

The truth is, Fitzgerald did not understand Bastien. It is hard for a man who is intellectually and spiritually Christian, nurtured in Catholic schools and environed everywhere by the perfume of religion, to understand one who has never known the relation of dogma to life, whose favorite reading is in Marcus Aurelius and Amiel.

Bastien forgot himself in the life round him. It was new to him; he had known only an artificial atmosphere since his boyhood. At Heidelberg, at Munich, at London dinner-tables, in New York, he had not met people like these. The open vanity of the young men—whose coats of all cuts and kinds, whose *bouttonnières* and mustaches and badges were objects of the utmost importance to them,—amused him very much. He enjoyed their scraps of conversation. A question of precedence—as to whether the reception committee should precede the floor managers in the grand march—was hotly discussed. It was finally decided by a message from the other room, where the ladies were concealed.

Fitzgerald was astonished to see Miles enter. Miles seemed equally astonished. He shook hands with Fitzgerald, nodded to Bastien, and forgot their presence in the supreme act of adjusting his badge, which was flamboyant, and of fastening a card containing "the order of dances" by a silk cord to his button-hole. Suddenly there sounded the blare of a cornet;—it was the announcement of the grand march.

(To be continued.)

OLIVER CROMWELL IN HIS TRUE LIGHT.

"A revolution will be the very last resource of the thinking and the good."—*Burke*.

ON more than one occasion we have pointed out the fact that the muse of English history is a prejudiced and partial muse. It is impossible to accept without hesitation; it is unwise to accept without examination—any of the conclusions of any of the principle writers of our history. Most of them have set out in their labors with preconceived notions; some of them have set out with a particular object in view; and when all has been written from all points of view we are as far as ever from a condition of what has been called certitude of mind concerning any of the great or little events which have been always in dispute in our history. And among these events, as we had occasion recently to discuss, the episode of the great rebellion, the execution of King Charles and the reign of Cromwell, stand pre-eminent for the variety of opinions entertained concerning them and for the extreme difficulty with which a reasonable mind is confronted in coming to a fixed conclusion.

To the Stuart cause history has not been generous; it may be said indeed that history has not been fair. Two reasons operated to produce this ungenerous result. In the first place political feeling, party spirit, has animated most of our historians, and the bulk of our history has been written from the Whig point of view, a point of view from which the claims of monarchs and the weight of authority in the Crown, do not appear in a favorable light. In the next place, a large part of our history is animated by religious feeling, and unfortunately the popular religious feeling (in itself largely political) was also opposed to the Royal cause. Therefore the two strongest passions by which the world has always been governed, religion and politics, acting separately and acting conjointly, have blinded generation after generation to the true, or at least to the critical and moderate, view of history. But time works all sorts of wonders, and time has been operating silently but effectively in aid of the cause of legitimacy and in exposure of the means by which rebellion was made to look like duty, murder like patriotism, robbery like justice, and selfish greed like the legitimate rewards of wisdom and valor.

We have at hand at least one book in which a courageous effort has been made for the opening of the eyes of students to the true character of at least one great actor in the great Rebellion, Cromwell. It is called "Oliver Cromwell, the Protector; an appreciation based on contemporary evidence," by Reginald F. D. Palgrave, C. B., (Sampson Son & Co.,

London), and is dedicated to the Rev. Mandel Creighton, whose name is so well known to students of history in these days. Mr. Palgrave is well known to all public men and students of public affairs as the clerk of the House of Commons, and he writes under the roof and shadow of the historic buildings which in whole, or in part, from Westminster to Whitehall, saw come and go the once brilliant and memorable procession of the makers of English history. The scenes on which he works are full of ghosts, and the voices of the mighty dead may seem at times to call for reparation and refutation from a thousand tombs. Mr. Palgrave has been industrious beyond the use and wont of most writers in our day, in the consultation of those original documents the publication of which has been forced upon indifferent or reluctant politicians by the energetic demands and protests of scholars and students, or which remain in manuscript under the intelligent and courteous care of the officers of the British Museum. He prefaces a list of these authorities to his volume, thus adding to the value of his work in the eyes of those who may be disposed to pursue the line of his investigations.

Mr. Palgrave has so filled his mind with the literature of his subject that he uses in many cases the language of the time, and fills his pages with sentences quoted with remarkable felicity to illustrate his own conclusions. Thus we find him using such words as "insensed," "unease," "I wot not," "naught," "ament," "pothor," "despitefully," "enheartened," "laded himself" and so on, which have an odd look to modern eyes, but are justified in fact by the authority of some of the greatest of the old-time masters of the English tongue. The constant felicitous quotation has the effect of filling the pages with quotation marks which in such numbers are somewhat destructive to the beauty of the page. But the reader who is on the search for information, and the critic who is seeking for the merits of the book will by no means be inclined to quarrel with either the mode of expression or the fancy of the author for accurate quotation.

In his introductory chapter Mr. Palgrave admits us at once to what may be called the prime postulates of his political theory concerning Cromwell. We are all too much disposed to forget that our favourite political heroes were in general only successful politicians, and that they were successful by means common to all politicians, superior skill, knowledge, audacity, cunning, unscrupulousness or even crime. Of how few can it be said that they were successful by means of superior wisdom, learning, virtue, generosity, justice or faith! Mr. Palgrave at once puts before us the political situation in England before the outbreak of the rebellion: "On the 10th September, 1640, England was in this position. Our northern counties were occupied and held down by the army of the Scotch Covenanters. They had routed our troops, exacted £850 a day and were on the advance to London. King Charles stood face to face with the invader. The Yorkshire trained bands had mustered and their comrades throughout central England were rallying round the Royal Standard. The King reviewed 'a gallant army with horse and foot sufficient;' he could have met the Covenanters in the field. Nothing had occurred in England to mar this hopeful aspect of affairs when twelve days later, the King threw up his arms and sank down. He submitted to the covenanters; he consented to the Long Parliament. His subjects had deserted him." The reasons for this desertion Mr. Palgrave goes on to state in general before proceeding to discuss the career of Cromwell in detail. The first great cause of the break down of loyal feeling was the fear that the King was going to bring over an Irish army; the second was the wild rumor of a religious conspiracy.

Mr. Palgrave gives the facts thus: "Englishmen in general are not a submissive race. Nor, if I may speak for my brethren, are we prone to accept atrocity notions." (We are not sure that Mr. Palgrave is right, for England has seen as many political panics as any country in the world). "We do not readily believe that those in authority over us are plotting our destruction or are more depraved and heartless than the rest of mankind. Yet in 1610 we were compelled by fear to