

Rebellion, to defame the most illustrious of their countrymen, we ought to know it. Is it so? Has the prejudice against him been so inordinate and general, as entirely to, "keep the light of truth from his character?" By no means. Furious and undistinguishing, deep seated and wide spread that prejudice has been; but still it never has been *universal*. Carlyle can scarcely claim to be considered the only English writer who has had the courage to defend the great commoner from the calumnious falsehoods of his courtly enemies. Cowley says that he was one who left "a name behind him, not to be extinguished but with the whole world; which, as it was too little for his praise, so might it have been for his conquests, if the short line of his mortal life could have stretched out to the extent of his immortal designs." Hume, representing the opinion of a class of men, in principles opposed to every thing which Cromwell advocated or practised, is reluctantly obliged to declare, that his domestic administration was characterized by ability; and speaking of his foreign enterprises, though attributing them to the most unworthy motives, admits their greatness and their intrepidity. Waller sang;—

"Ungrateful then, if we no tears allow,
To him that gave us peace and empire too!"

We need scarcely mention now the names of Hallam and Macaulay, or the numerous other modern writers who have wiped off from the picture of Oliver, the broad blots, with which the popular infatuation had defaced it;—who present him to us, not the **MONSTER** which the ignorance of centuries had made him, but what he was, the firm defender of his country's rights, the creator of her glory,—an honest and a fearless **MAN**. One thing is clear. Carlyle is not entitled to the exclusive credit which Mr. Headley gives him. Other men have been as bold as he, and more successful. Still he has rendered an essential service to the cause of truth, and must not go unpraised. We like his book in spite of all his faults. These Mr. Headley treats as they deserve. His *Torpedos*, *Tartarean Phlegethons* and *Three-headed Dogs*, are but—to use his own expression,—“unintelligible maundering.” Such intended oddities as these, mar, if they do not spoil, his work. His influence is wide, and his position high, but therefore, as is observed, “the more carefully should his errors be pointed out and shunned; for, while few can imitate his great qualities, all men can appropriate his bad ones.”

We have alluded to the review of “Thiers' Revolution.” That work created a great sensation in the literary world upon its first appearance, and it still retains no unimportant place among stand-

ard histories. It narrates the *progress of a principle*. Of trifling consequence, compared with this, are the most tragical and thrilling pictures of ferocity and crime. The causes of each change, and the effects, political and moral, which that change produces, are the appropriate objects of the historian's attention. To these has Thiers confined himself. His book, as Mr. Headley well observes, conveys to us “no adequate idea of the horrors that were committed in the name of liberty.” “He moves straight on through his narrative, with his one main object constantly in view, namely, *the progress of the struggle*. To him the wholesale murders and massacres are accidents, while the history of the *Revolution* is a statement of its rise, progress, and termination.”

Mr. Alison, coming after him, with all his romance and affectation of philosophy, gave to us a book abounding in ingenious hypotheses and high-sounding phrases, but wanting in candor, truth, and perspicuity. To us, the production of the Frenchman seems immeasurably superior to that of the Englishman. While the latter is more animated and dramatic, the former is more serious and logical. It is not surprising that they differ; for, probably no single series of events which history records, has been so variously understood and represented as that celebrated movement, which destroyed a vigorous despotism, and gave freedom to a nation long enslaved. At the very time it was going on, this movement had both friends and enemies in every country of the world. In England, for example, Mackintosh, the statesman and the scholar, proved his moral courage and his wisdom, by encountering in its defence the fierce invectives and splendid rhetoric of Burke.

On this subject there is still, and must continue to be, an infinite variety of opinions. Our own we need not state; nor need we follow either Thiers, or Alison, or Headley, through the exposition of their respective theories. All undoubtedly deserve attention.

We may be permitted, however, to suggest to our readers, that a better work than either of those we have just referred to, is Lamartine's “History of the Girondists.” This presents to us, at one view, the entire Revolution, its origin, its philosophy, its progress, its fearful accidents, and its effects. In depth of thought, in truthfulness of narrative, and in magnificence of diction, it is unsurpassed.

Want of space compels us to conclude. Besides the works we have briefly noticed, Mr. Headley has published “WASHINGTON AND HIS GENERALS,”—which in many respects closely resembles “NAPOLEON AND HIS MARSHALS,”—“THE SACRED MOUN-