

porary history. Those who could pen it faithfully will not. We have to wait for the papers of one eminent man after another before the shades of error which gathered about them in their life can be dispersed; and, generally, their heirs are in no hurry to disclose the contents of their well-guarded repositories.

Mr. Roebuck confesses, or rather brags, that he has not scrupled to relate accounts which he found floating in society and which he believed to be accurate, more especially in relation to what passed 'in conversation or conference with the King, and with others in high office' (P.S. Pref.). We cannot imagine a more fruitful source of error. Clubs are convenient places of resort; but who would think of taking their gossip as the basis of historical record? The conversation in which political quidnuncs delight seldom contains more of truth than there was sense found in Gratiano's discourse: 'His reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff; you shall seek all day ere you find them, and when you have them they are not worth the search.' Sir Aubrey Vacant saunters to the Reform, and there has the good luck to meet with his restless friend Mr. Sharpset. When other topics are exhausted, they come to politics, of course. Sharpset has picked up a crumb from the table of some great man—in the shape of a jest, invented to get rid of his importunate questions. It is communicated to Vacant in confidence; to him it is a perfect godsend. Glad of something to tell, he spreads it abroad as an important political secret. In due time it comes back to its author's ears, who laughs at the success of his *ruse*, and is well pleased that it has diverted attention from some matter he was anxious to conceal. Mr. Roebuck has himself, in one notable passage, furnished us with a key to the value of 'anecdotes current in society':—

'I have often heard Lord Brougham relate a circumstance connected with this celebrated motion [for leave to bring in the Reform Bill], which vividly illustrates the ignorance of the Administration, even at the eleventh hour, as to the real feelings of the people. The members of the Cabinet who were not in the House of Commons dined that day with the Lord Chancellor, whose Secretary—Mr., now Sir Denis Le Marchant—sat under the gallery of the House of Commons, and sent half-hour bulletins to the noble Lord describing the progress of the debate. They ran thus: "Lord John has been up ten minutes; House very full; great interest and anxiety shown." Another came, describing the extraordinary sensation produced by the plan on both sides of the House. At last came one, saying, "Lord John is near the end of his speech—my next will tell you

who follows him." "Now," said the noble host and narrator of the story, "we had often talked over and guessed at the probable course of the Opposition, and I always said—Were I in Peel's place, I would not condescend to argue the point, but would, as soon as Lord John Russell sat down, get up, and declare that I would not debate so mad a proposal, and would insist upon dividing upon it at once. If he does this, I used to say, we are dead beat; but if he allows himself to be drawn into a discussion we shall succeed." When Le Marchant's bulletin at length came which was to tell us the course adopted by the Opposition, I held the note unopened in my hand, and, laughing, said, "Now this decides our fate; therefore let us take a glass of wine all round, in order that we may, with proper nerve, read the fatal missive." Having done so, I opened the note, and seeing the first line, which was, "Peel has been up twenty minutes," I flourished the note round my head, and shouted *Hurrah, hurrah! Victory, victory! Peel has been speaking twenty minutes!*—and so we took another glass to congratulate ourselves upon our good fortune." Such is the anecdote, which proves, among other things, how uncertain as guides are such anecdotes for history. The events doubtless occurred much as Lord Brougham is accustomed to relate them, but Sir Robert Peel did not speak on that night's debate. Sir John Sebright seconded Lord John Russell's motion, and Sir Robert Inglis was the next succeeding speaker in vehement—nay, fierce—reply to Lord John. But I relate the story because it proves how little aware the Ministry was of the state of popular feeling; how little they knew of the intensity of that feeling when they believed that Sir Robert Peel *could* so have disposed of the proposed measure.—Vol. ii., pp. 87, 88.

We may remark, in passing, that it is difficult to conceive how the Ministry could have known of any intensity of popular feeling in favour of a complicated scheme which was announced that evening for the first time. It is for Lord Brougham to settle the truth of this story with his friend the author as he pleases. We adduce it only to illustrate the historical weight of the 'oral testimony and floating evidence' on which Mr. Roebuck—in spite of this not overlooked warning—has confessedly grounded great part of his narrative, and which he has suffered to influence his estimate of the persons most conspicuous in it.

In the passionate strife of the Great Rebellion common rumour was urged by the Puritans as a ground for the indictment of Strafford, but that ill precedent has found little favour in better times. It was indignantly repudiated when attempted to be revived by the opponents of Walpole; and Chancellor Hardwicke, in a passage which should be in the memory of every constitutionalist, showed how repugnant was the allegation of common fame to every rule of

law, and every sentiment of true justice. It is the more necessary to condemn Mr. Roebuck's revival of that *obsolete* practice, as we fear he too often modifies and colours his 'current reports.' He has recently informed us that he is never better pleased than when exposing 'a sham;' but the delight he feels in the chase of falsehood may have occasionally had some effect in blunting his perception of truth. He imagines that he can discover *sham* where no one else would ever think of looking for it. This disposition most frequently results from disappointed vanity acting on a splenetic temper. Not a few men have a natural talent for vituperation, which they pass off as frankness and sincerity. Apemantus, for one, mingles his abuse of all Athens as knaves, fools, and baboons, with applause of his own honesty and plain-dealing. We do not forget that there are some who, in real scorn of hypocrisy and meanness, run into an opposite extreme, and choose to represent themselves as more cynical than they are. But Mr. Roebuck's spite is too plain and real for this mild interpretation. He scrambles up to the chair of history for apparently the one purpose of reviling every name that comes before him. Something more than the head must be in fault here. Whatever sentiments of liberality are on the lips, there must be bigotry deep seated in the heart, and that worst kind of bigotry, which, believing in the infallibility of its own ideas and judgments, has no respect for conscientious opinion when opposed to them, and is inaccessible not only to reasoning but to every humanising influence. This temper, if not held in restraint, would erect the scaffold or light the pile with the same satisfaction that it experiences in rending reputations.

Mr. Roebuck has occasion to mention our last three sovereigns—George III., George IV., and William IV. Their reigns occupy nearly eighty years—a long period and chequered with great misfortunes. In the course of it both people and governments had to sustain severe trials, and to make heroic efforts to maintain their ground; but contrasting the England of 1760 with the England of 1840, we know not in what age or country to look for an equal advance in social prosperity and national greatness. This in itself furnishes a strong presumption that the country has not been very unfortunate in its monarchs, yet Mr. Roebuck speaks of them as if he were characterizing the worst of the Cæsars. According to him George III. harboured in 'his confused and incapable brain' only the 'crotchety conceits of a madman' (i. 14). His successor is described as 'implacable in his resentments;

a vain and pampered voluptuary, whose ears were daily filled with fulsome flattery and words of slavish submission;'—and who 'must have shrunk as from a burning iron, when branded by the fiery indignation of the excited orator [Mr. Brougham] as a cruel and cowardly despot' (i. 245). Yet 'in the conduct of George IV. there is little which distinguishes him from the common herd of ordinary sovereigns' (i. 249);—and because the Duke of Wellington extolled his polished manners and knowledge of business, we are to believe that the Duke has 'doubtless had great experience of Kings, and by his speech shows that he has a very mean opinion of their courtesy and their intellect' (i. 253). This sort of speech is better fitted to the Marats of the last age than an English gentleman of 1852. William IV., the 'Sailor King,' fares no better. Previously to the publication of this book we should have thought it next to impossible that there could be much difference of opinion as to *him*. In this case surely there were no mysteries to expound—no depths to sound. Frank, kindly, sincerely desiring the good of the country—somewhat credulous—of no great capacity, yet gifted with some natural shrewdness—he won respect for the manifest purity and benevolence of his intentions, even among those who dissented most strongly from his policy. His worst fault was that he was never so well pleased as when the shout of the mob rang in his ears. The Duke's ministry could never have possessed his confidence after they balked him of the tempestuous delights of a popular procession and a civic banquet. The foibles of such a character need not be concealed. But Mr. Roebuck will allow him no one good quality. He sets out, even in his preface, by declaring that the King was 'very weak and very false; a finished dissembler; bitterly hostile to the Whig Ministry and their great measure of Reform.' The author seems proud of this novel estimate of the unlucky Prince—for we find it in two places (*Pref.* ix.; vol. ii. 27). He acknowledges that he runs directly counter to the fixed opinion of his noble and learned patron—but of this discrepancy the explanation is easy:—

'The kindness and generosity of Lord Brougham's own nature make him give easy credence to kind professions in others. The off-hand hearty manner of the King, therefore, imposed upon his Chancellor. The very weakness of the King too gave him strength. His capacity was notoriously contemptible, and Lord Brougham could not for a moment believe himself the dupe of parts so inferior: and yet in truth was he deceived. The trained artifice of a mean spirit

misled and cajoled the confiding generosity of a great and powerful mind; and to this hour, Lord Brougham asserts that the King was a sincere reformer, and earnest throughout the struggle which followed the introduction of the Reform Bill in his expressed desire to have that measure passed in all its integrity. My opinion as to this matter is fully stated in the history which I have given of all the transactions connected with it; and I am now only anxious to declare that in that opinion Lord Brougham does not coincide, and for it cannot be held responsible.' (Pref. ix.).

Lord Brougham is, as all the world allows, a good-natured and charitable man; but here, we think, on the whole, the public have simply to decide between the probability of the Reform Chancellor's failing, through excessive generosity of spirit, to at all appreciate one whom he had ample means of studying, or of Mr. Roebuck's erring as to the views and feelings of a man never by possibility submitted to the scrutiny of his (however superior) acumen, through a confirmed habit of malignant construction.

Our young readers have not forgotten the fable where the animals in council give their opinion of man. The monkey dislikes him for his propensity to mischief, the ass for his obstinacy, the viper for his venom, and the toad for his ugliness. Thersites is a council in himself. Of the venerable Lord Eldon we are told, that 'the closing scenes of this man's career were a wretched exhibition of *impotent spite*' (i. 71). Of Mr. Huskisson, after his separation from the Wellington ministry, it is said—'Under the thin disguise of a pretended moderation and exalted patriotism, *bitter personal spite* was seen to rankle, governing every thought, word, and deed' (i. 268); and even the poor defendants of the *Morning Journal* are denounced as 'mere mercenary traders in vulgar abuse,' who 'never prayed to God to keep their tongues from *evil speaking, lying, and slandering*' (i. 330).

Mr. Roebuck boldly solicits inquiry into the facts of his book, and challenges contradiction as to *them*. The language sounds fairly, but it amounts to nothing. In a compilation of this kind the opinions are usually of more importance than the facts. Conduct and character are more often disposed of in a few decided words than described in detail. Thus Lord John Russell is seldom mentioned here without some epithets significative of the 'tamest mediocrity.' Rash, factious, ambitious he may be, but certainly there is nothing of tame mediocrity in his nature. For all that appears on the face of this narrative, we allow the judgment may be well-founded; but that judgment stands

alone, neither supported nor contradicted by facts, just as do the summary verdicts we have noticed above. A narrative may be essentially false in which every circumstance is substantially true. If Mr. Roebuck be really anxious to instruct generations to come, let him go carefully over the sentiments he has expressed, examine what grounds they rest on, and acquire, if he can, the temper, the impartiality, the predilection for truth and charity—they are seldom found apart—which must distinguish him to whom the world assigns ultimately the high title of HISTORIAN.

Notwithstanding the tenor of a previous extract it is somewhat ostentatiously announced that the author has been assisted by Lord Brougham—and has had access to his official papers. We do not question either the extent or the curiosity of that collection, but we very much doubt the worth of garbled citations from its stores. Contemporary writers who happen to possess the friendship of some great man, are very apt to make him the hero of their narrative; and, as in dramas framed with an eye to some particular performer, all other parts are quite subordinate to their principal. The occurrences in which he is more immediately concerned, however trivial in reality, are magnified to a momentous consequence. 'Points' are made for him on every possible occasion, and attention is emphatically bespoken for the lightest of his sayings or doings. Thus, in Walpole's Memoirs, Henry Conway is the centre about which a multitude of petty intrigues are continually revolving, and these are related with such anxious minuteness, and so mixed up with more important things, that we lose our way in a labyrinth of confused details—but are left with an impression that in some way or other Horace's dear cousin, in fact an exceedingly weak politician, exercised a most marking influence on the history of his time. Something of the same kind of perplexity attends the eternal recurrence of Lord Brougham's name in this book; it takes us backward and forward, and round, round, round; it is prominent in the Preface and in the Appendix; it detains us in places where we do not care to linger, and hurries us over others where we would willingly pause. In the little romance which is related here of the interview between Lord Grey and Brougham on the morning of the dissolution in 1831, the Premier is represented as dumb, while the Chancellor announces to the astonished Monarch that *he* has ordered the royal carriages, and that *he* has sent to the Horse Guards to have the troops in readiness. It is a pity that the

author did not take as much pains to verify this anecdote as he did concerning the one which he heard from Lord Brougham's lips on the first debate in the Commons on the Reform Bill. Why did he not make some attempt to ascertain in what shape the successor of Bacon conveyed his order to the Horse Guards?

In Miss Martineau's ponderous volumes, considerable space is devoted to the period on which Mr. Roebuck concentrates his strength. Of the two narratives, so far as they run parallel, we prefer the lady's. She makes no pretence to exclusive information, but she shows complete mastery over materials, such as they may be, both in their disposition and treatment. Her style has some resemblance to that of the French Memoirists, being rapid and glancing rather than steady and methodical. She does not so much relate as indicate events, but this is done with so much animation, and such felicity of language and allusion, that the mind is kept continually attentive, even when the subjects themselves are far from inviting. We are happy in an opportunity to do this justice to her literary talents; we wish that she would or could more often do justice to them herself; but by one of those freaks of nature not uncommonly met with, she is subject to such wild fancies, presumptuous crotchets, and strange hallucinations, as to render her at all times an unsafe, and, frequently, a most dangerous guide.

Her intellect, though extremely vivacious, is of that cast which can scarcely admit of doubt or reasoning upon any subject. Certain ideas, often amusingly fantastic, find their way—by a process we do not profess to understand—into her brain, and become thenceforth a part of her very nature. Sir Walter Raleigh defines *Incredulity* as *the wit of fools*; and in good sooth it requires more credulity to reject conclusions built on sufficient evidence than to receive them. Miss Martineau, unhappily indifferent to the truth of revelation, exercises the wildest flights of fancy in constructing something like a new scheme of theogony suitable to the ruins of Egypt. Pronouncing Moses an impostor, she gives implicit credit to that convicted charlatan, the 'Magician' of Cairo—nay, even at home, believes in the supernatural powers of a cunning servant-girl. Her History is more free from offensive matter in this line than many of her other productions—for example, the Narrative of her Eastern travels, but, above all, her late extraordinary Correspondence with Mr. Atkinson—for which perhaps we have to thank that party-spirit which keeps her mind in a state of tutelage. She even avoids, until her last

page, all mention of those Malthusian doctrines of which she used to be so eloquent an expounder. Probably, amidst all the bewildering imbecilities of her Pantheism, she sees by this time that there are some arrangements at work superior to the theories and contrivances of economists, by which the harmony of nature is secured, and provision made for the advancing numbers as well as civilization of mankind.

From her character, it may be supposed that she is on all points excessively positive—and occasionally her confidence is piquant. On the trial of the notorious St. John Long, she naïvely remarks, that—

'the spirit of quackery did not die with him, nor the propensity to it in his admirers—the ignorant of the educated classes. The thing wanted evidently is such an advance of physiological and medical knowledge as shall exalt that knowledge into real science' (ii. 181).

She has done her best to forward the desired end—but neither her own cure, nor even that of her favourite cow—given up by the veterinary faculty—has been able to convince the 'ignorant of the educated classes' that mesmerism in any of its shapes is more or less than a system of gross imposture.

She is qualified to decide on every one of the multifarious concerns of the world with the same authority as on medical science. When she speaks of Continental politics, her proper post seems the Foreign office; but when she touches on religious matters, and disposes of Presbyterian schism and Tractarian mummery, we are at a loss to say whether she should have been Moderator of the General Assembly or Archbishop of Canterbury. Our perplexity lasts till she engages with bullion and currency, when there can be no doubt that she ought to be Governor of the Bank of England. Her qualifications for other offices, however, expand as she proceeds. The Board of Trade can never do well till she is at the head of it. The Royal Society will commence a new career of usefulness when she mounts to the chair of Rosse, and the army will at last be fitly managed when she realizes the step ascribed to Lord Chancellor Brougham, and sends her orders to the Horse Guards. In direct opposition to F.M., who never interferes with other people's business, Miss Martineau feels it her appointed duty to make the business of all other people her own.

In spite of this assumption and other amusing foibles, we think her book likely to survive the fleeting publications of the day. It is full of matter, and the information

given is generally accurate, though almost invariably one-sided. The political opinions, if selected, would form a tolerably complete system of full-blown Liberal intolerance; but her tone is infinitely less offensive than that of Mr. Roebuck. She never errs through malice; on the contrary, she tries with all her heart to be considerate and charitable. She is very sorry indeed that Tories should be so shockingly blind, and, with honest kindness, exerts herself to enlighten them. Were a society to be got up for their conversion, we are sure she would cheerfully contribute some tracts to the good work.

Her quick temperament and wealth of words often enough hurry her into extravagance. She is tempted to take up a scene-painter's brush for her Academy picture. Perhaps the most glaring device is that of exalting events by investing them with an universal sympathy. This is a common trick—and the popularity of one historical writer of real genius will probably conduce to its cure, by the multiplication of feeble and feminine mimicries. Miss Martineau represents the people as sitting up all night when important debates are in progress. During the Queen's process—though the summer heat was so intense

'that horses dropped dead on the roads, and labourers in the fields—yet along the line of mails crowds stood waiting in the burning sunshine for news of the trial, and horsemen galloped over hedge and ditch to carry the tidings. In London the parks and West-end streets were crowded every evening; and through the bright nights of July neighbours were visiting one another's houses to lend newspapers or compare rumours. . . . Daily was the fervent "God bless her!" repeated from the nearest house-top to the farthest point of vision.'—(i. 257.)

On the death of Lord Londonderry we are told that—

'the relief to the multitude was so extraordinary and portentous, that little children who carried the news—as little children love to carry wonderful news without knowing what it means—were astonished at the effect of their tidings, and saw, by the clasped hands and glistening eyes of aliens in English towns, that there was a meaning in the tidings beyond their comprehension.'—(i. 287.)

When Canning announced that troops were on their way to Portugal, to resist the aggression of Spain:—

'The newspapers passed from hand to hand under the Spanish cloak; recitation of the Englishman's words went on in whispers under the bright Italian moon; and at Vienna and Warsaw men's hearts swelled, and their eyes shone, as phrases from this speech were detected in

common intercourse, and forthwith formed a sort of freemasonry among those who understood.'—(i. 303.)

The account of the panic of 1825 (vol i., pp. 359.365) is still more extravagant; and to indicate the drought of 1826, 'the richest people made presents to one another of little pitchers of fresh water.'

It is announced that Earl Grey has been sent for. Next day—

'The newspapers could not give the list of the ministry fast enough. In reading-rooms, and at the corners of the streets, merchants, bankers, and tradesmen took down their names, and carried them to their families, reading them to every one they met by the way; while poor men, who could not write, carried them well enough in their heads.'—(ii. 21.)

The Reform Bill is produced:—

'The very ground shook with the tread of multitudes, and the broad heaven echoed with their shouts, and the peers quaked in their houses, and the world seemed to the timid to be turned upside down.'—(ii. 34.)

The Reform ministers resign:—

'The mail-roads were sprinkled over for miles with people, who were on the watch for news from London; and the passengers on the tops of the coaches shouted the tidings. Then was there such mourning throughout England as had not been known for many years. Men forsook their business to meet and consult what they should do. In some places the bells tolled—in others they were muffled. In many places black crape was hung over the sign of the King's head; and there was talk of busts of Queen Adelaide being seen with a halter round the neck.'—(ii. 52.)

This style reminds one of Will Marvel's journey to Devonshire—'He has accustomed himself to sounding words and hyperbolical images, till he has lost the power of true description.' Far be it from us to justify those who venture on such empirical audacities as the Reform Bill, or to underrate the evil consequences for the hearts of their dupes. Nor do we forget the immediate tangible effects—among others, the sinking of the revenue. But we are not to adopt the high-flown rhapsodical caricatures of such pens as these. To take Miss Martineau or Mr. Roebuck as a guide, one would suppose that the nation only recovered from one political convulsion to fall into another; and that, with so many elements of discord at work, its existence could only have been preserved by miracle. But the truth is that the hubbub which, bad enough in itself, they swell into a hurricane, scarcely reached below the surface of English life. A certain amount of

popular effervescence is inseparable from a representative system, from a free press, and from public meetings. The political opinion which exists among us thus finds ready expression, and may often be supposed, even by fair and candid observers, to be more general and influential than it is; but, except at particular periods, we very much doubt whether the Englishman interests himself so much in politics as many of the Continental nations, whose opinions find no ready mode of expression. If we look from political history into private life, we shall find that state affairs occupy but a very small part of any man's attention, compared with his proper business. There are trading politicians, who not unfrequently find their trade answer very well, and who are able to raise a certain degree of agitation at favourable seasons, but with these men the great body of the people have nothing in common.

Miss Martineau professes to review *Thirty Years of Peace*. We can now look back upon seven years more. The whole period has been distinguished by great social improvement, and by unparalleled fecundity of invention in all industrial arts. If our progress has been both more steady and more rapid than that of other countries, it has been because we have united to a higher degree of individual freedom a more perfect preservation of legal rule. This union, simple as it appears in theory, has not often been attained in practice; nor can it ever be attained without long previous discipline, and without great moderation on the part of those two powers which, with a common interest, are often, from the antagonistic spirit of free states, in opposition to each other—the people and the government.

The cessation of a war which had lasted almost uninterruptedly for more than twenty years, and had been carried forward on a scale of unexampled magnitude, was far from proving at first a relief to the government of the day, or even to the people. While a necessity existed for lavish expenditure the nation assented to it, and, voting the gross sum demanded, scarcely cared to look at the items which composed it. The struggle was for life or death; and safety could not be purchased at too high a price.

The same feeling has generally animated England throughout the severe contests in which she has been engaged. We have rarely had an economical war-minister. Chatham, with large, grand views, discarded questions of economy altogether from his consideration. His only aim was success; well knowing that success could not be bought too dearly, and that the bolder, the

more extravagant even, the effort, the less might be the cost.

This ancient national policy was undoubtedly adopted throughout our long struggle with Napoleon—and, no less clearly, it was very open to attack while the event was in suspense. The Whigs were persevering in their advocacy of economy and submission. They denounced the supplies voted for the Peninsular army as a scandalous and shameful waste of the public money, and gleefully predicted, year after year, that the genius of the Emperor would assert itself, and the demolition of Wellington bring with it the utter prostration of Britain. Waterloo put an end to their sinister prophecies—but at the same time relieved them from a false political position. Spectators marvelled how it was that, while the country was yet in the full glow of rejoicing for its deliverance, the power of the ministry began to tremble. The explanation is not difficult. When the danger ceased the prudent and practical spirit of Parliament returned. Estimates were once more closely scrutinised; and the Commons judged for themselves of the necessity of retaining taxes, which only the urgency of the case had rendered tolerable. Their eagerness for relief was not surprising: the unguarded expression of Lord Castlereagh—'ignorant impatience of taxation'—was eagerly caught up and bruited abroad, to the no small injury of the government.

The attacks on the Peace were less successful. All our great treaties, however advantageous, have been violently assailed by the party in opposition, and generally been received with discontent by the public. The sentiment, that the aim of war should be to conquer peace, has never, we fear, obtained much credit with us; we seem rather to be of opinion that war should be waged for the aggrandisement of our trade, territory, and wealth. It is forgotten that that peace cannot, from its very nature, be lasting which greatly disturbs old settlements of power, and which forces an independent state to a bitter acknowledgment of defeat by humiliating concessions.

The opening chapters of this *History of the Peace* are by Mr. Charles Knight, who, if he had not devoted himself to the busier labours of publication, would certainly have attained distinction as a writer. He is as liberal in his politics as Miss Martineau, but he has the good sense to acknowledge the merits of those treaties which were so virulently assailed when their stipulations first became known:—

'Napoleon at St. Helena said to O'Meara, "So silly a treaty as that made by your ministers for their own country was never known

before. You give up everything, and gain nothing." We can now answer that we gained everything when we gained thirty years of repose. We gained everything when, after twenty years of warfare, upon the most extravagant scale, the spirit of the people conducted that warfare to a triumphant end. The gains of a great nation are not to be reckoned only by its territorial acquisitions or its diplomatic influence. The war which England had waged, often single handed, against a colossal tyranny raised her to an eminence which amply compensated for the mistakes of her negotiations. It was something that they did not close the war in a huckstering spirit—that they did not squabble for this colony or that entrepôt. The fact of our greatness was not to be mistaken when we left to others the scramble for aggrandisement, content at last to be free to pursue our own course of consolidating our power by the arts of peace. There were years of exhaustion and discontent to follow those years of perilous conflict and final triumph. But security was won; we were safe from the giant aggressor. The people that had subdued Napoleon—for it was the act of the people—would do the work that remained to them.—(i. 9.)

That character for magnanimity which England established by her moderation has since borne noble fruit, and in spite of occasional checks, here or elsewhere, will, we trust, continue to do so. We cannot forget the cordial assurances of support proffered to England when she was threatened on the side of France some ten years since; nor the kind and generous (perhaps somewhat repentant) visit of the greatest of the Continental sovereigns to our shores at the moment when a rupture appeared most imminent. The northern courts of Europe, singularly jealous of even a partial encroachment on the Turkish territory, placed the sword in our hand to drive the rebellious Pasha from Syria, and saw without alarm the important fortress of Acre garrisoned by a British force. No higher compliment could possibly be paid to national honour.

Graver difficulties than those arising from finance assailed our ministers after 1815. Contrary to the experience of most nations, war has been with us a period of prosperity—while peace has often brought our progress to a temporary pause. The cessation of enormous expenditure by government—the depression of trade, restored to its normal state after a long period of artificial encouragement—the sudden fall in the value of produce—contributed, with the enormous taxation still necessary, to create distress—and of course discontent. There was another cause more influential still to excite disaffection among the labouring classes. Machinery was continually encroaching on manual toil; and, as it seemed to the people who found themselves deprived of employ-

ment by the superior economy of this new agent, was depriving them and their families of daily bread. 'They had been taught,' says Mr. Knight, 'as some demagogues still continue to teach, that all the evils of civilization are political evils.' Nor was there wanting behind these agitators a party which, entirely opposed to their doctrines, threw its shelter over them, under pretence of maintaining the rights of public meeting and freedom of speech. So threatening did these symptoms of disorder appear to foreign observers that there were some who conceived that the knell of our dissolution had been sounded in the hour of our highest glory.

It was the duty of the Ministers at all hazards to preserve society; nor did they shrink from it. Looking back at this distance of time, it appears amazing that so much violent opposition should have been offered to measures of obvious necessity for the repression of tumult. They were described by the Whig leaders as the 'most detestable ever introduced into Parliament'—as though their express design had been to subvert public liberty, not to preserve it. Freedom has perished much oftener from the turbulence of the people than from the usurpation of governments. The spirit of Jacobinism, though restrained, had lingered in England through the whole period of the war, and now endeavoured to turn all the existing elements of evil to its own account. There was little probability that its wild plots could succeed, but they were excessively mischievous; and in discussing the precautionary and exceptional measures of an administration, it is surely no valid objection to urge that they were directed against no greater dangers than the massacre of a cabinet or the firing of London.

The discovery of the Thistlewood conspiracy justified the vigilance of Government, and rallied moderate men round authority. The most sensible of the disaffected, finding how vain were their efforts against society, were led to the wholesome conviction that 'by virtue and knowledge alone can the people work out their own redemption.' (i. 152.)

The first five years after the peace were years of commercial distress or apprehension, of political disturbance, of social inquietude. With the accession of George IV. better influences prevailed. Tranquillity, seriously threatened, had been maintained; that was the great point. The industry and enterprise inherent in English nature did all else that was necessary to recall prosperity. The Government was secure in parliamentary majorities, and in the support of the most sober classes of the

country. The Whigs had well nigh lost heart and hope—when an unlooked-for incident came to revive their spirits.

It would appear that it is in the nature of political freedom to generate crises, more or less alarming: an element as variable as the ocean or the atmosphere, its ordinary state is gentle and wholesome activity, but subject at uncertain intervals to profound calm and violent tempest. When the horizon seemed most clear clouds began to gather. The Queen returned to England, and the question of her guilt or innocence furnished parties with a new ground for contest. The Ministers engaged in it with reluctance—of that there can be no doubt; the Opposition, with joy and alacrity. This time they were sure of popular sympathy; whatever might have been the errors of the Queen, it was impossible not to pity her position. The story of her trial is eloquently told by Miss Martineau—it occupies one of her most striking chapters. We have only to mark its political influence. Mr. Roebuck, speaking of the cabinet deliberations on her return, favours us with a noticeable *anecdote* :—

‘The Whig party are said to have acted with a magnanimity worthy of the highest encomium. They gave the ministers to understand that, if office were offered to them (the Whigs) by the King, in consequence of the Ministers refusing to prosecute the Queen, they would refuse it, even though the King should dispense in their case with the unworthy compliance he demanded of his actual cabinet. If this intimation were given—and that it was so I have the highest authority for stating—the baseness of the ministerial acquiescence is immeasurably enhanced.’—vol. i. p. 9, note.

If Mr. Roebuck’s anecdote be true, the magnanimity of the Whigs was not over-heroic. The advantages resulting from such an invidious proposal would be entirely on the side of those who made it. No English cabinet could receive it without a sense of degradation; and so far from being likely to incline them against the prosecution, it was calculated to bias them the other way, as, had they refused compliance with the King’s wishes, the Whigs would have taken all the credit of the refusal to themselves, and accused the Tories of having been moved by interest, and not by conscience.

This episode in our political history soon vanished. So sudden are the revulsions of vulgar sentiment that the Queen’s popularity was on the wane even before her death; but the courage with which the popular leaders championed her cause had gained them a higher place in public respect than

they previously filled. The death of Lord Londonderry still further improved their position.

He was one of those rare men of decided character who are in themselves a system of policy: so much is conceded by the hatred of his opponents. He was regarded by them with an intensity of bitterness—with an envenomed and personal antipathy—to which we know no parallel in modern days. Yet it is admitted, even by Miss Martineau, that he was ‘amiable, winning, and generous in the walk of his daily life.’ It was the force of his character which gained for him so much detestation. ‘This man was the screw by which England had riveted the chains of nations’ (*Mart.* i. 100): that is, he had established the peace of Europe on the firmest basis it had ever known, and discountenanced revolution in every shape, as the foe not only of governments but of humanity. The part assigned him as the representative of England at the Congress of Vienna was a tribute justly due to the sagacity and courage which had foreseen and realized the glorious termination of the contest. In his nature there was nothing showy; he was in the cabinet what Wellington was in the field. A supreme sense of duty filled his mind, and rendered him indifferent to popularity. He was eminently fitted for the part he had to sustain—for carrying out, that is, with resolute energy, grand conceptions of true statesmanship. The test of greatness is the influence it exercises on the future. The peace he founded subsists to this day; its principles are still recognized as the code of European policy, and, as we learn from recent accounts, are exercising a restraining and salutary influence on the councils of the Tuileries, waving, like a sword of flame, the French usurper from his ambitious projects. Posterity will assuredly do justice to the greatness of his character, and pay homage to the lofty triumphs of his statesmanship.

With his successor was inaugurated at the Foreign Office that liberal system which, pursued and developed by the Whigs, had the result of estranging us from the great Conservative powers of the Continent, and of leaving us at a most critical time without one cordial ally. Mr. Canning, we are told by Miss Martineau, entered ‘manfully on his task of liberating nations.’ Where are the substantial benefits of his policy? In what country has it borne good fruit? In Portugal? In Spain? In Italy? In Germany? In that New World which the intoxicated orator boasted of having ‘called into existence to redress the balance of the

old'? Alas! the wars of the South American States present the most sanguinary and dismal page in modern history.

It is a principle held by Liberal politicians with so much much constancy as almost to induce a belief that there must be some foundation for it, that nations may be endowed with freedom by *Constitutions* as easily as children are pleased with toys and sweetmeats. As the witty waiting-girl in the *Malade Imaginaire* refers every complaint of her master to 'le poumon,' their sole response to every grievance that reaches them from abroad is 'Constitution—Constitution—Constitution.' The remedy has been tried, Heaven knows, often enough since it was first announced. The world has been deluged with constitutions of late, but without any remarkable advance in the freedom or happiness of the nations most richly favoured with them. If constitutionalism alone could have benefited any country, France ought to be the most blessed under the sun. We leave her most eminent citizens to decide whether she is so. We are not ignorant of the theory of our brilliant essayist—that the disorders of liberty are to be cured by more liberty. This is much like the doctrine of the quack, who, accused of killing a man by his pills, replies that the patient died not by taking so many, but through not taking more. As the wise and sober Whig Mackintosh—the most accomplished and worst-used of modern Whigs—has so honestly pronounced, and so elegantly illustrated, free constitutions cannot suddenly be rooted in the mind of any people. They must grow up there to be abiding, and must be in perfect accordance with their nature, their instincts, their habitudes. To us constitutional rule appears natural and easy (though it can hardly appear simple); but we have been fitted for it by the education of a thousand years.

The career of Canning, though, perhaps, to the end his name was wormwood among the body of the Whigs, had been most substantially serviceable to them by breaking up the exclusiveness of parties. When the Duke of Wellington was summoned to form a Ministry, he had no longer the compact phalanx to depend on which formed the strength of Lord Liverpool's government. Of all achievements that of successful statesmanship in a free country is certainly the most difficult. Marlborough could boast that he never besieged a place that he did not take, nor fought a battle he did not win. Our own great captain can point to a longer and still more brilliant career of heroic triumph;—but what statesman has ever

achieved success equally uninterrupted? The life of the most distinguished among them has been signally chequered, and those who have held power the longest have usually in the end experienced the most grievous defeats.

The instability of the preceding Ministries had been a general complaint when the Duke became Premier. A strong government was desired, and it was thought he would form one: his great practical sagacity, his firmness of will, and splendid reputation throughout the world, all justified the anticipation. We do not often agree with Mr. Roebuck—but some of his remarks on this occasion seem creditable to his judgment, and afford a pleasing exception to the general acidity of his style:—

'No man can be a great soldier unless he possess great administrative talent, and this talent is more likely to be brought forth and fostered by the business of war than by the management of cases at Nisi Prius; yet because of the habit of speaking, the lawyer is deemed capable of governing; while the soldier, whose life is spent in action and not in talk, is considered unversed in what are called the civil affairs of State. The training of the Duke of Wellington was, however, of a much higher character than any which ordinary statesmen, or soldiers, or lawyers, can hope to enjoy. In India, and Spain, and Portugal he led armies and he governed nations. To feed his armies, and to keep the people for whom he was nominally engaged obedient and favourable to his cause, he was obliged to bring into action all those great qualities of mind which are needed for the practical government of mankind. Every intricate question of finance, the various and perplexing operations of trade, the effects of every institution, commercial, political, of law and administration—all had to be understood, weighed, watched, and applied, while he led the armies of England and, in fact, governed the people of Spain and Portugal. The vast combinations needed for his great campaigns made him familiar with every operation of government; and the peculiar relation in which he stood to the people of Spain and Portugal and their various rulers called into action every faculty of his mind, and made him profoundly skilled in the difficult art of leading and controlling men of all classes and of all characters.'—i. 41, 42.

Mr. Roebuck has evidently studied *Gurwood* with diligence, and closed the invaluable book with a clear and honest conviction. So have thinking men of all parties—all countries—nowhere more decidedly than in France. Yet the fact remains—account for it as we may—that the Duke's ministerial, in singular contrast to his military, career has been almost uniformly disastrous. From the first his cabinet had not a strong look. Catholic emancipation, as in Canning's

government, was left an open question ; this encouraged the audacity of O'Connell and gave spirit to the Whigs. In the Commons Lord John carried his bill for repealing the Test and Corporation Acts. This success indicated that the Whigs were rapidly gaining ground, and, from the readiness with which the Duke adopted the measure in the Lords, experienced politicians began to think that it was only a question of time when Emancipation would be brought forward as a Government measure.

It was every way unfortunate that throughout the session of 1828 the Duke in one House and Mr. Peel in the other opposed the Catholic claims as emphatically as they had ever done ; their declarations gave confidence to the high Protestants, and led them to suppose that no change was contemplated ; on that supposition they spoke and acted. There is a pride in conviction which revolts from sudden change. Sincere men may be persuaded out of their sentiments, but will never surrender them at the word of command. Though suspicions were abroad, there was not the slightest authority for the rumor that the Government intended to give way until the King's speech, on opening the session of 1829, announced the fact.

The measure originated with the Duke : he honestly believed that the time for concession had come. The principle of emancipation had been sanctioned by the Commons on Sir Francis Burdett's motion, by a majority of six ; and, to increase the difficulty of resistance, O'Connell had been returned for Clare. We can fancy the Duke, with his clear, straightforward, practical sense, putting the case that emancipation must be conceded ; and that the only question was whether the measure should be carried by his Government, or by a Government forced on the King against his will. The conversion of Mr. Peel to the Duke's view is commonly believed among people better informed than our authors to have been *very sudden*. We have some reasons for doubting the fact ; but, were it established on clear evidence, we should see little difficulty in reconciling it with the marking features of his disposition. Opinion is usually of slow growth. An influence often unknown to ourselves—as early associations, or any accidental cause—may give the mind a bias in the first instance, and then it instinctively seizes on those circumstances and ideas which are best calculated to confirm its prepossession. In this respect its action resembles that of some of the testaceous tribes, which suffer the tide of ocean to flow through their open shell, but close it to

grasp any trivial substance which they feel to be their proper food. There are men so constituted that their sentiments, being in perfect conformity with their temperament and character, remain unchanged from youth to age, and present the same being through all the varied stages of existence. Others are so exquisitely susceptible, so open to impression, that their whole mental life is continual oscillation. The representatives of great principles should be chosen from the former class ; the latter are, we humbly think, out of their place on the summits of public life. Sir Robert Peel was extremely susceptible, and, like most persons of that constitution, he concealed the warmth, and even irritability of his feelings, under a cold and reserved exterior. But those who knew him best understood how easily he could be moved, and observed that tears would start to his eyes when his sympathies were strongly excited. It is said that he would faint from the slightest shock to his nervous system, or from a trifling degree of bodily pain. It was this acute sensibility which contributed to his death. No examination of his injuries could be made, as it was certain that he would sink under the operation. It is an illustration of the axiom 'extremes meet,' that genius and weakness are often allied in the tenderness of their physical organization. Opinion in persons of this stamp, however elaborately built up, is liable to sudden destruction when once unsettled. The new light, or fancied light, bursts on the mind at once, and there is scarcely an interval between doubt and renunciation. We are to consider, too, that in state affairs men are often called on to decide between courses of action rather than to resolve political problems. Necessity is in itself a potent ruler of opinion ; even firm men soon find good reasons for acts which they believe to be inevitable ; but we think we may assert that at least a year before the Duke proposed the Emancipation, Sir Robert had signified in private his conviction that such a measure could not be much longer deferred. We by no means desire to convey that he at that time contemplated his own part in carrying it.

It is said by one of our great divines that every act is attended by so long a train of consequences, as that no man can possibly foresee them to the end. This is especially true of political acts ; and it furnishes the strongest possible argument against the slightest deviation from the strict straight path of truth and right. It must have seemed even to the Duke a strange circumstance, bearing the character of retribution,

when seventeen years later the pupil retorted on the master the lesson he had been taught. In 1845 it was Sir Robert Peel who called his Cabinet together to announce a necessity for repealing the Corn Laws. His Grace could not see the necessity then, and he perhaps experienced a feeling, approaching mortification, at finding his tactics turned against himself. The plea availed in one case as in the other—and this time it was the great commander who had to mould his convictions and rule his conduct by an exigency not perceived till a junior announced it.

In theory it appears quite natural that a public man, who has always resisted a particular course of policy, and gathered a party about him on that understanding, should refuse to inaugurate it even when he perceives its necessity. It would seem more generous, more fair, to resign his power into the hands of his opponents, and allow them to carry out their own principles, rather than to adopt them and deprive their real owners of the fame, for good or ill, of placing their measures on the statute-book, after they had virtually secured their triumph.

The question is assuredly not so simple—for it may be urged that it is the duty of a minister to set the interests of the crown and country above all other considerations, and to carry those measures most essential to the public good without much caring for the punctilios of party. On the supposition that he believes the necessity for a measure to exist, what must he do if he resign? Plainly support the measure by whomsoever introduced. May he not then do that as a minister which he, in honesty and honour, must do as a legislator?

It may seem to him that, while he is at accord with the rival Party on one particular question, he is opposed to the general scheme of their policy. The Duke had good reason for distrusting the Whigs—and George IV. believed he could not receive them without positive degradation. Was the Premier, because he found one measure indispensable, which they had partially made their own, to give them power to carry others of which he, on all possible grounds, disapproved? Again—every change of ministry occasions some inconvenience, and when changes are frequent they weaken the power of the State both at home and abroad, and disturb that regularity and order which the public interests require to be preserved. Still again—a Government is composed of many members and many dependents. It has great patronage. A Premier may himself be perfectly indifferent to the loaves

and fishes of office, but it is not permitted him to wholly overlook his friends and retainers. There is a bond between them of service and reward, which serves very materially to keep parties together. Napoleon, it has been observed, was well served, because whoever adhered to him faithfully was sure of remembrance. A political leader, who lightly resigned office, would soon be without a following.

We may suppose that these various reasons had weight with the Duke—of all selfish motives it would be insolence to acquit him—and yet we still feel satisfied that the greatest of living men committed a grave error. Bossuet loftily says that the mind of the historian should be above the caprices of events and of fortune. To some extent this is true. But the wisdom of a policy must be judged by its consequences. The common sense of mankind recognizes no other rule—and in a vast majority of cases it must be right. The immediate effect of the Duke's course was to produce a bitter feeling of exasperation in a great part of the people—to weaken the confidence of the general mind in the good faith and declarations of public men—to directly encourage agitation by promising it success when sufficiently active—to break up his party—to bring his government to an unpitied end—and to throw such absolute power into the hands of the Whigs as enabled them to revolutionize the constitution of the country. A course which had such results could not have been political—could scarcely have been just.

It is to mistake the position of a minister in a free country to suppose that his chief duty is to serve the Crown in the sense of carrying on the routine business of Government. This could be done without the costly complexity of a constitutional system. To represent him as exclusively the servant of the Sovereign is a fiction, which, if acted on, might well lead the sagest mind into error. It is in the nature of free institutions to elicit a full disclosure of sentiments. Every leading public man is the representative of principles of policy. He is not indeed expected to act the part of a mere delegate, but his declarations are understood to convey his real opinions, and according to their character he is trusted and supported, or distrusted and opposed. Hence parties are formed, and their contests with each other—whatever evils may attend them—constitute the healthy action of a representative system. The line which divides these parties is usually broad and distinct—those important questions which test their relative strength are the key-stone to a whole political system. This was certainly the case

with Catholic Emancipation, and as certainly with the Corn Laws.

That statesmen should modify their views with the progress of events, is natural; nor can it be expected or desired that they should be guilty of the hypocrisy of concealing their altered sentiments. But the minister who, without concert or explanation with his followers, suddenly takes up with his opponents' principles, and employs the power he received on the faith of the sincerity of his professions, to carry by a *coup d'état* the measures which he had professed the firmest resolution to resist, does unquestionably take the most effectual means of wholly breaking up his party and rendering it powerless. And this is so great an evil—so momentous in its results as effecting a total change in the condition of parties in the State—so deplorable as not only leading to distrust of the most solemn declarations and assurances of public characters, but exciting dissatisfaction with the Constitution itself—that no considerations of attendant good can, in our opinion, make amends for it.

It is mere sophistry to allege difficulties in the way of a directer course. That party which has long advocated a particular course of policy is certainly the best calculated to carry it into effect. Its natural authors can afford to be moderate, and even magnanimous, in success. They can make concessions, to meet the fears or protect the interests of opponents, which cannot be afforded by ministers who take up with their policy on compulsion—and who, acting in the face of an unbroken party, must in prudence avoid giving it any new ground of exasperation. Had the Whigs, as a Government, carried Catholic Emancipation and Corn Law Repeal, it is probable that we should have had stronger provisions against Romanist Aggression in the one case, and against undue depression of the Agricultural Interest in the other, than we actually obtained; and, at all events, neither the Protestant party nor the Country party would have been rendered so powerless as both in turn were by the desertion of the force on which they had most implicitly relied.

We recommend those who have an absolute faith in party tactics, and who believe that an Opposition can be routed by stealing its principles, to mark what has been the actual result of their ingenious system—how surely it has recoiled upon themselves. When the principles of a party have been acknowledged to be just and salutary, and have been adopted by the legislature, that party acquires such distinction and credit in the country as to ensure its accession to office at no distant date. Measures and men—

whatever may be said to the contrary—are inseparably united in the public mind; nor will any specious reasoning ever lead to the conclusion that one party in the State should enjoy all the honours and emoluments of office, while the other should be content with the empty triumph of dictating principles of policy. This separation of pudding from praise can never suit *John Bull's* ideas—fair play is his jewel.

The ministry, after the success of its Catholic Bill, fell into universal discredit. The Whigs, who had cordially supported it during the struggle, and who, tired of barren patriotism, would gladly have listened to any overtures from the Duke for their accession, became furious when they found they were to be neglected. The schoolboy lesson, 'Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes,' never received a better illustration than in their applause of the Duke while he was forwarding their ends and breaking up his own party. A government is usually in a false position which receives the cheers of the opposition benches. We have learned to consider such plaudits as about the unhappiest of omens.

The Duke might have met the enmity of the Whigs, but there was no contending against the division in his own ranks. Many of the most high-principled of the Tory party, indignant at the manœuvre by which they had been defeated, and at the outrage offered to the religious feeling of the country, expressed themselves favourable to a reform in the representation of the people, and their declarations, acting on the sentiment out-of-doors, that the opinions of the people had been contemptuously overlooked, had, it is not to be doubted, considerable influence in fixing the public mind on that subject.

The ministry endeavoured to regain the ground they had lost by the usefulness of their administration. Improvements were introduced in the law; retrenchment was carried out with an unsparing hand; taxes were repealed to a large amount. All would not do. The country could not be coaxed into approval. The strong ministry of the Duke became perhaps the weakest and the most unpopular known under the house of Brunswick. The elections on the death of George IV. brought out this fact in a striking manner:—

'Two brothers and a brother-in-law of Sir Robert Peel were thrown out. Mr. Hume came in for the county of Middlesex. While the Duke of Newcastle was causing the return of members hostile to the ministry, their faithful friend, the Duke of Rutland, could not carry the county of Cambridge; and Lord Ebrington was return-

ed for Devonshire. *No cabinet minister obtained a seat by anything like open and popular election.* Of the eighty-two county members only twenty-eight were avowedly on the ministerial side, while forty-seven were avowedly on the other side. Of the twenty-eight members representing the greatest cities three were ministerialists, and twenty-four liberals.—*Martineau*, ii. 6.

The 'glorious days of July' came at the right moment to swell the tide. *Harry Brougham*, decorated with his tri-color watch-ribbon, was triumphantly returned for Yorkshire; and from the general character of the elections it appeared plain that the concession of the Catholic claims—so far from keeping out the Whigs—as the ministerial movers anticipated—was to have the direct effect of bringing them in.

Liberal writers are accustomed to assert that it was the Duke of Wellington's declaration against Reform at the opening of the new parliament which annihilated his Cabinet. 'The Prime Minister,' says Miss Martineau, 'settled everything—the fate of his government and the course of public affairs for years to come—by a few sentences in the opening debate.' (ii. 16.) Mr. Roebuck follows in the same strain:—'The anger of the people out-of-doors, roused by the Duke's impolitic avowal, forced the Whigs onward; and the Duke retired, not before the parliamentary forces of the Whig opposition, but in deference to the overwhelming force of that public opinion which he had most unwisely roused and offended.' (i. 371.) Parliament met in November. Before it was a fortnight old ministers were defeated in the Commons—only, it is true, by a majority of 29 in a house of 437—but that majority included some of the most influential Tories. This vote dissolved the Tory government. Eighteen months had elapsed since the passing of the Catholic Bill; and for so long it had been in the humiliating position of existing by the sufferance of its various enemies—old and new. To other sources of mortification was added that of seeing agitation more rampant in Ireland than ever. O'Connell, coarsely exulting in his success, declared for Repeal of the Union, and defied the Duke. His Grace's Irish Secretary, Sir H. Hardinge, was 'a paltry, contemptible little English soldier;—'and at this time,' writes Miss Martineau, 'we find first recorded that expression of O'Connell's which he used with the utmost freedom of application for the rest of his life—the administration was "base, bloody, and brutal."' (ii. 8.) This was the grateful recognition by the Romish faction of the great boon which was to pacify Ireland and disarm her agitators.

For sixty years—save a few short intervals—the Whigs had been condemned to battle in opposition, without even popular sympathy to console them. Parties have had a long reign with us. For nearly sixty years previous, the Tories had suffered a still more complete and harsh exclusion. With the epoch of 1830 the turn of the Whigs came round again. The accession of George I. secured their rule by a new dynasty; and through the Reform Bill they sought to perpetuate it by a new representative system.

The long experience and opposition tactics of the Whigs were now recalled and pondered. Though it was evident that the ministry was broken up by the Emancipation Bill—though the elections had rendered it certain that a change was imminent—yet there was little expectation of a pure Whig government being formed. We can perfectly recollect that many of the warmest supporters of Grey, and Hobhouse, and Brougham shook their heads at the idea of the Empire being intrusted to them. They were regarded as very useful in their old line; excellent guards to blow the horn, and watch over the mail-bags with loaded blunderbuss—but hardly staid or skilful enough to be intrusted with the reins on the box. It would seem as if they shared in this feeling themselves; for the great hitch in the constitution of a new Cabinet arose from an apprehension that it could not last.

Not the least curious portion of Mr. Roebuck's work relates to the difficulty experienced in satisfying Mr. Brougham's expectations. Though intimately allied with Earl Grey for years past, he distrusted the aristocratic exclusiveness of his party, and seems to have entertained a suspicion that he should not be treated with that deference by the new government to which his abilities and his place in popular estimation entitled him. To be frank, it was no easy matter to satisfy him. He desired a high judicial station for life, and to retain at the same time his full influence in the Legislature. To be Master of the Rolls, member for Yorkshire, and perhaps leader of the Commons, would suit his convenience, gratify his ambition, and afford scope for his activity. On the afternoon of the 16th November, Lord Grey had his first interview with the King. On the same day Mr. Brougham was offered the post of Attorney-General—and peremptorily refused it. That same evening he entered the House of Commons, and showed that he 'was not in a mood which made neglect of him and his pretensions either safe or politic.' (i. 434.) His motion for Reform stood for that evening; and in re-

ply to Lord Althorp, who urged him to postpone it, he said that he would do so against his own opinion, and only in deference to the wishes of the house. 'And further, as no change that can take place in the administration can by any possibility affect me, I beg it to be understood that in putting off the motion, I will put it off till the 26th of this month, and no longer.' (i. 435.) He regarded the offer made him as an insult; and, according to Mr. Roebuck, 'must have felt what all the world believed, that the wish of the Whig leaders was, if possible, to form an administration without him.' (i. 434.) It might occur to cool bystanders—if such there were—that an office which since the Revolution had been filled by Somers, and Yorke, and Murray, and Thurlow, and Scott was not altogether so inadequate to his pretensions as he was pleased to consider it.

The confusion of *contemporary history* is apparent in the various versions given by Mr. Roebuck of the transactions which took place in reference to the appointment of Master of the Rolls, so much desired by Mr. Brougham. Lord Grey was well-informed of his learned friend's wishes. According to one statement, the King peremptorily negatived the appointment when submitted to him by Lord Grey; and, according to another, his Lordship never mentioned the appointment to the King at all. (i. 472.) One account asserts that the Duke of Wellington, on taking leave of the King, warned his Majesty 'not to consent to Mr. Brougham being made Master of the Rolls, because at that time he deemed Mr. Brougham the most dangerous person in Parliament; and thought that his powers for mischief would be indefinitely increased, if he were made entirely independent, as he would have been if Master of the Rolls, and allowed to hold, as he then would, a seat in the House of Commons' (i. 471). Another asserts that 'the Whigs were resolved that he should not have that office,' and that, if the King were prompted on the occasion, the prompting was by the Whigs, not by the Duke of Wellington. (i. 473, 4.)

It is not our part to reconcile these contradictions. Mr. Roebuck adds:

'It has been said that the notion of Mr. Brougham's being Master of the Rolls never entered the head of anybody except that of Mr. Brougham, and that either Lord Grey never gave the reason supposed to have been assigned to Mr. Brougham by him, or that, if he did so, it was a device to escape from a difficulty:—i. 472.

The principle of uniting judicial office with parliamentary influence and party ob-

jects is so universally condemned, that we can very well understand how reluctant the new premier must have been to sanction it, and with what good reason the King might have peremptorily refused it without being prompted either by the Duke or Lord Grey. Mr. Roebuck conceives that his friend was injuriously treated, and thinks that 'a wary man would have hesitated, under such circumstances, to put himself into the power of those who could thus act;' but Lord Brougham himself, we imagine, would now, on a calm retrospect, confess it to have been a fortunate circumstance that Mr. Brougham's wishes were not gratified.

From the 14th to the 18th of November he received no further communication from Lord Grey. On the latter day the first council of the new cabinet was held, and Lord Grey announced that he had the King's sanction for offering the Great Seal to Mr. Brougham. The Cabinet unanimously concurred; but Mr. Brougham 'refused the Seal—giving as his reason the *great uncertainty of the continuance of the ministry*, and the great sacrifice, therefore, which acceptance would entail on him.' However, after an interview with Lord Althorp and Lord Sefton, in which they appealed to his patriotism, and stated that, without his acceptance, Lord Grey must resign his mission, he withdrew his refusal. 'That the man who had won the battle was to be passed over in the division of the spoil,' says Mr. Roebuck, 'does indeed seem strange, and plainly proves that some powerful influence was at work against him.'—(i. 475.) That he won the battle may be questioned; that he was passed over in the division of the spoil seems a strange assertion—more especially when the retiring pension of Chancellor was soon after raised from 4000*l.* to 6000*l.* a-year—we suppose, in consequence of the 'great uncertainty' of the ministry's duration.

How to secure their permanence became now the first object of anxiety. There is a noble passage in the Iliad, where Hector, reaching the Grecian ships, finds all the toil of years repaid by that hour of victory, and calls for fire to complete the destruction of the enemy. Lord Grey must have experienced a similar feeling of exultation when the power of government was placed in his hands. But thoughts of vengeance mingled with his glow of triumph. The foe was routed, not annihilated; he cried with the Trojan hero, 'bring fire,' that the struggle might be final and the victory assured. He determined on Reform. Four members of the Government, Lord Durham, Lord Duncannon, Sir James Graham, and

Lord John Russell, were formed into a committee, 'to prepare the outline of a measure large enough to satisfy at once the public opinion and to prevent any further change.'—(*Roebuck*, ii. 29.) Their deliberations resulted in the celebrated Bill.

It is superfluous to say in 1852 that this measure was dictated purely by party considerations. Lord John Russell had, only in the previous session, fully stated his views on Reform: 'Regarding our representative system as an aggregate, he was opposed to any material change in it.'—He would take one member from each of sixty small boroughs and give them to large towns and counties, and would compensate the boroughs for the loss of their members by a fixed sum to be granted by Parliament. This was the furthest limit of what he considered to be safe Reform. It was the ludicrous contrast between this plan of 1830 and his Bill of 1831, that drew shouts of laughter from the house when he complacently announced its provisions. Lord Grey, who of all members of the Government had been on that question the most consistent in his views, candidly acknowledged that his first disposition was to limit the Reform within a much narrower compass than he afterwards found would satisfy his supporters; while the Lord Chancellor, according to the 'report,' which Mr. Roebuck chronicles, 'was among the most timid, and was the least inclined to spontaneously grant those changes which the people so ardently desired.'—(ii. 26.)

According to Mr. Roebuck, King William wished the whole subject to be postponed until the next Session; and certainly this would have been no unnatural desire when we consider, with the recentness of his own accession, the revolutionary excitement of the Continent, and its reflection on the English mind. But to Mr. Roebuck it is a convincing proof of the Monarch's insincerity. While, however, announcing his opinions *ex cathedra*, he is candid enough to acknowledge that the materials for a true judgment are not yet before the public:—

'The secret history of this period is to be found in the letters of the ministers of that day, and in their correspondence with the King, through Sir Herbert Taylor; the time may come when these letters may see the light; now, however, we can only obtain some furtive glimpses of the facts as they occurred.'—ii. 27.

If the King were really so much opposed to all reform as Mr. Roebuck represents—and if such had been the fact, it would certainly be no impeachment of his good sense—how came he to sanction the Bill before it

was introduced into Parliament—when it was submitted to him by Lord Grey, and discussed with him from point to point? It was not until a later day that conviction of its danger was forced on the King's mind by the revolutionary spirit and frightful outrages it excited. But then regret was vain—it was too late to retract. The first Parliament of William IV. was only five months old when the Bill was laid before it. The Government perfectly well knew that in that Parliament it could not pass; while preparing their measure they anticipated the necessity of a dissolution. There are obvious reasons why the power should be vested in the Crown of making an appeal to the country as emergencies arise—but there can be no doubt that to dissolve a Parliament recently and fairly elected, for the express purpose of obtaining a majority on a particular measure in a time of great party excitement, is directly opposed to the spirit of the Constitution, and immediately tends to degrade representation into mere delegation. So it proved in this memorable instance. When the new elections took place, a majority of the members were returned under formal and servile pledges to support the Bill.

Among the changes it has made in the Constitution not the least dangerous are those which are supplied by its precedents. A ministry seeks a dissolution only for its own purposes; and it will hereafter be impossible to resist its demands when it has raised a great excitement on account of a particular measure, however perilous the Legislature and the Sovereign may deem it. Nor will the Lords be able to oppose an effectual barrier to democratic agitation. To the voice of the people, clearly pronounced, whatever arts may have been used to delude and inflame it, yield they must.

With a decisive majority in the new House of Commons there was yet, in those days, a great difficulty in view: it was known that the bill would be lost in the Lords. How was this obstacle to be overcome? Two projects were broached—to swamp the Peers by a large creation, or to intimidate them by urging the people to the very brink of revolution. Lord Grey was jealous of his Order, and his Government decided on the latter course.

It was with this view that Lord Grey addressed the Peers in the language of menace; warning them against provoking civil war, and insolently telling the Bishops 'to put their house in order.' The mob understood this language, and—as Miss Martineau reports—for many months—till some time after the Reform Bill became the

law of the land—it was not safe for any Bishop to appear in public in any article of sacerdotal dress. Insults followed if hat or apron showed themselves in the streets.' (ii. 44). The Birmingham Political Union met to the number, it was said, of 150,000 men. A resolution was passed to pay no taxes, should the bill be thrown out; and Lord John Russell, replying in set phrase of gratitude and compliment to the meeting, wrote it was 'impossible that the whisper of a faction could prevail against the voice of a nation.' (*Roeb.* ii. 219.) When the bill was lost by a majority of forty-one, 'the only means left to the Reformers was terror.' (*Ibid.* 230.) This agency had been at work for some time past. At the elections serious riots had occurred. Then it was—to our lasting disgrace—that Apsley House had to be defended by ball-proof shutters. After the Edinburgh election—Lord Advocate Jeffrey being the Reform candidate and defeated—the Lord Provost was attacked on the North Bridge, and with difficulty rescued by the military. (*Mart.* ii. 41.) These outrages increased after the vote of the Lords. 'At Derby the gaol was carried by the mob, the prisoners released, and several lives lost after the arrival of the military. At Nottingham the castle was burnt, avowedly because it was the property of the Duke of Newcastle.' (*Ib.* 46.) The riots at Bristol were more serious:—

'The mob declared openly what they were going to do, and they went to work unchecked—armed with staves and bludgeons from the quays, and with iron palisades from the Mansion-house—to break open and burn the bridewell, the gaol, the Bishop's Palace—[Lord Grey's text was remembered]—the Custom-house, and Queen-square. They gave half an hour's notice to the inhabitants of each house in the square, which they then set fire to in regular succession, till two sides, each measuring 550 feet, lay in smoking ruins. The bodies of the drunken [Reformers] were seen roasting in the fire.'—*Martineau*, ii. 48.

From the bosom of the Political Unions sprang Chartism, which now openly reared its front, 'declaring also distinction of ranks to be unnatural and vicious, and inviting the working men throughout the country to come up to their grand meeting at White Conduit-house, on the 7th of November.' (*Ib.* ii. 51.) The Whig ministers looked on with complacency. The Duke of Wellington communicated his thoughts to his Majesty on the necessity of suppressing the Political Unions. Our readers may like to see Mr. Roebuck's account of the King's conduct at this crisis:—

'Every one now understood that the great Whig aristocracy had set their fortune on a cast, and that they were determined to stand the hazard of the die. No wonder that the King should in such a state of things be alarmed and indignant. He daily, nay hourly, called upon his ministers to check this dangerous outbreak of the popular indignation, to apply palliatives, and not stimulants, to the already too excited feelings of the people; and he composed an elaborate paper upon the dangers resulting to the kingdom from the existence of political unions, and desired that his law officers should advise him as to the means afforded by the present law for the suppression of these associations, and what could be done, if the law, as it stood, was not sufficient. We shall quickly see that his Majesty had good cause for alarm.'—*Roebuck*, ii. 219, 220.

What evidence is there here of 'contemptible capacity' or of 'finished dissembling'? Is it not admitted that the King's distrust of his ministers was well founded? Must he be accused of insincerity on the Reform question because he could not agree with Lord John Russell in applauding the refusal of the political unions to pay taxes? 'The Republican radicals,' Mr. Roebuck continues, 'were ready to adopt measures directly leading to civil war:—was the King to remain quiescent until those measures could be matured? His Ministry yielded to his remonstrances so far as to issue a proclamation against Political Unions—but their leaders—having some close connexion with the Home Office—laughed at the prohibition, and continued their agitation more actively than ever. 'The National Union immediately put out its assertion that the proclamation did not apply to it, nor to the great majority of Unions then in existence.' (*Martineau*, ii. 53.)

Parliament met again on the 6th of December. In the last paragraph of his speech, the King said:—

'I know I shall not appeal in vain to my faithful subjects to second my determined resolution to repress all illegal proceedings by which the peace and security of my dominions may be endangered.'

Mr. Roebuck asserts that this sentence was suggested by the King himself, who dreaded the combinations of the people which could alone carry the Reform Bill. (ii. 232.) Are we to suppose from this that the King was wrong in his determination to maintain the ascendancy of law and order, and that he ought to have abdicated in favour of the political unions? The author contradicts himself when he speaks of the hatred of the King to the Reform Bill, for a few pages previously (222) we read that 'the King

and his immediate and intimate advisers were alike terrified by the violence and fierce language of the press and the people, and ready to adopt any feasible means by which the Bill might be passed into a law. Mr. Roebuck often writes at random when a malignant interpretation is to be put upon conduct. He does not seem to consider whether his version will bear even a gloss of probability.

The Bill was introduced into the Commons by Lord John Russell for the third time. In the Upper House the second reading was carried by nine, but on the first division in committee ministers were defeated by thirty-five. The question now was, whether a sufficient number of peers should be created to give the government a majority. The point had been debated in several meetings of the Cabinet. We know not how far Mr. Roebuck's statements are to be depended on.

'The ministry looked almost entirely to the Chancellor for advice and support. Lord Grey saw all the dangers and difficulties of his position, and trembled before them. He was kept at his post and his courage was sustained by the more active and resolute mind of his colleague.'—ii. 225.

According to our historian's detail of facts, a large majority of the Cabinet at first declared against a creation; but 'on the 1st of January, 1832, the majority reluctantly, and at first only partially, gave up their own opinions in favour of those of the Chancellor and Lord Durham' (ii. 226). The King, as an earnest of his determination to have the bill carried, was asked to create ten peers; but his Majesty 'preferred, he said, doing what was necessary at once to proceeding by dribblets, and offered to create twenty-one new peers, which he somewhat hastily assumed that Lord Grey could warrant was sufficient to carry the Bill.' The subject was postponed until it was seen what the decision of the Lords would be. The ministerial defeat on a mere matter of detail in committee did not seem to the King of sufficient importance to justify the creation of *fifty or sixty peers*—and he received the resignation of the Ministers.

On the devotion of the Duke the King knew he could depend. He was summoned to the royal councils—but the situation was hopeless. Sir Robert Peel stood prudently aloof. The Commons, by an overwhelming majority, were pledged to the Bill. A dissolution at that time would have been madness—and how could the Government be carried on in the face of a hostile House of Commons and an exasperated people? The

Duke could answer for the peace of the country, but for no more. He was again check-mated; his loyalty had no other effect than to give circulation to a host of calumnious stories representing him as eager for an occasion of letting loose his red-coats upon the people. Miss Martineau duly parades the old Radical tales of the Scotch Greys being employed through the Sunday 'rough-sharpening their swords, to make them inflict a ragged wound' (*Mart.*, ii. 65). That some preparations against an outbreak were necessary was shown by the attitude of the Birmingham Union, 'now 200,000 strong, which was to encamp on Hampstead Heath, or perhaps Penenden Heath, in order to incorporate with it bodies coming from the south' (*Mart.*, ii. 63). The detail is worthy of a housekeeper's tea-table.

This agitation was the more criminal as it was wholly unnecessary. Throughout these books it is assumed that the Bill was carried by intimidation; that it was forced upon the King and the Lords by 'popular influence,' and that without the Unions and their gatherings it must have been lost. The assumption is wholly groundless; we contest it from first to last; and we dwell on it for a moment here, because it has often been extolled as a politic movement, and because some leading public men were certainly at the bottom of it—or why the *hint* to Sir W. Napier about taking the command of the Unionists?

With a hostile House of Commons no Government can be carried on; the body can no more live when the heart has ceased to beat, than the State can fulfil its functions when the Commons refuse their co-operation. It was not the mob-meetings nor the threatening language used at them, nor the silly placarding 'run for gold' which checked the Duke. They must know little of his character who think so; it was the knowledge that the Commons were irreconcilably opposed to him, and that he could not hope for a favourable change by a Dissolution. This was a constitutional obstacle not to be overcome, and the Duke bowed to it, and retired.

The agitation was indeed so far from forwarding the Bill that it had a directly contrary effect. It was the frenzy excited by the Bill, and the boasting insolence of vulgar demagogues—the threats of violence, and the revolutionary organization—which embittered the objections of the steady Tories, and at last arrayed against it that body of moderate opinion which, commonly silent in this country, has always great weight when circumstances force it to declare itself. The King came to regard it

with dislike and fear when he saw the dark influences embattled on its side, and even the majority in the Commons declined as the violence out of doors went on increasing. The Reform majority on Lord Ebrington's motion for an address to the Crown sank to 80, and the party, by Mr. Roebuck's own admission, was kept together only by indefatigable exertion.

Had the Birmingham Union made their threatened movement, there would from that instant have been an end to Reform. The action of 'physical force,' on which some of the Whig leaders were so senseless as to rely, would of necessity have suspended the proceedings of the Legislature, and thrown for the time all power into the hands of the Executive. In the march of an immense multitude to London, collision at some point with the authorities charged to preserve the peace must occur; and what can it be supposed that a mass of undisciplined artisans, however vast, could have effected against the army united under its illustrious chief? The miserable timidity which has twice betrayed the throne in France would not have paralyzed here the soldier's arm. The dispersion of the Manchester multitude by three troops of hussars would have been a lesson not lost on either party. Had the Duke been driven to draw the sword, his sense of duty would have forced him to keep it unsheathed until tranquillity was restored. Order is not only the first condition of government, but the foundation on which all law and all society are built up. In spite of his memorable declaration—which has done him scarcely less honour than his immortal victories—that he would lay down his life to preserve his country from civil war—he would have felt himself compelled to act with decision on the instant that *insurrection* declared itself. There can be no doubt what the result would have been. But when would the angry passions excited by the contest have died away? Revolution would have commenced where physical resistance ended. A return to legal and constitutional rule would have been impossible; and whether civil liberty had perished by the sword maintaining its ascendancy, or by the disorders which would inevitably have broken forth when it was laid aside, the British Constitution would have been equally lost.

With the resignation of the Duke the struggle ended. He withdrew from the Lords until the Bill passed, and most of the opposition peers followed his example. Why the ministry shrank so long from a large creation of peers, has never been satisfactorily explained. According to Lord Brougham

in his *Political Philosophy*, it is exceedingly doubtful, after all, whether either he or Earl Grey would ever have screwed up their courage to insist on such a measure. The passage we allude to is, certainly, the most extraordinary one as yet published in reference to the interior history of that time; but our sincere respect for Lord Brougham forbids a formal discussion of his avowed narration at the tail of an article on Mr. Roebuck and Miss Martineau.

The *final* character of the Reform Bill was, as Mr. Roebuck records, one of the reasons most insisted on by its authors in excuse of its extensive changes. Twenty years have passed, and the statesman who conducted that bill through the Commons comes forward with a new representative scheme. We are duly thankful for its failure—but let us not forget that it dropped still-born only because it did not go nearly far enough to meet the views of the noble lord's supporters. The more radical combination with which we are threatened as a Government, should the country afford support to its pretensions, would undoubtedly bring in a bill of a more comprehensive character, and all the dreary work of agitation would have to be gone through once again, to be followed, at a still shorter interval, by other more sweeping measures yet—until our legislature resembled the worst of French Assemblies or Conventions.

Miss Martineau seems to anticipate that the next great agitation we are doomed to undergo will be *social*. In a passage written very shortly before the great outbreak of Socialism in Paris, and when the labour workshops and other fooleries of Louis Blanc were in full blow, she tells us that 'the great question of the *Rights of Labour* cannot be neglected under lighter penalty than ruin to all;' and that its 'solution may be the central fact of the next period of British history.' We have better hope than that Socialism, in any of its monstrous shapes, will ever be permitted to gain ground amongst us. It is impossible that the view of the revolutions and troubles of the Continent, and more especially of France—attended with so many and so great evils to all the best interests of mankind, and especially to freedom—can be wholly lost on our people. If political experience can exercise any, the slightest, influence over opinion, we may rationally hope that the Conservative element in this country will be greatly strengthened by the evidence still passing before our eyes of the immeasurable evils which follow from the adoption of rash theories, and attend on the excesses of popular agitation. The practical sense of Eng-

land, strong as we admit it to be, is liable to sudden aberrations, both commercial and political. Bubbles are mistaken for realities in both cases; but there is this difference between them, that while the evils of commercial panic can rarely be more than temporary, those of political convulsion may be permanent and final. Robust as the English Constitution is, we doubt—like Jeffrey in his sobered judicial age—if it could survive another Reform crisis.

ART. VII.—*Lives of the Friends and Contemporaries of Lord Clarendon, illustrative of Portraits in his Gallery.* By Lady Theresa Lewis. 3 vols. 8vo., 1852.

It may seem singular that neither Dr. Waagen nor Mrs. Jameson should have noticed, in their comprehensive accounts of the works of art near London, the remarkable collection formed by the great Chancellor Clarendon, which is preserved at the Grove, in Hertfordshire, within twenty miles of the metropolis. This omission may be ascribed to the oblivious veil thrown over the very existence of these heir-looms by the retiring habits, for nearly half a century, of the two last noble inmates; and rarely has shy and reserved scholar or world-weary statesman retreated to hermitage more peaceful and self-sufficing. Neither when the present distinguished Peer came into possession, and these authors were busy collecting materials, could acquaintance with this gallery well become more general. The portals of the Grove were closed alike on them and on the owner, occupied with high offices abroad and away—and gems rich and rare were yet a while longer doomed to blush unseen and undescribed. This is a casualty to which such collections are more exposed here than on the continent. There they are concentrated in city museums, open to the public, illustrated by professional directors, and fostered by paternal governments, who, treating their subjects as children, provide them with hornbooks and leading-strings. In England, which wealth and security of property have made emphatically the paradise of collectors, our *laissez-aller* governments either care for none of these things, or leaving their full-grown countrymen to shift for themselves, trust to the chapter of accidents and individual exertions—or, if they do interfere in such delicate departments, provide laughing-stocks to foreigners, who manage these matters

better. Be that as it may—ever since sage Montesquieu attributed the psychological formation of national character to the terrestrial zones and skyey influences, our lively neighbours have connected these and sundry other Bæotianisms of Great Britain with its fogs. Of a truth, a catch-cold climate and coal-beds inexhaustible suggest the comforts of home, which, as there is no place like it, we pretty generally decorate to our best with private gatherings and garnish: these—good or bad according to personal taste—are the flowerets which lure from the dry high-roads of daily duty and drudgery—and are surely not ungracefully offered to the household gods. Again, a hatred of London blacks which efface the lines where beauty lingers, and a love for the country, the second nature of an Englishman, draft these domesticated hobbies to air more conservative, and to habitations in which forefathers have lived and descendants may guard them. Hence the number of fine things that are withdrawn every year by a pardonable egotism from the beaten paths of men: left thus to private caprice and ignorance—for brain cannot be entailed like land—too many are forgotten and lost, until some indefatigable German doctor, or enthusiastic virtuosa, digs up the soul of Pedro Garcia.

All who have had the good fortune to visit the Grove, happily no longer hermetically sealed, will admit that Lady Theresa Lewis has peculiar claims to form a catalogue of the gallery and illustrate its worthies. Sister of the founder's representative, who also has well breasted storms of state, and bred up herself amid such home associations, the *religio loci* must have grown with her growth, until forms and faces of the dead, living in her mind's eye, would become familiar as those of existing kindred and friends. We must all have felt the mysterious influence which life-sized portraits exercise on the imagination when, conscious of presence, they are mused on at night-fall; nor can it be difficult to understand with what silent eloquence these shadowy figures, starting as it were from their frames, must have appealed to one so near and dear, to chronicle deeds done in the flesh, and fill up a record which an accident had too long left a blank. We may, however, compliment Lady Theresa Lewis not only on the filial piety which suggested and inspired her work, but on the diligence, accuracy, and ability of its execution. Her essay may not, perchance, tally with the preconceptions of those who have anticipated from fair hands some delicacy penned with crowquill on gilt-edged paper, and hovering

between confectionary Books of Beauty and ladybird Queen-Biographies, which do the ephemeral business of the boudoir and die : but, dealing with a civil chaos, the crash of crowns and altars, her written exponent reflects the serious tone of the theme and time, and will be welcomed by all whose appetite, braced by intellectual exercise, demands and digests the substantial and nutritious.

It was no easy task to book something new on the general bearing of this eventful subject ; the great landmarks and principal actors have been fixed by the founder of the gallery—enshrined and illustrated in his History ; and Clarendon drew with his pen the minds of his contemporaries no less masterly than Vandyke sketched their features with his pencil. In our times, moreover, we have seen the court and camp of Charles and Cromwell invaded by plummy paladins and awe-inspiring amazons in hosts ; the late *Mr. D'Israeli* with his gossiping but always amusing Commentaries ; *M. Guizot* with his overrated Restoration, where the English past was warmed up for a present French purpose ; *Carlyle*, quaintly coxcombical—but picturesque, dramatic, an honest zealot—a brave thinker—with more genius than a hundred *sham* poets and *stump-orators* ;—*Foster*, philosophical, suggestive, and masculine ;—

Warburton, smart and sparkling, but ignorant and inconclusive. No end either of royal chamber-women : we have *Miss Benger*, who so watered the whiskey of Chalmers, and disturbed his deathbed by plagiarisms ; worthy prosy *Lucy Aiken* ; the clever and painstaking but ultra-bigoted and ultra-sentimental *Agnes Strickland* ; all busy alike—scrap-stitching, tidying and misplacing, book and bed making ; and last, not least, *Mrs. Sutherland*, with her *Clarendon Catalogue*, printed in two colossal quartos of some 700 pages each, and sold at the moderate price of six guineas—*percant male qui ante nos nostra dixerint*. In a field so well gleaned, Lady Theresa could only fall back on the over-looked or the inadequately treated—and hope, by separating the man from the mass, to enlist sympathy for him—and peradventure furnish new materials for future history, which distils and concentrates the essence. Biography paints in miniature, and occasionally too minutely—*L'auteur se tue à alonger ce que le lecteur se tue à abrégé*—and details are run into which destroy breadth and interest ; yet the compilation of a mere catalogue is a labour to which real talent has no right to be condemned, and may well be left to the auctioneer and Academy. A *catalogue raisonné* is of a higher order, and less easy to do well than is imagined ; for, while short notices of pic-

tures convey nothing definite, long disquisitions weary. Pithy and pregnant, indeed, must be the sentences that express in a few lines both the character of the art and the person, and give alike the gist of the painter and the portrayed ; and this, we must say, Lady Theresa has gone far to accomplish in the descriptive catalogue with which her volumes are concluded, and which was all she had originally intended, in order to fill up the blank left by her predecessors. Her author appetite grew, however, on what it fed, until sketches expanded into full-lengths—for she has spared no labour in reconciling conflicting statements of a period when party spirit ran high, when events, actions, and characters were misrepresented. Dissatisfied with stereotyped sources of information, she has not disdained to search, amid museums and muniment-rooms, for all original matter that bore upon this Clarendon collection—which the period and circumstances—above all the definite, specific purpose of its foundation—as also its subsequent strange chances, have invested with no common interest.

In a former number (cxxxviii.) we treated Lord Clarendon in his public character as chancellor, minister, and historian : and now propose to consider him in his private relations, and to deal with his solaces and relaxations rather than with his labours and duties. We profess no predilections for Chancery, and are agreeably surprised to connect anything pleasurable with a locality which all who enter bid hope farewell. The violets that grow under the shadow of the woolsack are too few and far between to be passed ungathered. Charles I., the master Lord Clarendon so truly loved and so faithfully served, and in many respects his model, was cast on troubled times. Accident thrust crowns upon one who, like good old René of Anjou, would have bartered care-lined ermine away for a dolce far niente existence, devoted to the pursuits of literature and art—or certainly have relished and adorned the quiet dignities and duties of Lambeth, had his elder brother Henry lived to make him what he playfully proposed. We cannot agree with certain mighty Whigs that all public interest in him is based in his mustachios and lace collar ;—but when we gaze on that high-bred pensive expression—so prescient of calamity—as embalmed by Vandyke, the errors of the monarch may well be forgotten in pity for the man. It would seem that the blessings of liberty, civil and religious, can only be secured at prices commensurately costly ; nor are either of these blessings essential to the full development of the imitative arts, which,

ancient and modern, culminated, like poetry, where mind and body have been most enslaved, whether under tyranny democratic as at Athens, or the despot tiara of Rome.

To leave disputable points—one fact must be dwelt upon for a moment—his visit to Madrid; by which, in our opinion, the character as well as the taste of Charles I. was much influenced; which enhanced and instructed his love of art—but also deepened a hereditary jealousy of constitutional systems. He was only twenty-three when—having ridden post with Buckingham, masking his royalty under the incognito of *Smith*—an odd anticipation of a less picturesque personage—he threw himself at the feet of the Infanta. This act of chivalry and romance captivated the Castiles, Old and New, and certainly would have cut the Gordian knot of diplomacy, and tied that of Hymen, had either England or Spain been earnest in regard to the match. Who can pass without reluctance the goodly array of contemporary tracts from the 'True Relation and Journal of the Arrival,' down to the 'Joyfull Return?' Suffice it that the 'high and mighty prince' was welcomed with all the circumstance of Spanish pomp and punctilio. Madrid, where he resided from the 7th of March to the 9th of September, was then—what the Spaniards still boast it to be—the 'only court,' and as far in advance of London as it now is in arrear. The pleasure-loving Philip IV., who inherited the æsthetics of Philip II. without his ascetics, was the patron of the arts, and his capital a school and pattern to nations, of which Spain, fallen from her pride of place, is now a pale copy. Philip handed over the helm to Olivares, and, reckless of his country's decay, let youth glide gently on, while he listened to the plays of Lope de Vega, or watched the pencil of Velazquez. His princely guest chimed in readily with these pursuits, so congenial to his idiosyncracies, and the pupil was gratified to the top of his bent; Howell, Pacheco, and Carducho have detailed his pleasures and occupations—the pictures that were given him, and the painters he employed. If the progress he made in the affections of the Infanta was slow, his advance in other accomplishments had been rapid. Soon as, but two short years afterwards, he himself became a king, the seeds sown at Madrid revealed their blossom. Buckingham was made his Olivares; Inigo Jones raised, and Rubens decorated, a banqueting-house—his *Buen Retiro*; he hoarded in his bed-room his better Lope—a Shakespeare—and the identical folio still exists;—he collected art far and wide, and commissioned Rubens to secure the Cartoons of Raphael,

as Philip had sent Velazquez to procure the landscapes of Claude Lorraine; he conferred his knighthood on Vandyke, as Philip IV. had drawn the cross of Santiago on the breast of Velazquez's own portrait; both employed their favoured artists as ambassadors; each, in a word, was a true and generous Augustus to his country. To dwell on less fortunate analogies would be out of place here, and little to our tastes anywhere; a common retribution awaited both; soon their unsubstantial pageants and crystal palaces passed away. Philip lived to witness, sorrowing with grey hairs to his grave, the dismemberment of Spain; Charles died on the scaffold at Whitehall itself—for Nemesis, in bitter irony, willed that his crown with every pearl should be rolled in the foulest swine-gutter in front of his 'grandeur's most magnificent saloon.' Thus the first and fairest chance of national taste-tendencies and art-development this country ever had, was nipped in the bud by the cold blast of popular ignorance and violence; his halls of state were beslimed with the 'mark of the beast,' and his cherished pictures sold for 'what they would fetch' by the Martens and the Mammon-worshipping reformers of that day. The sins of the fathers are visited on the children, and our Niobes in calico, all tears, yet mourn over rococo designs and colours, and contemplate 'looming in the future'—as still more needful blessings are promised to their betters—such schools as Charles, if allowed to please himself, would undoubtedly have founded.

No faith, we know, is kept in love or politics—as little in collecting books or pictures. Philip IV. bought largely at this sale of our martyr-king. On hearing that eighteen mules, laden with his purchases, were approaching Madrid, *El Rey* directed that Lord Cottington and Clarendon, then Mr. Hyde, residing there as agents of Charles II., should leave the capital—alleging as a reason his unwillingness to give offence to Cromwell, who had just defeated Argyll; but Clarendon (Ch. xiii.) refers the real cause of this sudden dismissal to Philip's eagerness to see his new acquisitions, and to a feeling of shame at this profiting by the misfortunes of a brother monarch, once a friend. Clarendon, in spite of the penury, privations, and neglect endured in Madrid, and recorded by him, always recurred to the 'grandeur and dignity' of a city which suited well his grave and ostentatious disposition, and acknowledged how much he had 'learned during the time he was there,' when he devoted himself to the fine arts and letters, and the 'society and countenance of eminent men, which he ever prized and sought.'

Studious by choice and habit, he counted as the 'happiest epochs of his life' his three 'retreats or vacations'—his acquiescences to the decrees of fate:—the flight to Jersey in 1646, where he began his *History*; his residence at Madrid in 1649, when his love for art arose; and his final banishment to France, during which he put the finish to his works. Like Horace, he trusted to his books as faithful companions, whether the sunshine or shadow passed over his career, and, bending to them with singlehearted earnestness, reaped his reward in occupation, happiness, and fame.

During his residence at Madrid, more as an exile than an envoy, how many thoughts must have crowded on him! How many castles in the air, *Châteaux en Espagne*, must he have raised, as with hope deferred he paced the corridors of the Escorial and the ante-chambers of the Alcazar—which architecture and art had indeed made homes fit for the proudest of sovereigns! How must he have gazed upon the masterpieces of Titian and Velazquez in all their purity and freshness! Never were walls tapestried with nobler types of form and mind, with more perfect transcripts of senatorial dignity and intellectual splendour. Here, when he beheld Philip IV. surrounded by his contemporaries, the friends and former companions of his own murdered master, the first idea must have struck him of the interest to himself, and importance to posterity, of a collection of portraits founded on such principles;—and no sooner had the Restoration in 1660 raised him to the pinnacle of power, than he proceeded to realize these visions. In 1664 he laid the foundation of a palace, 'costly far beyond his means and expectation;' 'the great debt that broke him'—'the thorn of his life'—the, alas! wholly perished glory of Piccadilly. He revelled in the delights of brick and mortar—having trusted in an evil hour to the estimate of his architect, than which no mirage was, is, or will be more fallacious;

The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to scourge us.

The sumptuous fabric rose at an ill-timed moment, when the nation was soured by thick-coming calamities—the great plague, the great fire of London, the Dutch fleet in the Thames. The people, when they beheld the merry monarch wallowing in his harem, commented on the 'brave things done by Cromwell.' Then the Chancellor's building became a standing scandal, a mark for the finger of scorn. 'Dunkirk House' was a theme for lampoons—the visible type of

prosperity contrasting with the public misery. Soon the indolent king, who mingled his royalty with carping fools, that laughed when his 'buffoons and misses' mimicked the austere magistrate by whose presence and prudence they were reprov'd—ever ready to forgive enemies and forget friends—not sorry to free himself from a master and a mentor—sacrificed the old and faithful servant of his father and himself; and Clarendon, made a scapegoat to popular prejudices, fell like Wolsey, never to rise again.

Evelyn and Pepys have told us the visits they paid to the Chancellor during the building of 'this glorious house,' and have noticed the 'very brave pictures of the ancient and present nobility, especially of his own time and acquaintance—as well as most poets, philosophers,—famous and learned Englishmen;' for 'foreigners who do not concern the glory of our country' were excluded by the protectionist Chancellor. Thus he was the first among us to collect with a specific object; to preserve a particular period in its very form and garb—for costume is a document in the record. The idea has since been frequently repeated and varied—at Florence, the Walhalla, Windsor, Versailles, and Drayton.

The manner in which Clarendon formed this gallery has been imputed to him as an offence by the late Lord Dover in his 'Historical Inquiries,' on the strength of a note written by a certain Lord Dartmouth in his copy of Burnet. This note is to the effect that the Chancellor undertook the protection of many who had suffered in the civil war, who acknowledged it in the way he expected, and thus his house was furnished 'chiefly with cavaliers' goods, brought thither for peace-offerings, which the right owners durst not claim when they were in his possession.' No accusation of this kind was made by any of his many libellers during the life of the Chancellor, whose public career was closed five years before this Lord Dartmouth was born. The calumny rests on the unsupported *ipse dixit* of a splenetic inaccurate man, whose loose and private impressions lay buried for a century in his desk, unquestioned by any contemporaries, as Lord Dover admits. Lord Dover's own many blunders, which the slightest research might have obviated, are neatly exposed by Lady Theresa. That agreeable and elegant member of society was neither a Hallam nor a Mahon—and it was not in his most fortunate hour that, ambitioning to rival his idol Walpole's 'Doubts,' he made the great Clarendon a peg for cuttings out of court-guides and genealogies gleaned from Collins.

The period of the Restoration was, however, most favourable for the formation of such a gallery; and Evelyn, who furnished the Chancellor with lists of persons whose portraits he ought to possess, remarks how 'soon, when the design was known, everybody who had pictures of his own, or could purchase them at any price, strove to make their court by these presents.' It was precisely thus that Charles I. and Philip IV. had swelled their collections. Never, when such objects are pleasing to the disposers of honour and place, will tribute-offers be rare;—no more than ready sellers when a Beckford or a D'Angenstein is known to be on the outlook, purse in hand. Civil war shatters the fortunes and scatters the collections of the better classes. The armed spoiler hastens to dispose of his pillage; the impoverished and fined proprietor parts with his preserved remnant to live. It was by the piecemeal sale of their galleries that the Buckinghams and Arundels managed to exist. Where sellers are many and purchasers few the supply exceeds the demand, and pictures—portraits especially—become dog-cheap. This we have seen exemplified in our times, when war, civil and foreign, has denuded the fairest palaces of France, Spain, and Italy, and filled England with portraits of the best and noblest of *their* past. Those painted by great masters must always be dearly paid for as works of high art; but mere likenesses are deemed drugs, and sold for a song, as furniture.

The very walls within which these portraits were housed were infected with the untoward fate that pursued the Chancellor and his generation until extinct in the male line.—In 1675, only six years after his death, and but ten from the completion of that 'Piccadilly Paradise,' his heirs sold the 'goodly pile' to the Duke of *Albemarle*, from whom it was soon purchased by Sir Thomas *Bond*. Thus the Aladdin palace rose and disappeared, like a fairy fabric, and the memory of the great founder survives only on the site in the name (and, it is *said*, some small actual fragments) of a *hotel* admired for its cookery—*magni nominis umbra*.

Lady Theresa traces, for the first time, the changes and chances of this gallery. The pictures, when the London palace was sold, were removed to Cornbury, in Oxfordshire, a seat of the Chancellor, whose son and grandson offer melancholy, though not very exceptional instances, of the utter degeneracy of the immediate descendants of great men—*inter alios* of great lawyers. Henry, the second Earl, parted for 1200*l*. with 58 pictures, 17 of which were full-

length portraits.' By and bye 6350 books and 20 more pictures were seized in execution for a debt of 800*l*. Cornbury-house went next; but it was bought, with the remaining pictures, by Henry's brother, Lawrence Earl of Rochester. When Edward, third Earl of Clarendon and this Henry's son, died in 1723, in disgrace and obscurity, the Clarendon title passed to his cousin Henry, second Earl of Rochester, who thus united both coronets, but did no credit to either. He in 1749, after infinite waste, conveyed by a deed-poll his whole property, real and personal, to his son, Lord Hyde, who, still pursued by the evil family destiny, re-sold Cornbury, and contemplated parting with the remaining pictures. Eventually, however, having no children, he bequeathed his real estates to his eldest niece, Lady Charlotte Capell, daughter of Lord Essex and his eldest sister; directing that the pictures and MSS. of the Chancellor should accompany the estates, as heirlooms, and be carefully kept together in a house to be purchased on purpose in London. In 1752 Lady Charlotte married Thomas Villiers, second son of the Earl of Jersey. In 1753 her uncle, Lord Hyde, died; his father dying soon after, the male line of the Chancellor ended; and the title of Clarendon was revived in 1776, in favour of Mr. Villiers, who had married the eldest female representative. Meanwhile the second sister of Lord Hyde, the eccentric, self-willed Duchess of Queensbury (the famous Kitty), took offence at her uncle's will; and, lo! after ten years' litigation in the Court of Chancery, the deed-poll of 1749 was pronounced void as regarded the personality—a partition of the pictures took place, in compliance with the killing letter of the law, and in defiance of the well-known wishes of the testator. The duchess died in 1778, making no sign of repentance; and her duke, as if to bar the possibility of an equitable restitution, tied her share up as heirlooms in different successive branches of *his own* family. In consequence, that portion of the pictures at last passed, in 1810, to Archibald Lord Douglas, the gainer of the 'Douglas cause,' and was removed to Bothwell Castle on the Clyde. In that beautiful but remote position they are not often inspected by æsthetical eyes—even Lady Theresa has never seen them. Nay, some, we learn from her (iii. 260), were sold in 1812, and among them the portraits of the Earl of Rochester and Lord Falkland! Such, says Lady Theresa, is the history of

'a collection which circumstances have invested with an interest to which as a private gallery or family portraits they never could pretend.'

Their original selection was illustrative of the characteristic tastes of their collector. In later times their possession has been made the subject of reflection upon his conduct. Their diminution, partition, and the final separation of one-half of the residue from all connexion with his descendants, afford a striking example of the vicissitudes of human possessions.'—i. 58.

Before noticing the moiety still preserved at the Grove, we may mention the chances to which the Chancellor's papers were exposed. Henry, the second and picture-selling earl, owed some debts to a Mr. Richards, which Edward the third earl cancelled by handing over 'a vast collection of these papers and some thousand letters; next many more were parted with to 'Mr. Joseph Radcliffe of Lyon's Inn, gent.,' a denizen of the Alsatia of Mr. Thurtell's respectable and murdered chum Mr. Weare; soon another portion fell into the possession of 'a Lady,' of whose residence and respectability there is no record; others were burnt by an accidental fire; at last Dr. Douglass, Bishop of Salisbury, purchased some of these dispersed papers for the trustees of Dr. Radcliffe at Oxford—to which University Lord Hyde left the residue, directing that the trustees should print and publish what was proper, and out of the proceeds of the sale support 'a manege or academy for riding and other useful exercise;' the neglect of which educational proviso has no doubt given much uneasiness to the recent Commission of Inquiry.

Lady Theresa has divided her work into three parts: she first details the history of the gallery and MSS. of the Chancellor—then proceeds to the hitherto neglected biographies of his dearest and nearest friends, Lords Falkland, Capell, and Hertford—concluding, when her readers have been thus introduced to the chief actors, with a descriptive catalogue of their and other portraits now preserved at the Grove.

Precedence is given to Lord Falkland. As the Clarendon had said, 'If the celebrating the memory of eminent and extraordinary persons, and transmitting their great virtues for the imitation of posterity, be one of the principal ends and duties of history—the loss of *one* must be recorded, which no time will suffer to be forgotten and no success or good fortune will repair, a loss sufficient to brand the civil war as infamous.' Lady Theresa, successful otherwise in filling up her ancestor's outline, explains, we may say, for the first time, the real causes of Lord Falkland's early imprisonment;—but for these and other details we must refer to her careful pages. Lucius Cary, born in 1610, and educated at Dublin and Oxford, was a

ripe scholar, and resided in high happiness and hospitality at Great Tew, Oxfordshire, until summoned by Charles for the ill-judged Scotch expedition to suppress the Covenanters and enforce Liturgical conformity. He departed to the dismay of the Dons and Blues of Oxford, who, missing his dinners, said and sang that he was 'too good for war.' In 1750 he became a member of the Long Parliament, and was at first a conscientious reformer; but he soon separated from the Hampdens and Co. on perceiving the lengths to which pressure from without was inevitably driving the popular leaders; some of whom then, as in all times, thought, with the conceit of their craft, that they could ride the wild spirits they let loose, giving their Franksteins credit for a philosophy equal to their own; while others of them with fixed and deliberate malice urged on their tools to the destruction of Church and Crown. Falkland, a loyal subject but indifferent courtier, embraced the cause of order and the constitution, and, pressed by the king, accepted office as a duty and a danger, throwing himself into the gap, in the hopes to be an organ of truth. The fatal attempt to arrest the five members, made without his privity, soon convinced him that Charles was not to be saved or served; yet neither this nor a scarcely less doubtful anticipation of his own ruin could affect his action. The scabbard was soon cast away, and the royal standard hoisted, which many fatal influences—among others nepotism, uxoriousness, but, above all (however to be palliated and pardoned), an adoption of Spanish and Jesuitical licence in the framing of declarations and documents—contributed to humble in the dust.

Falkland in vain strove to effect an amicable compromise with the Parliament, which the impetuous Rupert alone must have been sufficient to prevent. After the affair at Edgehill, where the day would have been won had the advice of Falkland been followed, he joined the Court at Oxford,—where, contrasting his former felicities—ere the gown yielded to the sword—he grew sad and serious, neglected his person, and day and night 'ingeminated Peace, Peace!' When the Queen arrived, a Bellona rather than a bearer of the olive-branch, Charles, instead of marching on London, let the golden opportunity slip and laid siege to Gloucester. Falkland, brave to a fault, visited the most exposed trenches, and replied to the remonstrance of Clarendon that 'ministerial office could not take away the privilege of his age, and that a *secretary* in war must be present at the *secret* of danger.' Upon the relief of the town by Essex, the

hostile forces met, September 20, 1643, at Naseby. Falkland in the morning was unusually cheerful, dressed himself with care, and, leading his troops to the charge, was killed at their head, 'dying as much of the times as of the bullet.' 'Thus fell,' writes Clarendon, many years after, 'that incomparable young man in the four-and-thirtieth year of his age, having so much despatched the true business of life, that the eldest rarely attain to that immense knowledge, and the youngest enter not into the world with more innocence; whoever lives such a life needs be the less anxious upon how short a warning it is taken from him.'

His character has been elaborately drawn by Lady Theresa. Not externally much favoured by Nature, his heart was large, and to the stature of David, Falkland joined his courage. Turenne was no beauty, and Nireus, referred to in the *Iliad* (B. 671) as the handsomest man in the Greek army, is mentioned but that once. Lord Falkland as a speaker was ungraceful and his voice unmusical, but matter prevailed over manner, and sense over sound, as bravery prevailed over beauty; he wrote as a gentleman and a scholar, and defended his King as well with his pen as with his sword. The son of this great man degenerated, and sold his sire's library for 'a horse and a mare,' as Clarendon's son parted with his father's books and papers to a Lyon's Inn gent. and a 'lady.' One of the Chancellor's portraits of his dearest friend was incomprehensibly sold, as we have said, from the Bothwell Castle moiety;—but fortunately another, ascribed to Vandyke, remains to be venerated at the Grove. In it he appears clad in sober black, with slashed sleeves; the face is boyish, the features are small, the complexion brown, the eye bright and intelligent.

Lady Theresa's next full-length is Arthur Lord Capell—whose daughter Theodosia married Lord Cornbury, the eldest son of the Chancellor, his friend and colleague. Thus the blood of both unites in her veins, and subsequent alliances have cemented the clanship of the Essex and Clarendon families, whose local habitations—Cashibury and the Grove—also join together. Born in 1603, Capell, left an orphan, was brought up by his grandfather, a 'good owld English gentleman of a good estate;' a firm Protestant and Protectionist—which characters usually go together still. His reasons against 'the travellinge of his grandchylde into the parts beyond the sea' are printed by Lady Theresa—we believe for the first time—and may perhaps be pondered with advantage by many of her readers in luminous 1852:—

'Imprimis, His callinge is to be a country gentillman, wherein there is little or no use of foreane experience. 2. Item.—If God visitt him with sicknes he shall not have those helpees abroad that he shall have at home in his owen country. And there lyethe a great penalty upon his deathe; for his brother is so younge, as in all probabylyty he is like to be a warde, which will be a greate hindrance unto the family, boathe by the impoverishinge the estate of the next heyer, and by the ill providing for the younger children, his sisters, both for their educatyons and hopes for their preferments in maryage. 3. Item.—His tyme maye be better spent at home than abroad, in regard that he maye study the lawes of the relme, maye be made acqauynted with his estate in his grandfather's lyfetime, whereby he shal be better able to governe it after. Allso, if he will applye himselfe, he maye be a good staye and helpe to his owld and weak grandfather, whereby many of the name and family, as yet but in meane estate, maye be the better provided for. 4. Item.—It is to be feared that throughe the wycked prests and Jesuites in those forane partes he maye be *perverted* to the idolatrous Romane relygion; and if it be answered that he is so well grounded in relygion already that there is no fear thereof, it maye be replied agayne that he is very younge, and they subtyle and industrious: and that it is a safer waye by abstayninge from travell to avoyde the meanes, then for a man to thrust himself into the peryll without any necessary occasion.'—vol. i. p. 250.

The 'owld gentillman' died in 1632, and his nephew, succeeding to his acres and hospitalities, was naturally chosen county member. He sat for a short time in the Long Parliament, voting as an abater of grievances and a reformer. He was soon created a peer by purchase, a process cheap and common in those days, when the price of a baronetcy was 'come down to 350*l*.' Lord Capell, like Falkland, soon saw the breakers ahead, and joined the King at York. He, says Clarendon, 'was one of those high-minded cavaliers who, if the crown had been on a hedge-stake, would have remained to defend it to the death.' Henceforward he served Charles with heart and soul, with purse and person; he was appointed of the council of the Prince of Wales, was one of the Royal Commissioners at Uxbridge, and distinguished himself in the disastrous campaign in the West of England. He accompanied the Prince and Clarendon to Jersey, and returned to England to swell the royal forces in the defence of Colchester when besieged by Fairfax. The details have been woven into a continuous narrative by Lady Theresa, and we must content ourselves with few incidents. Some members of a parliamentary committee were prisoners in the town, whereupon the House of Commons seized the young son of Lord

Capell; and one Gourdon, a liberal member, moving that 'Lady Capell, then great with childe, be set in front of the battle,' the father, rather than swerve from his loyalty, replied, 'Murder his son they might, whose blood he would leave it to Heaven to avenge.' History is a succession of parallels; thus at the siege of Tarifa, in 1292, when traitors brought the little child of the Governor Guzman and threatened to kill him if the father would not surrender, the *good man* threw his dagger from the ramparts, exclaiming, 'I prefer honour without a son to a son with disgrace.'

Colchester surrendered after a noble defence, and Fairfax, having made a terrorist example by the execution of two brave and honourable officers, granted quarter to the rest. Lord Capell was confined in the Tower previous to his banishment, which both Houses had intended; but the armed man now stood forth, and the great catastrophe was at hand. Yet no dungeons of the Tower could damp the loyalty of Capell, who concluded an urgent letter to Cromwell with the offer of his life to redeem that of his King; a vain attempt, which only accelerated his own fate. Ordered for immediate trial by the House of Commons, he escaped from the Tower, was betrayed, retaken, and condemned by a mock tribunal. Parliament, then swayed by the eloquence—adorned or unadorned—of a few demagogues, violated every principle of honour and morality, to say nothing of the mud-trampled constitution. Petitions in his favour were presented with no avail. Capell's very merits precluded him from mercy, and the wielder of the sword, Carlyle's magnanimous hero, urged the death, for the 'good of the Commonwealth, of a man whose great courage, industry, and generosity would ever make a thorn in their sides.' Thus was Capell 'struck down' by one who, of all others, 'as a soldier, should (says Lady Theresa) have protected when fair quarter had been granted on the field;' and another victim was added to those *judicial murders*, which, according to Voltaire, the genius of England loves to commit. And well for us has been this habit of legality, when, cruel as the letter of the law may have been, or abominable its perversion, still a symbol of justice dealt the blow, checked popular fury, and spared us the burning national infamy of massacres, dragonnades, noyades, fusillades, and other wholesale ferocities for which we have no name. Our most sinful judicial murders were at least committed in open day and before God and man.

We must beg the laziest of our readers

not to skim Lady Theresa's tenth chapter, where the last hours of this true nobleman are recounted. Bishop Morley, who attended him, has left a touching detail. The lion-hearted Capell bade farewell to his wife and family with tender manliness: 'God will be to thee a better husband, and a better father to our children.' He told his weeping friends to be of good cheer: 'there will be more to celebrate my memory with praise than sadness.' He met death with the fortitude of a soldier and a Christian. His head—better than a Golgotha of Roundheads—was severed at one blow. His heart was, by his express desire, enclosed in a silver box, to be buried at his Royal master's feet. At the Restoration it was placed in the hands of Charles II.—removed to the Capell evidence-room in the country—and forgotten! It was accidentally found in 1703 by the family chaplain, who, fearful that the sexton might covet the silver if the box were buried, had it sold, and an iron one substituted, in which all that remains of some of the noblest dust on earth now rests for ever.

We must pass once more to chivalrous, romantic Spain. The heart of the royal Bruce, which the 'good Lord James Douglas' was enjoined to carry to the Holy Land, was also inclosed by him in a silver box, which he wore round his neck, until at *Teba*, in 1328, on being deserted in the critical moment by his Spanish allies, the Scottish Knight threw the glorious relic into the fiercest fray, exclaiming—

'Pass first in fight, as thou wast wont to do—
Douglas will follow thee or die!'

And he kept his word. This identical box was preserved within a few years at Jaen, having escaped chaplains, sextons, and melting pots, Moorish and Christian. We understand that, since the recent reforms, it has gone the way of most Peninsular plate. Good Lord James's own heart, also in a silver box, is still preserved in the striking Cemetery of his grand race at Douglas.

It has been a sincere pleasure to us to agree so often with our fair Whig, who must pardon us if we can find no analogy between the cases of Lord Capell and Marshall Ney—beyond the simple fact that both were tried and executed—the one in defiance of granted quarter, the other in strict accordance with clearly reserved rights; a truth, and a whole truth, that stands clearly and also most gracefully explained in the Duke's memorandum of November 19, 1815. Lord Capell, bred and born an English gentleman, was quite as physically brave as *le brave*

des braves, and infinitely more morally courageous than that weak-minded, impulsive soldier. Ready to ransom his king's life at the cost of his own, Capell never would have betrayed his Charles with Judas kiss; never would have sworn to bring Cromwell in an iron cage, and forthwith joined him, adding gratuitous perjury to treason. It suited, indeed, the *anti-English* politics hatched and fostered in a suburban villa—and how virulent what Lord Dudley called 'the Esoteric Doctrine of ultra-Whiggism,' a recent parricidal publication has revealed—to elevate into hero-worship our bitterest enemies, and to hamper and depreciate our best defenders. 'The truth is,' wrote Dudley—(22nd June, 1816)—'the Whig Opposition had staked everything upon Napoleon's success, and are grieved at his failure.' 'The Whigs,' said Wilberforce, 'are glad to see just so much mischief befall their country as would bring themselves into office.' 'Lord Holland,' wrote the Duke in the very last page of his immortal Despatches, 'accuses me, in pretty plain terms, of allowing that accomplished soldier [Ney] to be judicially murdered, because I could not beat him in the field.—If the letter had not been shown to me confidentially, I would have prosecuted his lordship for a libel.' The cannon that announced the Duke's victories over Ney at Busaco, Santarem, and Fuentes de Oñoro, found no echo in the dull ear of ex-official Brookes's or Kensington, where even the sham of loyalty was only called forth by the sunshine of place.

Unlike Lord Falkland, the soul of the 'lion-hearted' Capell was enshrined in a mortal coil worthy of its greatness. His frame was powerful and nobly formed—his features stamped with all the graces of one of nature's gentlemen; in body and mind he was every inch a man. His portrait at the Grove, attributed to Vandyke, scarcely does him justice; but better representations exist in the collections of Lord Essex and Mr. Ford.

Lady Theresa concludes the series of her interior *Tribune* with William Seymour, Marquis of Hertford. To him perhaps a space greater than strictly his due has been allotted; we cannot, however, press hardly on the fair author's partiality for what may almost be called a new subject. Born in 1588, he was grandson of that Earl of Hertford who, during nine years' imprisonment in the Tower, had tasted the proud Tudor-vengeance of Elizabeth, angered at his stolen marriage with her cousin, the Lady Katherine Grey. Undeterred by this example, William, in 1610, married that celebrated unfortunate, the Lady Arabella Stuart, cou-

sin to James I., without his Majesty's privacy and consent. We must refer our readers to Lady Theresa's full and true particulars of this tragic romance of real life. The poor lady died in the Tower in 1615—her reason having given way under a four years' captivity and the ill-usage of her cruel and cowardly king and kinsman. Her husband, who had escaped to Belgium, now returned, married the sister of Lord Essex, and in 1621 succeeded, in his thirty-third year, to the family estates. As neither his own nor his ancestors' antecedents inclined him to seek the Court, he lived apart in literary ease until 1640, when, in his fiftieth year, he was one of the first to petition Charles to summon a parliament. He was also one of the first, like Falkland and Capell, to cling to the Crown when the real views of the reformers began to be manifest. He had disapproved of the proceedings against Strafford, ere mistrust of the King's word—who in that death-warrant signed his own—and the disappointment of the Bedfords, Pym, Hampdens, and other patriots, in getting place and office, turned possible friends into foes, and fanned reform into revolution.

Hertford, in 1641, was made a member of the Privy Council, which then, as Lady Theresa has well shown, formed a sort of legislative cabinet, and his appointment was one of the first conciliatory concessions made to the growing supremacy of parliament. He was soon named Governor to the Prince of Wales, to the satisfaction of every one except himself. He shrank from the duties: a long indulgence had engrafted a *poco curante* laziness, not unusual, indeed, but prejudicial to premiers and preceptors. The heir-apparent was now a sort of hostage; and the Parliament, who feared his conversion to Popery and removal from England, by taking steps to separate him from his parents, offered an insult to the King and father, which was met by the unconstitutional *coup d'état*, the attempt to arrest the five members. Hertford joined Charles at York, and was among the first to face the rebels in the field in the West, until, overlooking the new slights put on himself by the fatal nepotism of the Crown, he exchanged the sword for the household wand, and never again quitted his master in life, until his master quitted him by flying from Oxford to be sold for 'thirty pieces' by the Scots. No sooner was Charles condemned to die than Lord Hertford, like Lord Capell, tendered his life in ransom; and next, the regicidal tragedy complete, prayed 'to perform the last duty to his master, and wait upon him to the grave.' And here let us

remark that the very French theatrical incident told by Guizot, and painted by De la Roche, of Cromwell's lifting up the coffin-lid of his murdered sovereign, is a pure 'invention of the enemy.' The royal martyr, as republican Marvell allows,

'Nothing common did nor mean
Upon that solemn scene'—

nor were any French meannesses thought of by even his murderers. He slept in one royal palace, and was brought to be beheaded at noonday, leisurely and solemnly, in front of another. He appeared on the scaffold in his usual dress, with the insignia, most splendid and costly, of the Garter.* Even the cap placed on his head before he laid it on the block had on it a laced border in the shape of a diadem. The Bishop of London received his last *Remember*. Even after he lay down (for he did not kneel) on the block, his lords of the chamber placed themselves, as in observance of courtly duty, one by each of his feet.† All this homage to the sense of national dignity and decency forms—even in the blackest scene of our history—a signal contrast to the subsequent mimicry of the *Tigre-singe*—and so Guizot has himself very eloquently acknowledged. In like manner the royal body was borne to a royal tomb on the shoulders of the Duke of Richmond, Lords Hertford, Southampton, and Lindsey, and was laid in the vault of Windsor, without any words or other ceremonies than the sighs and tears of the few faithful friends. The Puritans denied, indeed, all rites of religion; but Cromwell was an Englishman, and too great to take pleasure in the charnel-house curiosities of a Robespierre. He aimed at the life of his king, but warred not with the dead, nor ever denied that respect to his mortal remains which the Restoration, to its eternal shame, refused to his own.

Charles now slept well and undisturbed, until Sir Henry Halford clapped him into his tiny essay. Treason had done its worst, and Lord Hertford was permitted by Cromwell, who knew the value of fidelity, to live unmolested; nay, the Buonaparte of England even condescended to court him—but in vain. His undivided allegiance was buried with his hopes and joys in his own king's grave. Eleven years after the royal

martyrdom—when the pith and marrow of England, who had tasted the reality of Roundheads and Republicans, and had fully understood the worth of these public-good-private-place-mongers, now fled from petty tyrants to the Crown, and crowded to welcome Charles II.;—first and foremost was Lord Hertford. The Garter was conferred on this faithful servant, and the title of Duke of Somerset restored, as amply as if the attainder of his grandfather had never been made. Thus a cloud, which for five successive reigns had hung over the house of Seymour, was cleared away. Five months later this true cavalier, full of years and honours, paid the last debt to nature.

The large portrait of Lord Hertford at the Grove is not one of the best, and neither chronological nor artistical considerations permit us to attribute it to Vandyke; the full, placid features indicate the lover of ease—yet a searching look about the eye, and a determination in the mouth, mark knowledge of the world, and a character not to be trifled with.

The excursion or pilgrimage to the site where the images of so much loyalty and valour are enshrined is enhanced by Lady Theresa's faithful and descriptive cicerone catalogue. The Grove, appropriately embosomed in ancient trees, overlooks, from a sunny bank, a trout-stream that gambols through meadows such as afforded pleasure and profit to the honest ichthyophile Isaac Walton. The interior is enriched with above a hundred pictures—*præclara supellex*—the Villiers representatives of the Chancellor having considerably added to their nucleus moiety. The sweet still country is no less delectable to reviewers, long in populous city pent, than the dignified tranquillity, the serene security of position of these relics of 'auld lang syne,' is refreshing to the eye, after certain modern chalky conventionalities exhibited elsewhere.

How full of vitality and humanity are these memorials of the past—these transcripts of master-beings of a history we all have read, and with whom a personal acquaintance is now made! Here, fixed by Vandyke's life-conferring power, they come amongst us again, and are realised—rescued as it were from the mythical and the romance in which time and their strange careers had almost included them. As we pace these silent but speaking saloons, the loyal, national, and single interest of the court and camp of Charles, into which neither republican nor foreigner intrude, is unmistakable. The pictures are well arranged—treated as principals, and not, as too often, degraded into furniture, or sacrificed to Mr.

* The Garter worn by the King, and bequeathed by Cardinal Yorke to George IV., was embroidered with alternate diamonds and rubies of the value of £28,000.

† See the curious contemporary print of the king's execution, re-engraved in the volume entitled 'Historical Sketches of Charles I., by W. D. Fellowes, Esq., 4to., 1828.

Banting and the evil genius of blue silk and white and gold upholstery :—*suaves res* indeed—and sufficient for the herds of bleating Cockneys who are goaded through apartments of State by inexorable drovers; but sad it is for some to listen to the rote twaddle of show-housekeepers, public or private, and sadder still to think how little even the educated classes really know of past history and art, and how much less they care about such things. Meantime, at the Grove, portrait-painting is in many instances elevated to the historical, so truly is the delicate spirit of expression seized, the mind and intellect as well as the form and habit perpetuated on canvas. Fortunate age, when a Vandyke lived to depict such subjects, such costume, such real ladies and gentlemen—not made by Nature's journeymen, like the big mayors and Manchester men manufactured and hung up in Trafalgar Square. Still—let us be candid—charming as were the garbs and bearings of the age of Charles, the Puritan Prynne had some reason when he inveighed against the 'unloveliness of love-locks,' and we cannot admire the bringing down the hair so much on the brow, by which that temple of intelligence is masked and narrowed.

We shall attempt no descriptive details of these pictures. They must be seen—or, if writing can do, the task is accomplished by Lady Theresa. One word only on the leading personages with whom we have been dealing. Here the founder and illustrator of the gallery may well pass first as he was wont: and a sitting portrait, by Sir Peter Lely, brings him vividly before us in his robes of office; but there is no legal speculation in his eye, nor do his mustachios or chin-tuft tally with abstract notions of a Lord High Chancellor; neither is much intellectual power stamped on his full, rotund face—not to say jowl—or much careworn study suggested in his golden locks. From the collector to the practitioner the transition is easy—*videlicet* to the vivacious Duchess of Queensberry—'Kitty, ever young and gay'—who, profiting by the Solomon Court, divided this cherished creation of Clarendon; the oval portrait of her Grace by Hudson is not prepossessing—the expression of this friend of Prior's and patroness of Gay's—a striking figure, too, in Horace Walpole's Reminiscences—is forbidding and disinheritting. Of Charles I. there only remains a sketch, said to be by Vandyke, for the superb equestrian portrait at Blenheim. The fine full-length, once the pride of the Chancellor, is at Bothwell; thus the uxorious husband is separated from his wife in death—where

they might have been united with more safety than in life. This queen of beauty, the cynosure of all observers, rules alone at the Grove, in all the unmatched elegance of Vandyke's greatest power. Near her are the three Royal children, Charles, James, and Mary; and, close at hand, a faithful guard, Lords Falkland, Capell, and Hertford. Not far off appear James I. by Vansomer, and Buckingham by Jansen. The minion of this mean, detestable pedant, a lanky Steenie, 'with the face of an angel, like St. Stephen,' presents the impersonation of a fop—a giant in dress, a pigmy in politics; near him, and by Vandyke, is Lord Grandison, another Villiers—a family in which beauty is hereditary—who fell prematurely on the battle-field. Then are grouped around the princely Pembroke, the dilettante Arundel, Newcastle, the virtuoso of the manège, the faithful Richmond, the highbred Derby, so brutally murdered by the Puritans, and his magnanimous Countess. These and many other most effective pictures cause us to turn from the curlyheaded Cornburys, and the plum-coloured silk dressing gowns of Earl Henry the second, who first began to sell. Nor can we bestow more than a glance on the other perriwigged degenerate descendants of the Chancellor. Time indeed is a leveller: the accidents of birth and fashion end at latest with 'the allotted span.' As the minnow-fry recede, the good and great—the tritons—expand. Howsoever inexorable, so soon and surely does posterity winnow predecessors. Weighed in the balance, how few really stand forth! Charles, Cromwell, and Clarendon; soon after Louis XIV., Turenne, and Marlborough. Nay, the very present judges of the present. Already the minor shooting-stars—the Soult and Massenas—*fortisque Gyas, fortisque Cleanthus*—pale their ineffectual fires; while Napoleon, Nelson, and Wellington shine with the splendour of fixed planets in the galaxy of glory.

Not less remarkable than the presence in this collection of some is the absence of others. Neither early recollections nor friendships in Spain induced Clarendon to give a place to Gondomar, the envoy who managed James, nor to Philip IV., the host of Charles, nor to his minister Olivares, the foe of Buckingham. Charles himself, be it remembered, possessed no pictures by Spanish artists; nay, he left behind him at Madrid his own portrait, which Velazquez had begun, and which now is lost for ever. The libel daub so recently puffed in English papers and Scotch courts is a *Snare* and a delusion. We especially wonder that Cla-

rendon should have allotted no little nook to Sully, the beloved friend of the father of Henrietta—the minister and faithful friend, like himself, of a beloved and murdered master. We can understand why Clarendon, a good hater, allotted no panel in his gallery to the fiery, headlong Rupert, whose influence occasioned such damage to the royal cause. The real desideratum was Cromwell—whose absence, like the wanting bust of Brutus at the imperial funeral of Rome, or of Luther in the temple of the Danube, is the more suggestive of importance. The void has been recently supplied by the present Earl—who claims kindred with the Protector through Mrs. Rich—and we could have wished with a better picture. It could not well be expected that the Chancellor, in whose loyalty and politics there was no tolerance—so often the mask of indifference—should find room under his roof for republicans or regicides, or permit a Pym, a Marten or a Bradshaw to come between the Derbys, Richmonds, and their nobility. Unlike Charles, to forgive enemies and forget friends formed no article in his code. He had embarked body and soul in the one side of God and king, and the single-heartedness of his faith and allegiance was reflected in his gallery. Those therefore who are freer from party or prejudice, and desire to have all the scenes and all the actors in this civil tragedy brought again before them as at a diorama, must wend their way not to the Grove, but to Oxford—and perhaps they had as well visit old *Alma Mater* soon, before, among other blessed chances and changes, she is turned into a cross between Aberdeen and Heidelberg.

It was about 1795 that Mr. Sutherland, a Russian merchant, took to illustrating the histories of Clarendon and Burnet—to which he devoted his life and fortune, infinitely to his better half's dissatisfaction, before whom printsellers recoiled; but the fair sex, jealous sometimes even of things, brook few rivals in the affections of their liege lords, and none in their purses. A rebuff and some official rudeness at the British Museum, in the days when contributors were chilled and repelled, and an accidental visit to the better-behaved Bodleian, led Mr. Sutherland to exclaim, 'Here my books shall repose!' Yet he bequeathed his collection to his wife, warning her with his last breath, that if she broke it up he would haunt her. The widow accordingly pursued the completion of this 'national work' with the ardour of the departed founder. Finally, this solace of her weeds swelled, after a growth of twenty-three years and an expense of 20,000*l.*, into sixty-three folio volumes, bursting with

18,742 prints and drawings; then, having herself prepared the ponderous catalogue to which we have alluded before, she consigned the Russia-bound regiment to, as we presume, nearly uninterrupted repose in some picturesque closet of the limitless, silent, monumental Bodleian; nor shall we disturb their rest beyond the remark that there lie entombed 713 portraits of Charles and 352 of Cromwell. Copperplates are subject, it would seem, to no less chances and changes than crowns. The head of Cromwell after his death was rubbed out of an engraving by Lombard, and that of Louis XIV. put in its place. The Grand Monarque's turn came next, and his was effaced in favour of Gustavus Adolphus. In due time the Swedish hero disappeared to make way for Cromwell once more—whose head having been again obliterated—that of Charles I. anew graces the copper in a happy, we hope a final, restoration.

ART. VIII.—*Memoirs of the Whig Party during my Time.* By Henry Richard Lord Holland. Vol. i. Post 8vo. 1852.

WHEN in the spring of last year, we expressed our strong concurrence in the universal indignation excited by Lord Holland's 'Foreign Reminiscences,' and justified that indignation by extracts from a work which it was irksome and even disgusting to copy, we stated that we were chiefly induced to do so by its announcement of the existence and probable publication of his *Memoirs of our domestic policy.*

The volume before us—which is marked, we are sorry to see, as the first of a series—fully ratifies those anticipations. The period which it comprises, from his own youth to the death of Mr. Fox in 1806, affords but few occasions in which he could speak with much authority on public affairs; but he repeats all the angry traditions of his uncle's faction, additionally infected by a personal rancour which has disordered all his natural good qualities—nay, even his gentlemanly feelings—to an almost incredible degree.

It has also the minor defects of being stupid and trivial; it deals with many illustrious names and many memorable events, but it is really wonderful what an unlucky knack his Lordship has of reducing both to the smallest dimensions. His narrative, indeed, would be mere gossip and twaddle, but that it is leavened—soured, not sharpened—by a kind of petty malice, that looks at

his topics with no other object than that of finding something disparaging or offensive to say of his political adversaries—or, which is the same thing—of the adversaries of the Jacobin and Buonapartist portions of the French Revolution. The book intrinsically would deserve no more notice from us than a general reference to what we have already said about the *Reminiscences*, and the explanation there suggested of the *peculiar causes* which gave this unhappy turn to the writer's mind and temper: but a consideration of the rank which he held in his party and the weight that might be attached (when his personal motives were forgotten) to the circumstance of his having been for a few years a Cabinet Minister, have determined us to throw away some pages more in exposing, for the benefit of historical students, the worth of Lord Holland as a narrator and critic of contemporary events.

The very title of the book is a deception. It is nothing like 'Memoirs of the Whig Party.' It might rather be called '*A Selection of Lies and Libels against all Tories and certain Whigs; to which is added a Panegyric on the Right Honourable Charles James Fox and his Nephew, Henry Richard Lord Holland.*' With the latter portion we shall not meddle. We have formed in our own mind, and so we think has the world in general, an estimate of the public character and services of Mr. Fox and his nephew so entirely opposite to that of Lord Holland—and after such opportunities and attention—that it is not likely to be altered by a new discussion on such loose and narrow ground as Lord Holland's scrambling and partial sketch affords. His Lordship is convinced that he and his uncle were decidedly the most sagacious and almost the only honest statesmen of their day. The voice of Europe and the course of events, both abroad and at home, have rejected and reversed that claim. Mr. Fox's whole life was a failure. In his earlier days he failed, losing office as a Tory, and not being able to recover it as a Whig. He failed when at the head of a numerous and powerful—if it had not been an infamous—*coalition*; he failed when he and a few followers endeavoured to conceal their weakness under a *secession*. He failed when, for a dozen years, he endeavoured to persuade England to make peace with France: he failed when he endeavoured to induce France to make peace with England. He failed when as leader of a great aristocratical party he attempted to crush the stripling Pitt: he failed when, shifting his ground, he continued his rivalry at the head of the democracy. Even those who admired his talents and loved his society could

say little for his principles, and nothing of his success:—

'Mr. Boothby, so well known in the first walks of fashion, and an intimate friend of Fox, appreciated him with much severity, though with equal truth. "Charles," observed he, "is unquestionably a man of first-rate talents, but so deficient in judgment [he might rather have said, "so carried away by passion"] as never to have succeeded in any object during his whole life. He loved only three things—women, play, and politics. Yet at no period did he ever form a creditable connexion with a woman—He lost his whole fortune at the gaming-table—and, with the exception of about eleven months, he has always remained in opposition." It is difficult to dispute the justice of this portrait.'—*Wraxall, Historical Memoirs*, ii. 11.

He failed, in short, *ab ovo usque ad mala*; and it was not till the death of his illustrious conqueror had left the way clear for him that he completed the failures of his whole life by the composition of that pretentious, short-lived, feeble, and unsuccessful cabinet, best known in history by a descriptive nickname. There, for the present at least, we leave Lord Holland's panegyric on the political services and triumphs of his uncle—and shall confine our examination to the larger portion of the work which affects to be more peculiarly historical.

We shall not attempt to look for any order or system in Lord Holland's irregular string of random assertions and apocryphal anecdotes; nor would it be worth while, even if it were possible, to trace all the obscure motives of vanity or rancour which may have prompted this or that particular censure or calumny. We must content ourselves with producing such *prominent instances of the malus animus* and the *mala fides* that pervade the whole mass as we happen to have the means of at once encountering by direct and, as we think, incontestable evidence.

As the chief design is the glorification of the French Revolution, it is not surprising that the first object of antipathy and attack should be Mr. Burke; and it is rather amusing to observe the vespertilian flitting of Lord Holland about that great luminary, whose light he can neither escape from nor bear. After an enumeration, such as one might expect from Lord Holland, of Mr. Burke's offences against the revolutionary cause and its English partizans, Lord Holland does him such justice as Lord Holland was capable of:—

'Mischievous as his conduct was, I acquit him of dishonesty.'—p. 10.

Hear that, posterity! Lord Holland ac-

quits Mr. Burke of dishonesty. He subjoins, to be sure, several little scruples as to the culprit's being entitled to so full an acquittal. Mr. Burke received, at the close of a long and ill-requited public life, a pension from the Crown, considerably less in amount than the great sinecure office which Charles Fox had received, squandered, and sold almost before he was a man. The acceptance of this pension, Lord Holland good-naturedly admits, was not absolute dishonesty; but as a *gratum satis* to season this praise, he adds that—

'He [Mr. Burke] had indeed little of that noble pride which disdains private advantage'—

and that—

'he would, perhaps, have judged better for his fame had he accepted no pension; but though that pension was the reward of his conduct [the mischievous conduct before mentioned], his conduct, I am convinced, was not actuated by the hope of obtaining it.'—p. 12.

We should be sorry to deprive Lord Holland of the merit of being open to any conviction favourable to Mr. Burke; but in this case, neither the conviction nor the form in which it is expressed appear to us as clear as might be expected. Mr. Burke's 'conduct'—that is to say his hostility to the French Revolution—commenced in 1789, when, and for more than a year later, he was still a member of the Opposition, and with quite as little hope of any favour from the Crown as Mr. Fox himself—and probably less (see *Prior's Life*, ii. p. 144). His rupture with the Opposition on the Canada Bill was consummated in May, 1791; he left Parliament on the 20th of June, 1794. All his political friends had then joined Mr. Pitt,—and his own political life was closed. It was towards the end of the year 1795 that the pension was granted; it came only time enough to relieve from pecuniary anxiety the last few melancholy, and indeed heart-broken, months of his illustrious life! Well might Lord Holland be convinced that the spirit of 1789 was not kindled by any hope of the pension of 1796.

His lordship's summary of Mr. Burke's character is an exemplary specimen of the awkward shifts by which a writer hobbles through a truth which he is unwilling to tell and unable to conceal.

'On the whole, if greatness consists in comprehension of mind and fertility of genius, rather than in wisdom in design and judgment in action—and if by goodness we mean rectitude of intention and disinterestedness of conduct, rather than justice, affection, or moderation—

Burke may pass for a great and good man.'—p. 12.

That is, Mr. Burke may pass muster with those indulgent persons who may not think wisdom, judgment, justice, affection, or moderation, to be necessary ingredients in the character of a great and good man. And even the small balance which might be struck in Mr. Burke's favour after these deductions, must be further diminished by some important items with which Lord Holland proceeds to swell the opposite side of the account. After adorning him, here and there, with such attributes as 'ill-humour,' 'coarseness,' 'virulence,' 'almost bigotry,' he concludes—

'His chief defect was an imperious, uncontrollable temper, which disfigured his manners, clouded his judgment, and sometimes corrupted his heart.'—p. 12.

In short, Lord Holland's candour extends little further than considering Mr. Burke as a kind of maniac, who, under the cloak or the delusion of meaning well, was really guilty of the extremes of folly and of crime.—If we proceed to inquire on what grounds his Lordship thus assumes to pass judgment on the character—moral, intellectual, and political—of Mr. Burke, we find—

'I had only a schoolboy's acquaintance with Mr. Burke. It is not for me to correct or reconcile the contradictory opinions entertained by his partisans and his enemies of his views and conduct at that period.'—p. 5.

We have seen how ill the author has kept this modest promise as to Mr. Burke's character; we shall now proceed to show that he is equally bold in dealing with his conduct. Lord Holland affects to be very nice on the point of historical accuracy. He prefixes to his work the following *Nota Bene*:—

'N. B. The first book was written before the year 1802; the second book between May, 1805, and the 1st of January, 1812. I alter the style, and here and there add illustrations of the characters in transcribing it, but the main facts are related as I originally wrote them; and I mention the date of my writing them, because the knowledge of the time at which a MS. was written is not unfrequently as necessary to ascertain historical truth as the preservation of it.—V. HOLLAND. 1824.'

This (bating some obscurity in the concluding words, which we do not understand) seems very proper; but is it true? Has Lord Holland practised his precept? One of the chief topics of his malignity against Mr. Burke, and on which he charges him with 'coarseness and virulence,' and with

conduct 'unfeeling' and 'disgusting,' is his celebrated rupture with Mr. Fox on the Canada Bill; and in support of his own view of the transaction, he adds—

'Nothing can be more false than the account of that memorable debate in Prior's Life of Burke.'—p. 11.

When this extract is compared with the foregoing *Nota Bene*, our readers will be surprised to be reminded that the first appearance of Prior's Life of Burke was in May or June, 1824, twenty-two years later than the date Lord Holland assigns to his original composition; and if in explanation of this manifest discrepancy we should be told that the 'N. B.' might, possibly, have been written in the latter part of that same year, we appeal to our readers' judgment, whether such a serious interpolation can be considered as a mere 'alteration in the style,' or such an 'illustration of character' as the guarded expression of the 'N. B.' implies. The point itself is a mere trifle—for really the exact date at which Lord Holland committed his scandal or his gossip to paper would be of no intrinsic importance whatsoever—but how do we know how far such a latitude of interpolation has extended over the work? We see many other passages which seem to have been written at subsequent dates, and to contradict Lord Holland's chronological test of his credibility. As to the imputation against Mr. Prior's report of that remarkable debate, we have examined several contemporary reports, and especially that in the great Foxite organ of the day the *Morning Chronicle*, and we find Mr. Prior's report to be perfectly in accordance with all of them; nor, indeed, have we found any account that offers any substantial difference from the rest. When Lord Holland took the liberty of making such a charge against Mr. Prior's statement he ought at least to have told us where we were to find one more accurate. We ourselves have heard more than once a lively relation of the scene from the then Speaker (Addington), which fully agreed with the common report.

Lord Holland indulges largely in that cheap and convenient substitute for both fact and reasoning commonly called *begging the question*. He takes whatever he chooses to assert for proved, boldly assumes his own view as an indisputable fact, and then proceeds with dogmatic confidence to draw consequences from his mistake in favour of his prejudices. For instance:—

'Mr. Burke's *intemperate* view of the French Revolution is well known.'—p. 4.

A gross prejudgment of the whole question—we may venture to say an audacious one, considering that the universal sense of mankind, except some few ultra-zealots of the revolutionary school, has pronounced, and the experience of sixty years has confirmed, the views of Mr. Burke to have been not merely sagacious but prophetic. They were delivered, it is true, with a fire, a force, an enthusiasm of eloquence and illustration, not usual in political disquisitions—but the sweep and flash of the weapon, while it dazzled the spectators, did not impair the vigour of the blow. Mr. Burke's views were not *intemperate*, but *pretemperate*; he foresaw—he anticipated—the conflagration, and rang the fire-bell before the city-watch was awake to the danger.

Lord Holland, in the next page, produces a very opposite imputation against Mr. Burke—we know not whether with a view of sneering at religion in general, or of reminding his readers of the vulgar calumnies as to Mr. Burke's having been a papist. The noble author there says:—

'Till the ecclesiastical revenues were suppressed, Burke was far from disapproving the French Revolution An extravagant veneration for all established rites and ceremonies appears to have been long and deeply rooted in his mind.'—p. 5.

This observation, however intended by Lord Holland, is honourable to Mr. Burke; but the *fact* which it is produced to explain is notoriously untrue. The confiscation of the revenues of the Church would have been undoubtedly an indication of both the godless and predatory spirit of the Revolution, sufficient to have alarmed any friend of religion, property, and order. But Mr. Burke's feelings of alarm, which had been gradually developing themselves, were matured and fixed before that confiscation was thought of. *He* had been shocked by the barbarous massacres that accompanied and followed the taking of the Bastille (14th July, 1789) to a degree that made him hesitate to approve that event, at which all the rest of the world then rejoiced. He next saw—with equal wonder and anxiety—on that celebrated *Night of Sacrifices* (4th of August), all feudal rights and privileges abolished, on an *after-dinner* motion of two distinguished possessors of those very rights and privileges—the Vicomte de Noailles and the Duc d'Anguillon. He foresaw that giddy people, who set about their repairs with such thoughtless hurry, were sure to bring down the old house on their devoted heads. Only two months after the *Night of Sacrifices* all his fears were finally confirmed, and his opin-

ions irrevocably fixed, by the terrible catastrophe of the 5th and 6th of October, when the palace of Versailles was stormed by the mob of Paris, and the King and royal family were dragged, with every aggravating circumstance of ignominy and terror, to the prison of the Tuileries. This atrocious and irretrievable outrage was in fact the consummation of the Revolution. The bloodier scenes that ensued were only its consequences and corollaries. And here ended the slight hopes that Mr. Burke had been willing to entertain of rational liberty in France. It was not till the 2nd of November following that the first proposition was made for seizing the property of the Church; and the following summary of facts and dates will abundantly disprove Lord Holland's statement as to Mr. Burke's having formed his *first* unfavourable opinion of the Revolution from that spoliation.

The legal though obsolete Constitution of the old French Monarchy had so many substantial points of resemblance to our own that the prospect of its restoration and reform by the revival of the long-disused Assemblies of the States-General, was looked to with sympathy and approbation by almost every man in England and with enthusiastic hope by the majority of even the best regulated minds in France.

'In England,' says Mr. Prior, 'the first movements of the Revolution were hailed as the regeneration of a large portion of the human race. Mr. Fox and Mr. Pitt tendered it their tribute of admiration; Mr. Burke alone was more cautious or more penetrating: he professed to admire the principle as much as any one, but either from that uncommon sagacity he had ever displayed on great national questions—from his greater age, and consequent experience in life—from a greater knowledge of mankind, or from a clearer insight into the French character, he entertained from the first some extraordinary misgivings as to its mode of operation and its results.'—*Life of Burke*, i. 41.

On the 9th of August, 1789—three weeks only from the taking of the Bastille—he expressed in a private letter to Lord Charlemont his anxiety and alarm at the aspect which the movement had already assumed.

'Our thoughts of everything at home are suspended by our astonishment at the wonderful spectacle which is exhibited in a neighbouring and rival country. What spectators! what actors! England gazing with astonishment at the French struggle for liberty, and not knowing whether to blame or to applaud. The thing indeed, though I saw something like it in progress for several years, has still somewhat in it *paradoxical and mysterious*. The spirit it is impossible not to admire; but the *old Parisian ferocity* has broken out in a shocking manner. It

is true that this may be no more than a sudden explosion: if so, no indication can be taken from it; but if it should be character rather than accident, then *that people are not fit for liberty, and must have a strong hand like that of their former masters to coerce them.*'—*ib.* ii. 42.

What sagacity! What foresight! In this short extract we see foreshadowed the three main phases of the Revolution—the '*paradoxical and mysterious*' intrigues and influence of the Orleanist faction in exciting the disorder; the subsequent series of '*ferocities*' by which it was maintained; and '*the strong hand*' of military usurpation which could alone coerce it! These views Mr. Burke developed and corroborated in all his subsequent writings with the solidity of wisdom and the splendour of eloquence. In other letters, written shortly after, and in one especially to M. de Menonville, a member of the National Assembly,* towards the end of September, 1789, he repeated the same doubts and hesitations; he even sees in the destruction of the Bastille nothing but the symptoms of a new despotism.

'The Bastille we know was a thing in itself of no consequence whatever; even as a prison it was of little importance. Give *despotism*, and the prisons of despotism will not be wanting, any more than lamp-irons will be wanting to democratic fury. . . . I cannot think with you that your National Assembly have done much. They have indeed *undone* a great deal, and so completely broken up their country as a State, that I assure you there are few here such anti-Gallicans as not to feel some pity on the deplorable view of the wreck of France.'

Of a still more comprehensive letter about the same time† to M. Dupont, we need quote but one emphatic sentence:—

'I must delay my congratulations on your acquisition of liberty. You may have made a revolution, but not a reformation. You may

* The editors of the Burke Correspondence seem to consider this letter as the same as that addressed to M. Dupont, published in their collection; but there seems no reason to doubt that there were *two* letters, which, though of nearly the same date, and expressing the same opinions, are surely not duplicates, and were addressed to different gentlemen. The question is of little importance, as the sentiments are the same.

† The correspondence with those gentlemen is undated; but it seems to have begun with both in September, and Mr. Burke's letters were written late in that month or early in October—indeed, as neither mentions the fatal outrage of the 5th and 6th, we may be pretty certain that even the last of those letters must have been composed before the account of that event had reached London. All, however, that is necessary for our object is to show Mr. Burke's sentiments long before there was any question as to the Church property.

have subverted monarchy, but not recovered freedom.'—*Burke's Correspondence*, iii. 113.

It would be easy to adduce evidence to the same effect from other quarters—but we content ourselves with these, one at least of which (the letter published by Mr. Prior) Lord Holland confesses that he had access to while he was bequeathing to posterity the sneering calumny which it so absolutely contradicts.

Another of Lord Holland's ingenuities is imputing Mr. Burke's anti-revolutionary zeal to private pique—and he pleases himself with the idea that he can insult the memory of the father through the memory of the son.

'His son was sincerely attached to his father. It was his only virtue. He had every quality that could render him disagreeable to other persons, and no great talents to counterbalance them. Hence he was disliked and neglected by the members of Opposition. . . . Burke was hurt at the little value set upon his son—his son was offended at what appeared to him a relaxation of the homage due to his father. Good feeling sometimes begets bad conduct. *Burke's ill-humour broke out on the first mention of the French Revolution in the House of Commons by Sheridan.*'—p. 10.

We can hardly fancy it possible to condense more misrepresentation into so small a compass. Of the personal character of the younger Burke we need only say that, though he may have been disliked *after the breach with his father* by Lord Holland's section of the Opposition, we find no traces of any such thing before the breach; and we do find that even after that breach, several respectable members of the Opposition—friends of Lord Holland—have borne an unsuspicious testimony; which we confidently oppose to that of his Lordship.

'I loved,' says Dr. Lawrence, 'the strong virtues of his heart as much as I respected the soundness of his head; and many days and years of pleasure and profit did I vainly promise myself in his society.'—*Lawrence Corr.* p. 32.

Mr. Grattan writes on hearing of Richard Burke's death, 24th August, 1794:—

'The misfortunes of your family are a public care, the late one is to me a *personal loss*. I have a double right to affliction, and to join my grief, and to express my deep and cordial concern at that hideous stroke which has deprived me of a friend, you of a son, and your country of a promise that you would communicate to posterity the living blessings of your genius and your virtues.'—*Fitzwilliam Corr.* iv. 229.

The testimony of Dr. Walker King, Bishop

of Rochester, is more comprehensive, and still more favourable; and Lord Fitzwilliam, one of the most amiable and influential of the Whigs, had, just before Richard Burke's death, brought him into Parliament, and, on being named Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, appointed him his secretary. We could produce more to the same effect; the evidence of those three or four distinguished members of the party of which Lord Holland professes to be the mouthpiece will, however, suffice. But the personal character of Richard Burke is no part of our present concern—if he had been (as he clearly was not) disliked and neglected by the *whole* Whig party, it is certain that his father's 'ill-humour' against the French Revolution could not have arisen from that cause—first because Richard Burke was two-and-thirty years old when the Revolution broke out—an age long before which the defects of his character must have produced their effect, favourably or otherwise; and secondly, because, as we have just seen, Mr. Burke's 'ill-humour' with the Revolution was coeval with its birth, and *by years* antecedent to the scenes in the House of Commons to which Lord Holland so absurdly imputes it.

In the same morbid spirit he endeavours to depreciate all those who adopted Mr. Burke's feelings. Mr. Windham, for instance, is charged with gross tergiversation in approving Mr. Pitt's anti-revolutionary proclamation of 1792—and upon what grounds?

'Among the most strenuous supporters of the Ministerial measure was Mr. Windham of Norfolk. On the first publication of Mr. Burke's pamphlet, he condemned the principles and ridiculed the performance with full as much freedom as the laws of long friendship could admit.'—p. 16.

It is to be observed that Lord Holland places this statement in the middle of various anecdotes of his familiar intercourse with Mr. Windham—thus appearing to pledge his own personal authority to a point on which it was extremely unlikely that there could be any contradiction; for who, indeed, but Mr. Windham himself—whose predeceased Lord Holland by twenty years—could prove the negative of such facts? But calumny is never safe from detection: and lo! it happens, by singular good luck, that we ourselves had been some years since permitted to read and to make extracts from a detached volume of Mr. Windham's private Diary—a curious depository of his opinions and even most secret thoughts—and there we found the following remarkable passage:—

'November, 1790.—On Thursday the 4th a material incident happened—the arrival—[at Felbrigg—Windham's seat in Norfolk]—of Mr. Burke's pamphlet. Never was there, I suppose, a work so valuable in its kind, or that displayed powers of so extraordinary a nature. It is a work that may be conceived capable of overthrowing the National Assembly and of turning the stream of opinions throughout Europe. One would think that the author of such a work would be called to the government of his country by the combined voice of every man in it.'—Windham's Diary.*

And he proceeds to express his indignation at the disfavour which Mr. Burke experienced from the Whig party, to which both Burke and Windham still nominally belonged—thus affording the most complete contradiction to every point of Lord Holland's assertion. If such a contradiction were to be exhibited in the Court of Queen's Bench, Lord Campbell would forthwith transfer the prosecuting witness to the dock.

With the same object of depreciating Mr. Windham—as a deserter from the revolutionary principles, which we doubt that he ever entertained, but which we have seen that he had abjured at least as early as the appearance of Mr. Burke's book, in November 1790—Lord Holland proceeds to mix up his name with that of Talleyrand, as if at Paris in 1791, and even in London after the horrors of the 10th of August, 1792, he had kept up a friendly and familiar intercourse with that circle of intriguers who were prominent, as authors and actors, in all the follies and crimes of the Revolution, till the victory of that day enabled the coalition of Girondins and Jacobins to visit upon them (the *Feuillants* as they were called) the persecution which they had hitherto exercised against the Royalists:—

'In the autumn of 1791, when I saw much of Mr. Windham at Paris, this ardour [for the Revolution] had much abated.'—p. 17.

'Much abated!' We have just seen that a year before, on the 4th of November, 1790, he had recorded his adhesion to the principles of Mr. Burke's '*intemperate*' pamphlet and his indignation against those who differed from him! Lord Holland proceeds:—

* The volume from which we made our extracts is, or lately was, in the hands of Lord Colborne. Some of the entries, and among the most curious, are in Latin. Mr. Windham's papers were, soon after his death, entrusted to his and our friend George Ellis, who made some little progress in a Life of him. Upon Mr. Ellis's death they were transferred to Mr. Amyot, who was to complete the work—but he too died *re infecta*, a year or two ago—and what has now become of the mass of papers we cannot tell.

'We supped every night together, in company with Talleyrand, at a French lady's apartments in the Louvre. Mr. Windham was perpetually stating the various and opposite conclusions which a contemplation of the Bishop of Autun's character, conduct, and history might suggest to a person anxious to make up his mind on the French Revolution. "He is" (he would observe) "a two edged knife, he cuts both ways. So dissolute, so profligate an instrument, augured ill of the morality by which this regeneration of a government was to be effected; but what then was that system in which this same profligate man was a Bishop?" This remark elucidates the wavering state of Mr. Windham's mind at the time.'—ib.

How so? Why should Mr. Windham's indignation at Talleyrand's scandalous elevation under the old *régime* have made him at all more favourable to the new system to which that profligate had so largely contributed, and by which he obtained not merely a scandalous but a mischievous and guilty influence and power? Lord Holland might just as well have seen in Buonaparte's success, evidence in favour of the old *régime*, which had given him his military education and earliest military rank—in the uniform of which he first figures in the national gallery of Versailles. Mr. Windham was not wavering in his judgment of the Revolution, but merely stating the *pros* and *cons* of an individual case, as was the wont of his ingenious mind, even when he had no bias to either. This disposition to indulge in conjectural speculation while he held fast to approved truth, was exemplified on an occasion of which we were witnesses. It happened one evening in a thin House of Commons that some local Irish bill of no note or interest—turnpike or waterworks—was in discussion, when Windham got up and made a most discursive, clever, and humorous speech upon a matter about which he had never heard before, but had listened with some entertainment to the conflicting statements of the Irish members. He argued most ingeniously both sides of the question, and concluded by being of neither. After it was over a friend asked him how in the world he came to speak at all upon the subject, and to make, moreover, so amusing a speech out of nothing and for nothing. 'Why,' he replied, 'to say the truth, my speech amused you because I knew nothing of the matter; when I understand a subject I have a scruple of taste, not to say *conscience*, to argue it logically and fairly—than which, ordinarily, nothing can be duller—but when I know nothing more of the affair than the debate offers, I think myself at liberty to deal with it according to my impression, or, if you will, my fancy; and

that makes what you are so good as to call an amusing speech.' This, which was delivered with an off-hand gaiety, quite dramatic, was a few days before the accident that caused his death. But to return to Lord Holland. It seems, if we are to follow his Lordship, that Mr. Windham's friendship, or at least familiarity, with the ex-bishop and his circle was not interrupted, either by this apostate's morals or by the terrible results of his politics.

'Talleyrand had returned to Paris [from a mission to London] in the summer of 1792, from whence he escaped after the 10th of August, with great difficulty by favour of a passport from Danton. . . . On my return to England in December I found him and Mr. Windham as constant as they had been in Paris in their evening visits to Madame de F. [Flahault], who received every evening at her little lodgings in Half-Moon Street nearly the same society as she had been accustomed to entertain in Paris the year before.'—*ib.* 19.

All this—even down to Windham's natural and gentlemanlike attentions to an exiled lady who had been kind to him in her happier days—is introduced with no other possible object than to carry on Lord Holland's original fable of Windham's long hankering after the Revolution, and to render more striking the additional calumny with which he winds up:—

'Mr. Windham now condemned not only the French Revolution, but everything which sounded like liberty or reform. He ridiculed the humanity of abolishing the Slave Trade, though he had been one of the most *passionate declaimers* against that barbarous practice. He sighed for the restoration of the priesthood, the nobility, and *absolute monarchy* in France, and was amongst the foremost to plunge the country in war for that most unwarrantable object.'—p. 21.

Mr. Windham's convictions were deep, but the turn of his mind was illustrative, his eloquence unstudied and fervent, and sometimes thought—as fervency and sincerity are apt to be—indiscreet; but we are convinced, by all we knew of the man, and all we can now find in his parliamentary speeches, that nothing can be produced to justify those representations of Lord Holland's. Such a general charge of condemning *everything* that sounded like liberty or reform, can only be answered by a general denial; and we challenge the editor of Lord Holland to justify it even by a single instance. On the more special points we have disculpatory proofs. His conduct on the Slave Trade was both moderate and consistent. On the first great debate on the bill, 18th of April, 1792, Mr. Windham, so

far from being a passionate declaimer, gave a silent vote. On the next, which soon followed, after admitting that there were several strong reasons of commercial policy against the Abolition, yet its abstract justice and humanity turned, he said, the balance, and induced him to repeat his vote for it; and some years later, 15th of March, 1796, Mr. Windham, though not exactly pleased with the details of the plan then proposed, and preferring one which had been suggested by Mr. Burke, concluded by saying that—

'When one only doubted about detail, it was unpleasant to act against *principles* to the truth of which his mind assented, as he was certain of the principles but could not be so of the force of the objections; he would therefore now follow the tenor of conduct which he had uniformly observed on this subject.'—*Parl. Chron.* vol. xv. 1288.

So much for his passionate declamation against the Slave Trade, and his subsequent ridicule of the humanity of abolishing it!

As to the imputation of sighing for the restoration of the priesthood and the *ancient régime* in France—he probably may have sighed for the restoration of religion, and he certainly did wish for the restoration of order in that great country; but like Burke, whose steps he so closely followed, he abjured in the fullest manner all prospect or desire of re-establishing the *ancient régime*—desiring only to see a Government of such probable stability as might be reasonably treated with. And, finally, as to the allegation that the war was promoted for any such 'unwarrantable object,' Lord Holland chooses to forget that the war was *declared by France against England*—on the most insulting as well as the falsest pretences. On this point, which makes a great figure through the whole of Lord Holland's book, as indeed it did throughout his political life, we need say no more than that it was the cant of the Opposition in the teeth of facts at home and facts abroad—of the decrees of the Convention and of the votes of Parliament. If there be any point of Mr. Pitt's policy that requires explanation, it is the obstinacy with which he stuck to the hopes of preserving and subsequently of restoring *peace*—in opposition, as we now know, to the opinions and advice of all his most intimate friends and colleagues; and even at this day we cannot help wondering that the naval and military estimates for 1792 should have been the very lowest ever proposed. We conjecture that Mr. Pitt's policy was founded on two considerations—first, he probably thought that France was likely to be too busy at home to give trouble

to her neighbours; secondly, he may have fully seen the future danger, but thought that a too early armament might only tend to accelerate it. At all events, it is now notorious that Mr. Pitt's wishes were, at first and all along, pacific—to a degree which the best informed of his friends, colleagues, and supporters thought over-sanguine and hazardous. But be that as it might, the Republic soon took the affair into her own bloody hands. She declared war against us; and repeated failures at negotiation, and the grand failure of the truce of Amiens, proved even to the tardy conviction of Mr. Fox himself that peace with either the republic or its suppressor was a dream.

We must now follow Lord Holland into an episode of 1792, which, we know not why, he has mixed up with his attack on Mr. Windham, who could have had no concern in it. The affair, though it had no political consequences, is still of some historical interest, and as Lord Holland's information was very imperfect, or his memory, as usual, very inaccurate, we take this opportunity of correcting, as we are enabled to do from the most authentic sources, his—in this case, perhaps—involuntary misapprehension. Lord Holland's statement is this:

'It was reported that *Talleyrand* urged Chauvelin [then Louis XVI.'s ambassador in London] to espouse the King's cause, and that he had refused to do so. Yet when *General Lafayette* first declared against the Jacobins, and it was expected that he would march to Paris and rescue the King, Chauvelin, with great emotion and strutting across the room with strong gestures [how did Lord Holland know that?], declared that he, as his ambassador, should be the chief instrument in restoring the King, and that he would immediately draw up and present a memorial to the English Government declaratory of the termination of his mission and the illegality of the Government at Paris. . . . Chauvelin presented the paper—news soon arrived of *General Lafayette's* flight and the triumph of the more violent parties. Chauvelin was in despair: in an interview with *Lord Grenville* he condescended to solicit the restoration of his paper, and Lord Grenville not only returned it, but had the generosity and temper to suppress the anecdote.'—p. 19.

Neither Talleyrand, Lafayette, nor Lord Grenville appear to have had anything to say to the mysterious transaction of which this is a shadow. The real case was this.

It was not the revolt of *Lafayette*, but the anterior insurrection of the 10th of August that prompted Chauvelin's proceedings—which began on the 16th of August and ended next day—while Talleyrand was still in France endeavouring to effect a clandestine

escape to England—and Lafayette, who was at Sedan, had not yet made any movement. It was on the morning of the 17th that Chauvelin delivered to the British Government a note dated the 16th, announcing and *strongly censuring* the popular violence of the 10th, which had, he said, suspended the King, and violated even the independence and authority of the National Assembly. But—very far from expressing any of the high royalist sentiments which Lord Holland attributes to him or resigning his mission—the note arrived at the lame and impotent conclusion of soliciting the King of England to use his influence with the allied armies then on the frontiers not to enter France, as that would only make matters worse. It further appears that on the same day, within a few hours after the delivery of this note, Chauvelin returned to Downing Street, and, in the absence of Lord Grenville, then out of town, made the most earnest entreaties to Mr. Dundas, the other Secretary of State, to obtain his note back again. The reasons alleged do not appear in the official documents, but we were many years ago verbally informed by one of the official persons cognizant of the whole transaction that Chauvelin's allegation was that he had written at first from his own private feelings and without any authority from his Government—which we can hardly believe—but that—which was, no doubt, true—having in the interval received positive instructions in an opposite direction—he had no prospect but of an immediate recall and of almost certain death from the usurping authorities if it should ever transpire that he had presumed to censure the *glorious 10th of August*. Whatever may have been the motive of the note, 'Mr. Dundas, after consulting with Mr. Pitt, thought it impossible to resist Chauvelin's reasons,' and he directed the note to be immediately returned to him, as, no doubt if he had been on the spot, Lord Grenville would equally have done. Lord Holland had, it seems, heard something of this story—perhaps from Talleyrand, who might wish to make a merit of the anti-revolutionary proceeding attributed to Chauvelin—and the extreme bad memory which his Lordship confesses—and yet still trusts—may have led him into the inaccurate statement which he has (we cannot guess why) connected with his observations on Mr. Windham.

It is hardly to be wondered at that Lord Holland should be disposed to censure so severely those who had separated themselves from Mr. Fox on the French question, when we find that he himself, after reconsideration and at an interval of thirty

years, left behind him the following palliation—or, indeed, approval—of the worst crimes of the Revolution.

After the massacres of August and September, 1792, Lord Holland is quite entranced at the *glorious* position in which he finds the French Republic:—

‘The King’s guards defeated by the people, himself imprisoned and deposed, the Convention called, the Republic declared, the Austrians routed, Flanders overrun, Holland threatened, and all these GLORIES tarnished by the excesses of the populace, the connivance or weakness of the Government, and the increasing strength of the faction of Jacobins.’—p. 22.

All these *glories!* and only *tarnished!* and tarnished by what? Why, by the *glories* themselves!—for what were the massacre of the Swiss Guards on the 10th of August, the imprisonment and deposition of the King, the assembling the illegal and revolutionary Convention, the unprovoked invasion of Belgium, the threats against Holland?—what were they, we ask, but the practical expression of the ‘*excesses* of the people, the weakness or connivance of the Government, and the strength of the Jacobins?’ Lord Holland does not directly allude to another of the *glories* of that remarkable period—the massacres of September; perhaps he may have even meant to convey a tacit disapprobation of them under the term *excesses*—a gentle phrase, implying no more than that a proceeding, right in itself, may be carried *too far*. There was, however, another incident, which a few staunch Revolutionists still consider a *glory*, but which all the rest of mankind have agreed to call by another name—namely, the execution of the King—which Lord Holland does not even mark with the mitigated censure of *excess*. He, at least, doubts whether, though unlucky in some of its consequences, it was not in itself *just* and *necessary*:—

‘The execution of the French King, whether justifiable or not on the grounds of *law* and *necessity*, was an unfortunate event to the tranquillity and happiness of Europe and the world.’—p. 26.

That is, as Lord Holland goes on for two or three pages to explain, it *unfortunately* excited the horror of Europe and the world against the Revolution. Even Mr. Fox himself was not yet (indeed we doubt whether he ever was) so far gone in Jacobinism as to take any such palliative view of that atrocious and wanton murder; for on the 21st of December, while the King’s fate was still in the scales, he distinctly stated that the proceedings against the unhappy King

were ‘not only *unnecessary* but *highly unjust*,’ and this, he added, ‘was the unanimous feeling of that House and of the whole country.’ (*Parl. Deb.*)

Lord Holland having thus exhibited his own—as we hope solitary—view of that stupendous crime, writes thus:—

‘I mean not to be uncharitable, but I must own, from the best of my observations at the time, that the advocates for war seemed to feel more pleased at the hold this event gave them on the passions of the public than grieved at the catastrophe itself.’—p. 27.

What shall we say of one who, from his own observation, vouches that such a diabolical feeling seemed to exist in the minds of Mr. Pitt, Mr. Burke, Mr. Windham, and nineteen-twentieths of the gentlemen and people of England? ‘Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought.’ To this general calumny he adds an inadvertent slur upon Mr. Fox:—

‘Mr. Fox, from a faint hope of saving the King, and from a natural desire of refuting the imputation cast on his own character, gave notice of a motion expressive of the disapprobation felt by the House of the trial then pending in France.’—p. 27.

We should not have been surprised that a motion made, as his adoring nephew records, by Mr. Fox with some *faint* regard for the poor King, but more, it seems, with the selfish hope of retrieving his own popularity, should have been received by the House with disgust and contempt. But it was not so. The poor selfish motive which Lord Holland reveals was not detected—or at least not noticed—in the British House of Commons; Mr. Pitt, Mr. Windham, and Burke expressed the deepest sympathy with the professed object: Burke, in particular, observed that ‘the manly declaration of Mr. Fox and Mr. Sheridan,’ who had spoken to the same effect, ‘deserves the highest approbation.’ Of Burke’s feeling Lord Holland’s version is:—

‘Burke, in private, ridiculed this motion of Mr. Fox—he feared it might be successful; he was overheard to say that there was little use in preserving the carcase of a monarch when the breath of the monarchy was no more.’—p. 28.

We think that, to whoever might pretend to have overheard this brutal expression, Mr. Burke’s whole life would entitle us to say, *Mentiris impudentissime!*

A visit of Lord Holland’s to the south of Europe interrupts his series of domestic calumnies. The prime fruits of his foreign travels the world has already had in the

Reminiscences—but he adds here some supplementary doses of the same scandalous gossip, which, however, have neither the piquancy of scandal nor the amusement of gossip, nor indeed any other object than to endeavour to depreciate his own country, its diplomatic servants, its foreign allies, and everything that seemed to offer any opposition to Jacobin principles and any resistance to French aggression. We shall select one or two passages, not as of any value in themselves, but as characteristic of Lord Holland's indefatigable zeal in perverting circumstances apparently the most indifferent or extraneous to the service of the Jacobin cause.

'The Queen of Naples was at that time (1794) very actively employed in screening D'Armfeldt, a Swede, from the justice or vengeance, I know not which, of his court. The means to which his protectress resorted did not certainly prepossess one in favour of his cause. She employed some money, and more intrigue, but, above all, perjury—which was to be purchased wholesale at Naples—in his defence.'—p. 55.

One wonders why the Queen of Naples should need to employ money, intrigue, and perjury to screen a native Swede from the 'justice or vengeance'—Lord Holland does not know, nor seem to care, *which*—of the court of Stockholm. It would, however, be essential to a just appreciation of the conduct of the Neapolitan Government to know how it happened to have anything to do with the Swede, and whether it screened a criminal from justice or protected an innocent stranger from vengeance. The facts, as we remember the story, were these:—Baron D'Armfeldt, a Swedish nobleman of high military and diplomatic rank and services, was, after the assassination of Gustavus III., appointed by the Regency ambassador to Naples—probably as an honourable mode of removing him from Sweden. There he had not long been when the Regent, the Duke of Sudermania (who afterwards usurped the Crown), despatched a confidential agent to Naples to have D'Armfeldt arrested and conveyed to Stockholm, to be tried for high treason. We know not on what ground the Swedish Government could have required the interposition of the Government of Naples in this case, for it is clear, as a general principle, that the arrest and extradition of any foreigner—individual or ambassador—cannot, according to the laws of nations, be required, unless under special treaty; and the Court of Naples was under no obligation whatsoever (indeed the only colour of obligation was the other way) to prevent the baron's removing himself out of its territory

—which he did by making the best of his way to Poland. It is very likely that the Court of Naples, besides the legal and public difficulty of such an arrest and extradition, might have the further motive of thinking that D'Armfeldt had been guilty of no crime; for the supposed charge was that, in some anterior negotiations with Russia, he had, contrary to his instructions, engaged Sweden to join the Coalition against the French Republic. Whatever may have been the details of the charge, there can be no doubt that it was made under the vindictive influence of France; and hence arose Lord Holland's vexation at D'Armfeldt's escape, and his angry imputation against the Queen for having protected it. The sequel left no doubt that D'Armfeldt was saved from vengeance—not from justice. The prosecution was carried on in his absence—he was outlawed and sentence of death was passed on him; but his person was safe in Poland—and he lived to be recalled by the young King at the close of the Regency, to his hereditary rank, higher offices, and more important commands. The last we remember of his history would not have lessened Lord Holland's vexation at his having escaped the scaffold. He commanded the Swedish army in Pomerania in 1807, and distinguished himself in the defence of Stralsund against the French. In the course of that campaign he was severely wounded; and on this occasion we find in Mr. Alison's History a confirmation of our view of Lord Holland's spite against him.

'Among the wounded was General Armfeldt, the most uncompromising enemy of France in the Swedish Councils.'—*Alis. Hist.* vi. 208.

On the subsequent ascendancy of French influence in Sweden, D'Armfeldt, we believe, again sought an asylum in Russia.

From Naples, Lord Holland returned to Florence, where he passed two years. He calls it a *maldicente* city, and if it be so, he had certainly an extraordinary congeniality with the *genius loci*—for all he tells us of his residence there is comprised in a supercilious, impertinent, and in one case at least scandalous, review of the characters and conduct of all the British ministers employed there and in the neighbouring courts—their offence being the zeal with which they served their Sovereign and their country against the artifices and aggressions of France. Of the spirit in which he treats such subjects we select a prominent specimen:—

'I remained two years in Florence. Lord Wycombe was living with me the greatest part of that time, and his activity procured for me much

information on the state of Italy and Europe, which enabled me to communicate some intelligence to Mr. Fox. He often assured me it was useful, and he above once made use of facts I conveyed to him in his speeches in Parliament. Lord Hervey [our minister there] had personally insulted the Grand Duke of Tuscany, and it was generally supposed in that *maldicente* city that *resentment at the French minister* [La Flotte] for having supplanted him in the good graces of a lady quickened his hatred of the French Republic, or at least gave it the turn of insisting on the *dismissal of his rival*. The note circulated at Florence as Lord Hervey's was indeed called a *forgery* by Mr. Canning in the House of Commons. *I have not investigated the fact since*, but my memory is strangely defective if I had not the best possible testimony to the authenticity of that paper. At any rate, Lord Hervey's conduct was intemperate, indecorous, and violent in the extreme; for, either by these offensive notes, or in a personal audience with the Grand Duke on which he insisted in violation of etiquette, he intimidated that prince into the dismissal of La Flotte.—p. 56.

Into this paragraph Lord Holland has condensed more than his usual complication of anachronism and misrepresentation.

In the first place we have to observe that, from the mode in which the story is introduced and followed up by other anecdotes of his residence at Florence, any reader would infer that this affair was of the same period. But it turns out, on closer examination, that the affair of which Lord Holland seems to speak as if he had been an eye-witness was over at the least four months, and probably six, before he could have heard the *hearsay* of it in the *maldicente* city; and we need hardly remind our readers of what we have before said as to the class of *hearsay* for which only Lord Holland had a willing ear.

Now to the main point. We need not trouble our readers further about the *forged* note—for *forged* we have proof that it was—because we have the real one. There had been, ever since the spring of 1793, discussions between Lord Hervey and the Tuscan government concerning the intrigues and aggressions of the revolutionary propagandists in Italy. When Lord Hood took possession of Toulon in the autumn of that year, these discussions, both at Genoa and Florence, became more important. M. Tilly, the French minister at Genoa, and M. de la Flotte, his colleague at Florence, made themselves very busy in stopping the supplies of corn necessary for provisioning the garrison and inhabitants of Toulon which was closely blockaded on the land side; and La Flotte especially, by landing the crew of a French frigate, and collecting a band of revolutionary agents at Leghorn, had in the most violent and unjustifiable manner

seized several cargoes of corn destined for Toulon. This outrage obliged Lord Hood to take decisive measures against such an abuse of the pretended neutrality of those two States. He therefore desired our ministers to make strong remonstrances, and to acquaint the Genoese and Florentine Governments that—if they did not comply with his requisition to get rid of these French agents—he should detach a squadron to enforce compliance. In consequence of these instructions Lord Hervey, on the 8th of October, 1793, presented a note to the Tuscan Government conveying Lord Hood's requisition for the dismissal of M. de la Flotte—and the Admiral's terms were so peremptory that the Tuscan Government acquiesced immediately. This was the Note of which Lord Holland may have seen the spurious version. The Note itself was so far from being a secret that it was immediately made public—at first probably by the Tuscan Government, as an excuse to France for the expulsion of La Flotte—and it was printed in England in all the diplomatic collections of the time;* in any of which Lord Holland, if he had chosen to *investigate the fact*, would have found, in the Note itself, ample evidence that it was not prompted by any *personal feeling* on the part of Lord Hervey; that it was part of a general system directed to other points as well as Florence, and entrusted by the Government at home to the immediate care of Lord Hood, of whom *Lord Hervey was only the organ*. Hervey states for the information of the Grand Duke,

'That Lord Hood had ordered an English squadron, in conjunction with a detachment of the Spanish fleet, to sail for Leghorn, there to act according to the part his Royal Highness may take.'—*Ann. Reg.*, p. 356.

Again—

'Lord Hood declares in the name of the King his master, that if the Grand Duke does not within twelve hours resolve to send away M. la Flotte and his adherents, the squadron will act offensively against Leghorn.'—*Ib.*

And again—

'The undersigned (Lord Hervey), earnestly desiring to avert such a calamity, invites his Royal Highness to give without delay a clear explanation of his intentions relative to the demand made by Admiral Lord Hood for the de-

* 'Political State of Europe for 1793,' vol. v. p. 372; Debrett's 'State Papers,' vol. i. p. 383, published in London in February, 1794 (the very month in which Lord Holland first visited Florence); and finally in the 'Annual Register' for 1793, p. 355.

parture of M. de la Flotte and his adherents,' &c.—*ib.*

Finally, he intimates to H.R.H. that a detachment of the English and Spanish fleets having accomplished a similar mission at Genoa, was on its way to enforce Lord Hood's demands at Leghorn. These measures, therefore—whatever other criticisms may be made upon them—were not Lord Hervey's, and had been successfully enforced at Genoa (where Mr. Drake was our minister) a month before the date of Lord Hervey's Note; and Lord Holland would not, we presume, venture to contend that Lord Hervey had also a mistress and a rival at Genoa. It will be observed that M. de la Flotte's 'adherents' were included in Lord Hood's proscription. This alludes to a not unimportant feature of the case. La Flotte had not only collected a considerable body of Frenchmen to assist him in his violences, but he had an active auxiliary in citizen Chauvelin, whom, after his dismissal from England on the murder of Louis XVI., the Convention had sent, with the rank of minister-plenipotentiary, to Florence, where—though the Grand Duke refused to receive him—he had remained—intriguing and waiting the result of these discussions. If Lord Hervey had only wanted to get rid of a rival, it would seem that he had a much earlier opportunity by promoting the reception of M. Chauvelin *vice* La Flotte. At last, however, La Flotte and Chauvelin were dismissed together; and we cannot but suspect that the total suppression on this occasion of the name of Chauvelin (of whom he had before told us some remarkable anecdotes) was resorted to by Lord Holland in order to obtain more credit for the *personal scandal* against Lord Hervey.

We have taken more pains with the exposure of this fable than it may seem intrinsically worth. It would be no discredit to Lord Hervey to have used the strongest language and means in his power to execute the instructions of his Court, but it is intolerable that Lord Holland should upon no authority whatsoever, contrary to all probability, and, in fact, to all evidence, befoul a public transaction by the imputation of not merely personal but low and guilty motives. We dare say Lord Holland had no individual enmity against Lord Hervey—and there were very strong private reasons which ought to have made him peculiarly reluctant to revive Florentine scandals—but he seems to have been utterly unable to master his sympathy with every Revolutionist, and his antipathy for all who in any way happened to be opposed to them.

The following is in the same spirit, but

on a more important subject, and of a wider scope.

To countenance the calumnies which the Jacobins at the time, and their partisans ever since, have spread against the sincerity and good faith of the Allies at the commencement of the Revolutionary War, he tells us that the Count de 'Morcy'—(an error of the press no doubt for the Count de Mercy-Argenteau)—

'who, though not the ostensible, was the real director of their [the Austrian] affairs in Netherlands, disclosed to Sir Gilbert Elliott* the plan they wished to pursue, and at that time thought very practicable. They were to secure the whole of the French territory north of the Somme, and they had settled (and even marked out on the map) the portion of it which, if ceded, would prevail on them to make peace with the Republic. Austria had harboured some such selfish designs from the commencement of the war. I have been assured by M. de Calonne and others present at the Duke of Brunswick's campaign, that the King of Prussia did not desert the Confederacy till he had detected the separate designs of Austria, and felt himself in some degree sacrificed to their *perfidious policy*.'†—p. 70.

Lord Holland places on his margin, as is indicated, two confirmatory Notes. The first runs thus:—

* Sir Gilbert himself, when Lord Minto, told me this circumstance in 1805.—p. 70.

Lord Holland must have misheard or mistaken Lord Minto. In the first place let us observe that the only indication of the time of this 'selfish design' and 'perfidious policy' is, the commencement of the Austrian war—viz., in the summer of 1792—and we invite our readers to look at the map of France, and see what this project of the line of the Somme, by Abbeville, Amiens, and Péronne, would include—and then say whether they can *ex facie* believe that at the commencement—or at any period—of the war the most insane ambition or blindness could have ever contemplated any such dismemberment of France. But we can go further. The recently published papers of the Prince Auguste d'Armberg, Count La Marck, contain his correspondence with the Count de Mercy-Argenteau. They were both Germans, with properties and connexions in France—both were deep in the private confidence of the Emperor of Austria, of the unfortunate Louis, and above all of Marie Antoinette. This correspondence, the most intimate and confidential that can be imagined, which relates to the safety of the royal family in France, to all the views and contingencies of the war on the frontier,

and especially to the most secret purposes of the Austrian cabinet, negatives the most remote idea of any such dismemberment. But the public acts of the Allies were unequivocal upon that point. The celebrated proclamation of the Duke of Brunswick begins with a declaration—

‘that the Allied Courts have no other object in view than the welfare of France, *without any pretence to enrich themselves by making conquests.*’—(*Man.*, July 25, 1792.)

The Manifesto of the Courts, some days later, says :—

‘Their Majesties declare to Europe that they entertain *no view of personal aggrandisement, which they expressly renounce*; and to France, that they mean not to interfere with its internal administration.’—(*Man.*, Aug. 4, 1792.)

And these were indisputably the principles both professed and acted upon at that period.

The second Note, by which Lord Holland corroborates his Text, runs thus :

‘† This passage, written many years before the appearance of his *Mémoires d'un Homme d'Etat*, is strongly confirmed by that very curious and *authentic* publication.’—p. 70.

There is here an obscurity, arising, it would seem, from some departure from the original MS.—which we suspect the Editor has occasionally made or permitted. By ‘his,’ Lord Holland cannot mean *M. de Calonne*, as the grammatical construction would require, but *M. de Hardenberg*, the Prussian Chancellor and supposed author of the *Mémoires d'un Homme d'Etat*—a work which we do not deny to be *curious*, but of the *authenticity* of which Lord Holland himself, in a Note to the Reminiscences (p. 46), seemed to doubt—and we believe with more reason than he now asserts it. The work may have been compiled from papers found in Hardenberg’s closet, but assuredly was not put together by himself. At that period, says Lord Malmesbury (Nov. 1793), ‘the utmost jealousy prevailed between the two Courts of Vienna and Berlin’—and therefore nothing is more likely than that papers unfavourable to Austria should reach the Prussian ministers, and that the compilers of the work might have *bonâ fide* made use of them in a way that Hardenberg himself—*anxious as he undoubtedly must have been to find any excuse for the disgraceful conduct of Prussia at that crisis*—would not have done;—but, however that may be, we find in those *Mémoires* two circumstances which Lord Holland has suppressed, and which totally discredit the story which he

quotes the *Mémoires* as supporting. The *Mémoires* say that this project of Austria for partitioning France was *concerted with England*—that England was to have the French West India Islands for her share, and Austria French Flanders for hers;—the *line of the Somme* seems an addition of Lord Holland’s own. Now, we know that England never entered into any such absurd talk, much less treaty with Austria; and moreover, the date assigned in the *Mémoires* for this supposed treaty—namely, about April, 1793—was a year later than the commencement of the Austrian war—the only date Lord Holland gives us. In short, the general import of his lordship’s story is a complete misrepresentation, and his deductions from *L’Homme d’Etat* a gross anachronism. To make out a case of perfidy against the Allies, he confounds two very different periods—and misrepresents both. The explanation of the candid Peer’s embroglio is this. The first objects of the war were the personal safety of the King and Queen, and the establishment of anything like a regular government in France; and Austria and Prussia appeared, not as enemies but, as the allies of the French Monarch, avowedly acting for his restoration, and disclaiming all thoughts of profiting by his misfortunes. These friendly and generous hopes and views were not abandoned even after the death of Louis XVI. They existed till April, 1793, when Dumouriez resolved to make, at the head of his army, a last effort for the life of the Queen and the establishment of the young King, Louis XVII., and the Constitution of 1791. On this occasion, to help Dumouriez and under his advice, the Prince of Coburg issued a proclamation, dated Mons, April 5, 1793, in which he declared that, while this effort was making, he would suspend all hostilities and act only as Dumouriez should require; and he further engaged that, if so called upon to enter the French territory, it should be as an ally only, and with no object of conquest. He concluded by pledging himself that if, in consequence of these measures, any towns or fortresses should be taken or surrendered to his troops, he would consider them ‘*as sacred deposits*, to be delivered back whenever Dumouriez or a regular government should demand them’ (*Ann. Reg.*, 1793, p. 308). The Dumouriez bubble burst, and with it vanished all the original objects of the war. A new era arose, and the allied Sovereigns were no longer to make war in a mitigated form and for conciliatory objects, but War in its ordinary character, for the defence—not merely of their own frontiers actually menaced

by France, but of all Monarchical Governments, against which the Convention had declared general, irreconcilable, and international hostility. In this new state of things it became obviously necessary that the Prince of Coburg should recall the pledges given before Dumouriez's failure, of not acting hostilely towards France; and that the Allies should stand in their proper position of unrestricted belligerents. Did it enter any one's head that the French should be allowed to make an aggressive war on the Allies while these were to be restricted from retaliation?—that the French were to be allowed to take Maestricht or Brussels, and the Allies not to attack Dunkirk or Vallen-ciennes? The Prince of Coburg therefore published a second proclamation, dated Mons, April 9th, reciting the change of circumstances that now rendered his friendly declaration inapplicable, and apprising the French Army and People that, the state of War being actually renewed, he had given orders to recommence it 'with all the energy and vigour of which victorious armies were capable' (*ib.*): and thus both parties were placed in the unreserved exercise of their belligerent rights. About the same time, France having declared war against England and Holland, it was resolved to send a British force to act with the Allies in Flanders, and as they were about to invade the French territory together, it became necessary that measures should be taken for regulating the command of the combined forces, insuring their effective co-operation, and providing for the government and civil administration of the towns and territory they might occupy in France. These points, indispensable at the moment to effective operations, but having no character nor even semblance of a treaty of partition, were settled at a kind of congress held at Antwerp; and it is from the purely belligerent and absolutely indispensable arrangements there made that the calumny against the good faith of Austria and England has been most groundlessly raised. The Allies might, with perfect good faith and the strictest principles of the *jus belli*, have adopted, if they had pleased, the bad or the bold policy of partitioning France. It might have been rashness or folly, but not perfidy; and accordingly nothing of the kind was any more thought of than when, twenty years later, the same Allies conquered the same territory. It was of this Antwerp convention that Lord Minto might have spoken to Lord Holland; but neither he nor any one else could ever have inferred from these premises that Austria had any 'perfidious designs at the commencement of the war.'

We have dwelt more largely on this point than Lord Holland's nonsense about *the line of the Somme* could have justified, out of respect to Lord Minto's and Baron Hardenberg's names, which Lord Holland thus perverts to his own transparent purposes.

From these and similar imputations against the allies of England, Lord Holland passes by an easy transition to the defence of the allies of France—the Irish rebels. He makes, of course, a long and laboured apology for the Irish rebellion of 1798—and more especially for Lord Edward Fitzgerald. We are sincerely reluctant to revive those painful subjects—political or personal—and shall go no farther into them than may be necessary to exhibit Lord Holland's worse than indulgence for the treasonable principles and practices of the unhappy authors and victims of that senseless and hopeless outbreak. Lord Holland says:—

'More than twenty years have now passed away (this was transcribed in 1824), but my approbation of Lord Edward Fitzgerald's actions remains unaltered and unshaken.'—p. 103.

And he proceeds to justify not merely rebellion and separation from England in the abstract, but the policy—the necessity indeed—of accomplishing it by the assistance of revolutionary France. (*ib.*)—Of Lord Holland's personal affection for his cousin Lord Edward no one can complain—particularly as he fairly warns us that a natural partiality may in the opinions of many disqualify him from the office of recording his actions and character. (*ib.*) We on our parts are ready to acknowledge that no one was more amiable in all the relations of private life than Lord Edward Fitzgerald; his natural disposition was remarkably mild, and it is to be peculiarly deplored that a personal pique at some disappointment he had suffered as to military promotion, and a consequent political fanaticism (which we fear Lord Holland and Mr. Fox largely contributed to inflame), should have driven him into enterprises totally alien from his gentler qualities, and much beyond his very moderate abilities. When Lord Holland has the rare modesty of disqualifying himself as a witness on the score of partiality, we need not waste our time in refuting—which would be a long though easy task—the details which he produces in eulogy of Lord Edward's treasonable practices, and in apology and even defence of the treacherous, dastardly, and cruel rebellion which followed them—not to be exceeded nor, in its worst features, to be equalled, by the French massacres. But there is one historical passage

which Lord Holland perverts in so sly and artful a way that we think it worth while to expose both its partiality and its inaccuracy. Of Lord Edward's arrest Lord Holland says:—

'He was for some time concealed in Dublin, and at last discovered in his bed reading Gil Blas. After a forcible attack and a spirited and bloody resistance, he was arrested on the 19th of May, 1798. * * * His kindness of heart led him on his deathbed to acquit the officer who inflicted his wounds of all malice, and even to commend him for an honest discharge of his duty.'—pp. 110, 111.

The first part of this statement would lead any reader not informed of the facts to suppose that Lord Edward had been *attacked* while quietly reading in bed by an officer, who wounded him—and did so quite unnecessarily. The true case was very different. Of the alleged testimony in *acquittal* of the officer who wounded him we find no trace—not even in Mr. Moore's elaborate and very sympathetic account of the events—nor do we think it would have been altogether deserved: Lord Edward had assuredly no cause to complain, as he was an assailant; but the public opinion was that the officers employed had not shown as much prudence as might have been expected. Less deference and more *sang froid* would have prevented any bloodshed. The facts were these.* The Government, having information where Lord Edward was concealed, sent thither three experienced officers, Mr. Swan a magistrate, Major Sirr, and Captain Ryan, with eight serjeants of the army in plain clothes, a force sufficient as they hoped, to effect a quiet capture. While Sirr and Ryan were posting their men round the house, Mr. Swan, observing a woman running hastily up stairs for the purpose, as he supposed, of apprising Lord Edward, followed her, and, on entering an upper room, found Lord Edward lying on a bed in his dressing-jacket. The magistrate seems to have been without arms; he at least employed none. He approached the bed, and

informed his lordship that he had a warrant against him—that resistance would be vain—and he assured him at the same time that he would treat him with the utmost respect. On that Lord Edward sprang from the bed upon the magistrate, and with a two-edged dagger wounded him in several parts of his body. In attempting to parry the first blow of the dagger, Mr. Swan seized it; but Lord Edward, drawing it through his hand, inflicted deep cuts, which at once disabled him—then the other wounds followed. At that moment Captain Ryan entered, and seeing Swan bleeding on the floor, and Lord Edward with a bloody dagger in his hand, endeavored, for the purpose of rescuing Mr. Swan, to discharge a pocket pistol at him, which missed fire. Lord Edward then fired at Ryan, but missed him; and Ryan made a lunge at Lord Edward with a sword cane, which did not penetrate, but threw Lord Edward back on his bed, where Ryan having thrown himself on him with the object of taking him alive, Lord Edward plunged his dagger in Ryan's side, and gave him *thirteen* other wounds, of which he died a few days after. In this state of affairs Major Sirr entered the room; he saw Swan and Ryan bleeding on the floor, while Lord Edward, with the dagger still in his hand, was endeavouring to reach the door, Ryan clinging to him by one leg and Swan by the other. Sirr then discharged a pistol at the dagger arm of Lord Edward, and wounded him in the right shoulder, on which he cried out that he surrendered himself. He died ten days after, not so much, as the surgeons said, of the effect of the wound as of a fever aggravated if not caused by the state of his mind.

We will not discuss how far Lord Edward's assault on the magistrate, and the use of the instrument he employed, were morally justifiable. We are willing to make allowance for the surprise of the moment, the impulse of self-defence, and the intoxication of enthusiasm, which he thought patriotism; but notwithstanding the feeling, more of sorrow than of anger, with which we look back at the fate of that misguided, or, as his own family called him, '*seduced*' young man, we could not permit Lord Holland's misrepresentation of the main fact to pass uncorrected.

In this, as in everything else concerning Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and the Irish Rebellion, Lord Holland hazards even, if possible, more inexplicable misstatements. What will our readers think of his *explanation*—we have seen that he does not think it requires any *excuse*—of Lord Edward's treason to his Sovereign, and (*pace* Lord Hol-

* In reference to such a confused and sanguinary scene, when, of the four persons concerned, three were wounded—two fatally, and the fourth only arrived at the last moment—it is not surprising that details given by different parties should vary; but the variances are not important. The chief difference is in Mr. Moore's account, which states that Mr. Swan, the magistrate, *fired* at Lord Edward: that, according to all the contemporaneous reports, was not so. Mr. Swan, if he had pistols, certainly did not produce them. He had no motive for doing so,—for his object was to arrest and not to kill Lord Edward; and he was disabled before he expected resistance. Our account is, we believe, a fair summary of the different relations.

land), we must add, to *his Country*? He alleges that—

'At the beginning of 1793 Lord Edward was, in common with Lord Temple [Sempill]* and Major Gawler, dismissed the services for no other crime than—

What does the reader suppose?—

'than that of maintaining opinions in *private conversation*—and at mess—which Ministers considered improper and dangerous.'—p. 107.

Only seditious language at the mess of one of his Majesty's regiments! *That* we should think quite enough; but here again we find Lord Holland suppressing the most important facts of the case. It was on the 1st of December, 1792, that the Gazette announced that the services of Lord Edward Fitzgerald and Lord Sempill were dispensed with. Lord Holland conceals that about a fortnight before, viz. on the 19th of November, a number of English residents in Paris assembled at a public banquet to celebrate the victories of the French Republic. This meeting was held at Lord Edward Fitzgerald's hotel, and he himself was the most distinguished English name, while the most notorious of the French guests was *General Santerre*! An address was then voted to the Convention, invoking the extension of the arms and principles of the French Republic to the three British nations, and to the 'overthrow of all pretended governments, the offspring of the *frauds of priests and tyrants*.' After voting this address a series of *Jacobin* toasts were drunk, in the course of which Lord Edward Fitzgerald renounced *his title*, and this was followed by the toast, '*The abolition of hereditary titles in England*.' It was on the report of these extravagant proceedings that Lord Edward was removed from the army, but with the unmerited indulgence of being allowed to sell his commission. The address was presented on the 28th of November, and responded to by the Convention in congenial language, in which England is already denominated the Sister Republic of France.—'*Royalty in Europe is destroyed, or on the point of perishing in the ruins of Feudality*.' (*Ann. Reg.* 1792, p. 348; *Moniteur*, November 29, 1792.) Lord Sempill, whose dismissal Lord Holland couples with that of Lord

Edward, as the result of ministerial spite against *private opinions*, was the Chairman of the 'London Constitutional Society,'* and the official signer of another address, dated the 9th of November, presented by delegation to the Convention also on the 28th, and professing the same principles as the former. This address was accompanied by the presentation of 1000 pair of shoes for the armies of the Republic, and an announcement that 1000 more pairs would be transmitted weekly for *at least* six weeks to come.

These, the real facts and motives, notorious at the time to all Europe, Lord Holland totally conceals.

Amidst Lord Holland's many arts to excuse the Irish rebels and to inculpate the loyalists, the most frequent, because he thinks it the most plausible, is the *preposterous* logic of the Wolf to the Lamb. He would ascribe the atrocities of the Rebellion to the alleged violence of the measures taken for its defeat and suppression—as if an attempt to plunder and burn a house could be justified by the defensive resistance made by the inhabitants, or the subsequent punishment of the incendiaries. Prevention, or even retaliation, is not provocation; and Lord Holland, when he proceeds to his results, is forced to admit, though inadvertently and obscurely, the fact that oversets all his sophistry and nullifies his conclusions:—

'The fact is incontrovertible that the people of Ireland were driven to resistance, *which probably they meditated before*, by free quarters and the excesses of the soldiery, which were such as are not permitted in civilised warfare even in an enemy's country.'—p. 113.

What is this but an admission that the Rebellion was '*meditated*,' that is, in preparation, and that the counter-preparations of the Government only accelerated the outbreak?

It is probable that Lord Edward's well-founded suspicion that the Government were aware of the proceedings of the rebel Directory, and the pressing fear of further treachery in his own councils, induced him to hasten an explosion which he seems to have originally intended to defer till he had ensured the co-operation of France. But as a material and indisputable proof of the rebellion being more than '*probably meditated*,' and of the vigilance and exertions required to meet the crisis, we need only state that

* Temple is an absurd error, no doubt, of the press, for Sempill, a Scotch peer who was dismissed the service at the same time. We notice this misprint as well as that of 'Count Morcy,' (*ante*, p. 127) and two subsequent ones of 'Judge Biker' for 'Judge Buller,' as indications that the avowed Editor has not read the printed sheets. We wish for his sake we could believe that he had not even read the manuscript.

* This Lord Sempill was the last peer of that family. We believe he was nearly a pauper—if not wholly so.

within the week preceding Lord Edward's arrest no less than 10 *pieces of cannon* were found concealed in different parts of Dublin. It was proved, before the Secret Committee of both Houses of Parliament, that the conspiracy commenced as early as 1791; that it smouldered, with occasional outbreaks, till 1796, when it assumed a military organization in direct connexion with France and *nommément* with Buonaparte and Hoche; and none even of the rebel evidences—or indeed of the rebel writers—pretend that any one of the acts of violence alleged against the troops and the loyalists took place till just on the eve of the actual breaking out of the rebellion in April and May, 1798, when the imminent aspect of the insurrection forced the Government to endeavour to disarm it. In short, of all the historical, or rather pseudo-historical impostures, that we ever read or heard of, the most audacious is the assertion that the measures of the Government in any way produced, or even conducted to, the Irish rebellion. Ireland may be said to have been in a state of intermittent rebellion from the earliest times; but that this special accession of the fever was caught from the French Jacobins, and subsequently inflamed even to madness by Popish Fanaticism, is just as certain as that there was a rebellion at all. The rebels were from the first to the last, and in every case, the aggressors—and, deplorable as any particular instance of retaliation may have been, we will venture to assert that it was never wholly unprovoked, and was, in a great majority of cases, either justified by the urgent necessity of self-defence, or to be too unhappily accounted for by the example of the aggressors.

'Who can be wise, amas'd—temperate, and furious—
Loyal, and neutral, in a moment?—No man!'

Those that were really the most deeply guilty, and altogether unpardonable, are such persons as Lord Holland himself, who spent their lives, degraded their rank, and abused whatever portion of talents nature had given them, in stirring up and exasperating all the worst political passions of mankind.

Lord Holland adds—'such measures would not be permitted in *civilized war*.' We might reply that *civil war* is seldom *civilized war*; and ask who were in this case the firebrands of the civil war? But we take even narrower ground, and assert that, when such measures were resorted to, it was only because the Government, the Troops, and the Loyalists had not to contend with

anything like *civilized war*—but with a stealthy and sanguinary conspiracy, of which the chief strategy was surprise and treachery—whose victories were the massacres of *Prosperous*, *Wexford-Bridge*, and *Scullabogue*!—each more terrible than those of *La Force*, *La Carmes*, and *L'Abbaye*!

If the Editor of Lord Holland's vague and indiscriminate calumnies should be piqued—as we hope he may be—to attempt the justification of what he has published by any definite and tangible instances of the truth of his father's assertions, we shall be ready to enter into a full and detailed examination of any such allegation; in the meanwhile we may be permitted to rest our case on what we have already established as to the value of Lord Holland's evidence.

Lord Holland's constant approbation and active countenance of the rebellion and the rebels is not concealed, though we are satisfied that it is very imperfectly stated. We may be sure that he went even farther than Mr. Fox, whose opinions on that subject were—as he himself told Lord Holland, and as Lord Holland ventures to record—'*neither fit to be spoken in public, nor even to be written in private*' (p. 128). Indeed, the whole Opposition made themselves remarkable and, to the good sense of the people of England, odious, by their evident congeniality with all the treason of the time; and in this line Lord Holland seems to have been one of the most busy. We confess that, notorious as all this was, we have been a little surprised at the candour with which Lord Holland has explained the appearance of Mr. Fox and the other leaders of Opposition at the trials at Maidstone of Arthur O'Connor and Priest Quigley* for high treason; the latter of whom was convicted, and the former soon after confessed that he deserved to have been so:—

'What passed at Maidstone exposed the Opposition to much calumny. Arthur O'Connor had, without scruple, summoned all his acquaintances in that party to speak to his character. From *pardonable* motives of humanity and friendship, they endeavoured [*though on their oaths*] to give the most favourable colour [!] they could, to his views and opinions about England, and they thereby exposed themselves to the *imputation* of being implicated in the plot, or, at least, accessory to the designs which he soon afterwards confessed.'—p. 122.

On the first branch of this extraordinary statement we need make no other observa-

* The man's original name was *Quigley*, which he chose to spell *Coigley*, and which was somehow transformed to *O'Coigley*: this latter, after his conviction, Quigley alleged was a misnomer in the indictment. We use the name as it is usually spelled.

tion than that this is the first time we ever heard a grave and gratuitous avowal that false swearing could be 'pardonable,' and that oaths in a court of justice might be innocently 'coloured' to serve friendly purposes. But is it not strange that Lord Holland does not add one word of denial or even of doubt as to the justice of the 'imputation' that the Opposition were 'at least accessory' to O'Connor's designs? He tells us, indeed, what efforts he made to save Quigley, and he is throughout very angry with Arthur O'Connor:—

'Few pitied Mr. Arthur O'Connor. He had betrayed at Maidstone an anxiety for his own personal safety hardly honourable to any man, and quite unpardonable in one who had involved others as well as himself in many dangerous transactions.'—p. 121.

These and several other sneers and imputations against O'Connor are all prompted by the only useful act, whatever may have been its motive, of his political life—his *Confession*, which not merely contradicted the evidence of his Opposition friends and rendered them liable to the unpleasant 'imputation' which Lord Holland does not venture to deny, but established the fact of the revolutionary conspiracy, and entirely refuted all the fables the rebel orators and writers had propagated, and to which Lord Holland so pertinaciously adhered—that the people had been goaded into the rebellion by the oppression of their Government.

No wonder that this should be a very sore place with Mr. Fox and his friends, when it was at the time made the subject of such public strictures as the following:—

'You, and others of Mr. O'Connor's friends, declared upon oath that his principles were the principles of the Constitution; that they perfectly coincided with your own; and that he was utterly averse to the introduction of French principles or French arms; you added, that he was a man of so peculiarly open and communicative a disposition that he could not possibly conceal his sentiments from his confidential friends. Now, Sir, from Mr. O'Connor's subsequent *confession*, it appears, that for the greater part of the time during which he had the honour of your acquaintance and friendship, he was holding a correspondence with the enemy, laying a plan for a revolution in Ireland on French principles, and plotting the means of introducing a French army into that kingdom.'—*Letter to Mr. Fox, October, 1798.*

These were the general and the just impressions of the public at large—and we cannot wonder at the indignation excited against those who abetted or countenanced

a conspiracy, of which the charter song—the Irish *Marseillaise*, we may say—was in the following style. Our specimen, extracted from the Report of the Secret Committee of the Irish House of Commons, 1798, is, we think, not out of place in a notice of Lord Holland's apologies for that rebellion:—

'They come, they come, see myriads come,
Of *Frenchmen* to relieve us;
Seize, seize the pike—beat, beat the drum;
They come, my friends, to save us!

While trembling despots fly this land,
To shun impendent danger,
We stretch out our fraternal hand
To hail the welcome stranger.

Those nicknames—Marquis, Lord, and Earl,
That set the crowd a-gazing,
We prize, as hogs esteem a pearl,
Their patents set a-blazing.

No more they'll vote away our wealth,
To please a King or Queen, sirs,
But gladly pack away by stealth,
Or taste—the *Guillotine*, sirs.

Plant, plant the Tree, fair Freedom's Tree,
'Midst danger, wounds, and slaughter,
Erin's green fields its soil shall be,
Her tyrants' blood its water!

Perhaps among all Lord Holland's statements distinctly opposed to other apparently indisputable evidence his account of his own share in the sequel of the trial at Maidstone is the most remarkable. The main point of accusation against Quigley was the possession of a paper purporting to be credentials of the bearer in a mission to the French Directory, and which was found in the pocket of a great coat belonging to Priest Quigley. On this Lord Holland states:—

'The Bow Street officer, who swore to finding the fatal paper in his pocket-book, and remarked in court the folding of the paper as fitting that pocket-book, had sworn, before the Privy Council, that the same paper was found loose in Quigley's great coat; and, I think, had added, that he himself had put it into the pocket-book. An attorney of the name of Foulkes gave me this information, and I went with it to Mr. Wickham, then, I think, Under Secretary, who assured me that the circumstance should be carefully and anxiously investigated before the execution; but the order had gone down, and while we were conversing the sentence was probably executed. Mr. Wickham's general good character, and the good opinion which subsequent acquaintance has given me of his humanity, make it just to add, that I acquit him of the hypocrisy of expressing interest about the fate of a man who was no more; and I suppose that he thought there was yet time for a respite and investigation.'—p. 123.

Now we are able to show that all the circumstances upon which Lord Holland questions the evidence against Quigley and rests

his imputation against Mr. Wickham are entirely unfounded; nay, we think we can show more than this. We begin by stating that 'an attorney of the name of Mr. Foulkes,' whom Lord Holland's account would lead us to suppose an accidental informant, was in truth the Attorney entrusted with Quigley's defence, who had distinguished himself at the trial by an ultra-professional zeal, and who subsequently published, in conjunction with Quigley's personal friends, a narrative of the transaction, differing from that of Lord Holland in all its vital points:—*First*, Mr. Foulkes claims to have done *all* that Lord Holland says that *he himself* did. *Secondly*, He never mentions Lord Holland's name as having interfered at all in the matter. *Thirdly*, He admits—what Lord Holland conceals—that inquiry was made at the Home Office into the facts by the *Under Secretary of State*, Mr. Wickham—the *Attorney and Solicitor-General*, afterwards Lords Eldon and Redesdale—Mr. White, the *Solicitor of the Treasury*—and Mr. Ford, the *magistrate* who took the depositions; and that Mr. Ford stated to Mr. Foulkes that there was no such variance in the evidence of the officer, and that the *idea* of the papers being found loose was Mr. Foulkes's own. *Fourthly*, Mr. Foulkes, with all his zeal for his client, does not attempt to state—what Lord Holland alleges—that the officer had owned that he himself had put the letter found loose in the pocket into the pocket-book. *Fifthly*, Mr. Foulkes states that his interference—instead of being made on the last day when the death-warrant 'was already gone down and probably in process of execution'—was made several days earlier—namely, on the 1st of June; that the matter was in discussion from that day till late in the evening of the 6th, when Mr. Foulkes received *personally* from Mr. Wickham his final and unfavourable answer; and that Quigley was executed at eleven o'clock next day, the 7th.

We should like to know *how* the Editor thinks it possible to reconcile Mr. Foulkes's 'Narrative'—printed at the time while the matter was fresh in the minds of all the parties, substantiated by the series of contemporaneous documents, and reprinted in the State Trials—with the main statements in the present volume—and, above all, with Lord Holland's account of *his own share* in the transaction.—The most charitable conjecture that we can make—and that only as to a single point—is, that he might have accompanied Mr. Foulkes to the Home Office on the evening of the 6th, and that Mr. Foulkes may, for some reason, have omitted to mention his name. But then,

what becomes of all the rest of the story?—of Mr. Foulkes's assertions that he had been for a week previous in communication with the Home Office, that all the Law officers were consulted, and that the final interview with Mr. Wickham on the evening of the 6th was *with him alone*? How can it be explained that Lord Holland should state *Mr. Foulkes's* conversation with Mr. Wickham as a conversation with *himself*—and that '*the man was then no more*,' who was not executed till eleven next day? Is it possible that Lord Holland should have not seen Mr. Foulkes's Narrative published at the time, and since re-published in the State Trials?—and, if he had seen it, what possible explanation can be given of his not having alluded to that statement, so obviously at variance with his own? Inaccurate as Lord Holland allows his memory to have been, we confess any satisfactory solution here is quite beyond our conjecture.

As a diversion from these melancholy topics, we may here notice the little arts by which Lord Holland takes, or rather makes occasions, to libel the Tory Government. They are sometimes amusing for their elaborate absurdity. For instance, Dr. Stock, Bishop of Killalla, published a '*Narrative of what passed at Killalla during the French invasion of 1798*.' The Bishop and his family had remained prisoners in the palace (which was made the head-quarters of the invaders) for about a month, and his pamphlet was, says Lord Holland, 'lively and simple.' We know not that it can well be called *lively*—but it is clear, unaffected, sometimes graphic, and bears ample evidence of impartiality and truth. It leads Lord Holland, however, to the following strange deductions:—

'This pamphlet was little noticed *at the time*, and some pains were taken to deprive it of the celebrity to which it was entitled.'—p. 136.

We pause for a moment to observe that it is not very surprising that it was not much noticed *at the time*, since it was *not* published *at the time*, but nearly two years later, in the summer of 1800, and anonymously. As to the absurd assertion that *pains were taken* to check its 'celebrity,' Lord Holland, if he had taken the smallest pains to inquire into the truth of what he was writing about, must have found that the imputation was as false as absurd. The pamphlet bears on its original title-page the names of *two* of the most respectable publishing firms in Dublin, and it attracted a great deal more notice than pamphlets usually do. We know not how many editions may have

appeared in Ireland—but two, by *separate* publishers (one with the author's corrections), were immediately brought out in London; and it was reviewed in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for August, 1800, and still more fully, and very much in Lord Holland's own *Gallomaniac* style, in Phillips's *Monthly Magazine* for July; and—which is still stronger as an answer to the insinuation that the Tories *took pains* to suppress it—it was reviewed and praised in the *Anti-jacobin* for August. We shall see presently that these stories of attempted suppression were introduced to give a *political* colour to the rest of the romance:—

'Many were offended that *republican Frenchmen* should be described—and that by a *bishop too*—as they really were, and not as it had suited the purposes of the Ministerialists to represent them—monsters of impiety, treachery, and inhumanity. *Dr. Stock was never promoted*, and this publication was, as it is said, urged as an objection. Mr. Fox, however, in 1806, considered it as an additional recommendation to his acknowledged learning, for translating him into a better bishopric. Other reasons were found to counteract his liberal intentions.'—p. 137.

We Pittites are not at all disposed to question Dr. Stock's amiability and 'acknowledged learning,' seeing that they were the only inducements which recommended him to Mr. Pitt's Irish Cabinet, Lord Camden, Lord Clare, and Lord Castlereagh, for his bishopric—conferred upon him a few months prior to the invasion; but we cannot but smile at the alleged illustrious example of Mr. Fox's *liberal* views of Church patronage—viz., that his *special* desire to promote Dr. Stock was prompted by his having written what Lord Holland describes as an obscure and unnoticed *pamphlet*, of which the marking merit was that it had given a favourable representation of French republicans—which, after all, any one who reads the pamphlet will see that it *did not do*; for, though the good Bishop speaks of their vulgarity and violence with becoming charity and extenuation, and of their military qualities with due praise, there is but one of them (Lieut.-Col. Charost) of whose manners and conduct he gives such a picture as would induce any English family ever to wish to see him again, and the stray gleams of approbation which seem thrown upon the French appear such, only by contrast with the more brutal and bloody excesses of their Irish allies. In truth, Dr. Stock's pamphlet has neither any special literary merit nor any discoverable bias in politics which Mr. Pitt could resent or Mr. Fox should reward. But why, after all, did not Mr. Fox promote Dr. Stock? What were those 'other rea-

sons' that defeated Mr. Fox's 'liberal intentions?' We confidently believe that there were none, and that this portion of the story is another dream. There was one vacancy on the Irish bench in Mr. Fox's administration—namely, of Limerick—and that was filled by the Duke of Bedford's appointment of Dean Warburton, a divine supposed to be recommended by Lord Moira, a *Helluo* of patronage, and, at all events, the Dean was of a Whig complexion in politics; but his advancement to the bench need not have at all interfered with the translation of Dr. Stock to Limerick and Dr. Warburton's succession to him at Killalla. If therefore Dr. Stock was *never promoted*, the fault was Mr. Fox's. But was Dr. Stock *never promoted*? Alas for Lord Holland's accuracy! Dr. Stock was, in 1810, promoted, by the Tories—who are represented as having insulted and proscribed him—to the see of Waterford, in which he died in 1813!

Lord Holland's next subject is the Irish Union, and, after stating the objects which Lord Cornwallis might have had in forwarding that measure, he introduces the following sneer at Lord Castlereagh, then Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant:—

'To all these views, or, indeed, to *any other* which the Government might entertain, the *supple* genius of Lord Castlereagh lent itself with as much readiness as it had to the dissemination of Paine's pamphlet in the North, or to the praises of Lord Fitzwilliam in 1795.'—p. 138.

This is meant for sarcasm, but is mere stupid blunder. When Lord Holland sneers at Lord Castlereagh's concurrence in these or '*any other*' measures of the Government, he forgets that Lord Castlereagh was himself an integral part and the official organ of the Government. He had been Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant who preceded Lord Cornwallis, and it was Lord Cornwallis who adhered to the principles which Lord Castlereagh represented, and not Lord Castlereagh who had complaisantly shifted over to those of Lord Cornwallis. To support this general imputation of Lord Castlereagh's discreditable pliancy, the above extract specifies two instances, the first of which is, we believe, the mere product of Lord Holland's spleen, and the latter another egregious blunder of his memory.

Lord Castlereagh, no doubt—like Mr. Pitt—began life as a Whig of the old school, and in Opposition—yet so early as the 8th of February, 1792, he dissented from a motion of the Opposition leader, Mr. Ponsonby, on the commercial relations between England and Ireland, and professed principles

precisely the same as those which he afterwards maintained in advocating the Union. (See *Quar. Rev.*, vol. 84, p. 149.) We know not on what rumour Lord Holland ventures to state Lord Castlereagh to have disseminated Paine's pamphlet. We can trace no evidence nor the least probability of it. It is wholly inconsistent with the political tenets of all his nearest connexions; it is, chronologically, hardly possible. Paine's *Rights of Man* was published—the first part in the summer of 1791, the second in 1792; and we have before us private letters of Lord Castlereagh's, dated in the spring of 1791, as well as his speeches of the 17th of March, 1791 (æt. 22), and of the 8th of February, 1792 (æt. 23), which are as unlike as possible to any participation in the doctrines of Paine; and we know that in 1793 he altogether seceded from the Opposition. We can no more believe that Lord Castlereagh was, even in his boyhood, a revolutionist, than that Lord Holland was at any time of his life a loyal subject and friend to the British monarchy.

As to the second charge of inconsistency, in having 'praised Lord Fitzwilliam,' when Lord Lieutenant of Ireland in 1795, we do not find any speech of Lord Castlereagh's during that short period—but it is very likely that he may have spoken, and if he did, it was no doubt in support of Lord Fitzwilliam's administration; but Lord Holland's always 'inaccurate memory' has here failed him altogether. He now finds it convenient to forget one of the chief grievances of the earlier pages of his own volume—that at this time Lord Fitzwilliam himself had come over to Mr. Pitt; and when Lord Castlereagh supported him in the Irish House of Commons, he was supporting the King's representative—the friend of Mr. Burke—the patron of Richard Burke—the colleague of Pitt, Grenville, Windham, &c., and a most decided separatist from Fox and the revolutionists; and this is the more strongly marked by the following fact:—on Lord Fitzwilliam's retirement a sharp debate took place, and Castlereagh declared that in supporting Lord Fitzwilliam he had meant to support the King's Government, and would, on the same principle, support his successor. (*Irish Parl. Deb.*)

Indeed Lord Holland's distortion of facts is peculiarly visible in all that relates to the disruption of the Opposition in 1793, which we have just alluded to as producing Lord Fitzwilliam's unlucky mission to Ireland. Lord Holland is peculiarly angry with the Duke of Portland. The Duke separated himself from Fox with a degree of delicacy and reluctance which deserved rather the

gratitude of Lord Holland—instead of which he takes frequent opportunities of depreciating, most unjustly, his Grace's public and even his private life. After misrepresenting some of the details of the arrangement, he adds:—

'The Duke of Portland submitted to humiliation infinitely more disgraceful.'—p. 24.

Fortunately we have, of the whole of this negotiation, the fullest and most authentic record in the Diaries of Lord Malmesbury, who was himself one of the most active, influential, and confidential of the parties. His statements prove that the only 'humiliation' that the Duke of Portland submitted to was from his extreme tenderness and, as he was at last forced to confess, '*weakness for Fox*,' whose conduct was '*more harsh, impracticable, and opinionative* than could have been supposed' (*Malmes.* ii. 468). Lord Holland slurs over all this ticklish portion of his uncle's history into a short note:—

'Mr. Fox, about this time, had a very secret interview with Mr. Pitt, in which the latter proposed a coalition of parties, with many conditions somewhat unpalatable, though not utterly inadmissible or in the least dishonourable, except the exclusion of men, and particularly of Sheridan, to which Mr. Fox would not listen.'—p. 30.

Lord Malmesbury's unquestionable evidence, recorded from day to day, shows that nothing can be so imperfect, and even, to the small extent to which it goes, so fallacious, as the view which this note gives of that very remarkable portion of Mr. Fox's life. It is not within our limits nor indeed our scope to enter into details, already so accurately and so authoritatively given by Lord Malmesbury: we shall content ourselves with one other specimen of the spirit in which Lord Holland endeavours to make a case for his uncle at the expense of those who up to this crisis had been his most intimate friends and most zealous followers.

'Sir Gilbert Elliott did worse [than the Duke of Portland]: though he knew that Lord Titchfield was in the House of Commons with a speech in his hat or in his pocket, written by his father, he chose to anticipate it, and to deliver what he termed the sentiments of that Duke on the unavoidable dissolution of the party.'—p. 24.

Now we have *per contra* an exact account of this particular affair in Lord Malmesbury's Diary:—

'Sunday, Dec. 30th, and Monday 31st.—Various conversations concerning what Sir Gilbert Elliott should say in the House. Absolutely

necessary he should say more, as at present, by a trick of Fox, he stood charged with the imputation of quoting the Duke of Portland without his authority. Windham and he went from my house to the Duke of Portland's. Sir Gilbert told the Duke that he intended to speak next day: the Duke approved of it. Windham had prepared, at the Duke of Portland's request, some words which Lord Titchfield was to say. They were to acquiesce in what Sir Gilbert had said, or had to say. These Windham carried to the Duke of Portland, and they were approved. Sir Gilbert spoke. Lord Titchfield said nearly what Windham had put down, but ended his speech by so violent an abuse of the ministry that it did away the whole effect. It was evident that Fox had come to the Duke of Portland's after Windham, and added these last sentences. Sir Gilbert hurt exceedingly.—*Malmes. Diar.*, ii. 494.

Thus then it appears that Sir Gilbert Eliott, so far from intruding his speech before Lord Titchfield's, had done no more than had been previously arranged with his lordship's father; and that the only intrusion and juggle in the affair was Fox's interference—at which certainly Sir Gilbert Eliott had good reason to be hurt.

As to the particular ground assigned in Lord Holland's foregoing note for Mr. Fox's not listening to Mr. Pitt's proposal—namely, the exclusion of Sheridan—that is, we presume, exclusion from the Cabinet—Lord Malmesbury's narrative seems to negative that Mr. Pitt either had or could have entered into any such details; and the only mention of any objection to Sheridan was from Lord Fitzwilliam, then and after one of Fox's nearest friends (*Malmes.* ii. 465); and we cannot forget that when at the next turn of the wheel Fox was himself master of the game, he degraded poor Sheridan, or at least suffered him to be degraded, to a subordinate office—a slight of which he ever after most grievously complained. We give no opinion as to Sheridan's exclusion from a Cabinet that professed to include '*All the Talents*' of the country; we only note it as an additional indication of the futility of Lord Holland's explanation. There is now no doubt that Fox's preliminary '*sine qua non*' (*Malmes.*, ii. 472) was no question about Sheridan or any other subordinate postulant, but one so unreasonable and absurd that Lord Holland does not venture to produce it—namely, that Mr. Pitt should quit the Treasury!

Lord Holland's deep and constant malevolence to Mr. Pitt drives him, for want of better topics, to cavils on his temper and even his talents—petty if they had been ever so true—but alas! his Lordship's 'inaccurate memory' and violent prejudices must be here again allowed to have involved

him in assertions which in a court of justice would subject him to very disagreeable consequences:

'In the autumn of 1792, Lord Lansdowne's son, Lord Wycombe, opened the opposition in Parliament by deprecating the alarm, &c., . . . and by censuring in strong and eloquent language, &c. . . . Mr. Pitt treated him with much insolence and scorn, and that circumstance, and the approach of war, confirmed Lord Lansdowne in opposition. I cannot decide whether Mr. Fox's warm approbation of Lord Wycombe's sensible speech, and his defence of him, when attacked by Mr. Pitt with a fury little creditable to his head or his heart, had the effect of inclining Lord Lansdowne,' &c. &c.—p. 43.

We are totally at a loss to guess under what delusion Lord Holland could have penned such a statement. It is true that in the session that began on the 13th of December, 1792, 'Lord Wycombe opened the Opposition' with the speech to which Lord Holland alludes, and which made some noise at the time, but to the uncourteous share in the debate attributed to Mr. Pitt we can give the most decided contradiction—for Mr. Pitt happened, just then—not to be in Parliament! The following is the note affixed to this very debate in the '*Annual Register*':—

'Mr. Pitt not being yet returned to Parliament, in consequence of his having vacated his seat by the acceptance of the wardenship of the Cinque Ports, Mr. Dundas took the lead on the ministerial side.'—*Ann. Reg.*, 1792, p. 349.

Lord Wycombe was so near a connexion and so intimate a friend of Lord Holland's, that we cannot discover any excusable explanation of such an error.

The following seems to us a specimen of equal taste and truth. In 1799 the Union was proposed:—

'Mr. Pitt was extremely irritable throughout that session; and he shone less as an orator on the discussions on the Union than on those of any measures that could be called his own. Lord Lansdowne, who scarcely ever attended a debate in the House of Commons, was present at his speech on this occasion, and was disappointed with his eloquence—which, strange to say, he never had the curiosity of hearing before. His remark on it was singular: "*There is a great deal of gout in his speech.*" It was certainly not well calculated to reconcile the Irish to the Union; so little so, that it was reprinted and circulated by a committee who managed the opposition to that measure.'—p. 139.

This statement is, on its face, very apocryphal. Who will believe that Lord Lansdowne—better, or indeed only, known in history as Lord Shelburne—had never had

the curiosity to hear Mr. Pitt speak in Parliament until the 31st of January, 1799? What? Lord Shelburne—the most active and ambitious politician of the day, and the most considerable of old Lord Chatham's personal friends and followers—had never had the curiosity to hear his son, whose brilliant dawn in 1780 startled all the rest of mankind as a resurrection of his father—Lord Shelburne, who, when named First Minister in 1782, had selected Mr. Pitt (ætatis 23) as his Chancellor of the Exchequer and *Leader of the House of Commons*—did he confide this vast charge to one whom he had never before, nor during, nor after, their ministerial connexion, had the curiosity to hear speak in Parliament? We certainly cannot disprove Lord Holland's assertion on this point; but we disbelieve it almost as confidently as any of his disproved fables. But at last, in the *twentieth year* of Mr. Pitt's parliamentary life, Lord Shelburne has the curiosity to hear him, and is 'disappointed'—very likely—the busy intriguer, whom Mr. Pitt had put on the shelf for twenty years, would, we guess, have been rather hard to please. And then the phrase, 'There is *gout* in the speech,' which Lord Holland quotes, and perhaps Lord Lansdowne might have meant as disparaging, would certainly, *in that sense*, be very 'singular' from an old worshipper of Chatham, whose very finest speeches were made under actual fits, and with an ostentatious parade of *gout*. The highest compliment that Lord Lansdowne was likely to have paid one of Mr. Pitt's speeches would be to find in it traces of the *paternal gout*. When, after one of Mr. Pitt's earliest displays, some one called him '*a chip of the old block*,' 'Nay,' exclaimed Burke, '*'tis the old block itself*.'

But the speech it seems, was a bad one. The world, then, has been very much mistaken; for that same speech (31st January, 1799) is generally considered as one of Mr. Pitt's finest efforts. It certainly carried the House with it; for the division was 234 to 30. We can easily believe that the whole of that high-minded and high-toned oration, and particularly its conclusion, was wormwood to both Lord Holland and Lord Lansdowne:—

'The friends of the measure,' says Mr. Pitt, 'have had to stand against the threats of popular violence—against the enemies of the Government, under the lead of Protestants—against the violent and inflamed spirit and fierce attacks of the Irish Catholics—and against the aggregate of all evils—the spirit of all mischief—the implacable opposition and determined hostility of furious Jacobinism! We have had to meet the inflamed passions of *disappointed ambition*, which, under the name and pretext of

superior patriotism—under the colour of jealousy for other's feelings—under affected tenderness for the landed interest—under affected care for commercial welfare, *would reduce the State to ruin, because they were not its ruler*. But they have proved nothing but that their own fury was ungovernable, their predictions chimerical, and their hopes delusive! We, the friends of the measure, have had to stand against the principles which fomented and inflamed the late Irish rebellion; we have had to contend with the active and mischievous efforts of the *friends and champions of Jacobinism*, to whom it is enough to make them hate the Union, that it has a tendency to preserve order, because any thing like order was an extinction of their hopes.'—*Pitt's Speeches*, 31st Jan., 1799.

We can very well conceive Lord Holland's peculiar soreness at this speech, for his volume proves that no man in England could be more deeply imbued with the worst spirit of Jacobinism; but we take the liberty to doubt that he or his party thought the speech so injurious to Pitt's interest as to cause it to be *reprinted*. This expression, '*reprinted*,' implies what is quite true, that Mr. Pitt's friends thought it so powerful and convincing that it was printed, though from a report very inferior to what was actually spoken; and if it was, as Lord Holland asserts, *reprinted* by his opponents, we will venture to say, that any copy of such a reprint which can be found, will turn out to be a garbling of the original speech, or some other device adopted to impair the effect it had made on the public mind; indeed, why else should his adversaries have *reprinted* it, when Mr. Pitt's own friends had, by printing and circulating it, already accomplished the hostile object? Again we have to say that we doubt this portion of Lord Holland's story as we do all the rest. *Mr. Fox's nephew* shows as little tact as taste in the perpetual recurrence of such petty and splenetic cavils at Mr. Pitt. His spite is incapable of reaching to the nobler enmity of the Moor, '*Great let me call him—for he conquered me*.' We are reluctant to waste more time in picking out and exposing instances of this kind of small warfare, which occur wherever Mr. Pitt, or any of his colleagues, is mentioned; but there are two or three which we cannot refrain from noticing.

A sneer at the sincerity of Mr. Pitt's good will and good offices towards the success of Mr. Addington's ministry becomes the occasion of a calumny equally unjustifiable against Mr. Canning, which it would be ungrateful to the most distinguished of our FOUNDERS to pass without the full contradiction that we are able to give it.

'Mr. Pitt affected or felt great concern when any of his adherents in subordinate offices

quitted them in consequence of his retirement. Some of them, however, *better informed of his private wishes*, or disapproving those which he professed, resigned their employments; and Mr. Canning *indulged his talent for satire and ridicule* at the expense of Mr. Addington till Mr. Pitt silenced his muse by timely admonition, and even prevailed on him to write a letter of apology or explanation to the new minister. *I have seen it.* It is fulsome in expression, but manifestly written under constraint and at the suggestion of a third person.—p. 175.

To which we answer at once, that he never had seen any letter of which sense and candour could dictate such a description. We have in Dean Pellew's Life of Lord Sidmouth and Lord Malinesbury's Diaries copies of the original correspondence and accurate notes of all that passed between Pitt, Canning, and Addington on the only occasion to which Lord Holland can have referred. On Pitt's resignation, Canning, then Paymaster, announced his intention to resign also; and on the evening of the day, 14th March, 1801, on which Mr. Pitt's resignation had been formally completed, Canning asked Mr. Pitt—

'appealing to his sincerity in the most solemn way, whether he [Pitt] was more satisfied with him for resigning office than with others who retained their places? Pitt answered—'That he certainly could not but be pleased with Canning's having resigned, taking him in the light of an individual and private friend; but as a public man, he very truly and sincerely said he was more pleased and more obliged to such of his friends who had kept their places.'—*Malmes.*, iv. 46.

This was accompanied by Mr. Pitt's explicit declaration of the 'fairness and candour' of Addington during the whole affair, 'which,' said Pitt, 'confirmed the long friendship he had for him, and raised him higher than ever in his good opinion.' After this explanation Canning told Lord Malmesbury that

'in sending Addington his resignation that day he had written to him with the highest respect, with assurances of such support as he could give him.'—*Ib.*

Canning's formal letter of resignation, to be laid before the King, was accompanied by two private ones to Addington, containing friendly assurances of good will and support; and the last of them states that he had had a conversation with Mr. Pitt which had done away some erroneous impressions which he (Canning) had received as to Addington's feelings towards him. This must have been the letter alluded to by Lord Holland—who, if he saw it at all, must have read it very superficially, for he has totally

mistaken its date, its tone, and its purport. The object of the letter was *not* to apologise for any disrespect or ill will from Canning towards Addington—but just the reverse—to regret Canning's erroneous impressions of Addington's feeling towards him. The sneering allusion to Canning's '*satire and ridicule*' on Addington '*till Pitt silenced his muse*' by forcing him to write this *fulsome apology*, is another gross anachronism. This letter was written on the day of, or the day after the resignation, when there neither was nor could be any party hostility between them, and long before Canning had given way to any of those sarcastic sallies in prose or verse which Lord Holland's inventive malice has thus antedated, for the purpose of throwing imputations of double-dealing on Mr. Pitt and of shabby inconsistency and *fulsome* meanness on Mr. Canning.

Another sneer at Lord Grenville will amuse our readers by—we know not which—its pedantry, its ignorance, or its craft. When the *First Consul's* overture for peace at the end of 1799 was rejected, Lord Holland attributes to Lord Grenville the greatest share in the policy and all the blame of the (as he thinks it) offensive style of the answer, which—Lord Grenville, he says, told him—was framed to propitiate 'the Emperor Paul;' this, he says,—

'seems but a sorry excuse for rejecting all means of negotiation, and insulting an able general placed at the head of the most powerful country of the continent.'*

On the words '*able general*,' he subjoins this foot-note,—

** Σχετλις, τιπ* εθελεις, ιρεθιζεν ανθρω ανδρα* was the line quoted by Phocion to Demosthenes; and the same question might be put to Lord Grenville in 1800.—p. 156.

Perhaps it was in the original text of Plutarch that Lord Holland's scholarship had learned that Phocion applied this line to Demosthenes' railing at Alexander the Great; but it really rather seems as if his Lordship had before his eyes old North's *Sternhold and Hopkins* version of it,—

*'How great a folly is it for to stand
Against a cruel king,
Which, being armed, and having sword in hand,
Seeks fame of every thing!'*
North's Plutarch, 758.

If this had really been the meaning, it would have suited Lord Holland's grave admiration of Napoleon better than Phocion's gibe at Demosthenes; but in truth the line, which is in Homer (*Odyssey ix.*

494), is the remonstrance of the companions of Ulysses against provoking the Cyclops, —literally—

'O wretch, why thus the savage man provoke?'

We almost doubt that Lord Holland knew where the line was to be found, or its real meaning, for we hardly think he would have called Lord Grenville the wise Ulysses, or likened his idol Napoleon to the drunken and disabled cannibal. To be sure it would have been only a kind of *second sight* of the condition, worse than that of the poor Cyclops, to which the great Napoleon was reduced on several critical occasions of his life—the 30th of March, 1814, in the low adventures of Ville Juif; the 12th April, at Fontainebleau, where he attempted a suicide which he had not courage to accomplish; on the 18th June, 1815, when he fled, *pale, trembling, and crying*, from the fate he had provoked. But above all, it was on his escape from the vengeance of the son of 'the Emperor Paul' that Lord Holland might have found the most appropriate application for his scrap of pedantry:—

'Ἐχέλεις, τίπῃ θέλεις ἐρεθίσμεν ἄγριον ἄνδρα.'

We need extend no further our examples of Lord Holland's habitual misrepresentation of all public men and public measures adverse to the revolutionary politics of Mr. Fox, but there is one malevolent passage about which we shall be forgiven for feeling no ordinary concern, because it affects an illustrious memory still, and ever to be, dear to the mind and to the heart of the whole country, and especially to us who pride ourselves on having been his friends, and, in this publication, his followers and associates. On the subject of a favour shown to Sir Walter Scott by *All the Talents*, in consenting to the completing an engagement made in his favour by the former Government, of which all the details had been prepared and settled, but of which, from a mere accidental and clerical error, the *last official form* had not been perfected, Lord Holland chooses to bestow the merit of a high-minded generosity on Mr. Fox, and to convey a severe reproach against Sir Walter—both, we believe, undeservedly. Lord Moira and Lord Lauderdale being, says Lord Holland, at the accession of the New Ministry, rivals for what was called the management of Scotland—

'it was determined to leave the patronage of Scotland to [Lord Spencer] the Secretary of State for the Home Department, to whom, in some sense, it officially belonged. . . . Among the claimants from that country was Walter

Scott. He had been promised by Mr. Pitt's Administration the Clerkship of Session, an office worth some hundred-*per annum*. Some arrangements, in themselves not altogether advisable, were necessary toward carrying that object into execution. Those with whom politics were a stronger passion than poetry, deprecated the completion of a plan in itself objectionable, of which a political enemy was to reap the benefit. *Mr. Fox thought that pretty poetry atoned for adherence to Lord Melville, and Lord Spencer listened to the generous maxim inculcated in the old quotation, Non obtusa adeo, &c. . . .* He [Scott] was left to enjoy the place. He owed this forbearance to persons whom he shortly afterwards lampooned in a manner not only indecent but unfeeling.'—p. 230.

Now we readily believe that Mr. Fox would, if the case had been presented to him, have acted as Lord Holland describes, for he was essentially not only good natured, but placable even to those who might have personally offended him, which we believe Scott never had. But there is reason to doubt that Mr. Fox had any part in the affair. We cannot assert that Lord Spencer might not have mentioned the matter to Mr. Fox, but it is unlikely; for though Mr. Fox had read and praised the Lay of the Last Minstrel, it was then Scott's only distinction; he had taken no prominent part in politics, though an Edinburgh Reviewer; and on the whole was at that time hardly of sufficient eminence to have rendered his little routine affair of any interest beyond the department to which it belonged: but at all events—and that is our chief, or, we may say, only point—Scott had no reason even to suspect that Mr. Fox had had any concern in the matter. We find in Scott's letters to his confidential friends George Ellis and Lord Dalkeith (afterwards Duke of Buccleugh), that, on coming to London to obtain the completion of his commission, he found that Lord Moira and Lord Lauderdale were contending who should have the patronage of Scotland; but that he went *at once* to Lord Spencer, Secretary of State for the Home Department, to which the business officially belonged—and succeeded, *proprio Marte*—on the merits of the case. He writes to Lord Dalkeith:—

'London, February 11th, 1806.

'Notwithstanding some little rubs, I have been able to carry through the transaction which your Lordship sanctioned by your influence and approbation, and it is in a way very pleasing to my own feelings. Lord Spencer, upon the nature of the transaction being explained in an audience with which he favoured me, was pleased to direct the commission to be issued as an act of justice, regretting, he said, that it had not been from the beginning his own deed. . . . Lord Minto was infinitely kind

and active, and his influence with Lord Spencer would, I am convinced, have been stretched to the utmost in my favour, had not Lord Spencer's own view of the subject been perfectly sufficient.' *Life of Scott*, ii. 93.

The allegation of ingratitude towards Mr. Fox is at once cut away by the fact that Scott had no reason to suppose (but indeed the contrary) that he had any obligation to the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. He knew of no obligation in the matter but to Lord Spencer—who, in the same audience, heard and granted the request; and it appears from his other letters that it was on him, Lord Grenville, Lord Sidmouth, and Mr. Windham—the old Pittite section of the new Cabinet—that he had built his hopes of justice, if, which he did not believe, he should meet any difficulty.

About four months after this matter had been settled, the impeachment (moved by Mr. Whitbread and supported by Mr. Fox) of Scott's friend and patron, Lord Melville—to whom and to whose family he had the earliest and deepest obligations—terminated in an acquittal; and this was celebrated in Edinburgh by a public dinner on the 27th of June, at which was sung a very partial and not very poetical song, composed by Scott, of which one verse is the ground of Lord Holland's complaint:—

'In Grenville and Spencer,
And some few good men, sir,
High talents we honour—slight difference for-
give!
But the Brewer we'll hoax,
Tally ho! to the Fox,
And drink Melville for ever! as long as we live.'

To our ears this doggerel seems poor enough, even for such an occasion; but it cannot be called ungrateful, indecent, and cruel lampooning; it was meant to be affectionate to his earliest friend, grateful and respectful to Lords Grenville and Spencer—whose conduct on the Melville trial greatly displeased the Whig enemies of that friend*—and no more than an after-dinner joke on the two persons most prominent in the prosecution of Lord Melville, and to neither of whom Scott had any reason to suppose that he had the slightest personal obligation. Mr. W. Savage Landor has, in one of his dull and malignant essays (*Works*, i. 339),

* 'Lord Holland bitterly reproaches *Lords Grenville and Spencer* for having absented themselves on the third day of the trial from an unwillingness to convict equivalent to a disposition to screen an old Colleague.'—*Mem.*, p. 385. It is proper to notice this, as showing additionally that Scott's compliment was not the expression of his own mere personal gratitude.

given, by a double and most gross anachronism, even a worse colour to this anecdote than Lord Holland himself ventured to do. He states that Scott had 'sung a triumphant song of "*running the Fox to earth*" over the coffin of a minister whom he had flattered in his life-time.' Now the song was sung, as we have said, on the 27th June, before any one could have foreseen Mr. Fox's death three months later; and the supposed flattery of the living minister was that graceful, generous, and glowing tribute which, within a few months after Mr. Fox's death, Scott—in the introduction to the first canto of *Marmion*—paid to his genius, his amiability, and all that could with truth be said of his public services. Lord Holland, when he chose to remember and misrepresent the tavern-song, ought not to have forgotten this warm yet judicious eulogy, which places all that was admirable in the fullest light, and spreads the most delicate veil over all that might have provoked dissent. It leaves and will leave to posterity an impression infinitely more favourable to Mr. Fox's memory than all the injudicious and inconsistent panegyrics of his narrow-minded nephew—

'Whose praise is censure, and whose censure
praise.'

In fine—The whole and sole object of this work is—as we originally said, and we think have now shown—to applaud the French Revolution and to decry and misrepresent all that opposed it. We agree with some judicious writers and all intelligent politicians, that if Fox had been in office and Pitt in opposition when that Revolution broke out, Fox would have been a zealous anti-revolutionist, as he became afterwards, for the short time he was in office. It would be idle to conjecture what Mr. Pitt might have been if in opposition at that crisis—but we are confident that his mind was too well disciplined, too grave, too elevated, to have been perverted into a revolutionary opposition, for which an idle and loose private and political life, strong passions, a long course of self-indulgence, and no fixed principles had prepared Mr. Fox. Be that as it may, Mr. Fox took up the French Revolution as he had just before taken up the Russian cause at Oczsacoff and the Spanish case about Nootka, both against England, for no other reason than that Mr. Pitt was minister, and that an *Opposition must oppose*.

Moreover, Mr. Fox was in 1790 in his forty-first year of life and the twenty-second of his varied but generally disappointed parliamentary career. The American war,

on *both sides* of which he had been, had ended in the triumph of the democratic republic and given his mind a strong tendency to receive those principles. At last, his course of opposition, which had been at first personal *pique* against Lord North, became *party* against Mr. Pitt, and ended in being an extravagant *passion* for Revolution. In pursuit of this latter object, the only line which had even a colour of plausibility or popularity was an opposition to war—war in the abstract, and, as Mr. Canning said in, we think, his maiden speech, 10th April, 1794, ‘general declamations upon the calamities of war, which applied equally to all other instances of war as in the present.’—(*Hansard, loco.*) War—however just or necessary, or involuntary, or inevitable—cannot be maintained without taxes, waged without blood, or prosecuted without risk; it is therefore *in natura rerum* an inexhaustible reservoir of popular grievance and excitement; and so Mr. Fox made it and employed it—zealously—factiously, till, by the death of Mr. Pitt, he himself was called into office, and then we find him as unable to make peace and as committed to a prosecution of the war as Mr. Pitt had been.

Mr. Fox had blamed either the insincerity or inability of all Mr. Pitt’s attempts at peace, which had been crossed and impeded—in addition to the hostile spirit of France—by his own factious conduct: while his subsequent attempt at peace, without any impediment at home, was taxed by the French with equal insincerity, and was marked by a degree of inability and ill success at least as great as he ever imputed to Mr. Pitt. Mr. Fox and his party had censured Mr. Pitt’s conduct of the war, and had blazoned and almost triumphed in our failures at Dunkirk, Toulon, and the Texel. Their own conduct of the war was still more calamitous, and Buenos Ayres, the Dardanelles, and Egypt rivalled the worst misdeeds of their predecessors. But Lord Holland, though all this passed before his eyes, sees nothing of it; he had learned and stuck by his first parrot note of ‘no war’—‘peace at any price’—which meant, in fact, ‘acknowledge the French Republic—acknowledge Robespierre—Barras—Buonaparte, any body whom Mr. Pitt will *not*—and let Mr. Fox and me into power even at the cost of revolutionizing England.’ Of this spirit, we repeat, the *Reminiscences* and these *Memoirs* are the natural product—or rather indeed the echoes of the long series of misrepresentations, mis-statements, and libels, with which the revolutionary press—whether Republican or Buonapartist, at home or abroad—pursued all those who resisted

either of these despotisms. To contradict and refute them was the first political incentive of the Quarterly Review, and it was not, we hope, to be expected that we should abandon to Lord Holland’s posthumous slander the persons and the principles to which we have been so long and so zealously associated.

POSTSCRIPT.

WE fear that we might be reproached with the desertion of a duty we have inculcated upon others if we did not, weak as our voice may be, say a few words on the impending crisis—the most momentous, we believe, which has occurred since Lord John Russell’s *Reform-Revolution*—of the worst consequences of which the ensuing elections promise to be either a salutary check or a fatal aggravation.

Our last Number entered pretty fully both into the original claims of Lord Derby’s ministry to public confidence and support, and into the main—we might say the sole—principle which in our view ought to guide the constituencies in the exercise of their electoral power. Those claims and that duty may be recapitulated in one short phrase—Resistance to the Revolutionary tendencies of all the various parties in the State—save only that which, thank God, is still, if it will put forth its strength, the strongest of all—the Constitutional Conservatives.

Nothing we think need be added to our former statement of the danger, but it may not be useless, in the midst of so much activity and artifice as has been employed to distract the attention and divide the opinions of the Conservative party, to press upon them the imperious necessity of *union*—of merging all minor differences in one *unhesitating* and *energetic* effort for the CHURCH and the MONARCHY! These with the most considerable classes of the Opposition are the *avowed* objects of attack, and the small remainder who may not be zealously hostile will tacitly sacrifice them to their private piques or personal ambition. Motley and discordant as the separate groups may be, we shall find them sufficiently combined and disciplined for this short but vital struggle. Old Whigs, young Whigs, and ultra-Whigs—Radicals, Balloteers, and Chartists—Tenant-Leaguers and Catholic Associators—Jews and Papists—anti-Churchmen, ultra and no-Churchmen—apostate Tories—Puseyites, Peelites, Cobdenites, Humites, and all the other *ites* and *mites* of dissent and

disaffection—all the constituents of that anti-constitutional conglomeration which was imperfectly and indeed ridiculously represented in the synod of Chesham Place—all will be seen arrayed in formidable force and activity at the impending conflict.

If, however, to that formidable force the Conservatives will only oppose an equal unity of purpose and energy of action, there can be no doubt of their numerical majority, nor of course of their success. Let not Protectionists hang back because Lord Derby cannot do all they might desire. Let not Protestants become lukewarm because Lord Derby has neither the power nor the wish to reverse sixty years of legislation. He has given to both these great divisions of the Conservative party indubitable proofs of his sympathy—the Constituencies themselves must do the rest! We ourselves have *always* considered Free Trade as an experiment, and we are so satisfied that *experience* must be the *ultimate arbiter*, that we have, we confess, a very moderate anxiety as to the result of the elections on that point. A Free-trade majority in the next House of Commons as there is in this, would not affect the final result of the grand problem which time only can bring to a solution, and which will *then*, and not till then, be settled by the force of facts—commanding and compelling an universal conviction and consent.

The question of *Popish Aggression* is more pressing. The concession of all, and more than all the reasonable claims of the Roman Catholics during the last sixty years—so far from producing the results which they themselves promised and swore, and promised and swore again as each boon was successively sought and granted—has been of late so abused by the most illegal auda-

cities, that although no one desires to return (as such abuses would justify) to the old restrictive laws, it is not too much to require that the law of indulgence should be impartially administered according to the original compact, as well in its protection to our Church as in its tolerance of theirs. We ourselves were favourable to the experiment of trying whether Popery in Ireland might not be rendered less noxious by a more elevated system of education: but the endowment of Maynooth seems, like every other boon, to produce the very opposite effects from what the Imperial Government anticipated; and the ultramontane insolence of bigotry of late promulgated by the Popish hierarchy in Ireland on the whole question of schools, colleges, and education in general, and the impudent—and, we think, treasonable—aggression lately made and still *making* on the Church and Crown of England, not only justify, but absolutely require, the revision of measures which have so lamentably failed.

But our chief hope and most anxious wish for Lord Derby's success rests on the expectation that he will oppose a prudent, but firm and systematic, resistance to the inroads of democracy on our religious and civil institutions. *That* is the danger that absorbs all others. It has appeared and will recur in such a variety of forms that it cannot be guarded against by any specific pledges to be obtained from individual candidates, but only by a general profession of confidence in *Lord Derby*. Strengthen his hands, but leave them free. With whatever power the elections may arm him, we may be well assured that he will do all that *he* can, and more than any one else can, for—what we again pronounce as the war-cry of our party—the Church and the Monarchy.

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THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW.

No. CLXXXII.

FOR OCTOBER, 1852.

- ART. I.**—1. *Poèmes des Bardes Bretons du VI^e Siècle, traduits pour la première fois, avec le texte en regard, revu sur les plus anciens manuscrits.* Par Th. Hersart de la Villemarqué. Paris. 1850.
2. *Cyclops Christianus.* By Algernon Herbert, late of Merton College, and of the Inner Temple. 1849.
3. *Supplement for 1850 to the Archæologia Cambrensis.* London and Tenby. 1851.

OF these three books the first is the most charming of its kind, the second the most curiously learned, and the third the most creditable to Cimbric archæologists that we have seen for some time. A study of the three, preceded by Sharon Turner's 'Vindication of the Bards' as an introduction, and followed, if the sacred hunger were not yet appeased, by Mr. Stephens's 'Literature of the Cymry,' with some inspection of the British laws and triads already translated, would furnish our readers in general with a far clearer idea of the most venerable antiquities of their country than they probably now possess. Mr. Parry's recent volume on Royal Progresses in Wales also deserves a prominent place among the general histories of the Principality. The industry of the author has brought fresh facts to light from authentic documents; and being written in a readable, though not highly impartial or critical style, his book is more instructive, though certainly it is less dignified, than Warrington.

The literature of the Cymry (that is, of the people who may be identified with the Belgic Britons of Cæsar, and whom we now vaguely term Welsh) may be described with sufficient accuracy, for the purpose of broad classification, as falling roughly into four great periods. The first is that un-

mapped region of cloud, which we venture for the present to term aboriginal, as being marked by no clear traces of Christianity or of Roman occupation. It is represented only by some very obscure fragments of ritual; by a few triads which bear signs both of high antiquity and of having been tampered with, if not re-cast, at a more recent date; by various proverbs; and possibly by some portions of the laws ascribed to Duvnwal Moelmud. The name, indeed, of the legislator denotes rather a social state, which may be inferred from broken vestiges, than either a distinct person or a precise era. Yet we are inclined to select it from among its suspicious companions in the chronicle of British Kings, as having possibly some claim to reality. To forbid that either the blow of a father, or that of a chieftain marshalling his clan in battle, should be returned, appears to us the sort of rudiment of order which we might expect to find. Nor is it less natural, while it is thoroughly in harmony with Cæsar's account of the respect paid to the Druids, that no naked weapon should be levelled against a bard or priest; and the respect paid to handicrafts, as shown by the sentiment which ranked the worker in metal among bards and scholars, is significant of an age when iron was both imported and precious from its scarcity. It is rather more embarrassing to find *mines* apparently alluded to as something disagreeable; and it does not appear whether this might possibly have been the effect of taskwork under Phœnician or Roman visitors, or whether the reason was merely that minerals, like the chase, sanctioned on the parts of lords or chieftains an undesirable encroachment. At all events, mines belonged to a different category of things from a bridal procession or a festival, whether

bardic or religious. Perhaps the most frequently cited of the whole number of the alleged laws is the one which forbade either the horse, or the harp, or the book of any free Cambrian to be seized for debt. We should be glad to see sufficient proof that so chivalric a provision is of very high antiquity.

Our second stage was begotten in that time of trouble when the Cymry, themselves perhaps as much intruders in the west* as they had been victims in the east of the island, were giving way reluctantly before successive tribes of Angles and Jutes; and when the masculine vigour of the race proved itself, if not quite, as Mr. Herbert thinks, in engendering new forms of faith, at least in many stubborn conflicts of battle, and some of thought. Obscure as this period is in places, persons, and creeds, it cannot be said to have wanted the sacred poet; for then those bards, whose names have resounded throughout the world, solaced, in rugged but nervous strains, that 'kingdom kingdomless' (*edeyrn diedeyrn*) whose fall they had previously arrested with the sword.

The third period is not so much British as Welsh, yet it far surpasses in pretension, perhaps also in richness, alike the ages which precede and those which follow. For in the tenth century Howel the Good flourished as a legislator; the eleventh saw the introduction of some Norman refinements, with a fresh tinge of romance from Brittany; during the twelfth the far-off echo of the Crusades, and the brilliant reigns of Owen Gwynedd and Rhys of Dynevor,† though not unsoiled by disaster, helped to kindle the national spirit. So grew up, under the shelter of numerous chieftains' dwellings which affected a mimicry of palaces, a genuine and peculiar school of literature, with such features as naturally sprang from the character of the times. The whole region has recently enjoyed in Mr. Stephens a thorough and candid explorer; we can scarcely quite say, for

* It will be seen that we adopt, though with some qualification, the conclusions respecting the Gael or Gwynedd, arrived at formerly by Lhwyt, and now confirmed by Mr. Basil Jones. It is a blemish upon the generally sound and critical method of the essay referred to, that it quotes as authority so palpable a forgery as the Pseudo-Richard of Cirencester. Nor perhaps ought much stress to be laid upon the term *Scotus*, which was used with sufficient laxity to be applied to the schoolman Duns, though he was born in Northumberland. Moreover the three dialects referred to in the Triad quoted by Mr. Jones, ought, for the benefit of his argument, to have differed as much as the Erse differs from the Cumraic; whereas it is more probable that the difference was slight, and merely one of dialect.

† More properly *Rhys ab Gruffydd*—upon whom the chronicler indulges in some high-flown eulogy, which evidently is made up of bardic fragments.

English readers, a popular expounder. We mercifully refrain from accepting the challenge with which his book unadvisedly closes; yet the period was certainly one of considerable mental activity, and was pregnant with influences, some of them very widely extended, the effect of which has not yet passed away. Then Caradoc of Llan-carvan wrote his Chronicle. Then romantic stories of King Arthur flowed in strange forms freshly molten by the imagination either of Bishop Geoffry, or of the Armorican author whom he more probably followed to some extent; though we fully admit that the same stories may have received an earlier shaping, and possibly even on the threshold of the eighth century, from Tysilio. Then—we are now reverting to our later date—the Cymry discovered themselves to be the first men, and invented or were deluded by etymologies which seemed to prove it. With their ancient limits narrowed and threatened even in the Cambria which was to remain Cambrian, by the encroaching strongholds of Norman barons, their views of the propriety of invasion differed considerably from those of their race when the long-handed Caswalhon* smote Serigi the Celt, and drove his subjects from their Anglesey homes into the sea. They now conceived themselves to be the only persons who had ever come to the country peaceably, and consequently its only rightful possessors. The ancient triads, therefore (though such a form of recording events or maxims is as old as our earliest classical notices of Britain), were then re-cast or interpolated; while the *Mabinogion* (of which Lady Charlotte Guest's translation deserves warm gratitude from all pure lovers of literature) underwent even a more liberal measure of the same process. Rather, indeed, they were then written; but even in them are vestiges of a hoar antiquity, and it is a sad mistake to test the far more ancient germs as Mr. Stephens has in some cases done, by the full-blown form which they assume in the *Mabinogion*. The bards of this period (which may be termed the twelfth century, with a broad margin in each direction) are numerous, and of various degrees of merit. Excelling, generally, their more renowned

* We get a precise, and hitherto unobserved date, for at least one important migration of the Northern Cymry from the borders of the Tweed and the Tyne to those of the Conwy and the Dee, by comparing Ammianus with Nævius. The first tells us of a turbulent and migratory movement among the Picts under the year 367; and the second makes the coming of Cunedha from the reign of the Ottadini 146 years before Maelgwyn's reign, to the beginning of which the year 513 is a probable approximation. Caswalhon is termed grandson of Cunedha, and father of Maelgwyn.

predecessors of the sixth century in elaborate art, they sin by a perverse ingenuity, which degenerates into formal quaintness, and, without extinguishing their fire, compels it to smoulder, like that of the Scandinavian Scalds, with a dull and uncertain heat. But, whether for specimens or for a fuller character of them, we must refer our readers either to Evan Evans,* or to Mr. Stephens. This school may be said to reach its climax, and almost its close, in the fine elegy of Gruffydh upon the last Llywelyn.

The later bards dwell chiefly on softer subjects. *Rhys the Red* excelled in pastorals—and *Davydh ab Gwilym*, whose song was declared by his contemporaries to have the sweetness of wine, may either close the properly mediæval period, or stand almost at the head of that modern school under which all subsequent bards must here suffer themselves to be classed. It will perhaps be objected that at least the York and Lancaster period, with a sudden outburst of the bardic furor which heralded the accession of Henry VII., deserved to stand alone—or we may be invited to listen to the loyal poet Huw Morus, and his three hundred songs, during the Civil Wars; but our more learned Welsh readers must excuse us if, in a mere introduction to a sketch, we pass lightly over the minute subdivisions which would befit a literary history. Judging, indeed, from the specimen of Lewis Glyn Cothi, who has been carefully edited, we are not inclined to anticipate any highly marked excellence between Davydh ab Gwilym and comparatively recent, or almost contemporary, authors. Not that the muse slept; but, as English education advanced, mere Welsh literature represented less the cultivated intellect of the Principality. Henry Vaughan of Brecon, for example, forsook the Galatea of his native tongue to become an imitator of George Herbert; and, equalling his master in piety, surpassed him easily in poetical tenderness.† Only in the last century the patron-

age and example of Lewis Morris, an Anglesey gentleman, gave fashion in the Principality a more archaic turn; the genius of Goronwy Owen, as a poet, made remarkable, rather than palliated, his misconduct as a clergyman; and in some lines by Evan Evans there is a charm of melancholy beauty almost unsurpassed. The want of grasp and compass of subject, which is the defect usual in the mass of Welsh poets, may be said to be in some degree redeemed by the long and earnest minded piece of *Davydh ab Ionawr* on the Trinity; and an Ode upon a Thunder-storm is often quoted as exemplifying the great energy of his language. Of the merit of the Welsh hymns we have before spoken; they naturally freed themselves from the metrical fetters of the Bards and Scalds of the middle ages; and we would suggest to the impugnors of the decision pronounced by recent Eistedhods in favour of the freedom of the Muse, that it could never be wise for their professed tribunals to impose on their literature a technical code, which is spurned of itself the moment it drew fresh life from the heart of the people.

But it is chiefly to the second of the periods above rapidly sketched that we now propose, with the aid of no incompetent guide, to introduce our readers. M. Villemarqué is already favourably known in this country by his publication of the Breton Songs. He now ventures upon a kindred soil, though one less immediately his own; and, though versed, perhaps, less profoundly in the lore of our insular Britons than a chosen few—such as Mr. Stephens or the Rector of Llanymowdhwy*—he is at least as well qualified as the mass, even of literary Welshmen, to form a critical opinion on these very ancient poems, and far more highly gifted in that general accomplishment which enables the critic to act also as the interpreter. He betrays, perhaps, traces of a somewhat French love of prettiness, occasionally outweighing the study of naked accuracy; but in general his statements, so far as we are able to test them, appear substantially correct. He has done wisely in restricting the field of his present operations to those portions of the bards of the sixth century, the genuineness of which, in respect of time,

* We should be glad to see these specimens revised, and edited, without the dissertations, by some competent persons, who might also select a few additional poems, for the benefit of the many readers who would like some idea of the Welsh bards without wading through tomes of antiquarian controversy. The Notes to Madoc, and to Samor give some aid.

† Our readers will, we believe, thank us for transcribing these lines on Primitive Piety:—

‘Fair solitary path! whose blessed shades
The old, white prophets planted first and drest;
Leaving for us, whose goodness quickly fades,
A shelter all the way, and bowers to rest:
Who is the man that walks in thee? Who love
Heaven’s secret solitude, those fair abodes,
Where turtles build, and careless sparrows move,
Without to-morrow’s ills and future loads?’

From Vaughan, too, Campbell borrowed his fine

idea of the world’s gray fathers gazing on the rainbow, and, to the credit of his frankness, quoted the passage, though with niggardly praise, in his selections from the British Poets.

* We are tantalized, while this sheet is leaving our hands, by an announcement that the long-promised version of the *Godódn* by this gentleman (the Rev. John Williams) has actually been published. Not having seen it, we can only refer to it as the work of a scholar eminently entitled to respect, and as one which would probably have saved us many a dubitative groan.—Aug. 30.

can no longer be disputed. We say of *time*, for it is very possible that the authors of some of the pieces may be misnamed; but that the poems published by M. Villemarqué (and probably some others) are the production of no later age than they profess, will never again be denied by any person who tries this question by the same critical tests as he would apply to others of the kind. In our own opinion M. Villemarqué and Mr. Stephens both err rather on the side of caution than of credulity.

It must be considered a good beginning that these poems were not disinterred the other day at Rhudhlan, but exist in manuscripts which can be traced to the possession of the noblest families of Wales, and were themselves written as far back as the age of Giraldus. We get the possibility of a second step in the language of that writer, who was no bad painter of his own time, and who speaks of the 'ancient and authentic books of the Britons.' But this is not all:—we know distinctly enough what the twelfth century was; and the savour of what Giraldus then called its 'modern composition' may be detected in the literature which is its acknowledged offspring; whereas the poems before us have neither its metre, its language, its cast of belief and sentiment, nor its manners. They differ both from the *Mabinogion* (or child's tales) and from the poems of the twelfth century, as much as the fragments of Nævius differ from Claudian, or the ballad of Chevy Chase from 'Edwin and Angelina.' Though a fondness for alliteration betrays itself, it is rather as a barbaric jingle which rung naturally upon the harpstring, than as a requirement according to the technical rules of the later school. The diction also of these earlier bards is at once more archaic and more simple. They know nothing of Geraint's jealousy, or of Sir Owen's lion, and the lady of the fountain; but they paint only such a faint and distant dawn of chivalry as would be presented by the *reliquiæ* of Roman manners subsiding amidst the native growth of the soil. But we venture one step further, and observe internal evidence that many of them could not have been written later than the very century to which they are ascribed. Whether some fragments are not far older still is not at present the question.

The contest between Briton and Saxon had evidently in the days of Llywarch and Aneirin not been decided. The ruin of long-established dwellings by an invasive power is described as going on. Nor is that power as yet a Christian one;—the enemies are men unblest by baptism—whereas it was an aggravation of the lot of the Briton if he

fell before his penitence had been openly expressed at the altar of God. This contrast would never have suggested itself to an imitator much later than Augustine, or 596. There appears to us no reason for doubting the Christianity either of Aneirin or of Llywarch, though both their patriotism and their warlike temper naturally placed them in a polemical relation to that eremitical and fugitive character which about their time Christianity in Britain had begun to assume. Again, the enemy is described as reaping the land which the native had sown; and it is mentioned as an honourable distinction, if some sturdy chieftain is able to make his sword the effective ally of his reaping hook. Yet, fierce as these invaders may be, they are not implacable, for they have need of wives, a feature highly characteristic of a people who had arrived by sea. Nor do the British fair appear to have been proof against their wooing; one of high rank is especially execrated as a sort of Helen of her country. For the bards, from the necessity of their calling and its proper temperament, would range themselves on the sterner or apparently more patriotic side in any discussion how such overtures should be received; hence, whether the question is of alliance by marriage or by granting hostages, the answer which they counsel, is to be given with steel. Perhaps it is still more decisive that the Lloegrians, or the older inhabitants of some parts of England, are distinguished by Aneirin both from the Saxons and from the belligerent Britons. They, as a body, had acquiesced in the new order of things; hence, any individuals among them, who had played a more patriotic part, are selected for high commendation. In these, and in other respects, there is throughout an air of contemporaneous reality; it is no fictitious affliction which these rugged minstrels weep; but the dear son, or the sheltering patron, or the comrade who fought by their side. In the very few instances in which they mention Arthur, it is not as the great champion of the realm of romance, but in terms so brief and passing that it may fairly be made a question whether they intend a commander or a deity—a man, or a banner, or a principle. It may be remarked generally as regards Arthur, Conan and other names of the kind, that the bards supply germs which were subsequently developed into more imposing masses. They are themselves, we believe, almost nakedly historical, or, at least, the inspiration with which events are gilded comes rather from the heart than from the fancy. Hence that solemn burden of woe so frequently recurring, which M. Villemarqué has happily

compared to a *litany*—a kind of plaintive *refrain*, in which the lips cannot too often repeat a sentiment with which the whole being labours.

'The general character of their poetry is that it is almost constantly in tears; hence the name of *lay*, or plaint, which men gave it in the middle ages; hence the Breton *Lay* so celebrated by all the old French and Anglo-Norman poets. The profound melancholy which it breathes is accompanied by a sort of majestic and solemn wildness, which recalls the East, and makes us think of the Asiatic origin of the Cymry Britons. To these two characters join something of a mysterious sound, something gloomy, stern, often even mystical; an air of wild grandeur which astounds, an accent which makes us tremble, and contrasts strikingly with the most gentle sentiments. Such is, for instance, the fierce cry of joy of Aneirin: "His sword sounded over the heads of Saxon mothers; more than one mother wept for her son;"—followed however, where the case is of Britons, by the touching complaints—"Ah! it is painful to me to recall their terrible fall—surely no mother at their birth-place would have given them that fatal drink."

'The images, which this poetry delights in, are character. With a strange fancy, which betrays an old Pagan base, it associates pictures of death and of pleasure; the wine and the mead flow on one side, and blood on the other; wolves banquet on the flesh of the young bridegroom when ready for the nuptial feast; the eagle follows the track of the warrior, expecting from him food, like the dog from his master; the black ravens alight on the fair breasts of the fallen;—in short, there are a thousand such ill-omened images.'—*Villemarqué*, p. lxxvii.

We will only mention as necessary to complete the above character, a singular compactness of expression, which has not been so much remarked as it deserves: for the case is pretty much the same with the bards as with Demosthenes—secondhand critics mostly celebrate their fire, but readers are impressed by their condensed energy.

Though in art, and perhaps in genius, the higher place belongs to Aneirin, our respect for seniority induces us to begin with Llywarch. Born, probably, in that brief auspicious period when the Britons had, as Gibbon phrases it, discovered the secret of their own strength, and given a series of decided checks to the invaders, Llywarch seemed destined to rule a little principality in Cumberland, or the Border-country of North Britain. He had scarcely reached manhood, about the year 500, or not much later, when his father sent him as ally or guest to the Cornish Prince Erbyn. During his stay a descent of pirates took place at Portsmouth, and though they appear to have been repulsed, his host's son, whom the Saxon Chronicle calls *adolescens prænobilem*, and

who is represented in the Mabinogion as a personification of fierce jealousy, was slain in the conflict. The impression made on the young Llywarch was naturally strong:—

'At Llongborth,' he says, 'I saw blood flow, and corpses in front of embattled arms, and men reddening at the onslaught of Death. Before Geraint, terror of the enemy, I saw horses in downfall together, and after the shout of battle a terrible struggle. At Llongborth I saw swords mingling; I saw men troubled, with blood on the cheek, in front of Geraint, his father's mighty son. At Llongborth I saw tumult; I saw upon the rocks ravens feasting, and on the prince's brow a red gash.'

So died Geraint, though at his birth his friend conceives that—

'the gates of heaven were open; Christ then granted whatever was asked; a time auspicious, glory to Britain. Let every one praise Geraint, the leader of the host; I will myself praise Geraint, enemy to the Saxon, friend to the holy (i. e. Christians).'

Having thus commenced his education, the young chieftain returned to the North, and took part in the struggle which Urien, prince of Rheged, ably maintained against various foes for about half a century. There he would probably meet Taliesin, less a soldier than himself, but more eminently a bard. He certainly formed a friendship with Owen, the brave son of Urien; probably they fought together in that battle of Argoed which Taliesin sings as having lasted throughout a whole Saturday; and though Owen is more peculiarly immortalised by Aneirin, we infer that Llywarch was no unworthy comrade, both from his own verse and his subsequent fame in romance; for it is a suspicion amounting to a certainty that he is the *Lamorac* of the Morte d'Arthur—the Triads, moreover, celebrate him as one of the three disinterested warriors. During this period must have been born his twenty-four sons, all of whom wore the golden torquis. Probably he may have witnessed the fall of Ida about the year 560, and his own elegy tells us that a few years later he was present at the attack upon a son of Ida in Lindisfarn, when Urien was assassinated by a Gaelic auxiliary.

From this period, until the last years of his life, his poetry is conceived in a sterner strain. In the lyrical triplets on the death of Urien he invokes each chieftain in succession to press forward. It is better, he says, to slay than to parley. Even from the sepulchral stone he hears an oracular voice (it is implied, of the dead) forbidding Dunod to retreat. Accordingly, Owen,

Pasgen, and Elphin are represented as quitting themselves gallantly, while Llywarch and his fair son Peil are equally prominent. But alas! the best service which the poet-warrior can render his patron is to rescue his head from insult in death. Such is the sad burden of many a stanza—'I bear a head in the grasp of my hand, of the gentle ruler of a country, the head of a mighty pillar of Britain. My arm has not failed, but my soul is greatly troubled; my heart, is it not broken? The head, which I carry, was my support.'

He goes on with bitterness to foresee the body of his patron interred under the green sward and a tumulus—under earth and *blue rocks* (that is probably a *cromlech*); and, after exhorting to punishment of the assassin, breaks into the exclamation, 'Gentlest breeze, long wilt thou be heard; for who is there now to be praised since Urien is no more!' In various stanzas the avenging pursuit of Urien's brother, the bereavement of his sister, and the desolation of his hearth, are each described; while above all 'the embattled soldiers of baptism "are seen" scattered in disorder like a swarm of bees without a hive.*

But it is in the elegy upon Cyndhelan that we find a like subject more pathetically treated, and a greater struggle between the feelings of the patriot-warrior and the man. Rising from the hearth of Urien, which Owen seems to have left on his father's death as a garden for nettles and a nestling-place for fowls, Llywarch went southward, to find a brief refuge in the halls of the elder Pengwern, in the neighbourhood of Shrewsbury. He was here permitted to speak with authority among the assembled chiefs, and it may be inferred that his counsels precipitated the coming conflict. For the British town Trenn, as we understand the poem, had been destroyed, and the question was, should Cyndhelan restore it, and join a confederacy of the British tribes. The fatal year of 577 was at hand, when Bath, Gloucester, and Cirencester were to fall. But Cyndhelan was young, and already distinguished; 'his heart had glowed like a fire consuming brambles in early spring; why is it now cold as winter? Is he already transfixed by the hostile boar? He, with heart of falcon and of greyhound, the hungry boar, the fearless lion, the wolf that followed the descent into combat, will not he rebuild the city of his father?'

* We must suppose, as the least difficulty, that some stanzas were added to the poem late in the author's life; otherwise the Owen of Aneirin could not be the son of Urien.

'Cyndhelan, thou wast once the ally of the men of common tongue; the defender of Trenn; that city in ruin! Then, Cyndhelan, wast thou the bright pillar of thy country; wearer of torquis, stubborn chief in combat; defender of Trenn, the city of thy father. The purple of Powis wast thou, and the refuge of exiles during the life of my lord, son of Cyndrouyn, I lament for thee—Cyndhelan, fair son of Cyndrouyn—for a man who is no better than a maiden is not fitting to wear a beard about the nostril. Stand forth, maidens! stand forth, and look upon the country of Cyndhelan. Is not the palace of Pengwern on fire? Woe to the young that covet marrying [with the stranger]! Cyndhelan, close thou, I say, the hill-pass; this very day are the Lloegrians on march, but fear on account of a single foe cannot be. Cyndhelan, entrench thou the height; the Lloegrians are on march by Trenn; but a forest is not of a single tree.'

There ensues no description of the conflict, but its disastrous result is too clearly to be inferred. The eagle of Eli screams aloud; as the osprey watches the inlets of the sea, so the enemy watches against any escape. The eagle of Pengwern is jealous for the flesh of him whom the bard loved. 'The hall of Cyndhelan is gloomy this night: without its lord, without company, without the circling feast. The hall of Cyndhelan is silent; it is without songs, without fire, or smiles, or family, or love; it is open to the sky; its shield is in the grave.*' Even the churches of Bassa (Basschurch?) partake the ruin. At first they are enriched with the noble dead; but they have lost their sanctity, they are burnt, and become silent. The ill-omened Trenn, 'the fair town which, from its foundation, had seen its green ramparts stained with blood, may truly now be called a city on flame, a city in ruin.' The old bard looks through the gloom for the various members of Cyndhelan's family, whom he considers as his own kindred, and he is struck by the consciousness that he is the author of the ruin. *By my tongue were they slain: my ill destiny was the cause.* But oftener the stern spirit of the man as yet triumphs. He laments the fair sisters one by one, yet evidently holds them cheap compared to the brothers who might have renewed the contest. We conceive there are clear signs of the poem having been re-touched or concluded after he had reached Merioneth. In some stanzas he paints almost artistically his own anxious route, his feeling already the spear of the distant pursuer, and the

* The whole description is strikingly illustrated by the account in the *Agricola* of the gloomy despair among the Britons on the night when Galgacus had been defeated.

wretchedness to which he is reduced, with goatskin instead of scarlet and armour, and the acorns of the forest instead of flesh and mead. But the more general tone is one of stern satisfaction that the contest had been fought, and that his allies had not been dishonoured.

'It is well known the death of the Shepherd; he refused the price of shame; woe to whoever shall accept it. They overthrew not with impunity the cradle of Cynhelan; he recoiled not a single foot's length; his mother nourished no weakling child. I had brothers, whom God has taken from me . . . they did not acquire repute by flight. Hear it, great God; and hear it, man; hear it, life's first, life's latest, span; it is a blemish on man's beard to pardon the winged coward. Long as he exists the winged one will use his wings; he will shrink from garments that stand fast in blood, and from the blue weapons of the rapid warrior.'

The last sentence we do not guarantee, but the general idea is natural in the mouth of one who elsewhere exclaims, 'God, the Creator, why didst thou form a coward?' and who closes his poem with the lamentation that henceforward his withered frame must droop by the fire; that he can lend no aid, however soon he may hear the thundering tramp of the avenger, the host of Lemenic, who is to come. We trace also, in the despair of amendment in cowards, a faint resemblance to Horace:—

Nec vera virtus, cum semel excidit,
Curat reponi deterioribus.

From such a specimen of temper the reader will sufficiently conceive the horror with which Llywarch hears in North Wales of a certain Maenwin, who, though apparently a person of distinction, had stooped to vassalage. The verses of reproach, which contrast such conduct with what Llywarch remembers of his own prowess, are chiefly remarkable as mentioning a sort of prophetess, who appears almost a relic of the Druidical period: 'Blessed be the hag of the lonely dwelling—the hag who cried from the threshold of her cell, "O Maenwin, surrender not thy sword"! But the strongest natures suffer most in breaking. When next we distinctly hear Llywarch, it is in the voice of complaint over his old age and the loss of his sons. It is now, 'Woe to the sick who hear the happy note of the cuckoo! Ah! how noisy are the birds, how dank the valleys! though the moon shine, the midnight is cold; his spirit is disturbed with the pain of sickness.' There are numerous stanzas abounding in repetitions of this kind. We are not, however, quite so fully satisfied that these verses and a host

of gnomio maxims ascribed to Llywarch really belonged to him, as we are where light is afforded by the personal history. Proverbs and pithy sentiments may be of any age, but are more likely to be older than younger. There is no such room for doubt where the father enumerates his lost sons, and praises one for his beauty, others for their gentleness, others as sturdy defenders of their hearth; but, above all, *Gwenn*, compared with whom the others were striplings. 'Let the breakers of the sea roar as the serried lances mingle: Woe to me, my son, that I am too old to avenge thee.' Describing the grave, he adds, 'Sweet was the song of the bird on the apple-tree, over the head of my son, as we laid him under the turf. Ah! it pierced the breast of old Llywarch.' The thought recurs that his own tongue had urged his sons upon their fate, and he confesses that it would have been better for them to have been buried in peace on the bank of the Dee, among the gray and despised brothers of Llanvor. 'O Creator of heaven! too long we listened to the bull of battle, the ruler of the war, our stay in the fight, and our torch on high.*

Two comforters visit the old mourner. One, either the spirit of his mother, or the personification of his country, is suddenly introduced speaking:—

"Deck not out thy plaintive prayer; let not thy spirit be troubled, though the wind be piercing, and the wintry spring bitter."

"Rebuke me not, oh my mother (is the answer). I am thy son. Truly my fancy is little bedecked. It is in happier life that men sing; our inspiration must have triple ground"—

i. e., it must have prosperity, society, and praise. Here again is Juvenal's requirement for the poet of freedom from petty cares.

From the ideal he turns to the real. It seems to be a charitable brother of Llanvor who addresses him: 'Aged Llywarch, be not downcast; thou shalt have a quiet retreat. Dry thine eye; stay thy plaint and thy tears.' The old man replies harshly that he desires no retreat save the tomb. Urien is dead: why has death forgotten him? Again the friendly adviser persuades him from listening to the harsh tone of the raven, the bird of slaughter and gloom, and points to the tranquil home of the shrine upon the stream. Llywarch is soft-

* We here deliberately desert M. Villemarqué for Dr. Owen Pugh. The idea of Arthur's being Mithras, or the Sun, is one which we might not be justified in summarily rejecting, though we do not quite adopt it; but in any case the *Rien Nêw* seems to be a vocative.

ened, but doubts. Can he, a man of blood, and the most unrelenting dissuader of peace, join this troop of eremites? Can he even endure their ascetic fare? Tradition affirms that he ultimately did so; it even represents him as prolonging his days in peace until he reached the patriarchal age of 150, and, though his own lay describing the above dialogue ends abruptly, we share the hope of his Breton editor that to this latest period of his life may belong the gentler sentiments which he has thinly sprinkled elsewhere. '*Mercy is the first duty* (attribute?) *of God*; the duty of priests is to intercede before him. While each man slumbers, God slumbers not in helping; trust thou in Him, He will not deceive thee.'

Upon the whole, it may be doubted if old Llywarch would be considered at a meeting of the Peace Society as an edifying speaker. But we respect him as a man of action and a patriot, and we think him venerable as a bard. Our sketch has, perhaps, too much brought out his harsher features. There is great magnanimity in the general cast of his reflections; in his praise of truth, of friendship, of politeness; while perhaps there is a finer blending than could have been expected of depth with delicacy in the thought which saddens his loneliness: *it is woman that ought to bring slumber to pain*. Substituting only *old* for *young*, we bid farewell to the warrior bard in his own words: 'He was old, the son of grief; he ranked as a chieftain in the court of the greatest prince of Britain. May he see God when he is going hence!'

It would be exceedingly curious if the identical tomb of *Gwen* should have been discovered during the last year in the neighbourhood of Oswestry. Such is at least the firm belief of some respectable archaeologists. *Gwen* certainly had watched on the banks of the Morlas, and within one hundred and fifty yards of the river Morlas, a tumulus, called *Gorsedd Wen*, has been found to contain a skeleton which belonged to a man six feet seven inches in height. The name, perhaps, sufficiently corresponds, the neighbourhood is exactly what we want, and the stature suits old Llywarch's description of his stalwart son. Such an astonishing piece of confirmatory evidence perhaps never bard had before. ('*Archæologia Cambrensis*' for January, 1851.)

Yet we scarcely know that this testimony from the tomb is more striking than the strange vitality shown by the old bard and his brethren in song. After a fitful and rarely broken slumber for centuries, their voices are again heard in the midst of our

modern civilisation; their works are introduced as candidates for notice in the Paris of 1850. Of them, as of their heroes, it may be said that 'their mother nursed no weakling sons;' and we cannot but join in the tribute of acknowledgment which M. Villemarqué pays to the enthusiastic Welshman, at whose expense the whole body of remains was reprinted in 1801. A more critical edition, if not an entire translation, is now due to the world; but the first must ever be remembered to the honour of Owen Myvyr. Who can prophesy that his name may not be preserved by it as long as that of his son by the decoration of the Crystal Palace?—though the achievement of Owen Jones, with the statue of the Hunter by Gibson, formed no mean contribution from the Principality to the assembled art of all nations.

The Godódin of Aneirin has been considered, probably with justice, as the masterpiece of these elder bards. The great obscurity of the poem, its corrupted text, and its archaic style, had left critics doubtful how far they should accept the favourable verdict of the poet's countrymen; and in no part of his work are we so much indebted to M. Villemarqué, as we are here, for the fresh illustration which he has brought. If ever we hesitatingly depart from his version, the English reader will understand us merely to imply a doubt; and if any Welsh adept prefers a different construction, he may consider the point on our part as at once surrendered. The wonder is, that in so obscure a region we should be justified, as we conceive ourselves to be, in warranting the fidelity of the general impression.

It had long ago been observed that the word *Godódin* probably means the country of the Ottadina, who were the principal occupants of the region between the walls of Hadrian and Antonine, or from Newcastle and Carlisle to Edinburgh and Dunbarton. The possession of the northern rampart, guarded as it was by numerous forts, would go far to determine how effectual should be the barrier opposed by the British kingdom of Strathclyde, either to its Saxon neighbours of Bernicia and Deira, or to the lawless tribes of the North. Nothing then would be more natural than for the British chieftains of Dunbarton, Edinburgh, and Argoed to unite in league for the defence of such a bulwark; as we find them actually united at the battle of *Calldraeth*. One of the forts which guarded the old wall might be traced almost down to Camden's time at East Calder, and another at Hill Calder; while a stream, still denominated Calder, empties itself into the Clyde in the

very neighbourhood of Dunbarton. *Ecce Thybris, et Campus Martius!* This is the scene, nor is there much difficulty in fixing the precise date, of the famous battle of *Caltraeth*—for in this form the word is written in the Welsh manuscripts, as well as in the more usual form of *Cattraeth*. The heroic Owen was present at his father's last battle, though afterwards he is mysteriously lost until he re-appears to be slain in the battle of *Caltraeth*. Was he not employed in the interval in arranging the league, which the rising kingdoms of Deira and Bernicia rendered necessary; and will not this explain both his separation from his friend Llywarch and the fatal zeal of the latter in the council of Cyndhelan? A few years later we find Llywarch lamenting the death of Owen, and alluding significantly to the riotous pride of the Britons at *Caltraeth*; and it is in the year 584 that Ethelwerd's Chronicle places an expedition by two kings, of whom one at least is Saxon, and one of them is killed,* while the other takes *many cities and great spoil*. Such data seem to justify us in giving 584 as the date of this memorable battle which Aneirin sings.

The poet naturally gives his subject a name taken, as we believe, from the principal city of his own tribe, which seems almost to have suffered more than the other confederates. At the same time he looks upon the contest as one of terrible and pregnant moment—too great to have been decided without some special cause. It is the capture of a Troy in his eyes:—as a far later Triad assumes that a disaster must have come from one of 'the three mighty arrogances of the Cymry,' so Aneirin thinks such a succession of conflicts, extending throughout seven days, could not have ended thus inauspiciously—so many bodies of confederates could not have fallen—such a scanty remnant could not have returned—without some signal provocation of heaven—

Divûm inclementia, Divûm,
Has evertit opes, sternitque a culmine.

It was the haughty laughter of the confederates on their march, which laid them open to the Nemesis. It was the profuse distribution of mead along the ranks and the festal gathering of chieftains within the circle of the forts where the horses were also tethered in what was at once stable, and camp, and banquet-hall, which sent them forth to deal no longer, as of old, unerring

blows. How else could Owen, the slayer of the flame-bearer, and accustomed to mow down warriors like rushes, have failed to conquer? How could Conan, the most daring of all, have only the fierce satisfaction of hewing out his way from the route? How could Tudwal, with his triple band of supporters, have perished, if an evil destiny had not been assigned him beforehand? It was their arrogance and intoxication which was their ruin. But at least it is his duty to commemorate their misguided valour. Accordingly, in a series of lyrical strophes, each of which is complete in itself, yet each connected like rings on a string with its neighbour, he proceeds with irregular stride down the fatal tale. It is easy to see where personal attachment warms the line, distorting even the structure of the poem by introducing abruptly in the outset the brave son of Urien. Young, and already famous, his horse, his sword, his spurs, must be described; the bard will give him no reason to complain.

'Soon as thou the banquet, so soon the earth thy blood; soon as the lances were pushed forward, so soon the ravens their food. Owen, gentle friend, thy limbs perished under the raven's beak. This crowned chief with ready javelin, had the onset of the osprey in his stoop on the flood; his promise was sure pledge of his friendship; to his utmost he wrought out his design: he retreated not from the host of Ottodine for safety. Fearless, he assembled together the war, he was borne on high. Ah! neither lance nor buckler could protect him. Round his temples he wore amber in twisted chain; costly the amber, and costly the delicate wine (which as a prince he drank). He disdained the rage of the wild, who would assail Gwynedd, when the North was their portion, invading it from the counsel of Eskeran, the desolating warrior. This crowned chief, armed in war, before his strength failed, in front of the host embattled, had made five times five ranks fall before his lance. Of the men of Deira and Bernicia, terrible as they were, twenty hundred there perished in one hour. Soon as thou the banquet, so soon the wolf thy flesh; soon as thou a bier, so soon the ravens their prey; soon as the lances forward, so soon the earth thy blood; (bitter) payment for the mead quaffed in the courtyard by the chieftains. Oh, be sung for ever; be magnified, long as minstrel exists.'

The fate of a body, probably of the poet's own tribe, who had been surprised on their march, is next described. Here, for the sake of brevity, as elsewhere, we transpose slightly.

'The men who marched for Ottadine laughed haughtily. But bitter the contest, with blades intertwining; the season which they enjoyed in peace was short; the son of Bodgad uttered plaint, though sturdy of hand. They laughed

* Is *Cutha*, the name in the chronicle, a corruption—and not an extravagant one—for Domhnal the Scot, who really was slain at *Caltraeth*? Our chronological argument depends altogether on the identity of Owen.

on their march. Suddenly descended on their host a frightful onset. With little note of preparation (the foes) slew with their lances a column full of valour, a rank full of life—they rendered it mute. After the noise came utter silence. Before they could go to the village shrines to repent, the old, and the young, and the confident of hand, the unerring stroke of death pierced them through.'

We are not sure whether the body who started for Caltraeth belonged to a different division from the one first mentioned or are the survivors of the first attack who succeed in rallying—these, at least, defended themselves with vigour, though the disaster which they suffered was of incomparable magnitude. Though 'they had drunk mead—yellow, pleasant, ensnaring'—though 'their hour had been lightsome, and their minstrel joyful'—yet—

'The warriors who started for Caltraeth at dawn, fought they not in concert the fairest of battles? They hewed with their swords abundant biers, to be filled with invaders unbaptized. Better so, than marrying them for kindred. They revived their spirit amidst wounds and death in front of the army of Ottadine, when day dawned. *Is it not under pressure that the strengthening of valour excels?* With their enormous and gloomy swords reddening, they combated unceasingly and obstinately the hounds of war. Ah! household of Bernicia, would that I were your arbiter! Not a shadow of a man in life among you would I leave. For there lost I a friend insensible of fear, slain when embattled against the terrible oppressor. He returned not to ask his wife's father for her nuptial dowry, the young son of Kian, from the white-peaked rock.'

The tall Tudwal of Edinburgh had been foretold an evil destiny. Yet no chieftain came to Caltraeth with purpose more firm, or was more forward either in the banquet or the battle. The swollen tide of the sea alone made him retreat, and he survived until the seventh day. His troops are enumerated in such a way as to suggest a suspicion of the favourite number *three* being suffered to influence the arithmetic; and with him are especially mentioned, for honour's sake, three unsubdued dwellers in Deira—Kenric, Kenren, and Kenon, whom Gray has taught us to call Conan. 'Came there, of the Britons (asks the bard), a better warrior than Conan, that serpent to the sullen strangers?' There are several parts of the poem so mysterious as almost to win toleration for Mr. Herbert's idea of its being a neo-Druidical liturgy. They seem, however, to be merely lyrical outbursts, and one is clearly a vivid repetition of the cries of onset, or, in more formal phrase, of the order given to charge: 'Que tout

s'ébranle! de l'ensemble! que le chef soit percé!' says M. Villemarqué, whom we do not venture to follow into this stony place, but pass on to observe that the death of Doynal* Brech, the Gaelic auxiliary of the assailants, is thus introduced. It is pleasant to find that the exultation of the minstrel at the hostile chieftain's fall is tempered by some tribute to his valour:—

'He had been the tumult of battle; he had been fire; his lance had been *enchanted*; it was a flaming sun. He is now the food of crows, though he had once the swiftness of the eagle. The bards ever do justice to the valiant of heart.'

Only when the beautiful traitress, the British wife of Ida, is slain, Aneirin, like Virgil (if the lines are Virgil's), in the parallel case of Helen, has no relenting mood:—she had harboured the Saxon. He praises Gwenabwy for taking vengeance on the fair mischief, as well as for sowing his own land with no intention of letting it be reaped by another.

Somewhat less rugged in its tone is the mention of the son of Semno, an astronomer as well as warrior. In the latter character Aneirin appears especially to have admired and to have taken him as a model. But a more remarkable softening of the song is reserved for Caradoc and Morien, both bards, and both evidently favourites:

'Caradoc, whose renown is dear to me, achieved and warded well his fame. The caterpillar is silent (torpid) until the coming of the day of the bright starting of its knowledge. So may my friend, my minstrel partner in fame, come to the heavenly country, the home of knowledge. Caradoc, the well-loved chieftain, the singer in the furious combat, with shield of gold, a dazzler of the battle-field: a spearman, shivering his foes in morsels. With fierce and unflagging stroke of sword he defended manfully the trench until earth lay heavy on him; until his last agony he did his duty in defending his post. May he reach the admission into communion by the Trinity in Unity unbroken.'

It is in vain that Golighéd of the Ottadini has raised his voice eloquently against the reckless revel. In vain Budvan has fought, whose court was the lucrative haunt of bards. In vain the tall Ruvon has done prodigies, who gave both gold to the altar, and favour

* We follow our authorities in not changing the initial according to the Welsh laws of mutation, which anciently were not observed in writing; though it would not be a necessary inference that they were unknown in speaking. Throughout this article, having one Breton and more than one Welsh orthography before us, we may not have been quite consistent, either in preferring one to the others, or in making them all bend to our general rule of expressing Welsh sounds in English spelling.

and rewards of song to the minstrel. Only Morien and Conan have made such impression on the enemy that he offers truce. But there is a shout of opposition :—

‘Heaven be our deliverer! Heaven defend us! Let spears decide the fight. Let the might of Archluyd [Alcluyd], the glorious city, not surrender until her host is prostrate. For our towns, our soil, our city of Llenn,* for our holy court, for the defence of our rampart, let the eagle of Gwydien throw its plumage wild over its head and over the host (or, according to another reading, *on the breeze*). Does not Science defend whoever is her minister? Science, the shelter and veil of her possessor! Defend Morien, fair power of song; (make him) amidst ruin and amidst strife the chief; unsurpassed his rank, both for strength and for courage.’

The stanza ends with an imprecation on the fair traitress, which, a few lines lower, is accomplished by her death, a standard-bearer of the enemy being also slain. Valour, adds the poet, is familiar in the *Llenn*.

It does not appear, upon a thorough perusal of the poem, that the expedition at Caltraeth resulted in quite so complete an annihilation of the British forces as, from the fragments most quoted, is usually supposed. For though, as each tribe or division of his compatriots passes before the poet’s eye, he exclaims of them severally that only one in a hundred returned, the expression seems in some places capable of being restricted to the chieftains, and in others to be the exaggeration of grief. Gollighed, the temperate warrior, must clearly be added to the number of those who escaped. Probably, also, a considerable remnant of the tribe of Mynidoc (the mountain-chief?) returned home. Still less is the contest, extending over seven days, to be reduced to a mere surprise in a beleaguered glen. But the importance of the entire position of Caltraeth was so great, and the loss of their effective strength sustained by many tribes was so severe, that we cannot

* We are inclined, from a subsequent stanza, to consider *Llenn* as a local name,—and probably as designating the city of the *Leven*, a stream which falls into the Clyde at Dunbarton, and which gives name to the district of the *Levenax*, now *Lennox*. Thus Archcluyd, Tre-Ierin, and Godeu-din, would be all names for the fortified capital of Godeu (or Strathclyde), which strangers would subsequently call Dunbriton. Maen-gwen-coun may be only a poetical epithet for the same rocky citadel. Yet in other poems, if not here, there seems a mystery attached to the word *Llenn*, which means properly a veil. But in these few lines we have ventured on a more conjectural rashness than in any other passage, and can only plead, that at least previous versions are not satisfactory. In the first line each word may be disputed.

wonder at the tragic tone in which Aneirin refers to the ill-omened struggle :—

‘Often as of the battle of Caltraeth shall be spoken,
The nations shall weep; their sorrow shall be perpetual;
Their kingdom kingdomless; their darkened land,
And the sons of Godevoc, true-hearted band,
Whom the long funeral biers carried.
Gloomy was the destiny; the destiny came true.
Together they drank mead sparkling, by the light
of torches;
Together they found its taste pleasant, but its bitterness lasted long.’

Hence came the day of tribute. Until earth cover Aneirin he and Grief will be inseparable companions. Only one consolation remains in the sacred duty of celebrating those whom he terms ‘martyrs,’ and whom he conceives to have fallen rather for want of ‘fair play’ than for want of valour. Amongst them perhaps he too may obtain a place :—

‘Selgovian prince (of Solway?), may not mention be further of the fate of the singer of the gulf of the flooding wave, which befell him at the first hour of dawn? No songs were there equal to his, when thou wast familiar with renown, defending thy principality of the uplands. When thou wentest forth summoning to review the men of name, the city was of tower unsailable, for he became the tower of the city; a mountain was he to restrain the pursuer; a fortress to the host which he inspired; the banquet failed in its course where he was not. Long, long as he was a prisoner in cell, suffering the anguish of sighs, he owed the ransom of his life to this chief of warriors. Behold me, then, no longer a leader, but troubled. I take no vengeance on my oppressor; I smile not in answer to smile. Yet, with fettering ring beneath my feet, extending round my instep, though bound in extreme strait and in subterranean mansion, with chain of iron encircling my knees, even in that dark chamber, I, Aneirin, know all that Taliesin knows, my brother king of thought; even there I sing, and is not my song of Ottadine fairer than the first dawn of the morning? A hero of the north who wrought heroic deeds, gentle of breast and liberal in gifts as ever man beheld, as ever walked the earth, or ever mother bore—a chieftain bright of brow and gloomy in arms—by the strength of his sword brought me out of the gloomy dungeon of earth, flashing the light of rescue, rescuing me from the confines of death and its unblest region; even Ceneu, the son of Llywarch, daring adventurer.’

So the poet rewarded his deliverer, and so highly did he deem the reward of his song should be prized. Dare we ask posterity to ratify such a verdict? Has this old lowland Briton earned for himself, as he evidently conceived, a place among the few who win immortality for themselves, and out of their abundant store confer it upon

others? If an affirmative answer to such a question required an unalloyed approval of the mould and form in which his poem is cast, we should hesitate to give so flattering a reply. Nothing can be more strangely contorted and elaborately rugged in its ornament than the whole texture of the *Godó-din*. Having neither delicate finish nor grand simplicity, it is almost a pattern of things to be avoided. But the metal, which has been so strangely fused, appears to us to have been of the most genuine ore. In condensed pregnancy of meaning, and sharp contrast of striking images, Aneirin would take a high rank among the poets of any age; while in that subtle power of association, which seems almost to create, he perhaps surpasses any of his contemporaries. Few persons would expect of a bard living under our Cimmerian sky, in the sixth century, either the glowing tinge which Homeric legend borrowed from a Mediterranean heaven, or the sustained power of a literary age. Yet it may be remarked, that out of the three hundred and sixty-three stanzas which composed the original poem, scarcely a fifth of that number have been spared us by time. Disjointed as these relics are, variously written and doubtfully translated, we still recognize in them fragments of no mean genius. The old bard enables us to understand his age better than a hundred antiquarians. He paints the intensity of the struggle, the narrowing of such field as Roman civilization had occupied in Britain, between the aboriginal tribes lowering from the north, and the daily rolling forward of invaders from the east; thus he calls before us alike the wisdom, the faith, the love, and the hatred, which but for the incantation of his song would have slept in forgetfulness. He, who after twelve centuries can achieve such triumph, must have been true poet and true man; and though his Dorian mood may give place to more refined minstrelsy, his harp hangs for ever in the hall of story between the sword of Arthur and the buckler of Aristomenes. For the sincere veneration with which we would hang our wreath upon its strings may the more learned forgive us our imperfect knowledge of its ancient echoes.

It has often been said that Aneirin was the brother of Gildas. Mr. Herbert has anticipated us in remarking that they more probably belonged to the same bardic fraternity or guild of singers. It is to the misfortune of a technical training that the faults of Aneirin's style are chiefly due. So little authentic trace is there of a blood-relationship between the bard of Caltraeth and the

British Jeremy, that they may rather be suspected of having differed in origin by tribe, if not by kingdom. Many slight indications, which taken together become considerable, tend to connect Gildas in some way, if not with Ireland, at least with the elder tribes of Western Britain; and probably it is the passion of the clansman, as well as the rhetoric of the monk, which speaks in his fierce invective against Maelgwyn, the able and we doubt not, in one respect, the calumniated prince of Gwynedh. Possibly Gildas even belonged to an ecclesiastical colony of the church, rather earlier in arrival and distinct in jurisdiction from that represented by St. David's. With somewhat greater confidence we venture to affirm there must have been, about the close of the fifth century, a re-grafting of the old bardic art upon the Romanised stock of central Britain; there would naturally be, and we find traces of, a certain conflict between the Latin and British languages, and the sentiments which each was likely to convey. Where the indigenous scale preponderated, the result was a bard or a soldier, such as Aneirin or Llywarch; but where the ecclesiastical influence prevailed, we have the peaceful brotherhood of Llanvor, or the querulous rhetoric of Gildas. But Gildas had probably not been always a saint, as we observe Mr. Beresford Hope diligently styles him; it was either as having studied the art of native song in Ireland, or as having practised it in Western Britain, that he was inscribed among the sons of Caw with Aneirin, whose northern origin has been incidentally explained. Hence also probably his name disappeared in the genealogy, when, either in piety or in despair, he exchanged the language of his countrymen for Latin, and their sympathies for a tone of sentiment half Roman and half ecclesiastic.

In Taliesin, still more decidedly than in Gildas, we detect traces of an origin, or of an education, connected with the older or the western tribes. The later legends, which represent the future monarch of the bards as an infant foundling in a fishing-weir, place the scene of his appearance on the coast of Cardigan—and he stands in a relation, almost as polemical as that of Gildas, to Maelgwyn, the prince of North Wales. His usual title is the Bard of the West; and although a record of very questionable authenticity calls him one of the baptismal bards, his name has not without reason become a symbol of that strange bardic fusion in which relics of Druidical lore seem to be blended with Christianity. Whatever is most ancient and obscure in the fragmentary reliques of the Bards,

has been at some time or other ascribed to Taliesin. Unfortunately for those whom nothing short of dogmatical clearness can satisfy, the questioning spirit of modern criticism has made a considerable breach in the array of poems which once bore this designation. The case, as it at present stands, is very nearly parallel to that of Hesiod. Most critics have now agreed with respect to the Boeotian bard, that the works of two or three poets have reached us under a single name; nor probably would the thrifty versifier, who strung together the proverbs, known as the 'Works and Days,' have taken rank so nearly approaching that of Homer, if he had not been blended with the poet-framer of the generations of the gods. So we have one Taliesin, the Bard of Urien, whom we have already recognised as the Prince of *Rheged*—a principality contiguous apparently to the kingdom of Strathclyde.* The poems which can with certainty be attributed to the minstrel of Urien's court are few, and rugged, though striking in their kind; but it does not follow that every other poem to which the name of Taliesin can no longer with confidence be attached, is therefore the forgery of any recent date. Some few confessedly bear a much more modern stamp, and these may properly be termed spurious; still many curious poems remain, whose genuineness is a question presenting, in the several cases, varying degrees of probability, but for some of which we are inclined to claim both a high antiquity and an interest not inferior to that of any undoubted relic of the bard of Urien.†

Among the first of the classes mentioned, no poem presents more delicate touches of feeling than the *Elegy upon the death of Owen*. How the chieftain's sword had been winged, how his rapid assault came upon Ida like lightning upon the eyes of a sleeper, how no tribute had been paid during his life, and how earnestly the poet prays that his patron's soul may find succour at its need, now that his body has been laid under the sod, is the burden of plaint, chequered by reminiscence of triumph. Elsewhere we read of princes speaking *every language* being among the prisoners of Urien. Another striking specimen of this class is the confessedly genuine song on the battle of Argoed, which also commends itself to us by

the circumstance that we possess two translations of it.

'On the morning of Saturday was a great battle; a battle from the rising of the sun to its descent. The Flame-bearer hastened with four battalions to combat the Britons of Godeu' (of which Gododin was the capital), 'and of Reged. From the great forest to the mountain their forces extended; but their life lasted not throughout a single day. With fierce voice exclaimed the Flame bearer, "Will they give hostages? Are they not ready?" But Owen answered, brandishing his spear, "They will not give—they are not—they never shall be ready." Ceneu, too, son of Coel, would rage as a lion vexed, sooner than give hostages to any one. Then cried Urien, chieftain of the fertile plain, "Be gathered firm together now, my kinsmen; and let us lift up our banner above the mountain, and bear our faces against the invaders, lifting up our lances above the head of men, and seeking the Flame-bearer in his host, slay him together with his companions." Thus, from the battle of the forest of elms there fell many a corse, and the ravens reddened their beaks from the war of men: and the common people ran about hastily with the news.'

Possibly our version may have added one or two prosaic touches; but from the very nakedness of such a poem we conceive it never could have been forged by any modern imitator; nor again do we imagine that Taliesin would have stood by the side of Aneisin in bardic renown, if he had been merely the chronicler in such strain of Urien's wars. It is rather as the son of the mystic Ceridwen, the British Medea, or personified Nature, who renewed all things in her seething cauldron, and also as the blender, with Christian forms, of ideas drawn from the Druidical metempsychosis, that Taliesin passed through the admiration of his countrymen into the story of the world.*

Highly spirited is a fragment, ascribed not to Taliesin himself, but to the father of his patron Elphin, describing the incursion of the sea over a large district, supposed to have been submerged in Cardigan Bay:—

'Stand forth, Seithenyn, and behold the dwelling of men; ocean covers the plain of Gwydhnno. Accursed be the watcher (of the flood-gates), who after his drunken revelry loosened the fountain of the desolating sea. A cry from the sea arises above the ramparts; even to heaven doth it ascend. After wild excess comes long want. A cry from the sea awakens me this night. A cry from the sea

* The *Erymon* of Rhegen remains a bone of stiff contention. The precise position of the district is equally unsettled.

† Since these pages were in type we have observed that Mr. Stephens is giving a series of papers upon Taliesin in the *Archæologia Cambrensis*. Let us hope they may have the effect of supplying some clearer tests between the genuine and the spurious.

* The elegy upon Corroy, nearly of the same period, is remarkable, especially for the enigmatic style in which the grief is expressed. It is also curious as preserving the ancient form of the Welsh article, *dy for y*, a form interesting to philologists, as evidently connected with the article of the Gothic languages.

arises above the winds. After excess comes the wide-extending death.'

But did Taliesin, presenting thereby a rude parallel to the Pythagoras of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, assert in verse his own transition through different stages of existence? Did he, in a strain of Pantheism approximating to the wildest forms of that belief among the Hindús, declare that he had formerly 'fled as a deer, as a frog, as a bristly boar in a ravine, as iron in glowing fire, and as a spear-head, the cause of woe? Did he also profess to have been 'with his lord in the highest sphere?'—

'I know the names of the stars from the north to the south;
I have been on the galaxy at the throne of the distributor;
I was in Canaan when Absalom was slain,
I conveyed the Divine Spirit to the vale of Hebron.
I was at the place of the crucifixion of the merciful Son of God;
I am a wonder whose origin is not known,
I have been fostered in the land of the Deity;
I have been teacher to all intelligences,
I am able to instruct the whole universe,
I shall be until the day of doom on the face of the earth;
Then I was for nine months in the womb of the hag Ceridwen, and now I am Taliesin.'

Probably the incongruous medley of historical images, if not the philological character, of the poem from which the above lines are taken, is, as Mr. Stephens thinks, conclusive against its genuineness. Still the question recurs, Why were such singular sentiments ascribed to Taliesin? Have they no germ or root in those other very obscure poems, compared to which Klausen's *Choëphoræ* is easy, and which have been sometimes ascribed to Taliesin, and at others, with perhaps more justice, considered fragments of older tradition or ritual? To try questions of this kind, we must impanel a jury of *Cymreigyddion*, with Mr. Algernon Herbert as their judge, having full authority to admit or reject quotations as witnesses.

The 'Druidical mythology' and 'Patriarchal religion' school had certainly run into strange extravagances. They found the stones of Gilgal in every cromlech, while the oak of Mamre (which quite as probably, by the way, was a turpentine tree) had its representatives in the Druids. It is high time for such fancies to be either propounded with the modesty which befits mere conjectures, or supported by something like argument. We must also warn any believers in Mr. Vernon Harcourt's book on the theory of the Deluge, that if they really expect to find Noah's Ark a favourite subject with the Welsh Bards, their chance of success depends entirely upon the strength

of their imaginations.* A more delicate question to decide would be, how far Dr. Owen Pughe, though the most distinguished labourer of modern times in the cause of Welsh literature, suffered his political and religious peculiarities to tinge his account of the Ancient Bardism. He appears rather to have considered it as a sort of preparation for the advent of Joanna Southcote; while again Mr. Davies evidently thought himself bound in honour as a clergyman to prove that the old bards were not sound in their theology. Wherever such collateral motives can be traced, the need of caution, which the obscurity of the subject should itself suggest, is increased tenfold. Yet on the other hand, when we read fragments written in the most archaic language, of which such portion, as we can tolerably construe, runs pretty much in this strain:—

'While the dragon moves round, over the places where are the vessels of drink-offering; while the drink-offering is in the golden horns, while the golden horns are in the hand, while the hand is on the knife, while the knife is on the central victim, sincerely will I implore thee, victorious Beli, with Manhogan the king, to keep carefully the prosperity of the *honey* island of Beli'—

—when we read fragments of this kind, it appears to us quite unreasonable to think of explaining them by mere reference to the Wales of the middle ages. Nor is this judgment materially affected either by the possibility on the one hand, that the word translated *honey* may have been the name of some deity, or on the other, that Beli may have been the father of Cassibelaunus. Even in the latter case we have still a fragment of Druidical doings prior to the invasion of Cæsar; while both this fragment, and others of the kind, sufficiently fall in with what the notices of the great Roman would lead us to expect. Probably also the larger Taliesin may be considered as representing the period of transition from the true Druidical bardism to the more Christian stage found in Aneirin. We have already heard the latter comparing the human soul to a caterpillar, and calling heaven 'the home of knowledge,' phrases both Christian, and at the same time savouring of one who had been pupil in a school of metempsychosis. May not even Aneirin, in professing to know all which Taliesin knew, have meant to say, it was from deliberate conviction, rather than from

* The very unwary may also be told, that some current 'adaptations' of Welsh fragments to Hebrew letters, both make a considerable change in the letters supposed to be adapted, and produce a result very unlike any Hebrew idiom.

ignorance, that he spoke of the village shrine, and of the Trinity, instead of the mystical cauldron and the 'circle of the world?' There would then be accumulated reasons why Gildas and Aneirin, as bards, yet Christians, should be associated in the same *caw*, or privileged fraternity; while, if the devotion of the latter to a certain city of the *veil*, or Llenn, should be clearly made out, it would be to a patriotic rallying point rather than to a centre of religion.

Whatever farther light may be thrown by professed Welsh scholars upon such questions as the above, it will never, we apprehend, be disproved, that the fragments of the Taliesin or Talhaiarn school bear traces both of a sacrificial worship and of a religious belief, which, even if not a deification of nature, was something like a generalisation from natural phenomena. We apprehend the *Duw Celi*, or hidden god, so frequently spoken of, to be the mysterious spirit of life; while the shape of the Druidical circles, and possibly of the temples, is apparently made out to have represented the figure of the globe. We dare not indeed deny, what we would willingly hope, that this 'circle of the world' may have represented to the worshipper rather the universal Temple than the living Dread, who has framed it as his handiwork. But in any case some such hypothesis as the above supplies a surer standing-ground, from whence to attempt an explanation of the obscurest poems, than either Mr. Davies's notion of an 'Arkite God,' or Mr. Herbert's of an esoteric Druidism clothing itself in a Christian form.

If any key can be found to the mysterious poem, entitled the Spoils or Cattle of Hades (*Preiddeu Annwn*), it will probably be such a one as is above suggested. Yet we should scarcely attempt it in so nearly desperate a case, if the poem had not been pronounced unintelligible by some, and wrongly transferred by others to a period when its bold personifications had become localised as princes. It is also worth observing that out of the eight stanzas of which the poem consists, six contain each six lines: while only in the remaining two are there any traces of Christianity, or any palpably Latin words. By striking out all such traces we both give our eight stanzas a genuine British air, and also get them of an uniform length. We then observe that Arthur and seven companions are represented as visiting certain castles, some of which are undoubtedly designated by pure astronomical terms, while others are unfortunately unintelligible. But Arthur has long ago been suspected of having been originally the Great Bear, or the

bright star in its tail; and the term *Llywiawdwr*, or *governor*, by which alone he is described in the indisputably genuine poems of the sixth century, is the same as is subsequently applied to the only true object of worship. Remembering then how even the constant operations of nature become, with many forms of Pantheism, events which may be described in the strongest form of allegory, and how cattle are the common symbol of natural plenty, as may be seen both in the Vedic hymns, translated by Professor Hayman Wilson, and in the fable of Geryon, we cannot resist a sort of divination that a Druidical parable of the revolution of Charles's Wain, with some vaunting on the part of the reciters of their superior knowledge of nature, was intended. 'They have many sayings about the stars and their motions,' is the express testimony of Cæsar respecting the Druids; nor were any stars more likely to strike them with an impression of mysterious awe, than those which, in the *apparent* motion of the heavenly cylinder around the earth, they saw constantly maintaining their visible cycle—

Arctos, Oceani metuentes æquore tingi.

Other constellations rose and set—*thrice the fulness of the galaxy we went on the sea*, is one of the lines of the poem—but these seven '*went with Arthur in his splendid labours*,' and yet returned, so as to be constantly visible.*

As far as our hypothesis is concerned, we have no objection to concede that the lines mentioning 'Wisdom and Earnest Thought' may be a very early addition, and that the nine damsels whose breath warms the cauldron, may be certain Druidical priestesses; for we apprehend it would be quite in character, that either religious rites, or severe contemplation, should be represented as influencing even the course of the heavenly bodies. But our readers may possibly be interested by a specimen of the *Preiddeu Annwn*. We select the first, fifth, and eighth stanzas, omitting what we conceive to be additions to the original poem:—

'Complete was the prison of Gwair (Geryon?) in
the city of the Zodiac,
A heavv blue chain firmly held the youth,
And for the cattle of Hades gloomily he sings,
And until doom shall he continue his lay;
Thrice the fulness of the galaxy we went into it,
Except seven, none returned from the city of the
Zodiac.

I will not assign as a merit to the multitude the
veil of the ruler (*Llywiawdwr*),

* See Stephens's Literature of the Kymry, p. 193; or Sharon Turner's Vindication, p. 239.

Beyond the enclosure of Wydr (glass?) they beheld
 not the reach (or prowess) of Arthur;
 Three score hundreds there stood upon the wall,
 Difficult was it to converse with their watchman;
 Thrice the fulness of the galaxy, we went with
 Arthur,
 Except seven, none returned from the city of the
 solstitial (or equinoctial) colure.

Is there but one course to the wind, one to the wa-
 ter of the sea,
 Is there but one spark to the fire of unbounded raging?
 They (the multitude) know not when the twilight
 and the dawn divide,
 Nor what the course of the wind, nor who agitates it,
 In what place it dries, on what region it roars;
 I will praise the Ruler, the great supreme Lord.'

We rejoice to have the concurrence of Mr. Herbert in our opinion that the above Sibylline strain is a genuine fragment of Druidical lore. In return we will concede to him that it bears traces of esoteric teaching; while the lines which we have omitted from the last stanza imply a bitter polemical spirit against the rites of Christian worship; the very chant of *Χρίστε ἐλέησον*, or *Miserere Domine*, being (as we infer from the diversity of the rhyme) introduced as an ironical quotation. It is quite possible that such lines, especially the complaint of the holy grave vanishing from the foot of the altar, may have been added in the conflict, not between Briton and Saxon, but between Druid and Christian missionary. To the same period we should also conjecturally assign a most perplexing little fragment, in which Hercules is called 'head of baptism,' and the elementary world is said to have been changed at his coming, like night into day. This however has been otherwise explained. But we conceive that the greater portion of the *Preiddeu Annwn*, as well as some others, like the sacrificed fragment quoted above, may have been chanted in good earnest among the primeval masses of Avebury or Stonehenge.

It is here that our serious difference with Mr. Herbert commences. In proportion as we find genuine fragments of an old British ritual remaining, it becomes more credible that such massive structures as Stonehenge may have been the temples for its formal celebration. Such, indeed, is the theory, which was once pretty generally assumed; but whether it will maintain its ground against the objections of almost every possible kind which have more recently been raised against it, involves a question as difficult as it is interesting. There are persons who maintain with Mr. Rickman, that the workmanship shown in the architraves which crown the upright columnar masses at Stonehenge, could not have been effected with tools of bronze, but attests the use of iron; and they conceive

iron to have been only introduced into Britain at a period not long anterior to the invasion by Cæsar. The difficulty of raising the architraves into their position, as well as of fixing upright a solid mass of stone some twenty-two feet in height, is an objection of the same kind, when applied to so scanty a civilisation as the earlier Britons are assumed to have possessed. But Mr. Algon Herbert goes much farther, and not only alleges arguments against any high antiquity, but believes that he has discovered reasons for fixing positively the erection of this temple of Salisbury Plain in the earlier part of the fifth century after Christ. Nor can we refuse him the acknowledgment, that of all theories which not merely affix the epithets ancient or modern, but assign a positive date for the erection, the one thus introduced is both the most lucid in its conception, and, on the whole, the best supported by solid learning. It would be very remarkable if the same writer, who, in his notes to the Irish Nennius, has settled the question of the Picts with more precision than had previously been done,* should now have effected a like service for the most singular monument of antiquity in our island.

Mr. Herbert labours under none of that confusion with which the testimony of the most ancient bards, and the stories either of monkish origin or of mediæval romance, are by some antiquarians blended together. He sees clearly that the true Bardic school was one distinct and unique, being in pedigree the descendant of the Druidical priesthood, and in spirit opposed to even the more primitive monasticism, while it knows little of the later but still very interesting romances, for which it barely itself supplies the germs. Nor is it a slight benefit to genuine archaeology to have suspicious quotations taken to book, crude assumptions tested, and theories of apparently long descent made to give an account of their nativity and produce their passports. Such an iconoclast as Mr. Herbert, the take-for-granted school of antiquarians have not had among them for many a day. He handles them somewhat in the style of Gibbon dealing with the confused authorities for the later Roman empire. Yet one service he has done the Welsh section of them, which probably he did not intend. He has shown that as much misplaced fer-

* By giving reasons for believing that the word Picts was introduced by the later Roman writers to comprehend both the ruder Caledonian Britons and the Scottish or Gaelic tribes: an use of which traces are also clearly found in Welsh literature. The Picti Calidones were probably Britons, whose skin was stained or stigmatised; while the Picti Vecturiones seem rather to have been 'transmarine' Gael, that is, Irish.

vour and unnecessary ascription of motives may be adopted by an English gentleman, in writing on a subject apparently most remote from the need of partizanship, as Fluellen himself could desire. It is not enough for the writer to expose a blunder or a sanguine guess, unless he also trace it to 'dissimulation.' Chroniclers and bards, who have slept for centuries, and whose very names would alarm our readers, with antiquarians already fast on their way to the land where they will become in turn only objects of research to a few kindred explorers, are severally summoned before this relentless judge, to receive the penalty of dissemblers. We should have thought it amply sufficient to make some allowance for an ethnological bias, and a pretty large one for ignorance on the part of persons who, in many cases, knew little of any language except their own; and we can suspect some of the theories, and reject many of the etymologies of Owen Pughe, without in the slightest degree impugning his good faith.

But Mr. Herbert's arguments are sufficiently considerable to deserve as thorough a statement as the limits of reasonable compression will allow. After dismissing summarily some conjectures, such as that of Phœnician influence, he examines at greater length the passages of ancient authors which represent a people happy and pious, in some remote region to the north of Greece, and which in one famous instance ascribe to that people a circular temple, dedicated to the sun, in an island beyond Gaul. Some of the authorities, on which our accounts of this Hyperborean people rest, Mr. Herbert considers *vile*; and the position of the temple spoken of, is not only, he conceives, too vague to be understood of Stonehenge, but belongs rather to some Grecian colony among the Scythians, near the sea of Azoph. At least, he so mixes his criticism of Herodotus and Diodorus, as to imply that he draws this conclusion respecting both.

The sacrifice of asses is one which he imagines could only have been practised by a people who had migrated from some southern climate—that useful animal being supposed not to have been indigenous so far north as Gaul. But he more decidedly pronounces, from the comparative ignorance of Britain among the Greeks, and from our own more abundant knowledge of Greece, that the whole notion of intercourse between the Druids and any Hellenic priesthood 'is too absurd to find credit with any one that has any acquaintance with history.'

Nor, again, is the general silence respect-

ing our megalithic structures among Roman describers of Britain an argument without weight. Would a people so observant as the Romans have overlooked an enormous temple such as Avebury, standing within a few yards of their own road to Bath? Could they have thought glass toys and the feeding of poultry things worth mentioning, yet not have dropped the faintest hint of buildings which, though not as highly refined, are almost as remarkable as anything of their own? It should also be noticed that buildings of this especial kind, scarcely *constructed* so much as consisting of masses, each of which does duty as a column, are not scattered over Gaul. They are not found near Rheims, where was the ancient sanctuary of the Carnutes, but only near the coast, where a people arriving by sea might rear them, and chiefly in Brittany, where the supposition is obvious of their probable connexion with this island.

But still more remarkable is the assertion of the 'British Chronicle,' (which is supposed to have been written by Tysilio early in the eighth century,) to the effect that the Giant's Circle of Caer Caradawc was erected as a monument to the Britons slain by Hengist. For whatever doubts may have been thrown upon the fact of the slaughter alluded to (though Mr. Herbert believes in its reality), such a statement at least fixes a date for the building, and fixes it at a time when Roman education would qualify the natives for such architecture. It is true that the testimony of the original Chronicle is subject to the trifling drawback, that it represents the circle as brought bodily by the magic of Merlin from Ireland; but Mr. Herbert adopts only that portion of the story which is physically possible, and which also suits his theory. If, then, it be asked, was the stupendous circle in question really a mere sepulchral monument, or for what purpose was it reared?—Mr. Herbert suggests an answer, which is perhaps the most curious, certainly the most elaborate, portion of his book.

He finds in Gildas a highly rhetorical passage, which complains of luxury and vice having grown up with the prosperity which ensued, when the devastations of the northern clans, after the departure of the Romans, had been checked. Nor did the evil end here, but was accompanied, according to the querulous monk who records it, by 'a hatred of truth and love of falsehood, the desire of darkness instead of the sun, the reception of Satan for an angel of light. Kings were anointed, not by God, but by those who were more cruel than others; and soon after slain by the anointers, not upon

an inquiry of the truth, others yet fiercer being elected.' When all this invective is read by the light which may be thrown upon it from a vast number of bardic allusions, pregnant with some mystery of a religious kind, it is supposed to denote the rise of a neo-Druidical religion, or of a form of faith which afforded a rallying-point to patriots by its esoteric adherence to the ancestral creed, while externally it assumed the symbols of Christianity, which was daily extending. It is impossible, within our limits, to give an adequate impression of the ingenuity with which this strange theory is developed; how the College of Druids returned from Ireland; how Bridget, a sort of Irish heathen saint, was made at one time to rival, and at another to personate, the Blessed Virgin; how St. Germanus, if not St. Columba, may be suspected of being an accomplice in this coquetting of patriotism with heathendom; more especially (and here we agree with Mr. Herbert) how Pelagius, or his doctrine, is represented in a Welsh chronicle by a certain Morien (or Morgen) 'the most learned bard in the world, who denied baptism and the sacrifice of the body of Christ, and deluded the Britons so that they became unbaptized Jews.*' The curious medley of doctrine thus formed would resemble some of the more perverse forms of Gnosticism, such as those in which the rites of Mithras were forced into unnatural combination with Christianity. It would naturally affect mystery, and speak in parable, as is the case with the bards; and if embodied in architecture, it would assume fantastic and gloomy forms, such as we observe on Salisbury Plain. Yet such a spirit might find palliation for its extravagances in the imperfect knowledge of Christianity which the non-Romanized Britons must have possessed. It may have supplied a link which could alone hold together the elements of defence in a kingdom assailed; and, if judged by the wisdom of this world, it might seem for a moment justified by the resolute struggle which preserved the traces of ancient civilization longer in Britain than in any other province of the empire, from being trodden down by the fierce invaders from the north.

Stonehenge then, according to the theory which we are expounding, was the central point of the British Kingdom, whose resistance to the Saxon is symbolised by King Arthur. Its vast pillars, hallowed by their situation in an ancient cemetery of the *dead*, may also have been lifted, or graven with the

aid of all the resources of Roman science. It was *Nawdd*, the sanctuary, and *Dinas*, the city, and *Cor*, the great circle. Of its rites Aneurin sings, and to its esoteric worship many a bardic allusion points. In such a place, Eidiol, or Eldol, the Samor of Milman's poem, appears to have been the high priest, and he might naturally propose to give Hengist a meeting. Possibly even, suggests Mr. Herbert, with a bold enough extension of the limits of conjecture, this Archdruid may have intended Hengist to be a sacrifice, but the Saxon chieftain both forestalled his device, and anticipated the policy of Ethelred towards the Danes. Hence Mr. Herbert seriously thinks *Stonehenge* means *Hengist's stone*; which is, after all, not more improbable than the derivation of Hanging Stones.* Both this structure, and others of the kind, were in general, he conceives, a kind of substitutes for the old Druidical groves; temples, in the strict sense of the word, being not with any great certainty ascribable to the eldest Druids. Hence the lines ascribed to Merdhin, which are enthusiastic in praise of certain apple-groves, have a covert allusion to the rock-lined avenues, which appear at Avebury to have been adapted for processions, and which probably took the place of the forests of elder time. We can also readily understand how the 'Reliquiæ Danaum' who migrated into Brittany would carry into that province their peculiar attribute of megalithic temples, such as are found at Carnac. Many things equally ingenious may be read in the 'Cyclops Christianus'—a book, of which our readers will now discover that the title implies an attempt to prove the builders of Stonehenge to have been a peculiar species of Christians.

Such a theory both explains so many difficulties and shows such a far profounder appreciation of the real phenomena of the fifth century in Britain, than writers on the subject generally possess, that we scarcely know how to withhold from it our assent. Our readers must have detected in our analysis of it a sort of veneration for its several links. The absence of mention by the Romans, the difficulties of a physical kind, the requirement of a creed, or moral spirit, sufficiently appropriate, and lastly, the existence of such structures only in countries inhabited by post-Roman Britons, would all be satisfactorily met, and many most obscure passages in Welsh Literature would receive an interesting explanation. It is

* This passage is here copied from Mr. Herbert; but we are able from memory to verify it as occurring substantially in the *Iolo MSS.*

* We conceive that *henge* is a mere termination of the genitive or adjective kind, such as Mr. Kemble has given a list of in one of his papers for the Philological Society.

therefore not without disappointment, that so far as we are able to test the principal arguments adduced by Mr. Herbert, we find them, one after another, crumble at the touch.

The mere negative inference drawn from the silence of Roman writers would be of far greater weight if the columns of Stonehenge had fallen under the eye of Cæsar in Kent, while every object, in a country for the first time visited, had the zest of novelty. But the probability that ordinary Roman writers (even if we possessed the whole array of them) would go out of their way to describe a temple in an obscure province, is not in reality so overwhelming. It may be measured, at least, by the amount of attention which the Romans gave to analogous objects elsewhere. In Italy itself, at Arpino, and at the neighbouring city of Alatri are some of the most astonishing specimens of old Pelasgic walls which have survived to our own time. If there is any Latin author, with some portion of whose works every one is familiar, it is Cicero. He was born at Arpinum, and describes his property there; yet our memory does not recall any mention of the remarkable monuments of antiquity which his birthplace could boast. Again, if we take the still more extraordinary instance of Pæstum, how scanty are the notices preserved to us of its stupendous temples! The truth is, although the refined, and perhaps morbid, mind of Germanicus might rejoice in unrolling the storied treasures of Egypt, the Romans in general had other business to do than playing at antiquarians. If their taste had lain in that direction they would not have suffered the grand civilization of Etruria to become, under their very eyes, an embarrassing mystery; nor would the Assyrian discoveries, which we are all watching so intently, require now to be made for the first time.

But it is the positive side of Mr. Herbert's argument which is the most important, and which also the most utterly breaks down. On turning to our Gildas we find that his invectives turn upon the open profligacy of the people, upon vices known, as he declares, to other nations, and become a subject of general reproach. The whole homily may be understood with as much deduction as is required by the comparisons, with which it is garnished, of the princes addressed, to lions and dragons; but it is abundantly clear such a strain was never pointed against anything esoteric. The anointers, whom he speaks of, are probably the several chieftains electing their general, or Pendragon, in war. In the question before us, therefore, Gildas goes for nothing.

Nor again can any character of secrecy

be well supposed of the conflict in respect of creeds, by which it is rather apparent that the fifth and sixth centuries were distracted. There was a clash, and occasionally a mixture; but probably the Ecclesiastical historian would hesitate to affirm that the latter was carried farther in Britain than it was by such men as Synesius elsewhere. The orthodoxy of St. Columba may be considered proved by the polemical relation which he traditionally occupied towards the Bards; and, without wishing to enter the lists for all the saints of the mediæval calendar, we could produce authority for saying that St. Germanus was sound upon the fundamental doctrine of Christianity. Probably also the characteristics of Pelagianism may be sufficiently explained without having recourse to bardic lore; though, if the Welsh notice of *Morien* could be proved ancient, it might serve as a portrait for the 'sea-born' father of those who vainly talk.

There is considerably greater difficulty in answering the assertion that the bards generally refer in dark parables to Stonehenge as to a mysterious centre of religion and of polity; nor do we profess such qualifications as would alone justify any one in dogmatizing on this branch of the subject. It appears, however, to us that all the supposed allusions resolve themselves into one or other of the following classes. Either they are pure specimens of Heathenism; or, else they express undisguised opposition to Christianity; or, in many cases, the genuineness and the meaning of the poem are alternately doubtful; or lastly, the allusion is altogether imaginary. The persons who invoked 'victorious Beli, with their hand on the knife, and the knife on the central victim,' did not ape Christianity, for they had probably never heard of it. The bard who wrote, or as we believe made additions to, the 'Cattle of the Deep,' had nothing esoteric in his manifest hostility to the Christian choir. The 'little pigs' and the 'apple-trees' represented as typifying the neo-Druidical College and its avenues of stones, may mean anything, or the poems may (as Mr. Stephens conceives) be a play of fancy in a later century. But upon the relics of Llywarch and Aneirin we take our stand with some confidence, and must utterly deny, or dissemble, having found in them anything intelligible which would bear out Mr. Herbert's theory. His derivation of the word 'Gododin' is quite indefensible; and instead of explaining Aneirin by the massacre of Hengist, we had rather account for the story of the massacre by resolving it into some distorted legend about the mead mingled with blood at Caldtraeth. Again,

as regards the chasm which required to be bridged between Llywarch and his Christian entertainers at Llanvor, the warrior-bard might have felt, in the day of his strength, that, if the 'isle of the mighty' was to remain free, its soil must be covered by camps rather than by monasteries; the times wanted the sword rather than the staff; he may have seen forecasts of the weak resignation of his crown by Cadwaladr—but the absence of sympathy between the soldier and the eremite is very different from either conflict or compromise between Druid and Bishop. Those poems, again, which are manifestly pointed in the Protestant sense against Rome, 'Woe to him that keepeth not his sheep from the Roman wolves,' however wholesome their doctrine might be for these times, are evidently of no high antiquity.

But there still remains, it may be said, the positive testimony of the British Chronicle. Does Mr. Herbert seriously propose to let this witness be cross-examined? If he will have the testimony to the erection of Stonehenge at a particular time, he must also take the battle in Ireland, the magic of Merlin, the transference of the columnar stones, and their erection on the site of Hengist's massacre. The practice of adopting only what we want out of any narrative is always open to exception; but, were we ourselves to venture upon such a practice in this case, we should suggest that the whole legend meant nothing more than that a certain connexion existed between the temples of Wiltshire and the cognate buildings and rites of the more primitive West. For some such reason there can be little doubt that Ireland was called by Himilcar the sacred isle; just such was the relation which Britain in turn occupied to Gaul. It seems frequently to be a characteristic of ancient and decaying faiths, accompanied by a certain solemnity of rite, that they take refuge in islands, or on sea-coasts—a custom which may be observed in cases where no theory of a diffusion and approach by sea will conveniently apply. Ceylon, Elephanta, Salsette, Samothrace, the sacred islands in the Loire, and perhaps the many St. Michael's Mounts, exemplify this natural tendency. It is partly on the same principle, and partly from uninterrupted affinity of race, that buildings most nearly corresponding to Stonehenge and Avebury are found in Brittany. If Mr. Herbert had noticed how early the Belgic tribes thrust themselves forward into Armorica, he would not have thought the re-migration from our island, whether real or imaginary, requisite to ex-

plain the kindred structures of the Veneti on either side of the Channel.

Even apart from considerations of race, there are often local circumstances which tend to explain the preservation of monuments of this kind. We find them chiefly in remoter provinces, or in situations where land is of comparatively little value, and the process of clearing has been less complete. The hard bowels of an Essex farmer would have felt no compunction at the experiment of turning Stonehenge either into lime or into water-troughs. The seclusion of Salisbury Plain was a protection. Yet it is very remarkable that such an assemblage of massive remains, as exists in Wiltshire, should be found in a county which both abounds in Belgic ditches and, with the exception perhaps of Monmouth and Hereford, retains a larger number of British names than any other in England. Not merely natural objects, as in the Avon and the Britford, but even towns, as in the striking grounds of *Lidiarts*, still bear the names given by the elder race. Perhaps this circumstance has not been taken sufficiently into account. Still less, again, has Mr. Herbert fully appreciated the conclusion, so fatal to the main portion of his theory, which may be drawn from the existence of Avebury. Within about thirty-five miles of each other we have two masses of gigantic fragments; both so like as to imply a cognate origin, yet both on so large a scale as scarcely to have been needed simultaneously, and one bearing signs of art so much more advanced than the other, that either a long period or a decided change must have intervened between the erection of the two. Starting, then, from the premise that Stonehenge existed during Roman occupation, or soon after it, we may safely infer that Avebury existed before Roman foot trod our island.* But the same genius evidently presided over both. One is a continuation, or an aggrandisement, of the other. No unbiassed eye will gaze on either and assimilate it to the grace of any Hellenic order, or to the sumptuous pomp of Roman architecture. The affinity of conception is rather with the massive cromlech, the solitary *Maen-hir*, the mystic circles of Ireland, and the *structæ diris altaribus aræ* which (we thank Mr. Herbert for reminding us) Lucan attributes to the Druids of the south

* Mr. Rickman's arguments to the contrary, from a supposed resemblance to an amphitheatre, and from a mistaken notion of correspondence between the measurements and those of a Roman mile, have been refuted by the more accurate inspection of Mr. Edwin Guest.

of France. As far as Avebury is concerned, we must certainly throw its origin back into a dim and unfathomed antiquity. Nor is there any rashness in the suggestion that such a ruin, and the eldest fragments of Welsh literature, may illustrate each other. The rampart, with its fosse on the inside, not intended therefore as an external defence, may have been the wall on which threescore hundred, or threescore singers* watched, while possibly the inner rites of the temple may have made it serve some of the purposes of an orrery. If, at least, any certain explanation of Stonehenge is ever to be arrived at, it can only be by making out such an analogy of the several columns to the positions of bodies in the zodiac as may serve to prove itself. In the mean time we may listen with equal deference to those who tell us of chanting or of sacrificing. Nor, again, is there any absolute reason why the idea of a court of justice should not divide the honours with that of a temple. To ourselves it has appeared not impossible that the smaller rows of stone pillars, like chancel rails, may be the *caer wydr* of the poem; and it is tolerably certain that Stonehenge and Avebury denote different periods in a system essentially the same. Whether that system was properly Druidical may still be questioned, but all probability would incline us to answer in the affirmative.—Have we, then, any clue to such a decisive change of manners or of occupation as might fix the transition from one stage to the other?—The authorities on which the theory of a neo-Druidical system is built have broken down; and although the period of Roman rule supplies in great measure what we want, the difficulty of our having no authentic account of Stonehenge applies far more strongly to any structure of so recent a date than to one of higher antiquity. The silence then becomes significant; for if such a thing had been built under the Romans, we should have heard of its building. The whole genius and nature of the fabric seem almost equally conclusive against any later date.

The same writer who, in a recent number of the *Archæological Magazine*, pointed out some of Mr. Rickman's mistakes, suggested that the extension of the Belgic province, which took place perhaps a century and a half before the Christian era, would naturally lead to the erection of a new temple, and that the period is one embracing all the requisites for a probable theory. This idea well deserves attention. For Stonehenge is in the middle of the Belgic province, as the

'locus consecratus' was in the middle of Gaul; it was called *Nawdd* (sanctuary) by the British, as the region of the Car-nutes, it is suggested, may have been *Caer-nawdd*. If the workmanship of the triliths is rightly pronounced too good for the bronze tools of the earlier Britons (though we suspect this may be a hasty conclusion), it is known that iron in the time of Divitiacus was familiarly used, and there had been at least sufficient contact with both Greeks and Romans to procure all the mechanical skill required. If we are to admit provisionally the assumption as to the need of iron tools, which is the greatest reason for bringing the date of Stonehenge so low, one condition only is wanting to our acceptance, until some farther light is thrown upon the subject, of this theory of Mr. Guest's. It must be allowed on grounds of general probability that the elder temple of Avebury belonged to the elder tribes of Western Britain, whom the intrusive Cymry, or Belgæ, partially displaced. Almost every circumstance we can trace, of politics, religion, and social advancement, is met upon some such supposition as the above.

It is not without a sentiment approaching to regret that we find ourselves taking from Stonehenge something of its mysterious interest, by assigning to it so near an approach to a definite and comparatively modern date. It is quite possible, and we are already inclined to augur, that the whole theory of a period in which iron was used, succeeding one of bronze, may hereafter be voted a piece of unwarranted ingenuity; but—in the present state of belief on this subject among archæologists—the remarkable correspondence in time between the consolidation of the Cimbric province, in the centre of which Stonehenge stands, and the probable extension of the use of iron tools, supposed to be necessary for the building, leave us scarcely an escape from the conclusion that the date of Stonehenge is about the second century before the Christian era.*

If, then, we are still to believe in the survival to our own day of any structure which may have witnessed the tremendous rites of the elder Druids, our imagination must transfer the site to Avebury. From this spot, indeed, for reasons already glanced at, we are disposed to warn off Mr. Herbert emphatically. He may indeed be right in rejecting the arbitrary assumptions about serpent worship; and the more obvious pro-

* The Welsh cognates of *can-ere* and *cen-tum* are not always distinguishable in composition.

* We should be glad to learn from any architect, after due examination, whether the *triliths*, with their architraves, betray symptoms of having been superadded to a ruder work of the Avebury style.

babilities are in favour of the idea that the sinuous avenues of massive stones were intended merely for processions. But such an interpretation of these fragmentary records is so far from diminishing the interest attached to them, that it gives a more astonishing impression of the magnitude of the scale which must have characterised the system. That on Silbury Hill, at a distance of more than a mile from the principal temple, stood the fort or citadel of the *Dinas*, connected in some way with the circles or temples, is clear to any one who, on the spot, endeavours with sober intelligence to reconstruct the whole from its fragments. To call Silbury a *barrow* is almost as strange a misnomer as it would be of Denbigh or of Stirling. The excavations of the Archaeological Institute have shown the interior of its soil not to differ essentially from that of the neighbouring downs, of which it was probably a jutting-out prominence, and commanding, as it did, the vale of the Kennett, it would naturally be fortified, which both the trench and the clear signs of escarpment still remaining prove to have been the case. Though the Roman road from Marlborough to Bath would in a geometrical line run south of the hill, we cannot doubt that, if the fortress upon it had not been already dismantled by the Belgæ, it would be so by the Romans. Yet it is quite conceivable that the latter would pay little attention to the rude though colossal masses, disposed in circles, which lay somewhat to the north, and which had already been supplanted, we must conclude, by the kindred but rival establishment of Stonehenge.

Perhaps even the boldest speculations of men of genius are seldom utterly wrong. The strange conjecture of Inigo Jones, about a temple open to the sky in honour of Jupiter Cœlus, may have been in this sense correct, that in such circles, *nudoque sub ætheris axe*, were worshipped, and perhaps represented, the elementary powers of nature. It requires scarcely a step to consider such a temple as sacred to Apollo, the god of day. Nor does it appear, after all, that there is any absurdity in supposing some such megalithic structures in Britain to have originated the floating legends which passed from mouth to mouth at a period earlier than Herodotus, and for a century later, of a certain northern people, who dwelt happily, and were worshippers of Apollo. For the island in which Hecateus placed his happy dwellers beyond the north wind is described as 'beyond *Celtica*,' which, with deference to Mr. Herbert, we think it no breach of faith to translate Gaul. That is nearly the situation we want. The same people had 'a

magnificent grove.' So far the Druids correspond. They had also a round temple: this might serve as a description of either Avebury or Stonehenge. Again, they had 'a certain peculiar dialect';—let any modern Greek pronounce whether the Welsh language would not to his ear sufficiently bear out this description. At the same time, they had 'offerings with Greek letters';—and *they use Greek letters* are Cæsar's words of the Druids. But they even understood the astronomical cycle introduced at Athens by Meton: strange as this may at first sound, when applied to the supposed barbarism of our ancestors, perhaps the *multa de siderum motu* may be held to indicate that it is not really inapplicable. There are other points of correspondence. The island, for example, is compared in point of size to Sicily—a comparison which, if intended of Britain, would be sufficiently accurate for Greek legend, though not nearly so appropriate as what is also said of climate. For it was the singular felicity of the Hyperboreans that they lived sufficiently far north to be beyond the cradle of the north wind; their island was mild; so our physical geographers still remark that our climate is, from oceanic causes, far more temperate than that of the continent in the same latitude. So many points of correspondence ought to have been considered with more respect. The sacrifice of asses may have been either a local peculiarity or a Greek misconception.

Possibly the extravagance of some Celtic antiquarians may have provoked their censors to deny even their most legitimate inferences. At any rate, there is no great weight in the arguments by which Mr. Herbert impugns the propriety of applying the language of Hecateus to ancient Britain. He thinks the Hyperboreans should be more to the north-east, because, among other reasons, Pindar placed them at the fountains of the Danube; he forgets, therefore, that Herodotus, whose geography would be quite as accurate as Pindar's, made the Danube rise about the city of *Pyrene*, or to the extreme south-west of the *Celtica*, which we have to take into calculation. There is indeed no doubt that the geography of stories of this kind might waver and vary almost indefinitely, according to the fancy of the speaker; yet it does not follow that there was no reality, from which the shadow may have been magnified or distorted as it floated along. The objection which seems most to have been felt, is the difficulty of supposing a communication between Greece and Britain such as was said to have taken place with the Hyperboreans. Probably,

however, such hesitation only arises from our forgetting how ancient was the intercourse to which the hereditary traditions collected by Herodotus go back. It was not with the sausage-eating Demus of Aristophanes that the island priesthood exchanged gifts and oblations, but with the venerable fraternities who had presided over the rites which even in their decay struck the childhood of Æschylus with awe—with the eldest Delos, with Samothrace, and with Dodona. Is there anything in the history of the Church of Rome, for example, which should make it a thing incredible for a priesthood, confessedly possessing ramifications throughout Gaul and Britain, to communicate with kindred bodies in Greece? It is a matter of undoubted history that as late as the time of Strabo some affinity was recognized between the religious rites of Samothrace and of Britain.* We are astonished that so thorough a scholar as Mr. Herbert should permit himself to sneer at a belief which, if it rest upon insufficient evidence, is at least in the direction to which such testimonies as we possess uniformly tend. We indulge in no mere dreams of what has been fancifully termed a 'patriarchal civilization;' but we have no less a shield than the authority of Niebuhr before us in venturing to assert that there was a Pelasgic period, which in the time of Thucydides belonged rather to the antiquarian than to the historian. It is difficult to understand how scholars should expect, or why they should desire, to stifle the belief, which is daily gaining ground, in a career of civilization extending somewhat longer backward than has been usually written. All that we know of Egypt, and all that the wise suspect of India, point in the same direction. Without straining unduly the scanty relics we possess of information as to the early state of Britain, we cannot doubt that there were Silburys and Aveburys, which bore the same kind of analogy to Argos and Dodona as the British Channel does to the Mediterranean. It is even possible we may ourselves in this paper have deferred too much to prevalent theories on the use of metals, in surrendering Stonehenge. In one of the Essays, placed third at the head of this article, the writer argues that the plough, the harrow, the water-mill, the glass blow-pipe, the chariot, the mixture of soils, the use of

yeast, and the scarlet dye of the holm-oak, were as much the property of the Briton as of the Roman. Such arts alone imply sufficient skill, if accompanied by a prodigal command of labour, to raise large masses, and to leave tokens, quite as highly finished as Stonehenge exhibits, of the graver's skill. It is rather to be regretted that the essayist has not appended his authorities; but we can trace a sufficient number of them to bear out his theory of a respectable insular civilization.

How far that civilization was sacerdotal, and how far popular—and whether purely indigenous or a mere graft from some immigrant caste—are questions for more profound or more sanguine inquirers. Neither have we the slightest wish to over-rate them. No sermon has ever impressed us more vividly than the contrast which it was our fortune to enjoy, in seeing, within two consecutive days, Stonehenge and the Crystal Palace. What a stride from Hengist and Eldol to Paxton and Owen Jones! Notwithstanding that the massive character of the stones leaves an impression of awe while the spectator is within the circle, yet, from the vastness of the surrounding plain, as soon as he gazes at them from without, they assume a dwarfish and unholy aspect, savouring, as it were, of *canny Elshie*. They neither climb to heaven, nor exhibit that power of combination and arrangement of parts which attest the ordered and disciplined intellect. Hence, it was with a sensation of relief that we soon saw Salisbury spire rising in the distance; and in less than four-and-twenty hours, after hearing in that glorious cathedral some portion of a ritual more holy than ever rolled through the misshapen columns of Stonehenge, we stood in the world's temple of concord at London. It was a change almost from a sepulchre to a palace—a vivid exemplification, as we conceived, of the onward march of human destiny under no less than the highest wisdom, and a memento to help forward the time when the nations shall learn war no more.

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- ART. II.—1. *Le Tre Costituzioni delle Isole Ionie*. Corfù. 1849.
 2. *The Ionian Islands under British Protection*. London. 1851.
 3. *The Patris*. Corfù. 1849–51.
 4. *Parliamentary Papers relating to the Ionian Islands*, 1810–1852.

Our elderly readers may possibly remem

* Was it not probably an Avebury in ruins which Strabo describes in a field near Marseilles? It was a circle, he says, of enormous stones in a grassy plain, ascribed by some to physical convulsions, and, as early as the time of Æschylus, connected mythically with the story of Hercules and Geryon.—*B. IV.*, pp. 251-2. ed. Falconer.

ber that nearly thirty years ago we made an endeavour (*Q. R.*, vol. xxix.) to explain and defend the policy pursued with regard to the Ionian Islands by the ministry of Lord Liverpool, and by Sir Thomas Maitland, the first British Lord High Commissioner. That cycle of destiny which occasionally brings events round again to the same point from which they started, has laid a duty upon us in 1852 similar to that which we discharged to the best of our abilities in 1823. We have now to set forth the unhappy consequences of a precipitate change of system in 1849. The questions at this moment demanding a practical decision are of unusual interest and complexity. In this region, however, the same game, or nearly so, has been played over again so repeatedly, and in such very distant ages, that even had the inquiry no practical bearing, it would still be worth while, as a mere matter of historical curiosity, to point out the manner in which a like combination of events has recurred.

Of the seven Ionian Islands it may be safely asserted, without prejudice to the mythical fame of Ithaca, that Corcyra, or Corfu, is the one which in all ages has played the most important part. It cannot, however, be said to occupy a peculiarly honourable place in the records of any age. The seditions of Corcyra have become a by-word among the readers of ancient history; and, unfortunately, both in that and in the sister isles, the tendency thereto does not seem to have abated during the lapse of twenty-three centuries. Three times, at very wide intervals, has this Island found it necessary to abnegate, more or less completely, a political independence of which it was incapable, and to place itself under the sovereignty or protection of the power which in each of those respective ages was mistress of the seas. Corcyra was constrained to seek safety from the results of her selfish policy abroad and her internal factions, by throwing herself into the arms of imperial Athens; again, while the drama of old Greece was being reacted in mediæval Italy, the same Island was driven to find protection against itself beneath the banner of Venice; again, in these latter times, the mad democracy of the Septinsular republic was gladly exchanged by the Ionians themselves for the iron rule of Russia and France in succession—and finally, for the firm but gentle protectorate of remote Britain.

It was in A.D. 1386 that Corfu placed herself under the sovereignty of Venice; and the remaining islands of the Ionian Sea successively fell during the next two centuries into what we may fairly call the most de-

plorable of all political conditions, that, namely, of the subjects of a distant republic. Strange to say, however, there has been formed a small knot of disaffected Ionians, who, in spite of the sad records and traditions of those miserable times which are so rife in their country, still affect to sigh for the days of Venetian bondage. This curious fact appears from the memorial against Sir Howard Douglas addressed in 1839 to Lord John Russell (then Colonial Minister) by Chevalier Mustoxidi—a document which for the most part does little more than reproduce the objections urged in 1819, with greater show of plausibility, by Count John Capodistria, against the policy of Sir Thomas Maitland—but fully answered by that officer himself in the following year.* M. Mustoxidi ventures on the assertion that, 'far from being treated as colonies, the Ionians were the equals of all the other subjects of the Republic.' Any one at all acquainted with Venetian history knows well that the eastern provinces were always sacrificed to those in Italy, and that the real state of the Greek islands under Venetian sway was one of the grossest tyranny. In each island the executive was composed entirely of natives of Venice, presided over by needy *proveditori*, sent to enrich themselves, after the old Roman and the modern Turkish fashion, upon the spoils of the provinces. These officials never swerved from the maxims of government laid down by Fra Paolo Sarpi, and which are thus epitomized by Daru,—

'Dans les colonies se souvenir qu'il n'y a rien de moins sûr que la foi des Grecs. Etre persuadé qu'ils passeraient sans peine sous le joug des Turcs, à l'exemple du reste de leur nation. Les traiter comme des animaux féroces; leur rogner les dents et les griffes, les humilier souvent; surtout leur ôter les occasions de s'aguerir. Du pain et le bâton, voilà ce qu'il leur faut: gardons l'humanité pour une meilleure occasion.'—*Hist. de Venise*, xxxix. 17.†

In conformance with these amiable precepts, the Ionians were heavily taxed for the support of the Venetian garrisons and fortresses; the administration of justice was utterly corrupt; bribery was all powerful; the collectors of the revenue calculated their exactions at tenfold the sum which they condescended to pay into the treasury; and open war was waged against a nationality

* See Parliamentary Papers of June 22, 1840.

† The same writer says, xxxix. 14, 'Les colonies d'outre mer furent toujours gouvernées avec dureté; leurs fréquentes révoltes en sont la preuve. . . . Cette administration s'est compliquée avec le temps; elle s'est modifiée à quelques égards; mais toujours les naturels du pays en ont été soigneusement exclus.'

which had endured throughout the vicissitudes of two thousand years. The tongue of Greece sank into the mere *patois* of the peasantry; and in a land where religious and national feeling had become almost identical, the unchangeable creed and ritual of the Eastern Church was allowed only to linger, under Latin domination, as a form of tolerated dissent.

On the fall of Venice, in 1797, the Seven Islands were transferred by the Treaty of Campo Formio from the eldest to the youngest of republics. But powers not usually found in harmony were willing to combine against the Goddess of Reason. The allied forces soon expelled the intruders of the West, and the Muscovite and Moslem despots united to bestow on the Ionians the blessing or curse of republican government under Turkish vassalage. From 1800 to 1807 Corfu and the six confederate isles set out upon a fresh career of liberty, equality, and fraternity. The ancient standard of Corcyrean freedom is best veiled in the decent obscurity of a learned language;* the new republic soon proved to be at least not a whit behind its predecessor in bloodshed and anarchy. Within the short space of two years all the seven islands were guilty of rebellion against their general government, while each separate island had also repeatedly risen against its local authorities. We long ago described at length the real character of this boasted 'golden age' (if we are to believe Ionian radicals of the present day), as set forth by a tolerably trustworthy witness, M. Naranzi, the envoy sent by the Ionians themselves in 1802 to the Russian Emperor.† He was instructed to state that the Ionian people, from their cruel sufferings under self-government, were disposed to welcome with blind resignation whatever new form of polity might proceed from the hand of Alexander; that they wished it to be the work of that 'admirable person' himself,—or at any rate of a 'single legislator'—and that it should be supported by an 'imposing armed force' of Russian soldiers. M. Naranzi was directed to impress on the mind of the Czar—

'That the inhabitants of the Seven Islands, who have thus attempted to establish a republican form of government, are neither born free, nor are they instructed in any art of government, nor are they possessed of moderation so as to live peaceably under any government formed by their own countrymen.'

After divers attempts at constitution-making under Russian auspices, the Treaty of Tilsit, in 1807, consigned back the islands to a French master. Having tasted the rule of every power on which any shred of the purple of Constantine had descended, they were now handed over to the upstart Cæsar of the West. Napoleon appears to have judged more truly of Ionian capacities for self-government than his Imperial brethren of Stamboul and St. Petersburg:—the Septinsular Republic at once 'ceased to exist,' along with its national flag and national treasury, being summarily incorporated with the French Empire, and occupied by a strong military force. M. Mustoxodi finds it convenient to extol this *régime* also in preference to English protection; but his assertions on this point are abundantly refuted by Sir H. Douglas. French rule was again destined to be short-lived, for in 1809 and 1810 all the islands, except Corfu and Paxo, were captured by an English squadron, which was enthusiastically welcomed by the inhabitants. Paxo fell early in 1814; Corfu itself, garrisoned by 14,000 French soldiers, and very strongly fortified, remained under strict blockade until the fall of Napoleon in the same year; when one of the first acts of the restored Bourbon was to direct its surrender to the British commander, General Sir James Campbell. The Proclamation issued by that officer on his entrance renders the terms of cession tolerably intelligible:—

'In order to obviate idle inventions and false reports that might be circulated by evil-disposed persons, with the view of disturbing the public mind; and more particularly to explain with candour, to all the inhabitants of Corfu, the full extent of my powers, I publicly announce and make known, by these presents, that I am invested with full powers to regulate, amend, and alter, inasmuch as the public good may require it, any branch or department of the island.'

Next followed the Treaty of Paris in 1815, whereby the islands—of which, be it remembered, England was then in actual military possession—six by right of conquest, and one by surrender from the French—were erected into a 'free and independent State' under the protection of the British Crown.* It may be bold to call

* Count de Ficquelmont tells us, in his lately published work, that it had been proposed by the English Plenipotentiary at the Congress of Vienna that the Ionian Islands should fall to the share of Austria, along with the other *ci-devant* possessions of Venice; but that such a course was finally rejected, chiefly through the influence of Count Capodistria with the Emperor of Russia. See Lord Palmerston, *L'Angleterre et le Continent*, tom. i. p. 411.

* *Δευθίρα Κίρκυρα, χί' ὅπου θέλεις*.—Strabo.

† Q. R. vol. xxix. p. 92. See also Sir Howard Douglas's despatch to Lord John Russell, in the Parliamentary Papers referred to above.

in question the wisdom of provisions agreed upon by the combined political sagacity of England, Russia, Prussia, and Austria; but we must confess that it is not easy to reconcile the idea of Ionian independence with a British protectorate, which all the articles of the Treaty subsequent to the first explain pretty distinctly as equivalent to British sovereignty. We can very well understand how a certain kind of independence may be combined with a certain kind of protection; a State may have full independence in its internal concerns, and yet be entirely dependent in its foreign relations; and such seems a very natural position for a people which possesses a nationality too strong to be merged in any other, and yet has not physical resources enough to enter for itself upon the world-wide stage of international politics. But the protectorate to be exercised by Great Britain over the Ionian State was of a much more intimate character. The military command of the islands was reserved exclusively to England;* and the protecting Sovereign was to be represented by a Lord High Commissioner, invested with authority to regulate the laws and general administration, the forms of summoning a constituent Assembly, and its proceedings in drawing up a constitutional Charter. The Charter so drawn up was to be ratified by the protecting Sovereign.

Now it can hardly be denied that whatever amount of self-government fell to the islands under a charter so prepared was simply a free boon from the Crown of Great Britain. The British arms had won six, at least, of the islands by fair conquest in open war. To grant full political liberty, or any approach to it, under such circumstances might be disinterested and magnanimous; it could not be demanded as a matter of mere right and justice; and we shall presently see that the expediency of such a course was more than doubtful. On the other hand, it is equally clear that a possession held by such a tenure, and not incorporated with the Empire, neither can nor ought to be governed as a colony of England. To reconcile these two requirements was no easy task; but we can hardly think the dilemma was best solved by proclaiming the islands in the first clause of a treaty to be 'free and independent,' and in the subsequent clauses introducing provisions

which reduce their freedom and independence to a mere name. We must also remember that to grant a free constitution to a nation only just emerging from the slavery of centuries is the most perilous of experiments. To thrust liberty upon a people which had so recently proclaimed itself wholly unprepared for it neither conduces to the welfare of the recipients nor to the reputation of those who grant the boon. We cannot too often repeat the adage that constitutions cannot be made, but must grow; and that political liberty is chiefly valuable as a means to an end, as the best security for the higher blessings of civil liberty. It is in vain to introduce the former ready-made among a population which has not yet learned to value the latter.* We suppose Lord John Russell himself would hardly have proposed his last Reform Bill in times when the working of Magna Charta was still a doubtful experiment; he would hardly have sought to confer the franchise on villeins emancipated but yesterday, or have advocated the admission of Jews into a Parliament which esteemed it a religious duty to commit Lollards to the flames. Yet legislation of this sort has been of late by no means an unusual employment, even beyond the narrow limits of the Septinsular Republic.

The Islands present a further difficulty. Nations, to which the names of liberty and constitution are simply meaningless, may possibly be brought by a gradual process to be worthy recipients of every political privilege enjoyed in England or in Norway. But no condition can be more impracticable than that of a people who, while entirely unfitted for free institutions, still have perpetually the names of liberty and constitution on their lips. Though a vast progress has been made in their material and moral improvement during the thirty-seven years of British protection; yet in 1815 the Ionians, in general, were perhaps not many degrees better suited for self-government than those Orientals who cannot realize the East India

* In his correspondence with the Colonial Office, Sir Thomas Maitland observed that this provision alone would make it impossible for Great Britain to avoid exercising a control over the Ionian Government; for otherwise she might become bound to support with her military power the crimes or follies of a native executive authority.

* The views of the British Cabinet with regard to the Treaty of Paris and the Constitution to be established in the Ionian Islands under its provisions, were clearly set forth in the House of Commons on June 7, 1821, by Mr. Goulburn, then Under Secretary for the Colonies. 'He denied *in toto* that the object or intention was to confer on these states a perfectly free government, such as that enjoyed by Great Britain. It was by no means fair, therefore, to compare the legal acts of persons in authority in the Ionian Isles with the legal acts of persons in authority in this country. Whatever defects we might see in the Ionian Constitution, it by no means followed that it would be advantageous to the people to transplant thither the pure British Constitution.'—*Hansard*.

Company as other than an individual Princess; but a portion of them cannot be in the same blissful state of ignorance. Centuries of bondage, culminating in the corrupt and debasing tyranny of Venice, have effectually done their work. We fear that the author of 'Ionian Isles under British Protection' has drawn too favourable a portrait of the population. A sterner, but we believe a truer, picture has been given by a writer in the *Times* (Sept. 17, 1849):— 'We took under our ægis,' he says, a 'people who combined Italian crime with Greek cunning; who were strangers to private honesty or public virtue; who were remarkable for strong passions, dark superstition, ignorance, and laziness.' But in spite of all these defects, many Ionians were sufficiently connected with free States to be familiar with all the cant of liberalism before they had outgrown the needful discipline of a paternal government.

Such an ill-regulated yearning after political powers imperfectly understood must of itself vastly increase the difficulties of the legislator and rulers of such a community. For a feeling of this nature can be neither ignored nor defied; it *must* drive the law-giver into granting privileges at once which in his heart he knows had better be delayed until the people shall have been schooled into a capacity, first for local, and then for general self-government. He must grant something then and there. A cry was raised by the followers of Count Capodistria against Sir Thomas Maitland for not granting enough. Certainly he did not grant all that we have now gained for ourselves by the gradual struggle of centuries; he did not grant all that is found in the ephemeral constitutions which we have since seen rise and fall; but he granted more than the most intelligent Ionians thought desirable. He granted more political liberty than was possessed in 1817 by almost any country of Europe, except England and France, and certainly more than was possessed at that period by many of the English colonies.

The constitutional charter was promulgated in 1817, having been unanimously adopted by a constituent Assembly composed of forty of the most prominent and influential gentlemen of the several islands. Of this number, eleven had been appointed by the Lord High Commissioner to constitute the 'Primary Council'—a Board somewhat analogous to the *Lords of Articles* in the old Scottish Parliament—while the remaining twenty-nine were elected by their own countrymen. By the Constitution thus approved, the chief authority was vested in

the Lord High Commissioner, in conjunction with a legislative Assembly and an executive Senate elected out of the Assembly. The President of the Senate is appointed by the Crown of England, and the approbation of the representative of that Crown is required to give validity to all its proceedings. The Lord High Commissioner, himself stationed at Corfu, is represented in each of the other six islands by a British official, termed Resident, who stands to the local authorities in the same relation as his principal to the general government. Each local government consists of an elective municipal council, with a president, bearing the title of Regent, appointed by the Senate, and somewhat corresponding to the *préfet* of a French department. The Legislative Assembly, whose ordinary duration was fixed at five years, was elected in a highly ingenious manner. At the expiration of that period, the five Senators and six Regents became the Primary Council, who formed the nucleus of the new Assembly. These eleven were to draw up a list of fifty-eight persons, called the 'double list,' out of whom twenty-nine were to be chosen by the electors. These twenty-nine, united with the former eleven, composed the Assembly—a body, consequently, of forty members, like the first Constituent Convention. In case of dissolution, the Primary Council was to consist of the President and senators of the late Parliament—six in all—and of five new members appointed by the Lord High Commissioner out of the late Assembly. It was further provided that no constitutional article could be altered, and no Parliament dissolved, without an order from the Sovereign in Council.

Such was the Constitution of Sir Thomas Maitland. Nothing is easier than to find fault with it, to speak of it as a pretence for veiling the reality of despotism under a shallow guise of liberty, as a mere mockery of the 'free and independent State' established by the Treaty of Paris. But we have seen that the whole problem was how to reconcile two opposite necessities, and that the amount of civil freedom actually granted was comparatively very great. The powers vested in the Lord High Commissioner were extensive, but they fell short of those possessed at that epoch by the executive in nearly every country of Europe; and these were assuredly placed in the hands of a functionary far less likely to abuse them than the nominee of any local faction.* And

* 'I deny,' writes General Sir Charles Napier, 'I deny the tyranny of Maitland and his Residents; I admit that they were sometimes arbitrary; and I assert that, unless they had been so, the grossest injus-

further, by the reservation of certain privileges to the protecting Sovereign in person, the Ionian people 'are subjected to the laws and practice of a constitutional kingdom—not to the will of an arbitrary power, or to the caprice of a temporary Lord High Commissioner. Their government is rendered as fixed and durable as the British Constitution itself.*

But let us hear the statement of Sir Thomas Maitland himself in explanation of his own handiwork:—

'Count Capodistria assumes, because certain powers are conceded to the Lord High Commissioner, as a maximum to which he may have recourse in a case of necessity, that such powers are to be constantly on the stretch, and eternally made use of. Were any man to state gravely that, because the King of England possessed the veto in the passing of every law, therefore all laws were made by the King; or that, because the Commons of England have the power over the purse, they were to be constantly refusing to grant the necessary sums of money for the public expenditure; what would be thought of such a statement? Just on the same grounds rests all that Count Capodistria says of the chart of 1817. He tells you that, because I have a veto, therefore the power of making laws is solely in my hands; but he forgets to mention that both the Senate and the Legislative Assembly have the same veto on any Bill which I may introduce, that I have on any Bill introduced by either of those bodies. The powers conceded to the Lord High Commissioner are such, I presume, as he has a right to exercise to their highest extent when a case of necessity requires it, but never could have been intended to be considered as the rule for his common proceedings; and even were the exercise of the prerogative justified by necessity, he would still be answerable to his Sovereign for the wise exertion of it. If we are to reason upon the dry letter of any Constitution, we must be led into immediate error; if, for example, any one were to take the dry letter of the British Constitution, and compare it with the real practice under that Constitution, and maintain there was no difference, into what absurdity would not a person so reasoning immediately fall? Its essence and excellence consist not in the theoretical view of it, but in its spirit and practical results; and Count Capodistria seems to be aware of this, for his constant at-

tempt is to waive the practical results as they have occurred, and to stick to the letter of the constitutional chart, supposing all the different powers therein granted to be always on the stretch. He extends his theoretical fancies further, and he tells you, in his view of the theory of the Constitution, that, theoretically, the people must be dissatisfied. I, however, practically say that they never were so well satisfied.*

To this test Sir T. Maitland might appeal with perfect confidence. It was easy for a clique of disappointed intriguers to rant about their national independence being crushed under a succession of alien despots;† but was the administration of 'King Tom' (as he was called throughout the Mediterranean), or that of his successors, of a nature to make the Ionian people regret their boasted Septinsular Republic, or even cast a lingering eye to

'The far times, when many a subject-land
Look'd to the Winged Lion's marble piles?'

What, we ask, were the practical results of British protection? If the islanders of the Ægean of old deemed Athenian sovereignty no bad exchange for the piracy from which it rescued them—the islanders of the Ionian sea have gained this blessing, and more also, from the new mistress of the ocean. Justice was at last administered among them without corruption; the revenue was freed from speculation; life and property became secure; the people were no longer a despised or degraded caste; the native functionaries were treated with respect and courtesy; and every man, high and low, found in every representative of England a power with both the will and the means to support the right and redress the wrong. Every form of material prosperity received an impetus; excellent roads, previously unknown in the Levant, were made throughout the islands; ports and quays were constructed; trade and agriculture flourished; educational institutions for every class and grade were founded in abundance. Nor were these ad-

* Parliamentary Papers of June 22, 1840, pp. 27, 28.

† Count Capodistria diligently endeavoured to produce among the Ionians a feeling of strong hostility and an active opposition to the English rule. This nobleman, dissatisfied that Corfu was not in his power, as Minister of Russia, tried to render the Lord High Commissioner's position as disagreeable as intrigue could make it. . . . A large portion of the Corfuites, proud that their little island had given a minister to Russia, thought that that minister wielded the power of the Russian empire, and every *frondeur* persuaded his foolish noddle that he had the minister, and therefore the Emperor, as his supporter.—(Napier's 'Colonies,' &c., p. 48.) The faction headed by Chevalier Mustoxidi at the present day—contemptible as it is even numerically—is formed of the relics of the Capodistria party.

* Ionian Islands under British Protection, p. 22.

vantages purchased at the cost of heavy fiscal burthens. All taxation in the Seven Islands is greatly lighter than in our own country, and is levied almost exclusively on imports and exports, not on produce raised and consumed at home; tithes, poor-rates, turnpikes, and local taxes of all kinds, are absolutely unknown. Finally those best acquainted with the islands bear witness that the general feeling towards the first Lord High Commissioner was that mixture of awe and love which is the highest tribute to a ruler of Orientals; and that neither with the gentry nor with the great body of the people is his memory unpopular at the present day:—

‘Although there is no need,’ wrote Sir H. Douglas to Lord John Russell, ‘to shield the dead lion from the kicks of M. Mustoxidi, it is no more than due to the proper feelings of the Ionians generally to say that the talents and memory of Sir Thomas Maitland are seldom spoken of by them but in terms of respect.’*

Of course it would be an arrogant absurdity to deny that the many advantages of the British Protectorate have been accompanied by some drawbacks. English officials are seldom famous for their skill in conciliation; and some of the Residents in the southern islands are stated to have played very fantastic tricks in former years when removed from the immediate supervision of their principal. Our experience has already afforded some evidence of what results might be expected in India, if the Residents and Political Agents there were almost invariably officers on half-pay, or in command of troops, and, however honest and zealous, but rarely well skilled in the native languages and manners. But after all, what are such drawbacks when compared with the systematic corruption of Venetian rule, or the unbridled anarchy of the Septinsular Republic? By all well-thinking Ionians the English are, on the whole, better liked than perhaps any foreigners ever were by an alien population under their control. Many of them went still further, and expressed to Sir Thomas Maitland their wish that the protectorate had been a direct sovereignty. Still it is clear that the erection of continental Greece into an independent state must have stirred yearnings for a union among all branches of the Hellenic name. England, therefore, has always had an adverse party among the Ionians; but it is only through the unscrupulous arts of demagogues within the last three years that this party has assumed at all a bitter or formidable character. And we must carefully distinguish the natu-

ral and laudable aspiration for a union of all Greeks into one Greek state, from the morbid clamour for immediate annexation to the existing kingdom of Greece. The latter is the cry of a faction; the former is the inevitable instinct of nationality; but all enlightened Ionians see that for such a consummation they must bide their time, and until that time arrives they are well content to enjoy the many practical benefits of British connexion.

Between the administrations of Sir T. Maitland and of Lord Seaton, the most important period was when the office of Lord High Commissioner was filled by that distinguished and scientific officer and accomplished gentleman, Sir Howard Douglas. During his administration, which lasted from 1835 to 1841, many excellent public works, such as moles, quays, roads, and the like, were executed under so able and experienced an engineer; and public education was greatly promoted, the number of schools and scholars being largely increased. Above all, Sir Howard Douglas superintended the formation, and completed the introduction, of a regular code of laws, replacing the confused mass of Venetian edicts and perplexed regulations previously in force. In 1839, and the following year, an important correspondence took place between Chevalier Mustoxidi, Lord John Russell, and the Lord High Commissioner, which is printed at length in the Papers laid before Parliament on June 22nd, 1840. The accusations alleged by M. Mustoxidi against British policy in general, and Sir Howard Douglas personally, will there be found answered in detail: to some of the most essential points we have already referred. While advocating the future extension to the Ionians of such political privileges as they shall be capable of rightly using, Lord John Russell observes to Sir Howard (June 4, 1840), that—

‘the Chevalier Mustoxidi seems to have advanced the gravest charges against an officer of high rank and distinguished services, without any adequate grounds. I can only therefore reprobate conduct so unworthy of respect, and assure you of the continued confidence of the Queen.’

It is, indeed, unfortunate for the cause of Ionian agitation that its chief representatives seem to constitute a continually descending series. From Count Capodistria to M. Mustoxidi was a considerable fall, and a still greater from M. Mustoxidi to a bill-discounter, of Ionian extraction, but resident during the last thirty years in London, by name Papanicolas, who stands to Sir H. Ward in the same relation as his precursors

* April 10, 1840,—See the Parl. Papers as above, p. 30.

to Sir Thomas Maitland and Sir Howard Douglas respectively. Though proclaimed an outlaw on May 20, 1852, Papanicolas continues avowedly the 'Ionian' of the *Daily News*,* and has since that date been the prompter of Mr. Hume in his attacks on Sir H. Ward. Of course, we should not think it worth while to refer to this *Græculus* (whose antecedents, moreover, were sufficiently set forth of late in leading articles of the *Globe* of March 19 and 23) if it were not to prove how low such organs of democratic opinion as Mr. Hume and the *Daily News* are ready to stoop for their misinformation. Mr. Hume was shown by Mr. F. Peel in the House of Commons to be as unscrupulous and as easily imposed upon in his advocacy of Cephalonian brigands as of Borneo pirates:—

'Having taken the trouble to ascertain the real truth as to that particular charge against Sir H. Ward, he (Mr. F. Peel) would not be making an unreasonable request if he asked the House to believe that the source from which the Hon. Gentleman (Mr. Hume) derived his information in regard to Ionian affairs was enough to vitiate every charge he advanced against Sir H. Ward.'—*Hans.*, April 3, 1852.

In 1843 Lord Seaton was appointed Lord High Commissioner, and his administration forms the turning-point of recent Ionian history:—

'He came to Corfu,' says the author of *The Ionian Islands under British Protection* (p. 39), 'with the prestige of his well-won rank and brilliant services—as the gallant officer who led the assault on the French lines at Ciudad Rodrigo; who wheeled his brigade on the flank of

the Imperial Guard at Waterloo; and who, as it was well said of him, trampled out the Canadian rebellion with the iron heel of his boot. In appearance and bearing the very *beau idéal* of an English officer and gentleman, he possessed in his remarkably dignified carriage and manners no mean element of success in governing Orientals. His courtesy and hospitality will be attested by all who knew Corfu during his administration; his laborious attention to public business, and ready accessibility to every class, are known to all who served under him.'

With all the advantages set forth in this well-deserved eulogy Lord Seaton was content, for five years, to follow in the steps of his predecessors, and to wield the sceptre which had descended to him with no less energetic a grasp. That he was rather too fond of meddling with details of all kinds was the only serious defect in the greater part of his administration. Some of the public works which he undertook are, indeed, asserted by the natives themselves to be on too extensive a scale for the finances or requirements of their country; and the Ionian press, the moment he had freed it from the censorship, made merry about the pet model-farm which he maintained at their expense, stating that every potato raised there had cost them a shilling!* But these and the like are trifles, though unlucky trifles, because they have given the Ionian agitators an opportunity of accusing their later English governors not only of tyranny, but also of *folly*, a charge never even hinted against Sir T. Maitland.

The first outward indication of the approach of the newest Corcyraean sedition took the festive and convivial form of a dinner given to the Lord High Commissioner on April 4, 1848. King John of England, Mr. Hallam informs us, took money from his subjects 'pro licentiâ comedendi'—in plain English, 'for leave to eat'; in more recent times, indeed only a few days before the period which we are describing, King Louis Philippe had been hurled from his throne for refusing such a licence to Parisians hungering after a reform banquet; Lord Seaton, improving on the two royal examples, neither sold nor refused licence to others, but even took advantage of it himself. In other words, a governor who had systematically refused—contrary to usual practice—all invitations from the chief civil and military officers under his command, found the first table worthy of his presence in the Greek *Casino* of Corfu—nominally a literary, but really, and almost professedly,

* From a correspondence published by himself, it appears that Papanicolas addressed to Sir H. Ward, on his first appointment to his present post, several letters filled with the grossest adulation. 'This appointment,' he says in one place, 'so fortunate for my country, enables me to submit for your perusal the accompanying letter to Earl Grey, which, at the request of my friend, Dr. N. Zambelli, I have translated from the Italian, published, and transmitted to his lordship. I am the more gratified in so doing, inasmuch as in the passage in page 14, where Dr. Zambelli expresses the wish of the Ionians that a civilian might be sent to preside over them, he seems especially to point out those characteristics as desirable in a Lord High Commissioner for which your public career has been so eminently distinguished.' Finally, Papanicolas requests Sir H. Ward to give him 'a confidential situation' at Corfu, as he was ambitious 'to serve his country under its first liberal Lord High Commissioner.' It appears that Sir H. Ward, on inquiry, conceived the history of his correspondent to be such as not to entitle him even to the courtesy of a reply; Papanicolas then on his part discovered that King Log had been exchanged for King Stork, and thenceforward let slip no opportunity of calumniating his 'first liberal Lord High Commissioner.'

* So it was asserted in February, 1849, by the *Patris*, a Corfu newspaper in which Dr. Zambelli was the principal writer.

a political club, to which most of the leading agitators, but very few, if any, of the constituted authorities or higher native functionaries belonged. The presence of the representative of the protecting Sovereign at such a place and at such a time gave a similar heavy blow to the friends of England, and similar encouragement to the Ionian Mitchells, Duffys, and Smith O'Briens, as would have resulted from Lord Clarendon attending about the same period a Reform banquet at the Conciliation Hall in Dublin.* The merit by which Lord Seaton had earned the distinguished honour of such an invitation was an intention which he had just announced of removing all restrictions on the press. But either the good fare or the pretty speeches of the Reform banquet (in both of which Ionians are great adepts) had the most important results. An Englishman, a peer, a Tory, a soldier, we cannot imagine that Lord Seaton carried with him any innate dislike to English supremacy, any peculiar love for democratic politics, or any special objection to giving the word of command with his own lips. Nor did the improbability of his becoming the author—we fear we cannot add the wielder at will—of a fierce democracy, rest solely on *à priori* grounds. During a long morning of five years he had never, as we have seen, declined the exercise of the full powers held by his predecessors. But Lord Seaton after dinner was not the same man as Lord Seaton before dinner; the compliments and other sweetmeats of the Reform banquet called forth a spirit altogether new—Philip full was a very different person from Philip fasting. A magnanimous abhorrence of artificial distinctions, a genial love of the applause of the multitude, a generous shrinking from the temptations and responsibilities of autocracy, distinguish the brief and jovial evening of Lord Seaton's official day.† Perhaps we

might not blame him so severely for reducing himself from a king to a doge: but it is rather too much to bequeath that reduction as the inheritance of a successor; it is hardly fair, even as a manœuvre of party politics, for a military Conservative to play the demagogue, in order that he may possibly enjoy the diversion of seeing a Whig civilian constrained to play the despot.

Now it is really and seriously true that after Lord Seaton had, from 1843 to 1848, remained in the undisturbed exercise of all the powers of Sir Thomas Maitland, he spent the great year of revolutions in concocting his own contribution to the mass, and finally put it forth in form at Corfu in the spring of 1849, when he had received notice from the Colonial Minister that his own term of office had expired, and that his successor would shortly relieve him. Then came the thunderbolt; then the outgoing ruler finally raised the ghost which the incoming ruler would have to lay. Old Greece ran through the stages of political life with a rapidity which to Englishmen seems appalling—but in new Greece time and space are annihilated altogether; a magic wand transfers the Ionians in ten days from Pisistratus to Cleon.

The principal features of the Seatonian Constitution are as follows:—

1. A free press was granted, with fewer practical restrictions than obtain now in any country of the world, or than have obtained in the wildest democracies ever known. There is still a censorship at Gibraltar; and the Duke of Wellington remarked that its recent abolition at Malta was as absurd as it would be to set up a free press on the quarter-deck of a man-of-war.

2. By a great reduction in the qualification the number of electors was at one touch increased nearly fourfold—from about fifteen hundred to about six thousand.

3. The ballot was introduced into all elections, whether for members of parliament or for municipal officers. Now there is no argument for the introduction of the ballot in

* On March 29, 1848, Lord Seaton wrote to Lord Grey as follows:—'I understand that there are several petitions in circulation for signature, soliciting changes in the Ionian constitution, and several public dinners have been announced with a view of drawing forth public opinion; but there are so many influential persons who disapprove of such proceedings at this time, although persuaded that the liberty of the press, and some other privileges, cannot be withheld from this community, that I hope that the present excitement will subside without embarrassing the general or local government.'—(See Papers presented to Parliament on August 14, 1850,—p. 2.) Lord Seaton forgot to inform his official chief that when he penned this despatch he had himself engaged to dine on April 4—only six days after its date—at one of those very public dinners which he seems to regret.

† To show how far a Tory, when once fairly started on the hobby of Whiggery, will ride, it may be both amusing and edifying to mention that, during the last month of his reign, Lord Seaton caused the

cards of invitation to his balls and dinners to be printed—not, as previously, in English, but in *modern Greek*, which was regarded as a badge of Hellenic—that is, of anti-British sentiments. Italian was the official language, and that familiarly used by the native ladies and gentlemen of Corfu; but these Greek missives were not confined to them alone. 'The shieldbearer of the day' (ὁ θρασυτοῦς τῆς ἡμέρας),—an ingenious paraphrase for the *aide-de-camp* in waiting,—was commanded to bid the *English officers* also to partake the champagne and claret of their Μιλοπόδς. Many of those classical curiosities have been preserved by the puzzled and admiring guests. Lord Dalhousie might just as well gratify 'young India' by writing in Hindoostanee to the English officers in garrison at Calcutta—or Lord Eglinton compliment 'young Ireland' by adopting the dialect of the 'Four Masters' in his invitations to the Phoenix Park.

these islands which is not of at least equal force in England. The Ionian conservatives very fairly ask, Why does not Lord Seaton propose a similar measure in the House of Lords?

4. The Primary Council was abolished.

5. The senators were to be appointed by the Lord High Commissioner; but the senator for each island was to be taken from among the representatives elected to the Assembly by that island, however incompetent or hostile to British protection such representatives might be. For instance, if all the deputies from Zante should be pledged to vote for the annexation of the Ionian Islands to Greece (as we believe they all are at the present moment), the representative of the Queen could not, until Lord Seaton's system was slightly modified by Lord Grey and Sir H. Ward, take two senators from Corfu or Cephalonia, and none from Zante, and so prevent an opposition forcing its way even into his own Executive Council, through which alone he can constitutionally act.

6. The Legislative Assembly is to be entirely chosen by free election, and there are to be no integral members nominated by the executive. We dislike the nominee system in British colonies—where the settlers are our fellow countrymen—as much as Lord Seaton himself; but it is probably indispensable to a certain extent in military posts like our Mediterranean possessions, where the native inhabitants are aliens from us in blood, language, and religion; and especially in the case of the Ionians, who are not even British subjects. Moreover the Council of government at Malta, composed partly of elective and partly of nominated members, has not been found to work badly in practice.

7. A number of 'District Councils,'—a species of *paid* parish vestries—were set up in each island, to the serious obstruction of public business, and to the great increase of the public expenditure.

8. All control over the election of the municipalities was entirely abolished; and the magistrates who manage the schools, markets, public property, &c., in each island, are chosen by popular suffrage and the ballot. But we have not space to follow Lord Seaton in detail throughout his municipal reforms; we will only mention a single small fact. The municipal officer presiding over the department of public instruction in Cephalonia—a *paid* functionary, be it remembered, of the *British Protectorate*—in his first tour of inspection through the village schools, tested the proficiency of the pupils by such dictation lessons as the following:—

'May all foreign rulers be speedily banished from the soil of Greece!'

'The Turks ought to be expelled from the Greek provinces on the mainland, and the English from the Ionian Islands, by the united efforts of the whole Greek race.'

It will be seen at a glance that Lord Seaton's reforms deprived his successor of all real and direct powers of control—such as his predecessors had deemed so necessary; and this rash and crude legislation (as the Ionian demagogues themselves call it) was precipitated in defiance of the clearest warnings. The new law on the press preceded the other changes; and it might surely have been thought that the effects directly resulting from it would have made its author pause before he hurried on to further innovations. The liberty of the press was immediately used for publishing atrocious slanders against England and Englishmen, for open repudiation of British connexion, and for advocacy of instant annexation to the Greek kingdom. Then came a host of political clubs, whose name of *Panhellenia* explains their objects. Then followed the practical result, in an actual outbreak in Cephalonia, which was not repressed without bloodshed. All this took place under Lord Seaton's eye, and he soon gave a sufficient proof that of wilful blindness, at all events, he was quite innocent. In January 1849, the first newspapers were published under the new law, which introduced trial by jury—hitherto unknown in the islands, and found to work very badly in Greece—in trials for offences of the press, and, strange to say, in those alone.* In March 1849, in virtue of the power vested in the Lord High Commissioner by what is called the 'High Police' clause of the Constitution, two of the most seditious journalists were seized and banished from their native island, without any trial whatsoever. Lord Seaton caused no jury to be empanelled to make experiment of his own system, thereby confessing his own conviction of its utter inefficiency. And yet, only a few weeks afterwards (in May 1849), this palpable proof of the too great precipitancy of his first reform was followed by the grant of the ballot and of a

* 'Juries are either a fit or an unfit institution for the Ionian people. If fit, they should be introduced into all criminal processes without exception, as in England; if unfit, they should not be introduced into the trial of offences of the press. A Greek jury might, perhaps, be trusted to pronounce a verdict on crimes of an unpolitical nature,—to condemn murderers and robbers;—but it is ridiculous to suppose that any jury of Greeks will ever find a verdict against a fellow-countryman accused of agitating for the re-union of the scattered fragments of the Hellenic nation.—*Ionian Islands under British Protection*, p. 54.

franchise nearly equivalent to household suffrage! In June 1849 he returned to England.

It will naturally occur to the reader to ask by what means Lord Seaton carried such sweeping changes through the unreformed Ionian parliament? It was hardly to be expected that those who had obtained seats there under the old *régime* would be particularly anxious for the introduction of the new. The fact is that the country gentlemen—a class which formed the majority of the old Ionian parliament—had no more abstract love for radical innovations than their brethren in our House of Commons. It is confidently asserted by the Ionians themselves that, had the ballot been extended to the benches of the Assembly as well as to the polling-booths of the electors, so sweeping a reform would never have passed. But a pressure from above and from below form together a *peine forte et dure* which human nature is rarely able to resist. The legislature which beards a ruler is esteemed bold; that which defies a mob is esteemed bold also; it would have been unfair to look to the Ionian Assembly for a degree of spirit sufficient to reject the proposals of a Lord High Commissioner whom they personally liked, when backed by the clamours of a seditious mob in their own galleries. Moreover, his presence at the Reform banquet was a patent proof that the High Commissioner had completely thrown himself into the arms of the Radical party; and it was believed that both Lord Seaton and the populace might be humoured at a cheap rate, as there was little general expectation that many of his innovations would be ratified by the Colonial Minister.

In one important matter the Ionian Parliament is stated by their own countrymen to have adopted the old Nician policy of asking for more than they really wished or hoped to obtain, in the expectation that the palpable absurdity of the demand would at once overthrow the whole scheme of reform. On May 8, 1849, they passed a resolution declaring the Lord High Commissioner responsible to the Assembly for laws passed by him in concert with the Senate during the recess of Parliament. This was bringing the whole question of Protection and Sovereignty to a crucial issue. The chief magistrate of an Ionian Republic would be responsible to an Ionian Parliament; the representative of the Crown of England is most certainly responsible to the wearer of that crown; but how is the protector to be responsible to the protected—how is the wielder of the sword, with the Mediterranean fleet and 3000 English soldiers at his beck, to be responsible to an assembly sit-

ting under his own guns, and which could not physically execute any of their own resolutions without his aid and countenance? When moral force shall have achieved such a triumph as this, we shall have reached that golden age when all government will be needless. Lord Seaton, however, thought otherwise; that Tory Peer had probably never drunk to the 'Sovereignty of the People,' but he accepted the proffered responsibility without demur. Earl Grey may be conceived to have some time or other quaffed a bumper to this toast; but he at once refused even to submit the proposal to the Queen. 'Her Majesty,' he wrote, 'can be advised to admit no such provision as that which was introduced without authority into the resolution of May, making her Majesty's representative responsible to the Assembly for Acts passed by him in concert with the Senate during the recess of Parliament.' The most edifying part of the whole business is indeed to be found in the official correspondence between the Lord High Commissioner and the Colonial Secretary, recorded in the 'Papers respecting recent changes in the constitution of the Ionian Islands,' laid before Parliament on August 14, 1850. From these documents we best learn how to appreciate the conduct of the three great actors in this serio-comic drama, Lord Seaton, Earl Grey, and Sir Henry Ward. Our readers cannot too constantly bear in mind that the first of these dignitaries is a Tory General, the two others Whig civilians. Consequently the latter may perhaps be partly excused if they argued in this way:—'Here is a nobleman of principles and a profession whose tendency is rather to despotism than to demagoguery; if he proposes changes far more democratic than we have ever ventured to propose in England, it is not for us to object; either some great new arguments must have been discovered in favour of liberal principles in general, or there must be something at Corfu which renders that island the field of all others most suited for giving them full play. In the former case, if Lord Seaton is convinced, how can we resist? In the latter, how can we oppose the additional advantage of his local knowledge?' We cannot, however, justify Lord Grey for yielding to Lord Seaton's recommendations—little supported as they were by the authority of any Ionian, except M. Napoleon Zambelli, a lawyer and journalist of Corfu.* Surely the Colonial Minister should have required some better

* We observe that while Lord Seaton was eulogizing M. Zambelli to Earl Grey (see his Despatch of February 21, 1848) the unconscious or ungrateful Zambelli was also writing to Lord Grey, to urge that a *civilian* should be sent out as Lord High Commissioner.

evidence to prove that his own colleague Lord John Russell had fallen into grievous error, when he wrote to Sir Howard Douglas, (November 30, 1840) that 'the petitioners' (i. e. Mustoxidi and Co.)—

'do not succeed in their object to show that the great mass of the people of the Ionian Islands desire these changes; and it is my opinion that if those very changes were immediately adopted, the people themselves would suffer more than all. The people would become the laughing-stock and the prey of a small number of intriguers and ambitious adventurers, and the Republic could neither have the protection of a stable government, nor the vigor and energy of a free state. The true interests of the Ionian people will be better obtained by the maintenance, with a strong hand and without passion, of a system of order and integrity in the State; and by the encouragement of the people in every enterprise which can elevate their character.'

It is true that Lord Grey did find himself constrained to put some check on the newborn radical zeal of the Tory Lord High Commissioner. One important case we have already mentioned; we will add a few similar examples. On October 26, 1848, we find the Whig Secretary writing as follows:—'I have to point out that changes of this kind require to be introduced with the more caution, because, when once made, they practically cannot be withdrawn; I should therefore be disposed to proceed somewhat more gradually than I understand you to recommend. Again, on March 20, 1849, Lord Grey informed Lord Seaton that the ministry would yield to his superior local knowledge with regard to the proposed reforms, 'trusting that the strong assurances you give me of their safety and probable good effect will be justified by the event.' But perhaps the most amusing part of the whole correspondence is to be found in Lord Seaton's despatch of April 21, 1849, in which he positively declares that the effect of his reforms would be to increase the influence of 'the most respectable proprietors and opulent classes;' and that 'the measures recommended, with the other changes lately sanctioned, will tend to prolong the connexion between the United Ionian States and the Protective Government.'

Is it on Lord Seaton's principle that their advocates support, or their opponents condemn, vote by ballot and such-like reforms? And after all, what sort of a reputation has Lord Seaton left behind him with the Ionian Radicals, whom he served so greatly? The unreformed Parliament voted him a 'colossal statue of the finest Carrara marble;' the Reformed Parliament has postponed its erection till the Greek Kalends. The agitators inform their followers that no gratitude is due to a ruler who, they venture to pre-

sume, did not grant them vote by ballot and an unrestricted press from love to those institutions in the abstract, but because he was frightened, like so many a crowned head of that time, by the new French revolution, into originating what he would otherwise have much more gladly refused on demand. Only a few weeks after his departure, the ungrateful journalists, whom he had set free even from the restraints which prevail in England and America, had no more civil language for him than the following: 'The other Commissioners were examples of English brutality only, while the accursed hypocrite Seaton has shown himself a double example of English brutality and treachery united.*' So much for the Lord High Commissioner who originated these reforms. In what way do these same Ionian newspapers speak of the Sovereign who ratified them? The Queen of England on one side and Greece on the other are compared to the Tempter and Tempted in Scripture. Queen Victoria desires Greece to 'fall down and worship her;' but Greece retorts, 'Get thee behind me, Satan!†' Well indeed might Sir J. Pakington declare

'I shrink from reading to the House the gross, flagrant, disgusting libels which disgrace the press of the Ionian Islands:—libels, many of them, directed against all that in this country men most revere, respect, and honour. I certainly think that Sir H. Ward would have been involved in gross culpability if he had allowed the conduct of the press, with regard to these libels, to have passed unvisited by any punishment which it might be fairly, legally, and justly in his power to inflict. I must observe, however, that Sir H. Ward did not at once resort to the High Police powers. He first tried trial by jury—[thereby giving Lord Seaton's system a fair chance, which its own author never did]—'but he found it was vain to expect redress from an Ionian jury. In justice to Sir H. Ward I must also say that, entertaining, as every Englishman must do, a sincere dislike to power of the nature of these high police powers, if it were possible to carry on the government without their exercise, Sir Henry, in the Session of the Ionian Assembly in 1850, offered to abandon them altogether, if the Assembly would only pass a fair and just law which would enable the Government to deal with the libellers without resorting to those police powers. The Assembly refused to pass such a law.'—*Hans.*, April 5, 1852.

We may add that two at least of the journalists recently exiled by Sir H. Ward, after the precedent set him by Lord Seaton, were prominent leaders of the majority

* Οἱ μὲν ἄλλοι Ἀρμυσταὶ ἦσαν παραδείγματα μόνον τῆς Ἀγγλικῆς θηριωδίας· ὁ δὲ ἐπάρατος ὑποκριτὴ Ἑλλήνων φαίνεται διπλοῦν ἐπιδείγμα τῆς Ἀγγλικῆς θηριωδίας καὶ δολιότητος ἐνταῦθα.—*Anagenneia*, a Cephalaonian paper, for July, 1849.

† The *Radical* (ὁ 'Ριζοπάστης), a newspaper published at Corfu, May 6, 1850.

which forced the Lord High Commissioner to keep the extraordinary powers of the high police by refusing to provide an effective and less questionable substitute. The five points of the Charter and the repeal of the Union are open questions in England and Ireland; but to repudiate allegiance to the Crown, or to abet the annexation of Jersey to France, or of Ireland to America, would certainly be a surer road to Norfolk Island than to the benches of the House of Commons. Not so, however, in the Corcyraean paradise. How fair and how delusive a vision must have floated before the eye of Lord Seaton, when he considered personal libel as the only evil against which he was called on to provide (Despatch, February 21, 1848), and struck out with his own hand every clause in the bill proposed by his own Attorney-general which in any way limited the right to establish a newspaper, or insured any check upon its future conduct! And yet Lord Grey consented to Lord Seaton's innovations on this point only on the express understanding that laws had been passed 'upon which the Government could rely for protection against publications of a *sedition* or *immoral*,' as well as of 'a *libellous* character' (Despatch, July 19, 1848). This fact was also stated clearly by Mr. F. Peel, as the organ of Lord Grey, in the House of Commons, April 5, 1852.

So much for the Administration of Lord Seaton. We have spoken without reserve and without hesitation; and for the confirmation of our views we appeal with confidence to all persons acquainted with the Ionians, to the public functionaries, Greek and English, to the British officers, naval and military, to the mass of the native gentry, and to the diplomatic and consular representatives of England throughout the Levant.

With respect to the present Lord High Commissioner, we need hardly disclaim all sympathy with that gentleman's previous career in England; nor do we by any means wish to be the champions of all his proceedings in his present sphere; but we must nevertheless render justice to a public servant who seems to have labored honestly and zealously to perform his duty under very trying circumstances. In short, we adopt the opinion and sentiment of Earl Grey's Conservative successor, Sir John Pakington:—

'The House will recollect that the present Government has had no past political connexion, and no political sympathies, with Sir H. Ward, and that the past conduct of Sir H. Ward in the Ionian Islands, whatever it may have been, was not under the direction of the present ministry. On the other hand, I have no hesitation in saying that no party distinctions or party

feelings shall for a moment deter the present Government from doing justice in a generous spirit to an absent servant of the Crown, who, they believe, has, under difficulties and embarrassments of no ordinary nature, exerted himself to support the authority of the Queen, and to put down rebellion against her Majesty, as the protectress of the Ionian Islands. I am not called upon to be the champion of Sir H. Ward; I am not now disposed to weigh in a nice balance every word which he may have uttered, or every act which he may have done; I am not prepared to say that, under the extraordinary difficulties with which he has to contend, he may not have, here and there, been led into indiscretions. I give no opinion one way or the other; but I have no hesitation in expressing my opinion that Sir H. Ward had done his best to preserve the just authority of the Crown under circumstances of very great difficulty, and that he is therefore entitled to the generous and fair support of the Government.'

On May 31, 1839, Sir Henry Ward arrived in Corfu, as heir to the dogeship into which Lord Seaton had converted the monarchical powers of Sir Thomas Maitland; heir to many serious administrative difficulties, and to the grand difficulty of all, that of directing the first operations of new institutions, which his predecessor had framed and left for him to work! The accusations brought against Sir H. Ward amount to this:—that he began as a demagogue, and then advanced into despotism. Now, in point of fact, on his first arrival in the islands, many of the principal inhabitants told him that, considering the character of the people and the circumstances of the country, his predecessor had gone very much too far in his zeal for innovation. With this view Sir H. Ward coincided; and we believe he very soon expressed himself accordingly to the English cabinet. The worst, therefore, that could be justly said against him, in his subsequent difficulties, was that, after a fair and honest trial, he failed, as he himself foretold at the very first, to work the impracticable system bequeathed to him.

Before he had time to realize all the difficulties of his position, he was called upon to put down an open rebellion in Cephalonia. It excited great indignation in Mr. Hume (and, as it appears, in twelve other members of the late House of Commons) that, on the occasion of these 'riots,' as that gentleman calls them, 'martial law was unnecessarily proclaimed; and no fewer than forty-four persons were sentenced to death by the courts martial, twenty-one of whom were actually executed, besides a large number subjected to military flogging.' (*Hansard*, Aug. 9, 1850.) Let us look a little closer into these Cephalonian 'riots;' for they were of a wholly different complexion from the disturbances in Ceylon, with which

it has been sought to confound them. While Lord Seaton was still in office, and soon after he first promulgated his scheme of reforms, an attack was made (Sept. 26, 1848), in broad day, on the two chief towns of Cephalonia by armed bands of insurgents, which were only routed after five English soldiers had been killed and wounded. Lord Seaton immediately increased the garrison of the island by a fresh regiment, making the forces there to amount to nearly a thousand men: and the outbreak had been pronounced an act of high treason by the Supreme Court at Corfu, before Sir H. Ward's arrival. Now, what was the first proceeding, on this point, of the new Lord High Commissioner? By an act of such clemency as Orientals invariably ascribe to either weakness or folly, the captured insurgents were set at liberty. In August, 1849, before they had been a month out of prison, a second and more sanguinary outbreak was announced. A brigand and murderer, called Vlacco, who had been skulking in the mountains ever since the first insurrection, aided by a reverend person, one Nodaro—who rejoiced in the *sobriquet* of not Friar Tuck, but Father Robber (Πάπα Ληστής)—undertook to expel the English heretics and aliens from the sacred shores of Hellas. The worthy pair made abundant promises to their followers, of foreign aid in men and money; but the immediate means adopted towards the accomplishment of their pious purpose seem to have been the infliction of rape, robbery, and murder on such of their own compatriots as they did not admire.* Nor was this sufficient; a highly respectable Ionian gentleman, the Chevalier Metaxa, was *burnt alive*, in broad day—he and all his family. Such is Mr. Hume's conception of a 'riot.' Martial law was now proclaimed—by virtue of an express article in the Constitution—and, as the only means of saving the lives and fortunes of the Cephalonian gentry. Forty-four persons were indeed sentenced to death by the courts-martial, but of these the Lord High Commissioner reprieved twenty-three—every man, in short, who had not added murder to rebellion; for no one was executed for firing on the Queen's troops *alone*. And yet one accusation against Sir H. Ward is that he went to Cephalonia in person, and did not leave the execution of military law entirely to military authorities! The main point, perhaps, in which Sir H. Ward seems to have been guilty of indiscretion was in not stopping the infliction of military flogging for various minor offences;

not that the persons so punished did not probably deserve a heavier penalty than fifty lashes—administered in England even for a breach of prison discipline—but because that peculiar punishment is connected in the Greek mind with notions of Turkish oppression, and was sure to produce a bitter and lasting acrimony.

In November, 1849, the Ionian Parliament was re-assembled, and we would willingly transcribe at length the speech in which Sir H. Ward set forth the circumstances which had called for such severity. The Assembly devoted four days to the examination of the facts and documents, and then passed a vote declaring all the proceedings of the Lord High Commissioner to have been just and necessary; and expressing their thankful sense of the vigour and promptitude with which he had averted great calamities. Be it remembered that this was the *last* Parliament under the old system; consequently, Sir H. Ward had now no means, the Primary Council being abolished, of influencing a single legislator by a prospect of continuation in office. Nevertheless, one only precursor of Mr. Hume was found to dissent from the vote of the Assembly. In a like spirit, the Greek archbishop and many of the principal inhabitants of Cephalonia subscribed a considerable sum for a testimonial of their grateful approbation—a disinterested expression of public feeling, though the regulations of the Colonial Office prevented the Lord High Commissioner from accepting the proposed offering.

The test of the merits of Lord Seaton's Constitution is to be sought in the behaviour of the first reformed Parliament, which met in March, 1850, and to which only four members of the late Assembly were returned. The majority of the newly-elected deputies at once placed themselves in an attitude of hostility and defiance towards the British Protectorate, refusing to take, except under protests and in non-natural senses, even a modified oath binding them 'to obey all existing laws, and to maintain the constitutional rights of the protecting Sovereign.' Well might Sir H. Ward describe them, in his despatch to Lord Grey of April 20, 1850, as persons 'unaccustomed to political power, and always disposed to construe as weakness that respect for constitutional rights which habit and education plant in every Englishman's mind.' The avowed aim of the Radical (Ῥιζοσπάστης) party was to procure immediate annexation of the islands to the kingdom of Greece. Now we are very far from identifying with Vlacco and the 'Father Robber' all Ionians who

* For the details see Parliamentary Papers, March 6, 1850.

entertain even this notion, much less all who are animated by an instinctive craving for a still grander Hellenic unity. We only say, that no Ionian Assembly, no Lord High Commissioner, can grant such a concession—not even the Queen of England herself without the assent of her allies; that the Deputies who fostered the proposal were simply breaking their oaths; and that so long as the present constitution endures, no representative of the Crown can possibly regard it as otherwise than treasonable. We cannot stop to narrate all the strange and ludicrous scenes of this first gathering of the reformed wisdom of the Ionians—their ape-like mimicry of the first French Convention, with its ‘mountain,’ its ‘centre,’ its ‘extreme gauche,’ its rioting, and the insolent dictation of an organised mob in its galleries. During a session of nearly three months no practical measure was originated by the Assembly itself, and all bills proposed by the Executive were contemptuously rejected. Nothing can be more offensive than the whole tenor of the first address of the Reformed Parliament. Sir H. Ward thus describes the spirit which pervades it:—

‘To those who know how large were the concessions made—how cheerfully they were granted—how little her Majesty had to risk by withholding them—how entirely she was influenced by the hope that they would produce harmony and contentment among yourselves—it must seem strange; that not one word of thanks, or even of courtesy towards her Majesty, should have characterised the first communication between the first legislative body elected under the new constitution and the representative of the British Crown.’

All men of sense at Corfu—even many members of the most violent anti-British party—felt relieved when Sir H. Ward at length closed this session by a prorogation for six months. In his speech of April 5, 1852, Mr. Hume, deceived as usual by his informant, accused Sir H. Ward of ‘keeping the Ionian Parliament prorogued for eighteen months out of two years.’ Now is not Mr. Hume aware that a legislature so nearly continuous in its session as that of England is by no means essential to a free government? It was the opinion of Locke, ‘that there is no need that the legislative power should be always in being, not having always business to do.’ The Norwegian Storting, an assembly somewhat more democratic than that which has so long had the honour of numbering Mr. Hume among its members, does not necessarily meet for more than a single session of three months in three years. By the Ionian constitution, the Lord High Commissioner might have

enlarged the prorogation until February, 1852, and have legislated during the interval by acts of the Senate, which have provisionally the force of laws. He preferred, however, to meet his Assembly again in December, 1850.

During the recess the Executive had been employed in financial reforms. The large expenditure of Lord Seaton rendered indispensable a general reduction of official salaries—a self-denying ordinance, as the Lord High Commissioner docked off 500*l.* per annum from his own. This civil list was laid before the Parliament at its meeting; the Rizospastæ, meanwhile, not concealing their intention of moving, as soon as the budget was settled, a resolution for the immediate annexation of the island to the kingdom of Greece. Was the representative of the British Crown tamely to submit to such a proposal? Was he to send it back, like a simple question of common legislation, with a formal ‘*Le Roy s’avisera*’? The course he took was to intrust two Ionian gentlemen, his acting Secretary and the Attorney-General, who have a legal right to be present at the debates, with a further decree of prorogation, to be produced if such a motion were brought forward, but in no other event. The Parliament began with divers financial proceedings—reducing well nigh to nothing the salary of every government servant known to be friendly to England—while the curious counterfact of one or two functionaries having their incomes *increased* may be accounted for by little considerations of kindred, affinity, or political partizanship. To be brief, after the Ionian Humes had cut down the stipends of their opponents, and the Ionian Russells had provided for their own relatives, then came the turn of the Halls and Horsmans, who seem to flourish in full vigour in the congenial air of Coreyra. They had indeed no Brecon deaneries nor Horfield manors to grapple with, but only some small allowances of 300*l.* and under, paid to the Ionian prelates out of the revenues of the church lands, now possessed by the state. These Sir H. Ward—‘heretic and barbarian’ as he is called—had deemed it unjust to diminish. But the modern Coryræans seem to have as little reverence for the Holy Eastern Church as their predecessors—we cannot call them their forefathers—for the sacred groves of Zeus and Alcinous.* A message from the Lord High Commissioner on behalf of the prelates threatened with plunder was not even taken into consideration.

It must be borne in mind that this is the

* Thucydides, iii. 70.

Reformed Parliament, out of which Lord Seaton (July 22, 1848) assured the Colonial Secretary that 'five able senators might always be as *prudently* selected' as from an assembly chosen under the old system, and by which (January 4, 1849) 'the civil list—including the salaries of departmental officers of all classes of the community—would be *rarely revised, or seriously opposed.*' Further, in this last-mentioned despatch, Lord Seaton declared that under his new constitution 'a greater number of proprietors of estates would be elected by the rural population;' and that 'most of the members of a Legislative Council freely chosen would not probably differ materially in their character and views from those who have been usually returned under the existing (*i. e.* Sir T. Maitland's) law.' Now, under the old system, the majority of the members were chosen, as in our own parliament, from among the chief landowners and the most eminent professional men; whereas the leaders in the reformed Assembly are radical lawyers and journalists, and there is an alarming proportion of desperate adventurers with nothing to lose, and everything to hope, from almost any political change. They soon brought matters to a crisis. The seemingly occupation of the Assembly on *Sunday*, December 8, 1850, was to hearken to a bombastic oration from the ex-Areopagite Capelletto, formerly a judge of the Supreme Court at Athens, and who had taken such a part in the insurrection of 1848, that after it Lord Seaton offered 700 dollars for his apprehension. The new constitution had placed him, like many of his fellow-rebels, in Parliament; and this 'orator of the extreme left,' as he is called by the newspapers, after deploring his lack of carnal weapons, and invoking St. Spyridion of Corfu and St. Gerasimus of Cephalonia to aid their votaries with celestial arms, then proceeded to move an immediate union of the islands with Greece. His harangue was, however, cut short by the production of the decree of prorogation, which sent all the legislators quickly and quietly to their homes, with the exception of eleven individuals, who remained to sign a resolution in these terms:—

'DECREE OF THE REPRESENTATIVE ASSEMBLY.

'Whereas the independence, sovereignty, and nationality of every people are natural and incontestable rights:

'Whereas the people of the Seven Islands, though forming an inseparable portion of the Hellenic race, are at present deprived of the actual enjoyment and exercise of such rights:

'Whereas, moreover, all pretexts for placing them under the protection of England, by vir-

tue of a treaty to which they never gave their own consent, have ceased:

'Whereas a portion of the Hellenic race to which they belong, to wit, liberated Greece, has regained its sovereign and national rights:

'Therefore, for all these reasons, *the first free Assembly* of the Representatives of the Seven Islands *declares*—That it is the unanimous, firm, and unchangeable determination of the people of the Seven Islands to regain their independence, and to unite with the remainder of their own nation, that is, with liberated Greece.

'This present declaration shall be forwarded in the shape of a message from the Assembly to the Protecting Power, in order that it may communicate it by the proper methods to the other powers of Europe, and that they may combine together to give it speedy effect.'

We need hardly say that, had the matter of this document been of the most laudable character, it could have no legal validity after the prorogation;—consequently the President of the Assembly, Count Candiano Roma, refused to receive or recognise it. He published an unanswerable protest against the whole proceedings; in which he shows that Hellenic patriotism can be combined with respect for the existing laws. Such conduct, he declares, is treason to the whole Greek race; for the peevish insolence and unceasing insults of the Rizospastæ may so irritate 'the mighty and not over-enduring nation' under whose protection the Ionians are placed, that it may refuse to countenance that future establishment of a Greek state on the ruins of Turkey which is the fervent hope and prayer of every Greek breast.—In such a contingency, proceeds Count Roma, 'let a respectful and dutiful memorial be laid before the protecting Sovereign, humbly imploring her Majesty to allow the Ionians to be re-united with their brethren on the mainland, who, in 1815, had not yet been emancipated from the yoke of the infidels. But so long as the jarring interests of European powers in the East continue, that Greek empire can never arise, upon the existence of which the relinquishment of the islands by England must in a great measure depend.'

We will hasten over the last act of the drama as so recently played that it must be familiar to all who read the foreign correspondence of any daily paper. The parliament, *prorogued* by Sir H. Ward on December 8th, 1850, was *dissolved*, in virtue of her constitutional powers, by the Queen in Council, on December 22nd, 1851. On that occasion the Lord High Commissioner issued a Proclamation, declaring that

'It is her Majesty's desire, as it is that of her ministers, to see established here a system of well-regulated constitutional liberty; and as

in the changes made in 1849 it is evident that there is something wanting to secure their harmonious working, I am empowered, upon the meeting of Parliament now about to be chosen, to signify to it her Majesty's assent to certain further changes in the charter of 1817, provided the result of the approaching elections be the formation of an Assembly disposed to receive in a proper spirit her Majesty's liberal concessions.'

The proposed modifications were absolutely necessary to render Lord Seaton's system at all practicable;—they included a remodelling of the Senate and of the local governments, and a second offer to abandon the high police powers, if the future Assembly should pass a reasonable law on the press. On the basis of these reforms the more honest and intelligent members of the opposition promised their co-operation to Sir Henry Ward; and an appeal was consequently made to the country at large to pronounce its opinion upon them. The elections for the new Parliament took place early in February of the present year; and the result was a majority of nearly two-thirds *professedly* favourable to British connexion. When, however, the new Senators had been selected from the Assembly, several deputies, disappointed in their hopes of being themselves chosen, joined the ranks of the opposition, which then possessed the power of stopping all further proceedings by simply absenting themselves from the sittings—the presence of 22 members out of the whole number being required by law to form a House. This factious manœuvre was actually repeated on several occasions, although the Assembly was summoned by its President to vote an address in reply to the proposals made on behalf of the protecting sovereign,—in short, to return an answer to the Queen of England. After fair warning of the measure which such conduct would force him to take, Sir H. Ward was at last driven to a further prorogation in order to await instructions from the Colonial Office as to his future policy. At the same time he put forth his reasons in a Proclamation (dated March 18)—being in fact an appeal to the Ionian people at large from the factious and tyrannical obstruction of a portion of their own representatives, and which concludes as follows:

'For myself, I can only say that I have exhausted every means that some political experience could suggest to bring this matter to a happy issue, and that, having been thwarted in my designs by men whom I could neither satisfy nor lead, I have not to add to the mortification of failure the belief that it has been

caused by any want on my part, of frankness or conciliation.'

We have already seen from the instructions given to their envoy in 1802, what the last generation of Ionians felt as to their own capacity for self-government at that period.* We must now request the attention of our readers to a part of Sir John Pakington's speech of April 5, 1852, where he details 'the statement of a witness of the highest possible authority, a gentleman of large fortune, and bearing a name beloved by all Greeks:—'

* M. P. Soutzo, a subject of King Otho—a gentleman of eminent literary distinction and independence,—wrote as follows to the editor of an Athenian newspaper, on May 27, 1851. 'I write to you, from Zante, which I reached a week ago. My object is to give you an account of an election to the Municipal Council, which, as you are aware, administers the local affairs of this island, conjointly with the Regent. There is not a citizen here who does not desire the independence and union of the Seven Islands with Greece. Some, however, seeing that we Greeks are morally and physically incapable of governing ourselves,—disheartened by the banditti which desolate our country, and by the symptoms of anarchy which are breaking out among us,—are endeavouring to gain time. Others, on the contrary, influenced rather by the desire of independence than by that of their country's welfare, and feeling persuaded that Providence will not abandon Greece, throw their whole weight into the union of the islands with the mother-country. These latter denominate themselves *Radicals*; openly call for the expulsion of the English; and, for the sake of their cause, set the authorities at defiance. Three citizens, forming part of this latter class, lately presented themselves as candidates at the municipal election, and obtained the majority of votes. *The British Government violated the law neither directly nor indirectly; it had recourse to no kind whatsoever of corruption.* Whereas, if, in the so-called independent kingdom of Greece, a candidate for the Assembly had declared himself opposed, not merely to the Bavarian reigning family, but even to the meanest of the ministry, what bloodshed and frauds would have taken place! Yesterday I made a long excursion into the country. What a delightful sight! I saw on every side flourishing vineyards, orchards, and harvests, magnificent roads, and villages full of prosperity. Here you can proceed, laden with gold, from one end of the island to the other in perfect security; whereas in Greece we cannot, without the greatest danger, go from Athens to the nearest village. Here the women work peaceably in their houses, safe from both moveable columns of official bandits and from gangs of robbers. You will ask, do the Ionians purchase such great security by heavy taxation? By no means. They pay no tithes, no internal taxes, but simply duties on imports and exports. Such is the state of the *enslaved* Ionians, and such is that of us *independent* Greeks! In Greece, after having spent a loan of sixty millions of drachmas (240,000*l.*) and 400 millions of taxes, we have as yet neither harbour, bridge, nor road; we are infested with robbers and pirates, and a prey to a thousand diseases; and, far from enjoying liberty, we are bowed down under the vilest slavery! If you think it desirable, publish these lines; perhaps they will do some good, as coming from a man who is no partizan either of France, Russia, or England.'—All who are in the least acquainted with modern Greece know how high the authority of M. Soutzo is.

'Count Salomos, who had been Regent of Zante under Lord Seaton, having felt it his duty to resign the Presidency of the Ionian Senate, lately wrote to Sir H. Ward as follows:—"My Lord, the present state of the Ionian Islands is indeed most lamentable. It was not the will of Heaven that the reforms effected in the constitution should be granted by such gradual steps as would have enabled the people to receive them in a proper spirit, and to make a wise use of them. Introduced too suddenly, and at a most inopportune time, the result was such as might have been anticipated. They awakened the most extravagant expectations, inflamed minds by nature too easily inflammable, offered to the British nation by which they were conceded, instead of thanks, proofs of the most flagrant ingratitude, and plunged these islands into a state of the greatest confusion and disorder. Your Excellency's well-known abilities and paternal care were unable to provide a remedy for these evils; nor have the good intentions and the remonstrances of the executive power proved more successful. The present system takes from every man, however well-intentioned, the power of promoting in any way the good of his country, and consequently renders unavailing my labours as President of the Senate."

In conclusion, we will briefly recapitulate our general views on this subject, which is of wider importance than appears at first sight, owing to the intimate connexion of the Ionian Islands with Greece and Turkey, and indeed with British policy throughout the Levant. It is impossible not to regret various circumstances of the peculiar relation—one having no parallel except in some of the protected States in India—in which the Ionians were placed by the Treaty of Paris. As Sir H. Ward writes on July 9, 1849,—

'The constant subdivisions of property have created a class of young and poor gentlemen, who cannot all be advocates or medical men, or government *employés*; who have no army or navy to go into; and who, with the bare means of living at their command, not unnaturally look with hope to any change that would open to them a wider field.'

It is from this class that the writers and talkers against British connexion mainly spring; they suffer the disadvantage of being neither British nor Greek subjects, and cannot, therefore, be employed in the service either of Queen Victoria or of King Otho. At the same time they firmly believe, and with some reason probably, that, if their native islands were annexed to the kingdom of Greece, their superior education and more civilized manners would eventually place them at the head of affairs in the united country. The principal men of substance generally deprecate the with-

drawal of British protection until Greece shall have become more orderly, and property therein more secure—so at least they tell Englishmen, though they are not all equally explicit to their own countrymen."* On the other hand, the great mass of the peasantry in the southern islands have been deluded by the artful representations of their demagogues, and by the atrocious calumnies of the press, into expectations of deriving moral and physical blessings of every kind from union with Greece; just as we lately saw the lower classes in Ireland duped into looking for all imaginable felicity from a repeal of the union with England.

We admit, therefore, that the anomalous polity under which the Ionians were placed by the Treaty of Paris in 1815, is embarrassing to the protectorate, and constitutes a certain *political* grievance to the protected people. But at the same time we have sufficiently proved that Sir Thomas Maitland made the best of the position in which he was placed:—"What the constitution of 1817 was more liberal, even in theory, than almost any other then existing;—and that it was found in practice the very reverse of oppressive and degrading, or even of unpopular.

The ill-considered and precipitate, though well-intentioned, reforms of Lord Seaton are the immediate cause of the present condition of affairs; still the Ionians owe it mainly to their own perverseness, factiousness, personal intrigues, and local animosities, if they are not now in possession of a larger measure of real and practical civil liberty than is enjoyed by almost any autonomous European state, with the exception of England. We feel satisfied that a careful study of the parliamentary papers will afford the most convincing proof that there has been exhibited of late, on the part of Great Britain, an amount of forbearance and concession wholly unexampled elsewhere in the dealings between a powerful nation on one side and a powerless people on the other, placed too under our exclusive protectorate by a solemn European treaty. The Ionians cannot fairly allege any practical grievances, except of their own creation, in their internal polity. They possess the

* Sir H. Ward writes to Lord Grey on July 9, 1849:—"I was told at Zante by Count Roma, (father of Count Candiano Roma), 'long reputed the head of the Greek party in these islands, that, if he could believe for one moment that it was the Queen's intention to sanction their union with Greece, he would go himself to London, in spite of his eighty years, to enter his protest against such a step at the foot of her Majesty's throne, as an act at once of cruelty and of bad faith.'—Parliamentary Papers, Aug. 4, 1850, p. 43.

most complete liberty of speech and of the press ever known, and their domestic affairs are entirely under the control of a freely-elected Parliament. All that England requires is, that the constitutional rights of the protecting sovereign, as derived from the Treaty of Paris, shall not be violated by a revolutionary faction in the Assembly—a faction forming no political party, in the English sense of the term, but rather an organised body of desperate conspirators, who refuse to act within the limits of the constitution which they themselves have sworn to respect.

Again, the management of their own finances—a privilege often identified with the full possession of liberty—is wholly in the hands of the Ionian Assembly, with the exception of 38,000*l.*, out of an annual revenue averaging upwards of 160,000*l.* This sum is reserved after the manner of the civil lists in the British colonies—25,000*l.* being yearly apportioned as a military contribution towards the expenses of the garrison—and 13,000*l.* for the salaries of the Lord High Commissioner and the other English functionaries, whose number and whose salaries also are proportionally smaller than in any other of our dependencies.* The whole, or very nearly the whole, of this 13,000*l.* is spent in the islands themselves; and so it is with the military contribution, which is simply handed over by the Ionian Treasury to the British Commissariat, and thence distributed among the Ionian Army and Ordnance contractors. So that, by the payment of an annual sum of 38,000*l.*, *very nearly the whole of which finds its way back into their own pockets*, the Ionians purchase—1. Perfect external and internal security under the safeguard of 3000 British soldiers. 2. The protection of the British flag for their commerce in all parts of the world, and the same right as is enjoyed by British subjects themselves to the good offices of all English diplomatic and consular agents. In fact, many of our Consulates in the Levant are

chiefly occupied with the affairs of Ionians, of whom 4000 are resident in Constantinople alone. 3. The services of the Lord High Commissioner and his staff of *employés*, the real working members of their Government. 4. The annual expenditure of at least 150,000*l.* in the islands—all British money, sent out from England for Ordnance purposes, &c., and for the pay of the garrison, composed of five battalions of infantry, three companies of artillery, and one company of sappers and miners. Thus it appears that between 1809 and 1852 about *five millions sterling* of the taxes raised in Great Britain have been distributed among these little rocks and their population of 220,000 souls! What prosperity would not such a liberal expenditure of public money create, if employed on useful works, among many an impoverished community of our own *fellow-countrymen* at home!

It has certainly become a grave question whether any advantages possibly derivable by England from the military occupation of the *southern* Ionian Islands—that is, of the whole group, exclusive of Corfu, and its natural appendage, Paxo—can be commensurate with the expense and embarrassment of protecting an alien population, the numerical majority of which desires to be freed from our Protectorate, while the remainder for the most part want the moral courage to declare openly so anti-Hellenic a sentiment as their preference for it. This question has been already mooted in the Imperial Parliament; nay, by Lord Grey himself in a despatch to Sir H. Ward of August 12, 1849. ‘While the inhabitants of these islands,’ he writes, ‘continue to desire the protection of the British Government, they may be assured that it will not be withdrawn; *but they will remember that their connexion with this country was originally established far more for the sake of Ionian than of British interests, and that it is upon their continuing to value and to support it that its being permanently maintained must depend.*’

Without stopping to examine the accuracy or wisdom of this *ex cathedra* judgment—one hardly qualified, surely, to discourage the agitation of the Greek party in the islands, or to strengthen the hands of the Lord High Commissioner—we must insist that England cannot now, under any circumstances, relinquish her hold upon Corfu; which Island, besides its importance as the key of the Adriatic, as a strong military and naval station, and as a convenient commercial *entrepôt*, is as essential to the safeguard of the route to India by Trieste, as Malta to the security and convenience of the route by

* Parliamentary Papers of June 22, 1840, p. 39. Beside the Lord High Commissioner himself, his Secretary, the Residents that represent him in the Southern Islands, and the Treasurer-General, there are scarcely any Englishmen employed in civil posts in the Ionian Islands. There are indeed two Judges in the Supreme Court—but natives of all classes and opinions generally allow that this arrangement is quite necessary. There is nothing all Ionians dread so much as the *justice* of their own countrymen. The report of Vlacco’s trial before an English court-martial is instructive on this head.

Question by the Court.—‘Prisoner, have you any objection to any member of this Court?’

Answer.—‘Let me be tried by *Englishmen*, and not by *Greeks*. None.’

—Parliamentary Papers on Cephalonia, pp. 45-48.

Marseilles. It would undoubtedly be desirable for the interests both of Great Britain and of Corfu, if that island could be incorporated with the British Empire on the same footing as our own colonies, while Cephalonia, Zante, Santa Maura, Ithaca and Cerigo, were annexed to Greece, under the same guarantee as the rest of that kingdom, i. e. under the joint Protectorate of France, Russia, and England. This provision would of course secure them from falling into the hands of any other power as effectually as the Greek islands in the Archipelago are secured at the present moment from such a fate. Difficulties certainly involve the subject on every side, but there is one very important consideration which should never be lost sight of in examining it. There is a wide difference in race, sentiment, and geographical position, between Corfu and the five southern islands. The latter are, as a glance at the map will show, a natural appendage of Greece both in the earliest and latest extent of the term; whereas Corfu was in old times but a remote colony of the Hellenic name, and is now geographically connected, not with the kingdom of Otho, but with the Turkish province of Albania. So also, while the inhabitants of the southern islands are still as much Greeks as Englishmen are Anglo-Saxons, the townspeople of Corfu are half Italians and half Albanians, and the whole population of that island is probably as far from the ancient Greeks as the mass of our own countrymen from the ancient Britons. Nor is there much community of feeling between the Corfuotes and the yokefellows with whom they have been so uncomfortably coupled. They complain bitterly of the disturbances caused in their peaceful town by 'strangers' from the southern islands; and if they have little else Greek about them, they still retain the good old Hellenic hatred of their neighbours.*

But such a scheme as is here shadowed forth would of course require the sanction of all the great powers that were parties to the Treaty of Paris; and it is hardly to be expected that Russia, Austria, and Prussia—at any rate in their present humour—would agree to our picking, to use a familiar phrase, the plum out of the pudding—in other words, to our retaining possession of

Corfu alone—much less to our transforming into a direct Sovereignty our Protectorate of that island. Without adverting, therefore, to the questions connected with the balance of power now established between Turkey and Greece, it is enough to recollect that England must deal with the Ionian Islands as a whole, otherwise she has no right to deal with them at all.

And now what are the internal prospects of this important and interesting dependency, which a strong political necessity will doubtless retain for an indefinite period under the British Protectorate? The Ionian Parliament, prorogued in last March, was re-assembled after the filling up by fresh elections of the seats vacated by the acceptance of office or other causes; and an address to the Protecting Sovereign was carried by a considerable majority. This document insisted prominently on the topic of Greek nationality, and treated British connexion as a merely temporary arrangement; but it nevertheless declared the readiness of the Assembly to concur with the *de facto* Government in various practical measures of improvement, *en attendant* the ultimate consummation of their patriotic hopes of union with Greece. These more favourable indications are attributed in part to the accident which lately destroyed by fire the former Parliament-House, in which there was space for an organized rabble of 1500 spectators, who were allowed, in spite of the remonstrances of the Lord High Commissioner, habitually to insult and overawe the more moderate speakers. The present place of meeting has room for only 200 individuals in addition to the members; and hence it has been found possible to enforce good order, and to teach the people generally to appreciate its value. But it is mainly the truly statesmanlike speech of Sir J. Pakington, already quoted, which has checked for a time, by showing them the uselessness of their machinations, the intriguers and agitators who had during three years almost entirely paralyzed the action of the Septinsular Government.

We have received some very late details of the proceedings at Corfu; but cannot now go into them further than that the very last incident is the issuing by Sir H. Ward, on the 30th August, of a Message distinctly restating to the Assembly the reforms offered in his Proclamation of December, 1851, with the conditions to which he still adheres. The vote on this Message must be a very important point of the history—but to it our intelligence does not reach.

So long as the Lord High Commissioner continues to perform his part with temper,

* The Ionian Senate enjoy the sovereign privilege of pardoning criminals. Not long ago a convicted murderer, a native of Cephalonia, petitioned for a commutation of his sentence, when the senator representing another of the islands remarked, 'I am opposed to capital punishments on principle; but I shall not object to this execution, for there is one point which sets my mind at rest—the criminal is a Cephalonian.' (Una cosa mi tranquillizza—si tratta di un Cefaleno.) The man was hanged.

energy, and judgment—and so long as he is fortified by the firm support of his official chief in England, we may indulge the hope that further open collisions between the executive and the legislature will be avoided. Still it must not be forgotten that all those who—whether natives or foreigners—know the islands best, are unanimous in decrying the constitutional organization of 1849. Even disaffected Ionians for the most part allow that the working government of Sir T. Maitland, or even a pure autocracy in the hands of an English governor, would be far preferable, in a choice of evils, to the rash system of Lord Seaton; while the English party (that is, the principal landed proprietors and the chief public servants) support Sir H. Ward's views as to a modification of the press laws, and the abolition of the ballot. But, difficult and dangerous as is reaction in any shape, a piecemeal re-action is the most difficult and dangerous of all. The leading principles of the Constitution of 1817 have been abandoned, and no further experiments at patching it up are calculated to produce any permanent good. Moreover, no power likely to act wisely and impartially has any legal right to interfere. The Imperial Parliament cannot constitutionally legislate for this singularly anomalous dependency; and we strongly suspect that it will be discovered sooner or later that no Ionian Assembly, as at present constituted, can be depended upon for sound practical legislation in times of popular excitement, or on any questions which involve feelings of Greek nationality. The public men in the islands are, with few exceptions, sincere and zealous in nothing but in aggrandizing themselves and in supplanting their rivals. They seem, indeed, singularly destitute of that 'constitutional morality' which Mr. Grote declares (in language peculiarly appropriate to the late crisis at Corfu) to be 'the indispensable condition of a Government at once free and peaceable, since any powerful and obstinate minority may render the working of free institutions impracticable, without being strong enough to conquer ascendancy for themselves' (*Hist.*, chap. 31).

To conclude—the polity of 1849 is odious to all the three sections into which the Ionians are divided. The partisans of British protection, as the best guarantee of social order and tranquillity, are naturally averse to it; the Greek annexationists, or *Rizospastæ*, revile it bitterly. It is unnecessary to speak of the little knot of semi-Venetian* and doctrinaire intriguers and

agitators, of which M. Mustoxidi is the acknowledged leader at Corfu, and the 'Ionian' of the *Daily News* is the proclaimed agent in London, for it does not represent the opinions of a hundred individuals in the islands. But there is still another point of view in which this question should be regarded. The mischief produced by the present state of the Ionian Islands is not confined within their own narrow limits. The Ionian journals, holding up England and Englishmen almost with one voice to ridicule or execration, have been disseminated throughout the Levant. They are read at Athens, Smyrna, and Constantinople. The existence of such unparalleled licence in a British dependency is calculated to damage seriously the *prestige* of British power and energy, for Orientals rarely separate the idea of government from that of monarchical authority, and invariably ascribe to fear or imbecility all concessions yielded to violence and clamour. The respect earned for our name by the vigour of other times, or other spheres, is dangerously counteracted by the weakness of English policy in the Ionian Islands. No government can afford to be openly set at defiance for any length of time by its own dependents.

ART. III.—1. *An Inquiry into the Legislation of the Salmon and Sea Fisheries.* By Herbert F. Hore, Esq., Dublin. 8vo. 1830.

2. *Report of the Commissioners of Inquiry on the Irish Fisheries.* 1836.

3. *Report from the Committee on the Inland Fisheries and Navigation of Ireland.* 1849.

4. *Annual Reports of the Commissioners of Public Works as to the Fisheries of Ireland.* 1843–50.

THE value of the *genus salmo* to the *genus homo* is exhibited under several agreeable phases. Any person who is owner of a good salmon-fishery, as well as of broad

this faction bear common Venetian names, such as Dandolo, Zambelli, &c. A Smith or Brown in England might just as plausibly pretend to Norman descent. Our Hansard represents Mr. Joseph Hume as, on 5th April last, telling the House of Commons that 'if they went to any part of the Levant or Asia Minor, they would find that the Ionians were sharp, clever men, and much superior to any other class of Italians.' We suspect that these Panhellenic agitators will disown their champion, when they discover that he considers them to be *Italians*. Besides, in the southern islands, the majority of the inhabitants, as we have already seen, are of Greek descent.

*Some of the most virulent *soi-disant* GREEKS of

acres, contemplates in his banker's book, an additional credit of some hundreds sterling, his aquatic rental. Those who favour the pastime of the rod consider a royal salmon as their noblest prize. The capture of this vigorous fish with so slight an implement must, indeed, be a spirit-stirring sport. Its votaries sometimes even venture for it into Ireland—

‘amidst O'Rourke's, O'Tooles,
Or where Dick Martin *rules* [*cheu* !]
The wilds of Connemara.’

For its delights we have literary authorities enough—from the amiable gossip of Walton to the elegant disquisition of Davy and the enthusiastic eloquence of Wilson. Its calm and cheerful pleasures consoled the ambitious Raleigh when banished from court—were sufficient to draw away Cotton, the poet and voluptuary, from the gay world, and to allure Paley from his easy chair and desk. All epicures are agreed as to the salmon. Mine host of the ‘Star and Garter’ is sure to grace the board with a fair proportion of the ‘venison of the waters:’ while *côtelettes de saumon à l'Indienne* form not the least telling *plat* at Blackwall or Greenwich. The fish often of old made his appearance in a preserved or ‘kippered’ state—and he is still a favourite in that guise. We doubt not it is he who is gratefully alluded to by Archbishop Laud in a certain epistle to Lord Strafford, of Sept. 1638, when the viceroy (well known to be awake to the subject of fisheries) was resting from the cares of government at his new residence in the Wicklow woods:—

‘I find by your letters you are gone a hunting; I hope you will find time to go a fishing too, for I mean to be a very bold beggar, and desire you to send me some more of the dried fish—(I do not know what you call it)—which you sent me the last year; it was the best that ever I tasted. Do not think to stop my mouth with more of your hung beef from Yorkshire, which was as hard as the very horn the old runt wore when she lived.’

The knowing author of the ‘Art of Dining’ is great upon the many modes of cooking salmon: but before cooking you must catch it; and of late doleful stories of the impoverished state of the fisheries have been loudly echoed both from Scotland and Ireland. We shall now endeavour to point out the causes of this decline, mainly confining ourselves, for various reasons, to ‘green Erin of streams.’

If we may rely on some incidental statements by a chronicler of the sixteenth century, the Irish *grievance* of those days lay not in the scarcity but in the glut of the

commodity. Stainhurst mentions that the fisheries of Lough Neagh, and of the ‘noble northerne river, the Banne, complain more often for bursting of their nets with the over great take of fish, than for anie want.’ It is testified in a collection of genealogies among the MSS. at Lambeth that ‘O'Donell is the second best lord in Ulster, and the best lord of fishe in Ireland, and he exchangeth fishe allwayes with foreign merchants for wyne, by which his call in other countryes—the kinge of fishe.’ The last O'Donell, Earl of Tyrconnel, before abandoning his country in 1607, proclaimed, as among his most grievous injuries, the being ‘despoiled by the English of his valuable fisheries.’ In 1610 the Foyle and Bann were let by the ‘London Company of Adventurers’ for one thousand marks yearly: Sir James Hamilton, who had a claim on that fishery, offered to farm it at 800*l.* per annum. Lord Strafford writes, in 1638, that the Foyle produced to the Crown that year two hundred and forty tons of salmon, and that the yearly rent used to be 1000*l.* Although the value of money has diminished nearly ten-fold, the rent paid in the year 1835 for the three great rivers, the Foyle, Bann, and Moy, only amounted to 1250*l.* Spenser commemorates ‘the fair Suir, in which are thousand salmons bred.’ The full name of Cahir, the Earl of Glengall's seat on that river, is *Cahir-duna-iascaigh*, the castle of the fish-abounding fort. The Duke of Ormond told Evelyn that salmon were so plentiful in the Irish streams that they were hunted with dogs.

From an early period the article was largely exported, in a salted state, to England, and still more abundantly to Spain, where it was in request for fast days. The export trade assumed additional importance at the beginning of the present century, in consequence of the introduction of ‘Scotch stake-nets, and bag-nets.’ These nets were placed in the entrances and lower portions of rivers, and their use, as opposed to the ordinary method of fishing with boats, and moveable draught nets, had the effect of bringing the trade into fewer hands. The trade subsequently received a new stimulus from the facilities afforded for the rapid conveyance of the commodity, in its fresh and more inviting state, by means of steam-vessels and railways. And here it may be conjectured, that the necessity for disposing quickly of an article of food so perishable as fish, together with the fluctuation of its value according to the quantity taken, are the causes of that vehemence and acerbity of language which the dealers—even though of the fair sex—employ at Billingsgate: a style

of elocution that existed among the same class in ancient Greece, and which the Athenian lawgivers in vain attempted to restrain.

To those unacquainted with piscatorial mysteries it may seem strange that a controversy should arise as to the equity of the use of any device for capturing a fish; but there are few subjects of a more doubtful and complicated character, which involve more varied considerations, or are more difficult to legislate upon, than the Irish river fisheries. No less than thirty-one statutes have been enacted for their regulation within the last three centuries. So vituperative is the language in some of these acts that our ancient senators seem to have caught the contagion of the subject. The erectors of weirs are reprehended by 28th Henry VIII. as 'persons having respect only to their own wilfulness, singular commodity, and benefit;' and are again rebuked, 10th Car. I., for their 'greedy appetites and insatiable desires.' Over and over again Commissions have been instituted, and Committees have sat, to investigate the dispute as to how, where, and when, salmon ought to be killed. The Commissioners of Inquiry in 1835 were thoroughly mystified by 'the contradictory nature of the evidence offered, as well respecting the natural history of the fish, as the tendency of the several practical points in debate.' The occult habits of the salmon, and the varying circumstances of different rivers, either in hydrographical formation, or in temperature, may account largely for such discrepancies; but we must remember that the laws for regulating methods and seasons are sought to be guided or altered by these statements. We have of late had to thank our ichthyological savans for some half dozen of formal essays on the salmon, and there are now twice as many Blue-books on the same topic; so that this inscrutable animal may exclaim with Duke Vincentio,

'Volumes of Reports

Run with these false and most contrarious quests
Upon my doings!'

The recently-published travels of M. Erman in the northern Asiatic continent afford some curious particulars of the great river fisheries of salmon and sturgeon in Siberia. Russian traders annually resort to the neighbourhood of the most productive sandbanks in the estuaries, where they pay the inhabitants for permission to erect their nets, some of which are 800 feet long. So enormous is the take that more than one of these companies have recently realized profit to the amount of 25,000*l.* in one season; 'but,'

adds M. Erman, 'it is equally certain that the fisheries of the Ostyaks round about were thereby seriously damaged.' This abstraction of fish caused in fact an absolute famine in the interior. M. Erman says:—

'Russian civilization has reduced to misery the fish-eating tribes of the Irkutsk and Obi; and it must undoubtedly be expected that the remarkable migrations of the fish up the fresh waters will hereafter be known only from tradition. The official agents, to whom the superintendence of this country has been confided, have been always perplexed by the difficulty of reconciling the conflicting interests in this case; but never was so rare and felicitous an expedient for the welfare of the land explicitly enounced, as that contained in the still unexecuted scheme of M. Karnilof, who proposed to the government at St. Petersburg that it should "take into its immediate possession all the valuable fisheries on the Obi, and lease them only to Russians—for then," he observes, "the harmless and amiable Ostyaks, to whom the sand-banks belong by inheritance, would at once be relieved from the anxiety of retaining possession of them, and nothing more would be heard of their complaints of local injuries done to them. The fish-eating inhabitants might then learn to support themselves on the nuts of the Siberian pine, or by catching birds and quadrupeds; so engaged, they would not be troubled with competitors, and might enjoy tranquillity of mind."

The antagonistic claimants to the 'property' of salmon in a large Irish river may be divided into four classes: 1st. those employing stationary nets at the mouth and along the coast:—2nd. the 'cot-men' fishing in the tideway with drift and seine nets:—3rd. the solid weir, at the junction of the freshwater and the tideway:—4th. the land-owners in the freshwater districts, who are confined mostly to the use of rod and line. Every fishing-station along a river is in point of fact an evil to parties who fish more inland:—and it must be noted that they who are most able to protect the breeding fish will always have the least opportunity of reaping the eventful benefit of their care. Let the law do ever so much for the 'Protectionist' interest, still no large proportion of the fish could ever reach them: the lion's share will be devoured lower down, because salmon 'hang in the tideway' during the dry months, and do not ascend in considerable numbers until the first floods, as the fence time approaches.

The commissioners of 1835 were as much 'perplexed by the difficulty of reconciling the conflicting interests,' as were the Russian officials in Siberia. Their 'Instructions,' drawn up by the present Earl of Carlisle, pointed out that 'the propriety of the use of the Scotch stake-net, against which there is a

strong prejudice in Ireland, is deserving consideration. These nets are undoubtedly most productive; but it is asserted that they exhaust the supply of fish to an extent that may threaten a material diminution in the stock for many years.' The document also suggests that 'in the rivers, the construction of eel and salmon weirs will form an interesting subject of inquiry; and whether they also, in their present form, and being practically of unlimited operation in season and situation, may not be found too destructive.' The Commissioners, however, did not find either of these subjects interesting; they soon became weary of the weirs, slipped through the meshes of the nets, and wound up their report hastily, complaining of the contradictory nature of the evidence, and declaring that, in their belief, 'fixed bases for legislation as to these rivers could only, if at all, be attained by a lengthy and philosophical course of independent investigations.' This they 'had not time for':—so, recollecting that a select committee of the House of Commons had recently reported on the British fisheries, they suggest placidly and profoundly that—'the natural history of the animal being everywhere similar, a similar course of injurious practices is every where found to require a similar legal interference for the protection of the breed—whatever laws are requisite for the British salmon fisheries will be found generally sufficient for those of Ireland.' In reviewing this conclusion, we must first of all observe that the Commissioners *ignored* the existence of the public right of piscary. They make no allusion to it! Yet this right, if we do at all recognize it, makes the question of permitting the use of fixed nets far more complicated, than if the rival interests of different landed proprietors on the same river were alone concerned, as is the case in Scotland. Nor can it be denied that in Ireland the *public* right of fishing for salmon on the coasts, and in the larger portion of the tideways of the principal rivers, had always been asserted; or that when fish were abundant, the subsistence of a larger number of families was mainly secured from this resource. The right is exercised outside the mouth of nearly every river, by hauling with draught nets: and in dry seasons, when salmon do not enter the rivers readily, this mode of fishing was very productive to the poor persons who followed it. It was proved before the Select Committee that upwards of two thousand men fished in the tidal portions of the Waterford rivers before the Act of 1842 was passed, and that, in that very year, from 17,000*l.* to 18,000*l.* worth of salmon had been sent into Waterford for ex-

portation. Were another commission to be appointed they would find evidence enough that this ancient branch of industry has been greatly injured, nay all but destroyed, by the fixed nets, which now hand over the riches of the water to the owners of the land.

Legislation, from the days of King John to the close of the last reign, was directed to the restraining of any exclusive methods of taking salmon. The regulation of inland fisheries occupies two prominent clauses in Magna Charta. That ground-work of our liberty was signed on the island of Runnymede, in the royal river of England, and the freedom of our waters, any more than of our lands and forests, was not overlooked. The monarch surrendered his cherished prerogative of 'putting rivers in fence' for the sake of his own sport, and it was ordained that no private right of fishery should be assumed, to the damage of the public. All open weirs were ordered to be removed from the Thames and Medway, and throughout England, except along the coast of the sea. The Great Charter was extended to Ireland; and, in addition to its provisions, a special Act was passed in that kingdom, 10th Car. I., prohibiting the taking of salmon by any sort of standing net.

The reason is obvious why a 'cruivefishing weir'—a solid dam built across the stream with 'cruives' or box-traps through the rails of which the water flows—must take a large proportion of the salmon. The fish is certain to ascend sooner or later in order to shed her spawn in the upper waters; as Paley says, 'she suffers no surmountable obstacle to oppose her progress,' and in her effort to pass up she rushes into the fatal trap. But it is not so easy to explain briefly the manner in which stationary nets act, or the reasons why they take so great a quantity of fish as they are found to do. A 'Scotch weir' is composed of a strong and long net, stretched out on upright poles, which have been driven into the sandy shore, or mud bank, in the estuary of a river, from high to low water mark, and reaching as far as the edge of the deep channel. A 'bag-net' is also a long and strong net, stretched out by means of anchors, attached to the shore end by ropes, and suspended perpendicularly by corks and buoys. The stake-weir is operative only while the tide is in: the bag-net takes fish at all hours of the tide, not being laid bare at low water: and has also this advantage over its inland rival, that the salmon meet it sooner. The general belief as to the course taken by salmon on entering a river is, that they coast along the shore, both to luxuriate in the fresh water that comes in from various little streams,

and in order to escape seals and porpoises, &c., which cannot follow into the shallows. Both the 'engines' described terminate in 'chambers,' or square enclosures of net-work. When the fish meet the 'leader,' or long barrier of net, they swim alongside of it, and gradually get into the inner pound, from which there is no egress. As the salmon are constantly moving backwards and forwards according to the flow or ebb of the tide, while waiting, until there are floods, to ascend the fresh water, and as they are chased here and there by the fish of prey, a large proportion make their way into the 'chambers.'

Despite the Great Charter, numerous kidels, or open weirs, were set up in old times in our rivers. They are formed by driving down a line of stakes into the shore, from high to low-water mark, interlaced with wattle-work: a wooden stage is erected in the water, at the end of the weir, on which a man is stationed, when the tide is in, in readiness to draw up a net so placed as to catch the fish that the wattled hedge directs into it. These rude contrivances are called 'yairs' in Scotland. It was owing to the peculiarly wasteful effect of these devices that so many laws were directed against their use. The fry of salmon cannot pass through the wicker-work, and are left to die on the receding of the tide. An Act of Elizabeth declares 'any swine, hogge, or pygge' to be forfeited, if found feeding on the strands of tideways, where these animals resorted to 'devour great quantitie of salmon and eel frye and frye of spaune of divers other good fishes,' which they found detained in this manner. In old England this description of weir was, in general, the piscatorial larder of a monastery, or of some lordly ecclesiastic, and, as such, enjoyed a practical immunity from the law. Barrington, writing on the Statutes, observes that the numerous *kidelli* below London bridge as well as above it were never destroyed until Henry the Fourth's time; and adds that the archbishop of Canterbury even then gave great opposition to their removal. At last abolished in England, in spite of all high remonstrants, in Ireland these antique 'head weirs' have been continued. At this day there are about four-and-twenty of them in the Waterford rivers, and two-and-twenty in the Lismore district. Commander Frazer, of the naval surveying service, was recently ordered by the Admiralty to examine the state of the navigation of the Blackwater; and in his report, 25th January, 1851, he says:—

'I beg to state that between Youghal and Cappoquin, a distance of 16 miles, there are no less than thirty-three weirs; of this number

some are large, some small, but *all more or less injurious to the navigation of the river*. Many of them are so closed up with wicker-work as to make it scarce possible for even a sprat to escape. In these weirs enormous quantities of small fish are taken each successive tide—a great proportion doubtless of the salmon species; which, I conceive, must account in some degree for that great scarcity of salmon so much complained of on this coast the last few seasons.'

We must not at present go into the Navigation part of this question. Let us adhere to one sufficient topic.

The law was, as we have shown, especially prohibitory of fixed engines in Ireland; but—while the old *kidels* stood their ground, or were multiplied, on the stimulus to the trade given thirty or forty years ago—stake-nets were set up in great numbers either by the gentry or tenants on the estuaries: in spite of many judicial decisions they were again and again erected—and often reaped the benefit of the season's fishing while legal proceedings were dragging their slow length along. From time to time these nuisances were cut down by the fishermen, whose livelihood they injured, in the riotous manner so graphically described in Redgauntlet; but many of them continued in operation, night and day, without a pause, either on Sunday or during the close season.

The Commission of Inquiry had recommended that every act relating to the Sea fisheries of Ireland should be repealed, and that all provisions deemed necessary should be embodied in one new statute. The Government were in favour of permitting the use of 'improved methods' of fishing in the sea without regard to the in-economic prejudice against them on the score of their causing a diminution of employment. A bill was accordingly introduced in 1838, for the regulation and encouragement of the Sea fisheries alone, but, not passing into law, the matter was adroitly taken up by the fixed net-owners. The 'encouraging' clauses for the maritime branch were expunged, and a bill was brought forward in 1842, embracing both sea and river departments—and containing certain provisions, purporting to form 'an equitable settlement of the many conflicting interests in salmon fisheries.' This bill, in its original shape, would have given a power to proprietors of erecting fixed nets *on the coast*: the coast being defined to be where the channel of a river exceeded a breadth of three-fourths of a mile at low water. This would not have been very objectionable; but, during the progress of the measure, two clauses were introduced which legalized stake-nets in the narrow portions of rivers—provided they were of some standing; and these clauses have