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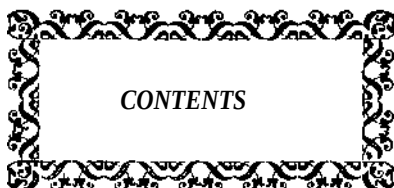
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Author Kingsmill, Hugh.

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ONLY matters of wide and permanent interest, and men whose names are known to everyone, appear in this anthology, for it could not entertain a modern reader to learn what was said in the past about some person or topic of which he has never heard. I have therefore been spared the labour of transcribing current comments on, for example, John Lockman, who wrote verses to be set to music for Vauxhall in the middle years of the eighteenth century, and tried, fruitlessly, to get them published by subscription. Nor, to pass from letters to science, have I felt constrained to illustrate the late Victorian attitude towards Mr. O. C. Marsh, who was the first person to suggest that birds possessed of teeth should be referred to as Odontornithes, and who, inflamed by the applause of his fellow-workers in this restricted though fascinating field of study, lost his head and alienated even his warmest supporters by subdividing Odontornithes into Odontolcae (birds whose teeth stand in grooves) and Odontoformae (birds whose teeth are in separate alveoles or sockets).

Since, then, I have included no topics or persons unfamiliar to my readers, they will excuse me from anticipating their judgment of the value of the contemporary opinions here set forth which range from

Preface

the humane wisdom of Dr. Johnson and the in John Hampden to the subtle conception of Gl charity expressed by the *Church Times* after the tice.

HUGH KINGS

I. LIFE

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S PRIVATE
CHARACTER

Cardinal Allen, author of the first of the two extracts given below, worked both in Lancashire and on the Continent for the re-establishment in England of the Catholic religion, and hoped by inflaming English sentiment against Elizabeth to facilitate the attempted Spanish invasion in 1588.

The letter from Burleigh to Sir Christopher Mundt, vindicating Elizabeth's virtue, was written by the Qyeerts order and submitted for her approval.

I

From the Catholic Standpoint

. . . She hath exalted one speciall extorsioner (the Earl of Leicester) . . . only to serve her filthy luste.

He (as may be presumed, by her consent) caused his own wife cruelly to be murdered, as afterwarde for the accomplishment of his like brutishe pleasures with an other noble dame it is openly knowne he made awaie her husband . . . with the forsaid person and divers others she hathe abused her bodie, against God's lawes, to the disgrace of princely majestie and the whole nation's reproche, by unspeakable and incredible varietie of luste, which modesty suffereth not to be remembered, neyther were it to chaste ears to be uttered how shamefully she hath defiled and infamed her person

and cuntry, and made her Courte as a trappe, by this damnable and detestable arte, to intangle in sinne and overthrowe the yonger sorte of the nobilitie and gentlemen of the lande, whereby she is become notorious to the worlde, and in other countryes a comon fable for this her turpitude. . . .

She coulde never be restrained from this incontinence thoughe the principall peers of the realme and others of high authority as deputies from the whole parliament and estates made humble sute and supplicacion to her, that . . . she wold marrie and procure lawful heires of her body to inherite her dominions after her: to whom sumtimes she merely and mockingly answered, that she wold die a maiden Queene, but afterwards in contempte and rebuke of all the states of the realme, and to the condemnation of chaste and lawful marriage (whereunto as to a bridle of her licentiousness, she ys enemye), she forced the verie parliament it self to give consent and to provide by a pretended lawe, not tollerable (nor ever I trow heard of before in a Christian free people) that none should so muche as be named for her sucessor duringe her life, savinge the naturall, that ys to saie bastard borne childe of her owne bodie. . . .

(Admonition to the Nobility and People of England and Ireland, 1588. By CARDINAL ALLEN.)

2

From the Official Standpoint

. . . This is his (the Earl of Leicester's) sole impediment, that he is by birth the Queen's subject,

and only for that reason alone does he seem to the Queen as not worthy to be her husband. Yet on account of his virtues, on account of his eminent endowments of mind and body he is so dear to the Queen by reason of his merits that she could not love a real brother more. And from this, they who do not know the Queen as she really is are often wont to conclude too hastily that he will be her husband. But I see and understand that she only takes pleasure in him on account of his most excellent and rare qualities, and that there is nothing more in their relations than that which is consistent with virtue, and most foreign to the baser sort of love. And this I write to you in good faith so that you may surely understand from me what the truth is; and this I wish you to believe and to assert boldly amongst all when occasion demands it.

(Letter from BURGHLEY written, by the Queen's order, in 1564 to Elizabeth's political agent in Germany, Sir Christopher Mundt.)



THE EXECUTION OF MARY,
QUEEN OF SCOTS
(1586)

I

The Parliament to Queen Elizabeth

May it please your most excellent majesty, we, your humble, and faithful subjects, the lords and commons in this present parliament assembled, having of longtime to our intolerable grief, seen by how manifold, most dangerous and execrable practices, Mary . . . commonly called the Queen of Scots, hath compassed the destruction of your majesty's sacred and most royal person . . . and thereby not only to bereave us of the sincere and true religion of Almighty God, bringing us and this noble crown back again into the thralldom of the Romish tyranny, but also utterly to ruin and overthrow the happy state and common weal of this realm . . . we do most humbly beseech your most excellent majesty that . . . it may please your highness to take speedy order, that declaration of . . . judgment be made . . . against the said Scottish Queen . . . because, upon advised and great consultation, we cannot find that there is any possible means to provide for your majesty's safety, but by the just and speedy execution of the said queen: . . .

The Execution of Mary, Queen of Scots

Qjileen Elizabeth's Answer

Her highness, moved with some commiseration for the Scottish queen, in respect of her former dignity and great fortunes in her younger years, her nearness of kindred to her majesty and also of her sex, could be well pleased to forbear the taking of her blood, if by any other means to be devised by her highness's Great Council of this realm, the safety of her majesty's person and government might be preserved, without danger of ruin and destruction, and else not; therein leaving them all nevertheless to their own free liberty and dispositions of proceeding otherwise at their choice.

The Parliament's Reply

Having often conferred and debated on that question according to her highness's commandment, they could find no other way than was set down in their petition.

The Qjileen's Second Answer

If I should say unto you that I mean not to grant your petition, by my faith I should say unto you more than perhaps I mean. And if I should say unto you I mean to grant your petition, I should then tell you more than is fit for you to know. And thus I must deliver you an answer answerless.

The Execution of Mary, Queen of Scots

2

*Queen Elizabeth to James VI after the Execution of
his mother, Mary, Queen of Scots*

MY DEAR BROTHER,

I would you knew—though not felt—the extreme dolour that overwhelms my mind, for that miserable accident which, far contrary to my meaning, hath befallen. I have now sent this kinsman of mine (Sir Robert Carey) . . . to instruct you truly of that which is too irksome for my pen to tell you. I beseech you that, as God and many more know how innocent I am in this case, so you will believe me that if I had bid aught I would have abided by it. I am not so base-minded that fear of any living creature or prince should make me afraid to do what were just or make me deny the same. I am not of so base a lineage, nor carry so vile a mind. But, as to disguise fits not a king, so will I never dissemble my actions, but cause them show even as I meant them. Thus assure yourself of me, that as I know this was deserved, yet if I had meant it I would never lay it on others' shoulders, no more will I damnify myself that thought it not.

The circumstance it may please you to have of this bearer. And for your part, think you have not in the world a more loving kinswoman, nor a more dear friend than myself: nor any that will watch more carefully to preserve you and your estate. And who shall otherwise peisuade you, judge them more partial to others than to you. And thus in haste I leave to trouble you: beseeching God to send you a long reign. . . .

Your most assured loving bister and cousin,



I

Coroner's Inquisition—post-mortem taken at Southemyms, Co. Midd., in view of the body of Roger Ludforde, yeoman, there lying dead, with verdict of jurors that Nicholas Martyn and Richard Turvey, both late of Southemyms, yeomen, were on the 3rd instant between 3 and 4 p.m. playing with other persons at foote-ball in the field called Evanses field at Southemyms, when the said Roger Ludford and a certain Simon Maltus, of the sd parish, yomen came to the ground, and that Roger Ludford cried out, 'Cast hym over the hedge,' indicating that he meant Nicholas Martyn, who replied, 'Come thou and do yt.' That thereupon Roger Ludforde ran towards the ball with the intention to kick it, whereupon Nicholas Martyn with the fore-part of his right arm and Richard Tuivey with the fore-part of his left arm struck Roger Ludforde on the fore-part of the body under the breast, giving a mortal blow and concussion of which he died within a quarter of an hour, and that Nicholas and Richard in this manner feloniously slew the said Roger.

2

Lord, remove these exercises from the Sabaoth.
... As concerning football playing I protest unto

Elizabethan Football

you that it may rather be called a *friendlie kinde of Jighte* than a play or recreation—a bloody and murthering practice than a felowly sport or pastime. For dooth not everyone lye in waight for his adversarie, seeking to overthrowe him and picke him on his nose, though it be on hard stones, on ditch or dale, valley or hill, or whatever place soever it be he careth not, so he have him downe; and he that can serve the most of this fashion he is counted the only felow, and who but he? So that by this means sometimes their necks are broken, sometimes their backs, sometimes their legs, sometimes their amies, sometimes their noses gush out with blood, sometimes their eyes start out. . . . But whosoever scapeth away the best goeth not scot free, but is either forewounded, craised, or bruised, so as he dyeth of it or else scapeth very hardilie; and no mervaile, for they have the sleights to meet one betwixt two, to dash him against the hart with their elbowes, to butt him under the short ribs with their griped fists, and with their knees to catch him on the hip and pick him on his neck, with a hundred such murthering devices.

(STUBBES : *Anatomie of Abuses in the Rsalme of England*, 1583.)



ORIGIN AND GROWTH OF THE
TOBACCO HABIT

I

Uppowoc

There is an herbe which is sowed apart by itselfe, and is called by the inhabitants *uppowoc*. In the West Indies it hath divers names, according to the severall places and countries where it groweth and is used: the Spaniards generally call it Tobacco. The leaves thereof being dried and brought into powder, they use to take the fume or smoke thereof by sucking it through pipes made of clay into their stomache and heade, from whence it purgeth superfluous fleame and other grosse humours; and openeth all the pores and passages of the body . . . whereby their bodies are notably preserved in health, and know not many grievous diseases wherewithall we in England are oftentimes affected. . . .

We ourselves during the time we were there used to suck it after their manner, as also since our returne, and have found many rare and wonderful experiments of the vertues thereof; of which the relation would require a volume by itselfe; the use of it by so menie of late, men and women, of great calling as else, and some learned phisitions also, is sufficient witnes.

(HARIOT : *A Briefe and True Reporte of the New Found Land of Virginia*, 1584.)

2

Before the meat come smoking to the board, one gallant must draw out his tobacco-box, the ladle for the cold snuff into the nostril, the tongs, and priming-iron; all which artillery may be of gold or silver, if he can reach the price of it; it will be a reasonable useful pawn at all times, when the amount of his money falls out to run low. And here you must observe to know what tobacco is in town, better than the merchants, and to discourse of the apothecaries where it is to be sold; then let him show his several tricks in taking it, as the whiff, the ring, etc., for these are compliments that gain gentlemen no mean respect.

(DEKKER: *The Gull's Horn-Book*, 1602.)

3

Surely smoke becomes a kitchen farre better than a dining chamber; and yet it makes a kitchen oftentimes in the inward parts of men, soyling and infecting with an unctuous and oylly kind of soote as hath been found in some great tobacco takers, that after death were opened. A custom loathsome to the eye, harmfull to the braine, dangerous to the lungs, and in the black stinking fume thereof, nearest resembling the horrible Stygian smoke of the pit that is bottomless.

(KING JAMES I : *A Counterblaste to Tobacco*,
1604.)

4

The patrimony of many noble young gentlemen hath been quite exhausted, and hath vanished cleane away with this smoky vapour, and hath most shamefully and beastly flyen out at the master's nose. . . . There be that spend whole daies, moneths, times and yeares (for the most part) in tobacco taking, not sparing to take it even in their bed. . . . Thus, you see that tobacco is a fantastick attracter, and glutton-feeder of the appetite, rather taken of many for wantonnesse, when they have nothing else to do than of any absolute or necessarie use.

(EDMUND GARDINER, 1610.)

5

I remember a pretty jest of tobacco which was this. A certain Welchman coming newly to London, and beholding one to take tobacco, never seeing the like before, and not knowing the manner of it, but perceiving him vent smoke so fast, and supposing his inward parts to be on fire; cried out, 'O Thesu, Thesu man, for the passion of God hold, for by God's splud ty snowt's on fine,' and having a bowle of beere in his hand, threw it at the other's face, to quench his smoking nose.

(RICH, 1619.)

6

It is like Elias' cloud, which was no bigger than a man's hand, that hath suddenly covered the face of

Origin and Growth of the Tobacco Habit

the earth; the low countries, Germany, Poland, Arabia, Persia, Turkey, almost all countries, drive a trade of it; and there is no commodity that hath advanced so many from small fortunes to gain great estates in the world.

Seamen will be supplied with it for their long voyages. Soldiers cannot but want it when they keep guard all night, or upon other hard duties in cold and tempestuous weather. Farmers, ploughmen, porters, and almost all labouring men plead for it, saying they find great refreshment by it, and very many would as soon part with their necessary food as they would be totally deprived of the use of tobacco.

Scholars use it much, and many grave and great men take tobacco to make them more serviceable in their callings. Tobacco is grown to be not only the physick, but even the meat and drink of many men, women, and children. In a word, it hath prevailed so far, that there is no living without it.

(Preface to DR. EVERARD'S *Panacea, or the Universal Medicine; being a Discovery of the Wonderfull Virtues of Tobacco taken in a Pipe; with its Use and Operation both in Physick and Chyrurgery*, 1659.)



*OLIVER CROMWELL FROM VARIOUS
STANDPOINTS*

I

I came into the House one morning well clad, and perceived a gentleman speaking whom I knew not, very ordinarily apparelled, for it was a plain cloth suit which seemed to be made by an ill country tailor; his linen was plain, and not very clean; and I remember a speck or two of blood upon his little band, which was not larger than his collar. His hat was without a hat-band. His stature was of a good size; his sword stuck close to his side; his countenance swollen and reddish, his voice sharp and untuneable, and his eloquence full of fervour for the subject matter would not bear much of reason, it being on behalf of a servant of Mr. Prynne's who had dispersed libels against the Queen for her dancing and such like innocent and courtly sports; and he aggravated the imprisonment of this man by the council-table unto that height that one would have believed the very Government itself had been in great danger by it. I sincerely profess it lessened much my reverence unto that great council, for he was very much hearkened unto; and yet I lived to see this very gentleman whom, by multiplied good escapes, and by real but usurped power, having had a better tailor, and more converse among good company, appear of great and majestic deportment and comely presence.

(SIR PHILIP WARWICK.)

Cromwell at Forty

PEER: Pray, Mr. Hampden, who is that sloven?

HAMPDEN: That sloven whom you see before you hath no ornament in his speech; but that sloven, I say, if we should ever come to a breach with the King (which God forbid!), in such a case, I say, that sloven will be the greatest man in England.

3

He is a man who can use both his sword and his tongue, and, therefore, he has risen very rapidly. . . . Favoured by fortune in many battles, he made himself known as a man of great courage, fearless in the thorniest and most difficult encounters. When he was General, two thousand mutinous sailors betook themselves to his habitation and seditiously demanded the disbursement of the pay due to them. He, hearing their murmurs, descended the stairs and, accompanied by only four officers who happened to be dining with him, thrust himself into the crowd with his sword in his hand, and killed one and mortally wounded another with such celerity and promptitude that the others, terrorized by the example, and in awe of his person, hastily fled towards their ships. . . .

In appearance extremely religious, he preaches eloquently to the soldiers, persuading them to live according to God's laws; and to render his per-

Oliver Cromwell from Various Standpoints

suasions more efficacious, he avails himself of tears, weeping more over the sins of others than his own.

He is a man of firm and solid judgment, who knows the nature of the English as a riding-master his horses, and therefore, with a single movement of his cane, he makes them whirl about on every side. . . .

He is greatly mortified at having no posterity endowed with spirit and talent. His two sons have not their father's force, and he therefore does not attempt to make his greatness hereditary, fearing that the whole machinery may collapse, if provided with such weak supports as his sons. . . . If there is no change in the government before Cromwell's death, we shall probably see one afterwards, in accordance with the universal rule that violence is never permanent.

(From a report to the Venetian Senate written towards the close of Cromwell's life by GIOVANNI SAGREDO, Venetian Ambassador to England.)

4

We know not, we know not, whether we have juster matter of shame or sorrow administered to us, when we take a reflex view of our past actions, and consider into the commission of what crimes, impieties, wickednesses, and unheard-of villainies, we have been led, cheated, cozened, and betrayed, by that grand impostor, that loathsome hypocrite, that detestable traitor, that prodigy of nature, that *opprobrium* of mankind, that landscape of iniquity,

Oliver Cromwell from Various Standpoints

that sink of sin, and that compendium of baseness, who now calls himself our Protector.

(From an Anabaptist Address to Charles II,
before his Accession).

5

Cromwell's Funeral

The joyfullest funeral I ever saw; for there were none that cried but dogs, which the soldiers hooted away with a barbarous noise, drinking and taking tobacco in the streets as they went.

(JOHN EVELYN.)

6

His body was well compact and strong, his stature under six foot (I believe by two inches), his head so shaped as you might see it a storehouse and a shop both of a vast treasury of natural parts. His temper exceeding fiery, as I have known, but the flame of it kept down for the most part, or soon allayed with those moral endowments he had.' He was naturally compassionate towards objects in distress, even to an effeminate measure; though God had made him a heart, wherein was left little room for fear but what was due to Himself, of which there was a large proportion, yet did he exceed in tenderness towards sufferers. A larger soul I think hath seldom dwelt in house of clay than his was.

(JOHN MAIDSTON, Steward of Cromwell's
household.)

7

This man was wanton and merry, unwittily and ungracefully merry, with our sufferings; he loved to say and do senseless and fantastical things, only to shew his power of doing or saying anything. It would ill befit mine, or any civil mouth, to repeat those words which he spoke concerning the most sacred of our English laws, the Petition of Right, and Magna Charta. To-day you should see him ranting so wildly, that nobody durst come near him; the morrow flinging of cushions, and playing at snowballs, with his servants. This month he assembles a parliament, and professes himself with humble tears to be only their servant and their minister; the next month he swears by the living God, that he will turn them out of doors; and he does so in his princely way of threatening, bidding them turn the buckles of their girdles behind them. . . . Good God! What have we seen? and what have we suffered? What do all these actions signify? What do they say aloud to the whole nation, but this, even as plainly as if it were proclaimed through the streets of London, 'You are slaves and fools, and so I will use you?'

(ABRAHAM COWLEY, 1661.)

8

He was one of those men *quos vituperare ne inimici quidem possunt nisi ut simul laudent*; for he could never have done half that mischief without great parts of courage and industry and judgment. And he must have had a wonderful understanding in the natures

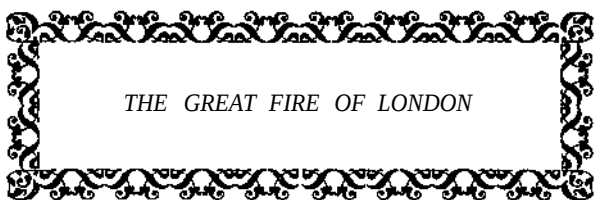
Oliver Cromwell from Various Standpoints

and humours of men, and as great a dexterity in the applying them, who from a private and obscure birth (though of a good family), without interest of estate, alliance or friendships, could raise himself to such a height, and compound and knead such opposite and contradictory tempers, humours and interests, into a consistence that contributed to his designs and to their own destruction. . . . Without doubt, no man with more wickedness ever attempted any thing, or brought to pass what he desired more wickedly, more in the face and contempt of religion and moral honesty; yet wickedness as great as his could never have accomplished these trophies without the assistance of a great spirit, an admirable circumspection and sagacity, and a most magnanimous resolution.

When he appeared first in the Parliament, he seemed to have a person in no degree gracious, no ornament of discourse, none of those talents which use to reconcile the affections of the standers by: yet as he grew into place and authority, his parts seemed to be renewed, as if he had concealed faculties till he had occasion to use them; and when he was set to act the part of a great man, he did it without any indecency through the want of custom.

... In a word, as he had all the wickednesses against which damnation is denounced and for which hell-fire is prepared, so he had some virtues which have caused the memory of some men in all ages to be celebrated; and he will be looked upon by posterity as a brave bad man.

(From CLARENDON'S *History of the Great Rebellion*.)



THE GREAT FIRE OF LONDON

SECTION I

Quis?

Who hath done it?

For the clearing of the darkness wherein the human understanding is naturally wrapped up, in distinguishing the several accidents and events that happen daily in this sublunary world; the philosophers have established two principal causes. . . . The first and universal cause is God Almighty. . . . The other causes are called *second* causes. . . . By these a man liveth, being begotten by the seed of his parents; dieth, being suffocated; falleth, being drunk; is drowned, in making shipwreck, etc. . . . Where it is to be observed, that several second causes may concur together to the production of one and the same effect; as in this sad and lamentable accident, we see the carelessness of a baker, the solitariness and darkness of the night, the disposition of old and ruinous buildings, the narrowness of the streets, the abundance of combustible and bituminous matter, the foregoing summer extraordinarily hot and dry, a violent easterly wind, and the want of engines and water. . . .

The Great Fire of London

SECTION II

Quid?

What hath he done?

The answer is easy. An incendiary, a conflagration, a ruin and devastation by fire, such (as I believe) did never happen by any natural and ordinary means, for that of Sodom and Gomorrah was miraculous.

That of Constantinople, Cracow, Venice, Vienna in Austria, Delft in Holland, Malines and Antwerp, they came nothing near this, which in three days and three nights, of about four-hundred and sixty acres of ground upon which the city of London stood; hath swept away about three hundred and fifty, which is at the rate of four parts in five; having destroyed about twelve-thousand houses, eighty-seven parochial churches, besides six or seven consecrated chapels, and the magnificent and stately cathedral church of St. Paul, the public and most excellent buildings of the Exchange, Guild Hall, Custom House, and all or very near the halls belonging to every private company, besides an innumerable quantity of goods of all sorts, this city being the best magazine not only of England, but also of all Europe; amongst the rest, it was a treasure unspeakable of four commodities, which, for their luggage and cumbersomeness, could not be rescued from the jaws of that unmerciful element; that is, wine, tobacco, spices and books. . . .

The Great Fire of London

SECTION III

Ubi?

Where?

In the richest city of Europe, and perhaps in the world; the greatest magazine that could be found, for all sorts of merchandises; incomparable for the salubrity of the air, and conveniency of situation; magnificent in public buildings; illustrious in good deeds; renowned for hospitality; famous for government; venerable for antiquity. . . .

SECTION IV

Quibus Auxiliis?

By whose help ?

. . . The negligence of the master or his servants, in whose house the fire did first begin. . . . For who can attribute it to a mere accident to put fire in an oven, and to leave a quantity of dry wood, and some flitches of bacon by it, within the sphere of its activity; and so go to bed, in leaving his providence with his slippers. . . .

The second cause of this misfortune is, the time wherein it did happen; to wit, about one of the clock in the night, when everyone is buried in his first sleep; when some for weariness, others by deboistness, have given leave to their cares to retire; when slothfulness and the heat of the bed have riveted a man

The Great Fire of London

to his pillow, and made him almost incapable of waking, much less of acting and helping his neighbours.

The narrowness of the place did also much contribute to this conflagration, for the street where it did happen, as also most of those about it, were the narrowest of the city; insomuch that in some a cart could scarce go along, and in others not at all. The danger I did once run of my life thereabouts, by the crowd of carts, hath caused me many times to make reflection on the covetousness of the citizens, and connivency of magistrates, who have suffered them . . . to incroach upon the streets, and to jet the tops of their houses, so as from one side of the street to touch the other. . . .

Now followeth the weakness of the buildings, which were almost all of wood, which by age was grown as dry as a chip. . . .

The quantity of combustible and bituminous matter hath given the greatest encouragement to this devouring fire; for . . . the place where the fire began was not far from the Thames, and from those wharves where most merchandises are landed.

. . . Thereabouts were a prodigious quantity of oil, butter, brandy, pitch, brimstone, saltpetre, cables, etc., and by the Thames' side were almost all wharfs full of coals and wood. . . .

It cometh now the east-wind to play its part in this tragedy That unfortunate wind, of which it is commonly said, 'that it is neither good for man nor beast,' did blow with such a wonderful fierceness all the time of the conflagration, that it did not only quicken the fire as bellows do the furnaces, but also,

The Great Fire of London

getting into the streets and among the houses, when it found any let or hinderance that did recoil it back, it blew equally to the right and to the left . . . which hath persuaded many that this fire was miraculous.

... It was also a great contributing to this misfortune, that the Thames water-house was out of order, so that the conduits of pipes were almost all dry; as also, that the engines had no liberty to play, for the narrowness of the place, and crowd of the people; but some of them were tumbled down in the river, and among the rest, that of Clerkenwell esteemed one of the best.

SECTION v

Cui?

Why?

Here it is that we must wholly stoop and humble ourselves under the mighty hand of God, and answer with the apostle, 'O the depth of the riches of the wisdom and knowledge of God, how unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out! . . .'

SECTION VI

Quomodo?

How?

This circumstance is answered by the contents of the fourth.

The Great Fire of London

SECTION VII

Quando?

When?

When we were newly come out of a civil war of twenty years' standing, where it is thought one hundred thousand people did perish.

When the plague had the year before swept away above one hundred thousand people, and was still raging.

When the kingdom was exhausted of money, and trade lost.

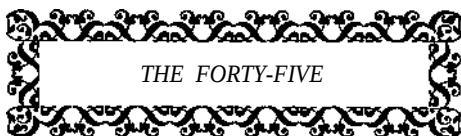
When we had wars with France, Denmark, and Holland, and not without fear of divisions among ourselves . . .

But, by our Heavenly Father's paternal corrections, and by his mercy, we are secured from our fears by peace and quietness, both at home and abroad, and restored to the hopes of a flourishing nation, and the most glorious city of the world.

Crescit sub pondere vertus

(From a pamphlet in the Harleian Miscellany entitled: *Observations, both Historical and Moral, upon the Burning of London; September 1666. With an Account of the Losses; and a most remarkable Parallel between London and Moscow, both as to the Plague and Fire. Also an Essay touching the Easterly Wind. Written by way of Narrative; for Satisfaction of the present and future Ages.* By REGE SINCERA.

London, printed by Thomas Ratcliffe, and are to be sold by Robert Pawlet, at the Bible in Chancery Lane, 1667.)



I

Proclamation by the Old Pretender, 1743

JAMES R.,

Whereas We have a near Prospect of being restored to the Throne of Our Ancestors, by the good Inclination of Our Subjects towards Us; and whereas, on Account of the present Situation of this Country, it will be absolutely impossible for US to be in Person at the first setting up of Our Royal Standard, and even some Time after; We therefore esteem it for Our Service, and the Good of Our Kingdoms and Dominions, to nominate and appoint, as we hereby nominate, constitute and appoint, Our dearest Son CHARLES Prince of Wales, to be sole Regent of our Kingdoms of England, Scotland, and Ireland, and of all other Our Dominions during Our Absence. . . .

Given under our Sign Manual and Privy Signet, at Our Court at Rome, the 23rd Day of December, 1743, in the 43rd year of Our Reign.

J. R. (L.S. Loco Sigilli).

Proclamation by the Young Pretender, 1745

Charles, Prince of Wales, etc., Regent of the Kingdoms of Scotland, England, France and Ireland, and the Dominions thereunto belonging.

Whereas We have seen a certain scandalous and malicious Paper, published in the Style and Form of a Proclamation, bearing Date the 1st instant, wherein, under pretence of bringing Us to Justice, like our Royal Ancestor King Charles I of blessed memory, there is a Reward, of Thirty Thousand Pounds Sterling, promised to those who shall deliver Us into the Hands of Our Enemies: We could not but be moved with a just indignation at so insolent an Attempt. And tho' from Our Nature and Principals We abhor and detest a Practice so unusual among Christian Princes, We cannot but out of a just Regard to the Dignity of our Person promise the like Reward of Thirty Thousand Pounds Sterling, to him or those who shall seize and secure, till Our further Orders, the Person of the Elector of Hanover, whether landed, or attempting to land, in any Part of His Majesty's Dominions. Should any fatal Accident happen from hence, let the Blame lie entirely at the Door of those who first set the infamous Example.

CHARLES P. R.

Given in Our Camp at Kinlocheill,

August the 22nd, 1745,

By His Highness's Command,
Jo. Murray.

From the Angle of Aberdeen

9th April, 1746

(A Letter from the Town Council of Aberdeen to Sir Everard Fawkener, Secretary to the Duke of Cumberland, the English Commander-in-Chief.)

SIR,

We are highly sensible of the great Obligations wee and our fellow citizens lye under to his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland for his protection, and for his being pleased to give us a Commission for preserving the publick peace and good order in the Burgh, for Obedience whereunto all the Gentlemen named in the Commission (except one who is at Edinburgh and another who is indisposed) mett yesterday forenoon and qualified to his majesty King George, and took the oaths of Fidelity and Secrecy.

... Ye know that there has been a total interruption of the Trade of this place ever since the commencement of this Wicked Unnatural Rebellion, whereby all Trading people have suffered greatly, and unless Trade be allowed to goe on many of their familys will be reduced to straits, particularly those who deal in Manufactures of Cloath and Stockins, and in use to transport them to London about this season of the year, and as they are a perishing commodity, they run a risque of spoiling when kept on hand, besides losing the mercat to the merchant. Wee have likeways another little Branch of Trade,

The Forty-Five

viz., the Transporting of fresh and pickled Salmon to London, which brings us in some ready money. Our Provisions and Necessaries, which we use to gett from London, Newcastle and the firth of forth, are quite exhausted by the long Stagnation of Trade, and by the Army's being for sometime here.

All which lays us and our fellow citizens under an absolute necessity to apply to his Royal Highness for a permission to Employ some of our Town's Ships To Transport our manufactures and Salmon to London, and to bring us home from that Place, New-Castle and the Firth of Forth, such provisions and other things as are absolutely necessary for accommodating both the Inhabitants and the King's Troops, and that upon such proper Security and under such Rules as his Royal Highness shall think fit. . . .

The Horses in and about this Town are much wore out with Service of the Army, so that they can scarcely proceed one stage, and therefore its humbly suggested that you would cause give directions to the Justices of Peace to have horses laid at every stage after the first twixt this Town and the Army, so as to be ready to forward Messengers or any other Expresses.

. . . We have the honour to be, with very great regard and esteem, your most obedient and humble servants.

DR. JOHNSON ON THE PENAL CODE

(1751)

The learned, the judicious, the pious Boerhaave relates, that he never saw a criminal dragged to execution without asking himself, 'Who knows whether this man is not less culpable than me?' On the days when the prisons of this city are emptied into the grave, let every spectator of the dreadful procession put the same question to his own heart. Few among those who crowd in thousands to the legal massacre, and look with carelessness, perhaps with triumph, on the utmost exacerbations, of human misery, would then be able to return without horror and dejection. For, who can congratulate himself upon a life passed without some act more mischievous to the peace or prosperity of others, than the theft of a piece of money?

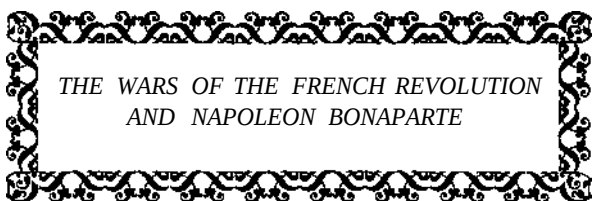
. . . Since experience of past times gives us little reason to hope that any reformation will be effected by a periodical havock of our fellow-beings, perhaps it will not be useless to consider what consequences might arise from relaxations of the law, and a more rational and equitable adaptation of penalties to offences. . . .

. . . It may be observed that all but murderers have, at their last hour, the common sensations of mankind pleading in their favour. From this conviction of the inequality of the punishment to the

offence, proceeds the frequent solicitation of pardon. They who would rejoice at the correction of a thief, are yet shocked at the thought of destroying him. His crime shrinks to nothing, compared with his misery; and severity defeats itself by exciting pity. . . . He who knows not how often rigorous laws produce total impunity, and how many crimes are concealed and forgotten for fear of hurrying the offender to that state in which there is no repentance, has conversed very little with mankind. And whatever epithets of reproach or contempt this compassion may incur from those who confound cruelty with firmness, I know not if any wise man would wish it less powerful, or less extensive.

(From *The Rambler*, Number 114.)





I

FROM '*The Times*' (THE TORY ORGAN)

September 8th, 1792

At a very late hour last night we learnt that the Duke of Brunswick was advanced considerably beyond Verdun, which he had captured, and that he had entered Champaigne. If this report be true, we may expect to hear of his arrival in Paris within ten days. . . .

While we commiserate the misfortunes of our neighbours on the Continent, which we trust will now soon end (the Swiss Army, the Troop of Savoy, and those of the Empress of Russia being on the march), we ought not to feel with indifference our own happy situation, enjoying PEACE on a permanent basis, and a REVENUE increasing beyond the most sanguine expectations.

October 5th, 1792

The French gazettes still teem with absurd reports that the King of Prussia and Duke of Brunswick have offered terms to the French general from necessity, and that the heads of both parties were in the

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most social intercourse, and had dined together. The public are to form their own judgment of these matters, but to us they appear too inconsistent even to comment on their probability.

(Note: The Battle of Valmy, the first victory of the armies of the French Republic, was fought on September 20th.)

February 5th, 1793

Letters from all parts of the Continent, announce the general mourning of Europe for the fate of the unfortunate Louis XVIth, and the universal indignation against those sanguinary monsters that destroyed him; but the combined Powers of Europe will better speak their regret by the noise of cannon bursting over the heads of these unparalleled workers of iniquity.

February 8th, 1793

The public mind is now fully occupied by the great and important question of WAR. . . .

There is not a power in Europe but possesses one common interest to stop the progress of the new political French disease; and the people are equally bound to secure themselves from this pestilential contagion which for four years past has desolated the finest kingdom in the universe. . . . In the infancy of the French Revolution, the germs of general disorganization were even then perceived . . . but it was reserved for the National Convention

to draw aside the evil of this hideous picture. It is in virtue of its decrees, that the crime of REGICIDE has been committed; that all civilized governments have been attacked; that the constituted authorities of Europe have been threatened with inevitable ruin—and in short, that anarchy has been held forth to all people as a system proper for their imitation.

. . . But it is said, that war should be avoided on account of the losses which commerce must thereby sustain. We ought however to distinguish widely between the mercantile and momentary advantages of private individuals, and the interests of trade in general].

France is the only power whose mercantile force has hitherto been a balance to that of Great Britain, and whose commerce has rivalled ours in the two worlds; whose intrigues have fomented and kept alive the ruinous wars in India. Could England succeed in destroying the naval strength of her rival; could she turn the tide of that rich commerce, which has so often excited her jealousy, in favour of her own country . . . the degree of commercial prosperity to which the three kingdoms would then be elevated, would exceed all calculation.

October 23rd, 1793

It is with sincere regret we confirm the general report of yesterday, respecting the fate of this unfortunate Princess (Marie Antoinette), who suffered under the axe of the Guillotine on Wednesday last the sixteenth instant. . . . The assassination of

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Louis X V I had prepared us for that of his unfortunate Consort; and the horrid calumnies circulated by the Convention and the Municipality of Paris, as well as by the Jacobins, had long since weakened our hopes for her preservation. . . . How can we wonder at any actions committed by a horde of wretches, who surpass in wickedness every thing which the history of tyrants has taught us, or that the most fanciful imagination could picture to itself!

August 14th, 1794

The sceptre of despotism appears on the point of being snatched from the hands of the Dictator Robespierre. . . . A few days more, and we may see the universe revenged by the very revolutionary cannibals, who have cast such a stain on the age in which we live.

August 16th

On the 27th of July, Barrfere mounted the Tribune in the Convention, and denounced the Dictator, whose mouth-piece and apologist he had been for the last six months. Several members threw themselves upon Robespierre, and murdered him with poniards, crying out, 'Perish the Tyrant!' The two Factions fought in the Hall, and their mutual fury reached the city, where the conflict is said to have lasted three days, in which time from 10 to 14,000 men fell. . . .

Such is the substance of our information, which

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was received yesterday in letters from Dover, brought thither from Calais by an American vessel, the *Alert*, Capt. Moore, which sailed from thence on Tuesday.

October 14th, 1795

Let the next news from France be what it may, it is likely to be as important as any that has reached this country since the Revolution. The result of the present contest between the sections and the Convention will, in a great measure, decide the question of war or peace. If the Convention triumphs, the war will probably be prolonged; but should it be overturned, we think it will be the certain forerunner of a peace.

(NOTE.—The rising of the Sections had already been put down by Bonaparte, acting under Barras.)

April 28th, 1796

We yesterday received the Paris Papers down to the 25th inst. inclusive. The most interesting news by them regards the two victories obtained by the Republicans in Italy over the Austrian Sardinian troops. It is with great regret we observe that these victories are likely to lead to still more important consequences . . . but we must wait for the Austrian accounts, before we can give implicit credit to this unfortunate business, which threatens so much disaster to the States of Italy.

June 16th

With the exception of a very inferior Opposition print, *The Times* of yesterday was the only morning paper which contained the official, and very important intelligence of the opening of the Campaign on the Rhine. . . . On the side of Italy, an uninterrupted series of successes continue to crown the efforts of the French Republicans. They subdue nations, check rebels, violate the neutrality of feeble powers, pillage churches, profess a respect for religious worship, and pursue the shattered remnants of the Imperial Army.

July 2nd, 1796

The affairs of the Allies in Italy are likewise considerably improved; and it is not a little remarkable that General Buonaparte has removed his headquarters . . . to Tortona, which is a retrograde movement of more than 100 miles. We may venture to say, from the best information, that the French do not *dare* to advance further on the side of Italy.

December 6th

The official report of General Buonaparte, respecting the battle of Arcola, dated Verona, November 19th, enables us to give an idea of this long and bloody action, which lasted two days, and was fought on both sides with the utmost obstinacy. The result, though favourable to the Republicans, does

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not appear to us, even according to their own reports, to have been so decisive as Buonaparte states it to be. . . . He promises that Mantua shall surrender within the next fortnight. It so happens, that several of his former promises of the same kind have not been fulfilled; and therefore his last assertion does not add much to our uneasiness.

January 6th, 1797

If we may credit persons who in general are pretty well informed of the state of affairs, a misunderstanding has broken out between Buonaparte, and the other Generals of the Army of Italy, headed by Berthier. The soldiers embrace the cause of the different Generals as affection leads them, and the public service suffers. Several administrators have given in their resignation, and no one wishes to replace them. Thus, then, terminates the rapid and brilliant campaign of that famous Corsican. It resembles the Rhine, which, after having run through a great extent of country, loses itself in the sands.

August 4th, 1797

He (Buonaparte) is of a middle size, rather slim, of a tawny complexion, and there is nothing particular in his appearance, except his black eyes, which are extremely brilliant, and habitually fixed on the ground. . . . His promotion in the Republican service was extremely rapid. . . . Barras,

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having been chosen a Director, offered him the command in chief of the Army of Italy on condition of his marrying the widow of the gallant Viscount de Beauharnais. Buonaparte accepted the offer; found the Army of Italy in the utmost want of clothes, arms, and ammunition, which he in part supplied from Genoa, and, by the most signal victories, soon raised his troops above all want.

September 27th, 1797

Letters from Padua, of the 30th August, state, that General Buonaparte enjoys but a very indifferent state of health, in consequence of the uncommon fatigues he has sustained; and that the Physicians have declared the most perfect repose to be the only remedy for restoring his former vigour.

*December 25th, 1799. (After the establishment of the
Consulate.)*

Is it to the words, or to the acts of the Regicide Syeyes, and the Corsican Bonaparte, enthroned by military violence upon the ruins of the Throne, and of the Republic, that the Cabinets of Europe will give credit? Is it by the necessity under which these usurpers lay of duping and cajoling the Great Nation, which they have cajoled of everything besides, by promises of Peace, that Nations really great, will be cheated too out of that vigour by which the war is to be prosecuted, and the Peace compelled from the exhaustion of their Enemies? . . . Let the dupes

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or the accomplices of Bonaparte hail his overtures, or accredit his sincerity: we too will welcome his proposals when they offer the restitution of all the robberies of his Republic. . . . When he offers *this*, it shall have our vote, not because we think it eligible or wise for Europe to have a Peace from Bonaparte, or a peace with Bonaparte, but because we will never persuade the continuation of hostilities for a single moment after it shall be *possible* to desist from them.

*March 23rd, 1802, (During the armistice before the
Peace of Amiens,)*

If Bonaparte be alarmed at the language of truth (i.e., of *The Times* and other English papers), a language which is not spoken at the Court of the Thuilleries, let him give to the journalists of France the right of exercising fair and free discussion! Let him not, after having raised himself to supreme power, by the sword, still keep that sword suspended by a thread over the heads of those who may dare to think, or speak differently from himself! . . . But if he will continue to receive these fulsome adulations, of which a Louis the Fourteenth would, in the height of his power, be ashamed; if he will impudently impose, not only upon thirty millions of Frenchmen, but upon all the inhabitants of the countries which still exist by his permission, a despotism over the *mind*, let him at least endure in silence, if not with patience, the honest and manly expressions of a press whose privileges are secured by a constitution

he once had the power but not the wisdom or honesty to imitate!

Until we have better authority than that of the *Moniteur*, we cannot believe 'that the English who reside at Paris eagerly solicit for themselves and wives the honour of being admitted with the society of that capital.' None of our fair countrywomen who know 'how tender reputation is,' could possibly seek admittance at the Court of the Thuilleries. An English matron would blush to associate with the discarded mistress of Barras.

May 15th, 1804

We have a confirmation of the intelligence . . . respecting the advancement of the First Consul to the Imperial purple of France. . . . The French Revolution seems now to have attained a kind of climax. The blood and massacre which have distinguished and disgraced France . . . the humbled state of the Country, and the unsettled condition of Europe, combined to confer the title of Emperor on an upstart Corsican, who possesses an extent of power, and exercises a tyranny unknown to any of the long succession of the legitimate Sovereigns of that transformed and devoted country, which he rules with a rod of iron.

Trafalgar

November 7th, 1805.

The official account of the late Naval Action, which terminated in the most decisive victory that

has ever been achieved by British skill and gallantry, will be found in our Paper of this day. . . . That the triumph, great and glorious as it is, has been dearly bought . . . was powerfully evinced by the deep and universal affliction with which the news of Lord Nelson's death was received. . . . No demonstrations of public joy marked this great and important event. . . . To the official details, we are enabled to add the following particulars respecting the death of as great an Admiral as ever wielded the naval thunder of Britain. When Lord Nelson found that by his skilful manoeuvres he had placed the enemy in such a situation that they could not avoid an engagement, he displayed the utmost animation, and his usual confidence of victory. He said to Capt. Hardy, and the other Officers who surrounded him on the quarter-deck, 'Now they cannot escape us; I think we shall at least make sure of twenty of them. I shall probably lose a leg, but that will be purchasing a victory cheaply.' About two hours before the close of the action, his Lordship received a wound in the shoulder from a musket-ball. . . . The ball penetrated his breast and he instantly fell; he was immediately carried below and the Surgeons pronounced the wound *mortal*. His Lordship received the intelligence with all the firmness and pious resignation to the will of Divine Providence, of which he has given such frequent and signal examples during his brilliant course of peril and of glory. . . .

There was a partial illumination throughout the metropolis last night. A general one will take place this evening.

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*The Battle of Austerlitz
December 20th, 1805.*

The general engagement, which we announced in our paper of Wednesday, as having taken place on the 2nd inst. was not decided on that day. It was renewed on the two subsequent days, with a vigour and obstinacy unparalleled in the annals of modern warfare, and terminated at length in favour of the Allied Army. . . . Under no man but Buonaparte would the French have made so gallant and determined a resistance; and, brave as the Russians are, the victory would, probably, not have been theirs, but for the enthusiasm which the presence, and the example, and the noble daring of their Sovereign, inspired. . . . From all accounts, Buonaparte's career is nearly at an end.

December 31st

Until the Hamburgh Mails arrive, it would be idle to observe upon the French account of the battle of the 2nd. If the extent of their successes have equalled their official representations, the war is finished. . . . But we cannot believe that they have obtained so easy a triumph over the hardy Russians.

December 30th.

The Emperor of Russia is, through the signal condescension of Buonaparte, to be permitted to return to his own country, under such conditions as, we believe, a Sovereign, who was four days previously

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at the head of eighty thousand men, was never before obliged to submit to. . . . Incredible as this sudden and unexpected termination of the war is, we are compelled to give it reluctant credit. . . . From the Baltic to the farthest extremity of Italy, there is not a Sovereign or Prince, who at this moment may not be said to hold his power by sufferance from Buonaparte. What this frightful state is to lead to, is in the womb of time. The Victor may be merciful on the Continent, but we, who despise his power, are not to expect peace from his moderation. He pledged himself to his troops, that he would make peace at Vienna before Christmas, and in London before Easter. He has redeemed that pledge in the first instance; we are persuaded, he will endeavour to do so in the latter.

March 9th, 1810.

It is now certain that a Princess of the House of Austria, the Archduchess Marie Louisa, is to be elevated, if we may use the term, to the throne of France. We sincerely compassionate the sorrows of the father, who is thus constrained, for the safety of his throne, to surrender his daughter to the embraces of a sanguinary Tyrant, of whom the dread is so great, that it has smothered the feelings of nature. . . . The political consequences likely to result from this new contract are most important. Those which more immediately stare us in the face are very painful ones. Our inveterate enemy may be at last considered as having secured the acquiescence of

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Austria in his designs upon other nations: the poor Tyrolese, it may be feared, are abandoned, and all hopes of further insurrection upon the Continent extinguished as the only support upon which the insurgents could lean is withdrawn; Russia . . . being both too much distracted in her internal councils, and too remote to afford them assistance.

. . . Such are the immediate consequences of this odious marriage: and does it not then behove us, above all things, by frugality, and the evidently practicable curtailment of our expenditure, to hoard up our means of defence and self-support, for a contest so alarming, and that must clearly be of so protracted a nature.

April 11th, 1810.

Further Particulars of the Religious Ceremony

of

The Marriage of Buonaparte.

. . . The Imperial Pair then resumed their seats on the throne, and went through the forms of kissing the Gospels. . . . High Mass was then performed, during which the happy couple took the Sacrament, and were repeatedly perfumed with incense, and sprinkled with holy water. During the *Propitiare*, the Emperor and Empress kneeled on the cushions placed for them at the foot of the altar. . . . The Imperial Ruffian and his spouse again knelt at the *Ita missa est*. . . . And thus terminated one of the most abominable profanations of the solemn offices of Christianity recorded in modern history.

The Retreat from Moscow.

December 17th, 1812.

. . . The successes of the Russians are, indeed, in their whole aspect, most glorious. But there is one source of anxiety which absorbs the mind at this moment, and before it all other interest passes away. The question, whether Buonaparte has escaped, or can escape, is almost the only one to which we can listen for the time.

. . . Through every part of the North, rumour was busy in assigning different terminations to the career of that bold bad man. He was said to have shot himself on the night after the destruction of Ney's corps; but it was still more strongly reported, that he had been dangerously wounded. Letters from Berlin mention, that couriers had arrived at that city, for the purpose of procuring the most eminent surgeons to administer aid to a great personage of the French army, who had received a deep sabre cut on the neck; and that accordingly three of the principal practitioners, whom they name, had gone off with the couriers with all possible speed. These, of course, we give as mere reports, but they shew the state of public feeling on the Continent,—the wild and eager desire to shake off the yoke of the tyrant. . . . But whether Buonaparte escapes or not, his army is undone, and his military fame degraded. How he may face his people, may be well worth his thought: that he may never enter again upon his career of blood, is well worth ours.

April 9th, 1814

This day repays the labour of many years. This day we have to record the downfall of Tyranny, the deserved punishment of ambition!

Buonaparte *has ceased to reign*. He and *his family* are totally excluded from the throne of France.

The second of April, 1814, will be for ever memorable in the annals of Europe. On that day the French Senate decreed the Tyrant's deposition. . . . The vail of the temple of Tyranny has been rent in twain, and the foul and ghastly features of the grim idol are at length seen to be such as we have faintly described them, yet more horrible than any description can accurately portray.

April 12th, 1814.

The heartfelt and universal joy which pervades this great metropolis was last night testified by the most brilliant illumination we have ever witnessed . . . the discharge of cannon,—the splendour of emblematic transparencies,—the display of the White Cockade,—the shouts of *the Bourbons for ever! Louis XVIII and Peace!* These and a thousand similar demonstrations unequivocally evinced the sentiments of all ranks of people to be those of unfeigned delight at the occurrences which have restored tranquillity to Europe.

March nth, 1815.

Early yesterday morning we received by express, from Dover, the important but lamentable intelligence, of a civil war having been again kindled in France, by that wretch Buonaparte, whose life was so impolitically spared by the Allied Sovereigns. It now appears that the hypocritical villain, who, at the time of his cowardly abdication, affected an aversion to the shedding of blood in a civil warfare, has been employed during the whole time of his residence at Elba, in carrying on secret and treasonable intrigues with the tools of his former crimes in France. At length, when his plots were ripe, he sailed from Elba, with all his guards, between 12 and 1300 in number, on the night of the 28th ult. and landed near Frejus, in France, on the 3rd instant.

. . . When the intelligence reached Paris, the King immediately took the most decisive steps for quelling the insurrection. He issued a Proclamation, declaring Buonaparte and all his adherents traitors and rebels, and authorising any person to seize and hand them over to justice. . . . This virtuous and excellent Monarch, who, since his accession, has done so much good to the country blessed with his government, may boldly appeal to the nation, and its representatives for support. If they can be insensible to the blessings of a constitutional and liberal government, if they can be ungrateful to a truly paternal Monarch, if they do not with abhorrence shake from them this Viper of Corsica, their former stain, their scourge, and their disgrace, they are not worthy to be reckoned among mankind.

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March 13th.

The advices of yesterday from France are exceedingly satisfactory. . . . A careful perusal of the different accounts, both public and private, which reached us in the course of yesterday, convince us that we had given this Impostor more credit for policy and prudence than he deserves. . . . The blessings and benefits of a peaceful reign have made themselves felt, during the last ten months, in every part of France; and the news of the Corsican Usurper's temerity has very generally called forth expressions of attachment to LOUIS the DESIRED.

March 14th.

. . . The news of yesterday has revived the first impressions of alarm. . . . We trust that by this time the Duke of Wellington is on his way from Vienna to put himself at the head of the powerful army in the Netherlands, prepared to march at a moment's warning in support of our well-deserving ally, King Louis XVIII.

March 16th.

. . . It may prove, and we fervently hope it will, that none but an unorganised, though perhaps numerous rabble of deserters, the scum and disgrace of the French Army, will join the rebel standard.

March 20th

The Marshal [Ney] is marching at the head of a corps of about 10,000 troops of the line and national guards . . . these troops are animated with an excellent spirit, and with that energy and courage which Marshal Ney never fails to inspire. . . . This Marshal has offered, out of his private purse, three millions of livres, or £126,000, to whatever regiment shall bring in Buonaparte to him, dead or alive.

March 22nd

There is no doubt of the loyalty of such men as Ney. . . .

March 27th

The hypocrite Ney, who, at parting from the King, kissed his Majesty's hand with fervour, and swore he would bring Buonaparte back to Paris, has jesuitically performed his promise. Is this like a soldier?

April 4th

We know well enough what is to be expected from such a Monster as Buonaparte, at the head of a gang of Neys and Caulaincourts, and Fouches and Carnots. If we could suffer these wretches to triumph, to trample under their feet all that is respectable in France, to begin with treason and

robbery, and proscription at home, we know how lightly they would overleap all the barriers that separate them from other objects of their cupidity: and we know that neither their passion nor their malice would be satiated until they had laid waste the cultivated fields, and burnt the commercial cities, of England. . . . We know our man. We have already suffered enough by his arts: and are now proof against him, though he assume the cry of the hyena, or the tears of the crocodile.

April 25th

We have the satisfaction to lay before our readers an accurate copy of the Treaty of Vienna, concluded on the 25th ult., by which the principal powers of Europe are united with us in one grand and sacred Alliance. . . . Adhering to the firm and resolute policy which dictated the declaration that Napoleon Buonaparte was without the pale of civil and social relations, and viewing him only in his true light as a *criminal*, this treaty pledges the Contracting Powers to use all their efforts to bring him and his deluded adherents to justice. . . .

Is not Buonaparte a poisoner? He confesses it. Is he not an assassin? He would in vain deny it. Is he not profoundly, nay, ostentatiously, an incendiary? Moscow proves it; and but for the resolution of Marshal Marmont, Paris herself would have furnished a corroborative testimony. Then, any or all the Allied Powers might bring him to justice, as an *hostis humani generis*. In England, for example, he

might be tried specially for the murder of our brave countryman Captain Wright. . . . It appears that some public-spirited individuals in this country have conceived it possible that he may be seized and brought to trial for that crime, and with such view they have offered a reward of £1,000 for his apprehension, as they would for that of any other thief or murderer. It is very natural that the *Morning Chronicle* should be exceedingly angry at this. It is very natural that the writers in that paper should be insensible to the atrocity of torturing a brave British Captain to death, for the faithful discharge of his duty to his king and country; but we only wish that the reward were fairly earned. . . . There is not a street in London in which at least ten individuals would not joyfully pay their hundred pounds each, to see this monster hanged.

June 16th

The embargo, which has, no doubt, been imposed on the French ports, renders us still unable to ascertain precisely, when Buonaparte left Paris, or indeed whether he has left it at all; but the concurrence of many different circumstances convinces us that he is really with the army of the North; and, consequently, that news of the commencement of hostilities may be momentarily expected. . . . A command of great importance is to be confided, it is said, to Marshal Ney. . . . We should not be sorry to see this important command entrusted to Ney, for he is a fellow as destitute of talent as of principle;

but we rather fear that Buonaparte will be a little more cautious to whom he commits the principal parts in this, which is probably the last game he will ever have to play.

June 22nd

OFFICIAL BULLETIN

Downing Street,

June 22nd, 1815.

The Duke of Wellington's Dispatch, dated Waterloo, the 19th of June, states that on the preceding day Buonaparte attacked, with his whole force, the British line, supported by a corps of Prussians; which attack, after a long and sanguinary conflict, terminated in the complete overthrow of the Enemy's Army. . . .'

Such is the great and glorious result of those masterly movements by which the Hero of Britain met and frustrated the audacious attempt of the Rebel Chief. Glory to Wellington, to our gallant Soldiers, and to our brave Allies! . . .

. . . We shall be curious to learn with what degree of coolness, of personal courage, and self-possession Buonaparte played this stake. . . . It is clear that he retreated; nor are we prepared to hear that he fled with haste or cowardice; but we greatly suspect that he did not court an honourable death. We think his valour is of the calculating kind. . . .

July 18th

As to Buonaparte himself, there is certainly a very general rumour at Paris that he is under arrest somewhere; but if so, why is the rascal concealed? He has often said, that he was willing to do anything for the good of France: suppose he should come and be hanged for the good of France. . . .

July 25th

Our papers of this day will satisfy the sceptics, for such there were beginning to be, as to the capture of that bloody miscreant who has so long tortured Europe, Napoleon Buonaparte. . . .

Captain Sartorius, of the *Slaney* frigate, arrived yesterday with dispatches from Captain Maitland, of the *Bellerephon*, confirming all the antecedent accounts of Buonaparte's surrender. . . . He has been allowed to take on board carriages and horses, but admission was denied to about 50 cavalry, for whom he had the impudence to require accommodation. . . . A creature—who ought to be greeted by a gallows as he lands, to think of an attendance of fifty horsemen!

July 26th

Whatever fate may be reserved for Napoleon Buonaparte, I trust that he is not at the present moment treated otherwise than with that marked

The Wars of the French Revolution and Napoleon Bonaparte

abhorrence which his long life of infamy merits. I trust he is in irons on board the English frigate. . . .

(From a letter to *The Times*.)

July 5th, 1821.

The Death of Napoleon Buonaparte.

The following intelligence arrived in town yesterday from St. Helena:

St. Helena,

May 7th.

Buonaparte died on Saturday the 5th, at 6 p.m., after an illness of six weeks; the last fortnight only considered dangerous. . . .

He has been lying in state since yesterday afternoon, the Admiral, Governor, and heads of departments having first seen the body. . . .'

Thus terminates in exile and in prison the most extraordinary life yet known to political history. . . . What might not this extraordinary being have effected for the happiness of mankind, and for his own everlasting fame and grandeur, had he used but a moiety of the force or perserverance in generous efforts to relieve the oppressed, which he wasted in rendering himself the monopolist and patron of oppression!

. . . His military administration was marked by strict and impartial justice. He had the art, in an eminent degree, of inciting the emulation and gaining the affection of his troops. He was steady and faithful in his friendships, and not vindictive on occasions where it was in his power to be so with impunity.

II

FROM ' *The Morning Chronicle*' (THE WHIG ORGAN)
ON THE RETURN FROM ELBA
WATERLOO
ST. HELENA

March 11th, 1815

An extraordinary sensation was yesterday morning produced by the intelligence from France, of the landing of Bonaparte at Frejus. . . . The first notice of this most memorable event was announced by Mr. Rothschild, the Exchange Broker, who sold stock to the amount of £600,000 on the receipt of the news by express from France.

March 25th

. . . According to the *Morning Post* and *The Times*, our own beggary is nothing when put in competition with the existence of this single person, Napoleon Bonaparte, in France. . . . If everything is to be left to the Sword, we never shall have an end of war, till the civilized world be plunged again into darkness. No sooner will one military master be removed than another will start up, until barbarism shall overwhelm the whole.

April 26th. Ministerial Logic.

Louis XVIII after reigning peaceably for eleven months, has been dethroned and expelled—*ergo*, he is universally beloved by his late subjects.

The Wars of the French Revolution and Napoleon Bonaparte

Louis XVIII was unable to muster a single regiment, nor was a musket fired in defence of his cause—*ergo*, we may calculate on a strong royalist diversion in the interior of France.

Napoleon Bonaparte, landing without any military force, has been at once replaced on the Imperial Throne—*ergo*, he is universally hated by all ranks of Frenchmen.

In 1793, England was rich, flourishing, and unexhausted, yet the war was unsuccessful—*ergo*, the present prospect of success is infinitely greater, since the Finance Minister has pronounced that taxation has reached its limits.

In 1792, France was bankrupt and unprepared for war, yet her armies were everywhere victorious—*ergo*, she must now inevitably be conquered in a single campaign, since she has a fine army, approved Commanders, a trifling debt, and a clear revenue.

Lord Castlereagh's 'pacification of Europe,' like Mr. Pitt's 'weathering the storm,' left everything in commotion—*ergo*, the one is the greatest negotiator, as the other was the most skilful pilot, of his day.

June 7th

It is . . . manifest that the whole people (France) believe that it is not so much against the person of Buonaparte as against the spirit of liberty that the Potentates of the Continent are armed. And that in fact it is more for the re-establishment of feudalism, of tythes, of the privileged orders, than of the Bourbon family, that they threaten to invade the

territory of France. With this conviction on their minds—with more than six millions of men, individually interested in the preservation of their estates—with fourteen fortresses on their frontier fully garrisoned, and with 600,000 armed soldiers, led by experienced Generals in the field, can it be believed that France will be overwhelmed in one campaign—and if not in one campaign, what will be the fate of Europe?

June 20th

The Times and *Courier* . . . will not give Buonaparte credit either for preparation or military skill. All accounts of the French force are derided as false. But we shall presently see another description. As soon as a battle shall take place, we shall hear of the superior numbers of the French, of the overwhelming majority of Napoleon's army, and that he never contrives to attack without having double the force opposed to him. ' This always was the language of the war faction; they diminish the force of the French to draw us on to the sacrifice, and aggravate the amount to reconcile us to the calamity!

June 23rd

. . . The glorious victory gained by the Duke of Wellington over Bonaparte. . . . The whole brunt of the day was borne by the British. The Prussians came on *fresh* at night to assist in the pursuit; but we do not hear of their active co-operation during the day.

The Wars of the French Revolution and Napoleon Bonaparte

. . . We have seen the devotion, bravery and zeal with which the French army in the battles maintained the cause for which they fought; and if the whole nation be animated with the same spirit, there is yet an arduous task to be undertaken by the Allies.

July 22nd

The voluntary surrender of Bonaparte into the hands of the Prince Regent of Great Britain, as prisoner of war, decides all questions as to his treatment. It is only now to be inquired where he is to be kept. . . . We have heard that he is likely to be sent to the same place as General Le Clare, that is, to Dumbarton Castle, situated on a projecting rock between two deep vallies, on the river Clyde, between Glasgow and Greenock, a spot extremely beautiful in its situation, as it overlooks a delightful country, but from which it is next to impossible that anyone should escape; this is mentioned as the place of his reception, and that notice has been sent by telegraph for Captain Maitland to proceed with his prisoners directly to the Clyde.

July 5th, 1821. The Death of Napoleon

The man whom nature and fortune made so peculiarly the objects of their favour, and on whom the eyes of the world were incessantly fixed, from his first appearance on the scene, to his final removal from it, is now no more. . . . Fallen from his power, the miserable victim of a cheerless and rigorous

captivity, the people remembered that he was a Sovereign by nature; and while a Francis, an Alexander, a Frederick, or a Louis would, under the same destiny, have attracted as little of the regard of the present generation as they will of posterity, they willingly paid to him the homage to which his extraordinary energy and genius entitled him. The reproof which an individual received from the meeting of East India Proprietors for alluding to Napoleon in a harsh and unbecoming manner, may be considered a fair test of the general feeling.

The history of the close of his life is everything but honourable to those who are at the helm of affairs in this country, and even to the nation itself. If his detention was necessary to the repose of Europe—if it was impossible that the Sovereign of England could receive him as another Themistocles—it was not surely necessary that his captivity should have been embittered by such an incessant display of tyranny as made his life a burden to him and could not fail to bring it to a rapid close.





General Remarks

I

If Italy be considered the first country in the world for monuments of the arts, Switzerland is unquestionably entitled to distinguished notice, being enriched with the most extraordinary phenomena of nature that can be found on the face of the globe.

2

In whatever part of Switzerland the tourist may wish to reside, his expense must amount, for necessities alone, to four guineas a month: it would even come much higher if he were not to board in a private family, or to enter into an agreement with an innkeeper. . . . Thirty years ago there was no inn to be found in the mountains. The traveller was either accommodated at the house of the clergyman, or any principal farmer whom he happened to meet as he entered the village. The affluence of foreigners, who have been curious to witness manners so different from their own country, has caused inns to be established.

3

The time of the year at which it is most advisable to reach Switzerland depends entirely upon the motive that prompts the traveller to undertake the journey. Such as wish to be present at one or at several general assemblies or *landsgemeind* of the democratic cantons, should contrive to be on the spot in the middle of April. . . . The most interesting of these political assemblies are those of the cantons of Schwytz, Appenzell, and of Glarus. The tourist may easily assist at three of these meetings the same year.

4

Before you expose yourself over a dangerous pass, glut your eyes, as it were, with the sight of the precipice, till the effect which it can produce on your imagination be exhausted, and you become capable of beholding it with *sang froid*. . . . Never determine inconsiderately to climb to the top of a rock, but reflect, although the excursion may not appear hazardous, that you will have to come down again, and that the descent is frequently more difficult and perilous than the ascent.

Grindelwald

There is only one inn at Grindelwald; but, when it happens to be full, travellers are treated with hospitality at the parsonage-house. . . . Above the extremity of the little glacier rise on the S. the

How to Visit Switzerland

Viescherhorns, which are known by the dazzling whiteness that characterizes the eternal snows with which they are covered. From those mountains issue a long range of pointed peaks, of a whimsical appearance, that descend towards the *Eigher interieur*.

The Lake of Lucerne.

Notwithstanding all that has been said to the contrary, the navigation is not dangerous, provided the steersman and rowers be not intoxicated.

Mont-Blanc.

The distance from the plains of Chamouny is only six miles and a half in a straight line; but, owing to the bad roads, the winding, and the great perpendicular height, the summit cannot be gained in less than eighteen hours. It is 15,662 feet above the level of the sea.

(NOTE.—There is no other authority than Mr. Wall for the existence of a road up Mount Blanc in 1820.)

(From *The Traveller's Guide to Switzerland*,
by DANIELL WALL, London, 1820.)



CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION

J

What are your dangers which threaten the Establishment?—Reduce this declamation to a point, and let us understand what you mean. The most ample allowance does not calculate that there would be more than twenty members who were Roman Catholics in one house, and ten in the other, if the Catholic emancipation were carried into effect. Do you mean that these thirty members would bring in a Bill to take away the tithes from the Protestant, and to pay them to the Catholic clergy? Do you mean that a Catholic general would march his army into the House of Commons, and purge it of Mr. Perceval and Dr. Duigenan? or that the theological writers would become all of a sudden more acute and more learned, if the present civil incapacities were removed? Do you fear for your tithes, or your doctrines, or your person, or your English Constitution? Every fear, taken separately, is so glaringly absurd, that no man has the folly or the boldness to state it. Every one conceals his ignorance, or his baseness, in a stupid general panic, which, when called on, he is utterly incapable of explaining. Whatever you think of the Catholics, there they are—you cannot get rid of them; your alternative is to give them a lawful place for stating their grievances, or an unlawful one: if you do not admit them to the

Catholic Emancipation

House of Commons, they will hold their parliament in Potato-place, Dublin, and be ten times as violent and inflammatory. . . . A distinction, I perceive, is taken by one of the most feeble noblemen in Great Britain, between persecution and the deprivation of political power; whereas there is no more distinction between these two things than there is between him who makes the distinction and a booby. . . .

(SYDNEY SMITH, 1808.)

2

(In April of this year, 1829, the Roman Catholic Relief Bill, supported by the Duke of Wellington and Robert Peel, was passed.)

There never was an admission more distinct and unequivocal than that which is to be gathered from the conduct and language of Mr. Apostate Peel and his supporters in the House of Commons, that the revolutionary measure they are determined to force upon the country is obnoxious and revolting to the public mind. They will allow only one week—one little week, between the introduction of a Bill, which the Arch-Apostate himself has described as breaking in upon the Constitution of England as established in 1688, and that stage of its progress when its principle is to be adopted or rejected by the House. The degradation which the character of the Duke of Wellington sustains by his having become a party to this pitiful and contemptible manoeuvre, is more to be lamented than any other circumstance that attends it. . . . We little thought that so painful

Catholic Emancipation

a duty would ever devolve upon us as that of describing any part of the conduct of the Duke of Wellington as that of a cunning man. . . .

(Morning Post, March 10th.)

Petitions for the preservation of the Protestant Constitution were again last night presented to both Houses of Parliament in countless numbers. . . . We rejoice to state that the County of Surrey is about to proclaim its determined opposition to the Popish Revolution, by which a treasonable conspiracy now seeks to counteract the Protestant Revolution of 1688. We anticipate with confidence that the expression of the opinion of this great, populous, and wealthy County, will be as determined and unequivocal (to be more so is impossible) as that which has already burst from the powerful counties of Devon and Kent. . . .

(Morning Post, March 13th.)

Our firmest hopes are fixed upon the gracious, magnanimous and patriotic Sovereign who now occupies the British Throne (George IV). . . . The hopes and fears of England are now directed to the personal character of the reigning Sovereign, with an intensity of feeling which the authors of the revolutionary measure now in progress did not anticipate, and *are not now, nor ever were, capable of understanding*. Capable of leading armies some of them may be—capable of managing an unprincipled House of Commons some of them may be; but

Catholic Emancipation

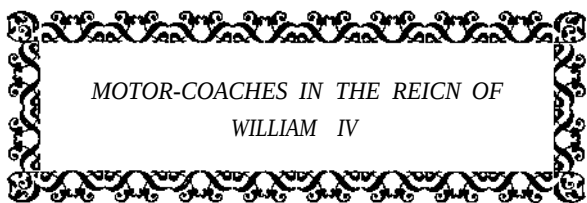
capable of sympathizing with the throbbings of the national heart, they are not. . . . We have on the side of the Constitution every man who dare claim for himself the title of a high authority in the laws of the land. . . . And what is there to oppose this? A host of infidels, Republicans, Papists, Savoyards, Bourbonists, united for the nonce into a powerful party, but all without exception alien to the Nation, and the enemies of the King and of his House. With which of these two parties the King of England will ally himself remains yet to be seen. If he be not treasonably kept in the dark, his decision cannot be doubtful.

(Morning Post, March 20th.)

The Bill for receiving our Catholic brethren within the shelter of the British constitution became yesterday the law of the land.

(The Times, April 14th.)





In 1833 the Squire and Macetone Steam Coach ran daily from Paddington to Edgware and Harrow, at an average speed of fourteen miles an hour, and a speed on the level of twenty miles. The new railway industry was jealous, and persuaded Parliament to decree that a man carrying a red flag by day, or a lantern at night, must walk a hundred yards in front of any automobile vehicle. But for this law, which was not abolished till November 1896, motor-cars and railways would have come in together.

. . . These inquiries have led the Committee to believe that the substitution of inanimate for animal power, in draught on common roads, is one of the most important improvements in the means of internal communication ever introduced. . . . Many circumstances, however, must retard the general introduction of steam as a substitute for horse-power on roads. One very formidable obstacle will arise from the prejudices which always beset a new invention, especially one which will at first appear detrimental to the interests of so many individuals.

... It appears from the evidence that the first extensive trial of steam as an agent in draught on common roads was that by Mr. Gurney, in 1829, who travelled from London to Bath and back in his steam-carriage. He states that ... on his return

he performed the last eighty-four miles, from Melksham to Cranford Bridge, in ten hours, including stoppages.

The committee have also examined Messrs. Summers and Ogle, Mr. Hancock, and Mr. Stone, whose steam-carriages have been in daily use for some months past on common roads.

. . . Much, of course, must remain to be done in improving their efficiency; yet Mr. Gurney states that he has kept up steadily the rate of twelve miles per hour; that the extreme rate at which he has run is between twenty and thirty miles an hour.

Mr. Hancock reckons that with his carriage he could keep up a speed of ten miles per hour, without injury to the machine.

Mr. Ogle states that his experimental carriage went from London to Southampton in some places at a velocity of from thirty-two to thirty-five miles per hour.

. . . Mr. Summers adds that they have travelled in the carriage at the rate of fifteen miles per hour, with nineteen persons on the carriage up a hill one in twelve.

That he has continued for four hours and a half to travel at the rate of thirty miles per hour.

That he has found no difficulty in travelling over the worst and most hilly roads.

. . . Sufficient evidence has been adduced to convince your Committee:

1. That carriages can be propelled by steam on common roads at an average rate of ten miles per hour.

Motor-Coaches in the Reign of William IV

2. That at this rate they have conveyed upwards of fourteen passengers.

3. That their weight, including engine, fuel, water, and attendants, may be under three tons.

4. That they can ascend and descend hills of considerable inclination with facility and safety.

5. That they are perfectly safe for passengers.

6. That they are not (or need not be, if properly constructed) nuisances to the public.

7. That they will become a speedier and cheaper mode of conveyance than carriages drawn by horses.

8. That, as they admit of greater breadth of tyre than other carriages and as the roads are not acted on so injuriously as by the feet of horses in common draught, such carriages will cause less wear of roads than coaches drawn by horses.

(From a Report by a Select Committee of the
House of Commons, 1831.)





Although Creevey made his first railway journey in 1829, the progress of the invention was slow till the railway boom of 1842-1845, and railway travelling did not become general till the early 'fifties.

I

I found renewed delight on witnessing at this place (the Surrey Inn Railway at Wandsworth), the economy of horse labour on the Iron Railway. Yet a heavy sigh escaped me, as I thought of the inconceivable millions which have been spent about Malta, four or five of which might have been the means of extending double lines of iron railway from London to Edinburgh, Glasgow, Holyhead, Milford, Falmouth, Yarmouth, Dover, and Portsmouth! A reward of a single thousand would have supplied coaches and other vehicles, of various degrees of speed, with the best tackle for readily turning out; and we might, ere this, have witnessed our mail-coaches running at the rate of 10 miles an hour, drawn by a single horse, or impelled 15 miles an hour by Blenkinsop's steam-engine. Such would have been a legitimate motive for overstepping the income of a nation; and the completion of so great and useful a work would have afforded rational ground for public triumph in general jubilees!

(SIR RICHARD PHILLIPS, *Morning Walk from London to Kew*, 1813.)

The First Railway Accident.

I have just returned from our journey along the rail-road from Liverpool to Manchester, and back again, and though I had intended to give you some faint description of this astounding work of art, of the crowds which have lined almost every inch of our road, of the flags and banners, and booths, and scaffoldings, and gorgeous tents, which have enlivened even the duller parts of our journey, I am obliged, on account of the lateness of the hour, to defer that description as comparatively uninteresting, owing to the fatal accident (as I apprehend) that has befallen Mr. Huskisson. The cavalcade, if I may apply such a term to a party riding by steam, was extremely splendid; it started from Liverpool at a quarter to 11 o'clock, the first 16 miles of the journey was performed in 50 minutes, in the most delightful manner, amid the most enthusiastic shouts from the people. . . .

The procession reached the entrance to the Kenyon cutting about noon. Here the engines stopped to take in water. The carriage in which the Duke of Wellington and the other illustrious passengers were, stood on the Manchester side of the bridge. Prince Esterhazy and most of the noblemen and gentlemen who were in the carriage, here got out and walked about the road. The Rocket locomotive engine, which was the second upon the left-hand line, was at this moment observed by the Duke of Wellington and the other passengers who

remained in the vehicle, to be rapidly approaching, and they called out to those who were on the road to get in. The ladder steps were only broad enough to allow one person to ascend it at a time. Several noblemen and gentlemen had got in before the Rocket approached. Mr. Littleton, M.P., had just assisted Prince Esterhazy to get into the carriage, by giving him his hand, when Mr. Huskisson approached the door of the vehicle, which he caught with, apparently, considerable trepidation. The door was nearly five feet broad, and, unfortunately, reached so far across the road, when it stood open . . . that some part of the Rocket caught the edge, which it fractured. . . . Mr. Huskisson, who was in a weak state of body, and was a little lame of one leg, either fell down in the agitation of the moment, or, which seems most probable, was, by the sweep of the door, knocked down in the road. He fell on his face, in the vacant space between the two lines. His left leg, which was extended, touched the rail on which the Rocket moved, and one of the wheels catching it ran obliquely up the limb as high as the thigh. . . .

Immediately on the departure of the Northumbrian with Mr. Huskisson, the directors held a consultation, as to whether the procession should proceed on to Manchester, or return to Liverpool. The Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel being of opinion . . . the procession should return, orders were issued to that effect. When, however, the directors reflected on the immense multitude which would be collected at the Manchester end of the road to behold the procession, and who, if not gratified by seeing it arrive, might conduct themselves in a way which

Railways

might endanger the public peace, a second consultation was held, at which the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel were present. After deliberating together for about ten minutes, it was finally resolved, that . . . the procession should proceed onward. It accordingly started again at a quarter-past 1 o'clock, more like a funeral cavalcade than a triumphal procession, and reached Manchester about 3 o'clock.

(NOTE.—Mr. Huskisson died on the following day.)

(The Opening of the Liverpool-Manchester Railway.
The Times, September 15th, 1830.)

3

GRAND MECHANICAL COMPETITION

Railroad Race for £500

The great rail-road between Liverpool and Manchester being now nearly completed, the directors of the undertaking some time ago announced that they would give a premium of £500 for the locomotive engine which should draw on the rail-way a given weight, with the greatest speed, at the least expense.

. . . The engine which made the first trial was 'the Rocket' of Mr. Robert Stephenson. . . . It is a large and strongly-built engine, and went with a velocity which, as long as the spectators had nothing to contrast it with, they thought it surprising enough. It drew a weight of 12 tons 9 cwt. at the rate of 10 miles 4 chains an hour. . . . The faults most perceptible in this engine were a great inequality in its velocity,

Railways

and a very partial fulfilment of the condition that it should 'effectually consume its own smoke.'

. . . The next engine that exhibited its powers was 'The Novelty' of Messrs. Braithwaite and Erichson. The great lightness of this engine (it is about one-half lighter than Mr. Stephenson's), its compactness, and its beautiful workmanship, excited universal admiration; a sentiment speedily changed into perfect wonder, by its truly marvellous performance. . . . Almost at once it darted off, at the amazing velocity of 28 miles an hour, and it actually did one mile in the incredibly short space of one minute and 53 seconds!

(The Times, October 9th, 1829.)

4

Does anybody mean to say that decent people, passengers who would use their own carriages, and are accustomed to their own comforts, would consent to be hurried along through the air upon a railroad, from which, had a lazy schoolboy left a marble, or a wicked one a stone, they would be pitched off their perilous track, into the valley beneath; or is it to be imagined that women, who may like the fun of being whirled away on a party of pleasure for an hour, to see a sight, would endure the fatigue, and misery, and danger, not only to themselves, but their children and families, of being dragged through the air at the rate of twenty miles an hour, all their lives being at the mercy of a tin pipe, or a copper boiler, or the accidental dropping of a pebble upon the line of way?

Railways

We denounce the *mania* as destructive of the country in a thousand particulars—the whole face of the Kingdom is to be tattooed with these odious deformities; huge mounds are to intersect our beautiful valleys; the noise and stench of locomotive steam-engines are to disturb the quietude of the peasant, the farmer and the gentleman; and the roaring of bullocks, the bleating of sheep and the grunting of pigs to keep up one continual uproar through the night along the lines of these most dangerous and disfiguring abominations. . . .

Railroads . . . will in their efforts to gain ground do incalculable mischief. If they succeed they will give an unnatural impetus to society, destroy all the relations which exist between man and man, overthrow all mercantile regulations, overturn the metropolitan markets, drain the provinces of all their resources, and create, at the peril of life, all sorts of confusion and distress.

(*John Bull*, November 18th, 1835.)

5

Railway Travelling by Wind

Since the opening of the Durham and Sunderland railways, a novel experiment has been tried upon the line, which proves the practicability of railroad vehicles being propelled by wind. A temporary mast and sail were erected on a vehicle, which was set going at an easy rate. On the sail being trimmed to the wind, the speed increased to the rate of 10 miles

Railways

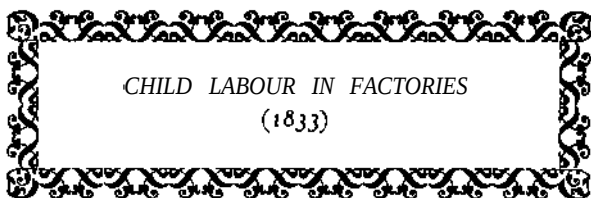
an hour. A train of five coal-waggon was afterwards attached, but no additional sail hoisted.

(*The Times*, October 13th, 1836.)

6

Tired of doing nothing in London . . . I resolved to vary the scene and run down here (Knowsley) to see the Birmingham railroad, Liverpool, and Liverpool races. So I started at five o'clock on Sunday evening, got to Birmingham at half-past five on Monday morning, and got upon the railroad at half-past seven. Nothing can be more comfortable than the vehicle in which I was put, a sort of chariot with two places, and there is nothing disagreeable about it but the occasional whiffs of stinking air which it is impossible to exclude altogether. The first sensation is a slight degree of nervousness and a feeling of being run away with, but a sense of security soon supervenes, and the velocity is delightful. Town after town, one park and *chateau* after another, are left behind with the rapid variety of a moving panorama, and the continual bustle and animation of the changes and stoppages make the journey very entertaining. The train was very long, and heads were continually popping out of the several carriages, attracted by well-known voices, and then came the greetings and exclamations of surprise, the 'Where are you going?' and 'How on earth came you here?' Considering the novelty of its establishment, there is very little embarrassment, and it certainly renders all other travelling irksome and tedious by comparison.

(CHARLES GREVILLE'S Diary, July 18th, 1837.)



Have worked here two years; am now fourteen; work sixteen hours and a half a day. I was badly and asked to stop at eight, one night lately, and I was told if I went, I must not come back.

2

I was seven years of age when I began to work at Bradley Mill, near Huddersfield. The hours of labour were from five in the morning till eight at night, with an interval for rest and refreshment of thirty minutes, at noon. . . . There were about fifty children, of about the same age as I was. Strapping was the means by which the children were kept at work. It was the main business of one of the overlookers to strap the children up to this excessive labour.

3

I have been employed in piecing at a worsted mill. . . . If we are higher than the frames we have to bend our bodies and our legs. . . . I had worked about a year before I found my limbs began to fail

Child Labour in Factories

. . . then the overseer began to beat me up to my work. I have been beaten till I was black and blue in my face, and have had my ears torn. . . . I was generally beaten most at the end of the day, when I grew tired and fatigued. In the morning I felt stiff, very stark indeed. . . . After I became deformed, I did not get on so well with my work as I could before. I got less in height. I cannot exactly say how tall I am now. I have fallen several inches in height.

4

I began to work at Mr. Rusk's flax mill when I was six years old. I was then a little 'doffer.' . . . When the 'doffers' flagged a little, or were too late, they were strapped. . . . I have seen the overlooker go to the top end of the room, where the little girls 'hug' the can to the 'back-minsters'; he has taken a strap, and a whistle in his mouth, and sometimes he has got a chain and chained them, and strapped them all down the room. . . . I was middling strong when I went there, but the work was so badfind I got so bad in health, that when I pulled the baskets down, I pulled my bones out of their places. . . . I have had experience in wet spinning—it is very uncomfortable. I have stood before the frames till I have been wet through to my skin; and in winter-time when myself and others have gone home, our clothes have been frozen, and we have nearly caught our death from cold.

A woman witness.

(From a Parliamentary Commissioner's Report, 1833.)

TWO EARLY VIEWS OF SOCIALISM
(1839 and 1840)

I

. . . Here, then in the case of Revolutionary France, was a *fair trial* of Socialist principles: for, be it constantly remembered, the *principles* are the same, though the *name* is different. Here was *Socialism* full-blown, and here were precisely such fruits as we might suppose such seeds would produce. From men who had thrown off the fear and the love of God, the hope of heaven, and the dread of hell, who professed to believe, that they had no further existence, or higher destiny than that of the beasts that perish, what else could be expected? Such men are the Socialists, however smooth-tongued and soft they may at present appear—however they may beguile by fair professions the simple and unwary. . . . And upon this full and fair trial thus carried out in France, I base my appeal against Socialism.

Englishmen! a name which throughout all the world it is accounted an honour to bear, to *you* I make my appeal. . . . These agents of anarchy and confusion are found creeping into every place; they have even boys trained in their pestilential doctrines, and sent into our National and Sunday schools to corrupt the children. Have then your eyes on all sides, and show yourselves men against these

Two Early Views of Socialism

betrayers of your country at home, as you formerly did against her open enemies abroad; and doubt not but that God, in whom we trust, 'will frustrate their knavish tricks,' as He formerly 'confounded the politics' and the force of the French champions of equality.

English women! I make my appeal to *you*. Modesty, chastity, and purity, have so long and so justly been ascribed to you; and the principles of these abominable seducers are so filthy and brutish, that I am really almost ashamed to mention them, even to warn you against them. . . . Here are wretches who would . . . defile the maiden purity of your daughters, and induce you to wallow with themselves in the same trough of brutal, sensual indulgence. I need no more than mention such an atrocious design, to make the brow of every honest English wife and mother burn with shame and indignation. *Watch*, then, watch and pray, not only over your own hearts, but over those entrusted to your care, whether daughters, younger sisters, or female servants.

. . . Churchmen! I fearlessly appeal to *you*. . . . Here are men that will be content with nothing less than the utter destruction of all that you hold so dear; who, in the venom of rancorous hatred, add insult to hostility, who class your Churches with 'gin-palaces,' who stigmatize your clergy as 'wicked priests,' and their holy calling as a 'ghostly trade'; and who, with regard to your venerated forms of worship, declare that men can never be taught to become rational till all such forms *shall cease*.

Christians of every age and station, and by what-

Two Early Views of Socialism

ever name distinguished! I appeal to you; for be it well observed, the enmity of these men is not merely displayed against the Church of England, but equally against Christianity under every form.

... In conclusion, let us, one and all, adopt as our own rule of conduct, and endeavour to impress on all around us, the exhortation of Solomon, which doubtless was especially intended for such appalling times as these: 'My son, fear thou the Lord and the King, and meddle not with them that are given to change.'⁵

(What is Socialism? A pamphlet, 1839.)

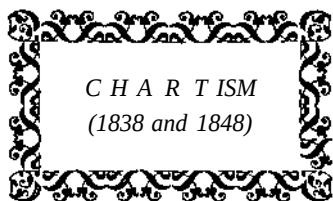
2

... It happens that formerly we were in a very awkward position with respect to the Chartists, and merely by steering a straightforward honest course. The venal *Times* assailed us as friends of the Chartists, whilst certain portions of that body were burning our paper on account of our alleged hostility to that political sect. The first attack arose from the habitual bribery of *The Times*, the second from intemperate feelings at our plainly pointing out to the Chartists the mistakes they made in principle and in proceeding. . . . We are now in a similar situation with regard to the Socialists. *The Times*, always bought, or to be bought, assailed us violently for our supporting the Socialists, and to sustain their accusation, they garbled and misquoted from us the very passage from which the Socialists inferred our enmity. At this moment we receive from almost

Two Early Views of Socialism

every part of England, such complaints at our statements respecting the Socialists, that it becomes an imperative duty to declare ourselves on the subject. Our high moral courage and political independence prevent our ever avoiding any question of public interest, and it is vain to deny that the Socialists, right or wrong, have, with respect to numbers, position, and influence, attained a consideration to which no wise Government can, with propriety, be indifferent or inattentive. . . . Whenever a sect or party is greatly and solely abused, it is merely a proof that it has acquired great power, a power which must be met by reason or put down by force, for the latter, brute force, in the form of law, is the perpetual resource of our Government.

(*The Weekly Dispatch*, 1840.)



In the autumn of the year a very uneasy spirit began to display itself among the 'working classes' in the manufacturing counties. Immense meetings were convened in various quarters and the language of the demagogues who addressed the multitude on these occasions was highly inflammatory. . . . It became a frequent practice with the parties in these transactions to assemble by torchlight in the open air. A certain solemnity and mystery attached to these nocturnal meetings, which struck the imagination of the vulgar, and an opportunity of attending them was moreover afforded to those whose employment did not admit of their being present in the day-time. Amongst others, a public meeting of 'Chartists,' as they called themselves, was convened in the day-time at Palace Yard, Westminster; but the proceedings seem to have been rather flat, though the speeches delivered on this occasion were sufficiently inflammatory. . . . Perhaps the political views of these 'Reformers' will be best understood from the following passage of Mr. Stephen's speech (this person is a dissenting minister, and the most hot-headed of all these demagogues): 'The principle

Chartism

of the People's Charter,' said he, 'was the right of every man that breathed God's free air, or trod God's free earth, to have his home and his hearth, and to have happiness to himself, his wife and his children, as securely guaranteed to him as they are to every other man whom the Almighty had created. The question of universal suffrage was after all, *a knife and fork question*. If any man asked him what he meant by universal suffrage, he would tell him, he meant to say that every working man in the land had a right to have a good coat and hat, a good roof over his head, a good dinner upon his table, no more work than would keep him in health, and such wages as would keep him in plenty, and the enjoyment of those pleasures of life which a reasonable man could desire.'

(*Annual Register*, 1838.)

2

All London is making preparations to encounter a Chartist row to-morrow: so much that it is either very sublime or very ridiculous. All the clerks and others in the different offices are ordered to be sworn garrisons. I went to the police office with all my clerks, as special constables, and to constitute themselves into messengers, etc., and we were all sworn. We are to pass the whole day at the office to-morrow, and I am to send down all my guns; in short, we are to take a warlike attitude. Colonel Harness, of the Railway Department, is our Commander-in-chief; every gentleman in London is

Chartism

become a constable, and there is an organisation of some sort in every district. . . .

Monday (April 10th) passed off with surprising quiet. . . . The whole of the Chartist movement was to the last degree contemptible from first to last. The delegates who met on the eve of the day were full of valour amounting to desperation; they indignantly rejected the intimation of the Government that their procession would not be allowed; swore they would have it at all hazard, and die, if necessary, in asserting their rights. One man said he loved his life, his wife, his children, but would sacrifice all rather than give way.

In the morning (a very fine day), everybody was on the alert; the parks were closed; our office was fortified, a barricade of Council Registers was erected in the accessible room in the ground-floor, and all our guns were taken down to be used in defence of the building. However, at about twelve o'clock crowds came streaming along Whitehall, going northwards, and it was announced that all was over. The intended tragedy was rapidly turned into a ludicrous farce. The Chartists, about 20,000 in number, assembled on Kensington Common. Presently Mr. Mayne appeared on the ground, and sent one of his inspectors to say he wanted to speak to Feargus O'Connor (the Chartist leader). Feargus thought he was going to be arrested and was in a terrible fright; but he went to Mayne, who merely said he was desired to inform him that the meeting would not be interfered with, but the procession would not be allowed. Feargus insisted on shaking hands with Mayne, swore he was his best of friends,

Chartism

and instantly harangued his rabble, advising them not to provoke a collision, and to go away quietly—advice they instantly obeyed, and with great alacrity and good humour. Thus all evaporated in smoke. Feargus himself then repaired to the Home Office, saw Sir George Grey, and told him it was all over, and thanked the Government for their leniency. . . . Grey asked him if he was going back to the meeting. He said No; that he had had his toes trodden on till he was lame, and his pocket picked, and he would have no more to do with it.

(CHARLES GREVILLE'S Diary, April 9th, 1848.)



AN EARLY VICTORIAN FINANCIER

I

George Hudson, Esq., M.P.

Mr. Hudson, 'the Railway King,'⁵ was, until recently, a linendraper at York, of which city he has been twice Lord Mayor. In his business he realised some fortune, and inherited more by a bequest. His career in railway enterprise has been, it is well known, attended with unprecedented success, attributable, in no trivial degree, to his ability, judgment, and integrity. One Company granted him, we understand, £50,000 in recompense for his admirable management of their affairs. At present his wealth is enormous; and he has purchased within the last year a considerable estate from the Duke of Devonshire.

Mr. Hudson enjoys unbounded popularity in his own district, and people of all ranks would be glad to confide any sum of money to his discretion and speculative enterprise. His sudden rise has not blunted his naturally kind disposition. It is related of him, that, visiting a brother tradesman, whose fortunes had been the reverse of his own, he proposed to him the purchase of shares in a particular railroad he named, at which his poor friend smiled in derision, asserting his utter want of means, and consequent incapacity to avail himself of the offer. 'Never mind,' said Hudson, 'I will arrange that for you'; and in a

brief period he called again on his old associate with a cheque for several thousand pounds, the fruits of the speculation.

We find in the *York Herald* the following tribute to Mr. Hudson's worth:

' We are glad of the opportunity of thus noticing superior talent in a political opponent. As a citizen and neighbour, we have known Mr. Hudson for many years; and, whether in private life—in the Mansion House, as Chief Magistrate of the city—or in his more arduous engagements in the railroad world—we have ever found that though his politics (to us) were objectionable, yet his course was always straightforward, and highly honourable.'

*(Illustrated London News, September 6th,
1845.)*

2

Railway Morality.

. . . According to our notions of commercial morality, the committee appointed to investigate and report upon the matter have come to a right conclusion. Mr. Hudson, as Chairman and Trustee of a railway company, deputed by that company to purchase shares in the Great North of England Railway for the benefit of the company, sold to his constituents a large number of shares at a considerable advance upon the market price. He used the money of the company to make the purchase, and put upwards of £8,000 in his own pocket, as his premium upon the transaction. The committee,

after a patient investigation, have decided that the sum charged by Mr. Hudson for these shares ought to be reduced to the sum he actually paid for them, and that the difference is to be repaid with interest. The whole investigation portrays a looseness of management on the part of all the directors which may well surprise the public, and lays bare a system which, we hope, will receive its death-blow by the exposure. Mr. Hudson himself seems very far from having attained a conviction that he has done wrong. . . . 'It is not my wish,' says he, in his published defence, 'to impugn the reasoning or question the conclusion of the Committee; but I must be allowed to state that this opinion of the position which I occupied in connexion with the company is one now presented to my mind for the first time. . . .'

This confession seems to us to be the most melancholy part of the whole business; for, not only did Mr. Hudson make this profit out of a company whose interests he ought to have considered identical with his own, but when he sold to the Company as principal with principal, he charged it with full brokerage, though he paid none either on his own account or that of the Company. . . .

The truth is that Mr. Hudson is neither better nor worse than the morality of 1845. He rose to wealth and importance at an immoral period; he was the creature of an immoral system; he was wafted into fortune upon the wave of a popular mania; he was elevated into the Dictatorship of Railway Speculation in an unwholesome ferment of popular cupidity, pervading all ranks and conditions of

men; and, whatever be the hue of the error he may have committed, it is rather too much to expect of him that he should be purer than his time or his associates. The commercial code of 1845 was, as far as Railways were concerned, framed upon anything but moral principles. The lust of gain blinded the eyes of men who, before that period, could see clearly enough the difference between right and wrong, between trading and gambling, and between legitimate and illegitimate speculation. Men who would have scorned to do a dishonest act towards any other real tangible living man, did not scruple to do acts towards the great abstraction, the public, which no morality could justify.

. . . Although we blame Mr. Hudson for his greediness then, and for his obtuseness now, let us not hurl all our animadversions against him alone. . . . Had there been no insane lust for unearned and unmerited wealth, there would have been no 'Railway King'; had there been no public to idolize him for his successful speculations in the market for premiums, he would never have become a member of the Legislature—one of the greatest celebrities of the day—the entertainer of what Sir Robert Peel calls the 'proud aristocracy of England'—and the great autocrat of the railway system. . . . We hope therefore, that the rise and fall of Mr. Hudson, if fallen he be, will be remembered not simply in reference to his fate or character, but to the far greater interest of the commercial morality of this great commercial country. English honour is proverbial. Were the impartial, complete, and true history of the railway mania of 1845 written, it

would show that the most honourable and the most moral of nations may go wrong in the furious scramble for wealth. It would show, also, that these scrambles never come to good. The wealth of nations is not a matter of scrambling. There is no real wealth, but that which springs from steady and wise labour. All other wealth is unsubstantial, and crumbles at a breath of wind.

(Illustrated London News, April 14th, 1849.)



THE IRISH POTATO FAMINE
(1846—1848)

J

How can any man with six shillings, or even seven shillings, per week—and there are hundreds of labouring men working for 8d. a day—get a sufficiency of food? Potatoes in this town . . . are now considered a luxury by the poor. Oatmeal is on the advance, and the purchasing of a few stone would exhaust all his wages; then there is rent, which is exacted weekly, with additional rigour, for the landlord dreads the famine prices as much as the poor labouring tenant. We are glibly informed, that there never was more food in the country—more even in store! It is of this we complain—that in the midst of plenty, so much distress should exist in this unfortunate country. The staple food of the Irish (potatoes) has failed, and the low rate of wages paid the labouring classes precludes them from obtaining a sufficiency of bread or other food. . . . As to the lodgment of the poor, we are informed, by an agent who collects the rents of seventy cabins weekly, that in almost every instance the inmates are destitute of bedsteads, blankets, sheets, and coverlets; and that he has seen several grown-up girls, who toil from early dawn till eight in the evening in the factories, lying on straw, with no other covering over them save the clothes which they wore during the day. . . . Three

The Irish Potato Famine

long months must intervene before the new potato crop can come into the market; and in the name of an all-wise Providence, are the poor to be allowed to suffer all the accumulating horrors of privation?

(*The Drogheda Conservative*, April 18th, 1846.)

2

There will have gone after this season is over upwards of 3,000 individuals from this country by this port alone. . . . We are in possession of facts which show that many cunning landlords are sending the people away yearly, but by degrees, and not in such a manner as to subject themselves to a 'clearance' notice. . . . Who will blame the people for outbreaks occasioned by famine? There is nothing plentiful in the land but rain! Employment is scarce—money is scarce—the people are being thinned—farms are being consolidated—bullock land is progressing—

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where cows accumulate and men decay.

(*The Waterford Chronicle*, April 18th, 1846.)

3

For the last quarter of a century there has not been recollected a month so favourable for all purposes of agriculture as the one just closed, or one which has given most promise of an early and abundant harvest.

(*The Times*, June 3rd.—From *The Times*
Correspondent in Dublin, 1846.)

4

We have received from our various correspondents during the past week fearful accounts of the (we might say) total destruction of the potato-crop. The disease has commenced and fatally terminated in the short space of a fortnight; and, if the accounts be accurate, one short month will see the potato extinct.

(The Mayo Constitution, August 25th, 1846.)

5

The case is just this, that the whole labouring population of these islands, from Kent to Tipperary, from Dorsetshire up to the Highlands and the Western Isles, have lost a great part of their winter stores. . . . The Irishman is destitute, so is the Scotchman, and so is the Englishman. . . . What, then, is the difference? Why is that so terrible in Ireland which in England does not create perplexity, and hardly moves compassion? We ask this question, because it appears to us of the very first importance to all classes of Irish society to impress on them that there is nothing really so peculiar, so exceptional, in the condition which they look upon as the pit of utter despair. It is an object to impress on all that they must do *as we do here*; they must be gradually assimilated to *our* state; they must adopt *our* methods; and agitate, if agitate they will, for a perfect community in our laws, as far as those laws appear to be the source of our greater prosperity.

(The Times, September 8th, 1846—Leading Article.)

6

A Coroner's Inquest.

A Coroner's Inquest was held in Kells, County of Meath, last week, on the bodies of two women, named Elizabeth and Catherine Duggett, mother and daughter, who, according to the verdict of the jury, 'came to their deaths in the town of Kells, on the 2nd of January, from cold and privation and actual want of the common necessities of life.' The jury, immediately after, came to the following unanimous resolution: . . . 'We cannot separate without expressing our deep regret as well as our utter astonishment that the Poor Law guardians of this union should be lost to all humane, and we might add, Christian, feeling, in not long since taking steps to stem the ravages made on our patient and suffering population by cold, hunger, and destitution of every description, which is personally known to every one of us; and if anything can aggravate such conduct it is, that when at the eleventh hour relief is permitted, they step in between the people and their food, multiplying scenes like the present, and as it would seem, perfectly unmindful of the awful responsibility they are supposed to incur before God and man.'

(The Times, January 28th, 1848.)

The Irish Potato Famine

7

Vice-regal Court, Dublin. January, 1848

Lord Clarendon's first levee since his Excellency's arrival in Ireland was held this day, and was, perhaps, the most brilliant affair of its kind that this metropolis has witnessed for many years. The company commenced arriving before 1 o'clock, and for upwards of two hours the streets leading to the Castle were literally blocked up with equipages.

(The Times, January 28th, 1848.)

8

Arrest of John Mitchel

Mr. Mitchel was arrested late last night ... on a charge of publishing certain felonious articles in the *United Irishman* on the 6th and 13th inst. He will be tried on the 20th. Dublin was quiet.

(The Times, May 15th, 1848.)

(NOTE.—Mitchel was sentenced to transportation for fourteen years.)

9

John Mitchel on the Irish Famine

At the end of six years I can set these things down calmly, but to see them might have driven a wise man mad. There is no need to recount how the

The Irish Potato Famine

Assistant Barristers and Sheriffs, aided by the Police, tore down the roof-trees and ploughed up the hearths of village after village, how the farmers and their wives and little ones in wild dismay, trooped along the highways—how in some hamlets by the seaside, most of the inhabitants being already dead, an adventurous traveller would come upon some family eating a famished ass—how maniac mothers stowed away their dead children to be devoured at midnight . . . how husband and wife fought like wolves for the last morsel of food in the house; how families, when all was eaten and no hope left, took their last look at the sun, built up their cottage doors, that none might see them die nor hear their groans, and were found weeks afterwards, skeletons on their own hearths; how the 'law' was vindicated all this while; how the Arms Bills were diligently put in force, and many examples were made; how starving wretches were transported for stealing vegetables by night; how overworked coroners declared they would hold no more inquests; how Americans sent corn, and the very Turks, yea, negro slaves, sent money for alms; which the British Government was not ashamed to administer to the 'sister country'; and how in every one of these years, '46, '47, and '48, Ireland was exporting to England, food to the value of fifteen million pounds sterling, and had on her own soil at each harvest, good and ample provision for double her own population, notwithstanding the potato blight.

(From JOHN MITCHEL'S *Jail Journal*.)



I went yesterday to St. George's Hospital to see the chloroform tried. A boy two years and a half was cut for a stone. He was put to sleep in a minute; the stone was so large and the bladder so contracted, the operator could not get hold of it, and the operation lasted about twenty minutes, with repeated probings by different instruments; the chloroform was applied from time to time, and the child never exhibited the slightest sign of consciousness, and it was exactly the same as operating on a dead body. . . . I have no words to express my admiration of this invention, which is the greatest blessing ever bestowed on mankind, and the inventor the greatest of benefactors, whose memory ought to be venerated by countless millions for ages yet to come. All the great discoveries of science sink into insignificance compared with this. It is a great privilege to have lived in the times which saw the production of steam, of electricity, and now of ether—that is of the development and application of them to human purposes, to the multiplication of enjoyments and the mitigation of pain. But wonderful as are the powers and the feats of the steam-engine, and the electric telegraph, the chloroform far transcends them all in its beneficent and consolatory operation.

(CHARLES GREVILLE. *December*, 1847.)

*COMMERCE AND CHRISTIANITY IN
THE EIGHTEEN-FIFTIES*

In the last half-century there has sprung up a spirit of invention and of enterprise unknown before; and commerce till lately comparatively inert, is springing and running and flying with a more rapid motion of every limb, no longer dependent on the slowness of road-travelling or the fitfulness of breezes, but self-propelled by the living and roaring leviathan within her bosom. The black lines of rails, which as an iron bond consolidate into one the civilized world; the light cords of the telegraph which speak for us through the air and through the earth and through the sea, tell us of the mighty commercial energy in the midst of which we live. Our land is rattling with the spinning jenny and the shuttle, and even the slow motions of a rustic population are quickened, as they wonder at the engine that thrashes their corn and admire the fresh comforts and conveniences which each new invention places within their reach. In truth the world seems living faster than of old: the pulse of human nature is beating and throbbing with a more rapid movement. And as we look forth into the world we see new nations arising, new fields of commerce opening. The barbarous New Holland of 1800 became the civilised community of Australia by 1850; the Isthmus of Darien about to be cut

through, and two oceans joined into one; gold in Australia; gold in California; China opening her ports to trade after thousands of years of exclusion, and a decayed race in the east of Europe reviving under the united influence of an ancient faith and a naval commerce.* It is emphatically the age of trade and industry. We have celebrated the festival of material civilization in the great Exhibition of the nations' industry, and called all ends of the earth to unite with us in the triumph of patient and laborious progress. It was a noticeable fact, that in a bay of that Exhibition was a stand of books laid open to all readers; they were spread out wide to attract the gaze of those who should pass by. It was the Book, the Word of God, the revelation of Christianity, published in more than a hundred languages of the nations of the earth. That fact is not a solitary or an isolated one; for coæval with the advance of commerce and of practical science, there has taken place a mighty advance of Christianity. More has been done for the cause of the Gospel in the last fifty years, than in any similar period since the days of the Apostles . . . the savage turned from his cannibalism and his fetish to peace and industry, and submission to the faith of Christ. . . . China shaking herself loose from a retrograde and debasing system, beginning to profess Christianity and to welcome Christian nations—India relaxing the inequalities of her castes beneath the joint efforts of commercial and Christian enlightenment. In the East the crescent is waning,

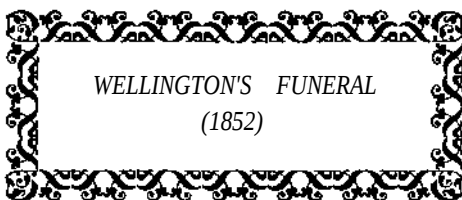
* The Greeks have now all the carrying trade of the Levant in their hands ; they trade also extensively with other countries, and have factories and even churches in England.

Commerce and Christianity

and a purer faith begins to dawn among the valleys of Palestine, and in Europe even the nations held down by priestly tyranny, are bestirring themselves beneath their chains, and talking of liberty and free opinion.

(A Prize Essay read in the Theatre, Oxford,
1854. By WILLIAM HENRY FREMANTLE,
B.A., Balliol College.)

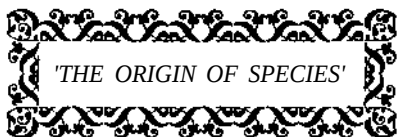




At the Duke of Wellington's funeral in St. Paul's. As the riderless horse, with the boots slung across it, was being led down St. James's Street, Mr. Brookfield's little daughter said, 'Mamma, when we die, shall we also be turned into boots?'

(Notes from a Diary, SIR MOUNSTUART GRANT
DUFF.)





. . . There is something altogether out of the reach of science, and yet the compass of science is practically illimitable. Hence it is that from time to time we are startled and perplexed by theories which have no parallel in the contracted moral world; for the generalizations of science sweep on in ever-widening circles, and more aspiring flights, through a limitless creation. While astronomy, with its telescope, ranges beyond the known stars, and physiology, with its microscope, is subdividing infinite minutiae, we may expect that our historic centuries will be treated as inadequate counters in the history of the planet in which we are placed. We must expect new conceptions of the nature and relations of its denizens, as science acquires the materials for fresh generalizations; nor have we occasion for alarm if a highly advanced knowledge, like that of the eminent naturalist before us, confronts us with an hypothesis as vast as it is novel. This hypothesis may or may not be sustainable hereafter; it may give way to something else, and higher science may reverse what science has here built up with so much skill and patience, but its sufficiency must be tried by the tests of science *alone* if we are to maintain our position as the Heirs of Bacon and the acquitters of Galileo. We must weigh this hypothesis strictly in the con-

troversy which is coming, by the only tests which are appropriate, and by no others whatsoever.

(T. H. HUXLEY, *The Times*, December 26th, 1859.)

2

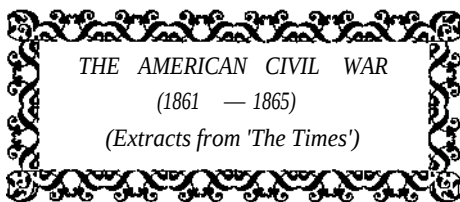
'Where are the missing links?'

We have not yet alluded to the most difficult and most important point connected with any theory which asserts the continuous variation of all organic forms, from the lowest to the highest, including man as the last link in the chain of being. It is the transition in passing up to man from the animals next beneath him. . . .

Mr. Darwin . . . seems carefully to have shunned all allusion to the point in question. He has said much on the subject of animal instinct and the successive derivation of its higher from its lower forms, but as far as we recollect, has not even alluded to that infinitely more difficult transition from the instinct of the brute to the noble mind of man. This, however, is the great difficulty to be grappled with. . . . It may be said perhaps that man may have existed long before the term indicated by any known records of his existence, and that he began his earthly career under a character much more approximate to that of the ape than that which he has now acquired by the progressive advancement of his faculties. But then, where are the missing links in the chain of intellectual and moral being? What has become of the aspirants to the dignity of manhood whose development was unhappily arrested at intermediate points between the man and the monkey? It will

not be doubted, we presume, that there exists at present an enormous gap between the intellectual capabilities of the lowest race of men and those of the highest race of apes; and if so, we ask again, why should the creatures intermediate to them—exalted apes or degraded men—have been totally exterminated, while their less worthy ancestors have successfully struggled through the battle of life? But there are other questions which seem to us far more difficult to answer than these. We believe that man has an immortal soul, and that the beasts of the field have not. If any one deny this, we can have no common ground of argument with him. Now we would ask, at what point of his progressive improvement did man acquire this spiritual part of his being, endowed with the awful attribute of immortality? Was it an 'accidental variety' seized upon by the power of 'natural selection' and made permanent? Is the step from the finite to the infinite to be regarded as one of the indefinitely small steps in man's continuous progress of development, and effected by the operation of ordinary natural causes? We can scarcely suggest these questions without an apprehension of their being deemed irreverent. But they force themselves irresistibly upon us in considering these theories in regard to their legitimate and almost necessary extension to man. The difficulty of passing, according to any theory of development, from the finite to the infinite—from the mortal to the immortal—cannot be avoided by any advocate of such theories, except by denying the immortality of man or admitting that of a sponge or a polyp.

(Fraser's Magazine, July, 1860.)



April 30th, 1861.

... It is plain that any war which ensues must be carried on only by the zeal of the two sections, without much assistance from the central power at Washington. . . . He (President Lincoln) can only open the war, pretty much as our own gracious Sovereign would open an exhibition. . . . He says to a number of populous and wealthy communities: 'Your Southern countrymen are traitors; I leave it to you to bring them to reason.' All but the most general supervision must be done by the efforts of individuals or states. The Federal Government will supply moral sanction, and very little more, except, perhaps, a few transports between New York and Charleston. The State Governments, the local journals, the local meetings, the local stump orators, must do the rest. . . .

Although the Americans are hot-headed and vindictive, and in case of war will probably fight each other with all the animosity they would have shown the British or any other enemy, yet we can well believe that they are not anxious to weaken or degrade their country by civil war. . . . While quite agreeing with Lord Wodehouse's answer to

The American Civil War

Lord Malmesbury last night, that it is not advisable for this country to meddle in such matters at all, we can fairly hope that the certain failure of all attempts at coercion will be discovered by the Washington Government soon enough to save the country from being drenched with blood.

2

November 11th, 1861

The immense interest of England, and in a scarcely less degree of France, in the export of cotton from the South cannot but prejudice the commercial classes of both countries against a Government which appears to be the obstacle to the world's trade. In spite of the affected indifference of the Northerners to European opinion on the war, they must feel that with the growing embarrassments of our manufacturers and the distress of our working classes there must be an increase of bitterness against themselves, which may produce inconvenience and even danger.

3

November 12th, 1861

Hitherto all we have seen of the South are the manifestoes of its Government and the conduct of its army—both contrasting most advantageously with the Billingsgate of the Northern newspapers and the ill success of Northern tactics. Hitherto the North have enjoyed the advantage of painting their own portrait, and we must say the experiment has not been such as to encourage future efforts at self-

The American Civil War

delineation. . . . Among the many faults that we regret to remark in our American contemporaries there is none more striking and more lamentable than that extraordinary tendency to exaggeration—to employ the mildest term—which deprives the information they communicate of the greatest part of its value and its authenticity. 'Sensation' to them is everything. A paltry skirmish is a glorious victory or a crushing defeat. A General who has succeeded in a few small affairs is a 'young Napoleon'; the meeting of half-a-dozen village politicians is a 'splendid demonstration.'

4

November 14th, 1863

Thus the campaign of 1863—the year that was to crush the Confederate Government by the overwhelming force of an Emancipation policy—is coming to an end, and will leave matters almost in the same state as at the beginning. It is difficult to see that there is any nearer approach to a pacification since the time when last November brought with it the end of the last campaign. May we not, then, take the opportunity of an enforced pause in the conflict to urge once more the peaceful ending of this dispute? We have now as a nation no interest in the war beyond that which all mankind have in stopping bloodshed and waste. The gap in our trade followed by the failure of the American demand has been filled up; we shall soon be dependent on the combatants neither for our material nor for the custom which makes manufacturing

profitable. We therefore speak simply in the interests of civilization and humanity, and ask the North whether enough has not been done to prove that the confederates are determined on independence and strong enough to maintain it.

5

November 22nd, 1864

On this point (Lincoln's re-election as President) we see no reason for alarm. . . . As regards foreign States, ourselves in particular, we may reasonably believe that he has sown his wild oats; he has gone through the course of defying and insulting England, which is the traditional way of obtaining the Irish vote, and we may not unreasonably hope that he is unlikely to repeat the experiment. . . . Though, however, we have no reason as impartial lookers-on to complain of the re-election of a Chief Magistrate with whom we have, at any rate, contrived during the last four years to keep up friendly relations, the case is very different with regard to the nation which has thus re-elected him for its chief. The case of the Democratic minority is soon stated. . . . They were denied the franchise which the Constitution gives them by the Generals of the President, and the denial was supported in words and in writing by the President himself. . . . Henceforth we may consider the Democratic party as expelled from the arena of politics, and destined to purchase either an ignominious impunity by inaction and submission, or to suffer all the miseries that tyrants can inflict or martyrs can endure. We can regard the re-appointment

of Mr. Lincoln as little less than an abdication by the American people of the right of self-government, or an avowed step towards the foundation of a military despotism. . . . We would not be disposed to insinuate that it is the destiny of Mr. Lincoln to be the real founder of the dynasty to which he has taken so long a step; whatever be his merits, his warmest admirers themselves can scarcely contend that he is made of Imperial stuff. His hand has shaken the tree, but we yet await the man who is to gather the fruit.

6

November, 1864

We have all read with what shouts and acclamations, with what pealing of bells and what discharges of cannon, Sherman's 'great union victory' and the 'capture of Atlanta' were celebrated in the Northern States; yet there is reason to believe that the Confederates are justified in thinking that out of this capture of Atlanta will arise for their enemies such discomfiture as has not hitherto been paralleled in the course of this war. . . .

But the most significant fact, as indicating that this struggle of the South for independence will never be abandoned for years to come, is that everywhere—in the streets, in the railroad cars, and among private circles—the propriety of arming and putting the negro into the ranks is eagerly discussed. There has always in the South been a sentimental antipathy to setting children to do the work of men, or, in other words, to seeking from a feeble, unwarlike, and submissive race, the exhibition of passions and

The American Civil War

the exercise of qualities which have been always regarded as the attributes of a dominant and superior race. But it remains if occasion demands for the South to exhibit how the negro when placed side by side with the master whom he has known and loved since the infancy of both will fight for the maintenance of slavery against his brethren who seek to compass its forcible abolition. The words recently employed by Mr. Lincoln to the effect that he had 200,000 negroes under arms, and that he should like to see how any Northern man who proposed to employ only white soldiers would carry on this war, have sunk deep into many a Southern heart. It will be a strange corollary to this war if the campaign of 1865 finds 200,000 armed negroes from the North trying conclusions with 200,000 armed negroes from the South, and if the ocean of blood which has already been spilt is darkened by a fresh current to be added to it next year, flowing from the veins of that hapless race which seems likely to be involved in a conflict whose passions it cannot share and whose prizes it cannot appreciate.

(From a Special Correspondent).

7

April 24th, 1863

The great war on which the eyes of the world have been fixed for the last four years has been brought virtually to a close by the surrender of General Lee with the chief army of the Southern States. This victory crowns the obstinate campaign which General Grant began a year ago, and which

has so well proved the energy, the tenacity, and the unbounded resources of the North. . . . The Southerners undertook a great enterprise, and carried it out most skilfully and with wonderful audacity and obstinacy. But they were not strong enough for the work. They had genius and courage, but these have failed when opposed to almost equal genius and courage backed by superior numbers.

8

April 28th, 1865

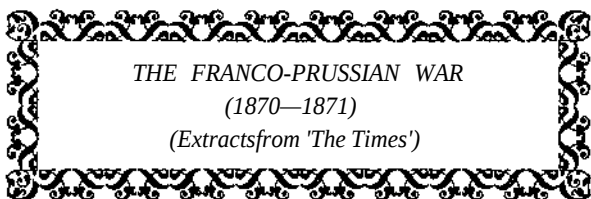
The assassination of President Lincoln will nowhere—we will venture to say not even in the United States—excite so much horror as in this country. . . . There is no opinion or sentiment in this country that can palliate this crime and deaden its shock. Besides our national abhorrence of assassinations we have also a profound respect for rulers, by whatever way they came to their high place. President Lincoln ranked in our minds with Kings and Emperors, and was as much 'the Lord's anointed' to simple English loyalty as any crowned head in Europe. . . .

No American of Mr. Lincoln's vigorous character, resolution, earnestness, and free humour has ever been so inoffensive to this country. . . . He was anxious to keep well with everybody, and have not a foe in the world. . . . We must suppose one of our old-fashioned county members raised by some caprice of fortune or of politics to the government of this country before we can fully appreciate the case of Mr. Lincoln four years ago.

April 29th, 1865

Abraham Lincoln was as little of a tyrant as any man who ever lived. He could have been a tyrant had he pleased, but he never uttered so much as an ill-natured speech. . . . His homely kindness of feeling, his plain sense, and his instinctive aversion from violence combined to keep him in a course of clemency and to incline him to conciliation whenever it might be practicable. . . . If the Americans set as much store by our English opinions as they are said to do they may console themselves with the assurance that no incident in the history of a foreign state could have excited more universal or more general sensation.





THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR

(1870—1871)

(Extracts from 'The Times')

I

July 16th, 1870

The greatest national crime that we have had the pain of recording in these columns since the days of the First French Empire has been consummated. War is declared—an unjust, but premeditated war. This dire calamity, which overwhelms Europe with dismay, is, it is now too clear, the act of France—of one man in France.

. . . Few men will be so ingenuous as to imagine that the consciousness of a righteous cause will be of much avail against the preponderance of big battalions. Yet there can be no doubt as to the side on which the world's sympathies will be enlisted, and, whatever may on former occasions have been the offences of Prussia, she will in this instance have on her side all that moral support which is seldom denied to those who take up arms in self-defence.

2

July 18th, 1870

The hopes of human progress, the belief in the honour of rulers and in the justice of nations, have

The Franco-Prussian War

received the heaviest blow. It has been shown that a war can be made merely to satisfy the savage cravings of excitement and ambition. It has been shown that an Emperor, the statesmen who surround him, the Legislature which controls his acts, and the entire people which bestowed and maintains his throne are not afraid to stand before the world as aggressors. . . . At the representation of neutral and friendly Powers every grievance of which France could complain has been removed. . . . The shouting crowd on the Boulevards cares little for this; it knows nothing of European opinion, and has no respect for any rights that cannot be enforced by the sword.

3

August 22nd, 1870

A short time ago it was not expected that we should live to see Germany breaking through the best rampart of men France had the power to raise on her frontiers, destroying her armies as fast as they showed themselves, ravaging her plains, laying her towns under heavy contribution, shutting up legions and marshals in her fortresses, and driving her rulers to flight, to wild ejaculations, and spasmodic resistances. Could France ever be brought to such a pass? This we see to-day, and as wonders still come, it is evident they have not ceased. . . . What if such a wonder should come to pass as that the British people should be put on their defence and made to fight for their lives? . . .

No reasons, except those founded on false security,

The Franco-Prussian War

blindness to change, indolence, or pure folly, can be given why every man should not have a certain degree of military training.

4

March 4th, 1871

The ratifications of the Treaty of Peace have been exchanged at Versailles, and the *War* is at an end. The first result is that the German occupation of Paris has ceased. . . . The Prussians are still in the Forts, their drums may be heard from the *enceinte*, their ranks may be watched as they go through their never-neglected drill, and the final deliverance of the Parisians may be delayed a few hours longer. But the worst is past. The last humiliation, though deep, has been short. Paris has done only some 48 hours' penance. . . .

It is only just to say that it (the occupation of Paris) has been effected in such a manner as to irritate as little as possible the Parisian population. Nothing in the nature of a triumph, no unnecessary display or rejoicing, has been attempted. The Emperor and his son did not even enter.



BIRTH CONTROL IN THE EIGHTEEN-
SEVENTIES

The prosecution of Bradlaugh and Annie Besant for selling The Fruits of Philosophy by Dr. Charles Knowlton, a pamphlet which advocated birth-restriction, took place in 1877. As a result of this prosecution, hundreds of thousands of the Knowlton and other similar pamphlets were sold, and the birth-rate in the United Kingdom began to drop sharply from this year.

The Indictment

The jurors of Our Lady the Queen, upon their oath present, that Charles Bradlaugh and Annie Besant unlawfully and wickedly devising, contriving, and intending as much as in them lay to vitiate and corrupt the morals as well of youth as of divers other liege subjects of our said Lady the Queen, and to incite and encourage the said liege subjects to indecent, obscene, unnatural and immoral practices, and bring them to a state of wickedness, lewdness, and debauchery ... on the 24th day of March, in the year of Our Lord, 1877, in the City of London, unlawfully, wickedly, knowingly, wilfully, and designedly, did print, publish, sell, and utter a certain indecent, lewd, filthy and obscene libel, to wit, a certain indecent, lewd, filthy, bawdy and obscene book called *Fruits of Philosophy*, thereby contaminating, vitiating, and corrupting the morals

as well of youth as of other liege subjects of our said Lady the Queen, and bringing the said liege subjects to a state of wickedness, lewdness, debauchery, and immorality, in contempt of our said Lady the Queen and her laws, to the evil and pernicious example of all others in the like case offending, and against the peace of our said Lady the Queen, her crown, and dignity.

*From the Solicitor-General's Speech, prosecuting for
the Crown*

. . . Gentlemen, the question for you is, whether a book of this sort, published to everybody, would not suggest to the unmarried as well as to the married—the boy of seventeen and the girl of the same age—that they might gratify their passions without the mischief and the inconvenience and the destruction of character which would be involved if they gratified them and conception followed. Gentlemen, that is one of the questions which you will have to determine. . . . I submit to you that . . . the object of the whole book, the scope of this book, is to permit people, independent of marriage, to gratify their passions. . . . I say that the object of this book is to tell everybody how they may do that, and yet have no children, whether they are married or not. . . . The thesis is this: if you do not desire to have children, and wish to gratify your sensual passions, and not undergo the responsibility of marriage; if you are desirous of doing that, I show you by a philosophical treatise, forsooth, how you may effect that object satisfactorily and safely. . . .

This is to be put into the hands of every one, and it is sought to be justified upon the ground that it is only a recommendation to married people, who under the cares of their married life are unable to bear the burden of too many children. I should be prepared to argue before you that if confined to that object alone it would be most mischievous. The Christian religion is still happily a part of the law of this country, and if it were confined simply to that recommendation, I certainly should have a great deal to say to you, and would point out that it is immoral in the higher sense to which my lord at the commencement of the case referred. I feel it would be inappropriate to enter upon a discussion of this character, because it would appear to concede that this book is only intended for circulation among persons so situated. I deny this, and I deny that it is the purport and intention of this book. . . . Don't talk to me about doctors! I care not if every physician in England had published a book of this character—although God forbid that I should suggest any physician could do so! . . . If you were to prove to me that any physician in England had published a book like this, I submit that there can be no justification for such a book to be quoted, which is calculated to deprave the minds of those into whose hands it may fall. I therefore ask your judgment that this book is an obscene publication.

Mrs. Besant:

... To put off marriage to a late age is utterly demoralising in its tendency. You will find that

fairly put in the first chapter of the *Fruits of Philosophy*; and while I read the extract, I ask you to remember that of such a passage it is put to you by the Solicitor-General that the language is only used as a cover for the advocacy of private immorality. Dr. Knowlton says: . . . 'Almost all young persons, on reaching the age of maturity, desire to marry. . . . Early marriages would be almost universal did not prudential considerations interfere. The young man thinks, "I cannot marry yet, I cannot support a family. I must make money first and think of a matrimonial settlement afterwards." . . . The affections he had thought to treasure up for their first object are chilled by dissipation and blunted by excess. . . . Where now are the feelings and resolves of his youth? He is a man of pleasure, a man of the world. He laughs at the romance of his youth, and marries a fortune. . . . Had he married the first object of his choice, and simply delayed becoming a father until his prospects seemed to warrant it, how different might have been his lot. Until men and women are absolved from the fear of becoming parents, except when they themselves desire it, they ever will form mercenary and demoralizing connections and seek in dissipation the happiness they might have found in domestic life." This is written by the man whom the Solicitor-General would have you believe advises young people to rush into promiscuous intercourse and give the reins to their unrestrained passions.

. . . Unless you think that, for the after-part of my life, I deserve to pass through it with the brand upon me that twelve gentlemen, after all patience, thought

not only that the book was a mistake, the opinions wrong, and the arguments unconvincing, but, in the terrible language of the indictment, that I am guilty of 'wickedly devising and contriving as much as in me lay to vitiate and corrupt the morals of youth,' as well as of others—unless, I say, you believe that that has been my object, and purpose, in this indictment, I shall call upon you, gentlemen, to return a verdict of 'Not Guilty.' . . .

(The conclusion of the address was received with applause which the officers pf the Court suppressed.)

Bradlaugh:

. . . I say, except the unsupported innuendo of the Solicitor-General, required by the exigencies of his brief, there is not a paragraph from one end of this pamphlet to the other to warrant the supposition that it is directed against marriage; and I say that, in point of fact, at the present time unmarried people do cohabit and have children, and that there are serious consequences flowing from it, consequences so serious that, to use the words of Dr. Lankester . . . in 1868 . . . there were in London in that year 16,000 women who had murdered their offspring. I say that at the very worst this pamphlet might have prevented the repetition of these 16,000 murders annually. I submit to you, gentlemen of the jury, that it is moral to teach poor people to marry early, and that this teaching avoids and will diminish illicit intercourse. . . . The illicit intercourse which we are charged with trying to produce

is an illicit intercourse which is going on and bringing with it the birth of the child, and bringing with it the murder of the child by the mother. . . . I say that it is amongst the poor married people that the evils of over-population are chiefly felt, and that it cannot tend to deprave their morals to teach them how to intelligently check this over-population; and I submit and I ask your gravest attention to this submission, because if you decide it in my favour it will, without anything else, determine your verdict in this case—that the advocacy . . . of every birth-restricting check is lawful which is not the advocacy of the destruction of human life in any form after that life has been created.

The Lord Chief Justice (summing up):

. . . The Solicitor-General says that . . . when Knowlton says that he wishes that marriage should take place as early as possible—marriage being the most sacred and holy of all human relations—he means nothing of the kind, but means and suggests, in the sacred name of marriage, illicit intercourse between the sexes, or a kind of prostitution. Now, gentlemen, whatever may be your opinion about the propositions contained in this work, when you come to weigh carefully the views of this undoubted physician and would-be philosopher, I think you will agree with me that to say that he meant to depreciate marriage for the sake of prostitution, and that all he says about marriage is only a disguise, and intended to impress upon the mind senti-

ments of an entirely different character for the gratification of passion, otherwise than by marriage, is a most unjust accusation. (Applause in court.) . . .

But whether in his desire to reconcile marriage with a check on over-population, he did not overlook one very important consideration connected with that part of society which should abuse it, is another and a very serious consideration. The Solicitor-General assumes, for the purposes of argument, that Knowlton is sincere in assuming that he desires to see marriage keeping its proper place in the institutions of mankind, that he desires, by early marriages, to prevent prostitution and the evils of celibacy, and that, even as regards married people, that which he recommends might be held to be consistent with a proper state of morals; yet some things that he recommends in marriage may also be made available by those who are not married, and every young man and young woman who may have a tendency to gratify their sexual instincts and desires without entering into matrimony have here a means suggested to them whereby they may gratify their instincts and desires without running the risk of children. Say the defendants, in answer to that very obvious argument: 'We have nothing to do with any abuse of what we recommend; we recommend it only to those who are married. . . .' Well, that is true to a certain extent, but, on the other hand, if that which is offered to the married, though in their case—and I say this only hypothetically—it might not be productive of immoral effects, yet if you extend it over the whole of society it may subvert the morals of a portion of society, and it becomes

the question whether the thing proposed is not a thing which from its nature will corrupt the morals of the young. . . .

If there is a conviction in your minds that though they (Bradlaugh and Mrs. Besant) have acted from a desire to do good, yet in your opinion they have done wrong, they have then brought themselves within the definition of the statute.

The Foreman of the Jury (after a discussion among the jury of one hour and thirty-five minutes):

We are unanimously of the opinion that the book in question is calculated to deprave public morals, but at the same time we entirely exonerate the defendants from any corrupt motives in publishing it.

(NOTE.—The Lord Chief Justice held this to be a verdict of guilty, but would have discharged the defendants on their own recognisances, had it not come to his knowledge that they were continuing the sale. He therefore sentenced them to fine and imprisonment, but Bradlaugh was able to quash the indictment on appeal.)



*A SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL THEATRE
AT STRATFORD?*

We are in doubt whether it is wise to erect a theatre at all. In the first place, where are the audiences to come from? Stratford is but a small town, and after the performances have lost the zest of novelty, the theatre would be almost deserted. The idea that it would be filled by tourists is too ridiculous to be entertained for a moment. . . . Even if a noted actor appeared and took the lead he would not be able to do justice to himself; the sight of the empty benches would make him lose all stimulus to exertion.

(The Theatre, May 1st, 1877.)

THE BICYCLE IN 1878

The bicycle has come to the front, and is fighting for existence. Dimly prefigured in the mythical centaur, and then in the hobby horse of mediaeval games, and attempted in the velocipede, now half a century old; long prejudiced by the evident superiority of wings to wheels, the bicycle has now surmounted the difficulties of construction, and adapted itself to human capabilities—it augments at least threefold the locomotive power of an ordinary man.

. . . Bicyclists are aware they run dangers, and suffer a percentage of casualties; but they have counted the cost and found it worth while running the risk. From other points of view the objections are loud and numerous, but have upon the whole a striking family resemblance to many former objections, such, for example, as those made at the introduction of railways. The chief objection reappears in great force. Horses, it must be admitted, do not like bicycles, but neither do they like railways, and they will probably like street locomotives still less.

(The Times.)

THE RISE OF THE SALVATION ARMY

Booth started the Christian Mission in Whitechapel in 1865. The name Salvation Army was given to the Mission in 1878. Within one year in the early 'eighties, 66g Salvationists (among them 251 women) were violently assaulted: 56 buildings were partially wrecked: and 86 Salvationists {among them 15 women) were imprisoned.

General Booth's book In Darkest England and The Way Out, comments on which are given below, appeared in 18go.

I

The Salvation Army in 1882.

The other day a certain member of Parliament . . . thought proper, we hope at the suggestion of others, to give notice—

To ask the Secretary of State for the Home Department whether his attention has been called to the performances of a so-called religious body, entitled the 'Salvation Army.'

And whether he will issue special instructions to the local magistrates to suppress the street processions of this body, processions which have caused, and are likely to cause, serious rioting, which tend also to create gross profanity; and which have been the means of greatly disturbing the peace and quiet of respectable citizens.

Doubtless a good deal to his surprise, four other members immediately put on the order-list six

The Rise of the Salvation Army

questions looking all the other way, and of which the following were the most interesting:

Mr. Mason (Member for Ashton-under-Lyne).—To ask the Secretary of State ... if he will be so good as to devise some means of protection from mob-ruffianism and occasional magisterial weakness for the loyal and law-abiding people called 'The Salvation Army,' who are endeavouring to rescue from vice and crime the very dregs of the population not hitherto cared for by the greatest religious organisations of the country.

Mr. Caine ... to ask the Secretary of State ... if he has received a Memorial, accompanied by sworn information, from several of the leading tradesmen of Basingstoke, with regard to the riots which have taken place in that town recently ... caused by the persistent efforts of a gang of roughts to suppress by violence and intimidation the processions and meetings of a religious body known as the 'Salvation Army.'

Whether he has instituted any inquiry, with a view of ascertaining the names or positions of those who are well known to be the ringleaders of this dangerous mob:

And, if he will take prompt and immediate steps to secure for the 'Salvation Army' that protection from injury and outrage which the magistrates and police of Basingstoke do not afford them. . . .

Mr. McLaren ... to ask the Secretary of State . . . if he is aware that a young man is being prosecuted in the City of London for selling a religious periodical called *The War Cry* in the streets.

The Rise of the Salvation Army

And, whether he is prepared to direct the prosecution also of the persons who habitually obstruct the streets of London by offering for sale the indecent periodicals, with offensive contents bills, which have been hawked in public for the last nine months without any interference from the police.

(From *The War Cry*, the Salvation Army paper.)

2

The Salvation Army (Circa: 1890)

' General' Booth has been long enough before the world as the founder of an eccentric religious organization. His remarkable success in that character forbids us to doubt his capacity for making a certain class of mankind believe in him. He has even displayed talent in disciplining and governing those who acknowledge him as their pontiff, and are thoroughly imbued with his peculiar ideas as to what constitutes dignity in divine worship. If there were any doubt as to the influence he and his family exert over his followers it would have been dissipated by the spectacle that London witnessed some six days ago on the occasion of Mrs. Booth's funeral. But when Mr. Booth steps outside this groove of governing those of his own religious feeling, and making religious converts, to pose as the general regenerator of society, the world may be excused for feeling shy of his proposals (which) . . . differ irreconcilably from those of all the cautious statesmen and economists who have moulded our Poor Laws into their present form. (*The Times.*)

Undoubtedly, harlotry and intemperance are sore evils, and starvation is hard to bear, or even to know of; but the prostitution of the mind, the soddening of the conscience, the dwarfing of manhood are worse calamities. It is a greater evil to have the intellect of the nation put down by organized fanaticism, to see its political and industrial affairs at the mercy of a despot whose chief thought is to make that fanaticism prevail. . . . Society, says Mr. Booth, needs 'mothering' . . . the mother has already proved herself a most unscrupulous muddler, even if she has not placed herself within reach of the arm of the law. . . . How far does the Salvation Army differ from a Sicilian Mafia?

(T. H. HUXLEY, in *The Times*.)

I have read with deep interest your suggestion of a systematic effort to deal with the mass of misery which exists in our great cities. So far as I am aware no scheme of the same magnitude has ever been proposed. I heartily wish that such an effort had originated in my own Church, but, in the absence of any other plan, I think it a duty to help to the utmost of my power. Early next year I hope to be able to send you £50.

(ARCHDEACON FARRAR, in a letter to General Booth about *In Darkest England*.)

. . . You have gone down into the depths. Every living soul costs the most precious blood, and we ought to save it, even the worthless and the worst.

The Rise of the Salvation Army

... No doubt you remember that the Poor Law of Queen Elizabeth compelled Parishes to find work for the able-bodied unemployed, and to lay in stores of raw material for work. The modern political economists denounce the giving of work, even in winter, and to honest and true men out of work, as alms and as demoralizing.

I hold that every man has a right to bread and to work. These modern economists say that society must adjust the demand to the supply of labour until all are employed.

I have asked how many years are required for this absorption, and how many weeks or days will starve honest men and their children? To this I have never got an answer.

(CARDINAL MANNING, in a letter to General Booth.)

I know nothing of General Booth's scheme in detail, but it seems to me to be so noble in its object that something really serious and thorough should be done to aid it. I read that the large sum of £100,000 will be necessary to ensure an actual trial, and without the smallest pretence to hang even on to the skirts of philanthropy, I beg to say that, if ninety-nine other men will do the same for the cause, I will give General Booth £1,000 towards it.

(SIR SQUIRE BANCROFT in a letter to *The Times*.)

ENGLISH SOCIALISM IN ACTION

(1888)

John Burns in 1888

The senseless policy of the Government in creating a kind of caste of the persecuted was shown last night in the meeting of welcome to Messrs. Graham and Burns. These gentlemen joined hands with Mr. Michael Davitt and Mr. Wm. O'Brien, all on the footing of their common experience of prison life, even more than of their common sympathy with the Irish cause. There was a sort of glorification of the prison, even in those speeches in which it was most bitterly denounced. It was glorified in its new and, for England, unwonted aspect as a scene of suffering for political opinion. A man who has endured what these men have endured must have extraordinary discrimination in his hate if he can confine it to the Toryism to which he owes his torture. Burns, for example, is not only an exasperated malcontent, but he may become a dangerous one. He has some of the power for it, in his unquestionable courage, determination, and English sturdiness, and all the will, to judge by his speeches since his release. He comes from Pentonville with a kind of message from the world inside the prison to the world without, and with some foolish threats to make that prison share **the fate of the Bastille.**

(The *Daily News*, February, 1888.)

The Trafalgar Square Riot. July 1888

On Saturday afternoon another of the 'conversational' meetings promoted with the object of enforcing the right of public meeting in Trafalgar Square, was held. The police, however, were in stronger force than on previous Saturdays, and insisted on moving anyone who endeavoured to make an obstruction. By four o'clock a considerable crowd had taken possession of the square, amongst others present being Mr. Cunninghame Graham, M.P., Mr. Saunders, the Rev. S. D. Headlam, and Dr. Clark, M.P. Hardly waiting for any speaking, the police advanced to the attack, forcing Mr. Saunders and Mr. C. Graham violently and rapidly along without giving them the chance of 'walking in conversation' or moving any resolution. Many persons cried 'Shame!' and made an attempt to address the people, but they were soon surrounded by the police, and one more boisterous than the rest was taken into custody. At a quarter-past four Mr. Saunders, who was now surrounded by several friends, proposed the following resolution while he was being trotted along by the force behind him: 'We congratulate Mr. Parnell on the clear and emphatic declaration which he has made against the exclusion of the Irish members from Parliament. This declaration unites more firmly the Radicals of England and Ireland, and removes the last shred of excuse for the Opposition of the so-called Unionists in the policy of Home Rule.' Somebody recorded it,

and then hundreds of copies of the resolution were thrown up, thousands of hands went up at once, and the first resolution, amidst great cheering and waving of hands, was declared carried. This triumph of the speakers was, however, short lived. Squads of police, six deep, fell upon the public in every direction. Both Mr. Saunders and Mr. Graham, M.P., endeavoured to take refuge near the fountain basins, where they again attempted to speak, but a charge was made by the police, and a number of leaders with many ladies were trotted out of the Square. The crowd in front scattered in all directions among the foot and vehicular traffic, and the excitement was intense. The police followed up the crowd, and one or two minor leaders jumped into cabs and attempted to speak from this vantage ground. Mr. Cunningham Graham re-appeared on the steps of Morley's Hotel and said he would bring in a Bill to stop that sort of thing. Several policemen tried to get through the crowd, but were kept out, and Mr. Graham continued his speech. Then a force of about sixty men were directed to charge in the crowd, which they did, sweeping all before them. Mr. Saunders "had meanwhile succeeded in getting again into the square, and having taken up a position by the fountains, he moved the third resolution, as follows: ' We protest against the proposal of the Government to devote British money to the purchase of Irish land, by which the price paid by the industrious tenant to the idle landlord is unjustly increased.' The resolution was passed amidst great cheering. As soon as the police became aware by this of what was going on, another body formed, the crowd was

charged, and Mr. Saunders was again hustled out of the square. The police followed him up with great violence. A crowd gathered round him, and many did their best to protect him. At length, apparently considerably exhausted and very pale, he clung to a lamp-post, where he made a stand against what he denounced as the uncalled-for and unwarrantable violence of the police. By some means he was got into a cab, and was then driven off. Shortly afterwards Mr. Cunninghame Graham passed along limping, apparently in great pain. The Rev. Stewart Headlam next came along, with his hat battered in. After the leaders had been got out of the square there were many ugly and dangerous rushes by the police, and the crowds ran into Spring Gardens and down towards Parliament Street. A few mounted police were called out, and it was nearly seven o'clock before anything like quiet and order was restored in the square.

(*The Daily News*,)

3

SIR.—I went to Trafalgar Square this afternoon, as a journalist and a spectator, to see exactly what was going on. I say, in cool blood, that a more extraordinary exhibition of pure ruffianism was never witnessed in this country. Up to four o'clock there was perfect good temper. The crowd was in the best of humours, and the police let them alone. Then the tactics of the latter changed. Notwithstanding the absence of any attempt on the part of the people

to hold a meeting, the police 'formed-up,' and rushed Mr. Gunninghame Graham and his friends round the square so rudely that the wheel of a cab went over his foot. He then took refuge at the top of some steps leading into Morley's Hotel, being quite unable to walk. From this position he shouted out directions to the people to 'keep moving,' and on no account to lose their tempers or come into collision with the police. The people cheered him now and then, but made no attempt even to pause before the hotel. Matters went on in this way for a few minutes, and then a band of police came literally charging down on the few dozen moving men and boys, with several journalists amongst them, and scattered them like chaff. Harmless persons—spectators or sympathizers—were seized by the clothes or the throat, and violently thrown out of the road-way. A ruffian numbered 429L simply tore up and down assaulting everybody in turn, myself included. Another man, whose number was M64, seized me and threw me half across the road—mark you, though I was not even loitering, but walking briskly along. Other men ran up the steps, and violently taking hold of Mr. Graham forced him, limping and shrinking with pain, down on to the pavement. The people were furious—I was furious—everybody was furious. It was one of the most maddening sights I ever saw. The assaults I have described and scores of others were made without a shadow of a shade of provocation. The people were only too ready to get out of the way of the police. I protest in the name of law and order, in the name of Liberalism, in the name of decency, against these outrageous proceedings.

English Socialism in Action

There will be no peace in London—and there ought to be no peace—so long as Sir Charles Warren instructs his men to commit unprovoked assaults on the public, whose servants they are. The *Daily News* may, if it will, cast its powerful ægis over the time-honoured rights of the people. Will not the London Liberal members do the same?

Your obedient servant,

H. W. MASSINGHAM.

National Liberal Club,
July 14th.

P.S.—I am stiff, sore, and aching from the effects of my handling by Sir Charles Warren's men.





A LATE VICTORIAN FINANCIER

In the days of Mr. Hooky's prosperity, the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's accepted a service of gold plate from him, on which, it was suggested at the time, they ought to have inscribed 'Hooley! Hooley! Hooley!' When Mr. Hooley got into difficulties, the Dean and Chapter returned the gold plate, and The Times and the Carlton Club took the strong moral line shown below.

I

We have refrained till now from speaking of Mr. Hooley and his remarkable evidence before the Registrar in Bankruptcy. . . . To-day, however, we have a definite judicial decision upon a very important point arising out of the bankruptcy proceedings, and as far as this point is concerned the matter thus becomes a fair topic for comment. . . . Discredit his (Mr. Hooley's) evidence as we will, the plain fact remains that he systematically gave large sums to all kinds of persons to pay for 'services' which they might render, or were supposed to have rendered, to his companies. He had concerns to sell; he paid those people for bringing, or in the hope that they would bring, buyers. He may or may not have paid a section of the Press; he certainly paid a number of professional business men and a certain number of noble lords. . . . The shareholders of a company know that their directors are paid a certain salary; but which of the Dunlop shareholders knew that Lord De La Warr was receiving £8,000

or more, as payment or present, from Mr. Hooley? If any had known, would they have been so ready to take shares? Till now, the name of a peer or a man of great family upon the 'front page' of a prospectus has been valuable, because the public has not ceased to regard these persons as men of scrupulous honour, who would not give their names for secret 'consideration.'⁵ We seem to be changing all that. Whether it is that the City is anxious to buy the West End, or that the West End is anxious to be bought by the City, every 'boom' is nowadays accompanied by the ugly phenomenon of men of high social position accepting directorships in doubtful or over-capitalized companies. The world now knows that it has been the practice to make secret payments to these people, as the price of their names. Probably Mr. Hooley paid more than any-one else, but he did not invent the system. He found it in existence, and he developed it. Let us hope that these scandalous exposures will work the cure, both by opening the eyes of investors and by bringing home to those who bear great names the truth, so often forgotten, that *noblesse oblige*—nay, that the very basis of social honour is social confidence, and that to shake the latter is to bring the former into serious danger.

{*The Times*, August 18th, 1898.)

2

The public examination of Mr. Ernest Terah Hooley was again resumed this morning. ... Sir William Marriott, examined by Mr. Pollock, said

that it was absolutely untrue that he was paid £1,000 as commission for the introduction of Mr. Hooley into the Carlton Club. It was untrue from beginning to end. He did not know what Mr. Hooley meant by the introduction. He did not introduce him. He did not propose or second him, or ask the proposer or seconder to propose or second him. It was one of the most abominable lies ever told in a Court of Justice. At the time Mr. Hooley was elected to the Carlton Club, in March 1897, he was contesting the Ilkeston division in the Conservative interest. It would not be an unusual thing to elect as a member of the Carlton a candidate who was contesting such a division. . . . The money (£10,000 handed by Mr. Hooley to Lord Abergavenny) was not paid to the Carlton Club for his election, but was paid to the party funds. . . . In December 1896, he (Mr. Hooley) gave witness (Sir William Marriott) some Singer shares, and in the same month told him that they were engaged in raising an enormous loan for Cuba, and that a commission was going out there and witness was to be counsel with a fee of 10,000 guineas.

MR. BROUGHAM: On March 18th, 1897, there was a cheque for £1,000?

SIR WILLIAM MARRIOTT: Mr. Hooley said that he must pay me something on account. . . . There was nothing said about the Carlton Club.

(The Times, November 15th, 1898.)

3

The Official Receiver in Bankruptcy, Mr. Brougham, has received a communication from the committee of the Carlton Club offering to return the £10,000 which the Conservative party fund received as the result of the election of Mr. E. T. Hooley as a member of the club.

(The Times, November 29th, 1898.)



THE RUSSO-JAPANESE WAR
(1904—1905)

The official statements which Japan and Russia have put forward of the controversy in which they have gone to war appear side by side to-day. The contrast between the full and clear account of the negotiations given by Japan with the meagre, ambiguous, and involved story told by Russia, cannot fail to strike the most careless of readers. Russia has attained a high degree of mastery in the more tortuous practices of diplomacy, but she has never shone in the art of telling a plain tale plainly—perhaps because she seldom has a plain tale to tell.

{*The Times*, February 10th, 1904.)

2

Public feeling in this country undoubtedly runs strongly in favour of Japan. She is the smallerjand, we think, the weaker Power on land, where the real struggle must take place. But we do not understand the argument that because Russia oppresses her peasants, her Jews and her Finns, that therefore we should rejoice at her discomfiture. For the greatest sufferers from a Russian defeat would be—not the bureaucrats at the head of affairs, against whom our

indignation should be levelled, but the poorer people with whom we sympathize.

(*The Daily News*, February 10th, 1904.)

3

Ample and immediate apology and reparation will be required, and no doubt will be given, for the lamentable incident which has marked the passage of the Russian Baltic Fleet through the North Sea. Shortly after midnight on Friday a number of the Russian ships directed a sustained fire against the boats of the Hull fishing fleet with fatal results. The extent of the damage done cannot as yet be ascertained. The trawlers *Moulmein* and *Mino*, which brought the news last night to Hull, had on board the bodies of the skipper and of another member of the crew of the *Crane*, which was sunk by the Russian fire. . . . It is stated that a fourth trawler has been sent to the bottom with all hands and that a mark-boat has also been lost. . . . Panic, and panic on a scale which says little for the coolness or the discipline of Admiral Rozhdestvensky's squadron, seems to be the only conceivable explanation of the Russian action. . . .

{*The Times*, October 24th, 1904.)

4

The country can breathe again. War has been avoided. That is the great central fact of the statement made by Mr. Balfour at Southampton. . . .

The Prime Minister went out of his way to add certain statements which will have a curious ring after some of the language that has been flying about in England during the past week. 'The Russian Government'—this Government that has been so freely denounced as callous and inhuman—'the Russian Government has shown an enlightened desire that truth and justice in this matter should prevail.' . . .

We are not sure that this issue will altogether please some of our fire-eating friends. . . . The passion for blood was rapidly rising to an uncontrollable frenzy, and a few more days of crisis might have stilled the voice of peace altogether.

(*The Daily News*, October 29th, 1904.)

5

Port Arthur has fallen, after prodigies of valour on the side of besiegers and besieged. . . . But if the defence was heroic, what shall we say of the attack? For tenacity, for resource, for splendid courage, for intelligent acceptance of appalling odds, for everything included in the widest meaning of the word 'heroism,' the defenders, brave and gallant as they have been, must yield the palm to the assailants. . . .

In taking Port Arthur the Japanese wipe out a bitter memory of unmerited defeat. They erase a stigma fixed upon them as a mere Oriental Power not entitled to rank with the supercilious West. They do more than that. They destroy the great **palpable** symbol of Russian power and supremacy in

the Far East. They produce an effect upon one-third of the population of the globe which Western parochialism perhaps finds it hard to understand or appraise.

(*The Times*, January 3rd, 1905.)

6

The capture of Port Arthur exhibits Japan as a formidable Power, a new factor in the scheme of world-politics. It shows an Asiatic race which has learnt in a few years all that the diabolic side of modern science can teach her, and possesses a human material even tougher and more powerful than that which the most warlike of the great European nations command. That is a very unpleasant revelation. It shows the triumph of one kind of missionary spirit—the spirit, a cynic would say, in which modern Christendom really believes.

(*The Daily News*, January 4th, 1905.)

7

The further details of Togo's great victory that continue to arrive cannot add anything to the impressiveness of the result, to which they add confirmation which was hardly necessary. 'The Russian fleet is practically annihilated' was the first message of the great Admiral, and all that subsequent information can do is to eliminate the qualifying adverb. . . . The Tsu Shima victory is the outcome of Bushido, of the whole training of the Japanese people

in the great fundamental principles of human conduct. That training is not a veneer which can be put on for a given purpose. It is a thing which must begin with the cradle, and which must be universal in a nation which hopes to come through the last ordeal as the Japanese have done. Which thing may well give this nation pause, and set it considering whether there are not greater ideals than buying in the cheapest market and obtaining the greatest average return upon capital.

(The Times, June 2nd, 1905.)

8

The tragic conflict at Shushima, with the news of which the world rings to-day, has clearly been what Sir Edward Cressy would have called a decisive battle in history. . . . His [Togo's] victory is complete, overwhelming, almost unexampled. It recalls the noonday of British naval triumph, and challenges the greatest deeds of Nelson himself. . . . The balance of naval power is suddenly shifted to an extent which we can hardly appreciate. . . . By the battle of Shushima Russia has ceased to count, and instead we have the Far Eastern seas once and for all controlled by a Far Eastern navy.

. . . The failure of Russia is the failure of a corrupt Imperialism. Patriotism is a great motive, but Japan has placed it in a new light, which is strange to Europeans. Nothing is more startling than the lesson which the uprising of this wonderful people is setting before civilized Europe. Japan, it would seem, expects a patriot to be honest in his dealings with

Army contracts, courteous even to the enemy, not boastful, not seeking after a secret commission, not yearning for notoriety. . . . In the defeat of Russia, there lies a lesson which all Christendom will have to learn. It is the lesson that 'efficiency' presupposes certain elementary moral qualifications, of which the first is common honesty.

(*The Daily News*, May 30th, 1905.)

9

From Portsmouth comes the good news that the drafting of the treaty (Peace Treaty between Russia and Japan) has been completed. . . . Mr. Asquith correctly appraises the importance of the treaty to this and other countries commercially interested in the Far East when he draws attention to the way in which it affirms the principle of the open door. . . . The Western peoples who do business in the Far East will find the equality of opportunity which Russia was filching away from them in Manchuria restored again. It has been restored by the only way possible in the circumstances, a costly war.

{*The Times*, September 4th, 1905.)

10

To-day the larger aspects of the settlement will naturally fill all minds. . . . A nation of unmixed Asiatic blood has inflicted defeat after defeat, by sea and by land, on one of the most powerful military Monarchies of Europe. . . . The peace which was

signed yesterday substitutes Asiatic Japan for Russia, a power in the main European and Christian, as the dominant Great Power in the Far East. That is a fact of the very highest importance. . . . to the whole human race.

(The Times, September 6th, 1905.)

II

For Russia the effects of the defeat will be almost as great and as beneficial as were the results of the Crusades for England, France, and Germany. Just as in the Saracens the Crusaders came in contact with a more cultured and enlightened race, so have the soldiers of Russia met with a more gifted and intelligent people in the Japanese. The big Russian has seen himself beaten by a smaller man. . . . In the land of the Czar the prowess of the Japanese, in their fight for freedom from a towering, threatening giant, has roused a cry for liberty. . . . They [the Russians] lack their de Montfort. They lack their village Hampdens. Their race produces no Cromwells as yet. But they will come. The war has sown the seed.

(The Daily News, August 30th, 1905.)



AN AEROPLANE RECORD
(1908)

Paris, Monday

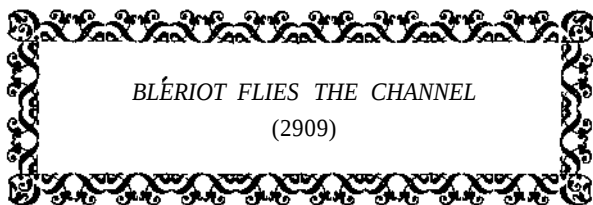
Mr. Farman won another prize of £400 to-night by remaining in the air on his aeroplane for twenty minutes, and covering some twelve miles.

About fifty members of the London Junior Institute of Engineers now holidaying in France went to Issy to-day to watch M. Bleriot with his monoplane try to win the prize offered by M. Armengaud for staying in the air 15 minutes. M. Bleriot at the first try succeeded in staying up 3 minutes 12 seconds, and at the second 8 minutes 22 seconds, each time being from 30 to 40 feet above the ground.

After M. Bleriot's unsuccessful attempt to win the prize, Mr. Henri Farman decided to make an attempt, as the Aero Club officials were still present. He had been 'tuning-up' his machine all the afternoon, and, on finding the motor working well, a few minutes before eight o'clock he started off in the presence of 200 people.

He went twelve times round the course at an average height of ten feet, and remained in the air without once touching ground for 20 minutes 19 seconds. Thus he constituted an absolute record, M. Delagrangé's best at Milan last month being eleven miles in just under 20 minutes. Tremendous applause greeted his triumph.

(The *Daily Mail*, July 7th, 1908.)



I

All the world will to-day congratulate M. Louis Bleriot. . . . In spite of his lameness from a burnt and painful foot, M. Bleriot, after a brief trial, took flight from well inland at a place called Les Baraques, two miles west of Calais, at 4.35 yesterday morning, and in 33 minutes he landed safe and sound in a valley between the cliffs of Dover. . . . A rather sinister significance will, no doubt, be found in the presence of our great fleet at Dover just at the very moment when, for the first time, a flying man passed over that sacred 'silver streak' and flitted far above the mast of the greatest battleship. Of course, such an event suggests all manner of fresh dangers as well as fresh advantages for the future, and it is one more evidence of some absurdity inherent in our civilization that our first thought about aeroplanes and 'dirigibles' should be their possible uses and perils in war. . . . But, for the present, we may content ourselves with thinking of the advantage of sailing through the air at about double the pace of the fastest steamer, and skimming over whole continents, swiftly as the *Flying Dutchman*, and without dust, confusion, or examination of baggage at the frontier. . . . We hope the first thought of our

Tariff Reformers this morning will be, 'Where is Protection now?'

(*The Daily News*, July 26th, 1909.)

2

The Meaning of the Marvel

The *Daily Mail* prize of £1,000 for the first crossing of the Channel by a heavier-than-air flying machine has been won—and won by M. Bleriot. The event, which stuns the imagination by its far-reaching possibilities and marks the dawn of a new age for man, took place in the early hours of yesterday morning. Thus have the sceptics been put to scorn. When, less than a year ago, we offered our prize, there were many who declared it ridiculous to imagine that man would ever fly across the Channel. We cannot too warmly congratulate M. Bleriot in the name of the British public upon his magnificent feat, a modest but thrilling account of which, from his own pen, we publish to-day.

. . . So long as flight with heavier-than-air machines took place only above land something was wanting in its significance and completeness. There were even many experts who doubted whether the sea would speedily be crossed, and who held with the brothers Wright that special and unexpected difficulties would have to be overcome before the first passage above water could be made with success. Now, however, we have to reckon with the fact that a small and inexpensive machine, which can readily be multiplied by the hundred, has bridged the Chan-

nel. . . . British insularity has vanished. . . . The British people have hitherto dwelt secure in their islands because they have attained at the price of terrible struggles and of immense sacrifices the supremacy of the sea. But locomotion is now being transferred to an element where Dreadnoughts are useless, and sea-power no shield against attack. As the potentialities of the aeroplane have been proved, we must take energetic steps to develop a navy of the air. . . . There will be no lightning transformation, so that we have time to act—but no time to waste.

(The *Daily Mail*, July 26th, 1909.)

3

{A Letter from Mr. Gordon Selfridge to the 'Daily Mail' Same date.}

SIR.—While motoring in the neighbourhood of Folkestone to-day I learned that the wonderful little aeroplane in which the plucky Frenchman, M. Bleriot, crossed the Channel could be seen.

We immediately turned our car towards Dover. . . . In a tent to which each paid admission we saw this epoch-making little machine. So greatly were we interested and so enthusiastic were all who looked at the bird-like monoplane, that it at once seemed desirable that as many as possible of the London public should also be permitted to see it.

I therefore suggest that we place this aeroplane for three days in one of the floors of our store to which all will be admitted, without charge, of course.

Bleriot Flies the Channel

If this seems feasible to you we will pay the expenses of bringing the aeroplane to London, and in addition propose donating a sum of, say, £200 to any London hospital you may name.

H. GORDON SELFRIDGE.

EDITORIAL NOTE.—We have pleasure in accepting the suggestion in Mr. Selfridge's letter, and have named the London Hospital as recipient of the £200. The aeroplane arrives in London very early in the morning and will be on view at Selfridge's in the course of to-day.

Contemporary opinions on Bleriot's Flight (published in the 'Daily Mail').

Are we an awakening people? It is the vital riddle of our time. I look out upon the windy Channel and think of all those millions just over there, who seem to get busier and keener every hour. I could imagine the day of reckoning come like a swarm of birds.

(H. G. WELLS.)

Nature has never developed large birds that continue flight. The irregularity of velocity in high winds renders safety impossible. The ostrich gave it up.

(SIR DAVID GILL.)

An interesting episode in aeronautics.

(SIR GEORGE DARWIN)

Bleriot Flies the Channel

I do not think the flying machine is capable of carrying any considerable weight so as to make it a powerful engine in war.

(SIR JOHN THORNYCROFT.)

Hope you will impress on the public the importance of this country being prepared for the new flying era fast approaching.

(LORD MONTAGUE OF BEAULIEU.)

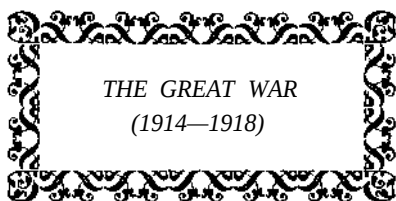
I warmly congratulate Bleriot upon the happy success of his courageous enterprise. Technical judgment I cannot give as I feel too little expert in the matter of aeroplanes.

(COUNT ZEPPELIN.)

Bleriot did not get up in any blare of trumpets. In the cold, grey dawn of the morning, before the sun had warmed up things, before it had dissipated the dew-drops, he was in our country. It marks a new era in the world.

(LIEUTENANT SHAGKLETON.)





OBITER DICTA

Lord Roberts at Quebec in 1908

They refuse to believe me, and we sleep under a false security, for I do not hesitate to affirm that we shall have a frightful war in Europe, and that England and France will have the hardest experience of their existence. They will, in fact, see defeat very near, but the war will finally be won by the genius of a French general named Ferdinand Foch, professor of the Military School in Paris.

Lord Fisher's Prophecy

2 Whitehall Gardens,

S.W.

May 28th, 1917.

MY DEAR LORD FISHER,

I am sending your letter along to my wife and asking her to write to you and send both a copy of your letter to me in 1910 about Mr. Asquith's leaving office in November 1916, and also to write to you about your prophecy of war with Germany

The Great War

beginning in 1914, and Sir John Jellicoe being in command of the Grand Fleet when war broke out.

I have the clearest recollection of the incident. My wife and I had been down to you for a week-end to Kilverstone. You had persuaded us not to go up by the early train on Monday, and you took us to the rose-garden, where there was a sundial with a charming and interesting inscription. You linked one arm through my wife's and the other through mine, and walked us round and round the paths, and it was walking thus that you made the extraordinary prophecy:

'The war will come in 1914, and Jellicoe will command the Grand Fleet.'

I remember that my practical mind revolted against the prophecy, and I pressed you for reasons. You then told us that the Kiel Canal, according to experts whom you had assembled five or six years before to examine this question, could not be enlarged for the passage of the new German Dreadnoughts before 1914, and that Germany, though bent on war, would not risk it until this date. As regards Jellicoe, you explained how you yourself had so cast his professional career in such directions as to train him for the post, and, after a brief horoscope of his normal prospects of promotion, you indicated your intention of watching over his career—as you actually did. . . .

In haste,

Yours ever,

M. P. A. HANKEY.

The Great War

The Bishop of London

I

This is the greatest fight ever made for the Christian religion ... a choice between the nailed hand and the mailed fist.

2

There must be a kind of glorying in London at being allowed to take our little share of danger in the Zeppelin raids.

Regrettable Dearth of Atrocities

I am sorry I have nothing to send you. There has been only one atrocity lately and that was not a good one.

(From a letter written by a General in France to a journalist who was compiling a list of German atrocities.)

It cannot cause the death of a single civilian.

(MR. BALFOUR on the proposed blockade of Germany, 1915.)

The War Loan, 1917

The war has gone on so long that some of us have almost forgotten what it is about. We talk about 'beating Germany,' but there is a much bigger thing

The Great War

than Germany to be beaten. All the forces that oppose progress are against us, and we are fighting for mankind's right to march forward towards the dawn of a better life on earth.

This is the cause, and to help it we are asked, not to risk anything or hurt ourselves in any way, but to invest money in a first-class security with a handsome yield, and the sure knowledge that in times to come we, or our heirs and assigns, will get back that money with a small addition on redemption. . . .

(MR. HARTLEY WITHERS in the *Daily Chronicle*,
January 10th, 1917.)

Sir Robert Hadfield's Armistice Address

To the enemy scientists and technical men had been left the ignoble *role* of prostituting knowledge to the basest of uses. No matter how clever might have been their inhuman ideas with regard to poison gas, petrol-flame throwers, and so on, the enemy's men of science in time to come would look back and find everything to be ashamed of and nothing of which they could be proud.

On the other hand, the scientific and technical men on the Allies' side had not only clean hands but clean minds. While it had been necessary in self-defence for us to meet and counter-attack the many horrible devices of the enemy, there was not a man in the whole of the British Empire who would have introduced one of these terrible devices of the enemy.

Huns of all classes were equally to blame for this war. Of what use, therefore, was it to talk about a

The Great War

League of Nations at this hour of the day? It would be a League of Fools if it included Germany after her unparalleled atrocities, inhumanity, and bestiality.

(Presidential Address to the Faraday Society,
Burlington House, November 2nd, 1918.)

Mr. Lloyd George on Sir Douglas Haig

I have already spoken in this House at some length on his great qualities. His tenacity of purpose, his dauntlessness in the face of what looked like disaster, make him the embodiment of the race which is so proud to claim him amongst its sons. But there is another quality of Sir Douglas Haig which is known well only to those who know him well, and that is the readiness with which he has always been prepared to subordinate self to the demands of his country. . . .

Sir Douglas Haig has been as ready to sacrifice his own pride of position as he has always been ready to run the risk of his life. For that, especially, we honour and respect him. After all, modesty adds a cubit to the stature of the tallest man.

(House of Commons, August 6th, 1919.)

The Great War

II

EXTRACTS FROM ' *The Nation*' 1914-1918

August 1st, 1914

It is safe to say that there has been no crisis in which the public opinion of the English people has been so definitely opposed to war as it is at this moment. The consternation in the world of German finance, the closing of almost every Stock Exchange in Europe, including that of London, are enough to explain the pacific spirit of the world of finance and commerce. The British working-classes have as much reason to dread a war of this kind as the Socialists of Germany, who are holding monster meetings. This spirit is reflected in the House of Commons, and it is everywhere recognized that a Minister who led this country into war would be responsible for a war as causeless and unpopular as any war in history.

September 19th, 1914

The 'tide' as Lord Kitchener put it in his speech to the Lords on Thursday, 'has turned.' The five German armies which had invaded France have lost half the territory which they had occupied, and are now fighting a defensive battle, stubbornly, it is true, against a brilliant French and British offensive.

The Great War

December 1914

The advance, for which all of us have been hoping since the long line was drawn from Flanders to Switzerland, has begun at last. . . . Hitherto General Joffre has pursued a conservative strategy, and did not feel himself strong enough to risk the losses which must result from a determined attack on entrenched positions. The time of waiting is over.

March 6th, 1915

The forcing of the Dardanelles promises to be one of the most brilliant operations in this war, and in political consequences the most fruitful of all the Allied enterprises. It is being pressed as steadily as wind and weather allow, and at the present rate of progress the fall of Constantinople may not be many weeks distant. It remains to be seen whether, in that event, the Turkish Government would withdraw to Asia and continue the war, or whether a revolution in the capital will force it to make peace. . . . Some natural disappointment may be felt by Russia that other powers should carry out this work, but the gain will fall none the less in chief measure to Russia. . . .

December 24th, 1915

The evacuation (of Gallipoli) was carried out without the knowledge of the Turks, and the total casualties were four wounded. . . . It seems probable

The Great War

that the toe of the peninsula is to be held. . . . The position here has been compared to another Gibraltar, at least in potentiality; and there is no doubt it has a great strategic and political value.

April 1st, 1916

A telegram from *The Times* correspondent in the Balkans encourages the hope that Turkey may be thinking of a separate peace with the Entente. Mr. Bouchier reports that Marshal von Mackensen told some Bulgarian generals that their services might be required for the purpose of coercing Turkey.

June 10th, 1916 (Jutland)

The main facts are these: The German fleet came out, and was held and engaged by our battle-cruiser squadron. The main British fleet came up, and the Germans fled. On any showing, they suffered heavy loss. . . . Yet the battle was announced as a German [victory](#), and the tone of the first British announcements supported the contention. It was a most gallant and skilful encounter. . . . Our men went blithely into action, and came out of it with the joy of victory on their lips and in their hearts.

September 30th, 1916 (the Somme Offensive)

The splendid successes of the Allies in Picardy are the event of the week. . . . Their main effect is

The Great War

to change the nature of future operations to an offensive against improvised as compared with the long-prepared defensive positions of the past. . . . The problem it [the Somme offensive] is solving is whether Germany shall be reduced to a defensive on *all* fronts. Russia is, for the moment, held by the German readjustments; but Roumania seems to have recovered her freedom of movement in Transylvania by a thorough defeat of Mackensen in the Dobrudja.

December 2nd, 1916

For a few days the Roumanians broke contact with the enemy in their retreat. This is an ambiguous sign, and much depends upon a correct interpretation of its meaning.

December 9th, 1916

From a merely military standpoint the enemy has not much ground for boasting. He has failed to capture the Roumanian army. . . . Recognizing their inferiority, the Roumanians took their fate in their hands and retired in good order.

March 7th, 1917

The greatest tyranny in the world has fallen. The glorious news of the successful Russian Revolution will send a thrill of joy through democratic Europe, and will make men feel that life is worth living, and

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that there is a whole world of fresh thought and action to create and enjoy. It is a warning to despots in Berlin—and nearer home—and if its full fruits can be reaped, a self-governed Liberal Europe may arise from the ashes of the mightiest of its kingdoms of darkness. In its present stage, the Russian revolution realizes the best hopes that have been formed of it. . . . It is deeply to be noted that at the hour when Mr. George is devitalizing Parliamentary government it reveals itself as the source of the new life of the Russian people.

March 24th, 1917

The happiest event of our generation is now triumphantly completed. The week of revolution is over in Russia.

April 5th, 1917

President Wilson has entered the war with a great gesture.

June 23rd, 1917

The telegrams from Russia are much more optimistic, and all convey the impression that Lenin's faction is losing ground.

July 7th, 1917

The outstanding feature of the war is the Russian offensive. . . . Whatever the fortunes of the Russian

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blow, it will not miscarry through a cynical treachery, such as that which betrayed Russia in 1915.

September 1st, 1917

General Cadorna kept his own counsel about the Italian offensive to such purpose that until the end of last week no one knew the scope of the battle that had been raging for six days. . . . The weight of the blow suffered by Austria is sufficiently serious to cause some anxiety in Germany.

September 8th, 1917

General Cadorna has developed his offensive during the week, chiefly in the left and left centre.

September 15th, 1917

The counter-revolution, which everyone expected, has broken out in Russia, played its gambling stroke, and failed. . . . It has made Kerensky more than ever the indispensable man.

November 3rd, 1917

The enemy have enjoyed no more dramatic success than that of the offensive against Italy. . . . General Cadorna's choice was the possible envelopment of his main forces on the middle Isonzo and Garso or a drastic retreat. He chose, as all skilful soldiers would have chosen, retreat.

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November 17th, 1917

The Italian retreat has slowed down very considerably. . . . General Diaz, the new Commander-in-Chief, has had much experience, and since his taking over the command, the Italians have obviously fought more stubbornly and coherently.

November 24th, 1917. Cambrai

The Hindenburg line has been broken. In spite of the boasts of the enemy, and the misconceptions of our own civilian statesmen, the 'impregnable' barrier has been stormed; the 'impenetrable' wall has been broken through. . . . We may make some claim to justification, for we have always insisted that the Western Front could be broken. . . .

December 1st, 1917

The battle at Cambrai has now apparently developed into the more familiar model of a struggle for yards.

December 15th, 1917

The Western Front seems to have settled down to relative stagnation. . . . There is to be an inquiry into the Cambrai attack and its sequel.

December 22nd, 1917

While the class-war and a sort of terror rage in Petrograd and the great Russian towns, the big

The Great War

non-Russian fringe seems untouched by the Bolshevik fury, and is organizing to defy it. . . .

Trotsky . . . remarks that the present terror is a mild foretaste of what is to come, and even threatens the use of the guillotine. . . . This person talks loosely . . . we do not think the guillotine congenial to the Russian temper.

January 12th, 1918

The trend of Bolshevik strategy is now fairly clear. It is daring, and it is honest. . . . The public view of the Bolsheviks has now all but universally changed. Their general honesty is transparent.

March 30th, 1918

. . . The gigantic events of such a week of war as the world has never known and, pray Heaven! may never know again. On our side it has consisted of a series of soldiers' battles. . . . The result, as we believe, gives promise that as while England lives, their sacrifice for her can never be forgotten, so it will not have been offered in vain.

October 5th, 1918

Mr. Wilson has chosen the moment when Germany stands plainly defeated for one of his greatest orations. The idea which breathes throughout it is that nothing short of the creation of a true League of

The Great War

Nations can for us be victory. He defines the issue of the war once more as the ending of the reign of arbitrary and irresponsible force, both between nations and within nations. On that issue there can be no compromise. A permanent peace means that the interest of the weakest must be as sacred as the interest of the strongest.

November 2nd, 1918

The demand for a huge indemnity to be exacted from conquered Germany makes a powerful appeal to the sense of justice in those who rightly hold Germany responsible for the war. The guilty party, we feel, should make full reparation for all the damage done, and in addition should suffer a penalty for his guilt. If some vindictiveness get mixed up with the demand for justice, that cannot be helped.

November 16th, 1918

PEACE FOR EVER

At last the blessed hour has struck which restores light and life to the earth. The war is at an end. The shadow of its immense physical suffering still broods over thousands of homes, and the darker shadow of want and spiritual disturbance lies heavy on the soul of man and on the fabric of the State. But the gigantic sin of war, plenteously purged by the blood of innocence, is no more. For some hours now, man has ceased to slay his brother; for some

The Great War

hours he has almost ceased to hate him. . . . At last we have found the cure of war. Call it what you will—Militarism, Imperialism, the 'great Power'⁵ idea, is destroyed. Of the three military Empires which made the war—Germany, Russia, Austria—not one is left. . . . The world is a totally changed place from the international society of 1914. It is, we believe, dedicated henceforth to the pursuit of peace.

December 28th, 1918

The German Government has sent another urgent plea for food to America, which Mr. Lansing declines to answer or to publish. Even the most hostile of British correspondents in the occupied Rhine country testify that the working class is suffering real privation. Herr Scheidemann has quoted the latest official vital statistics. The mortality among infants has now reached 30 per cent, of the legitimate and 50 per cent, of the illegitimate. We find it hard to believe that public opinion in this country, if the disclosed facts by Scheidemann were known, could approve starvation.

The Great War

III

EXTRACTS FROM '*The Daily Mail*'
1914—1918

Introductory

I

The French . . . have succeeded in thoroughly convincing *John Bull* that they are his inveterate enemies, and that all his attempts at conciliation are useless. There will be no more such attempts. England has long hesitated between France and Germany. But she has always respected the German character, whereas she has gradually come to feel a contempt for France. . . . Nothing like an entente cordiale can subsist between England and her nearest neighbour. . . . Enough of France; she has neither courage, foresight, nor sense of honour. . . .

(*The Daily Mail*, 1899.)

2

If they (the French) cannot cease their insults, their colonies will be taken from them and given to Germany and Italy—we ourselves want nothing more—France will be rolled in the blood and mud in which her Press daily wallows.

(*The Daily Mail*, 1899.)

3

At this moment we can honestly say that the peace of Europe has no better friend than the versatile monarch whose qualities have won him the respect of all nations. As a young man the Kaiser seemed to have set his heart upon glory, and to this day his army and navy claim the lion's share of his love and pride; but with youth his rashness has passed. He has seen the great nation over which he rules steadily advancing along the path of peaceful progress, and he is able to appreciate that there is another side to war than its glories and triumphs. . . . We all acknowledge the Kaiser as a very gallant gentleman, whose word is better than many another's bond, a guest whom we are always glad to welcome and sorry to lose, a ruler whose ambitions for his own people are founded on as good right as are our own.

(*The Evening News*, 1913.)

'THE DAILY MAIL'

July 31st, 1914

In the event of a European conflagration, Austria-Hungary and Germany on the one side, and Russia and France, on the other, will not fight about the merits of the Austro-Servian conflict. The Balance of Power in Europe will be the stake. . . . Great Britain cannot jeopardise her maritime supremacy, safeguarding her communication with the overseas Dominions, by running the risk of any one Power

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or group of Powers obtaining ascendancy on the Continent. . . . We cannot allow France to be crushed or the Dual Alliance to be weakened.

Wednesday, August 5th, 1914

I

Great Britain at midnight declared war upon Germany because of Germany's summary refusal to comply with the British note requiring her to respect the neutrality of Belgium.

2

The British public will be inclined to-day to put this question to the Government: What is Lord Haldane doing at the War Office? . . . The extraordinary fact is that while Lord Haldane is apparently being taken from his proper duties on the woolsack, Lord Kitchener has been forgotten—a fact which is much resented by the public.

August 8th, 1914

We of this generation are destined to see hours glorious beyond hope and imagination; we are already entering upon them. We have passed from the twilight of sloth and indulgence into the clear day of action and self-sacrifice. We wish to use no harsh or unjust words of our enemy. Judgment will be given by that God of battles to whom he has

The Great War

appealed. The German Emperor has made this war. He has made it in a manner which will for ever disgrace him.

August 21st, 1914

The retreat of the Belgians will cause no surprise. They have fought well against heavy odds and have ably performed their task of gaining time to permit of the French concentration. ... In the great fortress of Antwerp the Belgian forces will be in perfect security.

August 24th, 1914

I

Every man and woman must now be ready to play a part. We may want troops at a far greater rate and on a much larger scale than many have realised.

2

We hope and believe that no development of the present war will take place which will tempt, much less compel, the United States Government to depart from its attitude of neutrality.

September 8th, 1914

The modern Huns have reduced one of the greatest and most glorious of European cities (Louvain), with

The Great War

its historic buildings, its noble monuments, and its incomparable art treasures, to a heap of ruins. The criminals appear to have delighted in their deed. One of the grimmest of our photographs shows a group of them carousing amid the ruins and, no doubt, glorying in 'the frightfulness of the example' they had given the world—to quote the words of the cynical defence issued by the German wireless agency.

September 12th, 1914

German Armies Beaten Back. Unceasing Retreat Before The British. 'Drunk and Demoralised.' Victory all along the Line.

September 16th, 1914

The report of the Belgian Commission of Inquiry into the German atrocities in Belgium is perhaps the most appalling document that has ever been submitted to civilised man. . . . Such is the fruit of that 'culture' on which the German Press still has the effrontery to preen itself.

December 6th, 1916

THE HALDANE GANG
LET THEM ALL GO!

Mr. Asquith has resigned and the King has sent for Mr. Bonar Law. . . . Lord Haldane has been busy behind the scenes pulling the wires which work

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the other three members of the gang—Viscount Grey, Mr. Asquith, and Mr. Balfour—and we may be sure his activity will not end with Mr. Asquith's resignation. But the hour is past when four such men could treat the nation as their chattel and ignore its will. Mr. Lloyd George is out to shatter the whole system of shams and humbug for which they stood. . . .

Of Mr. Asquith it can only be said that the destroying touch of his feeble hand has been felt in every field of the war. The monument of his inactivity is in Gallipoli, at Kut, in wasted Belgium, in ruined Serbia, in hapless Rumania.

December nth, 1916

He is constantly referred to as 'the little Welshman,' but he is not at all little. . . . The head is not that of a little man, mentally or physically. It is the head of a man with a sparkle of genius, combined with Celtic energy and intense industry. . . . He combines the persuasiveness of the Irishman with the concentration of the American and the thoroughness of the Englishman. . . . He has the usual gift of genius of getting other people to do things for him, and often getting the right people—but not always. . . . The Government he has got together will last, but it needs pruning. It contains too many of what are known in the United States as 'has-beens.' . . . No one knows exactly how they got there, but I think I know the reason. This quick, determined, energetic Welshman is just a little too kind-hearted.

(NORTHGLIFFE on Lloyd George.)

March 14th, 1917

THE CZAR HAS ABDICATED

. . . The removal of the dissolute monk, Rasputin, was the first ripple on the surface which showed the coming whirlwind—the first effort of Russia to purge herself of malign influence. This horrible man . . . was used by the pro-Germans at Court to further their plans. . . . It is quite clear that nothing would have pleased the reformers better than to have completed their work with the aid and support of the Czar. That work, however, could not be carried through unless the Sovereign was able to emancipate himself completely from the insidious influence of the pro-Germans about him. And, having gone so far, the reformers may be supposed to have felt that if the Czar would not go forward with them, whatever their personal admiration for his lofty character and kindness of heart, they must march without him.

And so the Russian Revolution has come. . . . This earthquake would have been impossible were not all Russia solid for reform. . . . The reformers and the great and glorious Russia for which they stand have always been loyal to the Alliance, always determined on the sternest and most efficient prosecution of the war. It is 'wait and see' that has fallen in Petrograd, as three months ago it fell in London. The last power to gain by this great stroke will be Germany; the cause which will benefit is that of the Allies.

The Great War

April 16th, 1917

The 'conscientious objector' is an article manufactured by the Old Gang of which the country has never felt proud. It has learnt with considerable astonishment that a Committee—appointed by that same Old Gang—is engaged in worming these creatures into Government offices. It is bad enough that people who will not fight for their country or their womankind against such monsters of cruelty and lust as the Germans should be given what the army calls 'cushy' jobs away from the front. That they should be employed in Government offices is simply unpardonable.

June 20th, 1917

Very great satisfaction will be felt at the action of the King in ordering that the Princes and Princesses of the Royal House who bear German names and titles shall drop them and adopt instead British surnames.

July 21st, 1917

Lenin (the German-paid agitator) is reported to have gone to Cronstadt disguised as a sailor.

July 28th, 1917

M. Kerensky and General Brusiloff will have the warmest sympathy of the Allies in their efforts to save Russia; and that great and glorious country is not lost as long as she has such sons.

The Great War

November 10h, 1917

It has been clear for a long while that things in Russia would have to get worse before they could get better.

That is the one ray of hope in the 'revolution' which for the moment has placed power in the hands of the most extreme section of the Soviet (Council), men who are either, like Lenin, proved traitors and in the pay of Germany, or, like Trotsky, sheer Anarchists, and bent on a propaganda of class hatred and plunder.

March 23rd, 1918

On a vast front, nearly fifty times as great as that of Waterloo, ten times the number of men that fought in Wellington's greatest battle are locked in bloody conflict to decide whether Britons shall be free or slaves. . . . The enemy is fighting 'all out.' . . . They may have imagined that our men would give way like the Bolshevik-ridden Russians. If so they have been bitterly undeceived.

July 22nd, 1918

Now that—thanks chiefly to *The Times*, *Morning Post*, the *Daily Mail*, the *Evening Standard*, and the *Evening News*—there is a chance of the living Huns in our midst being properly supervised, historical researchers might do worse than investigate the conduct of certain dead Germans who have lived among

The Great War

us. For example, the career of one Joseph Neuberg, who settled in Nottingham in 1830, was naturalised in 1845, and retired from business in 1849 to become the *unpaid* literary helper of Carlyle, deserves to be carefully studied. It is not usually known that he was Carlyle's sleeping partner in the production of the biography of Frederick the Great.

(From an article entitled "Carlyle's German
'Ghost' ")

October 14th, 1918

The Great War of 1918

If only we had seen the thing through in 1918! These are words that with inexorable certainty will be wrung from our agonised lips twenty years from now—if, in these tremendous moments of the world-struggle, we falter, relax, and in weariness fall short of finishing our task now and for all time.

November nth, 1918

The Kaiser has abdicated and fled to Holland with the Crown Prince, and apparently also Hindenburg and the General Staff.

November 12th, 1918

JOY INCIDENTS (ARMISTICE DAY).

A schoolboy with a well-known patriotic woman waved a huge Union Jack on Lord Haldane's steps

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in Queen Anne's Gate. 'He has no flag out, and I feel we owe him that,' she said.

In a great hotel women residents and women servants wept in one another's arms.

An officer who got a taxicab at Trafalgar Square before noon says in less than a minute fourteen others—soldiers, girl clerks, sailors—had climbed in and over it. They cared not whither they went, neither did the driver, and unable to stop him the original 'fare' climbed out over the back, while the taxicab went on.

Surrounded by a dozen friends, an elderly American officer sat on the top of a private car and beat a dinner gong.

In several of the Law Courts the news was announced by the presiding judge. Mr. Justice Bailhache, reading the official message, added: 'If I may venture to say so—Thank God!'

November 30th

He (Mr. Walter Long) could see no other solution of the problem of the German colonies than their inclusion in the British Empire. Where the natives had been consulted they were overwhelmingly in favour of that course.

The Great War

December 3rd, 1918

GERMANY CAN PAY

If the Allies Make Her

On a moderate estimate the value of the German mineral deposits is as follows:

Coal	..	..	£170,000,000,000
Iron	..	..	1,000,000,000
Potash	..	..	20,000,000,000

£191,000,000,000

The total war expenditure incurred by the Allies stands at about £25,000,000,000, and may be considerably reduced. It is thus *less than one-seventh of the main German assets in right.*

December 31st, 1918

MORE HUN CHEEK

It is understood that the German residents of South-West Africa have forwarded to the local administrator a petition for transmission to President Wilson claiming to set up a Republic in union with the new Republic in Germany. . . . The *Cape Times* describes this petition as a 'preposterous misapprehension of the Wilsonian doctrine of self-determination.'

The Great War

IV

EXTRACTS FROM HORATIO BOTTOMLEY's 'JOHN BULL'⁵

I

August 8th, 1914

TO HELL WITH SERVIA!

. . . We most solemnly protest against the shedding of a single drop of British blood to save these people from the Nemesis which threatens to overtake them. We should like to see Serbia receive a trouncing equal to her crimes.

. . . We do not, of course, know what may be the European situation by the time these lines are read. . . .

Once more—'To Hell with Serbia!'

GOD SAVE THE KING!

2

August 15th, 1914

Last week the eyes of patriotic Britishers were insulted by the sight of full-page appeals to 'Stop the War,' published in many well-known Liberal and Unionist newspapers.

3

The sickening tale of German atrocities extends with cogency enough to convince the most sceptical.

The Great War

To doubt even the worst horror is to brand our own soldiers as authors of the foulest slander. A private in the Durham Light Infantry, now invalided home, landed in France when the German retreat from the Marne began, and marched with his regiment through villages which the Hun had hastily evacuated. In one, he saw . . . 'a real baby, naked and dead, and perhaps six or eight months old, stuck on a bayonet at the end of a German rifle.' The honest fellow can find no words to describe his horror.

'Some of our fellows swore terrible oaths,' he says, 'and they looked like fiends when we continued the march.' We echo those holy curses. For these abominations there must be reprisals, not in kind, but according to the utmost severity of our own code. In the end the clean-handed vengeance of Britain shall prove more 'frightful' than all the bloody debaucheries of the Berlin slaughtermen.

4

I find it hard—as you find it hard—to reconcile the bloodshed, the anguish, the tears and the misery we are witnessing every day with the design of a beneficent Providence. But while I find it hard to do so, and while I give up the problem in despair, I sometimes think it may be . . . that this is the last great upheaval of our primitive savagery, a dying demonstration of that barbarism from which we have all risen. And sometimes, pondering these matters, I feel that perhaps, when the roar of the cannon has died away, and the blood has ceased

The Gnat War

flowing, the scales may drop from our eyes. . . . We may find that mankind has passed the final milestone on the road of human destiny and may see before us a brighter and a clearer road with the Prince of Peace at its end—pointing to the star of Bethlehem, which leads us on to God.

5

Hardly a day passes but we hear something of the German's insensate hate of us. We alone of the Allies make his blood boil—let it be our task to spill his boiling blood to the last drop. He knows that we are determined to break his power and humble his pride. Let him hate us, while we reserve all our energy for the fighting. And if we only exert our man-power to its fullest extent we shall be able, when dictating the Allies' terms of peace, to support our demands with a mighty unbroken force of British thew and sinew.

6

The Kaiser's Fate

And here is yet another point upon which the electorate awaits a lead. The women are emphatic upon it—especially those who have lost sons, brothers or husbands in the war. Says one: 'I shall never rest my head on my pillow again if, when peace is arranged, the brute who murdered my dear boy and his father is allowed to escape scot free.' And

The Great War

that letter is typical of hundreds I have received. What is happening about the Kaiser? . . . Why are we so particular about the susceptibilities of these Dutchmen? They have made fortunes out of the war, and we have been far too tender in our relations with them in the past. Why on earth don't the Allies send a Note to the Hague or Amsterdam, to the effect that a military or naval escort is about to be despatched to take charge of one William Hohenzollern, late King of Prussia, and bring him either to Paris or London for trial by an International Court . . .? Failing that, let our own Foreign Secretary demand the man's extradition on the warrant of one of those Coroners whose juries have already returned verdicts of Wilful Murder against him. Can the Prime Minister deny that this would be an essential condition of a 'just and lasting peace,' and the establishment of 'the foundations of a new Europe?'

V

'THE TIMES' DESPATCH ON THE RETREAT FROM
MONS, AUGUST 30TH, 1914

I

This is a pitiful story I have to write. Would to God it did not fall to me to write it. But the time for secrecy is past. . . . I write with the Germans advancing incessantly, while all the rest of France believe they are still held near the frontier . . . The tidal wave of German troops which has swept over North-east France will spread still further unless a miracle happens. One small British force could not stand before a volume so powerful, so immense. It has been scattered all over the country, so I learn from officers—staff officers among them—and men met here and there. The headquarters staff moved hastily a long way back from——and it cannot stay long where it is. Some Army Service Corps men who came in with a motor-lorry said they left——on Thursday morning and the Germans were beginning to shell the place then. As the captain of dragoons said, 'They are everywhere.' These poor A.S.C. fellows had been living on what people gave them. 'Couldn't you buy anything?' I asked them. 'Haven't had any money for a fortnight,' was the reply. An officer (British) who was picked up by a motor-car and brought in this afternoon had had nothing to eat for four days.

. . . I hope I have not been guilty of exaggeration myself in anything I have written here. I have

The Great War

aimed at telling a plain tale of misfortune and defeat. It is a bitter tale to tell of British troops, but they were set an impossible task. Let us not try to hush up the facts. Let us face them, and let them strengthen our resolve to see this war through, whatever happens. The French nation is as yet in ignorance of the disaster. The shock of it will be all the worse when it comes.

Amiens, August 29th.

2

Mr. Asquith on the above dispatch in the House of Commons, September.

It is impossible too highly to commend the patriotic reticence of the Press as a whole (cheers) from the beginning of the war up to the present moment. The publication to which my hon. friend refers would appear to be a very regrettable exception (hear, hear), and I trust it will not recur.

3

Mr. Wickham Steed in the Daily Telegraph, November 10th, 1934.

On the afternoon of Saturday, August 29th, a despatch came in (to *The Times* office) from Amiens. It was written by an experienced War Correspondent, and its very truthfulness made it alarming. Before sending it to the Press Bureau to be censored, my colleagues and I edited it carefully, striking out

five or six of the most startling paragraphs. Even then we did not expect the Press Bureau to authorise publication. But later on that Saturday evening the despatch was returned with sundry additional deletions, but with the word 'stet' written beside most of the paragraphs we had struck out. The despatch was accompanied by a note in Mr. F. E. Smith's (the Head Censor) handwriting and signed by him. It ran: 'I am sorry to have censored this most able and interesting message so fully, but the reasons are obvious. . . . I beg you to use the parts of this article which I have passed to enforce the lesson: "Reinforcements, and reinforcements at once!" '

Nevertheless, if I remember rightly, my colleagues and I suppressed one or two passages which Mr. F. E. Smith had restored. Even then the despatch gave a serious shock to public feeling, and *The Times* was denounced in Parliament, on Monday, with the approval of Mr. Asquith, the Prime Minister. . . .

VI

NURSE CAVELL

I

October 11th, 1915

I have just learned that Miss Cavell, an English subject and therefore under my protection, has this morning been condemned to death by court-martial. . . .

Miss Cavell is the matron of the Surgical Institute of Brussels. She has passed her life in assuaging the sufferings of others. At her school were trained numerous nurses who throughout the world, in Germany as in Belgium, watch by the pillow of the sick. When the war began she spent her care upon German soldiers as much as upon any others. Did other reasons fail, her life of humanity is such as to inspire all pity and procure all pardon. If the facts given me are correct, far from concealing anything, she has with praiseworthy frankness avowed everything charged against her; and it is only the evidence she has given—and which she alone could give—that has justified the supreme penalty pronounced against her.

It is therefore with confidence and a hope that it will be favourably received that I pray you to present the Governor-General my petition in her favour. . . .

(Letter from MR. BRAND WHITLOGK, American Minister in Brussels, to Baron von der Lancken: German Head of Political Department, Brussels.)

The Great War

MR. BRAND WHITLOCK, added to this letter a note in his own hand.

MON GHER BARON,

Je suis trop malade pour vous presenter ma requete moi-meme, mais je fais appel a votre generosite de cœur pour l'appuyer et sauver de la mort cette malheureuse. Ayez pitie d'elle.

Votre bien devoue,

BRAND WHITLOCK.

2

On Monday evening, October nth, I was admitted ... to the prison of St. Gilles, where Miss Edith Cavell had been confined for ten weeks. The final sentence had been given early that afternoon.

To my astonishment and relief I found my friend perfectly calm and resigned. But this could not lessen the tenderness and intensity of feeling on either part during that last interview of almost an hour. . . .

She then added that she wished all her friends to know that she willingly gave her life for her country and said:

'I have no fear nor shrinking; I have seen death so often that it is not strange or fearful to me. . . . I thank God for this ten weeks' quiet before the end. Life has always been hurried and difficult. This time of rest has been a great mercy. . . . This I would say, standing as I do in view of God and eternity, I realise that patriotism is not enough. I must have no hatred or bitterness towards anyone.'

We partook of the Holy Communion together. . . .

The Great War

At the close of the little service I began to repeat the words, 'Abide with me,' and she joined softly in the end.

We sat quietly talking until it was time for me to go. . . . I said ' Good-bye,' and she smiled and said, 'We shall meet again.'

The German military chaplain was with her at the end, and afterwards gave her Christian burial.

He told me: 'She was brave and bright to the last. She professed her Christian faith and that she was glad to die for her country. She died like a heroine.'

(Report to the American Minister by the
REV. H. S. T. GAHAN, British Chaplain,
Brussels.)

3

. . . No wonder that already some of our men have charged the enemy, having for their battle-cry, 'Remember Nurse Cavell!' The men also on whom the country is calling would do well to remember her, and to bethink them of what would befall their own sisters and mothers if they should chance to fall into the power of these savages.

(The *Church Times* on Nurse Caveil's execution.)

4

WHAT HUNS FEAR

*Reprisals On Their Money Here
Millions Available*

Reprisals of the kind the Germans fear against

The Great War

their property . . . are easy. Whereas Germany plundered French and Belgian and Russian property which came within her reach, German property in this country has not yet been forfeited to the Crown. . . . The statement of accounts would stand thus:

German and Austrian property in this country	£125,000,000
Deduct Austrian property	£20,000,000
Allowance for British property in Ger- many etc... ..	£25,000,000
	—————£45,000,000
Leaving available for seizure ..	£80,000,000

(The *Daily Mail* on Reprisals for Nurse Cavell's
execution.)

VII

THE SURRENDER OF THE GERMAN FLEET OFF
THE FIRTH OF FORTH

*(From the Narrative of The Times Special Correspondent
November 21st, 1918)*

1

The following is a copy of a memorandum issued by the Commander-in-Chief, Grand Fleet (Admiral Beatty):

(1) It is to be impressed on all officers and men that a state of war exists during the armistice.

(2) Their relations with officers and men of the German Navy with whom they may now be brought into contact are to be of a strictly formal character.

(3) In dealing with the late enemy, while courtesy is obligatory, the methods with which they have waged the war must not be forgotten.

(4) No international compliments are to be paid and all conversation is forbidden, except in regard to the immediate business to be transacted.

(5) If it is necessary to provide food for German officers and men they should not be entertained, but it should be served to them in a place specially set apart. If it is necessary to accept food from the Germans a request is to be made that it is to be similarly served.

It may be added at once that these injunctions against anything which might even appear to be fraternization with the enemy are thoroughly in

The Great War

keeping with the attitude of mind, both of officers and men, towards the Germans. In any ordinary circumstances nobody is more magnanimous towards a beaten foe than the British naval officer or seaman. But I have not these three days met a single man, whether of high position or the humblest rank, who has the least compassion for the present enemy.

2

... In ordered array, flotilla on flotilla moved across the sea, the Germans completely encased by the British. So vast was the area they covered that both the head and the rear of the columns stretched away into the haze and were lost to sight. . . . Presently the German ships came to rest, and it was seen that on every side of them were their British warders.

. . . About an hour before noon the Commander-in-Chief issued the following signal to the Fleet, and it was received beyond doubt by the Germans:

The German flag will be hauled down at sunset to-day (Thursday) and will not be hoisted again "without permission.

VIII

'FIT FOR HEROES'

THE COALITION POLICY

I

. . . The country realizes in a way it never did before how much it owes to the citizens who dwell in its humblest homes. . . . Had it not been for these millions of men, who came from humble homes to lay their lives on the altar of their country, the British Empire might have been swept away, and at this moment we might have been cowering—cowering at the feet of the most arrogant masters that ever bullied the world. . . . What is our task? To make Britain a fit country for heroes to live in. (*Cheers.*) I am not using the word heroes in any spirit of boastfulness, but in the spirit of humble recognition of the fact. I cannot think what these men have gone through. I have been there at the door of the furnace and witnessed it, but that is not being in it, and I saw them march into the furnace. There are millions of men who will come back. Let us make this a land fit for such men to live in. (*Cheers.*) There is no time to lose. I want to take advantage of the new spirit. Don't let us waste this victory merely in ringing joybells. Let us make victory the motive power to link the old land up in such measure that it will be nearer the sunshine than ever before, and, at any rate, that it will lift those who have been living in the dark places to a plateau where they will get the

The Great War

rays of the sun. We cannot undertake that without a new Parliament. . . .

(LLOYD GEORGE at Wolverhampton, November 25th, 1918.)

2

Points from the Coalition Policy defined by the Prime Minister (Mr. Lloyd George), December, 1918

1

The Kaiser must be prosecuted. The war was a crime. Who doubts that? It was a frightful, a terrible crime. It was a crime in the way in which it was planned, in the deliberate wantonness with which it was provoked. It was also a crime in its action—in the invasion of a helpless little State, in the wicked and most brutal treatment of that little State. Remember the treaty of neutrality—the scrap of paper! Surely the war was a crime! . . . The war was a hideous, abominable crime, a crime which has sent millions of the best young men of Europe to death and mutilation, and which has plunged myriads of homes into desolation. Is no one responsible? Is no one to be called to account? Is there to be no punishment? Surely that is neither God's justice nor man's. The men responsible for this outrage on the human race must not be let off because their heads were crowned when they perpetrated the deed. The British Government referred the question of the culpability of the Kaiser and his accomplices to their Law Officers some weeks ago. They invited a body of jurists in England to come to the conclusion

The Great War

that the Kaiser and his accomplices in the making of this war ought to be tried by an International Court.

II

After what has happened during the last four or five years it is quite impossible to entertain in our midst a population of which a considerable proportion has, to say the least, abused our hospitality. . . . Much as I regret that it is impossible to have free intercourse between all nations of the world, we are up against the events of the last few years for which Germany is alone responsible, and she must abide by the consequences.

III

All the European Allies have accepted the principle that the Central Powers must pay the cost of the war up to the limit of their capacity.

The first item in the Government programme is the discharge of the country's debt of honour, I mean the obligation we are under to our gallant soldiers and sailors for what they have endured and achieved for Britain. We are under a sacred obligation to the fallen, to the crippled, and to the survivors. . . . There has been a great anxiety expressed by multitudes of our soldiers for settling on the land. It is a hopeful aspiration, and one that conforms in the highest degree to the interests of the State. . . .

. . . I call for the support of all those who love their country, and I care not what party a man belongs to so long as that love is the foundation of his life, and his first desire is to see his country great, good, and happy.

IX

TWO RELIGIOUS PAPERS: '*The Challenge*'
'*The Church Times*'

I

SIR.—Mr. Cunningham does us a service, though not in the sense intended, by the extract from the *Herald* in his letter in your current issue. It expresses beautiful thought in beautiful language; but what does it all amount to? 'Why devote all this attention to guns and armaments? Why insist on fighting on until one side has won the victory? Let us forgive and forget and be brothers again at the foot of the Cross.'⁵

Could anything be more palpably inspired by German emissaries? Your correspondent italicises the fact that this sentiment comes from a labour paper. Of course it does, because Germany wants to weaken the sinews of the men and women who are making shells. ... It is interesting to analyse the appeal and to find that it aims at the religious instincts of those who are not expected to be able to correct its theology. Its anaemic Christianity knows no punishment for sin, but in the face of the unspeakable iniquities of the modern Hun proposes 'the turning of the other cheek, the forgiving unto seventy times seven.' This wiping out of all that Belgium, France, Poland, Russia, Italy, Serbia and we have suffered is to take place at the foot of the 'stark and challenging symbol of the Cross. Surely if the

Cross symbolises anything it is that there is nothing but a fearful looking forward to judgment for all who do not truly repent and make amends for their crimes. The symbol of the Cross stands for the drastic punishment of Germany, and it is surely time that 'the Churches' made it clear that all appeals to religious feeling in favour of peace will be suspected of Germanism unless they contain a clause reserving for outraged humanity the power to retain sins as well as remit them, and the determination to inflict such punishment upon Germany as will express the conscience of civilisation. . . . Otherwise our enslaved children, as far as they are permitted to survive, will curse the Christianity of those whose conscience made cowards of them all.

W. HUME CAMPBELL.

SIR.—Mr. Hume Campbell thinks that 'forgiving unto seventy times seven' is inspired by German emissaries; he is mistaken—it is inspired by loyalty to the teaching of our Lord. . . . I see no reason why we should not consider the possibility of an early, honourable and just peace. Certain it is that the more we thirst for the pleasure of punishing Germany and foster the spirit of hatred the longer will this exhibition of devilry last. . . .

T. BROCK RICHARDS.

(Correspondence in *The Challenge*—a religious weekly—1915.)

[*The Challenge* ceased publication shortly after this leading article]

Democracy calls for a peculiar courage in its leaders. The only way to make it safe is that those whose position enables them to see the political situation as a whole should be very frank with the people and tell them of the difficulties with which they are confronted. Moreover, they should resist to the utmost those passions in the people of which the satisfaction will inevitably be fraught with disaster. . . . Mr. Lloyd George and his colleagues are not submitting to the intelligent judgment of the people the intricate problems of the times; they are much more nearly making themselves the mouth-piece of any feeling or passion which they discover to be prominent. If it turns out that a large part of the populace is eager for the immediate abandonment of conscription, a hasty message is issued, in spite of former declarations that our policy must depend on the policy of other countries. . . . The main concern of many speeches is the punishment of the ex-Kaiser, and the forcing of Germany to pay for the war. With the former we have already dealt, and need only add that we heartily welcome Lord Halifax's recent letter to *The Times*, which begins with the sentence: 'This demand for the extradition and punishment of the Kaiser is madness. We war with nations, not with individuals.' With regard to the second, we notice that Sir Eric Geddes had on one occasion started down the path of true statesmanship by explaining to his constituency the great

The Great War

difficulties of making Germany pay, and especially the difficulty of making her pay without damaging our own productive industries. He has, however, completely changed his tune, and is now demanding that Germany should be stripped as she stripped Belgium. We are glad to see that Mr. R.J. Campbell has issued a warning lest we follow the course taken by Germany in 1871. It was just the greatness of her success that ruined Germany then. We are not free from danger that the greatness of our success may ruin us now, and the conduct of the Election campaign by the Government has in no sense diminished this danger.

(From an Editorial in *The Challenge*, December 20th, 1918.)

3

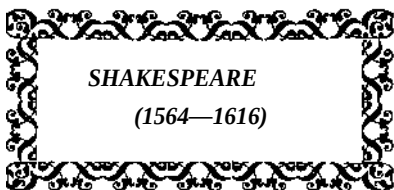
The terms imposed on Germany are undoubtedly stiff, and it is not surprising to find the German Foreign Secretary appealing to the kind-hearted President of the United States to use his influence in order to mitigate 'these fearful conditions,' which, Dr. Solf admits, 'we had to accept.' They had to be made severe. A nation that cannot keep its word must be tightly held to the fulfilment of imposed conditions. . . . It is useless to appeal to a charity that is nothing more nor less than soft-hearted and soft-headed sentimentality. That is not at all in accord with the present temper of the Allies. As we remarked in a recent leader, to exact justice is not to wreak vengeance in a spirit of hate. And we are glad to find Cardinal Bourne so entirely in agree-

The Great War

ment with ourselves in this matter. Last Sunday's *Observer* contained an interesting interview, in which His Eminence argued that avenging justice is an integral part of charity—the charity which, in the hour of victory, we owe to our enemies. . . . While, however, the Allies are determined to exact justice, they are not forgetful of the tender side of charity. The precept, 'If thine enemy hunger, feed him,' still stands, and starving Germany—starving though she be through her mad effort to starve us—is to be supplied with food during the armistice. We do not know if this lesson in magnanimity will be lost on the German people, but, so far as the Allies are concerned, that is no matter. The law of charity imposes this duty on us.

(The *Church Times* on the Armistice.
November 15th, 1918.)

II. LITERATURE



There is an upstart Crow beautified with our feathers, that, with his Tygres heart wrapt in a players hyde, supposes hee is as well able to bombast out a blanke verse as the best of you; and being an absolute Johannes Factotum, is, in his owne conceyte, the only Shake-scene in a countrey.

(ROBERT GREENE, *A Groatsworth of Wit bought with a Million of Repentance*. Published by Henry Ghettle, 1592.)

2

How I have, all the time of my conversing in printing, hindred the bitter inveying against scholars, it hath been very well knowne. . . . With neither of them that take offence was I acquainted, and with one of them (Marlowe) I care not if I never be: the other (Shakespeare) whome at that time I did not so much spare as since I wish I had, . . . I am as sorry as if the originall fault had beene my fault, because myselfe have seene his demeanor no lesse civill than he excelent in the qualitie he professes; Besides, divers of worship have reported his uprightness of dealing, which argues his honesty, and his facetious grace in writing that approoves his art.

(CHETTLE'S Apology, 1592.)

3

As the soule of Euphorbus was thought to live in Pythagoras, so the sweete, wittie soule of Ovid lives in mellifluous and honey-tongued Shakespeare. . . . As Plautus and Seneca are accounted the best for comedy and tragedy among the Latines, so Shakespeare among the English, is the most excellent in both kinds for the stage. . . . As Epius Stolo said that the Muses would speak with Plautus tongue, if they would speak Latin, so I say that the Muses would speak with Shakespeares fine filed phrase.

(FRANCIS MERES, *Wits Treasury*, 1598.)

4

1603

BY THE KING

Right trusty and well-beloved Counsellor, we greete you well, and will and commaund you, that under our privie seale in your custody for the time being, you cause our letters to be derected to the keeper of our greate seale of England, commaunding him under our said greate seale, he cause our letters to be made patent in forme following. James, by the Grace of God, King of England, Scotland, France, and Irland, defender of the faith, etc. To all justices, maiors, sheriffs, constables, head-boroughes, and other, our officers and loving subjects greeting. Know ye, that we of our speciall grace, certaine knowledge and meere motion, have licensed and authorized, and by these presentes doe licence

Shakespeare

and authorize, these our servants, Laurence Fletcher, William Shakespeare, Richard Burbage, Augustine Phillipps, John Hemmings, Henrie Condell, William Sly, Robert Armyn, Richard Cowlye, and the rest of their associats, freely to use and exercise the arte and faculty of playing comedies, tragedies, histories, enterludes, moralls, pastorals, stage-plaies, and such other like, as thei have already studied, or hereafter shall use or studie, as well for the recreation of our loving subjects, as for our solace and pleasure, when we shall thinke good to see them, during our pleasure. . . .

Given under our signet at our Mannor of Grenewiche, the seaventeenth day of May in the first yeare of our raigne of England, Fraunce, and Irland, and of Scotland the six and thirtieth.

5

The right happy and copious industry of M. Shakespeare, M. Dekker, and M. Heywood.

(JOHN WEBSTER.)

6

We have but collected them [the plays], and done an office to the dead, to procure his Orphans, Guardians; without ambition either of selfe-profit, or fame: onely to keepe the memory of so worthy a Friend, and Fellow alive, as was our Shakespeare,

by humble offer of his playes, to your most nobel patronage.

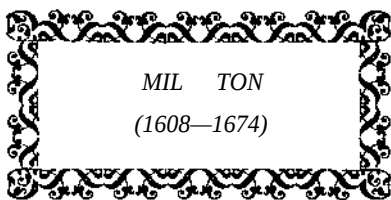
(From the Dedication of the First Folio by
Heminge and Condell to the Earls of
Pembroke and Montgomery, 1623.)

7

I loved the man, and do honour his memory, on this side idolatry, as much as any. He was indeed honest, and of an open and free nature; had an excellent phantasy, brave notions, and gentle expressions; wherein he flowed with that facility, that sometimes it was necessary he should be stopped. . . . But he redeemed his vices with his virtues. There was ever more in him to be praised than to be pardoned.

(BEN JONSON.)





Most of our personal information of Milton is contained in the lives of him written by his nephews, John and Edward Phillips. The second extract given here reflects Milton's feelings during the year when he gave shelter to his first wife's family, which included her father and mother, and several brothers and sisters. The reference in the third extract is to the dowry promised Milton by his first wife's father, but never paid. He married Elizabeth, his third wife, in 1663.

I

Hee was of a moderate Stature, and well proportion'd, of a ruddy Complexion, light brown Hair, and hansom Features; save that his Eyes were none of the quickest. . . . His deportment was sweet and affable; and his Gate erect and Manly, bespeaking Courage and undauntedness (or a Nil conscire). On which account hee wore a Sword while hee had his sight, and was skilled in using it. Hee had an excellent Ear, and could bear a part both in Vocal and Instrumental music. . . . Hee rendred his Studies and various Works more easy and pleasant by allotting them thir several portions of the day. Of these the time friendly to the Muses fell to his Poetry; And hee waking early (as is the use of temperate men) had commonly a good stock of Verses ready against his Amanuensis came; which if it happened

Milton

to bee later than ordinary, hee would complain,
Saying *hee wanted to be milked.*

(JOHN PHILLIPS.)

2

It is often a matter of sorrowful reflection with me, that those with whom I have been linked by chance or the law, by propinquity or some connection of no real meaning, are continually at hand to invest my home, to stun me with their noise and wear out my temper, whilst those who are endeared to me by the closest sympathy of tastes and pursuits are almost all withheld from my embrace either by death or an insuperable distance of place.

(MILTON to Carlo Dati in Florence, April
1647.)

3

The portion due to me from Mr. Powell, my former wife's father, I leave to the unkind children I had by her, having received no parte of it: but my meaning is, they shall have no other benefit of my estate than the said portion, and what I have besides done for them; they having been very undutifull to me. All the residue of my estate I leave to the disposall of Elizabeth, my loving wife.

(From MILTON'S Will.)

4

By his Third Wife Elizabeth ... he never had any child; and those he had by the First he made

Milton

serviceable to him in that very particular in which he most wanted their Service, and supplied his want of Eye-sight by their Eyes and Tongue; . . . Excusing only The Eldest Daughter by reason of her bodily Infirmary, and difficult utterance of Speech, (which to say truth I doubt was the Principal cause of excusing her), the other two were Condemn'd to the performance of all the Languages of whatever Book he should at one time or other think fit to peruse; Viz. The Hebrew (and I think the Syriac), the Greek, the Latin, the Italian, Spanish, and French, All which sorts of Books to be confined to Read, without understanding one word, must needs be a Tryal of Patience, almost beyond endurance; yet it was endured by both for a long time; yet the irksomeness of this imployment could not always be concealed, but broke out more and more into expressions of uneasiness; so that at length they were all (even the eldest also) sent out to learn some Curious and Ingenious sorts of Manufacture, that are proper for Women to learn, particularly Imbroideries in Gold or Silver.

(EDWARD PHILLIPS.)

5

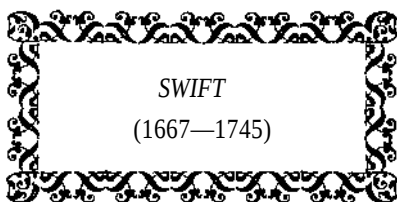
John Milton was one, whose natural parts might deservedly give him a place amongst the principal of our English Poets, having written two Heroick Poems and a Tragedy; namely *Paradise Lost*, *Paradise Regain'd* and *Sampson Agonistes*; but his Fame is gone out like a Candle in a snuff, and his

Milton

Memory will always Stink, which might have lived
in honourable repute, had he not been a notorious
Trayter, and most impiously and villainously bely'd
that blessed Martyr, King Charles the First.

(WILLIAM WINSTANLEY. *Lines of the Most
Famous English Poets*, 1687.)





Atterbury, quoted in the first extract, was Bishop of Rochester, and was exiled in 1723 as a suspected Jacobite. Delany (extracts 9 and 11) was one of Swift's most intimate friends during his years in Ireland.

I

The author, if it be the man I guess, hath reason to conceal himself because of the prophane stories, which would do his reputation and interest in the world, more harm than the wit can do him good.

(ATTERBURY on *The Tale of a Tub*.)

I am of your mind as to *The Tale of a Tub*. I am not alone in the opinion, as you are there; but I am pretty near it, having but very few on my side; but those few are worth a million. However I have never spoke my sentiments, not caring to contradict a multitude. . . . I confess I was diverted with several passages, but I should not care to read it again.

(WILLIAM CONGREVE to a friend.)

Swift

3

Good God! What a genius I had when I wrote that book!

(SWIFT in his old age on *The Tale of a Tub*.)

4

Whosoever in the three kingdoms has any books at all has Swift.

(LORD CHESTERFIELD.)

5

Gulliver's Travels, I believe, will have as great a run as John Bunyan.

(ARBUTHNOT in a letter to Swift, after the publication of *Gulliver*.)

6

Before a character is established merit makes fame; afterwards fame makes merit. Swift is not commended for this piece [Gulliver], but this piece for Swift.

(DR. YOUNG.)

7

Swift does not hate praise; he only dislikes it when 'tis extravagant or coarse.

(POPE.)

Swift

8

My sincere love of that valuable, indeed incomparable man, will accompany him through life, and pursue his memory were I to live a hundred lives, as many of his works will live which are absolutely original, unequal, unexampled. His humanity, his charity, his condescension, his candour, are equal to his wit, and require as good and true a taste to be equally valued.

(POPE to Lord Orrery.)

9

Swift kept every friend, and I believe every man living that he conversed with, in some degree of awe.

(DELANY.)

10

I was informed by the servant who attended him in his last illness, that when any person of whose talents he had thought highly visited him, he evinced the greatest anxiety for his departure, whilst block-heads were suffered to approach him with impunity.

(G. M. BERKELEY.)

II

. . . The character of his life will appear like that of his writings; they will both bear to be re-considered and re-examined with the utmost attention, and

Swift

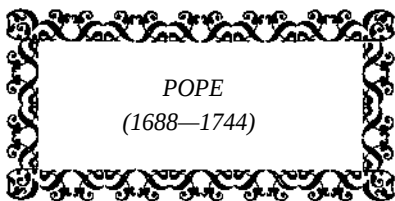
always discover new beauties and excellences upon every examination.

They will bear to be considered as the sun, in which the brightness will hide the blemishes. . . . No man ever deserved better of any country than Swift did of his. A steady, persevering, inflexible friend; a wise, a watchful, and a faithful counsellor, under many severe trials and bitter persecutions, to the manifest hazard both of his liberty and fortune.

He lived a blessing, he died a benefactor, and his name will ever live an honour to Ireland.

(DELANY to Lord Orrery.)





I'gad, that young fellow will either be a madman
or make a very great poet.

(RAY SMITH on Pope at fourteen)

The little gentleman, with a most unparalleled
assurance, has undertaken to translate Homer from
Greek, of which he does not know one word, into
English, which he understands almost as little.

(Remarks on Pope's *Homer*. JOHN DENNIS.)

3

His voice was so musical that I remember honest
Tom Southerne used always to call him 'the little
nightingale.'

(ORRERY).

4

Some called Pope little nightingale—all sound and
no sense.

(LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGUE.)

Pope

5

Leave him as soon as you can; he will certainly play you some devilish trick else.

(ADDISON to Lady Mary Wortley Montague,
according to Lady Mary Wortley
Montague.)

6

Pope has engaged to translate the *Odyssey* in three years; I believe rather out of a prospect of gain than inclination; for I am persuaded he bore his part in the loss of the South Sea.

(SWIFT.)

7

I went to Mr. Pope one morning at Twickenham, and found a large folio Bible, with gilt clasps, lying before him; and as I knew his way of thinking upon that book I asked him jocosely, if he was going to write an answer to it. 'It is a present,' said he, 'or rather a legacy, from my old friend, the Bishop of Rochester.*' I went to take my leave of him yesterday in the Tower, where I saw this Bible upon his table. He said to me: 'My friend, Pope, considering your infirmities, and my age and exile, it is not likely that we should ever meet again; and therefore I give you this legacy to remember me by. Take it home with you, and let me advise you to abide by it.' 'Does your Lordship abide by it yourself?' 'I do.'

*Attcbrury.

'If you do, my lord, it is but lately.' . . . The Bishop replied: 'We have not time to talk of these things; but take home the Book, I will abide by it, and I recommend you to do so too, and so, God bless you.'

(LORD CHESTERFIELD.)

8

I think the writer has engaged himself in a very improper and troublesome scuffle, not worthy of his pen at all.

(ATTERBURY on *The Dunciad*.)

9

Mr. Alexander Pope, who is looked upon as one of the most cursed, ill-natured, proud fellows in the world, was however very kind and dutiful to his mother.

(HEARNE.)

10

It is natural to wish the finest writer, one of them, we ever had should be an honest man. . . . It is not from what he told me about himself that I thought well of him, but from a humanity and goodness of heart, ay, and greatness of mind, that runs through his private correspondence, not less apparent than are a thousand little vanities and weaknesses mixed with these good qualities, for nobody ever took him for a philosopher.

(GRAY to Horace Walpole.)

II

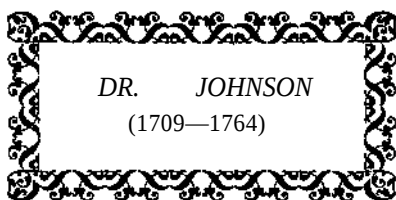
I have heard Mr. Richardson relate that he attended his father, the painter, on a visit, when one of Cibber's pamphlets came into the hands of Pope, who said, 'These things are my diversion.' They sat by him while he perused it, and saw his features writhen with anguish; and young Richardson said to his father, when they returned, that he hoped to be preserved from such diversion as had been that day the lot of Pope.

(DR. JOHNSON.)

12

There was but little comfort to be found in a house that harboured poets. . . . Mr. Pope's numberless caprices would have employed *ten* servants to wait on him; and he gave me no amends by his talk neither; for he only sate dozing all day, when the sweet wine was out, and made his verses chiefly in the night; during which season he kept himself awake by drinking coffee, which it was one of the maids' business to make for him, and they took it by turns.

(MRS. FERMOR, niece of Belinda in *The Rape of the Lock*.)



I

I

Envy (the mother of many vices) was the bosom serpent of this literary despot.

II

The late stupendous but frail Dr. Johnson.

III

That noble Leviathan of Criticism, who lashes the troubled Waters into a sublime but mischievous storm of turbulence and mud.

(MR. HAYLEY in a letter to Anna Seward.)

Anna Seward's reply:

I am dubious about the epithet *noble*—but nothing was ever better imagined than the Leviathan simile, for a being so heterogeneously constructed—at once the most liberal and most ungenerous; the most enlightened and the most dark; the most compassionate and the most unfeeling; the most friendly and

Dr. Johnson

the least sincere; the best humoured and the most acrimonious; the most soothing and the most abusive; the most grateful and the most ungrateful of mankind.

(ANNA SEWARD, *The Swan of Lichfield*.)

2

I

I have no thirst to know the rest of my contemporaries, from the absurd bombast of Dr. Johnson down to the silly Dr. Goldsmith. . . . Don't think me scornful. Recollect that I have seen Pope, and lived with Gay.

II

There are some better verses by Dean Barnard, of which I will procure a copy if I can. They are an answer to a gross brutality of Dr. Johnson, to which a properer answer would have been to fling a glass of wine in his face. I have no patience with an unfortunate monster trusting to his helpless deformity for indemnity for any impertinence his arrogance suggests.

III

Often, indeed, Johnson made the most brutal speeches . . . for though he was good-natured at bottom, he was very ill-natured at top. . . . Johnson's blind Toryism and known brutality kept me aloof; nor did I ever exchange a syllable with him: nay, I do not think I ever was in a room with him six

Dr. Johnson

times in my days. The first time I think was at the Royal Academy. Sir Joshua said, 'Let me present Dr. Goldsmith to you'; he did. 'Now I will present Dr. Johnson to you.' 'No,' said I, 'Sir Joshua, for Dr. Goldsmith, pass—but you shall *not* present Dr. Johnson to me.'

(HORACE WALPOLE.)

3

Much has been written regarding Johnson's excessive, nay, superstitious scrupulousness, but in my opinion without considering his infirmities. Had he realised that the service required by the Gospel is perfect freedom, he would have abandoned efforts at self-perfection and lived at ease. Such was not to be, and his persistence is the more laudable because it was not stimulated by the use of wine or drugs.

(LÆTITIA HAWKINS.)

4

His pride had no meanness in it; there was nothing little or mean about him. Truth, whether in great or little matters, he held sacred. . . . I acknowledge the highest obligations to him. He may be said to have formed my mind, and to have brushed from it a great deal of rubbish. Those very people whom he has brought to think rightly will occasionally criticise the opinions of their master when he nods. But we should always recollect that it is he himself who taught us and enabled us to do it.

(JOSHUA REYNOLDS.)

Dr. Johnson

5

Johnson, to be sure, has a roughness of manner; but no man alive has a more tender heart. He has nothing of the bear but his skin.

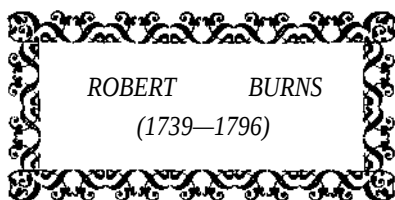
(OLIVER GOLDSMITH.)

6

He has made a chasm, which not only nothing can fill up, but which nothing has a tendency to fill up. Johnson is dead. Let us go to the next best: there is nobody; no man can be said to put you in mind of Johnson.

(WILLIAM GERARD HAMILTON.)





The second extract is from a pamphlet, published in 1811, by W Peebles, whom Burns had satirised in two poems,

I

Burns, the Ayrshire Bard, is now enjoying the sweets of retirement at his farm. Burns, in thus retiring, has acted wisely. Stephen Duck, the Poetical Thresher, by his ill-advised patrons, was made a parson. The poor man, hurried out of his proper element, found himself quite unhappy; became insane, and with his own hands, it is said, ended his life. Burns with propriety, has resumed the *flail*—but we hope he has not thrown away the *quill*.

(The *Edinburgh Advertiser*, November 28th,
1788.)

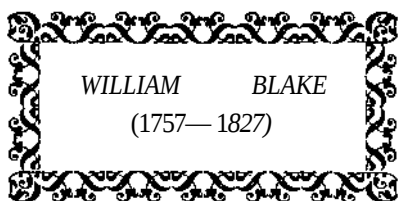
Need I to preface my remarks, and complaints and expostulations, by disclaiming all malevolence or envy or censoriousness towards the character or fame of the man? He is no more. I never saw him. I have and can have no interest in bringing him from that eminence to which some have foolishly exalted him. My only concern and motive is, checking,

Robert Burns

depressing, and preventing what is injurious to morals, to religion, to philanthropy.

This, and money, and praise may be and have been foolishly lavished on superior boxmanship, dancing, singing, fencing: our astonishment is often excited that so much attention is employed, so much money is squandered, and so much precious time wasted on what is mean, frivolous, and absurd: but a very different feeling is experienced, and ought not to be checked, or disguised, on beholding sinfulness, gross immoralities, and irreligions celebrated, extenuated, vindicated: the worst of passions indulged and gratified: the sacred truths of religion treated with levity, and made the song of the drunkard and the abandoned profligate. Let us suppose him to be what he supposed himself, of no mean powers: Let us admit, with his admirers who were loudest in extolling his abilities, that his genius was all they represent it to be: does not every Christian man say with me, or rather is it possible but that every Christian must say, that the greater his abilities, in this infamous, unchristian and antichristian employment, his verses are the more dangerous, abominable and shocking.

(From *Burnomania—The Celebrity of Robert Burns Considered in a Discourse Addressed to all real Christians of Every Denomination*
By W. PEEBLES.)



William Blake, an unfortunate lunatic, whose personal inoffensiveness secures him from confinement, and, consequently, of whom no public notice would have been taken, if he was not forced on the notice and animadversion of *The Examiner*, in having been held up to public admiration by many esteemed amateurs and professors as a genius in some respects original and legitimate. The praises which these gentlemen bestowed last year on this unfortunate man's illustrations to Blair's *Grave* have, in feeding his vanity, stimulated him to publish his madness more largely. . . . The poor man fancies himself a great master, and has painted a few wretched pictures. . . . These he calls an Exhibition, of which he has published a Catalogue, or rather a farrago of nonsense, unintelligibleness, and egregious vanity, the wild effusions of a distempered brain. . . .

(*The Examiner*, September 17th, 1809.)

2

Blake is a real name, I assure you, and a most extraordinary man, if he be still living. He is the Robert Blake, whose wild designs accompany a

William Blake

splendid folio edition of the *Night Thoughts*. . . . His poems have been sold hitherto only in manuscript. I never read them; but a friend at my desire procured the 'Sweep Song.' There is one to a tiger, which I have heard recited, beginning:

'Tiger, Tiger, burning bright,
Thro' the deserts of the night,'

which is glorious, but alas! I have not the book; for the man is flown, whither I know not—to Hades or a Mad House. But I must look on him as one of the most extraordinary persons of the age.

(CHARLES LAMB.)

3

I

1811

Late at G. Lamb's. Found a large party there. Southey had been with Blake, and admired both his designs and his poetic talents. At the same time he held him to be a decided madman.

11

1826

I gave your brother (Wordsworth) some poems in MS. by him, and they interested him, as well they might; for there is an affinity between them, as there is between the regulated imagination of a wise

William Blake

poet, and the incoherent outpourings of a dreamer. . . . There is something so delightful about the man, though in great poverty, he is so perfect a gentleman, with such genuine dignity and independence . . . that I have not scrupled promising to bring him and Mr. Wordsworth together.

III

1827

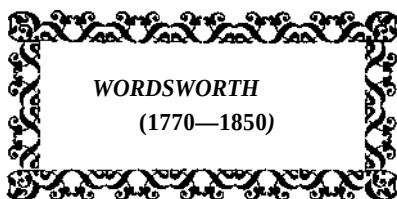
When I read him [Hazlitt] some of Blake's poems he was much struck, and expressed himself with his usual strength and singularity. 'They are beautiful,' he said, 'and only too deep for the vulgar. . . . He is ruined by vain struggles to get rid of what presses on the brain; he attempts impossibilities.'

IV

1838

A great deal of rattling on the part of Landor. He maintained Blake to be the greatest of poets. . . . Tom Moore had never heard of Blake, at least not of his poems. Even he acknowledged the beauty of such as were quoted.

(GRABB ROBINSON.)



I

Did Mr. Wordsworth really imagine that his favourite doctrines were likely to gain anything in point of effect or authority by being put into the mouth of a person accustomed to higggle about tape or brass sleeve-buttons? Or is it not plain that, independent of the ridicule and disgust which such a personification must give to many of his readers, its adoption exposes his work throughout to the charge of revolting incongruity and utter disregard of probability or nature? For, after he has thus wilfully debased his moral teacher by a low occupation, is there one word that he puts into his mouth, or one sentiment of which he makes him the organ, that has the most remote reference to that occupation? Is there anything in his learned, abstracted, and logical harangues that savours of the calling that is ascribed to him? ... A man who went about selling flannel and pocket-handkerchiefs in this lofty diction would soon frighten away all his customers, and would infallibly pass either for a madman or for some learned and affected gentleman who in a frolic had taken up a character which he was peculiarly ill-qualified for supporting.

(*Edinburgh Review on The Excursion*,
1814.)

I had need be cautious henceforward what opinion I give of the Lyrical Ballads. . . . I lately received from Wordsworth a copy of the second volume, accompanied by an acknowledgment of having received from me many months since a copy of a certain Tragedy, with excuses for not having made any acknowledgment sooner, it being owing to an 'almost insurmountable aversion from Letter-writing.' This letter I answered in due form and time, and enumerated several of the passages which had most affected me, adding, unfortunately, that no single piece had moved me so forcibly as the 'Ancient Mariner,' 'The Mad Mother,' or the 'Lines at Tintern Abbey.' The Poet did not sleep a moment. I received almost instantaneously a long letter of four sweating pages from my Reluctant Letter-writer, the purport of which was, that he was sorry his 2d vol. had not given me more pleasure (Devil a hint did I give that it had *not pleased me*), and 'was compelled to wish that my range of sensibility was more extended, being obliged to believe that I should receive large influxes of happiness and happy thoughts.'

. . . This was not to be *all* my castigation. Coleridge, who had not written to me some months before, starts up from his bed of sickness to reprove me for my hardy presumption: four long pages, equally sweaty and more tedious, came from him; assuring me that, when the works of a man of true genius such as W. undoubtedly was, do not please me at first sight, I should suspect the fault to lie

Wordsworth

'in me and not in them,' etc., etc., etc., etc., etc.
What am I to do with such people? I certainly shall
write them a very merry letter.

(CHARLES LAMB in a letter to his friend Manning,
(1801.)

3

Wordsworth has left a bad impression wherever
he visited in town by his egotism, vanity, and
bigotry. Yet he is a great poet if not a philosopher.
(KEATS, in a letter to his brother, 1818.)

4

Mr. Wordsworth . . . reminds me of some of
Holbein's heads: grave, saturnine, with a slight
indication of sly humour, kept under by the manners
of the age or by the pretensions of the person. He
has a peculiar sweetness in his smile, and great
depth and manliness and a rugged harmony in his
voice. . . .

There is no one in whom I have been more dis-
appointed . . . nor with whom I am more disposed
on certain points to quarrel; but the love of truth
and justice which obliges me to do this, will not suffer
me to blench his merits. Do what he can, he cannot
help being an original-minded man. His poetry is
not servile. While the cuckoo returns in the spring,
while the daisy looks bright in the sun, while the
rainbow lifts its head above the storm—

Yet I'll remember Thee, Glencairn,
And all that thou hast done for me!

(HAZLITT.)

5

Wordsworth may be bordering on sixty; hard-featured, brown, wrinkled, with prominent teeth and a few scattered grey hairs, but nevertheless not a disagreeable countenance; and very cheerful, merry, courteous, and talkative, much more so than I should have expected from the grave and didactic character of his writings.

(GEORGE GREVILLE, 1830.)

6

I was driven to a lovely, cottage-like building, almost hidden by a profusion of roses and ivy; and a most benignant-looking old man greeted me in the porch: this was Mr. Wordsworth himself. . . . In half an hour I felt myself as much at ease with him as I had been with Sir Walter Scott in half a day. I laughed to find myself saying, on the occasion of some little domestic occurrence, 'Mr. Wordsworth, how *could* you be so giddy?' He has, undeniably, a lurking love of mischief. . . .

(MRS HEMANS, 1830.)

7

1

1833

His daughters called in their father, a plain, elderly, white-haired man, not prepossessing, and

Wordsworth

disfigured by green goggles. . . . I inquired whether he had read Carlyle's critical articles and translations. He said, he thought him sometimes insane. He proceeded to abuse Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister* heartily. It was full of all manner of fornication. It was like the crossing of flies in the air. He had never gone further than the first part; so disgusted was he that he threw the book across the room. I deprecated this wrath, and said what I could for the better parts of the book; and he courteously promised to look at it again. . . . He had just returned from a visit to Staffa, and within three days had made three sonnets on Fingal's Cave, and was composing a fourth, when he was called in to see me. He said, 'If you are interested in my verses, perhaps you will like to hear these lines.' I gladly assented; and he recollected himself for a few moments, and then stood forth and repeated, one after the other, the three entire sonnets with great animation. . . . This recitation was so unlooked for and surprising—he, the old Wordsworth, standing apart, and reciting to me in a garden-walk, like a schoolboy declaiming—that I at first was near to laugh; but recollecting myself, that I had come thus far to see a poet, and he was chanting poems to me, I saw that he was right and I was wrong, and gladly gave myself up to hear. . . .

(EMERSON, 1833.)

II

Miss Martineau, who lived near him, praised him to me not for his poetry, but for thrift and economy;

Wordsworth

for having afforded to his country neighbours an example of a modest household, where comfort, and culture were secured without any display. She said, that, in his early housekeeping at the cottage where he first lived, he was accustomed to offer his friends bread and plainest fare: if they wanted anything more, they must pay him for their board. It was the rule of the house. I replied, that it evinced English pluck more than any anecdote I knew.

(EMERSON, 1848.)

8

1

A fine limpid style of writing and delineating, in his small way; a fine limpid vein of melody too in him (as of an honest rustic fiddle, good, and well handled, but wanting two or more of the strings, and not capable of much!). In fact a rather dull, hard-tempered, unproductive and almost wearisome kind of man; not adorable, by any means, as a great poetic genius. . . .

11

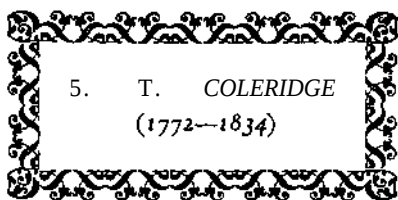
. . . Wordsworth sat silent, almost next to me, while Sterling took to asserting the claims of Kotzebue as a dramatist . . . whom I with pleasure did my endeavour to explode from that mad notion, and thought (as I still recollect), 'This will perhaps please Wordsworth too'; who, however, gave not the least sign of that or any other feeling.

III

One evening . . . I got him upon the subject of great poets. . . . Pope's partial failure I was prepared for; less for the narrowish limits visible in Milton and others, I tried him with Burns, of whom he had sung tender recognition; but Burns also turned out to be a limited inferior creature, any genius he had being a theme for one's pathos rather; even Shakespeare himself had his blind sides, his limitations; gradually it became apparent to me that of transcendent unlimited there was, to this critic, probably but one specimen known, Wordsworth himself! (CARLYLE.)

9

I have seen them [Wordsworth's eyes] assume an appearance the most solemn and spiritual that it is possible for the human eye to wear. The light which resides in them is at no time a superficial light; but, under favourable accidents, it is a light which seems to come from unfathomed depths: in fact, it is more truly entitled to be held 'the light that never was on land or sea,' a light radiating from some far spiritual world, than any the most idealizing that ever yet a painter's hand created. The nose, a little arched, is large; which . . . has always been accounted an unequivocal expression of animal appetites organically strong. And that expressed the simple truth: Wordsworth's intellectual passions were fervent and strong; but they rested upon a basis of preternatural animal sensibility diffused through *all* the animal passions (or appetites). . . . (DE QUINCEY.)



I

This most miserable arrogance seems, in the present age, confined almost exclusively to the original members of the Lake School, and is, we think, worthy of especial notice as one of the leading features of their character. It would be difficult to defend it either in Southey or Wordsworth; but in Coleridge it is altogether ridiculous. . . . Throughout all the works of Scott, the most original-minded man of this generation of Poets, scarcely a single allusion is made to himself. . . . What has Campbell ever obtruded on the *Public* of his private history? Yet his is a name that will be hallowed for ever in the souls of pure, and aspiring, and devout youth; and to those lofty contemplations in which Poetry lends its aid to Religion, his Immortal Muse will impart a more enthusiastic glow, while it blends in one majestic hymn all the noblest feelings which can spring from earth, with all the most glorious hopes that come from the silence of eternity. Byron indeed speaks of himself often, but his is like the voice of an angel heard crying in the storm or the whirlwind; and we listen in a kind of mysterious dread to the tones of a Being whom we scarcely believe to be kindred to ourselves. . . . And finally, who more

5. T. Coleridge

gracefully unostentatious than Moore, a Poet who has shed delight, and joy, and rapture, and exultation, through the spirit of an enthusiastic People, and whose name is associated in his native Land with everything noble and glorious in the cause of Patriotism and Liberty. . . .

(Blackwood's Magazine, 1817.)

2

What a benign, smiling face it was! What a comfortable, respectable figure! What a model, methought, as I watched and admired the 'Old Man eloquent,' for a Christian bishop! But he was, perhaps, scarcely orthodox enough to be trusted with a mitre. . . . After dinner he got up, and began pacing to and fro, with his hands behind his back, talking and walking, as Lamb laughingly hinted, as if qualifying for an itinerant preacher. . . . With his fine, flowing voice, it was glorious music, of the 'never-ending, still-beginning' kind; and you did not wish it to end. It was rare flying, as in the Nassau Balloon; you knew not whither, nor did you care.

(THOMAS HOOD.)

3

. . . Mr. Coleridge sent a verbal message that he was in bed, but if I would call after one o'clock, he would see me. I returned at one, and he appeared, a short, thick old man, with bright blue eyes and fine clear complexion, leaning on his cane. He took

snuff freely, which presently soiled his cravat and neat black suit. . . . I was in his company for about an hour, but find it impossible to recall the largest part of his discourse, which was often like so many printed paragraphs in his book—perhaps the same—so readily did he fall into certain commonplaces. As I might have foreseen, the visit was rather a spectacle than a conversation, of no use beyond the satisfaction of my curiosity. He was old and pre-occupied, and could not bend to a new companion and think with him.

(EMERSON, 1832.)

4

|

He began anywhere: you put some question to him, made some suggestive observation: instead of directly answering this, or decidedly setting out towards answer of it, he would accumulate formidable apparatus, logical swim-bladders, transcendental life-preservers and other precautionary and vehiculatory gear, for setting out; perhaps did at last get under way, but was swiftly solicited, turned aside by the glance of some radiant new game on this hand or that, into new courses; and ever into new; and before long into all the Universe, where it was uncertain what game you would catch, or whether any. . . .

Glorious islets, too, I have seen rise out of the haze; but they were few, and soon swallowed in the general element again. Balmy sunny islets, islets of the blest and the intelligible.

5. *T. Coleridge*

II

Coleridge, a puffy, anxious, obstructed-looking, fattish old man, hobbled about with us, talking with a kind of solemn emphasis on matters which were of no interest. . . . I had him to myself once or twice, in various parts of the garden walks, and tried hard to get something about Kant and Co. from him, about 'reason' versus 'understanding' and the like, but in vain. Nothing came from him that was of use to me that day, or in fact any day. . . .

(CARLYLE.)

5

Coleridge was a marvellous talker. . . . But sometimes his harangues were quite unintelligible, not only to myself but to others. Wordsworth and I called upon him one forenoon, when he was in a lodging off Pall Mall. He talked uninterruptedly for about two hours, during which Wordsworth listened to him with profound attention, every now and then nodding his head as if in assent. On quitting the lodging, I said to Wordsworth, 'Well, for my own part, I could not make head or tail of Coleridge's oration: pray, did you understand it?' 'Not one syllable of it,' was Wordsworth's reply.

(SAMUEL ROGERS.)

I

Not being able to dwell on natural woes, he (Coleridge) took to the supernatural; and hence his *Ancient Mariner* and *Christabel*, in which he shows great poetical power; but these have not the hold on the heart which Nature gives, and will never be popular poems, like those of Goldsmith and Burns.

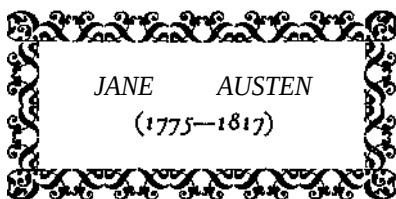
II

Nor has the rolling year twice measured
From sign to sign, its steadfast course,
Since every mortal power of Coleridge
Was frozen at its marvellous source;

The rapt one of the godlike forehead,
The heaven-eyed creature sleeps in earth.

(WORDSWORTH.)

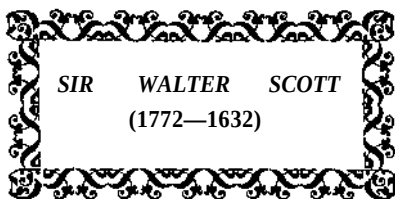




Sir Walter Scott

That young lady had a talent for describing the involvements, and feelings, and characters of ordinary life, which is to me the most wonderful I ever met with. The Big Bow-Wow strain I can do myself like any now going; but the exquisite touch, which renders ordinary commonplace things and characters interesting, from the truth of the description and the sentiment, is denied to me.

(From SCOTT'S Diary, March 1826.)



Jeffrey, author of the review in the 'Edinburgh,' dined on the day of publication with Scott and his wife. As he was leaving, Mrs. Scott, a Frenchwoman, said, 'Well, good night, Mr. Jeffrey—dey tell me you have abused Scott in de Review, and I hope Mr. Constable has paid you very well for writing it.'

I

Though we think this last romance of Mr. Scott's about as good as the former . . . we must remind our readers that we never entertained much partiality for this sort of composition. . . . To write a modern romance of chivalry seems to be much such a phantasy as to build a modern abbey or an English pagoda. . . . Fine ladies and gentlemen now talk indeed of donjons, keeps, tabards, scutcheons, tressures, caps of maintenance, portcullises, wimples, and we know not what besides; just as they did, in the days of Dr. Darwin's popularity, of gnomes, sylphs, oxygen, gossamer, polygynia, and polyandria. That fashion, however, passed rapidly away, and Mr. Scott should take care that a different sort of pedantry does not produce the same effects. . . .

(The Edinburgh Review on Marmion, 1808.)

2

The impression on Mr. Wordsworth's mind was that on the whole he (Scott) attached much less importance to his literary labours or reputation than to his bodily sports, exercises, and social amusements. . . .

(WORDSWORTH, reported by LOCKHART.)

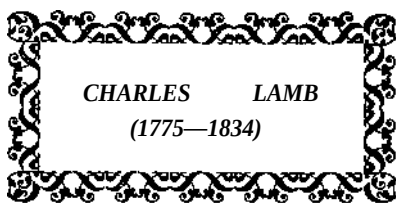
3

I have never written to Sir Walter, for I know he has a thousand things, and I a thousand nothings, to do; but I hope to see him at Abbotsford before very long, and I will sweat his claret for him, though Italian abstemiousness has made my brain but a shilpit concern for a Scotch sitting 'inter pocula.' I love Scott and Moore, and all the better brethren; but I hate and abhor that puddle of water-worms whom you have taken into your troop.

(BYRON, to his publisher, Murray.)

You say that 'his character is little worthy of enthusiasm,' at the same time that you mention his productions in the manner they deserve. I have known Walter Scott long and well . . . and I can assure you that his character *is* worthy of admiration—that of all men he is the most *open*, the most *honourable*, the most *amiable*. . . . I say that Walter Scott is as nearly a thorough good man as man can be, because I *know* it by experience to be the case.

(BYRON, to Beyle, May 1823.)



I

Mr. Lamb is without doubt a man of genius, and of very peculiar genius too. . . . His mind is original even in its errors; and though his ideas often flow on a somewhat fantastic course, and are shaded with no less fantastic imagery, yet at all times they bubble freshly from the fountain of his own mind, and almost always lead to truth. . . . Mr. Lamb, however, never has been, and we are afraid never will be, a very popular writer. His faults are likely to be very offensive to ordinary readers; while his merits are of so peculiar a kind that it requires a peculiar taste to feel them justly. We are sorry, too, to observe among his admirers persons whose favourable opinion will be apt to prejudice the public against him; and we wish that the editor of the *Examiner* (Leigh Hunt) and Mr. Hazlitt had not affected to love and admire that which we are sure they cannot at all understand.

(Blackwood's, 1818.)

2

Mr. Lamb is a general favourite with those who know him. His character is equally singular and

amiable. He is endeared to his friends, not less by his foibles than his virtues: he ensures their esteem by the one, and does not wound their self-love by the other. He gains ground in the opinion of others by making no advances in his own. We easily admire genius where the diffidence of the possessor makes our acknowledgment of merit seem like a sort of patronage or act of condescension. . . .

There was Lamb himself, the most delightful, the most provoking, the most witty and sensible of men. . . . What a keen, laughing, hare-brained vein of home-felt truth! What choice venom! How often did we cut into the haunch of letters, while we discussed the haunch of mutton on the table!

(HAZLITT.)

3

A little volume of essays has just been published, with the title of *Elia*, most of which had already appeared, we believe, in one of the magazines. They well deserved to be collected, for they have that in them which ought not to be buried among the usual trash which necessarily goes to the filling up of a periodical work. The admirers of the *Spectator* and *Tatler* (and who does not admire those classic volumes?) will be pleased with the lucubrations of *Elia*; they will often be reminded of the quiet and elegant humour of Addison, and of the fanciful and pathetic eloquence of Steele.

(*The Times*, 1822.)

4

Dined at Mr. Monkhouse's (a gentleman I had never seen before), on Wordsworth's invitation, who lives there whenever he comes to town. A singular party: Coleridge, Rogers, Wordsworth and wife, Charles Lamb (the hero, at present, of the *London Magazine*) and his sister (the poor woman who went mad with him in the diligence on the way to Paris). . . . Charles Lamb, a clever fellow certainly; but full of villainous and abortive puns, which he miscarries of every minute.

(THOMAS MOORE, 1823.)

5

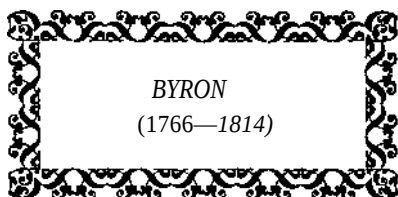
Insuperable proclivity to gin in poor old Lamb. . . . A most slender fibre of actual worth in that poor Charles, abundantly recognisable to me as to others, in his better times and moods; but he was Cockney to the marrow; and Cockneydom, shouting 'glorious, marvellous, unparalleled in nature!' all his days had quite bewildered his poor head, and churned nearly all the sense out of the poor man. He was the leanest of mankind, tiny black breeches buttoned to the knee-cap and no further, surmounting spindle-legs also in black, face and head finenish, black, bony, lean, and of a Jew type rather; in the eyes a kind of smoky brightness or confused sharpness; spoke with a stutter; in walking tottered and shuffled; emblem of imbecility bodily and spiritual (something of real insanity I have understood), and

Charles Lamb

yet something too of human, pathetic, sportfully much enduring. Poor Lamb! he was infinitely astonished at my wife, and her quiet encounter of his ghastly London wit by a cheerful native ditto. Adieu, poor Lamb!

(CARLYLE.)





/

. . . But whatever judgment may be passed on the poems of this noble minor, it seems we must take them as we find them, and be content; for they are the last we shall ever have from him. He is at best, he says, but an intruder into the groves of Parnassus; he never lived in a garret, like thoroughbred poets; and 'though he once roved a careless mountaineer in the Highlands of Scotland,' he has not of late enjoyed this advantage. Moreover, he expects no profit from his publication; and whether it succeeds or not, 'it is highly improbable, from his situation and pursuits hereafter,' that he should again condescend to become an author. Therefore, let us take what we can get and be thankful. What right have we poor devils to be nice ? We are well off to have got so much from a man of this Lord's station, who does not live in a garret, but 'has the sway' of Newstead Abbey.

(Edinburgh Review, 1808.)

2

Lord Byron has been elected by acclamation to the throne of poetical supremacy; nor are we disposed to question his title to the crown. There

breathes over all his genius an air of kingly dignity; strength, vigour, energy, are his attributes; and he wields his faculties with a proud consciousness of their power, and a confident anticipation of their effect. . . . In no great attempt has he ever failed; and, soon as he begins his flight, we feel that he is to soar upon unflagging wings—that when he has reached the black and tempestuous elevation of his favourite atmosphere, he will, eagle-like, sail on undisturbed through the heart of clouds, storms and darkness.

When this dark and powerful spirit for a while withdraws from the contemplation of his own wild world, and condescends to look upon the ordinary shews and spectacles of life, he often seems unexpectedly to participate in the feelings and emotions of beings with whom it might be thought he could claim no kindred; and thus many passages are to be found in his poetry, of the most irresistible and overpowering pathos, in which the depth of his sympathy with common sorrows and common sufferers, seems as profound as if his nature knew nothing more mournful than sighs and tears.

(Blackwood's Magazine, 1817.)

3

Lord Byron has spoken severely of my compositions. However faulty they may be, I do not think that I ever could have prevailed upon myself to print such lines as he has done; for instance,

I stood in Venice on the Bridge of Sighs,
A palace and a prison on each hand.

(WORDSWORTH.)

Whatever he (Byron) does, he must do it in a more decided and daring manner than anyone else; he lounges with extravagance, and yawns so as to alarm the reader! Self-will, passion, the love of singularity, a disdain of himself and of others (with a conscious sense that this is among the ways and means of procuring admiration) are the proper categories of his mind: he is a lordly writer, is above his own reputation, and condescends to the muses with a scornful grace!

(HAZLITT.)

How horrible an example of human nature is this man, who has no pleasure left him but to gloat over and jeer at the most awful incidents of life. Oh! this is a paltry originality, which consists in making solemn things gay, and gay things solemn, and yet it will fascinate thousands, by the very diabolical outrage of their sympathies. Byron's perverted education makes him assume to feel, and try to impart to others, those depraved sensations which the want of education excites in many.

(KEATS, on *Don Juan*,)

I have a thorough aversion to his character, and a very moderate admiration of his genius: he is great in so little a way. To be a Poet is to be the Man, not

Byron

a petty portion of occasional low passion worked up in a permanent form of humanity. I never much relished his Lordship's mind. . . . He was to me offensive, and I never can make out his great *power*, which his admirers talk of. Why, a line of Wordsworth's is a lever to lift the immortal spirit! Byron can only move the Spleen. He was at best a Satyrist, —in any other way he was mean enough. I daresay I do him an injustice; but I cannot love him, nor squeeze a tear to his memory. . . .

(CHARLES LAMB.)

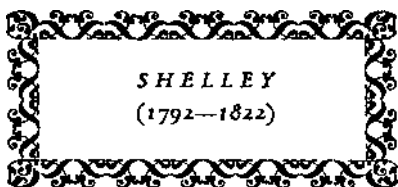
7

Byron is a person of many high and splendid qualities. If I had his genius and health and liberty, I would make the next three centuries recollect me.

Poor Byron! Alas poor Byron! The news of his death came down upon my heart like a mass of lead. . . . O God! that so many sons of mud and clay should fill up their base existence to its utmost bound, and this, the noblest spirit in Europe, should sink before half its course was run.

(CARLYLE.)





I

Scarcely any man ever set himself in array against the cause of social order and religion, but from a proud and rebel mind, or a corrupt and undisciplined heart: where these are, true knowledge cannot grow. In the enthusiasm of youth, indeed, a man like Mr. Shelley may cheat himself with the imagined loftiness and independence of his theory, and it is easy to invent a thousand sophisms, to reconcile his conscience to the impurity of his practice; but this lasts only long enough to lead him on beyond the power of return; he ceases to be the dupe, but with desperate malignity he becomes the deceiver of others. . . . So it is now in part, so shortly will it entirely be with Mr. Shelley:—if we might withdraw the veil of private life, and tell what we *now* know about him, it would be indeed a disgusting picture that we should exhibit, but it would be an unanswerable comment on our text; it is not easy for those who *read only*, to conceive how much low pride, how much cold selfishness, how much unmanly cruelty are consistent with the laws of this 'universal' and 'lawless love.' But we must only use our knowledge to check the groundless hopes which we were once prone to entertain of him.

(*The Quarterly Review*, From a review of *The Revolt of Islam* and *Rosalind and Helen*,
1819.)

2

You, I am sure, will forgive me for sincerely remarking that you might curb your magnanimity, and be more of an artist, and load every rift of your subject with ore. The thought of such discipline must fall like cold chains upon you, who perhaps never sat with your wings furled for six months together.

(KEATS, August 1820.)

3

Shelley I saw once. His voice was the most obnoxious squeak I ever was tormented with, ten thousand times worse than the Laureate's (Southey's), whose voice is the worst part about him, except his Laureateship. . . . I can no more understand Shelley than you can. His poetry is 'thin sown with profit or delight.' . . . For his theories and nostrums, they are oracular enough; but I either comprehend 'em not, or there is 'miching malice' **and** mischief in 'em, but, for the most part, ringing with their own emptiness. Hazlitt said well of 'em—'Many are the wiser and better for reading Shakespeare, but nobody was ever wiser or better for reading Shelley.'

(CHARLES LAMB. Extracts from two letters to Bernard Barton: 1822 and 1824.)

As to poor Shelley, who is another bugbear to you and the world, he is, to my knowledge, the *least* selfish and the mildest of men—a man who has made more sacrifices of his fortune and feelings for others than any I ever heard of. With his speculative opinions I have nothing in common, nor desire to have.

(BYRON, to Thomas Moore.)

You are all mistaken about Shelley. You do not know how mild, how tolerant, how good he was in society; and as perfect a gentleman as ever crossed a drawing-room, when he liked, and where he liked.

(BYRON, to Murray.)

I

I asked him abruptly what he thought of Shelley as a poet.

'Nothing,' he replied as abruptly.

Seeing my surprise, he added, 'A poet who has not produced a good poem before he is twenty-five we may conclude cannot and never will do so.'

'The "Cenci"! ' I said eagerly.

'Won't do,' he replied, shaking his head, as he got into the carriage.

(WORDSWORTH, reported by TRELAWNEY.)

II

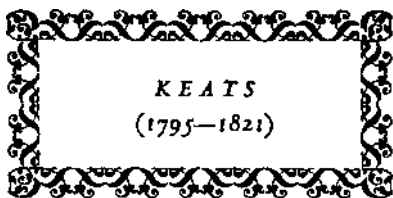
He told me he thought the greatest of modern geniuses, had he given his powers a proper direction, and one decidedly superior to Byron, was Shelley, a young man, author of 'Queen Mab,' who died lately at Rome.

(WORDSWORTH, reported by J. J. Tayler, B.A.)

6

Southey and I got speaking on Shelley. . . . Southey did not rise into admiration of Shelley either for talent or conduct; spoke of him and his life, without bitterness, but with contemptuous sorrow, and evident aversion mingled with his pity. To me also poor Shelley always was, and is, a kind of ghastly object, colourless, pallid, without health or warmth or vigour; the sound of him shrieky, frosty, as if a ghost were trying to 'sing to us'; the temperament of him spasmodic, hysterical, instead of strong or robust; with fine affections and aspirations, gone all such a road:—a man infinitely too weak for that solitary scaling of the Alps which he undertook in spite of all the world.

(CARLYLE.)



I

This author is a copyist of Mr. Hunt; but he is more unintelligible, almost as rugged, twice as diffuse, and ten times more tiresome and absurd than his prototype, who though he impudently presumed to seat himself on the chair of criticism, and to measure his own poetry by his own standard, yet generally had a meaning. But Mr. Keats had advanced no dogmas which he was bound to support by examples; his nonsense therefore is quite gratuitous; he writes it for its own sake, and being bitten by Mr. Leigh Hunt's insane criticism, more than rivals the insanity of his poetry.

{*The Quarterly*. JOHN WILSON CROKER, April,
1818.)

2

Of all the manias of this mad age, the most incurable, as well as the most common, seems to be no other than the *Metromanie*. . . . This young man [Keats] appears to have received from nature talents of an excellent, perhaps even of a superior order—talents which, devoted to the purposes of any useful profession, must have rendered him a respectable, if

not an eminent citizen. His friends, we understand, destined him to the career of medicine, and he was bound apprentice some years ago to a worthy apothecary in town. But all has been undone by a sudden attack of the malady to which we have alluded. Whether Mr. John had been sent home with a diuretic or composing draught to some patient far gone in the poetical mania, we have not heard. This much is certain, that he has caught the infection, and that thoroughly. For some time we were in hopes that he might get off with a violent fit or two; but of late the symptoms are terrible. The phrenzy of the 'Poems' was bad enough in its way; but it did not alarm us half so seriously as the calm, settled, imperturbable drivelling idiocy of 'Endymion.' . . .

It is a better and a wiser thing to be a starved apothecary than a starved poet; so back to the shop, Mr. John, back to 'plasters, pills, and ointment boxes,' etc. But, for Heaven's sake, young Sangrado, be a little more sparing of extenuatives and soporifics in your practice than you have been in your poetry.

(*Blackwood's*. By J. G. LOCKHART, August 1818.)

3

1

Of the praises of that little dirty blackguard Keats, I shall observe as Johnson did when Sheridan the actor got a pension: 'What! Has *he* got a pension? Then it is time that I should give up *mine!*' Nobody could be prouder of the praise of the *Edinburgh* than I was, or more alive to their censure, as I showed in

Keats

English Bards and Scotch Reviewers. At present *all the men* they have praised are degraded by that insane article. Why don't they review and praise Solomon's *Guide to Health*'} it is better sense and as much poetry as Johnny Keats.

(BYRON, 1820.)

II

Is it true, what Shelley writes me, that poor John Keats died at Rome of the *Quarterly Review*? I am very sorry for it, though I think he took the wrong line as a poet, and was spoilt by Gockneyfying, and suburbing, and versifying Tooke's *Pantheon* and Lempriere's *Dictionary*.

(BYRON, 1821.)

HI

I am very sorry to hear what you say of Keats—is it *actually* true? I did not think criticism had been so killing. Though I differ from you essentially in your estimate of his performances, I so much abhor all unnecessary pain, that I would rather he had been seated on the highest peak of Parnassus than have perished in such a manner. Poor fellow! though with such inordinate self-love he would probably not have been very happy. . . . Had I known that Keats was dead—or that he was alive and so sensitive—I should have omitted some remarks upon his poetry, to which I was provoked by his *attack* upon *Pope*, and my disapprobation of *his own* style of writing.

(BYRON, to Shelley after the death of Keats.)

4

I

I have lately read your 'Endymion' again, and even with a new sense of the treasures of poetry it contains, though treasures poured forth with indistinct profusion. This people in general will not endure, and that is the cause of the comparatively few copies which have been sold. I feel persuaded that you are capable of the greatest things, so you but will . . .

(SHELLEY, to Keats, July 1820.)

II

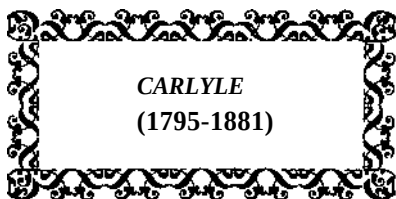
Where is Keats now? I am anxiously expecting him in Italy, when I shall take care to bestow every possible attention on him. I consider his a most valuable life, and I am deeply interested in his safety. I intend to be the physician both of his body "and his soul, to keep the one warm, and to teach the other Greek and Spanish. I am aware, indeed, in part, that I am nourishing a rival who will far surpass me, and this is an additional motive, and will be an added pleasure.

(SHELLEY, to Leigh Hunt, November 1820.)

Milnes has written this year (1848) a book on Keats. This remark to make on it: 'An attempt to make us eat dead dog by exquisite currying and cooking.' Won't eat it. A truly unwise little book. The kind of man that Keats was gets ever more horrible to me.

(CARLYLE.)





I

Do you know Miss Peabody of Boston? She has just sent me with the highest eulogy, certain essays of Mr. Emerson. Our Mr. Carlyle and he appear to be what the French used to call *esprits forts*, though the French idols showed their spirit after a somewhat different fashion. Our two present Philosophers, who have taken a language which they suppose to be English for their vehicle, are verily 'par nobile fratrum,' and it is a pity that the weakness of our age has not left them exclusively to their appropriate reward—mutual admiration. Where is the thing that now passes for philosophy in Boston to stop?

(WORDSWORTH. Letter to Professor Read,
1841.)

2

Either a man intends to be understood, or he does not. If he write a book which he intends *not* to be understood, we shall be very happy indeed not to understand it; but if he write a book which he means to be understood, and, in this book, be at all possible pains to prevent us from understanding it, we can only say that he is an ass—and this, to be

Carlyle

brief, is our private opinion of Mr. Carlyle, which we now take the liberty of making public.

(EDGAR ALLAN POE.)

3

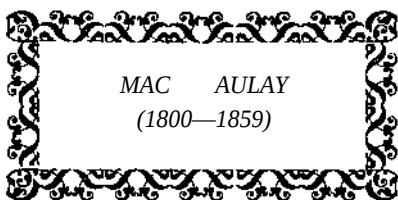
Originality of thought is unquestionably the best excuse for writing a book; originality of style is a rare and refreshing merit; but it is paying rather dear for one's whistle to qualify for it by obtaining it in the university of Bedlam. . . . The abortive attempt to be more than nature has made us, and to add a cubit to our stature, ends by placing us below where we might be, if contented with being simply and unaffectedly ourselves. There is not, perhaps, a more decided mark of the decadence of literature than the frequency of such extravagance.

The applicability of these remarks to the History of the French Revolution, now before us, will be understood by such of our readers as are familiar with Mr. Carlyle's contributions to our periodical literature. But it is one thing to put forth a few pages of quaintness, neologism, and a whimsical coxcombry; and another to carry such questionable qualities through three long volumes of misplaced persiflage and flippant pseudo-philosophy. To such a pitch of extravagance and absurdity are these peculiarities exalted in the volumes before us that we should pass them over in silence, as altogether unworthy of criticism, if we did not know that the rage for German literature may bring such writing into fashion with the ardent and unreflecting.

(*The Athenaeum*, 1837.)

Carlyle was at this time past fifty years of age, had a strong, well-knit frame, a dark, ruddy complexion, piercing blue eyes, close-drawn lips, and an air of silent composure and authority. He was commonly dressed in a dark suit, a black stock, a deep folding linen collar, and a wide-brimmed hat, sometimes changed for one of soft felt. . . . There was not a shade of discontent or impatience discernible in his countenance; if these feelings arose, they were kept in check by a disciplined will. It must be remembered that by this time his life had grown tranquil; he had outlived his early struggles to obtain a footing in life and a hearing from the world; he had written the *French Revolution* and *Cromwell*, and his place in literature was no longer in doubt.

(SIR CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY.)



1

An ugly, cross-made, splay-footed, shapeless little dumpling of a fellow, with a featureless face too—except indeed a good expansive forehead—sleek, puritanical sandy hair—large glimmering eyes—and a mouth from ear to ear. He has a lisp and a burr, moreover, and speaks thickly and huskily for several minutes before he gets into the swing of his discourse; but after that, nothing can be more dazzling than his whole execution.

(Blackwood's, 1831.)

2

It would certainly be unfair to measure the worth of any age by that of its popular objects of literary or artistic admiration. Otherwise one might say the present age will be known and estimated by posterity as the age which thought Macaulay a great writer.

(J. S. MILL, 1854.)

3

'Literary world' (bless the mark!) much occupied of late with 'Macaulay's History' the most popular

Macaulay

history book ever written. Four editions already, within, perhaps, four months. Book to which five hundred editions could not lend any permanent value, there being no depth of sense in it at all, and a very great quantity of wind and other temporary ingredients, which are the reverse of sense.

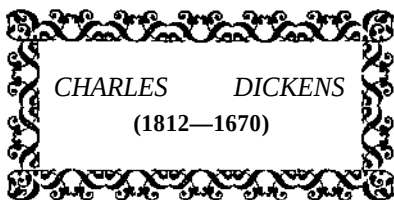
(GARLYLE.)

4

There are no limits to his knowledge on small subjects as well as great; he is like a book in breeches. . . . He is certainly more agreeable since his return from India. His enemies might perhaps have said before (though I never did so) that he talked rather too much; but now he has occasional flashes of silence, that make his conversation perfectly delightful. . . . We both talk a great deal, but I don't believe Macaulay ever did hear my voice. . . . Sometimes, when I have told a good story, I have thought to myself, Poor Macaulay! He will be very sorry some day to have missed hearing that.

(SYDNEY SMITH.)





I

Mr. Dickens writes too often and too fast; on the principle, we presume, of making hay whilst the sun shines, he seems to have accepted at once all engagements that were offered to him, and the consequence is, that in too many instances he has been compelled to

'forestall the blighted harvest of the brain,'
and put forth, in their crude, unfinished, undigested state, thoughts, feelings, observations, and plans which it required time and study to mature—or supply the allotted number of pages with original matter of the most commonplace description, or hints caught from others and diluted to make them pass for his own. If he persists much longer in this course, it requires no gift of prophecy to foretell his fate—he has risen like a rocket, and he will come down like a stick.

(The *Quarterly Magazine* on *Pickwick Papers*,
1838.)

2

' *The Pickwick Papers* '

It contains true character under false names; and like *Roderick Random*, an inferior work, and *Tom*

Charks Dickens

Jones (one that is immeasurably superior) gives us a better idea of the state and ways of the people, than one could gather from any more pompous and authentic history.

(W. M. THACKERAY.)

3

' Oliver Twist'

A writer, who chooses to be known to the literary world by the name of 'Boz,' has, for some time past, been exhibiting his antics before the public. . . . Our indignation was strongly excited against the critic who had palmed him on our notice. We felt called upon to expose the one and denounce the other as proper objects for the contempt and indignation of the public. To qualify ourselves for the duty . . . we undertook, and faithfully accomplished the loathsome task of reading the volumes (*Oliver Twist*) through. Having completed it, we determined that if, from this time forth, any of our readers suffers himself to be cheated out of his money or his time by Mr. 'Boz' himself, or any of his associates, aiders, and abettors, it shall not be our fault.

(*Southern Literary Messenger*, Richmond,
Virginia, 1837.)

4

'Nicholas Nickleby'

Nickleby is very good. I stood out against Mr. Dickens as long as I could, but he has conquered me.

(SYDNEY SMITH, in a letter, 1838.)

' *The Old Curiosity Shop* '

It is told of Daniell O'Connell, the great Irish agitator, that travelling with a friend one day and reading the then recently issued book where the death of Little Nell is recorded, the great orator's eyes filled with tears, and he sobbed aloud, 'He should not have killed her!—he should not have killed her! She was too good!' and so he threw the book out of the window, unable to read more.

(J. C. HOTTEN, 1870.)

'*American Notes*'

What say you to a review by me of Dickens's new book on America—a fair, prudent, and real review? Bearing in mind my own position as a sort of *honourable yet fearless* rival of his. . . . From the glance I have given the book I think I shall on the whole be disappointed. . . . Oh, what a book I could have written!!! I mean I who have not only observed but *reflected* so much on the characters of the people of England and America.

(SAMUEL WARREN, 1842.)

'Dombey and Son'

Oh, my dear, dear Dickens! what a No. 5 you have given us! I have so cried and sobbed over it last night, and again this morning: and felt my heart purified by those tears, and blessed and loved you for making me shed them; and I can never bless and love you enough. Since the divine Nelly was found dead on her humble couch, beneath the snow and the ivy, there has been nothing like the actual dying of that sweet Paul, in the summer sunshine of that lofty room.

(JEFFREY, 1847.)

'David Copperfield'

Its texture and style are loose with the looseness of mere panorama painting: and its humanity, though often simple and wholesome, is at innumerable points altogether distorted and unwholesome. And yet we are told that this is Dickens's masterpiece: and we admit the position.

(*Quarterly Review.*)

'Bleak House'

The love of strong effect, and the habit of seizing peculiarities and presenting them instead of charac-

Charles Dickens

ters, pervade Mr. Dickens's gravest and most amiable portraits as well as those expressly intended to be ridiculous and grotesque.

(GEORGE BRIMSLEY.)

10

'The Tale of Two Cities'

It would perhaps be hard to imagine a clumsier or more disjointed frame-work for the display of the tawdry wares which form Mr. Dickens's stock-in-trade.

(*Saturday Review*, 1859.)

II

'Great Expectations'

After a careful reading of *Great Expectations*, we must own to having found the book in most ways better than our very small expectations could have foreboded.

(*Dublin University Magazine*, 1861.)

12

'Our Mutual Friend'

It is poor with the poverty not of momentary embarrassment, but of permanent exhaustion.

(*Nation*, New York, 1865.)

The more we study Falstaff, Gulliver, and Sancho Panza, the more we perceive the art of the artist and thinker; but the closer we look at Mr. Dickens's characters, the more we detect the trickery of an artificer. . . . His characters, in fact, are a bundle of deformities. And he appears, too, to value them because they are deformed, as some minds value a crooked sixpence more than a sound coin.

(*Westminster Review*, 1866.)

13

I am profoundly sorry for *you*, and indeed for myself and for us all. It is an event world-wide, a *unique* of talents suddenly extinct; and has 'eclipsed' we too may say, 'the harmless gaiety of nations!' No death since 1866 (Mrs. Carlyle's) has fallen on me with such a stroke. No literary man's hitherto ever did. The good, the gentle, high-gifted, ever-friendly, noble Dickens—every inch of him an Honest Man.

(GARLYLE. On the death of Dickens, 1870.
To John Forster.)

. . . Charles Dickens! Oh, so free from pomp, from undue exaltation:

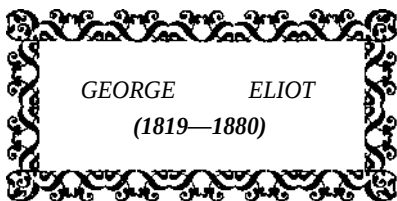
The poor man was his brother still—while worshipped by the nation.

Mothers and maidens stand aghast, as by a friend forsaken,

Charles Dickens

When they hear the sad death-news of him, whom
God has gently taken.
Charles Dickens! Aye, our crowned Queen grew
pale and saddened-hearted,
When told the worth and genius bright which
had from earth departed;
Oh, let us lay him down to rest where our greatest
dead are sleeping,
And bowing to our Father's will grow calmer in
our weeping! . . .

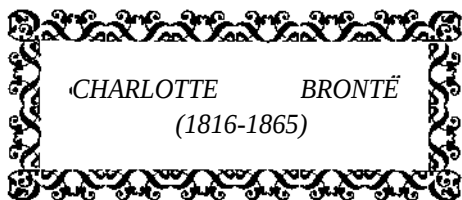
(Memorial Verses in *The Argosy*, 1870.)



. . . We do not mean for one moment to detract from Mr. George Eliot's originality when we say that after his own fashion he follows this difficult path in which Mr. Thackeray leads the way. He has fully reached that idea which it is so easy to confess in words, but so hard to admit into the secret heart, that we are all alike, that our natures are the same, and that there is not the mighty difference which is usually assumed between high and low, rich and poor, the fool and the sage, the best of us and the worst of us.

{The Times, on Adam Bede, 1859.}





I

After laughing over *The Bachelor of the Albany* we wept over *Jane Eyre*. This, indeed, is a book after our own heart; and if its merits have not forced it into notice by the time this paper comes before our readers, let us, in all earnestness, bid them lose not a day in sending for it. The writer is evidently a woman, and, unless we are deceived, new to the world of literature. But, man or woman, young or old, be that as it may, no such book has gladdened our eyes for a long time. Almost all that we require in a novel she has: perception of character, and power of delineating it; picturesqueness; passion; and knowledge of life.

(G. H. LEWES on *Jane Eyre*, *Fraser's Magazine*,
1847.)

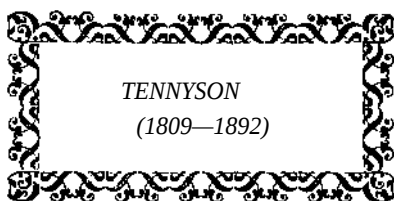
2

There can be no question but that *Jane Eyre* is a very clever book. Indeed, it is a book of decided power. . . . The writer's intention (amongst other things) seems to be to show how intellect and unswerving integrity may win their way, although oppressed by that predominating influence in Society

which is a mere consequence of the accidents of birth or fortune. There are, it is true, in this autobiography (which though relating to a woman we do not believe to have been written by a woman) struggles, and throes, and misgivings, such as must necessarily occur in a contest where the advantages are all on one side; but in the end, the honesty, kindness of heart, and perseverance of the heroine are seen triumphant over every obstacle. We confess that we like an author who throws himself into the front of the battle as the champion of the weaker party.

(The Examiner, 1847.)





These productions [prize poems] have often been ingenious and elegant, but we have never before seen one of them which indicated really first-rate poetical genius, and which would have done honour to any man that ever wrote. Such, we do not hesitate to affirm, is the little work before us; and the examiners seem to have felt it like ourselves, for they have assigned the prize to its author, though the measure in which he writes was never before, we believe, thus selected for honour.

(The Athenaeum, July, 1829, on Tennyson's prize poem, 'Timbuctoo.')

2

I have not read through all Mr. Tennyson's poems, which have been sent to me, but I think there are some things of a good deal of beauty in that I have seen. The misfortune is, that he has begun to write verses without very well understanding what metre is.

(COLERIDGE, 1833.)

3

. . . 'Then let wise Nature work her will,
And on my clay her darnels grow,
Come only when the days are still,
And at my head-stone whisper low,
And tell me . . . '

Now, what would an ordinary bard wish to be told under such circumstances?—why, perhaps, how his sweetheart was, or his child, or his family, or how the Reform Bill worked, or whether the last edition of the poems had been sold—*papæ!* our genuine poet's first wish is

'And tell me—*if the woodbines blow!*'

When, indeed, he shall have been thus satisfied as to the *woodbines* (of the blowing of which in their due season he may, we think, feel pretty secure), he turns a passing thought to his friend—and another to his mother—

'If thou art blest, my mother's smile
Undimmed . . . '

—but such inquiries, short as they are, seem too commonplace, and he immediately glides back into his curiosity as to the state of the weather and the forwardness of the spring—

'If thou art blest—my mother's smile
Undimmed—*if bees are on the wing?*'

No, we believe the whole circle of poetry does not furnish such another instance of enthusiasm for the

sights and sounds of the vernal season! The sorrows of a bereaved mother rank *after* the blossoms of the *woodbine*, and just before the hummings of the *bee*; and this is *all* that he has any curiosity about; for he proceeds—

'Then cease, my friend, a little while
That I may . . .'

'send my love to my mother,' or 'give you some hints about bees, which I have picked up from Aristaeus, in the Elysian fields,' or 'tell you how I am situated as to my own personal comforts in the world below'?—oh no—

'That I may—hear the *throstle sing*
His bridal song—the boast of spring.

Sweet as the noise, in parched plains,
Of bubbling wells that fret the stones,
(*If any sense in me remains*)
Thy words will be—thy cheerful tones
As welcome to—my *crumbling bones!*

'*If any sense in me remains!*' . . . We take upon ourselves to re-assure Mr. Tennyson, that, even after he shall be dead and buried, as much '*sense*' will still remain as he has now the good fortune to possess.

(*The Quarterly*, 1833.)

One of the saddest misfortunes that can befall a young poet is to be the Pet of a Coterie; and the very

saddest of all, if in Cockneydom. Such has been the unlucky lot of Alfred Tennyson. He has been elevated to the throne of Little Britain, and sonnets were showered over his coronation from the most remote regions of his empire, even from Hampstead Hill. Eulogies more elaborate than the architecture of the costliest gingerbread have been built up into panegyrical piles in commemoration of the Birthday; and 't would be a pity, indeed, with one's crutch to smash the gilt battlements, white, too, with sugar as with frost, and begemmed with comfits. The besetting sin of all periodical criticism, and nowadays there is no other, is boundless extravagance of praise; but none splash it on like the trowel-men who have been bedaubing Mr. Tennyson. There is something wrong, however, with the compost. It won't stick; unseemly cracks deform the surface; it falls off piece by piece ere it has dried in the sun, or it hardens into blotches; and the worshippers have but discoloured and disfigured their Idol. The worst of it is, that they have made the Bespattered not only feel, but look ridiculous; he seems as absurd as an Image in a tea-garden; and, bedizened with faded and fantastic garlands, the public cough on being told he is a Poet; for he has much more the appearance of a Post.

(CHRISTOPHER NORTH, *Blackwood's*, 1832.)

I saw Tennyson when I was in London, several times. He is decidedly the first of our living poets,

Tennyson

and I hope will live to give the world still better things. You will be pleased to hear that he expressed in the strongest terms his gratitude to my writings. To this I was far from indifferent, though persuaded that he is not much in sympathy with what I should myself most value in my attempts, viz., the spirituality with which I have endeavoured to invest the material universe, and the moral relations under which I have wished to exhibit its most ordinary appearances.

(WORDSWORTH, in a letter to Professor Reed,
1845.)

6

I am not sure that Tennyson is not the greatest of poets. . . . Other bards produce effects which are, now and then, otherwise produced than by what we call poems, but Tennyson an effect which only a poem does. His alone are idiosyncratic poems.

(EDGAR AALAN POE.)

7

The enemies of Tennyson . . . are those of his own household. . . . They are the men who find in his collection of Arthurian idylls—the *Morte d'Albert* as it might perhaps be more properly called, after the princely type to which (as he tells us with just pride) the poet has been fortunate enough to make his central figure so successfully conform—an epic

Tennyson

poem of profound and exalted morality. . . . The Vivien of Mr. Tennyson's idyll seems to me, to speak frankly, about the most base and repulsive person ever set forth in serious literature. Her impurity is actually eclipsed by her incredible and incomparable vulgarity. . . . She is such a sordid creature as plucks men passing by the sleeve. . . . The 'Femmes Damnees' of Baudelaire may be worthier of hell-fire than a common harlot like this, but that side of their passion which would render them amenable to the notice of the nearest station is not what is kept before us. . . . (SWINBURNE.)

8

The Death of Tennyson

I give the medical bulletin published next day by Dr. Dabbs: 'The tendency to fatal syncope may be said to have really commenced about 10 a.m. on Wednesday, and on Thursday, October 6th, at 1.35 a.m., the great poet breathed his last. Nothing could have been more striking than the scene during the last few hours. On the bed a figure of breathing marble, flooded and bathed in the light of the full moon streaming through the oriel window; his hand clasping the Shakespeare volume which he had asked for but recently, and which he had kept by him to the end; the moonlight, the majestic figure as he lay there, "drawing thicker breaths," irresistibly brought to our minds his own "Passing of Arthur".'

Some friends and the servants came to see him. He looked very grand and peaceful with the deep

Tennyson

furrows of thought almost smoothed away, and the old clergyman of Lurgashall stood by the bed with his hands raised, and said, 'Lord Tennyson, God has taken you, who made you a prince of men!

(From his son's Memoir.)



