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ENGLISH HISTORY
IN ENGLISH FICTION

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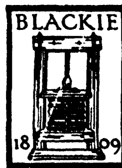
THE ENGLISH LAND SYSTEM.
EUROPE AND BEYOND.
THE MECHANISM OF THE MODERN STATE.
HOW WE ARE GOVERNED.

ENGLISH HISTORY IN ENGLISH FICTION

BY

SIR JOHN MARRIOTT

Honorary Fellow (formerly Fellow and Lecturer in Modern History) of Worcester College, Oxford. Late M.P. for the City of York



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PREFACE

THIS book is confessedly an adventure. If it be objected that adventure is the exclusive privilege, the peculiar province of youth, the obvious retort is that adventure is the best specific against the insidious infection of old age, and offers the liveliest hope of preserving in some measure the dew of one's youth. "We cannot," as a distinguished historian[1] has truly said, "escape the fact that all real life is a great adventure; we are all either adventurers or sluggards." Refusing to be numbered among the sluggards, I offer this book as a justification of my claim to be included in the former category. But the prosecution of my adventure has proved much more laborious than was anticipated. In particular it has tempted a cautious historian down many a by-path, up many creeks and backwaters he had not previously explored. Perhaps such deviations are a wholesome corrective of the tendency to keep too strictly to the highroad and the main stream of history.

The method pursued in this book has never, so far as I am aware, been adopted before, and can best be made clear by what is known in Parliament as a "personal explanation". Immersed for long years in the study of the past, and in politics which is history in the making, I found a frequent diversion in novel reading. But regarding fiction as merely a recreation I tended to avoid historical novels, strictly so called. Reaction did not, indeed, go so far as to confine me, as it did my dear master and friend Bishop Stubbs, to detective stories. In fact, the only book that learned prelate

[1] Dr. G. G. Coulton.

ever lent me was, characteristically, *The Mystery of a Hansom Cab!*

With greater, though far from complete, leisure in later life my practice has altered. I have read widely in historical fiction, and have come to doubt the wisdom of my former prejudice against it.

In this book my later practice is put to the test. History and fiction are brought into line, and an attempt is made to show how historical fiction can help in the elucidation of each successive period of English History. The epithet must be emphasized. I have rarely strayed across the Scottish border or St. George's Channel except where Scottish or Irish history is closely intermingled with that of England. If, in view of this limitation, it seems illogical to devote chapters to the "British" Empire I plead guilty, though I offer no apology for including among "English" novelists Nathaniel Hawthorne (than whom no one has written purer English) in order to illustrate the Puritan temper of New England, and, for similar reasons, a few other American writers. Into foreign history I do not stray at all: such excursions would have rendered the book impossibly ponderous. Further to reduce the bulk of the volume (especially in the appendix) more references are made to previous works of my own than innate modesty approves.

The present work though not repellant, I hope, to the "general reader" is intended primarily for learners of all ages, though they will find in the historical sections no more than a summary. Not an "educational" book in the narrow sense of a book intended exclusively for class work in schools, it will, nevertheless, I hope, find a place in every school library, as well as in most Free Libraries. My work, outside Oxford, has indeed brought me into contact not only with many schools of every degree, but with the Free Library Movement, whose ever widening and deepening influence upon adult education is one of the most encouraging developments of our time. Many people are, perhaps, unaware of the admirable system by which in

London (and perhaps elsewhere) the resources of one library are made available to readers in others. I owe, in this matter, a heavy debt to the Librarian of the Hampstead Public Library, who has procured me the loan of novels and other works which are out of print or accessible (but not loanable) only at a few great libraries such as the Bodleian and the British Museum. I am grateful also to the Librarian of the Flintshire County Library for temporary assistance courteously rendered.

I trust that teachers of history of all grades, above the elementary, will appreciate the effort here made to bring History and Fiction into fruitful association, and that readers of all ages may be encouraged to use historical novels as complementary to their study of history.

It is perhaps superfluous to say that the list of novels is strictly selective, not exhaustive; but it is proper to add that while I have, of course, read and in many cases re-read again and again all the novels of which more than a bare mention is made, I have, in the few cases where mention is merely catalogic, relied on the usual sources of information. In this connexion I wish to acknowledge a special debt to two indispensable works: Dr. E. A. Baker's *A Guide to Historical Fiction* and Mr. J. Nield's *A Guide to the Best Historical Novels*.

A few paragraphs in this book have been written from notes made for a course of lectures more than half a century ago. Quotation marks do not reappear in lectures. It is possible, therefore, that there may have clung to the memory other people's words or phrases. I hope not; but for any unacknowledged borrowings, as well as for borrowings from previous works of my own I crave pardon.

J. A. R. MARRIOTT.

Easter, 1940.

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CHAPTER I

Introductory Prelude

MANY people are still apt to look askance at the historical novel. The young suspect that there is a maximum of powder imperfectly concealed in a minimum of jam. More sophisticated critics insist that the historical novel is apt to spoil two things, each good in its own way. Palgrave, the historian, said that " historical novels are mortal enemies to history ". Leslie Stephen, a literary critic, contended that an historical theme is inimical to good fiction. Less critical readers complain that their enjoyment of a novel, otherwise good, is marred by the intrusion of historical persons and historical events. Such judgments, whatever their value, impel us to distinguish between history and history, and also to define what is meant by an historical novel.

To the Temple of Clio there are many different avenues. Constitutional and Legal history obviously provides no appropriate material for the historical novelist. Would any novelist dream of making his story revolve round the origins of the English Parliament or the evolution of the Cabinet system? Shakespeare in *King John*, while making much play with the relations of the King and the Pope, never mentions Magna Carta. The complex character of Richard III has attracted many novelists, but none ever discuss the question whether the Lancastrians made a premature attempt to establish " Constitutional " government in England. The historical novel may on the other hand be an invaluable adjunct to the study of political, social, or even economic history. What historian would, for instance,

write the Social History of the nineteenth century without reading Disraeli's *Sybil,* Mrs. Gaskell's *Mary Barton,* Kingsley's *Yeast,* or even Anthony Trollope's *Barchester Towers,* or John Galsworthy's *Forsyte Saga*?

But can the latter be classed as Historical Novels? That question compels us to attempt a definition. Owen Wister says: "Any narrative which presents faithfully a day and a generation is, of necessity, historical." John Buchan's definition runs thus: "An historical novel is simply a novel which attempts to reconstruct the life and recapture the atmosphere of an age *other than those of the writer.*" But is the limitation imposed by the italicized words essential, or even important? If so, we must rule out many of the novels mentioned above and below. Some remarks of Bulwer Lytton prefixed to his *Harold* are, in this connexion, to the point: "There are two ways of employing the materials of History in the service of Romance: the one consists in lending to ideal personages, and to an imaginary fable, the additional interest to be derived from historical groupings: the other, in extracting the main interest of romantic narrative from History itself. Those who adopt the former mode are at liberty to exclude all that does not contribute to theatrical effect or picturesque composition: their fidelity to the period they select is towards the manners and costume, not towards the precise order of events, the moral causes from which the events proceeded, and the physical agencies by which they were influenced and controlled. The plan thus adopted is unquestionably the more popular and attractive; . . . the great author of *Ivanhoe* . . . employed History to aid Romance: I contented myself with the humbler task to employ Romance in the aid of History—to extract from authentic but neglected chronicles and the unfrequented storehouse of Archæology, the incidents and details that enliven the dry narrative of facts to which the general historian is confined—construct my plot from the actual events themselves. . . . I have consulted the original authorities of the time with a care as scrupulous, as if

intending to write, not a fiction but a history. And having formed the best judgment I could of the events and characters of the age, I adhered faithfully to what, as an Historian, I should have held to be the true course and the true causes of the great political events, and the essential attributes of the principal agents. Solely in that inward life which . . . becomes the fair domain of the poet, did I claim the legitimate privileges of fiction; and even here I employed the agency of the passions only so far as they served to illustrate . . . the genuine natures of the beings who had actually lived, and to restore the warmth of the human heart to the images recalled from the grave."

Lytton was in fact like Charles Kingsley, primarily an historian, who chose to put his historical knowledge into the form of prose fiction.

About such novels as *Harold* or *Westward Ho!* there can obviously be no dispute. More disputable are the novels where the background is true to history, but the characters are purely fictitious. In other novels, as in Disraeli's, the characters are avowedly fictitious but can easily be identified. There are other novels again which though not strictly historical contain historical episodes. Dickens's *Barnaby Rudge*, for instance, contains a vivid description of the Lord George Gordon Riots. Equally historical is the chapter in *Vanity Fair* describing the famous ball given by the Duchess of Richmond on the eve of Quatre Bras. A more subtle question at this point obtrudes itself. Are there not many novels which, at the time when they were written, could not be regarded as historical, but become historical by the mere lapse of time? Is it certain that in time to come *Felix Holt* will be regarded as a more valuable historical authority than *Middlemarch*? Or *Vanity Fair* than *Esmond*? Such questions will frequently recur. Meanwhile, we must observe that it is precisely in regard to strictly historical novels that the question of their value as adjuncts to history obtrudes itself most acutely. Why did not Bulwer Lytton, having spent laborious days in consulting the original

authorities for the eleventh century, write the history of the House of Godwin? If, however, Lytton had preferred history to fiction it is doubtful whether we should ever have had the wonderful analysis of Harold's character, its innate purity and beauty, or the subtle development of his political ambition which Lytton has revealed to us in the novel. The point is well brought out by Mr. H. Butterfield in his suggestive Essay on the Historical Novel.

" Given the facts of the past, the historian shapes them in one way, squeezes something out of them, hunts out a set of implications in them; the novelist uses them to a different purpose, organizes them differently, and turns them over in his thinking with a different kind of logic. Given an event the historian will seek to estimate its ultimate significance and to trace out its influence, the novelist will seek merely to recapture the fleeting moment, to see the thing happening, to turn it into a picture or a ' situation ' With a set of facts about the social conditions of England in the Middle Ages the historian will seek to make a generalization, to find a formula; the novelist will seek a different kind of synthesis and will try to reconstruct a world, to particularize, to catch a glimpse of human nature. Each will notice different things, follow different clues; for to the historian the past is the whole process of development that leads up to the present; to the novelist it is a strange world to tell tales about."

That is true; but it follows that some historians approximate more closely than others to the art of the novelist. It is more true of the narrative than of the " philosophical " historian—more true of Macaulay, for example, than of Lecky. But though Macaulay tries as hard as the novelist to see the thing happening, his vision is obscured by the fact that he sees it through spectacles, and that his spectacles are yellow-tinted. Always at the back of his mind is the desire to justify the ways of Whigs to men. Cromwell's sword may be of the same steel and temper as Prince Rupert's, but we know that Macaulay will convince himself that

Cromwell's was forged to defend the right, while Rupert's was destructive of liberty.

Another question obtrudes itself. Granted that the novel may be of real assistance to the student of history, how shall we measure the excellence of any particular historical novel in this regard? The following simple test is provisionally suggested: does the reading of a particular novel irresistibly impel the reader to the study of the period as presented by the avowed historian? Does the reading, for example, of Collingwood's *The Likeness of King Elfwald* send the reader back to the *Ecclesiastical History* of the Venerable Bede, or even to such a book as Bishop Lightfoot's *Leaders of the Northern Church*? If not, it is arguable that the novel fails in its proper job: it is not doing what Sir Walter Scott himself, with characteristic modesty but with accuracy, defined as its appropriate function. In the introduction to *Peveril of the Peak* he writes: "The reader having been interested in fictitious adventures ascribed to historical periods and characters, begins next to be anxious to learn what the facts really were and how far the novelist has justly represented them." Precisely: the novelist's business is not to satisfy but to stimulate historical curiosity.

That is what Sir Walter himself did. But an eminent historian has ascribed to Scott an even higher achievement than that. Professor Trevelyan while emphasizing the value of the historical novel in an historical curriculum lays down the qualities required in an historical novelist. They are: "an historical mind apt to study the records of a period and a power of creative imagination able to reproduce the perceptions so acquired in a picture that has all the colours of life." Scott, in an eminent degree, possessed those qualifications; but in his fine tribute to the great "Wizard of the North" Mr. Trevelyan goes far beyond that. In his judgment, Scott "by his lays and novels revolutionized history"; he "altered our whole conception of the past". The older form of the historical art, "with its sound antiquarianism

and its superficial analysis " had reached its zenith in Gibbon who in his way was perfect, uniting profound research with consummate power of presentation. But Gibbon had his limitations. He " conceived mankind to be essentially the same in all ages and in all countries. . . . He did not perceive that the thoughts of men as well as the framework of society differ from age to age. The long centuries of diverse human experience, which he chronicled with such passionless equanimity, look all much the same in the cold classical light of his reason." Hardly was Gibbon in his grave, proceeds Mr. Trevelyan, " when a genius arose in Scotland who once, and probably for ever, transformed mankind's conception of itself from the classic to the romantic, from the uniform to the variegated. Gibbon's cold classical light was replaced by the rich mediæval hues of Walter Scott's stained glass. To Scott, each age, each profession, each country, each province, had its own manners, its own dress, its own way of thinking, talking and fighting ". Thus Scott " did more than any professional historian to make mankind advance towards a true conception of history, for it was he who first perceived that the history of mankind is not simple but complex, that history never repeats itself, but ever creates new forms differing according to time and place. The great antiquarian and novelist showed historians that history must be living, many coloured and romantic if it is to be a true mirror of the past ". Macaulay, adds his great-nephew, " was not slow to learn this lesson ".

This is confirmed by Macaulay's own *Essay on History* written while the Waverleys, which one by one he devoured as they issued from the Press in rapid succession, were still appearing. After criticizing every historian from Herodotus to Lingard, Macaulay proceeds to sketch the attributes and set out the methods of the ideal Historian. He will not omit any circumstances " because, as we are told, they are too trivial for the majesty of history. The Majesty of History seems to resemble the Majesty of the poor King of Spain who died a martyr to ceremony because the proper

dignitaries were not at hand to bring him his medicine. History," thinks Macaulay, "is in a similar plight. Scott has come to the rescue; he is like the famous apprentice who *constructed the most beautiful window in Lincoln Cathedral* out of fragments of glass rejected by his master. Sir Walter Scott in the same manner has used those fragments of truth which historians have scornfully thrown behind them in a manner which may well excite their envy. He has constructed out of their gleanings works which, even considered as history, are scarcely less valuable than theirs. But a truly great historian would reclaim those materials which the novelist has appropriated. . . . We should not then have to look for the wars and the votes of the Puritans in Clarendon, and for their phraseology in *Old Mortality*; for one half of King James in Hume, and for the other half in the *Fortunes of Nigel*. The perfect historian . . . by judicious selection, rejection and arrangement, gives to truth those attractions which have been usurped by fiction. . . . He would assuredly not omit the battles, the sieges, the negotiations, the seditions, the ministerial changes. But with these he would intersperse the details which are the charm of historical romance. . . . He shows us the court, the camp, and the senate. But he shows us also the nation. He considers no anecdote, no peculiarity of manner, no familiar saying, as too insignificant for his notice which is not too insignificant to illustrate the operation of laws, of religion, and of education, and to mark the progress of the human mind. Men will not merely be *described* but will be made intimately known to us. The changes of manners will be indicated not merely by a few general phrases or a few extracts from statistical documents, but by appropriate images presented in every line."[1] So Macaulay at eight-and-twenty described the method which eleven years later he began to apply in his own history.[2]

[1] Miscellaneous Writings: pp. 133–155, but abridged and summarized.

[2] The History was begun in 1839; the first two volumes were published in 1848. Needless to add that it was never finished.

The appropriate function of a Prelude is to suggest, in fugitive fashion, the themes that subsequent numbers will elaborate. That has been done. It remains to define the exact scope of this book, and to explain the method by which alone it would seem possible to achieve the object in view. This book is not an Outline History of England, nor does it attempt to sketch the development of the Historical Novel as a form of literary art, or to analyse the methods of the historical novelist. That is the proper function of the literary critic. The purpose of this book is primarily historical; not to discuss the place of history in fiction but the part that historical fiction can play as an adjunct to the study of history.

The method of the book is dictated by its purpose. The novels selected as illustrative must be considered not in their literary order—the order of composition—but according to the historical periods with which they respectively deal. Thus of Scott's novels we deal first not with *Waverley*, the first in order of publication (1814), but with *The Betrothed* (1825) which deals with the Welsh wars of Henry II. *Waverley* will find its appropriate place only when we come to the eighteenth century. The literary critic may be aghast at this procedure, but only thus can this book fulfil its purpose, and prove of any value to the student of British history.

CHAPTER II

Origins and Development of the English Novel

WITH rare unanimity critics have attributed the paternity of Historical Fiction to Sir Walter Scott. " After a few abortive efforts and fantastic experiments, the Historical Novel came suddenly into being with the publication of *Waverley*." Whether all the experiments were merely " fantastic ", whether the new apparition was quite so sudden as Sir Charles Firth thinks, are matters to be considered presently. Dr. G. P. Gooch is in substantial agreement with Sir Charles Firth. " More than fifty historical novels," he writes, " made their appearance in England alone while the Wizard of the North was growing to manhood. But for practical purposes we may say that he was the first as well as the greatest of the tribe, and that *Waverley* burst upon the world like Minerva from the brain of Zeus." Whether the historians are quite fair or not to Scott's predecessors, Scott's position is, like Shakespeare's, undeniably central. The historical novels written before 1814 may be regarded as preparing the way for the advent of Scott. Those that have been written since look back to him with filial piety. But whether the verdict on Scott is to be confirmed or reversed evidently depends on the definition of an historical novel. On the narrower definition the verdict must be confirmed. On the wider definition the origins of Historical Fiction must be pushed back at least a century. Scott himself, with characteristic modesty, attributed his first attempt at historical fiction to " the extended and well-merited fame of Miss Edgeworth, whose

Irish characters have gone so far to make the English familiar with the character of their gay and kind-hearted neighbours of Ireland, that she may be truly said to have done more towards completing the Union than perhaps all the legislative enactments by which it has been followed up. Without," he proceeds, " being so presumptuous as to hope to emulate the rich humour, pathetic tenderness and admirable tact which pervade the works of my accomplished friend, I felt that something might be attempted for my own country of the same kind. . . ."

Apart, however, from Miss Edgeworth's Irish tales, Scott would probably never have written the Waverleys but for two favouring circumstances. On the one hand there had been fashioned by the prose writers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries a literary instrument which was apt for the purpose. Bunyan and Dryden, not to mention any lesser craftsmen, had given to English prose an elasticity and a simplicity which contrast with the stiffness and pomposity of the preceding century. The instrument fashioned by them, and sharpened by Defoe and other writers of the Augustan Age, was of incomparable utility to the writers of prose fiction. The other favourable circumstance was the wider diffusion of interest in the past generated by the historical work of Hume, Robertson, and Gibbon. This revived interest was largely responsible not only for the rise of the Historical Novel, but for the whole of the Romantic Movement in literature and art. Thus, the novel, in the sense in which Dr. Johnson understood it as a " smooth tale generally of love ", is the legitimate child of the eighteenth century; Defoe is generally regarded as its father.

But even for Defoe, strikingly original as he was, the way had been gradually prepared. The origins of the English novel must be sought in the Romances in verse and prose which were so popular in the Middle Ages. In those tales history and myth were inextricably blended. Thus there arose in England the Arthurian Cycle, the heroes of which have been made to live again in the immortal verse of a

great English poet. More unquestionably historical were the heroes of French Romance which revolved around Charlemagne and his Paladins. But it was the Scandinavian Sagas that provided the nearest approach to be found in the Middle Ages to the historical novel proper.

In England during the Middle Ages there was very little original romance. The entertainment of the Norman Kings was provided by French Minstrels who sang or recited in French; but gradually their Plantagenet successors came to prefer English translations from the same fertile source. The next stage in the development of Prose Fiction was marked by the issue, from Caxton's new Press, of Sir Thomas Malory's *Morte D'Arthur* or compilation of Arthurian Romances " oute of certaine bookes of Frensch ". Caxton, as Sir Walter Raleigh reminds us, " had delayed printing the Noble History of King Arthur because, like Milton later, he was troubled with the doubt whether such a king had ever existed ". Nevertheless he insisted that, true or not, the book that issued from his Press was " exemplary and profitable, . . . and for to pass the time this book shall be pleasant to read in but for to give faith and belief that all is true that is contained herein ye be at your liberty; but all is written for our doctrine, and for to beware that we fall not to vice ne sin, but to exercise and follow virtue." Those words says Raleigh " are memorable as marking the beginning of prose fiction; history and fable, so long inextricably entangled, are here drawing apart from one another; literature is proclaiming itself as an art, and declaring a purpose beyond the scope of the humble chronicle ".[1]

To Lyly's *Euphues* (1579-80) Raleigh ascribes an even higher distinction. It was, he says " strictly speaking the first original prose novel written in English . . . and set the first fashion in novel writing ". Masson, on the contrary, awards that distinction to Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia* which, posthumously published in 1593, was, he says, " the first sustained and scholarly prose fiction in English literature ".

[1] *The English Novel*: pp. 14, 15.

Anyway it seems plain that the world was getting tired alike of the Romance of mediæval chivalry and of the later Heroic Romance which Scott described, perhaps without exaggeration, as " the most dull and tedious species of composition that ever attained temporary popularity ". Be this as it may, the death blow to the Romance of Chivalry was dealt by Cervantes in his immortal *Don Quixote* (1605). Nevertheless the sentimental French romances remained popular until the eighteenth century. Addison in the *Spectator* gives a catalogue of Leonora's Library which consisted almost exclusively of translations from the French Romances of Scudéri and Calprenède.

A notable change was, however, brought about by the Revolution of 1688. From that time until the Reform Act of 1832 England was governed, and on the whole with extraordinary success, by a few great families entrenched in the two Houses of Parliament. But all through this period a new class was pushing its way towards political recognition. The moneyed interest, the merchants and tradesmen, mainly Nonconformist in creed, were, with improved education and growing wealth, anxious for better and more regular information on public affairs. There existed, however, no means of satisfying their curiosity. Parliamentary reporting was in its infancy; the platform as a medium of political discussion had not been erected; the Press in the modern sense did not exist.

How then were the hungry sheep to be fed? Daniel Defoe came to their relief. Born of yeoman and Nonconformist stock in 1660 or 1661 and originally intended for the ministry, Defoe was well educated, but early in life abandoned the idea of that vocation and embarked on journalism. He supported Monmouth in his futile attempt on the English throne, but, with characteristic luck, escaped the penal consequences of his folly, and did not hesitate to join William of Orange in his unobstructed march on London. Though he continued his active support of the Whig hero throughout William's reign, Defoe accepted service

under the Tories in that of his successor. In the course of his life he played many parts, but he was par excellence a journalist with an extraordinary capacity for gauging the public taste and satisfying the popular demand. No man better understood the needs of the class to which by origin he belonged. The middle classes were for the most part serious-minded folk. They turned away in disgust from the obscenities of Mrs. Aphra Behn and the levity of Restoration comedy, nor were they disposed like their social superiors to waste their time in reading works of fiction. Accordingly, Defoe, when he gave them fiction, always pretended it was fact; when he gave them fact it was quite as entertaining as fiction. The demand for serious instruction he satisfied by the production of innumerable pamphlets and essays. But the new public craved amusement as well as instruction, provided that the amusement was not too obtrusive; if they strayed into fiction it must be both moral and didactic. "The great and only end of these speculations," wrote Addison, "is to banish vice and ignorance out of the territories of Great Britain." The *Coverley Papers* contain, in truth, the elements of the novel—an analysis of character, the reactions of character on incident and incident on character. But the elements were not compounded into a coherent whole. Defoe resolved to compound them: *Robinson Crusoe* (published in 1719), was the result.

Robinson Crusoe was based on the true story of the sojourn of Alexander Selkirk on the uninhabited island of Juan Fernandez. Selkirk had joined the privateering expedition of Captain William Dampier to the Southern Seas in 1703 but quarrelled with his ship's-captain, who put him ashore on Juan Fernandez, whence five years later he was rescued. Everyone in those days had heard the story: Defoe immortalized it.

Defoe's part was nominally that of an editor, and in that capacity he commended the story in a characteristic preface: "The story is told with modesty, with seriousness, and with

a religious application of events to the uses to which wise men always apply them, viz. to the instruction of others by this example, and to justify and honour the wisdom of Providence. . . . The Editor believes the thing to be a just history of fact; neither is there any appearance of fiction in it." There is not. *Robinson Crusoe* was avowedly put out as a dull record of actual events. " It seems," wrote Taine, " as though our author had performed all Crusoe's labours, so exactly does he describe them with numbers, quantities, dimensions, like a carpenter, potter or old tar. Never was such a sense of the real before or since. . . ."

But there is much more in *Robinson Crusoe* than the perfection of verisimilitude. "No book" (as a Scottish critic has finely said) can live for ever which is not firmly organized round some central principle of life. . . . In *Robinson Crusoe* we have a real growth from a vigorous germ. The central idea round which the tale is organized, . . . is one that must live as long as the uncertainty of human life endures." Thus, in both the essential characteristics of his immortal work Defoe satisfied the public taste which he had gauged so precisely. The story was didactic: it was written to warn the impious: " to the instruction of others by this example; to justify and honour the wisdom of Providence." It was no fiction, but sober fact. The respectable bourgeois who pored over its laboured but fascinating pages could lay to his soul the flattering unction that he was not frittering away precious hours over a frivolous romance. The method so profitably adopted in *Robinson Crusoe* was applied by Defoe to other works such as *The Journal of the Great Plague of 1665* which was long regarded as the genuine work of a contemporary. The *Life and Death of Count Paktul* was ascribed on the title page to " the Lutheran Minister who assisted him in his last hours " and so on. But it is on *Robinson Crusoe* that Defoe's fame to immortality must rest; it is *Robinson Crusoe* that assured to its author the paternity of the English novel.

From Defoe to Richardson it is an easy step. Samuel

Richardson, "the twittering little printer of Salisbury Square" (as someone has called him), became a novelist more or less by accident. "My school fellows," he wrote, "used to call me 'serious gravity' and five of them in particular delighted to single me out to tell them stories as they phrased it, . . . but all my stories carried with them," so the young prig characteristically added, "*a useful moral*". Young women were, however, more to his taste than schoolboys. "As a bashful and not forward boy (I quote again from his autobiography) I was an early favourite with the young women of taste and reading in the neighbourhood. Half a dozen of them when met to work with their needles, when they got a book they liked and thought that I should, used to borrow me to read to them, and both mothers and daughters used to be pleased with the observations they put me upon making. I was not more than thirteen when three of these young women, unknown to each other, having a high opinion of my taciturnity, revealed to me their love secrets in order to induce me to give them copies to write after or correct the answers to their lovers' letters; nor did any one of them ever know that I was secretary to the others." Now mark the experience he thus obtained. "I have been directed to chide and repulse when an offence was either taken or given at the very time when the heart of the chider or repulser was open before me overflowing with esteem and affection; and the fair repulser dreading to be taken at her word directed this word or that expression to be softened or changed." Thus was the experience gained which Richardson utilized in *Pamela* and *Clarissa*. There may be differences of opinion about Richardson's place in the evolution of the novel, but Lord Macaulay put it very high: "No writings," he said, "have done more to raise the fame of English genius in foreign countries . . . no writings, those of Shakespeare alone excepted, show more profound knowledge of the human heart." Dr. Johnson exalted Richardson at the expense of Fielding: "Sir," said Dr. Johnson, "there is

more knowledge of the heart in one letter of Richardson than in all *Tom Jones* . . . there was as great a difference between them as between a man who knows how a watch is made and a man who can tell the hour by looking upon the dial plate." The seven volumes in which Richardson embodied his novels are more than most moderns can stand. One thing, however, is beyond all doubt: it was Richardson who made Henry Fielding, aristocrat by birth, police magistrate by profession, a man in every respect the opposite of the fussy little printer, a novelist. The *History of Joseph Andrews* published by Fielding in 1742 was originally intended merely as a parody on Richardson's *Pamela* but Joseph Andrews quickly embarked on an independent career. Seven years later came Fielding's masterpiece *Tom Jones*. From Sir Walter Scott downwards *Tom Jones* has been acclaimed by all critics as a work of genius; the panegyric of Gibbon has been often quoted: "Our immortal Fielding was of the younger branch of the Earls of Denbigh who drew their origin from the Counts of Hapsburg. The successors of Charles V may disdain their brethren of England, but the romance of *Tom Jones*, that exquisite picture of humour and manners, will out-live the Palace of the Escurial and the Imperial eagle of Austria." One half of Gibbon's prophecy has been literally fulfilled, *Tom Jones* has already out-lived the Imperial eagle of the House of Hapsburg.

After Fielding's the next really great name in the evolution of the English novel is Jane Austen's. In the long interval between the publication of Fielding's last novel, *Amelia* (1751), and the first of Jane Austen's, *Sense and Sensibility* (1811), the dominant School in English fiction was that of the Romantics. Of this "Gothic Romance of the Picturesque and Terrible" we have examples in Horace Walpole's *Castle of Otranto* (1764), Mrs. Clara Reeve's *The Old English Baron* (1777), and, best of all, in Mrs. Radcliffe's *The Mysteries of Udolpho* (1794). Of the excitement caused by the publication of *The Mysteries of Udolpho* among

the female coteries of Bath, we may learn from Catherine Morland and Isabella Thorpe in Jane Austen's *Northanger Abbey*, which contains also an admirable travesty of the works characteristic of the Romantic School.

With the publication of *Sense and Sensibility* (1811) and *Waverley* (1814) the Historical Novel, however defined, has indisputably arrived. Scott's tribute, characteristically modest and generous, to the genius of his contemporary is almost too familiar for quotation. "That young lady," he wrote, "had a talent for describing the involvements, feeling and characters of ordinary life which is to me the most wonderful I ever met with. The big bow-wow style I can do myself . . . but the exquisite touch which renders common-place things and characters interesting for the truth of the description and sentiment is denied to me."

Lord Macaulay was even more enthusiastic: "Highest among those," he wrote, "who have exhibited human nature by means of dialogue stands Shakespeare. His variety is like the variety of nature, endless diversity, scarcely any monstrosity. . . . Shakespeare had neither equal nor second, but among writers who in the point we have noticed have approached nearest to the manner of the great master we have no hesitation in placing Jane Austen."

The conjunction of these great names, Macaulay's, Scott's and Jane Austen's, has a real significance in the history of English literature. With a record of that conjunction these introductory chapters may fitly close.

CHAPTER III

The Romans in Britain

THE authentic history of England begins with the Roman conquest and occupation of Britain (A.D. 43–*circ.* 410). The invasions of Julius Cæsar (55–54 B.C.) were hardly more than exploratory raids; nor were the results sufficiently encouraging to justify further military operations or economic penetration. Consequently, it was not until the reign of Claudius (A.D. 41–54) that Cæsar's expeditions were followed up. Claudius was incited to the conquest of Britain partly by rumours of its great wealth in minerals, partly by the unrest among the British tribes in Northern Gaul and not least in answer to an appeal to settle the family feuds which ensued on the death (in A.D. 43) of the British king, Cymbeline (Cunobelinus).

Claudius's invasion, begun in A.D. 43, met with little resistance, and by A.D. 47 Southern Britain as far north as the Humber and as far west as Shrewsbury and Exeter was effectively occupied. The Emperor Hadrian extended the frontier to the Tyne and Solway and built his famous wall to define and defend it. Antoninus Pius advanced to the estuaries of the Clyde and the Forth, but that extended frontier, though similarly defended by a fortified wall, could not be held, and in 205 Septimus Severus visited Britain in person, rebuilt Hadrian's abandoned wall and permanently fixed the frontier there.

The Roman occupation of Britain lasted (at least) until 410—a period more than twice as long as British rule has (so far) lasted in India. As to its effect upon the mass of the inhabitants and its permanent results, there is, however, much dispute. Bishop Stubbs and the historians of the

"Teutonic" School dismiss it almost contemptuously. "From the Briton and the Roman of the fifth century we have received," said Stubbs, "nothing." Was the Roman occupation, then, purely military? Did the Legions when they were recalled to Rome carry off with them all they had brought, and leave no permanent impress whatever upon the inhabitants?

The conclusions of the Teutonic School were, long ago, hotly challenged by writers like C. H. Pearson, Frederick Seebohm and Fustel de Coulanges, while more recently scholars like Sir Charles Oman, F. J. Haverfield, and R. G. Collingwood have directed attention to the Roman occupation. Even though we admit, as we must, that the basic foundation of English civilization is not Roman but Teutonic, it is unthinkable that Roman influence should not, in the course of four centuries, have permeated the native inhabitants, or that the Britons could have failed to pass on some Roman words, if not some fragments of Roman organization to their Saxon conquerors.

But these are questions for the specialist historians. The novelist is not concerned to discuss them. His business is not with political institutions or the details of economic organization, but with men and women. It is for the novelist to illustrate in reference to individuals the relations between the Roman rulers and their British subjects, to give a more detailed insight into the daily lives of the people, than the historian can afford.

Of several novels dealing with this period mention may be made of three or four. G. A. Henty's *Beric the Briton*, illustrates the relations between Romans and Britons during the reign of Nero (A.D. 54–68). The story opens with the revolt of the British tribes in East Anglia headed by Queen Boadicea or Boudicca, the widow of King Prasutagus (A.D. 62). Boudicca had wrongs both political and personal to avenge. The territory of the Iceni, roughly corresponding with the counties of Norfolk, Suffolk, Cambridge and Huntingdon, had been occupied by the Romans on the

late king's death, his property confiscated, his widow cruelly scourged, and his daughters ravished. The Romans were also attempting to exterminate the Druidical religion and had captured and desecrated Mona, the holy island of the Druids. The Britons, infuriated by this outrage upon their religion, found a champion in the young Prince Beric who, despite his youth, was acclaimed Chief of one of the sub-tribes of the Iceni. This youth at eleven years of age had been handed over to the Romans as a hostage and had spent five years in the charge of Caius Muro, who commanded one of the Roman Legions occupying Camulodunum. The story shows the Roman authorities in Britain at their best. Beric was treated almost as a son of the house, was well educated and above all, was allowed to study the military system and tactics of his Roman captors. On his release and his return to the tribe, his superior education quickly overcame the prejudices of his subjects, and the training in Roman tactics which he gave them was largely responsible for the victory they presently won over the Roman Legions. In the course of a short campaign Camulodunum, Verulamium and London were taken, sacked, and burnt to the ground by the Britons, and 80,000 of their inhabitants were slain.

But the British triumph was short lived. The tribesmen as a whole refused to submit to the Roman discipline inculcated by Beric, and, trusting in their vastly superior numbers, again attacked the Roman Legions. Commanding a disciplined army against a mob, the Roman Governor Suetonius was able to inflict a crushing defeat upon the too confident Britons; Boadicea, her daughters, and her friends died by their own hands, while Beric and his immediate followers took refuge in the inaccessible Fenland and issuing therefrom inflicted a series of defeats upon the Romans. Before long, however, Beric was betrayed, taken prisoner, and sent off to Rome to adorn the Triumph of Suetonius, the retiring Governor. By his courage in the arena he saved from death a young Christian maiden Ennia,

who was about to be cast to the lions. Nero, who had observed the incident, was attracted to the handsome British youth and took him into his household. But after a brief experience of that enervating atmosphere the manly British youth, disgusted by Nero's life of sensual indulgence, led a household revolt against him, and at the head of a band of Britons and Gauls took to the mountains where for months on end they were hunted as outlaws.

For some months the outlaws held out against a large body of Roman troops, commanded by Beric's old friend Caius Muro.

The ultimate capture and death of the outlaws could, however, have been deferred only for a season when they were saved by the death (by his own hand) of Nero, now Beric's implacable enemy (A.D. 68). Muro then obtained from his successor, Galba, not only a pardon for the outlaws, but the appointment of Beric as Governor of Eastern Britain. Thanks to Beric, the Britons were induced to accept the conciliatory regime peaceably, the new regime initiated by Galba. Their submission proved in the long run to be their undoing. Having lost their aptitude for war they fell an easy prey to the Teutonic invaders who, on the departure of the Romans, attacked and gradually conquered Britain.

Covering the same period as *Beric* is Catherine Christian's *The Legions go North.* This particularly fine novel is concerned more with the Rome of Nero, of Paul " the Tarsian ", and the great physician Luke, than with the Britain of Caractacus and Boadicea. But the relations between the best of the Romans and the best of the Britons, are as pleasant in Miss Christian's as in Henty's book, and as true to fact.

Sir Herbert Maxwell's *A Duke of Britain,* is described as a Romance of the fourth century—and is also an historical novel of the highest class. The scene is laid in Novantia, the South Western district of Scotland, which had long been distinct in race, in laws, and in dialect, from the rest of Scotland. In the fourth century, Novantia, or Galloway, was the scene of a bitter struggle between Druidism and

Christianity. The champion of Christianity was St. Ninian, the pupil and disciple of the famous St. Martin of Tours. Consecrated as Bishop of the North Britons (A.D. 400), Ninian established his See at Whithorn, where he built the first stone church ever erected in Britain. He proved himself a devoted missionary and a stout champion not only against decadent Druidism, but against the prevalent "heresy" of Pelagianism.

The hero of Sir Herbert Maxwell's brilliant romance is Kenneth Maccdairn Coilnaach, a grandson of the famous King Cole from whom Kyle in Ayrshire is traditionally said to be named. Kenneth (or Cunedda) having greatly distinguished himself in battle against a powerful combination of Highland Picts and Scots from Ireland, was appointed a Centurion of the Sixth Legion, and was presently called with his Legion to Italy where he made a great sensation at the court of the decadent Emperor Honorius at Milan.[1]

During the reign of Honorius the real ruler of the dying empire was his father-in-law Stilicho, whose memory is enshrined in the splendid if exaggerated panegyric of the poet Claudian, a figure amusingly burlesqued by the novelist. To Stilicho and his entourage the British youth quickly commended himself alike by his attractive personality and his brilliant military achievements.

Kenneth was not the only conspicuous islander in Italy, for to Italy came also the wealthy and once powerful Pictish chieftain Crindal, whose heiress and daughter Eamhar married Julian Varo who had served in Galloway as Lieutenant of the Cohort of Sempronius in the Sixth Legion. Kenneth in turn married Marcia, sister of Julian and daughter of Titus Julianus Varo, Legate of the Germanic province. This powerful connexion combined with his military talents to secure Kenneth the appointment of Duke of Britain, one of the three great Roman officials in the Province. Of

[1] The accounts of Cunedda's activities in Britain given by Sir Charles Oman (*England Before the Norman Conquest*, pp. 170 and 191–4, and by Professor Collingwood, *Roman Britain*, p. 289), differ somewhat from that of Sir Herbert Maxwell. But they in no way impugn the essential accuracy of his Romance.

another, the Count of the Saxon Shore, more will be said presently.[1] The value of Sir Herbert Maxwell's Romance consists, however, less in the position of Britons in Italy, than in that of Romans in Britain.

The latter theme is also treated in A. J. Church's *Count of the Saxon Shore*, which deals with the last days of the Roman occupation.

Church's story is straightforward and artless, and is historically trustworthy. The title of Count of the Saxon Shore was bestowed by Maximian (the colleague of Diocletian in the Empire from A.D. 285 to 305), on the official whose duty it was to protect the eastern and southern coasts of Britain against the Saxon pirates. From the Wash to the Isle of Wight the coast was guarded by massive forts whose walls still " stand to-day, thicker and higher than the fort-walls of the earlier Empire and guarded by bastions in whose tops can still be seen the sockets for heavy artillery ".[2] Count Aelius, the last holder of the office (410), was as the novelist says " a man of the best Roman type ". Of ancient lineage, his youth had been spent at Carthage where he was for a time the " pupil of Aurelius Augustinus, then known as a teacher of rhetoric, afterwards to become the most famous doctor of the Western Church ". Aelius having served with distinction on the staff of Stilicho was on his recommendation appointed to the responsible post in Britain. For twenty years before the opening of the story, Count Aelius had discharged his difficult task with vigilance and skill.

The Count's difficulties were not lessened by the condition of affairs in the Empire in general and in particular in Britain. In Italy Stilicho was gallantly striving to stay the rising flood of Gothic invasions. But his murder in 400 sounded the doom of the Roman Empire of the West. In Britain, as the novelist reminds us, the remnant of the Roman army of occupation set up one local Cæsar after

[1] The third was the *Comes Britanniarum*, in command of a field-army, but this office was created somewhat later.

[2] Collingwood: *Roman Britain*, p. 278; and Society of Antiquaries: *Reports on Excavations at Richborough* there cited.

another. Marcus, saluted by the troops as Cæsar in 406, was murdered after a brief exercise of attenuated authority. His successor, one Gratianus, was assassinated after reigning for four months. Constantine, like his predecessor a Briton, was fortunate enough to survive his election for four years (407–411). Having crossed to France at the head of a mixed army of Britons and Romans, Constantine was defeated by the generals of the Emperor at Arles and in 411 was executed at Ravenna.

Meanwhile Honorius had recalled the Legions to Rome and had issued his famous rescript bidding the British "communities" provide as best they could for their own defence (410). That rescript has been generally taken to mark the end of Roman rule in Britain.

That view is no longer universally accepted; but if Britain was at some later date reoccupied by a Roman army, the reoccupation was merely temporary, and in any case the point is not one on which novelists can be expected to throw light.

Such help as the novelist can give is of a different sort. Thus in Church's novel we have a vivid description of the scenes which accompanied the departure of the Legions, as well as a sound estimate of the results of their withdrawal upon the situation in Britain.

Hardly had the Legions gone, before there revived among the Britons the "memory of the free Britain of the past and the hope of a free Britain in the future". Throughout the long centuries of Roman rule "the tradition of independence and liberty had always been kept alive". For, as the novelist truly says "the Celtic race is singularly tenacious of such ideas, and also singularly skilful in concealing them from those who are its masters for the time". The Britons, he adds, "were Celts of the purest blood".

The departure of the Roman Legions seemed to offer to the Britons the opportunity of reasserting their independence. They determined to seize it. But before embarking upon any enterprise of importance, it was their custom to

invoke the favour of the gods, and that favour could be obtained only by a human sacrifice. The victim selected for the horrible rite was a Christian maiden Cerna, the adopted daughter of Count Aelius, a girl beloved of all who came within the scope of her charitable ministrations. Abducted by the Britons from the Count's villa, Cerna was carried off to Stonehenge. Just as the cruel rite was on the point of consummation a rescue party reached the place of sacrifice and delivered the maiden from her captors. The rescue party was led by a young Saxon Prince who had been taken prisoner by the Count, but while a prisoner in the hands of Count Aelius had been treated by him and his household with the utmost kindness, not least by Cerna, to whom he became devotedly attached.

The kindness was fully repaid. Though the young Saxon had saved Cerna's life, for the Count there was no cessation of anxiety. The Britons were not the only enemies he had to face. Before the Count could reach home he found himself besieged at Winchester (Venta) by a strong force of Picts, and escaped from the city only through the courage and resourceful ingenuity of the Saxon Prince. But though he reached his villa safely his position had become intolerable, and he decided to follow the Legions to Rome. His foster-daughter elected to remain among her British countrymen to whom she proved veritably a ministering angel.

These stories about Roman Britain afford a good illustration of the sort of help that the historical student may expect from works of fiction, and of its limitations. The novelist works, to a great extent, under the rules that govern the art of the dramatist. He is compelled to foreshorten events and to observe the unities of space and time. As Drama must concentrate attention upon action, so also, if in lesser degree, must Fiction. Fiction cannot provide the material for a philosophy of history, or attempt to answer many of the questions that confront the historian. The novelist's

function is to furnish concrete illustrations of the facts disclosed by the researches of the historian. In particular he must personify the abstract. His concern is primarily with human relations; his function is to show how, under given circumstances, men and women behave, and all this in a more intimate way than is possible to the historian. The novelist will deal with those " trivialities " which, until Macaulay's time, were deemed to be unworthy of the historian's attention. In such things as dress and food, furniture and dwellings, the social historian is, indeed, hardly less interested than the novelist, but he deals with them less pictorially. The novelist will, in fine, avail himself, as does the dramatist, of every stimulus to the imagination that elaborate *mise en scène* can give.

But there remains to be applied the supreme test. Do the novels excite the curiosity of their readers sufficiently to impel them to appeal from the verdict of fiction to that of history? Will the reader of *Beric the Briton*, of *The Legions go North*, of *The Duke of Britain*, of *The Count of the Saxon Shore* be content with what he can learn from them? If he be, the novels will have failed to fulfil their proper function. Yet any reader of average intelligence and curiosity will surely seek verification of the facts and amplification of the hints, from the recognized historical authorities—from Gibbon and Arnold, Oman, Haverfield, Collingwood, and the rest. Should that result ensue, the value of the Historical Novel will be vindicated. Fiction will have served as a handmaid to History.

CHAPTER IV

England in the Making (*c.* 450–1066)

THE " Making of England ". That is the phrase commonly employed to summarize the work accomplished between the " withdrawal " of the Roman Legions and the concession of Magna Carta. The process was not rapid; but at the close of it, there had come into existence on English soil an English nation, and—more remarkable—an English National State.

This nation was composed of elements, various but sufficiently homogeneous in race and language to justify that description. To the evolution of an English nation the most important contribution was made by the successive conquests made by invaders who, coming from North Germany, Scandinavia and Northern France, were so nearly akin in blood as to make amalgamation relatively easy. Between these invaders there were, indeed, distinctions, not yet completely obliterated, but all came of the same low-German stock, and though there was in Britain, particularly in the south-west and north-west, some admixture of a Celtic element, either Romanized or unadulterated British, that element was not powerful enough to impede amalgamation.

A brief summary of the outstanding facts must suffice. Between 450 and 600 Britain was conquered and occupied by Jutes, Saxons, Angles, who came from North Germany and Schleswig and eventually established more or less independent kingdoms in Kent, Sussex, Essex, Wessex, East Anglia, Mercia, Deira, Bernicia and the Isle of Wight. Between the more powerful of these kingdoms there ensued a struggle for supremacy which was attained successively by Northumbria (representing the united kingdoms of

Deira and Bernicia) 617–685, Mercia, whose famous King Offa exercised a brief supremacy from 757–796, and Wessex 825–975.

West Saxon supremacy was hardly established before England attracted the attention of a fresh set of invaders from Scandinavia. Beginning as nothing more than plundering raids (786–838) the Danish invasions quickly developed into more serious adventures. Having captured London and Canterbury in 851 the Danes for the first time spent the winter in England. Having conquered and occupied East Anglia and the Kingdom of Deira (866–870), they then proceeded to a systematic attack upon Wessex. Victory inclined now to the West Saxons and now to the terrible invaders, but in 871 Alfred, a young man of three-and-twenty, was acclaimed King of Wessex, and after the battle of Wilton (871), the Danes patched up a peace and retired from Wessex to consolidate their position in Northumbria and the midland district of Mercia. Having established their fortified "burhs" at Derby, Leicester, Nottingham, Stamford and Lincoln, they renewed the attack on Wessex in 878. King Alfred had utilized to good purpose the interval. Apart from incessant activity in domestic reform he had studied tactics and strategy, selected and fortified important positions, reorganized a national militia, and built a navy. Having established a strong position for the small unconquered remnant of his people in the "isle" of Athelney, Alfred inflicted a decisive defeat upon the Danes at Ethandun near Chippenham (879), and concluded with their leader Guthrum the famous treaty of Wedmore. Guthrum accepted Christianity, and agreed to a Peace by which England was divided by the Thames and the Lea into two unequal parts. From these rivers the "Danelaw" extended to the northern limits of Northumbria.

The Danelaw was reconquered by Alfred's son and successor, Edward the Elder (901–925), with the invaluable assistance of his sister Ethelfleda, known to history as the "Lady of the Mercians". Worthy children of a great

statesman and soldier, Edward and Ethelfleda consolidated their conquests by "timbering the burhs"—in modern English by building a series of stockaded mounds—mostly at places where rivers were fordable, such as Hertford, Bedford, Oxford, Stamford, Stafford, which with the fortresses at Derby, Tamworth and Chester gave them the command over the English midlands. After Ethelfleda's death, Mercia and East Anglia were annexed to Wessex, and before the reign of Edward closed his suzerainty was acknowledged not only by Northumbria but by Constantine, King of the Scots (900–942), Donald of Strathclyde, and the Britons of North Wales.

To Edward's son and successor Athelstan (925–940), the Britons of South Wales and of Cornwall also submitted. His reign was marked by almost unbroken success, crowned by a great victory at Brunanburg (937), a place near the (present) Scottish border in Strathclyde. Having broken up a powerful confederacy formed by Constantine, including his own Scots, King Olaf and the Northmen from Dublin, as well as the Britons of Strathclyde, and the Northumbrian Danes, Athelstan could justly claim to be *Rex Totius Britanniae.* Supreme in England, he established a strong dynastic position on the continent by the marriage of his sisters to the Emperor Otto the Great, Hugh, the great Count of Paris, Charles the Simple, King of the West Franks, and Lewis, King of Lower Burgundy. The West Saxon supremacy was still more firmly established by the conquest of Cumbria and its bestowal as a military fief on Malcolm, King of the Scots (945), and by the grant of Lothian (966), on similar terms to his successor Kenneth. The former transaction was the work of Athelstan's brother Edmund; the latter of his nephew the great King Edgar. Edgar's reign (959–975), was marked, thanks to the close alliance of the King and his Archbishop Dunstan, not only by a notable religious revival but by a series of important social and administrative reforms. Under him the land enjoyed a rare interval of tranquillity, while his imperial

position is attested by the legend that his boat on the Dee at Chester was manned by eight tributary kings from Wales and Scotland. That was clearly the zenith of the Saxon monarchy.

With the renewal of Scandinavian invasions under Swegen, King of the Danes, and Anlaf, King of the Northmen, the first phase of the Norman conquest is commonly said to begin. Ethelred the Redeless was not the man to withstand the Danish onslaught, and the choice of Canute, Swegen's son, as King (1017) marked the triumph of the invaders. Their triumph was facilitated by disunion among the English magnates, which proved that the unification of England had never been more than superficial. Canute's repartition of England (1017) into the four great Earldoms at once accentuated the ancient divisions between Wessex, Mercia, East Anglia and Northumbria and planted the seeds of territorial feudalism. Canute's successors (1035–1066) did nothing to arrest the progress of disintegration. Harold Godwinson made a valiant effort to resist the Norman conqueror, but his defeat at Senlac was the inevitable consequence of national disunion.

This summary suggests several questions. To what extent did Roman influence survive the withdrawal of the Legions? What was the character of the Teutonic conquest? Did it involve a virtual extermination of the Britons? If not, how far did the latter hand on to their conquerors Roman traditions and institutions? How far did a British Church survive the Teutonic conquest? How was the conversion of the heathen Teutons to Christianity effected? What were the points at issue between the Roman and the Irish missionaries? Would England have gained or lost by the triumph of St. Patrick over St. Peter, and how did the triumph achieved by the Roman missionaries at Whitby (664) contribute to the making of England? What permanent effects can be traced to the invasion and ultimate triumph of the Vikings? Were the elements of disintegration

so deeply seated in England that nothing short of Duke William's decisive victory could have availed to eradicate them?

The answers to such questions must be sought from the historian, not from the novelist.

That is not to say that even in this period the novelist can give no help. On the contrary, there are dark corners into which, aided maybe by special knowledge of a particular locality, the novelist can penetrate, as no historian would trouble to do. Such a dark corner is that which Mr. Collingwood illumines in his *Thorstein of the Mere.* Again there are characters which the historian cannot pause to analyse with that attention to detail which is eminently the business of the novelist. Not even a Freeman reveals to us the character of Harold Godwinson with the imaginative insight of a Lytton, and glowing as is the historian's tribute to our Alfred, there still remains room for the deft touches of the novelist, who exhibits Alfred not only as soldier and statesman, but in the intimacy of his home, as the devoted husband and father. Nor would any portrait of Alfred be complete which failed to take account of his passionate belief in the truths of Christianity, and his anxiety to impart the good news to others. How completely his religion supplied the keynote to his character and career is admirably brought out, for example, in Canon Percy Dearmer's *The Dragon of Wessex.* This is a simple and straightforward narrative of the period between Alfred's accession and the conclusion of peace with Guthrum. The story is, of necessity, largely occupied with the war between the West Saxons and the Danes, clearly revealing not only the personal courage of the king, but the tactical skill and strategical acumen he displayed in the selection of Athelney as the refuge and rallying point for the hard driven Saxons.

All this is, of course, common ground to the historian and the novelist. The novelist's special function is to illustrate, in such detail as no historian can attempt, the personal relations between the king and his immediate

counsellors and friends, not to add the pleasant intercourse occasionally permitted to those who in the field met only as desperate foes.

In clarity of political outline, and in spirited description of the actual fighting Mr. Dearmer's story is surpassed by Henty's *The Dragon and the Raven*—one of the endless series of his patriotic tales. Well trained in scholarship at Westminster School and Cambridge, Henty could also draw on his personal experience of the Crimean War, and on his service as a war correspondent in the Austro-Italian war of 1859, the Franco-German war of 1870–71, and the wars in Abyssinia (1867–8) and Ashanti (1873–4). To have watched at close quarters the guerrilla tactics of Garibaldi in north Italy, or the difficulties encountered by Lord Napier of Magdala and Sir Garnet (Viscount) Wolseley in wars against African natives, was the best possible preparation for the man who would visualize the character of the fighting between Saxons and Danes on English soil. The result is an extraordinarily vivid narrative. Critical, in an historical sense, it does not pretend to be. No fights are described from which the Saxons do not ultimately emerge victorious; splendid are the feats of strength and courage performed by the Saxon heroes; nor are the ingenuity and subtlety of their tactics inferior to their bravery in individual combats. This is all as it should be in a story intended primarily to stimulate patriotic pride among the young. But it also brings a certain refreshment of spirit to the historian overburdened with the apparatus of the higher criticism. Here is an example of Henty's simple and straightforward method, summarizing the results of Alfred's victory at Ethandun: "Had the Saxons been crushed, the domination of the Danes in England would have been finally settled. Christianity would have been stamped out, and with it civilization, and the island would have made a backward step into paganism and barbarism which might have delayed her progress for centuries. The victory established the supremacy of Wessex, converted East Anglia into a

settled and Christian country, and enabled King Alfred to frame the wise laws and statutes and to establish on a firm basis the institutions which raised Saxon England vastly in the scale of civilization, and have in no small degree affected the whole course of life of the English people." If such an estimate be artless, it is not inaccurate, and for the immediate purpose is sufficient. Critical history may be able to elaborate, it need not correct.

Of quite a different order to Henty's work is that of W. G. Collingwood. A professor of fine art, Collingwood spent some years as Ruskin's secretary in Lakeland. He knew that country as few men have known it: not only every mountain and mere, every road and mountain pass, but every track over the fells; every wood, thicket and tree. A keen antiquarian and archæologist, he was familiar with every local legend and tradition, and in particular with the people of the country, detecting in them no little affinity with their remote ancestors the Norsemen. Collingwood absorbed with avidity anything and everything that could throw light on the history of the Northmen both in their earlier homes, or in the Lakeland district.

Novel writing was a by-product of devoted and concentrated labour upon a limited field of research, and from it resulted several novels of exceptional quality.

Perhaps the most powerful of them, regarded merely as a novel, is *The Bondwomen.* But although its background is full of antiquarian detail *The Bondwomen* is not an historical novel in the same sense as two others by the same writer.

The most strictly historical is *The Likeness of King Elfwald: a Study of Northumbria at the beginning of the Viking Age.* Appended to the text Collingwood supplies a complete historical apparatus—genealogical tables, ample references to authorities and so forth, everything in fine that the student needs except a map. Nor ought any novel professedly and primarily historical to lack a similar apparatus.

King Elfwald II, on whom the story hinges, was King

of Northumbria just at the moment (806–808) when Northumbria, though the days of its supremacy were over, was "settling down in peace and plenty" but "when the Vikings arrived and wrecked its civilization". Elfwald's father Alcmund (killed in 800) was in the seventh generation from Ida (547–559), who had founded the Anglian kingdom of Bernicia, extending from the Tees to the Forth, and established its capital at Bamborough. Ida's great grandson Ethelfrith (605) united with Bernicia another Anglian kingdom, that of Deira, extending, east of the Pennines, from the Humber to the Tees. Thus there came into being the kingdom of Northumbria. By his famous victory over the Britons at Chester (613) Ethelfrith drove in a wedge between the Britons of Strathclyde and those of North Wales, dissipated for ever the possibility of a consolidated British kingdom extending from Cornwall to the Clyde, and established the supremacy of Northumbria.

The Northumbrian supremacy lasted for less than a century but was notable for the ecclesiastical, educational and literary revival which found a centre in the monastery of Lindisfarne. It is with the beautiful story of the Celtic mission to Northumbria that Collingwood's *The Likeness of King Elfwald* is largely concerned. The mission emanated from Iona where in 563 St. Columba—"the Dove of the Church", the hot-tempered but most lovable Ulsterman—had established his famous monastery. Truly pitiable and terrible is the description in *King Elfwald* of the sacking and destruction of that monastery by the Danish pirates. Its destruction did not, however, extinguish Celtic Christianity in Britain. Long before its destruction St. Aidan had carried the torch to Lindisfarne, and had become the first Bishop of the newly founded See. From Lindisfarne, Jarrow, and Whitby, missionaries went forth to Christianize Northumbria and Mercia, and to restore the faith in Sussex and Essex. But trouble soon arose between the disciples of St. Peter, to whom Wessex had owed its conversion, and the disciples of St. Patrick. At the Synod of Whitby (664), the

Roman missionaries prevailed, and five years later Theodore of Tarsus arrived in England to give, as Archbishop of Canterbury, its feudal form to the organization of the English Church. For the strong and the weak points in the Celtic Church, as for the political debt which England owed to the unifying influence of the Roman Church, reference must, however, be made to the historian; it is not within the province of the novelist to estimate them. Yet upon some aspects of the Northumbrian supremacy, *The Likeness of King Elfwald* does throw much needed light.

Thorstein of the Mere is, in some respects, even more characteristic of Collingwood's manner than *King Elfwald.* It is less a novel than a Saga, closely akin in method and manner to the most characteristic products of early Scandinavian literature. The style is exactly adapted to the subject, recalling the simple, direct narrative, the strong nervous English of the Old Testament. There are, too, passages of true eloquence as that describing the place of the Northman in the European polity:

". . . the Northern lands were their homes, the salt shores, where farming alone could never thrive, on bleak headlands among the seamews' nests; on lone islands veiled in the mist or girdled with the surf—homes where any but a race of sailors would have hungered slowly to death or pined into dismal savagery—there they bred and multiplied, and sang through the winter, and strove through the summer, their wit and wisdom and valour putting to shame (though true they knew it) the follies and the vices and the idleness of the South. It were long to reckon up all that we owe them, in thought and speech, in law and custom, in arts and crafts; for, without books, they made themselves learned; without schools they became artists; without examples, they perfected laws; and without bigotry, they found freedom. A wonderful people, and greatly to be gloried in, even yet by their inheritors; still more by their own children in the day of their strength . . . in Norway, in Britain or Ireland and the isles thereabout; or in Green-

land or Iceland; or the Baltic coasts, and thence away to the Atlantic, from Finmark and Denmark to Holland and Valland; everywhere the Northman's tongue was heard and the Northman's hand feared."

We have here no straining after literary effect; the reflection arises naturally from the narrative which proceeds with the straightforward simplicity appropriate to stories designed primarily for recitation.

Thorstein, the hero of the tale, was the younger son of Swain, the petty king or chief of the Norsemen dwelling in Lakeland between the Irish Sea and Coniston Water (Thorstein's Mere). In the tenth century that remote district was a no-man's-land. "When the Northmen came into Hougun (Furness) they found only a few scattered families of English and Welsh and some churches and priests but such as heard little of any English bishop or what we should call government whether of Church or State." Thorstein's mother Unna—a beautifully drawn character of the house-mother and house-wife—was the daughter of a Viking akin to Olaf the "White" (i.e. Norwegian) King of Dublin and an Irish mother. Swain was the son of one of the Norwegian freeholders who had been driven to the Western Isles after Harold Fairhair's great victory at Hafrsfjord and the triumph in Norway of his centralizing and unifying policy (*circ.* 850). Swain himself had settled in the Isle of Man, but driven therefrom by Raegnald, the Danish king of Waterford, took refuge at Greenodd in Furness, greatly prospering as farmer, merchant and pirate, and was acknowledged as chief or king by the Norsemen in Furness, "a bit of that broad debatable ground over which the tide of invasion flowed from age to age and ebbed back again just like the sea upon Morecambe shore".

As king of his tiny kingdom Swain was summoned to the great Mote at Bakewell where, in 924, Edward the Elder's suzerainty was acknowledged. "And him chose to father and to lord the King of the Scots and all the folk of the Scots, and Raegnald, and Eadulph's son and all that

in Northumberland dwell, whether English, or Danish, or Northmen, or any others; and eke the King of the Strathclyde Welsh and all the Strathclyde Welsh." Swain, however, was the one man who refused to do homage, an act of independence which won him the regard of a generous king. That was the climax of Edward's reign. Athelstan, his son, was a " stirring man and not one to let the fire smoulder under his feet ". Athelstan gave his sister Eathgita in marriage to Sihtric, King of York, " head king over all the Danelaw ". " So these great kings being at peace there was no longer any chance of a rising left to the turbulent Norsemen," and " a summer without war was a summer lost to their way of thinking." But the alliance did not last; Sihtric's son joined a confederacy which was broken up by Athelstan's great victory at Brunanburg (937). In the battle Swain was killed, leaving a great inheritance to be divided between Thorstein and his two elder brothers. A year later Thorstein and his brother Hundi made " the grand tour ". From their kinsman Olaf's court at Dublin they go to the Isle of Man, and thence to Galloway, to the Hebrides, the Orkneys, to Iceland and finally to the court of Hakon the Good at Throndheim. " Everywhere they found Northmen and friends settled, and an open market " for the wares they had taken with them. Hakon lately converted to Christianity persuaded his guests to offer themselves for baptism. Having received the rite at Westminster they made their way homeward by the south coast to Bristol, visiting the Northmen at Tenby and Milford Haven, and thence by Llandudno to Morecambe. At each place they touched they trafficked with such success that they reached home laden with wealth.

All this Odyssey is described by Collingwood in fascinating detail. No summary can do justice to it; nor can we follow the tragic yet beautiful story of Thorstein's troubled life after his return—his slaying of the brother who in his absence had done him grievous wrong; his outlawry; his long search for his wife, sold into slavery by the wicked

brother, but finally recovered only to share his outlaw's life in hiding on one of the islets on his mere of Coniston; issuing thence to fight along with the insurgent Northmen on behalf of Domnhall of Cumbria against King Edmund (945). Thorstein fell in battle; Domnhall was vanquished; and Cumbria was granted by Edmund on military tenure to Malcolm King of the Scots.

"But the Northmen," writes Collingwood, "continued in their homes by firth and fell, spite of York earls and Scottish kings. For yet a hundred years or more they kept their freedom. Their own laws they made at their althing, now in one spot, now in another. Even when the Normans had brought all this border under the feudal yoke, still for many hundred years the dalesmen used to meet at the steading-stone by Thirlmere, and kept alive some smouldering memory of their birthright in the country laws of Wythburn. And everywhere they still had their own manners and their old speech, changing little of either and that but slowly."

No apology is offered for treating in some detail this beautiful romance. Perfect in craftsmanship, it is historically important as lifting a corner of the veil that hangs over a very obscure and confused period in our national history. Nor does *Thorstein* or *King Elfwald* fail to react to the supreme test which we must consistently apply to historical novels. Only the most careless reader of *King Elfwald* will resist the temptation to make or renew acquaintance with Abbot Adamnan's *Life of St. Columba* written at Iona before the end of the seventh century, and the Venerable Bede's (673–735) still more famous *Ecclesiastical History*—the most important and reliable authority we possess for the history of the English Church and also of the embryonic English nation. As to *Thorstein* let one hardened historian confess that since reading it he has been impelled to make a more careful study of the history of the Vikings in England and in Europe.

Lord Lytton's work differs widely, both in method and content, from Collingwood's. Lytton's *Harold* was published

in 1845, some twenty years before the publication of the earlier volumes of Freeman's *History of the Norman Conquest* and twenty years after Augustin Thierry's *Histoire de la Conquête de l'Angleterre par les Normands* (1825). Though inspired by warm sympathy with the conquered race, Thierry's work was based on a false hypothesis, and consequently despite its brilliant style, failed to establish itself as authoritative.

Lord Lytton's high conception of his responsibility as an historical novelist is elaborately set forth in the preface to the third edition of *Harold*:

"I have to do more than present an amusing picture of national manners—detail the dress, and describe the banquet. According to the plan I adopt, I have to make the reader acquainted with the imperfect fusion of races in Saxon England, familiarize him with the contest of parties and the ambition of chiefs, show him the strength and weakness of a kindly but ignorant church; of a brave but turbulent aristocracy; of a people partially free, and naturally energetic, but disunited by successive immigrations, and having lost much of the proud jealousies of national liberty by submission to the preceding conquests of the Dane; acquiescent in the sway of foreign kings, and with that bulwark against invasion which an hereditary order of aristocracy usually erects, loosened to its very foundations by the copious admixture of foreign nobles. I have to present to the reader, here, the imbecile priestcraft of the illiterate monk, there, the dark superstition that still consulted the deities of the North by runes on the elm bark and adjurations of the dead. And in contrast to these pictures of a decrepit monarchy and a fated race, I have to bring forcibly before the reader the vigorous attributes of the coming conquerors—the stern will and deep guile of the Norman chief—the comparative knowledge of the rising Norman Church—the nascent spirit of chivalry in the Norman vavasours; a spirit destined to emancipate the very people it contributed to enslave, associated, as it imperfectly was, with the sense of

freedom: disdainful, it is true, of the villein, but proudly curbing, though into feudal limits, the domination of the liege. In a word, I must place fully before the reader, if I would be faithful to the plan of my work, the political and moral features of the age, as well as its lighter and livelier attributes, and so lead him to perceive, when he has closed the book, why England was conquered, and how England survived the Conquest." Then, after rebutting various criticisms he concludes: "I have, indeed, devoted to this work a degree of research which, if unusual to romance, I cannot consider superfluous when illustrating an age so remote, and events unparalleled in their influence over the destinies of England."

That claim is plainly justified by the results. *Harold* is, by critical consent, authoritative. Harold himself is portrayed in a particularly attractive aspect: a good son, a faithful husband, a fine soldier, and a true patriot. It is, perhaps, a forgivable departure from strict accuracy to represent Edith of the "swan-neck", by whom in fact he had several children, not as his mistress, but only as "his beloved betrothed". But the portraiture as a whole is faithful, and the narrative is true to history. Lytton was almost as prolix as Freeman himself, but some of the reasons pleaded in extenuation for the historian may surely serve also for the novelist who takes himself not less seriously. Yet it cannot be denied that prolixity has stood in the way of popularity. Lytton is less highly appreciated than he deserves to be. Nevertheless his works will survive—not least certainly his fine description of "the action and the actors in that solemn tragedy which closed on the field of Hastings, over the corpse of the last Saxon king".

CHAPTER V

The English People and their French Kings

A DISUNITED England could not in the ninth century resist effectively the invasions of the Vikings. Still disunited in the eleventh century, the English were hopelessly defeated by the Norman Duke at Senlac. Such is the moral to be drawn from Henty's simple tale *The Dragon and the Raven* and from Lord Lytton's more elaborate and erudite *Harold.* Both novels insist on the fatal consequences of disunion. " It is the unhappy divisions which enabled the Danes to get a footing in the land. Our only hope now lies in the West Saxons. . . . The West Saxon princes are alive to the common danger of the country, and if they are but joined heartily by our people of East Anglia and the Mercians they may yet succeed in checking the progress of the heathen." So spake Eldred, an East Anglian Ealdorman to his son Edmund. Eldred's diagnosis was accurate. Thanks to the courage and wisdom of King Alfred and the brilliant state-craft of his immediate descendants, national unity was, for a time, achieved. But the renewal of Viking invasions at the end of the tenth century revealed the superficiality of the process; the great earldoms created by Canute only accentuated the centrifugal tendencies, and the result was seen when King Harold, deserted by the Earls Edwin and Morkere, was defeated by Duke William at Senlac (12th October).

The advantages accruing to England from the Norman Conquest have long since become the commonplace of the

scientific historian. Senlac was not merely a victory for Norman arms; it was a victory for the higher civilization, for the "finer temper of the Norman spirit". Normans supplied the "qualities that England yet lacked—the power of organization, the sense of law and method, the genius for enterprise".[1] Best of all, the Norman rule stimulated the sense of unity, the lack of which had spelt disaster to the English.

Senlac made the Norman Duke master only of south-eastern England; it was a good five years before he conquered the rest of the country, though at Christmas, 1066, he was crowned at Westminster. Most of the year 1067 William spent in Normandy, but early in 1068 he reduced the west country to submission, and then proceeded to the conquest of the midlands and the north.

Repeated risings in the north were ruthlessly suppressed, the whole country from Humber to Tees was laid waste; all the inhabitants were slaughtered, starved or enslaved, and the conqueror kept the Christmas festival of 1069 at York.

Only in the fenland round the Isle of Ely did the English still hold out. The heroic defence of that last refuge of the English people is the subject of two first-rate novels. Charles Macfarlane's *The Camp of Refuge* (1846) was the work of a local antiquary who wrote with intimate knowledge and infectious enthusiasm of his beloved fenland. Allowing for a strong anti-Norman bias Macfarlane's history may be accepted as trustworthy, while his topography of a district with a character all its own is beyond reproach. All his facts are authenticated by references to reliable original authorities, and the rather complicated narrative is clarified by maps and corroborated by erudite appendices.

Charles Kingsley's *Hereward the Wake* was published in 1856. In an interesting and characteristic prelude Kingsley

[1] See A. L. Smith *ap. Social England*, I, 231–2; Stubbs, *Constitutional History*, I, c's. x, xi; and a characteristic ebullition in Carlyle's *Essay on Chartism* p. 134.

offers an explanation of the neglect by poets and story-tellers of the lowlands as compared with the highlands:

"The lowlands of the world, being the richest spots, have been generally the soonest conquered, the soonest civilized, and therefore the soonest taken out of the sphere of romance. . . . There is in the lowland none of that background of the unknown, fantastic, magical, terrible, . . . which still remains in the Scottish highlands; and which, when it disappears from thence will remain embalmed for ever in the pages of Walter Scott."

Nevertheless there comes now and again a moment in history when circumstances throw into high relief all the virtues of the lowlander, and so focus on his corner of the land the gaze of contemporaries. Such a moment was that when, after Duke William had made himself master of all England from the Channel to the Tweed, Hereward organized the fenlands for resistance to the Norman. Into the fens "as into a natural fortress, the Anglo-Danish noblemen crowded . . . to make their last stand against the French. Children of the old Vikings or 'creekers', they took, in their great need, to the seaward and the estuaries, as other conquered races take to the mountains, and died like their forefathers within scent of the salt sea from whence they came."

On these paragraphs follows a beautiful description of the characteristic features of the fen country, its "low rolling uplands clothed in primeval forest", the "open wolds dotted with white sheep and golden gorse" and "overhead the arch of heaven spread more ample than elsewhere as over the open sea", giving "such cloudlands, such sunrises, such sunsets, as can be seen nowhere else within these isles. . . . Such was the Fenland; hard yet cheerful; rearing a race of hard and cheerful men; showing their power in old times in valiant fighting, and for many a century since in that valiant industry which has drained and embanked the land of the Girvii till it has become a very Garden of the Lord".

The hero both of Kingsley's and Macfarlane's stories is Hereward the Wake, Lord of Bourne, a considerable landowner in Lincolnshire, Warwickshire and Worcestershire. Though historical materials are scanty, Kingsley assured himself by careful research that Hereward was the son of Leofric, Earl of Mercia, and his wife, the Lady Godiva, famous as the munificent founder of monasteries at Stow and Coventry, and still more as the deliverer of the starving citizens of Coventry from the exactions of her lord. Her ride " clothed only with chastity " through the streets of the " vill " cost " peeping Tom his eyesight ", and handed down a legendary moral for the warning of those who with prying eyes, employ " sense misused ". If we may trust Kingsley's genealogy Hereward was the " last remaining heir of the Earls of Mercia ", a fact which might account for the conqueror's " desire to spare his life and receive his homage as an atonement for (William's) conduct to Edwin and Morkere, and a last effort to attach to himself the ancient English nobility ".

In Hereward both novelists draw the portrait of a hero as gallant and attractive as any to be found in fiction, while *The Camp of Refuge* is additionally notable for a picture of social conditions, and in particular of life in great abbeys such as Ely and Croyland, not bettered even in Carlyle's *Past and Present*.

Kingsley's historical range is wider than Macfarlane's. Particularly interesting is his account of the Vikings in Ireland, and even more important his account of the elaborate preparations made by Duke William for the invasion of England, and of the contempt with which the Mercian earl regarded William's insignificant victory at Senlac: " England lost?" said Hereward haughtily: " Sussex is not England, nor Wessex either, any more than Harold was king thereof. England lost? Let the tanner try to cross the Watling Street, and he will find out that he has another stamp of Englishman to deal with." Nor is there any better description of the treatment of the English by William and

his regents during the four years following Senlac (1066–1070) than that (too long for quotation) in *Hereward*, Chapter XVII.

That brings the reader to the central episode of the tale. How Hereward cleared his native Bourne of Frenchmen; how with the Danes he carried off the treasures of the Abbey at Peterborough, so cheating William's nominee of his anticipated booty; how he and his followers held Ely against the Normans all through the winter of 1070 and the long summer of 1071; and how after every device for its defence had been employed, Ely surrendered in October 1071—all this is told with a verve that few could equal. Whether the monks did in fact betray their intrepid defender, whether the surrender was due to Earl Morkere, contemptible to the end, history cannot decide. Nor can it tell us for certain what was the fate of Hereward. He certainly escaped after the surrender; but whether he disappeared into space, or presently returned to be received into favour by an antagonist who recognized his worth, is not known.

The surrender of Ely marked the climax of the conquest of England. But though the resistance of the English was at an end, William still had troubles to contend against. Wales remained turbulent; King Malcolm of Scotland, though he paid homage to William, was never really reconciled to the man who had supplanted his brother-in-law; Mercia had to be reconquered (1073); two years later Earl Waltheof joined with Norman earls to raise rebellion in England; and in 1077 the Conqueror's eldest son Robert, with the encouragement of his mother, and with the aid of Philip of France, rebelled against him in Normandy. But none of these things deflected William from the main object of his life, the establishment of his rule in England. There his success was complete and final. Though a loyal churchman and deeply indebted to the Papacy, he maintained the independence of the national Church. Baronial independence he curtailed by obliterating the old earldoms and creating

new ones only where necessitated by the defence of the frontiers; by scattering the manors granted to his followers; and by requiring all landowners to take an oath of allegiance to himself.

"A very wise and a great man," was the final verdict of a contemporary chronicler on William the Conqueror: "Stark he was to men that withstood him. Earls and thanes he cast into prison; bishops and abbots he deposed; he built castles and oppressed the poor. . . . The rich complained and the poor murmured, but he recked naught of them. . . . He was given to avarice and greedy of gain; he made large forests and he loved the high deer as if he were their father." But with all his faults he had one supreme merit. In a lawless age he enforced order. "Not to be forgotten was the good peace he made in the land, so that a man might fare over his realm with a bosom full of gold."

The Conqueror's sons offer few attractions to the novelist. By most modern historians William the Red is summarily dismissed as a bad man and a bad king. William of Malmesbury's verdict is not to be disputed: "He feared God but little, man not at all." Apart from a series of feudal rebellions and expeditions into Wales and Scotland there is in truth nothing to detain us in the reign of Rufus, though his attempt to apply with logical completeness the feudal principle to Church property had important results on the relations of Church and State. As Eadmer pithily phrases it: "He put up the Church of Christ to sale."

Henry I, on his accession, promised to "make God's Holy Church free", but not less firmly than his two predecessors insisted on maintaining the supremacy of the State. His Archbishop, Anselm, refused however to disobey his spiritual chief the Roman Pontiff, but in 1107 a compromise was reached, which anticipated by twenty years the famous Concordat of Worms. Bishops and abbots were not to receive from laymen the spiritual symbols of office, the ring and the crozier, but as "barons" were to do homage,

as bishops still do, for their temporalities or endowments.

Not only in the Ecclesiastical sphere was Henry's policy one of conciliation. His marriage to Matilda, a niece of Edgar Atheling gave promise of an "English" policy; his victory over his brother Robert at Tenchebrai (1108), and the annexation of the Norman Duchy to the English crown, wiped out the bitter memories of Senlac. The reign was otherwise notable for a series of administrative reforms which partially offset the load of taxation imposed on a people already impoverished by pestilence, famine and flood. Order was maintained, and the king earned, if not the love of his people, the praise of the chronicler: "A good man he was, and all men stood in awe of him; no man durst misdo against another in his time." But all this affords no material for the novelist. Nor is the reign of Stephen in that respect more productive. The historian marks as significant the fact that the king's weakness gave an opportunity to the baronage and the Church to reveal their strength as disruptive forces in an imperfectly united nation.[1] Not in such matters, however, can the novelist help us.

The alternating fortunes of Stephen and his cousin the Empress Matilda or Maud furnish the main political interest of the reign, but it evaporates in the conclusion of the Treaty of Wallingford which guaranteed to Matilda's son, Henry of Anjou, the succession to the throne (1153).

A year later Henry II, a young man of one-and-twenty, but already married to Eleanor the divorced wife of Louis VII of France, ascended the throne. In succession to his father Geoffrey of Anjou, and by right of his wife, Henry was already lord of the greater part of Western France, from the Channel to the Pyrenees. He was thus territorially the most powerful Prince in Europe.

Henry's wife Eleanor, Duchess of Aquitania, was a woman who would have been remarkable in any age, and for her full-length portrait we may go to the novelist.

[1]Cf. Marriott *This Realm of England*, pp. 55, 72.

F. Marion Crawford's *Via Crucis* (1899) is described as a "Romance of the Second Crusade" (1147–9). It opens, however, in 1145 at a moment when the great feudal barons, inclined at the outset to support the Empress Maud against a "usurper", had been "chilled and disappointed by her scornful coldness" and had decided that it would be "much pleasanter to rule Stephen than to serve Maud". But among the few knights and barons still faithful to the Empress was one Raymond Warde, lord of Stoke Regis in Hertfordshire, wherewith the Conqueror had rewarded his grandfather's services at Senlac. A much loved man, Raymond fell in battle on behalf of the Empress, though he was in fact killed by his neighbour, the lover of his wife, one Sir Arnold de Curboil. The hero of the tale, Raymond's son Gilbert, had as a lad of eighteen witnessed the murder of his father, fought the murderer in single combat, and was wounded, as it seemed fatally, by Arnold who promptly married the lad's mother and stole his inheritance.

Nursed back to life by the kindly monks of Sheering Abbey, Gilbert Warde was drawn to the religious life, but decided first to go on the Crusade preached by Bernard of Clairvaux. In Normandy he encountered Geoffrey, Count of Anjou, and his twelve year old son destined to greatness as Henry II. With the handsome English lad, introduced at court by Count Geoffrey, Queen Eleanor fell deeply in love, but his heart was already given to the companion of his childhood Beatrice de Curboil, and he repelled with disgust the amorous advances of the queen.

If the lad was dazzled by the queen's superb and imperious beauty who that reads the novelist's description could wonder? "She was as tall as the king, but whereas he was heavily and awkwardly built, her faultless proportion made an ungraceful movement an impossibility, and the rhythmic ease of her slightest gesture expressed an unfaltering bodily energy which no sudden fatigue nor stress of long weariness could bring down. When she moved, Gilbert wished that he might never see her in repose, yet as soon as

the motion ceased, it seemed a crime upon beauty to disturb her rest. Her face and her throat, uncovered to the strong morning light, were of a texture as richly clear as the tinted leaves of young orange-blossoms in May. . . . The straight white throat rose like a column from the neck to the delicate lobe of the faultless ear, and a generously modelled line sprang in a clean curve of beauty to the sudden rounding of the ivory chin, cleft in the midst by nature's supreme touch. . . . All in her face was of light, from her hair to her white forehead, from her forehead to her radiant eyes, deeper than sapphires, brighter than mountain springs, from the peach blossom of her cheeks to the living coral of her lips."

In character Eleanor was a mass of contradictions: " generous yet often unforgiving; strong as a man, capricious as a child; tender as a woman and then in turn sudden, fierce and dangerous as a tigress." These contradictions were most clearly revealed when she sat by the bedside of the young girl whom she had carried in her train on the Second Crusade, and in whom she recognized her successful rival for the love of young Gilbert.

Gilbert won high renown by his exploits in the Crusade, but having saved the lives of both the women who adored him, nearly lost his own at the hands of the villain Sir Arnold who, not content with the murder of the father, had with similar intent followed the son to the Holy Land.

Both Bernard of Clairvaux, saint, scholar and preacher, and Arnold of Brescia, the martyred assailant of ecclesiastical abuses, appear on the stage in *Via Crucis*; but, as we have seen, the main interest centres upon the woman destined to become the wife of a great English king and the mother of his two successors on the throne.

It is surprising that neither the dramatic murder of Archbishop Becket nor the romantic episode of fair Rosamond should have attracted the attention of the historical novelist. But Henry's achievements were solid rather than romantic.

His hope of establishing a great dynastic federation was frustrated by the disloyalty of his sons and the fatal alliance they formed with the kings of France and Scotland and discontented barons in England and France (1173). The combination, defeated as it was by the vigorous action of the king, is commonly taken to mark the expiring effort of feudalism against the Crown. The assumption, however, is premature. Henry's "conquest" of Ireland was fatally incomplete, and the subordination of the Scottish to the English Crown was far from permanent.

In the history of prose fiction his reign is chiefly notable for Walter Scott's earliest incursion into English history.[1] *The Betrothed*, with its twin story *The Talisman*, was not in fact published until late in Scott's literary life (1825). *The Betrothed* might not have been published then, or indeed, completed, but for a curious incident. The book was partly in proof when a German publisher got hold of some of the proofs from Ballantyne's office and published *Walladmor*, as by the author of *Waverley*. In order to counter this impudent theft Scott finished off *The Betrothed* and published it alongside *The Talisman*. So brilliantly successful was *The Talisman* that it carried off *The Betrothed* as well. "The brightness of *The Talisman*," says Lockhart, "dazzled the eyes of the million as to the defects of the twin story." Literary critics mostly agree with Scott's immediate entourage that *The Betrothed* was a failure. To the historian its defects are less apparent. To him not only is the tale in itself interesting, but it has also more value as history than many of Scott's more popular romances. For the outline of the story Scott was largely indebted to the "lively and instructive conversation on Welsh history and antiquities of his friend Archdeacon Williams". The scene in the earlier portion of *The Betrothed* is laid on the Welsh border in the last years of the reign of Henry II (*circ.* 1187), and the story throws valuable light

[1] *Count Robert* (though dealing with an earlier period—the end of the eleventh century) does not come within the scope of the present book, and may on other grounds be ignored. The reader may again be reminded that Scott's novels are here invariably treated according to historical *not* literary chronology.

upon the position of the barons (the "Lords marchers") set by the king to guard that troublesome frontier. Very clearly does Scott bring out the relations between the Lords marchers and the wild Welshmen and their kings, and not less clearly the distracted condition of the Welsh themselves who "suffered as much from internal dissensions as from the sword of the Normans".

Still more illuminating is the emphasis laid in *The Betrothed* upon the contempt felt by the Normans for the Saxons and the enduring hatred of the Saxons for their Norman conquerors. Thus the great De Lacy cannot bear the notion of being succeeded by a nephew, brilliant as were his knightly achievements, "because his mother was of Anglo-Saxon strain, and the real heir must be pure unmixed Norman". On the other hand we have the picture of the proud and vindictive old Saxon lady the Lady Ermengarde, the Lady of Baldringham who "looked with contempt and hatred on all innovations that had been introduced since the battle of Hastings".

This very unattractive old lady was the great-aunt of "the betrothed", Lady Eveline Berenger, the charming heroine of the tale, the daughter of the Anglo-Norman Knight, Raymond Berenger, his only child and heiress to his castle, the Garde Doloreuse, and his wide domains. "I have heard," said Lady Eveline, "that my aunt loves the ancient customs so well that she is loath to admit into her halls anything younger than the time of Edward the Confessor." Lady Eveline's mother was of Saxon stock; of her father the old woman says: "he carried the old Norman scorn towards the Saxon stock whom they wed but for what they can make by them as the bramble clings to the elm." Yet the vindictive old dame is quick to appreciate the ready wit of Lady Eveline's bower maiden, Rose Flammock, the daughter of a wealthy Flemish weaver, engaged in his business near the Garde Doloreuse. "The Flemings," declared the irascible old Saxon dame "are the cold palsy to Britain, the Normans are the burning fever." "And the

poor Welsh will add," retorted the unabashed Rose, " that the Anglo-Saxons were the original disease and resemble a wasting pestilence." Lady Ermengarde acknowledged that home thrust: " Saxon, Dane and Norman have rolled like successive billows over the land, each having strength to subdue what they lacked wisdom to keep. When shall it be otherwise?" " When Saxon and Briton and Norman and Fleming," answered Rose boldly, " shall learn to call themselves by one name, and think themselves alike children of the land they were born in."

That is the historical pith of the story—the fusion of the races destined to make an English nation. Such a theme might indeed disappoint a public looking for a stirring tale of the Crusades—in short for a *Talisman*. But *The Betrothed* is well worth reading not only for the elaboration of its main thesis, but also for a wonderful description of the interview between the great Norman noble Hugo de Lacy, Constable of Chester, and Archbishop Baldwin, whose whole heart was wrapped up in the victory of the Cross over the Crescent, and who himself died a Crusader in the Holy Land. There are few more convincing illustrations of the easy superiority of the spiritual over the secular power in that heyday of the Mediæval Church.

Thus, the later part of *The Betrothed* carries us into the reign of Richard I.

With that reign *The Talisman* is concerned. *The Talisman* is among the most popular of Scott's romances, yet no discerning critic would count it among his best. For it is an exotic, standing in the same sort of relation to the Scottish novels, as George Eliot's *Romola* stands to *Adam Bede* and her other novels based not on study but on experience. There is, however, another compelling reason why *The Talisman* need not detain us. Like Maurice Hewlett's *Richard Yea and Nay*, it is concerned wholly with Richard's career as a Crusader. The connexion of both novels with English history is of the slightest. But it is not slighter than that of the " Lion Heart " himself. Richard as Crusader, his

captivity and death are fit subjects for romance; they touch English history only at the point of finance. No king of England was less known to his English subjects than Richard I; of the ten years of his reign he spent only six months in England. Personally brave, a fine soldier, generous in impulse and ambitious of renown, but a bad son and a faithless husband, Richard was not devoid of attractive qualities, and in his mother he found a sagacious counsellor and a devoted friend. The interest of his reign as regards England is wholly constitutional and financial. In the hands of two great Justiciars, William Longchamp and Hubert Walter, the royal power, strongly entrenched in the administrative systems of Henry II, was so greatly strengthened that under John it degenerated into tyranny. Against that tyranny, relief was sought and found in the Great Charter of 1215.

CHAPTER VI

From the Great Charter to the Model Parliament

IN the year 1866 there appeared a noteworthy novel. John George Edgar was an ardent Tory, a passionate believer in the principle of monarchy, derived from Bolingbroke's *Patriot King*, and not dissipated, apparently, by a study of the reign of John Lackland. Edgar was much appreciated by his own generation as the founder of *Every Boy's Magazine* and as a popular writer of books for boys. He died young and his name is now hardly remembered, but that he was a serious student of mediæval history is proved by his *Runnymede and Lincoln Fair* which, to a remarkable degree, anticipated much recent criticism of Magna Carta.

No single document in our annals has had a more erratic history, notoriety alternating with complete neglect. Frequently reissued in the thirteenth century; hardly mentioned in the fourteenth; reverentially appealed to in the fifteenth, it was wholly ignored in the sixteenth. In *King John*, Shakespeare does not even refer to it; nor did the authors of the earlier plays from which his own was quarried. But the lawyers in the Stuart Parliaments found in it their precedents and on it based their demands for constitutional concessions. In the eighteenth century Pitt described it as "the Bible of the Constitution", and Burke found in it "our oldest reformation" and the focal point of a constitution based on precedent and unbroken tradition.

By the nineteenth century then Magna Carta seemed to

be securely established in the affections of a people who revered it as "the palladium of English liberty" and the symbol of national unity.

That view has only recently been challenged.[1] Yet if Edgar's researches had been embodied in a scientific treatise instead of an historical novel they might much sooner have attracted the attention of commentators.

The earlier chapters of *Runnymede and Lincoln Fair* give an admirable summary of the events of John's reign from his accession down to the crisis of 1215.

The first obstacle in the path of John's ambition was the claim of his young nephew Arthur, the posthumous son of his elder brother Geoffrey and Constance, heiress of the Count of Brittany. Though supported by John's overlord, Philip of France, and in modern theory indisputable, the claim of a child of twelve was regarded by contemporaries as inferior to that of an uncle, in the full vigour of early manhood (*aetat.* 32). In 1203 Prince Arthur, captured and imprisoned by the "wicked uncle", disappeared. History, following tradition and Shakespeare, has generally held John guilty of his murder, but in default of evidence the novelist was justified in leaving the question open: "Whether Arthur had been killed by King John and flung into the Seine, or whether he had fallen into the river and been drowned while attempting to escape from the castle of Rouen remains an historic mystery." But the novelist confesses that "neither the Bretons nor Philip Augustus expressed any doubt on the subject. Within a week . . . the Bretons demanded justice on the head of the murderer; and Philip summoned John, as one of his vassals, to appear before the twelve peers of France and answer to the charge."

That was the beginning of John's troubles. A more serious blow was the death (1204) of his intrepid mother, followed a year later by that of his wisest counsellor, Archbishop Hubert Walter.

[1] For recent criticism see Marriott: *This Realm of England*, pp. 80 f. and authorities there referred to.

The Archbishop's death opened the whole controversy between John and Pope Innocent III, the greatest lawyer that ever occupied the Papal throne. The quarrel, the course of which is accurately described by the novelist, ended in John's complete submission (1213). He agreed henceforth to hold his kingdom as a fief of the Holy See.

It hardly needed that humiliating act to complete the alienation between John and the barons. But the point at issue between modern critics is whether the barons, in imposing the charter on John, were actuated by regard for national or merely for their own class interests.

That, however, is a question for the constitutional lawyer. What the novelist does is to insist that the old Saxon nobility was by no means extinct and still regarded the Normans as foreign conquerors. The hero of the tale is Oliver Icingla, an English squire with the blood of Cerdic in his veins. Frankly admitting that the "age of Hereward was past" he passionately insisted that it was gross error to regard the "ancient race as vanquished for ever. I tell you," he exclaimed, "that this Anglo-Saxon race which you mention so contemptuously has been rising, is rising, and will continue to rise and increase in influence, till providence grants us a king under whom will reappear in more than its ancient vigour, the England that disappeared after the death of the Confessor."

Even John, as a legitimate sovereign, commands his allegiance and that of many like-minded patriots. Though John's conduct was open to reprobation his opponents were men with "a very sharp eye after their own interest. Never a word should we have heard from them of old charters and ancient laws but for the question of scutages." Stephen Langton was admittedly "a good and honest man, as times go, and eager enough for the public weal. But he is heart and soul with Fitzwalter and De Vesci, and is either dictating their measures or doing their bidding." And what is to be said of men who, outwitted by the king in alliance with the Pope, did not hesitate to invite

foreign aid to secure their own interests and place the realm of England at the disposal of the French king?

Runnymede and Lincoln Fair runs, it will be seen, on the same lines as Scott's *Ivanhoe.* Scott distinctly says that he selected the period " as affording a striking contrast between the Saxons, by whom the soil was cultivated, and the Normans, who still reigned in it as conquerors, reluctant to mix with the vanquished, or acknowledge themselves of the same stock. . . . They (the Saxons) did, however, survive as a people, and some of the ancient Saxon families possessed wealth and power although they were exceptions to the humble conditions of the race in general. It seemed to the author that the existence of the two races in the same country, the vanquished distinguished by their plain, homely, blunt manners, and the free spirit infused by their ancient institutions and laws; the victors, by the high spirit of military fame, personal adventure, and whatever could distinguish them as the Flower of Chivalry, might, intermixed with other characters belonging to the same time and country, interest the reader by the contrast, if the author should not fail on his part." In one sense Scott certainly did not fail: no fewer than 12,000 copies of the original three volume edition were quickly sold. Nevertheless Scott, like Edgar, is open to criticism from the point of view of historical accuracy. Is it true that even by the thirteenth century there was no real fusion between the Norman conquerors and the conquered Saxons? That is not the view of the contemporary author of the *Dialogus De Scaccario* who writes that by the time of Henry II " the English and Normans so frequently intermarried that it was difficult to say who were Normans and who were Englishmen apart of course from slaves ". Nor is it the view of either Freeman [1] or Macaulay.[2]

There is another novel, the scene of which is placed in or about John's reign. Maurice Hewlett's *The Forest Lovers* might, indeed, refer to almost any period between the creation of the New Forest and the concession of Magna

[1] *Norman Conquest*, v. 826. [2] *History of England*, i. 8.

Carta. Though there is a background of history, *The Forest Lovers* is primarily an exquisite idyll which incidentally throws light upon the social conditions and moral standards of an age when passions were unbridled and violence was hardly restrained. Yet in the midst of it all there could exist between a gallant knight and a pure-hearted maiden a love untainted by a single selfish thought. The knight Prosper le Gai, "fair-haired and sanguine, square-built and square-chinned . . . a sweet-tempered lad . . . blent benevolence with savagery, reflectiveness with activity . . . a born fighter" but "the more dangerous he was to his enemies, the sweeter his temper seemed to be". The maid Isoult is a bewitching heroine. Known alternatively as "a witch's brat" and "*Isoult La Desirous or La Desiree*", she was the reputed daughter of peasants, Matt o' the Moor and a witch Mald, but was in fact the only child and heiress of the "Countess Isabel, Dowager of March and Belesme, Countess of Hautreve and Lady of Morgaunt in her own right", by that great lady's secret marriage with Fulk de Breauté. The secret was known to the Abbot of St. Giles of Holy Thorn who revealed it to his villainous almoner Galors from whose hands Isoult is again and again rescued by the courage and resource of her true lover Prosper le Gai. With the open recognition of Isoult by her sinful but repentant mother, the proud countess, all ends happily. Slight though the historical thread may be, Hewlett's beautiful tale is well worth reading.

To resume. *Runnymede and Lincoln Fair* carries on the history down to the crushing defeat inflicted upon Prince Louis and his Anglo-Norman allies at the battle of Lincoln (Lincoln Fair, 1217) and to the Treaty of Lambeth—concluded in the same year, with a forward glance into the great reign of the first Edward.

The situation at the close of John's reign was peculiarly confused: the Anglo-Norman baronage, posing as champions of national liberties in 1215, but now invoking the aid of the French king against their legitimate, if faithless, sovereign;

the English king relying on the support of the Pope to compel his subjects to obedience; Pope Innocent the accomplice of the king in repudiating the great charter; and the English people distracted by the choice between a Rome-ridden king and a rebellious baronage fighting side by side with a French army on English soil.

Nor was the tangle more than partially unravelled by the death of a bad king.

The Pope claimed authority over England as a papal fief. The French army remained in England to guarantee the fulfilment of the base bargain concluded between the French king and the English barons.

Fortunately the regency was accepted by a great English patriot, William Marshall, Earl of Pembroke, who with the help of Hubert de Burgh, the Justiciar, and Guelo, the Papal legate, educed some sort of order out of chaos. Only temporarily. The whole reign of Henry III was a period of turmoil culminating in a civil war in which the issues were confused and the results nugatory.

Of this confusion we get a vivid impression from one of the few novels dealing with this period, Warwick Deeping's *The Red Saint*. This novel deals with many interesting people and important events. The embryonic Parliaments which preceded the meeting of the "Model Parliament" of 1295; the successive expedients devised to check the vagaries of Henry III; the significant parliamentary experiment of Simon de Montfort (1265), are not, indeed, tempting topics for the novelist.

Yet appropriate subjects are not lacking: the character of Henry III himself, a weak king falling more and more under the influence of his wife's Provençal relations and other foreigners, but, as Westminster Abbey testifies, a real connoisseur in architecture and a devoted son of Holy Church; or the character of the great Earl, his brother-in-law; the growing antagonism between the oligarchical party among the barons and those who acted as the allies of patriotic churchmen, like Archbishop Edmund Rich, the

brothers Cantelupe, and Robert Grosseteste, patron of learning, rector of the Franciscan Friars and Bishop of Lincoln. Is there not here material enough for the imaginative novelist? And it is surely a reproach to the craft to have neglected the early history of the Friars, the devoted work of the Franciscans among the poorest of the poor in the slums of Oxford and other towns; the noble zeal of the Dominicans in the cause of true religion and sound learning. Is there no romance in the career of Roger Bacon and Adam Marsh, or in the lives of the young scholars who, eager for knowledge, gathered round famous teachers in Oxford and so laid the foundations of our English Universities?

In one chapter of Green's *Short History* alone there are hints enough for a dozen novels. Nor have other historians failed to discern behind the rather unattractive façade of the thirteenth century a warehouse replete with materials, out of which splendid fabrics could have been woven.

The more honour then to Warwick Deeping, who in *The Red Saint*, with the "Barons' War" for a background, has created an interesting story of tender love and heroic adventure. The very first page plunges us into the thick of it. "Peter of Savoy's riders, those hired 'spearmen' from over the sea, Gascons, Flemings, Bretons were out to keep the king's peace in the Rapes of Pevensey and of Hastings. . . . Many of the lesser gentry and the Cinque Port towns were calling for Earl Simon. The pot that had long been simmering, had boiled over all of a sudden. . . ." "God—the King", "Earl Simon and the Charter", these two rallying cries cut off brother from brother, and father from son. There had been years of verbiage, oath breaking, famine, peculation, and cynical corruption in high places. The law was no law, the king's oath a byword in brothels and in taverns. The Great Father—even the Pope—had had both fists in the English money pots. Poitevins, Provençals and Italians had scrambled together. The country was sick of it. Men who were in grim earnest hastened to get to blows. . . . Of what use were such castles as Pevensey,

Lewes, Arundel and Bramber, to the king, if the great lords did not put petifogging law aside and coerce as much of the country as they could cover with their swords? Men were tired of words and of charters. "Let us come to grips," said they, "and not quarrel over parchments and seals."

To grips they came in 1263. Under the scheme drawn up at Oxford and accepted, under oath, by the King and Prince Edward, the Government was virtually vested in a committee of fifteen members representative of all parties. But among the "opposition" there was no unity of purpose or policy. Gloucester and the oligarchical barons were at variance with Simon de Montfort and both with the royalists. The king was absolved from his oath by the Pope, and it was agreed to refer all the questions in dispute to Louis IX, one of the greatest rulers France ever had, and equally renowned for personal piety and political wisdom. Louis gave his award (*The Mise of Amiens*), wholly in the King's favour. No man questioned the probity of St. Louis, but as the novelist says, "Louis was a king judging between a king and turbulent towns and still more turbulent barons. Nor was it strange, therefore, that a saint, from whose mouth should have sprouted an olive branch, hurled back over the sea a two-edged sword".

War broke out in 1264, the king was badly defeated by Earl Simon at Lewes (14th May), and the latter now virtually ruler of England summoned, in 1265, the famous Parliament known by his name.

Too much has been made of the constitutional significance of that gathering which was, in truth, rather a convention of Simon's supporters than a regular Parliament. Nor was it long before a quarrel ensued between Simon and the oligarchical barons. Prince Edward, in alliance with the latter and with the Lords Marchers, took up arms against Earl Simon. Lewes had given the young Prince valuable lessons in strategy and tactics. At Evesham, where Earl Simon was defeated and killed (4th August), he proved that he had learnt them.

Earl Simon occupies a peculiar place in English history. The political songs of the day attest his popularity among contemporaries, and *The Red Saint* helps to explain it. Simon if a " great and good man " was not a great administrator nor constructive in statesmanship; but he shone by contrast with contemporaries. Thus the novelist writes of Henry III: " Men who were wise saw in him a thing that was sometimes a saint, sometimes a mean, contriving Jew, often a firebrand, more often still a beauty-loving fool. Brave enough in battle and a clean liver, yet the grim animal energy of his father might have served him better than his own flickering and inconstant brilliancy. Henry could delight in the colour of a painted window, and he had the heart of a sentimental woman. In one thing alone he may have been of use, for his follies taught the stronger son to be warned by the mistakes of a weak father. Henry made war against the spirit of liberty stirring in the heart of a great people. Edward the Strong was wiser in knowing the nature of his own strength." Against this historical background Warwick Deeping has drawn a beautiful picture of the loves of his hero and heroine, not to mention some striking sketches, notably that of a greedy, hypocritical monk, a parish priest who might have stood for Chaucer's model, and a young courtesan redeemed from a life she detested by her love for a saintly sister. Here is the saint, the heroine of the tale. " Denise had come down from her cell in the beechwood, a veritable lady of compassion. It was not the bread she had given (to the starving villagers), but the pity and tenderness that had enshrined her in the hearts of all the people. It was as though she had magic power, a glory given of God and the Virgin. . . . Perhaps Denise's power lay largely in her youth, for she was no ulcerous and lean recluse, but a woman in the morning of her beauty, a beauty that was strange and elfin-like, rich as an autumn in red leaf. She had but to look at men and they felt an awe of her; at children and they came to her like birds to a witch." Yet this " Red Saint " would never have been united with the man she passionately loved,

but for the loving ingenuity and tender persistence of the erring sister, the courtesan Marpasse. The hero, Aymery of gold spur, the brave and stainless knight, " the man with the iron mouth and the square chin ", the devoted and trusted follower of Earl Simon, differs little from the type familiarized by the romantic novel of chivalry. But the historical background is, as already indicated, far from hackneyed, and justifies the place given to Warwick Deeping's book among works of illustrative fiction.

The hint he gives of the contrast between Henry III and his successor, between the weak father and the strong son, has been lost upon historical novelists. Yet by general consent Edward I was among the greatest if not actually the greatest king that ever occupied the English throne. He was a great " Unionist ", anxious to bring the whole island under a single government, administering the affairs of a United Kingdom with a strict regard for justice and law. As regards Scotland the policy was probably premature. Yet the terms proposed by Edward for the settlement of the northern kingdom anticipated with singular exactitude those which, centuries later, were embodied in the Act of Union (1707): Scotland was to retain its own legal system and to be represented in Parliament. Had that settlement become effective, both England and Scotland would have been saved from three centuries of intermittent war, and in both countries economic and commercial development might have been more rapid. It was not to be. The death of the great Edward on his way to Scotland (1307), and the great crushing defeat inflicted by Bruce at Bannockburn upon Edward's unworthy son, postponed for more than three centuries any possibility of a legislative union (1314).

Wales presented to Edward a problem less difficult than Scotland. Ever since the unification of England under the Normans, the Britons in Wales had been a thorn in her side. Incapable of effective combination, the Welsh princes—as we learnt from *The Betrothed*—could make themselves very troublesome to the Norman barons set to guard the Marches.

Of every rebellion in England they took full advantage, until, in 1282, the rebellion of Llewelyn and David gave Edward I an opportunity of crushing resistance once for all. Llewelyn was killed in battle; David was captured, and after a trial at Shrewsbury was executed. By the Statute of Wales Edward applied to Wales the English legal and administrative system; he proceeded to establish the new order by building a series of strong castles, but not until the reign of Henry VIII was Wales fully incorporated in England, with representation in the English Parliament.

It remains to add a few words about the treatment of these events in Fiction. Henty was not the man to neglect the opportunity afforded by the heroic defence of Scottish independence by Wallace and Bruce; but his *In Freedom's Cause* calls only for bare mention. Scott's *Castle Dangerous*, though perhaps the weakest of all the Waverleys is, of course, in a different class, and as the last of the series (1831) has a pathetic interest.

When Scott wrote it he was a broken man, very near his end. Appended to it there is a touching note conveying the wizard's farewell to his readers: "The gentle reader is acquainted that these are, in all probability the last tales which it will be the lot of the author to submit to the public. . . . Had he continued to prosecute his usual literary labours it seems indeed probable that at the term of years he has already attained (he was just sixty) the bowl, to use the pathetic language of Scripture would have been broken at the fountain. . . ." His premonition, unhappily, was justified.

Nevertheless, despite bodily infirmity, Scott with characteristic pluck, and anxious to give his new tale every advantage of local colour, undertook a toilsome journey to Douglasdale, for the purpose of "examining the remains of the famous castle, the Kirk of St. Bride of Douglas, the patron saint of that great family". His strength was unequal to the effort, and racked with pain he repeated verse after verse of his favourite ballads, but on coming to

the closing stanza of *Otterbourne*, the strong man burst into tears:

> " My wound is deep — I fain would sleep—
> Take thou the vanguard of the three,
> And hide me beneath the bracken bush
> That grows on yonder lily-lea. . . .
>
> This deed was done at the Otterbourne,
> About the dawning of the day,
> Earl Douglas was buried by the bracken bush,
> And the Percy led captive away."

Castle Dangerous deals with the Scottish War of Independence in the last year of the reign of Edward I. But, confessing that he had taken " considerable liberties . . . with the historical incidents " on which the novel was founded, Scott deemed it proper to append to his " Introduction " considerable extracts from David Hume's *History of the Houses of Douglas and Angus* and John Barbour's *The Bruce*, in order to enable the reader " to correct any misimpression ". The precaution was otiose. The readers of *Castle Dangerous* are comparatively few and are not likely to be beguiled.

It may, however, be recalled that the story of *Castle Dangerous* centres on the famous siege of the castle of the Douglasses and closes with the defeat of the English forces under the Earl of Pembroke, and the consequent surrender of the castle he failed to relieve.

The surrender which took place (to quote one of the concluding paragraphs of the book) " upon the Palm Sunday of 19th March, 1306–7, was the beginning of a career of conquest which was uninterrupted, in which the greater part of the strengths and fortresses of Scotland were yielded to those who asserted the liberty of their country, until the crowning mercy was gained in the celebrated field of Bannockburn where the English sustained a defeat more disastrous than is mentioned upon any other occasion

in their annals". Bannockburn was not only disastrous, it was decisive. Yet the war was protracted throughout the rest of the reign of Edward II, and Robert Bruce continued his victorious career until at last a Treaty of Peace was concluded at Northampton by Edward III in 1328. By that Treaty England acknowledged the independence of Scotland.

CHAPTER VII

The England of Chaucer and Piers the Plowman
The French War
The Great Plague and the Peasant Revolt

THE novelists who deal with the fourteenth century turn for inspiration largely to the *Book of Sir John Froissart of the Chronicles of England, France, Spain, Portugal, Scotland, Brittany, Flanders and other places adjoining*, where we get a brilliant reflection of the age when chivalry reached its most popular exemplar in the career and personality of the Black Prince. Sir John Froissart (1337–1410), knight, priest, courtier, and chronicler, acted as secretary to Philippa of Hainault, the Queen of Edward III, followed the Black Prince to Gascony, spent several years at his court in Bordeaux, and was equally at home at the court of Gaston de Foix at Orthez, and at other continental courts. His Chronicle, then, not only makes a serious contribution to the history of the time but is also an inexhaustible mine of information for the novelist.

The earlier stages of the Hundred Years' War (1337–1453) furnish material to J. G. Edgar (*Cressy and Poictiers*), to Henty (*St. George for England*), to Conan Doyle (*Sir Nigel* and *The White Company*), and not least to Charlotte M. Yonge, whose *The Lances of Lynwood* is still an abiding delight to all who are fortunate enough to retain in old age " the dew of their youth ". The description of the battle of Poictiers in *Sir Nigel* is a good example of the best work of Conan Doyle, and his portraits of Sir John Chandos,

Edward III, the Black Prince, and King John of France are by no means beneath the attention of the historian. Similarly based on Froissart is *The White Company*, a sequel to *Sir Nigel*, concerned with the exploits of a company of English archers fighting in France and Spain under John of Gaunt. Particularly notable in *The White Company* is the portrait of the great French soldier Bertrand du Guesclin (1320–80), the doughtiest antagonist we had to meet in the Hundred Years' War, and one of the main instruments in the political consolidation of France. Charlotte Yonge (1823–1902) was not only a prolific novelist, but a serious student of history, especially in its personal aspects. Having dealt in *The Constable's Tower* with Hubert de Burgh, with his famous defence of Dover Castle against Prince Louis of France (1213), and his still more famous victory at sea off Sandwich, and with Edward I as a crusader (*The Prince and the Page*), Miss Yonge drew on the *Vie de Bertrand du Guesclin* as well as on Froissart for her fascinating tale *The Lances of Lynwood.* With characteristic modesty she expressed the hope that her sketch might " serve as an inducement to some young readers to make acquaintance with the delectable old Canon (Froissart) for themselves ". The wise, of all ages, will fulfil her hope.

The story, though mainly concerned with the exploits of young Lynwood and the Black Prince in France and Spain, opens with a description of the prosperity and security of England under Edward III. " Seldom," writes Miss Yonge, " had the interior of this island presented a more peaceful and prosperous aspect " than under Edward III, " whose wise government had established at home a degree of plenty, tranquillity, and security, such as probably never before had been experienced in England ". Despite the heavy taxation necessitated by the Scottish and French wars, the description is probably true of England during the first two decades of the reign. The limitation of date is important; yet it is difficult to imagine that, belonging in fact to a much later date (1378), *The Canterbury Tales*

could have been composed in an England which was not basking in the sun of economic prosperity and social security. The opening words of Trevelyan's *England in the Age of Wycliffe* are, however, ominous: "The reader who has turned to a history of Chaucer's times in hope of finding a record of the healthy national life suggested by the picture of the jolly poet's companions in the Canterbury pilgrimage, will be disappointed that no aspect of politics or of society reproduces the cheerful impression he had received". Only too well justified is that warning.

Geoffrey Chaucer has been described as "the father of English poetry". With almost equal accuracy he might be hailed as "the father of the English novel". *The Canterbury Tales* prove him to have been essentially (as Walter Raleigh called him) "a great narrative artist". But the significance of *The Canterbury Tales* is historical as well as literary. It not merely reflects the social and political life of Chaucer's day, but as an essentially native poem, addressed in the English tongue to an English public, affords irrefutable evidence of the rapid fusion of races, and the evolution of a truly English nationality. Even the upper classes were giving up the use of French. Of the reign of Edward II a contemporary chronicler had been able to write: "Children in school against the usage and manner of all other nations be compelled for to learn their own language, and for to construe their lessons and their things in French, and so they have since Normans first came into England. Also gentlemen's children be taught to speak French from the time that they be rocked in their cradle, and know how to speak and play with a child's toy; and uplandish (or country) men will liken themselves to gentlemen, and fondell (or delight) with great busyness for to speak French to be told of." But by the end of Edward III, more decidedly under Richard II, that educational fashion was passing. "Now in the year of our Lord 1385," writes a contemporary, "in all the Grammar Schools of England children learneth French and construeth and learneth in English." That is

highly significant, and means, presumably, that English had become the educational medium, and French was learnt as a foreign language.

Nor are *The Canterbury Tales* English only in language. They reflect, we would fain believe, the real genius of the English people: good humour, jollity, broad tolerance, are the characteristics of that motley company that made, in happy fellowship, the pilgrimage to Canterbury. Chaucer himself belonged to the upper middle class. His wife was a sister of Katherine Swynford, at one time the mistress, and afterwards the wife, of John of Gaunt. The poet had fought in the first period of the Hundred Years' War (1337–1360): he was afterwards employed by the Crown on several missions to the continent, visiting Genoa, Milan and Florence; he sat as Knight of the Shire of Kent in the Parliament of 1386; and spent his old age putting together his *Canterbury Tales*.

Among the twenty-nine pilgrims who set out on a bright April morning from the Tabard, in Southwark, all classes were represented. There was the knight who " lovede chivalry, Truth and honour, freedom and courtesy "; his son, a young squire—" A lovyere, and a lusty bachelor with his curled locks as they were layd in presse "; with him went his yeoman. Then there was a Nonne, a Prioress:

> " That of here smyling was full symple and coy
> And Frensch sche spake ful faire and fetysly
> After the schole of Stratford atte Bow,
> For Frensch of Paris was to her unknow."

There was a monk too

> " a fair for the maistree
> An out-rydere that loved venerye
> A manly man,"

with his gold pin and his head so " balled, that schon as any glass ". With the monk went a friar, who had evidently

departed very far from the strict discipline of the early Franciscans and Dominicans, but was not on that account less popular with his penitents:

> " Ful sweetely herde he confessioun
> And plesaunt was his absolucioun."

Among that goodly company was also the Merchant, the Clerk of Oxenford, as lean as his horse yet " gladly wolde he lerne, and gladly teche "; the Sergeant of Lawe, the Frankelyne who loved good living; a haberdasher and a carpenter; a weaver, a dyer, an upholsterer, a cook and a sailor (perhaps from Dartmouth); a good wife of Bath, unfortunately rather deaf but the equal of any cloth-maker in Ypres or Ghent; a ploughman, a miller, a manciple, a Reeve (steward or bailiff), a " slender choleric man ", a summoner and a Pardoner, straight from the Roman Curia; above all a poor Parish Priest. It is significant that of all the company that hard-working Parish Priest alone escapes the gentle satire of the Poet—of a poet who was himself pre-eminently a man of the world, perhaps a sceptic though hardly a scoffer, and certainly a man of wide charity and easy tolerance, well used to alternations of prosperity and poverty, the favourite of fortune and the companion of princes to-day, the humble petitioner for a meagre pension to-morrow; above all, a man who, whatever his personal condition, could paint his fellows with the rich colour of a Rembrandt combined with the delicacy of an Albrecht Dürer. What more beautiful portrait was ever drawn than this?

> " A good man was ther of religioun,
> And was a poure persoun of a toun;
> But riche he was of holy thought and werk.
> He was also a lerned man, a clerk
> That Cristes gospel trewely wolde preche;
> His parischens devoutly wolde he teche. . . .
> Wyd was his parische, and houses fer asonder,
> But he ne lafte not for reyne ne thonder,

In siknesse nor in meschief to visite
The ferreste in his parissche, moche and lite,
Uppon his feet, and in his hond a staf.
This noble ensample to his scheep he yaf,
That first he wroughte, and afterwards he taught, . . .
He waytede after no pompe and reverence,
Ne makede him a spiced conscience,
But Cristes lore, and His apostles twelve,
He taughte, but first he folwede it himselve."

There is, however, another side to the picture drawn by the "jolly poet". Politically, socially, economically, the latter part of Edward III's reign was marked by persistent gloom. The Treaty of Bretigny was the high-water mark for England of the Hundred Years' War. After its renewal in 1369, everything went wrong. England's defeat in the sea-fight off Rochelle (1372) meant the loss of the command of the sea, and with it a large part of English trade with Flanders; the Black Prince lost the allegiance of his Gascon subjects by imposing upon them insupportable taxation; his father forfeited the affection of his English subjects; the beloved Queen Philippa died in 1369; the Black Prince, still the most popular man in England, smitten with an incurable disease died in 1376; Edward III himself sank into premature senility and became as putty in the hands of his mistress, Alice Perrers. Thus power fell into the hands of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster. The Ministry headed by Bishop William of Wykeham had been ejected from office in 1371, partly because it was held responsible for the failure of the war in France, partly by reason of the growing unpopularity of the Church. The nation was impoverished; the Church was enormously wealthy; the Friars were no longer ensamples of pristine purity; many monks, so far from being models of godliness and promoters of good learning were lazy and lecherous, a byword for self-indulgence and riotous living. Even Wykeham, Conservative and High Churchman as he was, deemed it timely to divert

monastic endowments to educational purposes. John Wyclif had just launched his attack upon clerical abuses at home and the supremacy of the Pope at Rome—or Avignon. The impeachments of Lord Latimer and the great London merchant Lyons, in 1376, proved that corruption was as prevalent among lay politicians as among the clergy.

Though it was the imposition of a Poll tax (1381) that brought popular discontent to a head, the root causes of the peasant revolt were social and economic rather than political.

The manorial system [1] already in dissolution, was finally broken up by the terrible visitation of the "Black Death" or bubonic plague in 1348–9. A third, perhaps a half, of the whole population perished. The economic dislocation was complete. Of the villeins who survived, many escaped from the manors to which they were legally bound, in order to take advantage of the high wages which the lords, despite statutory prohibition, were glad to offer; much plough-land was turned down to grass; some villeins advanced into a new class of copy-holding yeomen; the greater part sank into the position of a landless proletariat.

Of the condition of the peasantry at this period we have a contemporary picture in *The Vision of William Concerning Piers the Ploughman*, by William Langley or Langland.[2]

Langley was a few years older than Chaucer, having been born about 1332, the son of a Shropshire Franklin. The Franklins were small but independent landowners, who, with the Knights, supplied a large proportion of the county-members to the House of Commons. Chaucer's Franklin apologized for his "rude speche" which he attributed to lack of the education enjoyed by the Clerk and the Knight:

> "I learned never rhetoric certain;
> Thing that I spake, it mote be bare and plain."

[1] For a detailed account of the Manorial system and its dissolution, cf. Marriott, *English Land System* (1914), pp. 24–52.

[2] Ed. W. W. Skeat (Oxford, 1874).

As to the material comforts of the Franklin Chaucer leaves us in no doubt:

> " A FRANKELEYN was in his compainye;
> Whit was his berde, as is the dayesye.
> Of his complexioun he was sangwyn.
> Wel lovede he by the morwe a sop in wyn. . . .
> His breed, his ale, was alway after oon;
> A bettre envyned man was nowher noon.
> Withoute bake mete was nevere his hous
> Of flessch and fissch, and that so plentevous,
> Hit snewede in his hous of mete and drynke, . . .
> Ful many a fat partrich hadde he in mewe,
> And many a brem and many a luce in stewe.
> Woo was his cook, but-if his sauce were
> Poynaunt and scharp, and redy al his gere.
> His table dormant in his halle alway
> Stood redy covered al the longe day.
> At sessiouns ther was he lord and sire.
> Ful ofte tyme he was knight of the schire."

If Langley's father was anything like Chaucer's Franklin, the son inherited neither his property nor his tastes. Living, it would seem, throughout his life in extreme poverty, Langley's sympathies are wholly with the poor; his temper is that of a radical reformer, not to say a social and ecclesiastical though never a political revolutionary. His *Vision*, published in its final form in 1392, reveals an England strikingly contrasted with the gay and prosperous England portrayed by Chaucer. For if the townsmen were waxing fat on trade the peasantry were very restless; socially indeed they were moving from serfdom to liberty; but in gaining their personal freedom they had lost their hold on the land. With the peasantry, wretched and poverty stricken, Langley is concerned. For their wretchedness he does not blame the king. He has a high ideal of monarchy, picturing a king, " ruling in the affections of the people with Reason for his chancellor, Conscience for his justiciary ". Nor is he like Chaucer, a sceptic in religion; he holds to the fundamental

truths of Christianity; and in his final words counsels " all Christians to pray to God and to Mary his mother for grace to live according to God's will, since nothing will avail more at the last Great Day ". Truth is the goal of man's earthly pilgrimage and the best guides to Truth are not clerks and priests, and begging friars, not Popes and Cardinals, not the outward forms of religion nor sacerdotal rites, but Reason and Conscience. To the degradation of the Papacy, the corruptions of the Church, the wealth and luxury of monks and mendicants, the evil lives of those who should be examples to their flocks, Langley ascribes all the evils of an evil world.

Of Langley himself we have a full-length portrait in Miss Florence Converse's *Long Will* (1903),[1] an admirable historical novel. William Langley—" Long Will "—is the central figure in the tale, but there is also a love story of his daughter Calote and a noble Knight, Stephen (Etienne) Fitzwarine, told with the most beautiful and delicate artistry. The dominant interest is, however, political, focused on the Rebellion of Wat the Tyler, and on Langley's relation thereto.

The novelist adhered closely to history. One May morning the poet lay on the sun-warmed slope of the Malvern Hills and dreamed of the song he would sing: " I will sing of life that is and is to come. I will prophesy." His place was not that of the poet who " dwelleth in a monastery and maketh long tales of Saints ", or of the poet who abideth in a king's palace and " deviseth merry tales of love and adventures of war, to please the ladies in hall ". He would sing of the poor, the suffering and starving: " Lo! here is matter for a new song—shall I sing it, Dame Truth? For my soul's health I will. Now lead me down into the valley, O Truth, where the world dwelleth! I will follow, I will come down from the hill-top." The vision of the poor and suffering simple folk, his own brethren, was

[1] First published in 1903. Republished in Dent's *Everyman's Library* (No. 328) in 1908, and reprinted (1911–36) no fewer than eight times.

before him and "in the glory of that vision he forgot himself and cried out: 'Lord, send a great singer to sing this great song. . . . Lord Jesus, Prince of poor men, let me be their jongleur, for all poor men's sake.' With their misfortune am I right well acquaint. I have dwelled in their cots. I have eat of their hard bread of pease. How shall the king know this that sleepeth within silken curtains? But kings give ear to a poet; ladies weep over a sad tale in hall. Who shall sing this song if not I? . . . I will tell my tale, and the king shall find a way to succour his poor men. Now glory be to God, and praise and thanksgiving, that He hath given me a vision."

To London the poet made his way, and there earned a precarious livelihood for his wife Kitte, his daughter Calote and himself, by chanting dirges at funerals and copying legal documents for scriveners. For thirty years (1362–92), he worked on his poem, ever revising and elaborating and pouring into it all his passionate sympathy. The first version was completed in 1362; the third and last in 1392. In his daughter's lover, Etienne Fitzwarine, Langley found an ardent if not disinterested disciple, and to his question "Now the Vision's ended dost dream a new song?" the poet replied: "I have but one song. I write it anew, it changeth ever as the years run, yet in the end 'tis the same song."

The refrain was the same; but the emphasis changed with more intimate knowledge of the men who, with Wat the Tyler, were planning insurrection. Still greater was the change when the insurrection had come, and, thanks to the young king's tactful and courageous intervention, had fizzled out. Walter the Tyler himself comes well out of the story; Jack Straw very badly. The gospel preached by Langley was a gospel of love, and the most persuasive preacher of the gospel was his own sweet maid Calote. She it was who persuaded the young king to listen sympathetically to her father's teaching, and warned him of the intended rising of the peasants. "Wilt thou be king of common folk, sire?

. . . If this thing come to pass, wilt thou go with the nobles, or wilt thou go with the poor?" "I hate the nobles!" cried Richard passionately. "Have I not told thee? I hate mine uncle the Duke, and Thomas of Woodstock that tosseth me in air as I were a shuttle-cock. I hate Salisbury, and Devon—yea, even the Earl of March, Etienne. They do not love me. Their eyes are cold; and when they smile upon me I could kill them. I will go with the common folk, they are my people." "There will not be a king so great as thou, nor so beloved!" cried Calote.

With great acumen the novelist analyses the character of Richard II, and psychologically there are few English kings better worth the trouble. So Shakespeare thought: but Shakespeare had only under analysis the Richard of 1398 to 1400. Little wonder if by then the king's heart had hardened against the aristocratic faction who were bent on superseding the royal authority by an oligarchy. Besides, in 1394, Richard had lost his first wife, Anne of Bohemia, and after her death his character showed a marked deterioration. Yet in the crisis of 1397–8 he had inflicted a crushing defeat upon his opponents. The victory he had then won was well deserved. It followed upon eight years of good government. When in 1397 the crisis came, the king's plans were laid with deliberation and executed with a precision, boldness, and skill, in strange contrast with the weakness and vacillation displayed during the remaining months of his unhappy life. It is difficult to explain the change. Plainly Richard was a man of moods. No one was more quick to appreciate his proper rôle in a dramatic situation. The spirit of his chivalrous father was apparent in the lad of fifteen who with brave words had put himself at the head of the peasants who followed Wat the Tyler. "What need ye my masters? I am your captain and your king. The king is the Lord's anointed"; the deputy of the Almighty. Richard's dissertation upon the divine right of kingship could not have been bettered by James I: "Not all the water in the rough rude sea can wash the balm from

an anointed king ". " We were not born to sue but to command "—and so forth. And then the abject surrender to Henry of Lancaster!

Something of this conflict of moods is indicated by the novelist; and something else, more human. " Kingship and comradeship were ever a-wrestle in Richard's heart. He liked to be a king, none better. . . . But also, he loved to be loved, not from afar and awesomely as subjects love, but in the true human fashion that holds betwixt friends, betwixt kindly master and friendly servant." To Etienne and Calote the king in his earlier days was strongly drawn, and they did their utmost to keep him true to his better self. It was no easy task; the boy was father of the man—a man of violently contradictory impulses. So he continued to the end of his tragic career. Tragic it was in the strict sense. The essence of tragedy is successful assault from without, combined with betrayal within the citadel of the soul. Richard's failure was due partly to the fact that he was opposed by a force superior to his own, that of his cousin Bolingbroke; but not less to the fact that he was himself a " double-minded man " and therefore " in all his ways unstable ". No one, indeed, judged Richard more inexorably than he judged himself:

> " Nay, if I turn mine eyes upon myself,
> I find myself a traitor like the rest."

CHAPTER VIII

The Wars of the Roses (1399–1485)

The King-maker and his Kings

THE significance of the Revolution which cost Richard II his throne is many-sided. The personal aspect is the simplest, and appeals most strongly to the dramatist and the novelist. Richard of Bordeaux was "the sweet lovely rose"; Henry, Duke of Lancaster, was the "vile politician, Bolingbroke". Though personally much more attractive than his rival, Richard was a weak king; Bolingbroke had real political instinct; he knew precisely what he wanted, and how to get it. Each represented a principle: Richard, in his confused way, stood for monarchy; Henry of Lancaster was the leader of the oligarchical barons who, ever since the Norman Conquest, had striven to substitute a feudal aristocracy for an absolute monarchy.

The oligarchs triumphed in 1399: Henry IV was their nominee and representative. In their triumph the Wars of the Roses were implicit. But in the Lancastrian Revolution other things were also at issue. Henry of Lancaster, if a "usurper",[1] was also a conservative pledged to resist the revolutionary movements which had lately menaced the existing order, social and ecclesiastical. Lollardy should be suppressed and the king would govern as a "constitutional sovereign" by "the common advice, counsel and consent of the honourable wise and discreet persons of his Kingdom".

To these promises Henry IV was faithful; so was his

[1] In view of Mr. Lapsley's erudite and persuasive article in E. H. R., Vol xlix (1934), I refrain from asserting that he was.

son. But to burn Lollard heretics was one thing; to establish the Lancastrian dynasty was more difficult. Richard II had shrewdly predicted his rival's dilemma: if Northumberland had learnt the way to make one king, he could learn:

> " Being ne'er so little urged, another way
> To pluck him headlong from the usurped throne."

The dying Henry IV, realizing how precarious was the Lancastrian tenure of the throne, had urged his son: "to busy giddy minds with foreign quarrels; that action hence borne out may waste the memory of the former days". The Church, threatened with disendowment by Parliament, urged Henry V in the same direction. Henry was too good a churchman to hesitate; but his campaigns in France, if brilliantly successful in a military sense, were politically futile; his great victory at Agincourt did more for France than for England, and not even the unaffected piety of this chivalrous knight, not even his splendid successes in the field, nor his modesty in the hour of victory, could avert the nemesis that waited upon Bolingbroke's usurpation.

The prediction of the shrewd old Bishop of Carlisle had still to be fulfilled:

> " Oh! If you raise this House against this House,
> It will the woefullest division prove
> That ever fell upon this cursed earth.
> . . . .
> Peace shall go sleep with Turks and Infidels,
> And in this seat of Peace, tumultuous war
> Shall kin with kin and kind with kind confound."

On the three reigns of Richard II, Henry IV and Henry V, Shakespeare has based a superb trilogy; but to the novelist the period has proved less attractive. Of the hundred novels produced by G. P. R. James (1779–1860) one is indeed devoted to *Agincourt or The Times of Henry V*. Thackeray burlesqued James's rather bizarre method in *Barbazure by G. P. R. Jeames, Esq., etc.*, and it is to be feared that many modern

readers accept the burlesque as a substitute for the original. They are not well advised. James was not only a prolific novelist, highly skilled in his own particular technique, but was also so far recognized as a genuine student of history as to be appointed historiographer royal to William IV. *Agincourt* is an admirable example of his method.

The novelist draws a life-like portrait of Henry V, both as the riotous youth of his Falstaffian period, and as the great soldier and statesman, heavily laden with responsibility of kingship. Henry's coronation gives James a chance for the display of his special talent in descriptive narrative, and almost equally good is his description of the Burgundian Court, and the personalities of Duke Philip the Good and his more famous son, Charles the Great.

What might have befallen the Lancastrian fortunes had the life of Henry of Monmouth been prolonged it were futile to speculate. After his premature death everything went wrong both at home and abroad.

At home, Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, was appointed to act as Regent, during Bedford's absence in the field. But although "Good Duke Humphrey" enjoyed a certain measure of popularity with the populace, those who knew him best trusted him least. Ambitious, self-seeking, impetuous and autocratic, Gloucester never understood the peculiar conditions under which the Lancastrians held the English throne, still less the importance to their hold upon France of the Burgundian alliance. The final expulsion of the English from France was, however, mainly due to the inspiring enthusiasm of the Maid of Orleans and to the rapidly growing sentiment of nationalism in France. The defeat and death of John Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, at Chatillon was quickly followed by the loss of all the English possessions in France except Calais.

There was nothing in the domestic situation in England to compensate for the loss of prestige in France. The following period is indeed one of almost inextricable confusion.

Several historical novelists of the first rank help to unravel it. Among them Lord Lytton claims pride of place.

It is easy for the captious critic to pick holes in Lytton's method and style, and in particular to expose the defects of *The Last of the Barons*. It is, indeed, interminably verbose. Having made an exhaustive study of the period and lacking Shakespeare's gift of seizing the essentials of a character or a situation Lytton overloaded his picture with detail. Nevertheless, he gives us not only a striking full-length portrait of the king-maker Warwick, but a vivid picture of the times in which he played his part.

The outstanding feature of the time was the pitiable weakness of the government and the opportunity thus given to the "overmighty subject". Of the thirty-five peers summoned to Parliament in the early years of Henry VI were no fewer than three sons, one grandson and five sons-in-law, of Ralph Neville, Earl of Westmorland. Vast estates were concentrated in a few families, and a change effected in the military system under Edward III greatly increased their power. The French war had been fought not by feudal levies but by volunteers enlisted under the banner of great lords with whom the Crown "indented" for the supply of men at a fixed rate of pay. On the conclusion of the war, crowds of disbanded soldiers, unfitted by long service in the field for the arts of peace, were let loose to prey upon their neighbours. They were rendered immune from punishment by the "livery" they wore, and by the custom of "maintenance" which reduced to impotence the local administration of the law. Constant complaints were made to and by the House of Commons that no remedy could be had against disturbers of the public peace "because of their confederacy and maintenance". To indict a criminal who was "maintained" by a magnate was a sheer waste of time.

The practice of "livery and maintenance" led to another abuse. Most of the great lords had their private armies which, freed from preoccupation in France, were then em-

ployed to fight their neighbours. The result was an epidemic of private wars: in the north the Percies, Earls of Northumberland, were at war with the Nevilles; Archbishop Kempe's tenants at Ripon fought the king's tenants of Knaresborough Forest; in the south-west the Earl of Devon was at war with Lord Bonneville, and so it was in county after county.

Thus the "Wars of the Roses" were not primarily dynastic; they were in effect only the consolidation of a large number of local wars. This characteristic feature of the period is made clear by R. L. Stevenson's *Black Arrow — A Tale of the Two Roses*, and with greater elaboration of detail in Lytton's *Last of the Barons.* The historical background of Stevenson's novel is rather dim and confused, but not more confused than the situation itself. Nevertheless, Stevenson brings out the lack of principle among the partisans of either "Rose". The Fellowship of the Black Arrow was, in fact, an association formed not to assist a political principle or even to support a party, but simply to obtain revenge for the personal wrongs suffered by a number of individuals at the hands of Sir Daniel Brackley who had amassed great wealth by financial oppression. The historical thread in the story is slender; it is essentially a rousing tale of adventure, involving a maximum of bloodshed mingled with some pretty love-making. Towards the end of the book however, we have a glimpse of Richard, Duke of Gloucester, "the bold, blackhearted and ambitious hunchback" who "moved on towards his brief kingdom and his lasting infamy".

But Richard's day was not yet. It might never have come had Margaret of Anjou, Henry VI's Queen, continued to be childless. The death of the Earl of Gloucester in 1447 left Richard, Duke of York, heir presumptive to the throne. York was doubly descended from Edward III, on the one side through Lionel, Duke of Clarence, and on the other through Edmond of Langley, Duke of York. He was also cousin to the King-maker, and his nephew by his marriage with Cicely Neville, aunt of the Earl of Warwick. York's

appointment as the King's Deputy in Ireland (1447), though contrived as "banishment" by his enemies at Court, greatly enhanced his popularity and strengthened his political position. The Barons of the "Pale", already Yorkists in sympathy, were confirmed in their allegiance to his party.

York's return to England (1450) and his reappearance on the stage of English politics coincided (accidentally or designedly) with the outbreak of a rebellion headed by Jack Cade. Whether York was directly concerned in Cade's rebellion or not, there is no doubt that the programme put forward by the rebels was conceived in his interests.

Cade's supporters were chiefly to be found among the yeomen and small landowners of Kent and Sussex. In his programme there was nothing of the communism which had characterized the Peasant Revolt of 1381. Shakespeare, indeed, confuses the two movements and his brilliant description of Jack Cade would be more accurately applied to Wat the Tyler. Shakespeare's Cade in fact is the typical mob orator, the professional agitator, the half deceived and wholly deceiving leader of purposeless revolution. Cade's rebellion had nothing of this sort about it. All that the "rebels" wanted was a moderate measure of administrative reform, and the recognition of York's rights as Heir presumptive and as Protector of the Realm during the mental incapacity of the king. Except as evidence of the unsettled state of the country Cade's rebellion had no importance.

There can be little doubt that if Queen Margaret could, after Suffolk's death (1450), have discarded her blind and bitter partisanship and foregone for the moment her persistent and perhaps guilty alliance with the Beauforts, and reconciled herself to the appointment of York as Protector; above all, if no heir, legitimate or otherwise, had been born to the Lancastrian House, York would have been satisfied with the position of *de facto* regent for the time and the prospect of succession to the throne on the death of the weakly and semi-imbecile king.

As things were, the birth of an heir in 1453, as in 1688, precipitated the crisis. To arms York was forced to appeal, and in 1455 the first battle of the Wars of the Roses was fought at St. Albans.

It was after the battle of St. Albans that Lord Lytton's hero, the King-maker Warwick, came into prominence. Earl of Salisbury in succession to his father, he married Anne Beauchamp, daughter and heiress to the Earl of Warwick, in whose title his own merged. To the great Neville estates in the north and the Montacute lands in the south-west he added still vaster estates and many strong castles in the midlands. The territorial position of the King-maker, and incidentally his military strength also, was thus far superior to that of either Lancaster or York. He was, moreover, as popular as he was wealthy.

In 1455 this great magnate was appointed Governor of Calais which he held against all comers until 1460. He was also appointed "Chief Captain to Guard the Sea" and proved himself in that capacity a highly competent seaman. Meanwhile, a temporary truce had been patched up between the rival parties in England, and in 1458 there took place a solemn ceremony of reconciliation, popularly known as the "Love-day Procession". In solemn state the poor king headed a procession to St. Paul's; behind him walked the Queen escorted by the Duke of York, Salisbury followed hand in hand with the young Duke of Somerset, and Warwick hand in hand with the Duke of Exeter; after them came a long train of their respective adherents similarly marching two and two. The reconciliation did not last long. Warwick's place in this ridiculous pageant indicates the important part he was beginning to play in English politics. Queen Margaret's attempt to arrest his father, the Earl of Salisbury (1459), brought to an abrupt end the hollow truce of the previous year.

We need not follow in detail the fluctuating fortunes of these faction fights. The traders and the towns took little part in them; their one anxiety was to be left in peace to

carry on trade and by making money (as they did) to assist their rapidly growing importance in the polity. Nor were the nobles constant in adherence to either party. They constantly changed side even in the midst of a battle, as at Bosworth where the defection of the Stanleys from Richard's cause gave the victory to Henry Tudor.

At a Parliament held in October, 1460, the Duke of York for the first time put forward his claim to the throne. Parliament rejected it; but after his victory at Mortimer's Cross (February, 1461), York entered London and was crowned King as Edward IV (3rd March).

At Towton near York Edward inflicted a crushing defeat upon the Lancastrians, but until Edward's marriage to Elizabeth Woodville (1464) Warwick the King-maker was virtually King. The King's infatuation for his wife and the rapid advancement of the Woodvilles started the breach between Warwick and his protegé.

The breach quickly widened. Warwick and the King held opposite views on foreign policy. Queen Margaret and her unhappy husband had taken refuge in France and sought the help of Louis XI to effect their restoration. Warwick sought to frustrate their efforts by allying Edward with Louis. Yorkist policy, inspired by commercial considerations, inclined towards his rival, Charles the Bold. Nevertheless Warwick was sent to France to negotiate a marriage treaty, and returned (1467) only to learn on his return that Edward had promised his sister Margaret to Charles the Bold, whom in 1468 she married. History is apt to depict the Duchess Margaret as the intriguing and rather truculent diplomatist, eager to unseat Henry Tudor, by ardent espousal of the cause of the Yorkist Pretenders. It is pleasant, then, to see a more attractive if less authentic portrait of the Yorkist Princess in Marjorie Bowen's *Dickon*:

"He (Charles the Bold) had married Margaret of York reluctantly and as a matter of policy, but not without some inner disgust and scruples, for he was a chaste prince, and the fair Plantagenet's maiden fame had been cunningly

blasted by rumours and reports, spread with cautious arts by Louis de Valois. Yet from the moment that he had first seen his bride the fierce heart of the gloomy Duke had been subdued by Margaret's golden English beauty, her gaiety, her light spirits and her seductive caressing ways; there was a brilliancy, a radiancy, a fascination about all the children of Richard of York which even the gloomy and the savage found it difficult to resist."

The Burgundian marriage was a direct and insulting repudiation of Warwick's diplomacy. Lord Lytton, however, found a more potent cause for the final rupture between the king-maker and the King.

Following up a hint derived from Polydore Vergil, Lytton attributes it to a deadly insult offered by Edward to Warwick's younger and favourite daughter, the Lady Anne. The matter was admittedly mysterious, and mystery entitles the novelist to guess at the truth. "Fiction," says Lord Lytton, "accustomed to deal with the human heart, seizes upon the paramount importance of the fact which the modern historian has been contented to place amongst dubious and collateral causes of dissension. We find it broadly and strongly stated by Hall and others that Edward had coarsely attempted the virtue of one of the Earl's female relations. . . . Once grant the probability of this insult to the Earl . . . and the whole obscurity which involves this memorable quarrel vanishes at once. Here was, indeed, a wrong never to be forgiven, and yet never to be proclaimed." The evidence to which Lord Lytton gives credence was not trustworthy, and the mystery was deepened by the circumstances attending an insurrection which in June, 1469, broke out in Yorkshire. Robert Huldyard, calling himself Robin of Redesdale, put out a manifesto conceived more or less in the spirit of Jack Cade. His aims, so we read in *The Last of the Barons*:

". . . were far from embracing any clear and definite system of democracy . . . but coupled with his hatred to the nobles, his deep and passionate sympathy with the poor,

his heated and fanatical chimeras of a republic, half political and half religious, he had with no uncommon inconsistency, linked the cause of a dethroned king. . . . He expected to obtain from a sovereign dependent upon a popular reaction for restoration, great popular privileges. . . . With clear precision, in indignant but not declamatory eloquence [Robin] painted the disorders of the time—the insolent exactions of the hospitals and abbeys—the lawless violence of each petty baron—the weakness of the royal authority in restraining oppression—its terrible power in aiding the oppressor. He accumulated instance on instance of misrule; he showed the insecurity of property; the adulteration of the coin; the burden of the imposts; he spoke of wives and maidens violated—of industry defrauded—of houses forcibly entered—of barns and granaries despoiled—of the impunity of all offenders, if high-born—of the punishment of all complaints, if poor and lowly. . . . For all these things we have drawn the sword."

The insurrection came to nothing; but no sooner was the original " Robin of Redesdale " captured and executed than a second appeared in the person of Sir John Conyers, the husband of Warwick's niece Anne Neville. Thus was the cloven hoof revealed. Conyers, at the head of 60,000 men, demanded the dismissal of the King's new counsellors, and declared that Warwick alone could save the country. At Edgecote the insurgents won a lucky victory; the King was carried off as a prisoner to Warwick's castle at Middleham.

Warwick, however, " intended no violence; his purpose only was to intimidate and humiliate what he considered the false and effeminate monarch, and to force him to relinquish his designs of giving the Archbishopric of York away from his brother to the brother of Elizabeth Woodville, and from giving the command of Calais away from himself to the Queen's father. In short, Warwick hoped by this display of insolent defiance and mighty force to overawe Edward." (*Dickon*, p. 131.) Accordingly Edward was restored, on terms, and his reconciliation with the Nevilles

was, seemingly, complete. "The King," wrote one of the Pastons, "hath good language of my Lords Clarence, Warwick and (the Archbishop of) York, saying they be his best friends; his household men have other language, so that what shall hastily fall I cannot say." Nor could anyone else.

Early in 1470 a fresh insurrection instigated by the Nevilles broke out in Lincolnshire. The insurgents were routed by the King on "Loose-Coat Field"; Warwick and Clarence fled to France and there, by the good offices of Louis XI, they were at last reconciled with Queen Margaret.

The meeting at Angers between the Queen and her old enemy supplied Lytton with material for a highly dramatic scene—more dramatic indeed, and closer to historical fact than the weak scene in Shakespeare's *Henry VI, Part III.* The Queen was with difficulty persuaded to the tardy reconciliation. "Away, Earl Warwick," she cried, as the Earl appeared. "Monstrous and unnatural seems it to the wife of captive Henry to see thee by the side of Henry's son!"

"Every eye turned in fear to the aspect of the Earl, every ear listened for the answer which might be expected from his well-known heat and pride—an answer to destroy for ever the last hope of the Lancastrian line. But . . . the Earl's face, though pale as the dead, was unmoved and calm, and, with a grave and melancholy smile, he answered:

"More do I respect thee, O queen, for the hot words which show a truth rarely heard from royal lips, than hadst thou deigned to dissimulate the forgiveness and kindly charity which sharp remembrance permits thee not to feel! No, princely Margaret, not yet can there be frank amity between thee and me! . . . Thus, from thy presence I depart . . . sure . . . that when, high lady, thy colder sense returns to thee, thou wilt see that the league between us *must* be made! . . . In the dead of night, thou shalt hear the voice of Henry, in his prison, asking Margaret to set him free. The vision of thy son shall rise before thee in

his bloom and promise, to demand, 'Why his mother deprives him of a crown?' and crowds of pale peasants, grinded beneath tyrannous exaction, and despairing fathers mourning for dishonoured children, shall ask the Christian queen, 'If God will sanction the unreasoning wrath which rejects the only instrument that can redress her people?'"

This said, the Earl bowed his head and turned; but, at the first sign of his departure, there was a general movement among the noble bystanders; impressed by the dignity of his bearing, by the greatness of his power, and by the unquestionable truth that in rejecting him, Margaret cast away the heritage of her son, the exiles, with a common impulse, threw themselves at their queen's feet, and exclaimed, almost in the same words:

"Grace! noble queen! Grace for the great Lord Warwick!"

The Prince alone spoke not, but stood proudly on the same spot gazing on the earl, as he slowly moved to the door.

"Oh, Edward—Edward, my son!" exclaimed the unhappy Margaret, "if for thy sake—for thine—I must make the past a blank—speak thou for me!"

"I have spoken," said the prince, gently, "and thou didst chide me, noble mother; yet I spoke methinks, as Henry V had done, if of a mighty enemy he had had the power to make a noble friend."

A short convulsive sob was heard from the throne chair; and as suddenly as it burst, it ceased. Queen Margaret rose—not a trace of that stormy emotion upon the grand and marble beauty of her face. Her voice, unnaturally calm, arrested the steps of the departing earl.

"Lord Warwick, defend this boy—restore his rights—release his sainted father—and for years of anguish and of exile, Margaret of Anjou forgives the champion of her son!" [1]

The young Prince of Wales, an attractive youth of seventeen, was accordingly betrothed to Anne Neville, a

[1] *The Last of the Barons*, pp. 488–490.

rather colourless maiden of sixteen. Louis XI promised all necessary help to establish the rights of the young couple in England. Warwick and Margaret, with the forces supplied by Louis XI landed at Plymouth. Edward, lured to the north by a rising promoted by the Nevilles, escaped capture only by flying to Holland, with his brother Gloucester. Warwick marched on London and within a week was master of all England without one blow struck.

Henry VI, still a captive in the Tower was once more king. Parliament settled the Crown, in default of issue to the Lancastrian Prince of Wales, on Clarence and his heirs. The King-maker then, in any event, would be the father of the kings to be!

His own race, however, was nearly run. The country as a whole was apathetic but the London citizens, fearful for the loss of their trade with Burgundy, showed increasing hostility to Warwick's policy of friendship with France. Warwick thought to arrest this movement by parading the poor puppet of a King through the streets of the city. This is Marjorie Bowen's vivid description of the scene:

" Warwick then, to quiet these murmurs, had ridden angrily to the Tower and snatched out King Henry, had attired him in a robe of azure velvet, and placed on his ashy head the royal circlet.

In this regal guise he had set him on a mule and, he taking one rein and Clarence the other, they had led the King up and down the city, through Bishopsgate, the Chepe, by the Cross of St. Paul, and along Thames Street, Henry the while holding on to the saddle, hardly able to keep his feet in the stirrups, while he murmured and lamented to himself and appeared to think he was on a penance, rather than a triumphal progress.

This was to the great rage and humiliation of Warwick, who, nevertheless, kept his hat in his hand out of respect for the poor creature whom he led, and sternly called out to the people, gaping at the windows and crowding at the doors, to shout for Henry of Lancaster, which few did, but

were amazed and disgusted at the sight of the weak, bent man, with the long grey locks, the bleached face and muttering lips, the thin white hands clinging piteously to the saddle."

This pitiable demonstration did less than nothing to placate the citizens, and Warwick's position was further weakened by the defection of his son-in-law, the double-dyed traitor, Clarence. Deeply offended by the recognition of the Lancastrian Prince of Wales as heir to the throne, Clarence promptly went over to the side of his brother Edward, who, with a small force provided by Charles the Bold, landed with Gloucester at Ravenspur on 15th March. Joining forces with Clarence at Banbury he reached London on 12th April, and on Easter Day inflicted a crushing defeat on Warwick at Barnet. Warwick, the victim of treachery and also hopelessly outgeneralled by Edward IV, fell on the field. Before Easter day closed Edward IV was back in his capital where a triumphal reception awaited him at St. Paul's. Yet so potent was the magic of Warwick's name that his enemies thought it prudent to expose his body and Lord Montague's to the gaze of the public for two days at St. Paul's, fearing lest, as the chronicler says, " feyned seditiows tales " should assert that they were still " on lyve ". Contrary to the fashion of the day, no indignities were offered to the bodies which were decently interred in the Salisbury Mausoleum at Bisham Abbey.[1]

" So perishes," Lytton makes Gloucester say as he gazes on the face of his fallen enemy, " the Race of Iron. Low lies the last baron who could control the throne and command the people. The Age of Force expires with Knighthood and deeds of arms. And over this dead great man I see the New Cycle dawn." Thus died the King-maker in the forty-fourth year of his age. Warwick has been variously judged, but Lord Lytton makes a powerful plea on his behalf. He insists that Warwick's " whole life had been one struggle against despotism in the crown ". Essentially his

[1] Authorities cited *ap.* Ramsay: *Lancaster and York*, ii. p. 373.

policy "tended to this one aim—the limitation of the monarchy by the strength of an aristocracy, endeared to the agricultural population, owing to that population its own powers of defence, with the wants and grievances of that population thoroughly familiar and willing to satisfy the one and redress the other. Had (Warwick's) policy lasted long enough to succeed, the subsequent despotism, which changed a limited into an absolute monarchy under the Tudors, would have been prevented with all the sanguinary reaction, in which the Stuarts were the sufferers ".[1]

This judgment evidently rests upon several disputable propositions more generally accepted by the Whig historians of Lord Lytton's time than they are to-day. But their significance in the present connexion is that, sound or unsound, they are highly provocative. No one who reads Lytton's narrative is likely to refrain from bringing his conclusion to the test of historical criticism. What greater service can the historical novelist perform?

That is equally true of the novels dealing with Richard III, who, of all English Kings, is one of the most attractive to the novelist. Nor is the reason far to seek. Richard III remains an enigma. Despite all the labour lavished upon his brief reign and his personality, the verdict is ambiguous. Was he the unabashed villain of Shakespeare's tragedy or the almost stainless Knight of Sir Clements Markham's Biography and Marjorie Bowen's *Dickon*? Was he the murderer of the Little Princes in the Tower, perhaps also of the wretched imbecile, King Henry VI, perhaps also of his own brother George, Duke of Clarence, and even of his wife, the Lady Anne Neville? Or was he the loyal subject of his brother Edward, the dutiful son, the devoted husband, and the truly broken-hearted father?

Shakespeare, though he has done more than all the historians put together to fix the image of Richard III in the popular mind, never posed as an historical " authority ".

[1] Book XI, c. ii.

Nor do the novelists. But their art differs from the dramatist's. The license of the dramatist is unlimited: that of the novelist is not. He is entitled to select, but not to pervert the facts of history—so far as he can ascertain them. As regards Richard III, the task is not easy.

It was not until the Warwick rebellion in 1469 that Richard played any real part in politics. After Edward's defeat at Edgecote he shared his brother's exile in Holland (October, 1470, to March, 1471), returned with him to England in March, 1471, and in the subsequent struggle greatly distinguished himself. On the day on which the Yorkists won their victory at Barnet, Margaret of Anjou landed with the young Prince of Wales at Weymouth, and on 4th May, met the Yorkists at Tewkesbury where the Lancastrians were utterly defeated and the young Prince of Wales was killed. A fortnight later Henry VI died in the Tower. How far, if at all, Richard was responsible for the death of the poor Lancastrian King remains a matter of controversy. Morton says, "He slew with his own hand King Henry VI as men constantly say, and that without knowledge or commandment of the King." For the suspicion that Richard actually murdered the young Prince of Wales at Tewkesbury there would seem to be even less ground, though the Tudor gossips do not hesitate to repeat the slander.

As Edward's reign went on, Richard observed with pain his brother's deterioration in character, nor could he wholly approve his policy at home, still less abroad. Yet it did not shake Richard's fidelity to one brother, nor induce him to share the treachery of another—George, Duke of Clarence.

That treachery ultimately resulted in the attainder, imprisonment and death of Clarence in the Tower. Of complicity in the death of Clarence, Richard was, of course, accused. As a fact, despite all the defects, and they were not few, in the character of Clarence, Richard seems to have retained affection for him to the end, and the strong probabilities are that responsibility for the death of Clarence

must rest with the Woodville faction. It may or may not be the case, as affirmed, for instance, in Marjorie Bowen's *Dickon*, that the Woodvilles' particular hostility to Clarence was inspired by the latter's knowledge of King Edward's marriage with the Lady Eleanor Butler and the consequent illegitimacy of his children by Elizabeth Woodville.

After the death of Edward IV Richard was recognized as Protector, but was forced to the more ambitious step, so his apologists maintain, by the revelation of Edward's earlier marriage. Proofs of that marriage were on 25th June laid before Parliament by Bishop Stillington and on the same day the Crown was offered to Richard by the Lords of the Council. He declared himself King, and on 6th July was crowned.

For a few short months after his coronation King Richard was free to bask in the sun of prosperity. His right to the throne was, for the moment, undisputed; he was happy in his marriage, and his son, though frail, was still living. On the progress he had made through the midlands, he had been respectfully if not enthusiastically received. Above all he " knew his land " (as Miss Bowen writes) " prosperous and at peace, and himself beloved. With wisdom and justice he had regulated laws so that Parliament was blessed by the common people for the ease and solace which it gave them. Richard had put down abuses, amended unworthy laws, promoted economy, and built up the few ships that had been his care in his brother's reign, into a navy of seven great vessels, which boldly unfurled the British flag on the English seas." " I would have no more of war," said the King to his Archbishop Bouchier (*Dickon*, p. 255), " trade and peace should build up this realm, justice and peace consolidate it. The merchant may he replace the knight." " Peace—he had made peace with Scotland. He had come into amicable touch with Brittany and Spain, with the restless and dangerous Emperor Maximilian, and with the great greedy Flemish towns he had preserved a prudent neutrality. Towards France, treacherous and sly, who

harboured indirectly the attainted rebel Tudor and his followers, he had preserved a strict but inoffensive watchfulness. In Ireland, most difficult of conquests, he had been successful, and his government was beloved. The law had been his special care. Under his liberal and generous rule trade was flourishing; he had encouraged voyages as far as Iceland." (p. 287.) It may well be that Richard's achievements are exaggerated by a too partial novelist, but troubles soon began to accumulate. Before the year 1483 closed the young King Edward V and his brother Richard with whom Queen Elizabeth, still in sanctuary at Westminster, had been induced to part, disappeared.

About the same time a new actor came upon the stage. Henry Tudor, after the battle of Tewkesbury, had, like other Lancastrian partisans, fled to Brittany. In 1483, Henry, in conjunction with the Duke of Buckingham, made his first attempt to win the Crown, but before he could reach England the Buckingham conspiracy had collapsed, and Buckingham had paid for his failure with his head.

Richard met Parliament in January, 1484, and induced it to pass a bill of attainder and confiscation under which more than five hundred of his opponents were attainted by name, and their confiscated property rewarded the adherents of the King.

The death of his young son, Edward Prince of Wales, was a bitter blow both to Richard's affections and his ambitions, and compelled him to acknowledge as heir to the throne his nephew, John de la Pole, Earl of Lincoln, son of the second Duke of Suffolk by Elizabeth of York. The death of Richard's son was quickly followed (16th March, 1485), by that of his wife.

Of his brief spell of happiness that was the end. To that happiness his marriage with the love of his boyhood had, according to the novelist, more than all else contributed, and of the relations of husband and wife Marjorie Bowen has drawn an idyllic picture.

"Queen Anne Neville had in her hand English cowslips,

violets and primroses. . . . Richard was happy also, and he paused on this first bright day of spring to look at the lovely woman and her flowers in this fair painted chamber of Nottingham Castle."

If this picture be authentic Anne's death was a crushing blow to a cruelly afflicted husband and father. The more commonly accepted view is, however, that her end was hastened by foul play. "It is doubtful," says Polydore Vergil, "whether the Queen was despatched with sorrowfulness or poison." Richard's own course was run. In the spring of 1485, information reached him that Henry Tudor, supported by Charles VIII of France, who had given a warm welcome to the Lancastrian exiles, was about to make a second attempt upon England. On 7th August, Richmond did in fact land at Milford Haven, advanced into Shropshire, and encountered Richard at Bosworth Field near Atherstone. The issue was decided by the treacherous withdrawal of the Stanleys with their large contingent of eight thousand men. Richard was hopelessly out-numbered and died fighting.

Historically, the reign of Richard III is one of the shortest and least important in the annals of England. But the reign is interesting to the student as providing a problem in the value of historical evidence, while the character of the King himself is peculiarly attractive to novelists and psychologists.

The verdict found against Richard by the Tudor historians, and popularized by the genius of Shakespeare, was not seriously questioned until, in 1768, Horace Walpole published his famous *Historic Doubts on the Life and Death of King Richard III.* Since Walpole's day the doubts have never been entirely dispelled. Historians have combined with antiquarians, Shakespearian commentators, and novelists, to keep the question open.

Mention has already been made of Marjorie Bowen's *Dickon*, and Carola Oman's *Crouchback* is equally noteworthy.

Both writers are entitled to attention from serious students of history. Carola Oman's work is historically the more cautious: the leading question she leaves where modern historians have mostly left it, unanswered; but her portraiture is brilliant. Truly pathetic, for instance, is the picture of Anne Neville consumed with love for her ailing son, the Prince of Wales, and terribly poignant is the scene of her deathbed. In her ravings she ascribes the boy's death to God's vengeance for the murder of the two Princes in the Tower. "When I accused him (Richard) he did not answer. He dares not meet my eyes, knowing that I know. Because he slew those innocents, God slew his son—my son!" Anne, then, had heard of the death of the Princes, but the ravings of a dying woman—especially as imagined by a writer of fiction—cannot be accepted as evidence.

Miss Bowen is a more whole-hearted apologist for Richard. In her portrait he is almost as physically attractive as he is morally without serious taint. To Miss Oman, Richard is the "Crouchback"; a shrunken arm, due to sorcery, is the worst Miss Bowen will admit. Of all the crimes with which he is charged she entirely acquits him. "My own conclusions are," said Sir Clements Markham, "that Richard III must be acquitted on all the counts of the indictment." Miss Bowen cordially endorses that judgment.

Only a brief summary of the argument can here be attempted, and that only in reference to the major charge against Richard.

It is contended on the one hand that there is not sufficient evidence that the young Princes in the Tower were in fact murdered, still less that if such a crime was committed Richard instigated it. On the other hand it is pointed out that the whole story of Richard's villainy rests upon the testimony of witnesses or authorities who had no motive for defending his character and every reason to blacken it. Yet the matter is not permitted, even now, to rest.

So lately as 1933 the authorities of Westminster Abbey

had the bodies, supposed to be those of the two York princes, exhumed. All that the exhumation proved was that the bones were undoubtedly those of two children of thirteen and ten respectively, that they were probably brothers, and that there is some slight evidence that they had died by violence.

Another effort has since been made to fix the guilt of the murder upon Henry VII, but the best critical opinion still favours the traditional view.

So Richard III remains the villain of Shakespeare's tragedy, the villain who, in the opening soliloquy, revealed, with cynical candour, his whole mind and heart: the bitterness of soul arising from physical malformation; the vaulting ambition determined to find compensation for the lack of domestic felicity in the exercise of political power:

> " I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's majesty
> To strut before a wanton ambling nymph;
> I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,
> Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
>
> And therefore,—since I cannot prove a lover,
>
> I am determined to prove a villain."

CHAPTER IX

Tudor England

The Renaissance and Reformation

THE sixteenth century, commonly designated as the period of the Renaissance and the Reformation, was indeed a time of re-birth.

Of many changes the most fundamental were perhaps due to man's extended knowledge of the physical world: to the discoveries of Bartholomew Diaz and Vasco da Gama, of Columbus and the Cabots, which opened up to man's enterprise a new world in the West and an oceanic pathway to the ancient East.

England, of all countries, gained most by this geographical revolution: hitherto the *Ultima Thule* of the civilized world, she became the hub of the universe.

But when the Tudors came to the throne England was not yet ready to take advantage of the opportunities thus opened out to her. More advanced than any other country on the path of national unity and national self-consciousness, England was in many other respects very backward. In shipping, in the machinery of international trade, in finance, England was far behind Venice, Genoa and Amsterdam; in industry she could not compete with the cities of Italy, still less in art, science or literature; she sold fine wool to the cities of the Low Countries, though all the finest cloth she had to import from them. But her greatest need at the moment was a political tonic, a dose of strong government.

That tonic the Tudors supplied. The fifteenth century had demonstrated the need for a strong executive. On the

side of Parliament, England had (to use a familiar simile) grown too fast for its strength. The overgrown lanky lad filled out fast under the discipline and tonic of the Tudors.

Henry VII laid the foundations of the new regime. The first need was to eliminate all risk of a renewal of dynastic strife. All possible claimants to the Crown outside the new dynasty must be got rid of. Even at the cost of earning a sinister reputation as a Bluebeard, Henry VIII must have an undisputed male heir.

Hardly less important was the re-endowment of the Crown and the provision of an adequate revenue. Above all, order must be restored and maintained. To this end, courts like the Star Chamber and the Council of the North were set up anew and endowed with fresh powers to deal with powerful offenders, and to secure for the poorer sort an administration of justice, prompt, even-handed and cheap.

The whole system of Local Government was also overhauled. All traces of feudalism were eliminated. The parish became the unit of administration; the power and functions of the Justice of the Peace were indefinitely multiplied. Humbler folk were also called to take their part in local administration as churchwardens, overseers, surveyors, constables and what not. The result may be measured by contrasting the social and political conditions depicted in *The Last of the Barons* with those under which the Long Parliament of 1640 was elected. During the interval Englishmen had learnt how to govern themselves.

In the Ecclesiastical sphere also there were far reaching changes. The English Reformation sprang from several sources and presented many aspects. Lollardry had represented the traditional anti-papal sentiments of the English people, as well as the more recent and less general feeling against a national Church, more and more acquisitive of property and less and less punctual in the performance of its spiritual functions. The Lancastrian persecution had by no means extirpated Lollardry which supplied one

of many elements in the Protestant movement of the sixteenth century.

The Oxford Reformers supplied a second. If comparatively few could appreciate the fine scholarship which John Colet brought to bear on Biblical exegesis, many could sympathize with his denunciation of the practical abuses prevailing in the Church; the greed and evil lives of many of the clergy, the venality and corruption of the Church Courts, simony, non-residence and the like.

Among the Knights and Burgesses who formed the House of Commons another motive operated. Their support of the anti-papal legislation was mainly due to their anxiety to assert national independence against a Papacy that was decreasingly œcumenical.

Many laymen, like King Henry VIII, would have welcomed the retention of Catholic doctrine, if its retention could have been reconciled with national independence. The reign of Queen Mary proved that it could not; and the nation as a whole was ready, therefore, for the compromise embodied in the Elizabethan Settlement. Papal supremacy was repudiated; the Church in England was to be English but Catholic; much of the ancient ritual was retained, but the services were to be in the vulgar tongue, and the Bible was to be " open ". The abbots had, of course, disappeared with the dissolution of the monasteries, but the Bishops retained their seats in the House of Lords. As doctrine, the revised Prayer Book was susceptible of great latitude of interpretation, and no one was to suffer persecution for his opinions so long as he went to Church and outwardly conformed to the legal order.

The equilibrium, political and ecclesiastical, was, however, unstable, although for the first thirty years of Elizabeth's reign the peace between England and Spain was nominally unbroken.

Not until Mary Stuart was out of the way could Philip II strike at Elizabeth solely on his own behalf. The Spanish Armada gave the English seamen the opportunity of dealing

a shattering blow at the sea-power of Spain; its defeat put the seal on the English Reformation and at the same time rendered unnecessary the prolongation of the Tudor dictatorship. England stood forth a champion of Protestantism and gradually established her supremacy at sea.

Such was the background against which the historical novelist had to work. But at this point we notice a change in the conditions of his problem. We enter on a period marked by controversies which still enlist on both sides ardent partisans. The novel consequently becomes a vehicle for propaganda, ecclesiastical, social and political. The method employed is more subtle in some cases than in others. But the more subtle the method, the greater the vigilance needed to detect, and if necessary to expose, it.

Of all the controversies which divide mankind one of the most persistent and acute is that between Protestantism and Catholicism. Novelists dealing with the sixteenth century react to that controversy in very different degrees. Walter Scott and Charles Kingsley were both robust Protestants, but no one would suggest that *The Monastery* and *The Abbot* could be regarded as " propaganda ". If *Westward Ho!* was propagandist, its object was not to inculcate a love of Protestantism but a love of the country which above all others is compounded of contradictions and consistent only in inconsistencies!

The novels of Father Benson are in a different category. Yet no books could more effectively illustrate the service which the novelist can render to the historian. *The King's Achievement* deals with the years 1534-1540, opening at a point midway in the course of the Reformation Parliament (1529–1536). Wolsey had been succeeded as Chancellor by Sir Thomas More (1529), and in 1530 had been arrested for High Treason and had died a broken man. The causes for the summoning of Parliament were set forth by the new Chancellor, who " standing on the right hand of the King made an eloquent oration ". Legislation followed apace.

Many indefensible abuses—excessive probate fees, legacy duties and mortuary fees, "corse presents", pluralities, non-residence, and the absorption of the clergy in secular business—were the first things to be dealt with. The clergy were compelled to acknowledge the King to be the "Protector and only supreme Head of the Church and clergy of England so far as the law of the Church will allow", and Convocation was placed under the King's control. *The Act in restraint of Annates* cut off from Rome a lucrative source of revenue; *The Act in Restraint of Appeals to Rome* made it impossible for Catherine of Aragon—or anyone else—to invoke the protection of the Roman Curia against the English Sovereign. Taking advantage of this Act Henry VIII married Anne Boleyn in 1533 and Cranmer, newly consecrated Archbishop, declared the King's previous marriage with Catherine null and void. By the first *Royal Succession Act* (1534) the Crown was entailed on the King's issue male, or in default on the "Lady Elizabeth now Princess". Finally by the Act of Supremacy (1534) the King was declared to be "the only supreme Head on earth of the Church of England . . . with full power to visit, reform and correct all heresies, errors, abuses, offences, contempts and enormities which by any manner of spiritual authority or jurisdiction ought to be reformed or corrected". Acting on this authority a visitation of the monasteries was carried through by Thomas Cromwell (appointed Vicar General in 1535) and an Act was passed (1536) by which all monasteries with less than £200 a year (376 in number) were suppressed. Ten thousand persons were thus thrown friendless upon the world, and £32,000 a year was placed at the disposal of the King. The Reformation Parliament was dissolved on 14th April, 1536. A month later Anne Boleyn was executed; within a few weeks the King married Jane Seymour; the Crown was resettled on the children of her marriage with Henry, and failing issue by her the King was authorized to determine the succession by will. Less than a fortnight after the birth of her son, afterwards

Edward VI (12th November, 1537), Jane Seymour died. Her successor, a German Princess, Anne of Cleves, proved very distasteful to the King; her marriage was dissolved by Parliament, and the King's marriage with Catherine Howard, a niece of the Duke of Norfolk, marked the beginning of a conservative reaction, which was further accentuated by the fall of Thomas Cromwell (1540). Meanwhile, the outbreak in Yorkshire of an insurrection known as *The Pilgrimage of Grace* was a broad hint to Henry that his ecclesiastical changes were not wholly approved by his people. To repudiate the authority of the Pope was one thing; to lay hands on the Abbeys was another. Moreover, the issue of the *Ten Articles* (1536) and the publication in the same year of an English version of the Bible seemed to indicate an intention to follow Lutheran Germany along the path of a doctrinal and liturgical reformation. Up to this point the mass of the people had been little affected by anything done by the Parliament at Westminster. In the country parishes things had gone on much as usual. But the *Ten Articles* meant adhesion to the Lutheran " Heresy ": the acceptance of the doctrine of justification by faith, the reduction of the essential sacraments to three, and the substitution of the Bible and the three Creeds as the grounds of faith for the dogma of Rome. Still more alarming to the mass of the people was the threatened deprivation of all the services and amenities secured to them by the Religious Houses. In 1539 all the remaining monasteries were suppressed.

Such is the rough outline of the story as told by the historian. From the novelist we get something entirely different. He deals not with the general but with the particular. From him we learn how the dissolution of the Abbeys affected the lives of individuals, what terrible and unmerited suffering it involved to holy men and devout women. In *The King's Achievement*, Father Benson tells the story of an old Sussex family, caught in the toils of the Reformation movement in the years 1534–1540. The head of the family was Sir James Torridon, a kindly good man in sympathy

with the Old Faith. His wife, a hard cold woman, had no special sympathy with anything or anyone. Their elder sôn Ralph had taken service under Thomas Cromwell and was employed by him, with the notorious Dr. Layton and others as a Commissioner for visitation of the monasteries.

Among other odious tasks assigned to Ralph Torridon was that of insinuating himself into the friendship of Sir Thomas More and entangling him in the net that was to lead to his ruin. It was a " dirty business ", all the more repulsive when contrasted with the exquisite picture of More's home life at Chelsea as drawn by Father Benson. Particularly effective is the contrast he draws between the gentle and scholarly wit of Thomas More and the coarse cynical cruelty of Thomas Cromwell. Yet not even the naked villainy of Cromwell could diminish the respect and admiration felt by Ralph Torridon—a man not devoid of honourable traditions and generous sentiments—for his self-seeking master. " He had the attractiveness of extreme and unscrupulous capability. It gave Ralph the same joy to watch him as he found in looking on at an expert fencer; he was so adroit and strong and ready; mighty and patient in defence, watchful for opportunities of attack and merciless when they came. His admirers scarcely gave a thought to the piteousness of the adversary; they were absorbed in the scheme and proud to be included in it; and men of heart and sensibility were as hard as their master when they carried out his plans."

But the outstanding value of Father Benson's book is this: here we are brought face to face with a national revolution in its relation to a group of individuals, all of whom we come to know intimately, many of whom we cannot but love. Any historian can, in general terms, deplore the brutality which accompanied the demolition and disendowment of the monasteries; but it is a totally different matter when we are made to realize the suffering inflicted on saintly men and women like Christopher and Margaret Torridon, the agony of their tender-hearted father, and the

honest anger aroused in the breast of their sporting brother-in-law, Sir Nicholas Maxwell.

The book contains sketches of Archbishop Cranmer and the King which if slight are suggestive, and there is a terrible description of the execution of Bishop Fisher, who, like More, suffered for his refusal to take the oath prescribed by the *Act of Succession.* But, though terrible, the description is not hysterical. There is, indeed, no sign of hysteria in the book, nor any caricature of the personages to whom the author is by conviction opposed. Still less does he stoop to travesty any of the successive and contradictory phases of the movement under Henry VIII.

When Henry died the English Church had become national but remained Catholic; the jurisdiction of a Foreign Bishop had been definitely repudiated; Catholic doctrine had been as definitely reaffirmed. On the other hand the *Act of the Six Articles* (1539), known to Protestants as " the whip with six strings ", insisted on the acceptance of the whole body of Catholic doctrine: transubstantiation; the celibacy of the clergy; the observance of vows of chastity; private masses; auricular confession, and the right to refuse the Cup to the laity.

So matters rested when Henry VIII passed away.

The reign of Edward VI divides into two periods, the Protectorship of Somerset (1547–9), and that of John Dudley, Earl of Northumberland (1549–53). The young King's uncle, Edward Seymour, first Earl of Hertford and Duke of Somerset, was a man of great ambition, generous sympathies, and moderate abilities. In ecclesiastical policy he was largely guided by the advice of Archbishop Cranmer. The *Act of the Six Articles* was repealed; the Bishops were to be appointed directly by the Crown; and the (first) *Act of Uniformity* (1549), enjoined the universal use of the *First Prayer Book of Edward VI.* This Prayer Book was based upon the Old Sarum Use and was, upon the whole, Catholic in phraseology and doctrine, though the use of English in the Church services was enjoined. The Chantries were

dissolved and disendowed, though the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge with their Colleges, and the Colleges of Winchester, Eton, and St. George's Windsor, were specifically excluded from confiscation. Moreover, of the confiscated property of the Chantries, much was applied to the foundation and endowment of Grammar Schools which still stand as monuments to the supposed zeal of Edward VI for education.

Even so the country was not wholly behind the Government. A rising took place in Devonshire, and demands were made for a restoration of the liturgy and doctrine to which the people were accustomed. Another rising under Robert Kett, in East Anglia, Yorkshire and the Eastern Midlands, was directed less against ecclesiastical than agrarian grievances, particularly against enclosures, evictions, and rising rents.

These rebellions were suppressed not by Somerset, whose sympathies lay with the rebels, but by his rival John Dudley, a son of Henry VII's minister, Edward Dudley, and created successively Viscount Lisle, Earl of Warwick and Duke of Northumberland. Coarse-grained and less scrupulous than Somerset, Northumberland pushed him aside in 1549, and in 1552 sent him to the block.

The Protestant Reformation then went on apace under the influence of continental reformers who flocked to England and obtained preferments in the English Church. Dr. Ridley, a strong Protestant, became Bishop of London and Dr. Hooper of Gloucester; and a *Second Act of Uniformity* (1552), enforced the use of the *Second Prayer Book of Edward VI* which, like the *Forty-two Articles*, published in 1553, was frankly Protestant in tone. In the same year the young King died in the seventeenth year of his age.

Towards the further comprehension of Edward's reign, fiction gives us little help. Anne Manning has indeed written two characteristic stories: *The Colloquies of Edward Osborne, Citizen and Clothworker of London* (1851), purports to be the autobiography of Sir Edward Osborne, the great-

grandfather of the famous Earl of Danby, minister of Charles II. The founder of the family was the typical " industrious apprentice " of history and fiction. Having rescued the infant daughter of Sir William Hewett, sometime Lord Mayor of London, Osborne in due course married her, and succeeded to the business and estates of his father-in-law. He became Lord Mayor in 1583, and member for the City of London in 1586. Another section of society is revealed in the same author's *Jack and the Tanner of Wymondham*, a simple tale based on the insurrection of Robert Kett. Harrison Ainsworth in *The Constable of the Tower* tells the story of the downfall of Protector Somerset, but a more important sidelight on history is thrown by H. C. Bailey's *The Lonely Queen* (1911).

Lonely Elizabeth had been from her earliest childhood, and lonely she remained until her death. The child was not yet three years old when Anne Boleyn was sent to the block. Henry banished her little daughter from his presence; he never forgave Elizabeth for not being a boy, as he could not forgive her mother for not bearing a son. Elizabeth tried to make a friend of her half-brother Edward, though he was four years younger than herself, but he was a delicate, unresponsive, and sulky child, and repelled his sister's advances. Nor did their relations improve after the boy became King. Taught by the authoress of *Little Arthur*, a child is naturally attracted to the child-king, who, " gentle and fond of learning, serious and clever, seemed to wish to do what was right ". But Bailey exhibits him in a less agreeable light; " a sickly, dull child, worshipping his own virtue, incapable of vigour or happiness "—in fine, a self-conscious, self-centred prig.

Elizabeth had found her sister Mary even more repellent than her priggish young brother. Mary was not the woman to forgive injuries, and from first to last detested the child of the woman who had turned the King's heart from her mother. So the child grew up in isolation and neglect; so neglected, indeed, that Lady Brian, in whose charge she

had been placed, had to appeal to Cromwell to procure her some necessary clothes. Both as regards body and mind Elizabeth was, however, admirably educated, though in character she was utterly untrained. Inheriting from her father a strong will and a keen intellect, she inherited also her mother's shamelessness and coarseness; she was, in short, unmistakably the daughter both of Anne Boleyn and Henry VIII and still more perhaps the grand-daughter of the astute, cautious and calculating Prince—the founder alike of the Tudor dynasty and of Tudor policy, Bacon's hero, King Henry VII.

Little love as there had been between the Lady Elizabeth and her father, she felt Henry's death acutely. "For dreary years of her childhood he had given her," wrote Bailey, "nothing but cruelty and scorn . . . and yet the loss of him hurt her. She honoured him as she honoured everything strong: she was proud to be his child; she felt him most like herself of anyone in the world. Even if he cared nothing for her, while he lived she was not utterly alone. Without him, what remained?" Thus isolated and lonely, Elizabeth went near to making the one serious blunder of her life: she allowed Lord Seymour of Sudeley, Lord High Admiral of England, to make love to her. Seymour, the younger brother of the Protector Somerset, was a handsome and insinuating rascal, immensely ambitious and utterly unprincipled. "The Admiral," said Bishop Latimer, "was a man farthest from the fear of God that ever he heard or knew of in England."

Even before Henry's death the Admiral, foreseeing the possible development of events, aimed at sharing the throne with the Protestant Princess and made furious love to the girl of fourteen. "Lady Elizabeth, what mercy should you hope of a man who have none for him? Your—your swift grace—your body of alabaster—the flame of your eyes—the red gold treasury of your hair—and withal the keen right manly wit of you—you make a man mad with love." And so on. The whole scene between Elizabeth, attracted by the

rascal, but still supremely cautious, is admirably drawn by the novelist. Elizabeth's loneliness was the adventurer's strongest advocate. Passion was not altogether wanting on her side, but it was ambition that momentarily tempted her. "If the Lord Admiral would help her to be Queen! . . . she saw the grandiose dreams of many a tortured hour of tortured ambition becoming splendidly true. But her mind cried halt. It would not believe in the Admiral."

Failing to win the Princess, Seymour secretly married her step-mother, Catherine Parr, and abused his opportunities by making love to the step-daughter then living under Catherine's roof. Queen Catherine died, however, in August, 1548. There were suspicions that Seymour had "holpen her to her end". Be that as it may, he promptly renewed his suit to Elizabeth; but although she was far from averse to the ingratiating scamp, she was too prudent to allow him to visit her at Hatfield and refused to give him answer until the Council should give their approval. That, approval was never given. Thus, girl though she was Elizabeth extricated herself with consummate coolness and skill from a situation which imperilled her honour and even her life. Seymour paid the penalty for his audacity and other crimes, upon the scaffold. "This day died a man with much wit and very little wisdom." Such was Elizabeth's comment on Seymour's violent end. Her narrow escape had, however, taught her a lesson: never again must she allow her heart to get the better of her head. Nor did she. Dearly she loved Lord Robert Dudley, but to marry him would have been the act of a political adulteress; she had given her troth to England. Shortly after her accession her faithful Commons besought her to marry. She was deeply angered. "She drew from her finger her coronation ring and holding it high: 'When this I did receive, I did solemnly bind myself in marriage to the Realm. And it shall suffice for the memorial of my name and for my glory if, when I die, it is writ upon my tomb saying "here lyeth Elizabeth, which reigned a virgin and died a virgin".'"

Elizabeth's affair with Seymour was no more than a girlish episode; her real difficulties began with the accession of Mary, to whom she was an object, naturally enough, of suspicion and hatred.

Mary's accession, virtually unopposed, proved the growing strength of the hereditary principle. It proved also that the mind and heart of the nation were not yet ready to reject Catholicism in favour of Protestantism as represented by the Dudleys and their episcopal allies. Her later years proved that the country put national independence above either Catholicism or Protestantism. The Queen's unhappy marriage gave a greater impulse to Protestantism even than the shedding of the martyrs' blood, and prepared the country to accept with relief, if not to embrace with enthusiasm, the compromise offered in the Elizabethan Settlement. Northumberland was a clumsy conspirator. If Bailey's *Lonely Queen* may be trusted he would have married Elizabeth to his youngest son, Lord Robert Dudley. But though Lord Robert was the only man who ever captured Elizabeth's heart, she refused to give him her hand. Her coquetry was political: to keep suitor after suitor dangling after her, was part of her game; marriage would have been fatal to its success. Had she not been almost uncannily circumspect she might never have reigned at all.

Northumberland, foiled in his design of marrying one son to Elizabeth, married another to the Lady Jane Grey, grand-daughter of Henry VIII's younger sister, Mary, whose claims he had by will preferred to those of his elder sister, Margaret, Queen of Scotland. But Northumberland's attempt to put his daughter-in-law upon the throne was a fiasco. "The Lady Mary hath the better title." The London apprentice echoed the common sentiment. Northumberland's ambitious folly cost him his own life, his son's and that of the lady whom he would have crowned. The pathetic fate of his innocent victim supplies the historical backbone of Harrison Ainsworth's highly coloured story *The Tower of London.*

Of the personality of Queen Mary the most penetrating study is furnished by Father Benson's *The Queen's Tragedy* (1906). Despite his sympathy with Mary's religious devotion he shows Mary in a most repellent light; unlovely and unlovable; yet pitiably in love with a husband who cared nothing for her, and " it was surely a ludicrous affair enough this coquetry of a haggard woman of thirty-seven towards a young man, who, if tales were true, had other loves to occupy him ". Here is the recorded impression of a sympathetic gentlewoman: " She had watched a passion that grew day by day hotter and more fierce as imagination and hope and religious fervour and desire for love wrought their effect on a lonely soul. She had seen a woman, cut off from the world by ramparts first of suffering, then of high rank, and lastly of unlovability, stretching out thin hands more passionately every day as the hot fire raged within her crying out to the fancy that her own mind had wrought in the clouds to come down and be incarnate and take her to himself and compensate her for the long years of isolation."

To a more critical courtier Mary seemed a mass of contradictions: " She is cold, she is hot; she is miserly, she is liberal; she has a sad soul and a merry dress; she is silent; she can speak like an orator . . . and she set my heart a fire; then she put it out again by her coldness. She cut off the head of her cousin and half a score more; and she let four hundred rebels go free." Gloom hung over Mary's reign from start to finish, and there is nothing in Father Benson's book to relieve it, though there is a striking description of the reception of Cardinal Pole as Papal Legate and of the solemn service of reconciliation. A great moment it was for the unhappy Queen when the nation received absolution for the sin of apostasy. Of Cranmer, the novelist draws a pitiable picture though he does justice to the fortitude with which Ridley and Latimer suffered their terrible ordeal (described as by an eye-witness) at Oxford. But he acquits " wiley Winchester " (Gardiner) of responsibility for the persecutions. In his conclusion that " it was Mary's

Spanish marriage rather than religion that distressed the common people ", the best historical opinion concurs.

The marriage treaty between Queen Mary and Philip of Spain was the immediate occasion of the sporadic rebellions. Of these the most important was that headed by Sir Thomas Wyatt who raised a strong force in Kent and marched with little opposition as far as Southwark, only, however, to be defeated in a pitched battle in the suburbs by Lord Pembroke. The Wyatt rebellion, then, was a complete fiasco; it led only to a huge batch of executions including not only those of Wyatt himself but of Lady Jane Grey, her husband and her brother. Every effort was made to implicate Elizabeth in the conspiracy; but the skill of the best lawyers of the day was impotent against the coolness and self-possession of the young woman of two-and-twenty. She was committed for some months to the Tower, but nothing could be actually proved against her, and not even Mary dared under those circumstances to proceed to extremities.

Of Elizabeth's conduct throughout this affair an admirable and accurate account is given in *The Lonely Queen.* For once she was almost in two minds. The position was perplexing: " Her sister Mary was firm upon the throne, and even to hear a word of treason against her might be perilous, but Elizabeth had the wit to see that if she were deaf to the traitors she might be yet worse off; for Mary had Cranmer in prison, and Latimer and Ridley, and it was known that she meant to send them to the flames. If she threatened fire against all who were not of her taste in religion, England was like to breed many traitors to her rule and wise folks must choose to be of the traitors' side. And if Wyatt were right about the Spanish marriage Elizabeth saw no chance for herself but in treason and revolt. . . . What was to do, revolt had no charms for that cool brain and revolt with Wyatt for general and the pretty fool Courtenay to share the fruits of victory seemed Midsummer madness." Every effort as we have seen, was made by friends and foes alike to

entrap Elizabeth: she outwitted them all. For the rest of Mary's reign Elizabeth remained, indeed, in disgrace, and in complete seclusion. She managed, however, to keep her head on her shoulders—no mean achievement for a man or woman of the blood royal in Tudor times.

Therein she was more fortunate than many others. During the last three years of her life, Queen Mary disappointed of her child and increasingly embittered, gave full rein to her lust for blood, or, must we more charitably say, exhibited to the full her pure zeal for the Faith? Bishop Hooper, Roland Taylor and John Rogers, Bishop Ridley and Bishop Latimer were among the victims; and Archbishop Cranmer, after pitiable alternations of timidity and heroism, ultimately followed them to the stake. The burnings were in fact on a smaller scale than is commonly supposed, but among the victims were four bishops, besides Cranmer himself, twenty-one lesser divines, one hundred and eighty-four artificers and husbandmen, and no fewer than fifty-five women. The effect of persecution was, as generally happens, directly contrary to calculation. So far from extirpating the Protestant heresy it gave new life to it. Rightly or wrongly responsibility attached to the Spanish Queen and her Spanish husband. The result was that for years to come Spaniards and Papists were involved in common hatred in the eyes of the majority of Englishmen.

At last, however, the five years' tyranny was over-past. With rare unanimity the Princess Elizabeth was accepted as successor to her sister. She was in her twenty-fifth year when she began to reign, and she reigned for forty-five years. The situation confronting her was of the utmost difficulty. During the previous ten years, England had been the victim of two violent oscillations; it had swung towards doctrinal Protestantism under Edward VI and back again, with similar convulsiveness, towards Roman Catholicism under Mary. Between those two extremes lay, we may believe, the great mass of the nation. To neither extreme did Elizabeth herself incline. Anti-papal she was bound to

be: her mere accession involved a repudiation of the Roman obedience. But being little of a Protestant and perhaps less of a Catholic, she was all the better fitted to preside over a settlement which was bound to be a compromise. "You would have made me," Elizabeth is made to say to Cecil, "Queen of none but you and your Protestants. My brother was such and made all England wretchedness. My sister sought to be Queen of the Papists and bled England weak and white. I will be Queen of all. . . . My father would be neither Protestant nor Papist and . . . cared nothing for priest nor presbyter. And nothing I care. And England was of his mind then and ever will be of my mind." Thus *The Lonely Queen*; it could not be more succinctly put.

The Ecclesiastical Settlement followed the lines Elizabeth desired. Parliament repudiated the Papal claim to supremacy and after keen debates placed on the Statute book the Acts of Supremacy and Uniformity (1559). The title of "Supreme Head of the Church" was, in deference to the Catholics, dropped, and for it was substituted "Supreme Governor of the Church in all causes as well Ecclesiastical as Temporal supreme". The *Act of Uniformity* enjoined the exclusive use of the new Prayer Book which really combined the two Prayer Books of Edward VI, leaving it to the worshipper to emphasize either the Catholic or the Protestant view, according to his individual preference. In 1562, Convocation revised Cranmer's *Forty-two Articles of Religion*, reducing them to thirty-nine; in 1571, Parliament enacted them as law.

Thus was the formal reformation of the Church of England legally accomplished. After two violent oscillations the *via media* of Anglicanism was at length established, and by the great majority of the people was thankfully, if not enthusiastically, accepted.

CHAPTER X

The Two Queens

The Elizabethan Seamen and the Spanish Armada

DURING the greater part of Elizabeth's reign the pivot of public affairs turned upon the personal and political relations of the English and Franco-Scottish Queens. Upon this topic the novelists have mainly concentrated. Bailey's *The Lonely Queen* affords, as already indicated, an exception.

Judge Parry's *England's Elizabeth: Memories of Mathew Bedale* is also concerned with the earlier period of Elizabeth's life and in particular with her childish friendship with the one man to whom her heart remained constant to the end. But for Elizabeth's relations with Lord Robert Dudley we naturally turn to one of the most popular, perhaps one of the greatest of Scott's romances. *Kenilworth* has, indeed, been very variously judged: some critics put it among Scott's greatest novels, others damn it with faint praise as rarely rising above the level of good melodrama. Of the historical inaccuracies alleged against it, I make little account. It is, of course, true that Scott, misled by his authorities, took unwarrantable liberties with the reputation of some highly respectable people. Mr. Anthony Foster was, it would seem, a well-known country gentleman, highly esteemed by his neighbours, and as guiltless of Amy Robsart's murder as Dudley himself. That Sir Richard Varney administered poison to Amy, or shot Lambourne, there is no evidence, and as little that he committed suicide. Amy Robsart died, in fact, in 1560, but Scott did not hesitate to post-date her death for

fifteen years in order to contrive the interview between Amy and Queen Elizabeth at Kenilworth. That interview is pure invention. Nor in fact did Kenilworth belong to Dudley during Amy's lifetime. Shakespeare was a small boy at Stratford at the time when, in the novel, he is represented as an habitué at Elizabeth's Court. But these are errors which any schoolboy can correct. Mowbray Morris, a fine critic, truly said: "If what Carlyle has called the mean peddling details, get occasionally in his way, so much the worse for them. . . . Scott was not going to spoil a splendid scene because Amy Robsart never was at Kenilworth, or because Prince Charlie was never in Scotland after he had lost his last stake at Culloden. But in the essential truth of the matter he is never out. And this it is which makes his historical romances something apart and by themselves in fiction, which makes them kin to the historical plays of Shakespeare." John Buchan holds *Kenilworth* to be Scott's masterpiece "in inspiration. . . . The plot is one of his most intricate, but there are no gaps in it. He rarely wrote narrative which was better knit." That is plainly an expert judgment on technique of the highest value. But no lover of Scott will put *Kenilworth*, as regards character-drawing, on the same level with the best work in the Scottish novels. Mr. Buchan says that Scott "never set out his antiquarian bric à brac more skilfully, or revelled more joyously in the externals of life". Precisely: in the *externals*. *Kenilworth* is primarily a superb historical pageant, accurate to the last detail of the *mise en scène* but not really penetrating to the heart of England's Elizabeth, as Scott penetrated, for instance, to the heart of the Scottish lassie Jeanie Deans. The man who really saw into the soul of Elizabeth could hardly have written of her thus: "Queen Elizabeth had a character strangely compounded of the strongest masculine sense, with those foibles which are chiefly supposed proper to the female sex. Her subjects had full benefit of her virtues which far predominated over her weaknesses; but her courtiers, and those about her person, had often to sustain sudden

and embarrassing turns of caprice, and sallies of temper which was both jealous and despotic. She was the nursing-mother of her people, but she was also the true daughter of Henry VIII."

As to the historical inaccuracies of which so much has been made by precisians it may suffice to quote the good humoured apology with which Scott himself concludes *The Monastery*: " all that can be alleged by the warmest admirer of the author amounts to this, that the circumstances objected to are just as true as the rest of the story; which appears to me . . . to be a very imperfect defence, and that the author will do well to profit by Captain Absolute's advice to his servant, and never tell him more lies than are indispensably necessary."

The Monastery itself was acknowledged by the author to have been " something very like a failure " and he attributes the failure partly to the " injudicious choice of a subject ", partly to the natural impatience of the reader with the " extravagances of coxcombry ", as exhibited by the euphuist Sir Piercie Shafton, who was denounced as " unnatural ", and with the mysterious appearance of the White Lady of Avenel, who was " rejected as impossible ". For the rest, adds the author: " There was little in the story to atone for these features in two principal points. The incidents were inartificially huddled together . . . and the conclusion was brought about not by incidents arising out of the story itself, but in consequence of public transactions with which the narrative has little connexion and which the reader had little opportunity to become acquainted with." Finally with characteristic pluck and good temper Scott comforted himself with the burden of the Scottish song:

> " If it isna weel bobbit
> We'll bob it again."

" Bob it again " he did in *The Abbot*, with which he recaptured the position won in *Ivanhoe* and in *The Monastery* temporarily lost.

The main historical interest of *The Abbot* consists in the portrait of Mary Queen of Scots, but Scott takes up the tale of her misfortunes only after her imprisonment in Loch Leven Castle (June, 1567). The preceding six years form the subject of Maurice Hewlett's *The Queen's Quair, or The Six Years' Tragedy*. With Hewlett's brilliant study then, we may deal first.

Mary Stuart, the daughter of James V and Mary of Guise, was born in 1542, and in that same year became, on her father's death, Queen of Scotland. At the age of sixteen she was married to the Dauphin (Francis II) and reigned with him as Queen for about a year (1559–60). Soon after the King's death she returned to her Kingdom of Scotland (1561). An ardent Roman Catholic, Mary Stuart was entirely French in training and sympathies.

Those sympathies brought her into conflict with the Protestant reformers who looked for support to England. Not that the Scottish Reformation had anything in common with the contemporary movement in England. The English movement was monarchical, official, and strongly tinged with Erastianism; the Scottish Reformation was revolutionary, aristocratic, and Calvinistic. It was greatly stimulated by the return to Scotland (1559) of John Knox, who having escaped from service in the French galleys to which many of his co-religionists were condemned, ministered for some years to an English congregation at Geneva. Meanwhile, the aristocratic leaders of the Scottish Reformation—subsequently known as "The Lords of the Congregation"—had formulated their demands, which were similar to those conceded in England by the Protector Northumberland. After the rejection of these demands the Lords of the Congregation applied for help to Elizabeth (1559).

Thus at the very outset of her reign Elizabeth was confronted by the dilemma which, in one form or another, remained unresolved until the dispersal of the Armada. Elizabeth could not allow the English and Protestant interest in Scotland to be crushed by the aid of France, the less so as

Mary Stuart had challenged Elizabeth's right to the English throne by assuming the title and arms of Queen of England and Ireland. On the other hand, the Scottish reformers were not merely rebels but Calvinists, and Elizabeth did not want to encourage either heresy. Besides, there was always the danger that if she aided Protestantism in Scotland, France and Spain (who had lately made friends in the Treaty of Cateau-Cambrésis, 1559) might combine to support Mary Stuart's claims on England.

Consequently an English army was sent to drive the French out of Scotland. By the Treaty of Edinburgh (1560) the French undertook to clear out of Scotland, to leave its Government in the hands of Scotsmen, and to renounce the claims of Mary and Francis II upon the Crown of England. Thus when Mary reached Scotland in 1561 she found Presbyterianism in full possession.

This is the point at which *The Queen's Quair* takes up the tale. Hewlett's characterization is ruthless. The girl-queen —still under twenty—is exhibited as so ravishingly alluring as almost to tempt John Knox himself, but utterly devoid of morality or even shame. She is made to fall madly in love with her cousin Henry Stuart, Lord Darnley, and, despite Elizabeth's opposition, to marry him. The marriage of the grand-daughter of Margaret Tudor to the same lady's grandson naturally stiffened Elizabeth in her refusal to acknowledge Mary as heiress-presumptive to the English Crown. "She was not so foolish," she declared, "as to hang a winding sheet before her eyes or make a funeral feast while she was still alive."

Mary quickly discovered Darnley to be both weak and vicious and transferred her affections and her political confidence to her secretary, David Rizzio, an Italian adventurer. Darnley, denied the Crown Matrimonial, and excluded from all influence on affairs, joined the nobles in a plot against Rizzio who, in 1566, was dragged from the Queen's presence only to be brutally murdered in an ante-chamber. The scene is depicted with realistic fidelity by the novelist, who

is at no pains to flatter the Scottish lords or to gloss over the criminality of Mary. That she was an adulteress is not denied; that she was accessory to the murder of Darnley (1567) there is no reasonable doubt.

After Darnley's murder the poor young Queen " made to hunt for happiness and never to find it ", gave her whole heart and her hand to the man who, though formally acquitted of the charge of murdering Darnley, was unquestionably responsible for the execution of the plot. James Hepburn, Earl of Bothwell, belonged to a type which to some women is irresistibly attractive. Coarse, brutal, without fear of God or man, but strong and utterly unscrupulous, Bothwell was determined to follow the dictates of his ambition if not of his heart. Despite a frank and careless manner he was according to the novelist, deeply calculating, and although " not cruel unless drawn to cruelty by necessity, he was, if so drawn, entirely ruthless ".

To her passionate love for this ruffian Mary sacrificed such reputation as was left to her and all possibility of a career. Her marriage with Bothwell brought the disaffection of the Lords of the Congregation to a head, and deserted by her own men, she was compelled to abdicate (24th July, 1567) in favour of her infant son (James VI). Bothwell escaped to Scandinavia where he ultimately died an exile and a madman; Mary became a prisoner in Loch Leven Castle.

At this point Scott takes up the story in *The Abbot.* That novel will live if only for Scott's incomparable portrait of Mary Stuart, who though not the leading lady of the drama, only appearing on the stage when the action is half over, none the less dominates the scene. What wonder? For here is the impression she had made on a humble admirer, Adam Woodcock, the falconer—one of those wonderful serving men whom Scott delighted to paint:

" They may say what they will—many a true heart will be sad for Mary Stuart, e'en if all be true men say of her; for, look you, Master Roland—she was the loveliest creature

to look upon that I ever saw with eye, and no lady in the land liked better the fair flight of a falcon. . . . And to see her there on her white palfrey, that flew as if it scorned to touch more than the heather blossom; and to hear her voice, as clear and sweet as the mavis's whistle, mix among our jolly whooping and whistling; and to mark all the nobles dashing round her; happiest he who got a word or a look—tearing through moss and hagg, and venturing neck and limb to gain the praise of a bold rider, and the blink of a bonny Queen's bright eye;—she will see little hawking where she lies now—ay, ay, pomp and pleasure pass away as speedily as the wap of a falcon's wing."

After that rhapsody the glowing tribute paid by Scott in his own person sounds almost commonplace:

". . . Who is there, that, at the very mention of Mary Stuart's name, has not her countenance before him, familiar as that of the mistress of his youth, or the favourite daughter of his advanced age? Even those who feel themselves compelled to believe all, or much, of what her enemies laid to her charge, cannot think without a sigh upon a countenance expressive of anything rather than the foul crimes with which she was charged when living, and which still continue to shade, if not blacken, her memory. That brow, so truly open and regal—those eyebrows, so regularly graceful, which yet were saved from the charge of regular insipidity by the beautiful effect of the hazel eyes which they overarched, and which seem to utter a thousand histories—the nose, with all its Grecian precision of outline—the mouth so well proportioned, so sweetly formed, as if designed to speak nothing but what was delightful to hear—the dimpled chin—the stately swan-like neck, form a countenance, the like of which we know not to have existed in any other character moving in that class of life, where the actresses as well as the actors command general and undivided attention . . . no small instance it is of the power of beauty, that her charms should have remained the subject not merely of admiration, but of

warm and chivalrous interest, after the lapse of such a length of time."

To Mary Stuart and to her imprisonment in, and escape from Loch Leven Castle (June, 1567–2nd May, 1568) the second half of *The Abbot* is mainly devoted. *The Abbot*, as a whole, was not among Scott's best novels, but it will live for the marvellous description of Mary's life in Loch Leven Castle. The account of Mary's interview with Lords Lindsay and Ruthven, the cruel and brutal envoys of the Lords of the Congregation; her enforced abdication in favour of her son, and the appointment of her half-brother, Moray, as Regent; the relations between the prisoner and her gaoler, the Lady (Douglas) of Loch Leven, sometime mistress of James V and mother of Regent Moray, who "had James done to her the justice he owed her had seen in her son . . . the lawful Monarch of Scotland and one of the ablest who ever swayed the sceptre"; Mary's brilliant raillery and sarcasm driving almost to frenzy her proud but luckless gaoler; the interview between Mary and Elias Henderson, the zealous Calvinist, chaplain of the Castle, an interview maintained at a high level of courtesy and fairness; the planning of Mary's escape by Roland Graeme and young George Douglas,[1] grandson of the Lady of Loch Leven, but one more victim to Mary's charms; its frustration at the first attempt and success at the second—all this is told by Scott in a manner with which the liveliest of narrative historians could not compete, and with substantial accuracy. The sequel of Mary's escape: the crushing defeat inflicted by Moray upon her devoted followers at Langside (13th May, 1568) and her own flight into England—this is told briefly but not without at least one noticeable touch. Mary's grief at the death of her brave deliverer Douglas (killed at Langside) was characteristically piteous: "Thus has it been with all who loved Mary Stuart." She had discerned his love for her and her reflection was painful: "Now our

[1] For the confusion between George and his young kinsman, William Douglas, see *Abbot*, Note N.

Lady pity me, for no sooner are my prison cares ended than those which beset me as a woman and a queen again thicken around me. Happy Elizabeth! to whom political interest is everything, and whose heart never betrays thy head."

For twenty years Mary's presence on English soil was a perpetual embarrassment to Elizabeth. If Cecil could have had his way Mary would have been at once sent back to Scotland, to be tried by her subjects, and if to be by them condemned to death so much the better. Elizabeth, however, saw more clearly the situation and was prepared to take risks. She would like to have restored Mary on terms that would have secured her against the venom of the Scottish lords, and at the same time rendered her innocuous to her English cousin. But Mary would make no terms; she flew at the highest game, and until her death was the centre of conspiracies aimed at Elizabeth's throne and life.

A commission sitting at York accepted the evidence of the Casket Letters, and their verdict rendered the restoration of Mary on any terms impossible. She remained a prisoner in England—but a dangerous one.

Early in 1569, the continental Catholics planned to marry Mary to the Duke of Norfolk and put them on the English throne. Nipped in the bud, the plan cost Norfolk his liberty, and, after its renewal (1571) by an Italian named Ridolphi, his life. Northumberland who in 1569, had headed an insurrection in the North was given up to justice by the Scottish lords and in 1571 was executed. For nearly ten years there was a cessation of plots. In 1580, however, a Jesuit mission under Father Campion and Father Parsons came to England in the hope of reconverting her to Catholicism. Campion paid for the effort with his life; the *High Commission Court* was entrusted with greater powers for the extermination of religious dissent, and an association was formed under the sanction of Parliament for the protection of Elizabeth's person. It was high time. Mendoza, the Spanish ambassador in England, was engaged in ceaseless

intrigue against the Queen. Francis Throgmorton, a zealous Catholic, was one of Mendoza's tools, and having confessed under torture to conspiracy against Elizabeth, was in 1584, executed. Two years later Sir Francis Walsingham, the ever vigilant Secretary of State (1573–90) and head of the Secret Service, discovered the threads of another conspiracy.

This last of the long series of conspiracies was organized by Anthony Babington, a Catholic gentleman of Derbyshire, who had at one time been a page to Mary Stuart, and now (1586) hoped to murder Elizabeth and put Mary on the throne. The plot was detected and cost Babington his life. It also brought Mary herself to the block. Elizabeth's ministers had long urged that Mary should be brought to trial. Parliament insisted that the Queen's safety could no way be secured so long as the Queen of Scots lived. But, for reasons partly personal and partly political, the Queen refused to allow it. At long last, however, she consented; and Mary, after ten days' trial was declared guilty. Elizabeth still refused to sign the death warrant; but at the urgent entreaty of her ministers, signed it on 1st February, 1587. A week later Mary was executed in the Castle of Fotheringay.

Elizabeth's hesitation was genuine: "Can I put to death the bird that to escape the pursuit of the hawk has fled to my feet for protection? Honour and conscience forbid!" Mary was not only her guest, if uninvited; not only her nearest relative; she was doubly a Queen. The divinity of crowned heads was a primary article of Elizabeth's creed. And there was an even stronger reason. Mary was, in a sense, a safeguard to Elizabeth. Her death inflicted, it is true, a final blow to political Catholicism in England, but it also left Philip of Spain free to strike at Elizabeth without giving an advantage to the rival House of Guise. Directly Mary Stuart was dead, Philip equipped his great expedition for the invasion and conquest of England. Elizabeth, at the head of a people loyal and united, was ready to repel and return the blow.

Personally, Mary and Elizabeth were not ill-matched.

Physically Mary was endowed with a beauty and fascination deeply envied by her cousin. . . . In intellectual equipment Mary was by little Elizabeth's inferior. Neither was burdened with excessive scruples, and in duplicity and mendacity there was little to choose between them. But in one matter of supreme significance they were worlds asunder. Elizabeth may have been as untruthful and disingenuous as Mary: she may, as Walsingham complained, have " trusted too much to luck and too little to the Almighty "; she may have pursued devious courses with undeviating consistency, but all her intrigues and mendacities, all her vacillations and tergiversations were inspired by one supreme purpose, the defence of her people against overwhelming dangers, the safety and independence of the kingdom committed to her charge. Never did any consideration of self divert her political course or inspire for a moment her policy. With Mary, on the contrary, self was predominant. Her people and her kingdom were as dust in the balance as compared with the indulgence of her own passions, the gratification of her own hatreds. In patriotism, in self-control, in all that goes to make up character she was manifestly inferior to Elizabeth, and well was it for both countries that from the long-drawn-out duel Elizabeth emerged victorious.

The period of Mary's imprisonment in England, though she herself has naturally receded into the background, is covered by several novels. Among them Charlotte Yonge's *Unknown to History* is, I suppose, the oldest favourite, and well deserves the place it retains in our affections. Halliwell Sutcliffe's *Pam the Fiddler* is concerned with the rising of the Northern Earls in 1569, but of greater significance are Father Benson's *By What Authority?* and *Come Rack! Come Rope!*

Of the former the real hero is Father Campion the " martyred " leader of the Jesuit mission to England of 1580.

From a purely technical point of view the book is spoilt

by the excessively detailed account of Campion's debate with Dean Nowell and other Protestant disputants, of his brilliant defence at his trial in Westminster Hall, and his cruel death (witnessed and described by the nominal hero of the story) at Tyburn. Of greater interest both to the general reader and to the student is the description of the reaction of the Ecclesiastical struggle of Elizabeth's reign upon the lives of individual actors in the drama. With profound insight and an evident, if not wholly successful, attempt at impartiality, Father Benson shows both Catholicism and Protestantism at their best. This he does less by dogmatic discussion—though of that there is over much—than by revelation of the beautiful lives of those who are faithful to the Vision above and behind all creeds. Thus on the one side, we have Catholics like Lady Maxwell and her simple minded husband, Sir Nicholas, and her sister Margaret Torridon (the sometime nun of *The King's Achievement*); on the other, Mr. Norris, a learned and high-minded Puritan and his daughter Isabel. Isabel, though devoted to her father is repelled by Calvinism as seen at close quarters in the Puritan congregation at Northampton, and attracted to Catholicism less by the arguments of Margaret Torridon than by the sheer goodness and gentleness of that old lady and her sister. To those influences Isabel alternately succumbs, while her brother Anthony, after serving in the household of Archbishop Grindal at Lambeth, is led gradually to embrace the Catholic Faith and is ordained to the Roman priesthood at Douai. Returning to England, Father Anthony ministers to Catholics in different parts of the country, but hunted by Walsingham's spies is ultimately caught, put to the torture, and dies in the Tower.

The compelling interest of the story is almost exclusively religious. Very clearly and sympathetically, Father Benson reveals the perplexities of a good kindly pastor, the Reverend George Dent, who would fain have lived on the best terms with all his parishioners, Catholic, Anglican and Puritan alike, a man who " welcomed the effect but not the rise of

the Reformation " and, while rejoicing that " the incrustations of error had been removed from the lantern of the faith ", sincerely deplored the fanaticism of the Puritan and Genevan faction and " longed for the time when nation and church should again be one ". Even more insoluble was the dilemma presented to simple-minded honest Englishmen like Dent's Squire, Sir Nicholas Maxwell, torn in two by his anxiety to be at once a loyal subject of the Queen and to obey the Pope who had issued the Bull of Deposition. " To welcome Spain when she intervened and to work actively for her was treason against his country; to act against Spain was to delay the re-establishment of the Religion—something that appeared to him very like treason against his faith."

The civil government, says Father Benson, made the " fatal mistake of not distinguishing between the two groups ", i.e. the purely religious and the " political " Catholics. Again and again, he says " loyal Englishmen were tortured and hanged as traitors because they shared their faith with conspirators ". That is not fair or accurate. These loyal Catholics did more than share their faith with traitors; they suffered death and torture only if they sheltered and protected them.

That was the difficulty clearly demonstrated in Father Benson's terribly painful story *Come Rack! Come Rope!* The latter like *By What Authority?* is less an historical novel than a work of Catholic Apologetics; the facts, though not perverted, are naturally selected to establish a particular proposition.

The story revolves around the Babington Conspiracy. The hero, Robin Audray, is the only son and heir of a Catholic Derbyshire squire who conforms, and as a magistrate, proves his new zeal for Protestantism by his activities against his former friends, quarrels with his son, and is ultimately responsible for the latter's capture, torture and death. Robin, disowned by his father, renounces his lady-love, Marjorie Manners (a character of rare beauty and

strength) is ordained priest abroad, and like Father Anthony in *By What Authority?*, ministers to his fellow Catholics in England. Among these was Mary Stuart herself. Though Mary was carefully guarded at Chartley, a manor in South Derbyshire, by a stern Puritan, Sir Amyas Paulet, Father Anthony obtained access to the prisoner, heard her confession, and celebrated Mass for her. To the priest she appeared like " a figure of a dream . . . even if he had not known who she was, Robin could not have taken his eyes from her face. She lay there like a fallen flower, pale as a lily, beaten down at last by the waves and storms that had gone over her; and she was more beautiful in her downfall and disgrace, a thousand times, than when she had first come to Holyrood, or danced in the Courts of France. But it was the air of almost superhuman delicacy that breathed from her most forcibly; and, when she spoke, a ring of assured decision revealed her quiet consciousness of royalty. It was an extraordinary mingling of fragility and power, of which this feminine and royal room was the proper frame. . . . There was no more doubt in him after her protestation of her innocence and he began to see now that she stood for more than her kingdom or her son or the plots attributed to her, that she was more than a mere great woman for whose sake men could both live and die; he began to see in her that which poor Anthony had seen—a champion for the Faith of them all, an incarnate suffering symbol, in flesh and blood, of that Religion for which he, too, was in peril—that Religion, which, in spite of all clamour to the contrary, was the real storm-centre of England's life."

It is easy to make a pathetic figure of Mary Stuart; it is not difficult to exhibit in a most odious light the system of espionage by which Mr. Secretary Walsingham procured evidence against Babington and his co-conspirators. But Father Benson does not really face the problems as an Elizabethan statesman was bound to face them. Was it, or was it not, of supreme importance to England that Elizabeth's life should be preserved? Was her life really

threatened by the successive plots? Was Mary implicated in those plots? Sober history is compelled to answer all these questions in the affirmative.[1] Who does not feel his critical judgment unsteadied by Father Benson's impassioned yet not unrestrained narrative? Nevertheless the seeker after truth must recover his balance by a reference to the most unbiassed historical authorities he can discover. He will there learn that, for the first thirty years of the reign, it was only by her own amazing adroitness and the sleepless vigilance of her statesmen that Elizabeth warded off the danger threatened by the progress of the Counter-Reformation. It is futile to deny that in the earlier years of the reign there was a real danger that the two great Catholic Powers of the Continent might combine with some English and Scottish Catholics to depose and even murder Elizabeth, and put Mary on the throne. From 1558–87 England and Spain were virtually if unofficially at war. If there was little mercy in England for Elizabeth's Catholic victims, there was none in Spain and the Indies for the Protestants who fell into the hands of Philip. It was a cruel and intolerant age: the Papal sanction of assassination cost William of Orange his life; Elizabeth encouraged Drake and the other " buccaneers " to " singe the King of Spain's beard ". Is she to be blamed? Pirates in the eyes of Spain, the English seamen were in their own eyes crusaders, with a mission to avenge their wrongs upon:

> " Those inquisition dogs
> And the devildoms of Spain."

Father Benson makes it clear, and the Armada made it clearer, that the bulk of the English Catholics were loyal to the throne and person of Elizabeth. But if the " sea-dogs " had not learnt their lesson in a perilous school; had the winds of Heaven not scattered the smitten Armada, how would Protestantism in England and in the Low Countries have fared?

[1] On Mary's complicity in the finally fatal Babington Plot, cf. J. H. Pollen: *Mary Queen of Scots and the Babington Plot*; C. Read: *Mr. Secretary Walsingham.*

The defeat of Spain's great Armada, if due primarily to the courage and skill of the Elizabethan seamen, was due hardly less to the spirit which was beginning to animate the nation as a whole. Those who would really capture the new national spirit must go to the fountain-head, to Richard Hakluyt's *Voyagers' Tales*; but it is admirably and accurately reflected in Tennyson's stirring ballad of *The Revenge* (hardly more than a versification of Walter Raleigh's prose narrative), in Sir Henry Newbolt's *Admirals All*, in Froude's *Lectures on the Elizabethan Seamen*, and above all in Charles Kingsley's *Westward Ho!* In *Westward Ho!* we have the quintessence of Elizabethan England, the eager stirrings of the new life born of the Renaissance and the Reformation; the vigorous, lusty growth of English maritime adventure; the growing consciousness of national identity and national unity; the grim determination to defend national independence against all external assaults. Most of the characters in the tale are imaginary, but they are as truly representative of those breezy, boisterous, and bountiful days as if they had actually been drawn from life, as indeed all readers of Hakluyt will recognize that they were!

The Armada was the climax of the sixteenth century; its defeat solved a crucial problem, and brought to a fitting close the Tudor dictatorship.

A dictatorship is the appropriate device for meeting an emergency. The emergency had been met; the crisis surmounted; the Tudor dictatorship had done its work. Parliament, unready for the task of government in the fifteenth century, was now ready after a century's discipline to assume the responsibility. Out of regard for the ageing Queen, however, the assumption was postponed. Yet there were various manifestations of a new spirit of independence on the part of Parliament: the growth of the Puritan temper had stiffened its backbone; country-squires with experience gained in local administration came to the House of Commons with a new confidence; new peers enriched by the spoils of the monasteries were beginning to find their political

feet. The Tudors had accomplished their task. And the secret of their success? A high courage; an unbending will; an intense and ardent patriotism. "The saving salt of Elizabeth's character, with its well nigh incredible mixture of heroism and egotism, meanness and magnificence, was simply this, that overmuch as she loved herself she did yet love England better." That is Swinburne's penetrating judgment on Queen Elizabeth. It is true, taking all in all, of the Tudor dynasty.

CHAPTER XI

Cavaliers and Roundheads (1603–1642)

THROUGHOUT the seventeenth century the Sovereign continued to dominate politics. The King not only reigned but ruled. The "Interregnum" formed no exception; from 1649–58 England was governed by Cromwell. The importance of the personal Monarchy is emphasized not more by historians than by novelists who find in this period a rich mine for exploitation.

During Elizabeth's lifetime there had been much speculation and some anxiety about the succession to the throne. When she died, there was no opposition to the succession of James VI of Scotland, the son of Darnley and Mary Stuart and thus doubly the great-grandson of Margaret Tudor, the elder sister of Henry VIII. The only possible competitors to James were Edward Seymour, Lord Beauchamp, and his wife, the Lady Arabella Stuart. Seymour was the son of Catherine Grey and the Earl of Hertford, and assuming that the will of Henry VIII, executed under special Parliamentary sanction, was valid, was undoubted heir to the throne. His wife, the Lady Arabella, was the daughter of the younger brother of Darnley, first cousin therefore to James VI, and like him a direct descendant of Margaret Tudor, but through her second marriage with Lord Angus. Neither of these claims was, however, put forward. Raleigh's friend, Lord Cobham, conceived the foolish idea of putting the Lady Arabella on the throne, but admittedly received no encouragement from the Lady, who would have

remained unknown to history had she not in 1610 married, to the King's displeasure, Edward Seymour. The Lady Arabella, after four years' misery, died a hopeless lunatic in prison; Seymour escaped to France, and returning to England after his wife's death became one of the most successful of Charles's generals in the Civil War. At the restoration of Charles II, Seymour was rewarded for his loyal service by the dukedom of Somerset.

James's title, then, was undisputed; but it may well be that the statutory claim of Seymour, though never put forward, may have given emphasis to James's insistence upon the Divine Right of Kingship, hereditary and indefeasible.

Upon this principle the whole Stuart theory of government was based. Insistence upon it brought James into immediate conflict with Parliament, who in the famous *Apology* of 1604 made their position and pretensions unmistakably clear.[1]

This document reveals the source of the conflict which eventually brought Charles I to the scaffold. The core of the conflict was the problem of Sovereignty: was the King, henceforward as heretofore, to rule in absolute sovereignty or to share sovereignty with Parliament? In fine, was the Monarchy to remain personal, or to become, in the English sense, Constitutional? Reduced to its narrowest point the contest was one for the control of the Executive. Were Ministers to continue to be literally the King's servants or responsible to Parliament?

And who was to be supreme in the ecclesiastical sphere? Parliament acknowledged that the King was " sovereign lord and supreme governor in matters ecclesiastical as well as temporal "; but in both spheres his actions were subject to the " consent of Parliament ".

The broad issue, then, was clear: it was raised in detail

[1] The text is printed in *State Papers* (Domestic), James I, Vol. VIII, 70. The constitutional problems are discussed in Marriott: *Crisis of English Liberty* (Oxford, 1930).

in regard to finance, to the personal liberty of the subject, and to the position of the Judges in relation to the Executive.

The first act of the Drama extended from the accession of James I (1603) down to the concession of the Petition of Right and the dissolution of the third Parliament of Charles I (1628–9).

From his accession until his death (1625) King James fills the centre of the stage, and in the life-like portrait painted by Scott we can see the man as he was. Of other novels dealing with his reign mention must be brief. Mrs. Marshall in *The Young Queen of Hearts* has sketched the very attractive figures of Henry, Prince of Wales, and his sister, the Princess Elizabeth.

The tragedy of *Arabella Stuart* forms (under that title) an appropriate subject for the pen of G. P. R. James, though his treatment of the subject is "free"; Harrison Ainsworth dealt in somewhat similar fashion with *Guy Fawkes: or The Gunpowder Treason* and in *The Star Chamber* with the trial of Sir Giles Mompesson. But all other novels dealing with this reign are insignificant by the side of Scott's *The Fortunes of Nigel*.

From the purely historical point of view Scott never did anything so good as his portrait of James I. Literary critics, it is true, especially if they be Scots, are apt to give the palm to the portrait of George Heriot, the Edinburgh Goldsmith, whose splendid foundation still commemorates his memory in that city; but admirable as that portrait is, brilliant as is the description of the social conditions, unspeakably coarse and brutal, in the London of that day, and suggestive as are the sketches of "Baby Charles" (the Prince of Wales) and "Steenie" (George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham), it is by the portrait of the King himself that the historical value of *Nigel* must be assessed.

"The disorder and confusion of the King's Cabinet was no bad picture of the state and quality of James's own mind. There was much that was rich and costly in the cabinet, pictures and valuable ornaments, but they were arranged

in a slovenly manner, covered with dust, and lost half their value, or at least their effect, from the manner in which they were presented to the eye. The table was loaded with huge folios, amongst which lay light books of jest and ribaldry; and amongst notes of unmercifully long orations, and essays on king-craft, were mingled miserable roundels and ballads by the Royal Prentice, as he styled himself, in the art of poetry, and schemes for the general pacification of Europe, with a list of the names of the King's hounds, and remedies against canine madness.

"The King's dress was of green velvet, quilted so full as to be dagger-proof—which gave him the appearance of clumsy and ungainly protuberance; while its being buttoned awry communicated to his figure an air of distortion. Over his green doublet he wore a sad-coloured nightgown, out of the pocket of which peeped his hunting-horn. His high-crowned grey hat lay on the floor, covered with dust, but encircled by a coronet of large balas rubies; and he wore a blue velvet nightcap, in the front of which was placed the plume of a heron, which had been struck down by a favourite hawk in some critical moment of flight, in remembrance of which the King wore this highly-honoured feather.

"But such inconsistencies in dress and appointments were mere outward types of those which existed in the royal character; rendering it a subject of doubt amongst his contemporaries and bequeathing it as a problem to future historians. He was deeply learned, without possessing useful knowledge; sagacious in many individual cases without having real wisdom; fond of his power, and desirous to maintain and augment it, yet willing to resign the direction of that, and of himself, to the most unworthy favourites; a big and bold assertor of his rights in words, yet one who tamely saw them trampled on in deeds; a lover of negotiations, in which he was always outwitted; and one who feared war where conquest might have been easy. He was fond of his dignity, while he was perpetually degrading it by undue

familiarity; capable of much public labour, yet often neglecting it for the meanest of amusement; a wit, though a pedant; and a scholar, though fond of the conversation of the ignorant and uneducated. Even his timidity of temper was not uniform; and there were moments of his life, and those critical, in which he showed the spirit of his ancestors. He was laborious in trifles, and a trifler where serious labour was required; just and beneficent by nature, he yet gave way to the iniquities and oppression of others. He was penurious respecting money which he had to give from his own hand, yet inconsiderately and unboundedly profuse of that which he did not see. In a word, those good qualities which displayed themselves in particular cases and occasions, were not of a nature sufficiently firm and comprehensive to regulate his general conduct; and, showing themselves as they occasionally did, only entitled James to the character bestowed on him by Sully—that he was the wisest fool in Christendom."

Posterity has been apt to emphasize the substantive, contemporaries rightly held King James to be, if not wise, at least learned. Nor, in truth, was he devoid of statesmanlike instincts. He was a real peace lover—*Beati Pacifici*—and like his great contemporary, Henry of Navarre, would have secured it by eliminating or sterilizing religious differences as incentives to international wars, and by depriving any single Power of the means to dominate Europe. It may well be that the policy of " appeasement ", too long persisted in, sacrificed the independence of Bohemia and played into the hands of the dominant party in Germany. But James did at least attempt to apply principle to the conduct of foreign affairs.

Far more ignoble was the foreign policy pursued by Charles I at the dictation of Buckingham. That policy, purely and wholly unprincipled, neither saved the French Huguenots nor conciliated the English Parliament, who decided to impeach Charles's favourite and minister.

The instrument of impeachment, though recently

sharpened to deal with Lord Chancellor Bacon and the monopolist, Sir Giles Mompesson, and Lord Treasurer Middlesex, was at best a clumsy one. Yet Parliament had no other weapon at command (save an Act of Attainder) by which to strike at an incompetent or dishonest Minister. Accordingly, they initiated, in 1628, the impeachment of the Duke of Buckingham.

Their action at once raised the whole question of the responsibility of the Executive to the Legislature. King Charles claimed that the policy of the Executive was his, and that Buckingham was merely his servant. Nevertheless, the Commons insisted on his impeachment. To save Buckingham the King then dissolved Parliament, sought to raise supplies by a forced " loan ", and on his own mandate imprisoned five Knights who refused to subscribe to it. His action seemed to threaten the cherished right of personal liberty—the whole principle of *Habeas Corpus*. The Judges, however, refused to liberate prisoners so committed. Were the Judges then the handmaids of the Executive and not the guardians of popular liberties? Answer that question as we may, it is clear that in the short space of three years Charles I had raised three fundamental issues. In the event Buckingham fell a victim to the dagger of an assassin, and Parliament extorted from the King assent to the Petition of Right.

But the Petition was not wholly unambiguous even on the political side, nor did it even touch the ecclesiastical problem. Charles I, however, postponed all awkward questions for the moment by a summary dissolution of Parliament (1629).

So the first act in the Stuart drama ended. During the second (1629–40) no Parliament met in England. In this second act the leading parts were played on the one side by the King, William Laud (advanced in 1633 to the See of Canterbury), and Sir Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, President of the Council of the North, 1628–32, and the King's Lord Deputy in Ireland from 1632–40; on the

other side by John Hampden, protagonist in the famous " ship money " dispute.

The supersession of Parliament made it necessary to have recourse to financial methods which, if doubtfully legal, were certainly inexpedient; the Star Chamber, popular under the Tudors, was perverted into a mere instrument of tyranny; the judgments of the High Commission Court rendered that Court odious to a people increasingly inclined to favour the persecuted Puritans; the Judges of the regular Courts were suspected, perhaps unjustly, of preferring the political interests of the Crown to respect for the law.

Two things brought matters to a crisis: the collection of ship money from inland counties, and the attempt of Charles and Laud to force Anglicanism upon a country whose ecclesiastical allegiance was divided between Presbyterianism and Roman Catholicism.

The decision of the Judges in the case raised by Hampden's refusal to pay ship money, if legally sound, proved politically disastrous.

Still more disastrous was the " Bellum Episcopale " when all Scotland " bristled into resistance " against the Laudian innovations. During the first phase of the Scottish war there was little or no fighting; and after a Pacification patched up at Berwick (18th June, 1639), Charles, on Strafford's advice, called a Parliament. The " Short Parliament " met on 13th April, 1640, but, having refused to vote unconditionally the subsidies demanded by the King, was dissolved within a month (5th May). The second Scottish war followed. To 25,000 Scots, well disciplined and led by an experienced soldier, Alexander Leslie, the rabble collected by the King could offer no effective resistance, and in October a truce was concluded at Ripon, while elections took place for a new Parliament.

The "Long Parliament" met on 3rd November, 1640, and was not formally dissolved until 16th March, 1660. The leadership of the new House of Commons was at once assumed by John Pym and John Hampden. John Pym was

a west country squire, educated at Oxford, and trained as a lawyer. He had, moreover, long parliamentary experience. John Hampden was a Buckinghamshire squire, of good family and moderate estate and like Pym he had parliamentary experience. Himself a loyal member of the Church of England, he strongly advocated religious liberty for all, being equally opposed to the " tyranny of Bishops and the tyranny of a Presbytery ". So says Edna Lyall in her *To Right the Wrong*, and the portrait of Hampden she draws is trustworthy. Nor is it incongruous with the contemporary portrait drawn by Clarendon who, be it remembered, was an opponent. " He (Hampden) was of that rare affability and temper in debate and of that seeming humility and submission of judgment as if he brought no opinion with him, but a desire of information and instruction. . . . He was indeed a very wise man and of great parts, and possessed the most absolute spirit of popularity, that is, the most absolute faculties to govern the people, of any man I ever knew."

With Pym, Hampden acted as one of the managers of Strafford's impeachment, though he was against the crowning injustice—the Bill of Attainder.

To destroy " Black Tom Tyrant " was the first business of the Long Parliament. The instinct of Pym and his friends was not at fault. Strafford was by far their most formidable opponent. " Cage the lion at once," was their cry: with Strafford under lock and key the King would be deprived of his wisest and strongest counsellor, and would be powerless to resist the demands of a Parliament, backed as it was throughout by the Scottish army " sitting still " round Newcastle.

Fiction is less helpful about Strafford than might have been expected; but Robert Browning's great tragedy largely compensates for the lack of it. Court life in Dublin, in Strafford's day, is described in Dora G. McChesney's *Kathleen Clare: her Book*. F. Mathew's *Love of Comrades* treats romantically a supposed episode during Strafford's Vice-

royalty, and there is a full-length portrait of the great Earl in C. A. Griffin's *A Servant of the King*. Marjorie Bowen's *The Governor of England*, throws a lurid light upon those terrible hours when the King was hesitating whether to break his plighted word and throw Strafford to the lions, or to disregard the entreaties of the wife to whom he was devoted. Poignant in the extreme are the novelist's descriptions of the interview between Lady Strafford and the Queen, and between the Queen and her unhappy husband.

Strafford had come at the King's bidding to London, well knowing the danger he ran but trusting in the King's promise that not a hair of his head should be touched, and furnished with evidence amply sufficient to convict the Puritan leaders of treasonable relations with the Scots. But Pym was too quick for him. The new Parliament was scarcely a week old when (11th November) Pym moved the impeachment of the great Earl. By night-fall Strafford was in the Tower, but it was five months later (22nd March, 1641) when the trial at last opened in Westminster Hall. Strafford defended himself with consummate ability; the impeachment broke down; but Pym was not to be baulked of his prey. On 10th April, he brought in a Bill of Attainder; on the 21st it passed the Commons by a large majority, but on the same day Charles assured Strafford " upon the word of a King, that he should not suffer in life, honour, or fortune ". The King then tried to bargain for the life of his faithful servant. Pym retorted with a threat to the Monarchy itself. Chivalrously, Strafford begged the King to sacrifice him and save himself. Urged by the Queen, Charles basely accepted the sacrifice.

With Strafford dead and Laud imprisoned the whole machinery of " Thorough ", which they had worked, was swept away.

In the autumn of 1642 there came, however, a reaction in the King's favour due primarily to the Puritan attack upon the Church of England. If the Royalist party was weak, the Episcopalian party steadily increased in strength

as the Puritan agitation developed. Pym, scenting the danger of reaction, then brought forward the Grand Remonstrance, an elaborate document containing both a manifesto of grievances and a project of reform. The Remonstrance was carried, after prolonged and impassioned debate, only by a majority of eleven votes (22nd November).

That night witnessed the birth of a new Royalist party, under the leadership of Edward Hyde (afterwards Lord Clarendon) and Lucius Carey, Viscount Falkland.

Falkland has been rightly termed "the apostle of moderation". But is there any place, in a time of revolution, for the moderate man? Falkland though ardently in favour of reform, was definitely opposed to revolution both in Church and State. With characteristic hesitation he took office as Secretary of State, but Pym's demand for a Cabinet of Ministers responsible to Parliament he definitely opposed. Nowhere is Falkland (as regards the outward man) better described than by G. J. Whyte-Melville in his *Holmby House*, which, if somewhat old-fashioned in style, is in substance as good as any other of the many excellent novels on this period.

"Lucius Carey, Viscount Falkland, was one of those men on whom no remarkable exterior stamps the superiority which they enjoy over their fellow-creatures. . . . He is short and small of stature, of no imposing port, not even with the assumption of energy and bustling activity which so often characterises the movements of little men. His manner is unaffected and plain to simplicity; he stoops and sways his body from side to side in ludicrous unconsciousness, as wave after wave of thought comes rolling in upon his brain, pregnant with reflection, calculation, and resource. When he speaks, his voice is harsh and unmusical, his countenance dark and unprepossessing, for he is labouring in mind, wrestling with a difficulty, and bringing all the powers of his mighty intellect to bear upon the struggle. And now he grasps it. . . . The whole countenance changes as changes the aspect of a winter's day when the sun breaks forth;

flashes of intelligence beam from those deep-set falcon eyes, and light up the stern sallow face. Rapid and impressive action succeeds the slow awkwardness of his habitual movements; the slight form seems to dilate and tower into dignity, as of one born to command, and the whole man is changed, by the mere influence of mind over matter, into a sage and a hero for the occasion." Thus Whyte-Melville.

Marjorie Bowen's portrait is more flattering than faithful. She writes in *The Governor of England*: "Falkland's appearance would have been noticeable in any gathering, for it was one of unusual beauty and charm." Charm, yes: beauty, no. Even Vandyke's well-known portrait does not suggest beauty, while the Bodleian portrait—probably more faithful—is that of a positively ugly man. Vandyke's portrait at Wardour Castle is reconcilable with that at the Bodleian: but neither bears any resemblance to a third portrait also by Vandyke.[1]

Of Falkland's beauty of character and elevation of mind there is, however, no question; but neither he nor his friend Hyde were strong enough to control events, to counter the superb, if unscrupulous, strategy of Pym, least of all to restrain the folly of the King and Queen Henrietta Maria. Very illuminating, in this latter respect, is Miss Bowen's description of Falkland's interview with the King which we must imagine to have taken place on 2nd January, 1642.

"Mr. Pym," said Charles, "did make some discourse with me on the government of England."

"Was his speech such as to please Your Majesty?" asked Lord Falkland eagerly.

"Please me?" repeated the King, "he wished to discuss matters with me as if we were two stewards set over an estate—not as if we were King and subject. . . ."

"He is honest," said my lord, "and of great power, and it is most necessary that Your Majesty should put aside all

[1] All three are reproduced in Marriott: *Life & Times of Lord Falkland* (Methuen 1907) to which I respectfully refer the reader for further details on Falkland.

prejudice and entertain the advices of these men with sincerity and openness. It is said at Westminster——"

"Yes, it is said at Westminster," interrupted Charles. "What is not said at Westminster?"

"As to these reports you have heard, my lord, did I not lately promise the Commons that their safety was as much my care as that of my own children? And have I not promised you, my lord, and my other counsellors, to take no step without your advice? What more can you ask of your King?"

"Nothing more," replied Lord Falkland. "If Your Majesty remains of that mind I believe there will be but little difficulty to bring all things to a happy conclusion. Only I know that there are certain rash perverse courtiers who would tempt Your Majesty to step outside the law."

"You have caught a republican tone from this Puritan party," said Charles haughtily. "How shall I keep within the law who am alone the law?"

"Sire," answered Lord Falkland, "if I am not honest with you, I lack in loyalty. The Constitution of England is a mighty thing, and even the King must respect it—even as you have promised——"

"I will do all things in reason," answered Charles, "but I stand as fast by my faith as they by their heresies. I will not forsake the Church of England. And they ask for the Militia. They desire that the army for Ireland be in their hands, officered by their creatures."

"Your Majesty," suggested Falkland, "might allow them the militia for a time."

"No, by Christ," cried Charles, "not for an hour! You ask what was never asked of King before. Neither Church nor sword will I surrender."

"Forgive me, Sire," said the Viscount, "but a temperate carriage is advisable to render impossible the horrid chance of bloodshed."

"They would fight, would they," answered the King. "Well, so would I—I am not fearful of that. I am not

fearful of that. I should know how to meet rebellion."

"Rebellion?" repeated Lord Falkland. "I do not dare to use or think that word."

"There are some who do," replied Charles, "but with God's grace we will avoid that danger. Are you satisfied, my lord?" Lord Falkland bowed.

"I have your Majesty's word for those measures we believe most necessary now. I am content to leave the rest in the hands of Your Majesty."

In his heart, Falkland . . . was far from satisfied. He found the King, as ever, vague, shifting and reserved. . . . Yet he drew some comfort from the fact that Charles had promised to commit no violence . . . nor to take any steps without the advice of his new counsellors.

Charles seemed to notice the shade of sadness on Falkland's face, and touching him kindly on the shoulder, "Believe I shall act as becometh a King," he said, smiling. Lord Falkland kissed his sovereign's hand and withdrew; shortly afterwards my Lord Winchester returned.

"There is little satisfaction to be had from my Lord Falkland," remarked the King. "He is little better than an ambassador of the Puritans."

"What will Your Majesty do?" asked the Marquess eagerly.

"To-morrow," replied Charles, "there will be a few of these enemies of mine lodged in the Tower. To-morrow I impeach Pym and four of his creatures of high treason, at the Bar of the House of Lords."

On 4th January, 1642, the King attempted his *coup d'état*. With an armed guard he appeared in the House of Commons and demanded the arrest on a charge of high treason of Lord Kimbolton (afterwards Earl of Manchester) and five members of the House of Commons including Pym and Hampden. But "his birds were flown". Baffled at Westminster, Charles sought them in the city, but the Common Council was as firm as Parliament itself; the trained bands were called out and the seamen in the Thames

volunteered for the defence of Parliament. In London the game was up; on 10th January, the King and Queen left Whitehall; on the 11th the impeached members returned in triumph to Westminster.

The King's fiasco " much advanced the spirits of the disaffected ", says Clarendon. Falkland and the moderates were in despair. Only success could have justified the attempted *coup d'état.* It hopelessly failed, yet it is not improbable that if Charles had caught " the birds " the whole course of English History might have been altered: though Strafford alone could have utilized the victory; and Strafford, as Essex brutally said, was " stone dead ". On 23rd April, the Hothams, in the name of Parliament, refused the King admission to Hull, one of the most important naval arsenals in England. The King, though only just in time, did, however, occupy Newcastle and Portsmouth; but without a fleet they were of little use. On 2nd June the fleet went over to Parliament and proved, if not actually decisive, of incomparable value to the cause it espoused.

The Civil War had begun.

CHAPTER XII

The Civil Wars
The Commonwealth and the Protectorate

THE Civil Wars, begun in 1642, ended only with the Restoration of Charles II in 1660. The first war virtually came to an end with the military defeat of the King and the surrender of Oxford (24th June, 1646). Upon that there followed a triangular duel between the King, Parliament in alliance with the Presbyterian Scots, and the army, reorganized by Cromwell and resting for support on the Independents. The King then came to terms with the Scots; that alliance led to the outbreak of the Second Civil War in 1648, to the second defeat of the King, and ultimately to his execution. A third war, fought by Cromwell against Charles II and the Scots, was ended by the " Crowning Mercy " of Worcester in 1651. The Cromwellian Protectorate, initiated by the expulsion of the Rump of the Long Parliament in 1653, did not survive Oliver's death in 1658, and all parties then combined to welcome in 1660, the restoration of the hereditary monarchy in the person of Charles II.

The period thus summarized supplied a peculiarly fertile soil for the cultivation of the historical novel. Scott's *Legend of Montrose* belongs to the period of the first, and his *Woodstock* to that of the third war. " Q's " *Splendid Spur* is an exciting tale of adventure, starting with the retirement of the King and the Princes Rupert and Maurice upon Oxford, in November, 1642. Of much greater historical value is Whyte-Melville's *Holmby House* which seemingly starts on the eve of the first battle of Newbury (20th September, 1643) and

closes only after the Restoration. This beautiful love story, complicated by a conflict of loyalties and depicted against a strictly historical background, is chiefly remarkable for the charming picture of Oxford as the headquarters of the Court from 1642–46, and for the admirable studies of Falkland, Charles I and Cromwell. The interest of J. H. Shorthouse's *John Inglesant*, is primarily philosophical and theological, but Chapter IX of this once popular romance gives a vivid impression of the strangely commingling elements which made up the social life of the Royalist headquarters at Oxford (1642–6). Oxford during the Civil War is also the scene of Eliot Warburton's *Reginald Hastings*, A. J. Church's *With the King at Oxford*, D. G. McChesney's *Miriam Cromwell, Royalist*, and H. C. Bailey's *Colonel Star*. And there are scores of others.

Special mention must, however, be made (in addition to *Holmby House*) of Edna Lyall's *To Right the Wrong* and Marjorie Bowen's *The Governor of England*.

Edna Lyall's book is specially important in reference to the first phase of the war, from the first battle at Edgehill (23rd October, 1642) down to the brilliant march of Essex and the London train-bands to Gloucester, their relief of that city, and the King's failure, in the first battle of Newbury, to intercept Essex's return to London (20th September, 1642). In that battle Lord Falkland was killed. Of Falkland, Edna Lyall gives a most sympathetic sketch, but it is less impressive than the touching description given by Whyte-Melville (closely following Clarendon) in *Holmby House*:

" An expression of deep weariness and melancholy upon his features as of one who is harassed and distracted with the disappointment and heartburnings of life; who would fain cast aside shield and sword and turn aside out of the battle, and lie down and be at rest. . . . He was an ardent admirer of real and constitutional liberty, and . . . it was only where the throne was really threatened in its justifiable prerogatives that he declared himself openly and unreservedly for the King. When his part was once taken

Charles had no more devoted adherent, no more judicious adviser than Lord Falkland, but from that time, from the very date of his accepting office under the Sovereign, a change was observed in the whole temperament and demeanour of the young nobleman. He who used to be so ready of wit, so fluent of discourse, so affable towards his associates, became reserved, morose, and taciturn. His countenance wore an aspect of continual dejection; he neglected his studies, his amusements, nay his very dress. All things became distasteful to him save ceaseless exertion for the sake of his country. Like some classic patriot, some Roman augur to whom Fate had vouchsafed a glimpse of futurity, he mourned in anticipation for those national woes which he already hoped he might die rather than live to behold."

But all descriptions sound mean and commonplace when put side by side with Clarendon's classic elegy on his colleague and friend:

"In the unhappy battle was slain the Lord Viscount Falkland; a person of such prodigious parts of learning and knowledge, of that inimitable sweetness and delight in conversation, of so flowing and obliging a humanity and goodness to mankind, and of that primitive simplicity and integrity of life, that if there were no other brand upon this odious and accursed civil war, than that single loss, it must be most infamous and execrable to all posterity."

The hero of Edna Lyall's book is not Lord Falkland but John Hampden. Here is a fine description of him: "He stood by the open window looking out into the peaceful stillness of the summer evening; his face, bright with humour only a few minutes before, was full now of ineffable sadness, yet beneath the sadness one could read an unconquerable hope. . . . He who felt so powerfully the necessity of drawing the sword, and flinging away the scabbard was yet a man of the gentlest tastes, a man of the tenderest heart and he suffered as only the strong can suffer."

About the essential justice of the war Hampden had no

real doubts: but other good men on both sides were less assured about it. Very touching are the portraits drawn by Edna Lyall of Sir Ralph Hopton and Sir William Waller, two friends who fought on opposite sides, but she might well have illustrated their embarrassment by quoting Waller's revealing letter to his friend:

"The Great God who is the searcher of my heart knows with what reluctance I go upon this service, and with what perfect hatred I look upon a war without an enemy. The God of peace in this good time send us peace, and in the meantime fit us to receive it! We are both on the stage, and we must act the parts that are assigned to us in this tragedy; let us do it in a way of honour and without personal animosities."

Nor was the aversion to the war confined to one side. Sir Edmund Verney, a typical Cavalier, echoed Waller's lament.

"I have eaten my master's bread, and served him near these thirty years, and will not do so base a thing as to forsake him; but for my part I do not like the quarrel, and wish he would yield."

Sir Edmund carried the King's standard at Edgehill where Lord Essex in command of the Parliamentary forces hoped at the outset of the war to stop the King's advance on London. But the King and Prince Rupert pushed Essex aside, and advanced on London. Failing, however, to reach the capital, they were compelled to fall back on Oxford.

The winter was occupied at Oxford with incessant though fruitless negotiations, and in the summer of 1643 the King initiated a brilliantly conceived plan of campaign. Three armies were to converge on London. Newcastle with his "Catholic Army" was to advance by the Great North Road; Sir Ralph Hopton, having cleared the south-west, was to advance by the present line of the Southern Railway: the Welshmen were to cross the Severn and hold the country between Severn and Thames; the King was to reach London from Oxford via Reading.

The plan almost achieved success, and so deep was the gloom that settled upon Parliament, that in September it concluded with the Scots the *Solemn League and Covenant* under which Presbyterianism was to be imposed, by authority of Parliament, not only upon England which though Protestant was predominantly Episcopalian, but upon Roman Catholic Ireland. The news of the surrender of Bristol to Prince Rupert had come to Parliament, as the Puritan historian says, "as a sentence of death" (August, 1643). A month earlier Hampden had been defeated and mortally wounded in a skirmish on Chalgrove Field, near Thame. On 8th December, John Pym followed his colleague to the grave. Pym, however, is not without a memorial, particularly appropriate to a great parliamentarian. Alone, perhaps, of his generation, he had perceived that the ultimate solution of the political problem must be found in an Executive responsible to Parliament. In that sense he was the real architect of the structure known as Parliamentary Democracy.

Yet gloomy as the situation looked for Parliament, the King's great plan had in reality been foiled by the holding out of the sea-ports, notably Plymouth and Hull, whose resistance was sustained by the fleet. Hardly less important was Cromwell's unbroken hold upon the eastern counties, and his growing conviction that in order to win the war it would be necessary to remodel the whole army on the lines he had himself already successfully adopted in East Anglia.

Here is a striking picture of the future ruler of England as described by Whyte-Melville in *Holmby House*:

"There is no peculiarity in his dress or appointments to distinguish him from a simple trooper. . . . It is the man's voice which arrests immediate attention. Harsh and deep, there is yet something so confident and impressive in its tones that the listener feels at once its natural element is command, . . . and he beholds a square, powerful man of middle stature, loosely and awkwardly made, but in the liberal mould that promises great physical strength. . . .

This vigorous frame is surmounted by a countenance that without the slightest pretensions to comeliness cannot but make a deep impression on the beholder. The scoffing Cavaliers may jeer at 'red-nosed Noll', but Cromwell's face is the face of a great man." . . . "The sanguine temperament", "the strong broad jaw belongs to the decided and immovable will of a man of action"; "those prominent temples", "the nose somewhat large and full", "the mouth somewhat coarse and wide", "the eyes small and deep set, glow like coals of fire", "when excited or angered (for the General's temper is not of the sweetest and he has more difficulty in commanding it than in enforcing the obedience of an army) they seem to flash out sparks from beneath his heavy head-piece".

Cromwell's career belongs, of course, emphatically to history, but nowhere can it be followed more sympathetically (down to the King's death) than in Marjorie Bowen's *The Governor of England*

Her story opens with the Ship Money case. Cromwell was still living the life of a quiet country gentleman, but he was deeply perturbed by the Ship Money judgment, not least because the victim of it was a cousin to whom he was deeply attached. As he communed on the matter with himself a passionate prayer broke from his lips, "Lord, wilt Thou not choose me also for this service?" He felt the call: he believed in his innermost soul that he was called to a high mission, and to that mission, as understood and interpreted by his own conscience, he remained faithful unto death.

The Governor of England helps us to realize the conflict between the strong willed, hot-tempered man, capable nevertheless of tender love for wife and children, and the prophet entrusted, as he was convinced, with a divine mission, and for that purpose girt with the sword of the spirit, wearing a breastplate of righteousness—of self-righteousness if you will—terrible in his wrath against idolatry, hypocrisy, and double-dealing, and finally brought, reluctantly, to con-

clude that it was necessary that one man should die for the people.

Marjorie Bowen's reading of Cromwell's character has quite recently (1938) been reinforced from an unexpected quarter. Few studies of Cromwell are indeed more penetrating than that of the Hungarian scholar-statesman, Professor Jules Kornis, of Budapest. A dictator Oliver Cromwell was (as Carlyle indeed designates him), but "le pouvoir n'est pas pour lui une fin en soi, comme bien des dictateurs, mais uniquement un moyen d'établir la domination de Dieu et du peuple anglais".[1] For Cromwell was a great imperialist, charged with a mission "de faire respecter le nom anglais par les autres peuples, comme autrefois était redouté le nom romain".

To resume. Marjorie Bowen picking up the story of the war in the autumn of 1643, describes the situation that ensued: the growing impatience with the tactics of the parliamentary generals, the defeat of Essex in Cornwall, and the failure of Manchester and Waller to wrest victory from the King in the second battle of Newbury (27th October, 1644). After the King's escape at Newbury, Cromwell lost all patience. He bluntly ascribed the failure of the Parliamentary Generals to "some principle of unwillingness to have the war prosecuted to a full victory", to a fear of "bringing the King too low", and he strongly pressed for a reorganization of the army and a change in the higher command. As a result the *Self-Denying Ordinance* was passed (April, 1645) and all members of Parliament were required (Cromwell himself being specifically excepted) to resign their commands. Cromwell's "New Model", now applied to the whole army, proved its value by the great victory won at Naseby (19th June, 1645). A year later the ruin of the King's cause was completed by the surrender of Oxford.

At 3 a.m. on the morning of 27th April, the King, disguised as a servant, rode over Magdalen Bridge for the last time, and on 5th May surrendered to the Scots at Southwell.

[1] *L'Homme d'Etat* (Paris, 1938), p. 44.

The first Civil War was ended. But the King's surrender to the Scots—a singularly astute move—caused some embarrassment to his captors and more to the Cromwellian army. The position in Scotland was highly complicated. Decisive as had been the part played by Scotland in precipitating the war, the actual outbreak revealed a sharp division of sentiment, accentuated by the bitter antagonism between the Highland clans. Their conflict is the theme of Scott's *Legend of Montrose.*

The *Legend* is hardly more than a fragment, but in it we have a vivid description of the bitter inter-tribal warfare, and are made to understand the essential weakness of an army like Montrose's which was based on tribal organization. Once the vengeance of the Grahams and their allies against the Campbells was sated, the army melted away. The " army " was, in fact, no more than a fortuitous combination of clansmen, momentarily united by antagonism to other clansmen but as quickly dissolved into its constituent atoms.

Scott's analysis may be supplemented by Neil Munro's *John Splendid,* though the mere Southron may find the language difficulty a deterrent to the full enjoyment of a stirring tale. Of Scott's *Legend* the historical interest consists, not in the delineation of the boastful Rittmaster, Dugald Dalgetty, of whose military reminiscences one is apt to tire, but in the skilful contrast between James Graham, Earl (later Marquis) of Montrose, and Archibald Campbell, Earl (later Marquis) of Argyll.

An ardent Covenanter and bitter opponent of Charles I, Argyll is a singularly unattractive figure. Profoundly ambitious and wholly unscrupulous, he is completely devoid of courage, physical or moral. Politically, however, Montrose was no match for him. In the first *Bellum Episcopale,* Montrose took the side of the Covenanters, but being an ardent Royalist at heart, he detested the republican opinions of Argyll, and after the outbreak of the English Civil War, became the foremost champion of the Crown in Scotland.

While Leslie was helping Cromwell to win Marston

Moor, Montrose and his Highlanders were winning, with the help of some two thousand Irishmen, a series of victories for the King at Tippermuir, Aberdeen, and Inverlochy (1644-5). Montrose's victory at Kilsyth was the crown of his career (15th August, 1645): but a month later the gallant Paladin, deserted by most of the clansmen, betrayed by Traquair, was hopelessly defeated by David Leslie at Philiphaugh (13th September). Philiphaugh was as fatal to the King's cause in Scotland, as was Naseby to his cause in England. Montrose himself escaped to the continent but returned in 1650 to Scotland to fight for Charles II. Finding few supporters and betrayed by Macleod of Assynt, he was defeated and captured at Invercarron, and was hanged as a traitor in Edinburgh. His portrait has been painted by John Buchan in colours that will never fade, and hardly less sympathetically by Margaret Irwin in her fine novel (avowedly based on Buchan), *The Proud Servant.* Margaret Irwin's novel is especially notable for the charming picture of Montrose in the home that he could so rarely visit and his tender relations with wife and sons.

To resume the interrupted sequence of events. Upon the King's surrender to the Scots a triangular duel ensued. If the King had accepted the terms offered to him by Parliament and the Scots at Newcastle (July, 1646) Cromwell and the Independents would have found themselves on the horns of a dilemma: compelled either to accept the yoke of an Erastian Presbyterianism or to take up arms against an alliance of Royalists, Parliament, and the Scots.

The King was naturally elated by the divisions in the ranks of his enemies, nor were his hopes dissipated after Cornet Joyce carried him off from Holmby House to become the prisoner not of Parliament but of the Army (3rd June).

He had some grounds for confidence. As Colonel Ludlow, a stout republican, wrote:

" The king, finding himself courted on all hands became

so confident of his own interest as to think himself able to turn the scale to what side soever he pleased."

Unlike Ludlow, Cromwell, as Marjorie Bowen is at pains to prove, was no republican. He was a believer, if not in King Charles, at least in monarchy, and if Charles would have played straight, Cromwell, with the full assent of Parliament would have restored him to the throne—on terms. But Charles, hoping to be "really king again", refused the terms offered by the Army at Hampton Court (August, 1647). Cromwell then became alarmed for the King's personal safety, and connived at his escape from Hampton Court to the Isle of Wight. But at Carisbrooke the King found himself a much closer prisoner. There he engaged in further negotiations with the Scots, and the army officers losing patience with a King who "refused to be bound" by any promises he might make, adopted (April, 1648) a momentous resolution:

"It is our duty to call Charles Stuart, that man of blood, to an account for the blood he has shed and mischief he has done to the Lord's cause and people in these poor nations."

Charles, called to his account by a tribunal which, as he truly said, was incompetent to try him, was condemned to die, and went to his death with the courage of a soldier, the dignity of a gentleman, and the resignation of a Christian.

> "He nothing common did or mean
> Upon that memorable scene,
> But with his keener eye
> The axe's edge did try;
>
> Nor call'd the gods, with vulgar spite,
> To vindicate his helpless right;
> But bow'd his comely head
> Down, as upon a bed."

So Marvell wrote. Yet, Voltaire's epigrammatic summary was not greatly at fault:

"Trop opiniâtre, pour se desister de ses desseins, et trop

faible pour les executer; bon mari, bon père, honnête homme, mais monarque mal conseillé."

To illuminate the period between the death of Charles I and the restoration of Charles II there is at least one novel of outstanding importance. *Woodstock* was written under the most distressing circumstances. The financial blow had fallen, and for the remaining six years of his life Scott worked like a steam engine, to use Carlyle's spiteful phrase " in order to buy upholstery ". It was not " to buy upholstery " but to help to meet obligations for which he was at best morally responsible. Moreover, while *Woodstock* was on the anvil, Scott's wife was dying, and at the same time there occurred in his devoted daughter Anne a change of character and demeanour similar to that which befell Alice Lee: " A light joyous air, with something of a humorous expression, which seemed to be looking for amusement, had vanished before the touch of affliction, and a calm melancholy supplied its place, which seemed on the watch to administer comfort to others."

The story of *Woodstock* centres on the events connected with the sequestration of the Manor of Woodstock which since Norman days had been one of the hunting boxes of English Kings. The process of sequestration, ultimately averted by Cromwell's personal intervention, was interrupted by various " supernatural " occurrences, attributed by contemporaries to the " Good Devil of Woodstock ". Such occurrences, left largely unexplained are, of course, common, though varied, in form, in several of Scott's romances, but nowhere are they introduced with more historical warrant, or greater artistic effect than in *Woodstock*.

Few of Scott's novels are, indeed, more historically satisfying. Accuracy in chronology must not be expected, yet essentially the picture of the times is true. The undeviating, if uncritical, loyalty of cavaliers like Sir Henry Lee of Ditchley; the fanaticism, not wholly divorced from self-interest, of extreme sectaries; the antagonism of Pres-

byterians and Independents; the anxiety of the great mass of the people for a "settlement", parliamentary, monarchical, or even dictatorial—all this is as clearly brought out in *Woodstock* as in any historical text-book. But it is for the portraiture that *Woodstock* is chiefly valuable. Indisputably the ablest of the Stuarts, in many ways attractive and even lovable, Charles II was at heart entirely selfish and ready to sacrifice even his friends to his own interests and to his passions. Here is Scott's portrait of the Prince, then a fugitive after Worcester fight:

"No person on earth could better understand the society in which he moved; exile had made him acquainted with life in all its shades and varieties—his spirits, if not uniform, were elastic—he had that species of Epicurean philosophy, which even in the most extreme difficulties and dangers, can, in an interval of ease, however brief, avail itself of the enjoyments of the moment—he was, in short, a good-humoured but hard-hearted voluptuary—wise, save where his passions intervened—beneficent, save when prodigality had deprived him of the means, or prejudice of the wish, to confer benefits—his faults such as might often have drawn down hatred, but that they were mingled with so much urbanity, that the injured person felt it impossible to retain the full sense of his wrongs."

With heedless levity and base ingratitude, this devotee of the Epicurean philosophy did not hesitate to assail the virtue of the beautiful Alice Lee, to whose loyalty, combined with that of her brother Albert and their father, Sir Henry, he owed his safety. Of Alice's honour the most effective guardian was her old dog "Bevis". "The gallant hound, one of the handsomest and most active of the ancient Highland deer-hounds," had, as Scott tells us, his prototype in his own dog "Maida", immortalized by the brush of Edwin Landseer.

Less attractive but not less historically important are Scott's sketches of Cromwell's lieutenants Colonel Thomas Harrison and Major-General Desborough, who were among

the commissioners sent down to Woodstock to carry out the sequestration of that royal domain. Harrison, as Scott truly says, had risen " into his high situation in the army and his intimacy with Cromwell, by his dauntless courage in the field and the popularity he acquired by his exalted enthusiasm among the military saints, sectaries and independents who composed the strength of the existing army." Though a man of mean extraction his appearance was not vulgar and his enthusiasm " gave something strikingly wild and even noble to his aspect. He was one of the chief leaders of the Fifth Monarchy men, who, going even beyond the general fanaticism of the age, presumptuously interpreted the Book of the Revelations after their own fancies, considered that the Second Advent of the Messiah was close at hand and that they themselves, illuminated as they believed with the power of foreseeing these approaching events, were the chosen instruments for the establishment of the new reign or Fifth Monarchy ". " A bloody-minded, ranting enthusiast who read the Bible to such purpose, that he never lacked a text to justify a murder "—such was Sir Henry's characteristic description of this individual. Harrison was a sincere not to say bitter Republican who, like Desborough, was strongly opposed to Cromwell's assumption of the Crown, and after the Restoration went to his execution as a regicide with courage and consistency. General Desborough, Cromwell's brother-in-law, was a less honourable figure: " as grovelling a clown as is in England," was Sir Henry's unflattering description; nor does Scott paint him more attractively: " It was not that he was positively deformed or misshaped, for, taken in detail, the figure was well enough. But his limbs seemed to act upon different and contradictory principles. They were not, as the play says, in a concatenation accordingly; the right hand moved as if it were upon bad terms with the left, and the legs showed an inclination to foot it in different and opposite directions. In short, to use an extravagant comparison, the members of General Desborough seemed rather to resemble the

disputatious representatives of a federative congress, than the well-ordered union of the orders of the state, in a firm and well-compacted monarchy, where each holds his own place, and all obey the dictates of a common head."

That was the outward man. Politically, Desborough was a convinced Republican; he led the opposition of the army to the Protectorship of his brother-in-law, Richard Cromwell (1657), but though suspected of complicity in a plot to murder Charles II (1660), and convicted of intriguing in Holland in 1666, he suffered only a brief imprisonment and contrived to die in his bed in 1680. It is, however, Cromwell himself who dominates *Woodstock* and in view of the fact that the novel was written twenty years before Carlyle's *Cromwell*, Scott's analysis of his character is surely remarkable both for its penetration and impartiality:

"The figure of Oliver Cromwell was, as is generally known, in no way prepossessing. He was of middle stature, strong and coarsely made, with harsh and severe features, indicative, however, of much natural sagacity and depth of thought. His eyes were grey and piercing; his nose too large in proportion to his other features, and of a reddish hue.

"His manner of speaking, when he had the purpose to make himself distinctly understood, was energetic and forcible, though neither graceful nor eloquent. No man could on such occasion put his meaning into fewer and more decisive words. But when, as it often happened, he had a mind to play the orator, for the benefit of other people's ears, without enlightening their understanding, Cromwell was wont to invest his meaning, or that which seemed to be his meaning, in such a mist of words, surrounding it with so many exclusions and exceptions, and fortifying it with such a labyrinth of parentheses, that though one of the most shrewd men in England, he was, perhaps, the most unintelligible speaker that ever perplexed an audience. . . . But nothing could be more nervous, concise, and intelligible, than what he really intended should be understood.

"It was also remarked of Cromwell, that though born of a good family . . . the fanatic democratic ruler could never acquire, or else disdained to practise, the courtesies usually exercised among the higher classes in their intercourse with each other. His demeanour was so blunt as sometimes might be termed clownish, yet there was in his language and manner a force and energy corresponding to his character, which impressed awe, if it did not impose respect. . . . Something there was in his disposition congenial to that of his countrymen; a contempt of folly, a hatred of affectation, and a dislike of ceremony, which, joined to the strong intrinsic qualities of sense and courage, made him in many respects not an unfit representative of the democracy of England.

"His religion must always be a subject of much doubt, and probably of doubt which he himself could hardly have cleared up. . . . We shall probably judge him, and others of the same age, most truly, if we suppose that their religious professions were partly influential in their own breast, partly assumed in compliance with their own interest. And so ingenious is the human heart in deceiving itself as well as others, that it is probable neither Cromwell himself, nor those making similar pretensions to distinguished piety could exactly have fixed the point at which their enthusiasm terminated and their hypocrisy commenced."

Woodstock, though concentrating on the events of 1651, carried the story, in outline, down to the Restoration of 1660. Before that auspicious event occurred an important, if intrusive, page of our history had to be written.

Within a fortnight of his father's death, Charles II was proclaimed in Scotland as King of England and Scotland. In Ireland all parties were temporarily united in his favour; a great part of the Fleet, with Prince Rupert to command it, went over to the Royalist cause, and all the more important continental powers refused to acknowledge the Commonwealth. But Cromwell's energy overcame all these and other difficulties. Ireland was reduced to submission by the

rastic treatment of Drogheda and Wexford (1649). Crom-
vell's victory at Dunbar (3rd September, 1650) brought
cotland to heel. The Royalist cause in England finally
ollapsed after the "crowning" mercy of Worcester (1651).

The reconstruction of the English Commonwealth was
less easy task. The abolition of the Monarchy and the
Iouse of Lords was quickly accomplished, but the Rump
f the House of Commons was tenacious of its authority,
nd only dispersed when Cromwell brought in his Mus-
ueteers and having bidden them to remove "that bauble"
—the Speaker's mace—cleared the House and locked the
loors. Cromwell's reluctance to take this drastic step was
enuine: "I have sought the Lord day and night that he
vould rather slay me than put me on the doing of this
vork."

Upon the expulsion of the Rump there followed a series
f constitutional experiments more interesting to the legal
istorian than to the novelist: a Puritan Convention, known
s "Barebones' Parliament"; the Protectorate with its
nicameral, and then later its bicameral Parliament, with
he interlude of undisguised dictatorship. Cromwell was
incerely anxious to restore Parliamentary Government, but
e was less fitted even than the Stuarts to be a "Con-
titutional ruler."

There was, indeed, no disguising the truth that Oliver
Cromwell's power rested on the sword. That sword he could
ot, though authorized to nominate a successor, bequeath
o his son. On 25th May, 1659, Richard "abdicated";
he Rump reassembled; General Monk marched from
Scotland, and, welcomed on all sides, declared for a "Free
Parliament". The Long Parliament, having summoned a
Convention, finally dissolved itself on 16th March. The
Convention met on 25th April, resolved that "according to
the ancient and fundamental laws of this kingdom, the
Government is and ought to be by King, Lords and
Commons", and recalled Charles II to the throne of his father.

Charles, having embodied in the Declaration of Breda,

certain engagements dictated by the Convention, landed at Dover on 25th May, and amid scenes of indescribable enthusiasm made his way to London, which he entered on 29th May.

The scene is described in the concluding paragraphs of *Woodstock*. The King's reception (to quote therefrom) was " so unanimously cordial as made him say gaily, it must have been his own fault to stay so long away from a country when his arrival gave so much joy ".

Yet the satire of the Laureate of the Restoration was not mistimed:

> " Crowds err not though to both extremes they run,
> To kill the father and recall the son."

CHAPTER XIII

The Restoration and the Revolution (1660–1702)

IN 1660 the Stuarts got a second chance of proving their capacity to govern England. In 1715, preferring their Church to the Crown, they finally threw it away. Their Hanoverian successors have continued, with ever increasing popular approbation, to *reign* over the British Empire, but have gradually surrendered to responsible ministers the duty to *rule* it.

This period is amply illustrated in fiction. From the novels which demand notice, old-time affection forbids the exclusion of R. D. Blackmore's masterpiece *Lorna Doone*, although its interest is less historical than topographical. Blackmore invested the Exmoor country, lovely in itself, with a romantic charm which is still strong enough to draw pilgrims to the shrines of John Ridd and Lorna Doone. For the most part, however, the attention of novelists is in this period concentrated on the personality of " the merry monarch " and his amours, on the Great Plague and the Great Fire of London, on the execrable Popish Plot, on the Scottish Covenanters, the massacre of Glencoe, on the Monmouth Rebellion, and the savage administration of the law by Judge Jeffreys, and on the career and character of William of Orange.

The success of Charles II in retaining his Crown for a quarter of a century, and in handing it on to his much less popular brother, can be understood only if certain dominant prepossessions or sentiments are borne in mind. The first

was the growing attachment of the country to Parliamentary Government, an attachment begotten of opposition to the earlier Stuarts and notably strengthened by experience of the military dictatorship of Cromwell. The second was devotion to the principle of hereditary monarchy. Paradoxical as the connexion between these two sentiments may, on the surface, appear, it was not illogical. The interregnum had convinced the country that Parliamentary Government could be enjoyed only under an hereditary monarchy. Cromwell himself came to share that conviction. A third sentiment favoured the established Episcopal Church as opposed, on the one side, to Roman Catholicism, and on the other to Puritanism, more particularly in its more extravagant forms. Popular feeling inclined, indeed, towards such an accommodation between Presbyterianism and Episcopacy as was attempted, though unsuccessfully, at the Savoy Conference (1661), but, in default, the Government of the Church by Bishops was preferred to the kill-joy and intolerant "rule of the saints". A fourth sentiment was mistrust of foreign influence, whether exercised by Louis XIV over Charles II, or represented by the Dutch favourites of William III.

Attachment to the Monarchy, the Church and Parliament was responsible for the enthusiastic welcome accorded to Charles II at the Restoration. The enthusiasm rapidly cooled between 1660 and 1681, as the Monarch attempted to free himself from Parliamentary control. It revived when the Whigs attempted to exclude the Duke of York from the throne, but was dissipated when in 1688, James II contrived to defy simultaneously all four sentiments. Mistrust of foreigners told, however, against "Dutch" William. Devotion to Roman Catholicism cost James Edward the throne in 1714 and 1715.

Among works of fiction Daniel Defoe's *Journal of the Plague* stands by itself. The apprehension caused in England by the outbreak of the plague, Defoe turned, as he turned

everything, to commercial account. The *Journal* professed to be an authentic and first-hand narrative from the pen of a London soldier, confirmed by documentary evidence. Defoe would never have wasted his own time or that of the public for which he specially catered on anything less than sober history. History, therefore, the *Journal*, like *Robinson Crusoe* and the rest of Defoe's fiction, must be made to appear. Nor were Defoe's powers of verisimilitude ever at fault. Only passing mention can be made of Harrison Ainsworth's *Old St. Paul's*, Henty's *When London Burned*, Charles Macfarlane's *The Dutch in the Medway*, and Anthony Hope's *Simon Dale*. The *pièce de résistance* for the period down to 1679 is Scott's *Peveril of the Peak*. A very substantial piece it is, although from a literary point of view one of the weakest of the Waverleys. The construction is definitely bad; the plot clumsy and involved; the dialogue stilted and the characterization, with a few exceptions, poor. Fenella, the dwarf dancing girl who by pretending to be deaf and dumb, plays the spy on her benefactress, the Countess of Derby, is commonly compared very unfavourably with Goethe's Mignon. "Scott," says Carlyle, "has borrowed what he could of Mignon. The small stature, the climbing talent, the trickiness, the *mechanical case*, as we say, he has borrowed; but the soul of Mignon is left behind."

Nevertheless, with all its obvious critical defects *Peveril* is historically important. The most interesting character in the book is the old Countess of Derby, a daughter of Claude de la Trémoille, duc de Thouars. Lady Derby was an ardent Royalist and lives in history for her intrepid defence of Latham House, Lord Derby's seat in Lancashire, and the only place by the end of 1643 which was holding out for the King in that county. When Fairfax, flushed with his recent victories in Cheshire, summoned Latham House to surrender, the Countess defied him. "Though a woman and a stranger divorced from my friends and robbed of my estate, I am ready to receive your utmost violence, trusting in God for protection and deliverance." Nor was her trust

misplaced. In May, 1644, Prince Rupert and Lord Derby stormed Bolton and so raised the siege of Latham House. To its gallant defender the Prince presented the twenty-two standards which had lately waved over the heads of its besiegers. Some twenty years later Lord Derby, having assisted the flight of Charles II after Worcester, was captured and executed (1651). In virtue of the grant made to the Stanleys by Henry IV the widowed Countess continued to reign over the Isle of Man and was responsible in 1663 for the execution of William Christian, who as Commander of the Manx troops had surrendered the island to the Parliamentary forces in 1651. But to the great indignation of the old lady, Charles II, forgetful of her husband's sacrifice, repudiated the action of his vicegerent in Man and restored Christian's son to his property in the island. Such is one of the main historical threads running through *Peveril.* Another is the Popish Plot of 1678. The infamous story of the Plot was concocted by a certain Titus Oates, an unfrocked Anglican clergyman, who had insinuated himself as a professed Catholic into several Jesuit Colleges and been expelled therefrom. Oates deposed before a magistrate that there existed a conspiracy to murder the King and extirpate Protestantism in England. Shortly afterwards the body of the magistrate, Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey, was found, apparently murdered, on Primrose Hill. A wild panic ensued, and a number of State trials were instituted, and, as *Peveril* shows, conducted with great ferocity by Chief Justice Scroggs, whose methods afforded a model and precedent for Judge Jeffreys. In all, some thirty-five victims, including Coleman, the Duke of York's secretary, and several Catholic priests and Jesuits, suffered death as traitors. Other results ensued. An Act was passed (1678) for "disabling Papists from sitting in either House of Parliament,[1] and though an exception in favour of the Duke of York was carried by two votes, he was removed from the Councils of the King, and a determined effort

[1] Not until 1829 was the act repealed.

was made by the country-party (or Whigs as they were beginning to be called) to exclude him from the succession to the Throne.

As to the " Plot " perhaps Dryden got as near to the truth as any historian will ever get:

> " Some truth there was, but dashed and brewed with lies,
> To please the fools and puzzle all the wise,
> Succeeding times did equal folly call
> Believing nothing or believing all."

The struggle over the exclusion Bill resolved itself into a duel between two men, the King and Anthony Ashley Cooper, first Earl of Shaftesbury. The " false Achitophel " of Dryden's brilliant satire, was indisputably clever:

> " Achitophel, grown weary to possess
> A lawful fame and lazy happiness,
> Disdained the golden fruit to gather free
> And lent the crowd his arm to shake the tree,
> Now, manifest of crimes contrived long since,
> He stood at bold defiance with his Prince.
> Held up the buckler of the People's cause
> Against the crown, and skulked behind the laws."

If Shaftesbury was clever, the King was cleverer and played his game with infinite patience and tact. No one suspected the King of any partiality for his brother, but he was a firm believer in the principle of hereditary monarchy. By steadfast adherence to that principle he defeated the Exclusion Bill, and secured the succession for a brother he disliked, to the exclusion of the son he adored. For Shaftesbury had made the blunder of putting his money on the Duke of Monmouth, the handsome, brainless, worthless son of Charles II and Lucy Walters. The charge of high treason preferred against Shaftesbury was ignored by his friends in the Grand Jury, but the collapse of an insurrection which he hoped to raise in London and the West, compelled him to fly to Holland where in 1683 he died.

For four years after the defeat of *Exclusion*, Charles II could enjoy the fruits of a victory honourably won. Nor was the King's equanimity disturbed by the discovery of a conspiracy—the Rye House Plot—for the murder of himself and his brother (1683). That abortive conspiracy cost, however, the lives of three extreme Whigs, William Lord Russell, Algernon Sidney, and the Earl of Essex—the last by suicide. Monmouth, of whose folly the King took a lenient view, was banished to Holland in 1684. On 6th February, in the following year, Charles II died. Having " oscillated in contented suspense between Roman Catholicism and Atheism " (as a wit of the day put it) he was fortified on his death-bed by the rites of the Roman Church. James II's accession was undisputed. Turning to the treatment of these events in fiction, Algernon Sidney's life in his beautiful home at Knole is a good subject for the sympathetic pen of Edna Lyall (*In the Golden Days*). The career of Richard Rumbold—Parliamentary soldier, maltster of Hodesdon, and contriver of the Rye House Plot, is described with a full history of the conspiracy itself in G. W. M. Reynolds's *Rye House Plot*, and Emma Marshall's *In the Service of Rachel, Lady Russell*, deals with the same subject from the Russell standpoint.

James II was in some respects a more admirable character than his brother, but, grim of aspect, stiff in manner, and suspicious in temper, he is a less promising subject for the novelist than the " Merry Monarch ".

One of the new king's first acts was to bring Titus Oates to trial for perjury. In default of the death sentence which, if richly deserved, could not be imposed for perjury, Oates was sentenced to life imprisonment, to be flogged twice through the streets, and, if he survived the flogging to be set in the pillory four times a year. Only a man of the toughest hide could have survived the terrible ordeal, but Oates possessed it; and he was set at liberty and even handsomely pensioned in 1689 by his Whig friends; he married a rich widow, and became a Baptist preacher; but

the ex-Anglican and ex-Jesuit was expelled from the Baptist Communion also " as a disorderly person and a hypocrite ". He died in 1705. Truly an amazing career, which the novelists have inadequately exploited. In *Peveril*, for instance, Oates is only once mentioned. This curiously contrasts with the attention Scott bestowed (especially in his notes) on another " most accomplished ruffian " Colonel Thomas Blood, and on Thomas Dangerfield, a notorious associate of Oates, the sharer of his punishment, and his rival in audacity.

James II quickly proved that his supreme object was complete equality, civil and religious, for his fellow Roman Catholics. Momentarily his plans were interrupted by an insurrection raised on behalf of the Duke of Monmouth. Landing at Lyme Regis on 11th June, 1685, the Duke, joined by the peasants of Devon and Somerset, made his way to Taunton. " As head and Captain-General of the Protestant forces of the Kingdom " he asserted " a legitimate and legal right to the Crown ". At Taunton he was cordially welcomed by the textile workers—largely Nonconformists, and was proclaimed King, but only to meet with disaster and defeat at Sedgemoor (6th July). Monmouth himself fled from the field, was ignominiously captured, and met the fate which his folly, vanity, and sheer incapacity richly deserved. To his deluded and poverty-stricken followers a wise King would have shown clemency. Not so James II. Those who escaped military execution at the hands of Colonel Kirke, on the morrow of the one-sided battle, fell into the hands of a Judge whose name has become a byword for brutality.[1] The " bloody assize " of Judge Jeffreys sent over 300 persons to the gallows and perhaps 800 men to slavery in Barbados.

The incidents connected with the Monmouth rebellion and the " Bloody Assize " have provided material for many novelists. Sir Walter Besant in *For Faith and Freedom*, not

[1] But see H. B. Irving: *Life*; Lord Birkenhead's *Fourteen English Judges* (1925); Judge Parry's *The Bloody Assize* (1929).

only describes the rebellion and the "bloody assize" but follows the victims to Barbados. Conan Doyle's *Micah Clarke* gives a characteristically vivid account of the whole rebellion, from the point of view of an ardent Protestant, to whom Monmouth, as a champion of the Faith, had appealed. Nowhere is the despicable character of that champion more relentlessly revealed. In *The Red Seal* Morrice Gerard attempts to soften the harsh judgments commonly passed on Jeffreys, but it is not easy to efface the impression produced by the terrible pictures drawn by Beth Ellis in *Barbara Winslow, Rebel*, in Dora Mellor's *Beauty Retire*, Mary Palgrave's *Deb Clavel* and Joseph Hocking's *The Chariots of the Lord*. In *By Dulvercombe Water*, Harold Vallings makes an heroic effort to give a more impartial picture.

Impartiality is not easy either for novelists or historians when dealing with a sovereign who, like James II, could simultaneously offend Anglicans and Nonconformists, Whigs and Tories, champions of Parliamentary Government and believers in the Divine Right of Kingship.

By the exercise of the dispensing power James gave a commission in the Army to Sir Edward Hales in defiance of the Test Act. He removed from the Lord Lieutenancy of Ireland Lord Clarendon, and from the Treasury the Earl of Rochester for refusal to accept Roman Catholicism. He set up a new Court of Ecclesiastical Commission by which Compton was suspended from the Bishopric of London. He formed an armed camp on Hounslow Heath to overawe the capital and he even drove into opposition the University of Oxford. Oxford was not only "the magazine and arsenal of the Anglican Church", but perhaps more devotedly loyal to the Monarchy than any other Corporation in England. The Declaration of Indulgence (1687), suspending all penal statutes against Roman Catholics and Dissenters, gave as much offence to the latter as to Anglicans, who, led by Archbishop Sancroft and six Bishops, refused to publish it. Among the recalcitrants were Bishops Turner of Ely and Thomas Ken of Bath and Wells, two Wykehamists whose

memory is still cherished in that society. Thomas Ken was one of those simple-hearted, single-minded men, whose saintliness is equalled only by their courage. He has found a sympathetic interpreter in Emma Marshall (*Winchester Meads*), and to millions of worshippers throughout the world is gratefully remembered as the author of the " morning " and " evening " hymns.

To the hostility of the Church and the Universities was added that of the Municipal Corporations by which nearly four-fifths of the House of Commons were at this time returned. Having remodelled the Corporations in the Roman Catholic interest James then attempted to undermine the independence of the counties. Many Lords Lieutenant when required to furnish lists of Papists and Dissenters suitable for election to Parliament refused.

Yet it is doubtful whether all these things in combination would have sufficed to dislodge James II but for the inopportune birth (10th June, 1688) of a son and heir to the King and Queen. The story of the " warming pan " was as silly as it was groundless: but that the legitimacy of the " Old Pretender " should have been so widely questioned was testimony to his father's unpopularity.

The final blow to James was delivered by the jury in the trial of the Seven Bishops. The news of their acquittal was received with a tumultuous enthusiasm that sounded the death-knell of the second Stuart Monarchy.

On the day that the Bishops were acquitted (30th June, 1688) an invitation was sent to William of Orange to bring over an army to secure the liberties of the English people. William promptly accepted it, issued a Declaration, enumerating the illegal acts of his father-in-law, questioning the legitimacy of the " Pretended Prince ", and promising to abide by the decision of Parliament.

On 5th November, William landed at Torbay and reached Exeter unopposed. James, after frenzied efforts to retrieve his blunders, was permitted to escape to France. William reached London on 19th December, and on 22nd

January, 1689, a Kingless Parliament or Convention met. After prolonged discussion it declared that, King James having " abdicated ", the throne was vacant. But who was to fill it? Only the firm refusal of Mary to assent to the exclusion of her husband, and of William to remain in England except as King, brought to an end a long wrangle on that question. Finally the Crown was offered to William and Mary conjointly; they accepted it; and an Act embodying an elaborate Declaration of Rights was passed.

In his lifetime William III was respected rather than loved, and his career and character still afford matter for controversy to historians. In Marjorie Bowen, however, he has found a whole-hearted apologist. Her three remarkable novels, *I Will Maintain*, *Defender of the Faith* and *God and The King*, have raised a noble monument in memory of a King whose real contribution to history has been as much misrepresented by apologists as misunderstood by hostile critics. Miss Bowen has put William's career in true perspective. She claims in these novels that " no liberty has been taken with what is known or believed to be the truth, no fictitious characters are introduced, and the sequence of the historical narrative is left alone as much as possible ". The claim is justified.

I Will Maintain sketches William's career from the time when at the age of seventeen he was still a " pupil " or prisoner in the hands of John de Witt, the Grand Pensionary, down to the revolution of 1672, by which William was proclaimed, by the Deputies of Holland, " stadtholder and Captain-General of the Republic for life ". The populace of the Hague, believing that the burgher oligarchy had betrayed the Republic, tore to pieces John de Witt and his brother Cornelius, the famous sailor (20th August, 1672). Of this terrible scene Miss Bowen gives a most dramatic description, but an even finer passage is that when the young Stadtholder, faced by the Coalition of England and France, refused their humiliating peace terms. Louis XIV, William predicted, would " repent this insolence ", and he pledged

himself never to "sheathe the sword until this presuming arrogance is tamed and Europe breathes again in liberty".

When *The Defender of The Faith* opens, the English Parliament has compelled Charles II to break with France, and Danby has persuaded him to offer his niece, the Princess Mary, in marriage to William. William having once refused, ultimately accepts the offer; he is married to Mary Stuart in 1677, and under pressure from his English ally concludes with Louis XIV the Treaty of Nimeguen (1678). The novelist accurately summarizes the resulting situation as follows: "Louis had Franche Comté, the frontier of Holland. He was at the height of his glory. He had disabled Spain, silenced England, gained the smaller Powers . . . (William) had brought Holland out of the war that aimed at her extinction without the loss of a single town, (but) he had none the less reason to be dissatisfied with the perfidy of Charles and the impatient mistrust of (the Dutch) Republic."

Ten years elapse. *God and the King* opens with the English Revolution of 1688: it closes with the death of William on 8th March, 1702. William died happy, but the story of the intervening years is a real tragedy. William, as Miss Bowen shows, left the country he loved for one he disliked, with one sole purpose—to get the whole weight of England thrown into the struggle against Louis XIV of France. At every turn he found himself frustrated. The truth was that he had been invited to England in order to establish the supremacy of an oligarchical nobility entrenched in Parliament. He had seen enough of oligarchy in Holland; he was determined not to tolerate it in England, but to keep in his own hands, as tightly as Cromwell or any Stuart King, the reins of executive power. Misunderstood by most people, hated by many, he found the English statesmen generally corrupt and self-seeking. Among them he could not count on one real friend, one completely loyal supporter. Jealous of each other, they were still more jealous of William's Dutch friends, William Bentinck (Lord Portland) and Keppel

(Lord Albemarle). The Treasury was empty; the armed forces starved and ill-disciplined; the administration chaotic. Himself inclined to toleration, William found the Church " hydra-headed with factions " and hostile both to Roman Catholics and Dissenters. The shock given by the Revolution to the Church's favourite dogma of Passive Obedience resulted in the Non-Juror schism, which fatally weakened the spiritual influence of the Church at a moment when that influence was sorely needed.

The political results of the Revolution, though ultimately proved to be substantial, were at the moment disappointing. William stood for personal monarchy alike in republican Holland and in England where " Parliamentary Government " still meant in effect the rule of the landed aristocracy. The Party system, without which Parliamentary Government is impossible, was still undeveloped, and William's anxiety to choose his counsellors from the best men of all parties was, if less reactionary than " constitutional " historians have supposed, a hopeless failure. But the fundamental reason for William's failure to conciliate his new subjects was the wide divergence between their views and his own on foreign affairs. They wanted peace not only with Holland but with France. William was convinced that there could be no peace in Europe until the power of Louis XIV had been finally broken.

Yet even Englishmen agreed that Louis XIV must not be allowed to maintain James II as King of Ireland, after he had forfeited the Crown of England. That he might do so there was real danger.

The first effect of the Revolution of 1688 in Ireland was to unite almost the whole country in support of the King who had sacrificed the English throne in loyalty to the Church still dear to the hearts of the great mass of the Irish people.

James II landed at Kinsale on 12th March, 1689. He had already prepared the ground: the whole administration had been remodelled in the Roman Catholic interest.

Whereas only one Catholic had been returned to the Parliament of 1661, in that of 1689 only six Protestants found seats. "Poynings' Law" making the Irish Parliament dependent on the English Privy Council was repealed; Roman Catholicism was virtually re-established; 2000 Protestant landowners were provisionally declared guilty of High Treason, and an attempt was made to re-establish the old Catholic proprietary.

To the situation in Ireland William III at once turned his attention. Ireland as a whole, however, was held for James, and in June, 1690, William III took command in person. On 1st July he inflicted a crushing defeat on the Catholics at the Boyne: James fled and took ship for France; Ireland saw no more of him. William having entered Dublin in triumph gradually conquered the whole country up to the gates of Limerick.

But at Limerick the Catholics under Sarsfield made such a stubborn resistance that in the early autumn William raised the siege and returned to England. Marlborough, however, reduced Cork and Kinsale, and in 1691, the Dutch General Ginkel advanced against Limerick which capitulated on honourable terms (3rd October). The Irish Parliament refused, however, to ratify the treaty, thus initiating a period marked by the cruel proscription of Irish Catholics, by the complete subordination of the Irish to the English Parliament, and by the suppression, in the supposed interests of English merchants, of Irish trade. Well might Irishmen continue to think and speak of Limerick as "the city of the violated Treaty".

Irish affairs after the Revolution are dealt with by several novelists: by Charlotte Yonge (*The Danvers Papers*), E. H. Strain (*A Man's Foes*) and Isaac Butt (*The Gap of Barnesmore*). John Banim's *The Boyne Water* and *The Denounced* deal with events before and after the surrender of Limerick. M. L. Byrne's *Leixlip Castle* covers the same ground, and in *In Sarsfield's Days*, Miss L. MacManus tells in greater detail the story of that General's heroic stand.

From novelists Ireland has, however, received less attention, in this period, than Scotland. Among them Scott, of course, claims the first place. *The Bride of Lammermoor* is not, indeed, of any account historically; but *Old Mortality* is among the greatest of the series. "Bluidy Clavers," "Bonnie Dundee," these nicknames recall the fact that the character of John Graham of Claverhouse is still the subject of bitter controversy both among historians and novelists. To understand this hot partisanship we must realize that the Restoration had been followed by the proscription and persecution of the Presbyterians.

Of this persecution the principal agent was James Sharp, Archbishop of St. Andrews (1661–79) and Primate of Scotland, an unscrupulous and self-seeking man and particularly obnoxious to the Scottish Covenanters as an apostate. The Government of Scotland was virtually in his hands and in those of the Earl (afterwards Duke) of Lauderdale who, like the Archbishop, showed all the zeal of a convert. No persecution could, however, quell the spirit of the Covenanters, still less that of a more extreme sect known, from their leader Richard Cameron, as Cameronians. These "more warm and extravagant fanatics", as Scott says, "condemned as guilty of a pusillanimous abandonment of the rights of the Church, those preachers and congregations who were contented, in any manner, to exercise their religion through the permission of the ruling government". They betook themselves to field meetings on the mountains and the moors where they listened to wild harangues such as that which Scott puts into the mouth of the young preacher, Ephraim Macbriar. Robert Paterson, "Old Mortality", himself belonged to the Cameronian sect, and spent the last forty years of his life in travelling about Galloway (where the Cameronians had been particularly strong) repairing and erecting gravestones "to keep alive the memory of his co-religionists".

The bitter conflict between the Government and the Covenanters reached a climax in 1679, with the brutal

murder of Archbishop Sharp. With that murder Scott's novel begins. The extremists justified the act. " Were we not—was not everyone who owned the interests of the Covenanted Church of Scotland," asked John Balfour of Burley, " bound by that Covenant, to cut off that Judas who had sold the cause of God for fifty-thousand merks a-year. . . . Did not the Lord deliver him into our hands?" "'You deceive yourself, Mr. Balfour," was the reply of a "moderate," Henry Morton. Henry Morton, the hero of the novel, is somewhat less colourless than most of Scott's heroes, but he does much the same things as the rest of them: unexpectedly wins the prize at a tourney, saves his rival's life, escapes from death at the hands of his enemy by a wonderful leap across a chasm, carries off the heroine in the face of superior forces, and so on—it is all cut on the same pattern. But it is not by his heroes and heroines, his Mortons and Edith Bellendens, that Scott's power of characterization is to be judged, but by Jenny Dennisons and Cuddie Headriggs and in the more strictly historical novels, such as *Old Mortality*, by the historical portraiture.

In this great novel Scott endeavoured, as he tells us, " to present an unbiassed picture of the manners of that unhappy period, and at the same time to do justice to the merits of both parties. . . . If recollection of former injuries, extra-loyalty, and contempt and hatred of their adversaries produced rigour and tyranny in the one party, it will hardly be denied, on the other hand, that if the zeal for God's house did not eat up the conventicles, it devoured at least, to imitate the phrase of Dryden, no small portion of their loyalty, sober sense, and good breeding."

Thus over against the portrait of the stern fanatic Balfour of Burley, Scott set that of " Bonnie Dundee ". Here is the latter in outward form:

" Grahame of Claverhouse was in the prime of life, rather low of stature, and slightly, though elegantly, formed; his gesture, language and manners, were those of one whose

life had been spent among the noble and the gay. His features exhibited even feminine regularity. An oval face, a straight and well-formed nose, dark hazel eyes, a complexion just sufficiently tinged with brown to save it from the charge of effeminacy, a short upper lip, curved upwards like that of a Grecian statue, and slightly shaded by small mustachios of light brown, joined to a profusion of long curled locks of the same colour, which fell down on each side of his face, contributed to form such a countenance as limners love to paint and ladies to look upon. . . . The same gentleness and gaiety of expression which reigned in his features seemed to inspire his actions and gestures; and, on the whole, he was generally esteemed, at first sight, rather qualified to be the votary of pleasure than of ambition. But under this soft exterior was hidden a spirit unbounded in daring, and in aspiring, yet cautious and prudent as that of Machiavel himself. Profound in politics, and imbued, of course, with that disregard for individual rights which its intrigues usually generate, this leader was cool and collected in danger, fierce and ardent in pursuing success, careless of facing death himself, and ruthless in inflicting it upon others. Such are the characters formed in times of civil discord, when the highest qualities, perverted by party spirit, and inflamed by habitual opposition, are too often combined with vices and excesses which deprive them at once of their merit and of their lustre."

The first encounter between these two strong men was in the skirmish at Drumclog where Claverhouse and a small force of Royalists were unexpectedly routed (1st June). But this defeat was more than redeemed by the decisive victory won by the Royalists at Bothwell Brig (22nd June). Both these battles are vividly described in *Old Mortality*. The dissensions of the rival ministers were reproduced in the ranks of the Conventiclers, one party declaring for the King's interest " according to the Covenant ", while the Cameronians were pure republicans. The victory was a bloody one, but as soon as the defeat of the rebels was assured,

"Monmouth, who commanded the Royalists at Bothwell Brig instantly allowed them the quarter which they prayed for; and, galloping about through the field, exerted himself as much to stop the slaughter, as he had done to obtain the victory". Not so Claverhouse. His kinsman, Cornet Grahame, had been killed at Drumclog, and his corpse most brutally mutilated.[1] "Kill! Kill! No quarter!" urged Claverhouse, "think on Richard Grahame!" Yet Claverhouse, though implacable towards the rebel leaders, was not cruel by nature, nor even ungenerous. He rescued Henry Morton from the fanatical Cameronians and treated him, though a prisoner, with the courtesy earned by Morton's own conduct in twice saving the life of young Lord Evandale, his own rival and Claverhouse's nephew.

Ten years later both Evandale and Burley perished in a chance encounter. With their deaths *Old Mortality* as history ends. The career of Claverhouse, however, was by no means at an end. The Duke of York when appointed Commissioner to the Scottish Estates (November, 1679) found in Claverhouse one of his most active agents in repressing the Cameronian rebellion. Claverhouse further proved his loyalty to James by joining him with a Scottish force in England in the critical days of 1688.

The Revolution was quietly accepted by a Convention at Edinburgh; but Scotland was not England. Argyll, who in 1685, had led the Scottish counterpart of the Monmouth rebellion, shared Monmouth's fate. His fall delighted the Macdonalds and other clans opposed to the Campbells. To them the Revolution meant not the triumph of Dutch William over the Stuarts, but the restoration of Campbell supremacy. Claverhouse roused them to resistance and supported by some 3000 clansmen he met and defeated General Mackay, commanding the Government troops, in the narrow pass of Killiecrankie (27th July, 1689). But in the fight the gallant leader fell—killed by a chance shot with a silver bullet. Mackay soon rallied and dispersed such

[1] See *Old Mortality*, Note H.

Highlanders as kept the field after the death of their Chief.[1]

Yet the Highlands were by no means reconciled to the new regime. A large bribe and a free pardon were offered to all who submitted and disarmed before 31st December, 1691. Only the Macdonalds delayed their submission, and William, ignorant of their intentions, ordered his agent Dalrymple to extirpate "that set of thieves". The order was literally obeyed by the Campbells under circumstances of base ingratitude and revolting brutality. That was the infamous "Massacre of Glencoe" (1692). Marjorie Bowen has attempted in *The Glen o' Weeping* to relieve her hero from the stain which Glencoe has left on his memory; but with only partial success.

The period of Scottish history in which Claverhouse played his part has been amply illustrated by several novelists besides Walter Scott; notably by S. R. Crockett in *The Cherry Riband*, *The Men of the Moss-Hags*, *Lochinvar*, and *The Standard Bearer*. Crockett, needless to say, gives a much more favourable picture of the Covenanters than does Scott. Ian Maclaren in *Graham of Claverhouse*, holds the scale more evenly.

It is not, however, by his policy in Scotland, or Ireland, or even in England, that William III must be judged, but by his efforts to frustrate the endeavour of France to dominate Europe, if not the world.

That effort was imperfectly appreciated by his English subjects. If when James II lay dying Louis XIV had not, in chivalry or arrogance, recognized James Edward as King, William III would have gone to his grave a disappointed man. Louis's action endowed William with a popularity he had never previously enjoyed: his English subjects at last understood that the civil liberties of Englishmen were inextricably interwoven with resistance to French domination over Europe.

[1] For the most recent and most whole-hearted vindication of Claverhouse, see A. and H. Tayler: *John Graham of Claverhouse* (1939).

CHAPTER XIV

The Augustan Age

Literature and Politics

QUEEN ANNE shares with Queen Elizabeth and Queen Victoria the distinction reserved for female sovereigns—of giving her name to an " era ". Nor does the distinction lack justification. Lord Stanhope wrote of Queen Anne's reign:

" Certainly it was an illustrious period, a period not easily paralleled elsewhere, that could combine the victories of Marlborough with the researches of Newton, the statesmanship of Somers with the knight-errantry of Peterborough —the publication of Clarendon's History with the composition of Burnet's—the eloquence of Bolingbroke in Parliament and of Atterbury in the pulpit, with the writings in prose and verse of Swift and Addison, of Pope and Prior."

It was not only an age of great men but of momentous events. The War of the Spanish succession was the first of a series which, closing with Wellington's victory at Waterloo, established Great Britain as the greatest of World Powers; Great Britain itself came into being by the conclusion of the Legislative Union between England and Scotland, and the reign gave a great impulse to the development of Party, and thus to Parliamentary Government. But the unique distinction of the Age of Anne was that at no other period was literature so closely allied with politics; at no other period did statesmen rely so much on their literary allies, or cultivate so consistently and intimately their society.

"There my retreat the best companions grace,
Chiefs out of war, and statesmen out of place,
There St. John mingles with my friendly bowl
The feast of reason and the flow of soul;
And he whose lightning pierced the Iberian lines
Now forms my quincunx, and now ranks my vines,
Or tames the genius of the stubborn plain
Almost as quickly as he conquered Spain."

Pope was doubtless flattered by the attention of statesmen like Bolingbroke and soldiers like Peterborough. But there was more in it than that. The Revolution had brought into the political sphere a new class.[1] How with the paucity of newspapers, and with only emasculated reports of Parliamentary debates was the new class to be trained for the discharge of its new responsibilities?

The Essayist stepped into the breach. Daniel Defoe was one of the first to realize the demand; with conspicuous success he supplied it. Throughout the reign of William III he was an active, if not wholly disinterested, supporter of the Whig hero. In *The Englishman's Choice & True Interest in the Vigorous Prosecution of the War against France* (1689) Defoe, risking his popularity, frankly explained, what Englishmen have always been slow to comprehend, the inseparable connexion between domestic liberties and European equilibrium. But never did he show his courage—not to say his audacity—so conspicuously as in the *True Born Englishmen* (January, 1701). "Dutch" William was at the height of his unpopularity when Defoe rushed in to his support. "Dutch" William indeed! and who are *you* to rail at "foreigners"? Was there ever such a mongrel race as yourselves?

"For Englishmen to boast of generation,
Cancels their knowledge and lampoons the nation.
A true born Englishman's a contradiction
In speech an irony, in fact a fiction."

[1] See *supra*, p. 13.

For sheer audacity, however, this brilliant Billingsgate was surpassed by *The Shortest Way with the Dissenters* (1702)—a masterpiece of sustained irony which nevertheless led to Defoe being fined, imprisoned and condemned to penance in the pillory. Well! The pillory was an advertisement; with true journalistic instinct Defoe turned it to account. To the mob which assembled to watch him in the pillory he sold his *Hymn to the Pillory* by the thousand. " Tell my judges," he exclaimed in words of biting satire:

> " Tell them the men that placed him here
> Are friends unto the times;
> But at a loss to find his guilt,
> They can't commit his crimes."

Why did Thackeray ignore this prince of satirists? He excludes him from his lectures on *English Humorists*, and there is, seemingly, no mention of him in *Esmond*. Dick Steele is there, depicted, despite his shortcomings as the kindliest and most lovable of men. " Mr. Addison," has a whole chapter to himself, and Thackeray pays a high tribute to him: " A man more upright and conscientious than he it was not possible to find in public life." Even in the throes of the political crisis of 1714 Esmond forced himself to ask: " Had I not better have joined the manly creed of Addison yonder, that scouts the old doctrine of right divine, that boldly declares that Parliament and people consecrate the sovereign, not bishops, nor genealogies, not oils, nor consecrations?" Of Pope's " prodigious genius " Esmond had " no words to express (his) admiration ", while of Dean Swift he says " I have always thought of him and of Marlborough as the two greatest men of that age ". In neither of these cases, however, was admiration unmixed. Swift was the " snob " *par excellence*: " He could flatter the great as much as he could bully the weak; . . . the airs and patronage Mr. Swift gave himself, forgetting gentlemen of his country whom he knew perfectly, his loud talk at once insolent and servile, nay perhaps, his very intimacy with

Lord Treasurer (Harley) and the Secretary (Bolingbroke) who indulged all his freaks and called him Jonathan, you may be sure, were remarked by many a person of whom the proud priest himself took no note, during that time of his vanity and triumph."

Of Bolingbroke Thackeray's portrait is more truthful than flattering. His charm is not denied: "Mr. St. John had the most winning presence of any man I ever saw, excepting always my peerless young Frank Castlewood," said Esmond, "but he was not to be trusted. Should the Prince prevail, it was his lordship's gracious intention to declare for him: should the Hanoverian party bring in their sovereign who was ready to go on his knee and cry, 'God save King George'? And he betrayed the one Prince and the other, but exactly at the wrong time. When he should have struck for King James, he faltered and coquetted with the Whigs; and having committed himself by the most monstrous professions of devotion, which the Elector rightly scorned, he proved the justice of their contempt for him by flying and taking renegade service with St. Germains just when he should have kept aloof. . . . He signed his own name to every accusation of insincerity his enemies made against him; and the King and the Pretender alike could show proofs of St. John's treachery under his own hand and seal." Widely divergent are the opinions on Bolingbroke revealed in a dialogue in Lord Lytton's *Devereux*. "Who is Mr. St. John," I asked. "The cleverest man in England," answered the politician. The same question to a man of fashion evoked the answer, "The finest gentleman in England"; to a Whig parson, the answer, "The greatest reprobate in England". Lord Lytton's own portrait of the man is as characteristic of the artist as it is faithful to the subject. "Through an air of *nonchalance*, and even something of lassitude, through an ease of manners sometimes sinking into effeminate softness, sometimes bordering upon licentious effrontery, his eye thoughtful yet wandering, seemed to announce that the mind partook but little of the whim of

the moment, or of those levities of ordinary life over which the grace of his manner threw so peculiar a charm. His features were high, yet delicate, and his mouth, which, when closed, assumed a firm and rather severe expression, softened when speaking, into a smile of almost magical enchantment. Richly, but not extravagantly dressed . . . whatever can fascinate or attract was so inherent in this singular man that all which in others would have been most artificial was in him most natural: so that it is no exaggeration to add that to be well dressed seemed to the elegance of his person not so much the result of art as of a property innate and peculiar to himself."

Devereux is markedly inferior, both as fiction and as history, to *Harold* or *The Last of the Barons*. Moreover, even for Lord Lytton, it is unusually stilted and pompous in style, and rather tiresome as a tale, but the principal character—" the celebrated and graceful but charlatanic Bolingbroke " stands out well from the canvas. Particularly touching is the picture of the returned exile, pardoned, but still excluded by Walpole, with characteristic prudence, from his seat in the House of Lords, devoting himself to philosophic contemplation and the cultivation of his estate, happy in his second marriage and making the best of circumstances, but pining for a return to opportunities he had in his days of power so grossly misused.

The other figures which crowd Lord Lytton's canvas. Pope, Swift, Colley Cibber, Steele, Addison, Lady Mary Montagu, Louis XIV and Madame de Maintenon, the Regent Orleans, the Abbé Dubois and the Duc de St. Simon, Peter the Great and others—all these are shadowy. There is, however, one interesting, if overlaboured, contrast between the Czar Peter and the Grand Monarque: " one the victorious defender of his country—a victory solid, durable and just; the other the conquering devastator of a neighbouring people—a victory glittering, evanescent and dishonourable "—and so on for a paragraph of highly elaborated antithesis. As regards English politics the main

thread is supplied by a Jesuit intrigue, carried on to the accompaniment of forgery and murder, on behalf of the chevalier—James Edward—but the Prince himself is not brought on to the stage.

More striking and more complete in artistry than the portrait of Bolingbroke in *Devereux* is that of Dean Swift in Margaret L. Woods' *Esther Vanhomrigh*.

No one exemplifies more strikingly than Swift the connexion between literature and politics, or did more to direct public opinion to the conclusions desired by his patrons.

In politics, as even Dr. Johnson confessed, " he dictated for a time the political opinions of the English nation "; by his *Drapier's Letters* he undoubtedly initiated the movement for commercial and legislative independence in Ireland. Yet Swift, though born in Dublin, was no Irishman. " His benefactions," says Thackeray, " he flung into poor men's faces;" but " no Irishman ever gave but with a kind word or a kind heart ". Sir Walter Scott, the first comprehensive biographer of Swift, " admires but can't bring himself to love him ". So says Thackeray, who shared Scott's view. " As fierce a beak and talon as ever struck—as strong a wing as ever beat," he writes, " belonged to Swift." Yet Thackeray, while disliking the man, appreciates fully the perfection of his style. It was, indeed, its simplicity and directness, which combined with superb common sense gave to Swift's pamphlets, and notably to the *Conduct of the Allies*, their immense and immediate appeal. It is not too much to say that Swift's pamphlet published in November, 1711, contributed materially to the dismissal of Marlborough from all his offices (31st December, 1711), and precipitated the conclusion of a Peace which was regarded by Swift's Tory friends as an essential preliminary to the restoration of the Stuarts.

In his treatment of the great Duke, Thackeray (through the mouth of Esmond) is as bitter as Swift—if somewhat more discriminating: " No man hath been so immensely lauded and decried as this great statesman and warrior, no

man ever deserved better the very greatest praise and the strongest censure." "Our grandfather's hatred of the Duke of Marlborough," writes Mrs. Esmond Warrington, "appears all through his account of these campaigns. He always persisted that the Duke was the greatest traitor and soldier history ever told of." The hatred is indeed undisguised. And yet: "Our Duke was as calm at the mouth of the cannon, as at the door of a drawing-room. Perhaps he could not have been the great man he was, had he had a heart either for love or hatred, or pity or fear, or regret or remorse. He achieved the highest deed of daring, or deepest calculation of thought, as he performed the very meanest action of which a man is capable; told a lie or cheated a fond woman, or robbed a poor beggar of a halfpenny, with a like awful serenity and equal capacity of the highest and the lowest acts of our nature." Esmond's hatred of Marlborough was partly inspired by devotion to General Webb whom Marlborough deprived, it was said, from personal jealousy and political prejudice, of the credit for the brilliant victory at Wynendael. Anyhow, Thackeray was right in representing the nation as shocked by the sacrifice of British lives in the "bloody" battle of Malplaquet, and as suspicious that the war was prolonged in the interest of Marlborough's own pocket and his Party's political advantage.[1]

Such, then, was the background, literary and political, of what many good critics (Saintsbury among them) hold to be the "crown and flower of the historical novel". Whether as a novel pure and simple, *Esmond* is as great as *Vanity Fair* is doubtful. Moreover, in *Vanity Fair* there are chapters (XXVIII–XXXII) which are as good historically as anything in *Esmond*. But as an *historical* novel *Esmond* was unsurpassed by Thackeray, perhaps by any Englishman.

Esmond opens in the year 1688, when mobs were "huzzahing for the acquittal of the seven bishops". It closes with the frustration of the plans made by the High Tories

[1] On this and other points in Marlborough's career cf. Mr. Winston Churchill's truly great and singularly impartial Biography of Marlborough.

for the restoration of James Edward, "the Old Pretender", on the death of his half-sister, Queen Anne.

Before writing *Esmond*, Thackeray had saturated himself in the history as well as in the literature of the period. The result is that we have in *Esmond* not merely the language and dialect of the day, not merely the formal sentence and the precise mode, not merely the furniture and *mise en scène*, but the mental, moral, and political atmosphere of the time. That there are minor historical inaccuracies is true: the most serious is to bring James Edward back to England during the closing days of Queen Anne's life. No doubt the Old Pretender ought to have been here; as a fact he was not; yet in order to expose his despicable selfishness and levity of conduct, Thackeray was guilty of a perversion of facts at least as serious as anything in Scott's *Kenilworth*. Yet as a whole *Esmond* keeps much closer to history than *Kenilworth*, while in literary technique it is certainly not inferior to it.

Thackeray ingeniously obtained a great artistic advantage by making Henry Esmond, by that time an old man living in Virginia, himself the narrator. The deliberation of style, the moralizing tone, the pervading atmosphere of gentle melancholy, always relieved by a dominating sense of contentment and gratitude—all this is in complete harmony with the temper of the man who is relating to his grandchildren his own experiences in a past receding into the distance. Again: how slowly it dawns upon the reader (so modestly is the story told) that the really attractive character of the book is that of Henry Esmond himself, the gallant gentleman, the tender lover, and chivalrous friend. "The most attractive?" Well—we need not go so far as Thackeray himself, who in a moment of irritation at the cool reception of the book, wrote to a friend, "after all Esmond was a prig". Perhaps he was; but that is the last defect that can be charged against that adorable if not estimable creature Beatrix. Who does not recall the wonderful description of Beatrix in the prime of her youthful beauty

as she comes tripping down the dim wainscoted staircase at Walcote, holding up her gown with one beautiful rounded arm and with the other raising a lighted taper above her head—truly a wonderfully alluring picture of a woman adored by every man who came within ten yards of her, even by that model of propriety and restraint "Parson Harry" himself. Yet common candour compels the admission that the beautiful creature was utterly selfish, cold-hearted, and, though boundless in her ambition, at the same time despicably sordid, and quite ready to transfer her temporary "affection" from any less to any more opulent and distinguished admirer.

Nor was Beatrix the victim of self-deception. In the interview with Henry Esmond, when he made his last and vain appeal, she confessed "that she had no heart, or that she had never met the man who could touch it". "You (to Esmond) were too much of a slave to win my heart; even my Lord Duke (of Hamilton) could not command it I had not been happy had I married him. . . . I was frightened to find I was glad of his death; and were I joined to you I should have the same sense of servitude, the same longing to escape. . . . I knew his (the Duke's) great and noble qualities. . . . But 'twas not for those I took him. I took him to have a great place in the world, and I lost it." No wonder that Lady Castlewood should have warned the man she had herself begun to love against the fatal attraction of her daughter. As for Lady Castlewood does she not, with all her charm and grace and power of affection, become rather tiresome? Can we help feeling some "sneaking" sympathy for that least estimable of characters, the fourth Viscount Castlewood? To a man of his coarse nature the very sweetness and goodness of his wife was irritating, almost beyond endurance. Moreover, there is no attempt to conceal the painful truth that Lady Castlewood was intolerably jealous. "With the other sex perfectly tolerant and kindly, of her own she was invariably jealous. . . . If ever there came a woman with even a

semblance of beauty to Castlewood she was so sure to find out some wrong in her, that my lord, laughing in his jolly way, would often joke with her concerning her foible. Comely servant-maids might come for hire but none were taken at Castlewood . . . as soon as ever she had to do with a pretty woman she was cold, retiring and haughty." Her own daughter, Rachel Esmond Warrington, confesses that in the mother's presence " my dear father did not show the love he had for his daughter, and in her last and most sacred moments this dear and tender parent owned . . . her jealousy even that my father should give his affection to any but herself". Mrs. Warrington's " Preface " contains also the only direct description we have of Esmond himself, the outer man and the impression he made on others:

" My father was of a dark complexion, with a very great forehead, and dark hazel eyes, overhung by eyebrows which remained black long after his hair was white. His nose was aquiline, his smile extraordinarily sweet. . . . He was of rather low stature, not being above five feet seven inches in height. . . . But small as he was, he had a perfect grace and majesty of deportment, such as I have never seen in this country, except perhaps in our friend Mr. Washington, and commanded respect wherever he appeared . . . though I never heard my father use a rough word, 'twas extraordinary with how much awe his people regarded him. . . . He was never familiar, though perfectly simple and natural; he was the same with the meanest man as with the greatest, and as courteous to a black slave-girl as to the Governor's wife . . . he set the humblest people at once on their ease with him, and brought down the most arrogant by a grave satiric way, which made persons exceedingly afraid of him. His courtesy was not put on like a Sunday suit, and laid by when the company went away: it was always the same; as he was always dressed the same, whether for a dinner by ourselves or for a great entertainment. They say he liked to be the first in his company; but what company was there in which he would not be first?"

Mrs. Warrington was writing some forty years after her parents had migrated to Virginia. Much had happened in England before that event took place (1718). The lad, Henry Esmond, trained in Jacobite and Catholic tradition by Father Holt, had grown to manhood, ever more devoted to his " dear mistress ", and ever more in love with her fascinating daughter. In a last desperate effort to win Beatrix, Esmond plunges into the plan to put James Edward on the throne. The plan was frustrated not as in the novel by the infatuation of the Prince for Beatrix, but by the superior cohesion and organization of the Whigs. Esmond, like other Jacobite leaders, took refuge abroad, married his " dear mistress " at Brussels, and presently migrated to make a new home in a new Castlewood on the Castlewood property on the banks of the Potomac.

Unfriendly critics complain that Thackeray was a " cynic ". A satirist, bitter at times, Thackeray was. But what cynic could have drawn Cinderella in the *Shabby Genteel* or Betsy in the *Curate's Walk*, or have penned passages so exquisitely tender as those which describe Amelia Osborne and her child, or the partings before Waterloo, or Colonel Newcome's death? What cynic could have described Warrington's surrender of Laura to Pen, or written the passage with which Henry Esmond concludes his narrative?

" As I think of the immense happiness that was in store for me and of the depth and intensity of that love which for so many years hath blessed me, I own to a transport of wonder and gratitude for such a boon, nay, am thankful to have been endowed with a heart capable of feeling and knowing the immense beauty and value of the gift which God hath bestowed upon me . . . in the name of my wife I write the completion of hope and the summit of happiness. To have such a love is the one blessing in comparison of which all earthly joy is of no value; and to think of her is to praise God."

Of Thackeray's literary style, as of his general outlook upon life, that is a good example. A great artist indeed he

was and something more; a man deeply impressed by the pathos of human life and especially concerned to prescribe the only prophylactic and the only cure: "If fun is good, Truth is still better, and Love is the best of all."

Esmond was, however, more than a supreme work of fiction: it made a real contribution to the history of the time, though Thackeray's judgments on politics and politicians need to be corrected by reference to other authorities. Some important topics he naturally passes over as unsuited to the purpose he had in view. Apart from the fruits of Marlborough's victories the most important political result of the reign was the achievement of the Union between England and Scotland. The settlement reached in 1707, though the terms were hotly debated at the time, has proved of incalculable benefit to both parties. The theme is not, however, appropriate to treatment in fiction. Thackeray was more concerned to reproduce, not didactically but by reference to the fortunes of a particular family, the social and political atmosphere of the day, and in that object he was supremely successful.

Historically, *Esmond* is woven of two main threads, the war of the Spanish succession, and the problem of the English succession. The attitude of the Castlewoods, father and son, Esmond's own position and fortunes—all turn on the issue of the conflict between Jacobites and Hanoverians. Nor can any historian find much fault with the novelist's analysis or conclusion. Esmond confesses that were his time to come over again he "would be a Whig in England and not a Tory", yet "by far the greater part of the English people would have preferred . . . the young King at St. Germains . . . to having a petty German prince for a sovereign". Yet again: "The Tory and High Church patriots were ready to die in defence of a Papist family that had sold us to France; the great Whig nobles . . . sent to a petty German town for a monarch to come and reign in London; and our prelates kissed the ugly hands of his Dutch mistresses, and thought it no dishonour." Perhaps,

as regards the attitude of individuals the last word is to be found in *Esmond*: " Should any clue be found to the dark intrigues at the latter end of Queen Anne's time . . . 'twill be discovered, I have little doubt, that not one of the great personages about the Queen had a defined scheme of policy, independent of that private and selfish interest which each was bent on pursuing; St. John was for St. John, and Harley for Oxford, and Marlborough for John Churchill, always; and according as they could get help from St. Germains or Hanover, they sent over proffers of allegiance to the Princes there, or betrayed one to the other; one cause, or one sovereign, was as good as another to them, so that they could hold the best place under him." In historical fact (faithfully reproduced in *Esmond*): " Almost down to the moment of the Queen's death the succession of the throne remained uncertain. The Queen herself, the bulk of the Tory party, the high-churchmen and the squires would, on one condition, have welcomed the restoration of the Stuarts."

The indispensable condition was not fulfilled. On the other side were the Whigs, representing a numerical minority of the nation, but including the great " Revolution " families, the wealthy merchants, the " money interest ", and the Nonconformists. The Whigs, largely concentrated in the towns, were, moreover, admirably organized. Their opponents were hopelessly lacking in coherence or organization, and were geographically scattered.

The issue was decided at the eleventh hour by the *coup d'état* effected by the Whig leaders, Argyll, Somerset and Shrewsbury. They forced their way into the Privy Council which, thus reinforced, decided for the Elector, while the sudden death of the Queen threw the plans of the Jacobites into confusion. " The Earl of Oxford was removed on Tuesday; the Queen died on Sunday. What a world this is, and how doth fortune banter us!" So Bolingbroke wrote to Swift. Fortune did indeed banter them. Bolingbroke, to escape impeachment, fled to France; Swift remained an " exile " in Ireland

CHAPTER XV

The '15 and the '45

The Stuart Fiasco: The Waverleys

QUEEN ANNE died on 1st August. By 18th September George I arrived in England. The accession of the Hanoverians has been described as "the greatest miracle in English History". But the miracle can be rationally explained. The Pretender refused to abjure his creed: the fundamental condition of a Stuart restoration was, therefore, unfulfilled. As in 1688, so again in 1714, the Tories found themselves in a cruel dilemma: loyalty to the hereditary monarchy conflicted irreconcilably with loyalty to the Anglican Church. Protestant enthusiasm combined with Whig ambition to bring a German princeling to the English throne.

The Stuarts tried in 1715 to repair the damage inflicted on their cause by the Whig *coup d'état* of 1714; but although the Whigs had proved themselves foolishly vindictive against their opponents, the fundamental position remained unchanged. If the Jacobite rising of '15 was to have even a bare chance of success three things were essential: perfect timing between the movements in England, in Ireland and in the Highlands; the active assistance of Louis XIV of France, and possibly of other continental Powers; above all, some weakening of the Pretender's attitude on religion. None of these conditions was fulfilled. The Duke of Ormonde who was managing the business in England fled prematurely to St. Germains (8th August), where he found everything in confusion. Louis XIV died on 1st September. From that

moment the Pretend :ause was doomed. Bolingbroke at once recognized t ality of the blow, and promptly advised the English :ottish Jacobites to abandon the project. This sounc ce reached them too late. On 6th September the ' Mar ("Bobbing John") raised the standard at Bra James VIII was proclaimed at Aberdeen, Inverness lee and Dunkeld; but his cause received a fatal chec ieriffmuir (13th November). On the same day Mr. and the Earl of Derwentwater, who had raised a l of Catholics in the North of England, had to si r to General Wills and General Carpenter at Prestc)n 2nd January, 1716, when all was over, "James \ landed at Peterhead, but on the approach of Argyll, t hip again for France, accompanied by Mar (4th Febr Lord Derwentwater and Lord Kenmure who had d the rising in the Lowlands, were executed with some / of the English rank and file, and a few Scots. Som the rebels were reprieved; others escaped. Bolingbr lismissed by an ungrateful Prince, abjured Jacobitism sought by his brilliant "*Letter to Sir William Wyndhc* 1717) to justify his own position, particularly in the e ' the Tory Party. But, though permitted to return to . nd in 1723, he never regained any political position, ar 1735 returned to Touraine, where in 1751 he died. / . W. Mason's *Lawrence Clavering* is one of the few nove ealing with the attempt of the Old Pretender in 1715. iere is a pleasant picture of James Edward in Lorraine d even pleasanter pictures of Bolingbroke and the unfoi iate Earl of Derwentwater, but the historical element, t ugh accurate as far as it goes, is rather slight, and does iot add substantially to our knowledge either of persons or events. Walter Besant's *Dorothy Forster* and Harrison Ainsworth's *Preston Fight* both deal primarily with the English side, most disappointing to Stuart hopes, of the '15.

To the history of the '15 Scott's only contribution is a slight one. As a novel, as a study of character, *Rob Roy* is

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novels which Scott wrote or dic
a sick bed, either between fits
suffering from his agonizing ma
it was first favourite, and it h
comiums from fellow craftsmen
John Buchan. "Those brok
"represent the peak of Scott's
ill become a mere southron to
authoritative. But the tribunal
no interpreter to understand th
story is largely written. Di Ver
most adorable heroines ever draw
Englishman can appreciate the fi
wit of a Bailie Jarvie, but full
understand, Andrew Fairservice n
superb rogue may well "live as vi
Gamp".

From the first act to the last,
coherent play on his shoulders, and
fiction and history. As a contribu
unimportant. The good Bailie pa
commercial advantages derived b
of Union (Chapters xxv and xx
mutterings of the coming storm t
than two pages contain all the direc
of 1715.

It was some three years after his
Scotland that James Edward, be
dynastic responsibilities, began to
appropriate marriage. One of his
Irishman, Captain Charles Wogan,
patched on a roving commission t
find a bride for his master. Arrivin
his choice ultimately fell on the Prin
Sobieski, a grand-daughter of the f
who, in 1683, had stayed the adv

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(1817–19), mostly on
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g at Ohlau, in Silesia,
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amous King of Poland
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Turks by his relief of Vienna. The Princess Clementina was a niece, through her mother, of the Emperor Charles VI. In order to oblige the new dynasty in England, the Emperor was persuaded to forbid his niece's marriage with the Stuart Pretender. More than that. He actually intercepted the bride-elect and her mother on their journey to Italy, and confined them in a convent-prison at Innsbruck.

With the aid of three other Irish officers, as keen on adventure as himself, Captain Wogan rescued the imprisoned bride, and after a five days' journey involving a melancholy variety of ugly accidents, landed her safely at Bologna where the bridegroom had arranged to await her. But there was no bridegroom at Bologna. James Edward, impatient at the delay, had gone off to Madrid, there to arrange for the despatch of a Spanish Armada to Scotland. A few Spanish troops did, in fact, land on the coast of Ross, a few Highlanders joined them, but nothing came of a futile expedition.

Meanwhile, the Pretender returned to Italy and on 1st September, 1719, was married to the Princess Clementina. The Pope Clement XI, the bride's godfather, provided a home for them in the Muti palace; two sons, Prince Charlie and Henry, who became Cardinal York, were born to them; but soon after the birth of the younger (1725) the Princess quarrelled with her melancholy husband and temporarily withdrew to a convent in Rome. This story of the Old Pretender's marriage is the subject of a stirring tale (*Clementina*), by A. E. W. Mason, which, with every embellishment down to the last detail that a practised pen can give it, is nevertheless historically accurate.

Prince Charlie is a much better subject for the novelist than his father, and the '45 has consequently produced a large crop of exceptionally good tales.

Intermediate between the two insurrections there occurred an incident at Edinburgh, of considerable significance alike in history and in fiction. In 1738 two smugglers, Robertson and Wilson, were sentenced to death for robbing

a custom house. By the plucky and chivalrous action of Wilson, Robertson was enabled to escape; Wilson was executed. Captain Porteous, in command of the city guard, fired upon a crowd of sympathetic witnesses of the execution, and killed or wounded more than a dozen of them. Porteous was brought to trial and condemned to death, but the execution of the sentence was suspended for a further examination of the evidence. Whereupon, a well-organized body of citizens, fearful lest Porteous might ultimately escape the extreme penalty, stormed the Tolbooth Prison, and having hanged the unhappy prisoner, dispersed in perfect order. To the great indignation of the British Government none of the murderers of Porteous were punished. Action taken by the Government was, on the contrary, resented as an affront to the dignity of the Court of Session and the city of Edinburgh, and served to intensify the unpopularity of the Union in the city which had lost the profit and prestige attaching to a capital. The memory of the Porteous riots might, however, have long since faded had not the incidents been immortalized in one of Scott's greatest novels.

The Heart of Midlothian, published in 1818, was, like *Rob Roy*, a product of the "broken years". The earlier chapters are devoted to a detailed account—precise and accurate—of the circumstances which led up to the murder of Captain Porteous, a man whose "harsh and fierce habits rendered him formidable to rioters and disturbers of the public peace", but in personal character far from estimable. The whole incident may be followed as well in the novel as in any text-book—better, indeed, since the motives of all parties are analysed with a plenitude and precision unattainable by the mere historian.

Very skilfully, too, is the Porteous affair interwoven with the development of the main story, which turns on the heroic and successful efforts of Jeanie Deans to save the life of her sister Effie, condemned to death for child murder. The story is a true one. Jeanie's prototype was Helen Walker, the elder daughter of a Scottish farmer; Effie's

was her younger sister Isabella, or Tibby Walker, who ultimately married her seducer (one Waugh) identified in the novel with George Robertson, the sometime associate of Wilson, and saved from a felon's death by Wilson's courage and resource. Whether "Robertson" was, in fact, a reformed reprobate and the heir to a baronetcy, is not disclosed. Madge Wildfire undoubtedly had her actual prototype in a maniac known to contemporaries in the eighteenth century as "Feckless Fanny". The historical value of this supreme example of the Wizard's skill is, however, confined, apart from the general atmosphere of the period, to the light thrown upon the historical characters: Queen Caroline, John, second Duke of Argyll, and the ill-fated Captain Porteous.

From the Porteous riots to the insurrection of '45 is an easy step. With the '45 *Waverley* is primarily concerned. That the first volume of the Waverleys should have lain forgotten for nearly ten years among some fishing-tackle in an old cabinet need cause no surprise for, on the author's confession, it is dull—and intentionally dull. Fortunately, however, a chance discovery incited the author to complete the story, and to give to the world the first of a series unique in the history of fiction. *Waverley* originally begun in 1805, picked up again and finished off in three weeks, and published in 1814, was the precursor of no fewer than twenty-eight other novels published in the course of the next sixteen years.

The most romantic incidents in *Waverley* had, Scott tells us, a foundation on fact: "the accounts of the battle of Preston and the skirmish at Clifton are taken from the narrative of intelligent eye-witnesses". "The Lowland Scottish gentlemen, and the subordinate characters are not given as individual portraits, but are drawn from the general habits of the period (of which I have witnessed some remnants in my younger days) and partly gathered from tradition." Of the Charles Edward of the '45, Scott gives a trustworthy and on the whole very attractive portrait. Colonel Gardiner

also is historical. Fergus MacIvor is the typical Highlander, hot-tempered, loyal to his clansmen, and unfailing in courage to the very last moment of his life. He is said to have been drawn partly from Scott's friend, Alastair Macdonell, Laird of Glengarry. "The Glengarry of the '45 had a pretty good estate all holden of the Crown, which lyes in the countreys of Glengary and Knoidart . . . and can bring out 500 men." [1] The degenerate nephew of the Glengarry of the '45 is identified by Andrew Lang (and others) as "Pickle the Spy". Of Flora MacIvor it need only be said that she was the worthy sister of an heroic brother. Scott had a poor opinion of his nominal hero, Edward Waverley. "He's a sneaking piece of imbecility, and if he had married Flora she would have set him up upon the mantelpiece as Count Borowlaski's wife did with him. I am a bad hand at depicting a hero so called and have an unfortunate propensity for the dubious characters of Borderers, Buccaneers, and Highland Robbers, and all others of a Robin Hood description. I do not know why it should be as I am myself, like Hamlet, indifferent honest, but I suppose the blood of the old cattle drivers of Teviotdale continues to stir in my veins." Scott is too severe on Waverley: perhaps because he was a first-born, more probably because he recognized in him certain traits of himself, and recalled experiences, best forgotten, of love affairs. In fact, Waverley is one of the least colourless of Scott's heroes, and the Baron of Bradwardine, though apt at times to become tiresome in his genealogical reiterations, and the fine old English gentleman, Sir Everard, are among the most admirable of Scott's studies in contrasts.

Waverley virtually ends with the retreat from Derby, though there is a bare mention of the final disaster at Culloden. Four more of Scott's novels belong to the period between the '45 and the close of the Napoleonic wars, but except in one of them the historical references are few and unimportant.

[1] Papers relating to the Jacobite Period (R. J. Allardyce, 1895).

The exception is *Redgauntlet*, published in 1824.

If *Redgauntlet* is overpraised by many good critics, it may be for the reason supplied by Lockhart, that "it contains perhaps more of the author's personal experiences than any other (of the Waverleys), or even than all the rest put together". Lockhart had "no sort of doubt that Scott's friend, William Clark, of Eldin, was in the main the prototype of Darsie Latimer", while the author himself "unquestionably sat for his own picture in young Allan Fairford". The elder Fairford was drawn from Scott's father, and the beautiful picture of Joshua Geddes, the Quaker, and his sister Rachel, gratefully recalls a kindness received by Scott from an old Quaker lady, though the picture is perhaps coloured by the Quaker blood which he himself inherited.

In the fine denouement of the story we have the last echo in Scott of the '45. It represents Charles Edward as reappearing unexpectedly among a band of devoted followers on the shores of the Solway Firth in the year 1765. For this visit there is no historical authority, but the Prince had, in 1750, spent five days in London, when he was received into the Anglican Communion, and he may have reappeared in Surrey at the time of the Ellibank Plot, in 1752. But the dramatic scene at the end of *Redgauntlet*, when the Prince refused, at the request of his English followers, to give up his mistress, Miss Clementina Walkinshaw, is certainly apocryphal. The whole plot of the novel turns, however, on the devotion of Redgauntlet to the Jacobite cause. But Darsie's attitude is more truly representative. Despite the fact that his father, Sir Henry Redgauntlet, had been executed in 1746, he demurred to a renewal of rebellion in 1765. "An enterprise directed against a dynasty now established for three reigns requires strong arguments, both in point of justice and expediency, to recommend it to men of conscience and prudence. . . . I look around me and I see a settled Government—an established authority—a born Briton on the throne—the very Highland mountaineers, upon whom alone the trust of the exiled family reposed,

assembled into regiments, which act under the orders of the existing dynasty . . . all without and within the kingdom is adverse to encountering a hopeless struggle." That was unquestionably the view of Scott himself, and he truly reflected the opinion of the vast majority of Britons.

Guy Mannering has evoked, and deserves, much higher praise than *Redgauntlet*, but historically it is unimportant. As a work of art it is superb: in narrative and dialogue, in plot, and in characterization, it satisfies the highest canons. Tragedy in the true sense it is not; in the scenes of violence and in such characters as Glossin and Dirk Hatteraick it comes, indeed, dangerously near to melodrama; but Meg Merrilies is among Scott's greatest creations, and none are more lovable than Dandie Dinmont and Dominie Sampson. The two pairs of lovers are as uninteresting as most of Scott's heroes and heroines, but the more closely Meg Merrilies is studied the more unstinted is our admiration for the skill with which Scott, not by direct description, but by a thousand little touches shows how Meg with the soul of goodness in a fearsome body, with a shrewdness and skill in stratagem derived from intimate knowledge of the folk among whom her life was lived, with superb courage and self-sacrifice, could and did rise superior to circumstances.

The Antiquary (1816) followed as quickly on *Guy Mannering* (1815) as the latter on *Waverley* (1814). *The Antiquary*, like its immediate predecessor, is historical only in the sense that it gives a picture drawn at first-hand of contemporary life and manners—in certain aspects; but in vigour of characterization is hardly inferior to it. It has a similar personal significance. A passing allusion to Pitt's "repressive legislation, and an amusing account of the measures taken to repel a French invasion, fix the date of the story towards the end of the century, but only in the sense mentioned can the novel be regarded as "historical". As in *Guy Mannering*, however, there are recognizable traits of actual persons. The antiquary himself, the Laird of Monkbarns, was drawn after George Constable, a friend of Scott's

father; certain pictures of Scottish mendicancy, remembered by Scott himself, are reproduced in Edie Ochiltree, and Lockhart expressly mentions that " there is assuredly no one of all his works on which more of his early associations have left their mark ".

In *St. Ronan's Well* " an imitation of shifting manners of our own time ", a reproduction of " scenes the originals of which are daily passing around us ", Scott avowedly broke new ground. He thus " obtruded ", to use his own modest expression, " upon a species of composition which had of late been practised with such success ", by Miss Edgeworth, Miss Austen, and others. *St. Ronan's Well* was, in fact, written about the time of Miss Edgeworth's visit to Abbotsford (1823), an episode which gave equal pleasure to host and guest; the story itself was dated some ten years before that. The continental spas were, in wartime, closed to English visitors who flocked, in default, to British resorts. If Meg Dods' charges at the famous Cleikum Inn were typical (and Scott vouches for their accuracy), visitors may well have benefited from continental restrictions. " One shilling for breakfast, three shillings for dinner, including a pint of old port, eighteenpence for a snug supper—such were the charges . . . even after the nineteenth century had commenced; and they were ever tendered with the pious recollection that her good father never charged half so much, but these weary times rendered it impossible for her to make the lawing less." [1] Such sidelights on economic history are sparse, and for the rest *St. Ronan's Well* must rest its claim to inclusion in the category of historical novels on grounds not dissimilar from these which must avail for such novelists as Fielding and Miss Austen.

At *St. Ronan's Well* we must bid goodbye to Sir Walter Scott. Throughout a great part of our journey, from the twelfth century to the opening of the nineteenth, he has been our genial companion. We cannot, then, part company

[1] *St. Ronan's Well.* See Note A.

with him without a few words of grateful appreciation.

Even the great wizard has not escaped criticism, and perhaps the most unsparing came from his compatriot, Thomas Carlyle. Carlyle does not, of course, fail to recognize the many excellences of Scott: he recognizes "a certain genial sunshiny freshness and picturesqueness; paintings both of scenery and figures very graceful, brilliant occasionally, full of grace and glowing brightness blended in the softest composure; in fact, a deep sincere love of the beautiful in nature and man, and the readiest faculty of expressing this by imagination and by words . . . it is the utterance of a man of open soul; of a brave, large, far-seeing man who has a true brotherhood with all men. In joyous picturesqueness and fellow-feeling, freedom of eye and heart; or to say it in a word, in general healthiness of mind, these novels prove Scott to have been amongst the foremost writers." Nevertheless, Carlyle denies to Scott a place among the really great writers of the world.

Of the comparison between Scott and Shakespeare, frequently made hardly to the disadvantage of the former by Scott's admirers, Carlyle is, perhaps justly, contemptuous. Scott, he declares, is of a "different species, the value of the one is not to be counted in the coin of the other . . . your Shakespeare fashions his characters from the heart outwards; your Scott fashions them from the skin inwards, never getting near the heart of them. The one set became living men and women; the other amount to little more than mechanical cases, deceptively painted automatons". It is quite true that Scott could find nothing to say for his heroes, though Leslie Stephen exaggerates when he says that they are for the most part "mere wooden blocks to hang a story on". It is true that Scott lacked his countrymen's love for metaphysics, that he had no "yearnings after hidden things", no morbid introspection. It is true that

"The heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world"

weighed lightly upon Scott; that (as Walter Bagehot said) "above all he had the Baconian propensity to work upon stuff", that he had (as Mowbray Morris said) "the Balladist's mind—a mind in which fresh and lovely curiosity for the outward spectacle of the world is much stronger than the inward significance of that spectacle". But to say that Scott never gets near the heart of the creatures of his imagination argues a distempered outlook in the critic; to say that he never got near the heart of his Dalgettys and his Dumbiedikes, his Meg Merrilies and Edie Ochiltrees, his Bailie Jarvies and Dandie Dinmonts, his Dominie Sampsons, Cuddie Headriggs and the like, is surely little short of blasphemy. Nor are Scott's young women quite the antique fashion plates some critics pretend. Anyway, they are, with Di Vernon at their head, the sort of young women young men like best. Scott's was truly a loyal soul; no one had ever a healthier mind or a more courageous heart. High indeed was he among those who, in good fortune and in bad, have been able to display

> "One equal temper of heroic hearts,
> Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will,
> To strive to seek, to find and not to yield."

Beguiled by Scott into a prolonged parenthesis, we return to the drama of the '45. Great as was the fiasco of the '15, the Jacobite insurrection of '45, though for a while more promising, ended not less fatally. Prince Charlie was, indeed, a much more attractive figure than his father and evoked personal devotion in greater measure. But Walpole had been in power for twenty years; he had kept England at peace while war raged on the continent; he had restored commercial prosperity; he had initiated a fiscal policy which was, in broad outline, maintained for two centuries, and by preferring "expedients to ideals" had firmly established on the throne the Hanoverian dynasty. The Stuarts had a real chance (save for the obstacle of creed) of regaining the throne in 1714. They might, with

luck and good management, have given a serious shake to their opponents in 1715: in 1745 they had no chance whatever. England was, indeed, embroiled in a world war against France, and the prediction of Walpole (no longer in power) was to that extent fulfilled. But Walpole had made a Stuart restoration for ever impossible.

Prince Charlie landed in Scotland in July, '45, and joined by the Highlanders slipped round General Cope as the latter was marching to Inverness, occupied Perth, reached Edinburgh, was proclaimed at the Cross and spent three days at Holyrood.

Learning that Sir John Cope had come south by sea, had landed at Dunbar, and was marching on Haddington, the Prince hastily left Edinburgh, put himself at the head of the Highlanders, and intercepted the English army at Prestonpans. In a few minutes—five was the Prince's estimate—the charge of the Highlanders had put the English army to flight. Such was " Ye Battle of Gledsmuir, fought ye 21st of September, which was one of ye most surprising action that ever was ". With the loss of not more than one hundred Highlanders killed and wounded, an English army of 2500 men had been put to ignominious flight by half-armed but terrifying Highlanders. Cope's men " escaped like rabits ", wrote the Prince to his father.

Five precious weeks were then wasted by the young Prince who kept his Court at Holyrood.

On 1st November, the march south at last began. Carlisle Castle capitulated on the 15th; and marching mostly on foot at the head of his infantry, the Prince, with his five thousand men, reached Manchester on the 29th. But recruits came in very slowly: even in loyal Lancashire there was nothing like a general rally to the Prince's banner. The Lancashire side of the '45 is nowhere better illustrated than in *The Lone Adventure*, by Halliwell Sutcliffe. Sir Jasper Royd of Windyhaugh is a splendid type of the staunch Lancastrian loyalist, the worthy father of Rupert Royd, the delicate heir who, with the help of an old retainer and a

girl, defends the old home of the Royds against a troop of Cumberland's Dutch or German forces, commanded by one Captain Goldstein. But the Royds and their like were few in number, and though the Prince, evading by a skilful feint an army under the Duke of Cumberland, reached Derby almost unopposed on 4th December, he reached it without any notable addition to his Highlanders. England had been lulled into complete apathy by Walpole.

At Derby there was anxious consideration as to the next step. Between the Highlanders and the capital there was only a hastily assembled camp at Finchley. News of the advance to Derby caused a panic in London. Another Prestonpans might have scattered the troops at Finchley: but a dash on London would have been the last throw of a dangerous gamble, and in deference to the prudential counsels of Lord George Murray, Prince Charlie decided on retreat. The Council of War at Derby is graphically described in the *Lone Adventure*, though the final decision is unfairly attributed to Lord George Murray's ultra-prudence. As a fact the Prince "could not prevail upon a single person" to join in his gamble. Cumberland was hard by in Staffordshire; Wade and his re-formed army was in Yorkshire; with the camp at Finchley the armies in the field amounted to thirty-thousand. If advance from Derby would probably have meant the complete extinction of the Highlanders, retreat was fatal to the Stuart cause.

To give the order for retreat broke the Prince's heart, but nevertheless the retreat began on 6th December. The Manchester regiment was left to garrison the castle at Carlisle—only to fall victims to Cumberland (29th December), and on 26th December, the Prince entered Glasgow, exactly eight weeks after leaving Edinburgh for his march to the south. With a loss of only forty men a large English army under General Hawley was pushed aside at Falkirk Muir (17th January), but the siege of Stirling Castle was abandoned, and, after further disputes among the leaders, the retreat to the Highlands was resumed.

The Duke of Cumberland had meanwhile marched north, reached Aberdeen on 14th February, and on 14th April, caught Prince Charlie's half-starved Highlanders on Culloden Moor.

Culloden was the end. The story of the Prince's wanderings after the disaster at Culloden can be followed nowhere better than in Carola Oman's *Over the Water*, which is strictly historical. An inexpert Englishman is apt to get lost among the Western Isles and the multiplicity of Macdonalds, but persistence is rewarded by a singularly vivid account of the adventures of the Prince and his "Young Preserver" the high-spirited Flora Macdonald.

Tradition says that after escaping from Culloden the Prince owed his life to the ready wit and devotion of one Roderick Mackenzie. The story is told by Halliwell Sutcliffe both in *The Lone Adventure* and in an equally good tale, *Willowdene Will.* The Prince and some of his friends being cut off by Cumberland's men took refuge in a shepherd's hut. Their plight was hopeless when young Mackenzie, who bore a strong resemblance to the Prince, rushed out of the hut, killed two of the besiegers before he was cut to pieces, and as he lay dying called out: "You know not what you do, you have slain your Prince." In the excitement thus caused the Prince managed to escape: Mackenzie's head was cut off, and (according to Sutcliffe's embroidered tale) was carried off by Cumberland in a casket to London, that the head might be exhibited, and the promised reward of £30,000 claimed. The "Butcher" was, however, waylaid on his journey by Lord Traquair, and Sutcliffe's lovable and generous-hearted highwayman, Willowdene Will, who relieved Cumberland of the casket and undeceived him as to the identity of its gruesome contents.

Meanwhile, the fugitive Prince, after a series of hairbreadth escapes, reached the Hebrides, on 27th April, and after more adventures, sailed for Skye in the disguise of "Betty Burke"—provided for him by Flora Macdonald.

On 20th September he finally escaped to France. The story may be read in C. Sanford Terry's *The Forty-Five*, a narrative ingeniously reconstructed from contemporary materials, or in Carola Oman's *Over the Water*. No more accurate or more thrilling account of the Prince's adventures in the Western Isles could be desired. Equally good historically is Miss D. K. Broster's truly admirable trilogy: *The Flight of the Heron*, *The Gleam in the North*, and *The Dark Mile*. One of the outstanding merits of Miss Broster's work is that it enables even a Southron to appreciate the passionate devotion of the Highlanders—of all grades—to their clans and their chiefs. Ewen Cameron (Ardroy) is a beautiful character, most sympathetically delineated, and hardly less attractive is his opposite number, the young English officer, Captain Windham.

The relations between the two young men, equally loyal to their respective sides, equally courageous, and equally chivalrous, supply the main thread of the first volume of the trilogy *The Flight of the Heron*, a tale which also throws a lurid light on the horrible cruelties inflicted by "Butcher" Cumberland and his officers on the half-starved Highlanders who escaped from Culloden. *The Gleam in the North* carries on the story after an interval of some seven years, and mainly concentrates upon the adventures, culminating in final tragedy at Tyburn, of Dr. Archie Cameron. The latter, a brother of Lochiel, the chief of the clan, was a cousin of Ewen Cameron who was tenderly attached to him, and who, by personating the clergyman appointed to attend him, was able to be with him on the scaffold. *The Dark Mile*, the third volume of Miss Broster's trilogy on the '45, exemplifies the dangers of a sequel. It accentuates the bitter animosities of the Highland clans, but, though the chiefs and the clansmen do not lack the qualities of their defects, the reader, with little to gain in the way of history, is apt to tire of them.

Echoes of the '45 recur in many novels dealing with the years immediately subsequent to the rising. Notably may

they be heard in Stevenson's great stories of adventure, *Kidnapped*, *Catriona*, and the *Master of Ballantrae*. As studies in highland scenery and Scottish character, not to add as thrilling narrative, the first two have rarely been surpassed, while the tragic story of the two sons of the old Lord Durrisdeer gives to the *Master of Ballantrae* a special place in the affections of all who can appreciate the perfect artistry of Robert Louis Stevenson.

After Culloden the cause of the Stuarts was hopeless. The cruel vengeance taken by the "Butcher" failed indeed to exorcise the spirit of the Highlanders, but from the ashes of Jacobitism a new Scotland arose. Nothing did more in the long run to destroy the power of the chiefs than the excellent roads which, constructed by General Wade (1726–38), facilitated the movement of English troops and brought "civilization" into the Highlands. As the inscription on an obelisk erected between Inveraray and Inverness ran:

> "Had you seen these roads before they were made
> You would lift up your hands and bless General Wade."

Even more important than the roads were the Parochial Schools set up throughout the country. Intended to "root out the Irish language" those Schools gave to Scotland a start in national education which England has never caught up, but which has furnished Great Britain with a "due succession of fit persons for the service of God in Church and State". Hardwicke's Act of 1747 abolished the feudal jurisdictions of the chiefs, and the forfeited estates were vested (£150,000 being voted in compensation) in the Crown. If, however, the "pacification" of Scotland was thoroughly, though slowly, accomplished, it must be attributed mainly to the strict observance of the terms of the Union: the kirk, beloved of the people, remained inviolate in its establishment; the law administered by the Courts was Scottish law; and all classes shared (if in unequal proportions) the prosperity diffused by commercial partnership with England. Walpole was the real architect of Great Britain.

CHAPTER XVI

The Expansion of England (1558–1732) The Elizabethan Seamen. The American Colonies

FROM Mary Queen of Scots to Bonnie Prince Charlie the Stuarts were at least fit subjects for Romance. The Hanoverians, whatever their merits, were not.

Yet George IV had at least this in his favour: he appreciated the best novels of his time; he bestowed a Baronetcy on Walter Scott and paid a pretty compliment to Jane Austen. He had " read and admired " all her publications, " kept a set in every one of his residences " and requested her to dedicate her next novel to himself. To the Prince Regent accordingly *Emma* was duly dedicated. Meanwhile, his librarian suggested that Jane Austen should write " an historical romance illustrative of the august House of Coburg ", a theme specially appropriate in view of the approaching marriage of Prince Leopold (afterwards King of the Belgians) and the Princess Charlotte. Jane Austen was not, however, beguiled by Royal patronage into strange paths; she expressed herself as very grateful for the suggestion, and " fully sensible that an historical romance founded on the House of Coburg might be much more to the purpose of profit and popularity than such pictures of domestic life in country villages as I deal in ". " But," she added, " I could no more write a romance than an epic poem. I could not sit seriously down to write a serious romance under any other motive than to save my life. . . . No, I must keep to my own style and go on in my own way;

and though I may never succeed again in that, I am convinced that I should totally fail in any other." Truly, a wise woman was Jane Austen. But are not Jane Austen's novels, in fact, historical? The question, previously formulated, now becomes imminent, if only because in the eighteenth century the interest of the novelist is evidently shifting from the romantic to the prosaic.

Moreover, with the disappearance of the Stuarts, the Monarchy itself disappears from the pages of fiction. The nearest we get to the Hanoverian monarchs in fiction are two or three novels dealing with the supposed marriage of George III—before his accession—with Hannah Lightfoot, the lovely Quakeress, and one or more telling the sordid story of Queen Caroline and her profligate husband, George IV.

Yet, if monarchs recede into the background, for the monarchy was reserved a rôle in public affairs more splendid and spacious than any heretofore assigned to it. Only the monarchy could in future supply the cement for that curiously constructed structure known as The British Empire.

The story of that Empire naturally falls into the following periods: (i) The sixteenth century—the sowing of the seed; (ii) The reaping of the harvest, mainly in the seventeenth century (1607–1732); (iii) The duel with France for ascendancy in North America and India (1689–1763); (iv) The Great Schism, and the disruption of the First Empire (1763–1783); (v) The beginnings of a Second Empire, partly the fruit of the Napoleonic wars; (vi) The development of the self-governing Dominions; and (vii) the evolution of a "Third British Empire" comprising, in addition to India, a far flung Colonial Empire and the British Commonwealth of Nations.

In the history of the British Empire the most important single event was the conquest of Constantinople by the Ottoman Turks (1453). The Turks quickly made them-

selves masters of the Mediterranean and all the land on its eastern and southern coasts. Thus the Turks held in their grip all the main routes by which the products of Asia reached western and northern Europe.

The closing of the old pathways encouraged a search for new pathways. The Portuguese mariners, Diaz and Vasco da Gama, found a new sea route to Asia by the Cape of Good Hope; Columbus and the Cabots, sailing from Spain and England respectively, failed in their immediate object but were rewarded by the discovery of the West Indies and the American continent.

These great discoveries meant a complete re-orientation of civilization, and in particular revolutionized the position of Britain. A land which for centuries had been " a third-rate isle half-lost among her seas ", leapt, almost at a single bound, into a position of geographical pre-eminence.

England, however, was slow to realize the momentous change in her position or to take advantage of it.

Not until after the accession of Elizabeth did Englishmen take part in earnest in maritime enterprise. The impulse was supplied by hostility to Spain. Spain stood for religious persecution and commercial monopoly. English Protestants were roused to frenzy by tales of the cruelties inflicted upon English adventurers by the Inquisition, and were determined to have a share in the rich profits accruing to Spaniards from trade with the new world.

In 1562 some citizens of London formed an African Company, and John Hawkyns went out as commander of an expedition which first gave England a share in the Slave trade. His example was quickly followed by other " men of Devon ", the Raleighs and Grenvilles, the Gilberts, Frobishers and Drakes. These men, half-crusaders, half-buccaneers, and wholly patriots, went forth with the Bible in one hand and a cutlass in the other, primarily no doubt in quest of gold, but also in defence of the Protestant faith, and to claim for England a place in the new world.

The novelists have not devoted too much attention to

the brilliant achievements of the Elizabethan sea-dogs. Dora McChesney's *The Wounds of a Friend*, commemorates the abortive attempt of Sir Walter Raleigh to establish a Colony in Virginia; M. Johnstone's *Sir Mortimer* recalls one of Drake's most brilliant exploits; R. Leighton's *Under the Foeman's Flag* deals with the Armada, and his *The Golden Galleon* tells the heroic story of Sir Richard Grenville and the fight of the *Revenge*. In *For God and Gold*, Sir Julian Corbett, the historian of the English Navy, has popularized the results of his great learning, and in *Under Drake's Flag* and *By England's Aid*, Henty made a characteristic contribution to the heroic story of the Elizabethan sea-dogs. Kingsley's *Westward Ho!* remains, however, somewhat surprisingly, the only novel of first rate importance dealing with a subject peculiarly susceptible of treatment in romance. *Westward Ho!* as already explained, is, indeed, on its historical side, little more than an exceedingly skilful redaction of the narratives collected in Hakluyt's *Voyages*.

The sixteenth century, then, sowed the seed: the reaping of the harvest began in the seventeenth. The crops varied. Trading " factories " were set up, under the famous Charter granted by Queen Elizabeth, in the Far East; " Plantations ", mostly slave worked, were established in the West Indian islands; but only on the North American continent did Englishmen plant " Colonies " in the strict sense.

Between 1607 and 1732, thirteen colonies were established in North America on the narrow strip of land between the St. Lawrence and the great lakes in the north, the Alleghany Mountains to the west, and to the east the Atlantic. The colonies were the product not of conquest but of simple settlement, New York being the only important exception to this rule.

Virginia, the first settlement to take root, was established in 1607, and after many vicissitudes began in 1624 to make rapid progress. Reinforced by many cavaliers after the King's defeat in the Civil War, its population reached 40,000 in 1670, and by the close of the century was 100,000.

Maryland was established in 1632 by Lord Baltimore, primarily as a refuge for Roman Catholics, and continued until the secession to be a proprietary colony, distinguished by its adherence to the principle of religious toleration. The Carolinas were, in 1663, granted by Charles II, to a body of eight proprietors including Lord Clarendon, Lord Shaftesbury and George Monk, Duke of Albemarle, but in 1729 the Proprietors sold their rights to the Crown. Borrowing from Maryland the principle of religious liberty, the Carolinas welcomed immigrants from all sides, including Quakers from New England and Huguenots from old France. The southern group was completed in 1732, when a great philanthropist, General Oglethorpe, established, with the help of a Parliamentary grant of £10,000, an asylum in the New World for the failures of the Old World. Religious liberty was a cardinal principle of Georgia, which offered a home not only to social outcasts from England, but to Moravians and other continental Protestants, as well as to Roman Catholics and Presbyterians from Scotland.

Religious freedom was not the distinguishing characteristic of the northern or New England group. The first Puritan emigrants, the famous "Pilgrim Fathers", established themselves in 1629 at New Plymouth, but the Plymouth settlement, though historically important, was insignificant compared with the great colony of Massachusetts which was founded not by poor "Brownists" or Separatists, but by a body of substantial merchants and squires who obtained a Charter from Charles I and in 1630 despatched a fleet of seventeen vessels, well found and with some 1500 emigrants aboard, to Massachusetts Bay. Puritans in creed, Parliamentarians in politics, they saw little to hope for from an autocratic monarch, determined to have done with parliaments and with the help of Laud and Strafford to initiate the rule of "Thorough" in Church and State. Rhode Island, Connecticut and New Hampshire were offshoots from Massachusetts, and in 1643 united with her and New Plymouth in a New England Confederation. Maine,

though geographically belonging to the New England group, had a different origin, being founded in 1639 under a Charter granted by Charles I to Sir Ferdinando Gorges, an adventurer who had been associated with Essex in Ireland. Though an absentee proprietor he exercised absolute sway over his little settlement.

Between the New England and the southern group lay the colonies of New York, Delaware, New Jersey and Pennsylvania. These came into the possession of England, partly by conquest from the Dutch, partly by settlement. Pennsylvania had a curious origin. A debt of £16,000 due from the Crown to Admiral Penn, the conqueror of Jamaica, was conveniently liquidated by the grant to his son of some 47,000 square miles of territory west of New York. In 1682, William Penn took possession of this great estate and made a home primarily for Quakers, but also for refugees of every sort irrespective of creed or country. The distinguishing characteristic of the American colonies as a whole is their amazing variety—social, economical, racial and religious: Cavaliers and Puritans, prosperous squires and merchants, and ruined outcasts; Anglicans, Roman Catholics, Presbyterians, Independents, Quakers, Huguenots, Moravians and what not; planters, farmers, traders, autocrats, aristocrats, democrats—a mosaic representing every section of society in the England they had left.

How is this colonization period reflected in fiction? *The Virginians* describes the Virginia of the middle eighteenth century, but long before that the southern colonies had developed the characteristics so truthfully depicted by Thackeray:

"The resident gentry were allied to good English families. They held their heads above the Dutch traders of New York and the money-getting roundheads of Pennsylvania and New England. . . . The gentry of Virginia dwelt on their great lands after a fashion almost patriarchal. For its rough cultivation, each estate had a multitude of hands—of purchased and assigned servants. . . . Their

ships took the tobacco off their private wharves on the banks of the Potomac or the James River, and carried it to London or Bristol—bringing back English goods and articles of home manufacture in return for the only produce which the Virginian gentry chose to cultivate. Their hospitality was boundless. . . . The gentry received one another, and travelled to each other's houses, in a state almost feudal. The question of slavery was not born at the time of which we write. To be the proprietor of black servants shocked the conscience of no Virginian gentleman; nor in truth was the despotism exercised over the negro race generally a savage one. The food was plenty; the poor black people lazy and not unhappy."

Apart from Thackeray's great novel, old Virginian society was faithfully and charmingly described by Mary Johnstone, whose novels are as good as any of their class. *By Order of the Company* tells of the early days of the Colony when it was wisely administered by Sir George Yeardley (1618-27) who was the first Colonial governor to summon a representative Parliament (1619). *The Old Dominion* describes the position in the middle of the seventeenth century, while *Audrey*, not the least beautiful of the trilogy, covers the last years of the reign of George I and the earlier part of his son's. By that time Colonel Henry Esmond had made his home in Virginia, and we pass again under the spell of Thackeray's magic wand.

Meanwhile, mention should be made of J. E. Cooke's *My Lady Pocahontas*, which deals with the famous episode which occurred in the first days of the colony, and ended with the death of the Princess Pocahontas, in 1617. Lucy M. Thruston's *Mistress Brent; a Story of Lord Baltimore's Colony* is of interest in connexion with the early history of Maryland, and Emma Rayner's *Doris Kingsley, Child and Colonist*, with that of Georgia. The latter's *In Castle and Colony*, refers to a period in the history of Pennsylvania before it received the name of its famous proprietor. Penn's own portrait is painted by Margaret H. Robertson in

A Gallant Quaker, and there is some reference to him in M. A. Paull's *My Mistress the Queen.* That the colonial career of William Penn should have attracted relatively little attention from novelists is the more curious in view of his really important contribution to the Peace movement by his *Essay on Peace.*[1]

From Pennsylvania to the New England Colonies is an easy though a backward step, and enables us to notice the truly remarkable tales of Nathaniel Hawthorne. The author of *The Scarlet Letter*, *The House of the Seven Gables*, *Mosses from an old Manse*, and *The Blithedale Romance*, was a genuine product (as his compatriot, Henry James, has said) of the New England soil, . . . " redolent of the social system in which he had his being ". He was, moreover, pre-eminently the child of his Puritan forefathers, and in the charming Preface to *The Scarlet Letter*, he handsomely acknowledges his debt to those " stern and black-browed Puritans, any one of which would have thought it quite a sufficient retribution for his sins, that after so long a lapse of years, the old trunk of the family tree . . . should have borne . . . an idler like myself? And yet," he adds, " let them scorn me as they will, strong traits of their nature have intertwined themselves with mine." Hawthorne never wrote a truer word.

The founder of the New England branch of the family was Major William Hawthorne, who went out to Massachusetts with Governor Winthrop, " was a ruler in the Church. . . . He was likewise a bitter persecutor."

Thanks to Hawthorne's genius we see in the flesh " those stern, grave, remorseless founders and fathers of the Commonwealth," Endicotts and Bradstreets, Dudleys and Bellinghams, and in their midst the beautiful and delicately nurtured woman, Hester Prynne, a newcomer to Massachusetts, a woman of gentle English birth, the widow (as she supposed) of a crabbed old scholar. Into their

[1] For an account of this important essay, see Marriott: *Commonwealth or Anarchy*, Chap. V *passim.*

chaste community Hester had brought the taint of a deadly sin, punishable, according to their code, by death, but commuted in her case to comparatively light imprisonment, followed by public abasement in the pillory, and the wearing on her breast throughout life of a large A in flaming scarlet —the stigma of her crime.

Hawthorne's dominant theme, like George Eliot's, is sin. The purpose of *The Scarlet Letter* is to trace the effects of the sin particularly abhorrent to Puritans upon the persons of the tale.

That the Puritans fleeing from persecution in old England should, when clothed with authority in New England, have shown themselves far more intolerant than Laud himself, may appear ironical. It was, however, their object to establish in the new world a Theocratic State where, as at Geneva, citizenship was coextensive with churchmanship. Between a crime and a sin the Theocracy knew no distinction. This involved special severity against those convicted of sins of the flesh.

The scene of *The Scarlet Letter* is laid in Boston during the closing days of the governorship of John Winthrop (1630–49), or the early days of Governor Bellingham. Its theme is the unescapable, irretrievable, and ineradicable effects of one sinful act upon the leading characters of the story: Hester, the Rev. Arthur Dimmesdale, the partner of Hester's sin, and old Roger Chillingworth, the wronged husband. "Be the stern and sad truth spoken, that the breach which guilt has once made in the human soul can never, in this mortal state, be repaired."

Here, in *The Scarlet Letter*, the doom is worked out at once. In *The House of the Seven Gables*, based on the same central theme, the doom is, so to say, projected and prolonged. The fathers eat sour grapes, the teeth of the children to the third and fourth generation are set on edge. In *The House of the Seven Gables* the *damnosa haereditas* of a sinful act is localized: it clings to a particular dwelling house. But though the sermon is varied it is preached on the same text.

Hawthorne sets forth the moral in express terms: "Hence might be drawn a mighty lesson from the little regarded truth that the act of the passing generation is the germ which may and *must* produce good or evil fruit in a far distant time: that together with the seed of the merely temporary crop which mortals term expediency, they inevitably sow the acorns of a more enduring growth which may darkly overshadow their posterity." A gloomy doctrine? Yet the gloom is not unrelieved; in Hester Prynne, as in the Donatello of *Transformation*, we realize the purifying effect of purgatory, while in old Hepzibah Pyncheon of the *Seven Gables* is revealed the true beauty of a hard and humble but dedicated life.

It is, however, as the "ghost of New England" that we must think of Hawthorne—as truly representative of one aspect of that stern Calvinistic creed which, as Froude has finely taught, has supplied the moral backbone of many of the pilgrims who built up the fabric of the British Empire, not in New England only but in three great continents.

CHAPTER XVII

The Second Hundred Years' War

The Anglo-French Duel (1689–1815)

BEFORE the tale of the thirteen colonies had been completed by the foundation of Georgia (1732), England had found herself involved in a contest which was closed only by Wellington's victory at Waterloo.

The true significance of the Second Hundred Years' War with France (1689–1815) was first disclosed by Sir John Seeley in his epoch-making lectures on *The Expansion of England.* Until the eighteenth century England had not come into serious conflict with European neighbours over colonial questions. The Dutch traders in the Spice Islands had indeed driven the English merchants who survived the Amboyna Massacre to take refuge on the continent of Hindustan (1623). To Cromwell, who was the first English ruler to exact reparation for that outrage, we owe the acquisition of Jamaica from Spain. But the Bermudas (Somers Islands) had been in English possession ever since Sir George Somers had been marooned on those islands as he voyaged to Virginia in 1609. Barbados though occupied still earlier (1605) was first settled from St. Kitts in 1624. From St. Kitts also Nevis, Montserrat and Antigua were settled (1628–32). New York came into English possession as a result of the Dutch wars under Charles II. It was not, however, until after the Revolution of 1688 that the real contest between European rivals for Empire began.

France was our most serious competitor. Before the end of the seventeenth century the French were strongly

established not only in the West Indies but also on the continent of North America. A French colony was established at Quebec in 1608, and its founder, Samuel Champlain, also found a key to the Far West by his explorations on the Ottawa River and in the region of the Great Lakes. La Salle, a fur trader, traced the course of the Mississippi from its sources to its delta, and annexed the region which, in honour of his King, he christened Louisiana, and in 1717 founded New Orleans.

Nor had English adventurers looked on idly at the French progress in Canada.

By the Treaty of Utrecht (1713), Acadia (Nova Scotia) and the Hudson Bay Forts which had several times changed hands in the seventeenth century were, together with Newfoundland, finally ceded to England, though France retained Cape Breton Island and the right of fishing off part of the Newfoundland coast. By the same Treaty, England secured for the first time supremacy in the Mediterranean by the retention of Gibraltar (conquered by Sir George Rooke in 1704) and Minorca. Even more immediately valuable was the right, secured to the English South Sea Company by the *Assiento*, of supplying the Spanish colonies with African slaves, and of sending one ship a year with general cargo to Spanish South America.

The *Assiento* Treaty proved to be the source of much trouble. The English merchants, under cover of a limited concession, developed a large and lucrative but illicit trade. The Spanish Guarda-Costas exercised with brutality their undoubted right of search. The famous outrage by which Captain Jenkins of the *Rebecca* lost an ear and made history, was only one of many, and forced the pacific Walpole into war with Spain (1739).

The "War of Jenkins's Ear" developed into the European War of the Austrian Succession (1740–48) and that again into war between England and France, fought out mainly in India and North America. The Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle (1748) was only a truce. Conquests were mutually

restored both in India and North America. The decisive issue was deferred.

The issue was vital to the future of North America. France was strongly entrenched on the St. Lawrence, the Great Lakes, and the Mississippi; Spain held Florida; Great Britain held, besides Newfoundland, the Atlantic seaboard, from Nova Scotia to Georgia. But the French were determined to confine the English to the narrow strip east of the Alleghanies, and to close the gap between the northern limits of Louisiana and the great lakes of Canada, by constructing a series of forts. One was built at Niagara (1720), in the face of strong opposition from the Indians. The English responded to this threat in 1727 by a fort at Oswego on the southern shore of Lake Ontario. In 1731, the French built Crown Point on Lake Champlain. After the "Peace" of 1748 the French built Fort Duquesne, which occupied a key position on the Ohio. So great was the alarm among the colonists in Virginia that in 1754 Dinwiddie, the Governor of that Colony, despatched a force, under George Washington, a young militia Colonel of one-and-twenty, to warn the French off. Washington established a fort at Necessity in the Alleghanies, but could not hold it. The situation thus developing was the more serious by reason of the complete absence of unity among the English Colonies. Not a single Colony except North Carolina would send any help to Virginia. A Conference of Colonial Governors was summoned at the instance of the Home Government in 1754, but a scheme for a Federal Union, drafted by Benjamin Franklin, a brilliant young Bostonian, was rejected by all the Colonial Assemblies. In 1755 two regiments sent from England under General Braddock were ambushed by Indians, and Braddock, with half his force, was killed.

The news of Braddock's defeat caused great consternation; but worse was to come. War with France was no sooner declared in 1756 than three major disasters ensued. The surrender of Minorca greatly weakened our position in the Mediterranean; the tragedy of the Black Hole seemed

to threaten the extinction of the East India Company in Bengal; in the Ohio Valley Lord Loudon was forced to surrender Oswego to Montcalm.

But it is just before dawn that night is darkest. Pitt borrowed Newcastle's majority to carry on the Government, and for four years (1757–61) carried it on with brilliant success. On his accession to power the tide at once turned. Clive's great victory at Plassey (1757) decided the fate of Bengal; the defeat inflicted on Count Lally by Colonel Eyre Coote at Wandewash ended French hopes of ascendancy in India. The great victories of our Prussian ally, Frederick the Great, at Rossbach and Leuthen (1757) were crowned by the allied victory at Minden (1759). France was beaten in Europe. Boscawen's brilliant victory off Lagos and Hawke's in Quiberon Bay (1759) established British supremacy at sea. But it was in North America that Pitt, with the help of Admiral Boscawen, General (Lord) Amherst, and General Wolfe, delivered the decisive blow. Fort Duquesne was captured and was rechristened Pittsburg in 1758; Cape Breton with its great fortress of Louisburg also surrendered in 1758, Ticonderoga and Crown Point in 1759, Quebec, thanks to Wolfe's great victory on the Heights of Abraham (1759), and Montreal in 1760. The Peace of Paris registered and confirmed England's victory in a world war. With the destruction of all their military establishments went all hopes of French ascendancy in India. Equally decisive was the result in North America. France ceded to England Canada, Nova Scotia, and Cape Breton Island; she gave up Louisiana to Spain who in turn ceded Florida to England. France retained her fishing rights off Newfoundland and regained Martinique, St. Lucia, Guadeloupe and Goree, but restored (in exchange for Belle Isle) Minorca to England, who retained Senegal, Grenada, Tobago and Dominica. The broad result was that in North America, as in India, the dream of a French Empire was shattered.

England's victory was, indeed, too complete. Those who

urged her to retain the valuable islands of Guadeloupe and Martinique and hand back Canada to France, had some justification for advice which to us sounds almost grotesque. Hardly was the ink dry on the Treaty of Paris before some of the American Colonies, relieved by the British victories of all danger from the French, began to murmur against the fiscal policy which the mother-land adopted in order to meet the charges involved in the establishment of a small standing army in America. The progress of the quarrel can be followed with a minimum of passion in Thackeray's pages, and we may do well therefore to view it through the spectacles of *The Virginians*. Sufficient here to say that war broke out between Great Britain and the thirteen Colonies in 1775, and that with the help of France, Spain, Holland, and a *League of Armed Neutrality* to which Russia, Sweden, Denmark, Austria and even Portugal, our old ally, adhered, the Colonies won the independence claimed in the famous Declaration of 1776.

In the last three years of the war British honour, greatly tarnished by a series of defeats and surrenders, was redeemed by the heroism of General Elliot in the defence of Gibraltar against the French and the Spaniards, and by the naval victories of Admiral Rodney. In 1780 Rodney won a great victory over a Spanish fleet off Cape St. Vincent and sailing for the West Indies engaged de Grasse off Martinique and by his brilliant seamanship annihilated the French fleet (12th April, 1782). This last-hour victory "saved for Britain" in Froude's emphatic words, "her ocean sceptre".

Thanks to Rodney, the Treaty of Versailles (1783), though it meant the disintegration of the First British Empire, brought peace without dishonour.

Upon the ashes of the First Empire, a Second arose. British Power in India, gravely menaced during the American War, was saved from extinction by Warren Hastings. The United Empire Loyalists laid the foundations of a British Canada. From a convict settlement in Australia there developed in the course of a century a Federal Common-

wealth, while Cape Colony, Ceylon and the Mauritius passed to Great Britain in the course of the Napoleonic War.

That war brought the Second Hundred Years' War to an end. Nelson's victory at Trafalgar had forced Napoleon to play his last card. The attempt to conquer Portugal and Spain gave England a chance of fighting Napoleon on land as well as at sea. Wellington seized the chance. The "Spanish Ulcer" drained the resources of Napoleon; the failure of the Moscow Expedition enabled Prussia and Austria to avenge a long series of defeats; Wellington administered the *coup de grâce* to Napoleon upon the fatal field of Waterloo.[1]

Of many novels dealing with the Imperial aspect of the Second Hundred Years' War, incomparably the most important is Thackeray's *The Virginians*; but brief mention may first be made of others. C. G. D. Roberts' *The Forge in the Forest* and *A Sister to Evangeline* deal with Acadia (Nova Scotia), after that much disputed Province passed under English rule. Of 7000 French Acadians expelled from the Annapolis Valley over 1000 took refuge in South Carolina, others found a home in Georgia, but the rest were scattered among the New England Colonies.

For the relations between the European pioneers and the American Indians we may still go with advantage to the tales (now a century old) of Fenimore Cooper—*The Last of the Mohicans*, *The Deerslayer*, and the rest. Modern boys may perhaps be incited to read those novels as they learn to-day (1939) of the historic meeting between our English King and Queen and their Indian subjects on Canadian soil. They might do worse. The relations between British colonists and the Indians also supply one of several elements of interest to a recent novel of more than average quality. *Next to Valour* (1939) by John Jennings, opens during the '45 in Scotland; it ends with a brilliant account of Wolfe's

[1] The story, here rapidly summarized, may be read in more detail in Marriott: *The Evolution of the British Empire and Commonwealth* (Nicholson & Watson, 1939) chapters vi-viii.

capture of Quebec. The history of the intervening years is told in great detail. Jamie Ferguson of Kintulloch tells it in the course of 887 closely printed pages; yet the interest never flags. Immediately after his father's death at Culloden, Jamie and his sisters are carried off by their mother to join an uncle in New Hampshire. Trained by a friendly Indian in woodcraft and scouting, Jamie makes a fortune in lumber, while his skill as a scout contributes largely to the successful campaign of 1759 and to Wolfe's victory on the Heights of Abraham. Historically the book is important for the light it throws on colonial life on the Franco-Indian frontier; on the incompetence of most of the regular officers sent out to Canada, and their supercilious attitude to the " provincial officers and men ". The sketch of Wolfe is very slight, but Lord Howe, Amherst and Montcalm all show to great advantage in a most exciting drama.

Of a somewhat different character are Sir Gilbert Parker's novels *The Trail of the Sword* and *The Seats of the Mighty*. The former recounts the struggle between the English, the French, and the Indians, in the Hudson Bay territory; the latter is an exciting story of adventure dealing with the Anglo-French duel in Lower Canada, culminating in Wolfe's great victory on the Heights of Abraham. As history both books must, of course, be checked by reference to the invaluable works of Francis Parkman. Quiller-Couch's *Fort Amity* covers the period between the British reverse at Ticonderoga (1758), and the defeat of the American insurgents before Quebec in 1775. For younger readers there is no better account of Wolfe's great exploits than Henty's *With Wolfe in Canada*, and the same competent writer gives a straightforward and accurate description of the whole course of the War of Independence in *True to the Flag*. Among many American novels dealing with that War special mention may be made of Winston Churchill's *Richard Carvel*. Even more important historically is Gertrude Atherton's *The Conqueror*, which as a biography of one of the greatest

American statesmen—Alexander Hamilton—is second only to F. S. Oliver's brilliant *Life of Hamilton.*

Yet all other novels dealing with the period 1753–83 pale into insignificance, when set side by side with *The Virginians.* The sequel to *Esmond* may be inferior as a work of art to its predecessor. The story is overlong drawn out, yet who can wonder that Thackeray dawdled over the affairs of the Castlewood-Esmond-Warrington family? So much does he love those creatures of his imagination that he postpones as long as possible the day when he must part from them. Nor do five generations exhaust the interest of the ordinary reader, though a literary critic may pick holes in the technique.

The historian could well spare some of the pranks played by young Harry Warrington at Tunbridge Wells and in the fast set in London. Yet as a picture of one aspect of English society under George II *The Virginians* is not less valuable than *Tom Jones.* It is however for the Colonial scenes that *The Virginians* is historically important. The main interest of the earlier chapters is centred on the situation in the Ohio valley on the eve of the Seven Years' War. "We chose to hold our American colonies by a law that was at least convenient for its framers. The maxim was, that whoever possessed the coast had a right to all the territory inland as far as the Pacific . . . the French, meanwhile, had their colonies to the north and south, and aimed at connecting them by the Mississippi and the St. Lawrence and the great intermediate lakes and waters lying to the westward of the British possessions . . . the colonial question came to an issue, on the Ohio River, where the British and French settlers met. To be sure there existed other people besides French and British, who thought they had a title to the territory about which the children of their White Fathers were battling. . . . But the logicians of St. James and Versailles wisely chose to consider the matter in dispute as a European and not a Red Man's question, eliminating him from the argument, but employing his tomahawk as it might serve the turn of either litigant."

By 1755 the situation had become tense. Mr. George Washington, a young major in the Virginian Militia was sent to warn the French off the disputed territory. In this ill-fated expedition George Washington served along with his young friend George Warrington, the elder of the twin sons of Madame Esmond Warrington (popularly known from her regal manners as the Princess Pocahontas). George Warrington was left for dead upon the field, and not for many months does he reappear on the scene. The insolent behaviour of Braddock and his officers in the Colony, their contempt, equally bestowed upon their Colonial comrades and upon a despised enemy, was largely responsible for the disaster that befell them. Stupid as was the behaviour of Braddock and his regulars towards the Colonials, it was not wholly inexcusable. Here is an extract from a letter from young George Warrington when serving under Braddock, before the fatal ambush:

"It must be owned that the provinces are acting scurvily by his Majesty King George II, and his representative here is in a flame of fury. Virginia is bad enough, and poor Maryland not much better, but Pennsylvania is worst of all. We pray them to send us troops from home to fight the French; and we promise to maintain the troops when they come. We not only don't keep our promise, and make scarce any provision for our defenders, but our people insist upon the most exorbitant prices for their cattle and stores, and actually cheat the soldiers who are come to fight their battles. No wonder the General swears, and the troops are sulky. The delays have been endless. Owing to the failure of the several provinces to provide their promised stores and means of locomotion, weeks and months have elapsed, during which time, no doubt, the French have been strengthening themselves on our frontier and in the forts they have turned us out of."

Such was the inauspicious opening of the campaign that was to have so splendid a dénouement.

Of Wolfe, the hero of that campaign, a beautiful portrait

has been drawn by Thackeray. We meet James Wolfe first in his home at Westerham, a young man scarce thirty years old but already with sixteen years' service behind him and a marked man in the army. Yet, as his friend the good Colonel Lambert says, "lucky as he hath been no one envies his superiority. . . . He is beloved by every man of our old regiment and knows every one of them." At that moment Wolfe's one hope was to be allowed to settle down at home: "I have done pretty near the whole of a soldier's duty, except, indeed, the command of an army, which can hardly be hoped for by one of my years; and now, methinks, I would like quiet books to read, a wife to love me, and some children to dandle on my knee. I have imagined some such elysium for myself, Mr. Warrington. True love is better than glory . . . the greatest good the gods can send to us." The Gods and Mr. Pitt denied that good to Colonel Wolfe.

In 1758 he was sent off to America; he highly distinguished himself at the siege of Louisburg, and in January, 1759, he was given the command of the army to operate against Quebec. On 27th June, Wolfe and his army landed on the Isle of Orleans opposite the great cliff of Quebec. On 13th September, Wolfe won his great victory and met his glorious death on the Heights of Abraham. The story of the intervening days is vividly described in a few paragraphs in Chapter XXVI of *The Virginians*, as well as in Gilbert Parker's *Seats of the Mighty*.

The unhappy sequel was shrewdly foretold by the vulgar little woman, Miss Lydia Van den Bosch of Virginia, on whom my Lord Castlewood bestowed his battered heart and tarnished coronet: "This action at Quebec is a most glorious action; and now we have turned the French King out of the country, shouldn't be at all surprised if we set up for ourselves in America."

They did; and the grim story is nowhere more succinctly told than in *The Virginians*. It is a story of blundering incapacity on the part of the English Generals—notably of General (afterwards Viscount) Howe, but of superb courage,

skill and resource on the part of the man who won the war for America.

From first to last Thackeray's narrative is singularly impartial, as, indeed, it should be with one of his beloved Esmond twins fighting on the English side, and the other on the American. "I protest I don't know now" (this is *à propos* of the fiscal disputes) "which side was in the right, or whether both were not." "If I think" (says the English twin) "the home Parliament had a right to levy taxes in the Colonies, I own that we took means most captious, most insolent, most irritating, and, above all, most impotent to assert our claim." *Voilà tout!*

As to the conduct of the war no Englishman can even to-day read without exasperation the tale Thackeray tells of the chances thrown away by the apathy and timorousness of the English commanders—as for instance "during the awful winter of '77 when one blow struck by the sluggard at the head of the British forces might have ended the war, and all was doubt, confusion and despair in the opposite camp (save in one indomitable breast alone)". "Think," he adds, "of Wolfe at Quebec and hearken to Howe's fiddles as he sits smiling among the dancers at Philadelphia."

Thackeray's portrait of Washington is superb, though hardly more than a sketch—fit to put side by side with that of Wolfe—by that, indeed, of any hero in any age.

To the American War of Independence, the Napoleonic Wars were the natural sequel. From the outset of his career Napoleon had fixed upon England as the enemy. In particular was he anxious to destroy the incipient British Empire in India. The conquest of Egypt was to be a means to that end. The designs of Napoleon were frustrated primarily by Nelson's great victory of the Nile, and hardly less effectively, if more remotely, by the policy of Castlereagh at home and the vigilance in India of Lord Wellesley.

Historical novelists have not neglected the Revolutionary and Napoleonic wars, though their contributions are not of

outstanding importance. The naval side of the war—to Great Britain the most important—is illustrated in such books (to mention only a few of many) as Sir Julian Corbett's *Business in Great Waters* (especially good on the Quiberon Expedition in 1795); Captain Marryat's *The King's Own* (for the Mutiny at the Nore, 1797), his *Frank Mildmay*, *Mr. Midshipman Easy*, and other stories, largely based on personal experience; Henty's *By Conduct and Courage*, and *At Aboukir and Acre*; W. H. Fitchett's *The Commander of the Hirondelle* (the battle of Cape St. Vincent and after); W. Clark Russell's *The Yarn of Old Harbour Town*; and W. H. G. Kingston's *From Powder Monkey to Admiral*. The French expeditions to Ireland form the subject of Charles Lever's *The O'Donoghue*, and *Maurice Tiernay*. In connexion with the French expedition to Bantry Bay mention should be made of the little known but exciting episode described in Miss D. K. Broster's *Ships in the Bay*. The story revolves round the adventures of one Martin Tyrrell who was mixed up in the rebellion of the United Irishmen, and escaped from a French ship which after the failure of the expedition to Bantry Bay (December, 1796) caused some alarm by a descent on Fishguard. Christmas, 1796, was an anxious time in England; but the French landing at Fishguard (February, 1797) is an episode about which few people would ever have heard but for Miss Broster's excellent story. Lord Edward Fitzgerald and A. O'Connor are among the historical characters introduced into the novel, which is an admirable example of the light thrown by fiction upon the unexplored by-ways of history. Several good novels deal with the scare produced in England by Napoleon's camp at Boulogne (1804–5). One of the best is R. D. Blackmore's *Springhaven*. The author preferred it to his *Lorna Doone*, and as history, apart from romance, it is certainly superior to it. A more charming portrait of Nelson, among friends at home, has never been drawn, and the account of his death at Trafalgar could not be bettered. If the description of the excitement caused at "Springhaven" by the expected arrival of Bonaparte's Boulogne

flotilla does not impel readers to further research on the subject nothing could, although some knowledge of the strategy of the campaign that culminated at Trafalgar is essential to the complete enjoyment of the novel. And even an historian may be stimulated to read the exciting tale again. Among other novels on the same subject mention may be made of Conan Doyle's *Uncle Bernac*, Quiller-Couch's *Mayor of Troy*, and Thomas Hardy's *Trumpet Major*. There are still more novels about the Peninsular War, e.g. J. W. Fortescue's *The Drummer's Coat*, Mrs. M. L. Woods's *Sons of the Sword*, Charles Lever's *Charles O'Malley*, and *Tom Burke of Ours*, Henty's *With Moore at Corunna*, *Under Wellington's Command*, and *The Young Buglers*, General W. G. Hamley's *Traseaden Hall*, and Conan Doyle's *The Adventures of Gerard*. The last phases of the Napoleonic wars are dealt with in Conan Doyle's *The Great Shadow*, John Oxenham's *Lauristons* and Henty's *One of the 28th*.

Napoleon's dream of re-establishing a French Empire in India and his intrigues to that end with Tipu Sultan of Mysore, have not attracted as much attention from novelists as we might expect. Colonel Meadows Taylor does, indeed, devote one of his fine Indian novels (*Tippoo Sultaun*) to the Third Mysore War (1790–92) and Henty's *The Tiger of Mysore* deals with the fourth and last of those wars. The hero of Major Arthur Griffiths's *A Royal Rascal* takes part in the last campaign against Tippoo, but perhaps the most important novel concerned with Napoleon's Far Eastern policy is Captain Charles Gilson's *The Lost Empire*.

In the history of the *Second British Empire* the Napoleonic wars form an important episode, but apart from India, from South Africa, and certain islands in East and West, the growth of that Empire was mainly due not to war but to the peaceful settlement of the vast unoccupied spaces of Australia, New Zealand and Canada.[1]

[1] See *infra*, c. xx.

CHAPTER XVIII

Chartist England and the Chartist Novels

The Industrial and Agrarian Revolutions (1760–1848)

THE year 1848 known on the Continent as "The Year of Revolution" did not pass even in England without incident. In that year the Chartist movement reached its apogee; it had, however, spent its force; the demonstrations of 1848 were a complete fiasco; Chartism which had emerged at intervals since 1780, was never, in its original form, heard of again.

Yet the causes operating to produce Chartism were of serious import: how serious was demonstrated by the publication of a group of notable novels emanating from very different quarters: a Unitarian manse in Manchester; a country parsonage in Hampshire, and the heart of literary and political London. Disraeli's *Sybil* was published in 1845; Mrs. Gaskell's *Mary Barton* in 1848; Charles Kingsley's *Yeast* in 1848 and his *Alton Locke* in 1850. The wife of a Manchester minister, the rising hope of the Young England party, and the country parson were all bent on getting at the roots of the phenomenon known as Chartism.

Where were the roots to be found? "Chartism," said Thomas Carlyle, "means the bitter discontent grown fierce and mad, the wrong condition therefore, or the wrong disposition of the working classes of England. . . . Is the condition of the English working people wrong; so wrong that rational working men cannot, will not and even should

not rest quiet under it? . . . Or is the discontent itself mad like the shape it took?"

History, with retrospective glance, can see that Chartism represented a mass of accumulated discontent, resulting on the one hand from the great Industrial and Agrarian Revolutions through which England passed between (*circ.*) 1760 and (*circ.*) 1848, and on the other from the failure of the Reform Act of 1832 to fulfil the hopes of the manual workers.

Down to the reign of George III England had carried a scanty and scattered population and its 6,000,000 inhabitants were, broadly speaking, self-sufficing. Of large towns there were relatively few; not more than twenty-four per cent of the population were town dwellers; three-fourths of the population lived on the land and mainly by the land. Every farm and cottage had its own spinning wheel and many had their own hand-looms. There was, in fact, little differentiation of economic functions, no sharp division of labour. The farmers were manufacturers; the manufacturers were farmers. Nor had the problem of distribution really emerged. Yeomen, of whom there were still many, paid no rent to landlords, and such labour as they hired was remunerated mainly by lodging and board. The wages of non-resident labourers were eked out not only by the spinning wheel and the hand-loom, but by the fowls and geese and maybe a cow that roamed the commons, and the pigs that got their subsistence in the woods. Problems of wages and rent were consequently much less acute than they became under the tripartite system of big landowners, capitalist farmers, and landless labourers.

The new agrarian economy was itself the result of the revolution in industry caused by the evolution of the " factory " system. Between 1733 and 1790 a series of mechanical changes revolutionized the production of woollen and cotton textiles. The " fly-shuttle ", invented by Kay, a Lancashire weaver in 1733, doubled the rapidity of the weaving process; James Hargreaves' "Spinning Jenny" (1754) and Crompton's

"Mule" (1785) enabled spinning to keep pace with weaving. The "Power-loom" perfected between 1755 and 1815 completed the revolution in the textile industry. But the main agent in the transformation of England was James Watt's steam-engine, patented in 1765 and before the end of the century generally applied to the manufacture of cottons and linens, and later to woollens. The use of steam power meant the transference of mills from the country into new towns, from the Pennine streams to the proximity of the coalfields. Iron-smelting, located originally in the woods of the Sussex Weald, had to follow suit.

Nor was the steam-engine confined to industrial production: in 1825 the rail-road system was initiated and in a few years gave a new mobility to labour and facilitated the carriage of goods.

These inventions brought about a significant change in the location of industry from the south to the north of the Trent, as well as an immense increase in aggregate production, in foreign trade, and not least in population. The population of England and Wales is estimated to have been about 6,000,000 in 1750; in 1801 (the first year of an official census) it had risen to 9,157,176, while that of the United Kingdom was 15,700,000.

This rapid increase of population combined with the coincidence of the Napoleonic wars to necessitate a radical change in agricultural methods. Reforming landlords, like the second Viscount Townshend, best known as "Turnip" Townshend, Lord Rockingham, the Duke of Bedford, Jethro Tull (1674–1741) the father of the "Tullian system", above all, Thomas William Coke "of Norfolk", the first Earl of Leicester (1752–1842)—these men together with scientific agriculturists like Robert Bakewell (1725–94), famous for improvements in stock breeding, and Arthur Young (1741–1820) the first Secretary of the Board of Agriculture, revolutionized English agriculture. Their methods involved enclosure on a large scale. Between 1760–1820, 6,000,000 acres were enclosed. "Enclosures"

are still an evil memory among English peasants, but had the open field system survived, the new urban population of England would, during the Napoleonic wars, have starved. The cottagers with common rights were compensated by money payments. Many yeomen, like the Peels, sold to improving landlords at good prices, and put the purchase-price to excellent use; but socially and politically nothing could compensate the country for the loss of its " Yeomen ". Yet, on the economic side, Jeremy Bentham's evidence is almost conclusive: " When we pass over the lands which have undergone this happy change, we are enchanted as with the appearance of a new Colony. Harvests, flocks, and smiling habitations have succeeded to the sadness and sterility of the desert." But the benefit to the country at large was bought at a heavy price to individuals.[1]

During the wars, prices were high; prosperity was widely diffused. The peace of 1815 was far from bringing plenty; industry and agriculture, artificially stimulated during the war, suffered a severe relapse; contraction of employment coincided with an increase in the supply of labour; agriculture became a mere gamble; prices fluctuated widely with variations in the value of the currency; the export trade suffered badly; home demand slackened; production was paralysed. Thousands of manual workers, now for the first time dependent on wages, were thrown out of work: credit collapsed; banks closed their doors. " There is nothing," wrote the Master of the Mint, " but stoppage, retrenchment and bankruptcy." Of the economic situation in 1815, Mrs. Linnaeus Banks in *The Manchester Man* says: " People had been naturally sanguine that the conclusion of peace would inaugurate prosperity, that commerce would flourish with the flourish of pens on the parchment of a treaty. But the war had been of too long continuance, too universal, too destructive of life and property and crops.

[1] For the Revolutions, Industrial and Agrarian, cf. Marriott: *Economics and Ethics*, chaps. iii and v: the latter is dealt with in greater detail in Marriott: *English Land System*, pp. 80–110.

... What could a food-producing Continent, downtrod by the iron hoof of war have to offer in exchange for our textile fabrics and hardware? ... Discontent became universal."

All classes suffered, but the poorest suffered most. On distress disorder followed. Hungry men do not reason. Because bread was at famine price, wheat-ricks were fired. Because work was slack, the Luddites smashed machinery and burnt down factories. From all sides came in reports of violence and crime.

Nor was the agitation exclusively economic: a loud demand arose for Parliamentary Reform. On the banners carried by the 60,000 men who on 16th August, 1819, assembled in St. Peter's Fields in Manchester were inscribed, "No Corn Laws", "Annual Parliaments", "Universal Suffrage". The Peterloo Massacre (grotesquely exaggerated) was followed by the Cato Street Conspiracy (1820)—a plot for the murder of the whole Cabinet.

In this confusion Chartism was begotten. A wide measure of Parliamentary Reform was carried, after prolonged agitation, in 1832. The working men, who had agitated for it got nothing out of it: the middle-classes were entrenched in power for nearly a century. Consequently the Chartists held aloof from the Anti-Corn Law Crusade launched in 1836. "Don't be deceived by the middle classes again," said a Chartist leader. "You helped them to get their votes, but where are the fine promises they made you? . . . now they want to get the Corn Laws repealed, not for your benefit, but for their own. Cheap bread they cry, but they mean low wages. Do not listen to their cant and humbug. Stick to your Charter. You are veritable slaves without your vote."

Though the indictment was not wholly just, Thomas Cooper's words reflected the attitude of the Chartists in general. The points of the charter were exclusively political: annual Parliaments, manhood suffrage, equal electoral districts, the ballot, and so on. All but the first of those points have been conceded. Yet, in truth, the roots of

Chartism were social and economic even more than political. "Yes, I too," confessed Charles Kingsley's Alton Locke, "bowed down to the idol of political institutions, and pinned my hopes of salvation on the possession of 'one ten thousandth part of a talker in the national palaver'. . . . About the supposed omnipotence of the Charter I have found out my mistake. I believe no more in 'Morrison's pill remedies' as Thomas Carlyle calls them; Talismans are worthless." So it seemed to the generation that saw the bottom knocked out of Chartism—for the time being—by Sir Robert Peel's fiscal reforms. Yet no one who has observed the ever accelerating pace of social reform since the manual workers were enfranchised in 1867, 1884 and 1918, can doubt that the Chartists had seized upon a half, if not the whole, truth.

But economic and political grievances would not by themselves have generated Chartism without the *social* estrangement, the ever-widening gulf between class and class which constituted much the most serious feature of that time. Down to the middle of the eighteenth century England had been a real *community*: man and man, class and class had been bound together by real ties, social and economic. The revolutions, industrial and agrarian, had unhappily broken the ties, dissolved the community, and England had become a mere aggregation of discontented, unorganized, antagonistic atoms.

To Disraeli Englishmen seemed to be divided into two nations, "two nations between whom there is no intercourse and no sympathy, who are as ignorant of each other's habits, thoughts and feelings as if they were dwellers in different zones or inhabitants of different planets; who are formed by a different breeding, are fed by a different food, are ordered by different manners, and are not governed by the same laws". Disraeli's *Sybil or The Two Nations* was published in 1845, just a year after *Coningsby*—his first attempt to give expression to his own views on contemporary politics. To the philosophic liberalism of Bentham and the

Mills, Disraeli was profoundly opposed, nor was he in much greater sympathy with the new Conservatism of Sir Robert Peel. Like Carlyle he detested the new Poor Law of 1834, denounced the injustice of treating the pauper as a criminal, and fulminated against the new Workhouses—the "Poor Law Bastilles". He disapproved of the Charter, but was sincerely in sympathy with the Chartists. Like his master, Lord Bolingbroke, he believed in the union of a Patriot King with the patriotically minded masses. He despised the bourgeois and profoundly mistrusted the capitalist manufacturers. "To acquire, to accumulate, to plunder each other by virtue of philosophic phrases, to propose a Utopia to consist only of Wealth and Toil, this has been the breathless business of enfranchised England for the last twelve years, until we are startled from our voracious strife by the wail of intolerable serfage."

So Egremont in *Sybil*: it was the voice of Disraeli when he made his brilliant speech on the Chartist petition on 12th July, 1839. "I am not ashamed to say that I sympathize with millions of my fellow subjects." Nor did Disraeli's sympathy evaporate in words: he proved it when, in 1867, he made the first real concession to the demands formulated a generation earlier by the Chartists. During his great administration of 1874 he went some way to realizing the ideal of the Young England party as set out in *Coningsby*.

Charles Kingsley's *Yeast* (1848) and *Alton Locke* (1850) show that he, like Disraeli, had sat at the feet of Carlyle. Those two books represent the two sides of the "Condition of England Question"—the agrarian and the urban. *Alton Locke* introduces us to the sweaters' dens of the London tailors; *Yeast* helps us to understand the less aggressive, but not less deep seated, the less articulate but still more sullen discontent of the peasants on the country-side. When, however, *Two Years Ago* was published in 1857, Kingsley drew a very different picture. The Chartist storm had passed. Free trade was transforming England; Peel's

ambition was already in process of fulfilment, "England was becoming a cheap country for the poor man"; all classes shared in the unprecedented prosperity, which the country enjoyed. Kingsley made a handsome acknowledgment to the class he had indicted in his earlier works. "There is no doubt," he wrote in a preface to a later edition (1855) of *Alton Locke*, "that the classes possessing property have been facing since 1848 all social questions with an average of honesty, earnestness and good feeling which has no parallel since the days of the Tudors. . . . The love of justice and mercy towards the handicrafts-men is spreading rapidly, and if any man still represents the holders of property, as a class, as the enemies of those whom they employ desiring their slavery and ignorance, I believe that he is liar and a child of the devil, and that he is at his father's old work, slandering and dividing between man and man." Justly could Kingsley assert his right to plead with men for whom he had pleaded so effectively in earlier days.

Not inferior either to Kingsley or to Disraeli as a novelist, and superior to both in direct and intimate knowledge of social conditions in the industrial North was Mrs. Gaskell (1810–65). The art displayed in her *Cranford* is hardly less delicate and finished than Miss Austen's, but historically *Mary Barton*, *North and South* and even *Sylvia's Lovers* are more important. The last deals with the cruelties incidental to the system of impressment in the Napoleonic wars: the two others with the conditions of life among the cotton operatives in Lancashire. Deeply pathetic commentaries those novels are on a text which she might have borrowed from Carlyle: "All battle is misunderstanding." Mrs. Gaskell's was, indeed, a mediating influence exerted to remove misunderstanding, to bridge the gulf between classes created by the new industrial system and resulting in social bitterness and trade disputes.

Apart from the novels mentioned above there is an immense quantity of fiction illustrating various aspects of the social, economic and political transformation. Side by

side with Mrs. Gaskell's works we may put the works, truthful and competent if less distinguished, of Mrs. Linnaeus Banks (1821–97). The daughter of a Manchester man, herself a teacher in Manchester, and the wife of a journalist, Mrs. Banks knew Lancashire at first hand. Her novels, however, deal with the generation preceding her own. *Forbidden to Wed* describes social conditions (especially) among the tradesmen of Manchester in the latter years of the eighteenth century; *Bond Slaves* tells the story of the Luddite riots in the West Riding; *The Manchester Man* draws a vivid picture of Manchester life during the first thirty years of the nineteenth century—days when the merchants and manufacturers lived close to their work, and before beautiful suburbs like Bowdon and Alderley Edge had come into being. Of the Peterloo " massacre " it gives a most graphic if exaggerated description. Perhaps the best account in fiction of that period is, however, given in *The Revolution in Tanner's Lane*, by " Mark Rutherford " (W. Hale White). The book gives a subtle account of two cases of matrimonial disillusionment due solely to " incompatibility "; the hypocrisy of more than one dissenting Minister is ruthlessly exposed; there is a fine appreciation of Byron, and a still finer one of what Scott's " Waverleys " meant to an ironmonger and his wife living a narrow life in a small country town. " Scott had been to her, and to her husband too, what he can only be to people leading a dull life far from the world. He had broken up its monotony and created a new universe! . . . If anywhere in another world the blessings which men have conferred here are taken into account in distributing reward, surely the choicest in the store of the Most High will be reserved for His servant Scott!" But the main interest is political. The sketch of Major Cartwright and other leaders of the radical reformers is admirable; truly sympathetic, also, if devoid of sentimentality, is the analysis of the reaction of the working class intellectuals to the conditions which provoked Peterloo and the " March of the Blanketeers ". Maurice Hewlett's

Bendish is primarily a study—a fine one—of the poetic temperament. The two poets, Lord Bendish and Poore (the latter perhaps reminiscent of Byron), shrink from the idea of tradesmen's rule in England, and to that extent are more in sympathy with Wellington than with the "Orator" Hunts, Burdetts and Tom Moores, who figure in the story, or even with Grey and the Holland House Whigs who also appear. The best political figure is that of Wellington, to whose unique position in English politics the novel bears emphatic testimony.

Stanley Weyman's *Starvecrow Farm* makes a passing mention of such incidents as Peterloo and the Cato Street conspiracy, but the political interest is so completely subordinated to a rather sordid story of adventure as to deprive the book of any real historical value. Weyman's *The Castle Inn* is chiefly noteworthy for a striking picture of Lord Chatham. There was always a touch of the melodramatic about that great imperialist, but Weyman portrays him even in the days of his decadence, physical and mental, as a great national figure. "Crowds still ran to see him when he passed. His gaunt figure racked with gout, his eagle nose, his piercing eyes were still England's picture of a minister. His curricle, his troop of servants, the very state he kept, the ceremony with which he travelled all pleased the popular fancy." Nor does Weyman fail to emphasize the change Pitt had wrought between the time (1757) when Horace Walpole could write: "It is time for England to slip her own cables, and float away into some unknown ocean," and the day (only two years later) when he wrote: "One is forced to ask every morning what victory there is for the fear of missing one."

Much greater in political value are *Ovington's Bank* and *Chippinge* from the same prolific pen. *Ovington's Bank* gives an exciting account of the banking crisis which was one of the most ominous results of the economic collapse after Waterloo. No fewer than 700 country banks had sprung into existence after the suspension of cash payments in 1797;

but in 1814–15 one third of them stopped payment. To show how *Ovington's Bank* avoided that catastrophe is the central purpose of Weyman's valuable story. His *Chippinge* contains a most dramatic account of the crisis produced by the Lords' resistance to the Reform Bill, and in particular, of the Bristol riots. *Chippinge* affords, indeed, a striking illustration of the invaluable help that fiction can give to history.

Of many other novels dealing with various aspects and episodes of the Industrial Revolution two call for special mention. Charlotte Brontë's *Shirley* and Halliwell Sutcliffe's *Mistress Barbara Cunliffe* both illustrate the halfway period in the Revolution. The Factory system had come, but had not yet completely conquered—at any rate in the woollen trade. The "Luddites" were still busy, smashing the machines that were taking the bread out of the mouths of the operatives, and burning down the mills which housed the machines and disfigured the countryside. For many of the mills were still worked by water power. Only the spinning of the yarn was done in the mill—not all of that indeed; the combing and weaving and some of the spinning too was still done in scattered farm houses and cottages.

Stephen Royd, the hero of Sutcliffe's tale, was a gentleman by birth, the son of a squire who, ruined in the post-war slump, had died leaving to his son a fine property though mortgaged up to the hilt. The son resolved to redeem the family fortunes by embarking on trade. A countryman by instinct he hated the life of the mill, but despite the difficult conditions, at last, after a terrific struggle against trade competitors and Luddites, emerges triumphant, and marries Barbara Cunliffe, the lady of his choice. Truly pathetic is the picture of old Squire Cunliffe, a fine type of country gentleman, who could meet the interest on his mortgages only by incessant labour at wool-combing, carried on secretly with the help only of Tim O'Tab, a poacher and ne'er-do-well with a heart of gold. Apart from its fine characterization the beauty of *Mistress Barbara Cunliffe* depends on the perfect

reproduction of the atmosphere of the moor, its bird life and animal life, its scents and sounds. Historically the book is valuable because it depicts with singular accuracy and objectiveness a particular phase (about 1825) in the evolution of the Factory system. Stephen Royd "realized . . . how hot a time of change it was, how desperately the old order held its own, while the hard new times were striving to push it to the wall. On the one hand were workmen of the old type—poor men who yet were rich in their freedom to work where they would and how they would, who had land about their cottages and could grow their own oats for meal, their own potatoes; who could keep a cow or two, a half-dozen pigs, a flock of geese it may be; who when times were hard in the wage-market could show themselves well able to get food and drink each from his own little centre of production. These were the happy folk. . . . On the other hand there were the children, the women, and the men who had been drawn into the foul life of the factories . . . and their lot was rarely less than misery, and often more than degradation."

Charlotte Brontë's *Shirley*, like Sutcliffe's work, represents the middle stage of the Factory revolution. The textile manufacturers found themselves faced with ruin by the combined operation of Napoleon's continental system and the British *Orders in Council.* The situation is thus described in the second chapter of *Shirley.* "War was then at its height. Europe was all involved therein. . . . The 'Orders in Council', provoked by Napoleon's Berlin and Milan Decrees, and forbidding neutral powers to trade with France, had offended America, cut off the principal market of the Yorkshire woollen trade, and brought it consequently to the verge of ruin. Minor foreign markets were glutted: . . . the Brazils, Portugal, Sicily, were all overstocked by nearly two years' consumption. At this crisis, certain inventions in machinery were introduced into the staple manufactures of the north which, greatly reducing the number of hands necessary to be employed, threw thousands

out of work, and left them without legitimate means for sustaining life. A bad harvest supervened. Distress reached its climax. Endurance, overgoaded, stretched the hand of fraternity to sedition. The throes of a sort of moral earthquake were felt heaving under the hills of the northern counties."

That is the economic background of *Shirley*. Against it Charlotte Brontë constructed a story containing much fine characterization, and descriptions of moorland scenery of rare beauty. Robert Moore, the Anglo-Flemish manufacturer who fought and beat the Luddites, is one of the strongest of all Charlotte Brontë's creations: the three curates are rather cruelly portrayed, but tradition says that the originals were proud of their photographs, and among other faithful portraits is that of Mr. Helstone, the Rector. Mr. Helstone represents high Toryism, with a passionate admiration for the Duke: "Wellington is the soul of England. Wellington is the right champion of a good cause; the fit representative of a powerful and resolute, a sensible, and an honest nation." Even Robert Moore confessed, as he read Wellington's dispatches, "documents written by Modesty to the dictation of Truth", that "a power was with the troops of Britain, of that vigilant, enduring, genuine, unostentatious sort which must win victory . . . in the end". Mr. Yorke is the cultivated, free thinking, cynical, detached critic who regarded "the wide-spread disaffection against constituted authority as the most promising sign of the times; the masters he allowed were truly aggrieved, but their main grievances had been heaped on them by a . . . corrupt, base, and bloody Government (these were Mr. Yorke's epithets). Madmen like Pitt, demons like Castlereagh, mischievous idiots like Percival were the tyrants, the curses of the country, the destroyers of her trade." Particularly fine is Shirley's courageous defence of her friends, her rebuke to Yorke the shallow cynic whose "views, and those of most extreme politicians, are such as none but men in an irresponsible position can

advocate ", whose senseless sarcasms on " the fat bishops ", the " pampered parsons ", " old mother Church ", come ill from a man who has not done a tithe of the beneficent and neighbourly work carried on by Mr. Helstone (" who sometimes does wrong but oftener right "), who, in Moore's place " could not with honour or sense have acted otherwise than he acted ".

Shirley, *Mistress Barbara Cunliffe*, and indeed, most of the novels on this period deal primarily with the industrial side of the Revolution, while curiously neglecting the agrarian changes, and in particular the profound effect of enclosures upon the lives of the English peasantry. We can, however, appreciate the changes in the social life and habits of the country gentry by comparing the Squire Westerns and Squire Allworthys of Fielding's *Tom Jones*, with the Knightleys of Donwell Abbey, Mr. Bennet of Longbourne, and Sir Walter Elliot, Bart., of Kellynch Hall, introduced to us by Miss Austen.

Nor was the change in the position of the parsons less marked than in that of the Squires. Miss Austen's father was the Rector of Steventon, near Basingstoke, and had been a Fellow of his College at Oxford. Jane was, therefore, familiar with the type of refined well-bred scholarly clergymen; but Macaulay is surely right in illustrating from her portraits of parsons Jane's extraordinary skill in discriminating each from the other without recourse to eccentricity or exaggeration. " There are," he writes, " four clergymen, none of whom we should be surprised to find in any parsonage in the kingdom, Mr. Edward Ferrers, Mr. Henry Tilney, Mr. Edmund Bertram, and Mr. Elton " (Mr. Collins is considerately omitted from the list!). " They were all specimens of the upper part of the middle classes. They have all been liberally educated. They all lie under the restraints of the same sacred profession. They are all young. They are all in love . . . who would not have expected them to be insipid likenesses of each other? No such thing.

Harpagon is not more unlike to Jourdain, Joseph Surface is not more unlike to Sir Lucius O'Trigger than every one of Miss Austen's young divines to all his reverend brethren. And almost all this is done by touches so delicate that they defy the powers of description, and we know them to exist only by the general effect to which they have contributed."

Even more to the immediate point is it to observe how sharply all Miss Austen's parsons contrasted with the early Georgian clergymen depicted by Fielding. Parson Adams, the real hero of *Joseph Andrews* is, indeed, truly lovable, but we should as little expect to meet that fine scholar, maintaining a wife and six children on a stipend of £23 a year, in the company of Henry Tilney, as to see Mr. Knightley dining with Squire Western. Thackeray's Tushers, father and son, might conceivably have rubbed shoulders with Trollope's Dr. Proudie, before his elevation to the Bench—for Beatrix, be it remembered, put Tom Tusher into lawn sleeves; but Chaplain Sampson survived, we may hope, in isolation.

The review of Chartist novels has carried us down to the "year of Revolution". By then it was possible to assess the significance of the revolutionary changes wrought by the inventions which culminated in the application of steam power to manufacturing processes and to locomotion. That those changes brought an enormous increase in the aggregate production of wealth admits of no question. Was the product more equally, more justly distributed under the new system than under the old? Alike in the spheres of industry, commerce and agriculture, control passed to the possessors of capital. Politically, economically and socially they remained, throughout the whole of the Victorian era, supreme. Did that supremacy work out to the disadvantage of the manual worker, or did all classes share in the increased wealth of the nation? For an answer to those questions there was, before the Victorian era closed, an insistent demand.

CHAPTER XIX

The Victorian Era

Social Reform in Fact and Fiction

AT each stage of our journey the way becomes more arduous, the impedimenta heavier, the problems more baffling. That is pre-eminently true of the Victorian era. The embarrassment is, however, to some extent relieved by the fact that not all the great Victorian novelists dealt with contemporary affairs. Thackeray's (1811–63) history, for instance, belongs to the eighteenth century. The best-beloved characters of Charles Dickens (1812–70) are very early if not prae-Victorian. Even George Eliot (1819–80), though she herself had more of the *Zeit-geist* than any of her contemporaries, drew inspiration for her best work from her reminiscences of childhood and early life. Yet, in fact, her recollections were tinged as much by the scientific spirit of Darwinism as by the moral problems which never ceased to haunt a mind permeated by the evangelical teaching imbibed in youth. Of the Anglican Establishment in mid-Victorian days, Anthony Trollope is among novelists the most faithful analyst; of the difficulties which, in the scientific era, were beginning to beset clergy and laity alike, there is no better illustration than that of Mrs. Humphry Ward's Robert Elsmere.

The reign of Queen Victoria, in respect of fiction as of politics, divides into three periods: (i) a period of unrest, agitation, and depression extending from the Queen's accession (1837) to the "Hungry Forties", to the Irish

Famine (1845), and the "Young Ireland Rebellion" (1848); (ii) the period of ever-expanding prosperity in trade and agriculture, and the political ascendancy of the middle classes (1846–85), and (iii) the Imperialist revival which began about 1885 and culminated in the "Diamond Jubilee" of 1897. The last four years of the reign were an unhappy anticlimax.

This chapter is concerned with the middle period marked by the ascendancy of the "Manchester School", whose policy was based on the physiocratic formula of *laissez-faire, laissez-aller*. The free-trade experiment initiated by Peel (1841–46), and steadily pursued until the Great War of 1914–18, was only one manifestation of that policy. Not that any policy is ever in England carried to its logical extreme. If abuses obtrude themselves they must be remedied without regard to philosophic dogmas. If *laissez-faire* led to scandalous conditions in the coal mines and the cotton-mills, the State must interfere to protect the women and children who were sacrificed by unscrupulous employers on the altar of Mammon. If *laissez-faire* had allowed the new factory towns to grow up in drab ugliness, without regard to amenities or even to decency and sanitation, in order to enrich greedy builders and ground-landlords; if it permitted brave sailors in the Merchant Service to pursue their arduous calling in unseaworthy ships; if it refused to interfere between capitalist employers and the wage-earners, and permitted the exploitation of the most defenceless workers by sweating, and by unrestricted hours of labour; if it allowed new generations of children to grow up to manhood without the rudiments of education, and excessive drinking to undermine the health and morale of a considerable section of the adult population—if in the sacred name of Liberty all such things were permitted, retribution was bound to fall upon the whole community, and reaction to embody itself in legislation and administration.

The result was a strong encroachment (as some regard

it) of the State upon the free action of individual citizens, and an ever increasing volume of legislation designed to correct abuses which wise prevision might altogether have avoided.

The pace at first was slow; advance was exceedingly cautious. But it gathered momentum as the reign went on. Enquiries were instituted by Select Committees and Royal Commissions, notably in regard to the employment of women and children underground and in cotton mills. The revelations appalled the public conscience. Children under five were sent into mines and into factories. Not least to be pitied were the "apprentices" who were sent off by the parish authorities from London and the southern counties by wagon loads at a time to be apprenticed to the millowners in Lancashire, there to be "used up" as the "cheapest raw material in the market". Even more pathetic, perhaps, because more unnatural, was the lot of children forced into the mills by the poverty of parents. Such were the children of whom M. T. Sadler tells in *The Factory Girl's Last Day*, a simple little poem that makes an even stronger appeal than Mrs. Browning's more elaborate *Cry of the Children*: for Sadler summarizes a mass of first-hand evidence which, with "Dick" Oastler, he was foremost in collecting. The new middle-class electorate turned Sadler out of Parliament in 1832, but not even the Report of the Royal Commission did more than that philanthropic Tory to secure the passing of Lord Shaftesbury's *Ten Hours' Act* of 1847. The Act, though its terms went only half way, really settled the principle that in the interests of the community the State was not merely entitled but was bound to protect the weak and restrain the avarice of the strong.

Factory legislation affords only one illustration of a movement which with ever increasing force and velocity has now almost entirely obliterated all traces of *laissez-faire*.

In the course of a century nothing less than a social revolution has been effected. By this means the abuses

arising from the economic revolution which preceded it have been to a large extent corrected. No longer could Carlyle complain that " in the midst of plethoric plenty the people perish ". If there is no plethora of wealth, such as remains is more equally distributed. Great fortunes are still made, but it is increasingly difficult to transmit them to heirs. There is, moreover, general appreciation of the truth that great accumulations of wealth are as a rule due to the exceptional abilities of organizers of industry, that it were suicidal to penalize them, and that such fortunes represent not a deduction from the wages of labour but an addition to the wealth of the community.

The wide sweep of such developments does not afford appropriate subjects for prose fiction. Just as the landscape painter looks for his subject not to a great range of snow-capped mountains, but to a clump of fir trees on some gentle eminence, to the water-lilies covering the surface of a pond, to cattle chewing the cud, or to a flock of sheep on a mountain-side, so the novelist seizes upon an incident apparently isolated, and demonstrates the effect of great movements, political or economic, by their reactions upon individuals.

Take, for instance, the subject of trade unionism and strikes, as treated respectively by the social historian and the novelist. The historian explains how both the Common Law and Statutes innumerable operated to prevent combination among workmen, and how economic pressure gradually wore down the resistance of legislative restraints; how the outrages committed by trade-unionists in industrial centres in the winter of 1866–7 compelled the attention of Parliament, and how the legislation of 1871–76 not only gave to trade union funds the benefit of the Friendly Societies Acts, but put combinations in furtherance of trade disputes in a position legally privileged.

That is not the way of the novelist. Mrs. Gaskell in *Mary Barton* shows how a trade dispute led to the murder of Harry Carson, a young, thoughtless but not ungenerous employer, to the trial and almost to the conviction of Jem

Wilson, a young workman; how John Barton drew the lot which to his dismay made him an assassin. Very temperately and impartially Mrs. Gaskell puts the case for and against both sides: blaming the masters less for avarice than for want of imagination, and showing how the men were driven to the fatal weapon of the strike for lack of the information as to trade conditions which the masters refused to impart to them. Even more clearly is the same lesson taught in *North and South.* In that deeply pathetic story a beautiful contact is established between Thornton, the self-made highly successful cotton lord, and the gentle scholarly Hale who, driven by conscientious doubts to resign his living in the New Forest, has settled in the "Cotton" town as a private tutor. Equally beautiful is the contact between the parson's daughter, Margaret Hale, tender-hearted and gently nurtured, and Nicholas Higgins, weaver and trade-unionist, and his consumptive daughter. Of masters and men Thornton and Higgins are admirable representatives. Though deemed to be a "hard man", and uncompromising in his views as to the part which capital and management must play in industry, Thornton is, in fact, as thoughtful for his men's interests as for his own, so long as they don't meddle in matters that the masters can alone decide. Higgins holds the views of his class about the strike weapon. Farm labourers, so Margaret Hale assures him, do not strike. "I know naught of your ways down south," he retorts. "I have heard they're a pack of spiritless, down-trodden men; welly clemmed to death; too much dazed wi' clemming to know when they're put upon. Now it's not so here. We know when we're put upon; and we'en too much blood in us to stand it. We just take our hands fro' our looms, and say, 'Yo' may clem us, but yo'll not put upon, my masters!' And be danged to 'em, they shant."

That is the men's case in a nutshell. There is, however, another side to the picture. Charles Reade had no such first-hand knowledge of industrial conditions as Mrs. Gaskell, but he studied blue books with all the fervour of a scholar

engaged in research. Some of the results are embodied in *Put Yourself in his Place*—where we see Henry Little, young and manly, waging single-handed a successful fight against the cruel and heartless tyranny of the trade union.

The essential difference between the novelist and the historian is one of method. The historian deals with facts, in the general; the novelist must illustrate their reaction upon individuals. Thus, Mrs. Henry Birchenough in her excellent story, *Potsherds*, tells us nothing about the "evolution of the potter's industry" (as the historian would). She tells the story of William Handley, a successful potter, who having, by sheer hard work, sagacity, and courage, made a little fortune, bought out his old master's daughter (foreseeing difficulties ahead) and presently turned the business into a limited liability concern. In an equally good novel, *Probation*, Jessie Fothergill tells the story (again in reference to the actors rather than the action) of the quiet but heroic courage with which the working men of Lancashire faced (1861–63) the calamity of the cotton famine. In 1862, Cobden estimated the loss in wages at £7,000,000 per annum. Yet through it all the cotton operatives adhered to the cause of the Northern States, though it was Abraham Lincoln's blockade of the Southern ports that brought the famine upon Lancashire. The men had convinced themselves that the North was fighting in the cause of righteousness and freedom, and not all their sufferings induced them to waver in their devotion to the North.

Another illustration. There are at least three novels dealing with a half-forgotten incident in the social history of South Wales. S. Baring Gould's *In Dewisland*, K. L. Montgomery's *The Gate-Openers* and Violet Jacobs' *The Sheep-Stealers* all deal with the "Rebecca Riots" of 1843. The following passage from *The Sheep-Stealers* explains the position. "At this time a wave of wrath which had a considerable foundation of justice was surging over South Wales. By a General Highway Act, a new principle of road-government had been brought in under which the trustees

of turnpike roads might raise money through tolls sufficient to pay the interest of the debts and keep the highways in repair. The gates had in some cases been taken by professional toll-renters, men who came from a distance, and who were consequently regarded with suspicion by the intensely conservative population of the rural districts. These people having higher rents to make up had refused to give credit to farmers, or to allow them to compound for tolls on easy terms as had been formerly their custom. The effect of all this had been to rouse the public to a state of fury which had resulted, in many places, in serious riots. In carrying out the provisions of their respective acts, the trustees were under little or no control; they erected fresh gates, interpreted the laws as they thought fit, and there was no appeal from their decisions." The first riot had broken out at Carmarthen, where the methods adopted by "Rebecca and her children" met with remarkable success. The name "Rebecca" had been chosen by a bible-reading community in reference to a text in Genesis (xxiv–60): "And they blessed Rebekah and said unto her . . . let thy seed possess the gate of those which hate them." Rhys Walters, a substantial young farmer, was chosen to be captain of one of the many bands of rioters. Like other "Rebeccas" young Walters disguised himself by wearing a woman's clothes; and so effectual and popular did the disguise prove that Rebecca and her children "grew bolder and bolder: they possessed many of the gates of those which hated them, and spread terror throughout many parts of Central and South Wales. The leaders were never caught, and the few followers who were arrested were treated with leniency. The Government issued a commission to enquire into the grievances and as a result the toll-bars in many districts of Central Wales were abolished. Disorder, however, especially if successful, is infectious: "Rebecca's reputation did not suffer from lack of imitators."

No discerning reader can read the above passage from *The Sheep-Stealers* without perceiving that the "Rebecca

Riots" afford a good illustration of the debt which history owes to fiction. Many histories of the period contain a brief and arid reference to the riots: but they do not supply the touches by which the novelist gives to the incident—not, admittedly of the first importance—a real, living and human interest.

Charles Reade (1814–84) dramatist, Bohemian, country-gentleman, Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford, has a place of his own in the history of Victorian fiction. Not all his novels are didactic or historical. In *Griffith Gaunt*, for example (generally accounted his masterpiece) the interest is psychological. But between 1856 and 1884 he devoted novel after novel to the exposure of some economic or social scandal. W. L. Courtney, a fine critic, deemed Charles Reade worthy to be ranked with such literary giants as Thackeray, Dickens and George Eliot. But his gifts were dissimilar. "He was not," says Courtney, "an artist like Thackeray: he had not the undeniable genius and prodigality of power which is found in Dickens; nor had he the gift of keen analysis or the profound thoughtfulness of George Eliot. Here and there he has the note of Dickens, witness the magnificent funeral scene of Edward Josephs in *It is Never too late to Mend* (Chapter XXVII)," [1] but in his conscientious accumulation of evidence he excels them all. Among historical novels Reade's *The Cloister and the Hearth* is among the greatest, but it is outside the scope of the present survey. Others not merely come within but illustrate with exceptional clarity the central thesis of this book. Here is Reade's own apology for the method he adopted. "I have taken a few undeniable truths out of many, and have laboured to make my readers realize those appalling facts of the day which most men know, but not one in a thousand comprehends, and not one in a hundred thousand realises until fiction . . . comes to his aid, studies, penetrates, digests the hard facts of chronicles and blue-books, and makes the dry bones live."

[1] *Studies New and Old*, p. 152.

Reade's plea is, surely, irresistible. A fellow-craftsman bears testimony to his success. "Mr. Reade . . . can make a blue-book live and yet be a blue-book still. . . . The reader is not conscious that he is going through the boiled-down contents of a blue-book. He has no aggrieved sense of being entrapped into the dry details of some harassing social question. The reality reads like romance; the romance lives like reality."

Thus *It is Never too late to Mend* is based upon disclosures of the cruelties which disgraced the administration of the prison-system. The gaol described by Reade was at Winson Green, Birmingham, and Warder Brown is a portrait of Warder Evans. Francis Eden, the courageous and sympathetic chaplain, equally no doubt had an original. From English prisons Reade's story moves off to the gold-fields lately (1851) discovered at Ballarat in Victoria. No more vivid description of the wild confusion that followed the frenzied rush alike of "emancipists" (ex-convicts) and free settlers was ever penned. There is poetry and pathos, too, even in a novel dealing primarily with prisons and convicts. Witness the scene of the gold-diggers at Ballarat gathering round one Sunday morning to listen to the skylark: "These shaggy men, full of oaths, strife, and cupidity had once been white-headed boys and strolled about the English fields with little sisters and little brothers, and seen the lark rise and heard him sing this very song. . . . And so for a moment or two years of vice rolled away like a dark cloud from the memory and the past shone out in the song-shine; they came back, bright as the immortal notes that lighted them, those faded pictures, and those fleeted days; the cottage, the old mother's tears . . . the village church and its simple chimes; . . . the chubby playmates that never grew to be wicked, the sweet hours of youth—and innocence—and home."

Hard Cash turns upon the iniquities of private lunatic asylums and of the doctors who by their venality and gullibility played into the hands of those who found those

institutions a convenient means of gratifying spite or greed. Alfred Hardie, the hero of *Hard Cash*, a young man of refinement and culture " with an indefinable air of Eton and Oxford about him ", the victim of an unnatural father, finds a staunch ally in Dr. Sampson against the conspiracy against his liberty, supported by " the most venal class (in Reade's judgment) upon earth ". A subsidiary interest in *Hard Cash* is the panic that resulted from the bursting of the Bubble induced by the wild speculation in railway shares. Up to 1844 the annual expenditure on railways had not exceeded £5,000,000. During the next three years it was £185,000,000. Sir Robert Peel was greatly concerned for the financial stability of the country, and in November, 1845, *The Times* (apparently at his instance) sounded a note of alarm at the revelation that the railways, completed, under construction, and projected, were seeking to raise no less than £700,000,000. *Hard Cash* (1863) illustrates the results of the gigantic gamble.[1] And who, but for Charles Reade, would to-day recall it, or take warning by that disastrous incident?

Charles Dickens is, in the present connexion, more difficult to " place " than Charles Reade. His one indisputably historical novel commands the admiration of many readers to whom the rest of his novels make but slight appeal. But the deeply moving *Tale of Two Cities* is outside the scope of this survey. *Barnaby Rudge* contains a vivid account of that curious and almost isolated outburst of Protestant fanaticism known as the Lord George Gordon riots. Sir George Savile's Bill for the removal of certain penalties imposed on Roman Catholics had received the assent of Parliament in 1775. Scotland had successfully opposed its application to the Northern Kingdom. Protestant zealots in London hoped by violence to secure its repeal in England. For nearly a week, 2nd–7th June, 1780, London was in the hands of the mob. An attack was made on Lord North's official residence in Downing Street; Catholic chapels were burnt down;

[1] See the *Peel Papers* (ed. Parker) iii–185. *The Times* for 17th November, 1845.

prisons were broken open; the Bank of England was threatened. Only the courage and firmness of King George III saved the situation. " There shall be at least one magistrate in the kingdom," he declared, " who will do his duty." By his orders the military acted with effect. Nearly three hundred lives were lost and the hospitals were filled with the wounded; but despite the lamentable weakness of the Government and the magistracy, London was saved from wholesale incendiarism. Gordon himself became a Jew and ultimately died insane in Newgate.

But for *Barnaby Rudge* this disgraceful episode would, for the public at large, have passed into oblivion.[1] In other novels Dickens was concerned less with history than with the amendment of contemporary abuses. *American Notes* (1842) and *Martin Chuzzlewit* (1844) reflect his bitter disappointment with the " Great Republic ". " We must be cracked up," says Hannibal Chollop, speaking of his fellow countrymen in *Martin Chuzzlewit.* Dickens failed to come up to expectations. The *American Notes* he dedicated " to those friends in America who giving me a welcome which I must ever gratefully and proudly remember left my judgment free ". His judgment might be left free, but the expression of his views on international copyright, on American slavery, and above all on the experiences of Martin Chuzzlewit, the younger, and Mark Tapley in New York and in " the thriving City of Eden " (Chapters XVI and XXI) gave bitter offence. Perhaps Dickens kept too constantly in mind the advice given by old Weller to Sam when he proposed to get a " pianner " to carry Mr. Pickwick out of the Fleet prison: " There ain't no vurks in it (whispered his father). It'ull hold him easy vith his hat and shoes on, and breathe through the legs vich his holler. Have a passage ready taken for 'Merriker. The 'Merrikin Government will never give him up ven once they find as he's got money to spend, Sammy. Let the guv'nor stop there till Mrs.

[1] The story has just been vividly retold by Mrs. Marjorie Villiers in *The Grand Whiggery* (1939).

Bardell's dead, or Mr. Dodson and Fogg hung . . . then let him come back and write a book about the 'Merrikins, as'll pay all his expenses and more if he blows 'em up enough." Dickens certainly " blew 'em up enough " in 1842–44, and deeply they resented it. But it is pleasant to recall that when he returned to lecture there in the winter of 1867–8, he had a magnificent reception and came home with £19,000 in his pocket.

To come nearer home. *Oliver Twist* (1838), was written with the express purpose of exposing the cruelties practised on a workhouse child as punishment for " the impious and profane offence of asking for more ", and the still greater cruelties inflicted on the child who fell into a den of thieves. More definitely it was Dickens's object to provide an antidote to Gay's *Macheath* and Lytton's *Paul Clifford.* He deemed it a social duty to " draw a knot of such associates in crime as really did exist; to paint them in all their deformity . . . in all the squalid misery of their lives . . . with the great black ghastly gallows closing up the prospect ". That duty he effectively discharged in *Oliver Twist.* In *Nicholas Nickleby* (1839), the tyranny of the ignorant proprietor of a private academy was the object of his denunciation. *Bleak House* (1853) was written to show how the law's delays in such a suit as " Jarndyce versus Jarndyce " — a " monument of Chancery practice " — inflicted " monstrous wrong " upon long suffering litigants. Dickens had been assured by an eminent Chancery Judge that the Court " despite a trivial blemish or so in its rate of progress " was, in the administration of justice " almost immaculate ". Armed with the facts of a case, still undecided (in August, 1853), after twenty years of litigation, involving £70,000 in costs, Dickens resolved by *Bleak House* to disturb the complacency of the distinguished lawyer. *Hard Times* (1854) popularized Carlyle's impeachment of the economics of the " Manchester School ". Mr. Bounderby is an unlovely figure, and Thomas Gradgrind the pedagogue is not much better. " A man of realities, a man of facts and calculations. A

man who proceeds upon the principle that two and two are four, and nothing over." The picture is a caricature, but as there is no smoke without fire, so caricature would lose its appeal if not based upon a substratum of truth.

Little Dorrit (1855–7) has historically a twofold interest: the administrative muddle which inflicted such suffering upon British soldiers in the trenches before Sebastopol led to Dickens's castigation of the " Circumlocution Office "; his own personal experiences are recalled in those of William Dorrit, the " Father of the Marshalsea " and his brother Frederick. Dickens's savage portrayal of the unreformed Civil Service may be compared with the not dissimilar pictures in Trollope's *Autobiography* and in his *The Three Clerks* (1857). Mr. Sadleir has described Trollope's as " an inexpert picture of a vanished age ". The age had not vanished in 1855–7 when Dickens was writing *Little Dorrit*. Reform began, indeed, in 1855: it had not come when, in 1853, Sir Stafford Northcote and Sir Charles Trevelyan reported that " admission to the Civil Service was, indeed, eagerly sought after, but it was for the incompetent, indolent or incapable that it was chiefly desired ". Patronage was evidently the root of the evil: their report virtually got rid of it, though it was not until 1870 that the competitive test was definitely imposed. That Dickens and Trollope contributed substantially to the reform of a gross abuse is indisputable. *David Copperfield* also proved how deeply Dickens felt for the debtor's unhappy lot. In Mr. Micawber he drew a portrait of his own father, who was committed to the Marshalsea, and in the very words of Mr. Micawber warned his son " to take warning by the Marshalsea, and to observe that if a man had twenty pounds a year and spent nineteen pounds, nineteen shillings and sixpence he would be happy, but that a shilling spent the other way would make him wretched ". Mr Dickens senior may well have derived consolation as did Mr. Dorrit, from the reflection that an imprisoned debtor knew " the worst of it ". " We have got to the bottom, we can't fall, and what have

we found? Peace. That's the word for it. . . ." "We are quiet here; we don't get badgered here; there's no knocker here to be hammered at by creditors and bring a man's heart into his mouth. Nobody comes here to ask if a man's at home and to say he'll stand on the doorstep till he is. . . . It's freedom, sir, it's freedom." "Freedom" it was in all cases, and in the case of wealthy debtors who refused to pay imprisonment involved little if any discomfort. But with the majority it was otherwise, and the picture of Little Dorrit, the complacent debtor's devoted daughter, is evidently drawn from life. Nor did Dickens ever draw a more pathetic figure. But by the time *Little Dorrit* was published the Marshalsea had disappeared. An *Act* of 1844, though not entirely abolishing imprisonment for debt remedied all the worst abuses connected with the old system.

In Dickens, then, we have one of the best examples of the novelist who throws light upon some special incident or some particular feature of past days that deserves to be borne in mind, even though not of the first historical importance. "Works of fiction indirectly are great instructors of this world; and we can hardly exaggerate the debt which we owe to a Charles Dickens." So said Benjamin Jowett, preaching the funeral sermon on Dickens in Westminster Abbey.

The debt which the historian owes to George Eliot is of a totally different order. She was not a social reformer but a psychologist. Her one strictly historical novel was one of her less successful efforts. Anyway, *Romola*, dealing with Florentine history, does not concern us. The *Scenes of Clerical Life*, on the contrary, *Felix Holt*, *Middlemarch*, *Silas Marner*, *Mill on the Floss* and *Adam Bede* no historian of the nineteenth century can ignore.

Though all George Eliot's novels were written during the last twenty years of her life, all that was best in them was supplied by recollections of the days when, after her mother's death, the charge of her father's household and the

farm devolved upon her. Nevertheless her novels clearly bear the impress of the circumstances of her later life. Again and again as we read of the lives of the squires, the parsons and the farmers, of the doctors and the tradesmen of rural England and provincial towns, we are sharply reminded that the novels were written by a woman who had left all that early life behind her, who had become a brilliant star in a firmament of intellectuals, who had translated Strauss's *Leben Jesu*, had helped to edit the *Westminster Review*, and shared the home of George Henry Lewes.

Born at Arbury Farm, Chilvers Coton, near Warwick, in 1819, Marian Evans was (as some one has said) " saturated with the racy sap of the English Midlands ". Her father, Robert Evans, was the son of a carpenter and builder and he himself started life in the same business but rose to be land agent to Sir Roger Newdigate in Warwickshire. Entirely trusted by his employers, greatly respected and liked by their tenants, Robert Evans was the original of Caleb Garth and supplied traits—all of them wholly admirable—to the characters of Adam Bede and Mr. Hackit. Of Mrs. Evans there are traces in the Dodson family, in Mrs. Hackit and above all in Mrs. Poyser. She was a woman of clock-work regularity—all her farm work was done by 9 o'clock, and of any irregularity—even in the natural world—she was wholly intolerant. " She brought out her furs on the first of November, whatever might be the temperature. If the season didn't know what it ought to do, Mrs. Hackit did." Marian's earliest views on religion were largely derived from an aunt, Mrs. Samuel Evans, who was the prototype of Dinah Morris, and told her niece the story which supplied the germ of *Adam Bede*. Though country bred, devoted to the work of the farm, and especially skilled (as we should guess from the picture of Mrs. Poyser's dairy) in butter-making, Marian had all the instincts of a scholar. When she was about one-and-twenty she became intimate with a family (the Brays of Coventry) who held strong secularist views, and it was in this alien atmosphere that

George Eliot first inbibed doubts (deepened by her task of translating Strauss's *Leben Jesu*) concerning her early evangelicalism. The period of blank agnosticism was, however, transient. Thus, in 1862, she writes to a friend: "Please don't ask me ever again not to rob a man of his religious belief, as if you thought that my mind tended to such robbery. I have too profound a conviction of the efficacy that lies in all sincere faith, and the spiritual blight that comes with no faith, to have negative propaganda in me." Most vigorously she protested against what she well described as the "quackery of infidelity", and insisted on the contrary that "the great thing is reverence, reverence for the hard won inheritance of the ages".

Thus as an historical authority George Eliot holds a two-fold position. Herself "the authentic voice of Darwinism", her novels, though descriptive of country life in the 'thirties, re-echoed the scientific spirit and the intellectual unsettlement of a generation that was profoundly influenced by the teaching of the biologists. That the later work of George Eliot was overweighted by her philosophy is undeniable, yet R. H. Hutton was surely right when he said: "What is remarkable in George Eliot is the striking combination in her of very deep speculative power with a very great and realistic imagination. It is rare to find an intellect skilled in the analysis of the deepest psychological problems so completely at home in the conception and delineation of real characters."

The explanation is that the characters *were* real and the scenes in which they played their part were those familiar to George Eliot from childhood. "Shepperton" was Chilvers Coton and the curate, the Rev. John Gwyther, was the original of the Rev. Amos Barton, who served three churches and maintained a wife and six children on a stipend of £80 a year. Cheverel Manor is Arbury Hall and its owner, Sir Christopher Cheverel, is a portrait of Sir Roger Newdigate, some of whose traits reappear in Sir James Chetham of *Middlemarch*, if not in Mr. Brookes, the kindly

but fatuous uncle of Dorothea—Mr. Casaubon's unhappy wife. In the long gallery of George Eliot's parsons, Mr. Casaubon, the self-centred scholar squarson stands apart; but Mr. Cadwallader, the lovable devotee of trout-fishing, has much in common with the Rev. Augustus Debarry, the sporting Rector of Treby Magna, something less with his colleague, Mr. Farebrother (the most admirable of all George Eliot's parsons) and hardly more with Parson Irwine in *Adam Bede*. Old Mr. Crewe, the Curate of Milby who in a "brown Brutus wig delivered inaudible sermons on a Sunday, and on a week day imparted the education of a gentleman . . . to three pupils in the upper Grammar School" is sharply contrasted with Mr. Tryan, the zealous evangelical who brought comfort to poor Janet Dempster. All these different types are brought together at the Milby clerical meeting, and each is as perfectly discriminated from the others as are Jane Austen's parsons. George Eliot's specific contribution to the religious history of the nineteenth century is, however, her appreciation of the beauty and power of the Evangelical movement, within and without the Established Church. Of course she perceived and exposed its failings. But the woman who could compose Dinah Morris's sermon in *Adam Bede*, who could pray as Rufus Lyon prays in *Felix Holt*, who could minister comfort to the stricken soul of Silas Marner as did Dolly Winthrop, with her simple creed of faith and love—that woman, sceptic though she believed herself to be, was not far from the Kingdom of God.

Of George Eliot's novels the one most definitely permeated by politics is *Felix Holt the Radical*. It gives a vivid account of an election contest under the old system of open voting and a long drawn out poll, and, all through, the private lives of the persons of the drama are inextricably mixed up with, and largely determined by, the public events attending on the Reform battle of 1830–32.

The Reform Bill also plays a considerable part in *Middlemarch*. Nevertheless, the real historical value of George

Eliot's novels consists less in such incidents, and much more in her faithful picture of the rural and provincial life of England a century ago.

George Eliot enjoyed, of course, no monopoly. Interested readers may seek additional information from M. Betham Edwards's *The Lord of the Harvest*, *A Suffolk Courtship*, *A Humble Lover* and *Mock Beggars Hall*, which specially illustrate rural conditions in East Anglia. They must not ignore Lytton's *The Caxtons*, *My Novel* and *Kenelm Chillingly*, nor some of Henry Kingsley's works; least of all can anyone afford to neglect the works of Anthony Trollope. Trollope's prolific pen ranged from England to Australia, from St. Martin's le Grand to Barchester, but it is on his delineation of " county " and Cathedral society in mid-Victorian days that his title to be a genuine historical authority will rest. For widely as Trollope ranged his social outlook was narrow.

Except so far as he came across them in the hunting field he knew little of any class below that of the squires and the parsons—except, indeed, in Ireland where for nearly twenty years he went in and out among all classes: peasants and farmers, peers and squireens, priests, gombeen men and the rest. His Irish novels are in fact political pamphlets in the guise of fiction. In *Can you Forgive Her? Phineas Finn*, *Phineas Redux*, *The Eustace Diamonds*, *The Prime Minister* and *The Duke's Children*, the background is parliamentary, and some of the characters are recognizable. Daubeny, the Tory leader, was on Trollope's admission Disraeli, whom he detested as a man, a politician, and a novelist. Turnbull was John Bright, Phineas Finn was in part Joe Parkinson, an English journalist who married a millionaire's daughter, and in part John Pope Hennessy, a young Irish politician who was taken up by Disraeli.

If, however, the wider definition of " Historical " be accepted, these political novels are perhaps less historical than the Chronicles of Barsetshire and many others.

Barchester has taken so strong a hold on popular imagination that Trollope's work has come to be identified with the

Anglican Establishment, with Bishop (and Mrs.) Proudie, with Archdeacon Grantley, his imposing presence and hot temper; with Mr. Harding, the gentle, humble-minded warden of Hiram's Hospital; with Mr. Roberts, the weak but well-meaning parson of Framley; with poor Mr. Crawley of Hogglestock, driven to desperation by poverty; with Mr. Ovid, the saintly and scholarly Tractarian, and the rest of the cloth. Rightly so. But if Trollope is pre-eminently the chronicler of the Church, as by law established and comfortably if unevenly endowed, it is the Church as an integral part of a coherent social system that he is concerned with.

His theme is rural England centred on the cathedral city which is also the county town. Trollope has been happily described as " the supreme novelist of acquiescence ". If that means that he carefully analysed, shrewdly observed, and accurately described, but studiously refrained from passing judgment, it is true. Trollope is never, like George Eliot or Thackeray, didactic. He sums up the evidence with impartiality: the verdict he leaves to the reader.

Some of the novels such as *He Knew He was Right* (1869), and *The Way We Live Now* (1875) may perhaps be cited as exceptions: but if more censorious than the earlier novels, they are not less truly historical. The last-named may, indeed, be said to mark the beginning of the transition from the England of Trollope to the England of Galsworthy, from squirearchy to plutocracy, from dignified comfort to pushful restlessness. But *The Forsyte Saga* has a further significance. As the domestic counterpart of the Imperialist revival, it illustrates the last period of the Victorian era.

CHAPTER XX

Imperium et Libertas

The Victorian Jubilees. The End of an Epoch

AT the age of one-and-twenty Benjamin D'Israeli, an articled clerk of Jewish birth, an "audacious boy" with little knowledge of the world outside Bloomsbury, drew a portrait of himself, partly reminiscent but more definitely anticipatory, and gave it to the world as *Vivian Grey*. That was in 1826. In 1880 the Earl of Beaconsfield, defeated at the polls by "the Arch Villain", "the Impetuous Hypocrite", whom he began to portray in his unfinished novel *Falconet*, remembered a half-finished manuscript, completed it, and sold it to Longmans for £10,000, to be published as *Endymion*.

How far had the author of *Endymion* travelled since he wrote *Vivian Grey*! Yet the contrast between the "audacious boy" and the aged and honoured statesman was not more striking than that between the England, of which Victoria became Queen in 1837, and the Empire over which the Queen-Empress ruled in the last decades of her long reign.

In 1837 men had not forgotten the humiliating defeat which culminated in the Treaty of 1783; they could recall the disruption of the first British Empire; they were careless about the fate of the Second Empire which was already in course of construction.

In 1837 South Africa was a colony of Dutchmen under British rule; Australia was mainly a convict settlement; both Canadas were in rebellion; the Government of British India was shared between the directors of a commercial

company in Leadenhall Street and a Government Board of Control in Whitehall. In 1837 the population of the Empire was probably under 40,000,000; in 1901 it was nearly 400,000,000.

During the nineteenth century a two-fold movement was in progress in the Imperial sphere: territorial expansion and constitutional readjustment.

If we take India first, it is partly because English rule in India is *sui generis*, but mainly because from the novelists it has attracted special attention.

Naturally so; for India from the days of Clive to those of Curzon is replete with romantic episodes. Nevertheless our survey must be of the briefest.[1] When Clive arrived in India in 1744 British " Power " in India was represented by a Company of merchants, who had established " factories " in Madras, Bombay and at Calcutta. But the English Company had European competitors. Before Clive left in 1766 those rivals had politically ceased to count; the English Company had become a serious competitor for political supremacy with various " Native " Powers and Provinces in India. When Clive left India, English supremacy was already established in Bengal. His work was carried on by Warren Hastings, the first Governor-General of India. Hastings was in India during the critical years of the American War of Independence, and when he left India in 1785, to face impeachment in England, he had defeated a powerful confederacy of native Powers and had put the English Power in India on the high road to supremacy. Upon the foundations laid by Clive and Warren Hastings, a wonderful superstructure was erected by Lord Cornwallis, the brothers Wellesley, Lord Minto, and Lord Hastings (1786–1823). Meanwhile, important constitutional changes had taken place. The *Regulating Act* of 1773 marked the first interference of the British Government in Indian

[1] The whole story may be read in some detail in Marriott's *English in India* (Oxford, 1932); summarized in Marriott: *The British Empire and Commonwealth* (Nicholson and Watson, 1939).

affairs, and Pitt's *India Act* of 1784, while leaving trade matters in the hands of the *East India Company*, virtually transferred political responsibility to a Government department, the Board of Control. This Dual System was brought to an end by the Sepoy mutiny (1857–58), the suppression of which was followed by the *India Act* of 1858. By that Act the Queen of England assumed the direct sovereignty over two-thirds of the sub-continent of India; over the native Princes who still ruled the remaining third she became Suzerain.

Nor was constitutional development arrested at that point. The transference of British India to the Crown was appropriately followed in 1876 by the Royal Titles Act, under which Queen Victoria assumed the title of Empress of India. The new style was bitterly criticized as a characteristic piece of political charlatanry on the part of Disraeli. Time, however, has abundantly vindicated the prescience of the Minister. "You can only act upon the opinion of Eastern nations through their imagination." So Disraeli had said at the time of the Mutiny. Had Lord Dalhousie been endowed, in addition to all his other splendid and varied gifts, with a sympathetic imagination the Mutiny might never have occurred; had Disraeli lacked it, even though Queen Victoria might have remained Sovereign of British India, her successors could hardly have evoked as Suzerains the loyal support of the native Princes. "The Princes and nations of India know what the Royal Titles Bill means, and they know what it means is what they wish." Disraeli was right: he perceived that a "new world" was coming to the birth, that "new influences were at work". "The relations of England to Europe are not the same as they were in the days of Lord Chatham and Frederick the Great. The Queen of England has become the Sovereign of the most powerful of Oriental States. On the other side of the Globe there are now establishments belonging to her teeming with wealth and population. . . . These are vast and novel elements in the distribution of power. . . . What our duty is at this critical moment is to maintain the Empire of

England." Culled from various speeches these extracts expressed the mature conviction of the ageing statesman. He did not live to witness the great Imperialist movement of the late 'eighties and the 'nineties, but his purchase of the Suez Canal shares in 1875, showed him to be the first English statesman to appreciate the place of Egypt in English policy. The Royal Titles Act of 1876 perhaps recalled the rhapsody of Fakredeen in *Tancred* (1847): "It is finished with England . . . the game is up," but a *coup d'état* might yet save all. "You must," exclaimed the Emir Fakredeen, to the young English traveller, "You must . . . quit a petty and exhausted position for a vast and prolific empire. Let the Queen of England . . . be accompanied by all her Court and chief people and transfer the Seat of her Empire from London to Delhi. There she will find an immense empire ready made, a first rate army, and a large revenue. . . . We (Arabs) will acknowledge the Empress of India as our Suzerain, and secure for her the Levantine coast. If she likes she shall have Alexandria, as she now has Malta: it could be arranged. Your Queen is young; she has an *avenir*. Aberdeen and Sir Peel will never give her this advice; their habits are formed. They are too old, too rusés. But you see! The greatest Empire that ever existed; besides which she gets rid of the embarrassments of her Chambers! And quite practicable; for the only difficult part, the conquest of India, which baffled Alexander, is all done." (*Tancred*, Book III, c. iii).

Tancred was begun as soon as *Sybil* was finished, but was not published until 1847 when Disraeli, as the first lieutenant of the Protectionist leader, Lord George Bentinck, was sitting side by side with Peel and his colleagues, on the front Opposition bench. He had abated none of his bitterness against Peel and the "great betrayal", but though the principal characters of *Coningsby* reappear in *Tancred*, the atmosphere is wholly different. From Chartism and the condition-of-England question we have passed into the romantic realm of the East.

About India itself Disraeli had little to say: many other novelists had a great deal. Among novelists we must not include Sir W. W. Hunter, but his two sketches, *The Old Missionary* and *The Thackerays in India*, are so exquisitely delicate in workmanship and so admirably illustrative of two very different aspects of life in India that they prove what the historian of India might have done in a different medium.

For the predecessors of English rule in India reference may be made to two books by an Indian gentleman who writes in English, T. Ramakrishna. His *Padmini* deals with the Mohammedan victory over the Hindoos in 1565, while his *The Dive for Death* is a study of Hindoo life and thought. Mrs. F. A. Steel's *A Prince of Dreams* is an admirable portrait of the greatest of the Mogul emperors, Akbar (1555–1605) —the contemporary of Queen Elizabeth and as a ruler not unworthy of comparison with her.

Colonel Philip Meadows Taylor (1808–76), the author of several Indian novels of first rate importance, was himself a remarkable personality. He started his career in India in the house of a Bombay merchant; served the Nizam in a military and then in a civil capacity; acted as *Times* correspondent in India from 1840–53, and subsequently did splendid service in the suppression of the Mutiny. He wrote some half-dozen novels about India. *A Noble Queen* tells the story of Chand Beebi, the Queen dowager of Bījāpur, who is famous in Indian history for her heroic and successful resistance to Akbar's son, Prince Murād, in 1576, and perished some years later in the storming of Ahmadnagar by the Mogul army. *Tara* illustrates the great position of the Marathas under Sivaji in the seventeenth century. *Ralph Darnell* tells the too familiar story of the barbarities of Siraj-ud Daula and the Black Hole of Calcutta, while *Seeta* deals with the Mutiny, just a century after the tragedy of the Black Hole. But the best known of his books is, perhaps, *The Confessions of a Thug* (1839). The Thugs, a caste of hereditary assassins, were suppressed by that great

social reformer Lord William Bentinck, who, though somewhat of a doctrinaire and sentimentalist, conferred great benefits upon India during his governor-generalship (1828–35).

A long series of novels by Hilda Grey, who wrote under the pen-name of Sidney Carlyon Grier, deserve, but cannot here receive, more than catalogic mention. *In Furthest Ind* (1894), deals with Bombay during the days (1660–85) after the sale of Catherine of Braganza's *dot* to John Company by Charles II. *Like Another Helen* (1899) is mainly concerned with the struggle for ascendancy in Bengal under Clive. *The Great Pro-Consul* (1904) is Warren Hastings, and deals with him, Sir Elijah Impey, and the notorious Philip Francis, the reputed author of *The Letters of Junius*, and the venomous enemy of Hastings. *The Path to Honour*, *The Warden of the Marches*, *The Advanced Guard*, and *The Keepers of the Gate*, all deal with incidents arising from the ever uncertain relations between the British Raj and the fierce tribes on the north-west frontier of India. Various aspects of the same frontier problem contribute largely to the interest of Maud Diver's vivid stories. *The Hero of Herat* (1912) is Eldrid Pottinger. *Captain Desmond, V.C.* (1907), *The Great Amulet* (1908) and *Candles in the Wind* (1909) all deal with exciting incidents on the frontier, but perhaps Mrs. Diver's finest work is her enthralling biography of Honoria Lawrence (1936)—the devoted helpmate of Sir Henry Lawrence—the not less brilliant but more " difficult " of the two famous brothers.

G. A. Henty, indefatigable, conscientious, and trustworthy, devoted no fewer than nine of sixty-odd stories to India, covering the whole century between Plassey and the Mutiny. Of other novels on the Mutiny mention may be made of H. Seton Merriman's *Flotsam*; *The Dilemma*, by General Sir George Chesney, who himself served in the Mutiny; and, perhaps the best of all, Mrs. Steel's *On the Face of the Waters*. Mrs. Steel's novel might, indeed, be described as an indispensable authority.

. . . .

From India we pass to the Dominions, each of which had reached the goal of self-government by the same successive stages before Queen Victoria died. Canada showed the way. The Canada conquered by Amherst and Wolfe was a French colony. The immigration of the United Empire Loyalists from the United States, reinforced by emigration from home, laid the foundations of a British colony in Ontario. To each Province—Upper and Lower Canada—Pitt's Act of 1791 gave a representative legislature. But the arrangement worked none too well. In 1837 rebellions broke out in both Provinces. They were easily suppressed, but Lord Durham prescribed curative treatment: the two Canadas were united by the Act of 1840, and to a united Parliament a single executive was made responsible. Responsible government proved successful; union did not. Not unity but Federalism was dictated by geography: under the *British North America Act* (1867), Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia constituted the first units of a Federal Dominion to which have since been admitted Manitoba, British Columbia, Prince Edward Island, Alberta and Saskatchewan. Newfoundland, in pride of birth, stood aloof. Not, however, until the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway (1885) did Canadian federation become a reality, and even now (1939) there is a considerable amount of friction between the Provinces and the Dominion.

Similarly there is friction between the Commonwealth Government in Australia and the six Australian colonies which in 1900 entered into a Federal Union, based partly on that of Canada, and partly on that of the United States. But that is to anticipate events.

New South Wales originally came into being as a convict settlement, and as such was governed under military discipline (1788). After 1793 a few free settlers were admitted, but not until 1821 was the colony opened without restriction to immigrants. By 1841 the population had risen to nearly 131,000, of whom 53,000 were free immigrants. The transportation of convicts to New South Wales had been stopped

by Order-in-Council in 1840, but in 1849 Western Australia petitioned that it might be made a penal settlement, and the "importation" of some 10,000 convicts during the next twenty years rescued that colony from depression if not from collapse. The transportation of criminals was finally brought to an end in 1868. By 1859 New South Wales, as well as its daughter colonies—Victoria, Tasmania, South Australia and Queensland had, by successive stages reached the goal of "Responsible Government". Western Australia attained to the same dignity in 1890. New Zealand had attained it in 1856.

Cape Colony was endowed with responsible government in 1872; Natal which was established as an independent colony in 1856 received the same distinction in 1893. The Transvaal and the Orange Free State having been finally annexed by Great Britain in 1902, were given responsible government in 1906 and 1907 respectively. By the *Union Act* of 1909 all four colonies were brought together into a single state which unlike Canada and Australia is not federal but unitary. Southern Rhodesia, formerly administered by the British South African Company was annexed to the Crown in 1923, with a constitution of the usual type. But though it possesses all its attributes of a Dominion and is administered by the Dominions office it has not yet (1939) been promoted to full "Dominion status". Nor has India, nor Burma, nor Ceylon, though all three are fully self-governing as regards internal affairs. The Government of Newfoundland, formerly responsible, has since 1934 been temporarily reduced (in consequence of domestic troubles) to the status of a Crown Colony.

Of some fifty units still administered by the Colonial Office the status is almost infinitely various, ranging from almost complete self-government down to pure autocracies.

It is not, however, in respect of constitutional details, important as they are, that we get any help from the historical novelist. But in most of the Dominions and in many parts of the Dependent Empire there have been episodes

during the nineteenth century on which the novelists have eagerly fastened. Thus the Canadian rebellions of 1837 gave Sir Gilbert Parker material for *The Pomp of the Lavillettes* and *When Valmond came to Pontiac.* During the middle 'sixties relations between Great Britain and the United States were severely strained by incidents arising out of the (North and South) War, and in 1866 a body of 800 Fenians crossed the border into Canada in the mistaken belief (to quote Joseph Howe) that "they would find in the (Canadian) Provinces the shortest way to Ireland". The raid was a complete fiasco, but it gave Robert Barr material for *In the Midst of Alarms* (1866). A more serious incident, and more complex in its causes, was the rebellion in the Red River territory (1870). The rebellion was partly engineered by a band of American conspirators in St. Paul who were anxious to give the United States a chance of interfering and annexing the territory. But essentially the rebellion was due to the restlessness of the half-breed fur-traders who were alarmed by the transference of the Hudson Bay Territory to the Dominion in 1870. There was also an ecclesiastical element in the rebellion. Louis Riel, its leader, was a devoted Roman Catholic; he had actually been trained for the priesthood, and had dreams of establishing a great French Catholic State on the banks of the Red River. By the time Colonel Garnet (afterwards Lord) Wolseley reached Fort Garry (now Winnipeg) in August, 1870, Riel and his followers had dispersed; the rebellion was at an end.

In 1885, however, there was a renewal of trouble in the North-West. Riel reappeared; but though the half-breeds put up a good fight, Riel was captured, tried for high treason, and in November, 1885, hanged at Regina. The hardships of the old fur-traders are well illustrated in Stewart White's *The Silent Places* (1904), while the rebellion of 1870 has been utilized by R. M. Ballantyne—a great favourite with boys of the last generation—in *The Red Man's Revenge* (1880). The splendid services rendered to the Empire by the Canadian contingent during the South

African War (1899–1902) and the World War (1914–18) might surely have inspired a novelist-chronicler, but no such novel has come to my notice, though mention may be made of Mrs. Humphry Ward's fine story *Canadian Born.*

From Canada we pass to Australia, which has, perhaps intelligibly, attracted more attention than Canada from novelists. Fortunately, Henry Kingsley, whose novels are by some rated higher (unwarrantably in my judgment) than those of his brother Charles, spent five years of a restless life on the Australian gold-fields (1853–58). In 1859 he published *The Recollections of Geoffrey Hamlyn.* In itself a delightful story it gives an admirable description of conditions in the Australian bush in the early days of "Free Immigration". A more attractive group of people than Major and Mrs. Buckley and their son Sam, the Brentwoods, the Stockbridges and the rest it would be difficult to find. These Devonshire squires, finding the struggle to hold on to their ancestral home and acres too difficult, decided (about 1837) to emigrate to Australia. "Don't be such an ass as to hesitate," was the advice given to James Stockbridge by "Doctor Malhaus", a shrewd German who, posing as a refugee physician, was really a famous Prussian statesman. He saw Australia as "the mysterious hidden land of the great South Sea. Tasman's land, Nuyt's land, Leuwin's land, De Witt's land, any fool's land who could sail round and never have the sense to land and make use of it—the new country of Australia. The land with millions of acres of fertile soil, under a splendid climate, calling aloud for someone to come and cultivate them." "It is," said the doctor, "the genius of your restless discontented nation to go blundering about the world like buffaloes in search of new pastures. You have founded already two or three grand new empires, and you are now going to form another; and men like you ought to have a finger in the pie." James Stockbridge agreed: "The old country is getting too crowded for men to live in without a hard push. . . . The hive is too hot and the bees must swarm." So he sells up his farm,

"250 acres of the best land in Devon, to go and live among the convicts".

Life in the bush was dangerous; the "bushrangers", escaped convicts, desperate men with nothing to lose, preyed upon the settlers; but, though homesteads were burnt and precious lives sacrificed, the settlers on the whole prospered greatly. Some made large fortunes by speculating, after the gold rush, in real estate in Melbourne; all accumulated enough to return home and repurchase their ancestral acres.

The scene of *The Hillyars and Burtons* is also laid to a large extent in Australia, but as a whole the book is not equal to *Geoffrey Hamlyn*, nor in my judgment is *Ravenshoe*, which is chiefly to be remembered for a vivid description of the battle of Balaclava and a glimpse into the hospital, with Florence Nightingale in evidence, at Scutari. Even in *Ravenshoe*, Kingsley's thoughts turn again to Australia and its sunshine, which Charles Reade could see only in imagination. None the less Reade's *It is Never too Late to Mend* should be read side by side with Kingsley's books, as it describes convict life in Australia from an opposite angle. The Australia of those days is the theme also of E. W. Hornung's *The Rogue's March*, while the same writer's *Dennis Dent* moves on to the gold discoveries. A whole series of vivacious stories by "Rolf Boldrewood" deals with life in Australia from the 'thirties onwards. No historian can indeed afford to neglect *The Squatter's Dream*, *Nevermore*, *Robbery under Arms*, *The Miner's Right*, *A Colonial Reformer* and *Babes in the Bush*. Probably the most comprehensive novel illustrating Australian history is, however, Helen Simpson's *Boomerang*, which draws a vivid picture of Australia at three different epochs—about 1837, in the 'seventies, and about 1900—and concludes with an episode about an Australian soldier in France in 1915. The sketches though impressionist are remarkably graphic, and the book makes a real contribution to an understanding of Australian life, social and political. We must also mention James Cowan's

The Adventures of Kimble Bent and Reginald Horsley's *In the Grip of the Hawk* (both dealing with the Maoris of New Zealand) before we pass from Australasia to South Africa.

The most romantic episode, in some senses the central fact, of South African history was the great Boer Trek (1836–8) the centenary of which was celebrated with picturesque elaboration in 1938.

A dependency of the Dutch East Indies from 1651 to 1796, Cape Colony was conquered by Great Britain during the Napoleonic wars. Not, however, until after 1820 did British emigration to South Africa really begin. Between the British Government, always well intentioned but not seldom wrong-headed and ill advised, and the Boers, suspicious, sulky and stubbornly conservative, friction rapidly developed, until in 1836 the Boer farmers, exasperated by the "interference" of the British Government and by the humanitarian preaching of British missionaries, resolved to shake the dust of Cape Colony off their feet. Groups of Dutch families variously estimated at 5000 to 10,000 souls, packing wives and children, household possessions and farming implements into ox-wagons, went forth to make for themselves new homes in the wilderness. Thus the Transvaal and the Orange Free State came into being, virtually as independent Republics, but technically with an uncertain status that led in time to the Boer wars of 1880–1 and 1899–1902. The situation has from the first been complicated by the fact that Britons and Boers together are greatly outnumbered by natives against whom the Boers could not have held their own without British help, and whose position in all four colonies continues to present serious problems to the Government of South Africa.

Boers and Britons, Kaffirs, Zulus, Matabeles, Cetewayo and Lobengula, Cecil Rhodes and Paul Kruger—here is a splendid field for historical novelists; nor have they failed to exploit it. Among novels dealing with the great Trek are Rider Haggard's *Swallow*, Cloete's *Turning Wheels* and F. Brett Young's *They Seek a Country*. The earlier native

wars are dealt with in Anna Howarth's *Sword and Assegai* and Bertram Mitford's *The Induna's Wife*; the Ashanti war of 1873 in Henty's *By Sheer Pluck*, and successive Zulu wars in the same writer's *The Young Colonist*, in Mitford's *A Romance of the Cape Frontier*, *The Word of the Sorceress*, *The Gun Runner*, and in John Oxenham's *Giant Circumstance* (descriptive of the death of the Prince Imperial of France) (1879).[1]

The portrait of Cecil Rhodes is drawn by Morley Roberts in *The Colossus*, and that of Paul Kruger in B. Mitford's *Aletta*. Gilbert Parker's *The Judgment House* deals with the relations between Britons and Boers in the last years preceding the outbreak of the South African War in 1899; Douglas Blackburn's *Prinsloo of Prinsloosdorp* and *A Burgher Quixote* throw a searching light upon the methods of the Dutch Government in the Transvaal during the same period. Olive Schreiner's *Trooper Peter Halket of Mashonaland* contains a bitter indictment of the British South African Company, and her *Story of a South African Farm*, if less bitter, is strongly imbued with anti-British prejudice.

The war of 1899–1902 has provided a subject for several good stories. Among the best are F. Reitz's *Commando*, and Nora Stevenson's *So Much Has Happened* (1939). The latter is, indeed, an historical novel of the highest class. The picture it draws of the relations of Boers and Britons is singularly sympathetic and impartial, but shows that the best qualities of both races rendered conflict almost inevitable. Full justice is done to Boer tenacity and pluck as well as to British humanity and generosity. A less abrupt conclusion would have shown the latter even more conspicuously.

Henty, indefatigable to the end, reached the close of his labours in 1902 but not before he had written an account

[1] Queen Victoria was grievously distressed by the death of "such an amiable, good young man who would have made such a good Emperor for France one day". The Queen's wish to have a monument to the Prince in Westminster Abbey was frustrated by the House of Commons. Q.V.L. Vol III (second series), pp. 27–30, 119.

of the earlier days of the Boer war, including the " black week " in December, 1899, in *With Buller in Natal*, and of Lord Roberts' last, pluckiest, and not least brilliant campaign in *With Roberts to Pretoria.* It was fitting that a writer, himself a single-minded patriot, should just have lived to witness and chronicle the last service rendered to his country in the field by the stout-hearted veteran, and not less fitting that Queen Victoria should have lived to welcome Lord Roberts on his return and personally to confer upon him the honours —an Earldom and the Garter—he had so richly earned. Lord Roberts saw the Queen again for the last time on 14th January, 1901. On the 22nd she died. The longest reign in English history was at an end; a great epoch had closed.

What was the attitude of the Home Government towards its Overseas Empire? During the first three-quarters of the century it was one of impatience if not indifference: Colonial policy was directed to one end, to prepare the colonies for present self-government and ultimate independence. The Manchester School had learnt from Bentham that colonies were only a source of expense and corruption to the Mother Country, and a grave menace to international peace. Neither in history, in fiction, or in poetry was the Imperial note sounded. The United States had provided the model to be aimed at.

Even Tennyson bade his countrymen:

> " Be proud of those strong sons of thine
> Who wrench'd their rights from thee!
>
> . . . .
>
> Thy work is thine—The single note
> From that deep chord which Hampden smote
> Will vibrate to the doom."

That " single note " was not *Imperium* but *Libertas.* " Emancipate your colonies," said Jeremy Bentham in 1793. It will pay you. " If a dominant country understood

the true nature of the advantages arising from the supremacy and dependence of the related communities, it would voluntarily recognize the legal independence of such of its dependencies as were fit for independence; it would, by its political arrangements, study to prepare for independence those which were still unable to stand alone. . . ." Thus Sir George Cornewall Lewis wrote in 1841, and he expressed the prevailing sentiment.

The Manchester School remained dominant in politics at least until 1874, if not until 1885, though a protest was raised by Tennyson when in 1872 the Canadian people were solemnly advised to take up their freedom as " the days of their apprenticeship " were over:

> " And that true North, whereof we lately heard
> A strain to shame us, ' Keep you to yourselves;
> So loyal is too costly ! ' Loose the bond and go."

Lord Dufferin, then Governor-General of Canada, wrote to thank the Poet Laureate for his spirited denunciation of " those who are seeking to dissolve the Empire ", and to depreciate the " fanatical tenacity with which Canadians cling to their birthright as Englishmen ".

Tennyson's suffix to *Idylls of the King* marked a turning point. The 'seventies and 'eighties witnessed a vast change in world conditions. Great nations were coming to the birth in Europe; Germany and Italy joined England and France in the scramble for Africa. While Europe was expanding the world was shrinking: the means of locomotion, transport, and communication were developing with startling rapidity; refrigerating processes combined with swift steamships to bring the products of the colonies, at cheap rates and in perfect condition, on to the European market. Industrialization and urbanization compelled Europe to import raw materials from other continents, and to seek markets there for their surplus production of manufactured goods. Seeley, in *The Expansion of England* (1883) gave a new interpretation to recent English history, and taught the

world that "the future is with the big states". Thanks mainly to the tactful diplomacy of Lord Salisbury (Prime Minister in England, with short intervals, from 1885 to 1902) Africa was partitioned (1890), without recourse to war, between the great European Powers; the Australian colonies were driven to federate by the "intrusion" of France and Germany into the South Pacific. Plainly, the era of *Welt-Politik* had arrived. "The cardinal fact of geography in the twentieth century is the shortening of distances and the shrinkage of the Globe. . . . The result is that problems which a century or even fifty years ago were exclusively European now concern the whole world." So said General Smuts in 1917. He was right; but the process had begun in the last decades of the nineteenth century. It was natural, therefore, that the new spirit of Empire should find expression in the great pageants with which the Jubilee of Queen Victoria's reign was celebrated in 1887, and her "Diamond Jubilee" in 1897. The great exhibitions of 1851 and 1862 had marked the apotheosis of the Manchester School, the zenith of internationalism. Many Englishmen then believed that universal Free Trade would lead to general disarmament and the abolition of war:

> "Till each man find his own in all men's good
> And all men work in noble brotherhood,
> Breaking their mailed fleets and armed towers, . . ."

By 1887 the poet's earlier dream had faded. It was not "The Parliament of man and the federation of the World", but a British Empire united if not politically federated that should bring peace to a warring world. A complete Federal scheme was indeed the aim of *The Imperial Federation League*, founded in 1884, by statesmen of all parties in the homeland and the colonies. To this League was mainly due an important constitutional innovation. Coincident with the Jubilee Celebrations of 1887 was the first Colonial Conference at which statesmen at home and from overseas met to discuss questions common to the whole Empire. The

experiment was repeated in 1897 when a most important address was delivered by Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. Chamberlain, as Secretary of State for the colonies, reviewed with great frankness the whole Imperial question alike in its economic and political aspects. He made it clear that he was himself prepared, ardent Free Trader as he had been, to abandon Cobdenism in order that the first step towards Imperial Federation might be taken on the basis of Preferential tariffs. The Colonial, renamed the Imperial, Conference became from that year onwards a regular part of the Imperial Economy.

The Jubilee of 1897 was at once the apotheosis of Imperialism, and the climax of the Victorian era. The closing years of the Queen's reign were overclouded by the South African War, by the initiation of an armaments-race among the leading continental Powers, and not least by the evident intention of Germany to challenge the naval supremacy of Great Britain.

Even amid the rejoicings of 1897 a great poet, though derided by anaemic critics as a "Jingo Methodist", had uttered a warning against vain-glorious boasting, against those who trust overmuch in chariots and horses. *Non nobis, Domine.* Quite unforgettable was the effect produced, when, amid the glamour and glint of the Jubilee pageantry, there fell upon the ears of the nation the solemn and sonorous swell of Rudyard Kipling's *Recessional*:

> "The tumult and the shouting dies;
> The Captains and the Kings depart:
> Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
> An humble and a contrite heart,
> Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
> Lest we forget—lest we forget."

To the poets rather than to the novelists we are compelled to go in order to recapture the glow of the Imperialist revival in the last decades of the nineteenth century.

With that revival our survey ends. We cannot yet

decide which of the novels dealing with political and social movements during the first four decades of the twentieth century can properly be described as historical.

Yet every year that passes makes it increasingly clear that the opening of this century, will stand out as one of the great watersheds of modern history. Until after Queen Victoria's death the internal combustion engine had not begun to do its lethal work: it had not yet transformed English roads into death-traps, nor deprived Great Britain of her insular security, nor threatened the supremacy of British sea-power. The pace of social life had not yet been deliriously quickened; Sunday was still, in large if diminishing measure, a day of rest for man and beast. The perfect balance of a Constitution, " divinely and harmoniously tuned " had not yet been destroyed. The efficiency of Government was still measured not by the amount of largesses it could distribute, but by the extent to which, by restraint in expenditure, it could build up the capital resources of the State and its citizens. Britain, in Victorian days, was far from being a " fen of stagnant waters ". The Forsytes were typical only of a section of society. Besant and Rice were stimulating a movement which found expression in a People's Palace for the East End, in a Toynbee Hall and University Settlements in the slums of London. Mrs. Ward's *Marcella* was, in effect, a study of socialistic problems, as her *Robert Elsmere* had faithfully delineated the difficulties of a sincere Christian confronted by the findings of the " Higher Criticism ". There was in fine, a stirring of the social conscience among the comfortable classes, and of the intellectual conscience among traditionalists. Yet it is certain that no English monarch was ever more entirely typical of the virtues as well as the limitations of an epoch than Queen Victoria. Throughout her reign the middle classes were politically and socially predominant. Their byword was " moderation in all things ". " Firm in the triple brass of their respectability (they) rejoiced," said Mr. Strachey (with a sneer characteristic of the superior

Georgian), "with a special joy over the most respectable of Queens."

The virtues and the shortcomings, the splendid achievements, and the obvious limitations of the Victorian era were, as already indicated, faithfully reflected in contemporary fiction. Ever since the rise of prose fiction in the eighteenth century, novelists have indeed made their appropriate contribution to history. To Fielding, Smollett and Goldsmith; to Jane Austen, Charlotte Brontë, Mrs. Gaskell and George Eliot; to Dickens, Charles Reade, the brothers Kingsley, Anthony Trollope, Walter Besant, Mrs. Ward, John Galsworthy and many others, the social historian owes a great debt. To Walter Scott, Lord Lytton, and Thackeray, to Father Benson, Maurice Hewlett and Conan Doyle; to George Henty, G. P. R. James and Harrison Ainsworth; to Charlotte Yonge, Marjorie Bowen, D. K. Broster, Carola Oman, Margaret Irwin, Helen Simpson and Norah Stevenson, the historian's debt is different in kind. These writers and others like them, are themselves historians, utilizing the product of patient research as the raw material for the craft of historical fiction.

To both classes, to the painters of contemporary life and to the students of past ages using fiction as their medium, the historian owes an equal, if a different, debt. In some measure to acknowledge and to repay that debt has been the purpose of this book.

APPENDIX I

SOME USEFUL BOOKS

A. *General Works on Historical Fiction*

E. A. Baker: *A Guide to Historical Fiction* (n.e.). (1914.)
J. Nield: *A Guide to the Best Historical Novels and Tales* (n.e.) (1929.)
Sir W. Scott: *Essays on Chivalry and Romance.*
—— *Lives of the Novelists and Dramatists.*
Sir W. Raleigh: *The English Novel.* (1895.)
F. H. Stoddard: *The Evolution of the English Novel.* (1900.)
A. T. Sheppard: *The Art and Practice of Historical Fiction.* (1930.)
H. Butterfield: *The Historical Novel.* (1924.)
G. M. Trevelyan: *Clio.* (1930.)
Sir C. H. Firth: *Historical Novels,* Historical Association Leaflet No. 51.
G. Saintsbury: *Essays in English Literature,* Series II. (1895.)
Sir Leslie Stephen: *Hours in a Library.* (1874–1907.)
H. A. Taine (trs. H. van Laun): *History of English Literature,* Vols. III and IV. (1872.)
D. Masson: *British Novelists and their Styles.* (1859.)
W. Bagehot: *Literary Studies.* (1879.)

B. *Textbooks on English History*

C. R. L. Fletcher: *Introductory History of England,* 4 Vols. (1907–9.)
J. R. Green: *Short History of the English People.* (1874.)
J. A. Williamson: *The Evolution of England.* (1931.)
A. Maurois: *A History of England.* (1937.)
J. A. R. Marriott: *This Realm of England.* (1938.)

C. *Special Books on Special Periods*

(i) *England before the Norman Conquest (Chapters III and IV)*

R. G. Collingwood: *Roman Britain.* (1932.)
—— *Roman Britain* (with good bibliography). (1936.)

E. T. Mommsen: *The Provinces of the Roman Empire.* (1909.)
F. J. Haverfield (ed. G. Macdonald): *The Romanization of Roman Britain.* (1923.)
—— *Roman Occupation of Britain.* (1924.)
Sir C. Oman: *England before the Norman Conquest* (with bibliography). (1910.)
C. Plummer (ed.): *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle.* (1894.)
Bede: *Ecclesiastical History of the English Nation.*
W. Huyshe (ed. and trs.): *Adamnan's Life of St. Columba.* (1939.)
E. A. Freeman: *The Norman Conquest.* (1867–9.)
W. Bright: *Early English Church History.* (1878.)
J. R. Green: *Making of England.* (1882.)
—— *Conquest of England.* (1883.)
J. R. Lightfoot: *Leaders of the Northern Church.* (1890.)
Asser: *Life of Alfred.* (Bohn.)
H. M. Chadwick: *The Origins of the English Nation.* (1907.)

(ii) 1066–1215 (*Chapter V*)

E. A. Freeman: *History of the Norman Conquest.* (1867–9.)
—— *William the Conqueror.* (1894.)
—— *The Reign of William Rufus.* (1882.)
W. Stubbs: *The Early Plantagenets.* (1876.)
Mrs. J. R. Green: *Henry II.* (1888.)
H. W. C. Davis: *England Under the Normans and Angevins.* (1905.)
K. Norgate: *England under the Angevin Kings*, 2 vols. (1887.)
—— *John Lackland.* (1902.)
W. Stubbs (ed.): *Introduction to Roger of Hoveden, Walter of Coventry, &c.* (*Rolls Series.*) (ed. Hassall, 1902.)
—— *Constitutional History,* 3 vols. (1880.)
R. W. Church: *St. Anselm.* (1870.)

(iii) 1216–1295. *Magna Carta to the Model Parliament* (*Chapter VI*)

Davis and Stubbs as before.
W. S. McKechnie: *Magna Carta.* (1913.)
C. Petit-Dutaillis: *Studies Supplementary to Stubbs's Constitutional History.* (1908.)
G. W. Prothero: *Simon de Montfort.* (1877.)
Bémont: *Simon de Montfort.* (Paris, 1884.)
T. F. Tout: *Edward I.* (*English Statesmen*). (1893.)

(iv) 1295–1399. *The England of Chaucer and Piers Plowman* (*Chapter VII*)

T. F. Tout: *The Place of the Reign of Edward II in English History.* (1914.)
—— *Longmans' Political History of England*, Vol. III. (1216–1377.)
K. H. Vickers: *England in the Later Middle Ages.* (1913.)
J. A. R. Marriott: *English Land System.* (1914.)
G. M. Trevelyan: *England in the Age of Wyclif.* (1899.)
Sir C. Oman: *The Great Revolt of 1381.* (1906.)

(v) *The Wars of the Roses: The King-Maker and his Kings*, 1399–1485 (*Chapter VIII*)

Sir James Ramsay: *Lancaster and York.* (1892.)
Sir C. Oman: *Longmans' Political History of England.* (1377–1485.)
—— *Warwick the King-maker.* (1891.)
Shakespeare: *Richard II, Henry IV, Henry V, Henry VI, Richard III*
J. A. R. Marriott: *English History in Shakespeare.* (1918.)
A. J. Church: *Henry V.*
Holinshed: *Chronicle.*
Sir T. More: *Lives of Edward V and Richard III.*
Sir Clements Markham: *Richard III.* (1906.)
J. Gairdner: *History of Richard III.* (1878.)
—— *Cambridge Mediæval History*, Vol. VIII. (1938.)

(vi) *Tudor England.* 1485–1603. (*Chapters IX and X.*)

Bacon: *History of Henry VII.* (1621.)
H. A. L. Fisher: *Longmans' Political History of England*, 1485–1547. (1906.)
A. F. Pollard: *Henry VIII.* (1902.)
—— *Wolsey.* (1929.)
—— *Longmans' Political History of England*, 1547–1603. (1910.)
—— *Cranmer.* (1904.)
—— *The Protector Somerset.* (1900.)
E. S. Beesley: *Queen Elizabeth.* (1882.)
R. Hakluyt: *Voyages.*
J. E. Neale: *Queen Elizabeth.* (1934.)
M. Waldman: *Elizabeth, Queen of England.* (1933.)
J. B. Black: *The Reign of Elizabeth.* (1936.)
J. A. Froude: *The History of England.* (1856–70.)
—— *English Seamen in the Sixteenth Century.* (1895.)
A. Lang: *The Mystery of Mary Stuart.* (1901.)

T. F. Henderson: *The Casket Letters and Mary Queen of Scots.* (1889.)
Sir J. Corbett: *Drake and the Tudor Navy.* (1898.)
J. A. Williamson: *The Age of Drake.* (1938.)
A. L. Rowse: *Sir Richard Grenville of the Revenge.* (1938.)

(vii) *Cavaliers and Roundheads.* 1603–1660
(*Chapters XI and XII*)

G. M. Trevelyan: *England under the Stuarts.* (1904.)
S. R. Gardiner: *History of England* (1603–1649), 14 Vols. (1883–1891.)
—— *The Commonwealth and the Protectorate.* (1894–1901.)
—— *Cromwell.* (1897.)
—— *Puritan Revolution.*
Sir C. Firth: *Cromwell.* (1900.)
—— *The Last Years of the Protectorate.* (1909.)
J. A. R. Marriott: *The Crisis of English Liberty.* (1930.)
—— *Life and Times of Lord Falkland.* (1907.)
Lady Burghclere: *Strafford.* (1931.)
John Morley: *Cromwell.* (1900.)
John Buchan: *Cromwell.* (1934.)
—— *Montrose.* (1928.)
Lord Clarendon: *History of the Great Rebellion.*
T. Carlyle: *Letters and Speeches of Cromwell.* (1871.)
E. Ludlow: *Memoirs* (Contemporary).

(viii) *The Restoration and the Revolution.* 1660–1702
(*Chapter XIII*)

Macaulay: *History of England.* (1848–55.)
G. N. Clark: *The Later Stuarts.* (1934.)
D. Ogg: *England in the Reign of Charles II.* (1934.)
A. Bryant: *Charles II.* (1936.)
W. D. Christie: *Life of Shaftesbury.* (1871.)
Marion Grew: *William Bentinck and William III.* (1924.)
H. D. Traill: *William III.* (1888.)

(ix) *The Augustan Age* (*Chapter XIV*)

G. M. Trevelyan: *England under Queen Anne*, 3 Vols. (1932.)
Lord Stanhope: *History of England.* (1879.)
W. S. Churchill: *Marlborough, his Life and Times.* (1933.)
K. G. Feiling: *History of the Tory Party.* (1924.)
Cambridge Modern History, Vol V. (1908.)

W. Coxe: *Memoirs of the Duke of Marlborough*, 3 vols. (1819.)
P. Hume Brown: *The Legislative Union of England and Scotland.* (1920.)
W. Minto: *Defoe.* (1879.)
Defoe: *True Born Englishman.* (1701.)
—— *Shortest Way with the Dissenters.* (1702.)
—— *Hymn to the Pillory.* (1703.)
Swift: *Conduct of the Allies.* (1711.)
—— *Drapier's Letters.* (1724.)
L. Stephen: *Swift.* (1882.)
Bolingbroke: *Letters on the Study of History.* (1752.)
—— *Letter to Sir William Wyndham.* (1753.)
A. Hassall: *Bolingbroke.* (1889.)
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APPENDIX II

NOVELS MENTIONED IN THE TEXT

Chapter III

*G. A. Henty: *Beric the Briton.*
*A. J. Church: *The Count of the Saxon Shore.*
*Sir H. Maxwell: *A Duke of Britain.*
*Catherine Christian: *The Legions Go North.*

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*G. A. Henty: *The Dragon and the Raven.*
*P. Dearmer: *The Dragon of Wessex.*
*W. G. Collingwood: *Thorstein of the Mere.*
—— *The Bondwomen.*
*—— *The Likeness of King Elfwald.*
*Lord Lytton: *Harold.*

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*Charles Macfarlane: *The Camp of Refuge.*
*Charles Kingsley: *Hereward the Wake.*
F. Marion Crawford: *Via Crucis.*
Sir Walter Scott: *The Betrothed.*
—— *The Talisman.*
M. Hewlett: *Richard Yea and Nay.*

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*J. G. Edgar: *Runnymede and Lincoln Fair.*
Walter Scott: *Ivanhoe.*
M. Hewlett: *The Forest Lovers.*
*W. Deeping: *The Red Saint.*
G. A. Henty: *In Freedom's Cause.*
Walter Scott: *Castle Dangerous.*

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—— *The White Company.*
J. G. Edgar: *Cressy and Poictiers.*
G. A. Henty: *St. George for England.*
*Charlotte M. Yonge: *The Lances of Lynwood.*
*Florence Converse: *Long Will: a Romance of the Days of Piers Plowman.*
Sir H. Newbolt: *The New June.*

†Geoffrey Chaucer: *The Canterbury Tales.*
†William Langley: *The Vision of William Concerning Piers the Plowman.*
(†These are not novels, but prominence is given to them in the text.)

CHAPTER VIII

G. P. R. James: *Agincourt.*
*Lord Lytton: *The Last of the Barons.*
*Carola Oman: *Crouchback.*
*Marjorie Bowen: *Dickon.*
R. L. Stevenson: *Black Arrow.*

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Anne Manning: *The Colloquies of Edward Osborne.*
*H. C. Bailey: *The Lonely Queen.*
Judge E. A. Parry: *England's Elizabeth: Memories of Matthew Bedale.*
Scott: *The Monastery, The Abbot, Kenilworth.*
*Maurice Hewlett: *The Queen's Quair.*
*C. M. Yonge: *Unknown to History.*
H. Sutcliffe: *Pam the Fiddler.*
*R. H. Benson: *The King's Achievement, The Queen's Tragedy, By what Authority?*
*—— *Come Rack! Come Rope!*
*C. Kingsley: *Westward Ho!*

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Emma Marshall: *The Young Queen of Hearts.*
G. P. R. James: *Arabella Stuart.*
H. Ainsworth: *Guy Fawkes.*
—— *The Star Chamber.*
*Edna Lyall: *To Right the Wrong.*
Dora McChesney: *Kathleen Clare: Her Book.*
F. Mathew: *Love of Comrades.*
C. A. Griffin: *A Servant of the King.*
*Marjorie Bowen: *The Governor of England.*
*Whyte-Melville: *Holmby House.*
A. Quiller-Couch: *Splendid Spur.*
J. H. Shorthouse: *John Inglesant.*
W. Scott: *Legend of Montrose.*
—— *Woodstock.*
—— *Fortunes of Nigel.*
Neil Munro: *John Splendid.*
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Eliot Warburton: *Reginald Hastings.*
A. J. Church: *With the King at Oxford.*
D. G. McChesney: *Miriam Cromwell, Royalist.*
*M. Bowen: *I Will Maintain.*
*—— *The Defender of the Faith.*
*—— *God and the King.*
—— *Glen o' Weeping.*
C. Yonge: *The Danvers Papers.*
E. H. Strain: *A Man's Foes.*

I. Butt: *The Gap of Barnesmore.*
M. L. Byrne: *Leixlip Castle.*
L. MacManus: *In Sarsfield's Days.*
W. Scott: *The Bride of Lammermoor.*
—— *Old Mortality.*
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—— *The Men of the Moss Hags.*
—— *Lochinvar.*
—— *The Standard Bearer.*
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R. D. Blackmore: *Lorna Doone.*
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Harrison Ainsworth: *Old St. Paul's.*
G. A. Henty: *When London Burned.*
C. Macfarlane: *The Dutch in the Medway*
*Anthony Hope: *Simon Dale.*
W. Scott: *Peveril of the Peak.*
*Edna Lyall: *In the Golden Days.*
G. W. M. Reynolds: *Rye House Plot.*
Emma Marshall: *In the Service of Rachel, Lady Russell.*
*Conan Doyle: *Micah Clarke.*
M. Gerard: *The Red Seal.*
Beth Ellis: *Barbara Winslow, Rebel.*
Dora Mellor: *Beauty Retire.*
M. M. Palgrave: *Deb Clavel.*
J. Hocking: *The Chariots of the Lord.*
H. Vallings: *By Dulvercombe Water.*
E. Marshall: *Winchester Meads.*

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*Defoe: *Robinson Crusoe.*
*Thackeray: *Esmond.*
*Lord Lytton: *Devereux.*
*Margaret L. Woods: *Esther Vanhomrigh.*

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A. E. W. Mason: *Lawrence Clavering.*
*—— *Clementina.*
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—— *Red Gauntlet.*
—— *Guy Mannering.*
—— *The Antiquary.*
—— *St. Ronan's Well.*
W. Besant: *Dorothy Forster.*
Harrison Ainsworth: *Preston Fight.*
*Halliwell Sutcliffe: *The Lone Adventure.*
*—— *Willowdene Will.*
*Carola Oman: *Over the Water.*
*D. K. Broster: *The Flight of the Heron.*
*—— *The Gleam in the North.*
—— *The Dark Mile.*
*R. L. Stevenson: *Kidnapped.*
*—— *Catriona.*
*—— *The Master of Ballantrae.*

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*C. Kingsley: *Westward Ho!*
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G. A. Henty: *Under Drake's Flag.*
—— *By England's Aid.*
Dora McChesney: *The Wounds of a Friend.*
R. Leighton: *Under the Foeman's Flag.*
—— *The Golden Galleon.*
*M. Johnstone: *Sir Mortimer.*
*—— *Audrey.*
—— *The Old Dominion.*
*—— *By Order of the Company.*
J. E. Cooke: *My Lady Pocahontas.*
Lucy M. Thruston: *Mistress Brent: a Story of Lord Baltimore's Colony.*
Emma Rayner: *Doris Kingsley, Child and Colonist.*
—— *In Castle and Colony.*
M. H. Robertson: *A Gallant Quaker.*
M. A. Paull: *My Mistress the Queen.*
*N. Hawthorne: *The Scarlet Letter.*
—— *The House of the Seven Gables.*
—— *Mosses from an Old Manse.*
—— *The Blithedale Romance.*
C. G. D. Roberts: *The Forge in the Forest.*
—— *A Sister to Evangeline.*
Fenimore Cooper: *The Last of the Mohicans.*

Fenimore Cooper: *The Deerslayer.*
*Thackeray: *The Virginians.*
—— *Denis Duval.*
Sir Gilbert Parker: *The Trail of the Sword.*
*—— *The Seats of the Mighty.*
*J. Jennings: *Next to Valour.*
A. Quiller-Couch: *Fort Amity.*
G. A. Henty: *With Wolfe in Canada.*
—— *True to the Flag.*
*Winston Churchill: *Richard Carvel.*
*Gertrude Atherton: *The Conqueror.*

Sir J. Corbett: *A Business in Great Waters.*
Captain Marryat: *The King's Own.*
—— *Mr. Midshipman Easy.*
—— *Frank Mildmay.*
G. A. Henty: *By Conduct and Courage.*
—— *At Aboukir and Acre.*
—— *The Young Buglers.*
—— *With Moore at Corunna.*
—— *Under Wellington's Command.*
—— *One of the 28th.*
—— *The Tiger of Mysore.*
W. H. Fitchett: *The Commander of the Hirondelle.*
W. H. G. Kingston: *From Powder Monkey to Admiral.*
Charles Lever: *The O'Donoghue.*
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—— *Charles O'Malley.*
—— *Tom Burke of Ours.*
*D. K. Broster: *Ships in the Bay.*
A. Conan Doyle: *Uncle Bernac.*
*R. D. Blackmore: *Springhaven.*
Thomas Hardy: *Trumpet Major.*
W. Clark Russell: *The Yarn of Old Harbour Town.*
A. Quiller-Couch: *Mayor of Troy.*
General W. G. Hamley: *Traseaden Hall.*
A. Conan Doyle: *The Adventures of Gerard.*
—— *The Great Shadow.*
John Oxenham: *Lauristons.*
J. W. Fortescue: *The Drummer's Coat.*
Mrs. M. L. Woods: *Sons of the Sword.*
Colonel Meadows Taylor: *Tippoo Sultaun.*
Major Arthur Griffiths: *A Royal Rascal.*
Charles Gilson: *The Lost Empire.*

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*B. Disraeli: *Sybil.*
*—— *Coningsby.*
*C. Kingsley: *Alton Locke.*
*—— *Yeast.*
*—— *Two Years Ago.*
*Mrs. Gaskell: *Mary Barton.*
*—— *North and South.*
*—— *Sylvia's Lovers.*
Mrs. Linnaeus Banks: *Forbidden to Wed.*
—— *The Manchester Man.*
*"Mark Rutherford" (W. Hale White): *The Revolution in Tanner's Lane.*
M. Hewlett: *Bendish.*
S. Weyman: *Starvecrow Farm.*
—— *The Castle Inn.*
*—— *Ovington's Bank.*
*—— *Chippinge.*
*C. Brontë: *Shirley.*
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Mrs. Henry (Lady) Birchenough: *Potsherds.*
*Jessie Fothergill: *Probation.*
*Charles Reade: *Put Yourself in his Place.*
*—— *It is Never Too Late to Mend.*
*—— *Hard Cash.*
S. Baring-Gould: *In Dewisland.*
K. L. Montgomery: *The Gate Openers.*
*Violet Jacobs: *The Sheep-Stealers.*
*Charles Dickens: *Barnaby Rudge.*
—— *American Notes.*
—— *Martin Chuzzlewit.*
—— *Oliver Twist.*
—— *Nicholas Nickleby.*
—— *Bleak House.*

*Charles Dickens: *Hard Times.*
—— *Little Dorrit.*
*George Eliot: *Scenes of Clerical Life.*
—— *Silas Marner.*
*—— *Felix Holt.*
*—— *Middlemarch.*
—— *Adam Bede.*
M. Betham Edwards: *The Lord of the Harvest.*
—— *A Suffolk Courtship.*
—— *A Humble Lover.*
—— *Mock Beggars Hall.*
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—— *My Novel.*
—— *Kenelm Chillingly.*
A. Trollope: *Can You Forgive Her?*
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—— *The Eustace Diamonds.*
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—— *Tancred.*
*Lord Beaconsfield: *Endymion.*
Sir W. W. Hunter: *The Old Missionary.*
T. Ramakrishna: *Padmini.*
—— *The Dive for Death.*
Mrs. F. A. Steel: *A Prince of Dreamers.*
Colonel P. Meadows Taylor: *A Noble Queen.*
—— *Tara.*
—— *Ralph Darnell.*
—— *Seeta.*
—— *Confessions of a Thug.*
S. C. Grier (Hilda Grey): *In Furthest Ind.*
—— *Like Another Helen.*
—— *The Great Pro-Consul.*
—— *The Path to Honour.*
—— *The Warden of the Marshes.*
—— *The Advanced Guard.*
—— *The Keepers of the Gate.*
Maud Diver: *The Hero of Herat.*
*—— *Captain Desmond, V.C.*
—— *The Great Amulet.*

Maud Diver: *Candles in the Wind.*
H. Seton Merriman: *Flotsam.*
Sir George Chesney: *The Dilemma.*
*Mrs. F. A. Steel: *On the Face of the Waters.*

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—— *Nevermore.*
—— *Robbery under Arms.*
*—— *The Miner's Right.*
—— *A Colonial Reformer.*
—— *Babes in the Bush.*
*Helen Simpson: *Boomerang.*
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R. Horsley: *In the Grip of the Hawk.*

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*F. Brett Young: *They Seek a Country.*
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Bertram Mitford: *The Induna's Wife.*
G. A. Henty: *With Buller in Natal.*
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B. Mitford: *A Romance of the Cape Frontier.*
—— *Aletta.*
—— *The Word of the Sorceress.*
—— *The Gun Runner.*
Sir Gilbert Parker: *The Judgment House.*
John Oxenham: *Giant Circumstance.*
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D. Blackburn: *Prinsloo of Prinsloosdorp.*
—— *A Burgher Quixote.*
Olive Schreiner: *Trooper Peter Halket of Mashonaland.*
*—— *Story of a South African Farm.*
*Nora Stevenson: *So Much Has Happened.*
*F. Reitz: *Commando.*
*John Galsworthy: *The Forsyte Saga.*
*Mrs. H. Ward: *Robert Elsmere.*
*—— *Marcella.*

The above list of novels corresponds with the order in which they are mentioned in the text.

The novels marked with an asterisk might well form the nucleus of a good school library. They are selected not necessarily as better than others, but as fairly representative of the periods and subjects with which they deal. The inclusion of all the Waverleys is assumed.

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