The Writing of Thomas Carlyle's 'Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches'

by

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People

TC — Thomas Carlyle
JWC — Jane Welsh Carlyle
MAC — Margaret Aitken Carlyle
JAC — John Aitken Carlyle
UC — Unidentified Correspondent

Institutions

NLS — National Library of Scotland
EUL — Edinburgh University Library
Yale — Beinecke Rare Book and Manuscript Library, Yale University
Houghton — Houghton Library, Harvard University
Strouse — Charlotte and Norman Strouse Collection, University of California at Santa Cruz
FC — Forster Collection, Victoria and Albert Museum Library.
The bound volume of MSs catalogued 48.E.36 will be referred to by "FC" and the sheet number. All other citations to FC will include the catalogue number.

Books


1st

2nd

3rd

4th

Supplement

Lomas

HS
<table>
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Chapter I

Discovering Cromwell


3 An increasing portion of TC's correspondence has been published, most notably the continuing CL. The largest repository of unpublished letters is still the NLS, with more at EUL and Santa Cruz. Other manuscripts at Santa Cruz, the V&A and Yale are described more fully and partially transcribed in appendices A-C below.


5 6:12.


8 CL, 1:355.


10 CL, 1:399; 2:70, 76, 81.

11 CL, 2:81.

12 CL, 2:94.

14 CL, 2:117.
15 CL, 2:189.
16 Norton, 1-2.
18 Norton, 19-20.
19 Norton, 22-3.
20 Norton, 17.
21 Norton, 31.
22 Norton, 93. These comments were apparently written after 18 December, 1826, but did come before the end of the year.
24 *Last Words*, 111-2.
25 *Last Words*, 112.
26 CL, 5:244.
27 27:71.
28 28:479.
30 Shine, passim.

33 *NL*, 1:79-88; Dyer, 187-8.

34 NLS 523.59, TC - JAC, 27 July 1838.


36 Slater, 204.

37 *NL*, 1:144.

38 It bears emphasizing that the following account is based almost entirely on TC's retrospective letter concerning this incident. Except for a small portion printed in *LL*, 1:129, this letter has not been published. See NLS 523.60. Mill's correspondence does not touch on this incident, and Robertson's has not, apparently, survived.


40 Slater, 204.

41 NLS 523.60. The determination that Robertson suggested Cromwell as a topic first comes in this letter, quoted in *LL*, 1:129 in a manner that makes it appear to be an entry in Carlyle's Journal. No date is given, nor are we told to whom the letter is addressed. Wilson, *Cromwell*, 52 quotes the same portion of the letter, apparently from Froude, and does call it a Journal entry. Carlyle's retrospective account of this incident was not the clearest. Both Mill and Robertson actively sought his pen, and both may have talked to him about an essay on Cromwell. However, the original suggestion for this article came from Robertson, whose "assent to the Cromwell was of the fainter kind, tho' he had proposed it to me weeks before." Froude's account does not do justice to the part Robertson played.

Wilson's account (*Cromwell, 51-2*) is conjectural and inaccurate. He has Carlyle agreeing "at once" to the subject "for Cromwell was on the lines of his next set of lectures." TC's own account indicates a considerable time lag between the first suggestion and his acceptance. While it is true that TC's next course of lectures would include Cromwell there is no evidence to suggest, and a great deal to doubt the claim that in the Autumn of 1838 Carlyle had fixed a lecture topic for the following May. TC's letters (*NL*, 1:146-51) dated 13 Jan. and 5 Feb. 1839 show that he had not yet decided upon a topic. Even as late as 8 March in writing to his mother he
lamented "What are the Lectures to be, and When and How? I cannot yet say what, but I am thinking of it daily." (NL, 1: 154-6).

NLS, 523.60.


CL, 9:64-7.

Robertson's motivation for what he did, in the absence of any direct statement from him, remains obscure. The rather bluff, curt manner in which he appropriated the Cromwell topic was not out of character for Robertson, however. He possessed a hard-hitting rashness, was ambitious, energetic and had a knack for offending people (Packe, 211-2; David Masson, Memories of London in the 'Forties, /Edinburgh: William Blackwood & Sons, 1908/, 4-12). It is known that he was genuinely interested in Cromwell and did produce an article fulsomely vindicating the Lord Protector for the London and Westminster Review, 33 (Oct. 1839), 181-256. (See Chapter 8 for a summary). It is obvious he wanted the subject for himself, especially since he saw the finished product as his masterpiece. Masson feels Robertson's Independent religious background made him naturally more sympathetic to Cromwell at a time when Carlyle "was but groping into the Cromwell subject," with his views unknown (Masson, 10-12). A reading of Carlyle's letter about the incident does reveal a certain lack of enthusiasm for the topic. In his eagerness to "do" Cromwell Robertson may well have suspected this and in a quirk of logic felt he was doing Carlyle a favor by taking the subject off his hands.

NLS 520.76, TC-MAC, 29 Dec. 1838. Brief notice is needed of TC's decision to have done with the Review. TC did not contribute further to it under the present management (Mill and Robertson), but he was tempted in late 1839 to offer Mill Chartism for the final number for which he served as editor. His desire for a larger audience of readers than Mill's Review could command, his publisher Fraser's refusal to reprint Chartism from the pages of the Review, and probably financial reasons decided TC to print the work as a book instead of an article (MSB 170-2). That TC even considered having his work printed in the Review indicates his anger was more ephemeral than his furious letter of the time would lead us to believe. Yet TC was now under no obligation to contribute and he prized his freedom.

In a rather sniping view of this decision of TC's regarding Chartism Mill's biographer Packe (243) writes "Where interest beckoned, friendship never hampered" TC. TC's only source of income was his pen. It is asking a bit much of him not to consider the financial aspects of his writing.

NL, 1:147, 13 Jan. 1839.
Carlyle had sought books in Dec. 1838, at the British Museum (NLS 523.60), and he writes to Forster (17 Jan. 1839) that he had just finished reading his *Oliver Cromwell*, "The Cabinet Cyclopaedia: Eminent British Statesmen: VI" (London, 1838) (FC 48.E.3.127.) Apparently this book was to be included in the review essay Carlyle had planned for the Review. At least in the article eventually written by Robertson, this title was reviewed.

The "Gropings" have been published by Coleman O. Parsons in an understandably incomplete form as "Carlyle's 'Gropings about Montrose,'" *Englische Studien*, 71 (1937), 360-72. The manuscript consists of four folio sheets rather closely written on both sides of the paper. The title Carlyle gives and Parsons adopts for this writing is misleading because the content relates only in small part to Montrose. Far more space is given to Cromwell and other Puritan leaders. The portion of the manuscript not printed by Parsons consists of reading notes.

This is not to imply hero-worship begins with the "Gropings." In TC's essay on Scott, for example (29:24) he writes "Veneration of great men is perennial in the nature of man; this, in all times, especially in these, is one of the blessedest facts predicable of him."
The Speech, if read with due intensity, can be understood; and what is equally important, be believed; nay, be found to contain in it a manful, great and valiant meaning, -- in tone and manner very resolute, yet very conciliatory; intrinsically not ignoble but noble. For the rest, it is, as usual, sufficiently incondite in phrase and conception; the hasty outpouring of a mind which is full of such meanings. Somewhat difficult to read. Practical Heroes, unfortunately, as we once said, do not speak in blank-verse; their trade does not altogether admit of that!

For Carlyle's activities and his letter to the Examiner see Frederic Harrison, ed. Carlyle and the London Library, (London: Chapman & Hall, 1907), 4-19.

"The Sinking of the Vengeur," Fraser's Magazine, 20 (July 1839), 76-84; 29:208-25. Chartism, (London: James Fraser, 1840); 29:118-204. For TC's activities during these months see NL, 1:162-4, 171-5.

Wilson, Cromwell, 52 reports TC's 23 March 1839 letter to Mill and writes TC "before long received on loan from Mill, a 'huge hamper' of books on the Cromwell period." TC's letters to Mill for this period and the next several years record the receipt of no such loan (MSB, 165-83.) On 7 Oct. 1840, TC wrote to Mill: "A huge hamper of Cromwell Books arrived yesterday; frightful to look upon. I am for coming up one of these nights to see what you have in that sort." By 9 Nov. 1843 TC does note he has some titles from Mill; but the "huge hamper" to which he refers probably came from John Forster. In an unpublished letter FC 48.E.18.249 TC writes "In the magnificent
Hamper of Books sent hither, I find the following desiderands."
It seems likely this letter was written 6 Oct. 1840, in view of

74 29:176-8.

75 Marrs, 484-5; Harrison, 24-72 lists some of TC's letters
concerning the London Library.

76 Slater, 259.


78 NL, 1:189.

79 LL, 1:169.

80 Slater, 259.

81 5:196.

82 Slater, 275.

83 NL, 1:201.

84 NL, 1:205-6.

85 NL, 1:207-8.

86 NL, 1:213.

87 NL, 1:227.

88 NL, 1:229n.

89 5:202, 196-204.

90 5:204-7.

91 5:208.

92 5:208, 235.

93 5:206-7.
For this lecture Carlyle's information on the dissolution of the Long Parliament was faulty. Compare his view 5:229-32; to the more complete and accurate version in 8:31-7. This mistaken view may have been founded on Carlyle's reading of John Forster, *Cromwell and the Republicans*, "Lives of Eminent British Statesmen: 7" (London, 1839), 58-61.

5:231-4.

5:235-6.

5:236-7.
Chapter II
Aimless Research

1 NLS 523.96; also quoted LL, 1:168-9.

2 NL, 1:213-4.

3 TC-JAC, 12 Oct. 1840, NLS 524.5.

4 Slater, 280.

5 This view can be compared with Froude's rather sweeping statement made in response to Carlyle's expression of anger at John Robertson's effrontery regarding the Cromwell article for the Review: "From this moment he began to think seriously of a life of Oliver Cromwell as his next important undertaking, whatever he might have to do meanwhile in the way of lectures or shorter papers" (LL, 1:129).

6 Marrs, 468.

7 As expressed in his 19 June 1839 letter to Sterling, MSB, 219-22.

8 MSB, 222-7.

9 NL, 1:217.

10 NL, 1:219.

11 NLS 520.99.

12 NL, 1:220-1.

13 LL, 1:172.


TC would continue to attach great importance to Jenny Geddes' stool-flinging although neither his research nor that of Laing would ever find any contemporary references to her. In Cromwell (6:96-7) he writes as if this incident started the Civil Wars. (See chapter 6 and Appendix A for his drafts on Jenny Geddes). Samuel Rawson Gardiner, however, in his History of England (London: Longmans, Green & Co., 1884), 8:314-6, working from (temporary accounts of the riot denies she was "the heroine of the day." The symbolic importance of her supposed action made TC too eager to accept as literal fact what was (and is) an accepted myth. Laing-TC, 24 April 1841, NLS 665.96-9; TC-Laing, 11 April 1841, EUL La.IV.4;II.

In Francis Espinasse's Literary Recollections and Sketches (London: Hodder and Stoughton, 1893), 58-60, the author records a letter addressed to himself and a friend, dated 28 August 1841, and written by Carlyle while at Scotsbrig. It discusses philosophy and comments on life in general in a genial hopeful tone. Had Carlyle been in the throes of literary work he would probably not have replied at such length to a correspondent hitherto unknown to him.
Professor Fielding dates the manuscript towards "the end of 1842." While this sequence of manuscript is not dated it seems clear it was written in late September of the previous year. The earlier dated section cited above bears a 27 September 1841 date. This section (f. 107) begins on one sheet and continues onto the next (f. 108) before Carlyle stopped writing for the day. This second sheet contains the drama scenario. A brief comment on Carlyle's mathematical calculations, which concluded his written comments of 27 September follows this break-off point, after which Carlyle plunges into the drama.

Presumably Carlyle would simply pick up where he had left off when he next took pen in hand. It seems unlikely he would wait a year or more before returning to complete a partially-written sheet. Carlyle's entries in his Journal in October 1841, say he had been writing, futilely, about this time. Finally, in "late 1842" Carlyle was at work on what became Book II of Past and Present (Grace Calder, The Writing of 'Past and Present', New Haven: Yale University Press, 1949, 6-10).
JWC-Isabella Carlyle, NLS Acc. 7988; date supplied.

TC-Laing, La.IV.4.4; TC-Sterling, NLS 531.34.

29:234-5.


FC, ff. 157-64. Portions have been edited by Heather Henderson, "Carlyle and the Book-Clubs: A New Approach to Publishing?", Publishing History, 6 (1979), 37-62. She gives a good summary of the publishing societies of this time and Carlyle's connection with them.

Henderson, 43.

NL, 1:242.

Copeland, 120.

TC-Alexander, 5 Feb. 1842, Marrs, 533; TC-Jean, 21 Feb. 1842, NLS 511.91.

NL, 1:146-7.

FC f. 95r, dated 7 Jan. 1842.

NLS 511.91.

LL, 1:202-16; NLS 610.65-78.

Slater, 319-20.

Though a small point some previous writers have overlooked this fact, though it is clearly ascertainable from TC's letters relating his journey. He left Scotsbrig Wednesday, 4 May. The next two nights and one day were spent in Liverpool where "during the one day I went out to Manchester to see some people, and returned." On Friday, 6 May he traveled by train to Dr. Arnold's. On 7 May he visited the battlefield, then made his way home to Chelsea. Carlyle himself reports the Paisley incident as having occurred the "other Saturday night." Obviously Carlyle could not have witnessed the scene. (NLS 611.102-6; Alexander Carlyle, "Thomas Carlyle and Thomas Spedding: Their Friendship and Correspondence," Cornhill Magazine, 50 (May, 1921), 530-2) Hereafter Spedding Nonetheless, Wilson, Cromwell, 165-6 implies Carlyle was an observer of this shocking scene by misquoting his letter of 10 May to Spedding: "'Two thousand men and women assembled the
other night before the Provost's door in Paisley." The "other Saturday night" has become simply the "other" night. Wilson also gives the same dates for Carlyle's departure from Scotland and his viewing of Naseby, although they took place three days apart. Calder, 3, makes the same error regarding the Paisley demonstration when she writes "The protest of the starving poor he had witnessed at Paisley is described in his letter" to Spedding.

It is probable that both Calder and Wilson were swept away by the descriptive force of Carlyle's prose. Though a powerful description, the dates are more powerful still, while here we have yet another example of the unreliability of the standard accounts, however often repeated.

A remaining puzzle comes in the inability to find any references to this Paisley assemblage as TC describes it. The Times, Scotsman, Examiner, Paisley Advertiser and books and pamphlets on the history of Paisley make no reference to any incident resembling this one.

59 Spedding, 530-2.
60 Spedding, 530-2.
61 Slater, 325.
62 NL, 1:265-6; MSB, 255-6; Spedding, 535-7; Copeland, 127-9, Slater, 324-7.
63 Spedding, 535-7.
64 Alexander Carlyle, ed., "Notes of a Three-Days' Tour to the Netherlands," Cornhill Magazine 52 (1922), 495 (Hereafter Notes.)
65 Notes, 493-5.
66 Notes, 494.
67 NLS 611.117.
68 TC-Milnes, 17 Aug. 1842, Trinity College, Cambridge (Transcript provided) He also wrote to Jane of the distress, NLS 611.109, 114.
69 Slater, 328.
70 NLS 611.121; Huxley, 14, 25.
71 NL, 1:269.

73 Copeland, 136.

74 TC-Thomas Ballantyne, 9 Sept. 1842, NL, 1:270-1.

75 NL, 1:269-70; Calder, 6-7.

76 Terhune, 1:92, 339-41.

77 Terhune, 1:342-3. 352-5.

78 Terhune, 1:351.

79 Terhune, 1:356.

80 TC-MAC, 29 Sept. 1842, NLS 521.6.

81 FC ff. 98f.

82 FC f.97r. See also TC's similar sentiments as expressed in his Journal, 25 Oct. 1842, LL, 1:238.

83 LL, 1:238.


85 TC-UC, EUL, AAF(Carlyle)36.

86 Calder, 7-9.

87 FC f.56r.

88 Cf. FC f.56v with 10:40-1. TC has drawn a vertical line through these paragraphs, which was his way of noting used material. In her study Calder used the "autograph First Draft" (Calder, 15). Comparing the FC with this draft we find in the first draft paragraph three of Book II, chapter 1 does not survive, while paragraph four does (Calder, 201). Paragraph three is found in rough form in FC f.56v.

89 FC f.56.

90 LL, 1:239.
91 NLS 518.73.
92 MSB, 266-7; NL, 1:287-8; Slater, 336-40; Calder, 7-10.
93 NLS 521.10; LL, 1:243.
94 Strouse (Transcript provided).
95 Last Words, 212.
96 TC-Alexander, 22(?) Feb. 1843, Marrs, 547.
97 FC ff.119-20.
98 HS, 19; FC f.120.
99 LL, 1:254 (undated).
100 NLS 521.11.
101 NLS 521.12.
102 Trinity College, Cambridge, 8, 10 (Transcript provided).
103 Marrs, 551-73.
105 Perhaps TC was tempted by a review of the various lives of Francia in the Quarterly Review, 63 (1839), 342-69, which is more unfavorable than his own review would be and also (364) compares Cromwell to Francia by quoting Hume on the former.
106 NLS 524.42; Baker, 94. The books were Francia's Reign of Terror, (London, 1839) and Letters on Paraguay, 2nd ed., (London, 1839).
107 TC-Forster, FC 48.E.18, #8.
108 TC-Forster FC 48.E.18, #9. The lack of good sources for an article on Francia strongly tempted TC to change the subject of his prospective review to Oehlenschlaeger, the Danish poet and dramatist. In a letter of 5 May 1843 to John (NLS 524.43) TC notes he is reading Holberg's Danish History without aid of a dictionary. The letter to Forster also raises this possibility.
109 Marrs, 566.

110 TC-MAC, NL, 1:296.


112 29:271.

113 29:305.

114 LL, 1:254.

115 Copeland, 154.

116 LL, 1:255.

117 TC-JAC, 13 July 1843, NLS 523.46; Bliss, 169.

118 TC-JAC, NLS 523.47.

119 TC-MAC 19 July 1843, NLS 521.6; TC-JWC 18 July 1843, Bliss, 170.

120 Bliss, 172-4.

121 NLS 611.136; Bliss, 174-6.

122 Bliss, 179-91.

123 NL, 1:299-300. TC did not visit Naseby on his way home.

124 NLS 611.152.

125 Bliss, 191-3.

126 Bliss, 194-6; Copeland, 156-7; LL, 1:278 mistakenly has TC arriving 19 Sept.


129 Reid, 308-9.


131 NLS 618.106; MSB, 182.

132 FC f.33v.

133 Huxley, 164.

134 FC f.48v.

135 LL, 282-3.

136 NLS 618 106, MSB, 182.

137 LL, 1:283 (undated).

138 Marrs, 582-3.

139 NLS 531.63; MSB, 270-1.

140 LL, 1:283.


143 HS, v-viii. In a previous paragraph in the preface Alexander asserts TC "read extensively" on the Civil Wars and the Commonwealth during the twenty years preceding his actual formal study of the period. As a result of this reading he had been "gradually led to form a very high opinion of the character of Oliver Cromwell, and to discern clearly that, whatever form his contemplated Book on the Civil Wars should take, Cromwell must be the hero of it." TC's Journal for this period is unavailable for consultation in manuscript, but portions of it have been published by Froude and in notes to CL; neither these available excerpts, TC's published
Note Books, nor his letters indicate any "gradual" change in his opinion, nor do they show any great interest in Cromwell until late 1838. More to the point, Alexander here has TC changing his mind about Cromwell both over the space of twenty years, and in the space of a few months, all in the space of a page of print!

144 NL, 1:303n. Wilson, apparently taking his miscue from Alexander, maintains it was an "unfinished biography" of Cromwell that was burned, Wilson, Cromwell, 248.

145 LL, 1:283.

146 Cf. with Forster's comment on TC's contemplating "writing a history of the Puritans (a project he unhappily abandoned)" Historical and Biographical Essays, (London: John Murray, 1858), 1:6. Here again we have an intimate friend of TC's stating he was working on what sounds like a general history of the times, with an emphasis on the Puritan role. I feel TC was more likely to confide his specific intentions to friends like Froude and Forster, who were both historians, than his family.

147 Statement one comes in a letter to Mill, 9 Nov. 1843, MSB, 182; the second from a letter to Alexander, 17 Nov. 1843, Marrs, 582; the third from a letter to Sterling, 4 Dec. 1843, MSB, 270; the fourth comes in a letter to Redwood, 27 Dec. 1843, Faulkner, 158.

148 For TC's comments on the destruction the sources are letters to his mother, 31 Dec. 1843, NLS 521.23; Redwood, as in note 3, and William Graham, 20 Dec. 1843, MS: Graham family (Transcript provided).

149 HS:MS, folder titled "Laud's Life by Heylin," verso of last sheet.

150 FC f.71v.

151 FC f.113r.

152 As TC wrote to MAC on 31 Dec. 1843, NLS 521.23, and LL, 1:284.
Chapter III
Writing Cromwell

1TC's reading of Jacobite songs did not mean a switch on his part from the Puritan to the Royalist view, but was simply a diversion. TC-William Graham, MS: Graham family, (Transcript provided).

2NLS 521.23; LL, 1:284.

3Terhune, 1:416.

4Bliss, 210-1.

5LL, 1:291,300.

6Slater, 357.

7LL, 1:286-7.


11NL, 1:308.

12TC-MAC, 15 June 1844, Marrs, 592-3.

13TC-Jean, 17 June 1844, NLS 512.33.

14NLS 512.21.

15NLS 524,50. In Chapter 6 further reasons are given for thinking the "Introduction" may have been only partially composed at this time. Briefly, once the plan to write a separate biography of Cromwell was abandoned, the compilation itself would need correspondingly more elucidations. In July 1844 TC still thought he would follow the compilation with a life and was probably leaving many elucidations and introductory material for it.
18 TC-FitzGerald, 29 July 1844, Terhune, 1:449.

19 29:323; Terhune, 1:449.

20 29:326; see chapter four for more details of TC's work on this article.

21 Terhune, 1:449; TC-JAC, 5 Aug. 1844, Univ. of Rochester, NY Library (Transcript provided).

22 Espinasse, 72.

23 TC-JAC, 2 Oct. 1844, NLS 521.34.

24 TC-JWC, 12 & 16 Sept. 1844, NLS 611.184,186; JWC-Jeannie Welsh 12 Sept. 1844, NLS 1892.249. Wilson writes (Cromwell, 261) "It was partly to give work to Christie, Carlyle confessed to FitzGerald this summer, that he made an article out of some old reports which Christie copied, Suffolk, 1640, and gave it to Mr. Nickisson for Fraser's Magazine, 'An Election to the Long Parliament." Aside from the questionable sentence structure it is doubtful Christie did this copying. The letter to FitzGerald to which Wilson refers was written 29 July 1844 and notes only a "poor Scotchman coming to me near starved, I gave him a guinea to copy for me certain particulars of an Ipswich Election." TC had "some thoughts" of making an article of them. Christie is not mentioned in this letter (Terhune, 1:449). As noted above this copyist was soon dismissed by TC, who then sent out inquiries for another assistant. Christie is first noted as having been retained by TC in a 2 Oct. 1844 letter to JAC (NLS 521.34). Christie himself had written to David Masson, also in October, thanking him for recommending him for the post (Masson, 79n). This indicates there were two secretaries, with Christie being hired in late September, while TC had corrected proofs for his article in mid-September, before Christie had been hired. Thus Christie had no part in this article, neither was he engaged as an act of charity as Wilson implies. TC's extensive manuscripts needs, the scope of his research, and his dislike of the BM compelled him to seek assistance.

25 MSB, 274.

26 LL, 1:300.

27 TC-JAC, 2 Oct. 1844, NLS 521.34.

28 NLS 512.28. While TC never did publish any more of the D'Ewes papers he recognized their importance, cited them occasionally in Cromwell, and had Christie make an abstract of D'Ewes' Journals of the Long Parliament. The abstract survives in manuscript, now bound in four stout volumes in FC 48.B.23-6. This fascinating material contains TC's comments alongside almost every sheet of
the abstract. An undated letter to Forster (48.E.18.238-9) may indicate TC tried to generate interest in printing the D'Ewes Journal, but had no success.

29 TC-JAC, 1 Nov. 1844, NLS 512.29.

30 NLS 512.30.


32 Slater, 377.

33 Terhune, 1:483.

34 Terhune, 1:483.


36 6:183.

37 See the transcript of TC's memorandum in Ian Campbell's "Carlyle, Cromwell and Kimbolton," Bibliotheca, 5 (1970), 246-52. Campbell, 248, says TC read these papers at Kimbolton, but his letters give no confirmation of such a visit. This, plus the fact the letter was "communicated" by the Duke, and his memorandum is signed "London, May 1845" tends to confirm no visit was made.

38 Terhune, 1:488.

39 Marrs, 613.

40 Yale, "Carlyle's Notes & Memoranda," MS vault, Sect. 12, Drawer 4.

41 Marrs, 615.

42 Terhune, 1:499.

43 TC-W. D. Christie, 17, 22 July 1845, EUL AAF (Carlyle 7-8). See lst, 409-10n. Christie apparently had the MS from Lord Lovelace.

44 LL, 1:301.

45 Terhune, 1:505.

46 9:194-208.
47 Blisé, 210-11.

48 Terhune, 1:503.

49 Slater, 380.

50 Slater, 380; Last Words, 240.

51 Terhune, 1:497. Espinasse, 74, reports on JWC's authority that TC got a publisher for OC only by agreeing to follow it with a biography. Once the bargain to print the letters and speeches was struck TC does note "The Life must follow when it can." (TC-FitzGerald, 8 Feb. 1845, Terhune, 1:483), which could be an indication a biography was part of the bargain. However, since TC at this time still planned to do a biography it may merely be a statement of his own intentions, which altered as he expanded the commentary in the compilation. I find no indication of a formal agreement to do a biography, and do not believe one was ever made.

52 TC-JWC, 1 & 2 Sept. 1845, Bliss, 212-3.

53 TC-JWC, 26 Sept. 1845, Bliss, 217. TC corrected these proofs without access to his books, giving himself no opportunity to check the accuracy of his citations.

54 NLS 512.36.

55 TC-MAC, 19 Oct. 1845, NLS 512.37.

56 NLS 512.40; see also NLS 512.38. LL, 1:315 mistakenly has TC at Chelsea when Cromwell was published.

57 NLS 524.58.

58 NL, 2:10.

59 NL, 2:13.

60 Slater, 390.

61 6:v-vi.

62 NLS 524.53-65, NL, 2:15-32.

63 TC-MAC, 17 June 1846, NLS 521.41.
64 vi; ads to the Supplement report the cost was 5 shillings.

65 Terhune, 1:529-30.
Chapter IV

Carlyle's Reading and Research in Cromwell

1 HS, 277.

2 Historical Sketches is the title Alexander gave the manuscript in the incomplete form in which he published it. When referring to the manuscript while still in TC's possession and before it was edited by Alexander the title used will be "historical sketches." It is likely the historical sketches at one time included far more material than the present collection at Strouse does, which makes the distinction necessary. The manuscript at Strouse will be called the Historical Sketches manuscript (HS: MS).


6 Slater, 555-68 for details of the bequest. It was catalogued by William Coolidge Lane, "The Carlyle Collection," Library of Harvard University Bibliographical Contributions, 26 (1888), 3-6.

7 NL, 2:11.

8 6:16.

citations from books at the Houghton are by kind permission of that library. Both Rushworth and Thurloe are heavily annotated.

10 HS, 103-7.

11 Thurloe, 4:29. Thurloe and Rushworth offer the best examples of this. Also Mark Noble, Memoirs of the Protectoral House of Cromwell, 3rd ed., 2 vols., (London, 1787); this copy, Harvard, Carl 27; see also volume 2 of this work found at Carlyle's House, Chelsea.


13 TC-Laing, 24 Sept. 1841, EUL, La.IV.4.3. That TC was constant in his desire for well-annotated and edited works is shown in a letter of Geraldine Jewsbury's written at his request 11 June 1860. TC in part recommends the editors "take care that the foot notes elucidating the personages mentioned shd be gathered together at the end of the work with an index to the pages & volumes where they are to be found." Otherwise the notes themselves border on being useless. See Arthur A. Adrian, "Carlyle on Editing Letters," Victorian Newsletter, 32 (1967), 45, for the remainder of his recommendations.

14 6:3-4.


16 Noble, (Harvard, Carl 22), 1:29, 92, 189.

17 Peter Heylin, Cyprianus Angelicus: or, the History of the Life and Death of Laud, (London, 1671); this copy, FC 4054fO, 503, 485, 260, 222 and passim.

18 6:37.

19 Heylin, 422.

20 Cf. for example, his view of Bacon in HS 130-4 and Alexander Carlyle's note, 133-4; and also his view of Pym, 166, with the view found in a draft in the FC, now published by me as "Carlyle's Pen-portrait of John Pym," The Carlyle Newsletter, 4 (1983), 12-15.
NLS 521.25.

NL, 2:11.

FC ff. 18, 176.

FC ff. 1, 83, 120, 132v show examples of this. Also, in TC's notebook at Yale, written largely in the summer of 1842, Cromwell does figure with some prominence, Yale, MS Vault, section 12, drawer 4, box 1, "Autograph Manuscript notebook." (Since all TC manuscripts here cited, at Yale, are located in the same section and drawer, this is omitted from future citations.

FC 48.E.18.50 See Appendices A and C for further considerations.

TC's books at Harvard best reveal this. The library there has tipped all such notes into the books where they were found. Correspondence concerning the shipment of the bequest dated 3 June 1881 requests "that those who unpack the books take care not to mislay the loose papers, notes in Mr. Carlyle's handwriting in many of the volumes." Houghton Library, fMS Am 1792. (I am grateful to Elizabeth Ann Falsey, of the Manuscript Department at Harvard, for kindly conveying this information to me.)

Slater, 380.

Sotheby, 34-5, especially lots 192-5; the bulk of the Cromwell material at this sale went to Yale. See also the separately published list of prices (most paltry!) realized with buyers' names.


Nicoll, 1:89; FC f.88r.

The excerpt comes at FC f.120v while f.119r is dated 20 Feb. 1843, and there appears to be no gap in the notes in between.

FC f.120v. Cf. HS, 19-21.

FC f.120v.

FC ff. 18, 19, 23, 26, 34, 81, 87, 88, 90 92r. Also, for written (as opposed to excerpted) chronologies 34, 40r, 41, 142.

FC f.166v.
36 FC f.166r.

37 FC 48.E.3.140-1.

38 FC ff.165, 122, and also 14v, 18, 19, 24, 92r, 122, 128, 149, 165-6; Yale, Box 1, "Carlyle's notes and memoranda."

39 FC f.90-1.

40 Yale, "Autograph Manuscript Notebook;" the cataloguers list it as containing 94 pages, using TC's own numbering system, which is incomplete.


42 Scholars today know these pamphlets as the Thomason Tracts, but we will use TC's term, current in his day. The pamphlets are discussed later in this chapter.

43 Yale, Box 1, "Carlyle's Notes and Memoranda."

44 FC ff.33v, 87r.

45 TC-Laing, 11 May 1841, EUL La.IV.4.2.

46 See the letters of Laing to TC, EUL La.IV.4, passim, and another letter from Laing to TC, dated 26 Oct. 1844, Yale, "Contributions from correspondents -- L."

47 EUL La.IV.4.18.

48 NL 1:311.

49 The letter is 212, 8:253-4.

50 TC-Browning, EUL DC.4.94.

51 FC f.175.

52 TC-FitzGerald, Trinity College, Cambridge, no. 15.


54 Yale, "Contributions from Correspondents -- C" contains about 50 pages of notes from Cookson to TC.
Terhune, 1:433; 427-34 gives FitzGerald's account of the course of the research.

TC's acquaintance with Laing, for example, came originally through his friend from college days, Thomas Murray, while Cromwell letters and information also came from Julius Hare, who married Frederick Maurice's sister and had Sterling as his curate. All these people performed some service for TC.

Yale, Box 1, "Carlyle's notes and memoranda," Cooper-TC, 9 Jan. 1846. There is another letter, Cooper-TC, 16 Jan. 1846, FC f.176. The Baker MSs are cited 4 times in Cromwell, but none appeared in the first edition, which indicates Cooper (or another correspondent) could not immediately locate them for TC. Two letters first appeared in Supplement, 134-6 (169 in Centenary Edition. In this and subsequent citations of the first appearance of letters of Cromwell the Centenary Edition location when given will be shown with the letter number in parentheses.), 187-9 (Appendix 5); the other two appear first in 3rd, 3:154-5 (168) and 4:467 (Appendix 32).

Yale, Box 2 "Contributions by Correspondents -- C," cf. Supplement, 71-2 and 7:76.

Yale, Box 2, "Contributions by Correspondents -- E" (letters 118, 146 and 181).

The pamphlet is titled A Letter from the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, relating the successes it hath pleased God to give the Parliamentary Forces there. Together with the transactions about the surrender of Kilkenny, (London, 1650), which should have been a tip-off to TC or Christie, Fortescue, 1:791.

See 7:142-51 for this series of letters. Cf. the Supplement, 106-7, which lists only one letter in the sequence.

See the letters of Jacobson, Harland, Craik, Carruthers and others, Yale, Box 2, "Contributions by Correspondents," and Box 1, "Carlyle's notes and memoranda," for other letters of importance.

The dating of this letter is uncertain. Sanford gives the unlikely date of 2 October 1845 -- unlikely because the letter refers to Cromwell as having been published when it did not actually appear until late November. Mid-December seems a more likely date. Yale, Box 2, "Contributions by Correspondents -- S."
Sanford sheds more light on his own research methods in the preface to his book, *Studies and Illustrations of the Great Rebellion* (London: John W. Parker, 1858), (iii)-vi; Interested in an accurate conclusion regarding the character of Cromwell "I resolved to make for myself as complete a collection as possible of his letters, arranging them in chronological order, as a backbone to any farther investigations into his character. Having access to the library of the British Museum, I found this a less difficult but more extensive task than I had anticipated. Besides the standard books on the subject, such works as county histories and the early volumes of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, the *Annual Register* and the printed papers of the Antiquarian Society supplied me with not a few neglected records of interest; and the MSS. collections in the Museum yielded a rich additional harvest. At the end of two years I had thus brought together about 300 letters, published and unpublished, and had read through and repunctuated into some sense most of the Protector's printed speeches. . . . the general result was a clear conviction that the theory of Cromwell's hypocrisy and selfish ambition was devoid of all support in the real facts.

I had carried my studies thus far when . . . the publication of Mr. Carlyle's collection . . . gave me the results of a similar but independent course of inquiry, and confirmed me in my previous conclusion. Of course this collection contained several letters which were new to me, and, on the other hand, I found that it did not include a considerable number which it had been my good fortune to light upon, and gave others in a less perfect and authentic form." "Some of these letters" were communicated to Carlyle, and, along with other discoveries, were "placed . . . at his disposal." At the time of his writing to Carlyle Sanford was 21.

It is a sad commentary on Carlyle's assiduous research that he collected 157 letters for his first edition, while Sanford, in a similar amount of time managed to find almost twice as many. Sanford may be called a professional historian in all senses of the word, while Carlyle was more a professional writer who chose history as his subject.

65 Yale, Box 2, "Contributions by Correspondents -- S." 66 Masson, 76-87.

67 FC f.176r. TC has here appended a note of instructions to Christie on the blank side of a letter dated 16 Jan. 1846. The instructions relate to the letter, which concerned 2nd edition letters.

68 Masson, 79; Espinasse, 72.

69 Date inferred from the nature of the queries.

71 Bound in 4 vols. - this is now located FC 48.B.23-6.


74 Masson, 79.

75 Espinasse springs to mind as a possibility. He worked in the British Museum Library and admits having cheerfully performed "a good many slight (and purely honorary) services" regarding "historical and other queries" for TC. Thus, he was another of TC's many unsung assistants. This further corroborates the view of Christie as a mere scribe, since both he and Espinasse were now working in the Library, but Espinasse "pretty frequently" received queries from TC, while Christie's work is referred to as "mere copying," as opposed, presumably, to actual research. See Espinasse, 72. In a letter to Laing, TC writes (9 March 1846) "If you should want anything more out of the Museum, I will use my influence with Mr. Espinasse to help you, who is well qualified to do it in every way." (MS: EUL La.IV.4.16.) Clearly Espinasse was better suited for actual research than Christie.


77 LL, 1:79.


79 TC-Sterling, 20 Jan. 1842, NLS 531.46, in reference to Sterling's MS drama on Strafford.

80 TC-Sergeant Meriwether, 16 Feb. 1844, Corporation of London Records, Guildhall (Transcript provided).

81 TC-Lord Monteagle, 13. Feb. 1844, NLS 2883-149; (Transcript provided).

82 FC f.117r.

84 FC ff. 143, 145; Yale, Box 1, "Carlyle's notes and memoranda."


86 Sir Charles Harding Firth, however, writes that by 1833 the State Paper Office records "had been tolerably arranged for use." See his article "The Development of the Study of Seventeenth Century History," Transactions of the Royal Historical Society, 3rd Series, 7 (1913), 43.

87 Espinasse, 14, 19, 72-3.

88 Minutes of the Commissioners of the Library of the British Museum, 8 Feb. 1849, 272, (Hereafter Minutes.) This little-known interview with TC contains his practical suggestions for the improvement of the collections and service of the British Museum Library. It is noted by a minor biographer of TC, Richard Herne Shepherd, ed., Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Thomas Carlyle, 2 vols. (London, W. H. Allen, 1881) 2:44-83, but not elsewhere, to my knowledge.

89 FC ff. 119-120r.

90 Terhune, 1:449. In exactly what respect this individual was dishonest is unknown, but a comparison of the original affidavits (BM, Harl. 165) with the version TC printed shows only insignificant errors in transcription. The dishonesty apparently had nothing to do with his transcribing. 29:327.

91 29:327.

92 Terhune, 1:457-8 for TC's letter and FitzGerald's comment.

93 Davey's MS comments are found in one of the bound volumes which he donated to the BM. In a volume titled "Papers Relating to Suffolk" is found his index to the contents. The sixth entry is a copy of TC's article; the comments quoted form Davey's preface to it. The page number Davey cites is the page in the article on which he is first acknowledged by TC. The bound volume is catalogued 10358.g.45.6.

94 Notestein, vii.

95 29:346.

96 Minutes, 284.

97 FC f. 144r.
98 FC f.146-8; Yale, Box 1, "Carlyle's notes and memoranda."

99 Fortescue, 1:(iii)-xxv.

100 FC ff.144, 149r; Yale, Box 1, "Autograph Manuscript Notebook," 1-3, 10, 12-15; "Carlyle's Notes and Memoranda."

101 Minutes, 274.

102 Minutes, 280, 274.

103 There are about 30 references to the Pamphlets in the notes to the Centenary Edition. Absolute certainty is impossible due to TC's imprecise citations.

104 The Cambridge references are to the Baker MSs, supplied to TC by Cooper and Edleston. Yale, Box 1, "Contributions by Correspondents -- C, E," and 7:291,294, and 9:221, 298. There are three citations from the "Archives du ministère des Affaires Etrangères," (9:275-8), and one to Trinity College, Dublin (6:286). None of these are to letters in the first edition.

105 The catalogues used were three in number: A Catalogue of the Lansdowne Manuscripts in the British Museum, 2 vol. (London: 1812-19); A Catalogue of the Harleian Manuscripts in the British Museum, 4 vols. (London: 1808-12); and S.-Ayscough, ed., A Catalogue of the Manuscripts Preserved in the British Museum Hitherto Undescribed, 2 vols. (London, 1782). The latter title describes first the Sloan collection, then some of the Additional manuscripts, which begin with docket 4101. TC often calls these the "Ayscough MSs."

106 The six letters printed in lst given by the number TC assigned them in that edition are 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 24; letter 25 is mis-docketed 1519.78 in lst, 1:258, 3rd, 1:339, and 6:256-7. In 2nd it is given as 1519.80. The correct docket is 1419.73. The three items TC missed included 2 letters which became numbers 43 and 44 in the Centenary Edition. The unused order to Frost can be read Abbott, 3:690.

107 The six letters printed in lst are numbers 28, 29, 34, 39, 49, 53. The unused order to Thurloe I have been unable to locate elsewhere. The letter to the Rev. John Cotton, found lst, 2:162, and 2nd, 2:359, is catalogued in Sloan, 1:198, which makes TC's citation of a printed source difficult to explain.

108 For the letters to Bremen and Venice see Sloan, 1:200, 4156 vol. 2.71 and 1:203, 4157 vol. 3.239. The letter to Lockhart first comes in Supplement, 173-7 and is listed in Sloan, 1:221, 4107 vol. 2.89.
109 1st, 1:131; see also 6:90, by which time the letter had been found.

110 Sloan, 1:301.

111 See 1st, 2:489,592.

112 1st, 1:113.

113 Yale, bound volume of MSs headed "Thomas Carlyle. Cromwell's Letters and Speeches. Autograph Manuscripts." (Hereafter "Bound volume"); see the list headed "Cromwell's Letters."

114 Sloan, 1:174 lists 3 letters, TC noting only 2 of them in his list. There are 2 letters in Sloan, 1:198, while TC notes one of them. He does not list the notes catalogued in Sloan, 1:200, 202.

115 The letter from Cromwell to Lockhart, 26 May 1658 appears first in Supplement, 173-7, while the letter to the governor of Cahir castle, 24 Feb. 1649/50 also did not come until Supplement, 104-5.

116 Yale, "Bound volume, MS list headed "Cromwell's Letters."

117 1st, letters 43, 60, 109, 133, 135.

118 A letter to Fleetwood appears first in Supplement, 150-2, while 2 orders and a letter come first in 3rd, 4:452-3, 466-7 and 1:383 (Letters 51, 189, Appendix 16).

119 Forster's copy, FC 1442, 8°; the date comes 1:247. Of the 33 citations 2 partially printed in Caulfield and 1 complete there are found in 1st, where they are letters 68, 72 and 123. The 19 letters from Cary include letters 123 (182) and the completer versions of 68 and 73 (75, 107). The remaining letters from Cary are listed where they first appeared in TC's editions. Supplement, 49-50 (78), 58 (97), 59-60 (102), 73-4 (114), 111-2 (133) 139-41 (177), 196-7 (Appendix 10;1-3), 201 (Appendix 14). The last six letters first appeared in 4th, 3:420-6, (Appendix 20; 1-4; Appendix 22;1-2). Other citations came from MSs at Oxford whose existence was communicated to TC. They include Supplement, 10-1 (9), 14-5, including 2 letters, one to, one from Cromwell (14), 39 (62), 132-3 (167), 206-9 (Appendix 25;1,3-4), 220-1 (Appendix 31;1); 3rd, 4:413-6 (Appendix 5;1); 4th, 3:385-7 (Appendix 4;1-2), 3:405-7 (Appendix 12), 3:436-8 (Appendix 28; 3-4).
120 6:vi
121 6:77
Chapter V
Carlyle as Editor

1. 28:137.
2. 27:84.
3. 27:85-6.
4. 27:89.
5. 28:171.
6. 28:172.
8. 27:88.
9. 27:90.
10. 28:52.
11. 20:325-6.
12. 10:38.
13. 29:346.
14. 20:288.
16. 6:76-7.
17. 6:78.
18. 6:103.

19. Yale, "Bound volume," 37-8. See the complete section transcribed in appendix B.


22 6:78-9. In the 1st added words were noted by use of single commas surrounding them. In the Centenary edition this is changed to double commas.

23 FC f.148r.

24 EUL la.IV.4.5.


26 Lomas, 1:lix.

27 Lomas, 1:lix.

28 Lomas, 1:lv.

29 Lomas, 1:lii-liv.

30 7:66-79; 1st, 1:466-73.


32 Caulfield, 65-7; Cary, 2:168-85; Yale, Box 1, "Contributions from Correspondents -- B" for Edward Crawford's letter to TC.

33 7:67; Caulfield, 67; Cary, 2:175; 7:78, Caulfield, 67; Cary, 2:180.

34 Caulfield, 67; Cary, 2:2:179, 7:77.

35 Lomas, 1:487.

36 7:18-19.

37 Lomas, 1:lv-lvi.

38 7:18-19.

39 Lomas, 1:lv-lvi.

40 6:89. TC uses the 2nd (1814) edition, as did I for my collations.
41 Harris, 3:495-7; 1st, 1:321-3; 6:323-5; 2nd, 1:349-51 and subsequent editions have the postscript.

42 Harris, 3:501-2; 6:305-6.

43 Harris, 3:513; 6:222.

43a Harris, 3:12-3; 1st, 1:130-1.

44 Yale, "Bound volume," sheet headed "Cromwell's letters."

45 NLS 2884.137-47.

46 NLS 521.24.

47 Marrs, 587.

48 NLS 2884.144; 6:365.

49 NLS 2884.139; 6:288-9.

50 As TC wrote to John Hare, 23 May 1844; Berg Collection, New York Public Library, Transcript provided.

51 BM Lansdowne 1236.68 f.102; 8:164.

52 Cf. BM Sloan 1519.180 with NLS 2884.141, and TC's version, 6:396.

53 Cf. BM Sloan 1519.186 with NLS 2884.142, and TC's version, 6:329.

54 Lomas, 1:lix.

55 6:76.

56 8:71.

57 8:127.

58 9:38.

59 Lomas, 1:xxxviii.

60 8:278.
The second editions is titled Monarchy Asserted, in Vindication of the Considerations upon Mr. Harrington's Oceana and catalogued BM E.1853(1), Fortescue, 2:255-6, 298. It is strange that Lomas frequently cites the pamphlet, but never gives the catalogue number, as she does with other citations from the King's Pamphlets. Neither does she distinguish between the two editions since one is found in the King's Pamphlets and another in the general collection of printed books. Still, as she says, it is strange TC apparently did not try to locate either copy but worked from the Somers Tracts.

We cannot overlook TC's delight in a good dig at Scott, whose scholarship and editorial methods were, to say the least, suspect to TC. See appendix B for a draft dealing with Scott's editorial method.


A noisy article dealing with Cromwell's speeches does exist and merits mention, but little more. It is "Carlyle the 'Pious Editor' of Cromwell's Speeches" by Reginald Palgrave, National Review, 8 (1887), 588-605. Palgrave exposes TC's errors in transcription,
but ascribes them solely to negligence and deceit. His own ranting dislike of Cromwell gets in the way of any sensitive treatment of the issue, but the article does show the charges to which TC's methods inevitably lay him open.

76 TC wrote this in the preface to the Squire letters, "Thirty-five Unpublished Letters of Oliver Cromwell. Communicated to Thomas Carlyle," Fraser's, 36 (December, 1847), 631.

77 Slater, 402.

78 Slater, 390; there were 53 new letters, 93 new "items" counting the appendix material.


80 As he wrote in his preface to the second edition, 6:vi.


82 1st, 1:195; cf. with 6:188.

83 Wright, 316.

84 Terhune, 1:556.

85 Squire-TC, 11 Feb. 1847, Wright, 518.

86 Wright, 519.

87 Wright, 519. In the account in Fraser's, 633, TC says this packet contained the 35 letters.

88 Wright, 519.

89 Terhune, 1:563; Wright, 322-3.

90 Wright, 321-28.

91 NLS 521.60.

92 TC-MAC, 26 Nov. 1847, NLS 521.62.

93 Athenaeum, 11 Dec. 1847, 1274.
94 Athenaeum, 18 Dec. 1847, 1304.


96 Athenaeum, 22 Jan. 1848, 87. "Some of the general arguments used in conversation may not be generally known. There is not a new fact, it is said, in the whole thirty-five letters... they contribute nothing. Cromwell, says another person, could never have written 'Hobbes's Wain' for 'Hobson's Wain' -- the waggon of the well-known Cambridge carrier; while others urge that they are untrue in one important point to Cromwell's character, -- representing him as seeking the Lord in the Bible by the Sortes Virgilianae; whereas, Cromwell's seeking the Lord was always by prayer." This sums up the general tenor of the charges against the letters I have been able to discover.


98 Alexander Ireland, Ralph Waldo Emerson: His Life, Genius, and Writings, 2nd ed., (London: Simpkin, Marshal & Co., 1882), 170-71n. This anecdote about Macaulay has undergone a metamorphosis as different individuals have reported it. In Richmond Beatty's "Macaulay and Carlyle," Philological Quarterly, 18 (January 1939), 25-34, it is reported that "Macaulay was known to have ridiculed at many dinners Carlyle's belief" in the letters' authenticity. This information was taken from Wilson, Cromwell, 402-4. Wilson's information came from Ireland who reports Emerson hearing Macaulay declaim at a single dinner party against the letters. On the basis of this anecdote Wilson makes Hallam a defender of the letters, although a reasonable reading could find Hallam agreeing with Macaulay, with the latter merely being more vitriolic. The main culprit here is Wilson, whose accuracy is more uneven than the North Sea during a gale.

99 JWC-TC, 21 Jan. 1848, NLS 604.265. See also 604.262. Walter Savage Landor had written Imaginary Conversations, 2 vols., (London, 1824) which included one between Cromwell and Walter Noble. Another more recent "conversation" was "Oliver Cromwell and Sir Oliver Cromwell," Blackwood's, 53 (Feb. 1843), 209-12.

100 TC and Squire had not yet met.

101 NLS 512.79.

102 Examiner, 22 Jan. 1848, 54.

103 Examiner, 15 Jan. 1848, 35-7. See also K. J. Fielding, "A New Review (of Himself) by Carlyle: The Squire Forgeries," Carlyle Newsletter, 3 (Oct. 1983), 9-14. In a letter TC-JWC, 13 Jan. 1848 TC writes as if he is correcting the proof for this article and calls
it Forster's (NLS 612.278). In an undated letter to Forster, FC 48.E.18.260 TC writes "You have written a capital article, which ought to settle the thing," and again refers to the proof for the article. TC obviously took pains to diminish his role in this article, though that role is obvious from Professor Fielding's article and another undated letter to Forster, FC 48.E.18.261, in which TC apparently enclosed his portion of the article, which Forster would rewrite and revise: "Here is the paltry jotting . . . be sure to put it into another than my dialect! And if you can in any way, continue to have me delivered from all farther babble or concern in the discussion. I really do not care many pence how it end."

104 TC-JWC, 13 Jan. 1848, NLS 612.278.

105 Academy, 14 March 1885, 188.

106 Academy, 21 March 1885, 206-7.

107 Academy, 28 March 1885, 224-5; see also 243, 259-61, 275-6, 295-6, 312-3, 331 for the rest of the controversy as it developed that year.

108 Academy, 21 March 1885, 206; and Aldis Wright, 311-48.

109 Walter Rye, EHR, 2 (July 1886), 521-2, and also (Oct. 1886), 744-56. This latter article was frequently reprinted, the most common form being in a pamphlet as Two Cromwellian Myths, (Norwich: H. W. Hunt), 1925.

110 Alexander Carlyle in NL, 2:53 refers the reader only to the Aldis Wright article in EHR, while Wilson, Cromwell, 401-2, who must have known better merely states some modern editors do not print the Squire letters.

111 Fraser's, December 1847, 633.

112 Aldis Wright, 318.

113 Terhune, 1:563.

114 Aldis Wright, 324, 329.

115 Rene Wellek, "Carlyle and the Philosophy of History," Philo-
logical Quarterly, 23 (1944), 73.

116 Fielding, 10.
117 Academy, 28 March 1885, 224-5.

118 29:209-225.

119 6:viii.
Chapter VI
Revealing Carlyle Revealing Cromwell:
His Methods and Mistakes

1 Given in a letter to Emerson, 29 Aug. 1845: "The Book is nearly printed: two big volumes; about a half of it, I think, my own." Slater, 380.

2 The estimate is from the first edition but the proportion is not appreciably altered in later editions.

3 James Spedding to Thomas Spedding, MS: Spedding family; transcript: K. J. Fielding.

4 Espinasse, 264-6.

5 Masson, 59; 49-56.

6 NL 1:170-1.

7 NLS 611.165.

8 NLS 524.37.

9 The importance Carlyle attached to these early letters is also evident from the fact that for later editions of Cromwell a letter of 1626 was found, but rather than alter his introduction, and the commentary to letters one and two accordingly, it was called "worth nothing" (6:55n) and relegated to the appendix.

Also worth noting are the manuscripts used in the following discussion. They come from several different sources, as herein noted:

1) The elucidations of letter one contiguous with an early draft for Past and Present are found FC f56r/v. These were probably written in October 1842.

2) The group of several different drafts surrounding letter two are part of the HS:MS in the Strouse Collection, in a folder marked "Discovery of the Thurloe Papers."

3) The long draft for letter two is at Yale, where it is catalogued "Autograph MS relating to the 'Life and Letters of Oliver Cromwell.'" All these materials are transcribed in full in the appendix.
10 FC f. 56; in the fourth attempt which is partially quoted, TC also comments at length on the unintelligibility of the letter and irrecoverability of the past. See appendix A. (There are some minor alterations to the punctuation.)

11 6:100; Sutton's letter is FC f. 177; see also FC f. 41r where TC notes he had addressed Sutton on the subject.

12 NLS 531.63.

13 HS: MS, folded headed "Discovery of the Thurloe Papers." The library at Santa Cruz has not numbered the MS pages, which makes exact reference difficult.

14 A copy TC used containing his marginalia is found in FC f. 8868, copy 2.

15 HS: MS, "Discovery of the Thurloe Papers."

16 There is an undated letter (1844?) FC 48.E.18, 238-9 from TC-Forster referring seemingly to an abortive pamphletary history project, which publishers refused.

17 Terhune, 1:417.

18 HS: MS, "Discovery of the Thurloe Papers." The account of the Thurloe Papers in HS 310-17 is a conflation by Alexander Carlyle of these various drafts. Whether the papers' present order in their folder bears any relation to the manner in which TC himself wrote or stored them is uncertain, although I feel the correspondence between the letter to Sterling and the manuscript, the similar subject matter of the several manuscript sheets, and the rather mournful tone pervading all of these point to a November-December 1843 composition for the manuscripts.

19 HS: MS, "Discovery of the Thurloe Papers."

20 Yale, "Bound Volume."

21 Terhune, 1:416.

22 8:129.

23 Terhune, 1:416.

24 Yale, "Autograph MS relating to the 'Life and Letters of Oliver Cromwell,'" The catalogue entry states this material is unused, but in fact it is a rough draft for letter two; the other MS in this folder is a draft for letter one. See appendix B9.
By "printer's copy" TC almost certainly meant the manuscript copy he submitted to his printer from which the work was set up in type. Cf. the use of the terms "first draft" and "printer's copy" concerning the Past and Present MSs in Calder, 11-20. If this material was intended for printing and omitted we have further evidence that Carlyle revised his proofs extensively.
See Kerr, 44-6; Wellek, 73, and Louise Merwin Young, Thomas Carlyle and the Art of History, (Philadelphia: The University of Pennsylvania Press, 1939), 131-7. In Firth's introduction to Lomas he write (xxxvii) "as a rule /Carlyle/ is very accurate about dates and minor details." As will be shown, precisely the opposite is the case. Even Lomas' notes to the letters bear this out. One suspects Firth of not checking closely himself, or of wishing to minimize the errors of an edition he helped see reprinted.


Space does not permit discussion of Past and Present although similar tendencies appear there. In addition to Calder's study see Paul West, "Carlyle's Creative Disregard," Melbourne Critical Review, 6 (1962), 16-26; and especially Linda Georgianna, "Carlyle and Jocelin of Brakelond: A Chronicle Rechronicled" Browning Institute Studies, 8 (1980), 103-27.

Walter Scott, ed., Original Memoirs Written During the Great Civil War, (Edinburgh, 1806), 128-30.


Scott, 130.


Bulstrode Whitelocke, Memorials of the English Affairs, (London, 1682), 450-1.

Scott, 129.

7:178-80.

Scott, 129-30.


59 The Baillie citation at 6:104 is a typical example.

60 6:92.

61 6:135, 142.

62 7:336.

63 7:172.

64 8:20, 22.

65 6:178-9; Caulfield, 85. Every effort has been made in this and the following section dealing with TC's accuracy to ensure that all relevant sources TC could have consulted were checked. In the end he relied heavily on a few sources, which makes comparison somewhat easier, and his use of paraphrase and footnotes are helpful in identifying his sources.


68 6:164; Edward Husband, ed. Collection of all the Public Orders . . . of Parliament from March 1642-3 to December 1646, (London, 1646), 286.


70 6:169-70; Rushworth, 5:482-8.

71 Also, in 1st, 1:189 TC has Cromwell taking the covenant with the rest of Parliament, signing just before Henry Vane, by virtue of a list in Rushworth. TC later discovered (6:170) Cromwell was not present, and altered his account accordingly. It is a small point, but noteworthy because correction came from the same source -- Rushworth -- which TC used for his initial account of the covenant.


73 6:163; Rushworth, 5:284. Also noted by Lomas, 1:150n.

74 6:165.
75 Somers 5:296-374.

76 Somers, 5:326-7.


78 Vicars, 326-9; 1st, 1:180; 6:150. TC later added a citation to Somers, 4:536; Vicars and Somers disagree on the dates of the destruction, but not that it took place over the course of a week.

79 George Bate, Elenchus Motuum, (London, 1685).

80 6:164.

81 Bate, Part 2, 238-9.

82 Cf. 1st, 1:397-400 to 2nd, 1:339-40 and 6:408-10.

83 6:409; Walker, 30-1.

84 6:409; Whitelocke, 354.

85 6:408; Whitelocke, 352.


88 8:33; Whitelocke, 529.

89 Rye, Myths, 86.

90 Yale, "Bound volume".

91 NLS 602.170.

92 Calder, 46.

93 Lomas, 1:xxv.

94 NL, 1:254-5.
A perusal of TC's MSs might lead one to believe he referred to sources while writing because of the frequency of source citations in his working drafts. But as we have seen from an examination of his text, many of his notes there are erroneous. Obviously TC was probably only recalling what he thought were the correct sources. That the error began in the drafts is evident from its appearance in the text.

The one was John Forster; by rights he should have been treated no better, but friendship stayed TC's pen-lashing.
Chapter VII

The Artistry of Cromwell


3 Holloway, 23. Recall also Carlyle's ultimate rejection of an inert universe in Sartor (1:133): "To me the Universe was all void of Life, of Purpose, of Volition, even of Hostility: it was one huge, dead, immeasurable Steam-engine, rolling on, in its dead indifference, to grind me limb from limb."

4 Holloway, 23.


6 26:207-8.

7 5:237-8.

8 29:285

9 12:14.

10 Carlyle in the "Hero as Man of Letters," 5:154: "He, with his copy-rights and copy-wrongs, in his squalid garret, in his rusty coat; ruling (for this is what he does), from his grove, after death, whole nations and generations who would, or would not, give him bread while living."


12 6:9-10.

13 9:111.

14 9:145.

17 As the more or less orthodox Sterling discovered when Carlyle wrote him on 4 June 1835 (CL 8:137): Finally assure yourself I am neither Pagan nor Turk, nor circumcised Jew, but an unfortunate Christian individual ... neither Pantheist nor Pottheist, nor any Theist or last whatsoever, having the most decided contempt for all manner of Systembuilders and Sectfounders — so far as contempt may be compatible with so mild a nature; feeling well beforehand (taught by experience) that all such are and even must be wrong. By God's blessing, one has got two eyes to look with; and also a mind capable of knowing, of believing: that is all the creed I will at this time insist on."

18 Holloway, 23-4.


20 CL 8:136.

21 FC f.54r.

22 FC f.53v.

23 6:250.

24 6:398.

25 8:214.

26 Matthew 5:21-2.

27 6:103.

28 Tennyson, 196; Holloway, 28.

29 6:2.

30 6:16.

31 6:10.

32 6:6-7.

33 6:13.
Cf. Acts 2:3-4: "And there appeared unto them cloven tongues like as of fire, and it sat upon each of them. And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost." Also, in referring to his early church-going in the Reminiscences, ed. Charles Eliot Norton, (London: Macmillan & Co., 1887), 2:15, TC wrote "Rude, rustic, bare, no Temple in the world was more so; -- but there were sacred lambencies, tongues of authentic flame from Heaven, which kindled what was best in one, what has not yet gone out."
54 9:158, 174.

55 6:3.

56 6:10. Phlegethon, a river of fire, is one of the five rivers of Hades.

57 9:154.

58 9:199.


60 8:267.

61 6:10.


63 8:238.

64 9:139.

65 6:216. In FC f.67r TC writes "Are all the forest trees of one size; clipt as in a Dutch garden?"

66 6:3.

67 6:10.

68 6:4.

69 6:5.

70 6:11.

71 8:25.

72 8:78.

73 6:279.

74 6:356; 7:87.
91  7:226-7. Dare we point out that in this instance the light has preceded the lightning?

92  7:174-5.

93  7:115.

94  7:337.

95  Isaiah 53:4; Genesis 28:16.

96  7:50.
However, TC writes in FC f. 95v: "In the heroic hearts born into every generation, lo there is a new Gospel and religion, not of the Future only but of the Present, direct and indisputable, revealed once more by the Almighty Highest! . . . The heroes of any age are the true Gospel of that age." In fairness to TC he seems to define "Gospel" differently than the accepted definition would have it. In view of his use of Biblical language and the prophetic stance he takes, it is questionable whether his readers would recognize this. I do think it impossible that TC was unaware of the traditional, and therefore natural, implication of his reference to the Gospel in Cromwell.


Abbott, 2:318.

See FC 53v where Carlyle speaks of the "Time-hat" but concludes that if the historian did have one he would still be a foreigner to whatever age he transported himself.


See 29:22f.

FC f.100r.

MS: Trinity College, Cambridge, (transcript provided).
It seems reasonable to point out here a similarity in this manipulation of voice and TC's documented preference to use fragments in Sartor. The fragments there are by and large created by TC and include portions of books, reviews, letters, allusions to "works" not actually quoted, and legitimate quotations from existing books. The obvious counterpart in Cromwell is TC's quotation of himself, but a further counterpart is evident, especially in his speaking as a witness to the history he narrates. His prophetic voice and extensions of quotations, though not set off by quotation marks are, by virtue of the different voices used, fragments. And in the end, the purpose of both fragment and assumed voice is the same. As Tennyson writes "the fragments are there precisely for the variety of effect, precisely to make the business of grouping and understanding them a joint endeavour that issues ultimately in an understanding of their underlying unity" (227). In Sartor the unity is the clothes philosophy; in Cromwell it is Cromwell.

Tennyson, 276-7.
129 7:338.
130 6:278.
131 6:74.
132 6:11-2.
133 7:32.
134 7:50.
136 6:1.
137 6:264.

139 6:259.
140 9:201-2.
141 Slater, 328.
142 FC f.54v.
143 FC f.52v.
144 Terhune, 1:529-30.
Chapter VIII
Cromwell B.C.
(Before Carlyle)


2 Abbott, Conflicts, 151.

3 6:14-5.

4 Abbott, Conflicts, 158-9. See also Royce MacGillivray, Restoration Historians and the English Civil War, (The Hague: Martinus Nijhoff, 1974), 52; and Robert S. Paul, The Lord Protector: Religion and Politics in the Life of Oliver Cromwell, (London: Lutterworth Press, 1955), 13-14. Abbott, Bibliography, xviii, has also written Heath followed or founded "that great journalistic principle of giving the people what they want — abuse and personal gossip; and, based on those unfailing recipes for popularity, it is small wonder that his book was a success."


6 Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice, Life of William, Earl of Shelburne, 3 vols., (London: Macmillan, 1875-6), 1:23. Shelburne (1737-1805), also 1st Marquis of Lansdowne, was a Whig politician whose collection of MSs now in the British Museum bears his later title.

7 J. P. D. Dunbabin, "Oliver Cromwell's Popular Image in Nineteenth-Century England," in Britain and the Netherlands, ed. J. S. Bromley and E. H. Kossmann, (The Hague: Martinus Nijhoff, 1975), 146. This is a most useful and insightful article, but does not examine the histories and review articles on Cromwell which form the focus of my study.

8 Dunbabin, 145-6n.


12 Dunbabin, 146-8.


17 See also Isaac D'Israeli, Commentaries on the Life and Reign of Charles I, King of England, 5 vols., (London: Henry Colburn, 1828-31); also Andrew Murray, Life and Times of Oliver Cromwell, (Glasgow, 1838).

18 Thomas Kitson Cromwell, Oliver Cromwell and his Times, (London, 1821), i, vi-vii,

19 Cromwell, 1-23, 68.

20 Cromwell, 228-9, 336, 343-4, 366-7.

21 Cromwell, 342, 419-27.

22 Henry Hallam, The Constitutional History of England, 2 vols., (London: John Murray, 1827), 2:94, 107, 109. See also Strong, 141-2 on Hallam's influence, and Gooch, 276: "The Constitutional History' is one of the most impressive works in English historical literature. It became a text-book in the Universities, was quoted in Parliament, and was diligently studied as a guide by the youthful Victoria and her Consort." Translated into French under Guizot's auspices, it "was inwardly digested by the friends of constitutional liberty all over the world."

23 Hallam, 2:92, 100.


26 Macaulay, 147.

27 Abbott, Conflicts, 173.


29 "Oliver Cromwell," The Monthly Supplement of the Penny Magazine, 8 (September 1839), 340-3.

30 Dunbabin, 147-9.

31 Andrew Bissett, attr., /Review of Godwin's History of the Commonwealth/, Westminster Review, 8 (1827), 335, 339, 346-7, 350. The Wellesley Index, 3:566 attributes the article to Andrew Bissett on the basis of its similarity to works he is known to have written. Obviously Bissett had not read the Whig or Tory histories carefully if he found them unanimous.


33 John Forster, Oliver Cromwell, "Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopaedia," (London, 1838), 190-2. This was followed next year by Cromwell and the Republicans.

34 6:19, Davies, 200-1.

35 Forster, 1:8-10. Cf. with TC's similar description, FC ff. 78, 98.

36 Forster, 1:10.

37 Forster, 1:53, 48.

38 TC did criticize Forster's Cromwell in a letter to him. See Chapter 1.


40 Neal, 2:439-42.
41 Robert Vaughan, "Review of Carlyle's Cromwell", British Quarterly Review, 3 (Feb. 1846), 95.


45 Espinasse, 124-31.

46 Masson, 12.

47 Robertson, 182, 193.

48 Robertson, 194, 195-6.

49 Robertson, 212, 219-20, 222, 238.

50 Robertson, 233, 249-50.

51 It is unfortunate space does not permit a discussion of more writers vindicating Cromwell, more or less. Worth noting is an article by Charles Lane in the Dial, 3 (Oct. 1842), 258-64. Though an American periodical TC was aware of this article through Emerson (Slater, 351), and Lane was an English radical and something of a disciple of TC's. An American vindication is found in the Quarterly Christian Spectator, 2 (Sept. 1829), 385-425. There is also the tautological biography of Cromwell by his descendant and namesake, Memoirs of the Protector Oliver Cromwell, (London, 1822), which TC did know, use and abuse.

52 Times, 29 August 1845, 7; 3 September 1845, 7.

53 Times, 5 September, 1845, 8; 9 September 1845, 9; 11 September 1845, 8.

54 Times, 13 September 1845, 7; 17 September 1845, 5.

55 Abbott, Conflicts, 174.


61 Lowe's Edinburgh Magazine, 276.


63 William Henry Smith, "Cromwell," Blackwood's, 61 (April, 1847), 393, 394, 403.

64 "Carlyle's Cromwell," Dublin University Magazine, 27 (February 1846) 229.


66 "Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches, Elucidated by Carlyle," Spectator, 6 Dec. 1845, 1166.


69 Times, 17 April 1846, 7.

70 Vaughan, Review, 50, 56.

71 9:2. One wonders if TC did consult this work (Protectorate of Oliver Cromwell) carefully, so incorrect is his assessment of it.
Chapter IX

The Heritage of Cromwell (and Cromwell)


3 NLS 1766. 94-5.

4 LL, 1:305.

5 Wilson, Cromwell, 297.


11 Lomas, 1:xxxii.

12 Lomas, 1:xxxiv. Written in 1904.

13 6:15-6.

14 6:2.

15 6:2,4.

16 6:12.

17 6:76.

18 Abbott, Bibliography, xv.

20 FitzGerald-Bernard Barton, 15 Aug. 1845, Terhune, 1:504.

21 Terhune, 1:520.

22 Terhune, 1:536.


24 Kaplan, 310, 319-20. I have argued that TC was writing a general history, not a biography, and that it was that approach which failed to express TC's views adequately, while the Cromwell in this regard was a triumphant success. Kaplan's treatment of TC's work on Cromwell is vague, inaccurate and superficial. Even allowing his biography is not meant to offer a critical interpretation of his work, he fails to show the part it played in TC's life. As a result it is subordinated to TC's marital difficulties and infatuation with Lady Ashburton. Kaplan apparently has not looked at the available working papers and offers no analysis of the book's influence or artistry. Though valuable in other respects, Kaplan's book offers no advance on Froude or Wilson in regard to Cromwell.

25 Althaus, 105.


27 Abbott, 1:xiii.

28 6:77.

29 Terhune, 1:529.

30 Espinasse, 75.

Editorial Treatment of Carlyle's Working Papers

Determining the proper way to edit a large group of manuscripts is never easy, since any principle one tries to apply to the whole collection may be stretched to the limits of applicability and beyond. In treating the materials about Cromwell difficulties are compounded because of the variety of what is available. There are reading notes ranging from the smallest abbreviated scraps to full sheets of notes. There is direct quotation and excerpt. There are drafts for material used, partly used, and never used. The manuscripts themselves are located in the Forster Collection, Victoria and Albert Museum, the Beinecke Library, Yale University, and the Strouse Collection at the University of California at Santa Cruz.

My own research caused me to copy out most of the Cromwell-related manuscripts in the Forster Collection, some of those at Yale, and a few from the Strouse Collection. To present all this would be superfluous since much is not worth printing, while some is available elsewhere. The general rule in deciding what to include in these appendices has been to choose what is interesting and not elsewhere available. Almost all reading notes are omitted, as are the early drafts for the Historical Sketches, Cromwell, Past and Present and any other published works. I have also attempted to describe briefly what is not transcribed, although no claim to thoroughness is made on this score.

Most of the manuscripts, wherever located, are rough drafts. Virtually all have extensive alterations and deletions, while many have obscure, difficult or barely legible sections. Sometimes, as in the case of the Forster Collection, this is due to the manner
in which the manuscript has been bound, but usually it relates to
the nature of the rough draft. The ruling principle in making these
transcriptions has been to keep the text as readable and unencumbered
as possible. To this end nearly all of Carlyle's deletions have
not been noted, and his additions or alterations have been inserted
without comment to that effect. Punctuation has been added, since
Carlyle underpunctuated in his drafts. Some paragraphing has been
added. Carlyle's abbreviations have been silently expanded, as in
"Commons Journals" for "C.J.," while some effort has been made to
regularize Carlyle's page and volume references to sources. I
have tried to follow Carlyle's capitalization and spelling, but do
make occasional corrections or regularizations to the latter.
Occasionally, a portion of an excised phrase appears necessary in order
to maintain continuity or sense in the text. This has been inserted
without comment. When I have felt it necessary to include a word or
phrase not present, this appears within square brackets, as does
all editorial comment. All Carlyle's brackets of whatever shape
are represented by parentheses (round brackets). At times Carlyle
listed alternative versions for his sentences, and did not indicate
a preference for either. These "alternative readings" will appear
in footnotes. At other times he wrote above the line of the text
information which does not easily fit anywhere into the text. This
is also listed in footnotes under the heading "above line." And
at still other points one infers that certain alterations were
intended, although no specific instructions have been given. These
cases are noted as "conjectural readings."

In all these cases I have attempted to use my best judgment
in conjunction with the desire to make this material easy to follow.
That some of the methods are open to question I will not dispute. It did seem best, however, that these manuscripts be made available in a way that would give unencumbered transcriptions of their more important sections. While in the end there is no substitute for the manuscript itself, it is hoped the reader without sufficient time to puzzle out Carlyle's crabbed scrawl will find the following transcriptions adequate.

The organization of the transcripts is by location: A) The Forster Collection, B) Beinecke Library, C) Strouse Collection. Since each sheet of the Forster Collection is individually numbered, these references will be maintained here. The Beinecke and Strouse Mss, however, are less easily specified. Material from each is divided by the general title applied to the manuscript by the library, and the manuscripts are then sub-divided into what sections seem appropriate.
A. Forster Collection Manuscripts

The Forster Collection, Victoria and Albert Museum Library, London, contains many items related to Carlyle, including his marginalia in Forster's books, assorted minor manuscripts and proofs, and letters. The main set of manuscripts, found in a single volume (48.E.36) is by far the most interesting, and consists of 180 pages of varying size. It was long unknown because miscatalogued under Forster's name as "'Statesment of the Commonwealth.'" (1840). MS and proofs, letters etc.: including Fragment of and materials for a new Life of 'Strafford.' Also notes by Mr. Carlyle."¹ In fact, almost all the papers are in Carlyle's hand, none in Forster's. There are also a few notes by John Christie, and some other letters.

Almost one third of the collection is made up of scraps of varying size consisting of reading notes about Carlyle's work on Cromwell. These possess no literary value. The remainder are a series of mainly full-sized sheets, most relating to Cromwell and his times. Some portions of the unused drafts have been published; these will be noted below. Other portions were used by Carlyle or his nephew Alexander and include a few drafts for Past and Present, fewer for Cromwell and a significant number for the Historical Sketches. In transcribing my rule has been not to duplicate any published material, except when it is of great interest.

The manuscripts may have come to Forster in stages. He and Carlyle were close friends who shared an interest in Cromwell. The reading notes may have been discovered closed within volumes Carlyle had borrowed from Forster and returned. Since Forster was a keen

¹South Kensington Museum, Forster Collection. A Catalogue of the ... Manuscripts ... Bequeathed by John Forster, (London: HMSO, 1893), 33.
manuscript collector he may have begged portions of the drafts from Carlyle. It is likely that most of them were sent by Carlyle about 1852 when he wrote to Forster he was lending him the Chorley transcript of his historical sketches and also sending "3 out of 5 or 6 rubbish bundles." At the same time he offered to let him look through his whole box of Cromwell manuscripts.² Apparently Forster retained some of them, and they formed part of his bequest to the South Kensington Museum upon his death in 1876.

/ff. 1-2 form a draft of HS, Part II, Chapter 3, "Church Provocations," paragraphs 1-3 and a portion of paragraph 4, 191-5. There are also some reading notes beginning and ending these two sheets. f.3 includes drafts for two separate sections of HS, reading notes and unused material. The used sections include HS, Part I, chapter 25, "James's Parliaments," paragraphs 1-2 and a portion of paragraph 3, 153-4. The remainder of the used material is found in Part I, chapter 26, "Glimpses of Notable Figures," paragraphs 15-18, 176-8. A portion of this is printed in Fielding & Tarr, 18, although they mistakenly label it "f.4v" when it is f.3, and do not mention the material has already been published. The unused portions precede paragraph 1 and follow paragraph 2.²/

The Parliaments of James have fallen deep into the darkness of the Death Kingdoms; not to be recovered by industry of man. A man can see them; by strange perciipient faculty of his, which has a certain gift of memory, nay of prophecy, he can force his way into a kind of sight of them, face to face sitting in their old cloaks, steeple hats and fringed breeches: but it is like seeing a sanhedrim of ghosts; sends a shiver into the marrow of his bones. Read in the old torpedo lumber Books, in the Kennets, Camdens(?), Bakers, nay in the old Sybil Books called Commons Journals, read there, and with a Herculean resolution be not thou torpified, but keep thyself awake, alive in spite of Hela and Hormoder, thou wilt see them, those old Parliaments, -- and say whether the sight does not make thy blood

²FC 48.E.18.50.
run cold! They are ghosts, they are dead, dead. Their dialect is ancient English, -- good Heavens how ancient obsolete to every living man. They believe in God, these old Parliaments; they believe in this world and in themselves; they are of our own blood and kindred, our fathers according to the flesh; but their ways are strange to us as those of men beyond the Deluge! The solitary Editor, alone of men in such contemplations, shudders back from them; returns speechless, with a feeling for which there is no speech.

The most respectful Parliaments worshipping the shadow of a Majesty are astonished to find themselves ever and anon at flat variance with his Majesty: God above and the Eternal Laws are pulling us one way, the Shadow of God below and the Temporary Laws are pulling us another. We sit wringing our hands: woe is to us, the most unfortunate of Parliaments, what in the wide world shall we do? Of course the Temporary Laws have to be found or to be made conformable to the Eternal; -- one may hope so. The Shadow, one may hope, will not prevail, but the substance of God. Little as the modern mind regards it, the controversy was great, and the greatest; a crisis of the History of England and of the world's History, struggling and travailling there. Had this King gone along with the heart of England, his Parliaments and he need never have quarrelled; they might have

1 TC has bracketed both paragraphs.

2 Above line: "Coke upon Lyttleton stretch the laws."

3 Alternative reading: "cause."
rubbed along better or worse as they had done for 3(? ) centuries before: King [not] reduced to a clothes-horse, a Parliament as supreme authority of England had never developed itself into the light of day, and the world had been spared some very sorry spectacles in certain centuries of its History.

Coke upon Lyttleton, Sergeant Noy or some other must stretch the Temporary Laws. I observe always the art of Coke: whatever the old Parliaments had done when they were all Lords and Barons with armed England at their back, and not be gainsayed at all,¹ -- this our learned friend asserts to be competent to 'Parliament' still now when we are poor commons paid by our boroughs (Parry, 262), when we are mere learned sergeants and inconsiderable Knights of the shire.

¹ Probable alternative reading: "whom none that would live in England could gainsay."

On the Saturday Morning, August 23, my Lady Denbigh at Newnham Paddox in Liecestershire, the sister of this great Duke, married to the Fieldings who have risen thereby, has a Letter from her Brother, which she is reading with tears; so sad is it tho' affecting to be gay, this farewell of the Duke's. (On Saturday, 23d of [the] month, the August Sun as his wont is has risen to all lands.) All English creatures must see to get breakfast and begin a new day's work. Thus reads the Lady Denbigh, over her breakfast, weeping and hardly eating at Newnham Paddox up in Liecestershire. (His Majesty near Portsmouth is lodged at Litchfield, a House of the Nortons; his Majesty too is breakfasting, and Buckingham is about to breakfast.)
FF. 6-7 are scraps of reading notes.
The whole of f. 8 and the first third of f. 9r contain reading notes on Laud. Immediately thereafter comes a draft for Past and Present, Book III, chapter 5, "The English," paragraphs 2-3, 157-8. The draft is continuous, although Carlyle used the next portion in Book II, chapter 17, "The Beginnings," paragraphs 5-8 and most of 9, 127-9.

FF. 10-11 contain reading notes.
F. 13 includes drafts for part of two HS chapters and unused material. The first is from Book I, chapter 25, "James's Parliaments," part of paragraph 3 and all of 4, 154-5. Immediately following is a draft for paragraphs 1-2 of Book I, chapter 26, "Glimpses of Notable Figures," 166-7, and this unused material.

A man of this world is called upon by various considerations to be grave. He can do nothing otherwise, he cannot even laugh. His laughter, if there lie not an immensity of earnestness behind it, is as the crackling of thorns under the pot; distracted, futile, wearisome, not to say in the end insupportable, and as good as horrible. Clack, clack. The clacking of his wit without wisdom moves no laughter in me; it is very sad; -- in the uttermost excess it grows awful as the rattling of the jaws of a death's head; inspiring thoughts that have no name. "A man that looks to be promoted into a Heaven in a few years, or thrust down into Hell, according as he acts and speaks in this world: such a one will have a chance to be grave!" So urges this or the other enchanted Person by the Dead Sea, in an exculpatory way. Yes, O enchanted Person; -- and yet thou shalt consider this question, how does he come to believe a Heaven and believe a Hell; to invent such notions for himself and finds them credible, eternally certain? Why, because in his own heart he finds it written, he and his earnest fathers found it written that the quality of human actions did infinitely differ; that one man was a canaille deserving 2 Hela, Oblivion, and eternal

1 Alternative reading: "in".

2 Alternative reading: "fit for".
brimstone fire, eternal mud ooze, and another a hero deserving very opposite things. This I call a revelation to him; readable in his own heart; readable in every human heart, -- once readable in thine before thou wert enchanted, poor Dead-Sea one! -- -- As a chameleon yet with a difference. For there are elective affinities; highly important in the outfit of a man. One man descends into the studious abysses; comes up with his head enveloped in cobwebs; a frightful mountain man of learned cobweb, all natural vision or nearly all shut out of him by cobweb; and brandishes thenceforth his mountain of learned cobwebs -- one of the most enormous spectacles. (This is frightful work!)

\[\text{\textit{f. 14}}\] is probably incomplete, since it begins in mid-sentence, even though Carlyle has scored through the first few lines. It is unused. 14v is docketed "Twelves chairs/the outer leaf: Purn Sermon." HS 37-43 contains what Carlyle calls "some sort of modern Puritan Sermon" as preached by Smelfungus. The draft below is similar to this sermon in tone, if not in actual wording.\[\text{\textit{f. 14}}\]

We often hear it said, "They believed in Heaven, they believed in Hell; it was no wonder they made an infinite distinction between right and wrong. Believe practically in eternal future rewards and punishments, you will understand the significance of deeds done in the body!" -- Yes, 0 enchanted person: and yet I will invite thee to consider this question, whether that same infinite distinction between right and wrong was not the cause of the belief in Heaven and Hell, instead of being the consequence thereof? It is very certain when the cobweb veils that encircle thee thousandfold, and instead of daylight present thee with mere grey twilight, tattered sordid imagery and tracery, shall drop away somewhat, and the multitudinous big-mouthed clangour of universal Cant abates somewhat, so that thou hast thy eyes and ears again, thou wilt find it
indisputably so. How had mortals ever come upon such a notion as that of Heaven and Hell; or found it credible when come upon, except on that ground alone? Thou art prone always to put the pagoda before the god; to forget that the coat is not cause of the man, but consequence of him. Thou unfortunate, I pity thee. Thou dwellest in as scandalous a cocoon of confused, necessitous bewildermements as I have met with lately. Traditions, shadows once emblematic, now merely dark; beggarly greed of pleasure, beggarly terror of pain, -- thou coward! Greedinesses, cowardices, and old dusty cobwebs thousandfold shutting out the light of God's free sky and bright green earth; -- and mumbling old jargon which thou thyself half knowest to be jargon. Thou I think wilt never devise a Heaven or a Hell; not thou for one. The Thames is secure of taking fire by device of thine. My friend, thy ears are very long. Thou remindest me of Bottom the Weaver in some particulars. But alas, what wonder thou art terrified; the seven senses are blotted out of thee by one blustering confusion, and thou canst hear nothing, for old cobwebs thou canst see nothing. Thy habitation sounds like Big Tom of Lincoln doing perpetual bob-majors, and peals from any side of it mere cant, cant, cant. Arise, thou ill-starred flunky Rave (there are so many millions of us all in a tale), or sit there and die eternally. Is it true only that men were alive? Are old shadows, and emblematic traceries on cobwebs and black and white surplice controversies the only truth in this bright celestial, terrestrial Universe, -- divine still in every fibre of it; unnameable unfathomable Force? Beauty, Terror, Wonder, Worship looking forth from every fibre

1 Alternative reading: "otherwise?"

2 The reading here and in the preceding several lines is difficult. Some words have been omitted in order to make sense of the passage.
of it, beautiful, terrible, worthy of worship by men. -- -- A man
is the author of his own universe, say the Philosophers, But indeed,
a man's universe is the shadow of Himself. A Dead-Sea Ape's
universe is naturally not a very worshipful one.

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Pity that people tear one another's wigs off, debating about
plenary inspiration. Is it not strange too, how having once well
decided that it was all actually written by God we thereupon -- pare
by paying less regard to it by very many degrees than to a thing
written by man. A Leader in the Times becomes the Law of action for
certain two-legged animals without feathers; they translate it into
action, in their shops, at their hustings; they say it is the
word of Bombaster, the God's Laws of this present moment, -- Bombaster
is expert in these. My brethren, if your hearts leap up in assent
to the Hebrew Bible, and say with all their fibres, "Yea! It is even
as then written, a very fact; this writing is true, the truest ever
set on paper," -- it will turn out to be written by God I suppose;¹
and you had better begin doing it, and cease your petty jargoning
about who wrote it. What an august body of creatures are men!

¹Above line: "as the mountains."
finish his pursuit, his house, friends, coat, hat and shoes; the "two words cut away" could wish that they were all immortal; that there were no change to be in them anymore. The fool and barbarian only is nomadic, sets his house on wheels; lies in the pastoral stage, or call it the fishing state. Alas, is not all this nineteenth century, with its huge commerces, steam-powers, tariffs, sudden-fortunes, bubble speculations, a kind of enormous fishing state, -- of erratic gambling, gain and loss; of hunger and satiety, of reckless waste and desperate spasmodic industry, -- with thousands of unsold shirts and millions of naked backs, -- hard gaunt famine, hard atmospheres poisoned by spoiled fish. Would to God we were in the ploughing state again! But it will be long first. (This ought to be worked out?) --

Why this incessant change of mode, in all wearables and weaveries from year to year and from month to month? How is it that no one says to himself, in regard to any conceivable object or product whatsoever, "We will let well be"? Well should have itself let be; nay, even Ill gets more endurable by use, and to the wise man a new Ill that is not better is worse. You had reconciled yourself to last year's detestable coat; had learned in some measures the nippings, grippings, and gradually how to conquer, evade, or endure these same inconveniences and shortcomings of the poor garment had by necessity, not without a kind of pitying forgiveness to fallible Humanity and Tailorhood, \( \text{had} \) reconciled your soul and body to the same. -- Will next year on resurmise you demand a precisely similar garment, cloth and cut the very same?
f. 50 forms a draft for *Past and Present*, Book III, chapter 13, "Democracy," the first complete paragraph of 216. There are significant alterations in the text, however, especially in the second half of the paragraph. In the draft it is Smelfungus who is quoted; in the text it is Tedfelsdröckh.

ff. 51-6 seem to form a related group of drafts, and may have been written about the same time. f. 52v is dated "decr 28," leaving the year conjectural, while f. 56 contains a draft for *Past and Present* which must have come in October 1842. The drafts deal with various subjects, indicating composition came over a period of some weeks or months. Four of the sheets bear sequential numerals, while two do not; all the sheets are of similar size and appearance. f. 51 is a draft for HS, Part I, chapter 5 "Bog of Lindsey," paragraphs 9-13, 63-6 and part II, chapter 15, "Laud's Life by Heylin," paragraph 1, 274-5. The first unused portion here transcribed precedes paragraph nine, while the second follows paragraph ten. This sheet is headed "(1)".

In these Bogs of Rásteven¹ behold a lively emblem of the nature of human history, of much that is done in life.

Speech physically is but an agitation of the atmosphere, produced by certain small muscles of the human throat and palate, -- certain small and great passions of the human soul. All the speech of a Nation, whatsoever words the whole Nation uttered in one day, in one century, is a certain inconsiderable vibrating in the lower regions of the atmosphere: how inconsiderable, every way! A kind of aeriform character belongs to it in our fancy: and in the reality has it not various properties of air? The meanings of Speech, like the sound of it, do they not swiftly pass away? The hottest controversial jangling, this too is a transient vibration; this too if thou wait a little will condense itself and not be. Our loud words, our passionate feelings, thoughts; the whole world's angry jargon and effort how it hangs like a general curcumambient very transitory air; like a vapour mounting up a little way from the ferment of Existence, -- then anon condensing itself, sinking

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¹Above line: "Hole and, Lindsey or."
quietly into the general Bog of Lindsey, buried as so much else is.

Compressed among rocks and partially charred, they say, this thing becomes pit-coal, a still better kind of fuel: -- lies there some similitude of this too, here and there; as for example in the thing we call Classic Art? Greek life and Roman, such Northern Immigrations, volcanic explosions and lava deluges and water deluges went sagging over it, [that it is] not blackest caput mortuum now, but dry glistening, in some degree crystallized, and no longer alterable; indestructible henceforth. A beautiful result. Partly it does depend on the lava deluges; -- considerably too on the nature of the caput mortuum itself. For perhaps we shall not soon see a Roman life again. (Hardly do, this!)

f. 52 contains a draft for HS, Book II, chapter 15, "Laud's Life by Heylin," paragraphs 2-3, 275-7. Curiously, paragraph 3 also reappears in Latter-Day Pamphlets, "Jesuitism," 20: 332-3. This duplication of material does not appear to have been previously noted, although it offers further proof that Carlyle would borrow from laid-aside manuscripts at various times. Unused portions of f.52 precede and follow the HS draft.

To be remarked, King Charles and William Laud went always together, King and Archbishop in this rare instance were one and the same. Church and state for most part pull different ways, producing thereby many (new) incoherencies: but it was not so here. (This to be noted: King and Chief Priest should always be one, -- and are very seldom so) --

Oliver had been in use, as we said, to question Fate from of old, were it only in the way of pecuniary loss and gain, at the gaming-table. Questioning of Fate, it is the practice of all voracious
living natures; the highest deed a thinking creature can attempt. For the hungriest heart it is ready sating; the hungriest and largest is thereby filled. Oliver's Puritan religion is a doing of this same, in a truer and grander style, in the truest and grandest. Yes, Oliver, that is a game thou art bound to play. Shall the dark demons and chaotic powers gain this soul of mine, or shall I gain it! Most complex the game; the stake is Heaven or Hell forevermore! Strange enough, he, a small individual, whose utmost visible possessions in the county-books are certain insignificant cures, manors of Hinch/In/brook and such like, in an obscure corner of this poor fraction of the Solar System, should invisibly possess so much: a litigable right over Infinite space for Eternal Time! Yet it is a fact; a good litigable right and action at law: look in thy own soul, and see. Life-rent usufruct of Hinch/In/brook, deducting county-cess: Ye good Heavens above! To Oliver it had been made clear that as his little span of life came out of all Eternity so it would stretch forward into all Eternity. In dim obscure dialect this fact had been communicated to him. -- out of distant Nazareth-huts, out of distant Midian Mosaic deserts, where the great wild heart saw God as a Burning bush, girt with the great wild granite rocks and desolations, and palpitating heard his behest as a still small voice, and obeyed it! My Brothers, in these despicable mumbling canting ages, fallen into dotage, deterioration, let us be silent about all that. Thou too, meanwhile, has thou seen no burning-bush in any kind, heard no still voice, saying I am hath sent thee? I hope thou hast, and what will be a new blessed feature, retained thy entire sanity withal. Alas, with what a feeling deeper than any tears wilt thou survey most

1 Alternative reading: "paltry little planet of ours."
extant churches: of Diderotisms, Benthamisms, and the cattle on a thousand hills, to say nothing. -- Oliver's gambling was of the true manful sort: I will recommend him to play it out with his whole soul.

(This day, Tuesday, December 28, ich kann nicht weiter; I awoke ill-slept; headache, heartlessness, uncertainty, obscurity, confusion worse confounded: que faire, que faire!)

/f.53 is another collection of miscellaneous jottings. It is interesting to note that the second paragraph here is also found in the Yale MSS, B3. Although virtually identical both versions are given. The Yale version appears to be a later draft, since it is less heavily revised. A brief portion of f.53 has been printed in Fielding & Tarr, 22.7

Sancroft's Letter in Cary about Christ's and King Charles's death (There, and in many other places: Eikon Basilike seems to have come out then, Sancroft in one letter alludes to it). -- Terrible deficiency of pay for the soldiery: A most impeded business, rolling itself along like the walking of Milton's Sir 27 Had the people risen in less than twelve years, it might have been a failure on their part (?). Fairfax has an admirable slowness, reticence, I mean his correspondence with the Parliament, and officialities; it is not admirable otherwise. --

Usurper? Are not most men usurpers? Every mortal that accomplished the doing of anything whatsoever worth naming, thou wilt find he is a usurper of the doing of that thing. No parish-vestry elected him to the doing of it, put the tools in his hand, and with patting on the shoulder engaged him to do it. Most parish-vestries were against him, or indifferent to him. Was epic Milton a man elected to be the Singer of our England? Not he; dull Bulstrode
called him one Mr. Milton; it went hard with him, at one time but he had been hanged. The shopkeeper that sells fish-sauces in the next street, usurped that shop having the power to do it, contrary to the advices of several friends, to the efforts of several enemies, in oblique or direct contradiction to almost all the tendencies of the world in this age. The world was not there for his sake, but for its own sake; he and the world stood matched together like a devouring sea and a defiant swimmer, and he, honour to him, swam in it, and swims. Did the Parliament, I say, pass an act that he should sell fish-sauces? No: In his secret heart he passed an act of Parliament, read thrice or oftener with multitudinous debate in lower and upper house, and the ayes had it, and soys and ketchups stand on his counter and he behind them in victory over all Nature and all Art so far. Thou thyself that readest this Book condemning it, who made thee a judge of books? What diploma hast thou, from any corner of the earth, or even from Heaven? Thou, by usurpation, drawest sixpence from thy purse: thou hast paid sixpence to the circulating library; and now sittest justly enough condemning me thy poor servant. In the whole course of my multifarious reading, I have found few true Kings that were not usurpers: the more is the pity! --

Sir Kenelm Digby had a method of extracting what he called the astral spirit(?) (see Hibbert) out of natural organic bodies, --
the first step in which process was combustion. He took, for example, a rose, and oaktree, a highland ox(?) or Hyrcanian boar(?), and first and foremost burnt them utterly out with fire; carefully collecting the ashes. These collected ashes he then took and after what
manipulations is rather uncertain put them under a glass retort hermetically sealed; to the bottom of which was once more applied the element of heat, but this time in a gentle, gradual manner. Gently, gradually, as the new heat penetrated these dead ashes, there mounted, sublimating itself into the glass retort a perfect miniature model of the rose or other organic body, faint, almost colourless, as it were the deathless beatified ghost of that terrene organism which men had once named rose; faint, almost colourless, -- not very visible except to the armed vision of Sir Kenelm. The heat withdrawn, the ghost again lapsed into its ashes, and could be again sublimated at pleasure by the exhibition of gentle, gradual heat. O Sir Kenelm, what an invention for those old Commonwealth Books of mine! In them too lies an astral spirit; the writers of them did mean something; had some insight picture or other purport to communicate by such printing or they would not have printed it.

Could one but extract the astral spirit of them; -- could one once see them fairly burnt, and made ashes, with or without astral spirit? For it is most melancholy what the dulness of men achieves by Books; how Pedantry like an ass bent under panniers of ancient rubbish, is worse than Ignorance. A swifter, much happier unpanniered ass, sometimes almost an elegant onager of the hills! Like an ass whose poor back with marine stores bows. Reader, art thou a dealer in marine stores? I swear I pity thee (not so, no, no!) -- Dealers in marine stores are for wise purposes ordered to announce themselves in Letters four and a half inches long, conspicuous from afar. (Pedantry has eyes but they see not more than the eyes of a boiled fish.) (I wish to Heaven I could get begun!)

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Every Historian should be provided with the Time-Hat: what amazing results he would realize! Fancy him entering one of those supper-parties where Edward Hyde sits listening to -- (?he his them); where Shakspeare sits in countering of wits with Benjamin Jonson! But he would be a melancholy foreigner withal; the people's thoughts as strange to him as their costumes: we belong to our own century as to our own parish, and have to gaze with blank sad wonderment on many things we see in any other century or parish. The vocables men utter with their tongues are hardly more diverse than the thoughts they cherish in their hearts: what we can say is that one alphabet spells them all.

In the Fens: men in coarse jerkins of felt or drab blanket, in rusty dish-hats, -- happy if they can get a shaphance, or gun that goes off with a trigger and flint, -- prowling after ducks and acquatic poultry (birds) with bent back; stalking cautious after ducks. Nay, what of men: behold that black coot with her six young cootlets, black specks round her, bobbing on the waters, seeking family victuals, whom thy footfall has alarmed. With eager eye, swift motion, nay with wild feelings and wants they swim there; (they too as well as Suns and Siriuses are portion of the sum of things). Have not they a life, independent of the newspapers? Mercurius rustic or Aulic are all silent as to them; yet they live, they too as well as Suns &c things. Great Nature: in what words shall we speak of thee! My Brother, it were in sobs, in bursting tears that I would speak. There are no words but are a kind of personal insult to one's feelings: better in general to say nothing. As the noble Burns said of his Songs, small drops of Melody in an

1Alternative reading: "an amazing implement."
age when so much was unmelodious. By Heavans, they shall either be
invaluable or of no value.

A brave man then as now has to give his life away. I will not
have your gain. Give it, I say: (as for them, the brave have
always done so, will always (Lord be thanked) do so.) Thou dost
not expect to sell thy life in an adequate manner? What price for
example, would content thee? The just price of thy life to thee --
the whole universe of Space and Eternity of time: that is the
price that would content thee; that and if thou wilt consider,
nothing short of that. It is thy all; thou wouldst for it have all.
Thou wilt never sell they life (or any part of thy life) in an
adequate manner. Give it, like a free hero heart; let the price
be nothing: thou hast then in a certain sense, the only possible
sense, got all things for it. O Supply and Demand, O Prophets of
Supply and Demand, as strange a set of Prophets as I have met
with lately! -- How the soul of you, and of the age you prophesy to,
is sunk down invisible at the bottom of your stomach; with very
manifold results visible everywhere. The demand I suppose, for
Crucified Redeemers, must have been considerable in the first century;
the shop-price good?

The poorest English blockhead, meaning something by it, nay
something good and true, throws down his Larson/27 guinea, his ale-
house sixpence with a gallant air, resolute to act "like a gentleman,"
-- a man that is not led by supply and demand, has a noble indifference
to cash, unpurchasability by cash. If not a hero, yet a gentleman

1 This passage, down to "got all things for it" has been excised by TC.
hero-King. Whom shop-price supply and demand and the rest of it do not lead at all. The poorest of English Blockheads understands this. And you with lifelong study and enormous clatter of learned machinery have made out for me that the Universe is but a huge Grocery-business wholesale and retail, that I am a grocer and even a commodity, and the Most High God is a Gentlemen I will thank you to step aside, lest unpleasant things happen between us.

The serious phraseology of all men in those days, a thing worth noting. Even George Monk takes care not to close his despatches without something of what "the Lord has done for us." Liable to abuse, this dialect: but which dialect is not so? Our current dialect is a snigger, a universal hollow mockery, or affectation at most.

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Perhaps in the History of the world, surely in the History of Protestant Europe, no Nation has risen into a nobler attitude of free devotedness to its Ideal than our brethren of Scotland in those days. It was a simultaneous burst of energy, heart conviction of this Nation's, that Calvinistic Christianity is the true spiritual passport of God's Universe and man's Life; to that end did the Maker form his Universe and send his creature Man to dwell there. From the depths of old Death to the Highest-effulgence throne of Inaccessible Light, thro' all wonders and all horrors and all glories, this is the meaning of that mystery we name Existence. Read it in the scrip of the Old and New Testament; in the history of the
Divine Man 17 hundred years ago. This is the true groundplan of God's Universe. This does it still veritably mean, daily, hourly, whatsoever it superficially seem to mean. This is its real grand Tendency, its deep central Law; the sacred soul of it whereby in the long run the whole enormous secular body, never so confused, discrepant, profane, distracted, is infallibly sure to be constrained and guided. It is the world's Grand Tendency; unseen by the stupid eyes of the world; visible, very certain to the eyes of the simple in heart, to those who are made wise to discern. From Shakspeare's Playhouse at the Bankside¹ to the sorrowful old Pope's Stercoria on the seven Hills at Rome, much goes on that looks not too coherent with Calvinism: Charles Stuart here in Whitehall Palace, walking light Mark-minuets, and the Cham of Tartary and the Czar of Muscovy, still more if you look in by the Mecca Caabab (its lamps burning this night), by Juggernaut's Pagoda, and the Grand Lama of Thibet, -- there is very much that looks not too coherent with it! Yes; and if thou art a fool thou wilt follow the outer incoherences and semblances, towards what victory thou mayest; and if thou art wise thou wilt follow the inner not-so-visible coherences and God's facts, where alone, it seems to me, is there chance of much lasting victory.

Thy three millions of gained money nor thy two Earldoms and two-score flunkies I do not account victory, I do not account victory: perhaps thou dost?

How beautiful at this moment to see the tolerating 19 century turning round with much satisfaction and in a generous manner admitting that its grand-fathers were not altogether mad for believing that

¹Alternative reading: "south end of Blackfriars Bridge."
God lived, but had even a kind of merit in it! A nation emaciated
into leanest Dilettantism amid our\textsuperscript{1} cotton fuz, mammon-worship,
foxhunting, with no music in our ears but the clank of endless
threshing and carding mills, view-hollows\textsuperscript{2} or far worse: the
insane clangour while their people die of hunger, and the Earth is
not far from bursting to swallow them, -- these can discern a
certain picturesque beauty in a past generation that laid down its
life for its Faith. -- Brother, hast thou any theory of the
Universe, and if so what is it? That man is a two-legged spinning
and building machine; -- or still better that he is a venatory,
rent-collecting Papins-digester, who has a faculty of eating?
Thy practice will be conformable thereto; other than heroic, meseems.

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Oliver has been a ghost these two centuries; the very gods
withstand his taking body again. -- Much is said of Language, and
then much also of Books, written language. Both are great, very
wondrous in this life of ours: yet both withal are little, most
ineffectual, inadequate. The speech of any given generation how
soon\textsuperscript{2} does it become obsolete, unreadable, heart oppressive, a
thing equivalent to no-speech, to jargon, which one longs to be
seen changed into good silence! There are 30,000 Pamphlets now
lying in the King's Library; but what a furnace heat must they be
exposed to if the truth shall even in grains and drops be smelted
out of them! -- -- The Past belongs to Hela the Death-Goddess;\textsuperscript{2}
she has absolved it, sunk it deeper and deeper into her dim kingdoms,
overspread with pale horror, with dim brown oblivion. And who are

\textsuperscript{1}Alternative reading: "sunk in."

\textsuperscript{2}The whole of this passage, down to "those let them wear and patrol"
has a vertical line drawn through it.
these, evidently kinsmen of the death goddess, that stand as Janitors admitting you, under heavy fees, to some view of the matter here and there? They are the Historians, bless their singular circumstances, -- on the whole, as strange a people as I have ever seen. What an indistinct mouldy whiteness overspreads their faces, so that no human feature can be clearly discerned; the features all gone, as in long-buried men, into a mealy damp mouldering blank. They are kinsmen of the Death-goddess; have a magical necromantic nature in them. See with what amazing amorphous wrappages, like huge Irish waistcoats, quilted out of all the rags of nature, they have indistinctly wrapt themselves; and stand, all winged, undecipherable, without form, save that of a winged moving mass of rags, waving their indistinct rag-pinions, (which blow from them strangely a kind of necromantic horror, scaring back all living); mealy-faced inanities stationed place to place there! By Heaven, the inner anatomy of one of those necromantic watchmen is a thing Science longs for; such a one I would go some miles to see dissected, and know what it was he had within him, if aught! But no: from their waving rag-wings blows a necromantic horror; the living with their scalpels cannot approach too readily. The inner contents of these enchanted rag-kings shall remain uncertain. Respectable mealfaced monstrosities; at once provoking laughter and a shudder of necromantic horror: indistinct rag watchmen of the Death Paradise; there let them pace and patrol.

Verily the floods of dull printed speech in these times are threatening to submerge the mountains. It does behave every man who prizes the life of his species aught better to either utter rationality and insight (which is extremely difficult) or failing
that to hold his peace, which is possible. Let it be thy distinction, my brave youth, that thou print nothing: men will ask, who is this original that keeps silenced? If thou have aught to utter, as by thy silence is likelier, thou wilt utter it in deeds I think; and keep thy lips close till a happier time. — Some ten tons avoirdupois of ancient and late historians I have read; but what avails it! The Past lies there as in complete enchantment, inaccessibility. Few Nations know their History; alas few men, almost no man knows his own! — Something awful.

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Enter the Ghost of Oliver Cromwell (by way of Prologue, loquitur) on another Stage than that of Dr. Laud. Who art thou of friendly mortal voices that hast awoke me from the iron sleep? Sunk amid carnage of the slain, I too at length sunk, buried in dark ignominy ever darker, two hundred years have shaken down their wreck over me, and I lie deep! Who art thou? What meanest thou? — Ye people and populace of this amphitheatre, aye there you are, new English faces, male and female, unbeautiful and beautiful, young and old, foolish and not so foolish, even as our own were! The same and yet so different. Not Christ's Gospel now, and a Godly ministry; but the People's Charter, and Free Trade in Corn. My poor beloved countrymen, — alas, Priests have become chimerical, and your Lords (Law-wards) do stick the stubble ground with dry bushes in preservation of their partridges, and are become to the simplest what in my time they were becoming to the wisest, an incarnate solecism, wonderfulest, sorrowfulest spectacle under this your Sun. My children, my kindred, it is a kind sort of comfort to me that I am dead; that I have not again to fight, and in such a cause

1Alternative reading: "thou wilt close thy lips till a happier time."
as yours has grown. — And say, good unchristian people, why have you summoned me into the daylight, — why has this man, of your number, ventured to do it? Is there any consideration in you!

Any Shadow of the Dead, if it rise authentically in the Thought of the Living, men called it once a ghost; you, if you were serious men would feel it to be such. (What an amazing piece of work is this! Where will all this end; anywhere? — Ach!)

Another thing which I find in the stupid Noble stated with a credible air but unluckily without citation of authority, is very characteristic: to this effect. The Associated Counties (Eastern Association) it would seem, are in perfect readiness, and in a considerable alacrity of temper, men all raised and ranged; everybody ready to defend themselves and exclude the False Counsellors of his Majesty, except that they have yet no arms or munitions of war. The Arms and Munitions lie at London; not yet at Cambridge, but there is no ready money to cart them to Cambridge. What shall be done? For the Imaginary King armed against King and Parliament hovers every nigher, domestic malignants awaiting but his advent: ready money cannot be had, you say, in the present tumult\(^1\) of the public accounts? And we have no arms: O Mr. Cromwell, O Mr. —, O my Lord of Manchester, our Honourable Members, how shall we get our arms? Ready money, say you; carters will have ready money: — and public ready money or accounts? The case is urgent. My Lord of Manchester, does not open his pocket; no wealthiest Patriot or Patriots do it: who can expect it of any private man! The case is growing desperate: a promising Association like to be wrecked\(^2\) for

\(^1\)Alternative reading: "confused incipiency."

\(^2\)Alternative reading: "perish."
want of a few carts and horses; -- like a strong hopeful infant
fallen down and drowning itself in the pitifullest gutter; just
depth enough to immerse its nose. Non-deep will do the business:
It will be found extinct there, poor babe, as dead as if you had
flung it into the Pacific Ocean! Saw the world ever such a nodus?
And my Lord of Manchester and ye private Gentlemen of England meet
in Committee. Mr. Cromwell impatiently unties his purse; he impat-
iently tables £100. "There, take that and hire carts! That since
you are perishing for want of it." My Cromwell's hundreds of
pounds are not the plentifullest, -- Who knows if there are half
a score left where that came from? But the Seven(? ) Associated
Counties shall not drown in such a gutter, fallen on their nose,
while they have a Majesty Cromwell in them: in God's name get the
cows carted, I say, and let that department of the jargon cease.

Major Cromwell's appearance at Cambridge, tho' nobody can paint
it now, is very characteristic. The Cambridge University Plate is
going off; part of it gone: Major Cromwell enters Cambridge suddenly;
alarms with terrible clatter the silent academic groves; finds most
of the plate-boxes, packed but not despatched; snatches, seizes
them; dignified Heads of Houses (Majisters) looking scornful wrath,
objurgating and even menacing him, -- for will not his Majesty in
just judgment and vengeance soon be here? In just judgment, in
never-imagined vengeance? Peace, ye Heads of Houses; go in to your
Lexicons again; sufficient for this day be the evil thereof. Mr.
Cromwell in this work of his has authority, which he is willing to
venture on. The man wishes to be civil too; but urge him not. In
those grey troublous eyes of his, in that unbeautiful rough
countenance of his, there is something dangerous. You hear how his
common bass voice rises easily into harsh querulous tenor, and argumentative speech becomes austere canto-fermo -- like a prophetic chaunt. His face will suddenly flush red, and again it will suddenly flush blackish, bluish, and become of slate colour: I judge that his temper is none the blessedest. He has an unpleasant breadth of jaw. Besides he preaches, prays, and has warts on his face. A man probably not without madness in him.

So too at St. Albans, Sheriff (who?) with the posse comitatus is assembled on the Fairday(?) and St. Alban's is a busy town. There are they engaging, enrolling, agitating in public loyal oratory the minds of men. Happy so far: and before night, it is probable, his Majesty will have a goodly list of men, money, munitions, -- when hark what swift loud rattle of hoofs exploding before our Court house, -- and Major Cromwell enters in heavy boots, hat scarcely doffed; and Sheriff (who?) and all his enrolled are clapt in custody, all persons unenrolled, sternly beckoned homewards, and the meeting and the enterprise have vanished into air. A sudden conclusive man. Were there such a man in every seven counties, his misguided Majesty were soon brought to reason.

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It is impossible for me to enter much into the Long Parliament. An unreported Parliament; it was a crime then even to take Notes for your own private benefit. Pity that one cannot enter it; for in the ancient history of this Country there are few things noteworthier. Besides, the English Parliament still exists; the last of our traditions in which some men still hope. I have looked upon it myself, not without astonishment, not without some earnestness of curiosity. (There it still sits and simmers, passing thousands of acts yearly,
delivering acres of printed talk yearly, at present in what they call the Reformed State -- perhaps the strangest phenomenon under the Sun at present.) I said to myself, Thou indescribable, unintelligible, simmering Legislative Establishment, in which human creatures still trust, what art thou at all? Here are chaotic, unmusical, inarticulate noises, and not less unmusical articulate noises; 658 young men and old in frock and trousers coming and going, or sitting in ranged benches with their legs folded, with their hats on, free and easy, mutually conversing, humming manifold; unfortunate dull orator entirely inaudible amid the din. Yonder at the farthest end, however, sits one antique figure in grey copious wig with flowing lappets; list, list, it is the Speaker: "Say Aye, Say NO!" croaks he half-audible. You guess not on what subject, to what effect, for the general hum has drowned all that: "Say aye, say no" -- not a soul heeds him; whereupon straightway croaks he "The ayes have it!" -- and a new law has come into being. May Heaven prosper it! It is one of these 1001 private-bills, about canals, highways, harbour-duties, turnpike rates, which pass here yearly, which have all to come hither that they may pass. It is the best way, sayest thou? Well, who knows! For ours has been a very mad world. But bills that wanted persons to pass them, surely at first thought one would fancy they might as well look out for somebody who would listen to them first of all! These are mysteries of state. And then the debates that are listened to, the changes of ministry, the &c, &c: I said to myself, Thou noisy simmering threshing-floor; -- out of grey antiquity from Saxon Hengst or earlier, -- for that I think must have been a Parliament, when the Briton and Saxon, 

¹Reading conjectural.
Ministerial and Opposition party sat commingled, and the debates ran high, indeed transcendant, high indeed as the flood of Noah, had not Hengst, Speaker pro tempore spake this, "Eu Saxons, nimmith euer Saxes!" You Saxons, nim (take) your Saxes; whereat the opposition party simultaneously stopping, each nimmed, or swiftly drew from his boot the large Saxon Gallier or Bowie-knife, -- with terrible results; and the ayes had it! -- (Nil me sicut antea juvat?) Good Heavens, what a glare of bloody sincerity was that; flaming out on us unextinguishable by fifteen black centuries; luridly terrible like a Medusa's head even yet. It is the beginning of our History; this alone distinct and credible in imaginary Nennius's when all else is dim, chimerical, and dim Monkish slop-basins of tradition, washed out of the idle brains of monk after monk (this not do!

We cannot see into the Long Parliament: it was a crime, in those times, to write the smallest note of it even for your own private perusal. Solely when some Women's Petition comes, when some Apprentice Tumult or the like, we look thro' the door, and do verily see the august conscript Fathers sitting; unknown business going on, by unknown methods, and William Lenthall from (?where?), a shy cautious man, with small half shut inquisitive eyes, extensive cheeks, extensive nose, sitting there as Speaker. His nose we call extensive, yet not immoderately so, and we chiefly mention it because what with the half-shut eyes, what with the extensive cheeks and half-open lips, the main meaning and tendencies of the face seem to direct themselves towards the extremity of that feature. Few men can see far beyond their nose. William Lenthall seems one of those who could be sure to see so far.
Chance, it is said, has often much to do with what men write, and then also with the handing down of the same. Men do not always write what image of a thing in their mind or memory was noteworthiest;¹ and of what they do write none knows whether it shall be the most or the least significant that is preserved. Livy's Decades are in part lost, and Nichols's Literary Anecdotes are extant complete. Oliver Cromwell had thoughts in him, it may be presumed, prior to his six and thirtieth year, and of quite other pregnancy than this of Mr. Wells and Mr. Storie at the Sign of the Dog in the Exchange.

Chance plays a great part in our Historical Library; a frightful part if we think how noble the art of history, and of recording or writing is. (Men do not always write &c noteworthiest; and then of their written papers, who knows whether it shall be the most significant or the most insignificant that shall come down to us!) Often enough the men who had the most to utter have not written at all, but merely worked and considered uttering themselves in that way. Odin scratched only a few poor runes, -- mere baker's tallies: he had not yet learned to write. No autobiography of Christopher Columbus exists, and one of Colley Cibber does.² Again, of men who do occasionally take pen in hand, it is by no means always that they

¹Probable alternative reading: "thing was noteworthiest, nay of what they do write."

²Above line: "John Milton, Columbus; A." Above the first "noteworthiest" in the next sentence TC has written "Wood & Cibber."
write what thing was noteworthiest, nor even what image of a thing in their own mind or memory was noteworthiest: and then of

Chance plays a great part in our Historical Library; making, together with Stupidity, whose past also is great, a very strange business of our Memory of the Past. Writing or the art of recording Chance &c (in some way or other!)

From amid the extensive shoals of drift wreck named Sloan Ms, for the Sea of Time is like other seas, and saves or drowns almost indiscriminately, this piece of paper has been snatched; and with deep regret for the many better that have perished and are swallowed unattainable, is here set before the reader. "To Mr. Storie at the Dog — Oliver Cromwell." (Harris Page 12).

On the eleventh day of January 1635; which would now be for us 23 January 1636. — In some small chamber, warmed with wood faggots in a house on the south outskirts of St. Ives, sits a robust middle-aged man, penning this epistle. Much is doubtful but this is certain. Thro' the 2 dead centuries and their lumber we can see so far. By intense inspection something of the man can be discerned. A man of simple farmer aspect; very far from beautiful, sorrowful rather, iracund, cloudy-browed, what the common run of men call ugly. In those deep anxious eyes, plays for the present no smile; -- yet I have seen them beam with honest laughter, and their sternness melt in the softest tears; for he is a loving man this angry farmer. Between the brows what an ugly wart. The jaw too has a dangerous squareness, under each ear, a dangerous angularity: dangerous if strong mean dangerous, as to the common run of men it does. The man's voice too is none of the musicallest. Strong, nor can you
call it flatly dissonant, yet I think there is something of the
metallic gong in it, oppressively impressive; and then alas it so
easily rises into alt and belches you forth a bellow, like few
other voices of which you never heard, or speaks in a kind of
inspired recitative or glowing canto fermo, withering men's very heart,
much too impressive on the auditor!

The reader anxiously perusing this fragment of written record,
will not find it too satisfactory. Mr. Storie is dead and vanished
to the last vestige of him: discernable only that he verily was,
and verily is not. "Sign of the Dog at the Royal Exchange:"
 alas the Royal Exchange has been twice burnt to dust since then; and
the pigments that formed some kind of Dog, and the brushes and
hand that laid them on, and all that boarded, that drank and
congregated there, are fled -- and the whole world is fled farther
than the dogstar. Walk over that Royal Exchange at present, and
think what a mere playhouse and swift-changing spectrum of stage
properties, of shews and sounds this solid-looking universe is. Men
talk of ghosts and do not believe them; neither indeed do I.1 Sure
enough, Mr. Storie my loving friend is not visible at the Sign of
the Dog any more, -- and that indeed is the very miracle of it. For
the Sun was not in the Heavens more undeniably than Mr. Storie was;
for where is Mr. Storie then; what has become of him? Let all
science, let all Imagination try to answer! Not more indubitably
walked the Sun thro' his Zodiacal Houses than did Mr. Storie thro'
that Royal Exchange. This thou assertest [word obscure] me for
questioning: I say, Produce him then. Thou assertest and yet

1 Reading conjectural.
produceth him not. O Brother, these past tenses of the verb To be, past, present, future, image of our enormous existence, these are the miracle to me; and whole armaments of ghosts, numerous as stars in the Milky Way, are but a supererogation, and nearly indifferent to me in comparison.

The useful Dr. Wells also, and his whole history has vanished. Whether Mr. Storie raised the funds for him or raised no funds; is now very indifferent to Dr. Wells. Or if that be a shadow of him over in Somersetshire who disputed &c (Wood)? It may be or may not be. Dr. Wells's lecture decidedly has fallen, no man regards it more, understands any jot or tittle of it more. Antiquarian spectacles will, not without difficulty, at last enable me to interpret, to clear of puzzles this that the Slepe Hall farmer says of him here. —

Jocelin of St. Edmundsbury

The Camden Society Books do not in one sense come under the category of Foreign Literature; yet in another, in many others, they are mostly Foreign enough. This present Book, for example, the private chronicle of an old St. Edmundsbury Monk, now seven centuries old, is very far removed from us in many ways. It is in a language not only foreign but dead; monk-Latin lies across not the British channel, but beyond the flood of Lethe, the vinefields of Styx, and one knows not where. Roman-Latin itself, still alive for us in the asphodel meadows of elysian memory, is poetic in comparison. And the ideas and way of life of worthy Jocelin, covered deeper than Pompeii and the lava-ashes and inarticulate wreck of seven hundred years — ! We shall need no apology for classing him among Foreigners on this occasion. Heaven knows he is foreign enough.
Besides, in Foreign Quarterly Reviews and all manner of reviews and publications, a certain latitude of movement is very becoming. Salvation lies not in tight-lacing in these days; how far from that in any province whatsoever? And in the long run Voltaire's rule comes to be the practical one everywhere, "several kinds are permitted, almost all kinds, if they be not the tiresome kind," -- from which last condition let us pray to Hercules, with our own shoulder at the wheel to deliver us.

Jocelin de Brakelonda cannot be called a celebrated (illustrious historian); indeed there are few more obscure individuals undeniably visible at all. One of those vanished Existences, utterly grown dark, whose footprints or works nevertheless are still clear to our eyes when we think of them. He seems by language to have been a Norman Englishman; by his name Brakelonda, a native of Brakelond, one of St. Edmundsbury itself: then sure enough a monk in St. Edmundsbury convent, a "cellaring" subaltern official, kind of body-servant to the Abbot; and as we find indirectly a most cheery-hearted, simple, yet withal shrewd, noticing, quick-witted man; not without touches of promise whatsoever. Readers and indeed men are getting dreadfully into the habit of asking all things and persons, from a poor rancid article to church Bishops and State-Potentates, not By what name art thou called; I know thy name well enough; but in what wig and black triangle dost thou walk abroad? But, In God's name, what art thou? That is what I would know -- and even must soon know! A sure sign of

[*f.57* is Carlyle's copy of a Cromwell letter found in the British Museum Library. It appeared only in the Supplement, 202, and subsequent editions of *Cromwell*, which makes this paper's likely date the spring of 1846.]
And these simple subaltern men, admitted to consult with him about the difficult matters of the Kingdom, take not to consulting, but in a manner to insulting! He is in a war entered upon by their own advise and urgency; surely the one thing needful is that they grant him subsidies and cash to carry it on. Instead of that, they bore him with demonstrative petitions about papists, recusants, as if his own Protestantism were suspect; summon his own chaplains for censure and fine; attack his own servants, his Buckinghams and favourites; -- what is a King growing to! Superfluous, all this, as King James of blessed memory was wont to tell his Parliaments: most superfluous, "for we are an old and experienced King." "Twelve chairs here, for the Twelve Kings that have come to visit us!" cried he once at Theobalds, when a Committee of Twelve had come out with their humble remonstrance. [The Ms now continues as printed in HS.]

The Parliament, now many hundred years of age, and always keeping record, gathering experience, getting wisdom, venerability, at lowest keeping record and tradition of itself, has grown to be a body not simple but complex. -- A body environed with traditions, privileges, formalities; privilege of Parliament, peers' robes; a body great, and clothed in a very mountain of habitudes: a body large, almost as the life of Man. [Scarcely can Edward Coke, Coke standing

1TC has bracketed the whole of this passage.

2Alternative reading: "imagination of Man."
upon Littleton, or Attorney General Noy, moiling in Law, see into the bottom of it; to our eyes unfathomable! It is so that human things grow when they have life in them. That Convocation House for instance, that B./27/ of Bishops, these cathedrals, tithe-laws, rubrics, creeds, excommunications: in the time of the younger Plinius it was a company of poor persons who met together weekly to a repast (see Plinius if need be!)

(The Ms now continues as printed in HS.)

Where¹ the centre of gravity in that huge line of battle ship is thou knowest not; but of a verity it is; and in the wildest Bay-of-Biscay irregularities² does constantly assert that it and nothing else ought to be lowest (does it not?) Nay, I have known line-of-battle ships, when you raised this same unknown centre too far, give instantaneous fatal notice of it; raise it this unknown quantity half a millionth of a hairsbreadth too far, your line of battle ship topples suddenly over, sinks to the ocean abysses forever more. People ask how can you determine it? Who knows it? This is a common question; often thought to be final. Brethren, truly I do not know it, nor do you know it; but the thing is, we had better try a little how to ascertain it. Totally unascertained, you observe, your big floating world topples over, goes down to the abysses. (All this, rudiment of a kind of thought, eheu! -- must be somewhere else, or not at all) --

(Ah me, a man must learn to begin somewhere on this side the Deluge! --)

¹ TC has also bracketed this passage.

² Alternative reading: "tossings."
form drafts for three sections of HS. The first is Part II, chapter 2, "Charles and His Parliaments," paragraph 9, 190-1; the second is an extremely rough draft for Part II, chapter 4, "Buckingham and the Isle of Rhe and Other Discomfitures," paragraph 2, 196-7; the third forms Part II, chapter 5, "Charles's Third Parliament," paragraphs 2-3, 198-9. Often there are considerable variations between the draft and the HS. f. 61 is headed "(3)". The unused portions of the sheets precede paragraph 9 and follow paragraph 3.

Be that as it might this king has parted with his three Parliaments in succession, in the worst humour, each worse than another; and now it is thought by some there will never be in England any Parliament more. His first Parliament that sat in Westminster, in the time of Pestilence, the death bell continually sounding as the honourable members consulted and debated, -- it was in the summer 1625, an extraordinary wet time as I remember, -- did give supplies, but by no means swift enough, by no means sufficient in quantity; and straightway it got into debates about Puritanism, about Montague? our royal chaplain, and I know not what. Nay, when adjourned to Oxford in the autumn, it began assaulting our great Duke of Buckingham; and men's mouths were meddling, waxing unendurable: whereupon we indignantly dismissed it, -- decided to

1 Alternative reading: "large enough."

2 Alternative reading: "would expedite no business."

3 At this point appears a long section of nine lines including 3 alternative readings that TC has bracketed. All are reprinted here. "Our Keeper Williams, a busy hot Welsh Bishop, had the audacity to tell his Grace of Buckinham that he was indeed joined with a magnanimous Earl of Pembroke and other Patriots, and stood on his own legs; to which the Duke answered, "Look you, stand fast then!" For admiral Pennington had in the interim taken over the seven English War-Ships to the King of France, to oblige a royal neighbour with the loan of them; the royal neighbour took them to fight against Protestants of Rochelle, -- not without reluctance, almost mutiny on the part of Pennington and all his men; and came home again indignant, all except one, a gunner."

The next two lines contain two further alternative readings, presumably meant to come after "waxing unendurable": "began murmuring about the seven Rochelle ships (not so, at any rate; nobody understands the Rochelle ships!)") Above this line TC has written "(see the next page?)". The second alternative reading is "jangling about ships employed against Rochelle."
supply ourselves by a royal loan from the well-affected that had capital.¹

Puritanism itself will own we tried to do our very best in this third Parliament. We were gentle of speech; a royal lion, we reared you like a sucking dove; were patient of how much, refusing to be provoked! They resolutioned and arrogated about Popery and Illegality, about Tonnage and Poundage; about the right of property and liberty of the subject, -- no man to be imprisoned without his habeas corpus, no tax or tallage to be levied without common consent in Parliament. We as it were apologised pleading necessity, we the royal lion; we promised on our royal word that it should not be so again. They set to making Bills (Petition of Right) about it; -- Will you not take our royal word of honour? said we by the Attorney General: they answered 'by a great silence,' the misguided mortals, and then proceeded to have their Petition of Rights rather. Their great silence ended in noisy Petition of Rights; to which we conceded once, nay a second time since the first was unsatisfactory; whereupon arose bonfires, universal ringing of bells. Well, and straightway thereupon began Eliot questioning of our Queen's Masses at Somerset House, of our disasters by sea and land, of Buckingham -- at the first hint of whom the Commons' Speaker stopt him, saying he had order to permit no speech of that. Eliot sat down; but Dudley Digges exclaimed: And must we not proceed then in silent.² We know not what we do. And old Coke said on and

¹Yet another bracketed section, this one of three lines. "Our success (in war) has not been various; it has been uniform: we have as it were died in the hospital. Worse decided wars in High Council we shall in vain seek for: We must go to King (See Bancroft's America for the name) and the red men of New England."

²Sic. One suspects TC meant "silence."
Oliver Cromwell said (now or when?) "flat popery:" -- we suddenly prorogue (26 June) these unexampled senators, for a quarter of a year (20 October). Let their fire cool somewhat.

Poor Buckingham getting ready a third fleet for these Rochellers, busy day and night at Plymouth; the knife of Felton one morning (23 August 1628) cuts his heart in two, and he falls exclaiming The villain hath slain me! It is even so. Buckingham will need no impeaching now. The Earl of Lindsey sails with his fleet; tries all things for behoof of poor Rochelle begirt by sea and land; tries all things, can succeed in nothing, returns home leaving Rochelle to inevitable fate. And the people scruple to pay us Tonnage and Poundage, the Parliament having questioned it; and we have to imprison their bodies, clap seals on their warehouses; discontent abounds. What can we do? Prorogue the Parliament yet a little till they cool still better; send for Bishop Abbott and other popularities; abrogate Dalbier and his Trail Baston; Buckingham is dead now; and now after six months cooling Parliament meet 20 January 1628-9.

See, no sooner are they met, than new complaint rises; their Petition of Rights has been wrong-printed, our Printer is sent for, scandalously censured; and Tonnage and Poundage, they say we cannot imprison for it. There is no act of Parliament yet granting it to us; men have a right to refuse it! Just Heavens, we answer, suppressing much, why not pass a bill for it then? We have nothing else to live upon almost. They say they will pass a bill perhaps; but what they do pass is mere objurgation. Inquiring whether the imprisonment of Mr Roles was not a breach of privilege? The speaker

1 Alternative reading: "comes his way again."
refuses to put that question; they adjourn in great emotion all
Wednesday next. Emotion, indeed; we adjourn them till Monday come
a week that emotions may become reflexions and reasonable in the
interim. Lo, on Monday met again they move the selfsame question,
which the Speaker refusing again to put, they hold him in the chair;
mark it posterity, hold him down, certain of them, Denzil Holles,
Stowe, Eliot, Valentine, Centon, till they pass Protestation in 3
heads. Protestation that Arminianism is contrary to the Law of
this land, that whosoever requires Tonnage and Poundage till an
act of Parliament pass for it shall be reputed a capital enemy to
this Realm and Commonwealth, that whosoever pays it shall be ditto
ditto, nay, a betrayer of the liberties of England. That is a new
scene we hope, in the history of Parliaments. We hearing what is
towards rush over to our House of Lords, send for the Sergeant of
the Commons' House, he is locked in, they are holding down the
speaker, called to thro' the keyhold sergeant answers that he can't
gen out. 1 We despatch our gentleman usher; door still locked, men
holding down their speaker, gentleman usher can't get in. Send for
our guards then; beat in their door! They have got their Proclamation
passed, have let go their Speaker and are adjourned swiftly till
March the 20 (for three weeks)! On the morrow morning we send what
of those speaker-holders we can clutch to the Tower, issue Proclam-
ations for the others. In one week, not waiting for their reassemblage
for their new protesting and jargoning in place of passing Tonnage
and Poundage, we dissolve them with indignant royal eloquence in
the House of Lords, only a few accidental Commons attending below
the bar. Go ye infatuated disloyal Commons Members; let us never

1 This and the following sentence are transcribed as written by TC. No alteration in punctuation will avail in this instance.
in Heaven, Earth or Hell (1)\(^1\) meet you any more! When one consider as Keeper Finch says "the supreme height and majesty of a Mighty Monarch and the submissive awe and lowliness of a faithful subject,"\(^2\) such things fill the royal breast with unspeakable amazement.

(a chapter to be constructed: "Holding down your Speaker")\(^3\)

\(^{\text{Ef.63-4}}\) form two drafts with unused material. The first is found in Carlyle's essay "Two Hundred and Fifty Years Ago," Part III, "Sir Thomas Dutton and Sir Hatton Cheek," 29:394-6, paragraphs 6-10. The second used portion comes in HS, Part I, chapter 12, "Duel -- Sackville and Bruce," paragraphs 1-3, 99-103. Both concern dueling. The unused portions are brief, and follow paragraph 10 and 3. f.63 is headed "(4)"\(^7\)

Holmgang was in use among the Norse too: if two men had grown absolutely incompatible, and the world is not wide enough for both, -- let them retire to the small Island or Holm, with ground measured out for them and due conditions, and there fight till they die, one or both: there may be worse ways of it.

The Speaker of the Arkansas House of Commons draws\(^4\) his bowie-knife, signifies to the honourable member on his legs there that if

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\(^1\) TC has written "H. E. or H(I)" which I suspect is an abbreviation for "Heaven, Earth or Hell."

\(^2\) Above line: "Kennet, Keeper's speech in 2nd Parliament," apparently referring to the source for the quotation.

\(^3\) The following is written next to the final line of text: "duel Sir Hatton Cheek & Sir Thomas Dutton. Kennet's Wilson's James I."

\(^4\) Here follows an aside of TC's: "rage in the mind of man cannot be annihilated; can never be got command of, by merely varnishing it over, and saying 'It does not exist, it shall not exist!' No."
he mention that again he, the Speaker, will have the honour of poniarding him, -- and does poniard him accordingly, there on the floor of the Senate house, the all for Sugar and Syrup Society preaching under his very nose. No dying "Rascal, hold thy hand" is audible there from either of the combatants; none: the preaching of the All for Syrup/27 has succeeded in abolishing that, and in leaving the rest unabolished.¹ (Not exactly).

²ff.65-7 form a draft for HS, Book II, chapter 16, "Laud's Reformation," paragraphs 4-12, 14-5, 282-8. f.65 is headed "(5)" and f.67 "(6)". A brief unused portion follows paragraph 5 and another comes in the middle of paragraph 8. A longer portion follows paragraph 14. All are bracketed. The image of forest trees in the third excerpt recurs in Cromwell, 6:216: "The forest-trees are not in 'order' because they are all clipt into the same shape of Dutch-dragons, and then forced to die or grow in that way."

But in fact thou shalt know what is dead, and not seek to revive it, but leave the dead to bury their dead. Be extremely brief about all this of Laud!

Old Archbishop Abbot, lost to his duty, has taken no order about those things; Abbot, the misguided old man, had Puritans convented in his house by night; Lambeth itself I have known shining with lights as if midnight had been noon, for meeting Puritans to hold conference there.

--- The God of Order? Yes, this is a Kosmos, not a Chaos, and order is the soul of it. Yet on the whole the order of a God's Universe, not of Tapeseller's shop. There are various kinds of order, may it please your reverence. Procrustes had a bed made for order. The bed

¹Alternative reading: "in changing somewhat lightning lovely to the very gods, for hellfire hateful to the very devils." For "hellfire" an alternative reading is "chaos."
of Canterbury suits a small Procrustes-Laud; it is his size. But how would your reverence like to be beaten out, to be stretched, racked, and with hammer and pincers violently thin flattened till you filled the Bed of Ware? (not extant then!) Drill serjeants pipeclay their recruits, buckram and stiffen\textsuperscript{1} them, into the consistency of wood; their very hair clubbed into queues stiffened with soap. -- Are all the forest trees of one size; clipt as in a Dutch garden? -- -- He that understands the noble (godlike) order of the universe, and faithfully conforms to that and as he can imitates that, with him it shall be well. He that understands it\textsuperscript{2} not, but takes the order of a tapeseller's shop for that, with him it shall not be so well. -- Trees all of one size are not what I want; but trees all vigorously growing.\textsuperscript{3} Trees, may it please your reverence, may have their top accurately clipt into the similitude of a mitre and shovel-hat, and yet be extremely unprofitable trees.

\textit{ff. 68-70 is a draft for HS, Book II, chapters 22 and 23, "Hampden and Laud," and "Wentworth," 317-24. There are two unused portions of significant length, the first coming just before the final paragraph on 320, the second preceding the first complete paragraph on 322. f. 69 is headed "(7)".}

Good Heavens, what will not machinery do for man! The mystery of terror is thatched over for him by machinery of use and wont, and he walks firmly, wondering at it no more. The muffin-man brings his bread hot-buttered daily with bell and tray; he eats it lightly, never dreaming of vegetable physiologies, of clever ploughers, tired

\textsuperscript{1}Alternative reading: "stancheon."

\textsuperscript{2}Alternative reading: "that."

\textsuperscript{3}Above line: "trees with their tops -- -- mitres & shovel hats." This is perhaps a reference to the conclusion of the passage in the next sentence.
reapers, threshers, of miracles equal to falling manna; he eats it lightly as the natural counterpart of a coined penny, thinking with himself while I have a penny, have I not a muffin sure to me? Muffins were made in Heaven, I suppose! — (Out!) —

To your posts, my merry men, to your posts all hands; up with our canvas to the wind, smite with all in one accord, with Iyltnice, stroke of oars, the sounding main, — and we will go! Colchis is the dim land of dread and dragons; but glimpses (tidings) linger of the immortal gods. Shall we not perhaps behold the veritable spirits of our Fathers?

— 0 let us fly from this camp of Mammon-lepers in search of some heroic land. Heroic souls beatified, spirits of the brave in eternal brightness, — if we can rend the veil of Nox and Dryasdust, if we can dare the grisly deeps of Chaos. They are there — there they as we are here. Along, let us go in God's name. — Shall we go for the Golden fleece? Shall we venture beyond the traversed Óceans and track of Hercules, and track of the living Sun to fabulous Colchis, guarded by dragons, enchanters and chimeras? Most questionable, Perilous: but — 0 friends, this dreary camp of lepers, long-eared Midases, hagridden present time, is this a home for us! Fly from it! We will search for death or some heroic land. To your posts, my merry men. My merry men sit all at their posts. (this to begin with?) Ach Gott.

f.71r forms HS, Part II, chapter 18, "Loom of Time," 296-7.
f.71v consists of the brief list of some of the chapters making up the history Carlyle had been working on in 1843. It is dated 27 November 1843, and is printed in chapter 2.
ff. 73-7 is a long, continuous section that serves as a draft for the introductory chapter "Of the Cromwell Kindred" in *Cromwell* (6:19-34). It is possible to date this section fairly exactly through a brief parenthetical comment coming at line 18 of 75v. Carlyle has written "(write to Redwood)" concerning some genealogical queries. Charles Redwood was a Welsh attorney and correspondent of Carlyle's. He lived in Wales, where Carlyle twice visited him, and the queries concerned this region. He did indeed write to Redwood on 3 January 1845. The response must have been prompt for he wrote again on 27 January thanking him (Faulkner, 161-3). It is reasonable to assume that Carlyle was working on this draft at this time, while this date offers further evidence that some material contained in Carlyle's "Introduction" was not added until late in the compilation. It will be remembered that it was early February 1845 when Carlyle struck a bargain to have the letters and speeches of Cromwell printed, while in this draft, dating perhaps only a month earlier, we find Carlyle still formulating parts of his "Introduction."

The entire draft is in a state of some confusion. Carlyle has indicated in a few places that paragraphs should be rearranged, although whether he actually did so in another draft is unknown. Since much of the material is not used in *Cromwell* one suspects that in any subsequent draft Carlyle followed his customary habit of condensing material. Since it is quite different from the printed version, the draft is printed here complete.]

It appears to be made out to Dryasdust's satisfaction that this Robert Cromwell descended from Glothian Lord of Powis in the Land of Wales. The fact is strange; but we will not dispute it with him. Glothyn, (what is his name) a rough Welsh figure with human beard, and eyes, in unknown costume of felted wools or fur of bears, let him rise for us at unknown distance out of the murk of Time; out of the chaos of gules, saltires, ruined heraldry, torn genealogies and loom there, with what certainty he can, as the ancestor of Robert Cromwell now living in the west end of Huntingdon. Some ancestor, at all periods since Noah's deluge, this Robert Cromwell had. Whether Glothyn lived before the Deluge, when as is known our family kept their boat and escaped independent of Noah; or lived after the Deluge and is of inferior antiquity let us not inquire. What's Glothyn to us; what are we to Glothyn? Men's
ancestors and even paternal ancestors, if we compute it will amount
to an incredible number. Every, says Mouldwarp, had one father, every
human being 2 grandfathers and four great-grandfathers, and goes
on in geometrical progress, filling half the world, making the
whole world kin -- midway to the Deluge will include a great multitude.
The dust chaos of gules, saltires, ruined heraldries and lying
genealogies, -- it is the dark sepulchre of formed bodies moulding
inexorably into formlessness; let brown Oblivion have her own.
(Walter Cromwell was the Putney Smith, Noble I: 240). ¹

Readers have heard of Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, famed
Vicar-general, Privy Seal and Mauler of Monasteries in the reign
of Henry VIII; who after mauling all the Monasteries and doing other
feats, was beheaded for treasonable crimes, chiefly for bringing
over Anne of Cleves to be wife to our Sovereign Lord; said Anne
having proved unacceptable, intolerable to our Sovereign Lord, coarse,
large, malodorous, no wife but a mere Flanders' mare, as our Sovereign
Lord called her. Therefore was Thomas Cromwell Earl of Essex done
to death in the Tower(? ) on 28 july 1540 (Stow about 573). Evidently
one of the remarkablest men of that 16th century; indeed a chief
actor and person very noteworthy in the Annals of the English Nation.
Shakespeare has introduced him, preserved him for us, as the faithful
secretary and servant of Cardinal Wolsey. History might almost as
well have been silent about him; so unintelligible is the account
she gives. His Father was a Blacksmith at Putney, says History, --
says Fox in his Book of Monuments, for he appears to be the original.
The Father had a smith's forge at Putney then; and welded hot iron
making the anvil ring there? He afterwards became a brewer say they.

¹ Two lines scored through by Carlyle follow: "Readers are not ignorant
what arguments there have been; highly oppressive to this Editor
-- never do! all this pickeering!"
Yet the son had the education and appearance of a gentleman; he set out on his travels swiftly on coming of years, 'at whose expense is unknown.' Yes truly, unknown. And he assisted at the Sack of Rome under Duc du Bourbon in the Counitable de Bourbon 6 May 1527 (Henault, II, 465). For Blacksmith, let us read Trader or Master Worker in iron, one knows not on how great a scale; -- remembering the calumniating habits of men. Wolsey's father too, was he not a 'butcher,' -- having at least farmed or owned grasslands and kept cattle on them? It is the way with men's spleen: Ironmasters become blacksmiths, Graziers were they Spencers of Althorn become butchers: and a sulky Earl of Arundel offended with my Lord Spencer, growls in the House of Lords "At that time your ancestors were keeping sheep!" To which the other answers, "And your ancestors were plotting treason;" -- and a duel is like to ensue; had they not put sulky Arundel to the bar, and even to the Tower till he softened himself. The Father of Thomas Cromwell, we conclude to have been a metallurgic person of unknown quality, not without money capital; of apron probably not black; but of heart and arm (judging by the fruits of him) and head not at all deficient whatever colour his apron was. He died soon, did not see his son's greatness and the widow married a shearman. Where came he from? I could like to know his genesis a little as well as Mr. Robert Cromwell of Huntingdon's. Dryasdust with confidence asserts that the two are connected together; that the line of Cromwell Earl of Essex, Mauler of Monasteries, and son of the Putney Smith came into contact with

1 Alternative reading: "brought."

2 Alternative reading: "worker and trader in metals."
that of Glothyn Lord of Powis and produced in the third generation this very Robert Cromwell. Having emerged still living from the torpedo chaos of gules and saltires, the Editor will with great brevity state the result, what seems to him ascertainable of moderate certainty.

The small Hamlet and Parish church of Cromwell or Crumwell (the Well of Crum, whatever that may be) still stands on the eastern edge of Notts county, not far from the left bank of the Trent; simple worshippers still doing in it some kind of divine service every Sunday, tho' it is rated in the old Books only at (Carlisle or Capper, if at all?) From this without any ghost to instruct us we can understand that the Cromwell kindred got their name -- in very old times indeed. From torpedo rubbish records we learn too without great difficulty that the Barons Cromwell were summoned to Parliament from Edward II's time and downwards; that they had their chief seat at Tattershall over in Lincolnshire; that they ended in an heiress Maud de Cromwell who about the year 1400 off or on gave herself in marriage, or was given as a ward of Henry IV to Fitzwilliam of Sprotsborough (Collins V:238), ancestor of the present Earls Fitzwilliam who live thereabouts. A family of old standing, these Cromwells, sprinkled over that region of England in a prosperous way. We perceive farther (Fuller's Worthies) accordingly that in 1536 (or 7?) ‘Cromwell’ was sheriff of Cambridge and Huntingdon shires (Biographica Britannica: Cromwell, 474). Nay, four years (1541) afterwards there is another Sheriff of the same counties, who signs himself 'Richard Cromwell alias Williams.' Him whom we know otherwise for certain to be the grandfather of the Mr. Robert Cromwell now in question, Mr. Robert who also in legal deeds still extant signs
himself alias Williams; as the whole kindred do. But how they came by the name Williams is a question.

One party, on cursory evidence, maintain that it was thro' their connexion with Fitzwilliam of Sprotsborough mentioned above; or by other Williamses settled in that region; that possibly enough Sheriff Thomas in 1535 might be the father of this Sheriff Richard in 1539; that Glothyn of Powis and the Welsh Williamses are a fabulous set of personages founded only on dubious wills, genealogies, on a chaos of ruined gules and saltires. To whose argument it may be added the Putney Cromwell, Trader in Metals, was probably enough, as all Cromwells probably do, directly or circuitously from that same region; -- some scattered offshoot of the Tattershall Cromwells obliged to make his living in London; brother of somebody in those regions; brother of the Cambridge sheriff for anything we know. It is to be specially noted, however, that in 1539 there is another sheriff in Williams; how they came by the name Williams puzzled Dryasdust.

Dugdale in his Baronage informs us that (a sister of this Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, Mauler of Monasteries) then came out of Glamorganshire a Morgan Williams to the Court of King Henry the Eight; a visible reality this Morgan Williams, not destitute of cash and equipments, and with a pedigree extending to Glothyn of

1 TC here refers to a few lines on f.73r which are fragmentary and are reworked by TC in this paragraph. For the sake of completeness these lines are given here: "Dugdale in his Baronage, writes down two stories of this Williams Cromwell business.* Indeed he otherwise indicates that his knowledge of Cromwell affairs generally was of the very poorest description. He asserts however that there was a marriage, nay a double marriage, between a Welsh Williams and Thomas Cromwell, famed Earl of Essex and Mauler of Monasteries in Henry 8's time; namely that.*" *alternative reading: "writes down not one story but two stories of this Williams Cromwell business, which is the fatal curcumstance."
Powis anterior to the Deluge or posterior. That at the Court of Henry Williams found Thomas Cromwell a rising man; and proceeded to marry a sister of the said Thomas Cromwell, accomplished daughter of the Putney Smith or Metallurgist, and 'took the name of Cromwell,' and produced Richard Cromwell alias Williams; the same who was sheriff of Hunts in 1539; from whom indisputably the Golden Knight of Hinchinbrook and our Robert of Huntingdon descend. Hence says Dugdale comes the Williams alias into this family. To which tale of Dugdale's there are various objections; alas, there is this first of all, That he himself in another part of his Book tells it quite otherwise. He says namely that Thomas Cromwell married a Williams; and that hence came the alias Williams. In this case 2 is less than one. Then it is to be considered that if Richard Cromwell was sheriff in 1639, he must have been born, and this wedlock of Morgan Williams with the daughter of the Putney Smith must have taken place say about 1610, at a time when Thomas Cromwell was entirely unknown at court. Which surely are objections.

Nay a still stronger objection is in Fuller's Worthies. Veracious Fuller, namely in his Worthies of Hunts(?) informs us, that a certain worthless Bishop Goodman, oftener called Bishop Badman, Bishop of Gloucester, who had been in troubles for opposing Laud, in Charles First's time; who in fact was often in troubles, being a man of confused nature who at last sunk into flat Papistry, falling in confused times into very straitened circumstances indeed; that this Bishop Goodman or Badman, we say, did in the Commonwealth time, year 1653, write a now unreadable Book, "The two great Mysteries

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1 In this and the next date TC evidently meant 1539 and 1510.
of the Christian religion, the ineffable Trinity and the Wonderful Incarnation," (Noble 1:241) — which unreadable Book he presented to Oliver Cromwell the Lord General and virtual King of England with a kind of Dedication, setting forth among other things the near affinity of the said Lord General to Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, Mauler of Monasteries, meaning as it were, You my Lord General should be a distinguished Church Reformer, for you are descended from one, or nearly related to one. This Book and Dedication Bishop Goodman did present to the Lord General Cromwell in 1653; — and says Fuller "I knowingly affirm the Lord General made answer, with some passion, "Not at all. That Lord was not related to my Family in the least degree!" (Noble, 241).

One would think this should be conclusive, but in fact it is not so. For there is no denying that Richard Cromwell, Oliver's great-grandfather, sheriff of Hunts in 1539, was indisputably 'related' to the Mauler of Monasteries and even writes himself 'your affectionate nephew' and your (the other) in two autograph letters still extant in the British Museum; which letters we here print for the benefit of the curious. They carry us back to the time of the Pilgrimage of Grace, — a strange old time when the poor country people of England seeing the monasteries all shut up, the reverend Fathers sent about their business, and sacred frocks flung to the nettles and charitable doles stopped, concluded that chaos was come again, that their churches too were all to be plundered, life henceforth was to be heathenism worse than the Great Turk; whereupon they rose in tumultuous masses, egged on by priests as is very credible, and forced certain country gentlemen, John Thimbilby among others, to assume some captaincy over them. In Lincolnshire was the
first rising 20,000 strong said rumour: it is against this
Lincolnshire riot that Sir Richard Cromwell in the two following
letters shows himself on mission. The Lord Admiral, it should be
premised, is Sir W. Fitzwilliam, lately made Earl of Southampton
(Stow 575.1.20). Insert the two letters. --

See 6:29-31 for Carlyle's transcript of one of the letters, and
summary of the second.

So that there is no disputing, Richard Cromwell was related
to Thomas Cromwell, openly calling himself his affectionate nephew.
Whereupon first of all arises this question, How could Oliver Cromwell,
a man never yet detected in one unveracity, say not without passion
to Bishop Goodman, "Not related in the least?" Thomas Fuller, also
a veracious man knowingly affirms that he did so. -- By way of
clearing up this part of the matter, I procured Bishop Goodman's
unreadable Book, and read the Dedication. In it page are these
words (insert them).1 Wherein it is to be remarked that Bishop Goodman
was, according to every hypothesis of the case, in error; Thomas
Cromwell being the __ not the __ of Oliver. So that Oliver,
justly ill-affected to this Bishop Goodman, a clear Papist, Bishop
Badman, importunate probably and a bore withal, might justly in
his haste, the Barebones Parliament then sitting and matters of
life and death being on the anvil, answer him, "Not at all; you are
totally in error; he is no __ of mine. Good morning!" -- which
borne on the wings of rumour, Thomas Fuller might also with a
safe conscience knowingly affirm to have been "Not in the least
related &c."

1The words, as taken from Cromwell, 6:28 are "knowing that the Lord
Cromwell (your Lordship's great-uncle) was then in great favour."
And now with veracity both of Fuller and Oliver being saved and Richard being indisputably the nephew of Thomas, there is this strong fact to be added, which probably as the old Welsh genealogies and the ruined gules and saltires all point the same way, will suffice to settle it. Authentic Leland in his *Itinerary* (3rd Edition, Oxford, 1769, VI, folio 56, pp. 37-8; Noble, I:238) has these words (reduced to modern spelling):

*Commoiths in Glamorganshire. (Commoith is the Welsh word, signifying Hundred or Cantred or Division (Bailey)). Kibworth lieth from the mouth of the Remny up to an hill in the same commoith called Kevenon, a six miles from the mouth of Remny (is there a river so-called?) This hill goeth as a wall aerthwart betwixt the rivers of Thane and Remny. A two miles from this Hill and a two miles from Cardiff be vestigia of a Pile or Manor decayed at Eglis Newith in the Parish of Landaff. In the South side of this Hill was born Richard Williams alias Cromwell in the Parish of Llanisen. (write to Redwood). Which as all other indications seem to point the same way may probably suffice (eheu!)*

Good Heavens, let it be so settled then. None of us cares for it. We are willing to believe that the Cromwells of Tattershall had many off-shoots still distinguishably growing in those Counties, the younger brothers emigrating to London or elsewhither for an honest living by smith-work if nothing else turned up. We are willing to believe that Walter Cromwell sprang from that region; that Thomas Cromwell had cousins and kindred there. That Richard Cromwell who in 1535 (?) got Hinchinbrook and other Nunneries and Abbeys to make manors of them was the nephew of this Thomas, — his

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1 There follow five lines of notes, here omitted.
Brother's son or sister's son we care not which. Let a Williams be the Father of him, or a Williams be the Mother of him. Let his great Patriarch be that questionable shadow of Glothyn Lord of Powis looming visible from the chaos of gules checking gules azure with ring on his fore gamb or on his hind gamb, it matters little which. Glothyn it shall be, my erudite friend; Glothyn and no other: if at that cheap price we may have peace. What's Glothyn to us or we to Glothyn?¹

Glothyn, I have my own surmises, in spite of the shields and vellum, is perhaps no other than an ocular spectrum, hung out on the air by Garter Principal from his concave heraldic mirror by an art he has. Projected cunningly in that deep clear-obscure element of his, so favourable to such operations. Cagliostro could at will summon the dead, -- by the aid of a concave mirror, of a thick vaporous atmosphere all darkened, and a screened lamp and pictures: by these with expectant faith on your part and confident sleight of hand on his, he could summon any dead person whom he had the portrait of; and you saw the long-buried one hanging faint, an awful shadow on the dim air: -- even as we now see Glothian from beyond the Deluge or from this side of it. Be content 0 reader.

I could have preferred that the 'alias Williams' had come from Maud de Cromwell and the Knight of Sprotsborough. Sprotsborough by Doncaster in Yorkshire, where the Williams or Fitzwilliams are from one circumstance memorable to me: which the Glothians with their

¹There follow four lines of notes, here omitted.
hundred and seventy shields have not yet succeeded in being.
Sprotsborough Hall stood near the Village of Sprotsborough near by
Doncaster in Yorkshire. There dwelt the Fitzwilliams' hospitable
men. Engraven on a brass plate fixed on a pillar in the main street
of the village stood this rhyme from Maud de Cromwell's days it may
be till 1521 when it was taken down; this generous bit of rhyme.

Whow is hungry and list well eat, (Collins V:235)
Let him come to Sprodburgh to his meat;
For a night and for a day;
His horse shall have corn and hay;
And no man shall ask him whither o'way.

From these Williamses rather than from Glothian, could I have had
my choice, should Robert Cromwell have descended. But to the gods
and Dryasdust it has seemed otherwise. (This is frightful blurring;
-- confused supervacaneous nonsense: ah me!) Practically let now
put down these brothers and sisters of Robert Cromwell (from Noble
I:32&c). 1

ff.78-80 form the next complete section. This draft is incomplete,
since it begins in mid-sentence. The verso of each sheet is numbered
(23, 25 and 27). The easy legibility of these sheets might incline
one to think it has been revised into its present state. 7

with his grey beard and assiduous eyes; busy draining the Fen Country,
brave old man, and cutting his Morton's Leam, far off, by gangs of
dim-visible unwearied spademen, -- the emblem to us of innumerable
nations and generations of such? Let us say withal, The memory of
the brave shall never die! Even as shadows and nameless they shall
be dear and honourable to us. Even out of Dryasdust's foul inkblots
they shall become bright, and shine here on Earth as do the stars.

1 The information that follows, which completes this section, can
be found 6:25-6n. The note is more complete there than it is in
this draft.
Thou shalt forget the base, decline except in cases of necessity to speak of the base; thou shalt remember only the brave, and at them look with the heart first of all.

Mr. Robert Cromwell, I perceive, sits often of an evening reading controversial divinity. A grave religious-looking man*; sober of heart, not healthy of body; happily not without work to do. He has farming operations to look after; £300 a-year of Land, once Churchland, now the modest portion of a young brother; which, not without multiplex arrangements, he himself farms. The rivulet of Hinchinbrook running throt his very courtyard, -- could there no use be made of it? We grow our own barley, and here is running water; of these elements, by the aid of fire and human art, might be made -- who knows! Mr. Cromwell has borough business to do; the town-books of Huntingdon or even some 'column' or tablet still bears his name. How often has he ridden throt the Fen Countries, and attended County meetings, and has still to attend, with an eye to agricultural improvement. One of the civic authorities, justice of the quorum custos rotulorum; often enough a busy man. He speculates and practices; -- sits often of an evening reading controversial divinity; having, above all things, and among and in all things, a soul to be saved.

Dame Cromwell, a degree better known to me, I like still better. A young widow when she married this Mr. Robert, she has known sorrows; looks not ever to get free of sorrows, but with a loving heart holds cheerily on. Her young first husband lies in the narrow house, and their one little child beside him: he sleeps at Ely; childless,

* Portrait in Hinchinbrook; Noble TC's note 7.
not unremembered. A new family is growing round the new Wife: of these also her first-born, once a merry little girl, not long since, is already snatched away; -- and her first-born boy, he too, I think, is not now visible to me about the evening hearth! It is a world where we have many sorrows: yes; and yet also blessings that are eternal. We will work, and not grieve. -- To me there is something very mild and strong in the countenance of this good Mother. Clear soft hazel eyes, deficient in eyelashes; high thought-ful brow; lips mildly closed, mildly pouting, not in scorn, but in patience, in sorrow and reflexion over many things.* Not an academy face, but one how greatly better; a face significant of energy and simplicity, of human worth, affection and intelligence: in her 'white satin hood' on dress days, in her clean kerchief on household days, she is pleasant to behold. Busy with her maid-servants, with her dairies and domesticities; sitting with her seam by the social candle, while Mr. Cromwell reads divinity, and the children romping about have not yet got to bed: it is a sight worth glancing at from such a distance. Yes, and with a leafy world, not yet fallen brown, all rustling round it; and the ancient hum of human business encircling it, many-sounding, which reaches always beyond the stars! There is his Majesty making nobles by the long-dozen, knights by the gross, at Whitehall; and here is Mr. Cromwell reading stringent anti-popish divinity, with the Fens undrained, and the children romping somewhat, not yet gone to bed; -- and on the whole here is Human Life, and a new day with new day's work coming, and Time and chance which happen unto all.

*Portrait in Hinchinbrook /TC's note/.
For these young children a little sport, within limits, is permissible, and indeed unavoidable. Their breeding is strict, but it is loving; the only good kind of breeding. They are as yet three in number; two others, a daughter and a son, we said, were already with the unknown. Dame Elizabeth Cromwell had in all ten children; of whom seven came to ripe years: six daughters, and this one son, the Boy Oliver, now four years old and certain days.

I perceive he is a striving fellow, our little Oliver, -- tho' the story that the 'ape ran away with him along the leads of Hinchinbrook' is but like a thousand others on the same subject, unworthy of repeating any more. They have other stories too of his seeing prophetic spectres, white or black, announcing future kingship; of his writing compacts with or against the Devil; -- which, in a sense, are true. For I apprehend there could be no scarcity of 'spectres' to such a boy, or of 'prophecies,' -- prophecy, for one instance, of his being a 'King' in Heaven itself, or an eternal thrall in the depths of Hell! But as for the anecdotes, and a thousand others in this subject let us not respect or remember them any more; except indeed we remember them yet a little while as the stupid phantasmagory of chimeras which figured in the heads or which sounded in the throats, of certain fallacious long-eared human creatures in that time; -- too numerous the like of them, and their block-headisms, in all times! -- -- A stirring little fellow; yet probably with fits of taciturnity; wild joy and affection alternating in him with wild rage and grief; -- given somewhat, I should guess, to fits of crying. For the modesty of the creature is great, and he has a strict breeding; all that is not regular in him, were it of the finest gold quality, goes but for
dross and drawback. He is sturdy as a rock, yet with the irritablest half-frantic nerves: hard to say what will become of such a boy.

Good, perhaps, for the learned professions; might make money by law pleadings, by mumpsimus and sumpsimus? He will run about there and we shall see. He is come into a most frondent, ferocious, many-sounding world; will make compacts either against or with the Devil; has sure prophecies of being if not a King, then a thrall forever.

Among the wide-waving groves and glades of such a world, which is at once a Demon's wilderness and a God's garden, the nearest possessions for this Oliver are the kindred he is born to, the friends Nature herself has given him. Oliver has aunts and uncles; kindred of due wealth and worship, seated some near, some far; a tolerable prospect on that side. Fair prospect of jaunts and visitings, if we live; that is the nearest interest!

Sir Oliver, the worshipful knight close by, we have already seen, we may see almost daily. In the Fen Country are two uncles or even three: Uncle Henry at Upwood in Cambridgeshire among the Fens, not far from Ramsey Mere; a dignified man, and a spirited; has land-lots in the American Virginia Colony; — whom why should we not hope to sport with at his Manorhouse of Upwood, with cousins and paternities? Upwood; and to see perhaps the fabulous expanses of Ramsey Mere itself, with the sedges, with the quagmires; with the duck-flocks; teal flocks, plenteous as the quails of Egypt? And decoy ducks, and subtle fowlers with their net and dog? We will hope for such a thing. And then Uncle Philip, he lives at Biggin House, still nearer Ramsey: a veritable moated grange; black
ditchwater, with white bridges and bright-painted palisades
begirdling his leafy pleasure-grounds, his firm-rolled walks, and
general high-roofed domestic establishment in this Seventeenth
Century of our era. With Uncle Philip also are cousins. Nay our
cousin here at Hinchinbrook, a lad of fifteen intended for the army,
is not he himself a kind of comfort to us: Cousin Jack, whom we
see often.

But, of all things, how pleasant were it to get across to
Buckinghamshire, and see Aunt Elizabeth at Hampden! Hampden House,
amid its beech woods on the edge of the Chiltern Hills, I understand
to be a most noteworthy place. Wild junipers with their terebinthine
fragrance, wild box trees, especially innumerable beech trees
clothe the chalky heights, looking to the southern sun; and on
glades of thymy pasture, grow wild berries, strawberries, and field
flowers not a few, and pleasant creatures of the farmyard and of the
wood stray secure, -- for it is remote from great roads, a lonesome
grand old mansion, old as the Saxons, old almost as the hills.
Yes, Nollkin, that is a place one would like to see. White-Leaf
Cross, were there nothing more, is worth seeing. Thou hast
heard of White-Leaf Cross? Aylesbury smoke and paved street once
behind you, and your face turned south again, there rises visible
on Green-Healy edge far off a strange White Cross; the green surface
of the hillside being torn out and the white chalk left bare;
conspicuous for many a mile, for many a century. It is White-Leaf
Cross; a monument of some old victory over 'Danes,' Bretons or one
knows not what: the country spademen 'scour' it, from time to time,
on small adequate allowance of parish beer, not asking why. It is
as in the Vale of the White Horse, Vale of the Red Horse, and the like:
such old dumb monuments exist; and deserve to be scoured from
time to time without reason. Such ancient conspicuous Cross
Green-Healy side holds aloft to the North winds, these thousand
years: but nodding over it, on Green-Healy top, are seen beech
trees; that is the beginning of Hampden Woods; of the chalky beechy
Chiltern Hills, which hold Great Hampden and so many things. A
severe old Manorhouse, as I said; noble in its solitude: in the
woods is still an avenue they call the Queen's Gap, for it was felled
to let Queen Elizabeth have due entrance, once when she was on
progress here.

And in the House itself -- yes, Oliver, there too is something:
there is Aunt Elizabeth and two cousins, one cousin well worth
shaking hands with, Cousin John we mean, -- John Hampden, O reader!
Aunt Elizabeth has been a widow these seven years; loving and severe,
not without ambition; rich enough in money and money's worth, and
yet like Cornelia with her boys she could say, "These two, these
are my jewels, John and Dick!" John now ten years old is gone or
about going westward to Thame School, to be under learned Mr
Bourchier's ferula there.* A slim handsome clear-eyed boy, who may
grow to be a man yet. -- Of Aunt Whalley, over at Kerton Manorhouse
in Nottinghamshire, the worthy Squire Whalley's Wife; of her, as
too far off, we shall at present say little.

Such prospects, among others, wait this boy Oliver out of doors.
Within doors too, one sees good elements of life for him: sisters,
such a mother, a good rigorous father reading controversial divinity:
and perhaps the prettiest circumstance of all is this, that he has a
younger sister; little Margaret, two years old, gone Candlemas last!*  

*Wood /[TC's note]/.
A most interesting little babbling, tottering, incipient-individual, with her flaxen curly hair, with her clear wise eyes, and antique pinafore; who must be a perpetual joy to Oliver. Poor little Meg; she too is something! Kate, the elder sister, is a girl of ten years. (There is no page 29).

There come yet four other sisters, as we said; but no boy that will survive. Oliver the one boy among six sisters. He has for the present this Kate to love him, to rebuke him; he has little Meg to chase the butterflies with: this is for the present his domestic position. Dr. Beard, a rigorous schoolmaster, awaits him hard by in Huntingdon School: Dr Beard, -- and the ever-rolling years, and the Unknown Destinies, Expansivities, and Experiences of good and evil, such as the Heavens ordain. Let us leave him here, and see what he will come to. Here once more has a little human soul been born, sent into our strange world of Time: one Eternity has ushered him into it, another Eternity waits to receive him out of it, with what increase or diminution there may be: a lot which, as common as it is, fails not to be very wonderful, very beautiful and fearful.

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Descending\(^1\) into those old ages, where much is so dim and inane, we are struck with this strange fact, that they were Christian ages. Actually men in those times were possessed with a belief that in addition to their evident greedy appetites, they had immortal souls not a whit less evident; souls which, after death, would have to appear before the Most High Judge, and give account of their procedure in the conduct of said appetites, with an issue that was endless. This, of which we have yet a hollow tradition, worse in some respects than none, was then a fact indisputable to

\(^1\)The final 13 lines of 80v have a vertical line drawn through them.
all persons. Human persons all knew it well; only gross unhuman persons, and beasts destined to perish, knew it not. God's eternal Judgement-seat awaiting all men above was a fact as certain as the King's Court sitting here below in Westminster Hall. It is the vital fact of those old ages; which renders them at this time an enigma to the world. What extant man, if he is not one of a million, can form to himself so much as a shadow of this?

\( ff. 81-2 \) are reading notes, mainly from James Gordon, History of Scots Affairs from 1637-41, (Aberdeen: The Spaulding Club, 1841). ff. 83 and 85 are also reading notes. ff. 84 is docketed "References Concerning the Fens Jenny Geddes &c" while ff. 84v contains a fragmentary draft concerning Little Gidding, apparently unused, though scored through. Compare the account here with HS 234-41. This account is fragmentary, beginning and ending abruptly, and was perhaps part of a rejected draft that Carlyle used as scrap paper.

Exaction of Nicolas Farrar at Little Gidding on the Northern extension of this County. A surprising establishment in full flower, wherein above four score persons, Farrar and his Brother and old mother at the head of them, including domestics, lived according to the ritual of the Church of England, but with the manners all of the Protestant profession had devoted themselves to a kind of a monastery life of prayer: they followed celibacy, they employed themselves in binding, ornamenting of Prayer Books, kept up night and day a continual repition of the English Liturgy, being divided into relays and watches, one watch relieving another as on shipboard, and never allowing at any hour the sacred fire to go out. In Walton's Lives \( \text{He} \) has a kind of drowsy notice of these people; a far livelier, a personal visit by an Anonymous Person, seemingly a religious Lawyer, a most sharp, distinguished man thro' whose eyes we too can still look is preserved by Hearne. (in
This establishment Protestant as it grew to be called, was now in full flower; when the Civil War broke out, it had to vanish.

The anonymous man, suggested to Nicholas that perhaps he had assumed all this ritual mummerly in order to get a devout life led peacefully in these hard times? Nicholas a dark man, who had learned

f. 86 is a collection of reading notes from various sources. f. 87 contains notes from William Sanderson, Compleat History of the Life and Reign of King Charles From His Cradle to His Grave (London, 1658). At one point in the notes Carlyle observes "This is terrible stuff to have spent a whole forenoon upon!"
ff. 88-9 are largely made up of excerpts from John Nicoll, Diary of Public Transactions and Other Occurrences Chiefly in Scotland, ed. David Laing (Edinburgh: The Bannatyne Club, 1836). f. 89v is dated 8 December 1841.

f. 91 contains a rough chronology of King James' reign, with most of the information coming from White Kennet, A Complete History of England (London, 1706). Carlyle terms this "a Book very nearly all dead to me."

f. 92r is a compilation of notes headed "What we know about Felton," the murderer of Buckingham. f. 92v is a brief sketch of John Pym, published as "Carlyle's Pen-Portrait of John Pym, The Carlyle Newsletter, 3 (1983), 12-15.

ff. 93-4 contain a draft for HS, Part II, chapter 28, "The Long Parliament," paragraphs 4-9, 14-7, 339-41, 343-6. There is a good deal of unused material, including one of Carlyle's parenthetical laments about his research, quoted above in chapter 2. Another portion, transcribed here, comes immediately after paragraph eight, and in the draft appears to be part of it. Most of f. 94 is unused, and has been divided by Carlyle into three distinct sections, all relating to his writing on the Long Parliament on these two sheets.

A new infinitely deeper Revolution, called the French, has come and is not yet gone; deeper than which no revolution can go. In the all-embracing glow of which all past revolutions are pale; grow pale, unnoticeable; [Grow] into unnotability, and as it were [Are] absorbed. ¹ Your partial flame-bursts struggling with smoke, when this piece of fuel after that takes fire and is quenched again in thick smoke for a season, what are they when the whole pile at length blazes and the very smoke has taken fire? In even such a

¹ Reading conjectural.
funeral fire, very visible to observant eyes, do all European things now burn and will never go out again till the true inconsumable has been arrived at; — and ought not to go out till then. The very smoke, I say, took fire: and men grew to understand that their incurable and now desperate discontent with the false amounted to a sun prophecy of the true. If human things have no God's truth in the heart of them, true in these latest years as in the morning of creation, then there is no hope of continuance for human things. Thanks forever be to Heaven, our world once more is either to stand upon the truth, or if not upon the truth then to lie down honestly and die, which latter will in that case be the best for it.

Wouldst thou live in a lie, in a chimera of conventionalities? Wouldst thou not rather die than live so?

The English Parliament arose I know not when; in the old Saxon Council of the Wise (Witenangemote), or I know not in what. They are a methodic, slow, reasonable people, the Teutons generally, and I suppose have always had some kind of deliberative council, in which they who were to do work might have leave to tell one another how they meant to work. Nothing can be more convenient. Even if you mean to command men, and force them to do the work your way not theirs, it can do no harm withal to know beforehand what their way is. Above all what their humour is, whether you can force them to take your way!

The oldest Germans accordingly had consultations, and deliberated everything twice (like the 3 readings of a Parliamentary Bill) —

1Above line: "very swiftly, either with swift explosive blazes or."

2Alternative reading: "consult beforehand how they would set about doing it."
once in a state of sobriety and sadness, once in a state of excitation and festivity, or 'drunk' as Tacitus with churlish brevity calls it. Thus too Parliamentary parties make speeches, but beforehand have had their Parliamentary dinner. How the simplest acorn unfolds itself into an oak, and some robber-village will grow\(^1\) to be Rome and mistress of the world. Westminster Hall with Fleta Bracton, Cokes upon Littleton and all its gowns and wigs; Chancery, Trial by Jury, Placeta Ceronas, look at that on the one hand; and then among the remote Swiss hamlets and Alpine hillpaths, look at the street court on the other: two men by chance or purpose have done each other injury, and do not choose to assassinate each other, prefer rather to have a decision of law. they sit down patiently therefore in silence till seven men gradually arrive; these seven are from immemorial gray antiquity the street-court; plaintiff and defendant plead there, each dressing his own case with whatever light, dexterity, sincerity is in him, till the street court discerns what is what, and then it pronounces and is final. Beautiful! O much as I could wish with Colonel Pride to see considerable quantities of gowns and wigs hung up beside the Scotch colours in Westminster Hall, this of the native reverence, not for Justice only, but for this peaceable entire submission to Law as to a power final, supreme, of which till once it be abrogated nothing more can be said, this is a thing I would not abolish, or hang up beside the Scotch colours. Long, forever may this abide below, not hung up; and under whatever nigh insupportable conditions, animate the hearts and life habitudes of us all. --

\(^1\)Alternative reading: "branch."
What wonder that I do not know the history of Parliament. I know so little about any history, I do not even know my own,¹ which I have had such means of studying. My own history is known to me in the infinitesimallest fractional degree; some score or three score last years of it, next to nothing more. Did I not learn the art of speech from Ulfila the Macrogoth and others? I was present in battles of the Domburg, sea-robberies in Brunaburgh, Danish invasions, and had many times so near lost my life there, my whole hope and possibility, my chance of living. In Balder's Haga I burnished wooden gods, and worshipped Wodan, who bade me and bids me withal look Fear and Fate in the face, and either dare to all lengths or die to all time (dare or die)² Our history is all a very obscure wide-scattered thing!

A certain Mr. -- is said to have taken Notes of the Long Parliament; which perhaps still exist on English Paper; for the loss of which Antiquarians sorrow much. Who shall say that such loss is not withal a kind of blessing. Worthy Thomas Burton took notes of three (?) other Parliaments; and I will defy the mind of man to read them otherwise than in a state approaching to tetanus.³ Tetanus and intellectual extinction, -- naturally, with more or less of a just indignation thereat. O dullest of dull puddingheaded peoples, dumb, opening not thy mouth, or opening it only to emit platitudes.

¹Alternative reading: "How little do I know even about history of myself."

²Alternative reading: "dare and do or else die."

³Alternative reading: "despair."
Given a godlike action, series of actions, to find a recording genius soul that shall touch them with the mace of death, England's is the genius. Set a Burton, set a Whitelocke to work, he shall leave them congealed in inextricable stupidity, a torpor and tetanus to all that look on them thenceforth. They order these matters better in France. Better, also worse! For withal I honour thee O England for that grand thickheaded dumb obstinate nature of thine. Thy very stupidity is beautiful to me. Thou canst do greater works than thou canst logically understand, grammatically speak of! Unhappy he with whom it is not even so: I love thee so; all the great and true are [so]. Thou comest like Oliver Cromwell, a truculent stoical sorrow in thy looks: no wonder. There are things within thee, which no word has yet been coined to speak. Art thou not often lost in the grey infinite? Stupider of Speech, wiser of act, I have known no people.

If.95-6 are continuous, and form an interesting sequence of casual commentary, reading notes, and reflections on the development (or lack of it) in Carlyle's reading. The probable dates for this writing are December 1841-January 1842. This is confirmed by dates in the draft and is known to have been a time when Carlyle was reading around his subject, but still uncertain how to treat it. Brief portions have been printed in Fielding and Tarr, 19-21.

-- To my horror also I have heard him say he wished there was not a Lord in England! (Manchester reports so?)

Oliver Cromwell the last (King) Koenning of England may, now at this date when there is a prospect of either other kings or else of national destruction, be a figure worth dwelling on (Ah, ah!) --

-- "Commentaries on Oliver Cromwell; Studies on Oliver Cromwell?"
or what? --

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In Fraser's Magazine for December 1841 is a notice that Oliver used to sit beside his daughter Claypole's harpsichord while she was playing, and would "burst into tears": where did the writer get that fact? (ask) --

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How, once more, "we have to walk on the plain with the height in our eye!" -- How true what I read in Goethe last night, to the same effect: of genial men who have an ideal good enough before them, but think to attain it by erratic rovings at will and pleasant promenadings! (Letters to Zelter, page 1). This man Goethe is really like a kind of spiritual teacher to me; I have hardly any other . . . "Stille ruhn oben die Sterne/und unten die Graeber/.

We have written lately often of Silence: but how deeply at present do we feel that Speech too were glorious and blessed. Forms unutterable struggle like spirits in prison within us: O could they but burst their walls, and come forth visible triumphant. Thought, like the gods, is born of chaos; like lightning out of the black vague-rolling tempest: all chaos is the mother of thought, as Venus (Urania?) sprang from the foam of the sea.

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A mere sketcher shifts hither and thither round a ruin to catch some picturesque glimpse of it: on all sides I try Cromwell, but he is dull blank on all sides; only within him lies a great meaning, the meaning of a great man in the world's history: alas, how to extract that? Here is cloud enough; but the lightning where? --
All cloud has lightning in it (electric virtue in it) were there a means of bringing it out!

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Oliver's rough outbreaks of speech. Clarendon in committee, -- debate on Remonstrance, -- not a lord in England &c: a man intemperate of speech. In fact a man of (hot hasty temper/of infirm temper), hasty, hot, yielding coruscations; -- such a huge unspoken earnestness within him, unuttered, unutterable thoughts, fermenting in nameless mournful unrest: could you but speak them, could you but act them, these true thoughts of his, what a thrice-great were you! In place of speaking them, which it were difficult to do, and almost like inspired prophecy to do, you speak some shallow contradictory platitude and, jarred on the sudden, the man's temper gives way, and he corruscates not in the mildest manner. I grieve to say he is a man occasionally rather of intemperate tongue. A man who will never succeed in political life, his tongue being so loose? Patience, he will learn reticence as he advances; will know to keep trust and his lips shut when once he is entrusted: at present being yet nothing, why should he so lock his words? They are sincere words, which there is worth in uttering withal. The utterance of them gives him great relief. By and by a growl will serve him for a speech, and even express as much (wretched, ever wretchered! -- Stand to it!)

-- Lord in England! An intemperate speech. Yet, truth to say, have not we now at this distance of two centuries come almost to the like conclusion, That Lords are becoming almost obsolete in these new ages; not that the trade of a Lord is done, but that Lords can
no longer do their trade, and that others must be sought to do it; not done, still more mis-done, it cannot much longer be suffered to continue. That obsolete Lords, not doing their trade or any trade, are still extant, nay abundant more than ever, and jostle you in all thoroughfares, makes nothing to the matter. Do not Phantasms at all times abound on Earth, and outnumber Substances for most part there? Did not Priests of Cybele and such like in great quantities with sumptuous, train-gowns and paraphernalia go clashing their cymbals for I know not how many centuries after a new era had verily come, and the old one verily gone, and even get paid for the insane clatter they were making? It lasted long; but you wilt remark it could not last forever. O thou who partially suspectest thyself to have become a phantasm, do several things; -- among others, make as little noise and cymbal clashing as thou canst: that will be useful for thee.

-- "Turn the fat side of your pudding outmost" (Make the most of your advantages): "wipe away with the word illegible what the hand has well done." (Proverbs from Zelter and Goethe) -- Alas, it is not one's thoughts that will come to paper, it is some melancholy caricature of one's thoughts: Wie es gibt die Gelegenheit!

The epic of the Present is the one thing always to write; the epic of the Living, not of the Past and Dead. -- What is "Art"? I confess myself entirely unable to say. For my own share I have as good as no Art: -- more pity.
"The tree is there, the apple cannot be far" — "He has bored, where you see the hole." (Zelter)

The whole world is invited in these days to see whether in very truth it be not so, that virtue and talent are in mutual proportion, the one impossible without the other? The whole world is invited to understand that where it sees a great intellect (faculty of any kind) a proportionally great heart, the origin of all great faculties is to be with assurance looked for (ach!) The whole world is invited wherever it meets with a quack, to brand him, and pack him forth, saying "Go thou; in thee is no hope or help, but sheer hindrance and despair; go, and return not we command thee!" — What seekest thou for new Gospels, religions of the Future? In the heroic hearts born into every generation, lo there is a new Gospel and religion, not of the Future only but of the Present, direct and indisputable, revealed once more by the Almighty Highest! What wouldst thou, fool? Did not the Highest God make — thee? The small still voices that speak, if thou wilt listen, in thy own heart of hearts, are not these His voice withal — monitions from the unfathomable ever-sacred heart of things? Thunders from Sinai &c; these may be needed for rude boyhood: a grown man can understand what is said to him without these! The heroes of any age are the true Gospel of that age. Mark and thou wilt see their whole life a promulgation of that; their words, their acts, endurances and efforts all speak it forth. Laborare est orare &c ("Intellect and virtue inseparable, nay identical"; how very gently this began with me; and it goes on swelling and deepening, so as to look really like a most important thing! — The thought, all diluted
into irrecognisability in the above, is nevertheless a true one; "Honour the able-man; and for this end (first of all) know him, know where to seek for him.") (Last night, 7 January 1842, at Henry Taylor's, talked of this.) (pen spoiled!)

Villemain (I:187). Of Guildhall, Bradshaw, and Whitelock, page 372; the absurdest error in the work. Cromwell, at length very conceivable to me, grows even visible more and more; but visible as if imprisoned in a globe of crystal, -- two hundred years in radius! The means of getting him out of that? Alas! --

St. Petersburg city, fair to the eye, withal for the wants and businesses of the world stands built on the lives of 200,000 (170,000?) men. Till 170,00 men with their uttermost effort sank in that Neva-Bog it was and remained nothing but a Bog; no city of Petersburg could be built on it. Sic de omnibus. Forward, thou --!

—------------------------------------------

There follow two lines of reading notes from Villemain, here omitted.

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Oliver a bad subject to write on? Climb diligently any peak of the mountain range, you will get a view of continents and oceans far and wide. (If you have no health! Some health you have, or you would not be alive. Use cunningly what little you have. Waste none of it in base murmuring, at least!) --

There follow 49 lines of reading notes, mainly from the Harleian Miscellany, here omitted.

It must be owned my progress in regard to Cromwell is of the slowest; an imperceptible progress! I have got some vague notion of the counties of Cambridge and Hunts; I have nearly ascertained that there is known or directly knowable about the early history of
Cromwell simply nothing at all! The anecdotes about his youth, one and all, are unsupported by good evidence; nothing fully credible in any of them. Yet the thing does seem ripening in me -- perhaps? The account of Mrs. Bendysh, Cromwell's granddaughter is a most slight document, but almost the only even partially vital one. Start from that, as from the point nearest, most accessible to us? The business is in the very highest degree difficult; query whether not impossible? And the man is utterly broken and lazy; wholly a most weak forlorn man.

To save a Hero for One's country, to extricate him from under two centuries of rubbish and the sorriest dead confusion, and set him aloft free and visible that we might all rejoice in him, all say joyfully, He is ours! That were something. The rude Arab of the wilderness made feast and gaudeamus when a Poet was produced among them. The tents emptied themselves and the tribe was gathered together in jubilee and universal joy-melody, that it had now brought forth a singing voice, piece of Heaven's own music, richest jewel in the turban of the Tribe. We are a western people, and do otherwise than the Arabs in many things. Fancy St. Stephens, Mayfair, and the Court of Buckingham House all met to welcome with their noblest sumptuosity a mere Shakespeare! The thing is impossible for a number of reasons. (Welcome a mere Shakespeare; welcome a mere godlike man or thing, instead of the mere godlike clothes of some no-man or no-thing.) First and foremost, they do not know a Shakespeare by sight, not in the smallest, but think him a nonentity till they have stupidly manipulated, fumbled, groped and mumbled over him for a century or for a good many centuries. Secondly, they
But, alas, is not this first fatal reason fully adequate, inclusive of all? Like the nineteen reasons why the witness did not answer when called in Court: "For nineteen reasons, my Lord; first because he is dead; secondly because --" Whereupon, the Court stopped him! If St. Stephens Mayfair, Buckingham House, knew a Shakespeare when they saw him, it were all easy; how easy were it and much else.

Tuesday, 25 January 1842. -- A somewhat surprising announcement of, what had long been demanded the state of our finance-department, will force me from this day to look with a direct eye to immediate practice in regard to this matter of Cromwell! With a terrible effort, I must try whether in very fact it is anything or nothing that can be made of it. Heaven help me, strengthen my own poor hand.

f.97 is an interesting sheet, largely made up of a draft on Frithiof, a figure in Norse mythology. This portion of the sheet has been published by K. J. Fielding, "Carlyle and Esaias Tegnér: An Unpublished MS," Carlyle Newsletter, 5 (1984), 3-10, 35. Three lines precede the sketch, twenty follow it. These portions are reprinted here. The sheet is headed "(5)."

Wednesday 5 October 1842 -- No son of Adam more helpless than I; the word sticking deep in my throat, no bringing of it up; the matter all unutterable! It is as if a whole Trinacria, a Continent of Earth, lay over my head, which I had to heave up with me from the bottom of the sea, unless I choose to lie forever buried there. Ay de mi -- Help thyself!

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Is not all pain an expurgate factio? It is an unwelcome but a wholesome indispensable signal that thou must awake; that the time has now come for shaking off foul stagnant slumber, and recovering
PAGE

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command of thy muscles and activities. We call it pain, misery &c, and go about lamenting, earnestly soliciting some pity, help from bystanders: and there is no help, save in ourselves only; the help is that we get up, and do what is to be done. Therein consists our whole duty and salvation. Destiny, seemingly so cruel, is kinder to us than we think. Of all deplorabilities we may well say there is none so deplorable as that of lying sunk into sloth; the souls of us dormant, dead, only our bodies alive — as at Melton Mowbray and such like. If a man have any soul let him beseech the gods to arouse it in him, if even by ruin and all manner of earthly despair. If he have no soul, let him hunt at Melton Mowbray while it is yet called Today. —

Alexius is struck down by sudden lightning at the hand of Martinus Luther, Martinus stands transfixed with terror, grief, amazement; it is to warn Martinus that he shall forego judicial promotions, gains, luxuries, renowns; that he shall not become chancellor of Eisleben with horsehair and squirrel skins, that he shall shrink into a convent, to save his own soul, and be the regenerator of the European world. Let me lie in peace, and I will do nothing; not even mischief; except indeed, that mischief of lying idle, which is the wretchedest of all. Brother, thou that art loved of Heaven, behold thou shalt have what of scourging and affliction is essential for thee, and pitifully shalt thou lament and wring thy hands; yet at last verily awaken, work, conquer, and see that it was all well and blessed. "Whom God loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth." —

The last Gospel, is it not even this, that work is blessed, that idleness is cursed; that the noblest work is the sovereign
man, and he that will not work at all shall die and vanish from the earth?

\[ef.98-9\] form the next complete sequence, and are almost completely unused. Composition can reasonably be placed in the period from October 1842-March 1843. The opening description of Huntingdon reminds one of Carlyle's visit there in September 1842, while we know from other examples that Carlyle often wrote of his travels after they were completed. More convincingly, a portion of a draft for Past and Present, Book II, chapter 17, "The Beginnings," paragraph 3, comes in the bottom third of f.99r. In view of this I do not think Carlyle's reference to "245" years since Oliver's birth, which would indicate an 1844 date, can be accurate. f.99 is headed "(6)" and is of the same size as f.97, which is headed "(5)". It is likely they were written about the same time.

Oliver Cromwell, we with ease convince ourselves, was born in the town of Huntingdon on the 25 of April 1599. The spring has just begun, the century is just about to end when Oliver sees the light. Huntingdon lies pleasantly enough, as a long substantial street, abutting with its eastern end upon the Ouse and its Ouse-bridge; clinging th' the rest of its length which is perhaps about a mile to the slope of the rising grounds, rather receding from the meadows, as if it were shy of being too near the River, -- sluggish, drab-coloured River, apt doubtless to overflow. Below the bridge there are soft and rich green meadows on each side of the stream; and above Bridge, on the right or eastern bank one large meadow on which the Huntingdon Races are now held. Meadows go to many uses. On the opposite bank here there is no meadow, but a green expanse of dimply 'uneven ground, somewhat abruptly elevating itself above the bed of the river: this is the general surface upon which Huntingdon is built. The street rather rises; consists of substantial shops and houses: an ancient church, all Saints, with its tombstones interrupts the house-series, on the right side: farther on, the street at the top of its elevation widens out
irregularly into some insignificant side street, or perhaps more than one branches off here upwards to the downs; the right side of the street holding on unbroken, and so there is formed an irregular semicircular kind of space, sloping every way, on which inconveniently enough a market can be held. Sloping every way; for this is the highest elevation Huntingdon street attains: you prosecute it now with a certain curvature of direction course, a perceptible fall of level; and are very soon near the extreme eastern(?) end of it, -- all persons readily directing you to "that solid yellow house, Sir, within the high wall, Mr. Banker Such-a-thing's now," Oliver Cromwell's once I should think; within which Oliver Cromwell was born. A substantial comfortable looking house; secluded from the street or rather highway within a high brick wall; as probably has been its condition from of old. A kind of noticeable brook trickles from the downs near by, gets across the Highway, towards the Ouse, -- Must have been very useful for Mrs. Cromwell's Brewery. In an instant you are out of Huntingdon, across this brook, upon the green downs, and fast making your way to the woods of Hinchinbrook, hardly five minutes' walk from you. (This is the way to write prose!) -- Huntingdon may well be called a Long Town; for on the eastern end of it, almost close upon the bridge, there joins itself another town, Godman-Chester; which also consists mainly of one street: the entire length of both must be near two miles. Godmanchester has an ancient church, a few shops and poor taverns; a small footbridge leads you direct across into the downs of Huntingdon, -- as it were into the back of Huntingdon: if you mean to enter by the end and regular ingate of wheels, you must follow the street windings, and will find an ancient stone-bridge. At this stonebridge stands an
oaken railing white painted, with an inscription in fresh black letters purporting that Robertus somebody in the year 1637 set up this piece of wood which had been fished out of the river in its present shape of railing; made it, at his own cost, viatoribus sacrum, to keep them from falling into the river. Which was well done of Robertus (Ah me!) --

About half a mile east of Godmanchester on the Cambridge road the ground rises, swiftly on the Godmanchester side, slowly on the other, into a considerable elevation, from the top of which you have Huntingdon, Godmanchester, Hinchinbrook woods, Ouse river, several church steeples, woods and a general expanse of town and country very pleasantly spread out before you. "Quercus anilis erat, tamen eminus oppida" (in Drunken Barnaby's time must have been here, I think. Eminus, oppida are both in place. The road to Cambridge, I believe(?), is an old Roman one. Old oak gone; Crómwell under it, Romans under it!)

-- Perdidi diem: eheu, quot perdidi dies! -- What will be the end of all this? --

Oliver Cromwell was evidently born on the 25 of April, 1599; evidently in that solid looking, yellow brickhouse, secured by its solid wall and gate from the street or highway at the eastern end of the county town of Hunts. Evident this; alas how much else is altogether dubious. His Uncle Sir Oliver, and godfather Sir Oliver, a sumptuous knight, lives in great splendour at Hinchinbrook, straight over the green downs, not half a mile from Oliver's cradle. What old Robert Cromwell did few men can conjecture; his Wife started a
brewery: she is of the Stewarts; her elder brother lives at
Stuntney, — on the hilltop there, looking northward over the morass
to Ely City; a man who will never set the Ouse on fire. The portrait
of her not ill painted but hurt somewhat by time, is in Hinchinbrook
still, and I have seen it: a modest, silent-looking, worthy but
not attractive countenance; black eyes full of affection, of vehemence,
yet of embarrassment and apprehension; the small mouth with long
lips is closed somewhat protrusively, and not as in angry resolution
but as in fear, in anxious resigned expectancy: the solid features,
cheeks, brow, chin are long, and of unpleasant slackness, — what
satirists call a china-face; only in the eyes and mouth do you
discern the lookings out of a soul in any way uncommon. Formal,
rigorous, melancholic, tenderhearted, apprehensive, tremulous and
yet very obstinate and capable of sulky stubbornness: all this is
to be seen in Dame Cromwell's face; I conjecture that she was a
person who improved on acquaintance; and had good wearing qualities.
It is to me as if the soul and character of the good Dame had, for
all her brewing and working in this world, remained in great part
locked in deep silence; tight-buckramed under Calvinism and Industrial-
ism, — alas, under limited Science, intimate Nescience, timid
Inexperience, how dumb, in all times, are most deep souls, and know
not what in the world to say! The good Dame sedulously stood to her
brewing, with a somewhat hollow, mournful but most kindly view
uttered needful reasonable words: she clasped with free fervour
the burly red Oliver to her Mother-bosom, her second-born, but the
first that lived, and only son. Little Harry is taken from me; I
have lost poor little Harry! Thou burly red Oliver, my bonny Boy,
O may the heavenly powers, exorable by a mother's heart, in pity
spare me thee.
The Father, Robert Oliver, has also left his picture at Hinchinbrook; a clerical looking, pale-lean, still more unjoyful-looking man. If it be true, as recorded, that Dame Cromwell managed the brewery (but is it true?) no man can well say what Robert Cromwell did in this world. He lived for about 50(?) years, saw the sun rise 365 times in each, and ever the evening and the morning were a new day, and the Winter and the Spring meeting were a new year: yet try thou, to figure out the course of his history during one single unit of these said days! For good heavens, he had a history, and in any day was sad, glad, idle. Thou canst not, except he aided in the brewing, which I incline to believe. For the man did not tenant; he had little property to look after (some fields and houses: what specially?), and his civic business, vestry-business, fendraining-committees &c were not extensive. Heaven knows. One ever-memorable thing he did do, little heedful what immense results it would have for centuries, and indeed forevermore: begot a second son called Oliver; who lives and has employed me writing his Life at present. -- Oliver's childhood totally unknown. Ach!

No man can point out the life Robert Cromwell led at Huntingdon: so much has fallen dumb at Huntingdon: all the morning calls they made, their vestry-dabates, election polls, their gossipries, laudations, scandal-mongeries, have cracked like froth-bells and sunk nameless in the Flood of Time. For froth-bells too consist of real water, tho' in quantity infinitesimally small; and the Time Flood itself is made of the stuff of these. History, what we call the Stream of History, which now runs still and limited, was it
not once wholly froth-bells, an illimitable ocean, -- till once
the inane mind went out of it? All is froth. The new breeches
which Robert Cromwell, for example, got stitched for himself in the
year of Oliver's birth, as in all other years, where are they? Let
Philosophy say. Taylors sit and sew and stitch them, of a very
truth; but it is 245 years ago. They are gone; they and the
Taylors vanished, evaporated; in created Nature no trace of them
to be met with. (Good Heavens, Robert Cromwell's breeches, rubbed
to dust, sublimated to gas, lie partly in the bottom of Atlantic
Oceans, part of them flit beyond the dogstar.) Yet mark, even they
fallen all unnoticeable are not annihilated. Nine living tailors
make the highest thing; neither is any dead tailor absolutely nothing.
(The one great spoken thing, were it the greatest, is made up of
innumerable small unspoken things.) The hearts of innumerable
silent working men rises up the thought, rises up the work, which
becomes vocal and conspicuous. The greatest spoken thing, your
Shakespeares, Miltons, Civil Wars, French Revolutions, which all
History celebrates, is withal the product, result and distilled
outcome of innumerable small unspoken things. Thou who workest in
England, were it but at a pair of breeches, thou art contributing
to the History of England. Nay, thou who goest idle in England,
even thou art not nothing; hard as thou strivest, thou canst not be
nothing: behold, thou, in this froth ocean which will become
History, art if not of the water yet at least of the wind, whereby
agitated water lather or reality does itself into whiteness, into
confused bluster, and froth-bells float and heap themselves, in such
tumultuous manner, and gain in such tumultuous manner, burst and
disappear. --
The breeches, clothwebs, all products and all workers in old Huntingdon sit safe behind the screen of centuries. Done are they, and will trouble us no more. The solidiest masons themselves are all but hidden; few of their best brick edifices stand visible today, and their stone churches, so bright and white when the scaffolding removed itself,¹ are very black and dim at present. Few things endure like the mason: not one book in the million will last against an average brick-house; and the -- Pyramid of Chaos -- !

Neither therefore will we seek too curiously to pry into Dame Cromwell's brewhouse; into the ale-vats, account-books, drayhorses, licensed victuallers, barley-markets, malt-kilns -- : alas, what good were it? Thou wouldst not, if you couldst have all things recorded. Did we know the name, portraiture, wages, biography of every drayman then, and had even his leather jerkin hung bodily on its hook before us, what could we have to do but straightway forget him, cut down his old jerkin into new thongs and leggins, or give it to some Jonathon Oldbuck or infatuated Dryasdust who had love and house room to spare! --

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(Ay de mi! Monday; already past noon, and not a word down, -- nor source visible whence a word is to come! -- Shall I ever so much as get into this subject; not to say get out of it at all?)

The steps by which a quiet nation is roused to take up arms, and risk the unmeasured chances of dire war: these, in the present times too, are worth (looking at) examining.

¹Alternative reading: "trowel had just done with them,".
Of the monkey that ran away with Oliver round the leads of Hinchinbrook House while a child in arms; of the bloody-nose he inflicted on poor Prince Charles while a baby-visitor there; of his acting in the old school play Lingua the part of Tactus, one of whose achievements is the picking up of a royal Diadem; of his spectral visitant announcing to him that he should be King one day and more: of all this, and much of the like, what should any sane man say at present? That it is all unevidenced, almost all unlikely, part of it disprovable, wholly a mournful sorry dust-box of tradition-ary sweepings and fables, -- which demands now to be carried out to the dustheap, and left there till once oblivion as fast as convenient absorb it again forevermore. Of Oliver's childhood, boyhood, youth, it ought to be known that we in fine know nothing. His Christmas revels at Sir Oliver's, his robbing of orchards, his kissing of the girls, his beating of the boys: somewhat of this may be a truth or nontruth; small matter which, but what mortal will make affidavit to us that he saw with his eyes any part of it whatever? Unfortunate James Heath living Dutch banishments, in remotest London garrets amid confusions, royalist perversions, natural falsities; clothed with darkness, as with a garment, as with a wardrobe and Monmouth street of old garments, he alone of men has so much as heard of it; speaks of it from amid his cast-clothes mountain, -- in a very choked, inarticulate way. Let him at length rest. For all the Fables withal are of the most unexhilerating sort; our English genius is not apt for Mythics, -- least of all when only hatred and terror inspire it. Alas, instead of a Homer's Iliad, our poor Homeridae have managed but a Robin Hood's Garland: for Ajax and Diomed we have Little John and Scarlet, for Hector the Pindar of Wakefield, for
pious Aeneas a Castal Friar, -- happy enough that we have even that. Blessings on thee, poor Robin; a little green islet with yellow fuzz blossoms and living men in the hazy uninhabitable sand wilderness of what they call the History of the Past! Robin is our best and good as he could manage to be. Village alehouses, are not Greek King's Palaces; poor Clowns are not a royal audience; nor is our poor village fiddle a seven-stringed lyre of Greece: oh no! The Homeridae were loquacious melodious Greeks; the Robin Hoodists were taciturn timbertoned English. The former sang also to Kings in royal Palaces; the latter in village alehouses to poor clowns for a copper coin or cup of mean liquor. Alas, as the four-stringed fiddle is to the seven-stringed lyre, as Chian wine is to Maux & Company's heavy-wet, or as Diomed's (no) palace (see Odyssey) to the taproom of the green man and still, -- so likewise not unjustly may the ratio of Robin Hood to the Iliad be!

The History of Oliver dwindled to the Tale of a Tub?

'Digressions,' at various stages of it, upon anything and all things might be permissible. All things are permissible, -- except to bore us: that is the unpermissible genus (hors le genre ennuyeux!) --

Get the steam up, alas, alas! --

Of Oliver's studies at Cambridge University thus much is authentically known, That in the register of Sidney Sussex College there, stands yet legibly written: Oliverus &c to which some friendly commentator has added (see Noble):¹ that he quitted the place within year and day; that in the present master's house in a back bedroom hangs an ancient unbeautiful Portrait of Oliver, copy of Sir Peter

¹What TC evidently wanted to add here from Noble has been printed 6:40. It is a Latin addition to the college register relating to his Protectorate.
Lely's; thus much and almost nothing more.

Oliver's father died at this period, and the son did not prosecute his academical career. His studies in London at the Inns of Court, and his brief jolly life there rest equally on the hearing of the unfortunate Heath, repeated from amid the Monmouth street of cast-clothes: they also shall repose till due Oblivion make his meal of them. Of this your Oliver let us at length know that we know nothing. -- How on earth is this ever to be done? Out thou laggard out! --

_/f.100 is seemingly not a continuation of f.99. A portion of the passage has been printed in Fielding & Tarr, 18. The last 16 lines of f.100r and the first 39 of f.100v make up a draft for HS part II, chapter 16, "Laud's Life by Heylin," paragraphs 5-7, 278-80. The final 6 lines of f.100v are not used in HS and are printed here._/

The Caliph Omar, one sometimes thinks, was not so unwise. Some little useful knowledge he did burn in that Alexandrian Library; but also what unmeasured, unmeasureable masses of vain unfruitful cumbersome pedantry, which properly was not knowledge at all. A man that writes down any image of real insight (of a think really seen) is a benefactor to all men. But he again who writes down what is the image of no thing, except of the stupid imbroglio of his own inner man, he is a malefactor to all men, involves all men in new useless labour. For you cannot instantly destroy and extirpate his book; copies of it will survive for centuries; when the last copy will vanish, and the Earth be entirely free of it, no man can prophesy. (all this elsewhere already?)

He is a conservative (one of the truest) who brings back the Past vitally visible into the Present living Time. The Past too was

1Above line: "Noble, 84: buried 24 June 1617."

2Above line: "(yes, Noble, 96)."

all alive, tho' dull History (the dull Pedantry of History) gives us only the ashes of it, the calcined bones of it. Calcined bones cannot profit us; better almost that they too were buried and forgotten. Shew me however the life of the Past, you shew me the worth of the Past; how I, had I lived then, would have been a zealous citizen of it, and worked and striven and fought for it, in those days, -- how for the spirit and real meaning of it I may still in these present days work and strive. Your dreary constitualion Hallams, your (who's?) are the true revolutionists, that would cut us off sheer asunder from whatsoever went before; representing all that went before as lifeless ashes, as a thing one blesses God one has now no farther trade with. -- --

"If these be the steps to promotion what are we to expect?"¹

Floats on the whirlpool of tradition like that other speech written down one knows not where first or when first by the Phantasm Nennius: "Eu Saxons, nimith eure Saxes"! -- Winged words have verily a singular power of flying; support themselves; thro' dense and rare, thro' the dark bewilderments of savage centuries; and arrive clear, fresh and still on wing here at our door even Now.

been no Rome, this had made old Rome. Apes, with their wretched blinking eyes, squatted round a fire which they cannot feed with new wood; which they say will last forever without new woods -- or alas, which they say is going out forever. It is a sad sight!

"ff. 101-2 form the next complete section, and are a remarkable set of miscellaneous writings. The final 29 lines of f. 102v are printed in HS part II, chapter 14, "Bastwick, Burton, and Prynne," paragraph 1, 271-3. It should be compared with the more graphic description of the ear-cropping in the Yale draft to Letter two, B9 of this appendix. f. 101r is numbered "(7)" by Carlyle."

Two hundred years off, on the west (?) side of the street of Huntingdon, wilt thou look thou wilt see clearly the light of a candle burning in a certain house not far from the steeple there (? see Gough). Strange enough: it is visible to me when so much has gone out in the interim, and kingdoms and conflagrations and perhaps suns have blazed away; clear across the dark centuries; one little point illuminated by a candle: the place of it fixed and indisputable; the time almost not altogether fixed but thou wilt not higgle for a year or two of time, at such a distance. And several things going on there. Space continues; Huntingdon stands yet where it did; but Time again flows a little more bright. (The whole matter swims like a light islet in the infinite sea of black, and may well be left a little vague.) The light I think must come from a sick-room. Let us enter there, and see what is toward.

Sick-room sure enough; and there lies a young man of robust rugged figure, seemingly in a state of considerable suffering. Dost thou notice how the bed clothes are tumbled; how the strong hands clench themselves, now fling themselves out relaxed, and the uneasy body writhes: judging by what the nightcap has left visible, he is not a beautiful man, a man of seamed coarse skin, lanky hair,
rough hard brows, on one of which grows even a wart: but what especially attracts me is the frank capacity of nose, puffing now and impatiently snuffing like a chafed steed's, for truly the man seems in distress; as his sharp voice full of unmusical earnestness, and indeed all his gestures testify. A light I say burns; making things discernible; he that pleases to look will discern much. Thou seest the young wife, good, not beautiful, in loose wrappings hastily huddled on; she would fain soothe as she can; wears nevertheless, as might seem, an air rather of impatience than anxiety. What can ail this sharp-voiced, nigh desperate man, or how has the light of his sick chamber shot itself so far across the waste of Time and Nights, that thou and I stand there? Worthy Dr. Simcott, chief physician of the place, enters, roused suddenly from natural rest.

Let us listen: the words are not very audible, far from it indeed; but to the mind's ear do they not sound somewhat as follows?

Patient. O Docter, O Doctor; O I -- oh-h-hl --
Doctor. Well, Mr. Cromwell, what is it now? Courage, my good friend!
Patient. O Docter, there is Death in this body of mine, or a spirit not of this earth: words are weak.
Doctor. How do you feel?
Patient. The whole pit is let loose against me. As if my veins were all full of clay, as if I were baking in a furnace into stone.
Doctor. Come now; there is no fear of that. Have you pain anywhere?
Patient. I am all one horrible unnameable pain. But that is not it. Oh no. I could suffer pain. The Pit is loose against me; God has given the Devils powers.
Doctor. How mean you?
Patient. Voices, faces: detestable spirits, one glass-eyed gorgon-face, I know it, I know it of old: turn as I will there it is; and something shouts always as into my inner ear, Stone, stone, thou art changing into stone, a monument of God's just wrath; -- and ever I think somehow about the Stone-cross, as if I -- and know not what to think.
Wife. O Oliver!
Patient. Yes Dame: thou knowest it not.
Doctor. Stone cross? Ah, I see! Good Mrs. Cromwell, (aside in a whisper) What was there to dinner? (Mrs. Cromwell whispers; the Doctor nodding, and again questioning).
Patient. Oh-h-h-hl

1 Alternative reading: "changing into stone."
And own in short does not the Docter write out his placebo, drastic, cathartic (warning, what is that?), and already with soothing words, with confident face of hope infuse some composure into Mr. Cromwell; who on the morrow will be moderately well again, and find himself not a stone-cross of Huntingdon, but a living muscular citizen of that borough. The Docter goes home growling "A real splenetic; one that has fancies about the cross; who pays fees nevertheless." (Ah no, no! mille fois non!)

-- Mrs. Robert Cromwell is a woman of whom, many books as I have read, I could never know much, except her tremulous motherly affection, contrasting beautifully with her thrifty assiduous spirit of business. I have seen her in rich lace-cap and broidered gown, on a day of ceremony, not without jewels; a composed smooth face, longish, strict, with small eyes; not beautiful but good and kind; a strict orderly woman; hiding under smooth method and rigour many thoughts and many cares and loves. She was led by dispassionate survey of her circumstances, not without innumerable painful consultations, to set up, tho' a gentlewoman born, the industry of malting and brewing: brewing of ale: a wholesome liquor much affected by the English. The mind sees, if it will look, great smokes, charcoal heaps, and fragrant moist steams issuing from that tenement in High-Street Huntingdon; -- pully cranes from aloft, barley-sacks mounting up in mid-air, and ale-barrels going forth in waggons, fleshy maltmen, draymen under conduct of flannel-jerkined leather-aproned men. The Dame sits within amid ledgers, calculations, hop-samples; the eye that is single, that enlightens the whole. Question was raised, loud scornful question, How a gentlewoman could brew? By Heaven, my Brother, I see not what is to hinder her, if the
liquor be good. A gentlewoman or simplewoman with more mouths than means will decidedly see if she cannot work rather than beg or steal. Idleness is not honourable to me; idleness, were it on hundred thousands a year, is the tragicallest contemptibility to me. That delicate long-fingered hand of thine, beautiful if thou wilt; but what can it do? Trim its brother's nails only? Homer and Ulysses praised the large strong hand, fit for grasping falchions, swinging hamens; that had cunning in it. As do I. He that can work at nothing is worth nothing, -- whatsoever in toy shops may be asked for him and given for him.¹ His selling price I know not; but his accurate value I do know is zero, -- and I would advise him in these days, to step aside from the press as it passes, or even to look out for another climate by and by. (ah, achi) --

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Brunaburgh, where host went swinging against host in fierce clash of war,² and Turketil(?) got the offer of seven feet of English ground. Thou readest of it as of a fall of tiles wind-blown, horrible unceasing jingle and confusion, or the oversetting of a crockery waggon: nevertheless it was not such at all; it is was³ the clash and death-tug of certain thousand human bodies, human souls, tugging there and smiting, with inflated nostril, with bent brows and flashing eye, -- the spirit of hell set at work in them there. (Such spirit lies slumbering in every man; never or very rarely let it be awakened in any man. We have all need of radical heat; God

¹Reading conjectural.

²Alternative reading: "where host went clashing against host in fierce useage of war."

³As written.
knows in such a world we cannot have too much of that: but it is wasteful work when your radical-heat has to break out as conflagration, consuming itself and much else!) For truly I know not what Hell is if it be not even that: the ferocity of man filled with hatred against man. As man is the most godlike of this earth, so likewise on occasion he is the most devilish. Tiger's tooth is sharp and his claws savage: but see what teeth and claws this little two-legged devil has contrived for himself: Sheffield steel ones; -- and the stroke of his fore-paw is some waggonload of cannon-balls sent flying; which will break not a horse's back only but a stone castle's.

Ask yourself what this Oliver was doing for these nine(?) years from the time of his marriage till 1630(?) 'Living at Huntingdon.' Yes, -- and you fancy, doing nothing? What did he breakfast on? Whom did he speak to? Who made his coat and shoes? What was the course of his natural day; of his natural 365 days, and 9 times 365, amounting to upwards of 3000? O History, History! --

Scene in the Dolphin Tavern, in the Mermaid Tavern. I knew this man as a student of Law, a young Templar (incipient Lawyer). I have seen him in the Dolphin Tavern, in the Mermaid Tavern and elsewhere. (A riotous kind of man, for in that great greedy heart there lay capacity to have become a first-rate Taavner and have died swiftly of brandy.) (out) Mermaid, Dolphin and elsewhere. Sherris-sack and stronger liquors are on the table, the dull flame of unsnuffed lights, shews, glasses, punch-spoons, fragments of tobacco-pipes, a ring of young Silenus faces, and the implements and wrecks of drinking. Loud are they all; loudest is my poor Oliver, -- rope-dancing here as over the throat of the Abyss. Should he fall, should
What a soul were lost, how many destinies of nations went all awry, should this loud youth gain crescendo and become a drunkard! The like has been. Great greedy hearts love to express themselves in fighting battles, in hunting fires, fronting martyrdoms — in so many ways. — easier, opener than any way of which, the Tavern-door stands open; wide yawning like a dark annihilation, the flameless hell of brandy, to receive them all. O Oliver, and thou hast cards too? Piles of white and even yellow metal lie among the drinking implements, and thou playest primero, faro, or sixpenny too, an invocation not to the gods and devils, but to Fate itself, dark mother of the gods and devils, deeper than very Chaos, eldest of things, — at whose strange oracle, even at the farthest outskirt of it, and were it in the way of sixpenny too, it is so interesting to inquire! Thou audacious Paladins, bent on exploring the Hall of Doom. Every cutting of the cards, it is like the striking of the mystic bell, to which Sybils from beyond Chaos are to answer. They answer: That — that for one thing thou, O inquiring Paladin, art in a bad way. (Some faintest thinge of horror attends all pleasures, gives the wonderfulllest gusto even to avarice) (before) —

Thou wishest to be Chancellor? Wilt study Law, plead causes, amass wealth, and thy way to Heaven shall be Serjeant's patch-coifs and Coke-upon-Littleton? Well and good. On the whole a man must learn to do something, it matters far less what, so only it be an honest thing. But above and before all, it is momentous that he find for himself a thing. Law, Gospel, physic, traffic, soldiering, butchering, bellows-mending — in the name of God who worked six days and rested only one, find something that thou canst do. For

1 Alternative reading: "where to."
indeed O Oliver, this life of ours I liken to the great (Lord/Bedford Level?) -- It lies like a fermenting marsh, bottomless quagmire: tear a drain thro' it (see on some other paper, -- or no!), any drain; behold it dries, grows green; instead of sour marsh we have a running water, and thick nutritive sevana of grass. Any drain: for will not the worst drain, if it run at all, act ultimately on the remotest vesicle of the Bog of Allen moor (stagnation); drain off its peccant moisture, evolve its potential grassiness, better or worse. How infinitely preferable is the worst drain to none at all. (This was written already somewhere else.)

To Oliver's great chaotic heart, what a solace would it have been could some wise spirit have solved these questions, nay so much as propounded them. All lies inarticulate, unspeakable in the great chaos of a heart. Bewilderment, darkness as of death: haste, terror, haunting cry of despair (no?); the mouth speaks not, has nothing to speak: only the eye in mournful inquiry hopeless as yet. My poor Oliver, none can answer thee; -- thy own task is even this, to find answer: like to Prophet's, both dream and interpretation. How the force of this great soul lies all deep down below its faculties as yet; and is spent only tormenting itself. Are we not all like the dumb Son of Croesus; who when the murderer's knife was at his Father's throat suddenly acquired power of speaking. In paroxysm of desperate affection: speak or die. All greatest gifts that man has, all speech that he has, have been got in this same way. How many sons of Croesus are there perhaps who all their lives continue dumb! Not the unhappiest they. But it is a strange
reflexion, which might strike many a loud man among us into silence for a while, and into lower speech for always thereafter.

-- Most tragic, amazing how the human soul envelopes itself in brainwebs, wrappings of one sort or the other; and walks abroad many times in a costume that excels harlequin, drawcannir, or the Egyptian grand-cophta, shawled and sheeted to the very eyes: nay some we have seen that came like veritable mummies, stiff, handfast, footfast, bandaged in their grave-clothes, and cannot walk at all, but have to be rolled on by machinery as in Bath-chairs. They have themselves grown a kind of machine. Dost thou not think it punishment enough that a man should be reduced to see in God's great universe with its Alp-mountains, hero-acts, star galaxies and suns and earth-shadows nothing other worth noting than altars in the east? To whom the starfitted Dome of Heaven was as non-extant, blotted out, eclipsed by the poor pepperbox dome of some cathedral built with hands? That the chief duty of man here below was to polish bits of wainscot and make communion-rails of them is not credible. Nevertheless it is true. Behold it there with eyes; and let at least this be got of fatal Peter, while he still survives among us. --

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\( \text{ff. 103-4 contain reading notes from various sources, docketed by Carlyle "Commonwealth notes (Little Gidding &c) --" f.104v is dated "Elder Wedgwood, last night 22 Decr 1841)." ff.105-6 form the next continuous sequence and begin with a sketch for a drama based on Jenny Geddes, the mythical Scottish heroine. This is an early draft, with f.105v dated 7 October 1841. A portion of f.106 is printed in Fielding & Tarr, 20.}\)

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\(^1\)Peter Heylin, Archibishop Laud's biographer. Cf. this passage with HS, 274-80. Following the above passage is the HS portion.
Scene I. Covenant Close, High-street of Edinburgh. A july morning of the year 1637. --

The Sun shone then, and rain fell, seed time there was, hot summer and harvest and vicissitudes of season then as now. The fair Earth had her furrow-fields, white stubble-fields, duly assumed her cloak of universal green; wrapt herself also in windingsheet of dead winter snow. The mountains, stood they not on their everlasting basements; bewashed by all the torrents? Proud-sweeping rivers and the humble tinkling brook all wended on whither their road. Seas too rolled, bounding, with their white-maned waves, into all firths and sounds, singing as now, as from of old, their hoarse everlasting elegy all round this rock-built land. The Isle of Britain lay then as now cleft in the arms of Neptune, -- all the essential features of it then what they are still. And yet how many unessential features that were not then as now. Hast thou counted the bridges that span these British streams with their streamlets? They have an exact arithmetical sum; but I know it not: this I know, that said sum was once zero, and is now far other than zero. Look at them, new and old: not a stone of them came there but some rough cunning hand had to shape it and bring it, -- funding another fraction of useful labour into the enormous labour-bank, which we now name British Empire. A great labour-bank, is it not -- tho' with dreadfully incompetent clerks and head-clerks! Man with his axes, pickaxes, with his tools and ploughs, and a wise thought behind them, does change considerably the face of this Planet of his. Roads, railroads -- why I have known rivers themselves reduced to
the strangest pass; of which as opposite examples let us name but two: Fleet-ditch and the New River. Fleet-ditch, alas it was the river Fleta in Caesar's time, and since the creation had been so, and gathered its waters from the wells of Middlesex fields, till the fields were dug out into clay-cellar, their clay raised over them burnt into bricks, built into houses; and poor Fleta had no well to draw from, only eaves-droppings, street-gutters and such like, and became a soot-ditch abomination and Mother of dead dogs, the ignominy of all rivers. 

Still fatter, stranger was the fate of the New River. What river at starting but counts with certainty on getting sooner or later by one name or another lodged honestly in the Sea? Thy New River, alone of running streams, is cheated of this universal hope. Its goal is not the sea: by mydleton's cunning it flows twenty miles in green ditch, and pours itself thro' a million unexpected conduits into the throats of men! If Naiads still lived, what would not the Naiads of Fleet and New River say? I myself have often rather pitied these two poor streams. (this is dreadful work!) --

Towns gather themselves in the strangest way: Hamlets among the mountains, homesteads and herdsmen's shearings: capital cities, smoke-crowned Manchesters and great Seahavens. (Let us try to take a view of Britain from aloft, from mid air? could one not!) (Ay de mi) The houses that are now black and grim were then white and new: Tron Church getting itself built in that very year (?) of Jenny's. --

Oliver like an iceberg. Grim thunder lodged in him. Who told thee great men were 'amiable'? 'Loveable'? Yes; but the lover must be given as well as the thing to be loved. -- (My hand was on
no day more completely out. I am very miserable. Were it not for the rain, I should forth and walk. -- At bottom, what do I want with Oliver? A certain love for the man I do feel; I could wish others to feel the like. But alas, alas! Some toil too has been funded in the enterprise now; my self-will begins to be concerned in it. Or should I give it up once for all? I wish to heaven I were fairly in it, or in something. This will no longer do!)

Jenny Prentin said ye?
A Evan Tyler told me. Every Parish is to have two; one for the Minister's use; one at least to be studied by the flock.

Jenny Wae light on't.
A Have not chief magistrates the rights to prescribe order in their Kirks?

Jenny Their Kirk? It is your Kirk and my Kirk. Will Charles Stewart answer for me at the Great Day?
A Janet, ye take things o'er strict.

Jenny Save us! What's this?

The lasses of the Canongate
May kaim their yellow hair,
But Leslie's bonny men I trow
Return to them nae mair.

O loving are your looks my dears
And bright your bonny e'en
But hame come not the lads the night
That marched away yestreen.

They gaed by Colruns path to fight
An army brave and fair
But Crommel wi' the foul fiend's help
Haw blawn them to the air.

Has blawn them to the air, my dears
Has skailed them wide and far;
O wae light on't that Scottish men
Should tine the art of war!

And many a blooming face last night
Is pale and cauld the day
Their broken arms bestrew the ground
They're slain or fled away.

For lovers' hands the horses hoofs
Caress these faces dear:
In gory mud, our bonny men,
Thrust down by sword and spear!
The lasses of the Canongate
May kaim their yellow hair,
But Leslie's bonny men I trow
Return to them nae mair. -- (1) --

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(7 October, 1841. -- Dull still, as ditchwater and dark as chaos!)

Imitation: nothing plays such a part in the affairs of men.
The world is wide, the thought of men concerning it is narrow.
Into how few things, even of the things lying round thee for daily
consideration and solution, canst thou say that thou seeest with
such decisive vision and discrimination as to know what word above
all words will describe them for thee? The very wool-carder knows
only that his wool will card, will spin, weave and become cloth;
what the wool is the whole Royal Society with David Hume, Bishop
Berkeleys, Pym to Dr. Reid and Immanuel Kant to help them will
never say. And meanwhile for our poor wool-carder the grand fact
is even this same indubitable one, That it will card. Let him hold
by that; one leaving all the others to go their way. -- -- And
in like manner with regard to all phenomena whatever, -- to the
last new Play-book, novel-book, for instance, to the last new
Ministerial or Opposition Parliamentary harangue: thou knowest not,
I say, what such harangue or book is; the properties of it are
infinite; were it the merest piece of printed phantasm, next-door
to a nonentity, almost nothing in it real but the paper and printer's-
ink, yet affiliations exist in it of all entities and non-entities
whatever. What then wilt thou say of it? Why, what little it
essentially concerns thee to say is what will carry thee handsomely
thro' the pother made about it, and get thee well rid of it; what
thou hearest others in thy circle saying, that is the readiest thing
for thee to say, the cheapest sufficing thing! Some little vestige of
descriptive veracity this current saying had, and so got currency:
that too for thee will be enough. The wool-comber knew that his
wool would comb, and combed it: this utterance with its current
vestige of descriptive veracity will get thee through the pother,
and thou utterest it.

But suppose the phenomenon were not the new Book, the new
Ministerial Harangue; but Human Life itself, the summary of all
phenomena whatsoever! To utter this, the complete meaning of this,
the tongue of archangels were inadequate: what shall a poor
detached individual utter concerning it? It is high as Heaven,
what canst thou know; it is deep as Hell, what canst thou understand!
Alas, all men, with their united wisdom in all times and places,
stand foiled before this mystic tablet; can but decipher here a
word and there a word of its prophetic meaning. What man is? Yes,
some theory must needs be formed of that; and yet by the hypothesis
it is, was and ever will be a most poor imperfect one. Since life
is so short and art so long, we will not blame mankind for taking
up with an imperfect theory; we will rejoice rather that they have
the gift of taking up a theory at all, and going on contented with
it; -- an altogether indispensable, invaluable gift for them. For
their life, is it not in very fact fearful and wonderful, rooted
among mouldering charnel-houses deep as Eternity and Death; yet
high too as Eternity, diademed with stars? They may hide it as they
will, they are Apparitions, spirits rendered visible: the light
that gleams for me in those fair eyes, coming as I think from
Heaven, will it not go out swiftly, vanish in the infinite dark, and
nowhere be? All vanishes, and no longer is; Appearance, Disappearance
is the law of all. Ah yes, fearful and wonderful enough; fit to
drive the human soul mad with fearing and wondering. And yet
the human soul is not here to fear and wonder mainly; fearing and
wondering will not by themselves carry forward a man! Man’s
invaluablest gift is that of taking up some theory, resting contented
therewith, and so fearing and wondering only in moderation, articulately
and to purpose.

But is there not in the stupidest human existence, as the heart
of it all, strangely hidden, sunk, overwhelmed yet not extinct,
a light-element and fire-element, which if you but awaken it shall
irradiate and illuminate the whole; and make Life a glorious fixed
Landscape, rock-borne, sure, the home and conquest of the brave, no
longer a moorless, skyless wavering chaos wherein cowards weep and
die. It is infinitely respectable this fact that poor man’s
convictions are primarily moral; that his life-theory, never so
stupid logically, has ever a moral truth in it whereby it first
became credible to him. Wild Odin, with his redbearded Thundergod,
with his hoary Jotun Frost, the glance of whose devil-eye splits
rocks, found credence and apotheosis among the Northmen, not for
these things which are become foolish false, but for another thing
which remains forever wise and true. Ye Northmen, ye shall not
fear death; a Supreme Power presides over that and all things, and
has appointed Valkyrs Choosers, Death’s apparitors, unerring inexorable:
them ye shall follow unreluctantly, nay joyfully; and know that He
on high takes only the valiant to his bosom, tramples all cowards
down to Hela and the realms of Night! Not a well-conditioned Norse
heart that heard this but answered, Yes. To the greathearted
melancholic Norsemen, sitting sulky, vacant there, in their felt
trowsers, bear-skin cloaks, the whole universe is a simmering murk of vague unintelligibility to them, such news was as a spark of lightning, awakening their own inner light, -- which then blazed and burnt! I myself to this hour have a respect for it, and hope always to have. -- Neither do we find that Christianism, this faith of Oliver's, propagated itself much by the publication of 'Evidences,' Bridgewater Treatises and such like in those early times. No: curiously enough, it was by other ways. Infinite pity and admiration, infinite assent to a new form of human nobleness again kindled all hearts nigh sunk into death, led all convictions captive, and no Bridgewater Evidences needed to be published. If you will have a man believe, convince his heart; let the poor man see face to face a truth, palpable veritable, of which there is no doubting: it is strange to what extent his logicals on all sides will accomodate themselves to that. I consider this to be punctum saliens vitalitates in all important human conventions whatsoever. But Euclid, Algebra, Political Economy? Nay, of Euclid itself and the Mecanique celeste, what is it that will first begin to make it possible that you be convinced even of Euclid? Some insight that it is a thing worth studying, were decidedly proper to be convinced(?) (Something moral even in Euclid?) -- Small morality is needed for Euclid; the Devil could learn him.

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Books are a sort of thing much celebrated in these days; and truly not without reason, as I myself too have said in its place. Nevertheless one confesses to a certain sympathy with Caliph Omar also, a certain desire to burn up bad books and have done with them. It is frightful that the dulness of a blockhead attaching himself by
fatal hazard to some memorable transaction, should itself continue in memory, shedding its narcotic poison over long coming times. Peter Heylin's Life of Laud: I have read it, -- might I be the last that shall ever do so! But, alas, such consummation is yet perhaps distant; new brothers of mine must perhaps still suffer as I have done, and in their laudable zeal, with ever-increasing risk of locked-jaw, read Heylin without profit from beginning to end. A comfort is, someone will be the last; a son of Adam will arise of whom it can be said, Thou hast read all Heylin's Laud, and no other thro' all ages will ever do it. So far well; -- But then again come the numerous clan that consult Heylin, pretend to have read him; this lasts perhaps for a century longer. Not till the last old mummy-coloured Heylin in the driest Bodleian has been eaten of worms, and another Heylin could not by the foremost human art be got together in this earth, are you sure that he is vitally gone, and the human species clear of him. By Heaven's blessing this period too is coming; but alas yet how far! For blockheads will ever be saying: Ah, so you have not read Heylin? And you have to answer Yes, I have read him, and found zero in him. O Omar, purifying minister, where is thy torch to reduce in so many cases semblance to the bulk of substance, and produce palpable zero? --

Let the weary Editor be pardoned if he reflect with himself for a moment what the effect would have been if a universal Omar suddenly to be vouchsafed us, and a man could say to himself with very mixed feelings, Behold, there is now no longer any scrap of printed paper to be found in this world! Doubtless the loss would be very great; yet the gain also, how undeniable. Nothing now but what at least

1Above line, commencing with purifying: "pen should make expurgatory indexes; men in whom other men have any trust."
adhered to some human memory would have an existence in the world. Adhered to some human memory; that is to say, has therefore some affinity to actual human thoughts: nay almost had some existence among the real affairs of men. For this latter consummation too would more and more approximate, and but for new printing, rapidly approximate. O Heavens, Pedantry were gone out; and with it how much Blockheadism, which is misery, which is sin. My learned brother in horse hair wig, how has his fire at once purified and contracted dwindled to the size of a star, if also to the clearness of one.¹ Coke on Lyttelton, Dictionary of Decisions, Fleta and the Year Books clean gone, will now do nothing for him; all but universal justice and the sense of mankind are dubious. In some twenty years Coke on Lyttelton have got to a strange pass; their pedantries a flat solecism, inconceivable under any wig or scalp; the very existence beginning to be a matter of doubt, a matter forgotten. And alas, were not this in truth a considerable alchemy for extracting out of Coke on Lyttelton what wisdom did lurk in him disseminated among mountains of shot-rubbish: this, To burn the Books, and by what portion of them did survive in human memories? For the driest living Sergeant is a fertile matter compared with a yellow old Law-Book.

¹Reading conjectural.
O Oliver, my hero, can I by no alchemy extricate thee from the dim cave, where buried under Presbyterian, royalist and other obsolete rubbish thou liest unintelligible, all defaced, irrecongnizable! Thou art become a most gaunt, spectral nondescript; little other than a ghastly chimera. Yet of a very truth, thou wert no chimera. Alas, neither was thy Time chimerical. A most rugged, real, hard-struggling Time; when the Sun shone on heroic toils of men; and millions wore out cheerfully their life, fighting with all weapons the battle of the brave. -- (awful trash!)

What is the use of man's writing; of man's understanding, which should be the basis of writing? That man may see the great things which are, which have been, which probably will be, in God's world here below. -- If an Oliver Cromwell stood close by us, in the vesture and dialect of this our own time, he were of all men the worthiest to be written about. Two centuries lying heaped over him obscure the man; have abolished much that was transitory in the man: but the man himself behind those centuries is of a verity still there. Of our own blood and bone; an English heart within the body of him, an English quarrel in his hands, the fruit of which we still all reap. He existed, he exists: can we not discern him, decipher him, present his lineaments to men? -- (not likely, I think!)

Oliver's Life ill written? Yes; and what Life is well written! The fit writing of a Life is the summary of all good writing, of all good understanding whatsoever. Man is the Messias of Nature, preaches abroad his Gospel of Freedom: Consider him well, in his word and act, sore defaced as it is, there lies the summary of the meaning of this world. He that could well understand such Gospel
had understood all things. -- Nay as to writing of Lives, consider, is thy own Life well written, -- I say not on paper with ink, which requires art and opportunity; but on the tables of thy own intelligence, where memory taught by Nature is continually writing? I say, Has she written wisely, -- or other than foolishly? Dost thou yet understand thy own Life? Is it an epic to thee; full of coherent victorious or unvictorious struggle; -- and not rather a beggarly blotted unintelligibility; midway between a police-sheet and extortionate tavern-bill? Lives cannot be adequately written; no life can, not even a ditcher's or a shoeblack's. -- (whither now?)

The promise of writing, which makes such noise about itself, is after all most poor. When I consider how much even a Shakespeare could write, it is the infinitesimal fraction of what offered itself to be written. Shakespeare! He too had but a pair of eyes, had but one little brain; and the universe was all astir with life: from Penzance to the house of John de Groat, nay from Sirius thro' the Earth's centre to -- (see celestial globe!) -- Tragedy histories were everywhere continually going on; and he has written but some (24? how many?) -- In thy own soul is there not as the buzz of ten thousand voices ever sounding, pleading; and thou (even as a loquacious man) reportest only fragments of one voice. (These thoughts, if they be thoughts, are not elaborated yet; sink them altogether, or say them better!) --

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Looking as thro' a gloomy vista, grown all spectral; the seventh generation is now living since Oliver died; six of them are fallen silent even as he is. -- O Son of Adam, thou that thinkest thyself a solidity and reality, what a phantasm art thou, -- vanishing like a very ghost at scent of the morning air! Oliver, where is he?
His body lies I am told in the Edgware Road; buried under the gallows that stood there; -- wafted in mad combination by chemical, mechanical and chemico-mechanical forces to the bottom of far oceans, to the ends of the system of the stars. And the soul of him? He: it is difficult to say where he is! -- And yet to my certain knowledge he rode thro' London City in leather breeches, in scarlet coat with baldrus, leading thousands, escorted by tens of thousands, the rough face of him flushed with a certain grim radiance, in his puissant nostrils a kind of awful potential snort; laurel boughs in all helmets and the astonished world prostrate under his hoofs: so rode he, of a very truth, this same still-extant sun of ours looking down upon him; any eye but could assure itself that there was actually he. --

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-- -- Among our multiplied uncertainties, one certainly has sometimes struck me as consolatory: that this respectable human-species of ours did one day actually begin, will some day actually end. Wherever or whatever Eden, Paradise and Creation may have been, I know as if I had seen it that there was somewhere, somewhen, a First Man, -- and a strange fellow he must have been. The domestic affections terribly deficient in him; -- for he had alone of men no father, mother or the like. His memory that morning when he awoke first had simply no field: (it is like he awoke not all at once (for out of sleep is one thing, out of Nothingness is another)); his first few hours this magic faculty had to expand for him, as it well could, into an infinitude of past time. His yesterday was Eternity. But indeed it is like &c another. What a watery indefinable unappropriated word illegible of a world, stamped yet by no
footprint of human motion or volition; lying all soft there, for him and his to print, stamp and shape. Papae! O Heavens, O Earth!
Papae, most strange! Or think you he set to singing Psalms exclusively? Yes, Psalms, but not exclusively; Cookery, Purveying, Self-defence, -- this for Practical Reason; and in his speculative moments rude outbursts enough of wonder and all passion, Psalm, Song, Prayer, Anger, vast guffaws\(^1\) of laughter too, I hope! In which circumstances surely of all incidents that could befal this Adam, unspeakably the most important was his falling in, whatever way it might occur, with that Lady Even of his: a most important incident! How much more than any man in Ballinacrazy he wanted a Wife. O my far-off but veritable Father and Mother, who had bone, muscles, sorrows, joys, affections even like mine, and are buried for me in the depths of Dreamland, ye who were once so real, and the brightness of your smiles all vanished and your poor tears mingled with the salt of ocean. -- O God, human speech has no word that will express my feelings to you. Psalm, Song, Prayer, Anger, not excluding laughter either: this once more, as at first, would be one's utterance. For truly, when I look abroad on these streets and read these morning newspapers, I must say, Ye have made a wondrous business of it, ye and the Powers. (When I look abroad on these streets and read these morning newspapers can I admit less?) -- Such even for me amid all Scepticisms, Atheisms, Puseyisms, unbelievabilities, is the fact of the First Man.

Uncertain, sayest thou (say you)? Why, my friend, by family-papers at present in this house, I can carry back my pedigree to a distance of between 3 and 4000 years. That generations began is as clear to me as that they now are, as that they will have to end,

\(^1\)Alternative reading: "huge peals."
one day. Thou, hast thou doubt of it? I advise thee next to
disbelieve the Multiplication Table, and the Bridge of Asses. Three
and three are not more indubitably six, than that progressive
existence has its starting place and goal; that Man, the Son of Time,
had a beginning, that Time itself had a beginning. *Omnia ex conchis,*
All out of shellfish, says Dr. Darwin. Well O Doctor; granting that
we even started as oysters, and got gradually sidefins, which grew
gradually to arms and legs! The first oyster that grew to be a
man, he O oyster-born, even he were the man for me. Nay a six-foot
oyster, with albuminous side-fins, legs, arms in a most moist /state/,
quitting his watery element, and taking up his abode on firm-earth
(probably under shelter of his cast shells by way of primitive house, --
he, I think, were one of the strangest First men I have read of, in
Genesis or elsewhere. Whosoever aspires to an oyster-genealogy
shall if he find comfort in it, indulge himself for my share (for me).

But as I said, by authentic family papers now penes me I can
carry back my veritably human pedigree a matter of 4000 years. Not
an unimportant fact, or barren of inferences. For let us say only
200 generations, and think how many Fathers and Mothers I already have.
Of grand-fathers and grandmothers, partly known to me by sight, I
had already $2 + 2 = 4$; of great-grandfathers already 8. Raise 2 to
the 200th power; it is, by Cocker, a sum that will not stand on this
paper! -- (What is the nature of that problem, after all?) --
(Pause today) -- (Ach, Himmell) --

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Alas, that babble is not even grounded on Cocker! The 48th
power of 2 (that is the number of ancestors in 48 x 30 or 1440 years)

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1This passage of 7 lines, including the next paragraph, has been
set in parenthesis by TC.
would be near 300 million million; -- but then, at any stage, the same grandfather and grandmother may have occurred, as in the case of cousins marrying, whereby the whole upward series is destroyed in that direction; and one knows not how often this may have happened. So often it must have happened that in sum we have at the end only 2 ancestors, 2 prime-ancestors. A curious algebraical problem: what would Whewell say to it in his present circumstances!

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The drama now follows.

f. 109 is made up of reading notes concerning the regicides. Carlyle notes "This was taken in great haste at the Museum -- eheu!" f.110 contains miscellaneous notes on the excesses of Charles I's reign. ff.111-2 form a sequence of interesting material. f.111 is headed "(3)" Though much material is unused, most of f.112 is a draft for HS, Part II, chapter 10, "Dr. Leighton," paragraphs 1-3, and part of paragraph 4, 242-5. A portion appears in Fielding & Tarr, 18.7

What it was that led the most renowned commander the Earl of Essex into Cornwall with his forces in this year 1644, unless it were to relieve Earl Roberts' lands, enable Earl Roberts to levy certain outstanding rents of his, I could never rightly learn. So said Edmund Ludlow some 150 years ago; so with greater reason, say I in this present year. The reason of my Lord of Essex his march into the West Country, inquire as I will, remains obstinately obscure to me. This and so much else, alas and all else remains so obscure to me.

The thing that I do see nevertheless, looking intently at it throu' the dimness of two centuries, throu' records public Parliamentary or incidental private and horseloads of the stupidest Books ever written by man, is sufficiently curious to me. Wilt thou look, O reader; shall we two endeavour to look earnestly together?
Vain is Whitelocke, vain are Rushworth, Hardwick State Papers, Somers' Tracts, Harleian Miscellany, and that fatal rubbish mound of 'original documents,' documentary of little, except of the stupidity of mankind, and how poorly the words of England represent in any time the acts and meanings of England; -- read no more there: believe me, I have read till my soul is near extinction, and much I have read which no following Son of Adam will ever more read; and in all this there is nothing visible but an undecipherable universe filled with dirty undecipherable London fog. Sun only this one thing: The history of the past time does lie under that detestable, undecipherable, Whitelockian Rushworthean fog-element; there, yes by heaven it is there; and a man with living vision, above all things with loving heart, intently looking into it, with a kind of desperate intentness, might discern something of it! For the Past was; it is not only said and drowsily reported and written to have been, but it actually was, -- Large as the present, and as Life at any time; with coloured clothes on its back, with joy and sorrow, rage and love in its heart, with flame-thoughts and fog-thoughts in its head; and indeed, for one thing, is very evidently duelling and battling there, in the sincerest manner, sincere as very death. Men that draw sharp steal, and make at one another's throat therewith, must mean something. What thing? That is the question. Ask not in Rushworth alone, ask elsewhere withal; thou wilt in some dim most melancholy (mournful) degree (measure) ascertain.

For example, down in that Cornish Country, there are several (quot?) thousands, whom I rudely guess to be -- thousands, scattered about with a few square miles of country; armed according to their

\[^1\] Above line beginning after "there:" "is a great crown."
fashion; busily engaged in pricking one another to destruction.

Two hundred years have passed, some seven generations of mortals in this Earth, and much has changed. Our fathers, our poor fathers, why are you set in steel against one another? Death was hovering over you all, swift enough to stoop and strike, and life for the happiest of you but a kind of labour which ye oft named wretchedness: why would ye make one another more wretched? -- (People then: Philip Skippon, my Lord of Essex, King, Clarendon (?no) -- borrow Clarendon); who else?)

-- Matchlocks, snaphances are very different; but the thoughts of these men are something still more different. All kinds of "clothes" do change in such an amazing manner, clothes of the body, and opinions or clothes of the soul no less. Yet ever as I say, four limbs and a white Saxon skin do dwell within all kinds of clothes. Strip off the bearskin cloak and felt breeches of Hengst in the Isle of Thanet, -- O miracle to see -- he is a figure similar in all points (identical, the self-same figure) to what hides itself under the modernest swallow-tail of Piccadilly (no!), the modernest cloth coat of Wellington, Washington: -- that is my comfort, that in the soul-clothes too it is the same (eheu).

For does not the soul also wrap herself in clothes; in the most perplexed incalculablest involution of what is called beliefs, opinions, ways of looking at this world, -- and models and moulds this Time-world no less than is moulded by it? What is essential (indestructible -- no) in man's soul thou wilt at all times have some difficulty in discovering! Deeper it lies under its soul-hulls than the body under any tailor-clothes whatever. Nay I know not

1TC has bracketed this paragraph.
but the very features of the soul itself, what we call character, spiritual physiognomy itself, is a kind of clothing; and the essence of all men's character as they come from nature's hand may be very much the same, different only in degree, in quality identical, -- wonderfully as our course of education modifies us: into Newtons, Miltons, Cromwells, Crockets and Tom Cribs! (The thought, if it be a thought lies still hidden here.) But what I do know is that our ultimate living physiognomy as seen in practice and speculation, does differ in the practical living tho' evidently unintrinsic separable qualities of it to an inconceivable extent: look at William Laud, assiduously fixing altars in the east wall of churches, and the two queens scouring oak-gods with wash-leather and a little grease in Balder's Hage (Frithiof). Consider what the one of these believes and will do in this world, and what the latter two believe and will do. Should we not say at first that they are of different species, that strip them never so deep, we should find no similarity of limb or feature? Yet it is indisputable, evident as daylight, tear off the mere outer jerkin, and we find a skin and limbs as like as pea to pea! -- (ach Himmell!) -- O where shall I begin?) --

My Lord of Essex retreating from post to post; great joy in the King's Camp which pursues, &c &c: how has all this come to pass? Very strange that peacable England should have risen into suicidal quarrel, and be cutting its own flesh with swords in this way! Whence came the business, how is it now, whither tends it henceforth? These are questions. Questions, for the answer of which we shall have to look back seven long palpable years, nay perhaps seventy and seven. For seven years long this matter has rolled on and raged palpable above ground, over all England; but
if we looked into the roots and secret origins of it, these lie
scores and hundreds and even thousands of years off; in Perth
Assemblies, in Parliaments of Henry VIII, in Oxford, in Nazareth,
in Balder's Hage, and I know not where!

Much pondering how in readable words this business could be
told thee, rummaging in all records, Rushworthian chaoses and thirty-
thousand King's Pamphlets, exercising eyes, hands, and especially
every faculty of soul, I come upon enormous masses of unedited
writing, sunk drowned in the Rushworthian chaos, which by incredible
industry and force of attention (meditation), the human intelligence
can still fish up and decipher: these fragmentarily (fragment-wise)
I mean now to submit; soliciting the reader's credence, on faith of
my own credulity and credibility, for it has beseemed us both to
do our best. (ach!) Who the author may have been if not the wandering
Jew, present bodily at so many diverse wide-scattered transactions,
I would not undertake to say. But a faithful eye-witness that has
an eye is very precious! At such a distance of time eye-witnesses
are few; and of these few the most have properly no eyes but a kind
of dim boiled fish-eye; most mortifying, sufficient many times to
explode the historical patience into flat rage and despair. Not
so this denizen of the Rushworthean Chaos, whom we will designate
the Wandering Jew(?) He has even some power of historical speculation;
which, not however as the valuest part of him, we occasionally
transcribe. I have modernised the spelling, his obsoletisms;
indeed have as good as translated him into my own dialect. What
good is false spelling to a man who has other claims on us? For
whatsoever he advanced that seemed dubious I have earnestly search/ed
in the Rushworthian chaos, King's Pamphlets and other rubbish continent
of contemporary writers to find collateral evidence, and to make
assurance doubly sure have referred to such when needful. And
now shaking aside all rubbish adhesions, with courageous open heart,
with free eye, and the truest wish to see and ascertain clearly,
let us venture! (Wandering Jew, the well-known individual named
Dr. Teufelsdroeckh, or Sauerteig the Foreign Professor; -- is
there not some feasibility here! -- Voyons)

Next follows the HS portion indicated above. The last 2 paragraphs
of f.112v contain occasional correspondence to HS, but are quite
different, and show some of Carlyle's struggles with his topic and
its organization."

Swiftly however a new scene opens on me; scene of the High
Commission Court (or Starchamber?) -- one of the lions-dens in that
menagerie's Indian Jungle of Westminster Hall, whither by the stern
Keepers of the place so many mere Daniels and other/57 have been
cast. They say it arose in Elizabeth's time; being intended to
(see Warwick) -- small matter with whom it originated, my wish is
once to see it cease and vanish. Neither have I learned in what
room it sat: one hopes the room is long since burnt, and no ashes
of it remaining recognisable. What I do see is a veritable human
apartment, a room of good dimensions, of solid carpentry, with
raised bench, with indistinct ushers, macers, apparitors, indistinct
to the eye, and judge of grave aspect also very indistinct for
most part, -- if it be not one little man in lawn sleeves, in three
cornered hat, with wrinkly short face, with a look of what one might
call arrogant, sorrow of a sort, reflexion of a sort, sorrow and
small assiduity and ingenuity which in this world has had many
crosses, but doubts not to triumph yet as it deserves to do. It
is he they call his Grace of Canterbury William Laud; sometimes
named in a vein of pleasant wit his Little Grace, not because of
his little stature alone. Whereat, as at the real attempts to be
witty, some men really attempt to laugh, -- with what success they
can. O reader, of all the pathetic things thou seest in this world,
tragic discrepancies between success and endeavour of the sons of
Adam, does any so knock against thy heart, as this many times of
the endeavour after wit, -- opening in thee the sacred source of
sympathetic tears? Wit, a certain munificent superfluity of
intellect, -- and thou so passionately desist this poor entertainer
of thine had but the barely necessary. He has next to no intellect;
and he would treat thee with wit. At bottom in that haggard lot
of his, a cup of cold water were luxury to him; and see he is forever
popping off his champagne corks, and handing thee this glass; with
joy comes fresh and freshest of carbonic-acid emptiness; bottles,
glasses and all that is about him desperate, containing mere gaseous
ferment, and as we say the absence of very water! Sunt lacrymae sum.

His little Grace has arched brows, horse-shoe mouth, but
brows arched for another than Leighton's reason. On the whole what
a contrast, that small, short wrinkly face on the bench, and this
huge pyramidal one on the floor. (Thick-skinned as a rhinoceros --
Leighton) contrast of Puritanism and Episcopacy?) The debate I
do not give: why should I if I could? (Extract Laud's words and
Leighton's -- Babylonish beast). The sentence I do: to be imprisoned
and to be fined. see Biographica Britannica. Laud took off his
hat (was that him?) One thing I could like to see clearly: Why
his Little Grace took off his hat. For many reasons, reader; which
it will be difficult to explain. Say now in thy heart hast thou
any understanding at all of what William Laud did mean, or could
have meant? -- (all this after: alas!) -- Leighton may say now
he is playing to empty benches: if not the gods he has no spectator
at all -- (can anything whatever be made of this? Compress, compress!)

ff. 113-26 form a series of reading notes and memoranda from various
sources. The only portion transcribed below is the last 10 lines
of f. 120v. Here Carlyle summarizes that sheet's earlier excerpts
relating to Elizabeth's funeral. It was probably written in the
Spring of 1843, due to a 20 February 1843 date on f. 119r; this
account can be compared to the version given in HS, 19-21.

Rest, rest from thy labours noble heroine; rest, rest forever --
Great was thy labour but deep is thy rest, glorious thy reward.
Now first thou art in state rightly noble; serene Silences, azure
Eternities, God is the Maker. A conquerer thou; Darkness is
swallowed in light; rest, rest forever.

Farewell; the skies and Earth and its oceans hear our hearts'
farewell, unanswered by Thee -- silent. Noble, brave wert thou,
strong, and wisest before us. Thy voice speaks to us no more, thy
eye enlightens us no more. We weep for thee, and should not weep.
Thou wert noble, and hast left us. We march, and thou leadest us
not. We have to say farewell -- farewell.

Rest from thy labours noble heroine, rest, rest forever. (What
a strange attempt!)

ff. 127-40 also form varied reading notes and memoranda. f. 128v,
a portion of a letter, has a postmark stamp of 6 May 1844 on it,
and contains a few draft lines from HS, Part 1, chapter 7, "Knighting
of Prince Henry." f. 127v, a sheet bearing the date 18 October 1843,
contains the following fragment on history.

In fact, History taken up in this rigorous way is a thing to
baffle the strongest intelligence. Except in distant approximation
to the Smelfungus ideal, History cannot be written. History, says
Smelfungus, is twin-sister to Prophesy, it also struggles to reveal
a time that is not. (The Time that is not and will be, the Time
that is not and was: these two Times are alike indubitable, alike
hidden from us.) There is something great in it, something most
divine. The past is eternal.

_/f. 14lr is a draft that has been scored through, but not used. The
draft is incomplete, but does not continue onto f. 141v, which is
nearly blank except for a note Carlyle has dated "6 Decr 1844."
It is written in a similar vein to HS, 50, but I doubt that a draft
dealing with the reign of King James could have been written in
late 1844, when Carlyle was only two months from beginning the
printing of Cromwell. One possible explanation is that it was intended
to be part of the "Introduction" of historical information added
to Cromwell.7

He had favourites; -- his want of cash was dreadful. How fain would
he have got the world to go by mere eloquent coaxing of it. He
sent ambassadors by the hundred; he delivered discourses in the Star
chamber: better speaking was not to be heard in that time.

---------------------

He had to submit by monopolies, by sale of honours, by shifts
and expedients. His ways of raising money and of wasting it are a
wonder to behold: On a single human individual called James Hay,
called various things, called ultimately Earl of Carlisle and married
to Lucy Percy he is computed to have spent first and last 400,000 --
perhaps equal to above two millions(?) of our money (try in the
Pictorial History?) -- -- His1 one wish was that he could have got
the world persuaded to go by coaxing, and have had liberty himself
to follow his hunting. He hunted immensely, incessantly; it was as
if his one business had been to hunt. His drinking also was great;
Christian King of Denmark came more than once to see him, and they
had carouses worthy of the old sea-kings. The reader may see in
(Weldon?) how the Majesties of England and Daneland were scandalously

1 TC has bracketed the remainder of the paragraph.
overcome with strong liquor, how even ladies of honour and allegorical virtues staggered as they moved, and in one dim hiccuping chaos, worthships and worships of this lower world veiled eclipse, -- as in disastrous, universal twilight of the gods. Scandalous to see and hear. Alas, what history of England, is there in all this?

With a greater interest one reads in Mr. Camden (Stow 1021.2) how Moorfields were beautified; laid out to be a beautiful promenade and artillery-ground, where men on field days could do exercise, "where citizens could take their evening walk of meditations, where trained bands and other drawcannir figures in bushy moustaches with quilted buff coats &c could do exercise. Moorfields yes; I hope a few fields up and down this England were getting drained, fenced, tilled by improved methods, made more available for the uses of mankind; that there if not elsewhere, England might be carrying on in some mute way a bit of history! In the literal and metaphorical sense. There are new brick houses building; shot rubbish here and there is getting itself carted away. There is for one thing a correct Translation of the Bible done in these years; surely the worthiest spiritual edifice any century could raise for itself; of importance unspeakable. Reynolds, Knewstubs & Company petitioned for it; and now by the help of them and other prodigiously learned and earnest persons, it is done; poor Reynolds himself had a hand in it, did the Acts (?Fuller), and now he is dead, -- and his work is still living. What earnest preaching from Knewstubs & Company, on all Sundays and days, calling on men to know that they had verily souls and that God's eternal judgment did of very truth await them. They are numerable by the thousand these painful preachers; they are as lights kindled in the great darkness of Theobald's
and Whitehall, -- of Lambeth veiled too much in tippets and rubrics; from the eyes and souls of them goes a message, the one important message into the souls of men. England was not

\( \text{\&f. 142-53 form a variety of reading notes and scraps of notes, some in the form of narrative, and a few memoranda.} \)

\( \text{\&f. 154 forms the next sheet of interest. f.154r begins with a revised and shortened version of Carlyle's dramatic format for Cromwell's life. Following the drama outline are miscellaneous jottings, brief sections of which are printed in Fielding & Tarr, 21. f.154v, except for three lines, forms a draft for three separate portions of Past and Present, (10:12, 221, 162-3). These are not printed here, although there are significant variations between draft and text. The probable composition, at least for the Past and Present portion, is the first quarter of 1843.} \)

Momente

I. Ruin of Essex in Cornwall. Details of the beginning, progress and present condition of the war (Where Cromwell was at that moment? Where the Scots were?) Clubmen (already?). Royalists (Rupert, Charles, -- Poet Cleaveland?) Final retreat of Essex, surrender of his Army: Jubilate of the Royalists; alarm, discontent, anger &c of London. Selfdenying ordinance: where stands? --


Regicide

III. Saffron Walden. Mutinies, marchings, seizure of the King; expulsion of the eleven members. Hampton Court, blue-posts Holborn. Flight to Wight. Preston battle, Colchester siege. Trial and

\(^1\)This "Act" is bracketed by TC.
Execution of him seen from the top of admiralty by Cromwell and others.)

IV. Report of victories in Ireland, "Cromwell need to be sent for;" Dunbar fight seen. Worcester Fight heard of; triumphal entry of Cromwell. (Excite the general jubilee for him; that is the problem!)

"Now then the Parliament will be able to accomplish its great works."

(Prudent questions: "How, alas how?" (Henry Marten useful here; -- Lilly an astrologer perhaps/77 introduced?) (Cromwell might hypothetically prophesy, -- Henry Marten's fate and such like?)

**Dissolution**

V. Parliament sitting, sitting. No work accomplished; or can be (says Henry Marten): mere talk, talk, earnest consultations (part of this in the former Number, -- show how all are wearied of the Parliament. Cromwell's impatience to see the work he had fought for done. earnest consultations; dissolution (man comes in with a report suddenly irritating him, and so he goes. Stiff pedantry of Parliamentarians -- "go home and shoot your partridges." (Never a Lord in England).) "Have done a great unforgettable deed; perhaps a wrong one, who knows? Must on now, on." Little Parliament consulted of before. Royalist plots, Penruddock &c introduced before -- they work out. "Could one but get Oliver killed they would all go to ruin, Charles II might come in." Little Parliament turned into ridicule; tempest of ridicule and wrath against it (or all this predicted, or guessed as likely by Oliver from the end of this Number looking forward into the next? better so?)

**Protector**

VI. Lord Protector: second Parliament grown mutinous. (Narrative of the fate of Barebone's Parliament; of endless difficulties and confusions). Oliver's speech to his Parliament: "You have

\[1\] In the margin TC has written "crowning mercy."
parchment constituencies; I know that, respect that; but it was 
a little beyond that that we went! We laid down our Lawyer's 
jangling; took to cutting with swords! There is a company of poor 
Old Pedants: Harry Vane &c. Peace and profit going on for the 
general mass. No rest for me, no rest!: Hewit, Claypoole (Lady). 
Taxes paid, (Citizen Con(?)) Victorious abroad, Protestants, his 
Mother, no rest: Claypoole dies. Worthlessness of pomp. Cromwell 
sick. Storm &c, dies (reported; not fallen by the foe. Ye could 
not vanquish him; God called him home Prediction (Forelooking, 
elegiac -- invincible). ah! 
------------------------------------------------------------------ 
Aber es kam Nichts auf das Blatt! -- Worship of Heroes the 
only kind of worship that remains to us? The only one, intrinsically, 
that men ever had? The "religion of the future" is even this; -- 
and those wearisome confused adjustments of Church to State and 
controversies between High Church and the voluntary Principle will, 
for one thing, abolish themselves and trouble us no more. Church 
and State bring all one, and High Church and the Voluntary Principle, 
and indeed all manner of true free universal principles, coalescing, 
into Catholicism very different from the poor old Pope's, as the 
seven coloured rays into floods of pure light. It will be a 
blessed time. -- "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the 
Prophets and stonest them that are sent unto thee!" O England, 
England, thou that doest even the like, -- thou that misknowest 
the Heroes, hангest their dead bodies on gibbets, who rejoicest over 
the Quacks, saying, Be ye king over me; and art now arrived at the 
gates of ruin and inanation by the leading of these same! Open thy
heavy eyes, foolish country, look and see. Quacks lead thee even
hitherward; to no other goal, but to ruin and destruction only,
could or can these lead thee: gravitation tends not more surely
to the centre than does Quackery to the Devil and that only.

(The Past and Present excerpts precede and follow this brief,
unused portion.)

England distinguished by its thick skin. Is not Cant too in
part the product of this? A dullness of vision to see excellence
combined with an honest desire to attain real excellence will
produce these two phenomena: Cromwell's body hung on Tyburn tree,
and a Proof that Eikon Basilike was written by Charles.

(f.155 is an interesting sheet, with f.155v being a draft for Past
and Present, (10:216-7), beginning and ending at about the middle
of each page. f.155r is written in the same style as Past and
Present, but does not appear to have been used. The date for both
drafts is probably the first quarter of 1843. Both begin and end
abruptly, and have vertical lines drawn through them.)

of art affrights the philosophic eye and back, is, with our system of
competition, extremely plain. But how the world endures and even
relishes it, there is the sad question. A question which, pressed
into, yields matter I may well say of the mournfullest reflexion.
For as no wise man will mistake the apparatus of his life for the
life itself, or forget that the work of man and not the equipment
he does it in, is the important thing for him: so all wise men do
and must desire once for all to bestow on their equipment, costume
of bedding, blanketting, furnishing, five-ironing, razor-stropping,
and etcetera-ing a minimum of study, not a maximum. To finish off
with their equipment better or worse once for all, and see now what
work they can do in it, there as it is and remains. What should we
think of a soldier who in place of learning to fight with his sword were perpetually running to the armourer's to get a new and ever new species of sword, merely for the newness' sake? We should think that the cat o' nine tails might be useful for him! Alas, and all men are soldiers; with a sterner battle than any five hours' Waterloo to fight; -- folly too in this world-regiment of ours, is visited by halberts and the cat, if not so swiftly, yet still more infallibly! (The Prophet Isaiah "wimples, crisping pins:" it would appear that women from of old had been addicted to change of fashion: but men are the notables in that way now. Excusabler in women; their light little hearts, excluded from much graver business &c, their incessant necessity to be beautiful, -- which thank Heaven is not a necessity for men.)

Where men are wise they resist change. Nature has appointed change; it is her oldest most universal Law. Yet Nature too has a vis inertiae (perseverence), resists change. Change for change's sake can gratify none but a child or a fool. Change by itself is ever unwelcome; for a thousand reasons the healthy nature is reluctant to it; laments the necessity there ever gradually accumulates for change, and studies to make this of the least possible extent. Man is a born conservative from the skin inwards, from the heart outwards. A man that has lost this quality, -- let him reflect well, -- he is become altogether a morbid unfertile man! Unfertile as the drifting sand, on which no herb can take root. His religion, his opinion, his pro- \[\text{2}\] words cropped in mounting of Ms\[7].

\[\text{2}\].156 forms a crude draft for material used in Cromwell to elucidate letter 185 (8:17-22), which is letter 126 of the first edition.
ff. 157-64 form a long, continuous essay on publishing. Portions of this have been published by Heather Henderson, "Carlyle and the Book-Clubs: A New Approach to Publishing?", Publishing History, 6 (1979), 37-62, while other sections were privately printed for K. J. Fielding under the title Wooden-Headed Publishers and Locust-Swarms of Authors, ed. Heather Henderson, (Edinburgh: The Drummond Press, 1979). For reasons of space and content, which is unrelated to Cromwell, no further transcriptions of this draft will be made.

ff. 165-6 form Carlyle's notes on Cromwell's battles. ff.167-8 are reading notes docketed "of Christopher Love." f.169 is an unidentified list. f.170 is an interesting draft of comments on various subjects, including Cromwell and revolutions. It is dated and incomplete, breaking off in mid-sentence.

Oliver still! -- 19 October, 1841 --

Biography! When you meet a stranger on the highway, two things are very clear, that he has a Biography, and that you know it not. Perhaps the man's whiskers are grown white, let us say. But thro' what series of adventures, of labour and day's wages, my poor brother, hast thou come thus far? Curious morning whereon you rose, since life began he too has risen; has sought breakfast more or less painfully, more or less successfully found it, and had a day of labour and incidents before him. No memorable moment of your

1 The first paragraph of this draft was rejected by TC, and has a wavy line drawn through it. It is given here complete, although a portion of it is used below on TC's instructions.

Who knows a Biography; who knows even his own Biography? It is a wide-spread inarticulate waste for a man, that past life of his, -- a wide-spread marsh with fertile knolls in it, which perhaps he will never ascertain the levels of. A man's life is a callida junctura of causes and effects; not a button of his waistcoat, not a glance of the thousand thousand eyes that look on him from the parish footpaths, from the star-orbits, but had its effect on him! Incalculable: of which, perhaps wisely, the fewest try to make any calculation. Their lives are to themselves unknown, inarticulate; they have lived them, but cannot tell them to you, -- except irrationally. Irrationally: the very ox, for it has memory enough, could tell you, had it learnt grammar or the mere outer gift of speaking, what pastures it had grazed in, what houndings of curs it had fled from or withstood; all this it could tell you; and were this the ox's biography. It's irrational biography, yes.
existence but this man too was simultaneously doing and suffering somewhat: he was alive along with you, alive before you. -- Were the universe all light, there were nothing of it legible: it is light on dark that makes legibility. (Grub not too deep.)

Who knows a biography, even his own biography. We think we know our own biography; yet ask a stupid man! (The birth of thought is, like all births, painful.) It is not an articulate rational biography that he will give you of himself; it is an irrational, inarticulate or semi-articulate one, -- the transcript of a memory not methodised. Can the man draw a picture of himself, of the natural face of his Life? No, he can tell you how long, at what employments in what places and with what pain and pleasure, profit or loss he has existed; that is to say, how many inches accurately from crown to chin and from cheekbone to cheekbone his said 'natural face' measures; also in some degree what color red, black, or florid red-and-white his likeness; all the inch dimensions of it, if you question him, he can give you; also its natural colour; all this he can tell you: but his likeness? There will never come a likeness out of all this, continued to infinity. The man knows not his biography. Poor man, he is but like the wisest of us: the wisest of us knows his own biography a very little better.

The ox, had it the mere outer gift of speech without more sense than it already is possessed of could tell you had it learnt grammar ... what pastures it had grazed in, what houndings of curs it had fled from or withstood; all this it could tell you; and were this the ox's biography? Its irrational biography, yes.¹ A man knows his own history, in proportion to the understanding he has, the faculty of getting knowledge in general (Shorter to say, A man

¹Reading conjectural. TC has indicated that material from his rejected first paragraph should be here inserted, but it is difficult to be absolutely certain how this was to be done.
knows his own history not in proportion to his memory, but his intelligence! -- --

A man's life is his Cortes' Mexico, Pizaro's Peru, where he landed seeking wealth heavenly or earthly, and conquered as he could. The intelligible narration of it is not easy but difficult. Does it not lie behind us, that past life of ours, like a wilderness jungle, wherein we plunging are now in darkness, now rising for moments to victorious heights, have in a most strange manner plunged along thus far? -- Again, I liken our life to an extensive morass of various levels; some few elevated points of which we have taken possession of and successfully tilled, and do now reap the fruits of: the most of which still lies waste, undrained, ploughless, as the Bog of Allen. Alas, it was weary wading and weltering, without fruit at all; sour, chaotic, bottomless morass: here are we, by God's blessing, thro it: but victors over it? Ay de me! (Yes, indeed!) (Was ever greater nonsense?)

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O England, my country, thou art ready for new unheard of expansions; behold all old things, in quiescent mouldering or in moribund spasms, give fateful note that they are passing away fast, fast; that either smoothly in mild enthusiasm, or fiercely as with the rushing of mighty winds they are to scatter themselves in the Inane, and not be. All, is it not as in painful travail? The souls of millions crushed down into insupportable misery. Rising in their last darkness the light as of despair: the hour so bitter we think it must be near the dawn. -- -- Know, O England, that this, so new in figure and details, is in essence not new at all; that the like has been already done; did many times and will yet many times need to be done.
In which circumstances while all round is so bewildered, bewildering, were it not perhaps worthwhile to look back for a moment on the last great expansion, which too was effected with great toil and travail? We will look at Puritanism and the time of Oliver Cromwell. A time of darkness, straits; when the soul of England pent within old limits, could no longer live, felt that it must be delivered or die, -- and with endless tribulation and confusion did verily deliver itself, and get new freer limits to live in! In its paroxysm it unsheathed the sword, and cutting round it in fire-eyed rage did lop the hydra. What is in the Future we know not; but know well it will be a blood-relation to the Past, lineally descended from the Past. Wouldst thou know the coming grandchild, look in the portrait of his grandfather. The clothes will be different, how different: but the features never doubt it, will have a resemblance.

Why look on revolutions? Are men never great but in revolutions? Why, truly, yes occasionally; and yet often enough also, far oftenest in these last times, no. They are not great, in these poor ages of ours, I think, but little rather; an ignarum pecus; driven, or driving, to pasture, to market, -- not at all in a heroic manner. It is in great moments only when life and death hang on the balance that men become veracious, sincere. I for one admire veracity; it is real deeds however rude, not mimetic grimaces of deeds however elegant that I should wish to look upon. -- For one thing therefore we look at revolutions because we then find men in earnest.

An artist with tight leather leggins, with tight felt waiscoat and glazed wash-bowl hat may be seen effectually driving goslings.
Effectually: and how? By steadiness, patience, force of volition; above all by a stick and red clout. Cunningly you see him now yielding, now insisting; urging, encouraging; persuading, commanding, stepping from side to side: but at all critical moments warring in others of quality with many common men were drowned in their confused flight over a mill-dam; the Parliament losing only 'one man'.

In February 1644-5, some five months afterwards, we find Hacker at Malton in Yorkshire, endeavouring to fortify for himself a 'Sir Erasmus de la Fountain's House near Malton;' Royalists, the Earl of Newcastle's not yet beaten at Marston Moor, set violently upon him, he violently resists; some of his men rushing hastily in for fresh supply of powder, kindle the powder, blow up two barrels of it and part of the House, with explosive noise enough, -- but withal frighten off the enemy, and by the explosion lay bare as good as '£600 worth of money and jewels,' which Sir Erasmus and Company had secreted there. (Whitelocke 124.2); a great encouragement to Captain Hacker. This is while the Uxbridge treaty is going on(?) Hacker was at Marston, I have little doubt, tho' the Journalists say nothing of it. His next clear appearance on the scene of things is, as 'Captain Hacker' still, at the storming of Leicester on the
30th of May, 1645, where he is wounded and taken prisoner (Whitelocke, 183.2). John Bunyan, I think, was a common soldier there at the same time. Of course John and he were very speedily delivered, and set on their feet again by the battle of Naseby which followed on the 14th of June.

By the Commons Journals it becomes manifest that Hacker, now Colonel Hacker, has, in the winter of 1647, got into quarrel with the Committee of Leicester, about his 'accounts'; they will not pay him his accounts, he has gone to Law with them on the subject. On the 11th March 1647-8, Parliament directs that he shall suspend law-proceedings, and give in his claims to the general 'Committee of Accounts for the Whole Kingdom', who sit here at London, -- by whom, we hope, justice was done him.

His proceedings on the King's Trial, guarding of his Majesty to and from Westminster Hall, and finally to the scaffold itself in January 1648-9, are well known. It does not appear that Hacker was guilty of the least incivility to the unhappy King, or did or forbore anything on the occasion but what his military position prescribed for him. We are indeed to understand in spite of this light phrase which Cromwell in the present Letter reprimands, that Hacker seems to have been a religious man; little likely to be given to insolence, or any want of manlike gravity on a grave occasion. Thomlinson, with all his tremor, currying favour for his own life, has no accusation of that kind to bring. Hacker did sign or countersign the King's death-warrant, and saw it executed. On the scaffold his Majesty said to him, "Take care that they do not put me to pain," -- to needless pain (Whitelocke, 370.1, Trials of the Regicides). That was Hacker's service in the matter of Regicide.

* Rushworth, 6:35. (TC's note.)
In the beginning of next year, 1650, Hacker turns up again, -- on the Borders of Scotland, this time, where the new King, Charles II, is about coming in. In January 1649-50 come letters 'that Colonel Hacker has taken sixty Mosstroopers,' that Montrose, from over the seas, 'is expected every day'; and again in February, Letters 'that Colonel Hacker has taken more Mosstroopers,' — a broken set of men of whom there is no lack in that country (Whitelocke, 422.1, 427.1). In June 1650, Cromwell now advancing in person to invade this new King Charles and his Scotland, our letters mention that Colonel Hacker, 'with his regiment of horse,' is quartered in the villages about Tweed (ibid, 447.1); and in August of the same year we are happy to learn that on his approach to 'a house', where certain Scots were, the Scots quitted it, and he found good 'store of meal,' among other things. He had to stand, like the rest, on the 3d of September, the fortune of Dunbar; a very desperate business of sickness, retreat, wet weather and extreme peril; ending in 'a very sharp dispute for an hour', and then total victory. Various other 'houses' he undoubtedly 'approached' while in Scotland; and got meal or hard knocks, as the case might be. Did I not read somewhere in these lumber-stacks that he lay for a while 'at Peebles?'(?) — He fought at Worcester too, and again beat the Scots, tho' the Newspapers make no mention of it.

In the Commons Journals of the year 1659, during Richard's Protectorate and the ominous swagging and swaying of all things towards wreck and restoration we find Hacker once more: a man trusted by the Rump Parliament, like Ludlow and others, to raise a regiment of horse for them; of which Hacker regiment there is a List of the Officers given, and even partially repeated and re-repeated.
Wherein, with reference to our present object, this is to be noted, 
that Colonel Hacker's Major is 'Major or Captain Hubbert,' spelt 
also 'Hobert,' and 'Hobart'; doubtless the man mentioned in Cromwell's 
Letter, whom Hacker delighted to honour (Commons Journals 8:669, 
675, 824; Letter to the Speaker, 801). One of the Subalterns is a 
son of his own. Of the Captain Empson, promoted by Cromwell in 
Scotland, there is not elsewhere any trace hitherto.

How the King came back, and Hacker and his Major Hubbert and all 
that armed Brotherhood fell asunder into waste dissolution, and had 
to answer each of them for his own deeds; how Colonel Francis Hacker 
was arraigned as a Regicide, how in a taciturn manlike manner he 
fronted that, and had his head cut off him, and so got his discharge 
from all service in this world, -- with 'accounts' to be settled 
afterwards far more justly than by Leicester Committee or Westminster 
Tribunal in Wigs: readers know it already by the Trials of the Regicides; 
can still decipher it, in some measure, across the somewhat sanguinary 
flunkeyism, and other not inconsiderable confusions and delusive 
obscurations of that poor Book.

Hacker's portrait indicates a bearded aquiline face, with grave, 
almost timid eyes, broad brow, decisive angularity of jaw; -- a 
man of much taciturn intelligence, taciturn emotion and resolution; 
a man given to silence; working in the great Deep of Things, articulate 
in a somewhat troublous manner. We quote, from Caulfield, X and the 
old Pamphlets, his last words: (XCAulfield, 86).

'Tho' Colonel Hacker spake but little extempore, he read the 
following speech from a paper which he held in his hand:

Friends and country men, -- All that have known me in my best 
estate have known me not to have been a man of oratory, and that God
hath not given me the gift of utterance as to others; therefore I have only this briefly to say unto you that are spectators: As the Parliament stated the war[^X] (^[X]set forth the principles they fought upon), I did, out of judgement and conscience, join with them in the common cause; and have, thro' Grace, been faithful to it, according to my measure. And as for that which I am now condemned for, I do freely forgive both Judges, Jury and Witnesses, and all others; and I thank the Lord, to whom I am now going, at whose Tribunal I must render an account, I have nothing lies upon my Conscience as guilt whereof I am now condemned; and do not doubt but to have the sentence reversed. -- I do now apply myself unto God by prayer; and do desire the hearty prayers of all that fear God, that I may have a sweet passage from this mortal life to that Immortal Life which God hath "prepared for all that are in Jesus Christ."

'After the reading of this, he desired that Colonel Axtel would be the mouth for both of them[^X] (^[X]both their mouths) to God in prayer.' When done, the two praying Colonels end, not in the worst way, I think. Adieu ye two colonels; strong with the steel sword, and strong also with the sword of the spirit, -- without which latter surely the other is but a frightful quasi-diabiotic implement: since your time I have not seen your like, of the slaying profession. --

These are luminous points, fixed-stars, as we said, in poor Hacker's Biography, out of which a loyal fancy can, to such extent as is needful, shape for itself some kind of outlined Constellation. --

[^X]: ff.174-80 consist of a series of notes and letters, including one from Edward FitzGerald to Carlyle, and a brief note from Carlyle to John Christie, his research assistant.
B. The Beinecke Library of Yale University.


This material is contained in a bound volume of 88 pages; and as with material in the Forster Collection, it ranges from reading notes to unused drafts. A transcript of a New York *Times* article bound into the volume and dated 22 December 1929 describes the collection as an "Eighty-eight page portion of the manuscript of 'Cromwell's Letters and Speeches.'" This is highly misleading since there are only a few likely drafts for *Cromwell*, many more reading notes, notes by John Christie, and even printed pages pulled from *Cromwelliana*, but no manuscript for *Cromwell*.

This collection was evidently sold at the Anderson American Art Galleries, New York, on 4 January 1934 for $168.00. Yale University seems to have taken possession of it on 10 January. Previously it belonged to the Fifth Avenue dealer Ernest Dressel North, who acquired it in England, probably in 1929. At the same time North also acquired several other portions of what are called "manuscripts" of *Frederick the Great, Past and Present, Latter-Day Pamphlets* and an unpublished paper titled "Peter Lithgow of Drumbath." The *Times* article states the collection had belonged to "an English family, which presumably had held it many years." It is thus implied that all these manuscripts came from the same family. It is interesting, however fruitless, to speculate who the "English family" was, and how they acquired this collection.

The papers were numbered in pencil and probably also bound by North or the gallery which auctioned them. Where possible these
pencil numbers will be used.

Bl forms the first ten sides and consists of a series of lists in Carlyle's hand of Cromwell letters as found in various printed books and manuscript repositories. Among this section is also a small scrap of reading notes. One sheet (p. 3) is dated 27 December 1843 by Carlyle.

B2 forms pages 11-16 of this series. They may have been drafts for the section "Death of the Protector," since portions correspond with the text (cf 9:206-7). Carlyle probably wrote it in the summer of 1845 since in a letter to FitzGerald he said (13 Aug. 1845): "Cromwell's own things are now all out of my hands, . . . but there is a conclusion to do." These pages are numbered from 62-4, while the manuscript is incomplete, beginning and ending abruptly.

that tears her very heart to pieces." -- Be still, poor weeping Mary!

Seest thou not,

The storm is changed into a calm,  
At His command and will;  
So that the waves which raged before  
Now quiet are and still?

Then are they glad, -- because at rest  
And quiet now they be!  
So to the haven He them brings  
Which they desired to see.

'Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord'; -- blessed, I think,  
is this Valiant one that lived in the Lord! 'Amen, saith the Spirit.'  
Yea! 'They do rest from their labours, and their works follow them'.

Of Oliver Cromwell too it may be said that his works follow  
him. The Heaven's light that was in the man, as is the blessed  
Law of this God's-Universe, could not and cannot be extinguished  
at all. Buried under two centuries of Godless Platitude, it has  
worked, and still works, and will forever work; irradiating,  
purifying tho' in secret, the foul chaotic mass of Stupor, Unveracity,  
Injustice; making it a little less stupid, less unveracious, less  
unjust. Forgotten of all men, it has not been forgotten by the

1 Terhune, 1:505-6.
Maker of Men. Dryasdust himself, he that rails at Oliver and others, -- he can do it now without having his ears slit off; which he will admit with me is an improvement! Bury a man under what you will, proclaim him from what housetops with what apotheosis you will, it intrinsically, strange to consider, makes no difference in the real debtor-and-creditor account of the man. Nature knows how much of light was in him, and makes use accurately of that, of no more and of no less; never consulting any Able Editor or other Authority on the subject. The Able Editors crack their lungs with proclamations, or the Carrion Heaths indite their Flagellums, and the Clarendons erect their Tyburn gibbets and dig up dead bodies from St Margaret's: on the whole it matters not a whit. The Light and Valour and Human worth that was in the man; that is what this universe has decided to get out of him, and that, to the last scruple of it, this Universe will have, and thro' the Eternities keep good hold of. Who knows if it is not better to be buried under two centuries of godless rubbish and wait safe there? Under guano mountains increased by perpetual owl droppings you are screened from much. Perpetual oblivion -- it is perpetual amnesty; an everlasting truce with Human Platitudes. Nay, the fatallest form of Human Platitude is not that of unjust, unwise abuse; alas, no alas! Thinkest thou if Shakespeare rose from the dead, and livened the worship of a modern Shakespeare Club would gratify him much? I figure to myself his wild mournful look, his smile earnest as the Eternities: "O Friends -- forget me! Close your sweet mouths, if I might counsel you, till dinner-time. Sweet friends, for Jesus' sake forbear!" --

The Hypocrite Oliver Cromwell will perhaps in more ways than one become an instructive Historical Figure. The Hero-Worship, and
Historical treatment he has had is significant. The seriousness of life gone out, the recognition of a serious man is very strange, all the world becking and grimacing and jabbering from the teeth outward as at a universal masked-Ball, which has lasted two Centuries now; this Figure of Cromwell from time to time turning up has been an enigma. "What is thy mask?" cries one and the other. "Here Dryasdust, pluck us this mask off!" Dryasdust has tried it now this way, now that; tried, and again tried, and ever again, very hard indeed -- could never yet get it off. Alas my friends, he will never get it off! Why Dryasdust, thou canst not get it off! All the world will at length discover that this is not a "mask" at all; it is the man's natural face, this one! -- Unfortunate Dryasdust of an unfortunate set of generations.

The thinking reader is not to be reminded what a thing Hero-Worship is. The soul of all religions and highest arrangements social and spiritual in this world, the soul and net outcome of them has been this and no more: To recognize what Human worth was, in yourself and others, and to worship it well. It is the soul of all; whatsoever in religion or elsewhere does not tend that way tends nowhither. I advise all persons to think of it; for it is momentous. Cease altogether to worship Heroes, take universally to worshipping of Histrios, what is to become of you? We are wiser now says Dryasdust; we worship nobody. It is known that they are all Histrios; and after due grimace done we pluck the mask from them. My friend that course too has its perils; that course is the most perilous of all!

The Old Jew

Here the manuscript breaks off abruptly in mid-page. The next brief section, on a separate sheet, also attempts to "sum up," and is also incomplete, but was not used in spite of having a vertical line drawn through it.
We will here terminate our Commentaries. To describe the Anarchy of Puritanism, did it even lie within our bargain, would be painful and not pleasant. How Puritanism now kingless fell into dissonance, discrepancy, staggered over the precipices; jumbled down in some sixteen months into a world of ruin: so that there remained nothing but to call in the Old Defender -- (ach!) as How

We here terminate our commentaries. Our strange little chronicle is now ended. Oliver is gone and with him English Puritanism; of which for five years past he had been the formal sovereign; as indeed from the beginning of these wars he had been the real soul and king of it. Without whom, as we may perceive, it had ended only as an ineffectual spasm of revolt; had never built itself into a system, and become forever memorable among the revolutions of the world. How Puritanism became now Kingless, and plunged over precipices, fell into dislocation, into disastrous mutual collision, and the House that he had built, after sixteen months of mad diversion and mutual collision, fell

B3 is a collection of drafts centering on the theme of "Cromwell as Usurper and Lover of Power." It is unused, and forms pages 17-21 of this sequence. The passages dealing with usurpers should be compared to a similar draft, FC f.53r.

To Dryasdust it remains inconceivable that any Lord General or man should assume the Supreme place except on sinister principles, ambition, love of power and so forth. And it must be owned the poor blockhead has experiments enough on his side, in most generations: for the sordid spoken word hardens remarkably fast into the sordid deed done; and they act and react on one another in the liveliest manner; Practice and Prophecy too fatally corresponding. Is there
a man but loves power? asks Dryasdust triumphantly, meaning by 'power the faculty of giving places, having newspaper paragraphs; of being waited on by sycophants; and reading in a Nation's flunkey eyes the history of his own poor flunkey self! Dryasdust ought to understand that in this sense there have been and by God's blessing, yet are various men who do not love power, but love quite other things than power; who were never known to search much after 'power', who could find in their heart somewhat contemptuously to kick 'power' out of their path as a thing not furthersome to them. A fact, O Dryasdust, inconceivable as it seems!

Men there have been who did not care very much to ride in gilt coaches escorted by the flunkeyisms and most sweet voices; who in boots of moderate fit found walking more convenient; and crowded themselves almost too sufficiently by putting on their own private hat, with tone voiceless, and saying inaudibly, "God enable me to be King of what lies under this! For Eternities lie under it, and Immensities, and Infinitudes, -- and Heaven and also Hell: and it is as big as the Universe this Kingdom; and I am to conquer it or be ignominiously conquered now while it is called today!" My erudite friend -- But we will say nothing abusive. Be not the Prophet of Flunkeys; prophesy something better to us, or why shouldst thou speak at all? Is there any man, is their a hairy Jack-ass brawing by the wayside to whom this poor gospel of the love of power can be a novelty? My friend, we all understand it, the two-footed and even the four-footed of us, all; -- and would fain hear something farther of thee!

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1In the middle of this sentence Carlyle has written another one, and bracketed it, indicating it was to be omitted. It runs as follows: "The poor blockhead ought to understand that there have been men and are men who do not so much 'love' this thing that he calls 'power'; who can excellently well do without it, -- full better so than with it."
The Love of power, if thou knowest what 'power' signifies is a very noble and indispensable love. And here and there in the outer world too there is a throne for the noble man; which let him see well that he seize and valiantly defend against all men and things. God has given it him, let no Devil take it away. Thou also art called by the God's Message; this, if thou have courage in this, is the work that thou canst do. Voiceless, or with an inarticulate voice, very perilous, very arduous to the dastard, seen only by the wise and brave. Occasion god-sent amid the world's events storms along. Occasion god-sent rushes like a whirlwind, like a fleet light steed; daringly thou shalt clutch it by the mane, and vault into thy seat on it, and ride and guide there, thou! If the cackling of Roman geese and ganders, if the clatter of human tongues and leading articles, if the steel of armies and the crack of Doom deter thee when the voice was God's! -- Yet this too is in the law for a man, my poor, quackridden, blockhead friends; and remember this withal; Thou shalt is written upon Life in characters as terrible as Thou shalt not -- tho' poor Pedantry read almost nothing but the latter hitherto. Like Prophet, like People. Pedant Prophet and a poor, cowed, canting slave People, most immaculate, most impotent: these are correlative phenomena; the one not found without the other.

I like also what is here written concerning usurpers. The meaning of all human social regulations, and forms of Polity past, present and to come is this essentially, That you do get for every

1Here TC has bracketed two sentences, probably meaning them to be omitted. "Scorn to thee if thou dare not, when the Occasion is thine! Wreck and foul overthrow and ruin if thou hast dared when the Occasion was not thine: and not he that has done nothing wrong but he that has done more aright shall be the man for us."
work the man fittest to do it. The question always rises then in such controverted cases, Have you got him? Did you find your man by this operation; or was he not your man, only the sham of your man? If you have missed your man, the whole business, were it dispatched with the oldest sheepskins, is naught, and I am not concerned to judge it: my one concern is how to be patient under it, say rather how to be wisely impatient under it. But if you have found your man, verily him, so difficult to find, so thrice and tenfold precious when found, -- verily it is something, it is a great thing! All sheepskins and written regulations, if you will reflect, they were there to do this thing. If they have tried all they could not to do it, and have got hurt in the doing of it, the more is the pity for them, I think! --

Usurpers? exclaims my author. Usurper? Are not most men usurpers? Every mortal that accomplishes the doing of anything whatever worth naming, he, thou probably wilt find, is a usurper of the doing of that thing. No Parish-vestry 'elected' him to the doing of it; put the tools into his hand, and with patting on the shoulder engaged him to do it. Most Parish-vestries were against him, or indifferent to him. For example, was Mr. Milton 'elected' to be the Singer of our England? Not he; dull Bulstrode called him 'one Mr. Milton': it went hard with him at one time but he had been hanged.

We are most of us usurpers. The Shopkeeper that sells fish-sauces and Italian oils at the corner of the next street, -- he usurped that shop, having the power to do it; contrary to the advices of several friends, to the efforts of several enemies, in oblique or direct contradiction to almost all the tendencies of the
world in this age. The world was not there for his sake, but for its own sake: he and the world stood matched together like a devouring sea and a defiant swimmer; and he, honour to him, swam in it, and swims. Did the Parliament, I say, pass an act that he should sell fish-sauces there? Not a jot of it. In his secret heart he passed an act of Parliament, read thrice or oftener with multitudinous debate in upper and lower houses; and the ayes had it; -- and his soys and ketchups stand on his counter, and he behind them, in victory over all Nature and all Art so far. Thou thyself that readest this Book, -- who made thee a Judge of Books? What diploma hadst thou from any corner of the Earth, or even of the Heaven? Thou, by usurpation, drewest sixpence from thy purse: thou hast paid sixpence to the Circulating Library; and now sittest, justly enough condemning me thy poor servant!

No, it is not all highest functions in this world that have paved roads, with turnpike-trusts, and regular toll-keepers, to take one up to them. And I have known turnpike-trusts fallen into a most dilapidated state; and roads become impassable except to certain creeping things. Usurpations, turnings aside from the dilapidated turnpike, do then become indispensable. Of Kingships especially -- alas, in the whole course of my multifarious reading during these late poor centuries I have found few true Kings that were not usurpers: the more was my sorrow! -- Men ought to make better turnpikes; -- yes, men ought to know that turnpikes are there for leading you to an object. That turnpikes which lead to no object, or lead only creeping things to an object, ought to be ploughed up again! --
Fancy the English population at that epoch; ask what the Junto of three score was to do with it? A reverent people given to use-and-wont beyond all others; but torn violently from the wheel-ruts of old use-and-wont as no other had ever been. Set adrift on wild trackless continents which it is to travel by the Hebrew chart, and the Heavenly stars; on its horizon the Eternal morning, the radiances of Promised Lands. A chosen few, miraculously victorious; the noble of that English generation: thither will they, thither must they, in the name of the Highest. Add to these a sluggish general multitude; not disinclined to follow, if the travelling prove tolerable; likely to recalcitrate if otherwise: -- a large mass of them mere subjugated Royalists and Presbyterian Royalists kept silent only by coercion and continual success. What Parliament will lead forward this People; will or can any Parliament be believed to lead it?

A glorious pilgrimage and a difficult. Is there any Moses of this People, bone of its bone; of its own speech and blood; participant of all its noble divine hopes, ideas and determinations; and participant, nay supreme in these, and yet with a sense for the essentially and universally noble? A man of light and steadfast daring; who can read the omens, and dare do them; that can suffer and be silent; that can dare and do? With him to bid us Forward, who can bid us This way, That way, some progress is conceivable: --
without him, O Dryasdust, none; only wreck, mutiny, disaster.

Dryasdust knows not the value of a king; the unhappy mortal has forgotten it. Finding King's cloaks so cheap, living on every hedge, and paltry as beggars' gabardines, he says, What use is in a King? This King's cloak of this your King is naught. -- Yes, O Dryasdust: but this is not our King!

/\B4 (pp. 23-36) is an aggregate of reading notes and rough drafts for the section of commentary in Cromwell about the letter to Colonel Alured (8:96-9). Since this material is discussed in chapter six, and does show to some extent how Carlyle went about writing and revising, the rough drafts are transcribed here, though the reading notes are not.\/

Monk after his Dutch sea-fighting, is sent back to Scotland; some four weeks prior to the date of this Letter, -- the Highlanders, Mosstroopers and such like, once subdued by Lambert, having broken out again. Colonel Alured (Matthew is the name of this one) being sent over from Scotland into Ireland, to muster certain regiments there, and lead them over to Monk's assistance, from Carrickfergus, has been busy with that service, but has also been giving too free vent to his republican tongue. He talks so, says one (Thurloe II: 294-313), that it is surmised he has a commission to try men's tempers, and trapan them into committing themselves. No so: his Highness hearing tell of him despatches this Letter; Alured comes over to London, gives what account he can of himself, -- none that will entirely hold water, I am afraid; lingers long under a kind of arrest 'at the Mews', -- or elsewhere, soliciting either freedom and renewed favour, or a fair trial and punishment; gets at length commitment to the Tower, trial by Court Martial, -- dismissal from the service with six months' imprisonment. Properly with 18 months'
imprisonment, for he had lain a year in durance before his Trial; farther, in these latter six months he was not allowed to receive any Letter, not even one from his wife. (Burton III: 46).

Poor Alured! But what could be done with him? He had republican Anabaptist notions, wherewith many, even the accomplished Colonel Overton, were infected; he had discontents, enthusiasms, tendencies to correspond with Charles Stuart: who knows if putting him in a stone waistcoat, and general strait waistcoat of a mild form, was not the mercifullest course that could be taken with him! --

There is an intercepted Spy's-Letter in Thurloe (II: 414), which informs us that the 'one' whom Oliver 'sent very speedily' to superintend the Carrickfergus business instead of Alured was 'Colonel Bryan,' who accordingly as Whitelocke teaches us did embark the forces; got across to the Highlands with them about the middle of June (2nd edition of Whitelocke: 592), and in the beginning of July let himself, one night, be surprised by the enemy, and lost 80 men (ibid: 595); after which all notice of him vanishes forever from the world. -- In the same intercepted Spy's-Letter are additional particulars concerning Oliver's proceedings with the other Anabaptist republicans in Scotland and elsewhere; who in these and the following months had now ripened into necessity of being dealt with. The Rump was dismissed with universal applause above a year ago; but still, where is Liberty? Where are the Reign of Christ and various other particulars we had in view? Echo, to the Anabaptist heart, answers, Where! -- In brief, matters have now got to such a height that Adjutant General Allen (his date?), Alured, Overton have to be put in prison, Colonel Okey, General Ludlow to be sent for to headquarters, and Colonel Pride, and still more
General Harrison to be sharply looked after. The Spy-Letter in Thurloe details some of these and other particulars in an intelligible correct way, others in a very dim or incorrect one, by which the exact Mr. Godwin (IV: 70) has been in reference to Overton, Milton &c a little misled.

These Alureds, one finds by weary days of groping in the rubbish-labyrinths which are our History of the Civil War, were Yorkshire men, probably of good quality, from the neighbourhood of Hull. John Alured, pronounced Al'red, now I think spelt Aldred, was an original member of the Long Parliament for Heydon or Hedon in that East Riding,—of whom little can be known except that he sat as regicide Judge. We find him too a 'Colonel' in November 1647, busy settling for 'arrears', 'losses sustained', &c, then and before; in 1646 he is one of the many honourable members, who, tho' only for some two months or little more, have an allowance of £4 a-week granted them 'for present subsistence': Bulstrode Whitlocke and other dignitaries are in the same category (see blotted page) — this day. Whether this John was the 'Mr. Alured' appointed receiver of the customs at Hull in '42 (Commons Journals) or only some cousin or brother of his, must remain uncertain; by Whitlocke (2nd: 412) it appears that 'Colonel Alured', whom we guess to be this same John was made 'receiver,' tax-receiver, of Yorkshire in July 1649, a few months after his feat of judging Charles First; and in November 1651 we find his 'widow' still petitioning about his 'arrears' &c, and infer therefrom that he is dead, and that we have done with him. Elected Member of the Long Parliament in 1640; allowed £4 a week for a very little ability in '46; evidently a Colonel in '47, and Kingkiller in 1649; receiver of Yorkshire with multifarious arrears straggling
round him; and fairly dead in 1651: this is all the History of Colonel John. From his Colonelscy in '47 and his silence in Parliament, and yet general Eminency in '49, the inference is that he entered the army early. To appearances he was Colonel Matthew Alured's elder brother; and they may have started as Yorkshire captains together, in the end of '42 when Puritan Yorkshire under the Lord Fairfax first began to arm.

Colonel Matthew Alured, memorable by this relation of his to Cromwell, first steps into distinct view at the Battle of Queensferry, when under Lambert in July '51 (Whitlocke: 499) he with his horse regiment does his duty. Thro' August he continues notable in the same region, reducing towns and so forth; and becomes universally conspicuous in September by the noted seizing of old Leven and the Committee of Estates at Alyth in Angus (exact date in Balfour, IV: 314 is 'Thursday 28 August', Committee of Estates, and the list of them is given), being despatched thither by Monk from Dundee, who had now taken the command, Lambert being off towards Worcester to his work there. In this noted exploit, which as it were cut the political head off Scotland, and ended all chance of seriously resisting, unless the King got the victory in England, Colonel Matthew Alured was the leader. Aldriche, as Balfour calls him; tho' Colonel Okey, afterwards, began to grumble that he too had a main hand in it, (Whitlocke: 510) which is very possible, but not important to us. Alured's exploits in Scotland here terminate; at least his noted exploits. Hard unnoticed service there or elsewhere, with many private devotions, and deep enough thoughts about public affairs and the course they were taking; -- till this mission to Ireland in the Spring of 1654, and the fatal summons in our Text,
which throws him into lasting eclipse, as we saw.

After the death of Oliver, Colonel Matthew emerged again; sat in Richard's one Parliament as Member for the old Heydon, being now presumably head of the house there. He appears in express shape (in Burton's Diary, 3 February 1658-9) on a kindred occasion in this Parliament; forwarding the deliverance of Colonel Overton, his old brother in arms and in republicanism and in imprisonment, who, unluckier than he, still lies in confinement afar off in the Castle of Jersey. Alured thinks we ought to send a frigate for him, that there be no risk from pirates or picaroons.

After Richard's deposition, Colonel Alured was of course an important man; like Colonel Overton, General Ludlow, General Harrison, Colonel Okey; all those that had been eclipsed for zeal against the single person, naturally now emerge conspicuous, — trying how triumphant they could prove with the Multiple Person! When the miraculous Rump got together again, Alured had his old sentence (Commons Journals VII: 678; 10 June 1659) overhauled by Petition; rapidly annulled, overset and swept to annihilation; — in the old Commons Journals readers may still see what, and how ill grounded this sentence by the Single Person was! Unhappily the Rump itself was soon sentenced and sent about its business by the Multiple Person. The soldiers marched, some this way, some that, under the Multiple Person; met; flourished sabres and menaces; faced one another all night in Palace Yard: without fighting, it was decided that the Rump had better disappear. When the miraculous reappeared (for this also was among its destinies) Colonel Alured was appointed commander of a Life-guard for it (Commons Journals, Ludlow), 130? valiant persons; all swiftly voted for, swiftly set in action, their
Colonel and they; -- alas, Monk arrived; the Multiple Person, skilfully magnetised by him, staggered into disastrous fragments; the Rump, the Republic, Alured and his Life Guards and many other things vanished into invisibility, and there was nothing more to be said! If you asked now again, where is Liberty after twenty years of bloody struggle? Where are Christ's reign and various particulars we had in view? Echo, to the anabaptist heart, with triple and tenfold emphasis will now answer, Where! The Single Person did not entirely content us; but the Multiple Person -- alas, he has staggered into mere suicide and disastrous dust, and now we have blazing tar-barrels and a Defender of the Faith such as there were few!  

Of Colonel Matthew Alured and his fortunes and reflections there is not thenceforth any record extant in this world. //N.B. Alured and Okey were in Pride's Purge (Wood III: 871).

The next sheet of B4 to be transcribed begins with a more concise summary of the career of Colonel Alured. Carlyle has scored through the first three paragraphs, but has not used them in this form. This is an example of his continual revisions, which in turn indicate the care he took, and perhaps also the shifting emphases of his compilation.

1 The following is bracketed copy which TC evidently meant to omit. "We have made a settlement; as beautiful a thing as you shall see in a summer's day. We have got our respectable old Cant again, which we were used to, dressed it in its pontificals and tithes again. We have entered upon a considerable course of Cant, Cant religious, Cant moral, Cant political, and under such auspices shall carry it far. In some two centuries, all things having flowed so smoothly, rushing by the Law of Cant, which is of smooth nature while it lasts, and rushing now also by the Law of Cant towards their Niagara-Abyss. Manifestly not far from taking the leap, -- we shall perhaps awaken, rather in a surprised condition!"
Immediately after these paragraphs comes another collection of information about another military figure, Colonel Overton. This account is rough, verges at times on a collection of reading notes, and is not given here.

On a second sheet, here omitted, a transcript of one of Overton's letters is given.7

This Colonel Matthew Alured is one of the several republican superior officers whom Cromwell in this year 1654 was obliged to summon up to him, to investigate and in one or the other way to suppress. I have spent two weary days (4 & 5 October 1844) in hunting thro' the dirtiest labyrinths and bewildered continents of rubbish for some coherent image of this Alured, -- and with him of Colonel Robert Overton summoned likewise not long afterwards, and the most remarkable.

The Alureds or Aldreds seem to have been of Yorkshire, from the neighbourhood of Hull. John Alured is an original M.P. for Heydon or Hedon in that region, one of the Regicides; another Alured is in 1642 made Collector of the Customs in that town; there is also a Colonel John Alured, a different person from the member (Commons Journals V: 390, 17 December 1647 is already a Colonel); whose 'widow', to have 'his twenty pound' back, makes her appearance as a claimant of dues on his account in November 1651 (Commons Journals). When John the Member died, except that, not being prosecuted as a Regicide in 1660, he was evidently out of reach before that date, -- we have not the least notice; nor of what he did in his lengthened service in the Long Parliament, till he judged the King in the beginning of 1648-9. A year or two before he is marked among many others as an honourable member to whom, as
impoverished by the ravages of war on his property, a weekly
allowance of £4 for his present subsistence should be made:
Bulstrode Whitelocke &c, &c, are in the same category, -- which was
probably felt then, as it might now, to be a rather shabby one.
For the man had still money otherwise to live upon; Bulstrode with
his great law-practices, his 'deer parks' &c was not reduced to be
a pauper by Patriotism! And indeed they hardly gained £100 apiece
by the speculation; for it lasted only from the 2 June to the 20
August 1646; on the 20 August it is voted to cease and determine
from this day.

B5 is a single sheet, written on both sides (pp. 37-8). It is
unfortunately incomplete, but is docketed by Carlyle "Last leaft abt
O's speeches." Clearly, it was at one time part of a section of
commentary concerning Cromwell's speeches and does resemble the
chapter "Of Oliver's Letters and Speeches" (6: 75-84).
of nonsense; -- and above all, by some moderate degree of success
in attaining.) We do wish to understand what Oliver was saying, or
unsaying: he was indubitably speaking to human creatures who stood
listening to him: not a coagulum of jargon like the chaffering of
crows and choughs, but an articulate meaning intending in one human
soul to convey itself to other human souls! That it be capable of
being understood: there lies the first indispensable quality of
all "reports." (This is very useless, vague and verbose.)

The great vindication, however, will of course be the degree
of success that has attended it. If we, by labour oft repeated,
by faith that a brave man was not a lying bag of wind, but an
articulate speaking soul, have actually divined across that cloud
of jargon what Oliver's real utterance and meaning was; and so made
sense out of nonsense, -- and truth out of falsehood, and heroic
Human speech, very luminous at times, out of what was a coagulum of jargon, soul confusing, incredible, inconceivable to all sane man, -- it is not for pardon that we shall have to sue. It is of course for the reader, not for us; it is for the reader, for many readers upon long trial to decide gradually on this. The original jargon is there, -- not yet annihilated, so long as any human soul has use for it. The original jargon is there, the articulate speech it has grown into is here. The case was very peculiar, was unique, so far as this Editor knows, -- who for his share has no intention ever to do a similar feat for any other son of Adam¹ (not being in love at all with such operations); and hereby protests that his example be not followed by any other Editor whose love and earnest toil and great necessity are not equal to this present Editor's.²

Piously we have dug these Speeches out of such an unfathomable mud element as exists not elsewhere to my knowledge in created Nature. A Slough of Despond, a Slough of Despair for the fat dreary wrecks of Human Stupidity, of decomposed blind hatred, decomposed Cant, dust of dead bones, and old decomposed rochets, tippets and surplices at Allhallow-tide accumulating now for two centuries, in a "humid climate" like that of the English National mind, -- have made an affair of it! Piously out of this, I have dug the speeches of Oliver; I have steeped, washed, struggled to make them clean, translucent; and here they are for thee, O reader. What washing,

¹Alternate reading: "creature but this Cromwell."

²Alternate reading: "be not followed by any other Editor whose hero is not buried under even such a quagmire of torpid putrescences and human stupor."
steeping; wringing, re-washing, to make these things what they themselves were and intrinsically are, however soiled and down-trodden; to get the extraneous, fetid, greasy horror out of them -- to present them clean as genuine stout English linen, English lawn or huckabuck, -- genuine stout English, after its sort, cloth and not cobweb, whatever the sort be. A buckwashing operation unexampled in human History. Perhaps to this Editor such operations with the nerves and feelings he has, such operations are as horrible as to another. Perhaps he is in small danger of repeating the feat; perhaps he knew but one Hero in the History of the whole world so related to him. Yes, to authorize that feat, the truth Prophet of his own Country, bone of his bone, who being dead and dumb yet speaketh and will speak for a thousand years, -- he, from the torpid deeps, in faint but divine token, invited, commanded and as it were sacredly compelled this Editor to the said feat. Him, since no other would do it; and for six generations it had demanded to be done.

O Oliver, I was not at Marston with thee, stood not with him in the Lion's Den at Dunbar, shining like a piller of hope when all was dark, in the high places of the field: no, and it well beseems this and all other Editors to translate such mute heroisms into voice the best they can; and to be careful what they say of such men, and not to utter falsities and confused misvoices and blasphemous delusions concerning such, -- at their (the said Editors') peril! They will find there is but one religion in the world, and never was any other; and that this is it; is and remains; -- and He will find that "blasphemy" is still possible for an Editor; that tho' the thunderbolt of the gods do not o'er take him till after year and day, it is very certain.\(^1\) This thunderbolt is certain enough!

\(^1\)Reading somewhat conjectural.
Tho' the Earth do not yawn under him till after year and day, it is
at all days and all moments getting ready to yawn; to swallow him,
the unfortunate, with Kora, Dathan and Company to bottomless
Gehenna forevermore. Thither is he tending at all moments. Thither,
not elsewhither, I think! Is he not afraid to go about as Human
Carrion, when the mission of him, spoken audibly from the deeps
of Nature (Is) "Go and be a man! Recognise the noble; -- see thou
do, and let no Devil hinder thee. Reverence the noble, as God's
visible image; bow down before the noble; be thyself noble." --

Enough of this.

/B6 (pp. 39-42) gives a series of excerpts from George Fox's Journal.
This is not a rough draft and is not printed here, although the
substance of this material was used in "Death of the Protector,"
(9:194-208). This is followed (pp. 43-4) by pencil notes about
Cromwell and the Kingship question, also omitted.

B7, the last section we do transcribe (pp. 45-50) discusses several
subjects, including the trial of James Nayler, Sir Walter Scott as
editor, the kingship question, and the present state of England.
The final page is docketed by Carlyle "declamatory (State of England
now)." A section of reading notes in the midst of this material
is omitted.7

11 April, 1657 and antea and postea
The affair of the Kingship

The Parliament, as we have seen, met on the 17 September 1656;
Oliver's second regularly elected Parliament. His Power appears
greatly consolidated by these three or four years of successful
exercise. Continuance of any kind produces right of prescription;
much more the continuance of an Oliver: the continued presence of
a wise and strong soul, shining out daily, will, thro' never such
perversions of environment, become more and more noticeable to men.
Charles II, speaking of some grievance once to the Dutch Ambassador
remarked "You did not do so in Cromwell's time." -- "Ah sire, that
was different," said the infelicitous diplomatist, "Cromwell was a
great man, and made himself respected everywhere!"

This Parliament did not pester his Highness as the other had
done with quibblings and cavillings, and constitution-buildings.
They at least, what perhaps was all that could be expected of them,
voted some needful modicum of supplies, "debated whether it should
be debated," "put the question whether this question should be put,"
in a mild way neutralized one another, and as it were did nothing,
and left Oliver to do. A Record of their proceedings has been
jotted down by one of the Members then present, guessed rather
vaguely by editorial sagacity to have been Mr. Burton. It was
saved from the fire in late years; their Record has been printed
under the Title of Burton's Journal, and this Editor has faithfully
read it, -- not without wonder once more at the inadequacy of the
human pen to convey almost any glimmering of insight to the distant
human mind! Alas, the human pen, oppressed by an incubus of
Parliamentary Pedantry or other Pedantry, is a most poor matter.
At bottom poor Burton cared nothing about these matters himself; he
merely jotted them down that he might scorn, in his own eyes and
those of others, a knowing person, enviable for insight into facts
"of an high nature" -- how on earth can he interest me about them,
when they have turned out to be facts of no nature at all, -- mere
wearisome ephemera, cast-clothes of facts, gone all to dust and
ashes now; -- which the healthy human mind resolutely, not without
impatience, tramples under its feet. An exception always is to be
made in favour of Heylin's Life of Laud; but excepting Heylin this
Editor does not bethink of ever having read a more entirely opaque
and uninstructive book. Will nobody condense it into 16 pages,
instead of 4 thick octavo volumes? For there are, if you look long; some streaks of dull light shining even thro' it; perhaps in judicious hands one readable 16 pages might be made of it. -- And even the rubbish of the rest, with a proper index might be useful; -- might at least be left to rot quietly, once it was known to be rubbish.

This second Parliament, voted down the Majors General. (I do not remember much about that in Burton; but it must be there; and should be brought out in due prominence.) Claypole promoted the measure, indeed originated it; whence it was concluded to have come from Oliver himself. That was an act of some importance. After that, or along with that, came interminable Debates about Nayler the mad Quaker, -- excelling in stupor all the Human Speech, even in English Parliaments, this Editor has ever been exposed to. Nayler in fact is almost all that survives with one from Burton as the sum of what this Parliament did. If they did aught else, the human mind, eager enough to carry off news of them has dropt it on the way hither. To posterity they sit there as the William Nayler Parliament.¹ Four hundred gentlemen of England, several lords among them, assembled from all counties and boroughs of the three Nations, to sit on solemn debate on this terrific phenomenon, a mad Quaker fancying or seeming to fancy himself what is not uncommon since, a new incarnation of Christ Jesus. Shall we hang him, shall we whip him; -- bare the tongue of him with hot iron; shall we imprison him, set him to oakum, shall we roast, boil or stew him; -- shall we put the question whether this question shall be put; debate whether this shall be debated; -- in Heaven's name, what shall we do with him, the terrific phenomenon of W. Nayler? This is the History of

¹ TC has written "Wm," but his Christian name was James.
Oliver's 2nd Parliament for -- months and odd. Nowhere does the unfathomable deep of Dulness which our English character holds in it more stupendously disclose itself: something almost grand in it; nay something really grand, tho' in our impatience we call it "dull." How great must be the English character withal that can placidly debate such things, not without a certain smack of delight in them. They hold by use and wont almost as by laws of Nature; -- by second Nature almost as by First Nature. Pious too; and would fain know rightly the way to new objects by the old roads without any Trespass. A massiveness of eupletic strength discloses itself there, which perhaps the liveliest wit might envy. Who is there that has the strength of ten oxen, that is able to support these things! Couldst thou debate on Nayler for six months? Thou, if the sky were threatening to fall on account of it, wouldst sink under such labour, appointed only for the oxen of the gods. (Eheu!) One other thing however this Parliament did: they offered Oliver a new improved Instrument of Government, Petition and Advice they called it; not a thing stingily debated of, with a view to clip his sovereign wings, but rather swiftly agreed to for the purpose of extending and expanding them; in which Petition and Advice there had inserted itself this most unexpected clause, That the Protector should assume to title of King. We know what choking dust-whirlwind in certain portions of the "pages of History" this has given rise to! An old Pamphlet of the time, reprinted in Somers's Tracts (VI: 349-403), contains the speeches /and/ colloquies of Protector and Parliament or Parliamentary Committee, which rather numerously took place on this occasion: in a style of incorrectness, or inextricability and dark confusion that puts Chaos itself to shame.
The Editors of the Somers Tracts, taking it easy, have left the matter as they found it; not so much as trying to make any sense of it: Sir Walter Scott, the second and last Editor, trying it as little as any, -- according to his unfortunate fashion there. One grudges to see a Sir Walter Scott take to Editing and do it in that manner! He has not made conscience of attaining for himself any real understanding of the thing to be edited, -- very unfortunately here or elsewhere, not any that can be considered adequate, accurate, or other than entirely rejectable, if you wish to understand the thing he offers to your reading. Which is very unfortunate. What is the use of printing and pretending to edit unintelligibility? Nay, with his glib pen, he contrives, what is but an aggravation, to write some plausible, lively, elegant and seemingly quite luminous bit of introduction to his old dark Pamphlet, as if he were then taking a fatherly editorial charge of it; and you discover gradually that he was not there; that his Introductions too are a piece of Plausible Ignorance, that the statements of them are as apt to be false as true; that this whole Editing business is, like so many others, a shop of soiled flash-goods, and these beautiful introductions of Sir Walter's are mere shop-window Tickets advising you to purchase at a tremendous sacrifice! Tremendous sacrifice indeed; to find a brave man doing such things, for the price of gain, things which no man or god, even on pressure of famine and starvation is permitted to do! The old Pamphlet is not edited here; he leaves it merely to edit itself. A rumour goes of Sir Walter's keeping some poor German to whom he left the real editing of things, -- he himself mainly writing the shopwindow Tickets. What I know is that one poor

1 Reading conjectural.
man seeking to buy instruction has been inveigled in, and finds this too a shop of flash-goods; and leaves it, -- leaves Shop, Shopkeeper and Ticket-writer with a feeling pleasant to no party interested. Enough of it; -- it is unhappily no novelty in this poor Earth at present.

Sir Walter's poor German has, in this case of the Oliver Kingship, taken a very simple course. Altogether quieted his oars, and allowed the boat to drift. He has left the Printers to proceed in it, namely, at their own sweet will; I think not so much as correcting the press. Such a set of Reported "Speeches" accordingly as are here sent forth to the modern Public, were never before printed under this Sun. That they could be spoken by any human creature as here reported is very clearly impossible. Not in Bedlam or out of it did any articulate-speaking thing ever speak, print or conceive such a coagulum of jargon, conserved quackling of infinite wild-ducks, jangling of storks and cranes; soughing of the deadwoods themselves, if well conserved, would be intelligible in comparison. We should say the ducks are glad, are sad, or the like. These words moan under wet southwester, creak and billow under the starry north; but human creatures, not even in Bedlam, speaking this? -- A heavy burden falls on the present Editor. Let him if he can, work the imprisoned meaning out of this sad monument to Human Stupor. Souls of Heroes have been enchanted into green Trees as Palinurus was; sealed into leaden caskets, sunk deep in the sea; stoppered into glass vials and one knows not what: but any soul of a hero lying enchanted into such an affair as this, let the world even here produce. O Human Stupor, dull .opacity of heart,. dim horn-eyed opacity, thy works are great!
I mark here from Burton's Diary, volume first (one of the few uses I can turn it to, the several parliamentary steps and dates of the business, which the old Pamphlet neglects or supposes known:)

The excerpts which follow are omitted. But we can note that Carlyle fairly regularly wrote by writing commentary or brief historical summary, then following it with excerpts from the books commented on. Here he scarifies Burton's Diary, then plunders it. It was a regular means of gathering information to combine notes with commentary, which did occasionally lead to the writing of useable material.

The final sheet transcribed from this section (pp. 47-8) does not appear to be a continuation of those preceding it, although similarly vitriolic. This sheet is docketed "declamatory (State of England now)" by Carlyle.

-- If it should by chance become credible to the existing generation that their Fathers were in earnest in regard to all this strange affair; that there once did live a race of Englishmen who, with perfect clearness of head and completeness of heart believed, That their Life here in this land of Britain was no fabulous profit-and-loss Hearsay and Grimace, but an awful divine Fact and Gospel of the Most High God; -- that their poor English Life could and must be built not on red-tape, speciosity, parliamentary eloquence and profit-and-loss, but on the Law of God Most High!

That, in Parliament and elsewhere, this England, this Earth, and its bewildered business, was and could and should be a symbol ever perfecting itself of Heaven above; -- either such a Symbol, or else a Bedlam accursed of the Supreme Powers! -- -- The existing generation of Englishmen might indeed, in that case, stand silent, with astonishment, with a kind of horror; and striking their breasts exclaim, "Into what waste regions of Chimera; of doubtful Cant; indubitable cotton fuz, blazing ricks, and mad confusion near now to Annihilation have we wandered!" --
The men of this age too are men: how gladly would they believe in Heroism, could their eyes but be opened to it! Not joyfully or with free assent have they yielded to think Heroism impossible; who, but with sorrow and constraint, as under pressure of enchantments imposed on them by the anger of the gods! What an enchantment for a man, to live believing that he is not other than a soulless beast. -- The slave of "motives," checks, balances, egoisms, sneaking terrors and base hungers; -- a cunningly devised Imposture when he sets up to be a Man! To say when the Gods vouchsafe a visit to him, "Sharpers, Housebreakers, -- clearly not of this Parish; -- Police Constable!" Or after a time and times, the Police Constable having done his duty, none can exclaim, "Well, but my larder being well-locked, the breeches pockets close-buttoned, let us see how the fellows manage!" Alas, Heaven's Gate was opened to the poor English, once in a strange way an authentic vista, and real gateway leading up towards Heaven; and they cry "Ah yes, we know that Gate, -- the Gate of Bedlam; and have looked in upon the place; very curious, isn't it?"  

For such an enchantment I seek in vain elsewhere in the History of this world. The chivalry Books know nothing like it; all times of past witchcraft are poor to it. The Prince of the Black Island did sit chained to marble from the girdle downwards, and his demon of a wife daily scourging him, -- but the head of this Beast at least was alive, he knew it all and wept for it; he did not apishly grin, and say, "Very curious, isn't it?" So sleep the Generations, dreaming softly in the Lap of the Furies.

1 TC has bracketed the remainder of the paragraph.
And yet already by many signs thou seest "they dream that they are but dreaming." Heaven! The accursed death-sleep shed on them by wizards, by Domdaniel Enchanters and the anger of God, was not to last forever then? Not forever; only for two quack centuries; and then to fly away again to Erebus, -- and leave us alive?

Men are near awakening when they dream that they are but dreaming. --

B8 contains all the material remaining in this bound volume. None is transcribed, but the contents are as follow:

Pp. 51-64: miscellaneous notes, mainly dealing with Cromwell's Jamaica campaign.
Pp. 73-4: note on Cromwell's burial and body.
Pp. 77-87: notes wholly in Christie's hand, apparently docketed by Carlyle "remnants of Maidsten."

The Beinecke Library of Yale University

B9: "Autograph MS Relating to the 'Life and Letters of Oliver Cromwell.'"

There are two separate manuscripts catalogued under this title at Yale, with both having been purchased on Tuesday 14 June 1932, the second day of the famous Sotheby sale of Carlyleana. Yale's description of the material is similar to that in the Sotheby catalogue for lot 192 which reads in part: "Autograph MSS relating to the Life and Letters of Oliver Cromwell including unused MS, 16 sheets closely written on both sides of the paper." Also in the same lot was a note-book, working papers and reading notes, and a series of letters from helpful correspondents, all relating to Cromwell. The first manuscript is docketed, presumably by a Yale cataloguer, "Unused Mss of Cromwell/16 pp in T.C. handwriting." While it was certainly part of lot 192 we are slightly less certain about the second manuscript, one of 9 pages, since there is no mention of it in the Sotheby catalogue. However, a note at Yale does say it was purchased on 14 June, and there was no other lot of material on Cromwell into which this manuscript could logically have been placed. Lot 192 was knocked down at £60 to the dealer Gabriel Wells, presumably acting as agent for Yale.

Both manuscripts are called "unused." This is inaccurate, since examination shows both to be rough drafts for Cromwell. The shorter manuscript is a rather close draft for the commentary appended to letter one. Three paragraphs were transcribed in chapter 6 in order to give some idea how Carlyle went about revising his material. Because it does so closely resemble the text of Cromwell no more of it need be printed here.

1 Sotheby, 34.
The draft for letter two is more interesting, since it is nearly twice as long as its revised counterpart in *Cromwell*. Obviously, there is a good deal of unused material, and also some shifted material. Some of what is used as an elucidation to the letter in this draft was later put into the Introduction of *Cromwell* while some was omitted altogether. The length of the manuscript, and the significant alterations made to it show the quite fluid nature of Carlyle's compilation as he progressed with it.

This manuscript Carlyle dates 1844, and his reference in it to the discovery of the Thurloe papers in a manner quite similar to other manuscripts dealing with the same subject dated to late 1843 suggests it was probably written shortly after them, perhaps January or February 1844. Thus this draft was probably one of Carlyle's first attempts at formulating his procedure for the elucidation of the letters and speeches he was then planning.

The manuscript contains many revisions and several indications that material should be shifted. In its present form it may well be a first draft, but Carlyle had used much of the material contained here in the sketches he had written and abandoned during the previous two years. In this present draft it seems Carlyle was attempting to condense the gist of his earlier, unfinished history of the time into a manageable form which would not obstruct the new purpose of elucidating the letters and speeches. That he eventually further condensed the present draft is evidence of his growing need to be concise as his book continued to expand. The reader will agree that if very many of Cromwell's letters had been elucidated to the extent letter two is in this draft, the Cromwell Carlyle sought to represent would have been severely overshadowed by the history of his times. 

**Letter II**

A receipt or acquittance from Attorney General Noy for £10 paid him by the Executors of Sir Thomas Steward, which has been presented to Oliver Cromwell on their part, and signed by the said Oliver 'at Ely, 7 June 1636,' indicates, if Noble's eyes were accurate, that Oliver had already taken up his abode in that city (Noble I: 106). Noble is very laborious, unfortunately also very stupid; but, tho' abundant in blunders, is not, in general so inaccurate as others. He informs us elsewhere that Sir Thomas's will is dated 29 January 1635-6, and then in the following page we find that the Testator is buried next day (II: 201-2). Errors of the press are conceivable;

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1Above line: "Noy was dead in August 1634!" and "Noy had paid £10 to the Executors; they paid it to Oliver; he signs the acquittance."
errors of the head and memory and judgement: errors abound!
Oliver too it appears, was on the 30 August 1636 nominated a Trustee of Parsons' Charity, which nobody but an inhabitant of Ely can be. In the summer of 1636, we may conclude that Oliver had undoubtedly removed thither; and taken possession of his uncle's house and heritage.

This Sir Thomas Steward, a native of Ely and now dead there, came of extremely ancient Scotch people, it would seem, of 'Alexander the Fierce' who killed lions in France, of 'Andrew Steward of Dundavale,' nay of Thane Banquo himself, or Banquo's Ghost and I know not whom. Suffice it to say, He came first of all from Adam and Eve; and then secondly from that official Steward of Scotland who married the last king Bruce's Daughter, and founded the royal line, in which for so many centuries these nations took what comfort they could. The royal line, as used to be well known, had, or was passionately supposed and passionately denied to have had, a kind of flaw in the very starting of it, -- 'Catherine Muir,' the mother or grandmother of them all in that line, being by some considered an improper or partially improper female, whose children came before marriage! We will hope otherwise. But to that controversy our Sir Thomas of Ely, being of the younger line, is happily indifferent. His ancestor, not Alexander the Fierce, but a son of Alexander's, came into England as an attendant on the Scotch Prince James, who on his way to France, being driven by stress of weather on the English coast, was by King Henry IV detained there in a kind of courteous captivity, he and all his train, till the time came for sending
home again a finished man and friend of England, as King James the First, -- to be massacred, poor King, before long, by ruffian nobility who did not like his just laws. The son of Alexander the Fierce did not go home with him; he, a stirring youth, had been lucky enough to 'tilt' satisfactorily 'in Smithfield' before King Henry (Noble II: 194), to be knighted, to form alliances and a settlement in this southern part of the Island.

Concerning which settlement, and the settler and his descendents and their confused histories and genealogies, there is nothing pertinent here to be said, except this only, That one of them, at the right times under Henry the Eighth, happened to be Romish Prior of Ely; consented to become Anglican dean of the same, and got his kindred comfortably settled on church lands and leases round that region, where in Oliver's time they were still pretty abundant. The chief of them had his seat and leases at Stuntney, two miles from Ely; where an old fantastic mansion, still standing, is frequently, by the picturesque tourist, sketched as 'Oliver Cromwell's,' -- let the picturesque tourist cease to do so, for it was never Cromwell's. Sir Thomas Steward, Oliver's uncle, lived in Ely, under the wing of the Cathedral itself; had his leases and messuages and forms of tithes all lying thereabouts: as the reader, if patient, may gradually get to discern in the shot-rubbish of Noble. The Steward of Stuntney was his 'cousin'; of how many removes inquire not. Nay, observe also, King Charles the First was his 'cousin' in a sense; was Elizabeth Widow Cromwell's Cousin, and Oliver her son's: Dryasdust Noble, minutely calculating, and even expounding by diagram, will convince any man that Oliver Cromwell was really a blood relation of Charles First, -- either the eighteenth part of a full cousin,
or two thirty seventh parts, it is difficult to say which. Enough now of the Steward genealogies.

That this uncle Thomas was of weak intellect, that Oliver and other relatives had, some years ago, instituted some lawsuit or petition to the King to have him put under trustees, greatly irritating Sir Thomas: all this rests on some careless very extraneous worthless talk of Dugdale's; is contradicted by human probability; and may as well be cast into Tartarus with the other babblings on that subject, not to be spoken of by articulate History any more. Sir Thomas, a native of Ely, had fields, had messuages and properties about Ely, had leases from the Dean and Chapter, farms of the tithes of Ely; and dying, as we said, in the end of January 1636, left the same in all affection to Oliver Cromwell, his sister's son; who in consequence came thither to reside in the early season of this same year. This is what is known: Oliver took new additional leases, of which there is still record; lease of Denvers Holt (1: 107), of Mullicourt Manor, and Dryasdust knows what. He is also mentioned in 1638 in memorandums of Parsons' charity. This is what Dryasdust knows for certain; this and no more.

For the rest, as Sir Thomas, for one thing, farmed the tithes of Ely, it is reasonable to believe, that he, and Oliver after him, occupied the House set apart for the farmer of said Tithes; as dim Noble and dim Tradition do strive to testify. This is 'The house occupied by the late Mr. Page' (Noble ); which is still standing, tho' now somewhat frail; close to St. Mary's Churchyard, at the corner of the great Tithebarn of Ely, or great square of tithebarns and offices, 'which is the biggest barn in England but one' say the Ely people. Of this House, for Oliver's sake, I have procured a
drawing. It is likely enough Oliver lived here; likely his grandfather may have lived here, his mother have been born here. The tomb of her first Husband and Child, Johannes Lynne and poor little Catharina Lynne (Noble II: 198), is in the cathedral hard by.

Two years ago this Cromwell House stood empty, closed finally up as 'the commutation of tithes' had rendered it superfluous; this year (1844), I find, it is an alehouse, with still some chance of standing. It is by no means a sumptuous mansion; but may have conveniently held a man of three or four hundred a year, with his family, in those simple times. A quaint air of gentility still looks thro' its ragged ruin. It is of two stories; has many windows, irregular chimneys and gables: A huge horseblock, some ton or two of coarse white gritstone, still lies to the leftward, not far from the door: here Oliver, if the horse were high, or Dame Oliver behind him, whatever the horse were, might many times conveniently mount. The Progress of Improvement, minded apparently to cast this stone away, has got it long since broken in two, but found and finds it still too heavy. The house stands on the crown of the Hill, as indeed the main part of Ely does, or on the Crown and southeastern acclivity of the Hill, which is somewhat steep on that side; Cromwell's House, still on the same level, lies to the west of the present main buildings. The houses about it have been mostly rebuilt, but there are others in the neighbourhood still older. St. Mary's steeple, of which church Oliver had the tithes in farm, looks over the roof of it; St. Mary's churchyard adjoins it on the right, a row of pollard trees screening the churchyard in front is on a line with the front of the House. Eastward about a gunshot is the Cathedral, a high venerable pile attainable thro' sequestered passages and
Ely street, in this part of it, bulges out into irregularity, into convex width; here, more than elsewhere, are irregularities, broken horseblocks, and the whole has an idle, lounging, somewhat free-and-easy air.

But indeed, Ely city generally is of quiescent character, venerable in its repose in these loud days. As if loud Commerce had passed it by; had happily or unhappily, in one English town, forgotten to call, and bring disturbance. Cocks with their seraglios can parade, except on market days, about the main square of Ely, and deliberately defy one another. Still more in Oliver's neighbourhood. Perhaps the noisiest thing is the Cathedral. The Cathedral, with its bells loud-clanging, never long at rest by night or day; with its Monks yet 'singing,' not so 'merry' as in Canute's time, still makes some noise; as it may well pretend to do, in a place created by it. Venerable ancient city of the Isle of Eels! It lies apart; with little trade, I suppose, but that of the honest farmers of the Fens. It can slate and pave itself, and handsomely enough keep small in shaft, without trade: so have the ancestors ordered. It has no trade. Its trade is to remind us that there is something beyond trade. And so it still stands there, rises slowly over the peat wildnesses, with its churchtowers and monitory bells; discernable, monitory to mankind, far and wide, these thousand years. Here Oliver Cromwell also tabernacled while on earth for a space. Oliver was here, and Cnut son of Twashag; they and others.

Of Oliver's history at Ely there might somewhat have been written, had an intelligent eyewitness of it been there, but none such was there. He did some public work while in Ely, and became
conspicuous over the district, but only the dimmest record of it survives. Little is clear, and even much that is certain is not clear.

We ascertain nowhere at what precise date the actual draining of the Fens by Francis, Earl of Bedford began; tho' in these years it was undoubtedly going on. Dutch Vermuyden and other Engineers were at work; Adventurers' shares subscribed, all the country buzzing with it; thousands of assiduous spadesmen digging, banking, the great river Ouse getting itself lifted aloft into the Bedford Level, now called Old Bedford Level, to run there right to Market Deeping, a straight course held up by sheer force into the air for a space of 20? miles. This, to the people of the Fens, must have transcended all experience, equalled all dreams; the interest of wise men in it, the eager curiosity of fools in regard to it, the loud babblement of the whole world concerning it, must have been great. Ninety-five thousand acres are to be gained from the Mudgods; handed over to the courageous Bedford Level Adventurers and the honest uses of men. Subscribing Adventurers and all men of public spirit rejoice in the prospect; but men of decoy-ducks who live by fowling in the winter waters, poor men in general who have right of summer common and peat in those wet regions, and many men of manly private spirit do not altogether rejoice. The Ouse river lifted aloft into its Bedford Level is itself, with its slow equable current, with its natural towing-paths, its regulating sluices and arrangements, surely the best of all river navigations, but it modifies, hurts the already extant imperfect navigation of many a subsidiary stream or ditch. Cambridge and so many towns have interests in the matter. In short there are all manner of interests
and equitable and iniquitous pretensions to be adjusted, if possible on some fair basis. The human mind, even if it would, could not now instruct itself in all this, -- can know only by intuition that it was loud enough, and by tradition and probability that Mr. Cromwell of Ely was one of the chief Rhadamanthuses in it. The farmer of Ely, St. Ives, the native of Huntingdon, had well considered this matter of the fens, known to him from infancy upwards, he had a sagacious practical head, and a courageous just heart to consider it with, and might readily see farther into it than another. His sayings and doings, and also his silences and refusals to do in this matter, were highly curious to have, but will not be given us now. In the volumes of old torpid pamphlets, tho' certain of them are still labelled On the Fens, we toil and dig to no purpose. We have to say, This also has sunk into the Bog of Lindsey; has become inarticulate brown peat, fit to be used as fuel; and the spirit of it is one word or phrase, this still significantly surviving, a Daughter of the Air emblematic of it all; "Lord of the Fens;" (Noble I:108; totally incorrect otherwise) that was the name Oliver had come by among his people in the business. The plastic intellect will sufficiently reimbody it all in well considering that one word. Nevertheless a few dates and circumstances would have been extremely agreeable. Had it so pleased Dryasdust! But the 'Fen Office was burnt in the Great Fire;' the pamphlets, torpid beyond expression, invite you to eternal slumber rather than remembrance, they too, in various fires, thank God, are mostly burnt. 'Lord of the Fens:' we must be content with what we have.

Nay, it appears, all this of the community with regard to each other that the grant being settled, there arose in the year 1638
(Warwick, 250), a new series of interests still more difficult of settlement, between the community and the King. Nothing can be more indistinct, indecipherable in detail, nothing can be more indisputable in effect, than this the final controversy and consummation of all these Fen controversies; slumberous Fen-history begins to misremember the very number of the year (Wells, Warwick). There was a great public meeting 'at Huntingdon,' there were of course many preliminary meetings great and small; public meeting at Huntingdon, -- and Oliver's pertinacity, Oliver's audacity were astonishing; "remarkable to Mr. Hampden himself" (Warwick). Probably enough! -- The dim wavering outline of the business, as we spell it from slumberous misremembering Dryasdust and his pamphlets new and old, seems to be something like this.

The Earl of Bedford with his Adventurers, his Spademen, Sluice-makers, and Dutch engineers, had finally in the year 1637 effected their project of draining the 95,000 acres of Fen Country, had at least exhausted their cash and patience, and stating to his Majesty that the said acres were drained, did in terms of their contract demand to have them divided. Probably, nay certainly, the acres were not well drained; but a division of them would give room for selling, for raising fresh cash and draining them better. His Majesty at all events has to decide. His Majesty, 'by commission of Sewers,' held on the ground, decides first: Yes, they are drained; possess and rejoice over them! To which the Community, as we can suppose answered: No, they are only half drained; -- and you are to sell them, and cast us out of them? Very unjust to the community! And the Landholder A, and Landholder B, exclaim: My Drainway, which used to run into the Ouse, why, there is now no Ouse for it, or an
Ouse high in the air and miles from me, and I shall have to get a windmill, or join in getting one, it seems! I am worse off than I was when at the outset; -- and you call this an improvement, this leaky monster of an embanked Ouse which the rainfloods will tear to pieces again, over-swimming us in mud-deluge some day: and we are to give you 95,000 acres of respectable public pasture and duckground for this? In short, the noise as we can imagine mounts high. Whereupon his Majesty, in Privy Council, having ascertained in some measure what the noise is, and what the reasonableness of it is, finds that he must resume the matter; and does resume it with a high hand; says, in effect: Well, the land is not effectually drained, nevertheless we must sell the 95,000 acres; and now I, O Fen Community, will effectually drain it; and I, O Fen Adventurers, will pocket the money first of all, and pay you what is just -- on the word of a King! Certain of the Adventurers have consented; certain even of the Adventurers have refused to consent (Warwick?, 250). Of course the dissatisfaction is enormous and universal. And yet who dare express it, against a King that has Starchambers, that has Straffords and Lauds? It was but last June that he set three gentlemen in the Pillories in Palace Yard, and branded their cheeks, and slit away their ears, brutally, as if he had been a pigbutcher, as if they had been three costermongers. A Barrister of Lincoln's Inn, an established City Clergyman, a graduated practising Physician: who dare express dissatisfaction with him? I, answers Oliver after reflexion. There is a thing called Justice, in spite of all Kings and Pigbutchers. Of course the meeting at Huntingdon was great, was zealous. I think too, there were other ears too that might have been in danger had not Jenny Geddes's Stool already taken wing,
and his Majesty got other occupation by this time! His Majesty hearing the loud sound of these Huntingdon meetings gave up his Fen Speculations; the Bedford Level was left to shift for itself; could no longer pretend that it was drained, but had to continue visibly only half-drained, on such resources as beseemed half-drainage, for a good many years to come. This is what 'Lord of the Fens' may mean, -- unintelligible in Dryasdust. What Oliver's reputation over all that Fen region may have grown to we can consider. 'Mr. Hampden his friend and Kinsman, ' knew Oliver 'ever after,' and probably a long time before, 'as one that would sit well at the mark;' understand where the true essence of the matter was, and press towards it in a very irresistible manner. A dangerous man, Sir Philip! The details of this Fen business are utterly gone; the very dates are mostly gone. Following Sir Philip Warwick, as by much the reasonablest man who speaks of it, we ascertain that the final great Huntingdon meeting and end of the Fen concern was in 1638.

These things also to be noted in chronology; they occur elsewhere, refer to England at large, but cast their shadows and echoes into the Fen counties and all others.

First then we have to note that the business of Shipmoney has in these years taken an expansion hardly looked for. Noy's posthumous Writ, his last gift to Mankind, ordering the City of London as well as other maritime towns to provide for the safeguard of the

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1 Following immediately is an excised portion at the end of which is this note by TC: "(this already in Letter I of the vintners, how they had been charged, fleeced &c . . .)" In the draft and text to letter one there is no extended reference to monopolists, and none to the vintners. In the Introduction (6:67-8) there is passing reference to monopolists. All this makes one wonder if TC is mistaken in what he writes here, or if there might not have been another draft for letter one, now lost.
narrow seas, our Navy being low at this time, came out; much to
the astonishment of London, which had never heard of such a thing
before. London was to furnish 7 ships of a given burden; to have
them afloat at Portsmouth by a certain day, equipt, manned, manned, Victualled, armed; dancing on the waters, ready to keep the waters
for the prescribed term of months. London, assembling in Guildhall
with consternation in its looks, did humbly petition and repetition,
but London, under terror of camera stellata, had to comply. London
and the others. A fleet of real ships, solid oak, tight tackle
and canvas, alive with able men, did present itself, in virtue of
Noy's parchment writ; lay there at anchor, cast its shadow on the
rocking waters at the appointed day; and sailed with Admiral the
Earl of Lindsey(?) to chase Algerine rovers from the English channel,
Dutch herring-fishers from forbidden ground, or do what else was
called for. Such virtue was in the Attorney's Writ, 'Atturnatus
regis, a man bound to do the King's turn;' nay, there lies farther
virtue in it other than naval.

For now on the 11th of August 1635, there go out copies of the
writ not to London only and maritime towns, but to all manner of
inland counties as well, and shire and corporate towns that had
never seen a ship, -- which inland places, as they could not be
expected to build actual ships, were allowed to buy themselves off
with certain sums of money specified by his Majesty on the writ,
'witness My Self' this 11 of August, in the year 1635. Here is a
novelty in English finance. The King by his writ orders us to pay
money, for building of ships as his Majesty says, but who knows
for what it may turn out to be! Nay, what matters it? We having
paid the money, shall never see a glimpse of it more, or of what
work it did or did not. Are the English franchises and rights of Parliament in a good way? — Such writs with minute instructions how the Sheriffs and officials are to proceed in levying the monies (Rushworth, II: 259) went out on the 11 of August 1635 to all manner of counties and corporate Towns; went to Bucks County among others 'one ship of 450 tons, and 180 men; charge £4,500' (Rushworth II: 335); the due portion of which, by authentic sheriff's warrant, was in due time formally demanded of (Nugent I: 223, 5, 31) the Landholders and householders of Great Kimble Parish, each rated at his due shillings and pence, Mr. John Hampden of Great Hampden at the head of them. The two constables of Great Kimble Parish present their warrant; Mr. Hampden refuses, Mr. Hampden and the other parishioners; the two constables take instrument of the refusal 'Kimball Magna januariis the 11th 1635,' (1636). The Jústicement of these two constables exists; precious to the Constitutional antiquary (Nugent, I: 230). Mr. Hampden's share is 31 and 6; Thomas Fisher is half a crown; Rowland Reynolds, poor man, is one shilling: they all refuse. Many persons in England have refused; few in England have paid with cheerfulness, for it is an unlawful thing. Lord Say and Seal has audibly refused in Oxfordshire, Chambers, a chief merchant, audibly in London. Who would not refuse, if he could with hope? From Mr. Cromwell in Ely I seem to hear harsh growls, from the Lord Brook in Warwick Castle, from the unnamed thousands to whom Law is venerable and unlaw not venerable. Many I suppose, impatiently fling down their cash, as men in these sad days of ours when law and justice do not much pretend to be one thing, fling down their cash to the redcollered beadle, as they would to Turpin in a solitary place; saying, There, that is my 2/6, my 31/6. And now have the goodness to vanish!
Many persons refuse; but we hope to get distress warrants for them. First, however, it is reckoned wise to take the opinion of the Twelve Judges. On the second day of February, 1636-7, a question 'under our signet' (L'Estrange, Reign of King Charles, 149).

Whether when the Kingdom is in danger his Majesty has not a right by old immemorial law to demand shipmoney 'from all his subjects,' the King himself being 'sole judge' of said danger? Our Twelve Authorities, living Oracles of the Law, made a shift, not without effort, to answer, Yes in both particulars. Two only, Justice Hutton, Justice Crook made obstacles; dissented; but were got to comply and sign: Justice Crawley, Chief Justice Finch, or any of the other eight needed no persuasion. And here are their twelve venerable names, signed with apparent unanimity. Yes, your Majesty is judge of the Kingdom's danger, your Majesty has right to levy shipmoney to such lengths as will meet said danger. Where are the liberties of England? Was it not said in the Petition of Right, to which the King answered Soit droit Fait (Ephemeris Parliamentaria, p. 175, 177, 204, by Thomas Fuller, London 1654, 'soit droit fait come est desire par le Petition'), 'No man shall be compelled to yield any gift, loans, benevolence, tax or such-like charge (p. 177) without common consent in Parliament'? It ought to have been without common consent in the Exchequer Chamber! Mr. Hampden, Lord Say, merchant Chambers, and they of great Kimble still refuse; stave off the distress warrants as they can; solicit earnestly to have open trial, and the case argued before all men. What is the use of arguing it? Have not the judges, the whole Twelve, already said what their decision will be? Richard Chambers pertinaciously refusing (Rushworth II:323), like a pertinacious man as he has long...
been was last year thrown into prison by the then Lord Mayor; and 
this year (June 1636) elsewhere) finds that there is no redress 
at Law, that the case cannot be argued at law: Justice Knight, 
sitting with wig and gown in the King's Bench said solemnly, 
There might be a rule of law, that was one thing; but there was a 
rule of Government that was another thing, -- incontrovertible by 
Chambers. (He died in 1658, poor and worn out, about 70, Rushworth, 
I:679 -- introduce before, 1628). Say and Seal had better beware; 
Hampden had better beware. The\[7\] persist in mildly demanding, in 
zealously soliciting a fair trial at law. The distress warrants 
are not issued against them, the trial is not granted. They continue 
to solicit, -- Hampden with the greater zeal, or with the more 
address; assiduously 'waiting upon judges and soliciting' 
(Biographia Britannica) during the summer months of this year 1637.

In which same summer or spring months, and especially on the 
30 April, there comes out this Royal Proclamation that no man is to 
fly the country without leave (Rushworth II: 409). Some of you run 
to New England, 'with your families and whole estates,' who are for 
most part 'persons of idle and refractory humours hoping to live 
there beyond the reach of authority:' but you shall not; if you are 
ratable subsidy-men, you shall not go without license from the 
royal commissioners, not, whoever you may be, without certificate 
from two justices and the parson of your parish that you are an 
orthodox poor man. This, to our modern sense, is among the strangest 
Proclamations of them all. Why keep these heterodox Puritans by force? 
Why not make a bridge of gold for them, and thank God that there is 
\[1\]Alternative reading: "Order of the Council."
a New England? Alas, reader it impoverishes the country. D'Ewes informs me with pride and yet with a sigh, that there has gone within these twenty years above 500,000 pounds of English money into those Transoceanic wastes, which certainly do flourish amazingly under Governor Winthrop (Life of D'Ewes; Bibliotheca Topographica), a heroic Suffolk man. So much value in good money has gone; not to speak of value in human thews; in a time subject to depopulation human thews are indisputably valuable, tho' a refractory spirit do dwell in them, -- the refractory spirit we shall know how to deal with and make supple: we, if our names are Wilelmus Cantuariensis and Carolus Rex. Hence this Proclamation of the 30th of April 1637. -- But now are there not eight ships lying on the River of Thames, just about to sail for New England, with their passengers all on board? In those days, on the lst of May there follows this other Proclamation. That the eight ships now in the River Thames shall disembark their Passengers and provisions again (Rushworth, II: 409), which they, bemoaning themselves thro' every berth, prepare to do -- whereto, furthermore, blind Dryasdust speaking and printing thousandfold in his way has hung a tale, which passed for a hundred years or more, That Hampden, Cromwell and I forget who else were all on board these ships. They, said Dryasdust, were all there: eager to get the sea between Carolus Rex and them, bur forcibly prohibited, such being the will of Fate. How truly my reader sees, as all readers have long since seen, Hampden is busy soliciting the Judges to have his Ship-money argued; Cromwell is at Ely, looking after the Fen and other business: in the eight ships was no passenger of known name; -- and to conclude, they did not disembark; for the ship's oarman passionately
pleaded *ex post facto* &c; and melted the very Council, and the Ships and passengers went on their course as if no Proclamation had been. The human mind loves omens, singular collisions of Destiny; practical epigrams of any kind\(^1\) are dear to the human mind, perhaps the dearer the duller it is.\(^2\) Other Proclamations follow, one other follows 6 April 1638 (Rushworth III: 718) emphatically repeating and reinforcing the last year's one. To our sense the strangest Proclamations that came out in that strange time.

On the 30th of June 1637 in the Palace Yard, Westminster, there was seen a notable thing; the noise of which by and by filled all England, and is not yet dead out of History: let us go nearer and see what it means. Three Pillories I discover set up in Old(?) Palace Yard (Rushworth II: 380, 382; State Trials, III: 746); fronting the meridian Sun; two of them on the same Scaffold, close together; the third at some distance to the (left?). A great grave crowd is there, not mockful noisy as at an execution of rogues; earnest rather and almost devout, as if it were some sacred solemnity they were met for. Which indeed it is. Three gentlemen of grave lives, of honourable or even somewhat eminent position are this day to have their faces slashed, slit and branded in a very unusual way.

The case came on in the Starchamber on the 14 June last (day of the week?); his Grace of Canterbury, Chief-Justice Finch, Lord Keeper Coventry(? ), Earls of Arundel and Dorset (State Trials, 722) and other dignitaries being there present; in fact, a great crowd\(^3\) being

\(^1\)Alternative reading: "epigrams, even wooden ones."

\(^2\)An excised line following reads: "Thus depraved appetites covet pepper; thus the ass's skin to be sorrow sensible of your meaning with it needs to be pricked with a point; out!"

\(^3\)Alternative reading: "frequent concourse."
present, -- and among them clearly visible a slackfaced, simple, gloomy looking man with ass skin and blacklead; taking down the phenomena in characters. Who that simple, gloomy-looking man with the blacklead is? John Rushworth, reader; an outer barrister that is (?) or that means to be: a respectable young man from the North Country, Northumbrian I should judge by his way of dealing with the letter R; a man simple of aspect, yet assiduous, whose gloomy look is not that of moroseness or ferocity, but merely that of severe industry conscious how severe it is. He took that whole proceeding down in characters, but lent the notes to a friend (382), whose name he has now forgotten, and who most unfriendlike retains them, -- so that many of the nicest forensic eloquences are lost for Mr. Rushworth, for us too many of them still saved. The three culprits are William Prynne, who has been writing in his jail, and has got hither again; John Bastwick, Doctor of Medicine, from the Devonshire region, Henry Burton, Minister of Friday Street P/Arish Church (Rushworth, 381). These 3 stand now at the Bar in Camera Stellata. Burton was once the King's Tutor (?); a pious eminent Divine, not without learning (graduate of Oxford), faculty, sincerity and insight, of too loose a pen and tongue it would seem for these strict times. Their crimes are I know not what, nor will any man ever know. They are written down there at endless length; but to us read as we will, they seem no crimes. What jury would or could find bill a vera now?

1 Alternative reading: "feeling."

2 Alternative reading: "much."

3 His church was actually St. Matthew's, but TC has written only "P. Church."
The human memory drops these atrocities, stick them to it as you will, they are too unimaginable for the human memory. Burton had in his Church Pulpit glanced at the 'innovations' of His Grace of Canterbury, at the strange fact of no sermons being allowed last fast day, but all London being merely restricted to read its Prayer-book (Wednesday Lectures, 381. This in before?): at these things the atrocious reverend gentleman had glanced. The atrocious Doctor had glanced at other things, the atrocious Barrister at still other or the same; -- and now in brief, here they are in Camera Stellata, and such is their atrocity not a barrister dare sign their pleadings, so that said law pleading might be so much as read; and the wrath of all judges is kindled, His Grace of Canterbury red in the face, Duel Dorset blazing on them like a comet in ire, eloquent Chief Justice Finch, and even the solid (?) Lord Keeper rising almost into a kind of prophetic vein and snatches of Sybilline chaunt, such are the atrocities of these men, such is the pathos of this case. And Rushworth with gloomy industry is taking it all in characters, and the speeches lasted till three o'clock. And then sentence was given, sufficient: mark what unspeakable atrocity then was; and men departed home, with many thoughts. A more atrocious piece of criminality men have rarely been engaged in.¹

This is the place where noble Raleigh laid down his head; where Scotch Leighton had his face slit and branded, where much noble and ignoble suffering has been seen. From the Prison of the Gatehouse,

¹There follows 8 lines of notes regarding the later fate of the three men, here omitted. TC concludes with "Why not do it even now?" Exactly what this means is uncertain, but the account continues immediately after this interruption.
being moved to a front room, our three poor friends look out of window, see their three wooden-stages, pillories with ignominous cross-beam, and hole for human head, where your neck is grasped in wooden collar, and your head sits as if it no longer belonged to you, or indeed to anyone, a mere waif of a human head, that has lost its course in the world and become a waif and stray, a cast head that yourself and the world had given up. A shocking spectacle, but Henry Burton says, It is mild compared with the Cross of Christ; on 'Calvary Hill were three crosses as here are three Pillories' (750); and the highest Figure this sinful race of Adam ever saw nailed to the Cross, by persons in authority, as if he too had been an outcast thief and worse. Persons in authority, and persons out of authority, are sometimes dreadfully mistaken, in that age, as in this, as to Figures they fall in with. So thinks Henry Burton, speaking his thought.

Considerable crowds are gathering, with a dumb murmur, significant of many things. Father Thames, silvery in the morning sun, ascending to his old wont, rushes by, obedient to the law of Gravity, swift hastening thro' all ages. Human beings of all qualities and both sexes are assembling round these three Pillories, which signify for one thing that Laud's Law must be obeyed in this age. Mrs. Burton, repressing female tears and tremors, kisses her poor Henry; says, Fear not; God will be with thee: go, I am prouder of thee than on my wedding day. Courage, thou heroine!

Of Mrs. Bastwick too, I have to report that she appeared on the public stage with her husband, 'kissed both his ears' in public, with glowing face and heart; (an English wife fit to have been a Spartan or a Roman one) saying emblematically before all England and
the world and eternal sky stretched over it. Am I ashamed of thee, my true one? In a deep silence, as I suppose; in a low scarce audible hum of men: for what word was there? All souls feel that there is no word.

Burton and Bastwick met at the foot of their Pillories, looked at one another, fell into each other's arms, clasped one another bosom to bosom; then again before parting clasped one another heart to heart, as brothers do; Dr. Bastwick mounting first of all upon the scaffold, and his wife immediately following, as we have said, saluted each ear with a kiss and then his mouth. Such is the record. Prynne came last; he and Bastwick embraced one another; Burton is already gone to his place which is at some distance on the same line: there stand three English gentlemen, Oxford graduates, men of worship, each in his Pillory, indicating, you would say, that the times are somewhat out of joint, -- unless happily Laud's Law may bring them into square again?

In the time of Elizabeth, and even of bloody Mary the penalty for libelling a King was one months' imprisonment, no corporal punishment, and find of 100; (I know the acts, they are 7 Elizabeth and 2 Mary: that was the penalty in Mary's days); for libelling a King. This in the blessed Charles's days is the penalty for libelling Prelates: fine of 5000, ignominious mutilation, imprisonment for life: Englishmen, I would have you think of it.

The June sun shone in their eyes; the sweat ran down their faces; one offered Mr. Burton a handkerchief. Yes, it is hot, said he; but there was One on Calvary that bore the tears of the day far, as we must try to follow Him; however it fare in this world with us. Son, son, why are you Pale? said Burton: "I have as much comfort as

1 Alternative reading: "us."
my heart can hold; and if I had need of more, I should have it
(752; better!) This is God's work; let us be of good cheer.

Their speeches are given at great length; especially Burton's,
around whom stand tremulous honourable women, young men 'looking
pale,' to see a minister of God's word set in such a place. And
Bastwick spoke, of false books and false prelates; books as full of
lies as a dog is of fleas. Be of good cheer. Prynne spoke to this
effect: 'We three are of the three Professions,' said Prynne, 'brought
hither by whom you know. Clergyman, Physician, Lawyer; soul, body
and estate; it would appear that there is nothing to be regarded spared
if it stand in the way of those men. Look to their way, Englishmen;
consider whither it is leading you? Are you prepared to land there,
to set up your abode there? I have been twice in this place for
saying that the prelates are not jure divino.

'I will take the liberty of saying that again. There are
intelligencers here I doubt not who may carry the matter to high
places; let them take note of what I now say, and carry it whither-
soever they can, to the world's end if they like. I have challenged
all the Prelates now in existence, and if they call in the Pope to
help them I care not, to grant me a free stage with fair room to dispute;
and I engage to prove against them that their calling is not of
divine right. A second time I say it. Against all the Prelates in
England and Christendom to maintain that their calling is not jure
divino. If I make it not good, let me be hanged up at that Hall
Gate.' Whereupon the people gave a great shout! (p. 748).

Silence ye people; this is not a secularity, a theatricality; it
is an act of worship. Look at these Pillories, listen to these men;
and bethink you of innumerable things. They stand there and suffer:
is it altogether for departing from God's law; or still more for
following it withal? They are there to prove that four surplices at Allhallowtide are not the salvation of men; engage to be hanged at that Hall Gate or prove it. Such is verily the wager they have laid with Fate, — and they will make a shift to gain it too.

Burton held in his hand a nosegay which some friend had given him; a little bee lighted on it, began to suck honey. "See!" said Burton: "Do ye not see this poor bee? Of all places she has chosen this to gather sweetness here; to leave the bitterness all lying, and depart with the honey alone: Cannot I do as this poor bee?"

(751) He called to Prynne and Bastwick, How they fared? We are well, answered they. Pious women speak comfortably to Burton; tell him he is here preaching a sermon, whereby God may convert many. At the Final Day, this day too will be remembered. Even so ye pious women. And Mrs. Burton sends her love from an inner room, where she sits silent or kneels, 'without one tear,' as her husband had ordered her; she will not soil the brightness of this her second wedding by one tear.

Note this also; one of the halberdiers, official figures who themselves look somewhat dismal upon the measure, chanced to have a halbert of the worst sort, rusty, fixed on merely with a nail; "What a wreck of a halberd! says some bystander. "Yes," answers Burton; "it looks as if it might be one of the halberds Judas went with, long ago, to seek his master and betray him." A touch of grave satire, such as this pious tongue is capable of withal.

But now at length the crisis of the execution is to be accomplished; the cutting off namely of the ears, and the branding of the cheeks; — at which this Editor had rather not be an onlooker. It is too bloody for this Editor’s taste. The neck collars are stript off, the
necks of three men laid bare; grim hangmen, grave surgeons, braziers of charcoal fire, apparatus of caddis, sharp knives and what other apparatus is needful are there. The branding iron hisses and smokes in the lying cheek; blood streams along the neck, 'falls in pools on the scaffold at their feet;' courage now ye three men! Prynne stands like the rock, tho' they rather sawed his ears than cut (Rushworth). Come friend, burn me, cut me! cries Prynne. I fear not thee; I have learned to fear the fire of God's judgment; not thee, or thy small fire or judgment. Mrs. Bastwick, I seem to see dimly catching her husband's ears in her lap (Towers's British Biography). Think of that ye hysterical wives. The executioner cut an artery in the root of Burton's ear, the red blood ran jumping; the surgeon had to hasten: I am not hurt! cried Burton, tho' the face of him grew pale, and a 'mournful shout,' (794) a cry of sorrow and horror broke from the universal multitude, and many ran forward and 'dipt their handkerchiefs' in this red blood, designing to keep remembrance thereof, it would seem. Carried into the House in King-Street Burton observed, among other things, "This is too hot to continue."¹ (755) I should say so, Mr. Burton! --

What the Middlesex and Surrey populations thought of this spectacle, as they streamed home again, along thro' King Street, the gate of the royal Bowling-Green, by Whitehall and by the strand of silver Thames into London City, or across in horseboats by Lambeth Ferry, while the June sun still shines? They have handkerchiefs dipt in that good blood. There is speech, and there is also silence. Grim clouds rest on those taciturn English faces, hiding a multitude of thoughts (manifold thoughts). The silver Thames rolls on forever,

¹Alternative reading: "hold long."
obedient to the eternal laws appointed of Heaven; and Laud's Laws, are they too from Heaven and eternal? Grim clouds in thoughts. Or what England generally, thought of it, as the rumour spread ever widening from that centre, and reached the remotest hamlets of England? What Oliver in Ely thought? That it is the hour and the power of darkness; when violent wicked men and the 'enemies of God his truth' bear rule. That the weltering forests and waste howling wildernesses of America were better. That Proclamations forbid us even America. That -- God will judge it; He of a very truth; and men have to bear and be patient till flesh and blood do fail. The Puritan witnesses journeying towards their stronghouses waited on by honourable corporations, with testimonies, with condolences, nay congratulations; for which testifying mayors have to be vilified by his Grace of Canterbury, and cower off as with bleeding noses; and Lancaster Castle, Carnarvon Castle and Launceston, are exchanged for remoter dungeons (Rushworth, 382) in the Channel Isles, Isles of Jersey, Guernsey. There, bemoaned by the hoarse sea-flood, shut out from visitation of friends, even wives prohibited, let the refractories consider themselves -- for life. Till they die and also pay 5000 apiece, I see no chance of deliverance for them. O gracious Grace of Canterbury, I too am for thorough; but I should like well to know what ground I went on, first. On the eternal laws I will try to go thorough, as the silver Thames does; -- tho' even here as gently as I may; not in hydraulic jets and jerks, red inundations wasteful, in spiritual vehemence, but in continuous flood, skirting many a barrier, respecting many a raised bank. Thorough, your Grace? Who would go thorough the carotid arteries of human nature with nothing but four surplices at Allhallowtide to base himself upon? Your Grace,
to say truth, is among the scraggiest human individualisties I have ever fallen in with\(^1\) in this feracious world. How happy, had you continued what you were meant for, a College Schoolmaster; three colours for caps, for tippets and other formulas clothweb and cobweb. But here your Grace -- where the school is not Oxford but God's Earth, and there are Hampdens and Olivers living in it? Is it very certain to your Grace that the Almighty Maker, when he built this stupendous Universe, laid down these thirty-nine articles and tippet regulations as the building plan thereof, saying, By this will I build the oceans, and the galaxies shall mean nothing but this? \(^2\) His Grace scowls over on me, in pale rage, across the abyss of Time, spreads spectral talons with feline ferocity: thou canst not catch me, pale spectre; thanks to Prynne and others, not a tatter of thy four surplices encumbers me any more at all forever. Adieu thou; and thy scraggy dominion. Tomorrow to fresh fields and pastures new.

And still the people do not rebel? No, they submit to all things; alter their altars, provide four surplices, pay shipmoney, have their noses slit, their ears sawed off; are loth and lazy to rebel. No nation in the world was ever slower to rebel. But to put off rebellion as long as possible; let rebellion be the latest of all last shifts. Nevertheless, I remark farther that there is in all nations, persons and living creatures a faculty to rebel; and likewise that the longer they put it off, generally speaking, the fiercer is it when it comes. The fiercer and also the successfuller. "Put off bursting your old skin till the new one is got ready under it," so counsels old Fabulist, admonishing the snake community. The better your steel is the farther

\(^1\)Alternative reading: "ever raised into conspicuousness."

\(^2\)Reading conjectural.
will it bend, but then also the farther it has bent, the more woe
to him in whose hand it breaks! My gracious Grace of Canterbury,
you are playing somewhat deep. Good steel bends; screw it in your
vices, you can bring heel to point and farther, you can loop the
good steel blade as in a knotted hoop, draw the hoop ever straiter,
straiter as you screw farther, -- but too /strait7/ to the Smith's
face it snaps into at last! He will never screw good steel more.1

But now in the Exchequer Court before all the judges of England
(Rushworth II: 480), a most illustrious cause is getting pleaded:
Mr. Hampden's cause of Shipmoney. Mr. Hampden as we see refused to
pay the illegal 31/6 (Nugent) for Great Kimble Parish, the illegal
20/ for Great Hampden Parish or some other; comparatively happy Mr.
Hampden had still some idea that Law and Justice should be one
thing. Mr. Hampden was not singular in refusing to pay; but he is
singular in having a Trial; my Lord Say and Seal was not less assiduous
to get one, but could not succeed. How this has come about for Mr.
Hampden? Mr. Hampden very often brings things about, a discreet
sagacious man. A conspicuous man too. The Court wills it: Mr.
Hampden is a conspicuous man; if we beat Mr. Hampden, what other man
need try it? In fine the higher Powers have consented; the Twelve
Judge/5/ are here in the Exchequer Court, in great solemnity, with
learned barristers, and law bottleholders, a sea of wigs and black
gowns, bigger wigs, twelve red gowns presiding over it; and John

1The next 26 lines of the manuscript are reading notes, and rejected
material. TC seems to have tried to continue his narrative, but
broke off, dissatisfied by his procedure. Just before the reading
note he has written: "The breakage of the steel came out of Scotland
(never do!) A manus e nubilus help cometh from the hills. Here are
some dates (There is a paper about it elsewhere.) Immediately after
the notes the narrative continues on a somewhat different subject.
From the tenor of the notes and the comment on the breakage of the
steel coming from Scotland it appears TC next wanted to discuss Jenny
Geddes, the Covenant, and the Bishops' wars.
Rushworth there with gloomy industry to take it in characters. It is the 6 November 1637. What a simmering expectancy in Westminster Hall and this Exchequer Court, out in Palace Yard simmering to and fro in the muggy mud weather, in King Street and all streets, -- in England and all countries. John Rushworth has his ass-skin and blacklead, equal to a great feat in characters. His report of pleadings covers 100 thick folio pages of print; alas, it is all a report of Law pleadings, -- never to be read more by any son of adam; intolerable to the human soul. O Mr. Rushworth, had you but gone out of doors with those clear eyes of yours, and taken down for us the simplest dialogue you heard that day in Palace Yard between two expectant citizens, or got us a correct, exact daguerrotype portrait of their countenances¹; nay of their neckbands, body coats, buckled shoes or trowser breeches, hanging loose² with fringes, not so much as capable of buttoning at the knee! But we must be content; we must be imaginative, and applaud the gloomy industry of man. What I know is, that the weather is London November; that there sits an expectancy over Westminster Hall such as seldom did. Within the Exchequer Court and without one discerns a miscellaneous sea of expectant human; close pent within the court doors³, loose flowing without; wedged dense; a dark mass; with white small wigs interspersed, twelve bigger wigs (above), Chief Justice Finch's presiding over it above. (Alas, in the hot June weather we saw Prynne or

¹Alternative reading: "natural faces seen as in a glass."

²Alternative reading: "wide."

³Reading conjectural.
Brothers suffer in this Palace-Yard, and now it is fog and mud and six months are gone, and the Shipmoney is to be tried.

Among the small wigs in this business I will request the reader to take note of two merely. Attorney Banks of Corfe Castle and learned Mr. Holborne shall continue unknown to us; but mark these two: Solicitor General Sir Edward Lyttleton, he is of course for the Crown, a Staffordshire man, come of the primeval Lyttleton Trismegistus, who is the pedestal of Coke, Coke-upon-Lyttleton, our English Rhadamanthus, a man actually in a certain sense carried down to the subterrene gods; enjoys a grim immortality hitherto, and continues judging men. This sir Edward is his descendant (? Peerages, is of his blood). A man to glance at, not to dwell on; his back indeed is turned towards us; we hardly see except in glimpses what face he has, but it seems a learned one, growing an official one; and traces of legal doubt will perhaps accumulate upon it. I am sorry he is to plead in favour of the odious illegality, but by his place he is tied to it. (Try Clarendon for something of him.)

Clearer to us is the countenance of learned Mr. Oliver St. John, a tough, sombre, really remarkable looking man. I should guess him to be roughly turned of forty, (Noble, II:23). He is of Clayshoe Bedfordshire, of the worshipful ancient kindred of St. Johns here. He has been a widower; is married now to a cousin of our friend Oliver Cromwell's; Anna(?), daughter of Henry Cromwell of Upwood, Upwood by the Mere of Ramsey which we went to visit long ago. Happy in his domestic circumstances, I hope. At the Bar too a rising man; retained in this high cause by judicious Mr. Hampden; pleads, this day, in sight of all England, and great things may follow. A man of the toughness of leather, nerves like clockthairm. Written on that
countenance are grim energies, hunger, (appetites), astacities which
will do much work, consume much wages in the world; which may sum
themselves up in his old days probably enough as a passion of avarice. ¹
A sombre man, means more than he says; men call him the dark lantern;
the light and meaning of it burning under a mark or slide. He is
of religious Puritan nature, as indeed all lawyers and thoughtful
men yet are; having real estates and law-issues of an immeasurable
nature beyond the outmost stars: A dark-lantern Puritanism too, this
of the learned St. Johns; burns under marks, being other than somewhat
than it seems. ² Let him plead well this day on the case of Shipmoney,
for much turns on it.

The learned St. John pleads from muggy dawn till muggy dusk, 6
of November 1637, and again on the morrow repaired his golden fires,
and pleaded, Rushworth taking it in characters, for two entire days
or 3, I cannot discover which. Amid the expectancy of men. And
then Sir Edward Lyttleton for three days or 2 or four redargued
(Rushworth) on the King's side as Soliciter General. And learned
Mr. Holburn on Hampden's side thereafter, 2 December, took up the
wondrous tale, and on the 6 and on the 8 continued and concluded, --
Hampden's last word. How the case will go? There is hope, and yet
there is despair. Pause of nine days to the 16th. After which Sir
John Bank's ⁻ \text{sic} ⁷ Attorney General, argues again three mortal days, --
His Majesty's last word. With pauses it has lasted 3 weeks and three
days. Rushworth took it all in characters, has it all standing yet
in print; but mortal man, loving his life and the stuff his life is
made of, will never read it again under this sun. -- How the cause,

¹ Alternative reading: "general appetite and energy for gathering
money."

² As written. Though no marks of revision are evident in the MS,
perhaps TC meant "being somewhat other than it seems."
after such a bout of arguing, is to go? Depart ye expectant multitudes in trowser breeches; walk home again patient, ye shall know in summer when the green peas come, not sooner. Not till next April will the Judges deliver their mind (Hutton on the 28th, Rushworth III, appendix, 159); Twelve of them, allow only a hundred pages to each, -- which of which Rushworth has again taken in character never to be read more. It was not till 11 June that judgment can be got pronounced and engrossed. To what effect we know: Mr. Hampden has to hand out his twenty solidi with expenses: "Ideo consideratum est per eosdem Barones, quod praed. Johannes Hampden de eisdem viginti solidis oneretur, & inde satisfaciat" (Rushworth III, appendix, 216), so then it is settled; Mr. Hampden can retire to his place, and all England know that our Tallagio non Comedendo is gone to the winds, and no man's purse any more than his ears or conscience is any longer his own. The Twelve have given it so, in their red gowns and white wigs. Two only expressed some doubt (Hutton and Crooke?), which may be of use to them one day. Two others, Judge Berkley, Chief Justice Finch went high in the matter, as they do in all court matters: it may be of no use to them one day. A popularity such as this of Hampden's (says Lord Clarendon)  

In this state stood matters, when Oliver, busy with his fen business -- date of that? wrote his letter from Ely.

In these days there have new conveniences arisen for the transmission of Letters. On the last day of July 1635 (Rushworth II: 299) there came out a proclamation authorizing 'Thomas Witherings Esquire, his Majesty's Postmaster of England for foreign parts,' to settle, 'one running post or two' (two will be better) to run or ride between Edinburgh and London; to do the whole distance to and

1 I have taken the Latin directly from Rushworth.
from in six days. The like running post or posts are to fly with
not less velocity and assiduity on the road towards Ireland by the
West Chester (Chester) Holyhead road, on the road by(?) Plymouth and
Exeter, on the Norwich road thro'(?) Colchester and on other great
roads gradually as to Thomas Witherings and the Public a convenience
may shew itself.¹ Norwich and Bristol, taking in Colchester and
Oxford, ought not to be forgotten. On those great roads as on spokes
or radii running out from London, shall leathery postmen on hard
back ponies ride thro' all weather; with their postmen and their
post towns let other towns and districts unite themselves by subsidiary
posts on two legs or on four according to convenience. The rate is
2d for any single letter under 80 miles, 4d till we reach 140 miles,
6d beyond that. Thus ride these leathery individuals, on hardback
ponies. It is a convenience the Public will largely profit by. For
the rest let Witherings and his leathery postmen be secured by
monopoly; under penalties no other person not a common known carrier
/for/ a servant shall carry a Letter, if it be not an express. What
improvements have we not witnessed! Long waggons roll now from all
the great towns weekly towards London, sixty of them in the week,
with passengers, with goods, -- flying on the wings of love, then
friend may hasten towards friend. On London streets ply numerous
(how many?) hackney coaches, the first of them twenty(?) years ago.
Hackney coaches: nay, it is but fifty years ago, within man's memory,
the first coach we ever say, the coach Queen Elizabeth got and rode
in (Stow), Queens themselves up to that time having always gone on
horseback, or side saddle, or on pillion behind their husbands. King
Henry, Queen Elizabeth, had stockings made of taffeta (Stow) shaped
and sewed like mere gaiters; and now we knit silk stockings, knit

¹Reading conjectural.
woollen stockings, nay weave them on the steel frame, such the ingenuity of Mr. Lee, graduate of St. John's Cambridge, forty years ago. And felt hats; Spanish craftsmen near a century ago have introduced felt hats, banished the knit cap, the cloth hood, and now except in Kilmarnock and remote Scotch districts we are imprisoned in hard felt ever since, and go about with inflexible cylinders on our poor heads, a patient conservative race of men. And cambric ruffs, become now cambric bands, and the use of starch introduced by Dutch Mrs. Dinghen (? Stow), and buckler and blade displaced by long rapier and short tuck; and lovelocks, long hair hanging over your left(?) or right ear, unlovely to some; and Spanish boots, and fringed trowser-breeches not yet buttoned at the knee: — there is no end to the progress of luxury, to the ape-like mutability and nomadism of fallen man. — Notabler to me are those persons who crop the superfluous hair once for all away out of their way;¹ wear an honestly buttoning bodycoat of due warmth, clean linen band on the collar of it, cloak of due shelter; and seem as if they did not live to dress, but dressed to live.

At the Manorhouse of Otes (in Essex), midway between Harlow and Chipping Ongar, in the grassy land of Essex, lives Sir William Masham, Knight(?), a prosperous, serious-minded man. He is of London civic extraction, enriched by trade, lives here in a dignified station, known in Quarter sessions, known in Parliament itself (already? see Noble). The Manorhouse of Otes, by a curious contingency, becomes transiently visible to us in those years, — for a moment the Old Years lift their dark slumberous curtain and shew us Otes mansion,

¹Alternative readings: for away, "off;" and for way, "road."
dim but indisputable. Pious Sir William is there; Lady Masham, of kindred to our Cromwell: indisputable tho' dim. Nay, the learned Oliver St. John, famed now for his Shipmoney pleadings, has gone thither on a visit this autumn; Mrs. St. John at least has gone: there she is, accidentally become conspicuous; he there or elsewhere, presumably there, reposes for an autumn week or two on his Shipmoney laurels, able dark-lantern barrister and man. Mrs. St. John the second, she as we said is Oliver's cousin, daughter of Uncle Henry of Upwood: Connected with the Mashams by affinity or consanguinity(?), as St. John himself is. She a devout young wife of 22 has been by 'an opportunity' corresponding with her devout cousin at Ely. Curious enough, an accidental bit of paper snatched from devouring Destiny shews us Otes as in a mirror, indisputable tho' dim.

If you go now by the North Eastern railway or otherwise to Harlow and the Parish of High Laver, you will find the stone tent of the Mashams struck as if it had been a canvas one. In the Church lies the monument and dust of John Locke: for these Mashams grew to be Lords, and one of their Ladys Masham a daughter of Philosopher Cudworth, and cherished the aged Locke, and when he died had him buried here, -- good Lady Masham likely to be the memorablist of all her line. That Sir William had a cousin of Cromwell's visiting there, that a Lady Masham enjoyed and duly prized the friendship of John Locke: the terrestrial achievements of the Masham Genealogy may be said already to limit themselves to those two points for mankind; those two are still faintly luminous, the rest grown all dark forever. Here is a Letter, which it was note Fate's will to get burnt, abolished. After passing thro' various hands, one knows not how many hands, of leathery postmen and others(?), it came into the hands of John Thurloe; lay
among masses of others imprisoned in a false ceiling in Number (--)?
Lincoln's Inn for a century or more without hope; but an idle young
person tapping about in a state of desperate ennui and vacancy,
tapped upon it; tapped upon Thurloe's huge barrowful of correspondence
generally, and learned Mr. Thomas Birch was sent for with his
spectacles, and here the Letter is, the first of Thurloe's huge
barrowful, now printed into seven large folios. The Letter is
indestructible. The Masham Lordship genealogy and stone manorhouse
is all gone. About forty years ago, a wealthy maltster of Bishop
Storsford became the proprietor by purchase; pulled the Manorhouse
down, leaving "the outhouses as cottages to some poor people." The
name Otes, the tomb of Locke, and this undestroyed and now indestruct-
able scrap of ragpaper, alone preserve the memory of Mashamdom in
this world. We modernize the spelling; let the reader (it will be
worth his while) endeavour to modernize the sentiment and subject matter.

To my beloved cousin Mrs. St. John, at Sir William Masham his
House; called Otes, in Essex: Present these:

Ely, 13th October 1638

Dear Cousin, -- I thankfully acknowledge your love in your kind
remembrance of me upon this opportunity. Alas, you do too highly
prize my lines, and my company. I may be ashamed to own your
expressions, considering how unprofitable I am, and the mean improve-
ment of my talent.

1In the manuscript the text for the letter is copied in TC's hand,
but the entire manuscript breaks off abruptly about a dozen words
before the end of the letter at the end of the sheet. It is probable
the letter was completed on another sheet, now lost. The text for
the letter given here is taken from Cromwell and given complete. There
is another sheet related to this rough draft, and catalogued with it,
which is actually a reworking of the information regarding the Mashams.
It is a draft close to the final version printed in Cromwell (6:100)
and so it is not given here.
Yet to honour my God by declaring what He hath done for my soul, in this I am confident, and I will be so. Truly, then, this I find: That He giveth springs in a dry barren wilderness where no water is. I live, you know where, -- in Meshec, which they say signifies Prolonging; in Kedar, which signifies Blackness: yet the Lord forsaketh me not. Though He do prolong, yet He will I trust bring me to His tabernacle, to His resting-place. My soul is with the Congregation of the Firstborn, my body rests in hope; and if here I may honour my God either by doing or by suffering, I shall be most glad.

Truly no poor creature hath more cause to put himself forth in the cause of his God than I. I have had plentiful wages beforehand; and I am sure I shall never earn the least mite. The Lord accept me in His Son, and give me to walk in the light, -- and give us to walk in the Light, as He is the light! He it is that enlighteneth our blackness, our darkness. I dare not say, He hideth His face from me. He giveth me to see light in His light. One beam in a dark place hath exceeding much refreshment in it: -- blessed be His Name for shining upon so dark a heart as mine! You know what my manner of life hath been. Oh, I lived in and loved darkness, and hated light; I was a chief, the chief of sinners. This is true: I hated godliness, yet God had mercy on me. O the riches of His mercy! Praise Him for me; -- pray for me, that He who hath begun a good work would perfect it in the day of Christ.

Salute all my friends in that Family whereof you are yet a member. I am much bound unto them for their love. I bless the Lord for them; and that my Son, by their procurement, is so well. Let him have your prayers, your counsel; let me have them.
Salute your Husband and Sister from me: -- He is not a man of his word! He promised to write about Mr. Wrath of Epping; but as yet I receive no letters: -- put him in mind to do what with conveniency may be done for the poor Cousin I did solicit him about.

Once more farewell. The Lord be with you: so prayeth your truly loving Cousin,

OLIVER CROMWELL
C. The Strouse Collection, University of California at Santa Cruz.

"Historical sketches of notable persons and events in the reigns of James I and Charles I."

This manuscript of Carlyle's has long been one of his most well-known, "complete" and in some senses misunderstood. The history of it has partly been told in the text above. Briefly, this series of sketches was written by Carlyle over a period of about two to three years, from 1841-3, then set aside when his purpose in writing changed from general history to editing Cromwell's letters and speeches. Though plundered for the article "Two Hundred and Fifty Years Ago," it was largely ignored. However, he did attach some importance to this "set of fragments about James I" as he called them, since he apparently requested John Chorley to transcribe a large portion of the entire manuscript, which he completed in March 1851. Chorley urged publication, and his letter suggests the possibility may have been considered by Carlyle, but aside from what one infers from the letter and the fact the material was transcribed, there is no evidence Carlyle seriously considered publication. In any event, his Frederick researches would soon occupy him full time. On 18 February 1865 Carlyle packed away his manuscript with Chorley's transcript noting "have not looked at it since (ca. 1851); nor will." At his death the manuscript and transcript passed to his niece Mary. Upon her death in 1895 her husband and Carlyle's nephew Alexander Carlyle became owner. He set about editing the work, making another transcript in the process,

Alexander Carlyle misquotes the letter in his introduction to HS.

2 HS, vii.
dividing the manuscript up into related sections and putting the sheets into folders in which they still rest. This work was published as the *Historical Sketches* in 1898, reached a third edition in 1902 and was also bound in an edition uniform with the Centenary Edition.¹

On Alexander's death in 1931 his executors ordered it and other Carlyleana to be auctioned. On 14 June 1932 the *Historical Sketches* manuscript was sold in lot 193 for £40 to a purchaser named Spencer. No mention of the transcripts was made in the catalogue description.² It is possible they were lost or were and still are retained by the Carlyle family. After the mysterious Spencer the next certain owner was Norman Strouse who acquired it in 1956 in New York. In September 1966 he and his wife gave it and much other Carlyleana to the University of California at Santa Cruz where it is now part of a collection bearing the former owners' names.³

The manuscript consists of a series of sketches, some of which are rough drafts, while others are more carefully revised. It consists of about 125 folio sheets, most written on both sides, with some half sheets and pasted-on revised portions of sheets. This is

¹I wish to draw attention once again to a distinction made earlier between the manuscript before and after it was edited by Alexander Carlyle. The group of papers TC gave to Chorley, plundered occasionally, (and as will be shown) lent to Forster and ultimately packed away I call the historical sketches. TC himself never called them other than a set of "fragments." Since the probability is strong that this group of sketches suffered from attrition or Alexander's editing and its present size is more a reflection of this than of TC's original collection, I call the present collection of sketches the *Historical Sketches* manuscript.

²Sotheby, 34-5 and price list.

its description in the Sotheby catalogue. The Santa Cruz cataloguers mistakenly describe it as "727 leaves," by which they more properly mean sides. This gives roughly the same number of sheets (so far as is known) as were auctioned in 1932. It thus appears the manuscript remained intact from the time it was auctioned until acquired by Norman Strouse and donated to Santa Cruz.

The published version forms no continuous narrative and this is true of the manuscript itself. A probable reason why Carlyle never made much use of this material is that his Cromwell was already a far better book; and even though a friend had saved him much labor in transcribing the manuscript he must have realized that a good deal more would be needed on his part to put the sketches into a satisfactory form.

It is likely that the original group of sketches Carlyle gathered and then set aside included more than it does today. Chorley's letter indicates that some material has not been transcribed. He has copied "all that is sufficiently written out" but "there is an abundance of matter not so forward" and he also speaks of "further/ing/ the compilation of the rest." Conceivably this could refer to rough drafts. In his Introduction to the Sketches Alexander Carlyle writes: "Nearly the whole of the Manuscript which treats of James's Reign has been printed here; in the portion dealing with that of Charles, however, much has been omitted, especially matter referring specifically to Cromwell, and matter that has been superseded by fuller treatment in Carlyle's elucidations of the Letters and Speeches." A comparison

1 Sotheby, 34-5.
2 Freeman, and others, 14.
3 RS, viii.
of the manuscript at Santa Cruz with the printed text, however, does not show that "much has been omitted" from the latter. On the contrary, very little has. Alexander also says that his transcript was taken "direct from the Original wherever that was accessible" \[emphasis added\]. It appears from this that already in the 1890s portions of the manuscript had somehow been separated and that Alexander took some of his copy from the Chorley transcript since the "original" (i.e. Carlyle's manuscript) was no longer available.

Alexander, though often mistaken in matters of chronology and the origins of Carlyle's manuscripts, was a conscientious editor who deserves to be taken at his word. His statements and the present state of the manuscript can only cause one to suspect more material was at one time a part of it.

In a note to page 181 of the Sketches Alexander includes a few lines "From unused MS. of Carlyle's 'Cromwell.'" These actually come from the manuscript of Letter II (B9 of this appendix). It is at least possible Letter II was at one time considered part of the historical sketches by Carlyle. We can conjecture he had it among his mass of working papers and included it among his set of "fragments," that Alexander (perhaps following John Chorley's transcription) excluded it as repetitious from the published version, while the Sotheby cataloguers accepted the separation by auctioning what was now the manuscript of a book, and Letter II in different lots. Letter II comes entirely within the reign of Charles I and is treated in Cromwell. Inclusion of it in the Sketches would have been repetitious.

It is also possible that more of the manuscripts now at Yale (B1-8 of this appendix) whose early provenance is such a mystery, or

\[\text{HS, viii.}\]
some of those in the Forster Collection, were among Carlyle's original collection, but were separated over a period of years or edited out of the version published by Alexander. Further evidence in support of this hypothesis comes on the envelope of Chorley's letter of March 1851 where Carlyle had written "On Mss abt James I &c/now in Forster's hands."¹ This is a reference to John Forster, to whom it is known Carlyle lent, offered to lend or gave many of his notes and papers on Cromwell. From this docket it appears that at some point in the 1850s Forster had charge of the historical sketches and possibly also the Chorley transcript. That he could easily have retained portions of them and returned the rest to Carlyle is a plausible explanation for the presence of at least some of the material in the Forster Collection and could partially account for the apparent dismemberment of the historical sketches.

Whatever the answers may be the portions of the manuscript here transcribed are limited to those contained in Alexander Carlyle's folder headed "Discovery of the Thurloe Papers -- Tradition." They consist of six sheets, all with writing on at least part of both sides. Since it was Alexander who put the sheets in their present folder it is impossible to date their composition with certainty, or to assume they were written at roughly the same time, or even to assume their order has not been tampered with since his time. Yet for reasons outlined in Chapter 6 it is likely a significant portion of these drafts was written in November-December 1843. In some instances the sheets refer to other sheets in this collection, which does link them. Much of the material is unused although some portions

¹NLS 1767.1. See also an undated 1852 letter, TC-Forster, FC.48.E.18.50, quoted in the Introduction to Appendix A.
are printed in altered form in the Sketches. Of far greater interest for the development of a plan for Cromwell are the repeated attempts to elucidate Cromwell's second letter, often ended with frustrated exclamations. These show Carlyle's constant fascination with the letters and the important role they played in causing him to shift from writing a general history to collecting the letters and speeches.¹

¹It is likely further study would help settle the unanswered questions surrounding this manuscript. I soon hope to turn fuller attention to the Historical Sketches. I should also like to note that I have worked from a good xerox copy of the manuscript, having been unable to make the trip to California.
The first portion transcribed consists of a double sheet forming four sides. The first recto side is headed "(2)." The first two paragraphs correspond to HS, 310-2, paragraphs 1-2.7

In a certain (Number/77 what?) suite of rooms in Lincoln's Inn, tenanted as the like are by a swift succession of lawyers and law students, a certain law-student or perhaps a certain incidental clergyman, poking about the carpentry of his apartment, came upon a concealed box with immensities of papers in it; -- which seemed once to have been Letters, actual Letters transmitted by post, by private couriers or other opportunities between living man and living men. The Law Student paused in astonishment over these dead remains, knew not well, he or his friends, what account to give of them. By and by however Mr. Thomas Birch of the British Museum, a reverend gentleman of much research and much gravity, was sent for. Mr. Birch, putting on his spectacles, turning up his dryasdust repositories, easily deciphered that it was a correspondence of the 17 century, abounding in the highest historic names, easily remembered that a certain John Thurloe, well known once as Government Secretary Thurloe, in his later days resided here; discerned therefore that this was Thurloe's secret hoard of official correspondence; which, unwilling to lose it, yet in evil times afraid to keep it, the good man had buried there in that box in the wall; and now after about a hundred years it had unexpectedly come to light! Mr. Birch, with enlivened hope, with alacrity, with persevering industry, proceeded to copy, decipher, arrange and commit to the press that whole (?) mass of dead Letters; and so in 7 enormous folio volumes we have to this day in Thurloe's Correspondence, which he that runs, and is not afraid of locked-jaw, may to all lengths read.
Life being short and art long, few or rather none have ever read this Book; but all of us gratefully pry into it on occasion. Historic Art gratefully swims through it on voyage of discovery, will hang with outspread pinion for moments there, in the strange twilight, in the strange silence of that awful, wide-spread Necropolis City of the Dead, descrying what it can, -- little of moment for most part. For in truth it is a region of most mouldy dust,\(^1\) awful, of a leaden quality, a leaden colour, guarded by basilisks; inhabited by ghosts; and the living visitor is in haste to return. We at the very door of it have, however, snatched the following morsel.

(quote the Letter here. -- Will that do to begin with? ach!)

Were I an English nobleman of distinction, I would seek some man of genius, were such for love or money to be had; seek him not without passionate earnestness as I had never sought for groom or gamekeeper, asking of this man and that, Art thou he? -- seek him; and having found, I would put him in some upper room in some wing-building of my Manorhouse, with these seven folios and others; and say to him: See, The beautiful eternal sky is over thee, around are graceful boskages, smooth-shaven lawns and solitudes: the old housekeeper, while I go on high Parliamentary duties will boil thy kettle; grill thy modicum of mutton; this lackey has it in charge to fetch and carry for thee, -- to watch argus-eyed that no interruption approach, that there be means and appliances, tobacco with pipes, ink, paper, and a silence as of the gods. Here are the seven leaden coloured basilisk volumes of Mr. Birch, once of the British Museum. Canst thou disenchant me the imprisoned facts and souls of heroes that languish there; canst thou deliver them from the ghastly bewildering,

\(^1\)Reading conjectural.
affrightening twilight into life and light of day? Thou shalt be
my honoured benefactor and England's, -- and never want for tobacco
and life necessaries more. Try it: here is upper room and solitude,
almost divine, here is what human help can yield thee, food, warmth,
tobacco, books, and lackey to march all lackeyisms and litter from
thy way. Be my Orpheus O Man of genius, recal for me and England these
Eurydices, great souls of heroes, that Birch and the basilisks
enchain them no more. --

Alas! My man of genius proves a Son of Dryasdust, with little
of a genius save the pride, indignation and thinness of skin;
incapable he of disenchanting, capable only of emitting sad rubbish
and leaden enchantment on me, new tedium, despight, and provocation
and frustration; till I am forced to order him hence again, and say:

To London Garrets, then, and the Society of Useful Knowledge, thou
unfortunate. For very vanity and dimness of mind we cannot live
together. Am not I too unfortunate? In these radical unconservative
times 1

Yes, truly it is rare that a Duke of Weimar appears in the world;
and almost never that he can find his Goethe, his Schiller. The
fact is, he must not only search for them, but have an eye to know
them when they turn up: a most rare combination of conditions. Your
man of genius cannot be found by advertising so many thousands of
pounds for him in the Times Newspaper. A Count Julian does find his
Langenbeck and makes a Legible Collection of Scriptores Danici. Good
Lords and Gentlemen, the search is difficult, but do not give it up.
You must not give it up; Heavens, the giving of it up means for you
renunciation of the power to exist. You will attach the melodious of

1The sentence and the thought have been left incomplete by TC.
men to your order, or your order sure as fate will not get existed on this Earth. Exchange your Collins's Peerage for some Homer's Iliad, or die; -- it is even so.

This completes the first recto and verso of this sheet. The second recto and verso begin with a similar subject.

This letter, despatched from the City of Ely, on the 13 October 1638, to Mrs. (Oliver?) St. John (Thurloe;1).

Not without laborious poking into Heraldries, Noble's Cromwell and chaotic Biographies, and raising some unpleasant dust about me, I come to discern as in a glass darkly that Mr. Oliver Saint-John, a learned gentleman, heir apparent of the Clayshoe property in Bedfordshire(?) is with Elizabeth his second wife in those October months, presumably on a visit at Oates to the hospitable mansion of Sir William Masham (baronet? see Noble, Collins), on the eastern edge of Essex. Oates within this half century has vanished from the Guide Books; but I doubt not Antiquarian piety might still find traces of it, tho' in a changed, decayed condition. If I ever be at Bishop Stortford again, I will make inquiry. Sure enough, the manorial land still ploughed and reaped by somebody is there: but lands and manors strip and dress themselves, as very playactors do, now glorious pleasure grounds, now hideous battlefields, now innocent potato e-fields; and our soldest human habitations on them are but a more deliberate kind of temporary tents. One brick tent with its inhabitants passeth away and another cometh; the Earth abideth forever, or at least for a long time. Oates almost within living memory was still the seat not only of the Mashams but of the Lords Masham, for they had grown to be Lords; and now it has vanished from the Guide Books, and become undistinguished ground. Good Heavens,
how has the voracious Night swallowed the poor Mrs. St. John, that poor Sir William and all amenities and hospitalities; his rolled walks, clipt trees, October ales, and garnitures and furnitures; -- and scarcely in the enchanted leaden coloured air flits to the armed eye some undeniable but indistinguishable ghost of him and them! (These considerations are obvious but neglected.) What had they got to breakfast on the 13 October '38? Meats boiled and grilled, spiced ale and generous liquors with unadulterated brown-bread, and dessert of fruits in their season? What said they to one another while at table? Some thing they did say; but it is lost, with the drinking-songs of Noah, with the table-talk of Adam and Eve. -- --

And so then, it would appear indubitable, clear as if we saw it with eyes, there sits some two centuries off in the ancient City of Ely not far west of the Cathedral under the shadow of St. Mary's steeple there, a square-jawed, rugged somewhat sorrowful looking man, penning unintelligible words. There is if not a post-office, an opportunity to Oates in Essex; and so he hastily indites, amid the brown leaves and pale-growing light, for his 13th October is Old Style, and means 23d. Nothing in the world can be much stranger. Visible he, and audible tho' unintelligible; Ely City is astir round him; into his ear, it sends the multitudinous hum of its street passengers, of hammers, wheel vehicles and foot passengers; but into our ear -- ? Ely City has gone, Ely City for that day sends no sound -- never thro' Eternity any sound more. It is a city of spectres all vanished but this one. To his eye and heart it is all so clear, well known, loved, unloved; and now no man knows it, loves or hates it in the smallest; -- but it is gone thither, into the undistinguishable night Empire, and even Dryasdust leave it in peace. These poor
unnamed Ely populations so anxious, busy that morning, on that and
other days and centuries and tens of centuries, who broke the city
stillness with work, and rattled the pavement with their hobnails, and
are now so extremely silent, affect one with a feeling that is almost
sacred. Hail to you, ye deep-buried generations of my Fathers, a
sacred speechless reverence to you; I bid you hail in the name of
the Highest, — for ye are become as gods. ——

Ely City stands that day as it does this on its hilltop amid
the Fens, chalkhill amid the endless waste of peat-bogs, and slow-
rolling untravelled streams and drains and water plashes; the
Isle of Ely; its high cathedral tower like a beacon far-seen (from the
times of ———?). The Isle of Ely; for it was once an Island, the
plashy Ouse with its stagnant mud-pools on the west at Earth, slow
Cam with its sedges (with ditto) on the east at Soham, begirdling
it, tho' there are causeways now, Soham causeway now, and Earith
bulwarks now, an Ouse lifted up into the air by force of banking and
made into a Bedford New River of the Great Bedford Level. — Dryasdust
has much to say of Ely; large volumes of shot rubbish; among which are
gold grains, were the port there of fire to smelt them into ore. The
virgin of Ixning: twelve years a wife, yet still maid, first abbess
of Ely, she is notable to me flying thro' the wet fen country (better!).
Knuth too, whom men call Canute, icebound, storm-staid at Soham Fen
I still remember: how he could not keep his Christmas at Ely, all
waters being frozen, no/1

/Here the passage seems to end abruptly but is continued on the verso
of the sheet headed "(3)" in this folder. The remaining thirteen
lines of this sheet are written upside-down, and have a vertical line
through them. Presumably Carlyle made a false start when writing
the following, abandoned it, yet thriftily made use of the rest of
the sheet as above./
PAGE

NUMBERING

AS ORIGINAL
As the eyes of feline animals, their pupil once dilated, so those of the zealous historian become capable of seeing in the dark. Nothing so dilates your pupil as intense anxiety to see. Reading mountains of dreary old Rushworths you are at least compelled to admit all along: Well, this thing then, indisputably was; no fiction, it is a fact which these dreary old gentlemen in their narcotic words of darkness are even endeavouring to record for thee: it was, and went bodily along in this still habitable Earth; -- how was it? how could it have been? (O Heavens, get out of this!) -- --

How much which was but smoke all day becomes, when the deep night has fallen, luminous. Dreary garrulities which did they treat of the present you would reject as mere inarticulate maunderings, become significant, treating of the past. Heaps of furnace cinders black by day will glow with a kind of ruddy twilight when it is fully dark. -- A phosphoresence rises from the buried wreck of things. Provided they lie in masses large enough, there will be a light in old Histories. -- (Eheul!)

[The next double sheet may be complete in itself or, more probably, a continuation of writing no longer present. It is headed "(4)" and contains miscellaneous comments on history, and further attempts to develop commentary on Cromwell's early letters. The imagery and subjects discussed are similar to the "Anti-Dryasdust" chapter in Cromwell (6:12). The first complete paragraph is a draft for HS, 313-4, paragraph 4, although there are substantial differences between this account and the version Alexander published. The second and third complete paragraphs form a draft for HS, 314, paragraph 5. Unless Alexander worked with a revised draft of this section no longer present he has radically revised this draft to make up his printed account.]

What strange tidings is it! Thou too wouldst write passionately for Dr. Wells, to Mr. Storie at the Sign of the Dog. (&c &c farther developments and better!) Thinkest thou this depends on (Dr. Wells or Mr. Storie at the Sign of the Dog) any printed Book, Hebrew or
other, on any man or body of men Hebrew or other? That Dr. Wells or Mr. Storie at the Sign of the Dog, That they, or any they ever heard of can make or unmake it?¹ My Friend, when all the Historic Figures and Interpretations, when Mr. Storie and all that was in the brain or memory of Mr. Storie shall have vanished like dreams never to be in any human memory more, this thing in its essentiality will remain true. (This thing in its essentiality is true at this hour. And when Mr. Storie &c).

Here however there are two courses that open themselves for the human genius; leading to the notablest divarication, with the results of which all history is full. The poor human genius which is so wrapt in traditions inwards to the very soul of it, and never comes out except wrapt in clothings, what it will call habits. Did not Adam of Bremen see a gilt Temple at Upsala totally different from St. Catherine Creeds Church; with festooned gilt chains round it, and 9 horses' heads set each on its perch, some 70 in various stages of forwardness? (The modes of diversity are properly endless among men: but they reduce themselves mainly to these two).

What boots complaining?

He that would investigate the Past must be prepared for encountering things unpleasant, things dreary, nay ghastly. The Past is the dwelling of the Dead; the pale Kingdom of Dis and the Dii Manes. Ulysses did not descend to the Dwellings of the Departed without struggles and sacrifices; nor when there did he find the region cheerful. Achilles, Prince of Heroes, is right mournful as a shade. Extenuate not the unhappiness of death, illustrious Ulysses: rather would I toil as a hired day-labourer, for a poor master never so mean,

¹Reading somewhat conjectural. TC has written "Dr W or Mr -- Dog?"
than rule as king over all the vanished Dead. (Odyssey, XI:487) (this out?)

Under the green Earth, so flowery, cheery, shone on by the sun, lie dismal deeps, dwelling places of we know not what misshapen gnomes, Rushworths &c, Dugdales, Rymers, dark kingdoms of the vanished Dead. The noblest Achilles, prince of heroes while alive, shows himself most thin and mournful as a shade. (His complaint, the old Greek singer's notion of him, faithfully represents his condition in the human memory at least.) Extenuate not the unhappiness of death to me, all is -- &c vanished Dead.¹ How faithfully this old Greek notion of Achilles in Elysium represents his condition in the human memory, -- his relation to the living Biographer. He is vanished or nearly so, a thin melancholy shade. Speak of the meanest dry dregs who is yet alive and visible to me; speak not of the vanished Dead, for I behold them not, -- it is like thou beholdest them not. The club anecdotes of a Jabesh Windbag, how much more interesting to us than all that the Philosopher and Poet can say or sing of an Oliver Cromwell! (This is not quite correct, without farther explication and development.)

¹Here TC refers to the development of this thought in the previous paragraph.

Tradition too is to be commended; in tradition too is something of divine. Tradition is the beatified bodily form of all that once was; what our Fathers from the immemorial times have tried and found worthy. It begins beyond record or memory; it too, so to speak,
begins in Eternity. The First Men, they that with fresh virgin
eyes looked forth into a Universe on which as yet no thought or sight
had yet tried itself, and all was new and nameless, was wonderful,
unnamable, was Godlike or God: the first stratum of Tradition is
the life of these First Men; tradition begins with the Beginning of
Time, it abuts against an Eternity, is as a thing shed forth by
the Eternal. (The Present only is mean, because it is small; the
future and past were beautiful if only because they are large.)
Thou shalt worship tradition too; thou dost well to recognize a
divineness in the Past. If Human History is the grand universal
Bible, whereof all other Bibles are but synoptical tables, illustrative
picture-books, then I reckon that what has hung suspended in the
general human memory will be well worth gathering. Nay, worthy or
not, it has to be gathered. We are born into shaped world, not into
world which is yet to shape. What went before is a fact not less
inexorable than what will follow. How the world is shaped, and how
farther it is shapeable, these are in a manner the two sole questions
for a man.

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Tradition is as the life-element, the circumambient air. We
unconsciously live by it; the rabidest radical is penetrated by
tradition to the innermost fibre of him, at all moments of his
existence, even when he is loudest in denouncing and gainsaying it.
His denunciation of tradition is itself in how many ways traditionary.
He demands electoral suffrage; free Parliament (better name!) ballot
box &c, him too the wisdom of his ancestors taught that. Tradition?
Does he not speak English, a kind of English! That of itself, if he
will reflect on it, is as the azure element that towered up boundless
over Phosphoros, filling immensity for Phosphoros, and fixed him down as with the weight of mountains under perpetual chains, perpetual beneficent leading strings as we may call them withal. Imprisonment weighty as mountains reaching to the zenith says one; beneficent roofing, household accommodation and security says another. (Poor Werner speaking of the soul of man. Phosphoros: something of this first?)

Poor Zacharias Werner in a rhapsody not, intrinsically, of much meaning gives this account of an emblematic individual named Phosphoros the light-bringer, meaning evidently by him the soul of man or perhaps as some now speak, the Soul of Mankind. -- This rhapsodic imagery has truly a resemblance to the fall of man under tradition.

The air in small portions is transparent, of no colour or noticeability; but take it in totality as an atmosphere it is azure, beautiful, almost divine-looking, and encircles us everywhere with a dome which we will name Heaven. Infinitude does so in all senses, in all cases. Tradition is properly the Totality of the memorable acts and thoughts of all Mankind. We are alive because we have an atmosphere round us, we are socially alive (we are in so many senses spiritually alive) because we have and have long had brothers round us, and the Memory of their relations to the Universe. This too is an atmosphere; builds an azure heavenly World round our terrestrial one. -- --

How the laws of spiritual as of physical optics act here too! Masses of the Past get compressed by distance, compressed and trans-figured to sapphire-colour; and one highest peak becomes the name of a wide district. From the Greek Homeric Songs to Longobard Paul
Deacon there rhymes itself a kind of order out of past human things, as without harmony they could never have been human or present, and arid History becomes a rhythmic Mythus. Hercules prints his name on long centuries of Herculean work and enterprise (?better, and more of them.) Past events are deified. -- Does not every people, looking at its Language, consider that the first Grammariand was God the Maker? The Lawgivers of most nations, including our own, if we go out of Westminster Hall into Westminster Abbey are esteemed still very clearly to be gods. --

\(\text{This sheet is marked "(3)." The recto is a rough draft for HS, 310-1, paragraphs 1-3, although there are so many alterations between the manuscript and printed versions that again one wonders if Alexander worked from manuscript no longer present. The verso has a vertical line drawn through it, and is a continuation of the story of Knut, which concluded the sheet headed "(2)".}\)

Considerably above a century ago, the learned Mr. Tomlinson of Number 13 Lincoln's Inn had gone to the country for the long vacation, and given up his rooms to a certain clergyman, name not known, pursuits not known,\(^1\) whose time it would seem hung heavy on his hands there. Time hanging heavy, this clergyman, there being no resource in looking out of window or the like, took to poking about the carpentry and bye nooks of his apartment, tapping on wainscot, garret ceilings and such like, reflecting in an idle dreary manner on the unknown swift series of wigs, gowns and learned human creatures that had tenanted this temporary domicile of his. Nothing can be figured more miserable; yet it proved not altogether so. Tapping miserably on wainscots, garret ceilings, this melancholy young clergyman, luckier than he deserved to be, came upon a recent ceiling in his garret, came upon a hidden box or package stuffed inside there,

\(^{1}\)Alternative reading: "clergyman of uncertain pursuits."
with an immensity of papers in it; -- which seemed not to be old special pleadings, but old Letters. One thing was clear, they were Letters of the 17th century; and at last another thing became clear, that Chancellor Somers, the Patriotic Collector, would give a consideration for them. With Chancellor Somers, very busy otherwise, they turned to little account, nor with others into whose hands they fell. By and by however Mr. Thomas Birch, subsequently of the British Museum, putting on his historic spectacles easily deciphered that here was a correspondence -- the following morsel; and transcribe it, merely rectifying the spelling:

'To my beloved cousin -- present these

Ely, 13 October 1638

Oliver Cromwell.'

What an obscure document; -- obscure yet not wholly undecipherable if we gaze lovingly, gaze steadily, with endless earnestness and help of historic glasses into it!

So then the learned Oliver St. John, Chief Justice that is to be (some other page -- Oliver sitting alone in Ely; all Ely grown silent around him &c) (And the other letter about Mr. Storie in Noble or Harris?)

Much remains obscure, lost beyond memory. Alas, and the very spirit of the writing, how is it lost too; and the abstract words become as meaningless to us as are the lost proper-names. None now knows Mr. Story, can find Mr. Wrath in Epping, or make inquiry for anybody at the Sign of the Dog in the Exchange. The Exchange has been twice burnt since that time; and the seemingly very solid tents, tho' of stone, were struck at the appointed hour, and with all that they had were rolled away, forward, ever forward, on the march into

1Alternate reading: "modernising the orthography."
dead Night. That Dog of the exchange I say, where is it, whither fled? It was a real image of a Dog once; and I do not find it now.
The wood of it is burnt, gone to carbonic gases, pot ashes; the lindseed oil and pigments of it sail on the viewless winds, and represent no visual thing more. Has it not vanished as the other Dreams did? The poor Painter of it has vanished; and all the painted or unpainted dreams of his poor brain and the train itself is vanished.
He was such stuff as Dreams are made of. Here is indeed the Preternaturalism of History. (Dog: it was the Projection of multiplex faculties from the brain of a Painter, for multiplex objects -- selling liquor &c. The meaning of any image we see by a man -- Oh dear. --)

Here begins the continuation of the section on Knut which concluded sheet "(2)."

being able to move; and the good brave Knuth in his impatience stood chafing, asking what shall be done? How a heavyman of those parts (name) hearing of the nodus came at last and said, the ice of the Fens was thick enough to carry a man, a knowing man with pike-staff and shoe-irons might pick his way to Ely on foot: how the brave king said thereupon, Go thou and I will follow, thou art weightier than I, -- and they set out accordingly, and leaping and sliding, fared the strong man ahead safe to Ely, kept Xmas there, and (name?) got lands in those parts for his adroitness (ach Gottl!) (this will be of no use in! -- What a time I have with my digressions!)

-- -- 'smelt them into one' (last page). Few visualities; yet some of which I relate two. Very visual for one is that afternoon when King Knut Knooth or Canute came along thither in his oar boat

1Above line: "", or virgin of Ixning."
(barge), and heard the song of the Monks in Ely (Muneches binnen Ely) borne along the sedgy wastes and black water, into the very soul of him, awakening some interest, -- as the old song says (Merie singen &c). My noble Knooth! Very visual. And then the Long Past is silent hitherto, given up to Dryasdust and shot-rubbish till this day of October 1638. (this cannot do!) -- (give it up!)\(^1\)

The final sheet transcribed forms a draft for HS, 321-3, paragraph 3.\(^7\)

But the appellations and ideas we say are not less obliterated than the proper names and persons. Who knows what to make of dwelling in Kedar, which signified postponing, or Meshech which signified &c. (Woe's me that I in Meshech am). Of &c (some more of them). How could a man supposed to be of vigorous sense write down such imbecilities or what did he mean by them? Dryasdust is terribly at a loss; the living intellectual circles wait with blank eagerness some word of explanation from him, and he as good as feels that he has none to give. 'Cant, hypocrisy;' the intellectual circles have rejected these -- well then Enthusiasm, Fanaticism, some form of the grand element of Bedlamism, such alone could be the meaning of dwelling in Kedar. And the intellectual circles, with closed lips, yet with a kind of questionable nasal interjection "Hm-hm!," as if still all were not right, are forced to rest satisfied with this: The square jawed rugged-looking individual with the massive nose, with keen grey eyes and wart above his right eyebrow was partly in a delirious distracted situation.

Delirium\(^2\) is a cutting of the Gordion knot surely. My respected intellectual circles, the gurgle in your throats is very justifiable!

\(^1\)Following this come 3 lines of excised material attempt to begin telling the story of the Thurloe Papers' discovery.

\(^2\)TC has bracketed this paragraph, apparently meaning to delete it. Alexander Carlyle omits it.
In this man with the weary-looking but deep-clear eyes I discern no madness, if it be not that which dwells as next-door neighbour to great wisdom: Most near neighbours; a thin partition separating them, thin, but the most impassable of all.

If it should ever by chance, as there is pressing need otherwise, be disclosed to the intellectual circles that they have souls to be saved, then this last hypothesis of Dryasdust will go like the others I think; then woe in general to Dryasdust and his hypothesis! Ah yes, what baleful troops of Dryasdust hypotheses and foul Hecate eclipses will float away with ignominious drumming in the rear of them, and the very street urchins hooting round them; and a most poisonous eclipse be lifted from the whole Past, the whole Present and Future Time! Dryasdust, Expediency Windbag and Company will march, the gates of native Chaos yawning form them, and the public thoroughfare will be clearer for a while. Consider O intelligent reader, if by beneficent chance thou knowwest that there was in verity after Death a Judgement and Eternity; that all this Earth and its business were but the Flame Image of a Great God, his throne dark with excess of light, and Hell pain or Heavenly joy forevermore were in few years sure for thee.(If the flaming judgment were as certain as any terrestrial fact.) Thou wouldst fly to the mountains to cover thee; fall passionately prostrate to Christ, to whosoever brought a hope of salvation for thee. Thy life were then a perpetual sacred prophecy; or thro' the obstructions of the terrene element, a perpetual effort to be such towards such. Prayers, tears, never-ending efforts; the sacrifice of thy life; all this were a light thing for thee.

Thou too and all thy Life and Business, like the Earth my mother wert a kind of flame-image, thro' which now in bursts of clear splendour,
now in fuliginosity and splendour labouring overclouded, the Presence of a God did verily look. (When I add that thou art either this, or a thing chimerical, futile, destined for oblivion and annihilation, of no account to gods or men, what strange tidings is it!

The verso of this sheet consists of seven lines, scored through by Carlyle. They appear to be unrelated to the recto in that the wording is not continuous, although the subjects are similar. Here is yet another rejected attempt at discussing the Thurloe Papers.

The upper rooms of a certain house, Number 13 Lincoln's Inn, rooms tenanted, as the like are by a swift succession of Lawyer and Law-students, there chanced in the time of King William, considerably above a century /ago/ to be a temporary boarder for the long vacation, a certain clergyman, name not given, who had begged or hired them from a certain lawyer whose name we could give but do not. The house is Number 13. This poor clergyman, in idel and prying humour, and having, it is probable, nothing to do, poking about the carpentry and garrets of his friend's apartment, came upon &c (p. 2) -- make of them. Being evidently Letters, however, and of the 17th Century, Chancellor Somers gave a trifle for them.
Select Bibliography

The bibliography is arranged in four sections. The first lists libraries or institutions that provided information, normally manuscripts or specific copies of printed books Carlyle is known to have used, and also transcripts of his letters. Section B lists those published editions of Carlyle's works and letters used. Section C attempts to list those sources which Carlyle could have consulted in his course of his research which I also used. Included here are the Civil War histories, contemporary histories and reviews available to him, and reviews of Cromwell and the Squire affair. Section D lists all manner of secondary sources on Carlyle, Cromwell and other relevant subjects. At times the lists are arbitrary, but especially in sections three and four what Carlyle knew is separated from what was subsequently written about him and his subject. No attempt has been made to list all Carlyle's sources for Cromwell.

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Berg Collection, New York Public Library.
British Museum Library.
Carlyle's House, Chelsea.
Edinburgh University Library.
Forster Collection, Victoria and Albert Museum Library.
The Graham Family.
Hornel Collection, Broughton House, Kircudbright.

Houghton Library, Harvard University.

London Library.

J. P. Morgan Library, New York.

National Library of Scotland.

The Spedding Family.

Charlotte and Norman Strouse Collection, University of California at Santa Cruz.

Trinity College, Cambridge.

University of Rochester, New York Library.

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B: Works of Carlyle

Cromwell and Collected Works


Other Uncollected Works

and Events


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