostilities were commenced with Samnium. Then, according to the history, there came an accidental revolt, which without cause or even pretext, grew into a rebellion, brought the state to the verge of ruin, and at last was pacified by the concession of a few insignificant demands, together with the enactment of a few laws wholly unconnected with the demands, and of which it is very difficult to discern the bearing or the benefit. An end however was put at this very time to patrician usurpation, and henceforward the Licinian law is not violated, even in a single instance, so long as the distinction between patrician and plebeian continues.

Now, considering the unprecedented length and fierceness of the struggle by which the division of the Consulate had been extorted, and the absence of all assignable cause for the declension of the plebeian power, it certainly does appear a most extraordinary fact that within so short a time the plebians should

have lost the fruit of their victory to such an extent as is involved in the suspension of the Licinian law even in a single instance. And that the suspension should have been persevered in, repeated five or six times, that it should have become as usual as the observance of the law, does seem so very strange a phenomenon, if we realize the fact, that, unless some very special circumstances can be found explanatory of it, we must look upon history as altogether a riddle and a perplexity. And when to this is added the unusual apathy on this occasion of the plebeian order and their strange submission for so long a time to so grossly iniquitous a usurpation, and finally the sudden discontinuance of the practice at once and for ever without cause assigned or even mention made of the circumstance,—when all this is taken into their account, the marvellousness of the whole passage of history reaches a point beyond which imagination has scarcely gone in the mythical legends of remote antiquity.

When we look narrowly into the record of these events in the hope of obtaining some clue to the real *rationale* of them, there are two circumstances that appear chiefly noticeable. In the first place, it will be found (though the fact appears hitherto to have escaped even the penetrating eyes of German investigators) that, at least as a *general* rule, the patrician usurpations took place *in alternate years.*

From the first setting aside of the Licinian law to its complete and final re-establishment, there were at the most two departures from this practice; the first in the year 401, the second in 408. Even, therefore, if it be taken for granted that the Fasti followed by Livy were correct in these two instances, still a degree of uniformity remains which is exceedingly remarkable. It could not be mere chance which produced in all the even years but one, a departure from the Licinian law, in all the odd years but one, an observance of it. When Niebuhr had noticed the prevalence of a certain routine in the military tribunate during the *five* years preceding the fall of Veii, his sagacity at once seized upon the fact as valuable, and on consideration he was led to attribute the regularity to an agreement between the orders.* Here we have a routine which lasted undoubtedly for six consecutive years, (from 402 to 407,) and then, after perhaps a single interruption for five years more, (from 409 to 413). Of this regularity there must be some account to be given, and from it alone we should almost be justified in presuming the existence during the period in question of *an arrangement or compact between the orders* on the subject of the Consulate.

* Vol. ii. p. 496.

Hitherto the correctness of Livy's Fasti has been assumed. There is, however, room for doubting his accuracy in both those cases, which are apparent exceptions to the established order. With regard to the year 401, he himself records the fact, that certain annalists gave the name of the plebeian Marcus Popillius Lœnas in the room of the patrician Titus Quinctius. (vii. 8.)* And hence he does not venture to speak of Quinctius's consulate in 404 as his *second* consulate, which he would scarcely have failed to do, had he not himself been doubtful concerning the alleged consulate of 402. And in the other instance, although he mentions no discrepancy among the authorities, there is still more reason for suspecting a mistake.

For in the first place, since C. Plautius had undoubtedly been consul in 397, as Livy himself states, and the Capitoline Fasti also mention, he would, if he held the office in 408, have then been consul for the *second* time, in which case the year 414 would have witnessed his *third* consulate; whereas Livy expressly states that he was then consul 'secundum.' One of his two former consulates must therefore, of necessity, be cancelled; and as that which has the sanction of the Capitoline Fasti should assuredly be retained, the consulate of 408 is to be discredited. And if it be objected to this that the consul of 397 may have been a different C. Plautius, from the individual of that name who held office in 408 and 414, let it be considered whether there be not an extreme improbability in imagining that there were two persons of the same family, and that *plebeian* within so short a period (eleven years) of competent age and of sufficient distinction to obtain the consulate, and that they both bore the same prænomen, without being habitually distinguished from each other by agnomina. To such a case it will certainly not be easy to find a parallel.

Again, if C. Plautius were consul in 408 and also in 414, then the Genucian law, which forbade such re-appointments excepting after an interval of ten years, was set aside within a few months of its enactment; although, so strong was the feeling in its favour, that no infraction of it (unless this be one) is found until the year 433, (twenty years afterwards,) and then only under the pressure of the defeat at Caudium, and by special bill brought forward and carried for the purpose. (Liv. ix. 7.) Further, it appears from the Capitoline Fasti, that the consuls of 408 were elected under the superintendence of a dictator appointed specially for the purpose, which appointment can only have taken place in order to secure the nomination of two patricians. On the whole, therefore, it may be doubted whether the regular alternation of the exclusively

* With this account agreed the authorities followed by Diodorus (xvi. 32) and the Fasti Siculi.

patrician with the semi-plebeian consulate did not prevail during the *entire* period in question, i. e. from the year of Rome 400, or even from the year 399 to 413; when a final return was made to the constitution of Licinius.

But whether that more perfect regularity for which it has been here contended, or that lesser degree of it which Livy's Fasti bear upon their face, be taken as the true representation of the real facts of the case, on either view a compact or understanding is to be presumed, because it is inconceivable that mere chance should have produced such uniformity,* and nearly impossible that it should have become the established practice in any other way. On this it follows to inquire whether any traces are discoverable of the nature of the understanding or agreement entered into—of the parties to it on the one side and the other, the circumstances under which it came into operation, the means whereby it was upheld, and the causes of its final disanulment.

It was mentioned above, that, besides the principle of alternation on which so much has been said, another very remarkable phenomenon is met with in the records of these years. This is the system which then prevailed of accumulating high honours and dignities upon the same individuals, which has been noticed by Niebuhr and Arnold, in connexion with the Genucian laws, but not observed by them to have obtained, *especially in the case of the plebeians.* Yet certainly there are no instances among the patricians at all comparable to the two cases of C. Marcius Rutilus and M. Popillius Lœnas, the former of whom was, within the space of sixteen years, consul four times, dictator once, and once censor; the latter, within the term of twelve years, either four or more probably five times consul. And, again, among the patricians the practice was not more common at this period than at any other era either prior or subsequent, neither was it the rule, but only the exception, in their case: whereas, among the plebeians, it is now and now only that the system prevails to any great extent, and with them it obtains more or less in every instance. During the whole time that elapsed, from the first violation of the Licinian law to its final re-establishment, and even for a longer period, all the offices of high repute were partitioned out among four plebeians. From 395 to 413 only C. Marcius, M. Popillius, C. Pœtelius, and C. Plautius, filled offices of dignity, and all were instances of the accumulation in question. This is certainly a most strange phenomenon, and may well be expected to afford us important assistance towards the elucidation of the period of history which we are considering.

* Οὐ πάνυ συνδυάζεται τὰ κατὰ συμβεβηκός. Eth. Nic. viii. 5.

Can we then at all discover on what account, and by what influence, these favoured individuals obtained that enormous share of state honours which was awarded them? Can we explain the sudden growth of a plebeian oligarchy within ten years of the legal recognition of the full citizenship of the plebeian order? Can we above all discern any common feature in the character or conduct of these persons, from which it may be concluded that they were not unlikely to have agreed to betray their order by consenting to a compact which, while it secured advantages to themselves, robbed that order of near a moiety of its legal rights?

Now, it is very certain that the accumulation of honours on these persons cannot be accounted for, either as the natural result of their own eminent qualities, or as the consequence of the favour of their order on account of services rendered it. None of them, either as generals or statesmen, were possessed of talents more than respectable. M. Popillius Lœnas repelled (it is said) an invasion of the Gauls and quieted a popular commotion, and C. Marcius Rutilus gained some trifling advantages over the Etruscans and the Privernatians; but neither to them, nor to the other plebeians who held office at this period, was the state indebted for any signal victory, or for any masterly stroke of statesmanship. Much less can it be said that they owed their advancement to a grateful sense on the part of their order of services rendered it. None of them advocated plebeian rights, or vindicated plebeian liberties. None will be found to have brought forward a single measure having for its object the benefit of their order. Their measures, we shall see shortly, were characterised by exactly the opposite tendency.

C. Marcius Rutilus was plebeian consul at the time when Manlius made the attempt, which, unless resisted, must have proved fatal to plebeian liberty, to introduce the practice of holding popular assemblies away from Rome by converting the army into comitia. As the task of offering resistance devolved upon the Tribunes, it is not too much to assume his *connivance* at the attempt made by his colleague.

M. Popillius Lœnas is known to posterity especially by one act. He prosecuted the great plebeian leader and benefactor C. Licinius Stolo, on the charge of evading the operation of his own agrarian law, and obtained his condemnation.

C. Pœtelius was the author of that law against canvassing, of which Dr, Arnold has well shown the anti-plebeian tendency. (ii. 77.)

Finally, C. Plautius was the successful negociator of the renewal of the great league of Spurius Cassius, the league of the three nations, Rome, Latium, and the Hernici, the effect of

which, in strengthening the patricians' hands, has been repeatedly pointed out and explained by Niebuhr.

Thus there is evidence that all the favoured plebeians of this period had a patrician bias—all deserved well of that order—all had benefited it by what they had done or what they had left undone. None were agitators—none clamourers for the rights of the commons—none even zealous protectors of them. Their strength in the Centuries must have lain rather in the patrician than the plebeian votes; and their multiplied honours must be ascribed to the exertion on their behalf of the patrician influence. Here, then, we have in all probability the parties to that compact which we saw reason to believe must have existed; and these are the patrician body on the one side, and on the other certain plebeians of rank and consequence, who were content to sacrifice the rights of their order to their own personal aggrandisement.

But what likelihood was there that any plebeians should desert their order almost at the moment of victory? and how was it that the patricians should have been unable to detach any considerable section of the plebeians from the common cause during the whole period of the Licinian struggle, and have met with such success in this respect so shortly afterwards? This, too, admits of ready explanation.

During the struggle all would have common hopes; the plebeian nobles would all equally anticipate advantages to themselves from the elevation of their order. At any rate each family of eminence would expect in turn to enjoy the chief magistracy; but when the law came into operation there were sure to be disappointed candidates, families who thought their claims slighted and their merits overlooked. And this must have been especially the case if it appeared that a few of those families to which the gratitude of the plebeians might seem peculiarly due, were likely to engross the entire benefit of the new privilege. Yet so it was. At the first six elections the plebeians conferred the dignity upon members of those families only whom they reckoned among their special benefactors. First, Sextius was rewarded for his strenuous exertions in seconding the efforts of Licinius; then for five years in succession the consulate alternated between the Genucii and the Licinii. Each of these elections was probably a disappointment to many plebeian families, members of which had offered themselves on the several occasions as candidates only to be rejected. When these rejections were repeated year after year, and two families alone seemed to have profited by the new arrangement, what wonder if jealousies arose, and a spirit of rivalry succeeded to that pleasing unanimity of plan and action which wrung from the patricians the concession of the

of the constitution of Licinius? What wonder, if, discontented with their position, certain families of eminence began to look out for some counterpoise to the popularity of their antagonists, and smarting under the stings of wounded pride, disappointed ambition, and unsuccessful rivalry, even threw themselves into the arms of their ancient enemies, and preferred a league with them against their own order, which secured them the traitor's pay, to a barren and unprofitable fidelity? And if such a party of plebeian malcontents arose, we can easily conceive with what joy the patricians would hail its appearance, with what diligence and skill they would foster its growth, and how readily they would listen to its proposals. The complete recovery of the consulate being conceived or found to be impracticable, they would willingly have consented to a compromise. To recover one half of what they had lost by the Licinian law was a great thing; and when by the same arrangement they could vent their spleen upon those plebeian families which were most obnoxious to them, and secure themselves complaisant colleagues in that high office to which they were now forced to admit the other order, the gain must have seemed doubled.

Under these feelings on the one side and the other a compact in all probability was made between the patrician order and certain plebeian families of rank and consequence, whereby it was guaranteed, on the one hand, that the patricians should be allowed each alternate year to disregard the Licinian law, and occupy both places in the consulate,—on the other, that when the time for appointing a plebeian arrived, the whole weight of the patrician influence should be given to a candidate from one of the families who were parties to the compact, and, further, that to them all the other high offices should be thrown open. By this latter promise the plebeians may have blinded themselves to the infamy of their conduct, and have half believed that they were obtaining sufficient advantages for their order by the new arrangement in other respects to counterbalance the single loss in the matter of the consulate. At any rate the arrangement was made; and the terms of it observed for years. The plebeian parties to it could not indeed prevent murmuring and opposition to the commission every year of a flagrant illegality, but they were able to render murmuring futile and opposition unavailing. Time was having its usual effect in calming indignation and deadening hostility: it was no longer necessary to appoint a dictator every year to preside at the comitia; in a few more years perhaps custom and prescription would have legalized what had been begun in usurpation and iniquity; and the alternation of the exclusively patrician with the semi-plebeian consulate would have been looked upon as much as the regular and legitimate routine, as

the nomination by the Curies of one consul was, during the thirty years which preceded the decemvirate. But this time fraud was not to have such success; the divine Nemesis came more speedily. Taking advantage of a revolt of the soldiery, possibly accidental, the natural leaders of the plebeians effected a counter-revolution. A Genucius appeared to lead the commons on to victory. In the year 413, the operation of the Licinian law was completely and finally re-established: from that time forward we do not meet with a single infringement of it. At the same time steps were taken to prevent the recurrence of such a calamity as the illegal compact of these years by the enactment of the laws commonly known under the name of the Genucian.

Before proceeding, however, to consider further the bearing of these laws, and the circumstances of the revolution of 413, it seems worth while to endeavour to trace with greater accuracy the progress of events during the years which we have been considering. Hitherto attention has been directed to the broad outline of the proceedings only; to the motives of the parties, and the general tenor of the arrangement entered into. The details are not without their interest, and though, of course, they present many difficulties, and are very open to doubt, conjecture, and diversity of interpretation, yet, upon the whole, they tell a tolerably plain tale, and bear out remarkably in its general outlines the view of this period which has been here put forth and advocated.

The operation of the Licinian law was from the first viewed by the patricians with extreme dislike. In the fourth year after it came into force, an attempt was made to abrogate it altogether by the dictatorship;* but the united opposition of the tribunes saved the plebeians from this catastrophe. Foiled in this attempt, and despairing perhaps of the recovery of their old pre-eminence, the patricians, in the course of the next two years, changed their tactics, and entered into an understanding with a section of the plebeian body which they found disposed from jealousy and disappointment to form an alliance with them, promising them their influence in the centuries on condition that they would devote themselves wholly to the patrician interest. At the comitia of 394, the confederates were successful, and their united efforts rescued the plebeian consulate from the families which had hitherto engrossed it, and secured it to one of the clique, C. Pœtelius. At the ensuing election a candidate was again put forward by them in the person of M. Popillius, whom also they succeeded in returning. Hereupon the opposite party and their supporters appear to have

* See Niebuhr, vol. iii. p. 46.

exhibited unequivocal symptoms of dissatisfaction. A popular outbreak might have been the result, had not a timely attack from without shown the necessity of internal union, and Popillius promptly taken advantage of the occurrence to still the rising discontent.* Tranquillity being by these means restored, the same machinery was set in motion at the comitia of 396 and C. Plautius, another of the clique, obtained the consulate.

Now, perhaps, it was that the patricians first conceived the idea of turning to more account their position with regard to the plebeian malcontents. Hitherto they had gained nothing but the exclusion from the consulate of those persons whose advocacy of the rights of their order was likely to be troublesome, or whose very name was a reproach to them. Now they were emboldened to aim at more important changes. They perceived that the hold which they had on their plebeian confederates might be pressed to mightier results than any hitherto contemplated. The sedition of the previous year, so soon and easily quelled, had shown them the weakness of the opposing order now that it was disunited. The uniform success of their candidates in the comitia, manifesting as it did the power of the patrician order to reward its adherents, must have deepened the devotion of its plebeian allies, and disposed them to make important concessions rather than break with a body which seemed to possess the entire disposal of state dignities. Matters were evidently ripe for a blow to be struck at the constitution of Licinius. Boldness and prudence alone were wanting, and the patricians never failed in either of these two requisites. Accordingly they set themselves at once to put matters into train for the stroke which they contemplated.

In the first place it seemed advisable to secure that important aid against insurrections of the commonalty which in their ancient contests had stood them in such good stead, and for want of which, as Niebuhr observes,† they had nine years before been compelled to yield the Licinian laws without daring seriously to contest them. This was the help of the Latin and Hernican levies, which invariably sided with the patricians in civil contests, probably because they looked upon them as constituting the real Roman people with whom they were in alliance. It happened opportunely enough that Rome and Latium were exposed to a common danger from abroad, the attacks, namely, of large bodies of Gaulish immigrants who at this time were wandering over the whole of central and southern Italy. This danger probably disposed the Latins to renew the ancient league of amity first negotiated by Sp.

* Compare Cic. in Brut. xiv. with Liv. vii. 12

† Vol. iii. p. 48.

Cassius, in the year of Rome 261, which though it had long fallen into abeyance, had only been formally disannulled for thirty years, having been given up at the time that Rome fell before the Gauls. Since that period the eternal city had risen from her ashes more magnificent that ever, and shown herself, by successes on every side, still the most powerful state of central Italy. It is even possible that under these circumstances the Latins may have *proposed* the renewal of the alliance, and so Livy's expression not be on this occasion an idle boast.* If they did, the proposal must have been caught at by the senate as most timely, and acceded to with all readiness. In any case the ancient alliance was, we know, renewed, and placed upon its former footing. † With regard to the Hernicans the case was different. The peculiar situation of their country, accessible on the north only through the pass of Præneste, sheltered them from the Gaulish invasions, and they had been too lately engaged in a fierce war with Rome ‡ readily to become her confederates. It was thought advisable, however, to obtain their aid, and, if other means failed, to compel their adherence. To C. Plautius, the *plebeian* consul of the year, was entrusted the task of managing this affair. He marched an army into the territory of the Hernici, defeated them in the field, and succeeded in bringing them over to the confederacy. §

Thus all was prepared in this respect. Meanwhile a measure was being forwarded at Rome of great importance towards the success of the conspiracy. C. Pœtelius, at that time tribune of the people, and two years earlier consul, proposed in the assembly of the tribes his celebrated 'Lex de Ambitu.' The law is expressly said to have been directed against the ambition of upstarts, 'novi homines,' that is, plebeians; and to have been brought forward with the sanction, if not at the suggestion, of the patrician body. ‖ Its *whole* scope is not clearly evident. Advantage was, perhaps, taken of the ambiguity of the word 'ambitus,' to give a popular colour to the measure, which might be spoken of as directed against the practice of corrupting the electors by bribery, while in reality the clauses were made to extend to all systematic canvassing of the electors. The abolition of this was the true object of the law. It was framed to put a stop to the practice of going round

* "Eodem anno pax Latinis *petentibus* data."—vii. 12. The apology of course does not extend to the phrase, "pax data."

† Compare the expression "ex fœdere vetusto," (Liv. vii. 12,) with Polybius's words, "Ρωμαῖοι τὰ κατὰ τοὺς Λατίνους αὖθις πράγματα συνεστήσαντο."—ii. 18.

‡ See Livy, vii. 8, 11.

§ "Hernici a C. Plautio devicti subactique sunt." He triumphed on account of his successes. Cap. Fast. Anno cccxcv.

‖ Auctoribus Patribus. Liv. vii. 15.

to the various markets and holding public meetings for electioneering purposes.* This practice had been commenced by the plebeians for the purpose of making themselves, their claims, and their intention of standing for the consulate, known to the electors generally. It supplied in some measure the want of organization among them. By its abolition, not only would individual plebeians be prevented from making themselves known generally to the electors, but even all knowledge of who were and who were not candidates would be precluded. The consequeuce would be that the plebeian electors generally, uncanvassed and left to themselves, would name for consul some individual of their order from their own immediate neighbourhood, and thus a multitude of candidates would be brought forward, none of whom would be likely to obtain the legal amount of votes. The patricians, on the other hand, always an organised body, would settle among themselves their own candidates, make their wishes known to their clients, and, the plebeian interest being split up among so many, easily carry their men.

Such was the nature of the Pœtelian law, which a tribune of the plebs was found capable of bringing forward before the assembly of the commons. As, however, in spite of all glossing over of the measure which the term 'ambitus' made possible, it was not improbable that the plebeians would see through the fraud attempted to be foisted on them, and, if their votes were fairly taken on the subject, defeat the patrician projects by rejecting the bill, the dictator Sulpicius and the two consuls were instructed to detain their armies in the field as long as possible,† that so the measure might be voted on in the absence of the soldiers of three armies, and be carried in thin meetings by the votes of the patricians themselves and of their clientry. The plan succeeded, and before the close of this memorable year the Pœtelian rogation became law.‡

Meanwhile the patricians had again triumphed in the consular comitia, the plebeian consul elected being once more one of the clique devoted to them. C. Marcius Rutilus, whatever appearances may be found in Livy to the contrary, was most certainly a patrician favourite. His selection by the senate in the ensuing year for the high honour of the dictatorship, never before conferred on a plebeian, is proof sufficient of this, even if it stood alone. The duty required of him this year appears

* Nundinas et conciliabula obire. Liv. vii. 15.

† So at least the dictator's soldiers suspected. 'Sin autem non tuum istuc, sed publicum consilium, et *consensus aliquis Patrum*, non Gallicum bellum nos ab urbe, ab penatibus nostris, ablegatos tenet.' Liv. vii. 13. The consuls had probably similar instructions.

‡ Liv. vii. 15.

to have been the keeping of the plebeians in good humour by military largesses, while he tacitly acquiesced in a bold stroke to be made by his colleague. Cn. Manlius was to attempt the execution of the old project of Cincinnatus,* the conversion of an army under the military oath into a legislative assembly. By the artful manœuvre of passing *first* in this way an innocent and even beneficial enactment, it was hoped that opposition would be escaped and the precedent established quietly. But the faithfulness and vigilance of the tribunes effectually foiled this enterprise. Had they imitated the example set by the consul, and allowed the innovation, in a little time, undoubtedly, a similar assembly would have been called upon to rescind the Licinian law, establishing in lieu of it either that system of alternation which afterwards prevailed, or perhaps the general right of the patricians to fill both places if elected to them.

On the failure of this manœuvre the compact was probably made. Still any open display was avoided for a year by commencing with a consulate divided between the orders. M. Popillius Lœnas, who had just conducted to a prosperous issue his prosecution of the great Licinius, received as his reward the consular insignia. Presently a dictator was required, and the senate named the plebeian C. Marcius. He gave the mastership of the horse to C. Plautius. Then, it may be, some attempts were made to mystify the plebeians as to the state of feeling between the confederates by an affectation of throwing obstacles in the dictator's way: or possibly an ultra-patrician party, repudiating *all* admission of plebeians, already existed and was dominant in the Curiæ. At the close of the year the mask was at length thrown off. Two patricians were declared by the interrex duly elected. In vain the tribunes interposed; they could only delay the evil; every interrex was stanch; they were compelled to give way; and the two patricians entered on their office.

Further than this it does not seem worth while to trace the course of events year by year. The arguments for the continuity of the alternation system up to the time of the revoluton of 413, have been already adduced.† The rest may be

* See Liv. iii. 20.

† Even if these arguments be deemed insufficient, very little modification of the view maintained in the text will be necessary. We shall only have to suppose that the original compact was made in 399 instead of 398, and went the length of the *entire* subversion of the Licinian law; that in 402 the patricians, feeling themselves unable to maintain their position, agreed to compromise the matter by the establishment of the alternation system;[1] and finally, with regard to the other case, that their plebeian confederates had by the year 408 become so identified with them, that they did not care to press the compact in every instance, or else that the prospect of a Volscian war inclined them to be more than ordinarily conciliatory.

[1] In this case the appointment of the mixed board would have been a part of the compromise.

briefly stated. The policy of the rulers was to keep matters quiet by conciliating at home and making peace abroad. The pressure of debt was great at this period; they, therefore, in order to conciliate the mass of the people, consented in the year 398, the year of the arrangement, to have the legal rate of interest fixed at its ancient maximum of ten per cent. Five years afterwards they took further steps with the same object. They appointed a mixed board of patricians and plebeians to adopt measures for the general liquidation of the outstanding debts. The arrangements then effected having only partially removed the evil, new remedies were adopted in 408. At the same time the legal rate of interest was lowered to the very moderate standard of five per cent: and when it was found, in the year 411, that persons evaded this law, they were publicly prosecuted and punished. It is observable also that during the whole of this period the patrician magistrates appointed were almost entirely from the more humane and moderate section of that body; from the Valerii especially, the Sulpicii, the Manlii, the Fabii, the Cornelii.*

Meanwhile abroad they began by cultivating amity. The two wars which were in progress, that with the Etruscans and that with the cities of Tibur and Prænestе, they brought to a close as speedily as possible, consenting to make peace with the Latin towns in 401, † and granting long truces to the Etruscan cities in 402 and 404: and they carefully refrained from entering upon hostilities with any other state. With the Samnites, from whom alone aggression could be feared, they concluded a formal treaty. ‡ At length, in 407, at the instance probably of their Latin allies, they recommenced hostilities against the Volscians of Antium. This led to a war with the Aurunci also. Perhaps it was impossible to have avoided these contests without dissolving the league with Latium; otherwise, one would think, the patricians would have declined to engage in them. The result, however, appeared to prove that war might now be adventured on with impunity. All remained quiet both at home and in the camp; no resistance was made to the levies, no violence attempted by the soldiery. The very tribunes themselves appear to have ceased their opposition to the violation of the Licinian law; and it seemed as if time had already legalised the existing order. Accordingly the patricians, deeming themselves quite secure, resumed their ancient plans and projects for the subjugation of Italy, and deliberately went to war with the Samnites. This led to the catastrophe.

* Out of thirty-three patrician consuls, dictators, and masters of the horse, whose names we know, twenty-four (three-fourths) are from these families. *Six* times we find a Valerius.

† Diod. xvi. 45. Livy mentions Tibur only, vii. 19. ‡ In 401. Liv. vii. 19.

The benevolent legislation on the subject of the debts which had recently taken place, had failed altogether to reach to the root of the evil. Rome had never recovered from the poverty occasioned by the invasion of the Gauls. Thousands of plebeians even now worked as slaves on the lands of their creditors, and a still larger number expected the same fate. This probably occasioned the first outbreak. Whether the revolt of 413 commenced abroad or at home, among the soldiers before Capua or the citizens in the Forum, it is impossible to determine; but in either case the origin of the disturbance would seem to have been the pressure of poverty. Wearied beyond endurance by their constant and hopeless struggle against the incubus of debt, a large section of the commonalty rushed into insurrection. But then another and deeper discontent began to show itself. Indignation at the established violation of the Licinian law, and bitter hatred of the apostates who had betrayed them, were feelings which had long rankled in the breasts of many, and only wanted an opportunity to break forth. The opportunity had now arrived. On witnessing the revolt of the debtors, those in whom these feelings worked, resolved to make common cause with them, and by their aid effect a counter-revolution. L. Genucius,* tribune of the people, headed the movement, which in the absence of the Latins, who were carrying on the war with Samnium, was sure to be irresistible. The patricians lay at his mercy. Some, perhaps, conscious of the wrong that had been committed, came over in person to the insurgents.† The rest, after a vain attempt to offer an armed opposition by means of their clients, gave way and submitted themselves. The terms required of them were the following. In the first place, some trivial demands of the soldiery were to be conceded: secondly, all existing debts were to be cancelled: thirdly, the Licinian law concerning the consulate was to be re-established, with a yet further proviso, that *both* consuls *might be* plebeians: fourthly, it was to be enacted that no plebeian ‡ should be allowed to hold the same magistracy a second time within the space of ten years, or two magistracies together. The demands of the soldiery and the cancelling of the debts were urged to secure the support of the poorer plebeians, who would have felt little interested in the other rogations;§ the two remaining enactments were aimed

* The Genucii, it should be borne in mind, had been especial sufferers by the coalition. Previous to it, they had obtained the Consulate *three* times.

† This may probably have been the truth concealed beneath the pretended *seizures* of T. Quinctius, and C. Manlius.

‡ This limitation is not expressed, but the prohibition never extended to the patrician order. Note the elections of 415, 424, 425, &c.

§ Compare their conduct at the time of the Licinian rogations, when they would have willingly given up the one which concerned the consulate. Liv. vi. 39; Dio C. Fragm. 33.

at the confederacy. Of these the one deprived the patricians in a great measure of the power of corrupting plebeian nobles, by forbidding that accumulation of honours upon individuals which had proved so strong a temptation in the case of Marcius and Popillius; the other was enacted as a punishment for the patrician usurpations of these years, and secured to the electors the power of retaliation if they felt disposed to exercise it. Seven times had the patrician order contravened that equality which the Licinian constitution guaranteed; seven times had they robbed the commonalty of its dearest privilege. Should such iniquity be passed over? or if passed over, should it walk triumphant, as beyond the power of law to punish? No! The law should declare that the patricians had forfeited their right to the possession of an exact moiety of the civil power; and if retaliation were not exercised, they should know that they escaped through the forbearance of the commons, not through their inability.

So perished the coalition, and so commenced a new era in Roman History. Henceforward it was never the *orders* that were arrayed one against the other. Real union, real unanimity, subsisted between the great mass of the patricians and the plebeian body; there were no more contests between the *senate* and the *tribes*. With wise moderation the plebeians refrained from all measures of retaliation or revenge; no prosecutions were set on foot on account of the recent illegalities; no attempt was made to enforce their new right with regard to the consulate. Perhaps their hearts were softened by the consideration of the great sacrifice which the patricians had made in remitting to them the whole amount of their debts. One circumstance alone made it evident that the past was still remembered. The generation that had witnessed the offence could not pardon the chief offenders. M. Popillius Lœnas, and C. Marcius Rutilus sank at once into obscurity, and their families were involved in their punishment. The Fasti show the name of no Popillius for the space of four-and-twenty years, of no Marcius for thirty years. So long the anger of the Plebs endured against the traitors to their order.

Pomfret; or Public Opinion and Private Judgment. By Henry F. Chorley. 3 vols. Colburn. London, 1845.

A few years ago the fashionable world of London was excited by the announcement that the greatest living actress would appear before them at the Queen's Theatre. Her fame was European; and yet she had scarce numbered twenty summers. The omnipotent journals of another capital had pronounced in her favour; men of talent, and men of high degree, had echoed their applause. She came among us with great credentials indeed, and great, and glad, and glorious was her reception. She was publicly welcomed with an Italian enthusiasm, and privately with an English hospitality. The mansions of the noble were opened to her; in the palace were her claims acknowledged. The Sovereign condescended to honour her with personal and marked countenance. Every representation was a triumph. Her success was as brilliant as it deserved to be, and she left our island shores with a promise speedily to return.

Months passed on, and the fair young actress was again heard of. Slander, and envy, and disappointed love, were busy with her good name. Her lowly birth was made the subject of injurious and impertinent remark by those who had risen from equal obscurity by means less holy. A base, bad man—a man of some talent, and more wickedness—who had early discovered her rich genius, and had educated, and brought her into notice, now, when she indignantly refused to pay the price of such selfish favours, denounced her in language only degrading to the utterer, and which should have found no listener wherever honour reigned, or dignity in man was respected. He read the confidential letters of an inexperienced and trusting girl in public, and added his own foul commentary. He translated them into English, and suborned his own venal press, that had before so eloquently praised her at his bidding, now as earnestly to condemn.

She came once more among us: but the slander had preceded her arrival. One of our journals alone did her justice. The facts are in every one's recollection: night after night did she waste her energies on tenantless stalls and vacant boxes; none waited to ask the truth of the accusation—none paused to think whether, if the charges were true, the crime was one not admitting of repentance. No; scarce one of her former illustrious and noble patronesses, and few indeed among those brilliant admirers who had most courted her smile, ever thought of justice, or permitted mercy to interfere with their cruel will. She left England a changed and altered woman; but if her spirit was broken, if her heart was wrung, the world never saw

it; her fine eye and her noble bearing, only told of scornful indignation, only bore witness to her conscious rectitude.

A few hours, and she was again in the scene of her first success—of her present triumph. Enter her *salon* on a reception night; look around at the drapery of point lace, the rich and glittering furniture; mark the queenly bearing, the gorgeous dress of its mistress; cast your eye over that crowded room, the rank of the Faubourg St. Germain is there, the flower of the New Court are there; a prince of the blood-royal is at her feet, and even the philosophical Guizot is speaking in the language of compliment. But what avails all this homage? She is wronged and despised by her own sex, and this cannot minister to a mind so diseased; her woman's heart must be sympathised with—be loved!

There is a deep moral in this brief history. Let those who presume on light and unanswered accusation, to bar the door of society against woman, or, when she has unhappily been seduced into error by temptations too strong for humanity to war against—cruel and continued insult—cold, chilling poverty,—refuse her all hope from repentance, let such bear the full responsibility of their deeds. We would not share their conscience here, or the retribution of their hereafter.

These remarks have been called forth by a perusal of the work we have placed at the head of this notice. Mr. Chorley, in his 'Helena Porzheim,' has drawn just such a character. Very truthfully has he depicted the generous pride of a talented, high-souled woman, struggling with adverse fortune and hard circumstance; and it is the lot of too many—of the great majority of that profession to which Helena Porzheim belonged. How much of this is attributable to men holding a rank in society which they would seem to think exempts them from censure—how much to the cold neglect of their own sex, is we fear a question seldom, if ever, satisfactorily answered. Mr. Chorley, indeed, appears to us to have well considered the subject, but to hesitate in the frank expression of his opinion; and it is to be regretted, for we know no one who would be listened to more patiently. We have not now space for the discussion; and there is very much of worldly prejudice to contend with in such an essay. Fenced around with the barriers of custom and the restraints of regulated virtue—well and religiously educated—rich and respected, not obnoxious to contempt, there are those who will not heed the tale of misfortune—who turn with deaf ear from the wail of erring distress, and, either ignorant or insolent, spurn repentance, mock the bitterness of despair, and reject the Testament of their God. They are unschooled in the mercy of the Saviour, and read no lesson in the parables of Holy Writ.

In such a contest we must declare war against the world and the world's laws; but, even with these odds, we will not, at some future time, shrink from the encounter. If we fail, we shall retire in the companionship of the great and the good; but, if we can be humbly instrumental in awakening the public mind—in crushing slander and shielding repentant error—right cheerfully will we welcome that obloquy which waits close on the heels of every righteous effort.

But we have, we fear, too long neglected the work we must now very concisely comment on. As a novel 'Pomfret' is exposed to several serious objections; the manner of relation is singularly unhappy, the language ostentatiously simple, the interest ill-sustained. Of the characters, excepting Helena Porzheim, Grace Pomfret only deserves particular notice. She is a sweet representation of meek and modest loveliness, nursed in the country, educated in calm, even, tranquil obscurity, and then, by the force of ill-fortune and domestic calamity, thrown all defenceless on a world the wickedness of which she knows not. In the after struggle, the triumph of virtue and true affection are admirably painted, and we are left little to desire when the picture is complete; its truthfulness to nature, its *willingness*, being perhaps its greatest charm. We wish we could say as much for Walter Carew, but in good truth, saving always that imbecile puppy, Mrs. Trollope has made the hero of 'Young Love,' we know no more characterless character in the wide realms of fiction. The Porzheim is, however, likely to interest the reader and enhance the reputation of the author more than any other personage introduced in these volumes. Some passages in her troubled career are intensely interesting, and indeed, the whole history is related in such a manner as to ensure unceasing attention. The misfortune is, that the other parts of the novel appear even in a less favourable aspect by reason of the brilliancy of this episode.

Altogether, and notwithstanding those defects at which we have but glanced, we very heartily congratulate Mr. Chorley on the production of a work that will outlive many a contemporary publication now more popular. 'Pomfret' requires to be read twice before it can be entirely understood or appreciated; it is more adapted for the study than the circulating library.

'Ein politisches Lied--ein garstiges Lied. 'A political song a nasty song,' says Göthe; and this is a hard saying from one, who, above all other men, appreciated and enjoyed every form of Art, and has left on record fewer general or special censures than any great critic of any time. But it is not improbable that the wise veteran foresaw that, if this style of writing became popular in Germany, it would have the most injurious effect on the æsthetic cultivation of the people, and that the Satirist and the Pamphleteer would soon supersede the Philosopher and the Poet. And this is indeed the present result; the most ideal of literatures is becoming the most rudely practical—the most imaginative of modes of thought is turned exclusively to immediate and positive purposes. In fact, none but political poetry will now sell in Germany, and of that there is an abundance proportionate to the energy and fertility of the German mind. A great deal of it is uninteresting to the foreigner, referring, as it does, to details hardly known beyond the walls of the cities; but there is much which applies to the large principles of social freedom, and even to those still deeper questions, which, under the names of Communism and Socialism, are much more practical matters on the Continent than the fixed prudence of public opinion permits them to be here. It is frequently an object of wonder to Englishmen, how so absolute a freedom of thought and speculation, as we find in Northern Germany, can co-exist with arbitrary power; but it is not unlikely that the very stringency of political authority is deeply connected with this intellectual liberty, and that an advance in constitutional forms of government will be accompanied by limitations that have been unknown, as long as the constant presence of the public force prevented the least attempt to realise the speculations so profusely indulged in.

The prospect of freer institutions in Prussia has already produced something of this effect. The right of full religious discussion is checked and disputed, and the radical Poets, who, in the dilletante days of Frederic and Catherine, would have been cherished, are now remorselessly exiled to Brussels or Paris, by literary Sovereigns and learned Statesmen. Some of Herwegh's poems found so much favour with the King of Prussia, that a meeting between them was arranged by the court-physician, where the parties separated mutually pleased, but this did not prevent the Monarch from soon after banishing the Poet, and the Poet from replying in this strain:—

"If my Pegasus must bow
To some yoke at your approach,
He would rather draw the Plough
Than your heavy gilded Coach:

He would rather make his hay
In some Peasant's poor resort,
Than in marble mangers stay,
With the cattle of a Court.

'"Eppur si muore' be our motto:
It moves—for all your hope or fear—
For all your paintings after Giotto,
For all your thick Bavarian beer."

'Tell us, when will it appear—that splendid edition of "Deutschland"—
That one for which long ago all our fathers subscribed?
Long has it been advertised as about to be published at Frankfurt?
Long has it been in the press—but will it ever be seen?
Hist! it is out—but they've sent for some beautiful leather from Russia,
So that our children will get copies delightfully bound!"

'Call me Quixote, if you please, Journal-writers!—it is true;
For I once mistook for Knights Donkey-drivers such as you.'

All prohibited books in Germany sell so well that Von Colta, the great bookseller, is supposed to say,—

'Why should the Press be set free? What's the use of a bird in the garden?
All *my* songsters at least only in cages are sold.'

One of the peculiarities of 'Young Germany' is the predominance of Jewish writers; Börne, Heine, Gutzkoff, Beck, are prominent names, and there are many others of less celebrity. The following poem by Beck on the death of Börne was much admired, and certainly leaves a just impression of that stern honest republican, a hero of the old dispensation, without Christian hopes or Christian sympathies. These men, as Jews, have naturally rather cosmopolitan than German interests, and have attempted to throw great ridicule on that ultra-national party, against which the suspicions and violences of the governments have been directed, ever since the War of Independence.—This has caused so great a division in the Liberal party in Germany, as materially to diminish their strength, and the long-delayed hopes of the enthusiastic advocates of old German feelings and institutions are fast yielding before a general democratic influence, whose centre is rather at Paris than in any part of Germany.

'Forbidden Fortune's gifts to touch,
He murmured not, content to lean
On Poverty's ennobled crutch,
Till in the darkness no more seen:—

The Dove may dote on caged rest
And ask not what or where it be,
The Bird of passage leaves the nest,—
The Air is his and he is free!

As the old Greek Themistocles
Consumed the safely-harboured fleet,
That no one might escape with ease,
But victory be their sole retreat:
So He, when cast on alien land,
Amid a wondering world to roam,
Lit with his Word the fatal brand,
And closed the path that led to Home.

He murmured not, that Love past by,
And left his heart the sorry fate,
In loneliness to live and die
Or beg for warmth from niggard Hate:
The Ship may rock in peaceful trance,
Under the coast's protecting lea,
But in the midnight's stormy dance,
The Sea is her's and she is free.

He only murmured that to Him
'Twas granted not, in open fight,
Bravely to venture life and limb
Till Freedom won triumphant Right:
He said—" The Poet's bolt is weak—
The lightning of the Pen is vain,—
It may make blush the slavish cheek,
It will not break the slavish chain!

Whether, beneath yon grassy knoll,
In apathy at last he lies,
Or his now unencumbered soul
Aspires to light and sweeps the skies:
Whatever scenes of glory burst
Upon his sense—where'er he be,
This thought, this question will be first,
In Heaven, O Father! am I free!

R. M. M.

(To be continued.)

Margaret Capel. A Novel, by the Author of "The Clandestine Marriage." Bentley.

It has often been our task to wade through volumes of maudlin sentiment, and the unreasonable efforts of would-be authors, but we had not looked for the possibility of assigning to ourselves one so deplorably deficient in the common attributes of novel writers as that which now lies before us. The author of this production must surely have encouraged an unhappy contempt of the state of the literature of the present era, if he can indulge the hope that such a tissue of flimsy fustian can please the readers of a Bulwer and a Disraeli.

This class of novel is not even calculated to entertain that portion of our fair readers, who, having just emerged from the precincts of a classical establishment, are eagerly desirous to acquaint themselves with the painful delights and the pleasing troubles of that passion which is to constitute the business of their future life. They are, we opine, seldom gifted with the instinct, or blessed with the precocity ascribed to the heroine of this tale; it is too much to imagine that, however the boarding-school 'iniquities,' on which the author so eloquently, and in our opinion, somewhat unfairly descants, should operate to the conviction that a girl of fourteen could be so initiated as to regard love with the feelings of an experienced and finished courtesan; for as such, the passage page 27, would convey her to the mind's eye of the reader. 'She regarded love as a mysterious agency, which swept into its vortex all those who suffered themselves to approach its enchanted confines. She imagined that the first steps to this delusion might be avoided, but that once entranced, the helpless victim followed the steps of the blind leader, without the will or the power to shake off *its deadly influence*.' Without animadverting on the tautologous inanity of this sentiment, we shall only observe, that with this introduction we are deluded into a perusal of the book in order to find the prudence, the caution, nay, the artifice that should direct the career of Margaret Capel. But although the author has evidently flattered himself into the belief that he has made her all that the most strenuous advocate for the display of a true and unmixed passion would desire, he has deplorably failed to elicit interest, sympathy, or admiration. The common-place events of every-day life are here portrayed with most uncommon infelicity, and the most unskilful ingenuity, unless, indeed, vulgarity and total absence of the courtesies of society, are the characteristics of the better classes. The business of an author is, either to teach what is *not* known, or to recom-

mend recognised probabilities by his own manner of adorning them, so to let in new light to the mind, and open new scenes; so to vary the dress and situation of common objects, as to give them fresh grace and more powerful attractions;—their best efforts should ever be directed to raise the general tone of refinement in those, whose habits of observation, and opportunities of improvement, have rendered capable and competent. to appreciate good taste and high intellectual attainment. He should qualify his readers for an equal and generous intercourse with the refined intelligences of the age. We are no advocates for the hysterical school of lackadaisical foolery; but we must always endeavour to fix unqualified censure on the writings of those, who introduce for any other purpose but disapproval, the levity, frivolity, and we might fairly add, the vulgarity of such a character as Harriet Conway, a lady who bets upon Rory O'More, smokes cigars, and can hit, with a pistol, a wine-glass at sixteen paces!

The only attempt in these volumes to get up anything like a rational conversation, page 104, is the discussion betwixt Miss Gage and Mr. Haveloc, the *presumed* hero of the work; we say *presumed*, for it is difficult to discover who is intended for this personation, each displaying an equal amount of uninteresting action and sentiment. We will, however, call him the hero until enlightened on the point. This person is made to declare, that he sees 'nothing to respect in a *successful* painter.' He beneficently allows him '*a highly trained eye*'—'the mastery of a very difficult and laborious process'—and '*certainly* a perception of the most ingenious arrangement of his subject.' 'But good Heavens! at what an immeasurable distance are these from the gifts that constitute a poet! Where is the requisite atmosphere of music that suggests to him his *delicious* rhyme? Where the invisible and majestic shadows that invite him to weave his tissue of unreal scenes?' . . . . To dilate on the insufferable egotism, false theory, and bad style, of this specimen of Mr Haveloc's acquaintance with the arts, or his estimate of his ideas of the Ideal and Real, we consider a waste of time, and only agree with the remark of the caustic Casement, who declares 'It is all sheer nonsense, every word of it.' 'Mr. Haveloc did not deign to utter a word in reply, but Elizabeth smiled, and moved to the table.' When this animated and learned argument was resumed by the question, 'Is not the ideal in art worthy of as much veneration as the highest efforts of the poet?' when Mr. Haveloc thinks proper to declare that 'he does not think the purely ideal *either elevates* or instructs,'—startling as this opinion may seem to our readers, we agree with the author in his idea of ideal *characters*, and only regret he did not here

give us another of Mr. Casement's brusqueries; we should be rescued from the necessity to which we are reduced in the re-echo of his words—'*It is sheer nonsense.*'

The liberal opinions of this writer are scattered over the work, like soot from a smoky chimney, defacing and blackening what had before *passed* for whiteness. He declares 'acts of disinterested kindness are not so frequent as some good people imagine. The pitiful phrase of nothing for nothing being increasingly used by those sorry persons who give nothing, it is true, but who invariably *take all* they can pillage, from every human being they approach.' The term pillage is here not only vulgarly but most injudiciously used, unless we are to understand he is speaking of those gentry who visit fairs and executions more for the purpose of appropriation than to express their gaiety or their sympathy. In the second volume we have a sprightly effort, for the reputation of the author, in the characters of Mrs. Fitzpatrick and her dying daughter Aveline. The interest which the fading of so fair a flower must ever excite, is merely kept up to excuse the unwarrantable conduct of the heroine, who is made to play the spy on her lover, and cast him off without affording the slightest opening for explanation; this interest is alive until the termination of Aveline's brief career; and this is really the only event discoverable in the whole of the three volumes.

We are somewhat at a loss to imagine, how a writer can expect such a work to be received either as a fiction exhibiting life in its true state, or as an effort of art to imitate nature, it is neither diversified by incident, nor influenced by passions or qualities found in our intercourse with mankind. Is it not necessary to distinguish those parts of nature which are most proper for imitation? Is no care necessary in the representation of an existence which is so often disgraced by passion, and deformed by wickedness? If life be promiscuously described, we would ask where is the use of retracing the picture? It is not sufficient vindication to say, that it is drawn as it appears. The purpose of writing is to teach the means of avoiding the snares laid by evil for innocence, without producing a wish for that superiority of dissimulation with which the betrayer flatters his vanity; to give the power of counteracting, without the temptation to practise; to initiate youth in the science of a necessary defence, against the arts of designing and cruel men; to increase prudence without impairing virtue.

In narrative, where no historical veracity has place, there should be exhibited the most perfect idea of virtue; not virtue above humanity or probability, but the purest that humanity can reach; virtue exercised in such trials as the various revolutions of an ever-changing scene can bring upon it, conquer-

ing calamity, enduring misfortune, and teaching us what we may hope and what we may perform. Such a character is not Margaret Capel; she is a child of nature without her purity; a faithful woman without woman's trusting heart. To reconcile these incongruous combinations we are treated with the usual termination of novels of the seventeenth century, whose contents were made up of births, marriages, and deaths, with all the common-place varieties of common domestic life. Truisms and twaddle are the only novelties readers may expect to find in the pages of Margaret Capel.

THE ADIEU.

Then be it so! since we must part,
And all our happy dreams are o'er!
I go to teach my woman's heart
To speak—to think of thee no more—
To hide my bosom's heavy fears—
To smile when most my heart may ache—
To mate with misery for years.—
Oh heart! forget thy wrongs and break!

Hours—perished hours,—still fancy brings
Your early gladness, light, and bloom;
Ere grief had droop'd my spirit's wings,
And robed Love's own sweet heaven in gloom.
Memory, like some dim ruin'd land,
Shows traces yet of beauty past,
Fallen idols! rear'd by young Hope's hand,
Too bright; and oh, too loved to last.

Yet broken, desolate, deprest,
Their sun of glory past away!
Still memory live in this worn breast,
Till death shall yield it to decay.
Oh when the spirit's light is fled,
And wither'd all the flowers love gave,
When fond hopes, cherish'd long, lie dead—
The heart knows but one home—the grave!

C. S.

The Catholic Man of Letters in London; a History of Now-a-days. Inscribed to the New Generation. By MILES GERALD KEON, Esq. Dolman's Magazine, Nos. 12, 13.

Mr. Keon was sometime one of our contributors; and we believe his first, certainly his most successful, essays in literature have appeared in the pages of this Review. We have no wish to recur to the circumstances which terminated in our separation, and only mention the fact, to prove that the task we are now undertaking is one of peculiar difficulty. This serial novel is, however, so particularly addressed to the party with whom we are identified, that, did we shrink from noticing it, we should be exposed to a charge of timidity we will not willingly incur.

Our limits do not permit us here to show the course which some authors take to establish a character of 'writing for the million,' or the means others employ to disparage and subvert all systems that differ from those received or professed opinions which they promulgate, to instil an unholy hatred in the minds of men against their fellows: we must, however, ask the 'Catholic Man of Letters in London,' to enlighten us on the real state of his religious opinions; for there is about this writer an apparent air of satisfied apostacy that reminds us of an excommunicated Romanist who has not forgotten his flagellations, and has somewhere published an account of his sufferings in the cloisters of the Jesuits. He is as intolerant and indifferent to the opinions of his readers, as he is seemingly careless of his own literary reputation.

The exordium is a piece of ferocious audacity—a rich mixture of folly and fustian:—

'I will not deny that the incidents I am about to relate,—the sketches I shall present,—the scenes, the manners, and the characters I shall reveal for public contemplation, may possibly appear to some to be no fictions, but faithful delineations of an existing reality. I will disabuse no man of this impression. If my canvas be so vivid as to convey the most life-like conviction into every mind,—if my words shall seem instinct with internal evidence of truth,—then let each reader remain in that belief, for all I care to say to the contrary; let him stretch his slippered feet on his hearth-rug, as he peruses, in full enjoyment of its minute fidelity, this history of social grievance, and of jealous illiberality. Or if perchance a lady reads these pages, then I doubt not but that much matter for her indignation, her sympathy, her curiosity, her interest, will be afforded by the story. Nor are there wanting those now in London whom the mere title of these chapters will inspire with a slight and amiable nervous trepidation. One word more, *before I let*

slip the grey-hounds; the frame-work of this history is as studiously romantic, as the history itself is studiously matter-of-fact.'

He then commences his story with an account of conversations, the tendency of which is not very easy to understand even with these fortuitous advantages; he treats his readers with an amalgamation of miscellaneous memoranda, mixed up with theological discussions out of time, place, and keeping. And Mr. Keon ingeniously selects for these his orthodoxical expoundings, auditors from the fairest of nature's creations; thus urging the licence of idealism, and taking the liberty of *seeming* sublime, in order to raise and purify wandering thoughts—by fixing them on himself. Take one, of very many instances:—

'Reginald sat down beside a pretty and intelligent girl, Scottish by family, with whom he often loved to converse; for she was utterly unaffected, and seemed to take exceeding pleasure in à-Rupert's whimsical and fitful style of observation.

'"Do you know, Mr. à-Rupert," said she, with a sweet smile which took from her words all the rudeness and harm that seemed of right to belong to them, "I have this night, for the first time, heard a shocking piece of intelligence about you,—that you are a Catholic!"

'"Ah!" saith à-Rupert; "murders will out."

'"Pray tell me," continued she, "what is your opinion on the subject of persecution?"

'"A Catholic can have but one opinion on the subject," said Reginald; "our church has been constantly the object of persecution."

'"But has it not often persecuted?" asked Miss Heywood.

'"Never," quietly replied Reginald. "Princes and Governments calling themselves Catholic have persecuted; but the Church never sanctioned their blind and most witless barbarity. Governments and Princes calling themselves Catholic have even employed Catholic ecclesiastics to examine persons in their religious tenets, and to pronounce whether those tenets were, or were not consonant to the doctrines of the Church. These examinations were called inquisitions, and the examiners were styled inquisitors or the court of inquisition; they did no more than their duty. Ecclesiastics are clearly bound to obey the secular authority, when it commands them to pronounce whether such and such doctrines held by such and such persons be or be not orthodox; this is part of the business and of the calling of ecclesiastics. They cannot refuse to make this examination or to pronounce this decision. *For the subsequent proceedings of the lay authorities when the ecclesiastical tribunal had pronounced any one heterodox; that tribunal could not be held responsible, unless it had the power and the right to stay the doings of the secular arm. This power and this right were not provided for ecclesiastics by the laws of the countries, where the inquisition was practised.*

'"Even in Oxford and Cambridge, you Protestants have an inquisition on precisely the same principles. There are certain posts which cannot

be held except by orthodox Protestants, (if I may use that term). None but ecclesiastics are competent to pronounce on that orthodoxy: those ecclesiastics form your court of inquisition. A man may be deprived of his living by virtue of their decision, and his family may starve; but it is not *they* who starve his family. They evidently do but their duty; they do what they could not refuse to do. Such was our inquisition. But whatever it was,—Catholics have suffered infinitely more persecution than they have inflicted; *look, for instance, at our nuns of Poland!*"

'"Then in fact," said Miss Heywood, "you think of persecution—"

'"That it is a very bad as well as a very impolitic practice," returned à-Rupert. 'I would persecute no men, no creed. Jews, Mahomedans, Infidels, all should, if I were supreme, pursue in safety from persecution the unmolested tenor of their way; especially the poor Jews, on whom the hand of Providence is already heavy. I so deeply abhor persecution, that I would sooner myself, by God's help, endure the rack, than inflict the bastinado on another; I would sooner be much persecuted than persecute a little."

'"And you are—"

'"A genuine Catholic. I am of that Church to which belong the poor nuns of Minsk, and which, both in ancient and in modern times, enduring most awful persecutions, and producing a noble army of martyrs, immortal martyrs,—has sometimes beheld, to the great grief and scandal of her heart, some of her own children so far forsake the spirit and the letter of her code, as to persecute in their turn. But it was the deed of men, not of the Church; it was the frailty and the guilt of individuals, not the fault of the very laws of gentleness, charity, forbearance, which those individuals transgressed. Our religion had no more to do with the tyrannical policy of certain Princes who professed it, than the authority of a mother has to do with the transgressions of a son who disobeys her."'

We could pardon this no very uncommon subtlety in writers of this stamp, could we convince him how much more pleasing it is to see smoke brightening into flame than flame sinking into smoke. Plutarch has enumerated various occasions on which a man may, without offence, proclaim his own excellencies; but he has only in a general position shown that a man may safely praise himself for those labours which could never be appreciated by any but himself. The case of this writer is parallel in its egotism: he wantons in common topics, flattering himself that uncommon ones will prove equally facile and smooth to his peculiar faculty of analysing what he cannot understand. We surmise that if he finds any road to the reputation he is seeking, he will not be indebted to his prudence, his pedantry, or his wit.

Mr. Keon's puny effort to analyse the character or personal feelings of Mr. Disraeli is one of the most contemptible, though convincing signs of the poverty of his resources; and, if the author of 'Coningsby' could be brought to value any given

weight of flesh or substance, corporeal or ethereal, belonging to 'The Catholic Man of Letters in London,' he would make mincemeat enough of it to satisfy the most inordinate consumer of Christmas dainties for generations to come. Here is a sample of this exotic impertinence.

'What if Mr. Disraeli be a man of strong personal feelings, who is determined to have Sir Robert Peel's pound of flesh at any cost? Still his is a clever, plausible, subtle, and brilliant mind; his hand has been against every man,—and in the end, every man's hand will be against him; he is a genuine Arab, lithe and supple, rather than strong or weighty; whom nobody can overtake, and who, beaten often, harasses for ever: his temper and his mind are hardly European; he finesses like a Red Indian, and, like him too, is implacable in his resentments; he has great conceptions, but they are devious; he is dark as jet, but jet is not more brilliant. He will make a sensation as long as he lives, and may even evade oblivion for twenty or thirty years after he has been gathered to the Patriarchs.'

Mr. Keon can only be compared to the Tarantula; but let us in all kindly feeling suggest the policy of avoiding edge tools; he may, for a brief reason, dilate his fanciful imagination by dealing 'gentle aspersions' against Lord John Manners, Mr. Smythe, and others of 'the congenial little band,' who now, like the passengers in Noah's Ark, are passing over the turbid sea of a political era: the Raven was sent forth, but returned not; the Dove was hailed with her olive branch, and Noah knew that the waters were abated. Let this metaphor stand good.

Mr. Keon is truly a novice in the art of novel writing, failing to support the interest of his story even through one chapter, and displaying great ignorance of the commonest forms and observances of good society. We must give a specimen of his hero's conversation in corroboration of this assertion.

'At length, the count, who had rather asked questions than broached opinions, said calmly: "In thirty years, the old religion will once more reign in England, I ween!"

'"Thirty years!" exclaimed Reginald à-Rupert, breaking silence for the first time, "I will bet you any reasonable bet you please, on even terms, that in ten years you find as many Catholics as Protestants in England."

'"A hundred pounds, then," replied the Frenchman. The bet was formally booked and witnessed.

'"Aha!" remarked the Frenchman, "you have great confidence, then, in the destinies of the Church in this country."

'"Ay, I have!" cried the other with fire, "and what is more, humble as I am, I will not remain supine, while so good and glorious a work is being done; I am fully resolved to wield a stout sickle in that harvest."

'"Really!" cried the count, with a smile, "And pray what do you mean to do?"

'"Ah!" said Reginald, "that requires reflection; let me think."

'And so he fell into a reverie. The Frenchman remained watching him for a few moments, and then said:

'"Well! have you thought sufficiently?"

'"No:" replied à-Rupert coolly, "I will take two years to think."

'Shortly after this conversation, Mr. Doucewell remembered the solicitude to which Mrs. Sandon was all that time a prey, and, rising softly, retired to the drawing-room.

'"You must not go too fast, however," remarked the count in a half-musing, half-argumentative tone to young à-Rupert.

'"To the ladies, or to Catholicity?" demanded Reginald, smiling; and then, without waiting for an answer to what indeed required none, he continued: "As a proof of the justice of your remark, I may adduce what happened to myself in conversation with that very Mrs. Sandon, who seems to enjoy the peculiar favour of our friend Doucewell. She was praising the various rites which are now being revived by the young world at Oxford, and in other places. I ventured to express how warmly I agreed with her. She was charmed. I proceeded. She was enchanted. I resumed with the remark that I even went further than she did,—but in the same direction.

'"Ah!" quoth she, with much interest, and evidently delighted, "you go further!"

'"Yes," rejoined I, "for I am a Catholic!"

'"What! a Catholic!" said she, with a look of horror; "Do you mean that these tender and beautiful opinions tend towards the papistical superstition?"

'"There," continued à-Rupert, "you perceive that the unspeakable beauty and the immortal truth of our sweet and holy religion produce their due effects on many minds by a kind of stealth,—by unawares. Once they make their approaches unmasked, inveterate prejudice against their mere names, indisposes twenty persons out of thirty from entertaining the least parley with such doctrines. And yet, you know," he added, "how very far Puseyism is from being Catholicity."

'"What can you do against prejudices so blind?" asked the count.

'"I have great faith in the prayers of all Catholic Europe for this noble and mighty England," said à-Rupert. "I have great faith in the very mutability of earthly and humanly-created creeds; I have great faith in the ultimate success of reason; as well as in the poetry, the beauty, the tenderness of our ancient and heaven-protected Church; I have great faith in the wants of our nature, in our need of spiritual consolations, such as are afforded nowhere but in that one only religion, which alone professes and enjoins, avows and enforces, the uniformity of Christian belief, and the anti-dilettante nature of Christian duty: I have, also, some little faith in the rapturous pride and joy with which, in these unsettled and stormy times, we Catholics proclaim our Church and confess our adhesion to its pale:—these, and many other principles of triumph, are too many and too mighty for any prejudice, however inveterate, ultimately to withstand."

'As à-Rupert spoke the last words, he seemed to grow suddenly tired of the subject. With a grave and somewhat abstracted look, he pushed back his chair from the table and withdrew.'

We hardly know whether most to admire the abrupt offer of a hundred pound bet, or the Tipperary eloquence of the concluding speech. And yet this arrogant author presumes to talk about Mr. Carlyle's 'rugged nonsense,' and 'illogical ratiocination!'

For the present we must take leave of Mr. Keon; we regret his indiscretion, we are willing to think kindly of his faults; we can afford to smile at his anger, but let him remember that the high and noble scions of a real Catholic aristocracy are not to be defrauded out of their respect and good feeling towards their Protestant contemporaries, or into a contempt of the religious government of that country in which they enjoy the liberty of free opinion, by the sycophantic, absurd inventions of an itinerant writer.

THINK OF ME!

Think of me!
When pleasure's cup oft sparkles bright,
In blooming day, or sweet moonlight;
For we have met both day and night.
Think of me!

Shed a tear!
For all those sweet and fleeting hours,
We traversed joyful sunny bowers,
To gather nought but fading flowers.
Shed a tear!

Smile! love, smile!
When o'er the dark and rolling main,
You hear some wild harp's plaintive strain,
Bring back a cheerful thought again,
Smile! love, smile!

Fare thee well!
Waves on waves us now divide,
Care with sorrow at my side,
Burning tears this cheek deride,
Oh! fare thee well!

Poems. By the late THOMAS HOOD. Moxon.

Hood, the witty and the humane—the friend of the friendless—the poet of the people, is no more! He is gone; but his memory will live long in the recollection of the many he instructed and amused. His last present is now before us, and we cannot better employ the little space our limits will afford, than by extracting a few gems from these volumes—they require no other commendation.

'SERENADE.

'Ah, sweet, thou little knowest how
I wake and passionate watches keep;
And yet, while I address thee now,
Methinks thou smilest in thy sleep.
'Tis sweet enough to make me weep,
That tender thought of love and thee,
That while the world is hush'd so deep
Thy soul's perhaps awake to me!

'Sleep on, sleep on, sweet bride of sleep!
With golden visions for thy dower,
While I this midnight vigil keep,
And bless thee in thy silent bower;
To me 'tis sweeter than the power
Of sleep, and fairy dreams unfurl'd,
That I alone at this still hour,
In patient love outwatch the world.'

'THE DEATH-BED.

'We watch'd her breathing thro' the night,
Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro.

'So silently we seem'd to speak,
So slowly mov'd about,
As we had lent her half our powers
To eke her living out.

'Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied—
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died.

'For when the morn came dim and sad,
And chill with early showers,
Her quiet eyelids clos'd—she had
Another morn than ours.'

'TO ———

'I love thee—I love thee!
'Tis all that I can say:—
It is my vision in the night,
My dreaming in the day;
The very echo of my heart,
The blessing when I pray:
I love thee—I love thee!
Is all that I can say.

'I love thee—I love thee!
Is ever on my tongue:
In all my proudest poesy,
That chorus still is sung:
It is the verdict of my eyes,
Amidst the gay and young.
I love thee—I love thee!
A thousand maids among.

'I love thee—I love thee!
Thy bright and hazel glance,
The mellow lute upon those lips,
Whose tender tones entrance;
But most dear heart of hearts, thy proofs
That still these words enhance,
I love thee—I love thee!
Whatever be thy chance.'

With one more extract we must conclude:—

'Love, dearest lady, such as I would speak,
Lives not within the humour of the eye;—
Not being but an outward fantasy,
That skims the surface of a tinted cheek,—
Else it would wane with beauty, and grow weak,
As if the rose made summer,—and so lie
Amongst the perishable things that die,
Unlike the love which I would give and seek:
Whose health is of no hue—to feel decay
With cheeks decay that have a rosy prime.
Love is its own great loveliness alway,
And takes new lustre from the touch of time;
Its bough owns no December and no May,
But wears its blossom into winter's clime.'

Every one will place these Poems in his library—all who read them will acknowledge that they well sustain the reputation of THOMAS HOOD.

Lord Ashley's Address to the Electors of Dorsetshire, Jan. 31, 1846.

The Earl of Lincoln to the Electors of the Southern Division of the County of Nottingham, Feb. 7, 1846.

Lord John Russell's Speech in the House of Commons, March 2, 1846.

TIME, in its progress, has witnessed many and strange variations of the political compass; but in no period within our recollection have the variations been exceeded, either in number or strangeness, by those of the present moment. The pilot of the state-vessel is displaying and exercising his prowess in a way the most perilous and extraordinary; and, to gratify his bold propensities, his crew are content to lend their aid, and to bow to his absolute command. Whether the pilot provides this state of things, in order to further his ulterior views, as some persons suppose; or whether he is merely ignorant of the coast near which he is sailing, and besotted with the temporary *honours* of his new situation, it is of little use, in the present momentous crisis, stopping to inquire. It is sufficient to call forth other energies, and energies of no ordinary kind, to stay the impending ruin, that the vessel of the state may be steered from the brink of the abyss which leads to instant and absolute destruction.

In plain language, the existing state of political parties is the result of 'conversions' as singular as they were sudden and rapid, as numerous as they were marvellously beyond the utmost reach of calculation or conjecture! On a vital question of our social economy, parliamentary conduct has been pursued in violation of all that the honour of public men should hold sacred. The cause of political morality, as well as of sound policy and constitutional principle, is truly concerned, at this time, in a struggle between the representative and constituent bodies. We witness the anomaly of the latter protesting ineffectually against the measures of the former,—maintaining a losing contest with their own appointed advocates, who were supposed to be dedicated to their service, to give utterance to their com-

plaints, and to redress their wrongs! Who that has ever felt an enthusiasm for representative government has not had that enthusiasm chilled by the unblushing tergiversation and the callous disregard of former vows, recently evinced by so many members of the House of Commons? Their notions of the representative's office has, in verity, given to the mind of every honourable man a shock, the severity of which is not understood by those who either cannot or will not feel any degradation in defending inconsistency, or in lauding treachery. In other days, the chief of these political offenders was not so unconscious of the evil we deplore. 'The very first objection,' said he, 'which I would *always* take to the conduct of any individual or any party, was where it evinced *any want of manly candour or sincerity*.' * Upon what principle, then, does Sir Robert Peel overlook that 'objection' now? Are 'candour and sincerity' to be viewed differently in different years? Was honour one thing in 1827, and is it another thing in 1846? Does it, in fact, keep a *particular* code for the use of Sir Robert Peel? Why is he, and those who act with him, to be allowed to confound the rules of right and wrong,—to call treachery, 'sincerity,' and shameless effrontery, 'candour?' Is he, or are they, able to set up a valid claim to be allowed, with impunity, to sport with their political commission, transgress the bounds of their moral engagements, and deprive their constituents of the very privileges for the guardianship of which they were returned to the House of Commons? They possess no such claim; and, when plain words are used to express plain meaning, they will be told, that they have betrayed their trust, shamelessly abused the reliance placed in their principles, and forfeited their public character for ever!

But the more serious and obvious mischief of this affair is national, not individual. Nearly all public men's motives and actions are now mistrusted. The consequences are palpable and extensive. They embrace a sphere beyond the present hour, and will diffuse their pernicious influence as far as the astounding treachery is known: they take a range that no human mind can foresee, or calculate, or grasp, even in idea! The destruction of public confidence in public men is an evil that may traverse the country, debasing and corrupting the adherents of every party, disseminating the most vicious principles, and blighting all that is fair and comely in political life. It may even corrupt generations yet unborn, and be doing increasing mischief in society till time shall be no more. When men in *public trust*, and that of the *highest description*, set at naught their vows, their vicious example is apt to become a

* Sir Robert Peel, in the House of Commons, March 6, 1827.

precedent, which is repeated with every transcript and copy in circulation, giving a moral stab at the virtuous propensities of man. It is a crime which no recantation can cure, which no penitence can recal, which volumes of a contrary evidence will never mitigate. If such be the guilt of violating public faith, of spreading the pestilence of moral and political depravity over the kingdom, we will not ask the authors of the evil, 'What mischief have you done?' The more searching inquiry ought to be instituted, '*What evil have they not done?*' They must, if they have a particle of public virtue left, shrink within themselves at the idea of the awful responsibility which such a question supposes!

Many of these remarks are not intended to be applied to those members of the House of Commons who, when changing their opinions, appealed to their constituents for a renewal of their confidence. In this respect, the 'Address to the Electors of Dorsetshire,' by Lord Ashley, is deserving of commendation; and, amongst men who fix any value upon principle, it must have been received with high satisfaction. His lordship, though he had become contaminated by the prevalent apostacy, disdained to avail himself of any dishonourable pretext for the retention of his seat in parliament. He felt, and felt justly, that it would be as derogatory to his political dignity as disreputable to his elevated rank and high moral character, to follow such a course; and, abhorring dishonesty, and scorning meanness, he thus frankly sought the verdict of his constituents upon the new policy:

'The appeal to the country in 1841 was, whatever the ostensible purpose, an appeal on the question of the Corn Laws. I maintained at that time, that protection was indispensable, though I reserved a discretion on all details, and obtained your support accordingly.

'I am now of opinion, that it is no longer expedient to maintain such protection.

'Although no pledges were asked or given, I should be acting in contravention of an honourable understanding between myself and the electors on this special matter, were I to retain my seat, and vote for the Ministerial measure.

'I have, therefore, requested the grant of the Chiltern Hundreds, that you may have an opportunity of proceeding to another election.'

We have no inclination to speak otherwise than with respect of Lord Ashley; nor have we either reason or right to doubt his perfect sincerity in the cause he *now* espouses. Still, we cannot overlook his own implied want of wisdom, in so long supporting a system of protection to the British farmer; and, though a deficiency in understanding is widely different from a deficiency in probity, it is our opinion that a senator, having become a late convert to a policy which he has long opposed,

does not exhibit the most desirable recommendation for his high office. Sincerity is desirable in the convert; but it says nothing for the *truth* of an opinion, that the man who holds it is *sincere.* In this age of political excitement and change, it is to be supposed that some honourable and conscientious persons have been inveigled into becoming supporters of the new order of things, by representations artfully made, that free trade is the remedy for every social and political evil. It is to be regretted, however, that one of Lord Ashley's great usefulness should have embraced the prevalent error; the more so, as free trade cannot but prove grievously injurious to those classes for whose benefit his lordship has devoted the greater part of his public life.

The Earl of Lincoln seems to have forgotten the maxim, that *where great trust is reposed, great justice is expected.* His lordship's letter is an attempt to confuse the *just* relation between himself and his constituents, while it repudiates the moral view taken by Lord Ashley, and all who followed his noble example. In holding an office against the judgment of those who conferred it, there is a degree of hardihood precisely commensurate with its meanness. It is the retention of an 'honour' by the surrender of every thing that could render it honourable! But so wide is the difference between individual ideas, that Lord Lincoln tells the electors of Nottinghamshire,

'When, a few days ago, I received the formal announcement of a resolution passed unanimously at a meeting of the Nottinghamshire Agricultural Protection Association, calling upon me to resign my seat, —a resolution in which my "honour" was openly assailed,—my first impulse was to comply with the demand, and instantly appeal from that meeting to the whole constituency by a new election. Reflection, however, and a deep sense of constitutional obligation, forbade that course.

'The constitution does not recognise the right of a Member of Parliament to divest himself of the trust confided to him. It has not even given him the power to do so. The resignation of his seat can only be accomplished by a fiction,—by a request for a nominal office at the hands of the Crown. The principle of delegation is at variance with the spirit of our institutions, and those who demur to the expediency of annual Parliaments are bound to resist such a call as that which has been made upon me, come from whom it may.

'I know that others, situated like myself, have lately yielded to a keen sensibility of what was due to their honour, called in question as mine has been. I honour and respect their motives, whilst I deprecate the step they have taken, and fear that they hardly foresee the consequence of their example.

'Neither they nor I were sent to Parliament as agents or advocates of one interest in preference to others; but as members of a deliberative assembly bound to legislate for the good of all,—for the interest of the nation as a whole. Of that whole, you form an important part; and,

in my conscience, I believe that neither have I heretofore done, nor am I now doing, that of which in calmer times you will have reason to complain.'

These high-sounding words show, at least, that there is a limit to some men's discernment, and a very narrow one, though there may be none to their arrogance! Does the Earl of Lincoln 'deprecate the step which others have taken,' because that 'step' operates as a direct censure upon his own want of alacrity in following it? And is he so intent upon 'the consequence of their example,' as to be hopelessly blind to his own? The question which remains for his lordship to answer is simply this: When a member of parliament was elected by his constituents to maintain *certain principles*, and support a *certain line of policy*, is it competent for him to *impugn those principles*, and seek the *destruction of that policy?* Just in that predicament stood Lord Lincoln, when his 'first impulse was to comply with the demand of the Nottinghamshire Agricultural Protection Society.' Surely his constituents 'had reason to complain,' however impervious to that reason his lordship might be, when their representative, charged, as he was, with the guardianship of their rights, dignified with their supremacy, and clothed with their power, persisted in a policy which they believed would be not merely injurious to themselves, but destructive to the general weal. Was there nothing in that circumstance 'at variance with the spirit of our institutions?' Was there nothing in it of what the noble sire of Lord Lincoln calls 'the hideous treachery of public men, which burst forth in the full blaze of its triumphant deformity, supported by a shameless effrontery, unexampled in the annals of well-regulated states?'* These are questions which every observer of recent events can answer, but questions which cannot be answered without casting disgrace upon the faithless representative, and exciting indignation in his dupes!

When the Earl of Lincoln extols the duties of 'members of a deliberative assembly,' he seems to overlook a most important one, that of identifying themselves with their constituents. The freedom of such 'members' may extend too far. It may, as it has done, render them *independent* of those whom they profess to represent, and *dependant* on the Minister of the day. The dispenser of patronage and power generally understands both the *use* and the *abuse* of a 'deep sense of constitutional obligation;' and he will find a hundred opportunities to turn it to his convenience, especially when its possessor is not remarkable for 'yielding to a keen sensibility of what is due to his honour.' The insidious science of political corruption is the

* The Duke of Newcastle's 'Letter to his Countrymen,' March, 1846.

grand axis on which political degradation has often turned. In private life, it may be considered amongst the blackest of offences; but, in a political point of view, it is more or less dangerous, in proportion to the *stations* in which corrupt men are placed. When a private man receives any advantage to betray a trust, one or few persons may suffer. If a judge be corrupted, the oppression is extended to greater numbers. But when *legislators* are bribed into a servile support of a vascillating Minister, or, which is all one, are under any particular engagement that may influence them in their legislative capacity, the evil is incalculable.

When a majority of Parliament is brought under these circumstances, then it is that we may expect to see *injustice established by law*, whilst the outward form only of a liberal constitution remains to give it authority. We have often been astonished at the folly and simplicity of those whose 'keen sensibility' would be naturally aroused at the idea of men betraying a private trust, or a judge accepting a bribe to influence his conduct upon the bench, and yet, at the same time, coolly allow those who have legislative and ministerial authority to 'resist the call' of their deceived constituents! Morality teaches a different doctrine, and her dictates are to be *impartially* applied. Representatives, fully possessed with the GENERAL SENTIMENTS of those who sent them to Parliament, are at full liberty to reduce those general sentiments to practice by a *wise use of their own*. No reasonable man desires to obstruct the free exercise of their mental powers, or expects them to support measures repugnant to their own convictions. There is a moral freedom of action open to them, which is thus set forth by one whose opinions the Earl of Lincoln, at least, ought to treat with respect:

'Ought not the representation to reflect the opinions of its constituents, especially so, it may be supposed, since its imagined purification by the Reform Bill? The fact, however, is otherwise. I would not object, neither, I am convinced, would honour, that a man should vote according to his conscience; but if he knows that he is so doing, *in opposition to the declared sentiments of his constituents*, HE IS BOUND TO RESIGN THE TRUST INTO THEIR HANDS. This would be honourable.'—*The Duke of Newcastle's 'Address to the Nation,'* May 19, 1845.

In this rule of conduct for an *honourable* representative, the ambiguity of words is avoided, and misconception rendered next to impossible. And it is a correct impression which now prevails in the public mind, that honour and justice are, in such instances, precisely the same thing. HONOUR demands, that when a representative ceases to be true to his constituents, he should also cease to be their representative; and JUSTICE

claims the sacrifice, on the ground that members of Parliament are not *truly* representatives, merely because they were *formerly* chosen, and approved at the time of their election, but should be such as the electors, *at the present time*, would choose, and have to represent them.

That this is the fundamental principle of political representation will be evident, if we inquire into its origin. The ancient letter of the constitution sets forth, that 'Laws, to bind all, must be assented to by all;'* or, as Sir W. Jones expresses the same idea:

> 'Power's limpid stream
> Must have its source within a people's heart:
> What flows not thence is turbid tyranny.'

To effect this object, political representation was had recourse to in this country. It originated simply in convenience, as a reference to history will show. The people, being too numerous to meet for the transaction of business of any kind, selected a few to speak the public voice on the all-important matter of furnishing the necessary funds for carrying on the government. It was as old as Chancellor Fortescue, that none should be taxed without previous consent; that is, at the will of themselves, through their representatives. They were the constituted guardians of the public purse, the people's trustees for the disposal of their money; and to whatever taxes they consented, such consent was never given but with the sanction of those whose representatives they were. Means were adopted to preserve a unity of will and opinion between the representative and constituent bodies. 'At first, the representatives felt themselves completely identified with their constituents.'† Lord Coke says,

> 'It is the law and custom of the Parliament, that when any *new device* is moved on the king's behalf in Parliament for his aid, or the like, the Commons may answer, that they tendered the king's estate, and are ready to aid the same, only in this NEW DEVICE they dare not agree, *without conference with their countries;* whereby it appeareth, that such conference is warrantable by the law and custom of Parliament.'—*Fourth Part of the Institutes of the Laws of England,* p. 14. London, 1644.

A writer of the past century has clearly shown, that

> 'It hath been the ancient custom, continued usage, and undoubted right of the freeholders, and all the good people that are electors in all the boroughs and cities in England, to deliver to their delegates, whom they have constituted by their choice *their trustees,* such charges, and

* The earliest writs of Edward I. show, that all the people had a constitutional right to the elective franchise.

† 'The Rationale of Political Representation,' p. 4. London, 1835

instruction, and heads of advice, as at all times they judged most necessary and proper, and to tell them that they expect they should declare them in Parliament. And the delegates formerly have acknowledged a *right* in their superiors that chose them, either by word of mouth or in writing, to let them know in what manner they would be represented in Parliament, and to declare to them what they would have done there; and they thought themselves obliged to acquaint the House with their several charges, and *strictly to observe and prosecute such their directions,* or else they could not answer it to their countries.'—*The Elector's Right Asserted.* London, 1701.

We are aware, of course, that this strict union of representatives and constituents would avail nothing, *because it is ancient,* if it were undeserving of support, and destitute of political usefulness, in the *present* times. On the other hand, if the practice of 'strictly observing the directions of constituents' be good in itself, as we contend it is, its antiquity certainly diminishes none of its value, while it adds to the interest of the inquiry. Where the voice of the constituents is unheeded by their representatives, the end and purpose for which the representative system was adopted are entirely frustrated. Political representation is only another phrase for self-government; and, in a constitutional point of view, the House of Commons is an emblem of the electors in miniature, the living symbol of their will. They there assemble in the persons of their representatives, with whom they deposit their legislative authority. That authority is still the privilege of the electors. They place it *in trust,* but they do *not surrender it;* and it never ceases to be their's in any admissible sense of the phrase. There is nothing in the nature and *just* extent of the power of a representative which authorizes him to defy his constituents. He is their chosen citizen, the selected depositary of their will; and, as such, he is bound in honour to act. He possesses no authority, in equity and morality, to exempt himself from the performance of those duties, and the support of those principles, which were the object of their trust, and the primary motive of their choice.

Much has been said of the 'omnipotence of Parliament;' but if the members of the House of Commons refuse to obey their constituents,—if they are not in reality the organ of the popular will,—the constitution, far from clothing them with 'omnipotence,' or with any power whatever, does not even acknowledge them. Mr. Burke once said, with equal point and truth, that 'the House of Commons ought to be a control *for* the people, not *upon* the people.' If Mr. Burke thought it right afterwards to hold an opposite opinion, his apostacy interferes not with the correctness of the opinion itself. We hold that opinion to be equally agreeable to reason and to the spirit

of the British constitution. By what article of our Great Charter, or of the Bill of Rights, is the House of Commons rendered independent of the electors? The truth is, there is no such independence; and protesting against its assumption is the exercise of a constitutional right. When members enter that House they carry into it such powers, and *only* such powers, as they are invested with by their constituents; and their powers are, virtually, the powers of those whose representatives they are, or are supposed to be. *By* the electors those members are deputed, *for* the electors those members assemble and consult, and their own authority is required and obtained. But how are the electors benefited by the assumption of a power to defeat their will? What kind of *representation* is that which requires the electors to bow to the arbitrary mandate of a power of their own creation? What kind of *representatives* are they who may, with impunity, violate the principles and the policy committed to their care and guardianship? If such violation be suffered, the liberal purpose of the THIRD ESTATE is effectually defeated, the municipal equilibrium is destroyed, and the great object of the three-fold form of our free constitution is thrown out of sight, and all its supposed advantages over despotic governments are either evaded or annihilated. Unless the House of Commons echo the voice of the electors, it is defective in the very functions for which a House of Commons was instituted. It is the *form* of representation *without its essence*. It is *practice* directly at variance with *theory*,—the *exercise* of the constitution at *war with its spirit*. It is, in fact, THE CONSTITUTION DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF. That constitution erects a THRONE for the prosecution of its executive movements, provides a PEERAGE to equipoise the regal and democratic powers, and a REPRESENTATIVE ASSEMBLY to be the organ of the popular will, and the defence of the popular rights. The preservation of their several functions entire is, as it were, the very heart and core of our constitution, the vivifying and inspiring principle of our liberal form of government. It was never intended that either should accumulate in itself the triple power of QUEEN, LORDS, and COMMONS. If, however, the opinions of the constituencies of the kingdom be disregarded by their own House, they are in as positive a state of vassalage as the subjects of the most absolute monarch. They are, in truth, at the mercy of an *irresponsible legislature*. It is of little consequence to them that the Crown cannot substitute its will for law, if a Parliament can violate all its engagements, and, by ruling them with a *mace*, instead of a *sceptre*, forcibly obtain its despotic ends! REAL FREEDOM IS REAL REPRESENTATION. When Voltaire said, that 'once, and only once, in seven years, the English people

are free,' he paid our countrymen an unmerited compliment. They are never free, if they are only to have the privilege of *appointing* a Parliament, and never to *operate* upon it so as to render the laws they obey really and truly laws of their own choice. 'Laws they are not,' says Hooker, 'which public approbation hath not made so.'* Even the law of God, as proposed by Moses, was submitted to the judgment of the people before it was adopted by them. Thus, the SUPREME LAWGIVER, in so instructing Moses, virtually condemns those legislators who refuse to follow His high example.

Lord John Russell, when spontaneously rushing to the assistance of his new political allies, entirely overlooked the rights of their abused constituents. In the fertility of an active mind, his lordship seemed to imagine that the representatives of the people were the constituted masters of the people's minds, bodies, and estates; and that, far from possessing the privilege of interfering with Parliament, the very notion was 'founded in ignorance and misrepresentation of the constitution.' Here are his lordship's words:

'I think that all the statements which have been made, that this House of Commons is not competent to decide the question of the corn-laws, are founded in ignorance and misrepresentation of the constitution. . . . . I speak of the general powers of the House of Commons; I speak of them as regards the question most debated, namely, that occurring immediately after the accession of the House of Hanover,—the power of a House of Commons, elected for three years, to extend its sittings to seven, for the purpose of saving the country from anarchy and rebellion. If that was right, will any man say that a House of Commons competent to prolong its existence, and *thus to exceed its powers*, is not able to settle a question regarding the duty on foreign corn?'—*Speech in the House of Commons*, March 2, 1846.

Lord John Russell has long been a great *theoriser* on popular rights; but the above furnishes an illustration of the fact, that magnificent talkers on such matters are frequently great tyrants at heart. His lordship's ideas 'of the general powers of the House of Commons' are somewhat oddly expressed; but, if we understand them correctly, he proves too much. He confesses that, in the example he cites, the House of Commons '*exceeded* its powers,' and yet founds upon that *excess* the right of the present House of Commons to 'settle the corn-laws,'—thereby admitting, by inference, that such 'settlement' is *also* 'EXCEEDING ITS POWERS.' '*If that was right*,' he leaves us to conclude, *so is this*. But we reply, that it was *not* right for 'a House of Commons, elected for three years, to extend its sittings to seven.' If it might so far protract its existence, why

* Ecclesiastical Polity, Book i., Sect. 10.

not *farther?* If for seven, why not, by a parity of reasoning, to *fourteen, twenty-one,* or TWICE TWENTY-ONE, *years?* The first step made, and the right admitted, what argument could stay the course of a Parliament resolved to render its sittings perpetual? *If* it might legally invade one iota of the electoral privilege, why not another, and another, till not a vestige of it remained? *If* it might set at defiance its constituents in *one* case, why not in *all* cases, till it arrived at the last stage of the political drama, and, proclaiming its total irresponsibility, avow its determination to acknowledge no master save its own absolute will? Those who oppose the call of the constituencies for a general election,—those who aim at supporting all the corruptions which have crept into the representative system,—may do so because it furthers their own invasions; but truth is not to be sacrificed at their faithless shrine, nor are the hallucinations of their distempered imaginations to be taken for the lights of reason.

It is well known, that when the bill for extending the sittings of Parliament to seven years was introduced, it met with a very formidable opposition. Strenuous efforts were made to prevent its becoming law, on the all-sufficient ground of its being *subversive of the constitutional rights of the electors.* The Earls of Nottingham, Abingdon, and Paulet contended, that 'frequent Parliaments were required by the fundamental constitution of the kingdom; but, by Parliament's protracting its own authority, the electors would be *deprived of the only remedy which they had against those who, through ignorance or corruption, betrayed the trust reposed in them.*' So conscious, indeed, were the ministers who proposed the bill of the solidity of this objection to it, that they allowed, that nothing but the pressing existing necessity of the times could possibly justify it. Moreover, they distinctly stated, that it ought to be repealed as soon as the danger from a Popish Pretender was over, and that it ought *not* to be made a *precedent* for the continuance of the act to *future times!*

Certainly, no force of precedent can sanction a breach of trust, or obviate its immoral and mischievous consequences. One act of treachery cannot atone for another, any more than a weak defence can shield moral turpitude from animadversion and responsibility. The most execrable power of the mind is evinced in 'making the worse appear the better cause;' but it is an egregious error to assume, that majorities in Parliament can turn wrong into right. Constituents are not called upon to surrender their judgments and agree to a measure, purely upon the credit of a numerical superiority of the House of Commons, notoriously obtained by means that cancels all respect for it. It is not consistent with their rights, that those whom they

have elected for a very different purpose should usurp an unlimited authority over them,—an authority rendered peculiarly noxious and disgusting by the meanness with which it is sought to be inflicted. There never existed a sounder philosopher or a more profound politician than JOHN LOCKE; and we have his high authority for arriving at this conclusion:

'Though the legislative is the supreme power, yet the legislative being only a fiduciary power to act for certain ends, there remains still in the people a supreme power to remove or alter the legislative, *when they find the legislative act contrary to the trust reposed in them;* for all power given with trust for the *attaining an end,* BEING LIMITED BY THAT END, *whenever that end is manifestly neglected or opposed,* THE TRUST MUST NECESSARILY BE FORFEITED, AND THE POWER DEVOLVE INTO THE HANDS OF THOSE THAT GAVE IT.'—*Treatise on Government,* Chap. XIII., Sect. 149. London, 1764.

This is one of those truths which possesses all the certainty of mathematical demonstration. It is the great basis of British freedom, the foundation of our laws,—*the very law of our laws.* If brought to the severest test, its validity will not fail. It rests upon the rock of PUBLIC RIGHT; and RIGHT IS STILL RIGHT, WHETHER ITS EXERCISE BE ALLOWED OR NOT!

NEW MUSIC.

Lady! 'tis not that thine eye is bright! Composed by A LADY, the Poetry by Lord JOHN MANNERS, M.P. Cramer, Beale, and Co.

We are favoured with an early copy of this new song, and have very great pleasure in expressing our sincere and hearty approbation of as sweet a melody as we have ever listened to. The name of the fair Composer has not been permitted to transpire, but this, we believe her first publication, may bear favourable comparison with the productions of our most celebrated professionals; and will, we doubt not, enjoy a long and fashionable popularity. As a musical composition it is classically correct; but the perfect adaptation to the soft and impas-

sioned words of the Noble Poet is, perhaps, its greatest beauty. It is instinct with sentiment.

The distinguished patronage which this song has already received, is, we are sure, only a presage of its future and well-deserved success.