ARGUING IN A CIRCLE.

THERE was an account in the newspapers the other day of a fracas in the street, in which a Lord and one or two Members of Parliament were concerned. It availed them nought to plead the privilege of Peerage, or to have made speeches in the House—they were held to bail, like the vilest of the rabble, and the circumstance was not considered a very creditable one to come before the public. Ah! it is that public that is the sad thing. It is the most tre-[1] mendous ring that ever was formed to see fair play between man and man; it puts people on their good behaviour immediately; and wherever it exists, there is an end of the airs and graces which individuals, high in rank, and low in understanding and morals, may chuse to give themselves. While the affair is private and can be kept in a corner, personal fear and favour are the ruling principles, *might* prevails over *right*: but bring it before the world, and truth and justice stand some chance. The public is too large a body to be bribed or browbeat. Its voice, deep and loud, quails the hearts of princes: its breath would make the feather in a lord's cap bend and cower before it, if its glance, measuring the real magnitude of such persons with their lofty, tiptoe, flaunting pretentions, had not long since taken the feathers out of their caps. A lord is now dressed (oh! degenerate world) like any other man; and a watchman will no sooner let go his grasp of his plain collar than he will that of a

Commoner or any other man, who has his "fancies and good-nights."[2] What a falling off is here from the time when if a "base cullionly fellow"[3] had dared to lay hands on a nobleman, on "one of quality," he would have whipped his sword out of its scabbard and run him through the body; the "beggarly, unmannered corse"[4] would have been thrown into the Thames or the next ditch; and woe to any person that should have attempted to make a stir in the matter! "The age of chivalry is gone, that of constables, legislators, and Grub-street writers, has succeeded, and the glory of heraldry is extinguished for ever."[5]

"The melancholy Jacques grieves at that."[6]

Poor Sir Walter![7] the times are changed indeed, since a Duke of Buckingham could send a couple of bullies, equipped in his livery, with swords and ribbons, to carry off a young lady from a Peveril of the Peak, by main force, in the face of day, and yet the bye-standers not dare to interfere, from a dread of the Duke's livery and the High Court of Start Chamber![8] It is no wonder that the present Duke of Buckingham[9] (the old title new revived) makes speeches in the Upper House to prove that legitimate monarchs have a right, whenever they please, to run their swords through the heart of a nation and *pink* the liberties of mankind, thinking if this doctrine were once fully restored, the old times of his predecessor might come again,—

"New manners and the pomp of elder days!"[10]

It is in tracing the history of private manners that we see (more than by any thing else) the progress that has been made in public opinion and political liberty, and that may be still farther made. No one individual now sets up his will as higher than the law: no noble Duke or Baron bold

acts the professed bully or glories in the character of a lawless ruffian, as a part of the etiquette and privileges of high rank: no gay, gaudy minion of the court takes the wall of the passengers, sword in hand, cuts a throat, washes his white, crimson-spotted hands, and then to dinner with the king and the ladies.—*That* is over with us at present; and while that is the case, Hampden[11] will not have bled in the field, nor Sydney[12] on the scaffold, in vain! Even the monarch in this country, though he is above the law, is subject to opinion; "submits," as Mr. Burke[13] has it, both from choice and necessity, "to the soft collar of social esteem, and gives a domination, vanquisher of laws, to be subdued by manners!"[14]

It is this which drives the Despots of the Continent mad, and makes their nobles and chief vassals league together, like a herd of tygers, to destroy the example of liberty which we (the people of England) have set to the rest of the world. They are afraid that if this example should spread and things go on much farther in the road they have taken, they will no longer be able to give their subjects and dependants the *knout*, to send them to the galleys or a dungeon without any warrant but their own unbridled will, and that a lord or a king will be no more above the law than any other man. Mankind, in short, till lately and except in this country, were considered as a herd of deer which the privileged classes were to use for their pleasure, or which they were to hunt down for spite or sport, as liked them best. That they should combine together with a knot of obscure philosophers and hair-brained philanthropists, to set up a plea not to be used at any man's pleasure, or hunted down like vermin for any man's sport, was an insult to be avenged with seas of blood, an attack upon the foundations of social order, and the very existence of all law, religion, and morality. In all

the legitimate governments of Europe there existed, and there still exist, a number of individuals who were exempted (by birth and title) from the law, who could offer every affront to religion, and commit every outrage upon morality with impunity, with insolence and loud laughter, and who pretended that is asserting this monstruous privilege of theirs to the very letter, the essence of all law, religion, and morality consisted. This was the case in France till the year 1789. The only law was the will of the rich to insult and harass the poor, the only religion a superstitious mummery, the only morality subserviency to the pleasures of the great. In the mild reign of Louis XV. only,[15] there were fifteen thousand *lettres de cachet*[16] issued for a number of private, nameless offences, such as the withholding a wife or daughter from the embraces of some man of rank, for having formerly received favours from a king's mistress, or writing an epigram on a Minister of State. It was on the ruins of this flagitious system (no less despicable than detestable) that the French Revolution rose; and the towers of the Bastille,[17] as they fell, announced the proud truth in welcome thunder to the human race—to all but those who thought they were born, and who only wished to live, to exercise their sweeping, wholesale, ruthless tyranny, or to vent the workings of their petty, rankling spleen, pride, bigotry, and malice, in endless, tormenting details on their fellow-creatures.

It will, I conceive, hereafter be considered as the greatest enormity in history, the stupidest and the most barefaced insult that ever was practised on the understandings or the rights of men, that we should interfere in this quarrel between liberty and slavery, take the wrong side, and endeavour to suppress the natural consequences of that very example of freedom we had set. That we should do this, we who had "long insulted the slavery of Europe by the

loudness of our boasts of freedom,"[18] who had laughed at the *Grand Monarque*[19] for the last hundred and fifty years, and treated his subjects with every indignity, as belonging to an inferior species to ourselves, for submitting to his cruel and enervated sway; that the instant they took us at our word and were willing to break the chains of Popery and Slavery that we never ceased to taunt them with, we should turn against them, stand passive by "with jealous leer malign,"[20] witnessing the machinations of despots to extinguish the rising liberties of the world, and with the first plausible pretext, the first watch-word given (the blow aimed at the head of a king confederate with the enemies of his country against its freedom) should join the warwhoop, and continue it loudest and longest, and never rest, under one hollow, dastard, loathsome pretence or other, till we had put down "the last example of democratic rebellion"[21] (we, who are nothing but rebellion all over, from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot!) and had restored the doctrine of Divine Right, that had fallen headless from its throne of Ignorance and Superstition with the First Charles,[22] long before it was condemned to the same fate in the person of the French king;[23] that we should do this, and be led, urged on to the unhallowed task by a descendant of the House of Brunswick, who held his crown in contempt of the Stuarts, and grew old, blind, and crazed in the unsated, undiverted, sacred thirst of Legitimacy,[24] is a thing that posterity will wonder at. We pretend to have interfered to put down the horrors of the French Revolution, when it was our interference (with that of others) that produced those horrors, of which we were glad as an excuse to justify our crooked policy and to screen the insidious, deadly, fatal blow aimed at liberty. No; the "cause was hearted"[25] in the breasts of those who reign, or who would reign, in contempt of the people, and with whom

it rests to make peace or war. Is not the same principle at work still? What horrors have the *Holy* ALLIANCE[26] to plead in vindication of their interference with Spain? They have not a rag, a thread of all their hideous tissue of sophistry and lies to cover "the open and apparent shame"[27] of this sequel and consistent comment on their former conduct. It is a naked, barefaced, undisguised attack upon the rights and liberties of the world: it is putting the thing upon its true and proper footing—the claim of Kings to hold mankind as a property in perpetuity. There are no horrors, real or pretended, to warrant this new outrage on common sense and human nature. It stands on its own proud basis of injustice—it towers and mocks the skies in all the majesty of regal wrong. "The shame, the blood be upon their heads."[28] If there are no horrors ready-made to their hands, they stand upon their privilege to commit wanton outrage and unqualified aggression; and if by these means they can provoke horrors, then the last are put first as the most plausible plea, as a handsome mask and soft lining to the hard gripe and features of Legitimacy—Religion consecrates, and Loyalty sanctions the fraud! But, should the scheme fail in spite of every art and effort, and the wrong they have meditated be retorted on their own heads, then we shall have, as before an appeal made to Liberty and Humanity—the motto of despots will once more be *peace on earth and good-will to men*[29]—and we too shall join in the yell of blood and the whine of humanity. We are only waiting for an excuse now—till the threats and insults and cruelties of insolent invaders call forth reprisals, and lead to some act of popular fury or national justice that shall serve as a signal to rouse the torpid spirit of trade in the city, or to inflame the loyalty of country gentlemen, deaf for the present to all other sounds but that appaling[30] one of RENT! We must remain neuter while a

grievous wrong is acting, unless we can get something by the change, or pick a quarrel with the right. We are peaceable, politic, when a nation's liberty only is at stake, but were it a monarch's crown that hung tottering in the air, oh! how soon would a patriot senate and people start out to avenge the idle cause: a single speech from the throne would metamorphose us into martyrs of self-interest, saviours of the world, deliverers of Europe from lawless violence and unexampled wrong. But here we have no heart to stir, because the name of liberty alone (without the cant of loyalty) has lost its magic charm on the ears of Englishmen—impotent to save, powerful only to betray and destroy themselves and others!

We want a Burke to give the thing a legitimate turn at present. I am afraid the Editor of the *New Times*[31] can hardly supply his place. They could hardly have done before, without that eloquent apostate, that brilliant sophist, to throw his pen into the scale against truth and liberty. He varnished over a bad cause with smooth words, and had power to "make the worse appear the better reason"[32]—the devil's boast! The madness of genius was necessary to second the madness of a court; his flaming imagination was the torch that kindled the smouldering fire in the inmost sanctuary of pride and power, and spread havoc, dismay, and desolation through the world. The light of his imagination, sportive, dazzling, beauteous as it seemed, was followed by the stroke of death. It so happens that I myself have played all my life with his forked shafts unhurt, because I had a metaphysical clue to carry off the noxious particles, and let them sink into the earth, like drops of water. But the English nation are not a nation of metaphysicians, or they would have detected, and smiled or wept over the glittering fallacies of this half-bred reasoner, but,

at the same time, most accomplished rhetorician that the world ever saw. But they are perplexed by sophistry, stupified by prejudice, staggered by authority. In the way of common sense and practical inquiry, they do well enough; but start a paradox, and they know not what to make of it. They either turn from it altogether, or, if interest or fear give them motives to attend to it, are fascinated by it. They cannot analyze or separate the true from the *seeming* good. Mr. Pitt,[33] with his deep-mouthed *common-places*, was able to follow in the same track, and fill up the cry; but he could not have given the tone to political feeling, or led on the chase with "so musical a discord, such sweet thunder."[34] Burke strewed the flowers of his style over the rotten carcase of corruption, and embalmed it in immortal prose: he contrived, by the force of artful invective and misapplied epithets, to persuade the people of England that Liberty was an illiberal, hollow sound; that humanity was a barbarous modern invention, that prejudices were the test of truth, that reason was a strumpet, and right a fiction. Every other view of the subject but his ("so well the tempter glozed")[35] seemed to be without attraction, elegance, or refinement. Politics became poetry in his hands, his sayings passed like proverbs from mouth to mouth, and his descriptions and similes were admired and repeated by the fashionable and the fair. Liberty from thenceforward became a low thing: philosophy was a spring-nailed, velvet-pawed tyger-cat, with green eyes, watching its opportunity to dart upon its prey: humanity was a lurking assassin. The emblems of our cardinal and favourite virtues were overturned: the whole vocabulary of national watch-words was inverted or displaced. This was a change indeed in our style of thinking, more alarming that that in our calendar formerly: and this change was brought about by Mr. Burke,

who softened down hard reasons in the crucible of his fancy, and who gave to his epithets the force of nick-names. Half the business was done by his description of the Queen of France.[36] It was an appeal to all women of quality; to all who were, or would be thought, cavaliers or men of honour; to all who were admirers of beauty, or rank, or sex. Yet what it had to do with the question, it would be difficult to say. If a woman is handsome, it is well: but it is no reason why she should poison her husband, or betray a country. If, instead of being young, beautiful, and free of manners, Marie Antoinette had been old, ugly, and chaste, all this mischief had been prevented. The author of the Reflections had seen or dreamt he saw a most delightful vision sixteen years before, which had thrown his brain into a ferment; and he was determined to throw his readers and the world into one too. It was a theme for a copy of verses, or a romance; not for a work in which the destinies of mankind were to be weighed. Yet she was the Helen that opened another Iliad of woes;[37] and the world has paid for that accursed glance at youthful beauty with rivers of blood. If there was any one of sufficient genius now to deck out some Castilian maid, or village girl in the Army of the Faith, in all the colours of fancy, to reflect her image in a thousand ages and hearts, making a saint and a martyr of her; turning loyalty into religion, and the rights and liberties of the Spanish nation, and of all other nations, into a mockery, a bye-word, and a bugbear, how soon would an end be put to Mr. Canning's present *bizarre* (almost afraid to know itself) situation![38] How gladly he would turn round on the pivot of his forced neutrality, and put all his drooping tropes and figures on their splendid war-establishment again!

Mr. Burke was much of a theatrical man. I do not mean that his high-wrought enthusiasm or vehemence was not natural to him; but the direction that he gave to it was exceedingly capricious and arbitrary. It was for some time a doubtful question which way he should turn with respect to the French revolution, whether for or against it. His pride took the alarm, that so much had been done with which he had nothing to do, and that a great empire had been overturned with his favourite engines, wit and eloquence, while he had been reforming the "turn-spit of the king's kitchen,"[39] in set speeches far superior to the occasion. Rousseau and the Encyclopædists[40] had lamentably got the start of him; and he was resolved to drag them back somehow by the heels, and bring what they had affected to an untimely end,—

> "Undoing all, as all had never been."[41]

The "Reflections on the French Revolution" was a spiteful and dastard but too successful attempt to *put a spoke in the wheels* of knowledge and progressive civilization, and throw them back for a century and a half at least. In viewing the change in the prospects of society, in producing which he had only a slight and indirect hand by his efforts in the cause of American freedom, he seemed to say, with Iago in the play,—

> "Though that their joy be joy,
> Yet will I contrive
> To throw such changes of vexations on it,
> As it may lose some colour."[42]

He went beyond his own most sanguine hopes, but did not live to witness their final accomplishment, by seeing France literally "blotted out of the map of Europe."[43] He died in the most brilliant part of Buonaparte's[44] victorious and

captain-like campaigns in Italy. If it could have been foreseen what an "ugly customer"[45] he was likely to prove, the way would have been to have bribed his vanity (a great deal stronger than his interest) over to the other side, by asking his opinion; and, indeed, he has thrown out pretty broad hints in the early stages of his hostility, and before the unexpected success of the French arms, and the whizzing arrows flung at him by his old friends and new antagonists had stung him to madness, that the great error of the National Assembly was in not having consulted able and experienced heads on this side the water,[46] as to demolish the old, and constructing the new edifice. If he had been employed to lay the first stone, or to assist, by an inaugural dissertation, at the baptism of the new French Constitution, the fabric of the Revolution would thenceforth have risen,—

"Like an exhalation of rich distilled perfumery,"[47]

without let or molestation from his tongue or pen. But he was overlooked. He was not called from his closet, or from his place in the House (where, it must be confessed, he was out of his place) to "ride in the whirlwind and direct the storm;"[48] and therefore he tried, like some malicious hag, to urge the veering gale into a hurricane; to dash the labouring vessel of the state in pieces, and make shipwreck of the eternal jewel of man's happiness, which it had on board—Liberty. The stores of practical and speculative knowledge which he had been for years collecting and digesting, and for which he had no use at home, were not called into play abroad. His genius had hitherto been always too mighty for the occasion; but here his utmost grasp of intellect would hardly have been sufficient to grapple with it. What an opportunity was lost! Something, therefore, was to be done, to relieve the galling sense of disappointed ambition

and mortified self-consequence. Our political *Busy-body* turned *Marplot*; and maliciously, and like a felon, strangled the babe that he was not professionally called in to swaddle, and dandle, and bring to maturity. He had his revenge: but so must others have their's on his memory.

Burke was not an honest man. There was always a *dash* of insincerity, a sinister bias in his disposition. We see, from the Letters that passed between him and his two brothers,[49] and Barry the painter,[50] that there was constantly a balancing of self-interest and principle in his mind; a thanking of God that he was in no danger of yielding to temptation, yet as if it were a doubtful or ticklish point; and a patient, pensive expectation of place and emolument, till he could reconcile it with integrity and fidelity to his party; which might easily be construed into a querulous hankering after it, and an opinion that this temporary self-denial implied a considerable sacrifice on his part, or that he displayed no small share of virtue in not immediately turning knave. All this, if narrowly looked into, has a very suspicious appearance. Burke, with all his capricious wildness and flighty impulses, was a self-seeker and more constant in his enmities than in his friendships. He bore malice, and did not forgive to the last. His cold, sullen behaviour to Fox,[51] who shed tears when they had a quarrel in the House, and his refusal to see him afterwards, when the latter came to visit him on his death-bed, will for ever remain a stigma on his memory. He was, however, punished for his fault. In his latter writings, he complains bitterly of the solitariness of his old age, and of the absence of the friends of his youth—whom he had deserted. This is natural justice, and the tribute due to apostacy. A man may carry over his own conscience to the side of his vanity or interest, but he cannot expect, at the same time, to carry

over along with him all those with whom he has been connected in thought and action, and whose society he will miss, sooner or later. Mr. Burke could hardly hope to find, in his casual, awkward, unaccountable intercourse with such men as Pitt[52] or Dundas,[53] amends for the loss of his old friends, Fox[54] and Sheridan,[55] to whom he was knit not only by political ties, but by old habitudes, lengthened recollections, and a variety of common studies and pursuits. Pitt was a mere politician; Dundas, a mere worldling. What would they care about him, and his "winged words"? *No more of talk*[56] about the meetings at Sir Joshua's[57]—the *Noctes cænæque Deûm*;[58] about the fine portraits of that great colourist; about Johnson or Goldsmith,[59] or Dunning or Barrè;[60] or their early speeches; or the trying times in the beginning of the American war; or the classic taste and free-born spirit of Greece and Rome;—

"The beautiful was vanish'd, and return'd not."[61]

Perhaps, indeed, he would wish to forget most of these, as ungrateful topics; but when a man seeks for repose in oblivion of himself, he had better seek it, where he will soonest find it,—in the grave! Whatever the talents, or the momentary coincidence of opinion of his new allies, there would be a want of previous sympathy between them. Their notions would not amalgamate, or they would not be sure that they did. Every thing would require to be explained, to be reconciled. There would be none of the freedom of habitual intimacy. Friendship, like the clothes we wear, becomes the easier from custom. New friendships do not sit well on old or middle age. Affection is a science, to which it is too late to serve an apprenticeship after a certain period of life. This is the case with all patched-up, conventional intimacies; but it is worse when they are built on

inveterate hostility and desertion from an opposite party, where their naturally crude taste is embittered by jealousy and rankling wounds. We think to exchange old friends and connections for new ones, and to be received with an additional welcome for the sacrifice we have made; but we gain nothing by it but the contempt of those whom we have left, and the suspicions of those whom we have joined. By betraying a cause, and turning our backs on a principle, we forfeit the esteem of the honest, and do not inspire one particle of confidence or respect in those who may profit by and pay us for our treachery.

Deserters are never implicitly trusted. There is, besides the sentiment or general principle of the thing, a practical reason for this. Their zeal, their eagerness to distinguish themselves in their new career, makes them rash and extravagant; and not only so, but there is always a leaven of their old principles remaining behind, which breaks out in spite of themselves, and which it is difficult for their encouragers and patrons to guard against. This was remarkably the case with the late Mr. Windham.[62] He was constantly *running a-muck* at some question or other, and committing the Ministers. His old, free-thinking, Opposition habits returned upon him before he was aware of it; and he was sure to hazard some paradox, or stickle for some objectionable point, contrary to the forms of office. The cabinet had contemplated no such thing. He was accordingly kept in check, and alarmed the treasury-bench whenever he rose. He was like a dog that gives mouth before the time, or is continually running on a stray scent: he was chid and fed! The same thing is observable in the present Poet-Laureat,[63] whose jacobinical principles have taken such deep root in him (*intus et in cute*)[64] that they break out even in his Court poems, like "a thick scurf"[65] on loyalty; and he presents

them unconsciously, as an offering of "sweet-smelling gums,"[66] at the very foot of the throne. He at present retains his place apparently on condition of holding his tongue. He writes such Odes on kings, that it is next to impossible not to travestie them into lampoons!

The remarks I have made above apply strongly to him and some of his associates of the *Lake School*.[67] I fancy he has felt, as much as any one, the inconvenience of drawing off from a cause, and that by so doing we leave our oldest and our best friends behind. There are those among the favourers and admirers of his youth, whom his dim eyes discover not, and who do not count his grey hairs. Not one or two, but more;—men of character and understanding, who had pledged mutual faith, and drank the cup of freedom with him, warm from the wine-press, as well as the "dews of Castilie."[68] He gave up a principle, and one left him;—he insulted a feeling, and another fled;—he accepted a place, and received the congratulations of no one but Mr. Croker.[69] He looks round for them in vain, with throbbing heart, (the heart of a poet can never lie still; he should take the more care what it is that agitates it!)—sees only the shadows or the carcases of old friendships; or stretches out his hand to grasp some new patron, and finds that also cold. If our friends are sometimes accused of short memories, our enemies make it up by having long ones. We had better adhere to the first; for we must despair of making cordial converts of the last. This double desolation is cheerless, and makes a man bethink himself. We may make a shift (a shabby one) without our self-respect; but it will never do to have it followed by the loss of the respect of those whose opinion we once valued most. We may tamper with our own consciences; but we feel at a loss without the testimony of others in our favour, which is

seldom paid, except to integrity of purpose and principle. Perhaps, however, Mr. Southey consoles himself for a certain void without and within, by receiving the compliments of some Under-graduate of either of our Universities, on his last article in defence of Rotten Boroughs,[70] in the Quarterly Review; or of a Dignitary of the Church, on his share in the Six Acts,[71] and for suggesting to Lord Sidmouth[72] the propriety of punishing the second conviction for libel with banishment. We do not know how this may be: but with us, it would barb the dart.

It would not matter, if these turn-coats were not in such violent extremes. Between the two, they must be strangely perplexed in their own minds, and scarcely know what to make of themselves. They must have singular qualms come over them at times—the apparitions of former acquaintance and opinions. If they were contented to correct, to qualify their youthful extravagances, and to be taught by experience to steer a middle course, and pay some deference to the conclusions of others, it would be mighty well; but this is not their humour. They must be conspicuous, dogmatical, exclusive, intolerant, on whichever side they are: the mode may be different, the principle is the same. A man's nature does not change, though he may profess different sentiments. A Socinian[73] may become a Calvinist,[74] or a Whig a Tory;[75] but a bigot is always a bigot; an egotist never becomes humble. Besides, what excuse has a man, after thirty, to change about all of a sudden to the very opposite side? If he is an uneducated man, he may indeed plead ignorance yesterday of what he has learnt to-day: but a man of study and reading can't pretend that a whole host of arguments has suddenly burst upon him, of which he never heard before, and that they have upset all his earlier notions: he must have known them long before, and

if they made no impression on him then to modify his violent zeal (supposing them to be right now) it is a sign either of a disinclination, or of an incapacity, on his part, to give truth a fair hearing—a bad ground to build his present dogmatical and infallible tone upon! It is certain, that the common sense of the world condemns these violent changes of opinion; and if they do not prove that a man prefers his convenience to his virtue, they at least show that he prefers it to his reputation; for he loses his character by them. An apostate is a name that all men abhor, that no man ever willingly acknowledges; and the tergiversation which it denotes is not likely to come into much greater request, till it is no longer observed that a man seldom changes his principles except for his interest! Those who go over from the winning to the losing side, do not incur this appellation; and however we may count them fools, they can't be called knaves into the bargain.

[BLANK PAGE]

[1] Misprint.

[2] Little poems. See William Shakespeare, *Henry IV* II, III.ii.330.

[3] Possible reference to William Shakespeare, *Henry VI* II, I.iii.42.

[4] Possible reference to William Shakespeare, *Henry IV* I, I.iii.44-45.

[5] See Edmund Burke, *Reflections on the Revolution in France* (1790).

[6] See William Shakespeare, *As You Like It* II.i.25.

[7] Sir Walter Scott, Scottish novelist and poet.

[8] Allusion to Walter Scott's historical novel *Peveril of the Peak* (1823), which explores the tensions between Royalist and Parliamentarian factions particularly around the context of the popish plot (1678-81) and the Restoration (1660).

[9] Richard Plantagenet Temple-Nugent-Brydges-Chandos-Grenville (1797-1861), appointed Duke of Buckingham and Chandos in 1822.

[10] Reference to Thomas Warton's sonnet "Written in a Blank Leaf of Dugdale's *Monasticon*."

[11] John Hampden (c. 1594-1643), English politician and ally of Parlamentarian leader John Pym (1584-1643). He was fatally wounded at the Battle of Chalgrove Field while fighting for Parliament in the First English Civil War.

[12] Algernon Sidney (1622-83), English politician and member of the Long Parliament. He is best known for his involvement in the Rye House Plot and his execution in 1683 for allegedly conspiring to assassinate King Charles II.

[13] Edmund Burke (1729-97), Anglo-Irish statesman, philosopher, and political theorist. He served as Member of Parliament in Britain and is best known for his criticism of the French Revolution in his work *Reflections on the Revolution in France*.

[14] Edmund Burke, *Reflections on the Revolution in France*.

[15] Misprint.

[16] Signed by the King of France, the *lettres de cachet* carried direct orders from the king, typically enjoining actions and judgments that were beyond appeal.

[17] Allusion to the Storming of the Bastille. On 14 July 1789, in Paris, France, revolutionary insurgents stormed and took control of the Bastille, a medieval armoury, fortress, and political prison.

[18] Untraced quotation. Also quoted in Hazlitt's essay "On the Late War" (1814).

[19] The expression *Grand Monarque* refers to King Louis XIV (1638-1715) of France, who reigned from 1643 to 1715. He is known for his absolute rule, centralizing power in the monarchy, and making France a dominant European power.

[20] See John Milton, *Paradise Lost* IV.502-4.

[21] Possible reference to the words of the Editor of *The Times*, quoted in Hazlitt's "On the connexion between toad-eaters and tyrants" (1817).

[22] Charles I (1600-49), king of England, Scotland, and Ireland from 1625 to 1649. His conflicts with Parliament over royal authority led to the English Civil War. After being defeated by Parliamentary forces, he was tried for treason and executed, becoming the first British monarch to be beheaded.

[23] Louis XVI (1754-93), king of France from 1774 until 1792, during a period of financial crisis and social unrest. His inability to address France's economic problems and his resistance to reform led to the outbreak of the French Revolution. In 1793, he was tried for treason and executed by guillotine.

[24] Allusion to George III (1738-1820), king of Great Britain and Ireland from 1760 to 1820. His mental health issues, particularly later in life, led to his son, George IV (1762-1830), serving as Regent from 1811.

[25] See William Shakespeare, *Othello* I.iii.409.

[26] The Holy or Great Alliance was a coalition formed by the absolute monarchist great powers of Austria, Prussia, and Russia, established after Napoleon's final defeat at the request of Tsar Alexander I of Russia, and formalized in Paris in 1815.

[27] See John Milton, *Paradise Lost* X.112-13.

[28] See 2 *Samuel* 1.16.

[29] See *Luke* 2.11-14.

[30] Misprint for *appalling*.

[31] Sir John Stoddart (1773-1856), English journalist and editor of *The Times*. In 1814, Stoddart founded a rival daily called *New Times*, which survived until 1828.

[32] See John Milton, *Paradise Lost* II.113-14.

[33] William Pitt (1759-1806), British statesman and prime minister from 1783 to 1801 and again from 1804 to 1806. He is remembered for his strong leadership during the Napoleonic Wars and for his financial reforms, including the establishment of the Bank of England.

[34] See William Shakespeare, *A Midsummer Night's Dream* IV.i.122.

[35] See John Milton, *Paradise Lost* IX.549.

[36] See Edmund Burke, *Reflections on the Revolution in France*.

[37] Allusion to Helen of Troy, in Greek mythology the most beautiful woman in the world. In Homer's *Iliad*, Helen is the cause of the Trojan War, as her abduction by (or elopement with) the Trojan prince Paris sparks the conflict between Troy and the Greek states.

[38] George Canning, British Tory statesman. He became Foreign Secretary in 1822, and soon after recognized the independence of the Spanish American colonies.

[39] See Edmund Burke's "Speech on the Economical Reform" (1780), in which he supports the Whig policy of diminishing the king's influence over Parliament.

[40] Jean-Jacques Rousseau, French philosopher and writer. The *Encyclopédistes* were a group of eighteenth-century French intellectuals who contributed to the *Encyclopédie*, a comprehensive work aimed at compiling and spreading knowledge. They were key figures of the Enlightenment, promoting reason, science, and secular thought. Prominent members included Denis Diderot (1713-84), Jean le Rond d'Alembert (1717-83), and Voltaire (1694-1778).

[41] See William Shakespeare, *Henry VI* II, I.i.108.

[42] See William Shakespeare, *Othello* I.i.80.

[43] Untraced quotation.

[44] Napoleon Bonaparte (1769-1821), French military leader who rose to prominence during the French Revolution and later became Emperor of France. He is known for his military campaigns across Europe, which reshaped the continent's political landscape.

[45] Untraced quotation.

[46] Misprint for *side of the water*.

[47] See John Milton, *Comus* l. 556.

[48] See Joseph Addison, "The Campaign" l.292 and Alexander Pope, *The Dunciad* III.264.

[49] Garrett Burke (c. 1725-65) and Richard Burke (1733-94).

[50] James Barry (1741-1806), Irish painter known for his series of six historical paintings *The Progress of Human Culture* (1777-83). In 1763, Barry attracted the patronage of Edmund Burke, who funded Barry's stay in Italy to study the Old Masters.

[51] Charles James Fox (1749-1806), British Whig politician and statesman. His relationship with Burke, who had played a key role in shaping Fox's political position, soured over time, particularly during the French Revolution. Burke became a fierce critic of the Revolution, advocating for conservative principles, while Fox continued to support the Revolution and its original ideals of liberty and democracy. This ideological rift led to a public split between the two, marking the end of their once-close friendship and political partnership.

[52] William Pitt, British statesman. The political relationship between Burke and Pitt was marked by both cooperation and divergence particularly on key political issues relating to the American colonies and the French Revolution.

[53] Henry Dundas (1742-1811), Scottish politician and lieutenant of Prime Minister William Pitt. Burke and Dundas had a complex relationship, shaped by their roles in British politics and differing views on governance and reform. See Edmund Burke, *Letter to the Right Hon. Henry Dundas* (1792).

[54] Charles James Fox, British Whig politician.

[55] Richard Brinsley Butler Sheridan (1751-1816), Anglo-Irish playwright and Whig politician. After the publication of Burke's *Reflections on the Revolution in France*, Sheridan and Fox expressed their disagreement with Burke's sharp condemnation of the French Revolution, accusing him of being overly conservative and endorsing Tory principles. Their relationship became strained and eventually they parted ways with Burke.

[56] See John Milton, *Paradise Lost* IX.1.

[57] Allusion to the London dining club known as The Club or Literary Club, founded by the painter Sir Joshua Reynolds (1723-92) in 1764. Edmund Burke was one of the nine original members, who would meet once a week at the Turk's Head Inn in Soho, London, and later in rooms in St. James' Street.

[58] See Horace, *Satires* II.vi.65.

[59] Samuel Johnson and Oliver Goldsmith (1728-74), Anglo-Irish writer. Johnson and Goldsmith were, like Burke, members of Reynold's The Club.

[60] John Dunning (1731-83), English lawyer and Whig politician, and Isaac Barrè (1726-1802), British Army officer and Whig politician. Together with Burke, they were engaged in issues relating to the defence of parliamentary sovereignty and opposition to government policies toward the American colonies.

[61] See Friedrich Schiller, *The Death of Wallenstein* V.iii.

[62] William Windham (1750-1810), British Whig statesman well known for his oratory in the House of Commons.

[63] Allusion to Robert Southey (1774-1843), English Romantic poet and Poet Laureate from 1813 until his death. Other Romantics, among them Lord Byron, accused Southey of siding with the Establishment for financial gain and social standing, as his political position became increasingly conservative.

[64] Latin locution meaning *intimately, without reservation.*

[65] See Thomas Middleton, *The Witch* I.ii.

[66] See John Milton, *Paradise Lost* XI.327.

[67] The Lake School of Poets – the group of poets formed by William Wordsworth, S.T. Coleridge, and Robert Southey, who lived in the Lake District.

[68] See Edmund Spencer, *The Ruines of Time* 431.

[69] John Wilson Croker, Anglo-Irish statesman.

[70] A rotten borough was a parliamentary constituency in Britain with very few voters, often controlled by a wealthy landowner or aristocrat, allowing them to manipulate elections. In 1826 Robert Southey himself was elected member of parliament, without his knowledge, for the rotten borough of Downton in Wiltshire.

[71] The Six Acts were a set of laws passed by the British Government in 1819 for the suppression of political dissent and the prevention of unrest following the Peterloo Massacre.

[72] Henry Addington (1757-1844), Tory statesman and Prime Minister from 1801 to 1804. He was responsible for the passing of the Six Acts in 1819.

[73] Socinianism is a theological belief system originated from the teachings of Lelio Sozzini (1525-62). It rejects the traditional Christian doctrines of the Trinity and the divinity of Jesus Christ, and emphasizes rationalism and the oneness of God.

[74] A branch of Protestant theology.

[75] Whigs and Tories were the two main political factions in Britain from the seventeenth to nineteenth centuries. The Whigs were generally in favour of parliamentary supremacy, constitutional monarchy, and reform, while the Tories more conservatively supported the power of the monarchy and traditional institutions.