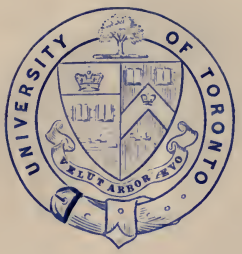
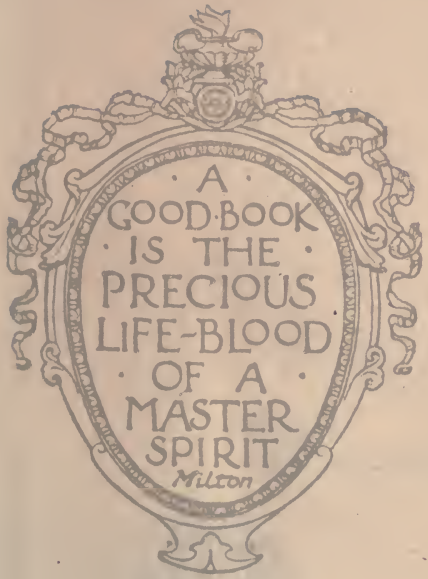
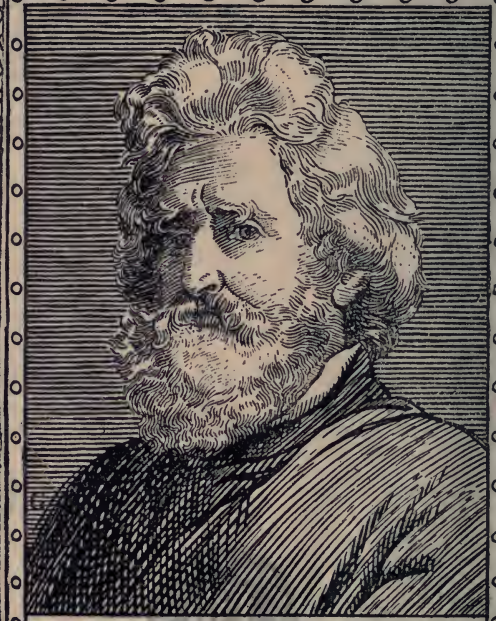



A
GOOD BOOK
IS THE
PRECIOUS
LIFE-BLOOD
OF A
MASTER
SPIRIT
Milton

The KING'S TREASURIES
OF LITERATURE

GENERAL EDITOR
SIR A·T·QUILLER COUCH



SIR WILLIAM NAPIER

NEW YORK E·P·DUTTON AND COMPANY

A GALLERY OF MASTER HISTORIANS

EDITED BY

F. R. WORTS M.A.

J·M·DENT & SONS·LTD · LONDON & TORONTO

SOLE AGENT FOR SCOTLAND
THE GRANT EDUCATIONAL CO. LTD.
GLASGOW

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN

PREFACE

In submitting this small contribution to the art of Historiography to students or general readers, I hope that its interest will be strong enough to stir in them a desire to go straight to the Masters and read the creations of their genius. Indeed, if this hope is not realised, this book serves no useful purpose, and in vain have I dared to borrow a few of the gems in the treasury of historical art and literature.

May I take this opportunity of thanking Dr. Richard Wilson for valuable suggestions and help; also M. Paul Thiriet, Strasburg University, for his generous assistance concerning Michelet and Ferraro; while in regard to Prescott and Motley, the studious zeal of Mr. F. C. Jones, Bristol University, gave me considerable aid and confidence.

For the use of copyright material acknowledgments are due and are hereby gratefully tendered to:—

Messrs. Macmillan and Co. for two extracts from Lord Acton's works; The Clarendon Press for two extracts from Hodgkin's *Italy and her Invaders*; Messrs. Longmans Green for two extracts from Creighton's *History of the Papacy*, and two extracts from Froude's *History of England*; and Messrs. W. Heinemann for two extracts from Ferraro's *Greatness and Decline of Rome*.

F. R. W.

The Grammar School,
Bristol.

PREFACE

CONTENTS

BRITISH

BRITISH

A GALLERY OF MASTER HISTORIANS

EDWARD GIBBON (1737–1794)

On the 27th April, 1737, Edward Gibbon was born at Putney, London. His father was prosperous, holding landed estate in Hampshire, and having the leisure to sit in Parliament. Of his family, Edward, his eldest son, alone survived; but he was so weak during childhood and youth that his life was frequently despaired of. Carefully fostered by his aunt, Catherine, to whom he became devoted, the boy was early introduced to serious books, and from the first showed an inclination to historical study. Educated at Westminster and at Magdalen College, Oxford, he was at the age of sixteen taken to Lausanne, Switzerland, where for two or three years he was the pupil of a Calvinist minister named Pavillard. Wisely directed, his tastes for historical and literary knowledge developed strongly. He read widely and deeply, and his wonderful memory garnered a rich harvest. Travel in Switzerland and France until 1758 completed his formal education; and not the least among his acquirements was a full mastery of the French language.

From this his twenty-first year until he was forty-six years old he was an English gentleman of leisure, interested in public activity, social life and intellectual pursuits. He held a commission in the Hampshire Militia, and by 1770 had become colonel-commanding. He was a Member of Parliament. As a member of important London social and literary clubs he became known and respected. Literary ambition was, however, his liveliest concern. Books written either in French

or in English, as the subjects warranted, appeared in his name: mostly they were studies in literature. For long his real aim had been to write history, and various subjects were tested from time to time. Determined to write something big, he found the life of Sir Walter Raleigh, or a History of the Swiss, or of Florence under the Medici, too restricted for his purpose. At length, while on a visit to Italy (April 1764 to May 1765), he reached Rome, and there it was that his noble inspiration came to him. In his *Autobiography* he says: "It was at Rome on October 15th, 1764, as I sat musing among the ruins of the Capitol, while the barefooted friars were singing vespers in the temple of Jupiter, that the idea of writing the decline and fall of the city first started to my mind."

For more than ten years he studied to prepare for this great work. Not until 1776 did the first volume appear. At once he was famous. *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* was a happy exception to the rule that the worthiest books are on publication given a cold welcome. Immediately it was recognised to have all the essentials of greatness. Steadily pursuing his aim, Gibbon completed the second and third volumes by 1781. Growing weary of his social and public life, and more confirmed in his desire for scholarly retirement, he at length returned to Lausanne and settled permanently there (September 1783). There, in the quiet of a beautiful retreat, he set himself to finish his all-absorbing task. The fourth and fifth volumes were completed by May 1786; the final within another year. "It was on the day, or rather the night, of 27th June, 1787," he says, "between the hours of eleven and twelve, that I wrote the last lines of the last page in a summer-house in my garden. After laying down my pen I took several turns in a covered walk of acacias, which commands a prospect of the country, the lake, and the mountains. The air was temperate, the sky was serene. The silver orb of the moon was reflected from the waters, and all nature was silent. I will not describe the first emotion of joy on the recovery of my freedom, and

perhaps the establishment of my fame. But my pride was soon humbled, and a sober melancholy was spread over my mind that I had taken an everlasting leave of an old and agreeable companion, and that, whatever might be the future fate of my history, the life of the historian must be short and precarious."

His ambition satisfied, he wrote nothing more except his *Memoirs*, an autobiography which ranks among the first in our language. Leisured ease and enjoyment of simple social activities occupied the remaining years of his life. He died in London, 16th January, 1794.

As an historian Gibbon is among the greatest the world knows. He gave the modern world, in particular, a new view of history; he also perfected the method of writing history. Following him it is impossible to think of history in fragments or periods, as separate and distinct phases of life; civilised life in its development is a whole, an essential unity. History is continuous and indivisible; its record is never complete, yet there are no gaps in it. Historical vision or insight must, if it be true, see the whole range of human activity from the earliest dawn to the evening of the latest age. The powerful underlying forces which have at different periods in the life of mankind determined development and progress are, despite their difference in character and results, intimately connected; although they mark the stages of the journey, the journey is made over a single highway.

In method Gibbon showed that studious preparation was imperative. The widest reading of the best scholars' works, and the patient and prolonged research into the authorities of the past, were necessities. To justify statements with the evidence of footnotes quoting authoritative records was also essential. Never to get lost amidst the masses of facts, but to select the most important of them and then to arrange them in ordered form—this, too, he taught us. Lastly, the writing of history was the art of narration. The materials properly prepared must be presented in so attractive a way that

a high level of interest is maintained, and the theme of the whole work is seen in clear relation to any episode or period which is especially alluring.

No historical work better illustrates these qualities than *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. Rome inevitably led the author to the Roman Empire. Beginning at the time of the Emperor Trajan (A.D. 98–117), he showed how that wonderful empire slowly declined until, in 1453, the Turks captured Constantinople and put an end to it. His industrious research gave him a vast fund of facts and details with which to enrich his description of thirteen hundred years of complex life, yet the vision of the whole period is unbroken; brilliant episodes and dazzling chapters appear by the score, but never is the reader allowed to forget that the strongest empire of history is slowly falling into decay and ruin. Gibbon's historic insight was a marked quality of his rare genius.

Gibbon was also pre-eminent in his literary craftsmanship. With painful labour he won a style for his writing which made it great literature. Some critics say that his history is immortal because of its literary merits. He wrote always with the utmost care and often with extreme fastidiousness: all the artifices known to men of letters were employed by him to embellish his work. Clear, vigorous, dignified, his prose is even at the worst: at the best it is sonorous and grandiloquent, its measured rhythm and glorious rhetoric giving it grandeur and majesty. Burke and Macaulay alone can lay any claim to rival Gibbon's literary qualities in historical prose.

In his point of view Gibbon is the forerunner of Lord Acton and those who claim that Liberty is "the crown" of life. Personal and political freedom of the individual within the State, even under the wisest and most benevolent government, were essentials to human happiness: and that man should be happy was, to him, a cardinal principle. This was his standard: by this he judged the past; by this, too, he could judge without bias and prejudice other times and periods differing so widely

from his own in the important matters of morality and policy. His famous appreciation of the great Emperor Julian and his horror of the murder of Hypatia are but two of the many proofs he gives of his power of judgment.

In one respect he broke professional decorum. He was very proud of his work. Yet such vanity as his is most pardonable; it proves in a full measure the sincerity of his genius. He provided in his will "that my funeral be regulated with the strictest simplicity. Shall I be accused of vanity if I add that a monument is superfluous?" Posterity has long agreed that he was right.

Chief Works

The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire has frequently been edited. The chief editions are: The Oxford, 1828; by Milman, 1839; by Smith, 1855; and by Bury, 1896–1900.

The Memoirs of My Life and Writings is his only other important work. It appeared in 1796. Later edited copies are: by Milman, 1839; by Birkbeck Hill, 1900.

GIBBON—EXTRACTS

Queen Zenobia[1]

Aurelian [now] turned his arms against Zenobia, the celebrated Queen of Palmyra and the East. . . . Zenobia was esteemed the most lovely as well as the most heroic of her sex. She was of a dark complexion (for in speaking of a lady these trifles become

[1] Ex. *The Decline and Fall* ("Everyman" Series, Dent and Sons Ltd.), ch. xi.

important): her teeth were of a pearly whiteness, and her large black eyes sparkled with uncommon fire, tempered by the most attractive sweetness. Her voice was strong and harmonious. Her manly understanding was strengthened and adorned by study. She was not ignorant of the Latin tongue, but possessed in equal perfection the Greek, the Syriac, and the Egyptian languages. She had drawn up for her own use an epitome of oriental history, and familiarly compared the beauties of Homer and Plato under the tuition of the sublime Longinus.

This accomplished woman gave her hand to Odenathus, who, from a private station, raised himself to the dominion of the East. She soon became the friend and companion of a hero. In the intervals of war Odenathus passionately delighted in the exercise of hunting; he pursued with ardour the wild beasts of the desert, lions, panthers, and bears; and the ardour of Zenobia in that dangerous amusement was not inferior to his own. She had inured her constitution to fatigue, disdained the use of a covered carriage, generally appeared on horseback in a military habit, and sometimes marched several miles on foot at the head of the troops. The success of Odenathus was in a great measure ascribed to her incomparable prudence and fortitude. Their splendid victories over the Great King, whom they twice pursued as far as the gates of Ctesiphon, laid the foundations of their united fame and power. The armies which they commanded, and the provinces which they had saved, acknowledged not any other

sovereigns than their invincible chiefs. The senate and people of Rome revered a stranger who had avenged their captive emperor, and even the insensible son of Valerian accepted Odenathus for his legitimate colleague. . . .

[After the assassination of Odenathus by his nephew Mæonius,] Zenobia filled the vacant throne, and governed with manly counsels Palmyra, Syria, and the East, above five years. The Emperor Claudius acknowledged her merit, and was content that, while *he* pursued the Gothic War, *she* should assert the dignity of the Empire in the East. The conduct, however, of Zenobia was attended with some ambiguity; nor is it unlikely that she had conceived the design of erecting an independent and hostile monarchy. She bestowed on her three sons a Latin education, and often showed them to the troops adorned with the Imperial purple. For herself she reserved the diadem, with the splendid but doubtful title of Queen of the East. . . .

Zenobia would have ill deserved her reputation had she indolently permitted the Emperor of the West to approach within a hundred miles of her capital. The fate of the East was decided in two great battles; the first was fought near Antioch, and the second near Emesa; and in both the forces of Zenobia were completely defeated. . . . Zenobia found it impossible to collect a third army. As far as the frontier of Egypt, the nations subject to her empire had joined the standard of the conqueror, who detached Probus, the bravest of his generals, to

possess himself of the Egyptian provinces. Palmyra was the last resource of the widow of Odenathus. She retired within the walls of her capital, made every preparation for a vigorous resistance, and declared, with the intrepidity of a heroine, that the last moment of her reign and of her life should be the same.

Amid the barren deserts of Arabia a few cultivated spots rise like islands out of the sandy ocean. Even the name of Tadmor, or Palmyra, by its signification in the Syriac as well as in the Latin language, denoted the multitude of palm-trees which afforded shade and verdure to that temperate region. The air was pure, and the soil, watered by some invaluable springs, was capable of producing fruits as well as corn. A place possessed of such singular advantages, and situated at a convenient distance between the Gulf of Persia and the Mediterranean, was soon frequented by the caravans which conveyed to the nations of Europe a considerable part of the rich commodities of India. Palmyra insensibly increased into an opulent and independent city, and, connecting the Roman and the Parthian monarchies by the mutual benefits of commerce, was suffered to observe an humble neutrality, till at length, after the victories of Trajan, the little republic sunk into the bosom of Rome, and flourished more than 150 years in the subordinate though honourable rank of a colony. It was during that peaceful period, if we may judge from a few remaining inscriptions, that the wealthy Palmyrenians constructed those temples, palaces, and

porticos of Grecian architecture whose ruins, scattered over an extent of several miles, have deserved the curiosity of our travellers. . . .

[The siege of Palmyra was pressed with vigour by Aurelian, but the defence was equally obstinate. At length the city began to suffer from famine; the death of Sapor, which happened about this time, deprived Zenobia of the help which she had expected from the Persian monarch; and, seeing herself cut off from all hope of succour, she resolved to fly.]

She mounted the fleetest of her dromedaries, and had already reached the banks of the Euphrates, about sixty miles from Palmyra, when she was overtaken by the pursuit of Aurelian's light horse, seized and brought back a captive to the feet of the emperor. Her capital soon afterwards surrendered, and was treated with unexpected lenity (A.D. 273). . . .

When the Syrian Queen was brought into the presence of Aurelian, he sternly asked her, How she had presumed to rise in arms against the emperors of Rome? The answer of Zenobia was a prudent mixture of respect and firmness: "Because I disdained to consider as Roman emperors an Aureolus or a Gallienus. You alone I acknowledge as my conqueror and my sovereign." But as female fortitude is commonly artificial, so it is seldom steady or consistent. The courage of Zenobia deserted her in the hour of trial; she trembled at the angry clamours of the soldiers, who called aloud for her immediate execution, forgot the generous despair of Cleopatra, which she had proposed as her model,

and ignominiously purchased life by the sacrifice of her fame and her friends.

THE GOTHS IN ROME [1]

THE death of Stilicho [2] was followed by the siege of Rome by the Goths. The folly and weakness of the ministers of Honorius gave the Gothic king a fair and reasonable pretext for renewing the war; while their cruelty handed over to Alaric [3] the only army that was able to resist the Goths.

The foreign auxiliaries who had been attached to the person of Stilicho lamented his death; but the desire of revenge was checked by a natural apprehension for the safety of their wives and children, who were detained as hostages in the strong cities of Italy, where they had likewise deposited their most valuable effects. At the same hour, and as if by a common signal, the cities of Italy were polluted by the same horrid scenes of universal massacre and pillage, which involved in promiscuous destruction the families and fortunes of the barbarians. Exasperated by such an injury, which might have awakened the tamest and most servile spirit, they cast a look of indignation and hope towards the camp of Alaric, and unanimously swore to pursue with

[1] Ex. *The Decline and Fall* ("Everyman" Series, Dent and Sons Ltd.), ch. xxxi.

[2] A.D. 408. The great general of the Western Empire who was put to death under the Emperor Honorius.

[3] The Gothic king.

just and implacable war the perfidious nation that had so basely violated the laws of hospitality. . . .

The pressing invitation of the malcontents, who urged the King of the Goths to invade Italy, was enforced by a lively sense of his personal injuries; and he might speciously complain that the Imperial ministers still delayed and eluded the payment of the four thousand pounds of gold which had been granted by the Roman senate either to reward his services or to appease his fury. His decent firmness was supported by an artful moderation, which contributed to the success of his designs. He required a fair and reasonable satisfaction; but he gave the strongest assurances that, as soon as he had obtained it, he would immediately retire. He refused to trust the faith of the Romans, unless Aëtius and Jason, the sons of two great officers of state, were sent as hostages to his camp; but he offered to deliver in exchange several of the noblest youths of the Gothic nation. The modesty of Alaric was interpreted by the ministers of Ravenna [1] as a sure evidence of his weakness and fear. They disdained either to negotiate a treaty or to assemble an army; and with a rash confidence, derived only from their ignorance of the extreme danger, irretrievably wasted the decisive moments of peace and war. While they expected, in sullen silence, that the barbarians should evacuate the confines of Italy, Alaric, with bold and rapid marches, passed the Alps and the Po. . . .

By a skilful disposition of his numerous forces,

[1] Headquarters of Honorius.

who impatiently watched the moment of an assault, Alaric encompassed the walls, commanded the twelve principal gates, intercepted all communication with the adjacent country, and vigilantly guarded the navigation of the Tiber, from which the Romans derived the surest and most plentiful supply of provisions. . . . The unfortunate city gradually experienced the distress of scarcity, and at length the horrid calamities of famine. The daily allowance of three pounds of bread was reduced to one-half, to one-third, to nothing; and the price of corn still continued to rise in a rapid and extravagant proportion. . . . The food the most repugnant to sense or imagination was eagerly devoured, and fiercely disputed, by the rage of hunger. Many thousands of the inhabitants of Rome expired in their houses, or in the streets, for want of sustenance; and as the public sepulchres without the walls were in the power of the enemy, the stench which arose from so many putrid and unburied carcases infected the air; and the miseries of famine were succeeded and aggravated by the contagion of a pestilential disease. . . . The last resource of the Romans was in the clemency, or at least in the moderation, of the King of the Goths. The senate, who in this emergency assumed the supreme powers of government, appointed two ambassadors to negotiate with the enemy. When they were introduced into the presence [of the Gothic King,] they declared, perhaps in a more lofty style than became their abject condition, that the Romans were resolved to maintain their dignity, either in peace

or war; and that, if Alaric refused them a fair and honourable capitulation, he might sound his trumpets and prepare to give battle to an innumerable people, exercised in arms and animated by despair. "The thicker the hay, the easier it is mowed," was the concise reply of the barbarian; and this rustic metaphor was accompanied by a loud and insulting laugh, expressive of his contempt for the menaces of an unwarlike populace, enervated by luxury before they were emaciated by famine. He then condescended to fix the ransom which he would accept as the price of his retreat from the walls of Rome: *all* the gold and silver in the city, whether it were the property of the State or of individuals; *all* the rich and precious movables; and *all* the slaves who could prove their title to the name of *barbarians*. The ministers of the senate presumed to ask, in a modest and suppliant tone, "If such, O King! are your demands, what do you intend to leave us?" "Your lives," replied the haughty conqueror; they trembled and retired. Yet before they retired, a short suspension of arms was granted, which allowed some time for a more temperate negotiation. The stern features of Alaric were insensibly relaxed; he abated much of the rigour of his terms; and at length consented to raise the siege, on the immediate payment of five thousand pounds of gold, of thirty thousand pounds of silver, of four thousand robes of silk, of three thousand pieces of fine scarlet cloth, and of three thousand pounds' weight of pepper. But the public treasury was exhausted; the annual rents

of the great estates in Italy and the provinces were intercepted by the calamities of war; the gold and the gems had been exchanged, during the famine, for the vilest sustenance; the hoards of secret wealth were still concealed by the obstinacy of avarice; and some of the remains of consecrated spoils afforded the only resource that could avert the impending ruin of the city. As soon as the Romans had satisfied the rapacious demands of Alaric they were restored, in some measure, to the enjoyment of peace and plenty.

. . . . . .

The crime and folly of the court of Ravenna was expiated a third time by the calamities of Rome. The King of the Goths, who no longer dissembled his appetite for plunder and revenge, appeared in arms under the walls of the capital; and the trembling senate, without any hopes of relief, prepared by a desperate resistance to delay the ruin of their country. But they were unable to guard against the secret conspiracy of their slaves and domestics, who either from birth or interest were attached to the cause of the enemy. At the hour of midnight the Salarian gate was silently opened, and the inhabitants were awakened by the tremendous sound of the Gothic trumpet. Eleven hundred and sixty-three years after the foundation of Rome, the Imperial city, which had subdued and civilised so considerable a part of mankind, was delivered to the licentious fury of the tribes of Germany and Scythia (August 24, A.D. 410).

The proclamation of Alaric, when he forced his

entrance into a vanquished city, discovered, however, some regard for the laws of humanity and religion. He encouraged his troops boldly to seize the rewards of valour, and to enrich themselves with the spoils of a wealthy and effeminate people; but he exhorted them at the same time to spare the lives of the unresisting citizens, and to respect the churches of the Apostles St. Peter and St. Paul as holy and inviolable sanctuaries.

In the sack of Rome some rare and extraordinary examples of barbaric virtue have been deservedly applauded. But the holy precincts of the Vatican and the apostolic churches could receive a very small proportion of the Roman people: many thousand warriors, more especially of the Huns who served under the standard of Alaric, were strangers to the name, or at least the faith, of Christ, and we may suspect, without any breach of charity or candour, that in the hour of savage licence, when every passion was inflamed and every restraint was removed, the precepts of the Gospel seldom influenced the behaviour of the Gothic Christians. The writers the best disposed to exaggerate their clemency have freely confessed that a cruel slaughter was made of the Romans, and that the streets of the city were filled with dead bodies, which remained without burial during the general consternation. The despair of the citizens was sometimes converted into fury; and whenever the barbarians were provoked by opposition, they extended the promiscuous massacre to the feeble, the innocent, and the helpless. The

private revenge of 40,000 slaves was exercised without pity or remorse; and the ignominious lashes which they had formerly received were washed away in the blood of the guilty or obnoxious families. . . .

In the pillage of Rome a just preference was given to gold and jewels, which contain the greatest value in the smallest compass and weight; but, after these portable riches had been removed by the more diligent robbers, the palaces of Rome were rudely stripped of their splendid and costly furniture. The sideboards of massy plate, and the variegated wardrobes of silk and purple, were irregularly piled in the waggons that always followed the march of a Gothic army. The most exquisite works of art were roughly handled or wantonly destroyed; many a statue was melted for the sake of the precious materials; and many a vase, in the division of the spoil, was shivered into fragments by the stroke of a battle-axe.

The edifices of Rome, though the damage has been much exaggerated, received some injury from the violence of the Goths. At their entrance through the Salarian gate they fired the adjacent houses to guide their march and to distract the attention of the citizens; the flames, which encountered no obstacle in the disorder of the night, consumed many private and public buildings, and the ruins of the palace of Sallust remained in the age of Justinian a stately monument of the Gothic conflagration. . . .

The retreat of the victorious Goths, who evacuated Rome on the sixth day, might be the result of prudence, but it was not surely the effect of fear. At

the head of an army encumbered with rich and weighty spoils, their intrepid leader advanced along the Appian Way into the southern provinces of Italy, destroying whatever dared to oppose his passage, and contenting himself with the plunder of the unresisting country. . . .

Above four years elapsed from the successful invasion of Italy by the arms of Alaric, to the voluntary retreat of the Goths under the conduct of his successor Adolphus (A.D. 408–412); and, during the whole time, they reigned without control over a country which, in the opinion of the ancients, had united all the various excellences of nature and art.

The prosperity, indeed, which Italy had attained in the auspicious age of the Antonines, had gradually declined with the rule of Empire. The fruits of a long peace perished under the rude grasp of the barbarians; and they themselves were incapable of tasting the more elegant refinements of luxury which had been prepared for the use of the soft and polished Italians. Each soldier claimed an ample portion of the substantial plenty, the corn and cattle, oil and wine, that was daily collected and consumed in the Gothic camp; and the principal warriors insulted the villas and gardens, once inhabited by Lucullus and Cicero, along the beauteous coast of Campania. Their trembling captives, the sons and daughters of Roman senators, presented, in goblets of gold and gems, large draughts of Falernian wine to the haughty victors, who stretched their huge limbs under the shade of plane-trees, artificially disposed to exclude

the scorching rays, and to admit the genial warmth, of the sun. These delights were enhanced by the memory of past hardships; the comparison of their native soil, the bleak and barren hills of Scythia, and the frozen banks of the Elbe and Danube, added new charms to the felicity of the Italian climate.

SIR WILLIAM NAPIER

(1785–1860)

William Francis Patrick Napier was the third son of an Irish aristocratic house famous for the military achievements and personal bravery of its sons. He was born on 17th December, 1785. Trained for the army, he became an ensign in the Royal Irish Artillery at the age of fourteen and a half. It was an age of war, and the youth threw himself with high hope and rich energy into the task of mastering the art of commanding men and the science of military operations. Brought into close personal contact with the gallant and efficient Sir John Moore, the young man advanced rapidly. The great Pitt liked him; and he became a favourite in the best London society. In 1807 he was on active service under Sir Arthur Wellesley in Denmark. A year later, September 1808, he set sail for Spain, where he was destined to fulfil his fierce ambition for military renown. He became one of the many heroes of the Peninsular War. First, under the ill-starred Sir John Moore, he won distinction. Later, under the genius of Lord Wellington, he won glory. At many important battles he was present and in some he played an heroic part. Although wounded four times—once almost fatally—and twice severely ill, his splendid physique enabled him to endure the strain of the worst part of the long war; following the battle of Orthez, however, he broke down and was invalided to England for good.

After the destruction of Napoleon's power he retired on half-pay from the active list, and, settling with his wife and children in London, he devoted himself to the leisurely pursuits of painting and sculpture (1819). Developing his literary tastes, he soon drew attention by his writings; and from 1819 till 1842 he engaged

himself in this manner and in social activity. To this period we owe his greatest historical work, *History of the War in the Peninsula and the South of France from* 1807 *to* 1814.

In 1841 he was promoted major-general, and early in the following year he was appointed lieutenant-governor of Guernsey and major-general commanding the forces in Guernsey and Alderney. This post he resigned in 1847. This period was one of great activity. He thoroughly reformed the defences of the isles and brought about much-needed improvements in the local government. He also continued his literary work and wrote *The History of the Conquest of Scinde.* In 1848 he was made a K.C.B. The last years of his long life he spent in social pursuits and literary controversy. He became a keen partisan and vigorously defended any cause he felt was right, and those he respected and loved from criticism or attack.

He died on 10th February, 1860.

He lives still in the grateful memory of the modern world: the authorship of *The History of the Peninsular War* secures his fame rather than his military exploits. He is our one great purely military historian. In 1823, Lord Langdale suggested to him that he should write his history. Eagerly he started to prepare his materials. No writer ever received more generous help. Lord Wellington lent him the whole of Joseph Bonaparte's correspondence captured at Vittoria, and Mrs. Napier translated the whole of it for her husband. Marshal Soult, the redoubtable foeman of Lord Wellington, became a warm friend of Napier, and helped him by criticism "from the opposing side."

In 1828 the first volume appeared and won for its author immediate distinction. Not until 1840 did the sixth and last book appear. So popular was this history that the work of other men in the same field was passed over and forgotten; also translations into French, German, Spanish and Italian were soon demanded.

The merits of this "classic" are its fully detailed and

accurate descriptions of the various campaigns, its clear presentment of the whole Peninsular War as a dramatic unity, its sincere effort to give an impartial view of debated questions and of important characters, its strong and ringing command of language. In pure literary qualities it ranks high. Some of the pictures of battle and assault are among the best in our literature. Throughout, the writer maintains his freshness of presentment and hardly ever allows his rhetorical fluency to escape from the form of a polished sentence.

Apart from a truthful account of the war, Napier seems to have been inspired by no high motive in the writing of his great book, unless it be vindication of those whom he admired and loved, especially Sir John Moore and Lord Wellington, and the creation of an artistic masterpiece.

In the north transept of St. Paul's Cathedral there stands a statue of Napier. On its base his name is inscribed and beneath it are the following simple words: "Historian of the Peninsular War." If we are content that his military prowess should be forgotten, this epitaph is perhaps sufficient to commemorate him.

Chief Works

History of the War in the Peninsula and the South of France from the year 1807 *to the year* 1814. Six vols., 1828–1840. This has been published in new editions many times since.

English Battles and Sieges in the Peninsula. 1852. An abridgment of the above.

The Conquest of Scinde. Two vols. 1845.

The Life and Opinions of General C. J. Napier. 4 vols. 1857. This is a justification of his brother.

Note on the Peninsular War (1808–1814)

Great Britain fought Revolutionary France, and later the Napoleonic Empire, from 1793 to 1815. Except for

a few lulls, the chief of which was the Peace of Amiens, 25th March, 1802, the hostility was unbroken throughout these twenty-two years. The Peninsular War was by far the most important part of the British share in the military operations on land. We allied with Spain in July 1808, and two divisions under the command of Wellesley and Moore were sent at once to Portugal. From this time until 1814, when by the Convention of Paris Napoleon agreed to abdicate, the struggle in the Peninsula was waged with an ever-increasing bitterness. The general position was as follows: Napoleon was at least nominal master of Spain and sought to conquer Portugal; had he succeeded the whole Spanish peninsula would have been in his control and France would have been safeguarded from land attack on the south and south-west frontier. The Allies, knowing that Napoleon's hold over Spain was weak, saw their chance of seizing a strong position for attack on Napoleon's flank—if they could seize Portugal; further, if success attended their arms, they could drive the French from Spain and concert an attack upon France by way of Bayonne and Bordeaux. This is what happened. Under the brilliant Lord Wellington the British armies were led to a hard-won success; the invasion of France from the south was taking place when hostilities ceased.

The chief features of military importance are: the magnificent endurance and fighting prowess of the British soldier; the genius of Wellington and Moore on the British side and of Soult on the French side; a long series of campaigns in which this genius was revealed, especially the operations and battles which brought the war to a close; the retreat of Sir John Moore and the battle of Coruña; the defence of the famous lines known as the Torres Vedras by Wellington; the frightful stormings of besieged citadels; the effective but short-lived intervention of the great Napoleon himself; the treachery and worthlessness of our "Peninsular allies."

NAPIER—EXTRACTS

THE BATTLE OF CORUÑA[1]

When Laborde's division arrived, the French force was not less than twenty thousand men, and the Duke of Dalmatia made no idle evolutions of display. Distributing his lighter guns along the front of his position, he opened a fire from the heavy battery on his left, and instantly descended the mountain with three columns covered by clouds of skirmishers. The British piquets were driven back in disorder, and the village of Elvina was carried by the first French column, which then divided and attempted to turn Baird's right by the valley, and break his front at the same time. The second column made against the English centre, and the third attacked Hope's left at the village of Palavia Abaxo. Soult's heavier guns overmatched the English six-pounders, and swept the position to the centre; but Moore observing that the enemy, according to his expectations, did not show any body of infantry beyond that moving up the valley to outflank Baird's right, ordered Paget to carry the whole of the reserve to where the detached regiment was posted, and, as he had before arranged with him, turn the left of the French columns and menace the great battery. Fraser he ordered to support Paget, and then throwing back the Fourth Regiment, which formed the right of Baird's division,

[1] Ex. *Peninsular War*, bk. iv. ch. 5.

opened a heavy fire upon the flank of the troops penetrating up the valley, while the Fiftieth and Forty-second Regiments met those breaking through Elvina. The ground about that village was intersected by stone walls and hollow roads, a severe scrambling fight ensued, the French were forced back with great loss, and the Fiftieth Regiment, entering the village with the retiring mass, drove it, after a second struggle in the street, quite beyond the houses. Seeing this, the general ordered up a battalion of the Guards to fill the void in the line made by the advance of those regiments, whereupon the Forty-second, mistaking his intention, retired, with exception of the grenadiers, and at that moment the enemy, being reinforced, renewed the fight beyond the village. Major Napier, commanding the Fiftieth, was wounded and taken prisoner, and Elvina then became the scene of another contest, which being observed by the commander-in-chief, he addressed a few animating words to the Forty-second, and caused it to return to the attack. Paget had now descended into the valley, and the line of the skirmishers being thus supported vigorously checked the advance of the enemy's troops in that quarter, while the Fourth Regiment galled their flank; at the same time the centre and left of the army also became engaged, Baird was severely wounded, and a furious action ensued along the line, in the valley, and on the hills.

Sir John Moore, while earnestly watching the result of the fight about the village of Elvina, was struck on the left breast by a cannon shot; the shock threw him

from his horse with violence; yet he rose again in a sitting posture, his countenance unchanged, and his steadfast eye still fixed upon the regiments engaged in his front, no sigh betraying a sensation of pain. In a few moments, when he saw the troops were gaining ground, his countenance brightened, and he suffered himself to be taken to the rear. Then was seen the dreadful nature of his hurt. The shoulder was shattered to pieces, the arm hanging by a piece of skin, the ribs over the heart broken, and bared of flesh, the muscles of the breast torn into long stripes, interlaced by their recoil from the dragging of the shot. As the soldiers placed him in a blanket his sword got entangled and the hilt entered the wound; Captain Hardinge, a staff officer, attempted to take it off, but the dying man stopped him, saying, "*It is as well as it is. I had rather it should go out of the field with me*"; and in that manner, so becoming to a soldier, Moore was borne from the fight.

Notwithstanding this great disaster, the troops gained ground. The reserve, overthrowing everything in the valley, forced La Houssaye's dismounted dragoons to retire, and thus turning the enemy, approached the eminence upon which the great battery was posted. On the left, Colonel Nicholls, at the head of some companies of the Fourteenth, carried Palavia Abaxo, which General Foy defended but feebly. In the centre, the obstinate dispute for Elvina terminated in favour of the British; and when the night set in, their line was considerably advanced beyond the original position of the morning,

while the French were falling back in confusion. If Fraser's division had been brought into action along with the reserve, the enemy could hardly have escaped a signal overthrow; for the little ammunition Soult had been able to bring up was nearly exhausted, the river Mero was in full tide behind him, and the difficult communication by the bridge of El Burgo was alone open for a retreat. On the other hand, to fight in the dark was to tempt fortune; the French were still the most numerous, their ground strong, and their disorder facilitated the original plan of embarking during the night. Hope, upon whom the command had devolved, resolved therefore to ship the army, and so complete were the arrangements, that no confusion or difficulty occurred; the piquets kindled fires to cover the retreat, and were themselves withdrawn at daybreak to embark under the protection of Hill's brigade, which was in position under the ramparts of Coruña.

When morning dawned, the French, seeing the British position abandoned, pushed some battalions to the heights of San Lucia, and about midday opened a battery on the shipping in the harbour. This caused great confusion amongst the transports, several masters cut their cables, and four vessels went on shore, but the troops were rescued by the men-of-war's boats, the stranded vessels burned, and the fleet got out of harbour. Hill then embarked at the citadel, which was maintained by a rearguard under Beresford until the 18th, when the wounded being all on board, the troops likewise embarked, the in-

habitants faithfully maintained the town meanwhile, and the fleet sailed for England. The loss of the British, never officially published, was estimated at eight hundred; of the French at three thousand. The latter is probably an exaggeration, yet it must have been great, for the English muskets were all new, the ammunition fresh; and whether from the peculiar construction of the muskets, the physical strength and coolness of the men, or all combined, the English fire is the most destructive known. The nature of the ground also barred artillery movements, and the French columns were exposed to grape, which they could not return because of the distance of their batteries.

Thus ended the retreat to Coruña, a transaction which has called forth as much of falsehood and malignity as servile and interested writers could offer to the unprincipled leaders of a base faction, but which posterity will regard as a genuine example of ability and patriotism. From the spot where he fell, the general was carried to the town by his soldiers; his blood flowed fast and the torture of the wound was great; yet the unshaken firmness of his mind made those about him, seeing the resolution of his countenance, express a hope of his recovery: he looked steadfastly at the injury for a moment, and said, "*No, I feel that to be impossible.*" Several times he caused his attendants to stop and turn round, that he might behold the field of battle; and when the firing indicated the advance of the British, he discovered his satisfaction and permitted the bearers

to proceed. When brought to his lodgings the surgeons examined his wound, there was no hope, the pain increased, he spoke with difficulty. At intervals he asked if the French were beaten, and addressing his old friend, Colonel Anderson, said, "*You know I always wished to die this way.*" Again he asked if the enemy were defeated, and being told they were, said, "*It is a great satisfaction to me to know we have beaten the French.*" His countenance continued firm, his thoughts clear, once only when he spoke of his mother he became agitated; but he often inquired after the safety of his friends and the officers of his staff, and he did not even in this moment forget to recommend those whose merit had given them claims to promotion. When life was just extinct, with an unsubdued spirit, as if anticipating the baseness of his posthumous calumniators, he exclaimed, "*I hope the people of England will be satisfied! I hope my country will do me justice!*" In a few minutes afterwards he died, and his corpse, wrapped in a military cloak, was interred by the officers of his staff in the citadel of Coruña. The guns of the enemy paid his funeral honours, and Soult with a noble feeling of respect for his valour raised a monument to his memory on the field of battle.

Thus ended the career of Sir John Moore, a man whose uncommon capacity was sustained by the purest virtue, and governed by a disinterested patriotism more in keeping with the primitive than the luxurious age of a great nation. His tall graceful person, his dark searching eyes, strongly defined

forehead, and singularly expressive mouth, indicated a noble disposition and a refined understanding. The lofty sentiments of honour habitual to his mind were adorned by a subtle playful wit, which gave him in conversation an ascendancy he always preserved by the decisive vigour of his actions. He maintained the right with a vehemence bordering upon fierceness, and every important transaction in which he was engaged increased his reputation for talent, and confirmed his character as a stern enemy to vice, a steadfast friend to merit, a just and faithful servant of his country. The honest loved him, the dishonest feared him. For while he lived he did not shun, but scorned and spurned the base, and with characteristic propriety they spurned at him when he was dead.

A soldier from his earliest youth, Moore thirsted for the honours of his profession. He knew himself worthy to lead a British army, and hailed the fortune which placed him at the head of the troops destined for Spain. As the stream of time passed the inspiring hopes of triumph disappeared, but the austerer glory of suffering remained, and with a firm heart he accepted that gift of a severe fate. Confident in the strength of his genius, he disregarded the clamours of presumptuous ignorance. Opposing sound military views to the foolish projects so insolently thrust upon him by the ambassador, he conducted his long and arduous retreat with sagacity, intelligence, and fortitude; no insult disturbed, no falsehood deceived him, no remonstrance shook his determination; fortune frowned without subduing his constancy; death

struck, but the spirit of the man remained unbroken when his shattered body scarcely afforded it a habitation. Having done all that was just towards others, he remembered what was due to himself. Neither the shock of the mortal blow, nor the lingering hours of acute pain which preceded his dissolution, could quell the pride of his gallant heart, or lower the dignified feeling with which, conscious of merit, he at the last moment asserted his right to the gratitude of the country he had served so truly.

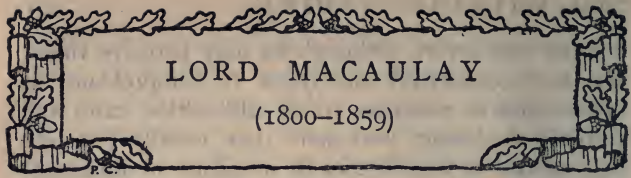
If glory be a distinction, for such a man death is not a leveller!

THE BRITISH SOLDIER[1]

THAT the British infantry soldier is more robust than the soldier of any other nation can scarcely be doubted by those who, in 1815, observed his powerful frame, distinguished amidst the united armies of Europe; and notwithstanding his habitual excess in drinking, he sustains fatigue and wet and the extremes of cold and heat with incredible vigour. When completely disciplined, and three years are required to accomplish this, his port is lofty and his movements free, the whole world cannot produce a nobler specimen of military bearing: nor is the mind unworthy of the outward man. He does not indeed possess that presumptuous vivacity which would lead him to dictate to his commanders, or even to

[1] Ex. *Peninsular War*, bk. xi. ch. 3.

censure real errors, although he may perceive them; but he is observant and quick to comprehend his orders, full of resources under difficulties, calm and resolute in danger, and more than usually obedient and careful of his officers in moments of imminent peril. It has been asserted that his undeniable firmness in battle is the result of a phlegmatic constitution uninspired by moral feeling. Never was a more stupid calumny uttered! Napoleon's troops fought in bright fields where every helmet caught some beams of glory, but the British soldiers conquered under the cold shade of aristocracy. No honours awaited his daring, no despatch gave his name to the applauses of his countrymen, his life of danger and hardship was uncheered by hope, his death unnoticed. Did his heart sink therefore? Did he not endure with surpassing fortitude the sorest of ills, sustain the most terrible assaults in battle unmoved, overthrow with incredible energy every opponent, and at all times prove that, while no physical military qualification was wanting, the fount of honour was also full and fresh within him! The result of a hundred battles and the united testimony of impartial writers of different nations have given the first place amongst the European infantry to the British; but in a comparison between the troops of France and England, it would be unjust not to admit that the cavalry of the former stands higher in the estimation of the world.



LORD MACAULAY

(1800–1859)

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY was beloved by the fairies. They gave him even from his birth all the graces which make for success: wise parents, social affluence, health and genius. Born 25th October, 1800, at Rothley Temple, Leicestershire, he became a child prodigy: his early power to read, to write and to compose verse and prose, and his unusually strong memory, before the age of six pointed out the way of his future greatness.

At twelve he left home for a private school at Shelford, near Cambridge. His rare passion for reading was allowed wide liberty, and before he entered Trinity College, Cambridge, in October 1818, he had mastered a vast amount of the best English and Italian literature. At the university he discovered his talent for oratory, and his interest in politics and public affairs was permanently awakened. A classical scholar of no mean order, he won further distinction by his literary work. In 1824 he was made a Fellow of his college.

Financial disaster overtook his father. To restore the broken fortune of his family was at once the object of Macaulay's life. Leaving Cambridge, he devoted himself to literary work. Praised by the *Edinburgh Review*, the most famous journal of the time, he was soon contributing to its pages. Jeffrey, the editor, was his firm friend and took personal pleasure in the rising reputation of the young writer. Macaulay's writings took the form of Essays. Brilliant in their form, they also arrested attention by their unflinching Whiggism and defiant acrimony. Macaulay was a fighter; enemies arose, but their defeats added to the victor's renown.

In 1830 Macaulay entered Parliament. His magnificent speeches in favour of the Reform Bill won respect

from the Tories, while the Whigs saw in him a future champion. For the sake of his family, however, he sacrificed political distinction. In 1834 he accepted a post of legal adviser to the Supreme Council of India: at a handsome salary he worked in Calcutta for four years. Returning in 1838, he toured through Italy. In India he had continued his literary work, and two of his *Lays of Ancient Rome* had then been composed. His visit to Rome had therefore more than a traveller's interest for him.

Making his home with his brother-in-law's family, he re-entered political life, and until his defeat at Edinburgh in 1847—a reverse which cut him deeply—he pursued his public and literary career. Retiring temporarily from political life in 1847, he gave himself wholeheartedly to his Muse. Famous already for his authorship of his *Essays* and his *Lays*, he was now to win immortality as an historian. To write a great history had long been his cherished ambition. His immense field of reading, his patient research into records, and his consciousness of literary genius, especially fitted him for this noble work. In 1848 the first two volumes of his *History of England* were published: they were received with amazing enthusiasm. Five years later the third and fourth volumes appeared: these too equalled the popularity of the first. In America alone, it is said, his *History* exceeded in its sale that of the Bible.

Already, however, his health was beginning to give way under the strain of continuous work. Gradually his illness increased its grip, and for the few years left to him he fought against it unavailingly. Family bereavements, especially the death of his sister Margaret, to whom he was tenderly attached, gave him additional suffering during this period. His patience and his courage under such trials were admirable; so also was his steadfast resolution to work. On 28th December, 1859, he passed away. He lies in Poets' Corner in Westminster Abbey, and there silently testifies to this generation how great was the esteem in which his own held him.

To-day, Macaulay's literary genius is more admired than his historical scholarship. Indeed, as a pure historian he has been a good target for learned modern critics. The ideal of the twentieth-century historian is Lord Acton—one who was rich beyond compare in historical scholarship, who researched into a question to the uttermost limits, who arrayed the evidence for and against with scientific precision, and who judged the issue in order to instruct men in its value for truth. Macaulay, despite his prodigious reading and his love of learning, was not prepared to exhaust a question by research; he went as far as his tastes allowed, and this was, generally, when he had gathered sufficient material to compose an attractive story. Nor did he arrange the evidence of history as accurately or as fully as he ought to have done: artistic effect or political prejudice—often both in conjunction—controlled his work and excluded in varying measures scientific completion and balanced judgment.

Such criticisms Macaulay himself would have disregarded. He amply satisfied his own view of history, which was nothing but "the art of narration." History was an interesting story. Authorities were necessary to justify the material used to create the story; but the story was the chief thing, and its form and its interest were the narrator's concern. Written with this aim history could be the best of popular instructors. And Macaulay, keenly appreciating this, made it his business to write for the multitude. Little of his work is really difficult to read. Even his great *History of England* and the more ambitious of his *Essays* were readily acceptable to the average middle-class people of his day. "I shall not be satisfied," he said in one of his letters, "unless I produce something which shall for a few days supersede the last fashionable novel on the tables of young ladies." He succeeded magnificently; but the ease and charm of his writing often hid from the superficial view the mental effort and the deep learning it necessitated. The hardest questions, *e.g.* finance systems and constitutional problems, were handled with the same facility

as descriptive episodes of his narrative. Characterisation, a most difficult art, was made to appear simple. Literary and historical criticism were no longer the exclusive delights of the learned: the ordinary reader was now offered them in abundance.

The chief points to be made against Macaulay, however, are not his historical mistakes and his refusal to adopt the scientific mode of complete research, nor his contempt of the academic view of history as a preserve for the wise: they are his fierce partisanship for the Whig interests which colours all his writings; his bitter and often false judgments on the famous dead who represented rival interests; his open attachment to political history to the practical seclusion of such large spheres of historical life as the social and the religious; his lack of perspective and method in his great *History* —this work was purposed to begin with the Glorious Revolution and end with the nineteenth century, but so lavish was the scale of its art and so packed was its narrative with "interesting episodes" that he could never have finished it: its five big volumes cover just twenty-five years.

Macaulay is therefore pre-eminent as a literary genius. History was graced by him because he chanced to be interested in history and wrote about it. For his finished art and polished craftsmanship rather than his history or his message he will be read by succeeding generations. "To bring home intellectual delights to the craftsman, as well as to the scholar; to inspire the young with relish for letters and a craving for knowledge"—this is now the fortune of Macaulay.

"A perfect historian must possess an imagination sufficiently powerful to make his narrative affecting and picturesque. Yet he must control it so absolutely as to content himself with the materials which he finds, and to refrain from supplying deficiencies by additions of his own. He must be a profound and ingenious reasoner. Yet he must possess sufficient self-command to abstain from casting his facts in the mould of his hypothesis. Those who can justly estimate these almost

insuperable difficulties will not think it strange that every writer should have failed, either in the narrative or in the speculative department of history."

This critical reflection appears in an *Essay on History* which Macaulay wrote at the age of twenty-eight. For thirty years he faced these "almost insuperable difficulties." Mounted on the wings of his own imagination and flying easily with the wind of his own rhetoric, he often soared over and far beyond them; but, in the patient and unassisted task of overcoming them by virtue of the historical gifts he undoubtedly had, he never completely succeeded.

For all this, however, his memory is dear to Englishmen. Always will he rank with Gibbon and Carlyle as the supreme artists who raised History to the high level of Literature and strengthened Literature with the grand drama of History.

CHIEF WORKS

Lays of Ancient Rome. 1842.
Critical and Historical Essays. 1843.
History of England. Eight vols. Edited by Dean Milman, 1858–62. Popular Edition, four vols., 1863–64.

MACAULAY—EXTRACT

LORD HALIFAX[1]

(This extract illustrates Macaulay's power of clear and vigorous characterisation.)

AMONG the statesmen of those times Halifax was, in genius, the first. His intellect was fertile, subtle, and capacious. His polished, luminous, and animated eloquence, set off by the silver tones of his voice,

[1] Ex. *History of England*, ch. 2.

was the delight of the House of Lords. His conversation overflowed with thought, fancy, and wit. His political tracts well deserve to be studied for their literary merit, and fully entitle him to a place among English classics. To the weight derived from talents so great and various he united all the influence which belongs to rank and ample possessions. Yet he was less successful in politics than many who enjoyed smaller advantages. Indeed, those intellectual peculiarities which make his writings valuable frequently impeded him in the contests of active life. For he always saw passing events, not in the point of view in which they commonly appear to one who bears a part in them, but in the point of view in which, after the lapse of many years, they appear to the philosophic historian. With such a turn of mind, he could not long continue to act cordially with any body of men. All the prejudices, all the exaggerations, of both the great parties in the State moved his scorn. He despised the mean arts and unreasonable clamour of demagogues. He despised still more the doctrines of divine right and passive obedience. He sneered impartially at the bigotry of the Churchman and at the bigotry of the Puritan. He was equally unable to comprehend how any man should object to Saints' days and surplices, and how any man should persecute any other man for objecting to them. In temper he was what, in our time, is called a Conservative; in theory he was a Republican. Even when his dread of anarchy and his disdain for vulgar delusions led him to side for a time with the

defenders of arbitrary power, his intellect was always with Locke and Milton. Indeed, his jests upon hereditary monarchy were sometimes such as would have better become a member of the Calf's Head Club than a Privy Councillor of the Stuarts. In religion he was so far from being a zealot that he was called by the uncharitable an atheist; but this imputation he vehemently repelled; and in truth, though he sometimes gave scandal by the way in which he exerted his rare powers both of reasoning and of ridicule on serious subjects, he seems to have been by no means unsusceptible of religious impressions.

He was the chief of those politicians whom the two great parties contemptuously called Trimmers. Instead of quarrelling with this nickname, he assumed it as a title of honour, and vindicated, with great vivacity, the dignity of the appellation. Everything good, he said, trims between extremes. The temperate zone trims between the climate in which men are roasted and the climate in which they are frozen. The English Church trims between the Anabaptist madness and the Papal lethargy. The English Constitution trims between Turkish despotism and Polish anarchy. Virtue is nothing but a just temper between propensities any one of which, if indulged in excess, becomes vice. Nay, the perfection of the Supreme Being himself consists in the exact equilibrium of attributes, none of which could preponderate without disturbing the whole moral and physical order of the world. Thus Halifax was a Trimmer on principle. He was also a Trimmer by the consti-

tution both of his head and of his heart. His understanding was keen, sceptical, inexhaustibly fertile in distinctions and objections; his taste refined, his sense of the ludicrous exquisite; his temper placid and forgiving, but fastidious, and by no means prone either to malevolence or to enthusiastic admiration. Such a man could not long be constant to any band of political allies. . . .

He had greatly distinguished himself in opposition, and had thus drawn on himself the royal displeasure, which was indeed so strong that he was not admitted into the Council of Thirty without much difficulty and long altercation. As soon, however, as he had obtained a footing at court, the charm of his manner and of his conversation made him a favourite. He was seriously alarmed by the violence of the public discontent. He thought that liberty was for the present safe, and that order and legitimate authority were in danger. He therefore, as was his fashion, joined himself to the weaker side. Perhaps his conversion was not wholly disinterested. For study and reflection, though they had emancipated him from many vulgar prejudices, had left him a slave to vulgar desires. Money he did not want; and there is no evidence that he ever obtained it by any means which in that age even severe censors considered as dishonourable; but rank and power had strong attractions for him. He pretended, indeed, that he considered titles and great offices as baits which could allure none but fools, that he hated business, pomp and pageantry, and that his dearest

wish was to escape from the bustle and glitter of Whitehall to the quiet woods which surrounded his ancient mansion in Nottinghamshire; but his conduct was not a little at variance with his professions. In truth, he wished to command the respect at once of courtiers and of philosophers, to be admired for attaining high dignities, and to be at the same time admired for despising them.

GEORGE GROTE
(1794–1871)

GEORGE GROTE was born at Clay Hill, near Beckenham, Kent, on 17th November, 1794. He was the eldest of the eleven children of George Grote, a prosperous London merchant and a successful banker. Although born to a state of social good fortune, the boy was strictly trained by his mother to regard useful work and righteous conduct as the proper ideals in life. His father purposed that he should become a partner in his bank. To this end his education was limited. After private schooling, he at the age of ten was sent to Charterhouse and remained there till he was sixteen. Such was his formal education: in substance it was almost wholly classical; mathematics, a necessity for his career, he studied later and privately.

For the next ten years he lived at home, either in Threadneedle Street or at Beckenham. Naturally, he had much leisure allowed him, although the need of giving more attention to business grew as the years passed by. Faithful in the execution of his commercial duties, he satisfied his father's demands of him; to satisfy himself, however, he devoted nearly all his private time to the pursuit of scholarship and culture. The love of learning first aroused at school remained with him and grew into a passion. He continued his classical reading, learnt German and studied political economy and music. Friends of the right type helped him; and James Mill, Ricardo and Bentham, leaders in economic and political thought, were his chosen masters. In due time his political interests were developed and he became an ardent Radical. Philosophy, too, lured him: in this art he found his best mental recreation. His mind was keen and subtle and strong; he

easily mastered the common arts; he as easily mastered the dull routine and the interesting necessities of commercial affairs; analytic and speculative thought, however, engaged him most pleasurably, for his was the truly philosophic brain and temperament.

When twenty-six he married a Miss Lewin, to whom he was wholly devoted, and from whom he received throughout his long life the untiring and helpful sympathy which accompanies true love. Shortly afterwards he commenced his career as a writer. A pamphlet on *Political Reform* showed his liberal tendencies and won for him the deeper esteem of his friends. Literary ambition now laid fast hold upon him. The more he pursued his studies the more he desired to write concerning his conclusions, not only on urgent political questions and religious matters, but on historical and philosophical issues. In 1821 James Mill recommended Grote's treatise on *Magic* for insertion in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* as "truly philosophical" in character, and the work of "a young City banker . . . a very extraordinary person, in his circumstances, both for knowledge and clear vigorous thinking." By 1830 he was essentially a man of finished culture and high attainments: both in scholarship and in character he was justly admired.

Long before this he had conceived his masterpiece: *The History of Greece*. By 1822 he was definitely engaged upon it. The task of gathering together the materials, of studying and sifting them preparatory to the actual writing, was, however, so exacting that by 1830 little or no progress had been made in the *History* itself. Moreover, many other duties interfered with the steady execution of this work. Foreign travel, business affairs, literary engagements of a different character, and public and social interests—all made large demands on his time and strength. This was the age of the Reform Bill struggles. Into this political contest Grote threw himself with passionate zeal. When the Liberal victory seemed assured he was approached by his friends to stand as parliamentary candidate for the City of London.

He refused; although desirous of entering political life, he wished first to complete his *History*. Within a few months, however, he was in the thick of the fight again, and was elected as M.P. for the City of London—at the top of the poll.

For the next ten years he was fully engaged in the carrying out of his many public duties. He sat in three parliaments (1831–1841). The Reform Bill contest having spent itself, he felt sufficiently content to allow himself freedom to return to his studies. In 1838 he renewed the preparations for his *History*. Faced with the alternative of abandoning either his parliamentary or literary activities, he decided that the former must go. In 1841 he retired from Parliament and sought refreshment in a prolonged foreign tour. Returning home, he at once gave his full spirit to his books. Commercial matters alone could now draw him from his great desire; but in 1843 he retired from his banking partnership, and was wholly free to win his heart's desire.

He was now nearly fifty years of age (1843). Thirteen years later his famous *History of Greece* was finished (1856). As its twelve stately volumes appeared in the succession of years, the learned world received them gladly. In Grote's work both scholars and students easily saw a rich sincerity combined with massive knowledge—the whole guided and controlled by a philosophic outlook.

Hardly was this achievement won than Grote began to prepare for publication his studies of Plato and Aristotle. His analysis and appreciation of the works of the two eminent philosophers of Athens he regarded as a complement of his *History*. The task proved too much for him. Although working steadily year by year, he was compelled to drop Aristotle and concentrate on Plato. In 1865 his three-volumed work, *Plato and the other Companions of Sokrates*, appeared. Still unsatisfied, he now returned to Aristotle and laboured to finish this final study. To the last weeks of his life he continued to work. On 18th June, 1871, he died.

In the first half of the nineteenth century three English scholars wrote a *History of Greece*. Mitford finished his in 1810. He was a Tory, and his political opinions coloured his judgments concerning the political life and character of the Greeks. Especially did he attack the "democracy" of Athens; he found it base in spirit and fickle in action. In 1826 Grote wrote a serious review of this history by Mitford. Grote, too, was a political partisan—a thoroughgoing Radical. It was, therefore, perhaps natural that he should oppose Mitford's political position with his own: that this involved Grote in a defence of the political character of Greek democratic institutions, especially the Athenian democracy, was a logical consequence. It is said that Mitford's work inspired the far greater work of Grote. Whether this is so or not, there can be no doubt that Grote's long history is in the main an answer, fully stated in protracted and ingenious argument, to the charges of Mitford. It retains throughout its political flavour, and its judgments and conclusions on Greek social and political conduct are strong enough to satisfy the ardent democrat of any age. His view of Greek activity is, however, complete in its range; no phase of interest is omitted, and the tedium of mere politics is often broken by Grote's full and learned treatment of philosophic and economic questions. The third history was that of Bishop Thirlwall (1797–1875). He wrote it between 1835–1847—almost at the same time as Grote was writing his. Many claim that Thirlwall is greater than Grote in that he had a truer historic sense and had admittedly a more graceful pen. Thirlwall, great and scholarly as is his work, was overshadowed by Grote in their own days, and even now the shadows remain upon him.

The reasons for Grote's popularity are perhaps unsatisfying. They are: the vigorous controversial tone and political bias of his work; his full and masterly exposition of the whole of Greek life as he knew it; his prominence in the public life of his age, and his ability to make the history of the ancient world *live* for his own generation by boldly identifying the problems

of ancient politics with those that demanded attention and solution in the age of Victoria; his transparent sympathy and obvious grace of courtesy in approaching his subject and those who were arguing about it; the fact that he was an *amateur* who studied and wrote history for the love and joy of it. What he lacked was real literary ability. He cannot be praised as a great writer. Yet his prose is worthy of his subject; never does it fall beneath a high standard of clear and vigorous expression and personal dignity: generally, it lacks warmth; the philosophic and economic bent of Grote's mind consistently controlled political passion. Nevertheless, occasionally there occur passages in which even he is moved, *e.g.* the disaster at Syracuse, or the death of Socrates,—and then his prose becomes illumined eloquence.

One important sphere of Grote's public service has not been referred to. He was one of the most powerful pioneers of London University. For years he laboured with untiring zeal to promote the founding of this (now) famous seat of learning. With James Mill, Brougham and Campbell he gave of his best for this cause during his best years. In 1825 he was a member of the Council, and, actively engaged on the financial and education committees, he largely determined the character of the university when it actually began its life in Gower Street, 1828. Not till 1830 did he retire from this public service—and then only for a period of twenty years; for this work of education was his first and greatest public interest, and later in life he devoted himself again to its needs.

This must be remembered in estimating Grote's historical work. His preparations for his *History* began in 1822 and continued, as we have seen, till 1830. This period coincides with the founding of the university. His inspiration lay not so much in the political crisis of his time—as most writers say—but rather in his sense of the *educational* needs of his age: if he could write a history of the most enlightened democracy the world has known, and write it in such a way as even a

middle-class audience could understand and appreciate, what better example could he offer for the guidance and uplifting of the English democracy which he *knew* was then in the making! Although many years were to elapse before he gave his generation this high example of what a true democracy was and could do, the spirit which inspired it was seen and welcomed by those for whom he intended it. In this, perhaps, lies the true explanation of the extraordinary popularity of his portentous, learned but inartistic work.

Chief Works

The History of Greece. 12 vols. 1846–1856. It has been edited several times: the last, 10 vols., 1888, is to stand.
Plato and the Other Companions of Sokrates. 3 vols. 1865.

GROTE—EXTRACTS

SOKRATES: HIS DEATH[1]

The sentence of death passed against him, by what majority we do not know. But Sokrates neither altered his tone nor manifested any regret for the language by which he had himself seconded the purposes of his accusers. On the contrary, he told the Dikasts,[2] in a short address prior to his departure for the prison, that he was satisfied both with his own conduct and with the result. The divine sign (he said) which was wont to restrain him, often on very small occasions, both in deeds and in words,

[1] Ex. *History of Greece*, vol. vii. ch. 68.
[2] His judges.

had never manifested itself to him once throughout the whole day, neither when he came hither at first, nor at any one point throughout his whole discourse. The tacit acquiescence of this infallible monitor satisfied him not only that he had spoken rightly, but that the sentence passed was in reality no evil to him; that to die now was the best thing which could befall him. Either death was tantamount to a sound, perpetual, and dreamless sleep—which in his judgment would be no loss, but rather a gain, compared with the present life; or else, if the common myths were true, death would transfer him to a second life in Hades, where he would find all the heroes of the Trojan War, and of the past generally—so as to pursue in conjunction with them the business of mutual cross-examination, and debate with them on ethical progress and perfection.

There can be no doubt that the sentence really appeared to Sokrates in this point of view, and to his friends also, after the event had happened—though doubtless not at the time when they were about to lose him. He took his line of defence advisedly, and with full knowledge of the result. It supplied him with the fittest of all opportunities for manifesting, in an impressive manner, both his personal ascendancy over human fears and weakness, and the dignity of what he believed to be his divine mission. It took him away in his full grandeur and glory, like the setting of the tropical sun, at a moment when senile decay might be looked upon as close at hand. He calculated that his defence and bearing

on his trial would be the most emphatic lesson which he could possibly read to the youth of Athens; more emphatic probably than the sum total of those lessons which his remaining life might suffice to give, if he shaped his defence otherwise. This anticipation of the effect of the concluding scene of his life, setting the seal on all his prior discourses, manifests itself in portions of his concluding words to the Dikasts, wherein he tells them that they will not, by putting him to death, rid themselves of the importunity of the cross-examining Elenchus; that numbers of young men, more restless and obtrusive than he, already carried within them that impulse, which they would now proceed to apply, his superiority having hitherto kept them back. It was thus the persuasion of Sokrates that his removal would be the signal for numerous apostles putting forth with increased energy that process of interrogatory test and spur to which he had devoted his life, and which doubtless was to him far dearer and more sacred than his life. Nothing could be more effective than his lofty bearing on his trial, for inflaming the enthusiasm of young men thus disposed; and the loss of life was to him compensated by the missionary successors whom he calculated on leaving behind.

Under ordinary circumstances, Sokrates would have drunk the cup of hemlock in the prison, on the day after his trial. But it so happened that the day of his sentence was immediately after that on which the sacred ship started on its yearly ceremonial pilgrimage from Athens to Delos, for the festival of

Apollo. Until the return of this vessel to Athens, it was accounted unholy to put any person to death by public authority. Accordingly, Sokrates remained in prison—and, we are pained to read, actually with chains on his legs—during the interval that this ship was absent, thirty days altogether. His friends and companions had free access to him, passing nearly all their time with him in the prison; and Krito had even arranged a scheme for procuring his escape, by a bribe to the gaoler. This scheme was only prevented from taking effect by the decided refusal of Sokrates to become a party in any breach of the law; a resolution which we should expect as a matter of course after the line which he had taken in his defence. His days were spent in the prison in discourse respecting ethical and human subjects, which had formed the charm and occupation of his previous life; it is to the last of these days that his conversation with Simmias, Kebes, and Phædon, on the immortality of the soul, is referred in the Platonic Dialogue called *Phædon*. Of that conversation the main topics and doctrines are Platonic rather than Sokratic. But the picture which the dialogue presents of the temper and state of mind of Sokrates during the last hours of his life is one of immortal beauty and interest, exhibiting his serene and even playful equanimity amidst the uncontrollable emotions of his surrounding friends—the genuine unenforced persuasion, governing both his words and his acts, of what he had pronounced before the Dikasts, that the sentence of death was no calamity to him—and

the unabated maintenance of that earnest interest in the improvement of man and society, which had for so many years formed both his paramount motive and his active occupation. The details of the last scene are given with minute fidelity, even down to the moment of his dissolution; and it is consoling to remark that the cup of hemlock (the means employed for executions by public order at Athens) produced its effects by steps far more exempt from suffering than any natural death which was likely to befall him. Those who have read what has been observed above respecting the strong religious persuasions of Sokrates, will not be surprised to hear that his last words, addressed to Krito immediately before he passed into a state of insensibility, were—"Krito, we owe a cock to Æsculapius: discharge the debt, and by no means omit it."

Thus perished the *parens philosophiæ* — the first of ethical philosophers; a man who opened to Science both new matter, alike copious and valuable—and a new method, memorable not less for its originality and efficacy than for the profound philosophical basis on which it rests. Though Greece produced great poets, orators, speculative philosophers, historians, etc., yet other countries, having the benefit of Grecian literature to begin with, have nearly equalled her in these lines, and surpassed her in some. But where are we to look for a parallel to Sokrates, either in or out of the Grecian world? The cross-examining Elenchus, which he not only first struck out, but wielded with such matchless

effect and to such noble purposes, has been mute ever since his last conversation in the prison; for even his great successor Plato was a writer and lecturer, not a colloquial dialectician. No man has ever been found strong enough to bend his bow; much less, sure enough to use it as he did. His life remains as the only evidence, but a very satisfactory evidence, how much can be done by this sort of intelligent interrogation; how powerful is the interest which it can be made to inspire—how energetic the stimulus which it can apply in awakening dormant reason and generating new mental power.

THE ADORNING OF ATHENS UNDER PERIKLES [1]

THE ostracism of Thucydides apparently took place about two years after the conclusion of the Thirty Years' Truce (443–442 B.C.), and it is to the period immediately following that the great Periklean works belong. The southern wall of the acropolis had been built out of the spoils brought by Kimon from his Persian expeditions; but the third of the long walls connecting Athens with the harbour was the proposition of Perikles, at what precise time we do not know. The long walls originally completed (not long after the battle of Tanagra, as has already been stated) were two, one from Athens to Peiræus, another from Athens to Phalerum: the space between them was broad, and if in the hands of an

[1] Ex. *History of Greece*, vol. iv. ch. 47.

enemy the communications with the Peiræus would be interrupted. Accordingly, Perikles now induced the people to construct a third or intermediate wall, running parallel with the first wall to Peiræus, and within a short distance (seemingly near one furlong) from it: so that the communication between the city and the port was placed beyond all possible interruption, even assuming an enemy to have got within the Phaleric wall. It was seemingly about this time, too, that the splendid docks and arsenal in Peiræus, alleged by Isokrates to have cost one thousand talents, were constructed; while the town itself of Peiræus was laid out anew with straight streets intersecting at right angles. Apparently this was something new in Greece—the towns generally, and Athens itself in particular, having been built without any symmetry, or width, or continuity of streets. Hippodamus the Milesian, a man of considerable attainments in the physical philosophy of the age, derived much renown as the earliest town architect, for having laid out the Peiræus on a regular plan. The market place, or one of them at least, permanently bore his name—the Hippodamian agôra. At a time when so many great architects were displaying their genius in the construction of temples, we are not surprised to hear that the structure of towns began to be regularised also. Moreover, we are told that the new colonial town of Thurii, to which Hippodamus went as a settler, was also constructed in the same systematic form as to straight and wide streets.

The new scheme upon which the Peiræus was laid out was not without its value as one visible proof of the naval grandeur of Athens. But the buildings in Athens and on the acropolis formed the real glory of the Periklean age. A new theatre, termed the Odeon, was constructed for musical and poetical representations at the great Panathenaic solemnity. Next, the splendid temple of Athene, called the Parthenon, with all its masterpieces of decorative sculpture, friezes, and reliefs; lastly, the costly portals erected to adorn the entrance of the acropolis, on the western side of the hill, through which the solemn processions on festival days were conducted. It appears that the Odeon and the Parthenon were both finished between 445 and 437 B.C.; the Propylæa somewhat later, between 437 and 431 B.C., in which latter year the Peloponnesian war began. Progress was also made in restoring or reconstructing the Erechtheion, or ancient temple of Athene Polias, the patron goddess of the city—which had been burnt in the invasion of Xerxes. But the breaking out of the Peloponnesian war seems to have prevented the completion of this, as well as of the great temple of Demeter, at Eleusis, for the celebration of the Eleusinian mysteries—that of Athene at Sunium, and that of Nemesis at Rhamnus. Nor was the sculpture less memorable than the architecture. Three statues of Athene, all by the hand of Pheidias, decorated the acropolis — one colossal, forty-seven feet high, of ivory, in the Parthenon; a second of bronze, called the Lemnian Athene; a third of

colossal magnitude, also in bronze, called Athene Promachos, placed between the Propylæa and the Parthenon, and visible from afar off, even to the navigator approaching Peiræus by sea.

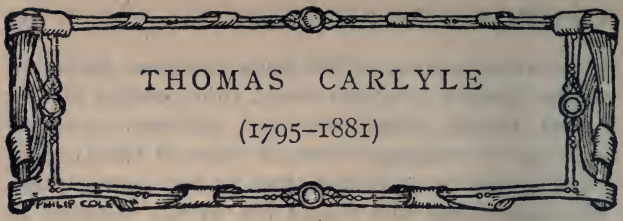
It is not, of course, to Perikles that the renown of these splendid productions of art belongs. But the great sculptors and architects, by whom they were conceived and executed, belonged to that same period of expanding and stimulating Athenian democracy, which likewise called forth creative genius in oratory, in dramatic poetry, and in philosophical speculation. One man especially, of immortal name—Pheidias—born a little before the battle of Marathon, was the original mind in whom the sublime ideal conceptions of genuine art appear to have disengaged themselves from the stiffness of execution, and adherence to a consecrated type, which marked the efforts of his predecessors. He was the great director and superintendent of all those decorative additions whereby Perikles imparted to Athens a majesty such as had never before belonged to any Grecian city. The architects of the Parthenon and of the other buildings—Iktinus, Kallicrates, Korœbus, Mnesikles, and others—worked under his instructions, and he had besides a school of pupils and subordinates, to whom the mechanical part of his labours was confided. With all the great contributions which Pheidias made to the grandeur of Athens, his last and greatest achievement was far away from Athens—the colossal statue of Zeus, in the great temple of Olympia, executed in the years immediately preceding the

Peloponnesian war. This stupendous work was sixty feet high, of ivory and gold, embodying in visible majesty some of the grandest conceptions of Grecian poetry and religion. Its effect upon the minds of all beholders, for many centuries successively, was such as never has been, and probably never will be, equalled in the annals of art, sacred or profane.

Considering these prodigious achievements in the field of art only as they bear upon Athenian and Grecian history, they are phenomena of extraordinary importance. When we learn the profound impression which they produced upon Grecian spectators of a later age, we may judge how immense was the effect upon that generation which saw them both begun and finished. In the year 480 B.C. Athens had been ruined by the occupation of Xerxes. Since that period the Greeks had seen, first, the rebuilding and fortifying of the city on an enlarged scale; next, the addition of Peiræus, with its docks and magazines; thirdly, the junction of the two by the long walls, thus including the most numerous concentrated population, wealth, arms, ships, etc., in Greece; lastly, the rapid creation of so many new miracles of art—the sculptures of Pheidias as well as the paintings of the Thasian painter, Polygnotus, in the temple of Theseus, and in the portico called Poekile. Plutarch observes that the celerity with which the works were completed was the most remarkable circumstance connected with them; and so it probably might be, in respect to the effect upon the contemporary Greeks. The gigantic strides

by which Athens had reached her maritime empire were now immediately succeeded by a series of works which stamped her as the imperial city of Greece, gave to her an appearance of power even greater than the reality, and especially put to shame the old-fashioned simplicity of Sparta. The cost was doubtless prodigious, and could only have been borne at a time when there was a large treasure in the acropolis, as well as a considerable tribute annually coming in. If we may trust a computation which seems to rest on plausible grounds, it cannot have been much less than three thousand talents in the aggregate. The expenditure of so large a sum was of course a source of great private gain to contractors, tradesmen, merchants, artisans of various descriptions, etc., concerned in it. In one way or another, it distributed itself over a large portion of the whole city. And it appears that the materials employed for much of the work were designedly of the most costly description, as being most consistent with the reverence due to the gods. Marble was rejected as too common for the statue of Athene, and ivory employed in its place. Even the gold with which it was surrounded weighed not less than forty talents. A large expenditure for such purposes, considered as pious towards the gods, was at the same time imposing in reference to Grecian feeling, which regarded with admiration every variety of public show and magnificence, and repaid with grateful deference the rich men who indulged in it. Perikles knew very well that the visible splendour of the city, so new to all

his contemporaries, would cause her great power to appear greater still, and would thus procure for her a real, though unacknowledged, influence—perhaps even an ascendancy—over all cities of the Grecian name. And it is certain that even among those who most hated and feared her, at the outburst of the Peloponnesian war, there prevailed a powerful sentiment of involuntary deference.



THOMAS CARLYLE

(1795–1881)

Of those gifted with supreme literary and historical genius none ever had so stern a struggle with Fortune as Thomas Carlyle. Born on the 4th December, 1795, at Ecclefechan, Annandale, he was the second son in a large family reared by James Carlyle, a sober-minded, honest and fairly prosperous mason. As a child he showed unusual mental power and his father took pride in giving him the best education that his straitened circumstances allowed. From Annan Grammar School he went to Edinburgh University in 1809, although he had to walk there, a distance of one hundred miles. His chief interests at this time were mathematical studies, although his father was hoping that he would in time qualify for the ministry. His love of literature and his readiness of penmanship were, however, beginning to assert themselves, and among his friends he was often referred to as a second Dean Swift.

From 1814 to 1842, when he was no longer in need of financial support, his life was an unbroken fight to secure public recognition of his genius and to earn enough to keep the wolf from his own door and those of some of his relatives. From tutorships and schoolmastering he passed to journalistic and literary work. The idea of his entering the ministry was definitely abandoned. Eager for scholarship, especially that to be found in the study of literature and philosophy, he devoted himself to the mastering of the German language and became a disciple of Goethe and Schiller. Unable to write anything cheap or popular, he had the utmost difficulty in placing his essays and reviews with the best magazines of the time. So unusual was his point of view and so extraordinary was his style, that

editors, even when friendly, were afraid to employ him. More than once he was tempted to try his fortune in London; as often, however, he returned to Scotland, a poorer if not a wiser man.

In 1826 he married Miss Welsh, a woman of remarkable mental gifts. Attracted by Carlyle's genius she came to love him, and to her wise encouragement and assistance he was deeply indebted during this long period of trial. If he had not the power to win success, he had the grace which won friendships. Many influential men did their best to assist him; and from the time he finally settled in Cheyne Row, Chelsea (1834), his untiring efforts to woo Fortune were slowly rewarded. In this year he began his masterpiece, *The French Revolution*. By the following March the first volume was finished. This he sent to his friend, the famous J. S. Mill. It was his sole copy. Imagine, then, his grief when Mill told him that the manuscript had been accidentally destroyed! Only just before he had written that "it is now some twenty-three months since I have earned one penny by the craft of literature." After a gloomy lapse he found fresh inspiration and renewed the fight. By January 1837 he had rewritten the first volume of his great history; and following this achievement he began lecturing publicly. His lectures were successful, and although he gave up this class of work in 1840, he earned sufficient from it to gain a firm financial footing.

Henceforward he devoted himself to historical study and writing. He completed his work on the French Revolution. He prepared some of his lectures for publication, especially those on *Hero Worship*. Then he gave his full attention to Cromwell's life and letters. *Cromwell*, his second masterpiece, appeared in 1845. Its success was immediate. At last Carlyle had won his place as a leading writer and thinker. His third masterpiece was *Frederick the Great*. With marvellous power of labour and a touching devotion he devoted many years to the study of this "hero-king" of Prussia. Not until 1865 did the last volume appear. Although this last work

cannot rival either in literary power or historical insight his first two, yet in itself it is undoubtedly good enough to claim high distinction for its author.

Here his real work ended. Famous on the Continent and in America, and "acknowledged head of English Literature" at home, he passed the evening of his days in leisured and scholarly retirement from literary activity. He died 4th February, 1881.

In his *Essay on History* Carlyle clearly expressed what he thought History ought to be. It is the recorded evidence of Truth: but Truth is difficult to win because the evidence is so full and disordered. Indeed, it is possible that Truth cannot be found. "The whole meaning lies beyond our ken; yet in that complex manuscript, covered over with formless, inextricably entangled, unknown, characters . . . some letters, some words, may be deciphered; and, if no complete philosophy, here and there an intelligible precept, available in practice, may be gathered: well understanding that much still remains to be interpreted; that History is a real prophetic manuscript, and can be fully interpreted by no man." The true need as he saw it was to cut away all the trappings and opinions with which men had hidden Truth. "The genuine essence of Truth never dies," he said. Or, as he wrote to his friend Froude, "What have men to do with interests? There is a right way and a wrong way. That is all we need to think about." And in the clear narration of fact lay the best medium for historical insight to see the true forces which govern life.

The clear narration of fact demands a simple and a sober style of writing. Carlyle's writing is, however, unique in its distorted form and strange originality. It thrills, it charms, it horrifies the reader: in its easy passages its spell is captivating; its difficult periods are redeemed by intensity of personal feeling and masterly word painting. A man of passionate temper and gloom-ridden intervals, Carlyle wrote as the mood dictated. At times his thoughts were around him (as

he said) "all inarticulate, sour, fermenting, bottomless, like a hideous enormous Bog of Allen." Having completed the MS. of the first volume of *The French Revolution*, he gave it to his wife and cried, "You have not had for a hundred years any book that comes more direct or flamingly from the heart of living man! Do what you like with it!" He preached, he sang, he stormed, he whispered, he praised, he denounced: he wrote in the white heat of anger; he wrote in the cold of formal logic. He was a poet turned historian. In all his work his poetry ennobles his prose and gives a grandeur even to his rugged pieces. "In sheer artistic beauty it reaches heights greater than either Gibbon or Macaulay can touch." There is nothing like the literature he gave us, for none has the power to copy its form or catch its merciless spirit. He stands alone—half-poet, half-historian, the whole man an incomparable literary genius.

What did he teach? What is his practical value? He taught the need of nobility in character, aim and achievement. He hated hypocrisy in its every form and relentlessly exposed it. A Liberal by conviction, he yet protested that democracy was wrong and that an aristocracy of talent was the better mode of government. Above all, he pleaded for the "Hero" who alone could redeem society from its burden of falsehood and despair. "Find in any country," he cries, "the noblest man that exists there; raise *him* to the supreme place, and loyally reverence him: you have a perfect government for that country; no ballot-box, parliamentary eloquence, voting, constitution-building or other machinery whatsoever can improve it a whit. It is now the perfect state; an ideal country. The ablest man; he means also the truest-hearted, justest, the noblest man; what *he tells us to do* must be precisely the wisest, fittest, that we can anywhere or anyhow learn—the thing which it will in all ways behove us, with right loyal thankfulness and nothing doubting, to do." Such a man would indeed be a real king-hero. Although an impracticable ideal in the modern world, this glorious vision of the seer

has more than a poetical value. At the least it is a challenge to every man to be king of himself.

CHIEF WORKS

Life of Schiller. 1825.
The French Revolution. 3 vols. 1837.
Sartor Resartus. 1838.
Heroes, Hero-Worship and the Heroic in History. 1843.
Life and Letters of Oliver Cromwell. 2 vols. 1845.
Frederick the Second. 6 vols. 1865.

CARLYLE—EXTRACTS

THE STORMING OF THE BASTILLE [1]

LET Besenval look at the glitter of these muskets, as they flash by! Gardes Françaises, it is said, have cannon levelled on him; ready to open, if need were, from the other side of the river. Motionless sits he; "astonished," one may flatter oneself, "at the proud bearing of the Parisians."—And now to the Bastille, ye intrepid Parisians! There grapeshot still threatens: thither all men's thoughts and steps are now tending.

Old De Launay, as we hinted, withdrew "into his interior" soon after midnight of Sunday. He remains there ever since, hampered, as all military gentlemen now are, in the saddest conflict of uncertainties. The Hôtel-de-Ville "invites" him to admit National Soldiers, which is a soft name for surrendering. On

[1] Ex. *The French Revolution*, vol. i. bk. v. ch. vi.

the other hand, His Majesty's orders were precise. His garrison is but eighty-two old Invalides, reinforced by thirty-two young Swiss; his walls indeed are nine feet thick, he has cannon and powder; but, alas, only one day's provision of victuals. The city, too, is French, the garrison mostly French. Rigorous old De Launay, think what thou wilt do!

All morning, since nine, there has been a cry everywhere: To the Bastille! Repeated "deputations of citizens" have been here, passionate for arms; whom De Launay has got dismissed by soft speeches through portholes. Towards noon, Elector Thuriot de la Rosière gains admittance; finds De Launay indisposed for surrender; nay, disposed for blowing up the place rather. Thuriot mounts with him to the battlements: heaps of paving stones, old iron and missiles lie piled; cannon all duly levelled; in every embrasure a cannon,—only drawn back a little! But outwards, behold, O Thuriot, how the multitude flows on, welling through every street: tocsin furiously pealing, all drums beating the *générale*: the Suburb Saint-Antoine rolling hitherward wholly, as one man! Such vision (spectral yet real) thou, O Thuriot, as from the Mount of Vision, beholdest in this moment: prophetic of what other Phantasmagories, and loud-gibbering Spectral Realities, which thou yet beholdest not, but shalt! "*Que voulez-vous?*" said De Launay, turning pale at the sight, with an air of reproach, almost of menace. "Monsieur," said Thuriot, rising into the moral sublime, "what mean *you*? Consider if I could not

precipitate *both* of us from this height,"—say only a hundred feet, exclusive of the walled ditch! Whereupon De Launay fell silent. Thuriot shows himself from some pinnacle, to comfort the multitude becoming suspicious, fremescent: then descends; departs with protest; with warning addressed also to the Invalides,—on whom, however, it produces but a mixed indistinct impression. The old heads are none of the clearest; besides, it is said, De Launay has been profuse of beverages. They think they will not fire, if not fired on, if they can help it; but must, on the whole, be ruled considerably by circumstances.

Wo to thee, De Launay, in such an hour, if thou canst not, taking some one firm decision, *rule* circumstances! Soft speeches will not serve; hard grapeshot is questionable; but hovering between the two is *un*questionable. Ever wilder swells the tide of men; their infinite hum waxing ever louder, into imprecations, perhaps into crackle of stray musketry,—which latter, on walls nine feet thick, cannot do execution. The Outer Drawbridge has been lowered for Thuriot; new *deputation of citizens* (it is the third and noisiest of all) penetrates that way into the Outer Court: soft speeches producing no clearance of these, De Launay gives fire; pulls up his Drawbridge. A slight sputter;—which has *kindled* the too combustible chaos; made it a roaring fire-chaos! Bursts forth Insurrection, at sight of its own blood (for there were deaths by that sputter of fire), into endless rolling explosion of musketry,

distraction, execration; — and overhead, from the Fortress, let one great gun, with its grapeshot, go booming, to show what we *could* do. The Bastille is besieged!

On, then, all Frenchmen that have hearts in your bodies! Roar with all your throats, of cartilage and metal, ye Sons of Liberty; stir spasmodically whatsoever of utmost faculty is in you, soul, body, or spirit; for it is the hour! Smite, thou Louis Tournay, cartwright of the Marais, old soldier of the Regiment Dauphiné; smite at that Outer Drawbridge chain, though the fiery hail whistles around thee! Never, over nave or felloe, did thy axe strike such a stroke. Down with it, man; down with it to Orcus: let the whole accursed Edifice sink thither, and Tyranny be swallowed up for ever! Mounted, some say, on the roof of the guard-room, some "on bayonets stuck into joints of the wall," Louis Tournay smites, brave Aubin Bonnemère (also an old soldier) seconding him: the chain yields, breaks; the huge Drawbridge slams down, thundering (*avec fracas*). Glorious: and yet, alas, it is still but the outworks. The Eight grim Towers, with their Invalide musketry, their paving-stones and cannon-mouths, still soar aloft intact; —Ditch yawning impassable, stone-faced; the inner Drawbridge with its *back* towards us: the Bastille is still to take!

To describe this Siege of the Bastille (thought to be one of the most important in History) perhaps transcends the talent of mortals. Could one but,

after infinite reading, get to understand so much as the plan of the building! But there is open Esplanade, at the end of the Rue Saint-Antoine; there are such Forecourts, *Cour Avancée*, *Cour de l'Orme*, arched Gateway (where Louis Tournay now fights); then new drawbridges, dormant-bridges, rampart-bastions, and the grim Eight Towers; a labyrinthic Mass, high-frowning there, of all ages from twenty years to four hundred and twenty;—beleaguered, in this its last hour, as we said, by mere Chaos come again! Ordnance of all calibres; throats of all capacities; men of all plans, every man his own engineer; seldom since the war of the Pygmies and Cranes was there seen so anomalous a thing. Half-pay Elie is home for a suit of regimentals; no one would heed him in coloured clothes: half-pay Hulin is haranguing Gardes Françaises in the Place de Grève. Frantic Patriots pick up the grapeshots; bear them, still hot (or seemingly so), to the Hôtel-de-Ville:—Paris, you perceive, is to be burnt! Flesselles is "pale to the very lips," for the roar of the multitude grows deep. Paris wholly has got to the acme of its frenzy; whirled, all ways, by panic madness. At every street barricade there whirls simmering a minor whirlpool,—strengthening the barricade, since God knows what is coming; and all minor whirlpools play distractedly into that grand Fire-Mahlstrom which is lashing round the Bastille.

And so it lashes and it roars. Cholat the wine merchant has become an impromptu cannoneer. See Georget, of the Marine Service, fresh from Brest,

ply the King of Siam's cannon. Singular (if we were not used to the like): Georget lay, last night, taking his ease at his inn; the King of Siam's cannon also lay, knowing nothing of *him*, for a hundred years. Yet now, at the right instant, they have got together, and discourse eloquent music. For, hearing what was toward, Georget sprang from the Brest Diligence, and ran. Gardes Françaises also will be here, with real artillery: were not the walls so thick!—Upwards from the Esplanade, horizontally from all neighbouring roofs and windows, flashes one irregular deluge of musketry, without effect. The Invalides lie flat, firing comparatively at their ease from behind stone; hardly through portholes show the tip of a nose. We fall, shot; and make no impression!

Let conflagration rage; of whatsoever is combustible! Guard-rooms are burnt, Invalides mess-rooms. A distracted "Peruke-maker with two fiery torches" is for burning "the saltpetres of the Arsenal";—had not a woman run screaming: had not a Patriot, with some tincture of Natural Philosophy, instantly struck the wind out of him (butt of musket on pit of stomach), overturned barrels, and stayed the devouring element. A beautiful young lady, seized escaping in these Outer Courts, and thought falsely to be De Launay's daughter, shall be burnt in De Launay's sight; she lies swooned on a paillasse: but again a Patriot, it is brave Aubin Bonnemère the old soldier, dashes in, and rescues her. Straw is burnt; three cartloads of it, hauled thither, go up in white smoke: almost to the choking of Patriotism

itself; so that Elie had, with singed brows, to drag back one cart; and Réole the "gigantic haberdasher" another. Smoke as of Tophet; confusion as of Babel; noise as of the Crack of Doom!

Blood flows; the aliment of new madness. The wounded are carried into houses of the Rue Cerisaie; the dying leave their last mandate not to yield till the accursed Stronghold fall. And yet, alas, how fall? The walls are so thick! Deputations, three in number, arrive from the Hôtel-de-Ville; Abbé Fauchet (who was of one) can say, with what almost superhuman courage of benevolence. These wave their Town-flag in the arched Gateway; and stand, rolling their drum; but to no purpose. In such Crack of Doom, De Launay cannot hear them, dare not believe them: they return, with justified rage, the whew of lead still singing in their ears. What to do? The Firemen are here, squirting with their fire-pumps on the Invalides cannon, to wet the touch-holes; they unfortunately cannot squirt so high; but produce only clouds of spray. Individuals of classical knowledge propose *catapults*. Santerre, the sonorous Brewer of the Suburb of Saint-Antoine, advises rather that the place be fired, by a "mixture of phosphorus and oil-of-turpentine spouted up through forcing pumps": O Spinola-Santerre, hast thou the mixture *ready*? Every man his own engineer! And still the fire-deluge abates not: even women are firing, and Turks; at least one woman (with her sweetheart), and one Turk. Gardes Françaises have come: real cannon, real cannoneers. Usher Maillard

is busy; half-pay Elie, half-pay Hulin rage in the midst of thousands.

How the great Bastille Clock ticks (inaudible) in its Inner Court there, at its ease, hour after hour; as if nothing special, for it or for the world, were passing! It tolled One when the firing began; and is now pointing toward Five, and still the firing slakes not.—Far down, in their vaults, the seven Prisoners hear muffled din as of earthquakes; their Turnkeys answer vaguely.

Wo to thee, De Launay, with thy poor hundred Invalides! Broglie is distant, and his ears heavy: Besenval hears, but can send no help. One poor troop of Hussars has crept, reconnoitring, cautiously along the Quais, as far as the Pont Neuf. "We are come to join you," said the Captain; for the crowd seems shoreless. A large-headed dwarfish individual, of smoke-bleared aspect, shambles forward, opening his blue lips, for there is sense in him; and croaks: "Alight then, and give up your arms!" The Hussar-Captain is too happy to be escorted to the Barriers, and dismissed on parole. Who the squat individual was? Men answer, It is M. Marat, author of the excellent pacific *Avis au Peuple*! Great truly, O thou remarkable Dogleech, is this thy day of emergence and new-birth: and yet this same day come four years!——But let the curtain of the Future hang.

What shall De Launay do? One thing only De Launay could have done: what he said he would do. Fancy him sitting, from the first, with lighted taper, within arm's length of the Powder-Magazine;

motionless, like old Roman Senator, or Bronze Lamp-holder; coldly apprising Thuriot, and all men, by a slight motion of his eye, what his resolution was: —Harmless, he sat there, while unharmed; but the King's Fortress, meanwhile, could, might, would, or should, in nowise be surrendered, save to the King's Messenger: one old man's life is worthless, so let it be lost with honour; but think, ye brawling *canaille*, how will it be when a whole Bastille springs skyward!—In such statuesque, taper-holding attitude, one fancies De Launay might have left Thuriot, the red clerks of the Basoche, Curé of Saint-Stephen and all the tagrag-and-bobtail of the world, to work their will.

And yet, withal, he could not do it. Hast thou considered how each man's heart is so tremulously responsive to the hearts of all men; hast thou noted how omnipotent is the very sound of many men? How their shriek of indignation palsies the strong soul; their howl of contumely withers with unfelt pangs? The Ritter Gluck confessed that the ground-tone of the noblest passage, in one of his noblest Operas, was the voice of the Populace he had heard at Vienna, crying to their Kaiser: Bread! Bread! Great is the combined voice of men; the utterance of their *instincts*, which are truer than their *thoughts*: it is the greatest a man encounters among the sounds and shadows which make up this World of Time. He who can resist that, has his footing somewhere *beyond* Time. De Launay could not do it. Distracted, he hovers between two; hopes in the middle of

despair; surrenders not his Fortress; declares that he will blow it up, seizes torches to blow it up, and does not blow it. Unhappy old De Launay, it is the death-agony of thy Bastille and thee! Jail, Jailoring and Jailor, all three, such as they may have been, must finish.

For four hours now has the World-Bedlam roared: call it the World-Chimæra, blowing fire! The poor Invalides have sunk under their battlements, or rise only with reversed muskets: they have made a white flag of napkins; go beating the *chamade*, or seeming to beat, for one can hear nothing. The very Swiss at the Portcullis look weary of firing; disheartened in the fire-deluge: a porthole at the drawbridge is opened, as by one that would speak. See Huissier Maillard, the shifty man! On his plank, swinging over the abyss of that stone Ditch; plank resting on parapet, balanced by weight of Patriots, —he hovers perilous: such a Dove towards such an Ark! Deftly, thou shifty Usher: one man already fell; and lies smashed, far down there, against the masonry! Usher Maillard falls not: deftly, unerring he walks, with outspread palm. The Swiss holds a paper through his porthole; the shifty Usher snatches it, and returns. Terms of surrender: Pardon, immunity for all! Are they accepted?—"*Foi d'officier*, On the word of an officer," answers half-pay Hulin, —or half-pay Elie, for men do not agree on it,— "they are!" Sinks the drawbridge,—Usher Maillard bolting it when down; rushes in the living deluge: the Bastille is fallen! *Victoire! La Bastille est prise!*

CHARLOTTE CORDAY

(Charlotte Corday assassinated Marat, one of the wickedest leaders of "The Terror," 13th July, 1793. Her pure self-sacrifice was well rewarded; it was the beginning of the end of this criminal government of Revolutionary France. —Ex. *The French Revolution*, vol. iii. bk. iv. ch. i.)

Amid which dim ferment of Caen and the World, History specially notices one thing: in the lobby of the Mansion *de l'Intendance*, where busy Deputies are coming and going, a young Lady with an aged valet, taking grave graceful leave of Deputy Barbaroux. She is of stately Norman figure; in her twenty-fifth year, of beautiful still countenance: her name is Charlotte Corday, heretofore styled D'Armans, while Nobility still was. Barbaroux has given her a note to Deputy Duperret,—him who once drew his sword in the effervescence. Apparently she will to Paris on some errand? "She was a Republican before the Revolution, and never wanted energy." A completeness, a decision is in this fair female Figure: "by energy she means the spirit that will prompt one to sacrifice himself for his country." What if she, this fair young Charlotte, had emerged from her secluded stillness, suddenly like a Star; cruel-lovely, with half-angelic, half-dæmonic splendour; to gleam for a moment, and in a moment be extinguished: to be held in memory, so bright complete was she, through long centuries! Quitting Cimmerian Coalitions without, and the dim-simmering Twenty-five millions within, History will look fixedly at this one fair Apparition of a Charlotte Corday;

will note whither Charlotte moves, how the little Life burns forth so radiant, then vanishes swallowed of the Night.

With Barbaroux's Note of Introduction, and slight stock of luggage, we see Charlotte on Tuesday the ninth of July seated in the Caen Diligence, with a place for Paris. None takes farewell of her, wishes her Good-journey: her Father will find a line left, signifying that she is gone to England, that he must pardon her, and forget her. The drowsy Diligence lumbers along; amid drowsy talk of Politics, and praise of the Mountain; in which she mingles not: all night, all day, and again all night. On Thursday, not long before noon, we are at the bridge of Neuilly; here is Paris with her thousand black domes, the goal and purpose of the journey! Arrived at the Inn de la Providence in the Rue des Vieux Augustins, Charlotte demands a room; hastens to bed; sleeps all afternoon and night, till the morrow morning.

On the morrow morning, she delivers her Note to Duperret. It relates to certain Family Papers which are in the Minister of the Interior's hands; which a Nun at Caen, an old Convent-friend of Charlotte's, has need of; which Duperret shall assist her in getting: this then was Charlotte's errand to Paris? She has finished this, in the course of Friday; yet says nothing of returning. She has seen and silently investigated several things. The Convention, in bodily reality, she has seen; what the Mountain is like. The living physiognomy of Marat she could not see; he is sick at present, and confined to home.

About eight on the Saturday morning, she purchases a large sheath-knife in the Palais-Royal; then straightway, in the Place des Victoires, takes a hackney-coach: "To the Rue de l'École de Médecine, No. 44." It is the residence of the Citoyen Marat! —The Citoyen Marat is ill, and cannot be seen; which seems to disappoint her much. Her business is with Marat, then? Hapless beautiful Charlotte; hapless squalid Marat! From Caen in the utmost West, from Neuchâtel in the utmost East, they two are drawing nigh each other; they two have, very strangely, business together. Charlotte, returning to her Inn, despatches a short Note to Marat; signifying that she is from Caen, the seat of rebellion; that she desires earnestly to see him, and "will put it in his power to do France a great service." No answer. Charlotte writes another Note, still more pressing; sets out with it by coach, about seven in the evening, herself. Tired day-labourers have again finished their Week; huge Paris is circling and simmering, manifold, according to its vague wont: this one fair Figure has decision in it; drives straight,—towards a purpose.

It is yellow July evening, we say, the thirteenth of the month; eve of the Bastille day,—when "M. Marat," four years ago, in the crowd of the Pont Neuf, shrewdly required of that Besenval Hussar-party, which had such friendly dispositions, "to dismount, and give up their arms, then"; and became notable among Patriot men. Four years: what a road he has travelled;—and sits now, about

half-past seven of the clock, stewing in slipper-bath; sore afflicted; ill of Revolution Fever, — of what other malady this History had rather not name. Excessively sick and worn, poor man: with precisely elevenpence-halfpenny of ready money in paper; with slipper-bath; strong three-footed stool for writing on the while: and a squalid—Washerwoman, one may call her: that is his civic establishment in Medical-School Street; thither and not elsewhither has his road led him. Not to the reign of Brotherhood and Perfect Felicity; yet surely on the way towards that? — Hark, a rap again! A musical woman's voice, refusing to be rejected: it is the Citoyenne who would do France a service. Marat, recognising from within, cries, Admit her. Charlotte Corday is admitted.

Citoyen Marat, I am from Caen the seat of rebellion, and wished to speak with you.—Be seated, *mon enfant*. Now what are the traitors doing at Caen? What Deputies are at Caen?—Charlotte names some Deputies. "Their heads shall fall within a fortnight," croaks the eager People's-friend, clutching his tablets to write: *Barbaroux*, *Pétion*, writes he with bare shrunk arm, turning aside in the bath: *Pétion*, and *Louvet*, and — Charlotte has drawn her knife from the sheath; plunges it, with one sure stroke, into the writer's heart. "*À moi, chère amie*, Help, dear!" no more could the Death-choked say or shriek. The helpful Washerwoman running in, there is no Friend of the People, or Friend of the Washerwoman left; but his life with a groan gushes out, indignant, to the shades below.

And so Marat, People's-friend, is ended; the lone Stylites has got hurled down suddenly from his Pillar, —*whitherward?* He that made him knows. Patriot Paris may sound triple and tenfold, in dole and wail; re-echoed by Patriot France; and the Convention, "Chabot pale with terror, declaring that they are to be all assassinated," may decree him Pantheon Honours, Public Funeral, Mirabeau's dust making way for him; and Jacobin Societies, in lamentable oratory, summing up his character, parallel him to One, whom they think it honour to call "the good Sansculotte,"—whom we name not here; also a Chapel may be made, for the Urn that holds his Heart, in the Place du Carrousel; and new-born children be named Marat; and Lago-di-Como Hawkers bake mountains of stucco into unbeautiful Busts; and David paint his Picture, or Death-Scene; and such other Apotheosis take place as the human genius, in these circumstances, can devise: but Marat returns no more to the light of this Sun. One sole circumstance we have read with clear sympathy, in the old *Moniteur* Newspaper: how Marat's Brother comes from Neuchâtel to ask of the Convention, "that the deceased Jean-Paul Marat's musket be given him." For Marat too had a brother and natural affections; and was wrapped once in swaddling-clothes, and slept safe in a cradle like the rest of us. Ye children of men!—A sister of his, they say, lives still to this day in Paris.

As for Charlotte Corday, her work is accomplished; the recompense of it is near and sure. The *chère*

amie and neighbours of the house, flying at her, she "overturns some movables," entrenches herself till the gendarmes arrive; then quietly surrenders; goes quietly to the Abbaye Prison: she alone quiet, all Paris sounding, in wonder, in rage or admiration, round her. Duperret is put in arrest, on account of her; his Papers sealed,—which may lead to consequences. Fauchet, in like manner; though Fauchet had not so much as heard of her. Charlotte, confronted with these two Deputies, praises the grave firmness of Duperret, censures the dejection of Fauchet.

On Wednesday morning, the thronged Palais de Justice and Revolutionary Tribunal can see her face; beautiful and calm: she dates it "fourth day of the Preparation of Peace." A strange murmur ran through the Hall, at sight of her; you could not say of what character. Tinville has his indictments and tape-papers: the cutler of the Palais-Royal will testify that he sold her the sheath-knife; "All these details are needless," interrupted Charlotte; "it is I that killed Marat." By whose instigation? "By no one's." What tempted you, then? His crimes. "I killed one man," added she, raising her voice extremely (*extrêmement*), as they went on with their questions, "I killed one man to save a hundred thousand; a villain to save innocents; a savage wild beast to give repose to my country. I was a Republican before the Revolution; I never wanted energy." There is therefore nothing to be said. The public gazes astonished: the hasty limners sketch her features, Charlotte not disapproving: the men

of law proceed with their formalities. The doom is Death as a murderess. To her Advocate she gives thanks; in gentle phrase, in high-flown classical spirit. To the Priest they send her she gives thanks; but needs not any shriving, any ghostly or other aid from him. . . .

In this manner have the Beautifullest and the Squalidest come in collision, and extinguished one another. Jean-Paul Marat and Marie-Anne Charlotte Corday both, suddenly, are no more. . . . O ye hapless Two, mutually extinctive, the Beautiful and the Squalid, sleep ye well,—in the Mother's bosom that bore you both!

This is the History of Charlotte Corday; most definite, most complete; angelic-dæmonic: like a Star!

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE

(1818–1894)

James Anthony Froude, the youngest son of the archdeacon of Totnes, was born at Dartington, Devon, on the 23rd April, 1818. Educated at Westminster and Oriel College, Oxford, he specialised in Classics and became interested in historical research. In 1842 he was elected a Fellow of Exeter College and was henceforward an active force in university life. Six years later he was ordained deacon in the Church of England: he was, however, unhappy in ecclesiastical service; a man of fearless conviction, he opened his mind in his *The Nemesis of Faith* and paid the penalty by losing his Fellowship.

Devoting himself to literary employment, he now wrote much for *Fraser's Magazine* and the *Westminster Review* —two influential journals. His love of history and desire to write a big historical work also began to find expression in achievement. In European history the centre of his interest was the Reformation: in English development the Tudor period lured him with its glamour of personal and national distinction. Hence his great history is *The History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Defeat of the Spanish Armada.* Between 1856 and 1869 it appeared. Of massive proportions and rich in erudition, it is most remarkable for its brilliant prose. Froude's ability as a literary craftsman developed with amazing power during these years; and although there is a high consistency in the literary merit of all the twelve volumes, yet scattered throughout them are many scenes so powerfully written as to be unforgettable.

This vast labour did not exhaust either his energy or his fertility. Four volumes of Essays published in 1867 had placed him immediately in the front rank of nineteenth-century essayists. Strong argument from a glowing pen characterises this class of his writings.

In 1869 he was honoured by being elected Rector of

St. Andrews University: he also received the degree of LL.D. His best work had now been done, but historical interests were still vigorously pursued throughout the twenty-five years of life remaining to him. The most notable of his labours during this period are *The English in Ireland in the Eighteenth Century* and his literary executorship of Carlyle's papers: the trusted friend of Carlyle, he edited Carlyle's *Reminiscences*, Mrs. Carlyle's letters and Carlyle's own *Life*. These last duties to his distinguished master were done in so sincere and manly a fashion as to win admiration from even the foes of Carlyle and his own critics.

In 1892 he was appointed to the Chair of Modern History in Oxford University. Age and failing health denied him the joy of any full measure of satisfaction in this—his highest ambition won. Death was near: and on 20th October, 1894, he met the phantom unflinchingly at Salcombe, Devon.

Froude was one of that singularly gifted group of Victorian historians whose claims to distinction have been challenged by a later and more scientific and critical age. Like Macaulay and Carlyle he was endowed with well-marked literary talent, and like them he chose to use it in the writing of history. As an historian he is less than Carlyle but greater than Macaulay; as a literary artist he is the least of the three. In Froude there is, perhaps, as near an equality of historical and literary talent combined as we have in our language—excepting only Gibbon and Carlyle. He understood thoroughly what he meant by history, and he tried to work on scientific lines. No task, no matter how arduous, in the pursuit of research was shirked; no effort to collect and evaluate the evidence of time was spared. His attempt to master the State papers of the Tudor period and the archives of contemporary powers was both prolonged and invaluable. And in the actual composition of his narrative he did not hesitate to substantiate his record by a copious show of references to his authorities.

But was he as fair as he could have been both in his

show of evidence and his judgments? Modern criticism says he was not. Indeed, it is thought that he displayed too lively a skill in writing to prove a preconceived theory—of picking and selecting his material with no other ideal than to vindicate his own opinion of the great figures of the Tudor period and their works. He shared the Carlylean view that the heroic was to be sought in history, and, when found, to be copied. He had to find heroes: and, ignoring the obvious gallery of them in his period, he chose to regard Henry the Eighth as one, and on this worthless king he lavished a superabundance of skill and genius for the ignoble purpose of making him an illustrious model of kingship and manhood. Never was a labour of love more ill-conceived. It has, possibly, cost Froude his right to be hailed as a great historian; it perhaps warrants the challenge levelled at his sincerity.

He attempted to justify his standpoint. In his lecture on "The Science of History" he says: "It often seems to me as if History was like a child's box of letters, with which we can spell any word we please. We have only to pick out such letters as we want, arrange them as we like, and say nothing of those which do not suit our purpose." Again, "History, in its passive irony, . . . will provide you with abundant illustrations of anything which you wish to believe. 'What is History,' said Napoleon, 'but a fiction agreed upon?'"

Work of lasting value could not possibly have been done if these cynical opinions had meant much to the author. Fortunately, Froude was saved from too close an application of them by a higher philosophy which was stronger to control him and to condition his work. If the science of history allowed of meanness, nobility of purpose was the only justification for the use of History. "What then is the use of History?" he asks. "First it is a voice for ever sounding across the centuries the laws of right and wrong. Opinions alter, manners change, creeds rise and fall, but the moral law is written on the tablets of eternity." Such a ringing challenge to the impartial historians and the non-moral writers

satisfied even Lord Acton. "The eternal truths and rights of things exist, fortunately, independent of our thoughts or wishes, fixed as mathematics, inherent in the nature of man and the world. They are no more to be trifled with than gravitation."

While, therefore, his selection and manipulation of the evidence known to him is not always justifiable, it can be claimed for him that he wrote with a high aim—that of judging men and their works before the tribunal of History, where the moral law was the supreme judge. That his judgments were often wrong and as often distorted by partisanship were the defects in his historical sense rather than conscious lapses from his standard of moral conduct and judgment. He worked, he planned, he wrote, he judged in the grand style. His cardinal mistake was to be too susceptible to what he believed to be the conditions and the "atmosphere" of the age of which he wrote. Henry the Eighth and others, he thought, had fairly to be considered and their characters estimated by the standards of the sixteenth century. This charitable conception of the duty of the historian does, however, modify the application of a moral law "written on the tablets of eternity." But in this failing, if such it can be called, Froude is in good company; the "sympathetic" school of modern historians is both large and popular, and Froude will always be an honoured leader in its eyes.

In the art of making history as fascinating as fiction Froude is superb. His sense of style is keen and strong; his literary graces rich in their measure and flexibility. He is a dramatist as well as a decorative painter; amid scenes of pomp and regal splendour, or of horror and destruction, or of national enthusiasm for great causes and personal sacrifice for high ideals, he never loses grip of the silent and unseen movements which, in their dramatic vitality, conditioned the destiny of England during the Tudor period. Although his literary gifts could not win the lofty title of genius, they were ample for him to write much that will claim a permanent place in our great historical literature.

CHIEF WORKS

History of England. 12 vols. 1870. Other editions, 1881–2; 1893.
Short Studies. 1st Series, 1867; 2nd, 1871; 3rd, 1877; 4th, 1883.
History of the First Forty Years of Carlyle's Life. 1882.
History of Carlyle's Life in London. 1884.
Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle. 1883.
Life and Letters of Erasmus. 1896–7.

FROUDE—EXTRACTS

THE SPANISH ARMADA

(This piece from his *History of England,* vol. xii. ch. 36, shows Froude's descriptive power at its best.)

THE scene as the fleet [*i.e.* the Armada] passed out of the harbour must have been singularly beautiful. It was a treacherous interval of real summer. The early sun was lighting the long chain of the Gallician mountains, marking with shadows the cleft defiles, and shining softly on the white walls and vineyards of Coruña. The wind was light, and falling towards a calm; the great galleons drifted slowly with the tide on the purple water, the long streamers trailing from the trucks, the red crosses, the emblem of the crusade, showing bright upon the hanging sails. The fruit boats were bringing off the last fresh supplies, and the pinnaces hastening to the ships with the last loiterers on shore. Out of thirty thousand men who that morning stood upon the decks of the proud Armada, twenty thousand and more were never again to see the hills of Spain. Of the remnant who

in two short months crept back ragged and torn, all but a few hundred returned only to die.

The Spaniards, though a great people, were usually over-conscious of their greatness, and boasted too loudly of their fame and prowess; but among the soldiers and sailors of the doomed expedition against England the national vainglory was singularly silent. They were the flower of the country, culled and chosen over the entire Peninsula, and they were going with a modest nobility upon a service which they knew to be dangerous, but which they believed to be peculiarly sacred. Every one, seaman, officer, and soldier, had confessed and communicated before he went on board. Gambling, swearing, profane language of all kinds had been peremptorily forbidden. Private quarrels and differences had been made up or suspended. The women who accompanied Spanish armies, and sometimes Spanish ships to sea, had been ordered away, and no unclean thing or person permitted to defile the Armada; and in every vessel, and in the whole fleet, the strictest order was prescribed and observed. Medina Sidonia led the way in the *San Martin*, showing lights at night, and firing guns when the weather was hazy. Mount's Bay was to be the next place of rendezvous if they were again separated. . . .

To the ships at Plymouth the news was as a message of salvation. By thrift and short rations, by good management, contented care, and lavish use of private means, there was still one week's provisions in the magazines, with powder and shot

for one day's sharp fighting, according to English notions of what fighting ought to be. They had to meet the enemy, as it were, with one arm bandaged by their own Sovereign; but all wants, all difficulties, were forgotten in the knowledge that he was come, and that they could grapple with him before they were dissolved by starvation. . . .

The day wore on; noon passed and nothing had been seen. At length, towards three in the afternoon, the look-out men on the hill reported a line of sails on the western horizon, the two wings being first visible, which were gradually seen to unite as the centre rose over the rim of the sea. On they swept in a broad crescent, slowly, for the air was light; and as the hulls showed clear, it was seen that the report had not exaggerated the numbers said to be coming. A hundred and fifty, large and small, were counted and reported to Lord Howard; a few stray tenders bound for Flanders having sought the company and the protection of the mighty escort.

The English ships at once weighed anchor, but showed themselves as little as they could. The evening was cloudy, with the wind hanging to the land. It was growing dusk when the Armada opened Plymouth, and then for the first time Medina Sidonia perceived that Howard was prepared for him, and that if he wished it he could not enter the Sound without an action. There was not light enough for him to measure his enemy's strength. He saw sails passing continually between his fleet and the land,

and vessels tacking and manœuvring; but confident in his own overpowering force he sent up signals to lie-to for the night and to prepare for a general action at daybreak. . . .

The action continued afterwards for several hours. The English had not suffered at all. Hardly a man had been wounded. But neither had they any captures to boast of. Calderon leaves it uncertain whether da Leyva recovered the store-ships; the English writers do not mention having taken them. The only visible result had been the expenditure of powder. But the invisible result to the Armada had been far more serious. The four feet of timber had been no defence against the English shot. The soldiers had been below for security, and the balls ripping through the oak had sent splinters flying among them like shell. Many had been killed, many more had been wounded; masts, yards, rigging, all had suffered. They had expected that one engagement would annihilate the power of their enemies, and battle followed upon battle, and there was as yet no sign of an end. They began to be afraid of the English. There was something devilish in the rapid manœuvres of their ships and the torrents of shot which plunged into their tall sides, while their own flew wild and harmless. Their ammunition too, slowly as they had fired, was giving out as well as the English, and it was less easy for them to supply themselves. The Duke resolved to fight no more if he could help it, and to make the best of his way to the Prince of

Parma, to whom he wrote again, without attempting to conceal his perplexities.

"The enemy pursue me," he said. "They fire upon me most days from morning till nightfall; but they will not close and grapple. I have given them every opportunity. I have purposely left ships exposed to tempt them to board; but they decline to do it, and there is no remedy, for they are swift and we are slow. They have men and ammunition in abundance, while these actions have almost consumed ours; and if these calms last, and they continue the same tactics, as they assuredly will, I must request your Excellency to send me two shiploads of shot and powder immediately. I am in urgent need of it. I trust to find you ready on my arrival to come out and join me. If the wind is fair we shall soon be with you; but any way, whether we are detained or not, we cannot do without ammunition. You must send me as much as you can spare." . . .

[The Armada, exhausted by the running fight of several days, arrived and anchored in the Dover Roads.]

The boats of the Armada passed backwards and forwards between the galleons and Calais, bringing fresh vegetables, medicines, and other conveniences. In the afternoon, as the breeze freshened, five large English ships drove their anchors and fouled each other; but they were separated without serious hurt and securely moored again, and at five in the evening a council of war was held in Howard's cabin.

Howard himself, with Sheffield, Seymour, Southwell, Palmer, Drake, Hawkins, Winter, Fenner, and Frobisher assembled, with the fate of England in their hands, to decide what to do. If we are to believe Camden, "the foresight of Queen Elizabeth" prescribed the course which was resolved upon.

The Spanish fleet was anchored close on the edge of the shoal water, and to attack it where it lay was impossible. It was determined to drive them out into the Channel with fire-ships, of which they were known to be afraid. Sir Henry Palmer proposed to cross to Dover and fetch over some worthless hulks; but time would be lost, and there was not a day nor an hour to spare. Among the volunteer vessels which had attached themselves to the fleet there were many that would be useless in action, and as fit as the best for the service for which they were now needed. Eight were taken, and the rigging smeared rapidly with pitch, the hulls filled with any useless material which could be extemporised that would contribute to the blaze. The sky was cloudy. The moon was late in its last quarter, and did not rise till morning; and the tide, towards midnight, set directly down from the English position to where the ships of the Armada, seeking shelter from the bend of the coast, lay huddled dangerously close. Long, low, sighing gusts from the westward promised the rising of a gale. The crews of the condemned vessels undertook to pilot them to their destination, and then belay the sheets, lash the helm, fire, and leave them.

Thus, when the Spanish bells were about striking twelve, and, save the watch on deck, soldiers and seamen lay stretched in sleep, certain dark objects which had been seen dimly drifting on the tide near where the galleons lay thickest, shot suddenly into pyramids of light, flames leaping from ruddy sail to sail, flickering on the ropes, and forecastles, foremasts and bowsprits a lurid blaze of conflagration. A cool commander might have ordered out his boats and towed the fire-ships clear; but Medina Sidonia, with a strain already upon him beyond the strength of his capacity, saw coming upon him some terrible engines of destruction, like the floating mine which had shattered Parma's bridge at Antwerp. Panic spread through the entire Armada; the enemy they most dreaded was upon them. The galleons were each riding with two anchors: for their misfortune few of them were provided with a third. A shot was fired from the *San Martin* as a signal to cut or slip their cables and make to sea. Amidst cries and confusion, and lighted to their work by the blaze, they set sail and cleared away, congratulating themselves, when they had reached the open water and found that all or most of them were safe, on the skill with which they had defeated the machination of the enemy. They lay-to six miles from the shore, intending to return with the daylight, recover their anchors, and resume their old positions.

[They never returned. Attacked and heavily defeated by the English fleets, they were driven in

flight into the North Sea. Great storms arose and disaster overtook the proud Armada.]

Without pilots, in a strange sea, with the autumn storms prematurely upon him, and with no friendly port for which to run, he [Sidonia] became utterly unmanned. The very elements had turned against him, the special prerogative of the Almighty, and he could think of nothing now but of hastening home by the ocean road, where, let the dangers be what they might, there were no English enemies in his path.

On therefore the Armada sped before the rising breeze, the English still following in expectation every moment that they would bear up and engage, and unable to believe that Castilians would yield so easily, and go back to their own country with dishonour and shame. Harder and harder blew the wind, and as the sea rose, their distressed condition became more apparent. The pursuing fleet began now to pass drowned and drowning bodies of mules and horses flung over to save the scanty water-casks. More than one poor crippled ship dropped behind as her spars snapped, or the water made its way through her wounded seams in the straining seas. The Spaniards "stricken," it was now plain, "with a wonderful fear," made no attempt to succour their consorts, but passed on leaving them to founder. . . .

Such was the fate of the brilliant chivalry of Spain, the choicest representatives of the most illustrious

families of Europe. They had rushed into the service with an emotion pure and generous as ever sent Templar to the Sepulchre of Christ. They believed that they were the soldiers of the Almighty. Pope and Bishop had commended them to the charge of the angels and the saints. The spell of the names of the Apostles had been shattered by English cannon. The elements, which were deemed God's peculiar province—as if to disenchant Christendom, were disenchantment possible, of so fond an illusion—whirled them upon a shore which the waves of a hundred million years had made the most dangerous in the world; there, as they crawled half-drowned through the surf, to fall into the jaws of the Irish wolves.

THE CORONATION PROCESSION OF QUEEN ANNE BOLEYN

(Henry VIII. had secretly married Anne Boleyn towards the end of 1532, and before the Divorce Question had been legally settled. On 23rd May, Archbishop Cranmer pronounced sentence in this suit. Preparations for the crowning of the new Queen were pushed ahead. London was *en fête* for the ceremony.—Ex. *History of England*, vol. i. ch. 5.)

On the morning of the 31st of May, the families of the London citizens were stirring early in all houses. From Temple Bar to the Tower, the streets were fresh strewed with gravel, the footpaths were railed off along the whole distance, and occupied on one side by the guilds, their workmen, and apprentices,

on the other by the city constables and officials in their gaudy uniforms and "with their staves in hand for to cause the people to keep good room and order." Cornhill and Gracechurch Street had dressed their fronts in scarlet and crimson, in arras and tapestry, and the rich carpet-work from Persia and the East. Cheapside, to outshine her rivals, was draped even more splendidly in cloth of gold, and tissue, and velvet. The sheriffs were pacing up and down on their great Flemish horses, hung with liveries, and all the windows were thronged with ladies crowding to see the procession pass. At length the Tower guns opened, the grim gates rolled back, and under the archway, in the bright May sunshine, the long column began slowly to defile. Two states only permitted their representatives to grace the scene with their presence—Venice and France. It was, perhaps, to make the most of this isolated countenance, that the French ambassador's train formed the van of the cavalcade. Twelve French knights came riding foremost in surcoats of blue velvet with sleeves of yellow silk, their horses trapped in blue, with white crosses powdered on their hangings. After them came a troop of English gentlemen, two and two, and then the Knights of the Bath, "in gowns of violet, with hoods purfled with miniver like doctors." Next, perhaps at a little interval, the abbots passed on, mitred in their robes; the barons followed in crimson velvet, the bishops then, and then the earls and marquises, the dresses of each order increasing in elaborate gorgeousness. All these rode

on in pairs. Then came alone Audeley, lord-chancellor, and behind him the Venetian ambassador and the Archbishop of York; the Archbishop of Canterbury, and our old friend, Du Bellay, Bishop of Bayonne, not now with bugle and hunting-frock, but solemn with stole and crozier. Next, the lord mayor, with the city mace in hand, and Garter in his coat of arms; and then Lord William Howard—Belted Will Howard, of the Scottish Border, Marshal of England. The officers of the queen's household succeeded the marshal in scarlet and gold, and the van of the procession was closed by the Duke of Suffolk, as high constable, with his silver wand. It is no easy matter to picture to ourselves the blazing trail of splendour which in such a pageant must have drawn along the London streets,—those streets which now we know so black and smoke-grimed, themselves then radiant with masses of colour, gold, and crimson, and violet. Yet there it was, and there the sun could shine upon it, and tens of thousands of eyes were gazing on the scene out of the crowded lattices.

Glorious as this spectacle was, perhaps, however, it passed unheeded. Those eyes were watching all for another object, which now drew near. In an open space behind the constable there was seen approaching "a white chariot," led by two palfreys in white damask which swept the ground, a golden canopy borne above it making music with silver bells. And in the chariot sat the observed of all observers, the beautiful occasion of all this glittering homage; fortune's plaything of the hour, the Queen

of England—queen at last—borne along upon the waves of this sea of glory, breathing the perfumed incense of greatness which she had risked her fair name, her delicacy, her honour, her self-respect, to win; and she had won it.

There she sate, dressed in white tissue robes, her fair hair flowing loose over her shoulders, and her temples circled with a light coronet of gold and diamonds—most beautiful—loveliest—most favoured perhaps, as she seemed at that hour, of all England's daughters. Alas! "within the hollow round" of that coronet

> Kept death his court, and there the antick sate,
> Scoffing her state and grinning at her pomp,
> Allowing her a little breath, a little scene
> To monarchise, be feared, and kill with looks,
> Infusing her with self and vain conceit,
> As if the flesh which walled about her life
> Were brass impregnable; and honoured thus,
> Bored through her castle walls; and farewell, Queen.

Fatal gift of greatness! so dangerous ever! so more than dangerous in those tremendous times when the fountains are broken loose of the great deeps of thought; and nations are in the throes of revolution; —when ancient order and law and tradition are splitting in the social earthquake; and as the opposing forces wrestle to and fro, those unhappy ones who stand out above the crowd become the symbols of the struggle, and fall the victims of its alternating fortunes. And what if into an unsteady heart and brain, intoxicated with splendour, the outward chaos should find its way, converting the poor silly soul

into an image of the same confusion,—if Conscience should be deposed from her high place, and the Pandora box be broken loose of passions and sensualities and follies; and at length there be nothing left of all which man or woman ought to value, save hope of God's forgiveness!

Three short years have yet to pass, and again, on a summer morning, Queen Anne Bolèyn will leave the Tower of London—not radiant then with beauty on a gay errand of coronation, but a poor wandering ghost, on a sad tragic errand, from which she will never more return, passing away out of an earth where she may stay no longer, into a Presence where, nevertheless, we know that all is well—for all of us —and therefore for her.

But let us not cloud her short-lived sunshine with the shadow of the future. She went on in her loveliness, the peeresses following in their carriages, with the royal guard in their rear. In Fenchurch Street she was met by the children of the city schools; and at the corner of Gracechurch Street a masterpiece had been prepared of the pseudo-classic art, then so fashionable, by the merchants of the Styll Yard. A Mount Parnassus had been constructed, and a Helicon fountain upon it playing into a basin with four jets of Rhenish wine. On the top of the mountain sat Apollo with Calliope at his feet, and on either side the remaining Muses, holding lutes or harps, and singing each of them some "posy" or epigram in praise of the queen, which was presented, after it had been sung, written in letters of gold.

From Gracechurch Street the procession passed to Leadenhall, where there was a spectacle in better taste, of the old English catholic kind, quaint perhaps and forced, but truly and even beautifully emblematic. There was again a "little mountain," which was hung with red and white roses; a gold ring was placed on the summit, on which, as the queen appeared, a white falcon was made to "descend as out of the sky"—"and then incontinent came down an angel with great melody, and set a close crown of gold upon the falcon's head; and in the same pageant sat Saint Anne with all her issue beneath her; and Mary Cleophas with her four children, of the which children one made a goodly oration to the queen, of the fruitfulness of Saint Anne, trusting that like fruit should come of her."

With such "pretty conceits," at that time the honest tokens of an English welcome, the new queen was received by the citizens of London. These scenes may be multiplied by the number of the streets, where some fresh fancy met her at every turn. To preserve the festivities from flagging, every fountain and conduit within the walls ran all day with wine; the bells of every steeple were ringing; children lay in wait with songs, and ladies with posies, in which all the resources of fantastic extravagance were exhausted; and thus in an unbroken triumph—and to outward appearance received with the warmest affection—she passed under Temple Bar, down the Strand by Charing Cross to Westminster Hall. The king was not with her throughout the day; nor did he intend

to be with her in any part of the ceremony. She was to reign without a rival, the undisputed sovereign of the hour.

Saturday being passed in showing herself to the people, she retired for the night to "the king's manour house at Westminster," where she slept. On the following morning, between eight and nine o'clock, she returned to the hall, where the lord mayor, the city council, and the peers were again assembled, and took her place on the high dais at the top of the stairs, under the cloth of state; while the bishops, the abbots, and the monks of the abbey formed in the area. A railed way had been laid with carpets across Palace Yard and the Sanctuary to the abbey gates, and when all was ready, preceded by the peers in their robes of parliament, the Knights of the Garter in the dress of the order, she swept out under her canopy, the bishops and the monks "solemnly singing." The train was borne by the old Duchess of Norfolk, her aunt, the Bishops of London and Winchester on either side "bearing up the lappets of her robe." The Earl of Oxford carried the crown on its cushion immediately before her. She was dressed in purple velvet furred with ermine, her hair escaping loose, as she usually wore it, under a wreath of diamonds.

On entering the abbey, she was led to the coronation chair, where she sat while the train fell into their places, and the preliminaries of the ceremonial were dispatched. Then she was conducted up to the high altar, and anointed Queen of England; and

she received from the hands of Cranmer, fresh come in haste from Dunstable, with the last words of his sentence upon Catherine scarcely silent upon his lips, the golden sceptre and St. Edward's crown.

Did any twinge of remorse, any pang of painful recollection, pierce at that moment the incense of glory which she was inhaling? Did any vision flit across her of a sad mourning figure which once had stood where she was standing, now desolate, neglected, sinking into the darkening twilight of a life cut short by sorrow? Who can tell? At such a time, that figure would have weighed heavily upon a noble mind, and a wise mind would have been taught by the thought of it, that although life be fleeting as a dream, it is long enough to experience strange vicissitudes of fortune. But Anne Boleyn was not noble and was not wise, — too probably she felt nothing but the delicious, all-absorbing, all-intoxicating present, and if that plain, suffering face presented itself to her memory at all, we may fear that it was rather as a foil to her own surpassing loveliness. Two years later, she was able to exult over Catherine's death; she is not likely to have thought of her with gentler feelings in the first glow and flush of triumph.

MANDELL CREIGHTON

(1843–1901)

MANDELL CREIGHTON, a great historian but a greater bishop of the Church of England, was born 5th July, 1843, in Carlisle. A boy of marked cleverness, he succeeded in winning his way to Oxford, where, first as a postmaster of Merton College and later as a tutor of his college, he had a brilliant career. Interested especially in historical studies, he lectured on Italian and Byzantine history, particularly from the ecclesiastical standpoint.

Ordained in 1870 and married in 1873, he still by virtue of a special statute remained at Oxford; distinction in the university world was the clear promise of the future, but in 1875 he deliberately sacrificed it to gain experience in the ordinary administration of the Church among the people. He "banished" himself to a distant Northumbrian village, Embleton, and there amid the rough men of the north laboured as a priest for the following nine years. To this period, however, we owe the beginning of his greatest historical work: *History of the Papacy during the Reformation*. In the quiet of his retreat he found time to pursue his scholarly activities, and apart from small histories which he wrote, he set himself firmly on the road to fame by the completion and publication of the first two volumes of this masterpiece.

In 1884 he was appointed to the Dixie Professorship of Ecclesiastical History at Cambridge. Here, despite many duties, he had the leisure and the opportunity to continue his researches into the period of the Reformation. In 1887 he produced the third and fourth volumes of his big work and almost finished the fifth. Much other historical publication, but of a secondary character, also occupied his attention at this time, *e.g.* his *Life of*

Cardinal Wolsey—considered by many to be his best study—and the editorship of *Epochs of Church History*.

Deeply interested in the ministerial side of his career, he devoted more and more time to its needs. As Canon of Worcester his power to preach was developed and his counsel in Church policy was sought. It became clear to his friends that the dual demand of historical scholarship and Church administration was too heavy for him, and that he would have to choose which of the two he would wholly satisfy. He chose the Church; he felt it had the greater need of him. In 1891 he was elevated to the bishopric of Peterborough. From this time onward he found less and less time for literary work. With much difficulty he managed in 1894 to finish the fifth volume of his *History*—and there he left it; although a part only of what was to have been a splendid whole, it is great enough to win for him the admiration and gratitude of modern and future scholarship.

Becoming an influential force in the government of the Church, he with his keen sense of political values and gifts of statesmanship was of the utmost value during this critical period. And no surprise was caused when in 1897 he was promoted to the see of London. Here he proved himself to be a great bishop. But his literary and scholarly career was at an end. The many-sided activity of his public life put too great a physical strain upon him. In 1900 his health broke down and, after a long and painful illness, he died at Fulham Palace, 14th January, 1901.

Creighton left on record his definite view that History must be impartial; it is a science demanding (i) the full research into contemporary documents and the keenest judgment in the testing and selection of such evidence as this research yields; (ii) the clearest statement of any question or issue so far as the evidence *on both sides* allows. History is nothing more. To draw a conclusion or to pass a judgment does not fall within its sphere. In a famous letter he said: "My view of history is not to approach things with any preconceived

ideas, but with the natural *pietas* and sympathy which I try to feel toward all men who do or try to do great things. *Mentem mortalia tangunt* is my motto. I try to put myself in their place; to see their limitations, and leave the course of events to pronounce the verdict upon systems and men alike." [1]

Hence Creighton stands foremost among the modern school of *impartial* historians. None marshals evidence better than he; none more effectively suppresses his own "point of view." The result is that his great work is cold, austere, impersonal. In no period of history, however, is self-discipline demanded from the historian more than in the Reformation era. The stern conflicts of that age easily excite enthusiasm and controversy. It is therefore an invaluable advantage that such a judicial mind as Creighton's should have been employed in "stating the case" of the Papacy as revealed by painstaking research. It allows us to get near the truth —if not actually to reach it.

Creighton's refusal to judge the event and his ceaseless effort to get away from the present back into the age of which he wrote, and there, by an imaginative insight, to come into contact with the forces and facts which conditioned life, have brought censure upon him and his work from such historians as Lord Acton, who believe that it is impossible to escape wholly from the present, and that it is imperative that judgment should be made. Lord Acton said of Creighton: "He is not striving to prove a case or burrowing towards a conclusion, but wishes to pass through scenes of raging controversy and passion with a serene curiosity, a suspended judgment, a divided jury, and a pair of white gloves." The fact that Creighton could do this proves his power and his sincerity to his scholarly ideal.

Unfortunately, the literary artist was lacking in Creighton. His prose is clear and easy always; often it is terse and artificially clever; never, however, does "he let himself go"; never does feeling give it stinging life or rhetoric make its pale face glow. Nevertheless,

[1] *The English Historical Review*, April, 1901.

there are many fine passages in his masterpiece and also in his *Wolsey* and his *Queen Elizabeth*. In one respect, at least, he teaches modern historians a lesson: not to be prodigal of language. His character sketches of the most famous personalities of the Reformation epoch are models of clear-lined and sharp-cut craftsmanship.

Indeed, his real interest lay in the study of character. He firmly believed in man's power to mould destiny. While other historians sought for forces or motives or movements which fashioned the character of men, he by his keen and subtle analysis of men's characters found the power which made and controlled the forces and even the movements in history.

A great historian, a greater bishop, he, who never judged, would perhaps have been greatest as a judge.

Chief Works

History of the Papacy during the Reformation. 1378–1527. 5 vols. Published 1882–1894 (Longmans).

Cardinal Wolsey (Twelve English Statesmen Series). 1888.

Queen Elizabeth. 1896.

First Editor of *The English Historical Review.* 1886–1891.

CREIGHTON—EXTRACTS

THE FLIGHT OF JOHN XXIII. FROM CONSTANCE

(The Council of Constance, 1414–1418, met to reform the Church: the first step was to put an end to "the great schism"; the "schism" meant that there were three Popes living, each of whom claimed to be the head of the Church—John XXIII., Gregory XII., and Benedict XIII. John XXIII., aided by Frederick of Austria, resolved to break up the Council, and, instead of abdicating the Papal throne, to persist in his claim to be the real Pope. His presence at Constance was really necessary, so he planned to fly to Schaffhausen in Frederick's territory.

This extract is one of the liveliest scenes in Creighton's history; it is found in vol. i. bk. ii. ch. 1 and 2.)

John and Frederick laid their plans cautiously and skilfully, yet not without awakening some suspicion. Sigismund (the King of the Romans) thought it well to visit the Pope to reassure him. He found him in the evening lying on his bed, and inquired about his health; John answered that the air of Constance did not agree with him. Sigismund said that there were many pleasant residences near Constance where he might go for change of air, and offered to accompany him; he begged him not to think of leaving Constance secretly. John answered that he had no intention of leaving till the Council were dissolved. Men afterwards regarded this answer as framed like an oracle of old; John meant that by his departure he would dissolve the Council. No sooner was the King gone than John, in the hearing of his attendants, called him a "beggar, a drunkard,

a fool, and a barbarian." He accused Sigismund of sending to demand a bribe for keeping him in his Papal office. Most likely John here laid his finger on Sigismund's weak point; Sigismund was poor, and may have demanded money for the expenses of the Council from the Pope whom he was labouring to drive from his office. John's attendants wondered to hear such plain speaking: their master's tongue was loosened by the thought that he would soon be rid of the necessity of the intolerable self-restraint under which he had been lately living.

Next day, March 20th, a tournament was held outside the walls, in which Frederick of Austria had challenged the son of the Count of Cilly to break a lance with him. The town was emptied of the throng, which flocked to the spectacle. In the general confusion the Pope, disguised as a groom, mounted on a sorry nag, covered by a grey cloak and a hat slouched over his face, with a bow hanging from his saddle, passed out unperceived. He slowly made his way to Ermatingen, on the Unter See, where a boat was waiting to convey him to Schaffhausen, a town belonging to Frederick. In the midst of the tourney, a servant whispered the news into Frederick's ear. He continued the joust for a while, and gracefully allowed his adversary to win the prize; then he took horse and rode off the same evening to join the Pope at Schaffhausen.

Great was the tumult in Constance when at nightfall the flight of the Pope became known. The mob rushed to plunder the Pope's palace; merchants

began to pack their goods and prepare to defend themselves against a riot; most men thought that the Council had come to an end: the prelates who had spoken against John looked on themselves as ruined; those who were zealous for the reform of the Church saw their hopes entirely overthrown. But Sigismund showed energy and determination in this crisis: he ordered the burgomaster to call the citizens under arms and maintain order, and the Italian merchants saw with wonder the ease with which quiet was restored. Next day Sigismund, accompanied by Lewis of Bavaria, rode through the city, and with his own mouth exhorted all men to quietness and courage; he made proclamation that if John were fled he knew how to bring him back; meanwhile anyone was free to follow him who chose. In a general congregation he held the same language, affirming that he would protect the Council and would labour for union even to death: he accused Frederick of Austria of abetting the Pope's flight, and cited him to appear and answer for his deeds. The College of Cardinals chose three of their number as a deputation to John to beg him not to dissolve the Council, but appoint proctors to carry out his resignation. The same day brought a letter from John to Sigismund. "By the grace of God we are free and in agreeable atmosphere at Schaffhausen, where we came unknown to our son Frederick of Austria, with no intention of going back from our promise of abdicating to promote the peace of the Church, but that we may carry it out in freedom and

with regard to our health." The needless lie about Frederick of Austria was not calculated to carry much conviction of the truth of the Pope's promises.

THE TRIAL OF HUS: ITS FAIRNESS[1]

Hus died protesting against the unfairness of his trial. It is indeed impossible that a trial for opinions should ever be considered fair by the accused. He is charged with subverting the existing system of thought: he answers that some modification of the existing system is necessary, and that his opinions, if rightly understood, are not subversive, but amending. Into this issue his judges cannot follow him. It is as though a man accused of high treason were to urge that his treason is the noblest patriotism. There may be truth in his allegations, but it is a truth which human justice cannot take into account. The judge is appointed to execute existing laws, and till these laws are altered by the properly constituted authority, the best attempts to amend them by individual protest must be reckoned as rebellion. No doubt Hus's Bohemian foes did their best to ruin him; but his opinions were judged by

[1] John Hus, 1369–1415, was the leader of the reform movement in Bohemia. He was lured to the Council of Constance by means of a "safe-conduct" which was meanly violated. Tried for heresy, he was sentenced to death and burnt.

This extract, taken from *History of the Papacy*, vol. i. bk. ii. ch. 5, shows the judicial character of Creighton's writing.

the Council to be subversive of the ecclesiastical system, and when he refused to submit to that decision, he was necessarily regarded as an obstinate heretic. It is useless to criticise particular points in his trial. The Council was anxious for his submission and gave him every opportunity to make it. But it is the glory of Hus that he first deliberately asserted the rights of the individual conscience against ecclesiastical authority, and sealed his assertion by his own life blood.

LORD ACTON
(1834–1902)

John Emerich Edward Dalberg-Acton, first Baron Acton, was born at Naples, 10th January, 1834. He was the son of an English gentleman and Marie de Dalberg, who was closely related to a princely German family, and who, after her first husband's death, married the Lord Granville.

From early years he was brought under the fostering care of the Holy Roman Church; to its creed he became passionately devoted: much later in life, when in the stress of conflict with those who governed his Church, he publicly asserted that communion with her was "dearer than life itself": indeed, as long as he lived his loyalty to Rome was an outstanding feature of his noble character.

Educated at Oscott, he at the age of seventeen went to Munich University. There he lived for five years with the famous scholar Dr. Dollinger. A brilliant pupil, he was wisely directed by his teacher; and during this period of studious preparation he laid deep and sure the foundations of his massive historical and literary scholarship—a scholarship which always increased in strength of knowledge as the many years of his life passed, and which eventually earned the admiration and even the wonder of the learned world.

Of ample private fortune, he devoted himself to the pursuit of Truth. This did not mean that he shut himself off from the world and lived in some quiet haunt alone with his libraries. On the contrary, his was an energetic public life; although the first scholar of his age, he achieved a notable career. Not until his last years did he accept the comparative tranquillity of a university professorship.

As editor of several famous journals and as M.P. for Carlow, and later for Bridgnorth, he found full scope

for his enthusiasm in "the affairs of men" (1859–1866). Winning early attention by his reviews and his able controversy, he developed his literary talent until he commanded respect from a European audience — a respect which deepened into fear on the one side and admiration on the other when he chose to fight for a cause. His genius bound his marvellous knowledge and his powerful penmanship into close alliance. In attack or defence this alliance was invincible.

Following his marriage to Countess Marie Arco-Valley he resigned his seat in Parliament in order to prosecute his literary work and historical researches with greater zeal (1866). Although he resided much on the Continent, he loved England and especially the English "system of things," political as well as social. Honoured by Oxford and Cambridge and other famous universities, he was known to all as a Master in the world of learning and as *the* Master in the historical sphere; yet he was still the humble student, and always pressed steadily forward on his quest of Truth.

His last academic honour was in itself an honour to academic life. In 1895 he accepted the Regius Professorship of Modern History in the University of Cambridge. Thus, at last, he became an *official* teacher in a university. For the last seven years of his life he fulfilled the responsible duties of the chair. So rich was the treasury of his mind, so forceful was his influence, so fine his character and personality, that none ever went away the poorer for the act of "sitting at his feet." This final period of his career was also perhaps the greatest. In it he justified his reputation as "The Master Historian" by raising the study of History to a level of dignity and a place of power which before in England, at least, it had never known.

He died at Tergernsee, 19th June, 1902.

Lord Acton regarded History as a means of gaining Truth. History, if rightly served, would guide the zealous seeker to the hidden shrine of this goddess. He says "an historian has to be treated as a witness

and not believed unless his sincerity is established." Again, "History compels us to fasten on abiding issues, and rescues us from the temporary and transient."

Truth must at the last always be a matter of faith; and faith in turn must rest on a *moral* basis. Such at least was Acton's view, and none strove more manfully than he to turn the eyes of others to the vision. To him the moral standard of life and conduct was absolute and eternal; "he demanded a code of moral judgment independent of time and place and not merely relative to a particular civilisation." With so firm a conviction as this in the need and efficacy of moral principles by which to test life and its fact, he never hesitated to denounce those who quibbled about the necessity, and never refused to help those who were struggling in doubt and fearfulness. "A man is justly despised," he says, "who has one opinion in history and another in politics, one for abroad and another at home, one for opposition and another in office." Again, "Whatever a man's notions . . . are, such, in the main, the man himself will be. Under the name of History, they cover the articles of his philosophic, his religious, and his political creed." And again, "Our historical judgments have as much to do with the hopes of heaven as with public and private conduct."

Many a stern fight he fought to establish his high view. Most of his life was spent in conflict with foes who denied and doubted. Even with the beloved Church of his fathers he was forced to do battle in order to vindicate his judgment and his conscience, which were opposed to the "insolent and aggressive faction" that governed her. His scholarly communion with the famous Dollinger was also sacrificed on Truth's altar. The bitterness of isolation was more than once his agony. But for the sake of Truth, which was righteousness, he remained undaunted and unshaken.

He was no "impartial historian." The method of giving both sides of the case and allowing the inference or the conclusion to be drawn was not his. "I speak of this school with reverence for the good it has done

by the assertion of historic truth and of its legitimate authority over the minds of men. It provides a discipline which every one of us does well to undergo, and perhaps also well to relinquish. For it is not the whole truth." He considered the historical evidence in its fullest measure for any issue; but he judged the issue according to his moral standard, and he defended his judgment *contra mundum*.

"The union of faith with knowledge, and the eternal supremacy of righteousness, this was the message of Acton to mankind."

Often is he spoken of as the historian of Liberty. Liberty in his eyes was a sacred thing, "the palm and the prize and the crown" of life. Through the vast range of his knowledge he sought it, and finding it, he loved it. The final purpose of his life was doubtless the writing of a *History of Liberty*. In his famous Inaugural Lecture he says: "I know not whether it will ever fall within my sphere of duty to trace the slow progress of that idea through the chequered scenes of our history, and to describe how subtle speculations touching the nature of conscience promoted a nobler and more spiritual conception of the liberty which protects it, until the guardian of rights developed into the guardian of duties which are the cause of rights, and that which had been prized as the material safeguard for treasures of earth became sacred as security for the things that are divine." This history was never written. Such a work, written as he would have had it written, conclusive both in evidence and in truth, was too great a task for one mind and one life—even such as his. "Probably towards the close of his life Acton felt this. The *Cambridge Modern History*, which required the co-operation of so many specialists, was to him but a fragment of the great project."

Acton conceived Freedom, *i.e.* Liberty, to be the unchecked power of men to do their duty. It was at once the evidence and the best result of Progress—for he stoutly believed that by God's grace human life was

progressive. But "the rights of man," and all the conventional and oftentimes irrational opinions which muster under this revolutionary banner, did not stir him to partisanship. His Freedom, in its full sense and reality, was neither political nor social, economic nor scientific; it was a *moral* truth and a moral necessity of life which found their best mode of expression in religion. "You will know it (Freedom) by outward signs: Representation, the extinction of slavery, the reign of opinion, and the like; the security of the weaker groups and the liberty of conscience, which, effectually secured, secures the rest." Any force, small or colossal, which crushed the personality and destroyed the conscience of man he hated and made war upon it.

Another reason why this achievement was impossible was Acton's insatiable appetite for knowledge. Never content with the width or the depth of his scholarship, he continued to read and research so thoroughly that he had neither the time nor the energy to write creative work as well. In his own domain of history and its subsidiary interests he resolved to "keep in close touch" with the work of all students and writers who counted. This intimacy most laboriously won was with equal labour and sincerity jealously preserved. It necessitated his reading everything of any importance; it meant an unwonted facility in quite a number of European languages; it meant a heavy expense in money, time and power; it meant the sacrifice of a creative career. The results were two. He became a prince of specialists among specialists. And, unlike the illustrious Gibbon or the much-loved Macaulay, he raised no monument to his own memory. This was the price that he (and we) paid for his unique pre-eminence in pure scholarship.

Of his literary gifts the following extracts are illustrative. Only rarely does he write brilliantly—if by this is meant written language which by its own power of beauty arrests the artistic sense. He lacked the gift which made Gibbon, Carlyle or Macaulay great. Yet his writing is full of personality. It reflects the light and the shade of his moods and is a splendid medium

for his keenly-tempered judgment and full-flavoured criticism. Perhaps his power of irony and weighted phrase was his best literary gift. In general, he wrote a clear and a robust prose. Although at times the heat of passion can be felt in it and at others the bitterness of disillusion, his written language was normally characteristic of himself — dignified even to the point of austerity, precise in its claims to authoritative utterance, scholarly in its ease, skill and serenity.

Unnumbered among the supreme literary artists, he is numbered among the fewer master-minds who, unconfused by the wealth of their wisdom, so order and dispose of it in argument or controversy as to secure not only a logical but an artistic victory!

Chief Works

Most of his writing was in the form of Essays, Articles, Reviews, Leaders. These lie scattered in the journals and periodicals of the second half of the Victorian Era. Many, and perhaps the best of them, have been reclaimed by Messrs. Figgis and Lawrence in the following volumes:

I. *History of Freedom* (Macmillan and Co.).
II. *Historical Essays and Studies* (Macmillan and Co.).
III. *Lectures on Modern History* (Macmillan and Co.).

His *Inaugural Lecture on the Study of History* (published by Macmillan and Co.) ought to be read diligently by every student of History.

The *Cambridge Modern History*, a vast and encyclopædic work, was planned by him. He died long before its completion.

The most sympathetic appreciation of Lord Acton is the scholarly introduction to the first three volumes mentioned above by the joint editors.

LORD ACTON—EXTRACTS

THE RISE AND FALL OF THE MEXICAN EMPIRE

(This is an extract from his Essay, "The Rise and Fall of the Mexican Empire," a piece full of colour and dramatic power included in *Historical Essays and Studies*.)

THE scene of the tragedy which I will attempt to describe is a country on which Nature's fairest gifts have been lavished with an unsparing hand, but where man has done his utmost to thwart the designs of Providence. Its social condition is so far removed from our experience that I must ask you to forget the maxims and even the political terms we use nearer home.

Mexico possesses a territory more than thrice as large as France, with the fertility of the tropics and the climate of the temperate zone, seated between the two oceans, in the future centre of the commerce of the world. Its wealth in precious metals is so enormous that the time will come when the market will be flooded with silver, and its price will not allow the mines to be worked with profit. The only drawbacks on its prosperity are the badness of the harbours, the excessive dryness of the plains, and the disappearance of the forest timber, a curse which almost always follows the footstep of the Spaniard.

When England recognised the independence of the Spanish colonies, Mr. Canning declared that he had called a new world into existence to redress the

balance of the old. But it was long before the new States justified the boast, and it is still generally believed that in point of political and material success they contrast much to their disadvantage with the North American Republic. In the greater part of South America this is no longer true, for in several of those vast communities population and trade are growing at a rate that exceeds that of the Union.

Mexico is the saddest and the most conspicuous in the midst of the general improvement. It is the pride of the colonial system of Spain, and the one merit in which it was superior to our own, that it succeeded in preserving and partially civilising the native race. The English settled in a region where the natives were hunters and wanderers, unskilled in the cultivation of the soil, who roamed into the West to elude the grasp of civilisation or perished by its contact. The colonists retained their own congenial laws, the purity of European blood was maintained, and the portentous problem of race was happily averted. But in Mexico Cortez found a numerous and settled population, dwelling in cities, tilling the land, and brilliantly though superficially civilised. It was part of the Spanish system to protect, to preserve, and to convert the conquered heathens, whose number vastly exceeded that of their masters; a people of mixed blood sprang up between them, and thus there were three races separated by a very broad line, and isolated by the pride and the jealousy of colour. The Indian nobles

were mostly exterminated, and the land was distributed among the families of a small group of conquerors. This arrangement of property remains unchanged. The natives are still without any interest in the land, and the immense estates have not been subdivided. In one of the richest districts on the Atlantic the coast for one hundred and fifty miles is owned by one proprietor.

A society so constituted could not make a nation. There was no middle class, no impulse to industry, no common industry, no common civilisation, no public spirit, no sense of patriotism. The Indians were not suffered to acquire wealth or knowledge, and every class was kept in ignorance and in rigorous seclusion; when, therefore, the Mexicans made themselves independent, the difficulty was to throw off, not the bondage, but the nonage in which they had been held, and to overcome the mental incapacity, the want of enterprise, the want of combination among themselves, and the want of the enlightenment which comes from intercourse with other nations. They formed a republic after the model of their more fortunate neighbours, and accepted those principles which are so flexible in their consequences and so unrelenting in their consistency. It soon appeared that there was not propelling power in the State equal to the heavy burden of a half-barbarous population. The intelligent minority was too undisciplined and too demoralised to elevate and to sway the degraded millions of the Indian race. The habits of authority and subordination departed with

the Spaniards, and the faculty of organisation could not exist in a people that had never learned to help themselves. No man of very superior character and understanding arose. The leading men in the various provinces sought to maintain their own power by the continuance of anarchy; they combined against the central authority as fast as it changed hands, and overthrew thirty Presidents in thirty years. The requisite conditions of a Republican government did not exist. There was the greatest social inequality that can be conceived between the wealthy landowners and the Indian masses, who possessed neither the mental independence conferred by education nor the material independence which belongs to property. There was Democracy in the State, while society was intensely aristocratic.

The largest landowner in Mexico was the Church; and as there was no religious toleration it was the Church of the whole nation, the only teacher of the moral law to the natives, the sole channel through which the majority of the people had access to the civilisation of Christendom. Therefore the clergy enjoyed an influence of which there has been no example in Europe for the last five hundred years, and formed a strong basis of aristocracy and the most serious barrier to the realisation of the Democratic principle that nominally prevailed. To establish a real Democracy the first thing to be done was to reduce this immense and artificial influence. For the last twelve years this has been the one constant object of the Democratic party. It was a war of

principles, a struggle for existence, on either side, in which conciliation was impossible, and which could only terminate by the ruin of one of the contending forces. . . . In 1857 the Democratic party carried a new Constitution, abridging the privileges of the clergy, and including a law of mortmain which obliged them to convert their estates into money.

This was the signal for civil war. The Conservatives, led by a young man who at the age of twenty-seven had shown a remarkable capacity for war, Miguel Miramon, gained possession of the capital, and their President was recognised by Europe. The Constitutional President held the important seaport of Vera Cruz and was recognised by the United States. His name, destined like that of his rival to a wide and melancholy celebrity, was Benito Juarez. He was an Indian of pure blood, nearly sixty years old. He had ascended to power by means of his eminence as a lawyer, and because, in the midst of almost universal corruption, he was deemed incorruptible. Unlike the intriguers and the soldiers of fortune who were his rivals, he had risen slowly without perfidy and without violence—a patient, steadfast man, and, as we should say, a man of extreme opinions. It would seem that in this educated, ambitious, successful Indian, the pent-up hatred of the oppressed for the oppressor had broken forth, and formed his strongest political motive; and that he was striving for the social and political emancipation of his people when he tore down the privileges and annihilated the power of the class that lorded over them.

He professed the principles of 1789, principles which had triumphed in France by a civil war, a reign of terror, ten years of military despotism, and sixty years of intermittent revolution. There was no reason to think that they would succeed more easily in a country so backward as Mexico, but Juarez was ready to abide the issue. As there was no system of regular taxation, and all manufactured articles were imported by sea, the customs were the chief source of revenue. It was an advantage to Juarez to possess the chief seaport of the country, and, as he dwelt under the cannon of European men-of-war, he was careful not to make enemies by plundering the foreigners. . . .

[Events moved swiftly. European Powers intervened. Napoleon III. of France, lured by the prospect of founding a vast French colonial empire on the ruins of Mexico, supported a military expedition to put the Austrian Archduke Maximilian on the Mexican throne. This monarchy was proclaimed 8th July, 1863. Maximilian reached Mexico in June 1864, and was favourably received. But the political conditions of the country developed into fierce civil warfare; and by the end of 1866 Maximilian was faced with utter defeat. Deserted by Napoleon and his European friends, he had either to abdicate and fly while there was yet time or stay and perhaps die for his cause.]

In Mexico there were no hopes to live for, but there was still a cause in which it would be glorious

to die. There were friends whom he [Maximilian] could not leave to perish in expiation of measures which had been his work. He knew what the vengeance of the victors would be. He knew that those who had been most faithful to him would be most surely slaughtered; and he deemed that he, who had never yet been seen on a field of battle, had no right to fly without fighting. Probably he felt that when a monarch cannot preserve his throne nothing becomes him better than to make his grave beneath its ruins. He yielded, and returned, sullenly and slowly, to the capital. What concessions had been wrung from the party in whose hands he was, I do not know. But he addressed a letter to the Pope, expressing regret for the policy which had failed, and at Rome, where he was once regarded as a persecutor and almost an apostate, the letter was hailed as a solemn and complete retraction.

[On 10th March, 1867, he was besieged in Queretaro by Escobedo with an army of 40,000. Lopez, his second in command, was in communication with Escobedo, and on the 14th May the stronghold was betrayed.]

At daybreak the bells of the churches of Queretaro announced to the Republican camp that the place was won. The traitor went up to the Emperor's room, and told him that the enemy was in the town. Maximilian rushed forth, and was stopped by Republican soldiers, who did not recognise him. Lopez whispered to the officer who it was. Then the generous

Mexican allowed the Emperor to pass, pretending to take him for a civilian; and he escaped to a fortified position at some distance. Here he was joined by the faithful Mejia, and as many officers and men as could hew their way through the columns of Republicans that were now pouring into the town. Miramon alone attempted a forlorn resistance. A shot struck him in the face, and he fell, blinded with blood, into the hands of his enemies.

[The Republican cause triumphed. Maximilian was captured and brought to trial. Juarez was powerless to save him. On 19th June, 1867, he was led forth to die.]

His last act before going to the place of execution had been to write the following letter to his implacable conqueror: "I give up my life willingly, if the sacrifice can promote the welfare of my new country. But nothing healthy can grow upon a soil saturated with blood, and therefore, I entreat you, let mine be the last you shed. The fortitude with which you upheld the cause that triumphs now won my admiration in happier days, and I pray you that it may not fail you in the peaceful work of conciliation that is to come." When they came to the appointed place, he gave money to the soldiers by whose hands he was to fall, asking them to aim at his heart, for he wished that his mother might look upon his face again. The officer who was to give the word assured him that he detested the duty, and implored him not to die with a feeling of resentment against him. Maximilian thanked him and

said that he must obey orders. . . . He was standing between the Mexicans (Mejia and Miramon), but out of humility or magnanimity or because a solemn and sacred memory was present to his mind at that last awful moment, he turned to Miramon and said that out of esteem for his courage he would yield to him the place of honour. His last words were: "I die for a just cause—the independence and the liberty of Mexico. May my death close the era of the misfortunes of my adopted country: God save Mexico!" Then he crossed his hands upon his breast and fell, pierced by nine balls.

He fell, and carried with him in his fall the independence of the people he had come to save. Nothing henceforth remains that can permanently arrest the United States in the annexation of Spanish America. If they have the prudence to avoid European war, and wisdom to compose their own dissensions, they may grasp the most glorious inheritance the earth affords. The conquest of Spanish America would be easy and certain, but beset with dangers. A confederacy loses its true character when it rules over dependencies; and a Democracy lives a threatened life that admits millions of a strange and inferior race which it can neither assimilate nor absorb. It is more likely that the Americans will bind their neighbours with treaties, which will throw open the whole continent to their own influence and enterprise, without destroying their separate existence.

The memory of the fair-haired stranger who devoted his life to the good of Mexico, and died for

guilt which was not his own, will live in sorrow rather than in anger among the people for whom he strove in vain. Already we may pronounce the verdict of history upon his sad career—his worst crime was in accepting the treacherous gift of Empire, but his misfortune was greater than his fault. I think he was well-nigh the noblest of his race, and fulfilled the promise of his words: "The fame of my ancestors will not degenerate in me."'

THE MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW

(This scholarly description of the event and the solution of its "problem" is found in *Lectures on Modern History*, p. 159 *et seq.*)

COLIGNY was to have another chance of securing liberty by the splendour of his services to the country, and the wedding of the Princess Margaret of Valois with Navarre in defiance of the Pope's refusal of the requisite dispensation proclaimed that the court had gone over to the Protestants. France was on the brink of a war with Spain, in which the admiral would have had command of her armies. It was to be a war for Protestant predominance, with France at the head of the Protestant interest in Europe and Protestants in high offices at home. Queen Catherine was resolved not to submit to their ascendancy, and she knew a short way out of it. There was a blood-feud of nine years' standing between the House of Guise and the admiral, who had never succeeded in

vindicating himself from the suspicion that he was cognisant of the murder of the former Duke of Guise at the siege of Orleans. They were glad to obtain their revenge; and one of their bravos, after two days of watching, shot Coligny, wounding him severely but not mortally. His friends, who were collected at Paris in large numbers, insisted on satisfaction. Catherine then informed her son [1] that there could be no punishment and no inquiry, that the real culprit was herself, and that if anything was done, by way of justice, Guise would cast upon her all the ignominy of the attempt, all the ignominy of its failure. Nothing could save her but the immediate destruction of Coligny and his chief adherents, all conveniently within reach. The king hesitated. Not from any scruples; for when the Parliament had offered a large reward for the capture of the admiral he had obliged them to add the words—alive or dead. But he hesitated to surrender the hope of annexing Flanders, the constant and necessary object of national policy.

Late in the day after that on which Coligny received his wound, the civic authorities were warned to hold their men in readiness, when the bell of the church near the Louvre, St. Germain of Auxerre, rang the tocsin. This was the beginning of that alliance between the rural aristocracy of Catholic France and the furious democracy of the capital which laid the foundation of the League. Their objects were not entirely the same. The Parisian

[1] Charles IX., King of France.

populace were indiscriminately murderous and cruel, killing every Huguenot they knew. The Spanish envoy wrote: "not a child has been spared. Blessed be God!" Guise had his thoughts fixed on political enemies. Some Protestant officers who lived beyond the Seine, hearing the tumult, took horse and made off before it reached them, and were pursued by Guise for many hours along the north road. When Guise gave up the chase and returned to Paris, his house became a refuge for many obscure persons from whom he had nothing to fear. In his absence the king had laid the blame upon him, and described the massacre as a result of the old quarrel between Guise and Châtillon. This was not to be borne, and another explanation was speedily devised. It was now stated that a Protestant conspiracy had been discovered, and happily crushed in time by a prompt effort in self-defence. This was suggested by the threatening attitude assumed by Coligny's friends in order to compel punishment for the attempt on his life. Both theories were adopted in dealing with the English and the German princes. Whilst orders went forth to the local authorities all over France to imitate the example of the capital, every effort was made to avert a breach with the Protestant Powers.

These efforts were so successful that Elizabeth stood godmother to the daughter of Charles IX., while his brother, Henry of Anjou, was elected King of Poland by a union of parties, although his share in the slaughter was notorious. The idea soon became

preponderant; and when provincial governors neglected or refused to obey the sanguinary commands nothing was done to enforce them. The actual massacre was a momentary resolve; it was not a change of front.

The premeditation of St. Bartholomew has been a favourite controversy, like the Casket Letters; but the problem is entirely solved, although French writers such as Guizot and Bordier believe in it; and the Germans, especially Baumgarten and Philippson, deny it. It is perfectly certain that it was not a thing long and carefully prepared, as was believed in Rome, and those who deny premeditation in the common sense of the word are in the right. But for ten years the court had regarded a wholesale massacre as the last resource of monarchy. Catherine herself said that it had been in contemplation, if opportunity offered, from the year 1562. Initiated observers expected it from that time; and after the conference with Alva at Bayonne, in 1565, it was universally considered probable that some of the leaders, at least, would be betrayed and killed. . . . In short, the idea had long been entertained, and had been more than once near execution. At last, the murder of Coligny was provoked by the imminent war with Spain, and the general slaughter followed. The clergy applauded, but it did not proceed from them. . . .

We have no reliable statistics of the slain. The fugitives who escaped to England spoke of one hundred thousand. At Rome they put the figure for

Paris alone at sixty thousand. For the capital a basis of calculation is supplied by the number of bodies found in the river. The result would be something over two thousand. In the provinces there are reports from about forty towns. The Protestant martyrology assigns two thousand to Orleans alone. But Toussaint, one of the ministers, who was there, and had the good fortune to escape, knew only of seven hundred, and that is still the belief in the town itself. It was said that two hundred perished at Toulouse. But the president, Duranti, who lost some of his own friends, and whose Memoirs were not written for the public, speaks of thirty-one. In five towns the victims amounted to between one hundred and seven hundred. In all the rest they were fewer. Taking the more authentic figures, and in cases where we cannot decide between statements that conflict, preferring the lower figure, because of the tendency to exaggerate where there is passion or excitement, we arrive at rather more than five thousand for the whole of France. The editor of Queen Catherine's correspondence, La Ferrière, urged me to make some allowance for persons who lost their lives on the byways in attempting to escape. That is a probable conjecture, but no evidence takes us as high as eight thousand. I reached that conclusion many years ago, and it is confirmed by what has since appeared, especially by the new *Histoire Générale*, which accepts the limit I have mentioned. The higher estimates commonly given are not based on a critical investigation. . . .

THOMAS HODGKIN
(1831–1913)

THOMAS HODGKIN was born 29th July, 1831, at Bruce Grove, Tottenham, then a quiet village on the north-west of London. His parents were of exclusive Quaker extraction and traditions; and Thomas, their second child, remained in close loyalty to the Society of Friends throughout his long life. Strict training in both religion and education disciplined an ardent temperament born and reared amid conditions of social and financial ease. Privately schooled and destined by his father for the law, he was sent to Grove House Academy when thirteen to be prepared for London University. Well grounded in Classics and with every hope of doing well, he entered the University College, London, at fifteen years of age (1846). Prior to this he had first tasted the joy of continental travel: this trip he called "the greatest landmark" of his life; and frequently in after-life did he go forth on his travels either in Europe or in the farther climes of the world. This mode of combining pleasure and education was first in its appeal to him, and late in years he said: "Money spent in travelling is never regretted."

His five years at the university saw many anxieties, chiefly on account of health. At length he graduated in Classics; but his boy's love of history grew steadily, and no prize did he value more than that won by his essay on the *Study of History*. In March 1852 he commenced his legal studies in earnest, but hardly had he crossed the threshold than he was struck down by an epileptic seizure. His legal career was finished. A black time followed; he was compelled to think "of an illimitable future of dreary, purposeless existence." Not for fifteen years did he finally escape from the shadows of this illness.

Thrown upon social activities and health-winning leisure, he enjoyed holidays, and became a leader of the younger group of the Tottenham Circle, famous then in the Quaker world for its wit and intellectual life. He occupied himself more and more with his general reading and studies, Hebrew and History being prominent in his programme. By 1853 he had recovered sufficiently to think of business. It was decided that life as a country banker would suit him, and he went into his cousins' bank at Pontefract, where he "learned something of banking and laid the foundations of responsible business knowledge." In 1856 he moved to Whitehaven Bank. Here his health became stronger, and in the absence of intellectual society he devoted himself to his studies with renewed zest. Three years later he made his last move—to Newcastle. With three other young men he launched out on to the deeps of a commercial career; this new banking venture proved successful; anxious times were weathered, and the bank became prosperous and influential. Hodgkin and his partner Pease "raised Banking from a matter of rule and formula to a high profession." To-day the bank flourishes, but as an integral part of a much larger institution—Lloyds Bank.

On 7th August, 1861, he married Lucy Fox of Falmouth, a union destined to be long, helpful and happy. Study demanded his spare time, and he made it a rule to do some every day. To write now became an urgent desire; and from this time the great historian of the future is slowly seen approaching.

To his sister, Mrs. Mariabella Fry, and her husband we are perhaps indebted more than we know for Hodgkin's historical work. They urged him to write *continuous* work and not to fritter away his talents. His chief interest was Italian history. This is seen in a letter of November 1869: "I have not forgotten your injunction to try to write something permanent, and feel more drawn to Italian history than anything else." He adds that his "day-dreams" are to continue Milman's *Latin Christianity*, "to bring it down at least to Ranke's

History of the Popes," or "to execute a thoroughly good history of Italy from Alaric to Garibaldi . . . within three volumes." He set to work, and although neither of the two day-dreams was realised, he produced a monumental history, *Italy and her Invaders*. No less than twenty-five years were occupied in this great achievement. Conscious keenly of his ill-equipment and "amateurish" efforts, he spent his whole leisure in training his mind and enriching his scholarship for the task. The result was that the later volumes of his work were far better than the first; indeed, his progress in the mastery of his art is an object lesson of studious zeal and patient industry. Creighton wrote to him respecting the third and fourth volumes, which appeared in 1885, "If I may say so, I think it (your book) shows a marked advance upon the first two volumes. It shows greater freedom of writing, more harmonious and complete conception of the subject, greater restraint, and more powerful presentation." In July 1884 Hodgkin had written to his sister, "I most wanted to be guarded against bad taste in my style of writing, and I think there is less danger of this than in the previous volumes. I see already that the book will be less readable than its preceding part, but I hope more accurate and scholarly."

His friendship with Creighton began when the future bishop took up his residence at Embleton in 1875. It was a most curious coincidence of history that these two historians should thus meet and that both should at the time have been commencing their masterpieces which might well have covered the same ground! Creighton after their first meeting wrote: "I was amazed at Mr. Hodgkin's knowledge. He has all the tastes of a thorough-going historical student." Hodgkin wrote: "We talked history hard all the evening, and I felt at once that I was in contact with one of the ablest and best-stored minds that I had ever known. He gave me all sorts of tips, but, more than all, he raised my standard of the way in which history ought to be written. . . ." Needless to add, Creighton's friendship was most generous in its help to the persevering

"amateur"; but the human values of their friendship, enduring till death, were even richer.

Many years before his big history was finished he was known far and wide as a worthy historian, and many publishers requested him to write smaller and popular histories for them. He did much of this work. The best of these smaller publications are: *Theodoric the Goth*, 1891; *Charles the Great*, 1897. His masterpiece finished, he turned to other historical fields; and the first volume in Longmans' "Political History of England," 1906, is his scholarly contribution to this long and authoritative history. This book cost him much anxiety, and frequently he doubted his ability to finish it as he would desire. In December 1905 he wrote: "I have done my best; the book will soon be out of the press, read, reviewed, vilified and forgotten." His fear was groundless. The book was, and still is, one of the most successful of the series.

To the end his high interest in history and travel remained keen and vigorous. The science of teaching history and the public organisation of facilities for historical research occupied his attention. He pleaded that the British Academy should use its authority in urging Oxford and Cambridge and other centres of Higher Education to adopt continental methods "to train up the historians of the future." The institution of historical laboratories wherein selected students could research under the control of experienced professors, and historical museums wherein could be treasured the fruits of these researches, were pet schemes of his.[1] Although not yet realised in the full measure he wished, these schemes are beginning to receive the attention they justly deserve.

At the ripe age of eighty-two, Hodgkin, the last of the line of great English historians, passed away at Falmouth (2nd March, 1913). Although by no means

[1] "I sometimes think that even the notebooks of, say, such a man as the late Professor Gardiner might be a precious possession for future historians."—Extract from a letter to the Secretary of the British Academy, 7th December, 1903.

the most illustrious of the small scholarly company, none outstripped him in loyal service to his art.

Hodgkin continued the peculiar English tradition that great history can be written by the "amateur" student. A successful business man, who could well claim that his public worth was justified, he, like Grote, earned distinction in the world of letters. The period he chose is one of the most difficult in European history, embracing as it does the record of the invasions of the barbarians and the decay of the Western Roman Empire until the mighty Charlemagne restored the empire to a new strength and destiny. Covering the same ground as Gibbon partially travelled, his history is an invaluable complement to that of the greater historian. Gibbon's theme was the decline of Rome; he had little sympathy with the invaders who destroyed her. Hodgkin had little sympathy with Rome, and saw with true insight that the fierce conquerors of the north-east were destined to refashion the life of Europe.

His method of work reveals singular power of exacting and well-organised labour; his research was unwearied and complete. His digest of the letters of Cassiodorus or the letters of Gregory the Great would alone have established him as a scholar. In January 1893 he wrote: "I find Gregory the Great a very big man, and he wants to take up more of my canvas than I can well spare him. He wrote about eight hundred letters, some of them very long ones, and though I am not absolutely obliged to read every one of them, there are a great many which I must not only read but abstract at considerable length, if not translate verbatim."

He considered that history should be the prize of the humble as well as the learned. In his preface to *Italy and her Invaders* he distinctly says that his text was for the general public who were not versed in Gibbon or Roman history and Latin texts; students and scholars, too, were provided for in long notes and disquisitions separated from the text. This plan, not new but unusual in English historical work, was most

successful. From this it can be seen that his text is very readable. His prose is easy and clear—the work of a vigorous man of affairs rather than an artist; yet frequently his power of narrative arrests by its rich quality. The outstanding figures of his period won his best attention. Rescuing them from the dimly-lit world of so long ago, he presented them to the world of to-day as real men and women gifted or cursed with remarkable personalities. Alaric, Theodoric, Belisarius, Cassiodorus, Gregory the Great, Charlemagne—to mention but the best known—are living witnesses to their work as limned in the pages of Hodgkin, and their good and evil legacy for mankind is fairly judged by Hodgkin's patient and impartial mind.

His own view of his work is interesting. It reveals the hope, resolve, and modesty which are qualities inseparable from true scholarship. He wrote, "I ask myself often, 'What is the earthly good of all this?' . . . But I am sure to me it is no matter of pride, but of deep humiliation, to be working at a subject which seems to be so utterly remote from all the actual human interests of to-day. And yet if you once begin in a particular line of inquiry it is not easy to stop till you have, at any rate, made the thing clear to your own mind; and then it seems only fair to sum up your results somewhere, to prevent those who come after from having the same trouble."

Chief Works

Italy and her Invaders. 8 vols. 1880–1899. Clarendon Press.
The Letters of Cassiodorus. 1886. Clarendon Press.
The Dynasty of Theodosius. 1889. Clarendon Press.
Theodoric the Goth (Heroes of the Nations Series). 1891. Putnam.
Charles the Great (Foreign Statesmen Series). 1897. Macmillan and Co.
The Walls, Gates, and Aqueducts of Rome. 1899. Murray.
The History of England from the Earliest Times to the Norman Conquest. Vol. I. Political History of England. 1906. Longmans and Co.

HODGKIN—EXTRACTS

A BANQUET AT ATTILA'S PALACE

(Maximin and Priscus, ambassadors from the Western Roman Empire and the Eastern Roman Empire respectively, have audience with Attila, the great Hun conqueror, at his capital, in the year A.D. 448. The site of the capital cannot be identified. It was a town of log-huts somewhere on the Hungarian plains—perhaps at Pesth. Ex. *Italy and her Invaders*, bk. ii. ch. 2.)

LATER on in the same day they all received an invitation to be present at a banquet of the great conqueror.

"Punctually at three o'clock [so runs the narrative of Priscus] we, together with the ambassador of the Western Romans, went to the dinner and stood on the threshold of Attila's palace. According to the custom of the country, the cup-bearers brought us a bowl of wine that we might drink and pray for the good luck of our host before sitting down. Having tasted the bowl, we were escorted to our seats. Chairs were arranged for the guests round the walls. In the centre Attila reclined on a couch; up behind him a flight of steps led to the bed, which, hidden by curtains of white linen and variegated stuffs tastefully arranged, looked like a nuptial bed. . . .

"The seat of honour, on the right hand of Attila's couch, was occupied by Onegesh. We did not receive even the second place, that on his left, but saw Berich, a Hun of noble birth, placed above us there.

Opposite to Onegesh, on a double chair, sat two of the sons of Attila. His eldest son sat on the king's couch, not near to him, however, but on the very edge of it, and all through the banquet he kept his eyes fixed on the ground in silent awe of his father.

"When we were all seated the cup-bearer came in and handed to Attila his ivy-wood drinking-cup, filled with wine. Remaining seated, the king saluted the one nearest to him in rank. The slave standing behind that person's chair advanced into the centre of the hall, received the cup from the hand of Attila's cup-bearer, and brought it to the guest, whom etiquette required to rise from his seat and continue standing till he had drained the cup and the slave had returned it into the hands of Attila's cup-bearer." This process of salutation and drinking was gone through with each guest and in the intervals of every course. The length of the solemnity, and perhaps the tediousness of it, seem greatly to have impressed the mind of Priscus, who describes it with much detail. Possibly, the classical custom of drinking healths had gone out of fashion at Byzantium. The Teutonic nations had it, and it may have been adopted from them by the Huns. It was, indeed, one well worthy of acceptance among an uncivilised people, but, as here described by Priscus, it lacked its most barbarous elements. The speech, that instrument of torture for speaker and hearers, was absent; not even the cruel ingenuity of the Hun inflicted that misery on his guests. After the banqueters had

all been saluted by Attila, the servants began to bring in the provisions, which were set upon little tables, one for every three or four guests, so that each could help himself without going outside the row of seats.

"For all the rest of the barbarians," says Priscus, "and for us the costly banquet had been prepared, which was served on silver dishes; but Attila, on his wooden plate, had nothing else save meat. In all his other surroundings he showed the same simple tastes. The other banqueters had drinking cups of gold and silver handed to them, but his was of wood. His clothes were quite plain, distinguished by their cleanness only from those of any common man: and neither the sword which was hung up beside him, nor the clasps of his shoes (shaped in the barbarian fashion), nor the bridle of his horse, was adorned, as is the case with other Scythians, with gold or jewels, or anything else what is costly.

"When evening came on, torches were lighted, and two barbarians coming in, stood opposite to Attila and chanted verses in praise of his victories and his prowess in war. The banqueters looking off from the festive board gazed earnestly at the minstrels. Some gave themselves to the mere delight of the song; others, remembering past conflicts, were stirred as with the fury of battle; whilst old men were melted into tears by the thought that their bodies were grown weak through time, and their hot hearts were compelled into repose." After tears laughter, and after the tragedy the farce. A mad

Hun next came in, who by his senseless babble made all the guests laugh heartily. Then entered a Moorish dwarf named Zercon, hump-backed, club-footed, with a nose like a monkey's. Almost the only anecdote that is preserved to us about Bleda, Attila's brother, records the inextinguishable mirth which this strange creature used to evoke in him; how he had him always by his side at the battle and in the banquet, and how when at last the unlucky dwarf tried to make his escape together with some other fugitives, Bleda disregarded all the others, and devoted his whole energies to the recapturing of the pigmy. Then, when he was caught, and brought into the royal presence, Bleda burst into another storm of merriment at seeing the queer little creature in the dignity of chains. He questioned him about the cause of his flight: the dwarf replied that he knew he had done wrong, but there was some excuse for him because he could get no wife in Hunland. More delicious laughter followed, and Bleda straightway provided him with a wife in the person of a Hunnish damsel of noble birth who had been a maid of honour to his queen . . . but [who] had been banished from her presence. . . .

This strange being came into the banquet-hall, and by his grotesque appearance, his odd garb, his stuttering voice, and his wild promiscuous jumble of words, Latin, Hunnish, Gothic, hurled forth pell-mell in unutterable confusion, set every table in a roar. Only Attila laughed not; not a line in his rigid countenance changed till his youngest son,

Ernak, came, laughing like everybody else, and sat down beside him.

He did not shrink away like his elder brother and sit on the edge of the couch. His bright, happy eyes looked up into the face of his father, who gently pinched his cheek and looked back upon him with a mild and softened gaze. Priscus expressed aloud his wonder that the youngest son should be so obviously preferred to his elder brother: whereupon one of the barbarians who sat near him, and who understood Latin, whispered to him confidentially that it had been foretold to Attila by the prophets that the falling fortunes of his house should by this son be restored.

CHARLES THE GREAT: HIS CORONATION AS EMPEROR, AT ST. PETER'S, ROME, CHRISTMAS DAY, A.D. 800.[1]

Of Charles himself and his manner of life a vivid picture is given us by his biographer, Einhard. Of his commanding stature, bright eyes, long hair, and manly carriage, this biographer has already told us. He further informs us that . . . his voice was clear, but hardly so loud as one would have expected from his giant frame. His health till he had passed his sixty-eighth year was excellent; but for the last four years of his life he suffered from frequent fevers and limped with one foot. . . . We hear with some amuse-

[1] Ex. *Italy and her Invaders*, bk. ix. ch. 4 and 5.

ment that, sick or in health, he insisted on regulating himself according to his own notions, rather than by the counsel of his physicians, whom he well-nigh hated because they always recommended him to eat boiled meat instead of roast.

Except the memorable occasions of his visits to Rome, he wore the national Frankish dress—shirt and drawers of linen, a tunic fastened by a silk girdle and leggings. His thighs were bound round with thongs, his feet with laced-up shoes. In the winter he protected his chest and shoulders with a vest of otter skins and ermine. Over all he wore a blue cloak, and he was ever girt with a sword, whose hilt and belt were either gold or silver. Sometimes, but only at high festivals or when he was receiving the ambassadors of foreign nations, he wore a jewelled sword. At these festivals also he wore a robe inwoven with gold, shoes bedecked with jewels, a golden clasp holding his cloak, together with a diadem of gold adorned with priceless gems. On all other days his dress varied little from the ordinary costume of his people. . . .

He was very temperate in the matter of drink, holding that drunkenness is uttermost abomination, especially in himself and those nearest to him. In the matter of feeding he was also temperate, but hardly came up to the Church's standard of abstinence, complaining that her rigid fasts were injurious to his health. After the midday meal in summer time he would eat an apple and take some cooling drink, and then doff his upper garments and shoes,

and sleep as if it were night for two or three hours together. . . . While he was dining he listened either to music or to the reading of a book, especially a book of history telling of the deeds of the past or the works of St. Augustine, among which the treatise on the City of God was his chief favourite.

. . . . . .

At length the fullness of time was come, and Charles, attended probably by all his Frankish courtiers and by the multitude of the citizens of Rome, went to pay his devotions on the morning of Christmas Day in the great basilica of St. Peter. That building has often been named in these pages, but I have not hitherto attempted to describe it. If we would imagine its appearance at the close of the eighth century, or indeed at any period before the beginning of the sixteenth century, the chief requisite is absolutely to exclude from our mental vision the Renascence temple which Julius II. and Leo X., which Bramante and Raffaele and Michael Angelo, have reared upon the Vatican Hill. If we must think of some existing building, let it be St. Ambrogio at Milan or St. Paolo Fuori at Rome rather than the existing St. Peter's. Let us follow Charles and his nobles in imagination to the great basilica on the morning of Friday, the 25th of December, 800. They mount up from the banks of the Tiber by the long colonnade which stretches all the way from the castle of St. Angelo to the threshold of St. Peter's. They reverentially ascend the thirty-five steps to the plat-

form, on which the Pope and all the great officers of his household stand waiting to receive them. Charles himself,

In shape and gesture proudly eminent,

with his yellow locks tinged with grey and with some furrows ploughed in his cheeks by the toil of twenty Saxon campaigns, towers above the swarthy, shaven ecclesiastics who surround the Pope. All the Roman hearts are gladdened by seeing that he wears the Roman dress, the long tunic with the scarf thrown over it, and the low shoes of a Roman noble instead of the high laced-up boots of a Teutonic chieftain.

After the usual courteous salutations, the blended train of nobles and churchmen follow Hadrian and Charles into the basilica. They traverse first the great *atrium*, measuring three hundred and twenty feet by two hundred and twenty-five. In the centre of the *atrium* rises a great fountain called Pinea, the water spouting forth from the top and from every bossy protuberance of an enormous fir-cone. This fountain was placed there by Pope Symmachus, the contemporary of Theodoric, who, like Leo III. himself, was well-nigh

Done to death by evil tongues.

Round the fountain have begun to cluster the marble tombs of Popes of the last four centuries.

They pass on: they enter the basilica proper, consisting of five naves (the central nave much wider than the rest) divided from one another by four rows

of monolith columns. These columns are ninety-six in number, of different material—granite, Parian marble, African marble; and they have their different histories; some, it is said, have been brought from the Septizonium of Septimus Severus, and others from the various temples of heathen Rome. They are of unequal height; and not only this inequality, but many signs of rough work, notwithstanding all the splendour of gold and silver plates and the vivid colouring of the mosaics on the walls, give evidence of the haste with which the venerable fabric was originally reared—men say by the order and with the co-operation of Constantine himself—in the days when Christianity scarcely yet believed in the permanence of its hardly won victory over heathenism. Between the pillars of the central nave are hung (as it is feast day) costly veils of purple embroidered with gold, and at the further end of the church a gigantic cross-shaped candelabrum, hanging from the silver-plated framework of the triumphal arch, with its 1370 candles, lights up the gloom of the December morning. This triumphal arch, which, with the long colonnade leading up to it, was the essential feature of the early Roman basilica, is doubtless adorned with mosaics of saints and martyrs, and spans the entrance to the apsidal tribune which is the very Holy of Holies of Rome. For here, before and below the high altar, is the *confessio* or subterranean cave in which the body of St. Peter, rescued from its pagan surroundings, the circus of Nero and the temples of Apollo and Cybele, is believed to repose in the coffin

of gilded bronze provided for it by the reverent munificence of the first Christian Emperor.[1] Over the high altar rises the baldacchino supported by four porphyry columns, and by others of white marble twisted into the resemblance of vine stems. Keeping guard, as it were, in front of the *confessio* are many statues of saints and angels. Here, as if in bold defiance of all the edicts of iconoclastic Emperors, Gregory III. has reared an *iconostasis*[2] covered with silver plates, on which are depicted on one side the likeness of Christ and His Apostles, on the other those of the Virgin Mary and a train of holy maidens; and following in his footsteps Hadrian has placed in the *iconostasis* six images made of silver plates covered with gold. At the entrance of the choir stands the image of the Saviour, with the archangels Gabriel and Michael on either side of Him, and behind, in the middle of the choir, is the Virgin Mother, flanked by the Apostles St. Andrew and St. John. All the floor of this part of the basilica is covered with plates of silver. Behind, at the other end of the church, is seen the chair of St. Peter's Successor, with seats for the suburbicarum bishops —the cardinal-bishops, as they are already beginning to be called—in the curve of the apse on either side of him.

The basilica proper, that is the part within the *atrium*, measured 320 feet by 226. The best idea of

[1] Constantine.

[2] The screen which separates the sanctuary from the main body of the church, and on which the icons or sacred pictures are placed.

its dimensions will be obtained by comparing it with the existing church of S. Paolo fuori le Mura at Rome, which is 306 feet long by 222 broad. That church has also its four rows of columns, its triumphal arch adorned with mosaics, its *confessio* with a reputed Apostolic tomb surmounted by a baldacchino borne by porphyry columns and guarded by Apostolic statues, and behind the triumphal arch it has its round apsidal end. Thus, notwithstanding its own extremely modern date, it may both in size and arrangement be considered as the best representation of the basilica of St. Peter at the end of the eighth century.

One thing more we note in passing: that the St. Peter's of Leo III. was about a century older than its modern representative, reared by Julius II. and Leo X. and Paul III., is at the present date.[1]

Such then was the great and venerable building, encrusted with memories of half a thousand Christian years, in which Charles the Frank knelt on the Christmas morning of the year 800 to pay his devotions at the *confessio* of St. Peter. Assuredly, if he himself were ignorant of what was about to happen, neither the Roman citizens nor the Frankish courtiers shared his ignorance: assuredly, there was a hush of expectancy throughout the dim basilica, and all eyes were directed towards the kneeling figure in Roman garb at the tomb of the Apostle.

Charles rose from his knees. The Pope approached him, and, lifting high his hands, placed on the head

[1] A.D. 1900.

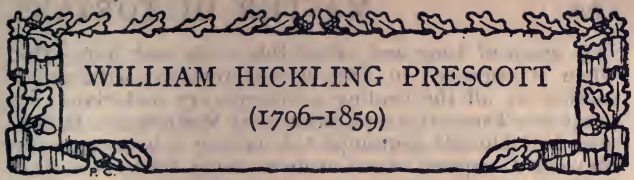
of the giant king a golden crown. Then all the Roman citizens burst into a loud and joyful cry: "To Carolus Augustus, crowned by God, mighty and pacific Emperor, be life and victory." Thrice was the fateful acclamation uttered. Then all joined in the *Laudes*, a long series of choral invocations to Christ, to Angels, to Apostles, to Martyrs, and to Virgins, praying each separately to grant the newly crowned Emperor heavenly aid to conquer all his foes.

Thus the great revolution towards which for three generations the sum of all events had been steadily setting had been accomplished. Once more the Emperor of the Romans had been acclaimed in Rome, the first of that long line of Teutonic Augusti, the last of whom laid down the true imperial diadem in the lifetime of our fathers at the bidding of the son of a Corsican attorney.[1]

[1] Napoleon, following his overthrow of the Emperor at Austerlitz in 1804.

AMERICAN

AMERICAN



WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT

(1796–1859)

William Hickling Prescott was born at Salem, Massachusetts, in 1796. His father was a distinguished lawyer and judge, and his family moved in the most exclusive circle of New England society; the future historian therefore received an excellent education and was destined to follow his father's profession.

A very serious accident, however, altered his whole career. In his first year at Harvard University he lost the sight of one eye and gravely impaired that of the other. Henceforward he could only read two or three hours a day, using the utmost precautions, and at times he was totally blind. His legal ambition was killed; his life seemed blighted. A lesser character would have resigned himself to social ease.

Recovering from the shock, Prescott determined upon a literary career; he resolved to conquer his disabilities and win fame as an historical author. Steadfast self-discipline and a monotonous regularity of life were seen to be essential and were patiently accepted; without their aid not even a part of his grand designs could have been carried out. He read and worked according to a carefully planned scheme by which he could do most with the least strain. Slowly but successfully he mastered the elements of historical science and elaborated his elegant style of composition. Not needing to labour for his needs, he laboured for the love of his art; sore stricken as he was, he made his life rich in interest and strong in purpose; more than he, no artist ever deserved to triumph over adversity.

The lectures of his friend Tickner at Harvard aroused Prescott's enthusiasm for Spanish history. After two years spent in learning the Spanish language, he began in 1826 the *History of the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella.*

Ten years of time and effort this work cost him. But when it appeared in 1837 it was received with acclamation by all the leading contemporary historians; so great was Prescott's reputation that Washington Irving, who had himself contemplated writing a history of the Mexican Conquest, stood aside to leave Prescott a clear field. Continuing his studies, he published the *Conquest of Mexico* in 1842 and the *Conquest of Peru* in 1847. Both works won wide popularity in both the English and the Spanish-speaking worlds. In 1850 Prescott visited England and was "lionised." He was a man of refined manner and real charm; by his social qualities he won as many friends as by his scholar's reputation. Bancroft, in complimenting Tickner on his excellent Memoir of Prescott (1864), wrote of Prescott: "He was in life and in himself greater than his books."

The system by which so important a body of historical art could have been produced is of more than usual interest. Prescott, of course, depended largely on secretarial help. His secretaries read to him from the mass of manuscripts which he himself had collected; the reading was repeated or continued until he had memorised what had been read; then, by means of a writing case or noctograph, he would compose the synopsis, from which he wrote at his leisure his particular chapter.

The enormous amount of labour, the iron self-control, and the strain of such mental concentration as his memorising involved, made Prescott naturally a most painstaking and conscientious writer. His work is an utter stranger to mean artifices or cheap conception. Nor, on the other side, is it spoiled by austerity or mechanical method.

Prescott did not lay aside the pen upon the completion of the *Conquest of Peru*, but aimed at completing the grand drama of imperial Spain at the zenith of her power by an account of the reign of Philip II. Unfortunately, he did not live to finish this last study—death overtaking him early in 1859. Many think that some of the best of Prescott's writing is to be found in

the unfinished portions and fragments of this, his final contribution to History.

Prescott belongs to the older historical school of the eighteenth and mid-nineteenth centuries which wrote history in the grand style. Like Gibbon, Carlyle and Macaulay, he aimed at producing work which should win fame by its excellence of style and its interest of historical drama. Hence he chose magnificent themes and wrote with a clear seriousness of purpose.

There was nothing over which Prescott took more care than in the arrangement of his materials. His desire was to preserve a unity of interest which would ensure popularity by eliminating all breaks, obscurities or unsolved problems of history. The story of the conquests of Mexico and Peru, with their steady sequence of events, gave him the scope he required, although even here he feared lest the drama of the record should clash with the "heroic" or biographical element. The giant adventurers of this period could so easily become disproportionate to the story. In his *Conquest of Mexico*, for example, the historian wishes to present the *conquest* to the reader. From the first landing of the Spaniards on the soil, their subsequent adventures, their battles and negotiations, their ruinous retreat, their final rally and final siege, all events tend to this grand result till the long series is closed by the downfall of the capital. It is a magnificent epic in which the unity of interest is complete.

Prescott's command of his pen was as easy as his command of his massed material. To modern eyes he may seem too ornamental and his grandiloquence may quickly surfeit our tastes; yet his average level is remarkably high and wonderful in its literary variety. His descriptive episodes are brilliant; his characterisation at times too lively, at others too sketchy, to secure real distinction; his analysis of motive is perhaps a little tedious; yet he is always impressive, always clear, and ever ready to win renewed attention by his artistic completeness.

Time has seen justice done to Prescott as an historian. He is no mere romancer. His sifting of authorities was thorough; his range of information wider than any forerunner in the same field. Although not of keenly critical mind, he brought to his task a serene impartiality —"that impartial criticism which is the life of history," as he himself terms it. This quality, while making his work more acceptable to his own generation, has also rendered it less susceptible to the criticism of modern scholars. Up-to-date research is far from superseding Prescott; and less so in his accounts of the Spaniards in the New World than in those of purely European history.

The charm of Prescott's writings can still conceal from his readers any imperfections or shallowness; and this charm need not be dispelled by fear of being led to believe as true what is fabulous. No one can ignore Prescott without having missed something in literature; no one who desires to study the history of the New World in any detail can afford to ignore him; and no one has fully realised to what vividness of expression or richness of description the older historians could rise, unless he has seen through the medium of Prescott's prose "the golden cupolas of Mexico" or the hand of the spoiler descending upon the stately empire of the Incas.

Although one of the greatest American writers, Prescott is also proudly claimed as one of the immortals in the literature of the English-speaking race.

Chief Works

History of the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella the Catholic. 3 vols. 1837–38. Author's authorised edition, 1882.

History of the Conquest of Mexico. 3 vols. 1843. Later editions.

History of the Conquest of Peru. 2 vols. 1847. Later editions.

History of the Reign of Philip the Second, King of Spain. 3 vols. 1855, 1873.

PRESCOTT—EXTRACT

HERNANDO CORTES, CONQUEROR OF MEXICO

(This shows the historian's power of characterisation and his sincere effort to be impartial. From *The Conquest of Mexico*, bk. vii. ch. 5.)

THE personal history of Cortes has been so minutely detailed in the preceding narrative that it will be only necessary to touch on the more prominent features of his character. Indeed, the history of the Conquest, as I have already had occasion to remark, is necessarily that of Cortes, who is, if I may so say, not merely the soul, but the body, of the enterprise, present everywhere in person, in the thick of the fight or in the building of the works, with his sword or with his musket, sometimes leading his soldiers, and sometimes directing his little navy. The negotiations, intrigues, correspondence, are all conducted by him; and, like Cæsar, he wrote his own Commentaries in the heat of the stirring scenes which form the subject of them. His character is marked with the most opposite traits, embracing qualities apparently the most incompatible. He was avaricious yet liberal; bold to desperation, yet cautious and calculating in his plans; magnanimous, yet very cunning; courteous and affable in his deportment, yet inexorably stern; lax in his notions of morality, yet (not uncommon) a sad bigot. The great feature in his character was constancy of purpose; a constancy

not to be daunted by danger, nor baffled by disappointment, nor wearied out by impediments and delays.

He was a knight-errant in the literal sense of the word. Of all the band of adventurous cavaliers whom Spain, in the sixteenth century, sent forth on the career of discovery and conquest, there was none more deeply filled with the spirit of romantic enterprise than Hernando Cortes. Dangers and difficulties instead of deterring seemed to have a charm in his eyes. They were necessary to arouse him to a full consciousness of his powers. He grappled with them at the outset, and, if I may so express myself, seemed to prefer to take his enterprises by the most difficult side. He conceived at the first moment of his landing in Mexico the design of its conquest. When he saw the strength of its civilisation, he was not turned from his purpose. When he was assailed by the superior force of Narvaez, he still persisted in it; and when he was driven in ruin from the capital, he still cherished his original idea. How successfully he carried it into execution, we have seen. After the few years of repose which succeeded the Conquest, his adventurous spirit impelled him to that dreary march across the marches of Chiapa, and, after another interval, to seek his fortunes on the stormy Californian Gulf. When he found that no other continent remained for him to conquer, he made serious proposals to the emperor to equip a fleet at his own expense, with which he would sail to the Moluccas and subdue the Spice Islands for the crown of Castile.

This spirit of knight-errantry might lead us to undervalue his talents as a general and to regard him merely in the light of a lucky adventurer. But this would be doing him an injustice; for Cortes was certainly a great general, if that man be one who performs great achievements with the resources which his own genius has created. There is probably no instance in history where so vast an enterprise has been achieved by means apparently so inadequate. He may be truly said to have effected the Conquest by his own resources. . . .

His power over the minds of his soldiers was a natural result of their confidence in his abilities. But it is also to be attributed to his popular manners—that happy union of authority and companionship which fitted him for the command of a band of roving adventurers. It would not have done for him to fence himself round with the stately reserve of a commander of regular forces. He was embarked with his men in a common adventure, and nearly on terms of equality, since he held his commission by no legal warrant. But, while he indulged this freedom and familiarity with his soldiers, he never allowed it to interfere with their strict obedience nor to impair the severity of discipline. When he had risen to higher consideration, although he affected more state, he still admitted his veterans to the same degree of intimacy. "He preferred" says Diaz, "to be called 'Cortes' by us, to being called by any title; and with good reason," continues the enthusiastic old cavalier, "for the name of Cortes is as famous in our day as

was that of Cæsar among the Romans, or of Hannibal among the Carthaginians." He showed the same kind regard towards his ancient comrades in the very last act of his life. For he appropriated a sum by his will for the celebration of two thousand masses for the souls of those who had fought with him in the campaigns of Mexico. . . .

Cortes was not a vulgar conqueror. He did not conquer for the mere ambition of conquest. If he destroyed the ancient capital of the Aztecs, it was to build up a more magnificent capital on its ruins. If he desolated the land and broke up its existing institutions, he employed the short period of his administration in digesting schemes for introducing there a more improved culture and a higher civilisation. In all his expeditions he was careful to study the resources of the country, its social organisation, and its physical capacities. He enjoined it on his captains to attend particularly to these objects. If he was greedy of gold, like most of the Spanish cavaliers in the New World, it was not to hoard it, nor merely to lavish it in the support of a princely establishment, but to secure funds for prosecuting his glorious discoveries. . . .

Cortes was not cruel; at least, not cruel as compared with most of those who followed his iron trade. The path of the conqueror is necessarily marked with blood. He was not too scrupulous, indeed, in the execution of his plans. He swept away the obstacles which lay in his track; and his fame is darkened by the commission of more than one act which his boldest

apologists will find it hard to vindicate. But he was not wantonly cruel. He allowed no outrage on his unresisting foes. This may seem small praise; but it is an exception to the usual conduct of his countrymen in their conquests, and it is something to be in advance of one's time. . . .

In private life he seems to have had the power of attaching to himself warmly those who were near to his person. . . . He seems to have led a happy life with his first wife, in their humble retirement in Cuba, and regarded the second, to judge from the expressions in his testament, with confidence and love. Yet he cannot be acquitted of the charge of those licentious gallantries which entered too generally into the character of the military adventurer of that day. He would seem also, by the frequent suits in which he was involved, to have been of an irritable and contentious spirit. But much allowance must be made for the irritability of a man who had been too long accustomed to independent sway patiently to endure the checks and control of the petty spirits who were incapable of comprehending the noble character of his enterprises. . . .

One trait more remains to be noticed in the character of this remarkable man; that is, his bigotry, the failing of the age—for surely it should be termed only a failing. When we see the hand, red with the blood of the wretched native, raised to invoke the blessing of Heaven on the cause which it maintains, we experience something like a sensation of disgust at the act, and a doubt of its sincerity. But this is

unjust. We should throw ourselves back (it cannot be too often repeated) into the age—the age of the Crusades. For every Spanish cavalier, however sordid and selfish might be his private motives, felt himself to be the soldier of the Cross. Many of them would have died in defence of it. Whoever has read the correspondence of Cortes, or, still more, has attended to the circumstances of his career, will hardly doubt that he would have been among the first to lay down his life for the Faith. He more than once imperilled life and fortune, and the success of his whole enterprise, by the premature and most impolitic manner in which he would have forced conversion on the natives. To the more rational spirit of the present day, enlightened by a purer Christianity, it may seem difficult to reconcile gross deviations from morals with such devotion to the cause of religion. But the religion taught in that day was one of form and elaborate ceremony. In the punctilious attention to discipline, the spirit of Christianity was permitted to evaporate. The mind, occupied with forms, thinks little of substance. In a worship that is addressed too exclusively to the senses it is often the case that morality becomes divorced from religion, and the measure of righteousness is determined by the creed rather than by the conduct.

JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY
(1814–1877)

John Lothrop Motley was born at Dorchester, Massachusetts, in 1814. His family being of high social standing, he was sent to Harvard University, where he graduated in 1831. Travelling to Europe to complete his studies, he became an intimate companion of Bismarck at Göttingen and at Berlin. The brilliance of intellect and independence of character which distinguished him throughout his life were already clearly to be seen during these early years, and many acute observers prophesied his future greatness.

Returning to the United States in 1834, Motley continued his legal studies and decided to begin a literary career. Always interested in historical study, he now found in it the most fruitful field for his scholarly and literary genius. His first effort was an historical novel, *Morton's Hope*, and this was followed by much article and review work in which his originality and powerful penmanship were developed. Eventually, about 1846, he decided to write a history of the Dutch Republic—the passion for liberty and freedom, his birthright as an American, claiming this heroic chapter in European history as especially satisfying to his "view of things." The longer he worked at it the more the subject expanded, until in 1851 he realised that the materials available in America for his history were wholly insufficient. He therefore came to Europe on a prolonged tour of historical research and investigation. In the archives of the Hague, Brussels, Berlin and Dresden he laboured "like a brute," to use his own expression. So rich was his harvest that he was compelled to recast all that he had previously written. In 1856, however, his famous work, *The Rise of the Dutch Republic*, was published; it won immediate popularity despite its unflinching

bias in favour of the Dutch. Froude declared Motley was surpassed by none except Carlyle. This history, translated into various European languages, soon became an accepted international contribution to historical art.

Encouraged by success, Motley enlarged his scheme of historical work to include the history of the United Netherlands. The first part appeared in 1860; in 1867 two further volumes appeared, which brought the record down to the truce of 1609.

Meanwhile Motley's work had been interrupted and a new career opened to him by the outbreak of the American Civil War. Deeply interested in the political life of his own country, Motley was stirred to his depths by the tragic issues of this vast conflict. He ranged himself on the side of the "North" and devoted his fine talents to its service. His *Causes of the Civil War* (1861) brought him under the notice of President Lincoln. He was appointed U.S. Minister to Austria, and held the position until 1867. Later, 1869–70, he was U.S. Minister to England, and in this country he spent the latter portion of his life.

Dutch history was again resumed. In 1874 came the *Life and Death of John Barneveldt*, a book which aroused a storm of controversy by reason of its undiluted partisanship. Motley's aim was to finish his historical scheme by bringing the record of the Dutch down to the Treaty of Westphalia (1648). Fate decreed otherwise; his course was nearly run. The work on Barneveldt had been a digression from the main theme —the struggle of liberty against political and religious tyranny—and, although it had been accompanied by a *View of the Causes of the Thirty Years' War*, the historian was not to give us his record of the greatest of religious struggles. He died near Dorchester, in Dorset, England, in 1877.

Motley was a true son of the United States. His political and religious upbringing made him a passionate advocate of liberty. In the epic of Dutch resistance

to tyranny he found a subject for which his qualities and sympathies peculiarly prepared him — a subject resembling as it did the rise of his own nation. "We may congratulate ourselves," said his illustrious contemporary, Prescott, "that it was reserved for one of our countrymen to tell the story of this memorable revolution which in so many of its features bears a striking resemblance to our own." Motley planned his work on spacious lines; beginning with the accession of Philip II. of Spain (1555), it was to end with the recognition of the Dutch as a nation (Peace of Westphalia, 1648). It was to be a wide unfolding of splendid events, a vivid picture of this long and swaying struggle for liberty, a stark unveiling of an epoch crowded with powerful characters and teeming with memorable exploits. Motley himself declared in unmistakable language the depth of his devotion for his subject. "I did not first make up my mind to write a history and then cast about for a subject. My subject has taken me up, drawn me in and absorbed me into itself." With such whole-hearted zeal to sharpen the intellect and stir the imagination of a man gifted with a powerfully descriptive pen, it was only natural that Motley, writing on what must ever be one of the most enthralling stories of history, should produce a work which drew the attention and impelled the admiration of the world of letters.

Motley's masterpiece is his first work, *The Rise of the Dutch Republic*. This is as it should be, for to this period belong those giant conflicts between Philip of Spain and William of Orange for the soul of Holland. It is the most intense stage act of this whirlwind drama. Its opposing spirits, Liberty and Tyranny, swift and strong to slay and to elude the grasp, have to be caught and made to live within the pages of a written record. To catch them would be a remarkable feat; to catch them and to preserve them alive for our appreciation is clearly the act of genius.

His later books are in the nature of an aftermath, an anti-climax; they lack a dominating central figure and are weakened by too close a record of diplomatic

intrigue; they lack also the power to cast a spell over the reader—the peculiar power of the first history. Motley felt this. "My canvas," he said, "is very broad and I have not got a central heroic figure to give unity and flesh and blood to the scene. It will be, I fear, duller and less dramatic."

The high-tempered and courageous bias or partiality of Motley cannot be overlooked. How does it, and how will it, affect his position as a great historian? Does it, and will it, blind the student to his real worth as a scholar and a writer? Probably—for no eminent historical writer has risked his fame as freely as Motley has in this serious matter of "speaking his mind." It is asserted that Motley should never have chosen to record a religious struggle, for he had no touch of sympathy with any religion but his own. Catholicism was consistently regarded by him as an idle falsehood and a cloak for evil, an estimate which fails utterly to take into account or to understand the nobler features and unbroken historical life of this religion. Again, although the cause of the Dutch was one which to-day cannot fail in its direct appeal for our sympathy, yet Motley elevated it to such a height of political purity and devotion that it becomes something different—a caricature almost of the grim reality of political and religious conviction. The unfortunate result is that Motley forfeits much of the authority which profound research and scholarship undoubtedly give him.

His judgment is broad in its sweep but decisive. His canons of judgment were democratic principles and full religious toleration. He shares the view common to the greatest historians of his period that moral conduct is the true test of a man and that the moral law is fixed. Hence it was easy to condemn Alva or Philip. Motley told his father that he was never so happy as when he was "pitching into" these villains; such a colloquialism well indicates how human he was in his work. Catholic writers on the one hand and Dutch historians on the other have done much to restore the balance of judgment in regard to the issues, political and personal,

of this period; and many of Motley's assertions are no longer acceptable in the light of modern criticism.

As a stylist, as a writer of historical prose, however, Motley retains his eminent place. No false ornamentation or foolish invective mars his work. He wrote with rare simplicity; in this lies the secret of his literary power. The very earnestness and vigour which he brought to his task made sparkling phrases and rhetorical artifices superfluous. Even the most striking episode is treated in simple and sober terms. The quality which makes his narrative live in splendid vigour is his full-charged sincerity. So absorbed was he in his creation and so deeply had he breathed the right atmosphere by long residence in the places he described, that it is often difficult to think of him as a "modern"; he has all the appearance of a contemporary of the events.

In grandeur of theme, strength of descriptive faculty, power of studious labour, love of his art, sincerity of aim, and full complement of humanity, Motley is strictly comparable to his own countryman, the historian Prescott. The quality of historical genius and achievement of these two contemporaries is remarkable. Only in keener historical insight and a finer sense of judgment, perhaps, does Prescott prevail.

The theme Motley chose is one which needed the genius of a master of prose. None after reading Motley can fail to realise the importance of the rise of the United Netherlands and its moral significance in the history of Europe and the world. Thus, whatever imperfections mar his work, Motley's services to his art and to the principles which he cherished are invaluable and permanent.

Chief Works

The Rise of the Dutch Republic. 3 vols. 1855.

Causes of the Civil War in America. 1861.

The History of the United Netherlands. 1860–67.

Life and Death of John of Barneveldt, Advocate of Holland; with a View of the Primary Causes and Movements of the Thirty Years' War. 1874.

MOTLEY—EXTRACT

THE RELIEF OF LEYDEN[1]

THE inhabitants, in their ignorance, had gradually abandoned their hopes of relief, but they spurned the summons to surrender. Leyden was sublime in its despair. A few murmurs were, however, occasionally heard at the steadfastness of the magistrates, and a dead body was placed at the door of the burgomaster as a silent witness against his inflexibility. A party of the more faint-hearted even assailed the heroic Adrian Van der Werf with threats and reproaches as he passed through the streets. A crowd had gathered around him as he reached a triangular place in the centre of the town, into which many of the principal streets emptied themselves, and upon one side of which stood the church of Saint Pancras, with its high brick tower surmounted by two pointed turrets, and with two ancient lime-trees at its entrance. There stood the burgomaster, a tall, haggard, imposing figure, with dark visage, and a tranquil but commanding eye. He waved his broad-leaved felt hat for silence, and then exclaimed, in language which has been almost literally preserved: "What would ye, my friends? Why do ye murmur that we do not break our vows and surrender the city to the Spaniards? a fate more horrible than the agony which she now endures. I tell you I have made an oath to hold the city, and may God give me strength to keep my oath! I can die but once; whether by your

[1] Ex. *The Rise of the Dutch Republic*, part iv. ch. 2.

hands, the enemy's, or by the hand of God. My own fate is indifferent to me, not so that of the city intrusted to my care. I know that we shall starve if not soon relieved; but starvation is preferable to the dishonoured death which is the only alternative. Your menaces move me not; my life is at your disposal; here is my sword, plunge it into my breast, and divide my flesh among you. Take my body to appease your hunger, but expect no surrender so long as I remain alive."

The words of the stout burgomaster inspired a new courage in the hearts of those who heard him, and a shout of applause and defiance arose from the famishing but enthusiastic crowd. They left the place, after exchanging new vows of fidelity with their magistrate, and again ascended tower and battlement to watch for the coming fleet. From the ramparts they hurled renewed defiance at the enemy. "Ye call us rat-eaters and dog-eaters," they cried, "and it is true. So long, then, as ye hear dog bark or cat mew within the walls, ye may know that the city holds out. And when all has perished but ourselves, be sure that we will each devour our left arms, retaining our right to defend our women, our liberty, and our religion against the foreign tyrant. Should God, in His wrath, doom us to destruction, and deny us all relief, even then will we maintain ourselves for ever against your entrance. When the last hour has come, with our own hands we will set fire to the city, and perish, men, women, and children together in the flames, rather than suffer our homes

to be polluted and our liberties to be crushed." Such words of defiance, thundered daily from the battlements, sufficiently informed Valdez as to his chance of conquering the city, either by force or fraud, but at the same time he felt comparatively relieved by the inactivity of Boisot's fleet, which still lay stranded at North Aa. "As well," shouted the Spaniards derisively to the citizens, "as well can the Prince of Orange pluck the stars from the sky as bring the ocean to the walls of Leyden for your relief."

On the 28th of September a dove flew into the city, bringing a letter from Admiral Boisot. In this despatch the position of the fleet at North Aa was described in encouraging terms, and the inhabitants were assured that, in a very few days at furthest, the long-expected relief would enter their gates. The letter was read publicly upon the market-place, and the bells were rung for joy. Nevertheless, on the morrow, the vanes pointed to the east, the waters, so far from rising, continued to sink, and Admiral Boisot was almost in despair. He wrote to the Prince, that if the spring-tide, now to be expected, should not, together with a strong and favourable wind, come immediately to their relief, it would be in vain to attempt anything further, and that the expedition would of necessity be abandoned. The tempest came to their relief. A violent gale, on the night of the 1st and 2nd of October, came storming from the north-west, shifting after a few hours full eight points, and then blowing still more violently from the south-west. The waters of the North Sea were

piled in vast masses upon the southern coast of Holland, and then dashed furiously landward, the ocean rising over the earth, and sweeping with unrestrained power across the ruined dykes.[1]

In the course of twenty-four hours, the fleet at North Aa, instead of nine inches, had more than two feet of water. No time was lost. The Kirkway, which had been broken through, according to the Prince's instructions, was now completely overflowed, and the fleet sailed at midnight, in the midst of the storm and darkness. A few sentinel vessels of the enemy challenged them as they steadily rowed towards Zoeterwoude. The answer was a flash from Boisot's cannon, lighting up the black waste of waters. There was a fierce naval midnight battle —a strange spectacle among the branches of those quiet orchards, and with the chimney-stacks of half-submerged farm-houses rising around the contending vessels. The neighbouring village of Zoeterwoude shook with the discharges of the Zealanders' cannon, and the Spaniards assembled in that fortress knew that the rebel Admiral was at last afloat, and on his course. The enemy's vessels were soon sunk, their crews hurled into the waves. On went the fleet, sweeping over the broad waters which lay between Zoeterwoude and Zwieten. As they approached some shallows, which led into the great mere, the Zealanders dashed into the sea, and with sheer strength shouldered every vessel through. Two obstacles lay still in their path—the forts of Zoeterwoude and Lammen,

[1] Broken by the Leyden people to check the Spaniards.

distant from the city five hundred and two hundred and fifty yards respectively. Strong redoubts, both well supplied with troops and artillery, they were likely to give a rough reception to the light flotilla. But the panic, which had hitherto driven their foes before the advancing patriots, had reached Zoeterwoude. Hardly was the fleet in sight, when the Spaniards, in the early morning, poured out from the fortress, and fled to the left, along a road which led in a westerly direction towards the Hague. Their narrow path was rapidly vanishing in the waves, and hundreds sank beneath the constantly deepening and treacherous flood. The wild Zealanders, too, sprang from their vessels upon the crumbling dyke, and drove their retreating foes into the sea. They hurled their harpoons at them, with an accuracy acquired in many a polar chase; they plunged into the waves in the keen pursuit, attacking them with boat-hook and dagger. The numbers who thus fell beneath these corsairs, who neither gave nor took quarter, were never counted, but probably not less than a thousand perished. The rest effected their escape to the Hague.

The first fortress was thus seized, dismantled, set on fire, and passed, and a few strokes of the oars brought the whole fleet close to Lammen. This last obstacle rose formidable and frowning directly across their path. Swarming as it was with soldiers, and bristling with artillery, it seemed to defy the armada either to carry it by storm or to pass under its guns into the city. It appeared that the enterprise was,

after all, to founder within sight of the long expecting and expected haven. Boisot anchored his fleet within a respectful distance, and spent what remained of the day in carefully reconnoitring the fort, which seemed only too strong. In conjunction with Leyderdorp, the headquarters of Valdez, a mile and a half distant on the right, and within a mile of the city, it seemed so insuperable an impediment that Boisot wrote in despondent tone to the Prince of Orange. He announced his intention of carrying the fort, if it were possible, on the following morning, but if obliged to retreat, he observed, with something like despair, that there would be nothing for it but to wait for another gale of wind. If the waters should rise sufficiently to enable them to make a wide detour, it might be possible—if, in the meantime, Leyden did not starve or surrender—to enter its gates from the opposite side.

Meantime, the citizens had grown wild with expectation. A dove had been despatched by Boisot, informing them of his precise position, and a number of citizens accompanied the burgomaster, at nightfall, toward the tower of Hengist. "Yonder," cried the magistrate, stretching out his hand towards Lammen, "yonder, behind that fort, are bread and meat, and brethren in thousands. Shall all this be destroyed by the Spanish guns, or shall we rush to the rescue of our friends?" "We will tear the fortress to fragments with our teeth and nails," was the reply, "before the relief, so long expected, shall be wrested from us." It was resolved that a sortie, in conjunction with the operations of Boisot, should

be made against Lammen with the earliest dawn. Night descended upon the scene, a pitch-dark night, full of anxiety to the Spaniards, to the armada, to Leyden. Strange sights and sounds occurred at different moments to bewilder the anxious sentinels. A long procession of lights issuing from the fort was seen to flit across the black face of the waters, in the dead of night, and the whole of the city wall, between the Cow-gate and the Tower of Burgundy, fell with a loud crash. The horror-struck citizens thought that the Spaniards were upon them at last; the Spaniards imagined the noise to indicate a desperate sortie of the citizens. Everything was vague and mysterious.

Day dawned, at length, after the feverish night, and the Admiral prepared for the assault. Within the fortress reigned a death-like stillness, which inspired a sickening suspicion. Had the city, indeed, been carried in the night; had the massacre already commenced; had all this labour been expended in vain? Suddenly a man was descried wading breast-high through the water from Lammen towards the fleet, while at the same time one solitary boy was seen to wave his cap from the summit of the fort. After a moment of doubt, the happy mystery was solved. The Spaniards had fled, panic-struck, during the darkness. Their position would still have enabled them, with firmness, to frustrate the enterprise of the patriots, but the hand of God, which had sent the ocean and the tempest to the deliverance of Leyden, had struck her enemies with terror likewise. The lights which had been seen moving during the

night were the lanterns of the retreating Spaniards, and the boy who was now waving his triumphant signal from the battlements had alone witnessed the spectacle. So confident was he in the conclusion to which it led him, that he had volunteered at daybreak to go thither all alone. The magistrates, fearing a trap, hesitated for a moment to believe the truth, which soon, however, became quite evident. Valdez, flying himself from Leyderdorp, had ordered Colonel Borgia to retire with all his troops from Lammen. Thus, the Spaniards had retreated at the very moment that an accident had laid bare a whole side of the city for their entrance. The noise of the wall, as it fell, only inspired them with fresh alarm; for they believed that the citizens had sallied forth in the darkness to aid the advancing flood in the work of destruction. All obstacles being now removed, the fleet of Boisot swept by Lammen, and entered the city on the morning of the 3rd of October. Leyden was relieved.

The quays were lined with the famishing population as the fleet rowed through the canals, every human being who could stand coming forth to greet the preservers of the city. Bread was thrown from every vessel among the crowd. The poor creatures who for two months had tasted no wholesome human food, and who had literally been living within the jaws of death, snatched eagerly the blessed gift, at last too liberally bestowed. Many choked themselves to death, in the greediness with which they devoured their bread; others became ill with the effects of plenty thus suddenly succeeding starvation.

The Admiral, stepping ashore, was welcomed by the magistracy, and a solemn procession was immediately formed. Magistrates and citizens, wild Zealanders, burgher guards, sailors, soldiers, women, children—nearly every living person within the walls—all repaired without delay to the great church, stout Admiral Boisot leading the way. The starving and heroic city, which had been so firm in its resistance to an earthly king, now bent itself in humble gratitude before the King of kings. After prayers, the whole vast congregation joined in the thanksgiving hymn. Thousands of voices raised the song, but few were able to carry it to its conclusion, for the emotion, deepened by the music, became too full for utterance. The hymn was abruptly suspended, while the multitude wept like children. This scene of honest pathos terminated, the necessary measures for distributing the food and for relieving the sick were taken by the magistracy. A note despatched to the Prince of Orange was received by him at two o'clock, as he sat in church at Delft. It was of a somewhat different purport from that of the letter which he had received early in the same day from Boisot—the letter in which the Admiral had informed him that the success of the enterprise depended, after all, upon the desperate assault upon a nearly impregnable fort. The joy of the Prince may be easily imagined, and so soon as the sermon was concluded, he handed the letter just received to the minister, to be read to the congregation. Thus, all participated in his joy, and united with him in thanksgiving.

FRENCH

JULES MICHELET
(1798–1874)

Of Huguenot traditions and the son of a struggling printer, Jules Michelet was born 21st August, 1798, in Paris. A passion for books and learning tortured him even as a boy; and although he surrendered himself wholly to it, it only increased in violence. Tragedy was averted by his father being at last able to do without his son's help in the printing business and to send him to the Lycée Charlemagne. The talent of the future historian of France was now free to reap its first rewards. It did so unerringly; from the Lycée Jules passed to the University, where at length he graduated in so brilliant a fashion that he was soon appointed to the Mastership of History in the Collège Rollin.

His ambition was definite. To succeed as a teacher, to become a professor, to write books on History, and, possibly, write a great history of France—such were his aims. With high enthusiasm he flung himself into the race for fame. Conscious of his literary ability, he did not hesitate to give it the fullest exercise; the necessity to secure a comfortable competence—especially after his first marriage—was an extra spur to his activity. The period was also most favourable. The "July Monarchy" witnessed on all sides a remarkable tendency to help young men of letters; patrons were quickly gained; and Michelet was happy in the support of such men as Cousins and Villemain. No view of him at this time is complete, however, unless he is seen as an ardent politician. An out-and-out republican, he preached his convictions and freely assisted his party. A lover of free-thought and political liberty, he never hesitated to denounce those who would limit either of these invaluable privileges of citizenship; thus he

loathed the Clerical party, and especially did he wage war on the Jesuit Order.

Success attended him. In 1827 he became Maître de Conférences in the École Normale. The political activity of the next three years, which resulted in the Revolution of 1830, gave him its full measure of interest and excitement. During this time, however, he was building surely on the foundations already laid as a teacher and lecturer and also writing much in the form of students' handbooks. The political triumph of 1830 gave him complete freedom of utterance; it also helped him professionally by allowing him a place in the Record Office, and, further, by his appointment as Deputy-Professor under the famous Guizot in the Literary Faculty of the University.

Following the publication of his *Introduction à l'Histoire Universelle*, 1831, he was urged to begin the masterpiece by which he will always be remembered —*Histoire de France*, a work which was to take him nearly forty years to complete. In tracing the outline of his career, we must bear in mind that he was continually engaged in writing this vast work; it is the inevitable background of Michelet.

The year 1838 was a critical one for him. In the fullness of his powers, he secured the Chair of History at the Collège de France. Then, feeling secure, he renewed his fierce warfare with the Clericalists and Jesuits. His popularity increased, but his reputation among the scholarly and grave-minded was weakened. For the next ten years Michelet enjoyed his liberty. As the violent upheaval of the 1848 Revolution was being planned, he preached his political and religious principles with fanatical vehemence. This was the opportunity of the Clericalist party; they took it; his course was indicted and his entrance into public political life prevented. Thus the stormy years of the Revolution and the *coup d'état* of Napoleon which led to the establishment of the Second Empire (1848–52), found Michelet tossed about between fear and hope and always losing his own particular fight for political popularity. The restoration of the Empire saw his last

courageous effort; true to his republican principles, he refused to take the oath of allegiance to Napoleon III.; the result was that he had to resign his appointment at the Record Office and face the hard fact that the Clericalist influence in the new government was too strong for him. For literature and history this defeat was a victory; henceforth, Michelet with an untiring steadfastness devoted his powers to the needs of his scholarship and art.

Michelet during all these years was producing books. The force of his creative impulse was extraordinary. As often as he felt the call, he would put aside his great history and rest from the fatigue of researching for its material, and write a short book for immediate publication. He produced a large number of these shorter studies: all of them were popular; many of them are important. Between 1830–38 he published works of solid historical importance. The best has already been mentioned; in addition to this, however, there were *Origines du Droit Français* and *Procès des Templiers*, and others. His lectures during his "flaming" period (1838–48) were published and greedily bought. They were not so much historical as general political, social and religious surveys. A third phase of this side-line activity of Michelet is much more important. It commences about 1852 when he had retired to pursue freely his literary career; and it is one of the most remarkable displays of "purposive" writing by an historian. Singling out some episode or event which had attracted him during his work on his great history, he made it serve as the core of an imaginative picture which would illustrate most forcibly certain lessons of moral or economic worth. *L'Oiseau*, *L'Amour*, *La Femme*, *La Sorcière* are the best. All were welcomed; but *La Sorcière* alone added to his literary reputation.

In 1867 his huge *Histoire de France* was finished. In sixteen volumes he recorded the life of his native land from the earliest times to the date of the French Revolution. It is a magnificent piece of historical art in the grand style; it is rich in both literary and historical

genius; but, strangely, its value as pure history is far less than its value as literature. Its defects spring from Michelet's view that history should be a series of pictures, painted in as vivid a style as possible, of past life. In this long record many events and phases of French development appealed to him; just as many did not; the result was that he lavished an abundance of talent on the former and almost neglected the latter; sometimes even the continuity of historical life was broken. The pet convictions and the pet prejudices of Michelet played far too great a part in influencing his choice of his "tableaux"; both his judgment and historical insight were weakened at their expense.

All the same, his *Histoire de France* is a literary masterpiece and will always rank high among French artistic treasures. Mr. Saintsbury says it "is undoubtedly the only history of France which bears the imprint of genius." In its form and style it is wholly different from the neatly-turned and well-modulated sentences of French classical writing. Its prose perfectly reflects and expresses the fiery enthusiasms of the writer. It leaps, it jumps, it soars; it lashes in fury or it laments aloud. Some of Michelet's tricks are daring; often is the main verb missing; frequently a phrase glitters only to be left broken. Like Carlyle, with whom alone he can be compared, Michelet found the fixed convention of prose quite inadequate for the expression of his art, and therefore achieved a new style which was at once unique and splendid art.

Michelet's range of learning and his life-long research into authorities and manuscripts for historical material are hidden from the eyes of the average reader. Yet in method he was scientific and most accurate. Modern criticism cannot find much fault with his "facts"; it is rather his peculiar way of using and selecting them to buttress his "views" or illustrate his "suggestions" which now justifies complaint.

By 1870 his real work was done. Besides his masterpiece he had during his most active period produced a glowing *Histoire de la Révolution Française* (1852).

These two histories had brought the record of France down to Waterloo. In 1870–71, however, the Franco-German War destroyed the Second Empire and Napoleonism, and Republicanism again triumphed in France. Overjoyed by the final vindication of his principles, Michelet at once resolved to continue his record of France by writing *L'Histoire de XIXe Siècle*. The task was too much for an old man. The three volumes of this history which he managed to write before he died are distinctly weak in comparison with his other work. Yet, strangely enough, the marvellous imagination and literary ability were still his; for *Le Banquet* — another small study published posthumously — is among the most brilliant of all his pieces. He passed away 9th February, 1874, at Hyères in the Riviera — his favourite resort.

Michelet hated England and all things English as only a high-spirited French patriot can. He saw in history a titanic struggle between France and England, and in his record he said the worst about us he could. But he was fair, for he did not deny our victories nor did he hide his admiration of our best qualities as a race. Be this as it may, his memory is held dear by English scholars. His artistic genius gave its fruits to the world; and proud patriot though he was, he was too fine an artist to have denied our right and our joy in profiting by a share in them.

Chief Works

Histoire de France. 1830–67. 16 vols.
Histoire de la Révolution Française. 1852.
La Sorcière. 1862.
Le Banquet, 1874.
Histoire du XIXe Siècle. 1871–74. 3 vols.

MICHELET—EXTRACT

THE OPENING OF THE ESTATES-GENERAL[1]

On the eve of the opening of the Estates-General a solemn Mass of the Holy Ghost was sung at Versailles. This was indeed the day—if ever there were a day—for the singing of the prophetic hymn "Thou shalt create peoples and the face of the earth will be renewed."

This memorable day was the fourth of May. The twelve hundred Deputies, the King, the Court, heard the *Veni Creator* in the Church of Notre Dame. Afterwards, the immense procession passed through the town to St. Louis. The wide roads of Versailles, hung with royal tapestries and lined by Gardes-Françaises and Swiss Guards, could hardly contain the crowds. All Paris was there. The windows, even the roofs, were packed with people. In the balconies, which were decorated with precious stuffs, were gathered women of dazzling beauty; these wore the costume of the time, elegant and bizarre in its fashion, and rendered more striking by flowers and feathers. Everyone was deeply moved, chastened, a prey to fear and hope. The great event was begun; how would it progress? What of its issues, its results? Who could say? . . . The shock of such a spectacle, so varied, so majestic, the music which

[1] Ex. *Histoire de la Révolution Française*, bk. ii. ch. 2.

echoed from one end of the town to the other, silenced every other thought!

Glorious day! The last day of peace! The first day of a pregnant future!

Passions were alive, many contrary, but not yet embittered as they were soon to be. Even those who least wished for the new era could not help sharing the common enthusiasm. A Deputy of the Nobility admits that he was weeping for joy: "I saw France, my Motherland, fully strengthened by religion, telling us: Stifle your quarrels. . . . Tears were running from my eyes. My God, my country, my fellow-citizens, had become one with me."

At the head of the procession marched a mass of men clad in black, the large and strong battalion of the five hundred and fifty Deputies of the Third Estate. Among them were three hundred lawyers, jurists and magistrates, who powerfully represented the re-birth of Law. Modest in attire, confident in step and mien, they marched still united, without party distinctions, all happy in this great event, their own creation and their victory.

Following them came the small but brilliant body of the Deputies of the Nobility, handsome in their plumed hats, their laces, their gold trimmings. The outburst which had greeted the Third Estate now suddenly ceased. Among these nobles, however, about forty seemed as warm-hearted in their concern for the people as the men of the Third Estate.

The same silence for the Clergy! Among whom two orders could clearly be distinguished: a Nobility

and a Third Estate! About thirty bishops in lawn sleeves and purple robes; apart from them, and separated by a band of musicians, was the humble troop of two hundred *curés* in their black priests' cassocks.

In looking upon this imposing mass of twelve hundred men, stirred by a deep passion, one thing might have struck an acute observer. Although many of these men were men of honour and remarkable talent, there were but few outstanding personalities. None of them by the united authority of character and genius had an apparent right to be a leader of the people, no man of supreme idea, no hero. The mighty heroes who had first opened the avenues of the century's progress had passed away for ever. Their ideas remained as a legacy of leadership for the people. Great orators arose to express them, to apply them, but could not add anything to them. The glory of the Revolution, but also its danger of being impeded in its sure progress, was the fact of being deprived of such leaders, of being compelled to march alone, supported by the *élan* of its own ideas, by the faith of pure reason, without idols, with a false God.

The Nobility which claimed to be the depository and guardian of our military glory did not produce a single famous general. "These *Grands Seigneurs de France*—all were illustrious obscurities!" One alone perhaps attracted some interest, he who despite the Court had first taken part in the American War, the young and fair Lafayette. None suspected

the flashy rôle which Fate was going to allow him to play.

The untried mass of the Third Estate was already the Convention! But who could have seen it? Who, in the crowd of lawyers, could have detected the haughty carriage, the pale face of a certain lawyer of Arras?

Two facts are noted. Siéyès is absent. Mirabeau is present.

Siéyès had not yet arrived. They sought him whose penetrating mind had foreseen the coming of the Revolution, and from the first had directed, formulated and controlled it.

Mirabeau was present. He drew all eyes. His rich mane, his leonine head, his features cast in a mould of powerful ugliness, startled, almost terrified the spectators; irresistible in his fascination, he cast his spell over them all. Visibly he was a Man: the rest—but shadows! A man, unfortunately, of his age and class, sharing the evil life of contemporary high society, a man of many scandals, loud-toned, and courageous in his vices. This was his undoing. The tale of his romances, his adventures, his imprisonments, was on the lips of all. For passion—furious and tumultuous passion—had enslaved him. . . . Who then could rival him? And the tyranny of his passion, exacting and exhausting, had often brought him near disaster. . . . Poor owing to the harsh treatment of his family, he had endured moral miseries, the vices of the poor added to the vices of the rich. Family tyranny, State tyranny, the tyranny

of the spirit and the passions! . . . Ah! Nobody greeted this dawn of Liberty with greater enthusiasm. He said to his friends he did not despair of finding in it true liberty and the re-birth of his spirit. He was going to be regenerated together with France; he was going to cast away his old stained garment. . . . But would he live? For though strong, ardent, passionate, on the threshold of this new epoch, he felt Death near at hand to summon him; his complexion was discoloured; his cheeks were falling in. . . . What did it matter? He carried his mighty head proudly: audacity commanded his eyes. To every ear his voice was the voice of France.

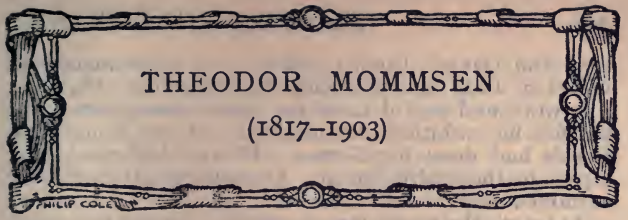
The Third Estate was generally cheered. Among the Nobility the Duke of Orleans alone received plaudits; then, and finally, the King, who in this way was thanked for having called together the Estates. Such was the justice of the people.

When the Queen passed there were murmurs: women shouted "Long live the Duke of Orleans" —intending to wound her the more by thus cheering her enemy. . . . The shock was nearly too much for her: she almost fainted. Although supported at once, she instantly rallied and, lifting her head, was seen to be still as proud and beautiful. From now onwards she made a resolute effort to guard herself against public hatred by her firm and undisguised contempt of the people. . . . Pathetic endeavour—of little worth. In the queenly portrait of her which was left to us in 1788 by Madame Lebrun, whose love for the Queen clearly inspired her work,

traces of aloofness, of disdain, of hard-heartedness are already visible.

Thus, this festive day of Peace and Unity foreboded War. France was given a day on which to pledge the common ideal of Unity and Fraternity, but on this same day was she already beginning to tread the paths of Division and Strife. Only to see the diversity of costume enjoined upon the Deputies was sufficient to justify the hard saying of Siéyès: *Trois Ordres? Non! Trois Peuples!*

GERMAN



THEODOR MOMMSEN

(1817–1903)

THEODOR MOMMSEN, the most illustrious of all German historians, was the eldest son of the pastor of the small Danish town of Garding, in Schleswig. He was born on 30th November, 1817. He and his two younger brothers showed early promise of high intellectual ability, and all three were destined to win distinctive honours in the world of pure scholarship.

From the gymnasium of Altona, Theodor passed to the University of Kiel, where he extended his classical studies and gave his chief attention to philology and jurisprudence. The ancient world cast so sure a spell over him that he resolved to devote his life to its service. The Roman Empire, with its marvellous systems of law and administration and its striking political history and development, especially attracted him; to become a master of Roman history, Roman law, Roman antiquities, was the final form of his ambition. So well did he succeed that the homage of the modern world of learning was at last freely given him.

At this time there was intense enthusiasm for classical study. In Germany particularly the science of archæology was being promoted to assist historical research. To collect and record accurately all the inscriptions and fragments of classical life and lore was one of the most important forms which this scholarly enthusiasm assumed. Already this vast undertaking had captivated the famous Boekh; but he had confined himself to the record of the Greeks. To the wider but equally difficult task of collecting the inscriptions of the Roman Empire many men of high ability were now turning. Among these was the young Mommsen. Distinguished already for his classical knowledge, he was assisted by grants

from the Danish, French and German Governments to travel in Italy and prosecute his researches (1843–47). The work and joy of these few years strengthened and purified his ambition. He resolved to do for Rome what Boekh had done for Greece. Rivals challenged him, especially the erudite Zumpt. A wonderful self-confidence sustained him.

At length the governments ceased to finance this work. Unwilling to see it languish—it could never die—the Berlin Academy took full responsibility for it. An official editor and director of the whole scheme of study and research was needed. Mommsen's claims for the position were clear; but the Academy, although wishing to appoint him, dared not do so in face of the claims of Zumpt. Mommsen received money and unofficial support and was told to go on with his work. 1846 saw the turning point. Mommsen had completed his research in the kingdom of Naples and had compiled his record of the Roman inscriptions of this area. It was a fine piece of scholarly work. This, together with his famous Memorandum in which he set forth the principles by which his study was controlled and the scheme he proposed to apply to the whole field of Roman archæology and inscriptions, secured his recognition.

But in 1847 he was compelled to return to Germany, and through the troubled years which followed it seemed as if his career would be broken. The political storm which broke over Europe during 1847–52 wrought wide havoc in Germany. Mommsen was a keen politician and energetic in his activities on behalf of the Liberal party. Appointed to the Chair of Jurisprudence at Leipsic in 1848, he was deprived of it in 1850. Seeking refuge in Switzerland, he secured the Chair of Roman Law at Zurich University in 1852. With the restoration of political order in Germany he found it safe to return, and in 1854 he was appointed to a professorship at Breslau. These years of turmoil saw him pursuing his studies as energetically as before. Moreover, he occupied his spare time in writing important books, *e.g.* in 1850 appeared his famous *History*

of Roman Coinage. During his residence at Breslau he wrote his better-known *History of Rome* (1854–56).

His distinction could not be overlooked, and in 1854 he was appointed to the Chair of Ancient History at Berlin University. Secure at last, he was now able to return to the great task of recording the inscriptions of Rome. He was empowered to put into execution his Memorandum and to work out his scheme; as chief editor of the *Corpus Inscriptionum Latinarum* his authority was almost dictatorial. Gathering around him a devoted band of scholars, he directed and controlled their activities as a general would direct and control his staff. His position was finally strengthened in 1873 by his election to the perpetual secretaryship of the Berlin Academy.

The *Corpus Inscriptionum Latinarum* is a massive compilation in sixteen volumes; it is a treasury of historical material of the highest importance; it is the fruits of unsurpassed classical scholarship, technical skill and exhaustive research. The first volume appeared in 1861. Many a long year was to pass before the end was won; but Mommsen had the reward of living to see this monument of patient labour completed. He himself wrote no less than five of the sixteen volumes; for the rest he was responsible as editor. Viewed generally, the *Corpus* is among the finest examples of the fraternal spirit and community of labour in the history of scholarship.

Heavy as were these tasks, they are but a part of Mommsen's historical work. Between 1871–76 he produced his fine study of Roman Constitutional Law in *Romisches Staatsrecht*; in 1884 appeared his learned *Roman Provinces under the Empire*; in the same year he became joint editor of *Collectio Librorum juris Antejustiniani*; and again he had a share in editing another famous compilation of historical records—*Monumenta Germaniæ Historica*.

Outside the pale of pure learning his other interests were ever at hand to give him fruitful diversion. "Each one," he said, "must specialise in one branch of learning,

but not shut himself up in it. How miserable and small is the world to the eyes of the man who sees it only in Latin and Greek authors or mathematical problems!" He loved his adopted fatherland and used all his influence to help the "national movement," which ended so successfully in 1870. For many years he sat in the Prussian Parliament, and later became a leading figure in the National Liberal Party. He loved liberty, but found the solution of the problem of political liberty in a strong monarchy and well-ordered State. He hated tyranny, and could never be brought to bow the knee to the "blood and iron" Bismarck. In 1880 Bismarck took the extraordinary step of prosecuting the Professor for libel. Bismarck lost his case utterly.

Mommsen died at Charlottenburg, 1st November, 1903.

Mommsen was an historical specialist of the finest type. Only first-rate scholars and brilliant students can attempt to appreciate his rich gifts to the Science of History. His depth of knowledge, range of learning, marvellous technique, tireless industry, creative energy, judgment, insight and philosophy must all be left to them for analysis and estimation. He worked primarily for them; he was essentially an historian for historians; and he rightly expected to be judged by them.

In his own bright day of power, they awarded him unanimously the first place among them; in the dim years which brought to an end his long and marvellous career, they found none to challenge his pre-eminence; and the modern generation, although producing so gifted a Roman scholar as Ferraro, and so erudite a specialist as Lord Acton, still allows the German Mommsen to be supreme in his own sphere. Freeman, a distinguished English historian contemporary with Mommsen, thus summarises his judgment: Mommsen "is . . . the greatest scholar of our times, well-nigh the greatest scholar of all times . . . language, law, mythology, customs, antiquities, coins, inscriptions, every source of knowledge of every kind — he is master of them all."

To us, however, it is permissible to admire the spirit, and try to understand the art, of Mommsen. We need not be profound historians to do this. He wrote his *History of Rome* for us—not the scholars: and this grand piece of historical "popular" writing is sufficient proof for us of his greatness. No average student of Rome can afford to neglect it, and none does. In three volumes he traced the development of Rome from the misty beginnings to the death of Cæsar; he subordinated his wealth of learning to the needs of the generally educated mind; he had a "point of view," and, stating it clearly, added a strong human interest to a history already alive in his cunning hands. Lastly, he displayed what was perforce hidden in his technical work—his literary power. He wrote this history in the grand style: by this fact, quite apart from any other, he justified his inclusion into the small company of "Master Historians."

A singular defect appears in his wonderful strength. He was a hero-worshipper. In his eyes Julius Cæsar was "the complete and perfect man"; into the shrine of this "godling" he ushers us, and there on our knees does he command us to join with him in his act of adoration! This apparent justification of military government has by many been taken as a proof that Mommsen approved of Bismarckian methods and the later policy of Prussian "efficiency"; in justice to Mommsen's work and memory it must be made known that he himself expressly denied this. His pride in Cæsar was essentially a human pride; his "hero-worship" was a moral truth which revealed unmistakably that Mommsen, despite his rare and masterful intellect, had his share in the "frailties of man."

Chief Works

Latin Inscriptions of the Kingdom of Naples. 1851.
Latin Inscriptions of the Helvetian Confederacy. 1854.
History of Rome. 1854–57. Many later editions. English

translation by Dickson. 4 vols. Reprint in the "Everyman's Library," Dent and Sons Ltd.

Roman Constitutional Law. 1871.

The Military System of the Cæsars. 1877.

The Roman Provinces from Cæsar to Diocletian. 1862. English translation, 1868.

Editor of *Corpus Inscriptionum Latinarum.* 1863.

Joint Editor of *Collectio Librorum juris Antejustiniani.* 1884.

Joint Editor of *Monumenta Germaniæ Historica.* Various dates.

MOMMSEN—EXTRACT

THE PEACE BETWEEN ROME AND CARTHAGE FOLLOWING ZAMA (201 B.C.)

(The long-drawn Second Punic War was ended by the decisive battle of Zama (201 B.C.): Hannibal was at last overcome by Scipio. Ex. *History of Rome,* bk. iii. ch. 6.)

AFTER this day folly alone could counsel a continuance of the war on the part of Carthage. On the other hand, it was in the power of the Roman general immediately to begin the siege of the capital (Carthage), which was neither protected nor provisioned, and, unless unforeseen accidents should intervene, now to subject Carthage to the fate which Hannibal had wished to bring upon Rome. Scipio did not do so; he granted peace, but no longer upon the former terms. Besides the concessions which had already in the last negotiations been demanded in favour of Rome and of Massinissa, an annual contribution of two hundred talents was imposed for

fifty years on the Carthaginians; and they had to bind themselves that they would not wage war against Rome or its allies, or indeed beyond the bounds of Africa at all, and that in Africa they would not wage war beyond their own territory without having sought the permission of Rome—the practical effect of which was that Carthage became tributary, and lost her political independence. It even appears that the Carthaginians were bound in certain cases to furnish ships of war to the Roman fleet.

Scipio has been accused of granting too favourable conditions to the enemy, lest he might be obliged to hand over the glory of terminating the most severe war which Rome had waged, along with his command, to a successor. The charge might have some foundation, had the first proposals been carried out; it seems to have no warrant in reference to the second. His position in Rome was not such as to make the favourite of the people, after the victory of Zama, seriously apprehensive of recall—already after the victory an attempt to supersede him had been referred by the senate to the citizens, and by them decidedly rejected; nor do the conditions themselves warrant such a charge. The Carthaginian city never, after its hands were thus tied and a powerful neighbour placed by its side, made even an attempt to withdraw from the Roman supremacy, still less to enter into rivalry with Rome. Besides every one, who cared to know, knew that the war just terminated had been undertaken much more by Hannibal than by Carthage, and that it was absolutely impossible

to revive the gigantic plans of the patriot party. It might seem little in the eyes of the vengeful Italians that only the five hundred surrendered ships of war perished in the flames, and not the hated city itself. Secret spite and official pedantry might zealously contend for the view that an opponent is only really vanquished when he is annihilated, and might censure the man who had disdained rigorously to punish the crime of having made Romans tremble. Scipio thought otherwise; and we have no reason, and therefore no right, to assume that the Roman was in this instance influenced by vulgar motives rather than by the noble and magnanimous impulses which formed part of his character. It was not the consideration of his own recall or of the mutability of fortune, nor was it any apprehension of the outbreak of a Macedonian war at certainly no distant date, that prevented the self-reliant and confident hero, with whom everything had hitherto succeeded beyond belief, from completing the destruction of the unhappy city, which fifty-seven years afterwards his adopted grandson was commissioned to execute, and which might indeed have been equally well accomplished now. It is much more probable that the two great generals, on whom the decision of the political question now devolved, offered and accepted peace on such terms in order to set just and reasonable limits on the one hand to the furious vengeance of the victors, on the other to the obstinacy and imprudence of the vanquished. The noble-mindedness and statesmanlike

gifts of the great antagonists are no less apparent in Hannibal's magnanimous submission to what was inevitable, than in Scipio's wise abstinence from an extravagant and outrageous use of victory. Is it to be supposed that one so generous, unprejudiced, and intelligent should not have asked himself of what benefit it could be to his country, now that the political power of the Carthaginian city was annihilated, utterly to destroy that primitive seat of commerce and of agriculture, and wickedly to overthrow one of the main pillars of the then existing civilisation? The time had not yet come when the first men of Rome lent themselves to demolish the civilisation of their neighbours, and frivolously fancied that they could wash away from themselves the eternal infamy of the nation by shedding an idle tear.

Thus ended the Second Punic, or, as the Romans more correctly called it, the Hannibalic War, after it had devastated the lands and islands from the Hellespont to the Pillars of Hercules for seventeen years. Before this war the policy of the Romans had no higher aim than to acquire command of the mainland of the Italian peninsula within its natural boundaries, and of the Italian islands and seas; and it is clearly proved by their treatment of Africa on the conclusion of peace that they terminated the war with the impression, not that they had laid the foundation of empire over the states of the Mediterranean, or of universal sovereignty, as it is called, but that they had rendered a dangerous rival innocuous

and had given to Italy agreeable neighbours. It is true that the results of the war, the conquest of Spain in particular, little accorded with such an idea; but their very successes led them beyond their proper design, and it may in fact be affirmed that the Romans came into possession of Spain accidentally. The Romans achieved the sovereignty of Italy because they strove for it; the hegemony (and the sovereignty which grew out of it) over the territories of the Mediterranean was to a certain extent thrown into the hands of the Romans by the force of circumstances without intentional effort on their part to acquire it. . . .

Nevertheless the Roman, whom the gods had allowed to survive the close of that gigantic struggle, might look with pride to the past and with confidence to the future. Many errors had been committed, but much suffering had also been endured; the people, whose whole youth capable of bearing arms had for ten years hardly laid aside sword and shield, might excuse many faults. The living of the different nations side by side in peace and amity upon the whole, although maintaining an attitude of mutual antagonism—which appears to be the aim of peoples of modern times—was a thing foreign to antiquity. In ancient times it was necessary to be either anvil or hammer; and in the final struggle between the victors victory remained with the Romans. Whether they would have the judgment to use it rightly —to attach the Latin nation by still closer bonds

to Rome, gradually to Latinise Italy, to rule their dependents in the provinces as subjects and not to abuse them as slaves, to reform the Constitution, to reinvigorate and to enlarge the tottering middle class—remained to be seen. If they should have the skill to accomplish these results, Italy might hope to see happy times, in which prosperity based on personal exertion under favourable circumstances, and the most decisive political supremacy over the then civilised world, would impart just self-reliance to every member of the great whole, furnish a worthy aim for every ambition, and open a career for every talent. It would, no doubt, be otherwise, should they fail to use aright their victory. But for the moment doubtful voices and gloomy apprehensions were silent; from all quarters the warriors and victors returned to their homes; thanksgivings and amusements, and rewards to soldiers and burgesses, were the order of the day; the released prisoners of war were sent home from Gaul, Africa, and Greece; and at length the youthful conqueror moved in splendid procession through the decorated streets of the capital, to deposit his laurels in the house of the god by whose direct inspiration, as the pious whispered one to another, he had been guided in counsel and in action.

ITALIAN

GUGLIELMO FERRARO

(1872–)

Guglielmo Ferraro, the Italian publicist, renowned especially for his literary and historical genius, is the living representative of the "Master Historians." Born in 1872, he is now happily at the zenith of his fame and powers. Few men have crowded more educative experiences within a limited number of years than Ferraro. Gifted by nature with a splendid intellect and that capacity for prolonged labour which appears to be an accompaniment of historical genius, he has devoted himself to the needs of his scholarship and artistic impulses. The result is that to-day he is known to the civilised world as a man of many intellectual claims and distinctions. Although he is above all the historian, he is also distinguished by his work as a man of letters, orator, philosopher, political critic and art enthusiast. In America particularly is he respected, although his philosophy has led him away from his first admiration of things American. He is a leader of a great school of European thought and teaching, and as a leader he is not only a fighter but readily accessible. In his love of travel he is comparable to Hodgkin. Although a typical Italian, he is also a true cosmopolitan, being equally at home in most of the great European countries and in the New World.

Ferraro is important for the modern world and the coming generations. This importance is discovered in his intellectual development, *i.e.* in the evolution of his philosophy or outlook on the world and life. His literary career is a witness of this. Apart from his monumental history he has written a number of books, all of which have been inspired by vision and all of which

are keen in their criticism of civilisation as a system of life.

The first striking book of his career was *Young Europe*. Written at the age of twenty-six, it is a vigorous review of the various forces which were then forming the commercialised and industrialised civilisation of the modern world. In the efficiency and material might of Germany, England and the countries of the north he found a new form of civilisation which was to overthrow the "decadent civilisation" of the romantic lands of the south, and challenge successfully the powerful tradition of classical life as expressed in art and institutions. He was a young and ardent liberal aflame with enthusiasm for the Utopia of a material civilisation which the future seemed to be inevitably producing.

Since then he has travelled far in mental development, until he has turned his face away from the modern world and returned to the classical; he is now just as ardent a champion of the classical form of civilisation as before he had been an opponent. His recent books, *Between Two Worlds*, *The European War*, *The Latin Genius*, give the best expression of this attitude to the problems of socialised life. In brief, his view is this: that modern civilisation is one of *quantity*, *i.e.* of material power to unimaginable achievement which must end in disaster; that the classical civilisation was one of *quality*, *i.e.* of a desire to live up to certain fixed standards which fully satisfied in themselves. Of the two, the civilisation of quality is wholly preferable.

How ideals so different from those of his youth came to him Ferraro himself explained in Turin (9th January, 1917) when offering his thanks for a gift from the Society of French Men of Letters. He said: "... During the ten years preceding the war, after the easy optimism of youth and of my first books, there was forming in me the presentiment of a grave peril menacing the world, our fathers' most precious treasures and heritage, and the pillars on which the actual state of things was resting. This presentiment, however, which

events have only too much confirmed, did not arise while I was studying modern times but the ancient. As long as my researches were confined within the present, I had neither seen nor understood our epoch. Hence the weakness of my first books; but, little by little, while comparing the ancient and the modern worlds, I realised that for the ancient world the reason and the aim of life lay in one or several intellectual and moral perfections, whereas the modern world was tending only towards an uncertain, confused and unlimited increase of power, and all the time itself unconscious of its supreme aim; that the old world possessed and the new world was losing the sense of limitations within which man can attain these perfections; for, if man goes beyond them, beauty grows dim before his eyes, virtue becomes lifeless in his heart, and power gets stronger but to crumble from its loftier heights. . . ."

Ferraro, the historian, won his distinction as a master in his magnificent but unfinished (as yet) study of the Roman Empire: *The Greatness and Decline of Rome.* This work is planned on a colossal scale and will probably never be completed. His first volume is a brilliant *résumé* of Roman History until Julius Cæsar emerges in the political welter which saw the death of the Republic. A study of the eminent Roman genius, Cæsar, is the subject of volume two. Volume three is even more detailed: it presents, under the title of "The Fall of an Aristocracy," an intimate and thrilling account of the three days following the murder of Cæsar! In volume four Ferraro turns to Egypt and brings the drama of Egyptian destiny down to the fateful days when Augustus fashioned it anew. And volume five is devoted to a scholarly examination of the Republic of Augustus.

From his preface Ferraro's purpose is clearly seen. Following the prefatory sketch of Rome to Cæsar, "we shall watch the new generation between Augustus and Nero, the appearance of a new aristocracy out of the industrial democracy of Cæsar's age; we shall watch this aristocracy, all powerful in a peaceful empire,

crumble slowly to pieces through its own prosperity, while Christianity and Oriental worships undermine its spiritual foundations; and finally we shall watch it as it is engulfed anew, and takes down with it into the deeps all that was most ancient and revered in the Græco-Latin civilisation."

So vast a scheme of historical review cannot in all probability be achieved if it is designed on so detailed a plan as seen in the first five volumes. But Ferraro has done enough to justify his method and to earn not only the thanks but the admiration of the learned world. He is the complete historian. Profoundly learned, decisive in judgment, clear in analysis and penetrating in review, he further possesses the magic pen which allows him to paint the scenes of the age he describes with remarkable fidelity and vital attraction. In his studies he has made the fullest use of the new science, psychology; in his examination of character and motive, of policy and achievement, he is not satisfied till he has laid bare the human reason for them all; the result is that his history is a live interpretation of the period throughout its many phases; and so finely written is it that even in translation it lures with unfailing fascination.

Above all, Ferraro has a philosophy—a standard by which he seeks to measure the worth of his historical interpretations. He says: "Human history, like all other phenomena of life and motion, is the unconscious product of an infinity of small and unnoticed efforts. Its work is done, spasmodically and in disorder, by single individuals and groups of individuals, acting generally from immediate motive, with results which always transcend the knowledge and intentions of contemporaries, and are but seldom revealed, darkly and for a moment, to succeeding generations. To find a clue to the immediate, accidental, and transitory motives which have pricked on the men of the past to their labours; to describe vividly and wholeheartedly their vicissitudes and anxieties, their struggles and illusions, as they pursued their work; to discover how and why, through this work, the men of one generation

have often not satisfied the passions which spurred them to action, but effected some lasting transformation in the life of their society—this should be, in my opinion, the unfailing inspiration of the historian's task."

The summary of his view of the general trend or development of political life among civilised peoples is also valuable; it will cause the student to ponder and the man of learning to review his conclusions afresh. "The Roman World Conquest," he says, "one of the most amazing spectacles in history, . . . was in reality the effect . . . of an internal transformation which is continually being re-enacted in the history of societies on a larger or a smaller scale, promoted by the same causes and with the same resultant confusion and suffering—the growth of a nationalist and industrial democracy on the ruins of a federation of agricultural aristocracies."

CHIEF WORKS

The Greatness and Decline of Rome (1907–1909). Vols. I. to V. translated into English and published by Heinemann and Co.

Young Europe. 1897.

The Latin Genius. 1917.

Between Two Worlds. 1910.

FERRARO—EXTRACTS

CLEOPATRA: HER IMPERIAL POLICY

(32 B.C. Antony and Cleopatra summon all their forces to Ephesus: this concentration is preliminary to their disputing the mastership of the world with Augustus at Actium. Ex. *Greatness and Decline of Rome*, vol. iv. pp. 73 *seq.*).

ANTONY had meanwhile reached Ephesus; to this centre came in by degrees, from East and West,

from Illyria, from Syria, from Armenia, and the Black Sea, ships loaded with corn, clothing, iron, and wood; troops of every description led by kings, dynasts, and tetrarchs from Asia and Africa. . . . Cleopatra arrived with the Egyptian fleet, with her treasure of two thousand talents and a long train of servants. The narrow streets of Ephesus were thronged with the soldiers of nineteen Roman legions, the powerful frames of Asiatic Gauls, Moorish warriors, soldiers of Cappadocia and Paphlagonia, and Egyptian sailors; every cross-road was a babel of tongues, and from every Eastern town there thronged to Ephesus not only men at arms, but the servants of their pleasures, dancers, lute-players, comedians, acrobats and actors, to amuse the soldiers and their sovereigns. Never had the ancient Asiatic town lodged so many famous figures in its majestic palaces and its public buildings. Ephesus witnessed a daily round of festivals, banquets, processions and shows, in which each king sought to rival the magnificence of the rest; of these Cleopatra with her unrivalled splendour was the centre figure, dominating the kings of Asia as a true queen of luxury, and inspiring everyone by her example to prepare for war by dazzling festivity, as if she had wished to intoxicate this mixed multitude the more easily to drive them to the final struggle, to ruin and destruction. The Roman world was torn by anxiety; Italy shuddered at the thought of further bloodshed; yet in the midst of this painful anxiety, when the oldest, the most vigorous and the most civilised kingdom in

the East was spending its last hour of life, Ephesus rang with festivity night and day. The confusion of armies, of language and of race seemed to be celebrated by anticipating a great triumphal orgy, as though the coming battle had already ended in victory. The outcries of the land were drowned by the sound of lyres and flutes. Merciless as usual to the conquered, history has stigmatised these rejoicings upon the eve of the final struggle as shameful folly; but the more attentive ear can distinguish across the centuries the agony of the death throes in the distant echo of these festivities. The coming struggle was not, as historians have stated, a struggle for monarchical power at Rome, but was to consolidate or to destroy the new Egyptian Empire; it was not a war of Octavianus against Antony, but of Cleopatra against Rome; it was the last desperate effort of the only dynasty which had survived among those founded by Alexander's generals; finally it was an attempt to recover the power which the fatal pressure of Roman expansion had ruined two centuries before. Intellectual culture, commercialism, pleasure, luxury and the reign of money had destroyed the political and military strength of Egypt; every resource of diplomacy or corruption was exhausted, and the dynasty had been reduced to this wildly complicated defence devised by a woman. If she could not save the kingdom of the Lagidæ, she would at least drag it down with her to romantic and resounding ruin, to a catastrophe which would never pass from human memory. Egypt was not to perish

like the realm of Pergamum, by a simple signature affixed to an obscure protocol. With every device at her command, both as queen and woman, Cleopatra had sought to draw defences for her kingdom from the appalling political confusion in which Rome seemed likely to founder. She had attempted to win from the great Italian town two of the most formidable brigands who seemed capable of wielding the destinies of the Republic. She had succeeded in gathering to the service of her ambition thirty legions, eight hundred vessels, and the most powerful sovereigns of the East, under the command of the boldest leader and the most famous man of his age. She was preparing an action yet more extraordinary and unexampled; she proposed to accompany this army to war, to carry through the camps and the soldiery the sumptuous luxury of her palace, her women, her slaves, her eunuchs, her tapestry, her jewellery and gold plate; she proposed to live amid these mail-clad soldiers, herself wrapped in the *turpe conopium*, the delicate veil which protected her fine skin from the touch of all insects. It was no mere caprice, but supreme necessity, which obliged this extraordinary audacity. The Eastern sovereigns followed Antony because they respected him or feared him, but not because they had any desire to re-establish the power of Egypt. Antony seemed resolved to abide by his design to consolidate his rearrangements of the East, but he was obliged to pose as the defender of the Republic lest he should lose the support of his Roman friends; these were inclined to help him, but would

attempt to hold him back when they realised the true object of the war. The apparent unanimity of the vast army concealed many a germ of disagreement and of treachery. Would Antony pursue his design in the face of all these difficulties? Cleopatra had set a ridiculous object before herself in proposing to decide a great military struggle by extraordinary cunning; the strange feminine devices which she had hitherto employed had led her from one eccentricity to another; she had now come to consort with generals, to follow armies, sit at military councils, to discuss plans and strategy, and this in order to provide that her one point of interest should be kept in view: the defence of the new Egyptian Empire against Rome.

CÆSAR [1]

CÆSAR was a genius—a man whose powers have seldom or never been equalled in history. He was at once student, artist and man of action; and in every sphere of his activity he left the imprint of his greatness. His soaring yet intensely practical imagination, his wonderful, clear-cut and well-balanced intelligence, his untiring energy and lightning quickness of decision, his marvellous elasticity of temper and iron power of self-control, his indifference even at moments of the greatest strain to anything of the nature of sentiment or mysticism, would have

[1] Ex. *The Greatness and Decline of Rome*, vol. ii. pp. 306 *seq.*

made him, at any time in the history of the world, one of the giants of his age. Under twentieth-century conditions he might have become a captain of industry in the United States or a great pioneer or mine owner or empire builder in South Africa, or a scientist or a man of letters in Europe with a world-wide influence over his contemporaries. In the Rome of his day both family tradition and personal inclination forced him into politics. Political life is always perilous to a man of genius. There is no sphere of activity which is so much at the mercy of unforeseen accidents, or where the effort put out is so incommensurate with the result obtained. In the field of Roman politics Cæsar succeeded in becoming a great general, a great writer, a great character. He failed to become a great statesman.[1]

. . . . . .

Cæsar was not a great statesman; but he was a great destroyer. In him were personified all the revolutionary forces, the magnificent and devastating forces, of a mercantile age in conflict with the traditions of an old-world society—its religious scepticism, its indifference to morality, its insensibility to family affection, its opportunist and undisciplined politics, its contempt for precedent and tradition, its Eastern luxury, its grasping militarism, its passion for the baser forms of commerce and speculation, its first tentative efforts towards intelligent refine-

[1] Mommsen, the German historian, maintains the contrary view.

ment, its naïve enthusiasm for art and science. There is hardly a stranger irony in history than that the rulers of Germany and Russia should have assumed the title of this prince of revolutionaries. For we fail to grasp the true significance of Cæsar's career till we discern that, like Pompey and Crassus and the other great figures of his day, his mission was primarily destructive — to complete the disorganisation and dissolution of the old world, both in Italy and the provinces, and thus make way for a stabler and juster system. But when he imagined that he could apply his unrivalled powers of mind and will to all the intellectual and social influences of the time, and direct them to his own purposes, he displeased all parties and was removed from the scene. It matters little that in the latter part of his life he displayed more wisdom and moderation than in the earlier, that he attempted in part, though with many inconsistencies, to repair as a reformer the mistakes he had committed as a demogogue; that he had at last come to see that a discontented society, blind and breathless in the race for riches and self-indulgence, had set its selfish course, beyond all turning, for the abyss. To avert this collapse was beyond any single man's powers. Too many foes were struggling for mastery in the Roman society of his day—from the truceless conflict between riches and poverty or capital and debt, to the antagonism between the spirit of revolution and the spirit of authority, Asiatic profusion and Latin frugality, the new Hellenistic culture and the traditions of Roman life.

No doubt Cæsar had displayed a marvellous vigour and elasticity, far beyond that of any contemporary, in his prolonged resistance against the rolling and tossing of the Roman democracy, adrift as it was, like a derelict in a stormy ocean, amid the blasts of a perverse and excitable public opinion. But how could he compare or control these far-reaching conflicts in the whole of society when he could not even dominate those within the ranks of his own party? Until the struggle had reached its climax in the great crisis which began at Cæsar's death and raged without intermission through the whole of the next decade, it was impossible for a new generation to build a sounder and more sheltered society out of the *débris* left by its predecessors—a busy, fortunate, titanic breed of builders, but too worn and weary, too arrogant, too much embittered by war and hatred, too prone to licence in morals and politics and in their general philosophy of life, to be dowered with lasting happiness. The times called for a quieter, a more cautious, a more patient race of workers. Cæsar's hour had come and gone. He must pass, as Crassus, Pompey, Cato had passed before him, as Cicero was to follow after a few months, together with the flower of the aristocracy that had lived through the greatest and most stirring age of Roman history.

It is in this rôle of titanic destroyer, therefore, that we must admire him, a rôle which demanded almost superhuman qualities of conception and achievement. We find him, it is true, at the close of

his career, busy with the reorganisation of a world whose disorder he had done so much to promote, attempting to build on the field which he and his contemporaries had piled with wreckage. But for the success of this work two conditions were necessary. First, Cæsar must retain sufficient vigour and elasticity to adapt himself to the needs of an altered policy; second, the great solvents that had been at work for the last century, loosening the fabric of Italian society, must have finished their work with the civil war. To the former condition Fate forbids us the reply. Perhaps the arch-destroyer had still strength enough left him to turn the Protean genius to the work of reconstruction. As to the second, we have the evidence of the next twenty-five years. The forces of dissolution were indeed very far from exhausted. So far were they from being arrested at the time of Cæsar's death, that they went on to provoke what was perhaps one of the most tremendous crises in the whole course of world-history.

CLASSICAL

THUCYDIDES

(471(?)–404 B.C.)

VERY little is known of the life of the best historical genius the ancient world produced — the Athenian, Thucydides. Most probably he was born in 471 B.C., and some passages in his historical work seem to support this. Plutarch tells us that he was descended from the illustrious Cimon, that he was the son of Olorus—a fact which Thucydides himself confirms—and that he possessed gold mines in Thrace.

Of true Athenian stock, he was educated to manhood in that rare intellectual air which ennobled Athens for all time. Cultured leisure, a joyous intimacy with artistic and intellectual life, a devotion to public service —such were the general results of a true Greek's education. Particularly was he trained in rhetoric and the use of arms. Thucydides seems to have been the pupil of the famous rhetorician Antiphon, and to have developed so strong an independence of mind that he paid scant tribute to traditions and cultivated a stern austerity in matters of political and moral judgment.

Although he does not seem to have taken any active part in politics, he certainly suffered at the hands of the politicians. During the long war with Sparta he was appointed to chief military command of the Athenian forces in Thrace. This necessitated his saving the important city of Amphipolis from the Spartan general Brasidas; he failed, and merited as a punishment the death penalty; this he escaped by going into exile. For twenty years he endured banishment—pleasurably, we may imagine, in that it afforded him a full opportunity for travel in the Peloponnesus, Sicily and Magna Græcia, and possibly Macedonia. This prolonged journeying was most profitable; it allowed Thucydides to follow the long-drawn struggle for the mastery of the Greek

world between Athens and Sparta from the outside or, rather, the non-Athenian side. Thus, when he was composing his history of this famous war he had the inestimable advantage of seeing and perhaps knowing both sides of the question.

Lysander captured Athens in 405 B.C., and in the following year the war ended in an overwhelming victory for Sparta. Thucydides appears to have been resident in Thrace at this time. In 404 B.C. he was invited to return to Athens. Tradition says he was assassinated on his return to his native city. With their typical liberality in recognising artistic talent or genius, the Athenians decreed that his memory should be honoured. This honour took several forms: a statue was set up in the Acropolis; near the Melitean gate a monument was erected; but, far more important, his great history was edited by Xenophon, and thus preserved for posterity.

The Peloponnesian War lasted twenty-seven years (431–404 B.C.). So important were the issues involved, and so tenaciously was the struggle fought, that this war naturally dominated men's minds and overshadowed — but did not exclude — all other interests. It is therefore remarkably fortunate that in Thucydides an historical genius of the first degree wrote the record of this titanic contest. The political issues and the events which decided them are so clearly set forth by this historian that they still live in his pages and can be sincerely studied by us.

Thucydides was a scientific historian. Indeed, he taught the future the method of writing accurate history. He saw the twin necessity of being critical and of being interesting. He himself tells us that his work rests on his own patient research and careful sifting of the material he had gathered, either documentary or personal witness; he further claims that his record is accurate, in that he writes as an eye-witness who has seen the whole course of events and carefully judged their value. His use of documents is a notable departure in historical

writing. Not content with reference to these most valuable "witnesses," he incorporates them textually in the body of his narrative. The outstanding examples of this treatment are the nine instances in which he gives us the official texts of the treaties made during the course of the struggle. How he obtained some of these is still a fascinating question for the modern classical student; here, undoubtedly, we have some of the best fruits of his exile.

Another equally well-known and almost as important a feature of his work is his marvellous effort to reproduce the speeches made by distinguished men on important occasions. These speeches are the bane of the schoolboy student of "Thicksides," for they are usually difficult to translate; for the historian, however, they are invaluable and earn for the memory of the author profound gratitude. In this exacting task the rhetorical training of Thucydides reaped its rich reward; more than a fifth part of the whole history is composed of such speeches. As to their mode of composition, Thucydides is frank. He tells us that he never inserts a speech unless he has full reason to know that one was made, that it is impossible for him to give the exact words or form, but that he has been faithful in repeating the speaker's argument. Nothing could be fairer than this. The value of these speeches lies in the deep insight they allow us of the men who were responsible for the conduct of the war, their motives, their character; the inner view of these actors in the great drama is here revealed, and no better evidence can be found for helping us to judge them justly.

But the genius of Thucydides embraced other qualities besides keen observation, scientific method, rhetorical art, political ability; it was artistic in spirit and supreme in its power of vivid narration; moreover, an acute judgment, as cold as ice and as sharp as a razor's edge, controlled the whole to its grim purpose of a just and a true record.

That distinctive literary gifts are obvious in Thucydides amounts to saying that he was a true Athenian.

It means more than this, however; it means that although his history would have been great even if it lacked them, it is enhanced by their presence to the highest degree of classical merit. Of the numberless events in his history, each essentially different in character, none lacks the treatment adequate for the purposes of true artistic presentation. With noble eloquence he can move the spirit; with vivid narration he can arrest the sluggish attention; with natural pathos he can call forth sympathy. No artifice or trick of expression does he lack if it is needed to serve his artistic purpose. Above all, clearly imprinted on his pages is his own personality —somewhat foreboding, reserved, dignified, self-mastered, a stern critic of his fellow-men—a critic whose judgment rests securely upon the surest foundation of experience and knowledge and is tempered by the divine quality of mercy.

First in time Thucydides stands in the long line of great historians. Whether or not he is first too in the precious possession of pure historical genius perhaps even now we dare not decide. None of his rivals for this high distinction over the recorded space of some twenty-three centuries of civilised life has dared to claim it. In this luminous fact can best be seen how deep and sincere is the homage of the historical science to its immortal founder.

Chief Works

Thucydides' *The History of the Peloponnesian War* is divided into eight books. Some fifty MSS. exist, and more than forty of these have claimed the attention of scholars.

The first printed edition was that of Venice, 1502; the second that of Florence, 1506. With the nineteenth century editions became common. There are many English translations; the best of these are:

1874. By R. Crawley, reprinted in the "Everyman" Series (Dent and Co. Ltd.).

1881. B. Jowett. This in turn was revised by Forbes and Abbott, 1900.

THUCYDIDES—EXTRACT

THE ESCAPE BY NIGHT OF THE PLATÆANS

(In 428 B.C. the city of Platæa, defended by its citizens reinforced with an Athenian division, was besieged by the Spartans. Ex. bk. iii. ch. 20–24.)

THE same winter the Platæans, who were still being besieged by the Peloponnesians and Bœotians, distressed by the failure of their provisions, and seeing no hope of relief from Athens, nor any other means of safety, formed a scheme with the Athenians besieged with them for escaping, if possible, by forcing their way over the enemy's walls; the attempt having been suggested by Theænetus, son of Tolmides, a soothsayer, and Eupompides, son of Daimachus, one of their generals. At first all were to join: afterwards, half hung back, thinking the risk great; about two hundred and twenty, however, voluntarily persevered in the attempt, which was carried out in the following way. Ladders were made to match the height of the enemy's wall, which they measured by the layers of bricks, the side turned towards them not being thoroughly whitewashed. These were counted by many persons at once; and though some might miss the right calculation, most would hit upon it, particularly as they counted over and over again, and were no great way from the wall, but could see it easily enough for their purpose. The length required for the ladders was thus obtained, being calculated from the breadth of the brick.

Now the wall of the Peloponnesians was constructed as follows. It consisted of two lines drawn round the place, one against the Platæans, the other against any attack on the outside from Athens, about sixteen feet apart. The intermediate space of sixteen feet was occupied by huts portioned out among the soldiers on guard, and built in one block, so as to give the appearance of a single thick wall with battlements on either side. At intervals of every ten battlements were towers of considerable size ,and the same breadth as the wall, reaching right across from its inner to its outer face, with no means of passing except through the middle. Accordingly on stormy and wet nights the battlements were deserted, and guard kept from the towers, which were not far apart and roofed in above.

Such being the structure of the wall by which the Platæans were blockaded, when their preparations were completed, they waited for a stormy night of wind and rain and without any moon, and then set out, guided by the authors of the enterprise. Crossing first the ditch that ran around the town, they next gained the wall of the enemy unperceived by the sentinels, who failed to see them in the darkness, or hear them as the wind drowned with its roar the noise of their approach; besides which they kept a good way off from each other, that they might not be betrayed by the clash of their weapons. They were also lightly equipped, and had only the left foot shod to preserve them from slipping in the mire. They came up to the battlements at one of the

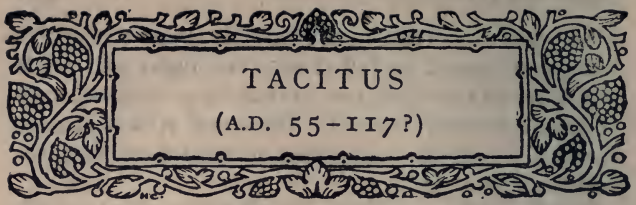
intermediate spaces where they knew them to be unguarded: those who carried the ladders went first and planted them; next twelve light-armed soldiers with only a dagger and a breastplate mounted, led by Ammias, son of Corœbus, who was the first on the wall; his followers getting up after him and going six to each of the towers. After these came another party of light troops armed with spears, whose shields, that they might advance the easier, were carried by men behind, who were to hand them to them when they found themselves in face of the enemy. After many had mounted they were discovered by the sentinels in the towers, by the noise made by a tile which was knocked down by one of the Platæans as he was laying hold of the battlements. The alarm was instantly given, and the troops rushed to the wall, not knowing the nature of the danger, owing to the dark night and stormy weather; the Platæans in the town having also chosen that moment to make a sortie against the wall of the Peloponnesians upon the side opposite to that on which their men were getting over, in order to divert the attention of the besiegers. Accordingly they remained distracted at their several posts, without any venturing to stir to give help from their stations, and at a loss to guess what was going on. Meanwhile the three hundred set aside for service on emergencies went outside the wall in the direction of the alarum. Fire-signals of an attack were also raised towards Thebes; but the Platæans in the town at once displayed a number of others, prepared beforehand for this very purpose,

in order to render the enemy's signals unintelligible, and to prevent his friends getting a true idea of what was passing and coming to his aid, before their comrades who had gone out should have made good their escape and be in safety.

Meanwhile the first of the scaling-party that had got up, after carrying the towers and putting the sentinels to the sword, posted themselves inside to prevent anyone coming through against them; and rearing ladders from the wall, sent several men up on the towers, and from their summit and base kept in check all the enemy who came up with their missiles, while their main body planted a number of ladders against the wall, and knocking down the battlements, passed over between the towers; each as soon as he got over taking up his station at the edge of the ditch, and plying from thence with arrows and darts any who came along the wall to stop the passage of comrades. When all were over, the party on the towers came down, the last of them not without difficulty, and proceeded to the ditch, just as the three hundred came up carrying torches. The Platæans, standing on the edge of the ditch in the dark, had a good view of their opponents, and discharged their arrows and darts upon the unarmed parts of their bodies, while they themselves could not be so well seen in the gloom for the torches; and thus even the last of them got over the ditch, though not without effort and difficulty; for ice had formed in it, not strong enough to walk upon, but of that watery kind which generally comes with a

wind more east than north, and the snow which this wind had caused to fall during the night had made the water in the ditch rise so that they could scarcely breast it as they crossed. However, it was mainly the violence of the storm that enabled them to effect their escape at all.

Starting from the ditch, the Platæans went all together along the road leading to Thebes, keeping the chapel of the hero Androcrates upon their right, considering that the last road which the Peloponnesians would suspect them of having taken would be that towards their enemies' country. Indeed, they could see them pursuing with torches upon the Athens road towards Cithæron and Druos-kephalai (or Oak-heads). After going for rather more than half a mile upon the road to Thebes, the Platæans turned off and took that leading to the mountain, to Erythræ and Hysiæ, and reaching the hills, made good their escape to Athens, two hundred and twelve men in all; some of their number having turned back into the town before getting over the wall, and one archer having been taken prisoner at the outer ditch. Meanwhile the Peloponnesians gave up the pursuit and returned to their posts; and the Platæans in the town, knowing nothing of what had passed, and informed by those who had turned back that not a man had escaped, sent out a herald as soon as it was day to make a truce for the recovery of the dead, and then learning the truth, desisted. In this way the Platæan party got over and were saved.



Little is known of the life of Cornelius Tacitus. His birthplace is unrecorded; the dates of his birth and death cannot be fixed accurately. There is no doubt, however, that he was the son of a Roman noble house, and was born in the year A.D. 55, *i.e.* at the beginning of the most illustrious period of the Empire.

Trained rigorously for public service, he specialised in the studies of law and rhetoric. He became an attractive orator, and in the careful composition of his orations he developed his literary genius. Gifted with a sonorous voice and with the trick of glittering phrase, he was able to win his audience; typically Roman in his proud bearing, grave in mien and serious-minded, he, however, caused his hearers to fear rather than to delight in his orations.

When twenty-three he married the daughter of Agricola—a great Roman governor of Britain.

Under the Emperors Vespasian, Titus, and Domitian, Tacitus advanced in public dignities till he was prætor. Later (A.D. 90–93) he went on embassy to the Belgic province. In A.D. 97 he rose to be consul under the Emperor Nerva. The following period must have been the most important of his career, but it is almost entirely hidden from us. In A.D. 100 Pliny, his friend, claims that he is famed for oratory; and in the same year both Tacitus and Pliny prosecute Marius Priscus, the Proconsul of Africa—a trial which meant celebrity. Thirteen years later the historian was Proconsul of Asia. In this high office he remained for three years. This exhausts our knowledge. In 117 A.D., so it is thought, Death summoned him.

Tacitus is by common agreement the greatest of Roman historians. In accuracy, dignity and historical insight he is superior to Cæsar, Livy, Sallust, and other famous authors; many critics claim, further, that he is superior in literary qualities.

Certainly he was happily fitted both by social position and public career to ascertain the truth of what he wrote. And truth above all things appealed to him in the writing of his history. A keen student of Cicero, he knew the master's precept that the historian "ne quid falsi dicere audeat, ne quid veri non audeat" (*De Orat.* ii. 15), and that "History is above all an orator's work" (*De Leg.* i. 2). He himself tells us that he intended to write with complete impartiality, "sine ira et studio"—a resolve he later repeats in the following words: "Neque amore quisquam et sine odio dicendus est." For their lies he denounces the historians of his own age: "During the lifetime of wicked princes they lie out of fear; on the morrow of their death they lie out of hatred." To him history was a serious art; the record was to be simple and its virtue truth.

Not until he was over forty years old did he begin to write his historical works. His first book was *Agricola* (A.D. 98). This was a biography of his famous father-in-law. It was a eulogy and its chief merit is literary. His great writings are: (i) *Historiæ*. These were a series of reviews of Roman history from the death of Nero to the death of Domitian (A.D. 69–96). Written in the reign of Trajan, they were published in parts and won the praise of his contemporaries. Unfortunately, not more than a third remains to us. (ii) *Annales*. These extended to eighteen books, of which only a part exists to-day. This great work dealt with Roman imperial history from the death of Augustus in A.D. 14 to the death of Nero in A.D. 68. Thus this second history completed the history of the emperors from the death of Augustus until the end of Domitian. It was apparently published between A.D. 115–116.

Tacitus did not keep his promise of impartiality. His sense of what was right and his stern Roman pride

were shocked by the injustice and horrible wrong which debased some periods of imperial government and social life. His record became a denunciation; bitter criticism was preferred to a clear review; as a censor he arraigned the wicked and judged them. Many of his judgments have been challenged, but throughout his work there is clear evidence that he took care, as the historian should, to collect his materials and sift them before he used them. Hence he gives us a gallery of famous character paintings; the illustrious figures of this great age live for us. The pen-portraits of Tiberius and Sejanus are perhaps the finest of these works of art. Racine, in praising this gift of characterisation, said that Tacitus was "the greatest painter of antiquity."

His talent for description is also revealed in many wonderful scenes. With true artistic insight he singled out the episode or incident which was worthy of skilled treatment; such scenes are full of colour, intense movement and bold relief. His story of the sack of Cremona (*Hist.* iii.) or of the burning Capitol or the battle in the moonlight (the same book) are among the best of these.

His study and long practice in rhetoric made him a master of the Latin language. His literary genius, in which there was a clear element of poetry, allowed him to develop a unique style of composition. Although difficult to read, it gives distinction to his writing. To strengthen his narrative he used every trick known to his craft. He packed his sentences with thought; the result is that he lost the harmony and rhythm of the Ciceroian model and in form became forceful, rugged, even abrupt. Colour and passion infuse his work with life.

Napoleon, who conceived himself the heir of the Cæsars, called Tacitus "a traducer of humanity." He did not understand the historian's purpose. "The principal merit of history," wrote Tacitus in *Ann.* iii. ch. 65, "is to preserve the *virtues* from oblivion and to hold out the reprobation of posterity as a terror to wicked words and deeds." And in *Ann.* iv. ch. 33 he claimed

that history taught men to distinguish "what is honest from what is criminal, what is beneficial from what is hurtful." His judgments on the Cæsars were the fruits of his virtuous anger. And such they were appreciated in his own times. Between A.D. 106–108 Pliny hailed Tacitus as an historian whose works were deserving of immortality. To-day we can safely say that immortality is his.

Chief Works

Historiæ. Ed. by Godley (Macmillan and Co.).

Annales. Ed. by Furneaux (Clarendon Press).

The best translations are: by F. W. Murphy, 1829; by Church and Brodribb (Macmillan and Co.).

TACITUS—EXTRACTS

VESPASIAN

(A.D. 69; civil war is being waged in the Roman Empire, the emperor, Otho, defeated at Bedriacum, commits suicide. Vitellius advances upon Italy; a reign of terror follows. Vespasian, commander-in-chief of the Roman armies in the East, reviews the situation; spurred on by Mucianus, he decides to intervene and is soon afterwards declared emperor. Ex. *Hist.* ii. ch. 74–76).

Meantime Vespasian took a view of his own situation and weighed with care all possible events. He considered the importance of the war, and made an estimate of his strength, the resource in his power, and the forces at a distance, as well as those that lay near at hand. The legions were devoted to his interest,

insomuch that when he showed himself the first to swear fidelity to Vitellius, and offer up vows for the prosperity of his reign, the soldiers marked their displeasure by a sullen silence. . . . In fact, the armies, wherever stationed, were every day more and more incensed against the soldiers that came amongst them from the Vitellian party; a set of men, rough and horrid in their appearance, savage in their manners, and in their brutal discourse affecting to treat the legions of the East with contempt and derision. But, in an enterprise of such importance, it was natural to doubt and hesitate. Vespasian remained for some time in a state of suspense, now elated with hope and soon depressed with fear. "What an awful day must that be, when he should unsheath the sword and commit himself, at the age of sixty, with his two sons [1] in the prime season of life, to the danger of a civil war! In undertakings of a private nature, men may advance or retreat as they see occasion; but when the contest is for sovereign power, there is no middle course. You must conquer or perish."

An officer of his experience was no stranger to the strength and valour of the German armies. "The legions under his command had not been tried in a war against their fellow-citizens, while, on the other hand, the Vitellians added to their experience all the pride of victory. The vanquished would undoubtedly be dissatisfied; but to murmur discontent was all that fortune left in their power. In the rage

[1] Titus and Domitian.

of civil war the common soldier renounces every honest principle; treachery becomes habitual; and every man who sets no value on his own life holds the chief in his power. Cohorts of foot and squadrons of horse make a vain parade if one intrepid villain, for the reward promised by the adverse party, may strike a sudden blow and by a murder terminate the war. Such was the fate of Scribonianus in the reign of Claudius: he was murdered by Volaginus, a common soldier, and the highest posts in the service were the rewards of that desperate assassin. An army may be drawn up in order of battle, and to animate them to deeds of valour is not a difficult task: but the private ruffian is not easily avoided."

Such were the reflections which presented themselves to the mind of Vespasian. His friends and the principal officers endeavoured to fix his resolution. Mucianus lent his aid, and, not content with private conferences, took a public opportunity to declare his sentiments, in effect as follows: "In all great and arduous undertakings the questions of importance are, Is the enterprise for the good of the Commonwealth? Will it do honour to the man who conducted it? And are the difficulties such as wisdom and valour may surmount? Nor is this all: the character of the man who advises the measure should be duly weighed: is he willing to second the counsel he gives at the hazard of his life? What are his views? And who is to reap the reward of victory? It is Mucianus who now calls upon Vespasian; Mucianus invites you to imperial dignity; for the

good of the Commonwealth he invites you; for your own glory he exhorts you to undertake the enterprise. The gods are with you, and under them the rest depends upon yourself. My advice is honest: there is no flattery in it. For let me ask, can it be flattery to prefer you to Vitellius? To be elected after such an emperor is rather a disgrace. With whom are we to contend? Not with the active mind of Augustus, nor with the craft of the politic Tiberius. Nor is it against Caligula, Claudius, or Nero that we propose to rise in arms. They had a kind of hereditary right: their families were in possession of the sovereignty.

"Even Galba could boast of an illustrious line of ancestors, and for that reason you were willing to acknowledge his title. But in the present juncture, to remain inactive and leave the Commonwealth a prey to vice and infamy were a desertion of the public, which nothing can excuse. Do you imagine that in a state of servitude you can find your own personal safety? Even in that case, your submission would be attended with disgrace and infamy. Ambition is not now imputed to you for the first time: you have long been suspected: nothing remains but vigorous enterprise. The sovereign power is your only refuge. Have we forgotten the fate of Corbulo? [1] It may be said that the nobility of his birth (superior, it must be confessed, to you as well as myself) exposed

[1] Cn. Domitus Corbulo, a successful general under Claudius and Nero. To avoid death, by order of Nero, he committed suicide.

him to danger. It may be so; but let it be remembered that Nero towered above Vitellius: and remember besides that, in the eyes of the person who lives in fear, the man who makes himself dreaded is illustrious.

"Do we doubt whether armies can create an emperor? Vitellius furnishes the proof: a man without military fame, who never served a campaign, but owes his elevation not to his own merit, but to Galba's want of popularity. His victory was not obtained by the ability of his generals or the valour of his troops: Otho was conquered by his own hand: that precipitate act made Vitellius master of the Roman world, and, in return, the infamy of Vitellius gives a lustre to the name of Otho insomuch that men regret that unfortunate prince.

"At present what is the conduct of our new emperor? He disbands the legions: he disarms the cohorts and every day furnishes arms against himself. The ferocity of his soldiery, whatever it may have been, has long since evaporated in victualling-houses and drunken revelry. After the example of their master, the soldiers are dissolved in sloth and luxury. On the other hand you have in Syria, Judea and Egypt no less than nine legions all high in spirit, unimpaired by war, and not yet taught by sedition to renounce all regard for discipline. You have an army inured to the operations of war and crowned with victory over the enemies of their country. You have a body of cavalry, auxiliary cohorts, a naval armament, and powerful kings, all devoted to your

cause. Above all, you have your own talents and your renown in arms.

"To myself I arrogate nothing: yet let me not be thought inferior to Valens or Cæcina. If Mucianus does not aspire to be your rival, you will not therefore think meanly of him. Willing to yield to Vespasian, I claim precedence of Vitellius. Your house has been distinguished by triumphal honours; you have two sons, and one of them is already equal to the weight of empire [1] The German armies saw him give an earnest of his future character. Were I this very moment possessed of sovereign power, I should make Titus my son by adoption; with propriety, therefore, I yield to his father. The venture to which I call you will not, in its consequences, be the same to us both. If we succeed, the honours which I may receive must flow from you: in toil and in danger I am willing to be your rival; or, if you will (and it is the best expedient), remain here to issue your orders, and leave me to conduct the war.

"The troops that lately conquered are by no means formidable. In the vanquished party there is more order and better discipline. The latter, stung with shame and indignation, are burning for revenge. All motives conspire to inflame their zeal. The Vitellians, on the contrary, intoxicated with success and elated with pride, disdain all rules of subordination. They are enfeebled by luxury. Their wounds, yet scarcely closed, will open in a new war and bleed afresh. My dependence, it is true, must be upon your vigilance,

[1] Titus—a future emperor.

your economy, your wisdom; but I expect no less advantage from the ignorance, the stupidity and cruel disposition of Vitellius. In a word, war must be our choice: to us it is safer than peace; for we have already deliberated, and he who deliberates has rebelled."

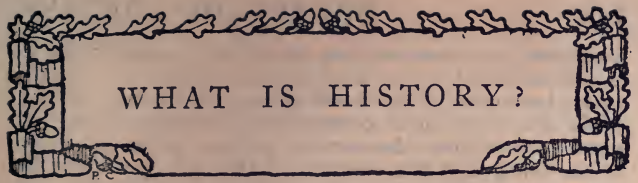
ARMINIUS—THE GERMAN HERO

(A.D. 19. In the following brief reference to the death and character of Arminius, the great German leader, Tacitus shows magnanimity and keen judgment. Ex. *Ann.* ii. ch. 88.)

ARMINIUS, however, did not long survive. The Roman army being withdrawn from Germany and Maroboduus ruined, he had the ambition to aim at sovereign power. The independent spirit of his countrymen declared against him. A civil war ensued. Arminius fought with alternate vicissitudes of fortune, and fell at last by the treachery of his own relatives. A man of military genius, he was beyond all question the deliverer of Germany. He had not, like the kings and generals of former days, the infancy of Rome to cope with: he had to struggle with a great and flourishing empire; he attacked the Romans in the meridian of their glory. He stood at bay for a number of years with equivocal success; sometimes victorious, often defeated, but in the issue of the war still unconquered. He died at the age of thirty-seven, after twelve years of fame and power. In the rude poetry of the Barbarians his name is

celebrated to this hour; unknown, indeed, to the annalists of Greece who embellish nothing but their own story. Even amongst the Romans the character of this illustrious chief has met with little justice, absorbed as the people are in their veneration of antiquity, while, to the virtue of their own times, they remain insensible and incurious.

CONCLUSION



WHAT IS HISTORY?

WHAT is History? The many, knowing little and caring less, will reply readily; their answer will almost certainly be wrong. The few, knowing that wisdom is limited and that most questions demand thought, will reply cautiously; their answer will at least aim at truth.

To define a Science or an Art is a difficult matter. It is so easy to say too little or too much—and then miss the prize after all. And History, although so familiar as an intellectual interest, is no exception. It demands a heavy tribute of loyalty and service from the student before it will yield him its secret. The young readers of this little book may find some help in answering this straight question if they will read the following elementary considerations.

History is a Science. It is an increasing body of knowledge, and this body of knowledge is gained by the application of certain methods which, at their best, may be rightly classed as "scientific." But the methods are subsidiary to the knowledge. This knowledge is as full a record of the past—particularly concerning the activities of man in the past—as can be gleaned from and guaranteed by the evidences of all kinds which the past has left to us. This knowledge is a multitudinous, ever-growing mass of facts—a mass that would only confuse and be of little worth unless it were controlled and ordered into systems of records. In this systematising of historical facts methods again play their powerful part. Thus, so far, History can justify itself as a science by the witness of its exceedingly rich treasury of knowledge, and by the witness of the accurate systematisation of this knowledge. But a third witness even more powerful is present: critical judgment. Historical record, no matter how scientifically

registered and systematised, is of little value unless it is accompanied by a valuation of its parts. In this task of estimating the worth of any particular piece or mass of history, or in contrasting the values of two or more such records, the exercise of the critical judgment is necessary. In the exercise of this gift the scientific historian produces the highest form which History as a science can take.

History is also an Art. It is one of the many forms in which men try to win truth and beauty from life; or, having won what to them is the truth of the life of the past, men try to present it in as *beautiful a form* as they can. Hence, historians are artists and openly seek the help of artistic means to present or create their history. For History is not merely the record of the past; it is the re-creation of the past. To be real, to be great and pure, History must live for us. Thus do historians claim as their common possession with other men of letters the art of Literature. The historical masterpieces, as we have seen, are also without exception masterpieces of Literature. Further, literary art is enhanced by the skill of the painter, the photographer, the printer. All this, however, is only the *form* of the art of History; the essence of the art lies within the form, *i.e.* in the spirit of Truth which allows the beautiful form to live. This effort to win Truth is the highest expression of the art of History. It is in itself the refined product of the critical judgment most worthily presented. Its success depends upon the standards accepted by the historians for its basis and control. These are generally found to be the acceptance of the moral law. Here the art of Philosophy is asked to aid the historian. To see life as a whole and to fashion it into a unity of thought, which will be acceptable to men as a presentation of moral truth, is the grand aim of any philosophy of History; it is also the final justification of History as an art.

Those who have spent their lives in attempting to know what History is say that it is among the best instructors possessed by man; that it will educate the

mind more quickly than any other science or art; that its power to train judgment and give range and depth to the intellect is unrivalled in its speed of action; that its study is essential for the understanding of the affairs of men. Mark, however, that these same wise men say that History is a severe mistress and demands from all her subjects the initial tribute of sincerity.

The master historians whose lives and works we have tried to study for a while in this volume all left us this message and all proved it by their labours. No profit will have been gained if their devotion to their work has escaped attention; none of their masterpieces were produced easily; many years of service were necessary before any one of their grand tasks was completed. Their power to create their art was unique in its strength, but it rested finally in a love of their art and a willingness to labour for it; and this willingness to labour was not necessarily dependent on physical strength. Often through periods of physical weakness or mental anxiety did the masters struggle to continue their work; their spirit was always in command of their purpose. The victory of Prescott over his dimmed sight, the victory of Hodgkin over his health and want of time, the victory of Carlyle over the demon of adversity, prove a steadfastness of aim which ennobles their memory. To pursue their goal relentlessly, to suffer hardship for the achievement of History, to devote their lives to the winning of their inspiration into its full and fairest form, was the self-imposed duty and spiritual conviction of the masters.

After Froissart wrote "to rescue the act of brave men from oblivion" History both as a science and an art advanced in power and dignity until in the works of the masters it attained once more its rightful place —that given it by Thucydides and Tacitus among the intellectual interests of the classical world. This is in itself a triumph, and the modern academic world is justly proud of it. If to-day this is clearly realised, the duty of the historians of the present and the future will be equally clear; it is nothing less than to maintain the tradition of historical art and science and to illumine

it with works of excellence. A hard, a high, but not an impossible task—as the Italian, Ferraro, has well proven to our own generation by his magnificent but still unfinished contribution, *The Greatness and Decline of Rome*. Never before was the world so rich in the number of historical students. The spell of this study seems to increase with its age. Is it, therefore, too much to hope that the historian who will one day write his name on the roll of honour beneath that of Ferraro is even now willingly enduring the servitude which is the inevitable prelude to such distinction?

Lest there may be names of historians expected and not found in this small book—names such as Stubbs, Maitland, J. R. Green, Freeman, to mention only a few of the English representatives of worthy historical scholarship—it is perhaps permissible to point out here that there is a clear distinction between the work of the masters and the work of these historians. The modern period has witnessed an intense revival in enthusiasm for historical study, and, for the most part, it has taken the form of research on scientific lines. Research, as we have seen, is essential to historical scholarship, and all the masters spent their lives in this exacting task. But modern historians appear to think that their task is complete when their researches are registered and tabulated; moreover, their researches are often so exhaustive and minute that their creative process seems to be exhausted by the time their final arrangement and co-ordination of their immense spoil is made. Again, wedded to the view of "impartial" history, many are content to arrange the evidence of any period and leave posterity the task of judging the issue; if these historians have a "point of view" they suppress it successfully. Thus, while the modern world is richer than ever in historical scholarship and the science of History is stronger than before, the art of History seems to be passing under the shadow of disfavour. Learned histories and equally learned dissertations are always appearing. Their value is great, for their scholarship is generally above suspicion. But

they lack the essential artistic elements which are needed to create history in "the grand style." "Grand style" is a term which is also disfavoured to-day; it is said that it means nothing, or, at the best, successful rhetoric, and a scientific age has no use for rhetoric. Be this as it may, there is need of some term which will indicate broadly the difference between the work, say, of Macaulay or Carlyle or Michelet and the work of Stubbs or Freeman or Lavisse; and "grand style" is the best, for it suggests, if it does not define, the difference. Literary qualities, showing supreme artistic power, are essential for this highest type of History. Judgment and power of interpretation are also demanded. And, when historical scholarship is combined with these other necessary elements, History in the "grand style" is inevitably produced. The masters were possibly more artists than pure historians in the modern sense; above all, however, they were unflinching teachers who compelled by their power of historical art their own generations at least to learn the lessons of moral and human worth which their prolonged studies had taught them. The masters only are therefore included in this book. Exception may be taken to Creighton. As the best product of the modern, scientific, impartial school of historians in England he could not be omitted.

This distinction of purpose, method and quality is really important. It puts again the problem with which we started: What is History? To gain ground common to all historians we may say that History is the creation of a record of life—that it exacts a patient and an industrious devotion, an unwearied search after knowledge by research into the past—that it demands a powerful critical faculty to estimate the true worth of records, an imaginative vision to see either a period or many periods, even historic life itself, as an indivisible whole—that it needs an ability to present so faithfully the principles and the motives of men of days gone by that their worth for the present can be shrewdly valued —that History has an aim and an ideal—the uplifting of the present age until it rests firmly upon the

intellectual shoulders of the grandest epochs of the past, and the denouncing of those who would traitorously keep us at the feet of the dead.

And how can this ideal be won? Simply by allowing History to be all that its masters claim it to be. Something that the noblest of historians plead for even in the face of their just-less-noble brethren. It is that History must be a guide to *moral* Truth! That History is not merely the truth of recorded fact, act or motive as the "impartial historians" would agree. Noble as is their work at its best, it does not solve the problem of History. For the solution we have to turn to the great few, such as Carlyle and Lord Acton, who insisted that *morality* was immutable and eternal, and who made History the medium for teaching morality. They could not and would not allow "History to speak for itself." Erudite as was their historical method, profound as was their knowledge, their idea of what History was, and must ever be, was their finest achievement. "Our historical judgments have as much to do with the hopes of heaven as with public and private conduct," said Acton. And again, "If we lower our standard in History we cannot uphold it in Church or State."

History is more than a body of ordered knowledge or fragmentary record of experience. It is more than a body of proved principles and methods. It is more than an illustrative chart showing the alternative retardation and progression of civilised life. It is a live and a human thing. It is a time-honoured guide (and in this it is but a servant) to moral Truth. Thus it is a power to create a love of wisdom and a wise philosophy in the mind of man; thus, also, it is a power which helps to create a creed to strengthen the soul of man to endure unto triumph.

PRINTED BY
THE TEMPLE PRESS AT LETCHWORTH IN GREAT BRITAIN