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No. CCCXCVII. NOVEMBER, 1848. Vol. LXIV.

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A GLIMPSE AT GERMANY AND ITS PARLIAMENT.

We are not old enough to have been politically detained at Verdun. Our impressions of Napoleon are soured by no recollections of personal tyranny; and though a near relative wasted the better portion of his life in the dreary enjoyments of that conventional fortress, we do not carry the spirit of clanship so far as to entertain on that account a revengeful hatred towards the memory of the Corsican. At the same time, it must be confessed that, towards the latter part of this past August, the idea of Verdun more than once recurred unpleasantly to our mind. It became clear to us that, for this year at least, there was little probability of our realising certain visions of Highland sport which had been called up by a perusal of the exciting work of the Stuarts. Her Majesty was coming down to Balmoral, and, in consequence, the red deer of Aberdeenshire were safe, at least from a private rifle. The grouse, with a degree of obstinacy truly irritating, had again failed, and we were little disposed to levy war against the few and feeble remaining broods of the cheepers. The Duke of Sutherland, with a just economy, had shut up his rivers, and given the salmon a jubilee; so that there was no hope of throwing a fly on the surface of the Shin or the Laxford. On the other hand, there seemed to be plenty of sport, and no want of shooting on the Continent. Licences were not required, and restrictive seasons unknown. The odour of gunpowder was distinct in Paris as early as the month of February; and ever since then there had been occasional explosions and discharges all over the face of Europe. True, a *garde mobile*, or a gentleman in a blouse, especially when provided with a rusty detonator and bayonet, is an awkward kind of sportsman to encounter. Barricades may be curious structures to inspect; but it is not pleasant to be on either side of them when the Red Republic is in question; and still more ungenial to be placed exactly in the centre, as once occurred to a worthy bailie of our acquaintance, who, having been sent to Paris in 1830, on a special mission to fetch home some stray voters for an impending election in the west, found, to his intense horror, that the diligence in which he was located was built up as a popular defence; that the bullets were whistling through the windows; and that even his patron, St Rollox, seemed deaf to his intercessions for rescue.

But as we do not happen to hold stock in the French lines, and therefore have not thought it necessary, as yet, to identify ourselves with any of the parties who are presently contending for the palm of mastery in France; as the crusade under the white flag or the oriflamme in favour of the descendant of Saint Louis has not yet been openly proclaimed or enthusiastically preached by any bearded representative of Peter, the Miraculous Hermit; and as, moreover, we had seen quite enough of France in her earliest stages of paroxysm, and had no wish to behold the professors of the vaudeville and palette engaged, in the present dearth of money, at the novel occupation of cobbling shoes for the Sardinian soldiery in the *ateliers nationaux*—we resolved to abstain from Paris in the meantime, and rather to bend our steps towards Germany, then in the full ferment of the Schleswig Holstein affair. Germany has been an old haunt of ours from our boyhood. So far back as 1833, we had the pleasure of witnessing a tight little skrimmage between [516] the Heidelberg students and the soldiery in the square of Frankfort; and since that time we have watched with great interest the progress of the arts, literature, and sciences, and the development of the interior resources of the country. Right sorry were we, though not altogether surprised, to learn that quiet Germany had lighted her revolutionary pipe from the French insurrectionary fires; that Mannheim, Heidelberg, and Hanau, those notorious nests of democracy, had succeeded in perverting the minds of many throughout the circle of the Rhenish provinces; and that studentism, once comparatively harmless, had become utterly rampant throughout the land. For although we never could, even in our earlier years, take any deep pleasure in cultivating the society of the Burschenschaft, but, on the contrary, rather regarded them as a race to be eschewed by all who had a wholesome reverence for soap and a horror for the Kantean philosophy, we were not unpleased at the national spirit which they exhibited long ago; and more than once, in the vaults of the *Himmels-leiter* and *Jammerthal*, at Nuremberg, we have joined cordially in the chorus of defiance to French aggression—

'Sie sollen ihn nicht haben
Den Deutschen freien Rhein!'

That Germany, under her peculiar constitution, should retain her own, and that the boundaries should be strictly preserved, seemed to us a highly proper, laudable, and patriotic sentiment; but, when the Teutonic youth went further, and demanded an immediate return to the mediæval system, and the glorious times of the Empire, we must confess that their aspirations seemed to us to savour slightly of insanity. We are, constitutionally, an admirer of the ancient times. We do not think that people are happier, or wiser, or better, or that they fulfil one whit more conscientiously their duties to God and man, when cooped up and collected within the dingy alleys of a commercial town, instead of treading the free soil which gave their fathers birth. We are not especially affected to the over-increase of factories, neither would we award an ovation to any one for breeding up human beings expressly for the production of calico. But not, on that account, would we willingly recur to the days of the forays and the raids. We don't want to see the clans reintegrated, the philabeg on every hip, and the hills covered with caterans, each ettling at his skian-dhu. We have no desire to cross the Border of moonlight night at the head of a score of jackmen, and, *more majorum*, regale our ears with the lowing of the Northumbrian kine. We do not consider such a feat necessary, simply because a remote ancestor was afflicted with

too earnest a desire for the improvement of his patrimonial breed of cattle, and, having been unluckily found on the wrong side of the Tweed, died, like a poet as he was, with some neck-verses in his mouth, at a place denominated Hairibee. But our German friends—more especially the students—have long been haunted by some such ideas. *The Robbers* of Schiller, and the *Goetz von Berlichingen* of Goëthe, have had a poisonous effect upon the fancy or fantasy of the young. They have long been dreaming of doublets, boots, and spurs, and it needed but a little thing to set them utterly crazy. Their modern school of painting has for years been even more mediæval than their literature; and what the poets began, Schnorr and Cornelius have been rapidly bringing to a head. No one who is intimate with the German character, will lightly undervalue the effect of such a popular sentiment, when an actual opportunity for outbreak is afforded in revolutionary times.

This feeling, absurd as it is, has been greatly favoured and fostered by the infinitesimal division of Germany at the Treaty of Vienna, and the maintenance as sovereignties of small states, which ought long ago to have been remorselessly absorbed. By that settlement Germany was declared to consist of no less than thirty-eight separate and independent states, with no other tie of union than an annual diet at Frankfort. Previous to the Revolutionary wars, there were actually about three hundred sovereign rulers in Germany, each of whom might have worn a crown, if he could only have found money enough to buy one. This was a miserable farce and a caricature, and it could not possibly last. The King of Man was a powerful potentate in comparison with some of [517] these autocrats; and if there had been a royal house of Benbecula, the crown-prince of that insular Eden would have been a proper match for the daughter of their sublime Highnesses of Fugger-Kirchberg-Weisenborn, or Salm-Reifferscheid-Krautheim. The French invasion blew away a crowd of these little sovereigns, like mites from the surface of a cheese; but, very unfortunately, a tithe of them were permitted to clamber back. Some of the larger German states thought to fortify their position, and to obtain an ascendency in the Diet, by maintaining several of the minor principalities intact, and, in return, commanding their votes. Hence the retention as sovereign princedoms of the three Anhalts, the two Schwartzbergs, the two Hohenzollerns, the two houses of Reuss, the two Lippes, Waldeck, Lichtenstein, and Homburg—territories, the outlines of which you can hardly discover on an ordinary map of Europe, or even on one of Germany. These are the instances which we think the most objectionable and absurd, but the case of several others is not much better. For example, there are four sovereign Saxe Duchies, besides the kingdom of Saxony proper.

Thirty-eight, then, were preserved by the Congress of Vienna, whereas, for the sake of stability, there should not have been more than five. The remaining German states might have been absorbed, as were many more, into Austria, Prussia, Saxony, Bavaria, and Hanover; and, in this way, power would have been consolidated, a balance preserved, and entire centralisation avoided. Instead of which, for more than thirty years there has been a constellation of princes and of petty courts throughout Germany, to its infinite detriment and discredit. Magnificent Lichtenstein, with a territory of two square miles, and about five thousand subjects, takes rank with imperial Austria; and Henry, styling himself the twenty-second of Reuss-Lobenstein and Ebersdorf, has as good a patrimonial sceptre as Frederick-William of Prussia. Out of all this, what could arise save endless wrangling and confusion?

The smaller states, especially those which border on the Rhine, gradually became the acknowledged hotbeds of sedition. It was there that the expatriated journalists and crack-brained patriotic poets sought refuge, when their articles, pamphlets, and ditties, became too strong for the stomach of the legitimate censor; and there they have been for years hatching treason upon unaddled eggs. The old influence exercised by France over the Rhenish Confederation has never utterly decayed. Each fresh insurrectionary leap in Paris has been followed by a convulsive movement in the western Germanic princedoms; and no pains have been spared for the dissemination of the republican propaganda. Even this evil might have been checked, had Austria and Prussia acted in unison and good faith towards each other; but, unfortunately for Europe, the policy of the latter power has always been of the most tortuous and deceptive kind. Prussia, raised to and maintained in the first class of European states, solely on the strength of her military armament, and jealous of the superior strength of her southern rival, has for many years been engaged in intrigues with the minor states, for the purpose of securing to herself an independent position, in the event of the dissolution of the great German confederation. Unable to obtain her object through a legitimate supremacy in the Diet, Prussia has gradually withdrawn from the proceedings of the Federal Congress, and apparently surrendered to Austria the command of that feeble body. But by means of the Zollverein, or Commercial League—a scheme which she maturely prepared and perseveringly pursued—Prussia had contrived to secure the adhesion of fully three-fourths of the Germanic states—thus expecting to constitute herself a protectorate in reality, if not in name, and to set the authority of the Diet at absolute defiance.

In England, where very little is known of the secret springs of continental diplomacy, the Zollverein was regarded as a mere commercial measure. It was, in reality, nothing more than a preparation for the coming crisis, in the course of which, as Prussia fondly hoped, Germany might be rent asunder, and the larger portion of the spoil accrue naturally to her share. As if to make [518] the distinction between herself and Austria more apparent, Prussia began to affect liberalism in a remarkable degree. Her talk was of constitutions on the broadest basis; and her king was, in words at least, a Quixote in the cause of freedom. But words, however skilfully uttered, cannot, in the total absence of action, deceive a people long. The king of Prussia's promises were not a whit more fruitful than the prophecies of the free-traders, who told us of an immediate millennium. The censorship of the press was maintained as stringently as ever, and no concession was made

to the popular demands, naturally stimulated to excess by this show of liberality on the part of the sovereign.

At the commencement of the present year, the affairs of Germany were thus singularly complicated. Austria stood alone on the basis of her old position, as an absolute and paternal monarchy, refusing all innovation. Prussia appeared to favour liberal institutions, but delayed to grant them—professed her willingness to take the lead in a new era of Germany, but gave no guarantee for her faith. In consequence, she was not trusted by the revolutionist party in the south and west, who, having altogether got the better of their princes, were determined, on the very first opportunity, to try their hands at the task of regenerating the whole of Germany. Central authority there was none, for the Diet, deserted and disregarded by Prussia, had sunk into utter insignificance, and hardly knew what function it was still entitled to perform.

At the tocsin of the French revolution, the south-west of Germany arose. The princes bordering on the Rhine had long been aware that they were quite powerless in the event of any general insurrectionary movement, and, accordingly, they were prepared, without any hesitation, to grant constitutions by the score, whenever their bearded subjects thought fit, in earnest, to demand them. A constitution is a cheap thing, and, to a princely proprietor of limited means, who needed no seven-league boots to traverse the circle of his dominions, must be infinitely better than forfeiture. Baden began the dance. The Grand-duke made no difficulty in granting to his loving liegemen whatever they were pleased to require. The last of the Electors—he of Hesse-Cassel—was equally accommodating; and, in such circumstances, it would have been madness for the King of Wurtemberg to refuse. In Bavaria, the government attempted to make a stand; but it was of no use. The late king, one of the most accomplished of dilettantes, worst of poets, and silliest of created men, had latterly put the coping-stone to a life of folly, by engaging, though a prospective saint of the Romish calendar, in a most barefaced intrigue with the notorious Lola Montes. The indecency and infatuation of this last *liaison*, far more openly conducted than any of his former numerous amours, had given intense umbrage, not only to the people, but to the nobility, whom he had insulted by elevating the *ci-devant* opera-dancer to their ranks. Other causes of offence were not wanting; so that poor Ludwig, though the best judge of pictures in Europe, was forced to give in, and surrender his dignity to his son. Then rose Nassau and Frankfort, Saxony and Saxe Weimar, and what other small states we wot not.

Constitutions became as plenty in the market as blackberries; indeed, rather too much so, for at last there was a sort of glut. If the Germans had merely desired freedom of the press, trial by jury, burgher-guards, and the repeal of exceptional laws, the gift was ready for them; but they wanted something more, which the separate sovereigns could not give. In the midst of the haze of revolution, the popular eye was fixed upon a dim phantom of German unity—upon the eidolon of old Germania, once more compact and reunited. True, the old lady had been laid in her grave long before any of the present generation were born, not in the fulness of her strength, but after a gradual decay of atrophy. This, however, was a sort of political resurrection; for there she, or her image, stood, comely as in her best days, and clothed in mediæval attire. The dreams of the students seemed to be in the fair way of accomplishment, and a loud shout of "*Germania soll leben!*" arose from the banks of the Rhine.

At Heidelberg, on the 5th of March, an assembly of the German notables was held. This was a [519]
self-constituted congress of fifty-one persons, and represented eight states, in rather singular proportions; for while the duchy of Baden contributed no less than twenty-one members, Wurtemberg nine, and Hesse-Cassel six, Austria was represented by one individual, and Rhenish Prussia by four. These gentlemen passed resolutions to the effect that Germany should become one and united; that her safety lay in herself, and not in alliance with Russia; and that the time had arrived for the assemblage of a body of national representatives. In the list of the parties so gathered together, we find the honoured names of Hecker and of Struve: the star of Von Gagern of Darmstadt was not yet in the ascendant. After having delegated to a committee of seven the task of preparing the basis of a German parliament, this meeting separated, to assemble again with others on the 30th of March at Frankfort, in the character of a legislative body.

Although insurrectionary symptoms had been shown at Cologne and Dusseldorf—both of them especially black-guard places—Prussia remained tolerably quiet for a week after constitutions were circulating like currency on the Rhine. But on the 13th the storm burst both at Berlin and Vienna. Austria did little more than shrug her shoulders and submit. Prince Metternich, the oldest statesman of Europe, and the man most personally identified with the ancient system, was the main object of popular obloquy; and the master whom he had served so long and so well was physically incapable of defending him. The Archduke John espoused the popular side, and the result was the self-exile of the Prince. The King of Prussia remained true to his original character of charlatan. First of all, his troops fired upon the mob; then came a temporising period and a public funeral, spinning out time, until the result of the Vienna insurrection was known; and at last Frederick-William appeared to astonished Europe in the character of the great regenerator of Germany, and as candidate for the throne of the Empire. The impudence of the address which he issued upon the memorable 18th of March, absolutely transcends belief; and that document, doubtless, will remain to posterity, to be marked as one of the most singular instances on record of royal confidence in public sottishness and credulity. Here is a short bit of it; and we are sure the reader will agree with us in our estimate of the character and sincerity of the august author:—

> "We believe it right to declare before all—not only before Prussia, but before Germany, if such be the will of God, and before the whole united nation, what are the propositions

which we have resolved to make to our German confederates. Above all, we demand that Germany be transformed from a confederation of states into a federal state. We admit that this implies a recognisation of the federal constitution, which cannot be carried into effect save by the union of the princes with the people. In consequence, a temporary federal representation from all the states of Germany must be formed, and immediately convoked. We admit that such a federal representation renders constitutional institutions necessary in the German States, in order that the members of that representation may sit side by side, with equal rights. We demand a general military system of defence for Germany, copied, in its essential parts, from that under which our Prussian armies have won unfading laurels, in the war of liberation. We demand that the German army shall be united under one single federal banner, and we hope to see a federal general-in-chief at its head. We demand a German federal flag, and we hope that, in a short time, a German fleet will cause the German name to be respected on neighbouring and on distant seas. We demand a German federal tribunal, to settle all political differences between the princes and their estates, as also between the different German governments. We demand a common law of settlement for all natives of Germany, and perfect liberty for them to settle in any German country. We demand that, for the future, there shall be no barriers raised against commerce and industry in Germany. We demand a general Zollverein, in which the same measures and weights, the same coinage, the same commercial rights, shall cement still more closely the material union of the country. We propose the liberty of the press, with the same guarantees against abuses for every part of Germany. Such are our propositions and wishes, the realisation of which we shall use our utmost efforts to obtain."

It certainly is to be regretted, for his own sake, that the King of Prussia, if he really had the above projects thoroughly at heart, did not announce them a little sooner. Had he done so, there could [520] have been no mistake about the matter; and he can hardly plead want of opportunity. But to delay the annunciation of the above sweeping scheme until the French revolution had given an impulse to the turbulent population of the Rhenish states—until constitutions had been every where granted—until the foundations of a German National Assembly had been laid—until Austria was paralysed by domestic insurrection—and finally, until Berlin itself had been in temporary possession of the mob—does most certainly expose his Majesty of Prussia to divers grave insinuations affecting his probity and his honour. Sir Robert Peel, in like manner, told us that, for several years, he had been secretly preparing matters for the repeal of the corn-laws. We believe in the admitted treachery; but what shall we say to the occasion which caused it to be developed? Simply this, that in both cases there was an utter want of principle. The King of Prussia, like Peel, thought that he perceived an admirable opportunity of obtaining power and popularity, by not only yielding to, but anticipating, the democratic roar; and, in consequence, he has shared the fate which, even on this earth, is awarded to detected hypocrites. The south-west of Germany looked coldly on this new ally. The democratic leaders, however wild in their principles, were, after their own fashion, sincere; and they had no idea of intrusting the modelment of their new government to such exceeding slippery hands. Accordingly, the Frankfort Assembly met, discussed, and quarrelled, fixed upon a basis of universal suffrage, and summoned together, of their own authority, though not without recognition of the princes, the first German Parliament, of which more anon. In the mean time, valorous Hecker and sturdy Struve, choice republicans both, had hoisted the red banner in Baden, but were somewhat ignominiously routed. The Parliament finally met, annihilated the Diet, and resolved that the provisional central power of Germany should be vested in a Reichsverweser, or Administrator of the Empire, irresponsible himself, but with a responsible ministry; and—no doubt to the infinite disgust of Frederick-William of Prussia, who was not even named as a candidate—the choice of the Assembly fell upon Archduke John of Austria, who, as we have already seen, had embraced the popular side, and forced on, at Vienna, the deposition of the venerable Metternich.

The Reichsverweser was not summoned to occupy a bed of roses. Nominally, he was constituted the most powerful man in the whole German confederation, the sovereign of an emperor, and the controller of divers kings, princes, grand-dukes, electors, and landgraves. In reality he was nobody. Universal suffrage and empire are things which can hardly exist together; and it very soon appeared that the motive power, whatever that might be, was exclusively in the hands of the six hundred and eighty-four individuals who occupied the church of Saint Paul. To chronicle their doings is not the object of the present paper. It may be sufficient to remark that the first stumbling-block in the way of German unity was to discover the limits of what properly might be denominated Germany. On this point there were many strange and conflicting opinions. Some were for incorporating every possession which had fallen under the rule of any German house,—in which case, Hungary, Lombardy, and part of Poland, would have fallen under the protection of Frankfort. Some, with more classical tastes, were desirous of extending their claim to every country which at any time had been under Teutonic rule,—in which case, Palestine and Sicily, if not Italy, would fall to be annexed, and the shadow of the Empire be thrown as far as the Euxine, on the strength of the ancient tradition that Ovid, in his exile at Pontus, had studied the German language and composed German poetry. The map of Europe afforded no solution of the difficulty. There had been cessions, and clippings, and parings innumerable during the last century and a half. Limburg had been annexed to Holland, and Schleswig was clearly under the dominion of Denmark. In this position the Germans committed the enormous folly of adopting the cause of the Schleswig malcontents, and of plunging, before their own house was set in order, into the [521] dangers of a European war.

Having proceeded thus far in the exposition of German affairs, we now cede the narrative to our excellent friend Dunshunner, who, with characteristic kindness, accompanied us in this expedition. Notwithstanding some few omissions, such as that of entirely forgetting to muniment himself with letters of credit, we found him a very agreeable companion. He was perfectly acquainted with Frankfort and elsewhere, and, we suspect, better known than trusted throughout the valley of the Rhine. On looking over his notes, we observe that, with his usual devotedness, he has entirely dispensed with any notice of our existence—a circumstance which we are the more ready to pardon, as it relieves us from the necessity of pledging ourselves to the minute accuracy of his statements. But whatever ingredient of fiction there may be in his dialogue, this at least is certain, that as a general picture it is true.

No man—says Dunshunner—who has this year visited Germany, could believe that it is the same country which he knew in the days of its tranquillity. In former times, the tourist, if his opinions happened to be extra liberal, or slightly savouring of republicanism, would have done well to abstain from proclaiming them over loudly in the streets. I have myself seen a dirty Frenchman, of the propaganda school, ceremoniously conducted from the hotel to the guard-house of Mayence, by a couple of armed police, in consequence of a tirade against royalty; and I recollect that, for some time afterwards, there was considerable speculation as to the place of his ultimate destination. Now, the danger lies the other way. The more radicalism you can muster up, the better you will be appreciated in such cities as Cologne and Frankfort,—the former of which places, if I had my will, should be deliberately devoted without mercy to the infernal gods. Always a nest of rascality and filth, Cologne now presents an appearance which is absolutely revolting. Its streets are swarming with scores of miscreants in blouses, belching out their unholy hymns of revolution in your face, and execrating aristocracy with a gusto that would be refreshing to the soul of Cuffey. The manners of the people even in the hotels, which I was glad to find nearly deserted, are rude and ruffianly in the extreme. The very waiters seem impressed with the idea that civility is a failing utterly inconsistent with the dignity of regenerated patriots; and they take such pains to show it that I could well understand the apprehensions of a timorous countryman, who confessed to me in the steam-boat that he had been so alarmed at the threatening aspect of a democratic *kellner* as to take the precaution of locking himself up in his bed-room, lest haply, in the course of the night, his weazand should be made an offering to Nemesis, and his watch and purse transferred upon the communist principle.

The traveller who, this year, passed for the first time from Belgium into Germany, must have been deeply impressed with the marked difference between the manners of the two people. In Belgium all is tranquillity, order, and apparent ease. Neither in the towns nor in the country is there discernible the slightest trace of disaffection or turbulence. Citizens and peasantry are pursuing their usual avocations in peace, and the contentment which reigns throughout bears testimony to the blessings of a firm and prudent government. But the instant the boundary is passed, you are immediately and painfully reminded that you have left a land of order, and entered into one of anarchy. Instead of the quiet civil Belgian traders and *negociants*, the carriages on the railway—especially the third class, which I invariably preferred for the sake of enjoying the full flavour of democratic society—are crowded with every imaginable species of pongo pertaining to the liberal creed. Your ears are filled with a gush of guttural jargon, in which the words *einigkeit*, *despotismus*, and *unabhängigkeit* prodigiously preponderate; and ever and anon some canorous votary of freedom shouts out a stave of a song, constructed upon any thing but constitutional principles. The first feature which strikes you in the male portion of the population is, the preposterous length of their beards. Formerly the Germans used to shave; at least they kept their chins reasonably clean, and if they cultivated any extra capillary growth, [522]
reserved their care for their mustache. Now every one of them has a beard like a rabbi, and to use razors is considered the sure and infallible sign of a loyalist and an aristocrat. At Juliers I had the pleasure of encountering the first specimen of Young Germany that crossed my path, and a precious object he was. I had been sitting for some time *vis-a-vis* with a little punchy fellow from Vienna, with a beard as red as that which the old masters have assigned to Barabbas; and as he spoke little, but smoked a great deal, I was inclined to think him rather a companionable sort of individual than otherwise. But, at the station, in stepped a youth apparelled precisely after the fashion of an assassin in a melodrama. His broad beaver hat, with a conical crown, was looped up at one side, garnished with an immense cockade of red, black, and gold, and surmounted by a couple of dingy ostrich feathers. I lament, for the sake of our home manufactures, to state that he exhibited no symptom of shirt-collar; nor, so far as I could observe, had he invested any portion of his capital in the purchase of interior linen. Over his bare neck there descended a pointed Maximilian beard. A green blouse, curiously puckered and slashed on the sleeves, was secured round his person by a glazed black belt and buckle, and his legs were cased in a pair of rusty Hessians. In short, he needed but a dagger and a brace of pistols to render him theatrically complete; and had Fitzball been in the carriage, the heart of that amiable dramatist would assuredly have yearned within him at the sight of this living personification of his own most romantic conceptions. I had forgotten to state that the patriot had slung by his side a wallet, of the sort which is familiar to the students of Retzsch, in which he carried his tobacco.

To my amazement, nobody, not even the gens-d'armes on the platform, appeared to be the least surprised at this formidable apparition, who commenced filling his pipe with the calmness of an ordinary Christian. For my own part, I could not take my eyes off him, but sate speechlessly staring at this splendid specimen of the Empire. Nor was it long before he thought fit to favour us with his peculiar sentiments. Some sort of masonic sign was interchanged between the new comer and Barabbas, and the former instantly burst forth into a lecture upon the political prospects of his country. It has been my fortune to hear various harangues, from the hustings and

elsewhere—and I have even solaced my soul with the outpourings of civic eloquence—but never was it my fortune to hear such a discourse upon constitutions as that pronounced by this interesting stranger. The total demolishment of thrones, the levelling of all ranks, the abolition of all religions, and the partition of property, were the themes in which he revelled; and, to my considerable surprise and infinite disgust, the punchy Viennese assented to one and all of his propositions. Some remark which I was rash enough to hazard, impugning the purity of the doctrines professed by the respectable Louis Blanc, drew upon me the ire of both; and I was courteously informed, in almost as many words, that freedom, as understood in Britain, was utterly effete and worn out,—that Germany was fifty years in advance of the wretched island,—and that, when the German fleet was fairly launched upon the ocean, satisfaction would be taken for divers insults which it did not seem convenient to specify.

It is, of course, utterly out of the question to reason with maniacs, else I should have been very glad to know why these new republicans entertained such a decided hatred of England. One can perfectly well understand the existence of a similar feeling among the French,—indeed, abuse of our nation is the surest topic to win applause from a Parisian audience, and it has been, and will be, employed as the last resource of detected patriots and impostors. But why Young Germany should hate us, as it clearly does, is to me a profound enigma. During the Revolutionary wars, we allowed ourselves to be plundered and subsidised in support of the freedom which the Germans could not maintain. Prussia, after taking our money, most infamously went over to France, and laid her clutches upon Hanover. We forgave the aggression and the treachery, and still continued to lavish our gold and our blood in their defence, performing, up to the close of the struggle, the [523] part of a faithful and by far too generous ally. Notwithstanding all this, which is clearly written in history, the fact is certain, that every one of these revolutionists devoutly longs for the downfall of Britain, and would gladly lend a helping hand to assist. Cobden was fêted on the Continent, not because he was a commercial reformer, but because he was known to be a determined enemy to the British aristocracy, and a virulent and successful demagogue. It was for that reason, and for that alone, that he was greeted on his progress by the rising rascaldom of Europe: he was to them the mere type of a coming democracy, and they cared not a copper for his calico.

It is comfortable, however, to know that Young Germany has other enemies, whom she regards with even more jaundiced eyes. There is not one republican rogue on the Rhine but feels a pang of terror at the mere mention of the name of Russia. They are perfectly well aware that Great Britain has no intention of meddling with them, and that they may cut and carve at their own constitutions without the slightest risk of exciting an active interference. But they are not so sure of the permanent neutrality of Nicholas; and an unwholesome suspicion is constantly present to their minds, that, in the progress of events, Russia may combine with the constitutional party in Austria and Bavaria, and restore order by sweeping from the face of the earth the whole revolutionary gang. And it is not at all impossible that such may be the result, when the government of Prussia awakes to a sense of its duty, and their king becomes thoroughly ashamed of the unworthy part he has acted. At present, he has the merit of having stirred up a conflagration which he is not permitted to direct, and the misfortune of finding that, besides his neighbour's house, his own is threatened with the flames. He has thrown himself into the arms of the ultra-democratic party, without the slightest symptom of recognition on their part. His name is in every mouth a by-word. He is cursed by the constitutionalists for his treachery and fickleness, and laughed at by the movement party, whose aim is a pure republic.

I took the earliest possible opportunity of treating both of the admirers of freedom to beer at a station, and, in consequence, rose somewhat in their good graces. He in the garb of the middle ages had evidently been refreshing himself already in the course of the forenoon, and proceeded to vary the monotony of the journey by chanting a hymn of Freiligrath's, which, it struck me, might have been improved by the omission of considerable bloodthirstiness. I was not sorry when we arrived at Cologne, and had to submit our baggage for inspection to the custom-house officers—an operation which they performed with much civility; nevertheless I thought it incumbent upon me, before parting, to point out this remnant of feudal tyranny to my companions, and to request that, when Germany had become a republic, and kings and kaisers were no more, the grievance might be redressed. Though neither of them were burdened with goods, they were kind enough to assure me that my recommendation should be attended to—a promise which they sealed with oaths; whereupon we shook hands, and parted, I sincerely trust, for ever.

Not having the slightest wish to renew my acquaintance with the skulls of Caspar, Melchior, and Balthazar, or with the interesting relics of Saint Ursula and her plurality of virgins, I set off early next morning on the customary passage up the Rhine. Judging from the diminished numbers and appearance of the passengers, the hand of revolution has already weighed heavily upon the industry of this district. There were none of the English travelling carriages on board—none of the merry groups that used to congregate under the awning, and spread the echoes of their laughter and merriment over the bosom of Father Rhine. Even the artists, that ubiquitous class, were unrepresented. The quarter-deck was sparsely tenanted by a few Germans wearing the national cockade, who were evidently on their way to Frankfort; one or two Frenchmen, who, having nothing to do in Paris, were killing time by a short summer ramble, and a single enterprising Cockney and his bride. Every one seemed dull and dispirited, and utterly without [524] that store of enthusiasm which used to be expended as a sort of necessary tribute to the glorious scenery of the river. I made acquaintance with a young Parisian banker, a gay good-humoured fellow of Herculean proportions, who had fought on the side of order in the bloody affair of June. He was a decided Orleanist in his politics, and had no faith whatever in the ultimate stability of the Republic.

"I turned out," he said, "with the national guard, and a hard time we had of it at the barricades. The *canaille* fought like devils. But what would you have?—it was neck or nothing with us. Property is worth little in France, thanks to Lamartine and the rest; but there is a worse thing than the loss of property—*le pillage et le viol*! So I fought for the Republic, bad as it is, being the only barrier between us and absolute ruin. For myself, I am heartily tired of the whole concern. I have come away with fifty louis in my purse, to amuse myself for a month; and then I shall return to Paris, in the full expectation of being shot before the month of February."

His disgust at the present aspect of Germany was excessive.

"The fools! the imbeciles! What possible good can they expect to receive from their revolution? My countrymen were foolish enough—but we laboured under the curse of centralisation in Paris, and, heaven knows! we are paying the penalty. The departments of France did not want a change; but here the infection appears to be universal. Look at that fat fool with the absurd cockade!—I take him to be a substantial merchant in one of their towns—he may not have felt the pressure as yet, but before six months are over his stock will be lying useless on his hands, and his affairs utterly bankrupt. That is the price he must pay for national unity, and the privilege of wearing in his hat a badge about the size of a soup-plate!"

Presently we were favoured with a specimen of the warlike preparations of the assembly at Frankfort. That body had, a few days before, refused their consent to the armistice which the regent had been empowered to conclude with the king of Denmark; and steamer after steamer dashed past us, conveying Prussian, Nassau, and Darmstadt troops from Mayence to the scene of action. With the new gaudy colours of the Empire trailing at the stern, these vessels came down the stream, the troops cheering as they went by, and apparently in high spirits.

"Very well, gentlemen!" thought I, "go on. The attack on little Denmark by a great bully of a power may seem a very creditable thing at present, but we shall see how it will end. Take care you don't run your heads against a certain individual to the northward, who is popularly supposed to subsist principally upon spermaceti, and who would ask no better amusement than that of extracting a little of your extra democracy with the knout. There would be some grimacing in Cologne at the sight of a pulk of Cossacks!"

Coblentz, that pretty little town which reposed so quietly under the huge shadow of Ehrenbreitstein, was crowded with troops, waiting for the opportunity of transport. I had scarcely stepped upon the quay when I found myself enveloped in the embrace of a gentleman in military accoutrements, who exclaimed with Teutonic fervour—

"*Du lieber himmel! Er ist's! August Reignold von Dunshunner, wie geht's?*"

I looked up, and presently recognised an old acquaintance in the person of one Ernest Herrmann, formerly *fahntrager* or ensign in a regiment of Wurtemberg infantry, and now a captain in the same distinguished service. Years before, I had seen a good deal of him at Stuttgardt, and still remembered with pleasure his accomplishments in the ball-room and the skittle-ground.

"Herrmann, my dear fellow!" said I, "is it possible that I meet you here? Have you changed service, or what brings you here from Stuttgardt?"

"Not I," replied Herrmann. "Still true to the old colours; but you see we have added another since you were last here. The fact is, that our regiment is on its way for a brush with the Danes, and we expect to take up our winter-quarters at Copenhagen."

"Indeed!"

"Will you not join us? I have no doubt it will be the rarest fun—and I am sure the colonel would not have the least objection to your being of our party." [525]

"Thank you!" said I drily, "I am afraid I should be rather in the way. And how are our old friends Krauss and Bartenstein, and the rest?"

"All well and all here! Come along with me, we are just going to dinner, and you positively must spend an hour with us. Not that way!" said my friend, as I was making for one of the larger hotels, at the door of which two waiters were waving napkins, as if to allure the unwary passenger—"not that way! We have a quiet *gast-haus* of our own, and I think I can promise you a tolerable spread."

I yielded to the suggestion, and accompanied Herrmann down a back street until we reached a tavern, which, certainly, I would not have been inclined to select as my own peculiar domicile. Several Wurtemberg soldiers were smoking their pipes in the passage, and the aroma which issued from the *Stuben* was far more pungent than pleasant. We ascended a wooden stair leading to an upper apartment, in which a number of officers were already seated at table.

"Whom do you think I have here?" cried Herrmann. "Krauss, Offenbach, Bartenstein—have you forgot our old friend the Freyherr von Dunshunner?"

In an instant I was pounced upon by Krauss, who, after a hug of German fraternity, passed me to his nearest comrade; and in this way I made the round of the table, until I emerged from the arms of an aged major, as odorous as Cadwallader when mounted on his goat after a liberal luncheon upon leeks.

I used to like the German officers. They were a frank, good-humoured, rough-and-ready sort of

fellows, decently educated, as times go, and easily and innocently amused. I would rather, however, not mess with them, for they are extremely national and economical in their diet; and I never throve much upon the bread soup, sauer kraut, and pork, which constitute the staple of their entertainments. But I was gratified at meeting once more with old companions, though under circumstances singularly changed. The senior officers, I could see, were not very sanguine as to the results of their expedition, and it was only among the younger portion that any enthusiasm was exhibited. So we talked a great deal, and consumed a considerable quantity of indifferent Moselle, until a messenger announced that time was up, and the steamer ready to depart. I accompanied my friends to the quay, and bade them farewell, with a strong conviction that, from the present state of European affairs, it was highly improbable that we should ever meet again.

Two days afterwards I arrived at Frankfort, every hour upon the road having afforded farther evidence of the entire disorganisation which is prevalent throughout Germany. In Mayence, that strong garrison town, any thing but a friendly feeling subsists between the military and the populace. The latter, long accustomed to strict rule, have become turbulent and insolent, never omitting any opportunity of displaying their ill-will, especially to the Austrians, who have as yet received such demonstrations with the phlegm peculiar to their nation. But it is very evident that the Austrian soldiery are sick of this order of things, and that, whenever an opportunity of action may occur, they will not be slow in taking a summary vengeance on the blouses. In the mean time discipline is relaxed, and men seem hardly to know who is their legitimate master. France never yet had so good an opportunity of achieving that old object of her ambition—the boundary of the Rhine; and, in the event of a European war, it is almost certain that the attempt will be made.

Frankfort, to outward appearance, is, or at least was when I entered it, as brisk and bustling as ever. The tradesmen, with the exception of the publishers, to whom the Revolution has been a godsend, may not be driving so profitable a business, but the influx of strangers since the Assembly met has been remarkable. Here Young Germany flourishes in full unwashed and uncontrolled luxuriance. Every kind of costume which idiocy can devise is to be met with in the streets, and the conical parliamentary hat confronts you at every turn. The bustle of politics has superseded that of commerce, and the conversation relates far more to democracy than to [526] dollars. The hotels are still crowded, it being the fashion for members of the same political views to dine together at the *tables-d'hôte*—so that the traveller who is not aware of this arrangement may, by going to one house, find himself a participator in a red republican banquet; whereas, had he merely crossed the street, he might have fed with moderate conservatives. My old quarters used to be at the *Weidenbusch*; but by this time I had become so disgusted with everything savouring of liberalism that I directed the coachman to drive to the *Russischer Hof*, where I trusted to find rest and peace under the protecting shadow of Saint Nicholas.

I was leisurely washing down my evening cutlet with the contents of a flask of *Liebfrauenmilch*, and wondering whether the pleasant *cafés* outside the city gates were still in existence, when a huge colossus of a man entered the *salle-à-manger*, seated himself immediately opposite me at table, and demanded a double portion of *kalbs-braten*. I could not refrain from taking a deliberate view of the stranger. He appeared to be upwards of sixty, was curiously clad in duffle, possessed a double, nay, a triple chin, and his small pig eyes peered out from under their pent-house above a mass of pendulous and quivering cheek. His stomach, enormous in its development, seemed to extend from his neck to his knees; his short stubby fingers were girded with divers seal-rings of solid bullion, and he spoke in the husky accents of an ogre after too plentiful a repast in the nursery.

As I gazed upon this marked victim for apoplexy, his features gradually seemed to become familiar to my eyes. I was certain that I had heard that short asthmatic wheeze, and seen that pendulous lip before. Strange suspicions crossed my mind, but it was not until I saw him produce from his pocket a pipe well known to me in former days, that I felt assured of being in the presence of my old preceptor the Herr Professor Klingemann.

The worthy man had, in the mean time, honoured me with a reciprocal survey; but either his eyes had failed him, or his memory was not so retentive as mine, for he betrayed no symptoms of recognising his quondam pupil. Much affected, I rose up, extended my hand, and inquired if he did not know me.

He stared at me in bewilderment until I mentioned my name, and then suddenly, with a chuckle of delight, he extended his arms, as if to embrace me across the table—a ceremony which I wisely avoided, as I have observed that glasses broken in a hotel are invariably charged at double the original cost. I made the circuit, however, and, after undergoing the usual hug, and a world of preliminary inquiries, sat down by the side of my former guide, philosopher, and friend.

Klingemann had always been suspected to be somewhat of a democrat. He had smoked his way through all the intricate labyrinth of German philosophy, in search of what he called the universal system of reconcilement of theory, until his brain became as muddy as the Compensation Pond which supplies Edinburgh with water. Of course, as is always the case under such circumstances, he acquired a corresponding reputation for profundity, and was, by many of his students, esteemed the leading metaphysician of Europe. If a man cannot achieve any other kind of character, he has always this in reserve: if he will make a point of talking unintelligibly, and of employing words which nobody else understands, he will, in time, be raised to the level of Kant and Hegel, without giving himself any extraordinary trouble in the search for fugitive ideas. But the politics of Klingemann—at least in my university days—never used to emerge until he had

moistened his clay with a certain modicum of liquid. Then, to be sure, he would descant with almost superhuman energy upon constitutional and despotic systems. He used to demonstrate how perfect liberty was attainable by an immediate return to the noble principles of the Lacedæmonians, whose social code and black broth he esteemed as the perfection of human sagacity. He also held in deep respect the patriarchal form of government, and was of opinion that the soil of the earth belonged to nobody, but ought to be cultivated in common.

Solomon was right when he averred that there is nothing new under the sun. The principles of [527] communism, as at present advocated on the Continent by Messrs Louis Blanc and Prudhon, and in England by the unfortunate Cuffey, were long ago expounded and practised by Luckie Buchan and Mr Robert Owen. Let us be just in our movement, and pay honour where honour is due. Let those who embrace the creed do justice to the manes of its founder, and style themselves Buchanites, in veneration of that estimable woman whose attempted apotheosis has been so well described by Mr Joseph Train. Professor Klingemann, with all his erudition, had never heard of Luckie Buchan; but, for all that, he was completely of her mind. Had his views been openly promulgated, there can be little doubt that his labours in the university would have been cut short in a somewhat despotic manner; but he had sense enough to avoid observation, and never lectured upon politics except in private, to a select circle of his acolytes.

Such was Klingemann when I knew him first. We had corresponded for a short while after I left the university, but I soon got tired of the professor's hazy lucubrations, and undutifully omitted to reply, which in time produced the desired effect. For years I heard nothing of him, save on one occasion, when he did me the honour to send me a copy of his *magnum opus*, entitled "An Essay upon the Ideality, Perceptiveness, and Ratiocination of Notions," closely printed upon two thousand mortal pages of dingy paper, with a request that I would be kind enough to translate and publish it in the English language. As I bore no spite at the moment against any particular bookseller, and was by no means covetous of working out my own individual ruin, I did not think it necessary to comply with this philanthropic suggestion; and the original of the work is perfectly at the service of any gentleman who may have the fancy for attaining a European reputation. Klingemann, I dare say, was disappointed, but he bore no manner of malice.

"My dear professor," said I, "you are the last man whom I should have expected to meet in Frankfort. I thought you were far away at the university, occupied as usual with those sublime works which have made your name immortal."

"Ah, Augustus, my dear child!" replied the professor with a deep sigh, "things have strangely altered since you were here last. I used to think that I was labouring in the sphere of usefulness, by concentrating into one focus of ever-brilliant illumination the scattered rays of human idiosyncrasy and idoneousness; but I find now that, for many years, I have been sending the plummet vainly down the deep unfathomable chasm of psychology and speculation! *Wass henker!* what keeps that *schelm* with my *kalbs-braten*? No, my son; I have discovered, though late, that I am made for action, and henceforth I shall devote my energies to the amelioration of the human race."

"As how, my honoured sir? I am somewhat at a loss to understand you."

"By taking an active interest in the affairs of the outer and living man, as contradistinguished from the internal reflective being. Know, August Reignold von Dunshunner, that I am a member of the German parliament!"

"You, my dear professor! Is it possible? And yet why should I doubt?" continued I, bowing reverently to the illustrious man; "at this particular crisis, Europe imperatively needs the services of her master spirits."

"She does," replied the professor, "and Germany requires them in particular. You see our system was old and antiquated. We were pressed upon from without, and the dark subtile spirit of the Metternichian policy spread like a poisonous miasmatical exhalation over the whole surface of the land. It was time to alter these things—full time that the most gigantically-gifted and heroical race of the world should escape from the insidious fetters of a low and degrading despotism!"

"Pardon me, my dear professor, but so long a time has elapsed since I left the university, that I can hardly follow the meaning of some of these very lengthy words. But am I right in addressing you by your academic title? Do you still retain possession of your chair?"

"Of course," replied Klingemann, with a twinkle of his eye. "I should like to see any of the princes [528] venture just now to infringe the rights of the universities! Our noble German youth have been the first to assert the grand principle of unity, and future ages will record with triumph their deeds at the barricades of Vienna and of Berlin."

"And your salary?"

"I draw it still, with compensation for the loss of students."

"That must be a pleasant arrangement!"

"It is. I have left my lectures with a famulus to be read next winter, in case there should be any class. But, before then, I expect that Germany will require the active service of its youth."

"Indeed!" said I; "are you then apprehensive of a general European war?"

The learned man made no reply, being intently occupied with his victuals. There was silence in the room for about a quarter of an hour, until the professor, having finished his meal, and mopped up the last drop of gravy with a morsel of bread which he incontinently devoured, removed the napkin from his bosom, filled out a tumbler of Moselle, and thus resumed:—

"Hear me, young man! I always loved you; for, in the midst of a certain frivolity of disposition, I discerned the traces of a strong practical enterprising genius. Nay—I am serious. Often, in the course of the speculations which have been forced upon me, during the late headlong current of events, have I thought of you in connexion with the coming destinies of your country. For—do not mistake my meaning—the avalanche which is now sliding down the mountain, with terrific velocity, will not stay itself until it reaches the valley. The rights of the people are not the sole object of the present movement. The awakening of the great heart of Germany is the mere prelude to events that will upset monarchies, overthrow thrones, and shatter society to its deepest foundations, until, by an unerring law of nature, which provides that light shall emerge from darkness, order will uprear itself from the shattered elemental chaos, and the work of social reorganisation be commenced anew. You see my purpose?"

"Why, to say the truth, profoundest of professors, I have not the slightest glimmering of your drift!"

"You are dull, Herr von Dunshunner!" replied Klingemann, knitting his brows—"much duller than I could have expected from one who has attended my lectures. In Britain, you have not yet attained that point of exalted *rationalismus*, from which alone the true surface of society can be surveyed. You think, I presume, that your own present system of government is perfect?"

"If you mean government by Queen, Lords, and Commons, I am clearly of opinion that it is. But if you mean to ask my impressions of the present Cabinet, I rather think I should give you a very different answer."

"You mistake me altogether," replied the professor. "What are you, in Britain but a heterogeneous mixture of all possible races, without unity of blood, and sometimes even unity of language? Are not Celt and Saxon, Dane and Norman, jumbled together in the great social sphere? And can you expect, out of these warring elements, ever to produce harmony? No, August Reignold! One great error—the total disregard of unity of race—has hitherto been the enormous stumbling-block in the way of human perfection, and it is for the cure of that error that Germany has arisen from her sleep!"

"And what the deuce—excuse my profanity—do you intend to do?"

"To reunite and reconstitute the nations upon the foundation of unity of race," replied the professor.

"It would be rather a difficult thing to accomplish in my case, professor." I replied. "Without raising a multiplepoinding; as we say in Scotland, I could hardly ascertain to which race I really belong. My father was a Saxon, my mother a Celt—I have a cross of the Norman ancestry, and a decided dash of the Dane. It would defy anatomy to rank me!"

"In cases of admixture," said the professor, lighting his pipe—"which, be it remarked, are the exceptions, and not the rule—we are willing to admit the minor test of language. Now, observe. [529]
Western Europe—for we need not complicate ourselves with the Sclavonic question—may be considered as occupied by four different races. It is, I believe, quite possible to reduce them to three, but, in order to avoid controversy, I am willing to take the higher number. In this way we should have, instead of many separate states, merely to undertake the arrangement or federalisation of four distinct races—the Latin, the Teutonic, the Celtic, and Scandinavian. Each tree should be allowed to grow separately, but all its branches should be interwoven together, and the result will be a harmony of system which the world has never yet attained."

"You hold France to be Celtic, I presume, professor?"

"Decidedly. The southern portion has an infusion of Latin, and the northern of Scandinavian blood; but the preponderance lies with the Celt."

"And who do you propose should join with France?"

"Three-fourths of Ireland, the Highlands of Scotland, Wales, and the Basque Provinces."

"So far well.—And England?"

"England is confessedly Saxon; and, as such, the greater portion of her territory must be annexed to Germany."

"While Northumberland and the Orkney islands are handed over to Scandinavia! I'll tell you what, professor—you'll excuse my freedom; but, although I have heard a good deal of nonsense in the course of my life, this idea of yours is the most preposterous that was ever started."

"We are acting upon it, however," replied Klingemann; "for it is upon that principle we are claiming Schleswig from Denmark, and Limburg from the crown of Holland. But for that principle we should be clearly wrong, since it is admitted that, in all past time, the Eyder has been the boundary of Germany. All territorial limits, however, must yield to unity of race."

"May I ask if there are many members of the German parliament who favour the same theory?"

"A good many—at least of the left section."

"They must be an enlightened set of legislators! Take my word for it, professor, you will have enough to do in settling the affairs of Germany Proper, without meddling with any of your neighbours."

"It must be owned," said the professor, "that we still require a good deal of internal arrangement. We have our fleet to build."

"A fleet!—what can you possibly want with a fleet? And if you had one, where are your harbours?"

"That is a point for after consideration," replied Klingemann. "I am not much acquainted with maritime matters, because I never have seen the sea; but we consider a fleet as quite essential, and are determined to build one. Then there is the settlement of religious differences. That, I own, gives me some anxiety."

"Why should it, in a country where three-fourths of the population, thanks to metaphysics, are rationalists?"

"I do not know. There is a proposal to construct a pantheon, somewhat on the principle of the Valhalla, in which men of all sects may worship; but I am strongly impressed with the propriety of a unity of creed as well as a unity of race."

"And this creed you would make compulsive?"

"To be sure. We expect obedience to the laws—that is, to our laws, when we shall have made them; and I cannot see why a law of worship should be less imperative than a law which binds mankind to the observance of social institutions."

Shade of Doctor Martin Luther!—this in thy native land!

"Well, professor," said I, "you have given me enough to think on for one night at least. Perhaps to-morrow you will be kind enough to take me to the parliament, and point out some of the distinguished men who are about to regenerate the world."

"Willingly, my dear boy," said the professor; "it is your parliament as well as mine, for you are clearly of the Saxon race."

"Which," interrupted I, "I intend to repudiate as soon as the partition begins; for, whatever may be doing elsewhere, there are at least no symptoms of barricades in the Highlands."

Although it exceeded the bounds of human credulity to suppose that a majority, or even a considerable section of the German parliament, entertained such preposterous ideas as those [530] which I had just heard from Klingemann, it was obvious that the supreme authority had fallen into the hands of men utterly incapable of discharging the duty of legislators to the country. A movement, commenced by the universities, and eagerly seconded by the journalists, had resulted in the abrupt recognition of universal suffrage as the basis of popular representation. There had been no intermediate stage between total absence of political privilege and the surrender of absolute power, without check or discipline, to the many. What wonder, then, if the revolution, so rashly accomplished, so weakly acquiesced in by the majority of the princes of Germany, should already be giving token of its disastrous fruit? What wonder if the representatives of an excited and turbulent people should carry with them, to the grave deliberations of the senate, the same wild and crude ideas which were uppermost in the minds of their constituency? It needed but a glance at the parliamentary list to discover that, among the men assembled in the church of St Paul, there were hardly any fitted, from previous experience, to undertake the delicate task of reconstructing the constitutions of Germany. There were plenty of professors—men who had dreamed away the best part of their lives in abstract contemplation, but who never had mingled with the world, and who formed their sole estimate of modern society from the books and traditions of the past. The recluse scholar is proverbially a man unfit to manage his own affairs, much less to direct the destinies of nations; and all experience has shown that the popular estimate has, in this instance, been strictly true. There were poets of name and note, whose strains are familiar throughout Europe; but, alas! it is in vain to expect that the power of Orpheus still accompanies his art, and that the world can be governed by a song. There were political writers of the Heine school, enthusiastic advocates of systems which they could neither defend nor explain—worshippers of Mirabeau and of the heroes of the French Revolution—and most of them imbued with such religions and social tenets as were promulgated by Thomas Paine. There were burghers and merchants from the far cities, who, since the days of their studentism, had fattened on tobacco and beer; gained small local reputations by resisting the petty tyranny of some obnoxious burgo-master; and who now, in consequence of the total bouleversement of society, find themselves suddenly exalted to a position of which they do not understand the duties, or comprehend the enormous responsibility. Political adventurers there were of every description, but few members of that class which truly represents the intelligence and property of the country. In the preliminary assembly, the names of five or six mediatised princes—particularly those of the house of Hohenlohe—and of several of the higher nobility, were to be found. Few such names occur in the present roll,—the only mediatised member is the prince of Waldburg-Zeil-Trauchburg. This is ominous of the tendency of the parliament, and of its pure democratic condition.

So much I had learned from a perusal of the debates, which are now regularly published at Frankfort, and which hereafter may be considered as valuable documents, illustrating the rise

and progress of revolution. But I was curious to see, with my own eyes, the aspect of the German parliament, and not a little pleased to find that my old friend, the professor, was punctual in keeping his appointment.

Saint Paul's church, a circular building of no great architectural merit, has been appropriated as the theatre of council. Thither every morning, a crowd of the enthusiastic Frankforters, and crazy students in their mediæval garbs, repair to pack the galleries, and bestow their applause upon the speeches of their favourite members. It is needless to say that, the more democratic the harangue, the more liberal is the tribute of cheering. The back benches on one side of the main body of the hall are reserved for the ladies, who, in Frankfort at least, are keen partisans of revolution. The volubility with which these fair creatures discuss the affairs of state, and questions of political economy which the science of Miss Martineau could not unravel, is really [531] quite astounding. Whenever you meet a German woman now, you may prepare to hear a tirade upon popular freedom: they are, as might be expected, even more bitter than the men in their denunciation of artificial rank; nor do they seem to be in the slightest degree aware of the fact, that of all hideous objects on earth, the worst is a patriot in petticoats. I have heard such venom and bloodthirstiness expressed by a pair of coral lips that, upon the whole, I should rather have preferred soliciting a salute from Medusa.

Above the president's chair, and painted in fresco upon the wall, is a very dirty figure intended to represent Germania, clad in garments which, at first sight, appeared to be covered with a multitude of black beetles. On a more close inspection, however, you discover that these are diminutive eagles; but I can hardly recommend the pattern. The president, Von Gagern, a tall, dark, fanatic-looking man, is seated immediately below, and confronts the most motley assemblage of men that I ever had the fortune to behold.

Klingemann, having intimated to me that it was not his intention to illuminate the mind of Germany that day by any elaborate discourse, was kind enough to place himself beside me, and perform the part of cicerone. My first impression, on surveying the sea of heads in the assembly, was decidedly unfavourable; for I could hardly discern amongst the ranks one single individual whose appearance bespoke him to be a gentleman. The countenances of the members were generally mean and vulgar, and in many cases absurdly bizarre. Near me sate an old pantaloon, with a white beard flowing over a frogged surtout, his head surmounted with a black velvet scull-cap, which gave him all the appearance of a venerable baboon just escaped from the operation of trepanning, and a staff of singular dimensions in his hand. This, Klingemann told me, was Professor Jahn, formerly of Freiburg, and surnamed the father of gymnastics.

This superannuated acrobat seemed to be the centre of a group of literary notables, for my friend pointed out in succession, and with great pride, the burley forms of Dahlman and other thoroughgoing professors. In fact, one large section of the hall was nothing but a Senatus Academicus.

"But where," said I, "are the poets? I am very curious to see the collection of modern minstrels. I presume that young fellow with the black beard, who is firing away in the tribune, and bawling himself hoarse, must be one of them. He can, at all events, claim the possession of a full share of godlike insanity."

"He is not a poet," replied the professor; "that is Simon of Treves, a very intelligent young man, though a little headstrong. I wish he would be somewhat milder in his manner."

"Nay, he seems to be suiting the action to the word, according to the established rules of rhetoric. So far as I can understand him, he is just suggesting that divers political opponents, whom he esteems reactionary, should be summarily ejected from the window!"

"Ah, good Simon!—but we have all been young once," said the professor. "After all, he is a stanch adherent of unity."

"Yes—I daresay he would like to have every thing his own way, in which case a certain ingenious machine for facilitating decapitation would probably come into vogue. But the poets?"

"You see that old man over yonder, with the calm, benignant, nay, seraphic expression of countenance, which betokens that his soul is at this moment far withdrawn from its earthly tabernacle, and wandering amidst those paradisaical regions where unity and light prevail."

"Do you allude to that respectable gentleman, rather up in years, who seems to me to have swallowed verjuice after his coffee this morning, or to be labouring under a severe attack of toothache?"

"Irreverend young man! Know that is Ludwig Uhland."

"You don't mean to say that that crossgrained surly old fellow is the author of the famous ballads!" exclaimed I. "Why, there is a snarl on his visage that might qualify him to sit for a fancy portrait of Churchill in extreme old age!"

"He is the last of a great race. Look yonder, at that other venerable figure——" [532]

"The gentleman who is twiddling his stick across his arm, as though he were practising the bars of a fandango? Who may he be?"

"Arndt, the great composer. Have you men like him in your British parliament?"

"Why, I must confess we have not yet thought of ransacking the orchestra for statesmen. Any more?"

"Yes. You see that tall grizzled man over the way. That is Anastasius Grün."

"Graf von Auersperg? Well, he is a gentleman at least; though, as to poetical pretension, I have always considered him very much on a par with Dicky Milnes. But where are your statesmen, professor? Where are the men who have made politics the study of their lives, who have mastered the theories of government and the science of economics, and who have all the different treaties of Europe at the ends of their fingers?"

"As we are commencing a new era," replied Klingemann, "we need none of those. Treaties, ideologically considered, are merely the exponents of the position of past generations, and bear no reference to the future, the tendency of which is lost in the mists of eternity. Such men as you describe we had under the Metternich system, but we have discarded them all with their master."

"Then I must say that, idiotically considered, you have done a very foolish thing. Where at least are your financiers?"

"My dear friend, I must for once admit that you have stumbled on a weak point. We are very much in want of a financier indeed. Would you believe it? the sum of five florins a-day, which is the amount of recompense allowed to each member of the Assembly, has been allowed to fall into arrear!"

"What! do each of these fellows get five florins a-day, in return for cobbling up the Empire? Then it is very easy to see that, unless the exchequer fails altogether, the parliament will never be prorogued."

"Certainly not until it has completed the task of adjusting a German constitution," observed the professor.

"Which is just saying the same thing in different words. But, pray, what is exciting this storm of wrath in the bosom of the respectable Mr Simon?"

"He is merely denouncing the sovereigns and the aristocracy. It is a favourite topic. But look there! that is a great man—ah, a very great man indeed!"

Without challenging the claim of the individual indicated to greatness, I am committing no libel when I designate him as the very ugliest man in Europe. The broad arch of his face was fringed with a red bush of furzy hair. His eyes were inflamed and pinky, like those of a ferret labouring under opthalmia, and his nose, mouth, and tusks, bore a palpable resemblance to the muzzle of the bulldog. Altogether, it is impossible to conceive a more thoroughly forbidding figure. This was Robert Blum, the well-known publisher of Leipzig, who has put himself prominently forward from the very commencement of the movement; and who, possessing a certain power of language which may pass with the multitude for eloquence, and professing opinions of extreme democratic tendency, has gained a popularity and power in Frankfort, which is not regarded without uneasiness by the members of the more moderate party. As this worthy was a bookseller, and Klingemann still in possession of piles of unpublished manuscript, I could understand and forgive the enthusiasm and veneration of the latter.

Simon having concluded his inflammatory harangue, the tribune was next occupied by a person of a different stamp. He was, I think, without any exception, the finest-looking man in the Assembly—in the prime of manhood, tall, handsome, and elegantly dressed, and bearing, moreover, that unmistakeable air which belongs to the polished gentleman alone. His manner of speaking was hasty, and not such as might be approved of by the practised debater, but extremely fluent and energetic; and it was evident that Simon and his confederates writhed under the castigation which, half-seriously, half-sarcastically, the bold orator unsparingly [533] bestowed. Judging from the occasional hisses, the speaker seemed no favourite either with the members of the extreme left or with the galleries; but probably he was used to such manifestations, for he went through his work undauntedly. I asked his name. It was Felix, Prince of Lichnowsky.

Poor Lichnowsky! a few weeks after I saw him in the Assembly, he was barbarously and brutally murdered by savages at the gate of Frankfort—the flesh cut off his arms with scythes—his body put up as a target for their balls—and every execrable device of ingenuity employed to prolong his suffering. O ye who wink at revolutions abroad, and who would stimulate the populace to excess—ye who, in days past, have written or been privy to letters from the Home Office, conniving at undeniable treason—think of this scene, and repent of your miserable folly! In a civilised city—among a Christian and educated population—that deed of hideous atrocity was perpetrated at noon-day: the young life of one of the most accomplished and chivalrous cavaliers of Europe was torn from him piecemeal, in a manner which humanity shudders to record, and for no other reason than because he had stood forth as the advocate of constitutional order! Liberal historians, in their commentaries upon the first French Revolution, spare no pains to argue us into the conviction that such tragedies as that of the Princess de Lamballe could not be enacted save amongst a people degraded and brutalised by long centuries of misgovernment, oppression, and superstition. They have lied in saying so. A pack of famished wolves is not so merciless as a human mob, when drunk with the revolutionary puddle; and were the strong arm of the law once paralysed in Britain, we should inevitably become the spectators, if not the victims, of the same butcheries which have disgraced almost every country in Europe now clamouring for

independence and unity. The sacerdotal robes of the Archbishop of Paris—the gray hairs of Major von Auerswaldt—the station and public virtue of the Counts of Lamburg, Zichy, and Latour—could not save these unhappy men from a fate far worse than simple assassination: and this century and year have likewise been reserved for the unexampled abomination of Christian men adopting cannibalism, and feeding upon human flesh, as was the case not a month ago at Messina! Well might Madame Roland exclaim, "O Liberty! what things are done in thy name!" Poor Lichnowsky! Better had he fallen on the fields of Spain, in the combat for honour and loyalty, with the red steel in his hand, and the flush of victory on his brow, than have perished so miserably by the hands of the cowardly and rascal rout of the *free* city of Frankfort!

"That's Zitz of Mayence," said the professor, as a heavy-looking demagogue stumbled clumsily up to the tribune.

"Oh! that's Zitz, is it?" replied I. "Well, professor, I think I have had quite enough of the Assembly for one morning, and as I feel a certain craving for a cigar, I think I shall leave you for the present."

"Won't you dine to-day at the Swan?" said Klingemann, "most of my friends of the left frequent the *table-d'hote* there, and I should like to introduce you to Zitz."

"Thank you!" said I, "I shall be punctual, and pray keep a place for me;" and so for the present we parted.

"The dunderheads!" thought I, as I emerged into the street and lit an undeniable havannah, "here is a nation which, for thirty years past, has been eating its *sauer-kraut* and sausages in peace, paying almost no taxes, and growing its own wine and tobacco, about to be plunged into irretrievable misery and ruin, by a set of selfish hounds who look to nothing beyond their stipend of five florins a-day! Heaven help the idiots! what would they be at? They have got all manner of constitutions, liberty of the press—though there is not a man in Germany who could write a decent leading article—and a great deal more freedom than is good for them already. And now the world is to be turned upside down, because a parcel of trash, not a whit more respectable than Cuffey and his confederates, and very nearly as stupid, have taken the notion of unity into their heads, and are resolved to build up, with rotten bricks, the ricketty structure of an empire. [534] Nicholas, my dear friend, there is work chalked out for you, and ready. If these scum presume to meddle with their neighbours, they must be crushed like a hive of hornets; and I do not know any foot so heavy and elephantine as your own!"

Pondering these things deeply, I strolled on from shop to shop, gleaning everywhere as I went statistics touching the manner in which our free-trade innovations have affected the industry of Great Britain. For a year and a half, the boot and shoe trade has been remarkably thriving; the London market being the most profitable in the world, and nothing but British gold exported in return. As to cotton manufactures, Belgium and Switzerland have the monopoly of Southern Germany. The trade in Bohemian glass is rapidly superseding at home the labour of the silversmith. A complete service, so beautiful that it might be laid out on the table of a prince, costs about thirty pounds; and the names of the British magnates, which the dealer pointed to with ineffable triumph as purchasers, were so numerous as to convince me that the deteriorating influence of free trade was rapidly rising upwards. The same may be said of the cutlery, which is now sent to undersell the product of the British artisan in his own peculiar market. When we couple those facts, which may be learned in every Continental town, with the state of our falling revenue, and the grievous direct burden which is imposed upon us in the shape of property and income tax, it is difficult for any Briton to understand upon what grounds the financial reputation of Sir Robert Peel is based, or to comprehend the wisdom of adhering to a system which sacrifices every thing in favour of the foreigner, and brings us in return no earthly recompense or gain.

I duly kept my engagement at the Swan, and was introduced by the Professor to Zitz, Gervinus, and some more of the radical party. The dinners at the Swan are unexceptionable; indeed, out of Paris, it is impossible to discover better.

"What do you think of our German parliament?" asked a deputy of the name of Neukirch, next whom I was seated. "It must be an interesting sight for an Englishman to behold the aspirations of our rising freedom."

"Oh, charming!" I replied: "and such splendid oratory—we have nothing like it in the House of Commons."

"Do you really think so?" said Neukirch, looking absurdly gratified.

"I do indeed. The speech which I had the privilege of hearing this morning from the gentleman opposite—" here I bowed to Simon of Treves, who was picking the backbone of a pike—"was equal to the most elaborate efforts of our greatest orator, Mr Chisholm Anstey. It is not often that one has the fortune to listen to such talent combined with patriotism!"

"You speak like a man of sense," said the flattered Simon. "I believe that I have given those infernal princes their gruel. Lichnowsky had better hold his peace, for the time is coming when a sharp reckoning must be held between the aristocrats and the people."

"*Potz tausend!*" cried Zitz, "do they think to lord it over us longer with their stars and ribbons? I hold myself to be as good a man as any grand-duke of them all, and a great deal better than some

I could name who would give a trifle to be out of Germany."

"And how does the cause of democracy progress in England?" asked Neukirch. "We are somewhat surprised to find that, after all the preparation, there has been no revolution in London."

"As to that," said I, "you must hardly judge us too rashly. Two distinguished patriots, called Ernest Jones and Fussell, were desirous of raising barricades; but, somehow or other, the plan was communicated to Government, the troops refused to fraternise, and the attempt was postponed for the present."

"I see!" cried Zitz, "Russian influence has been at work in England too. Nicholas has been sowing his gold, and the fruit is continued tyranny."

"The fact is," said I, "though I would not wish it to be repeated, that a good many of us are of [535] opinion that we have no tyranny at all, but rather more freedom than is absolutely necessary for our happiness."

"No tyranny!" shouted Zitz; "is there not a chamber of peers?"

"Too much freedom!" roared Simon of Treves; "have you not an Established Church?"

"Is not your sovereign a niece of the odious despot of Hanover?" asked Neukirch.

"Is there not a heavy tax on tobacco?" inquired my friend and preceptor Klingemann.

"Gentlemen all," said I, "these things must perforce be admitted. We have a chamber of peers, and are thankful for it, because it curbs democracy in the Commons. We have an Established Church, and we honour it, because it has taught the people to fear their Creator and to reverence their queen. Our sovereign is a niece of the King of Hanover, and she has no reason whatever to be ashamed of the connexion. And as to the article of tobacco, I may remark to my learned friend the professor, that revenue must necessarily be raised, and that, moreover, I have not smoked a single decent cigar since I set foot in Germany."

"These are reactionary doctrines!" growled Zitz; "I fear you are no true friend of the people."

"A firmer one never sat under the sign of Geordie Buchanan," said I; "but I suspect your estimate of the people is somewhat different from mine. Pray, Herr Neukirch, will you pardon the curiosity of a stranger, if I ask one or two questions upon points which I do not thoroughly comprehend? I observe, from the tenor of the proclamations issued by Herr von Soiron, that you contemplate the erection of one free, united, and indissoluble Germany."

"That is precisely our object."

"Then, am I right in holding that the Reichsverweser concentrates in his own person the whole power and puissance of the different states?"

"Just so. He is president of Germany."

"So that with him and his council rest the whole responsibility of disposing of the troops of the confederation, of making treaties, of proclaiming peace and war, of regulating coinage and customs, and, in fact, of exerting every royal prerogative?"

"Always with consent of the German parliament," said Zitz. "You may believe we are not such fools as to substitute one tyrant for thirty-eight."

"Then, gentlemen, it appears to me that your whole scheme, upon which I am not qualified to express an opinion, resolves itself into one of extensive and entire mediatisation. If the Emperor of Austria and the King of Prussia have no power to declare peace or war—if their armies are to obey the orders of the central power at Frankfort—it will follow, as a matter of course, that their kingly privileges are at an end. The interchange of ambassadors with foreign states will be a ceremony so clearly futile that it must at once be abandoned, and the monarchs will become merely the first of a titular nobility."

"That is the inevitable and glorious consequence!" cried my new acquaintance, Neukirch. "You see the whole subject in its proper light. First, we clip the wings of the princes till they can do no more than hop about their own home-yards; then we control the proceedings of the Reichsverweser by a parliament elected on the principles of universal suffrage; and finally, we can eject the puppet if necessary, and resolve ourselves into a pure democracy."

"One thing, then," said I, "is only wanting for this desirable consummation, and that is, the consent of the princes. I admit that you may have little trouble with Baden, Wurtemberg, and the like, but what say Austria, Prussia, and Bavaria to this wholesale abdication of their thrones?"

"We don't affect to deny that there may be a crisis approaching. Austria has her hands full for the present with Italy and Hungary, and has given no definite reply. But the clubs are strong and active at Vienna, and on the very first opportunity you will see a general rising. 'Anarchy first—order afterwards,' is our motto. Then, as to Prussia, we do not want to push on matters too rapidly there. The king has been playing into our hands; and, to tell you the truth, we depend upon him alone for the continuance of our five florins a-day. So that, in the mean time, you may [536] be sure we shall be moderate in that quarter. Bavaria may do as she pleases. If the others yield, that power must necessarily succumb."

"Then I want to understand a little about the justice of your cause. You have claimed Schleswig-Holstein as part of Germany, and you have sent German troops, for the purpose of recovering it as your right?"

"Quite true."

"And at the same time Germany, or you as its representatives, have acknowledged the right of all foreign nations to their own independence?"

"We have."

"Then, will you have the kindness to explain to me how it is that your philanthropic parliament, holding such principles, has not thought proper to insist that every Austrian soldier, belonging to the confederation, should be immediately withdrawn from Lombardy and Hungary? How is it that General Wrangel, in the north, has ceased to be a Prussian, and become a German soldier, whilst Marshal Radetsky, in the south, is fighting without remonstrance at the head of troops which you claim as your own, and against that independence of a foreign nation, which you have thought proper expressly to recognise? If Germany claims Schleswig on the ground of unity of race and language, how can she, at the same time, countenance a subordinate German power in infringing the very principle which she has so determinedly proclaimed?"

Neither on this occasion, nor on any other, could I obtain a satisfactory reply to the above question. In fact, from the very beginning, the conduct of the men who have put themselves at the head of the present movement, has been checkered by contradictions of the most glaring and obvious kind. On the fifth of May, the present vice-president, Von Soiron, put forth an address to the inhabitants of Bohemia, Moravia, and Silesia, calling upon them to co-operate and join with the German confederacy, and to send representatives to the union. Two of these states are comprised in the Austrian, and one in the Prussian dominions; *but none of them are German*. If nationality is to be recognised as the ruling principle—and the scheme of German confederation and empire contemplated nothing else—these countries would fall to be excluded, since, by language and race, they form part of a totally different branch of the European family. But before the ink on their proclamation of strict unity and independence was dry,—that proclamation containing the following remarkable words, "The Germans shall not be induced, on any consideration, to abridge or deprive other nations of that freedom and independence which they claim for themselves as their own unalienable right,"—we find the Germans calmly annexing Polish Posen to their league, proposing to include Bohemia, Moravia, and Silesia in the limits of the empire, and by their official congratulatory address to Radetsky, giving national countenance to the war of subjugation in Lombardy. Even were their case otherwise good, such acts as these form an irresistible argument against their present claim for Schleswig; for upon no principle whatever are they entitled to add, on one side, to the possessions of the empire by foreign annexation, and on the other to repudiate annexation, when in favour of a foreign power.

But it is useless, in their present state, to demand explanation from the Germans. They are like men who, in attempting to cross a ford, have been carried off their feet by the swollen waters, and are now plunging in the pool, unable to reach the shore. *Imperium in imperio* is clearly unattainable. German unity, as at present contemplated, with a common army, common taxes, and common constitutions, under one central government, can only be achieved by an entire prostration of the princes, and the abolition of the kingly dignity. Austria, Prussia, Saxony, Bavaria, and all the states, must be blotted from the map of Europe, their boundaries erased, their conditions forgotten, and their names for ever proscribed. The republican party know this well, and it is in this conviction that they are still labouring on, taking advantage of the unhappy state of Austria in relation to its foreign possessions, sympathising with the Hungarian revolt, and [537] exciting the clubs at Vienna; whilst, at the same moment, they are availing themselves to the utmost of the weak and foolish blunder committed by the king of Prussia, and appealing to his own declaration in favour of German unity, whenever he shows the slightest symptom of receding from the popular path. There is hardly a shade of difference between the opinions entertained by a large mass of the Frankfort parliament, and those professed by Hecker and Struve, the leaders of the Baden insurrections. The aim of both parties was the same; but the insurgents sought to attain their end by a speedy and violent process, for which the others were not prepared. They proposed to undermine the power of the sovereigns by a continued course of agitation, to arm a burgher guard throughout Germany, as a countercheck to the troops, and, wherever it is possible, to seduce the latter from their allegiance. In this latter scheme, as recent events have shown, they have been unfortunately too successful; and the military system of Germany had afforded them great facilities. The German regiments are not, as is the case in Britain, transferred from town to town, and from province to province, in a continual round of service. They are quartered for years in the same place, make alliances with the town-folks, and become imbued with all their local and prevalent prejudices. They are, in fact, too much identified with the populace to be thoroughly relied on in the case of any sudden emeute, and too much associated with the landwehr or militia, to be ready to act against them. Let those who have not reflected upon this serious element of discord, consider what in all probability would be the state of an Irish regiment, if quartered permanently among the peasantry of Tipperary—exposed, not for a short time, but for years, to the baneful influences of agitation and deliberate seduction, and never having an opportunity of contemplating elsewhere the advantages of order and obedience? The circumscribed dimensions of some of the German states has increased this evil enormously; and the example set by General Wrangel, when, in the case of the Swedish armistice, he declared himself to be an Imperial and not a Prussian commander, cannot but have had a powerful effect in sapping the loyalty of the troops. If Wrangel took that step in consequence of secret orders

from his master, as is by no means improbable, he may be personally absolved from blame, but only by shifting to the royal shoulders such a load of obloquy and scorn as never monarch carried before. If, on the contrary, Wrangel did this on his own authority, the Prussian government has evinced lamentable weakness, in not having him tried by a court-martial, and shot for audacious treason.

If the monarchies of Germany are to be preserved, it must be through the resolution of the troops. A congress is at this moment obviously impossible, nor can it be attempted until the Frankfort parliament has ran its course—a consummation which some people think is not only devoutly to be desired, but very near at hand. Things have now gone so far, that it is difficult to see how any kind of order can be restored, without the disastrous alternative of commotion and civil war. There are again symptoms of republican gatherings in the north, which Prussia cannot this time overlook, without sacrificing the fragments of her honour. At Vienna, the insurrection has been successful. The emperor has, a second time, quitted Schönbrunn, and has openly announced that, when he next returns to his capital, it will be at the head of an avenging army. There is nothing improbable in this announcement. The Austrian army is less liable to the impairing influence already noticed than that of any other German state; and though there never was a time when its services were so urgently required at so many menacing points as at the present, there may yet be strength enough left to crush the insurgent capital. Of course, in such an event, all men may be prepared to hear from the liberals the same howl of horror which issued from their sympathising throats, when the populace of Naples manfully and boldly espoused the cause of their legitimate sovereign. Sicilian cannibalism can be pardoned, but Neapolitan loyalty, never!

It is a vain dream to associate German unity with the existing system of principalities. Whether [538]
Von Gagern is really in earnest, in attempting to labour towards this end, or whether he is merely keeping up the appearance of such a union, for the purpose of paving the way to a more sweeping measure of democracy, may be the subject of legitimate doubt. If the former be the case, he has committed a grave error, in allowing the Diet to be annihilated. Though difficult, it was by no means impossible to have adjusted the separate constitutions of the German states upon a liberal basis, and to have devolved upon the chambers the right of nominating the members of the imperial diet. Such a system might have secured as much unity of purpose as was requisite for general administration, without resorting to the dangerous experiment of a parliament elected by universal suffrage. But nothing of this sort was attempted. On the contrary, the Diet fell without a struggle: its old functions had ceased when Prussia deserted it for the carrying out an independent policy of her own; and no one attempted to resuscitate it by the infusion of novel blood.

Notwithstanding such charm as might be derived from the society of Messrs Zitz, Simon, and Co., and the fund of information which professor Klingemann was ever ready to pour into my ear, I soon became tired of Frankfort, and betook myself to the watering-places. This was a good year for calculating what proportion of the company usually located during the summer months at Wiesbaden, Homburg, and Baden, sought those places for the benefit of the Hygeian springs, in contradistinction to those whose main attraction was the Casino. The number of the former class, I should say, was comparatively small. Although one cannot feel much sympathy for such nests of gambling, maintained, to the discredit of the smaller German princes, for the sake of the revenue obtained from the Israelitish proprietors of the banks, it was yet painful to observe the dull appearance of the towns. There was hardly any remnant of that gaiety and sprightliness, which used to characterise these haunts of fashion and dissipation—none of the equipages which were wont to roll along the environs, with ducal coronets on their blazon. The bazaars were deserted: the *tables-d'hôte* miserably attended. If thirty people assembled in one of the great saloons, which formerly used to be occupied by two hundred, the countenance of the host relaxed, and lie evidently caught at the circumstance, as a gleam of returning prosperity. There were still one or two desperate gamblers to be seen at the roulette and rouge-et-noir tables, staking their gold with as much eagerness and stern determination as ever; but, in general, there seemed to prevail such a serious scarcity of bullion, that those who possessed any were chary of hazarding their florins. The brass bands still played as of yore, but their music sounded dull and melancholy. Few subscribed to raffles, and the balls were miserable failures.

The state of the small capitals is still worse. Darmstadt, never a lively town, is literally shut up. You may wander through the streets of Carlsruhe, as in the solitudes of Balbec, wondering what on earth can have become of the whole population, and not be able to solve the problem, unless, indeed, you should happen to hear the clattering of the hoofs of the Baden cavalry awakening the dormant echoes of the street. Then, with a shrill whoop of "Hier kommt die Badische cavallerie!" man, woman, and child,—chambermaid and waiter, rush to the windows to admire the exciting spectacle of their native heroes, mounted upon animals not very much larger than ponies, and, the moment the procession has passed, relapse into the same state of somnolency as before. The palaces do not seem to be occupied, and the voice of the syrens on the boards of the theatres is mute.

Perfectly disgusted with the change, which was too conspicuous everywhere, I bent my way towards Switzerland; and there, amidst the mountains, snows, cascades and glaciers of the Oberland, strove to banish from my mind all thoughts of revolution and its concomitant ruin. But Switzerland has suffered, in its way, almost as much as Germany. Although the central point of Europe to which the steps of the tourists tend, it furnishes ample proof of the general consternation and misery in its lonely roads and empty hotels. There are no English travelling [539]

abroad this year. Sometimes you encounter an American party who have crossed the Atlantic, curious to see how the old countries are getting on in their novel craze for republican institutions, but the staple of the travelling commodity consists of Italian refugees from Lombardy. These men also seem to have adopted a kind of mediæval garb, more graceful than that of the Germans, and are, to outward appearance, no despicable specimens of humanity. They vapour and bluster, largely about their exertions for Italian independence, though I never could meet with one who had actually struck a blow in its behalf. They were furious at Charles Albert, whom they characterised as a "traditore sceleratissimo," and vaunted that, but for him and his Piedmontese troops, they would long ago have freed their country from the grasp of the Austrians. I was not altogether able to comprehend by what process of ratiocination these illustrious exiles arrived at this result. It would appear odd if they could not accomplish, with the aid of allies, the very same task for which they asserted their notorious unassisted competency. This is a political riddle of such a nature, that I shall not attempt to solve it.

It is, however, comfortable to remark, that Swiss industry, in many of its branches, still continues undiminished. The squat and unwholesome hunter, who for years has infested the Rosenthal, still pursues his prey, in the shape of the unwary traveller, with perpetual impudence and importunity. Out of his clutches you cannot get, until you have purchased, at triple its artificial value, the wooden effigy of a chamois, a horn whistle, or the image of an Alpine cow; and even after you have made your escape, crossed the bridge, and are in full retreat up the valley, you hear him clamouring behind you with offers of a staff to sell. From every cottage-door rush forth hordes of uncompromising children; nay, they surprise you in the very wastes, far from any human dwelling, and their only cry is "*Batzen!*" Approach a waterfall, and you are immediately surrounded by a plump of those juvenile Cossacks, seizing hold of your skirts, thrusting their hands upwards in your face, and denying you one moment's leisure to survey the scene. Their yelp for pence is heard above the sullen roaring of the cataract. In vain you take to flight—they cleave to you like a swarm of midges. You leap brook, scale bank, and scour across the meadow towards the road, but you fare no better than the Baron of Cranstoun in his race with the Goblin Page; and at last are compelled to ransom yourself by parting with the whole of the change in your possession.

If I can judge from the present temper of the Swiss, they are not likely to return a very complacent answer to the charge made against them by the central power at Frankfort, of having harboured Struve and his gang. The German troubles have kept back so many visitors from their country, that the Swiss are not inclined to be particular as to the political opinions of any one who may favour them with a sojourn; and in the present state of matters it is rather difficult to determine who are rebels or the reverse. Bitterly at this moment is Switzerland execrating a revolution which has entailed upon her consequences almost equivalent to the total failure of a harvest.

After spending a fortnight among the mountains, I retraced my steps to Frankfort. There I discovered that, in the interim, some little change had taken place in the aspect of political affairs. Prussia had at length taken heart of grace, and had remonstrated against the arbitrary refusal of the armistice with Denmark, which she had been expressly empowered, by the authority of the Reichsverweser, to conclude. This tardy recognition of the laws of honour had, of course, given enormous umbrage to the Frankforters, who now considered themselves as the supreme arbiters of peace or war in Europe; the more so, because they were not called upon to pay a single farthing of the necessary expenses. They appeared to think that, *jure divino*, they were entitled to the gratuitous services of the Prussian and Hanoverian armies; and, with that sublime disregard of cost which we are all apt to feel when negotiating with our neighbours' money, they were furious at any interruption of the war unworthily commenced against their [540]
small but spirited antagonist. Such, at least, was the feeling among the burghers, in which they were powerfully encouraged by the co-operation of the women. It is a singular fact that, in times of revolution, the fair sex is always inclined to push matters to greater extremity than the other, for what reason it is literally impossible to say. I had the pleasure of spending an evening at a social reunion in Frankfort, and can aver that the sentiments which emanated from the ladies would have done no discredit to Demoiselle Theroigne de Mericourt in the midst of the Reign of Terror.

But other motives than those of mere abstract democracy had some influence with the members of the parliament. Many of them who, in the first instance, had voted for the peremptory infraction of the armistice, were fully aware that they could not afford as yet to affront Prussia, or to give her an open pretext for resiling from the movement party. Such a step would have been tantamount to annihilation, and therefore they were disposed to succumb. Others, I verily believe, thought seriously upon their five florins a-day. Hitherto Prussia had been the only state which had granted a monetary contingent, and to refuse compliance with her wishes would inevitably involve a sacrifice of the goose that furnished the supply of metallic eggs. Therefore, after a long and rather furious debate, the assembly retracted their former decision, and consented to a cessation of hostilities.

A parliament, chosen upon the basis of universal suffrage, is only safe when its opinions coincide with those of the mob. In the present instance they were directly counter to the sweet will of the populace, and of course the decision was received with every symptom of turbulence.

"Professor," said I to my learned friend, on the evening after this memorable debate, "you have given one sensible vote to-day, and I hope you will never repent of it. But, if you will take my advice, you will do well to absent yourself from the parliament to-morrow. There are certain

symptoms going on in the streets which I do not altogether like, for they put me forcibly in mind of what I saw in Paris this last spring; and, unless a German mob differs essentially from a French one, we shall smell gunpowder to-morrow. I should be sorry to, see my ancient preceptor fragmentally distributed as an offering to the goddess of discord."

"Don't speak of it, August Reignold, my dear boy!" said the Professor in manifest terror. "I wouldn't mind much being hauled up to a lamp-post, for I am heavy enough to break any in Frankfort down; but the bare notion of dismemberment fills my soul with fear. Well says the poet, *varium et mutabile*; and he might safely have applied it to the people. Will you believe that I, whose whole soul is engrossed with the thoughts of unity and the public weal, was actually hissed and hooted at as a traitor, when I emerged to-day from the assembly?"

"It is the penalty you must pay for your political greatness," I replied. "But, if I were you, I should back out of the thing altogether. Cobbling constitutions is rather dangerous work in such times as these; and it strikes me that your valuable health may be somewhat impaired by your exertions."

"Heaven knows," said the Professor devoutly, "that I would willingly die for my country—that is, in my bed. But I do begin to perceive that I am overworking this frail tenement of clay. Once let this crisis be past, and I shall return to the university, resume my philosophic labours, and finish my inchoate treatise upon the 'Natural History of Axioms.'"

"You will do wisely, Professor, and humanity will owe you a debt: only don't employ that fellow Blum as your publisher. *Apropos*, what is Simon, of Treves saying to this state of matters?"

"Simon of Treves," replied my learned friend, "is little better than an arrogant coxcomb. He had the inconceivable audacity to laugh in my face, when I proposed, on the ground of common ancestry, to open negotiations with the Thracians, and to ask me if it would not be desirable to include the whole of the Peloponnesus."

"He must indeed be a blockhead! Well, Professor, keep quiet for the evening, and don't show [541]
yourself in the streets. I am going to take a little stroll of observation before bed, and to-morrow morning we shall hold a committee of personal safety."

On ordinary occasions, the streets of Frankfort are utterly deserted by ten o'clock. This night, however, the case was different. Groups of ill-looking, ruffianly fellows, were collected at the corners of the streets; and more than once, beneath the blouse, I could detect the glitter of a furtive weapon. There were lights and bustle in the club-houses, and every thing betokened the approach of a popular emeute.

"You will do well," said I to the Swiss porter of the *Russischer Hof* on re-entering, "to warn any strangers in your house to keep within doors to-morrow. Unless I am strangely mistaken, we shall have a repetition of the scenes in Paris to-morrow. In the mean time, I shall trouble you for my key."

I rose next morning at six, and looked out of my window, half expecting to see a barricade; but for once I was disappointed—the Germans are a much slower set than the French. At nine, however, there were reasonable symptoms of commotion, and I could hear the hoarse roar of a mob in the distance whilst I was occupied in shaving.

Presently up came a waiter.

"The Herr Professor desires me to say that, if you have no objection, he would be glad to breakfast in your room." My apartments were on the third story.

"Show him up," said I; and my friend entered as pale as death.

"O August Reignold, this is a horrible business!"

"Pshaw!" said I, "how can you expect unity without a row?"

"But they tell me that the mob are already breaking into the assembly—into the free, inviolable, sacred parliament of Germany!"

"Is that all? They might, in my humble opinion, be doing a great deal worse."

"And they are beginning to put up barricades."

"That's serious," said I; "however, one comfort is, that they expect somebody to attack them. Take your coffee, Professor, and let us await events with fortitude. You are tolerably safe here."

The Professor groaned, for his spirit was sorely troubled. I really felt for the poor man, who was now beginning, for the first time, to taste the bitter fruits of revolution. They were as ashes in his academical mouth.

There was a balcony before my window, from which I could survey the whole of the Zeil, or principal street of Frankfort. The people were swarming below as busy as a disturbed nest of ants. A huge gang of fellows, with pickaxes, took up their post immediately in front of the hotel, and began to demolish the pavement with a tolerable show of alacrity.

"Here is the work of unity begun in earnest!" I exclaimed. "Where is your armed burgher guard now, Professor? This is a glorious development of your national theories! Quite right, gentlemen;

upset that carriage—roll out those barrels. In five minutes you will have erected as pretty a fortalice as would have crowned the sconce of Drumsnab, if Dugald Dalgetty had had his will. The arrangement also of stationing sharpshooters at the neighbouring windows is judicious. Have a care, Professor! If any of these patriots should chance to recognise a recusant member, you may possibly have the worst of it. For the sake of shelter, and to prevent accidents, I shall even put my portmanteau in front of us; for damaged linen is better than an ounce of lead in the thorax."

In a very short time the barricade, was completed, but as yet no assailants had appeared. This circumstance seemed to astonish even the insurgents, who held a consultation, and then, with tolerable philosophy, proceeded to light their pipes. They were not altogether composed of the lower orders; some of them seemed to belong to the middle-classes, and were the active directors of the defence. We could not, of course, tell what was going on in other parts of the town, for all communication was barred. Better for us it was so, for about this time Prince Lichnowsky, and Major von Auerswaldt were murdered.

A considerable period of time elapsed, and yet there was no appearance of the soldiery. I had [542] almost begun to think that the insurrection might pass away without bloodshed, when a mounted aide-de-camp rode up and conferred with the leaders on the barricade. From his gestures it was evident that he was urging them to disperse, but this they peremptorily refused. Shortly afterwards a body of Austrian soldiers charged up the street at double-quick time, and the firing began in earnest.

"I am a doomed man!" cried the Professor, and he leaped convulsively on my bed. "As sure as Archimedes was killed in his closet, I shall be dragged out to the street and massacred!"

"No fear of that," said I. "Body of Bacon, man! do you think that those fellows have nothing else to do than to hunt out philosophers? That's sharp work though! The windows are strongly manned, and I fear the military will suffer."

The loud explosion of a cannon shook the hotel, and a grateful sound it was, for I knew that, if artillery were employed, the cause of order was secure. It produced, however, a contrary effect on the Professor, who thought he was listening to his death-knell. On a sudden there was a trampling on the stairs.

"They are coming for me!" groaned the Professor. "*Ora pro nobis!* I shall never read a lecture more!" And sure enough the door was flung open, and five or six Prussian soldiers, bearing their muskets, entered. Klingemann dropped down in a swoon.

"You must excuse ceremony, gentlemen," said the corporal; "we have orders to dislodge the rioters." And forthwith the whole party stepped out on the balcony, and commenced a regular fusillade. Presently one of them dropped his weapon, and staggered into the room; he had received a bad wound in the shoulder. Immediately afterwards a bullet went plump into my portmanteau.

"Oh confound it!" cried I; "if they are beginning to attack property, it is full time to be on the alert. With your leave, friend, I shall borrow your musket."

Next morning I took a final farewell of the Professor. The good man was much agitated, for, besides his bodily terror, he had been suffering from the effects of a violent purgative attack.

"I have thought seriously over what you said, my dear boy, and I begin to perceive that I have been acting very much like a fool. I shall pack up my chattels this evening, wash my hands of public affairs, and return to lay my old bones in peace beside those of my predecessors in the university."

"You can't do better, Professor; and if, in your prelections, you would omit all notice of Harmodius and Aristogiton, and say as little as possible about the Lacedæmonian code, it might tend to promote the welfare of your students, both in this world and in the next."

"Of that, my dear August Reignold, I am now thoroughly convinced. But you must admit that the abstract idea of unity—"

"Is utter fudge! You see the result of it already in the blood which is thickening in the streets. Adieu, Professor! Put your cockade in the fire, and offer my warmest congratulations to your friend Mr Simon of Treves."

Two days afterwards I experienced a genuine spasm of satisfaction while setting my foot on Dutch ground at Arnheim. The change from a democratic to a conservative country was so exhilarating, that I nearly slew myself by drinking confusion to democracy in bumpers of veritable Schiedam.

SATIRES AND CARICATURES OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.[1] [543]

A Comic History of England would be an exceedingly curious, and even a valuable work. We do not mean a caricatured history, with great men turned into ridicule, and important events

burlesqued; such absurdities may provoke pity, but they will hardly extort a smile from any whose suffrage is worth courting. We have had a vast deal of comic literature in this country during the last dozen years; quite a torrent of *facetiæ*, a surfeit of slang and puns. One or two popular humorists gave the impetus, and set a host of imitators sliding and wriggling down the inclined plane leading from wit and humour to buffoonery and bad taste. The majority reached in an instant the bottom of the slope, and have ever since remained there. The truth is, the funny style has been overdone; the supply of jokers has exceeded the demand for jokes, until the very word "comic" resounds unpleasantly upon the public tympanum. It were a change to revert for a while to the wit of our forefathers, at least as good, we suspect, as much of more modern manufacture. And therefore, we repeat, a comic English history, whose claims to the quality should be founded on its illustration by the songs, satires, and caricatures of its respective periods, would be interesting and precious in many ways; particularly as giving an insight into popular feelings and characteristics, and often as throwing additional light upon the causes of important revolutions and political changes. It would certainly be a very difficult book to compile. Instead of beginning at the usual starting-post of Roman invasion, it could hardly be carried back to the first William. The Saxons may possibly have revenged themselves on their conquerors by satirical ditties, and by rude and grotesque delineations; but it may be doubted whether any authenticated specimens of either their poetry or painting are in existence at the present day. It would not surprise us if King John's courtiers had curried favour with their master by lampooning the absent Cœur-de-Lion; and doubtless when there were men sufficiently sacrilegious to slay a churchman at the altar, others may have ventured to satirise in rude doggrel the pride and presumption of Thomas à Becket. But have their graceless effusions survived? Can they be traced in black letter, or deciphered on the blocks of wood and stone referred to in Mr Wright's preface? We fear not; and we believe that, up to the date of the invention of printing, the history suggested would be very meagre, and the task of writing it most ungrateful. For some time after that date the humorous illustrations would be written, and not pictorial; songs and lampoons, perhaps, but of caricatures few or none. For although caricature, in one variety or other, is ancient as the Pyramids, its introduction is recent into the country where, of all others, it seems most at home. Fostered by political liberty, it has naturalised itself kindly on English soil, but its foreign origin remains undeniable. Already, in the sixteenth century, Italy had her Caracci, and France her Callot; whilst in England we vainly seek, until the appearance of Hogarth, a caricaturist whose name abides in our memories, or whose works grace our museums.

It is evident, then, that the easiest way to write a history of the kind we have spoken of, is to begin at the end and write backwards. At any rate the historian avoids discouragement, at the very commencement, from the paucity of materials. And that is the plan Mr Wright has adopted. Breaking new ground, he naturally selected the spot most likely to reward his toil, and pitched upon the reigns of the first three Georges. He could hardly have chosen a more interesting [544] period; and certainly, without coming inconveniently near to the present day, he could have fixed on none more prolific in the satires and drolleries he has made it his business to disinter and reproduce.

The contents of Mr Wright's book would sort into two comprehensive classes—the social and the political; the former the least voluminous, but the most entertaining. Political satires and caricatures, under the first two Georges, possess but a moderate attraction at the present day; and it is not till the period of the American war—we might almost say not until that of the French Revolution—that they excite interest, and move to mirth. The hits at the follies of society at large have a more general and enduring interest than those levelled at individuals and intrigues long since passed away. The first ten years of the accession of the house of Hanover were poor both in the number and quality of caricatures; and the remoteness of the period has enhanced the difficulty of finding them. Written satires and pasquinades were abundant, but, to judge from those preserved, few were worth preserving. Of these ephemeral publications there exists no important collection, either public or private. Of caricatures, more are to be got at, although, strange to say, the British Museum contains very few. There was far less of humour and spirit in those that appeared during the early part of the eighteenth century than in those produced during its latter portion. In fact, until the reign of George II., the art could hardly be said to be cultivated. In the first hundred pages of the book before us, which comprise nearly the whole reign of George I., we find only fourteen cuts—a small proportion of the three hundred scattered through the two volumes. And scarcely one of the fourteen has the qualities essential to a genuine caricature. They aim at telling a story, or conveying an insinuation, rather than at burlesquing persons. Sometimes the prints or medals (the latter were a favourite vehicle for the circulation of satire) were simply allegories, and as such are incorrectly designated by the word caricature, which, as derived from the Italian *caricare*, implies a thing overcharged or exaggerated in its proportions. As an instance of these allegories, we may cite a Jacobite medal, where Britannia is seen weeping, whilst the horse of Hanover tramples on the lion and unicorn. The English nation was at that period usually personified by Britannia and her lion, until Gillray, much later—taking the idea, it is said, from Dr Arbuthnot's satire—hit off the humourous figure of John Bull, which has been preserved, with more or less modification, by all subsequent caricaturists. Hogarth, who first attracted notice in 1723-4, by his attacks upon the degeneracy of the stage—then abandoned to opera, masquerade, and pantomime—brought up a broader style of caricature than his predecessors, but still he was too emblematical. Then, for a time, caricature got into the hands of amateur artists—female as well as male. Thus a humorous drawing of the Italian singers, Cuzzoni and Farinelli, and of Heidegger the ugly manager, is attributed to the Countess of Burlington. Then, after an interregnum, during which caricature languished, Gillray arose—Gillray, who, coarse and often indecent as he was, (in which respects, however, he did but

conform to the tone and manners of his day,) was unquestionably the ablest of his tribe, the most thoroughly English, and the most irresistibly humorous caricaturist we have had. The refined might tax him with grossness, but his delineations went home to the multitude; and to the multitude the caricaturist must address himself, if he would produce effect, and enjoy influence. For a while, during the war with France, Gillray's active pencil was a power in the state. In his turn he was surpassed in coarseness and vulgarity, but not in wit, by his contemporary Rowlandson.

The sketches before us, of the history of England under the house of Hanover, are not to be considered as dependent on the satires and caricatures used to illustrate them. They form a general narrative of the most prominent events of a very important century, with which are interwoven, when opportunity offers, the most remarkable pen and pencil pasquinades of the day. The latter, however, have not always been obtainable, or are not worth recording. As we [545] have already mentioned, they are scarce at the commencement of the book, which opens at the death of Queen Anne in 1714. When Jacobite plots were rife, and party-feeling ran so high as to produce frequent bloody struggles in London streets, between the Whigs or Hanoverians and the "Jacks," as the adherents of the Pretender were styled by their opponents, there appear to have existed no draughtsmen of much talent for caricature; whilst the poetical satires, judging from the specimens furnished by Mr Wright, are very middling in merit, although exceedingly numerous. If there was little wit, there was much violence and abuse on both sides. On the part of the Jacobites, agitation was the order of the day; and the mob, both in London and the provinces, were incited to many excesses—such as attacking houses, robbing passengers, pulling down Dissenting chapels, and drinking James the Third's health in the open streets. In Manchester, in June 1715, the population were for several days masters of the town. The results were the passing of the Riot Act, and the quartering of cavalry in the places most disaffected. The Whigs, on their part, were not idle, but carried on a brisk war of words, and raked up all the old stories about the Pretender—that he was no king's son, but a miller's offspring, conveyed into the Queen's bed in a warming-pan by the Jesuit Father Petre. Of course such tales as these gave a fine handle to squib and lampoon; and, in reference to the Jesuit's name, the Whigs designated the Pretender as Peterkin or Perkin—an appellation offering a convenient coincidence with that of a previous impudent aspirant to the English crown. To sneers of this kind the Jacobite minstrels manfully and spiritedly replied; and although the muse was less propitious in England than in Scotland, there is no doubt these effusions had a considerable effect upon the people. But the suppression of the rebellion damped their spirits, and with it their poetic fire; whilst the exulting Whigs triumphantly flapped their wings, and crowed a yet louder strain. Perkin and the warming-pan were the burden of every lay, and a peal of parodies celebrated the flight of the Stuart.

"'Twas when the seas were roaring
With blasts of northern wind,
Young Perkin lay deploring,
On warming-pan reclined
Wide o'er the roaring billows
He cast a dismal look,
And shiver'd like the willows
That tremble o'er the brook."

One would think the "Oxford scholars," accounted such fervent Jacobites, might have replied victoriously to such tepid couplets as this. But their hearts were down at their King's repulse. And poor as the verses were, no doubt they took wonderfully at the time,—so much, in such things, depends upon the *apropos*. And now a large section of the Tories, previously favourable to the Jacobites, broke away from them in their misfortune, made their peace with the ruling powers, and took the oath of allegiance. But long after fighting was over in the North—to be revived only in '45 by the chivalrous Charles Edward—the Jacobite mob kept London in hot water, and, thanks to the inefficiency of the police, might have done serious mischief, but for the Muggite Societies formed at that period. These were simply Whig clubs, meeting at certain public-houses, (the Magpie and Stump, in Newgate Street, was one,) and sallying out upon occasion to fight the Jacobites. The latter had also taverns of rendezvous, but these were few, and it was chiefly the lowest mob that in London still sported the White Rose, and cursed the Hanoverian. In most of the many conflicts that then occurred, the "Jacks" got the worst of it. If they assembled to break windows on an illumination night, or to burn William or George in effigy, they were soon assailed by the Loyal Society, or some other Whig association, who, acting as special constables without having taken the oath, drubbed them with cudgels, and extinguished their bonfires. It would appear that the Jacks did not often venture to impede the Whig mob in the performance of analogous ceremonies; since we read of a certain Fifth of November, when caricature effigies of the Pretender and his chief adherents and supporters were carried in triumph through the [546] streets. "First, two men bearing each a warming-pan, with a representation of the infant Pretender—a nurse attending him with a sucking bottle, and another playing with him by beating the warming-pan. These were followed by three trumpeters, playing Lillibulero and other Whig tunes. Then came a cart with Ormond and Marr, appropriately dressed. This was followed by another cart, containing the Pope and Pretender seated together, and Bolingbroke as the secretary of the latter. They were all drawn backwards, with halters round their necks." The sole opposition made by the Jacobites to this outrageous demonstration, was by the somewhat paltry proceeding of stealing the faggots collected for the Whig bonfire. Four months after this, the Jacobites attempted a procession, and a great fight ensued, in which the Whigs were victorious,

after having "made rare work for the surgeons." The government of the day showed little mercy to the rioters. Seditious ballad-singers, and persons holding disloyal discourse, were flogged and pilloried; and at last, the hanging of several of the disaffected for storming a Mug-house, put an end to the disturbances. That the Whigs did not bear their triumph very meekly appears from the following paragraph, extracted from *Read's Weekly Journal* of June 15, 1717.

> "Last Monday being supposed to be the birthday of the Sovereign of the White Rose, in respect to the anniversary, an honest Whig went from the Roebuck to St James's, with a jackdaw finely dressed in white roses, and set on a warming-pan bedeckt with the same sweet-scented commodity, which caused abundance of laughter all the way, to the great mortification of the Knights Companions of that order, and all the other Jacks, to see their sovereign so maltreated in the person of his representative."

The poor crushed Jacobites were fain to grin and bear it.

The suppression of political riots was followed by a great prevalence of highway robberies, in and around the metropolis. The streets of London were not safe, even in the daytime; and ladies went out in their chairs guarded by servants with loaded blunderbusses. The following extracts from newspapers of the time read oddly enough—especially when we remember that not a hundred and thirty years have elapsed since the crimes recorded in them occurred.

> "Thursday, 21st January 1720. About five o'clock in the evening, the stage-coach from London to Hampstead was attacked and robbed by highwaymen, at the foot of the hill, and one of the passengers severely beaten for attempting to hide his money."
>
> "Sunday 24. At eight o'clock in the evening, two highwaymen attacked a gentleman in a coach on the south side of St Paul's churchyard, and robbed him."
>
> "Sunday 31. A gentleman robbed and murdered in Bishopsgate street."
>
> "Monday, February 1. The Duke of Chandos, coming from Canons, had another encounter with highwaymen, whom he captured."
>
> "Tuesday 2. The postboy was attacked by three highwaymen in Tyburn road, but the Duke of Chandos, happening to pass that way, came to his rescue."

His grace of Chandos seems to have been a sort of amateur thief-taker. Then we read of stage-coaches stopped and robbed between London and Stoke Newington, and of a certain day, when "*all* the stage-coaches coming from Surrey to London were robbed by highwaymen." At last a reward of one hundred pounds was offered for the apprehension of any highwayman within five miles of London. Amongst those captured were several persons of good repute in their respective callings. They included a London tradesman, a duke's valet, and the keeper of a boxing-school.

The speculative madness that prevailed in the year 1719-20, the "bubble mania," as it was called, offered a fertile field to the satirist. The contagion was caught from France, where, about that time, John Law projected his celebrated Mississippi Company, and, by his wild financial manœuvres, first rendered money a mere drug, then plunged Paris and France into the profoundest misery. The outline of Law's history is familiar to most persons. It will be remembered how, having killed a man in a duel in his own country, he broke his prison, and fled to France, met the young Duke of Orleans at the house of a courtesan named Duclos, and, being [547] handsome, accomplished, and graceful, contracted with him an intimacy that led eventually to the hatching of the notable Mississippi scheme. The delusion began to flourish towards the middle of 1718, and was at its apogee at the close of the following year. The market for the shares was in an insignificant street, still existing in Paris under the name of the Rue Quincampoix, where every house was soon subdivided into an infinity of little offices, and a dwelling whose usual rent was of six hundred livres yielded one hundred thousand; where a cobbler gained two hundred livres a-day, by hiring out his shed to ladies who came to share in and look on at the game; and a hunchback earned a handsome income by lending his shoulders as a writing-desk. The five-hundred-livre shares rose to twenty thousand livres—to a premium, that is to say, of four thousand per cent. Money was for the time so abundant, that goods rose immensely, and articles of luxury were all bought up. Cloth of gold, a French writer tells us, became exceeding rare, except in the streets, where it was seen draping the plebeian persons of the newly-enriched speculators. A nobleman and a Mississippian disputed a partridge in a cook's shop: the latter obtained it for two hundred livres, or more than eight pounds! Beranger has devoted a witty stanza to that year of madness.

"C'était la régence alors
  Et sans hyperbole,
Grâce aux plus drôles de corps,
  La France étoit folle;
Tous les hommes s'amusaient,
Et les femmes se prêtaient
A la gaudriole an gué,
    A la gaudriole."

As an essential preliminary to holding the office of Comptroller-general of the French finances, Law allowed the Abbé de Tençin to convert him to the religion of Rome. This apostasy, and its disastrous consequences to France, became the subject of many squibs and satirical verses when

the fallacy of the system ultimately appeared. Before the panic came, however, and an attempted realisation on the part of some of the largest holders proved the exaggerated and fictitious value of the bonds, the mania for speculation had crossed the Channel, and raged in this country. The South-Sea bill passed through parliament, and received the royal assent; and on a sudden stock-jobbing seemed to become the sole business of all classes. The Tory papers ridiculed the folly. Sir Robert Walpole published a warning pamphlet, a proclamation forbade the formation of unauthorised companies; but all in vain. Shares in the most absurd bubbles were eagerly caught at. "A company was even announced, and its shares bought, which was merely advertised as 'for an undertaking which shall in due time be revealed.' Among other odd projects were companies 'for planting of mulberry trees, and breeding of silk-worms in Chelsea Park;' 'for importing a number of large jack-asses from Spain, in order to propagate a larger breed of mules in England;' 'for fattening of hogs.' In August, the stock of the various London companies was calculated to exceed the value of five hundred millions." About this time Law's credit balloon began to collapse, which was a hint to the English jobbers of what they might in their turn expect. It was nearly the end of the year when he was compelled to fly from Paris, and take refuge in Venice, where he died, an impoverished gambler, in May 1729, leaving for sole inheritance a diamond worth about 1500 pounds sterling, which he had been in the habit of pawning when hard pushed. Many weeks before his departure from France, however, the London companies were discredited and turned into ridicule by a host of songs and satirical pieces, one of the best of which was the celebrated *South-Sea Ballad; or, Merry Remarks upon Exchange-Alley Bubbles*.

"From the month of October to the end of the year, songs, and squibs, and pamphlets of all descriptions, on the misfortunes occasioned by the explosion of the bubble system, became exceedingly numerous.... The general feeling against the directors was becoming so strong in the month of November, that we are told it had become a practice among the ladies, when in playing at cards they turned up a knave, to cry, 'There's a director for you!'" The period of the South-Sea [548] bubble was particularly prolific in caricatures. A vast number appeared in Holland and France, and for the first time political caricatures became common in England. Those of which copies are given in Mr Wright's book have small claims to wit. Most of the foreign ones were aimed at Law, and those published in this country at the 'Change Alley speculators. Hogarth's first political caricature related to the bubbles of 1720, and appeared the following year.

As in France the temporary glut of wealth produced by Law's financial operations had the most unfavourable effect upon the public morals, so in England "the South-Sea convulsion had hardly subsided, when a general outcry was heard against the alarming increase of atheism, profaneness, and immorality; and an attempt was made to suppress them by act of parliament, but the bill for that purpose was not allowed to pass." Masquerades were especially inveighed against by the upholders of propriety, and were made the subject of much satire. The ugliness of Heidegger, "*le surintendant des plaisirs de l'Angleterre*," as the French called him; the conceit and caprices of the opera-singers, then, as now, notorious for their extortionate greediness and constant bickerings and jealousies; the neglect of Shakspeare and the old dramatists; the prevailing taste for pantomime and buffoonery—were so many targets for the wits and caricaturists of the day. But neither Hogarth's pencil nor the pungent pen of Pope had power to correct the depravity of public taste. Masquerades continued the favourite amusement of the town, and opera and pantomime preserved their vogue. The satirists persevered in their crusade, and as late as 1742 we find Hogarth still working the mine, in a capital caricature of Monsieur Desnoyer and Signora Barberina,—the Taglioni and Perrot of their day whose graceful attitudes he cleverly burlesques. Previously to the year 1737 the stage was used as a political engine, and violent attacks on the government were introduced into farces and pantomimes. Some of these were direct and open pasquinades, and gave great umbrage to the ministry; and amongst them two of the most conspicuous were a lampooning farce called *Pasquin*, and a dramatic satire entitled the *Historical Register for the year 1736*, both by Fielding. A still more abusive piece, to be entitled *The Golden Rump*, was spoken of as forthcoming; but, before it appeared, the matter was brought before the House of Commons; an act was passed "for restraining the licentiousness of the stage," and the office of Licenser of Plays was established. Thus a stop was put to stage-politics: but nevertheless—and although, in an age when parties ran so high, this suppression must materially have diminished the attractiveness of theatrical entertainments—the theatres continued, for many years, and from various causes, to receive a very large share of public attention, and to be made the subject of numerous prose and verse pamphlets, and of occasional caricatures. Pantomime and burlesque were still in vogue, but not to the exclusion of the regular drama; and Shakspeare gained ground, interpreted, as he was, by first-rate actors—by Garrick, Quin, and Macklin, by Mrs Woffington, Mrs Clive, Mrs Cibber, and others. About the middle of the century, the rivalry between Drury and the Garden ran so high as to be a subject of annoyance and inconvenience to the public. "In October 1749 the Covent-Garden company opened the theatrical campaign with *Romeo and Juliet*—a play in which Barry, and especially Mrs Cibber, had shone with peculiar excellence. Garrick had armed himself for the contest: he had prepared a rival actress in Miss Bellamy; and he produced, to the surprise of his opponents, the same play of *Romeo and Juliet*, at Drury Lane, on the very night it came out at Covent Garden. The town was divided for a long time between the two 'Romeo and Juliets,' which produced a mass of contradictory criticism, and finished by almost emptying both houses, for every body began to tire of the monotonous repetition of the same play." There is not much danger, at the present day, of rivalry of this sort. How Garrick and Quin would stare, were they galvanised out [549] of their graves, to see Grisi queen of Covent Garden, and Jullien lord of Drury Lane! Theatrical opposition is a thing nobody now dreams of, unless it be between a French vaudeville company and an English troop of low comedians. And were a contest to arise between the English theatres,

it would most likely be of the nature of that which occurred in the reign of George the First, between the rival harlequins, when it was common enough for the two great theatres to bring out pantomimes founded on the same subject—as in 1723, when *Harlequin Dr Faustus* had great success at both Drury Lane and Covent Garden. That was also the period of the first introduction, on the English stage, of wild beasts, dragons, monsters, and goblins of various kinds, besides mountebanks, tumblers, and rope-dancers. Even Garrick, however, did not disdain the pantomime, when he saw in it the means to annoy and injure a rival. "At the beginning of 1750 he brought out a new pantomime, entitled *Queen Mab*, in which Woodward acted the part of harlequin. The great success of this piece, which drew crowded houses for forty nights, without intermission, gave rise to a very popular caricature, entitled *The Theatrical Steelyard*, in which Mrs Cibber, Mrs Woffington, Quin, and Barry, are outweighed by Woodward's *Harlequin* and Garrick's *Queen Mab*. Rich, (the Covent-Garden manager,) dressed in the garb of harlequin, lies on the ground expiring." Excepting the two important particulars, that good actors were then as plentiful as they now are scarce, and that the two great theatres were occupied by Shakspeare and Englishmen, instead of by fiddlers and foreigners, there is much coincidence between some recent occurrences in the theatrical world and others a hundred years old. Then, as now, attempts were made to drive French actors from the country. These attempts arose, however, from no apprehension of foreigners injuring or eclipsing native talent, then so superior to such fears, but from the anti-Gallican feeling abroad at the time. During the Westminster election of 1749 a company of French players were performing at the Haymarket, and Lord Trentham, the government candidate, was accused of favouring and protecting them. He spoke French well, and was said to affect French manners; and all this, of course, was made the most of for electioneering purposes. He was lampooned as "the champion of the French strollers;" and the mob, with their usual wisdom and admirable logic, said "that learning to talk French was only a step towards the introduction of French tyranny." A deluge of ballads descended upon the heads of the candidate and his assumed *protégés*; and the quality of the poetry seems to have been on a par with the liberality of the sentiments—to judge, at least, from the following brilliant specimen:—

"Our natives are starving, whom
Nature has made
The brightest of wits, and to comedy
bred;
Whilst apes are caress'd, which God
made by chance,
The worst of all mortals, the strollers
from France."

This is wretched enough, even for an election ditty. And we are little disposed to join in the regret expressed in Mr Wright's preface, that no one, as far as he has been able to discover, "has made any considerable collection of political songs, satires, and other such tracts, published during the last century and the present;" since the wit and merit of those he has been able to get together are in general so exceedingly small. He is, very judiciously, sparing of his extracts, except when he stumbles upon a really good song or set of verses, a few of which are scattered through his volumes.

To return to the mob-hatred of the French. After the Westminster election, this feeling was kept up by squib and caricature; and in November 1755, Garrick having occasion to employ some French dancers, in a grand spectacle brought out at Drury Lane under the title of *The Chinese Festival*, a theatre row was the result. It was kept up for five nights; and on the sixth the mob smashed the lamps, demolished the scenery, and did several thousand pounds' worth of damage. This popular antipathy to the French did not, however, extend to the produce of France, or [550] prevent the higher classes from patronising and importing French luxuries of all kinds, as well as a host of milliners, governesses, quacks, valets, and professors of other menial and decorative arts. The Gallomania of the fashionable world offered a fine field to the caricaturists, who made the most of it, to the great delight of the populace. French fashions, cookery, education, and nicknacks, were alternately taken as targets for the shafts of ridicule. Mr Wright transfers to his pages a ludicrous fragment of a print by Boitard, entitled "The Imports of Great Britain from France," in which an Englishwoman of quality is seen embracing and caressing a French female dancer, and assuring her that her arrival is to the honour and delight of England. And the mob of that day went so far as to believe that it was the love of the aristocracy for French perfumes and delicacies, cooks and coiffeurs, which prevented English ministers from properly protecting the national honour, and avenging the insults put upon us by our neighbours. The real evil, far more important than the consumption of French finery and cosmetics, was the importation of French corruption and immorality, so prevalent in England during the whole reign of George II., and during a portion of that of his successor. By this time the masquerades and *ridottos*, which had kept their ground in spite of the moralists, had grown so flagrant in their excesses and indecencies that, about the end of 1755, they were nearly suppressed; the earthquake at Lisbon having come to the aid of the anti-maskers, who took advantage of the panic it caused in London, to represent it as a judgment on the profligacy of the age. Previously to that, masquerades—not only those at public establishments, such as Vauxhall and Ranelagh, but at the private houses of persons of rank and fashion—offered glaring examples of indecorum—to use the very mildest word—until at last Miss Chudleigh, maid of honour to the Princess of Wales, and afterwards Duchess of Kingston, showed herself at the Venetian ambassador's in a close-fitting dress of flesh-coloured silk. We may judge of the court morals of the time from the circumstance, that her

royal mistress's sole rebuke was by throwing her own veil over the immodest beauty. The host of caricatures to which this gave rise, and the grossness of many of them, in that day of great pictorial license, are easily imagined. After this there were very few masquerades during ten or twelve years, at the end of which time the court again set the fashion of them, soon after George the Third's accession. Towards 1770, Mrs Cornelys got up her "Harmonic Meetings," at Carlisle House in Soho Square. These subscription balls and masquerades were attended by most of the nobility and leaders of the *ton*; and, at one of them, we learn the presence of "two royal dukes, and nearly all the fashionable portion of the aristocracy. On this occasion, Colonel Luttrell (the same who had opposed Wilkes in the election for Middlesex) appeared as a dead corpse in a shroud, in his coffin." Much used, from the very first, for purposes of intrigue, these assemblies soon became unbearably licentious. The company fell off, both in numbers and respectability, until the only way to fill the rooms was by the admission of bad characters. This made them sink lower and lower, until "we read in the *St James's Chronicle* of April 23, 1795, the remark that 'No amusement seems to have fallen into greater contempt, in this country, than the masquerades.... They have been lately mere assemblages of the idle and profligate of both sexes, who made up in indecency what they wanted in wit.'" A description that has ever since been applicable to London masquerades, which still continue, we apprehend, to be mere pretexts for debauchery; whilst even in Paris, whose atmosphere, and the character of whose inhabitants, have generally been found more favourable to that class of amusements, the famed opera balls have sunk, within the last twenty years, into the saturnalia of idle students, profligate apprentices, and ladies of uncertain virtue.

It would be unjust to leave out Samuel Foote, in a work treating of the satires and caricatures of the last century. Possessing neither the brush of Hogarth nor the pen of Churchill, he wielded a weapon as formidable in its way—that, namely, of dramatic mimicry, or stage satire; and he is [551] properly named by Mr Wright the great theatrical caricaturist of the age. For a time, the reckless and vindictive wit was the terror of the town: an affront to him, real or imaginary, caused the unlucky offender to be paraded before the world, under some fictitious name, upon the boards of his theatre, which, at first, was the "little" one in the Haymarket. For some time Foote and Macklin had it between them, but, disagreeing, Macklin left, whereupon his ex-partner immediately caricatured him upon the very stage he had so lately trodden. "The Haymarket was an unlicensed theatre, and Foote evaded the law by serving his audience with tea, and calling the performance in the bills 'Mr Foote's giving tea to his friends.' His advertisement ran, 'Mr Foote presents his compliments to his friends and the public, and desires them to drink tea at the Little Theatre in the Haymarket, every morning, at playhouse prices.' The house was always crowded, and Foote came forward and said, that as he had some young actors in training, he would go on with his instructions whilst the tea was preparing." Afterwards he got a license, and rebuilt the theatre. But his bitter wit and gross personalities continually got him into trouble, frequently caused his pieces to be prohibited; exposed him to threatened, if not to actual castigation; and, finally, were the indirect cause of his death, accelerated, it is generally believed, by shame and vexation at the false but revolting charge brought against him by a clergyman he had savagely lampooned.

The fate of Hogarth was not dissimilar to that of Foote, with the difference that the painter was slain literally with his own weapons. Foote's victims had neither the ability nor the opportunity to expose him, as he did them, upon the stage. The Methodists, Dr Johnson, the East India Company, and the Duchess of Kingston, each in turn subjected to his vicious attacks, retorted as best they might by pamphlets and cudgels, but apparently made little impression on the player's tough epidermis, until a disreputable parson devised the poisoned dart with which to inflict a sure and cowardly wound. But Hogarth caricatured others till others learned to caricature him,—with less talent, certainly, but with sufficient malice to annoy and harass the artist, and finally, it is said, to break his heart. "His constant practice," says Mr Wright, "of introducing contemporaries into his moral satires, had procured him a host of enemies in the town; whilst his vain egotism, and the scornful tone in which he spoke of the other artists of the age, offended and irritated them." How seldom do satirists preserve temper and coolness under the retort of their own aggressions! After more than a quarter of a century passed in turning his neighbours into ridicule, Hogarth might be thought able to endure a rub or two in his turn, and even to receive them with good grace and a smiling countenance. But many a veteran has found, to his cost, that a life passed in the field does not render bullet-proof. Hogarth made good fight to the last, but his offensive arms were better than his defensive ones; his enemies' shot fell thick and fast, and all he could do was to die upon his guns. For the last twelve or fifteen years of his life he appears to have been particularly unpopular, and continually caricatured. His *Analysis of Beauty*, published in 1753, drew upon him a great deal of ridicule; and in 1758, his opposition to the foundation of an Academy of Fine Art was the signal for a shower of abuse and caricatures, more or less witty—oftener *less* than *more*. But the campaign that finished him—the Waterloo of the unlucky humorist—was one he rashly undertook against Wilkes and Churchill, previously his friends. This was imprudent in the extreme; for he might be sure that all the minor curs, who had so long yelped at his heels, would redouble their wearisome assaults when reinforced by such formidable champions as the *North Briton* and "Bruiser" Churchill. Wilkes warned Hogarth that he would not be kicked unresistingly, but the painter persevered; and Wilkes kept his word. No. 17 of the *North Briton* was stinging retaliation for No. 1 of *The Times*; and Churchill's "Epistle to William Hogarth" was at least as galling to the artist as his well-known portrait of "A Patriot" could be to [552] Wilkes. The quarrel was kept up with much spirit till the death of Hogarth in October 1764.

The American war, and the ill-advised colonial legislation which brought it on, gave rise to many caricatures, some of them of considerable merit. The first of which a transcript is given us by Mr

Fairholt's graver, relates to the Boston tea-riots of 1770. In it Lord North is pouring tea down the throat of America, personified by a half-naked woman with a crown of feathers, who rejects the unwelcome draught in his lordship's face. Britannia weeps in the background, and Lord Chancellor Mansfield, the compiler of the obnoxious acts, holds down the victim. When war actually broke out, and the bloody fight of Bunker's Hill gave a foretaste of its disasters, satires fell thick upon the ministry as well as upon the king, whose will, the Opposition maintained, was law with Lord North's cabinet. In June 1776 a long poem, smart enough, but very violent and unpatriotic, was published under the title of *Lord Chatham's Prophecy*.

"Your plumèd corps though Percy
cheers,
And far-famed British grenadiers,
Renown'd for martial skill;
Yet Albion's heroes bite the plain,
Her chiefs round gallant Howe are
slain,
On fallow Bunker's Hill."

Subsequent verses foretell all manner of evils to Great Britain, and the whole poem breathes a spirit of exultation at our reverses, which would have been less ungraceful from an American than from an English pen, and which, at the present day, no amount of party feeling would be held to justify. But the shamelessness of Whiggery was then at its height; the pseudo-patriots of the time recked little of their country's misfortunes when these gave them opportunity of triumph over a political antagonist. What cared they for the reverses of British arms, or the lopping off of Britain's colonies, if they thereby saw themselves nearer the possession of the place and power whose emoluments they so greedily coveted? Charles Fox, with his faro-purse empty and an execution in his house, could hardly afford to be particular as to the strict cleanliness of the path to the treasury bench. Then or never was the moment to sacrifice public weal to private advantage. And accordingly, when, "on the 3d December 1777, the Court was thunderstruck with the disastrous intelligence of the surrender of General Burgoyne and his army at Saratoga, the Opposition could hardly conceal their exultation: the disgrace and loss which had fallen on the British arms were exaggerated, and chanted about the streets in doggerel ballads." An "Ode on the success of his Majesty's Arms," written in December, and printed in the *Foundling Hospital for Wit*, celebrates ironically the glorious results of the campaign, and the skill and prudence of the ministers at home; and ends with a congratulation on the old tale of King George's mechanical amusements:—

"Then shall my lofty numbers tell,
Who taught the royal babes to spell,
And sovereign arts pursue;
To mend a watch, or set a clock,
New patterns shape for Hervey's frock,
Or buttons make at Kew."

The homely tastes of George III., his love of farming, and habit of amusing himself with a turning-lathe, were great themes for scurrilous attacks upon the royal person, both in print and caricature. "Mr King the button-maker" was held up to ridicule in every low publication on the Opposition side of the question. The *Oxford Magazine* frequently returned to the charge, sometimes with almost as much humour as impertinence. This was rather earlier than the American war, which gave rise to still more offensive inuendoes against the sovereign. Thus, when an outcry was got up against the employment of Indians in conjunction with the British troops in North America, and when all manner of horrible stories of cannibalism and so forth were set afloat, we are shown a caricature of the king squatted on the ground, cheek by jowl with a befeathered savage. The Indian handles a tomahawk, the king holds a skull, and "the Allies" (this is the title of the disgusting print) gnaw each at his own end of a large human bone. The [553]
brutality of the conception renders such a caricature as this far more unpleasant than the coarse, but generally good-humoured, quizzes subsequently executed by Gillray on royal foibles and economy. Some of our older readers may remember these. They were published towards the end of the last century. Half-a-dozen are excellently well copied on pages 205 to 211 of Mr Wright's second volume. There is "The Introduction"—George III and Queen Charlotte receiving their daughter-in-law the Princess of Prussia, and bewildered with delight at the golden dowery she brings. Then we have the King toasting his muffins, and the Queen frying her sprats; and again, (the best of them,) the royal pair out for a walk, and majesty overwhelming an unlucky pig-feeder by a volley of interrogative iterations. But few caricatures bear description, and least of all Gillray's, where the design is often of the simplest, and the humour of the execution every thing.

Gillray's first attempts at caricature were on the occasion of Lord Rodney's victory over De Grasse. It will be remembered that, when the North Administration went out in 1782, one of the first acts of their Liberal successors was to recall Rodney, a stanch Tory, on pretext of his not having done all he ought to have done with the West Indian fleet. England was badgered by her numerous enemies, and her affairs looked altogether discouraging, when sudden news arrived of the triumph which established her sovereignty of the seas. Ministers found themselves in an awkward predicament. It was neither gracious nor graceful to persist in the victor's recall, and yet, what else could be done? His successor, Admiral Pigot, had already sailed. Too late, an express was sent to stop him. "A cold vote of thanks was given by both Houses to the victorious Rodney, and he was raised to the peerage, but only as a baron, and was voted a pension of but

£2000 a-year." Such shabby reward for an achievement of immense importance was, of course, not suffered to pass unnoticed by the late ministry, now the Opposition. A fleet of caricatures was launched, and amongst them were two by the then unknown Gillray. In one of them, "King George runs towards the admiral with the reward of a baron's coronet, and exclaims, (in allusion to Rodney's recall and elevation to the peerage,) 'Hold, my dear Rodney, you have done enough! I will now make a lord of you, and you shall have the happiness of never being heard of again!'" Probably these maiden efforts attracted little notice, for some time still elapsed before Gillray made much use of his pencil for the public amusement. In this same year of 1782, however, he brought out a clever caricature of Fox, who had just resigned his foreign secretaryship on Lord Shelburne's coming to be prime minister, *vice* Rockingham, deceased. In this print Charles James is represented, as a sort of parody on Milton's Satan, gazing with envious eye at Shelburne and Pitt, as they count their money on the treasury table.

"Aside he turned
For envy, yet with jealous leer malign
Eyed them askance."

The expression of Fox's face is excellent, and the likeness good, but yet it wants something of the raciness of Gillray's later works. Fox and Burke were the great butts of the satirists at this particular moment, and also in the following year, on the occasion of their coalition with Lord North. James Sayer, then in full force as a caricaturist, and anxious to curry favour with his patron Pitt, to whom he was subsequently indebted for more than one lucrative place, was very severe upon them; and the power of caricature at that time must have been very great, if it be true that Fox admitted the severest blow received by his India Bill to have been from a drawing of Sayer's. It was a cry of the day that Fox aimed at a sort of Indian dictatorship for himself, and the satirists gave him the nickname of Carlo Khan. In the caricature in question, entitled "Carlo Khan's Triumphant Entry into Leadenhall Street," "Fox, in his new character, is conducted to the door of the India House on the back of an elephant, which exhibits the full face of Lord North, and he is led by Burke as his imperial trumpeter; for he had been the loudest supporter of the bill [554] in the House of Commons. A bird of ill-omen croaks from above the would-be monarch's doom." On the other side of the question, several good caricatures also appeared, levelled chiefly at William Pitt, then on the eve of his prime ministership, and amongst these were three, published anonymously, which Mr Wright is probably not mistaken in attributing to the pencil of Rowlandson.

The imitation of French fashions and manners, and even of French profligacy, already noticed as gaining ground in English society about the middle of the eighteenth century, had reached the highest pitch towards its close. Nothing could be more absurd than the dresses of 1785, the enormous hats and prodigious *buffonts* and buckram monstrosities of the women, except perhaps the rush into the opposite extreme which took place at the commencement of the French Revolution. One of the caricatures of 1787, under the title of "Mademoiselle Parapluie," shows us a young lady serving as an umbrella, sheltering a whole family from a shower beneath the tremendous brim of her hat, (a regular fore-and-after), and under the protecting shadow of a protuberance, concerning whose composition (crinoline not having then been invented) future ages must remain in deplorable darkness. Then, every thing was sacrificed to breadth in costume. Pass we over six or seven years, and the lady of fashion who, at their commencement, could hardly get through a moderate-sized doorway, might almost glide head-foremost through the keyhole. A thin scanty robe, clinging close to the form, a turban and a single lofty plume, a waist close up under the arms, a watch the size of a Swedish turnip, with a profusion of seals and pendants, compose the fashionable female attire of that day. The dress of the men is equally ridiculous, both in cut and material, the great rage then being for striped stuffs, known as Zebras, and employed for coats as well as for the absurd pantaloons, puffed out round the hips and buttoned tight on the leg, in vogue amongst the beaux of the period. The modes that succeeded these were equally exaggerated and ugly. And the frivolity and extravagance of the time kept pace with the follies of dress. There was a rage for strange sights and extraordinary exhibitions; and the Londoners, especially, carried this passion to an extent that rendered them easy dupes of charlatans and impostors. "It stands recorded in the newspapers of the time, on the 9th of September 1785,—'Handbills were distributed this morning that a bold adventurer meant to walk upon the Thames from Riley's Tea Gardens.' We are further informed that, at the hour appointed, thousands of people had crowded to the spot, and the river was so thickly covered with boats, that it was no easy matter to find enough water uncovered to walk upon." Of course the thing was a mere trick, and the Cockneys had their disappointment for their pains. Then balloons were the crotchet of the hour, and they also came from France, where they had been brought to a certain degree of perfection, but where it was soon found they were more positively dangerous than probably useful; for in May 1784, "a royal *ordonnance* forbade the construction or sending up of 'any aërostatic machine,' without an express permission from the king, on account of the various dangers attendant upon them; intimating, however, that this precaution was not intended to let the 'sublime discovery' fall into neglect, but only to confine the experiments to the direction of intelligent persons." In England, the fancy for them increased, and was the subject of various caricatures and pamphlets, until the death of a couple of Frenchmen, thrown to the earth from an immense height, cooled the soaring courage of the aëronauts. A more destructive and permanent folly was the passion for gambling, which, in spite of the attacks of the press, of grave censure and cutting satire, pervaded all ranks of society. There was a perfect fury for faro; and ladies of high fashion, and of aristocratic name, thought it not beneath them to convert their houses into hells. Three of these sporting dames, who had

made themselves a name as keepers of banks, to which they enticed young men of fortune, were popularly known as "Faro's daughters." Lord Kenyon, when deciding on a gambling case, pledged [555] himself, in a moment of virtuous indignation, to sentence *the first ladies in the land* to the pillory, should they be brought before him for a similar offence. Not long afterwards, several titled gamblers were actually arraigned at his tribunal, but he forgot his threat, and let them off with a fine. The hint, however, was enough for Gillray, then in his glory, and for his brothers of the comic brush, and the moral exposure and castigation which 'Faro's daughters' endured at the hands of the caricaturists, can have been hardly less stinging and annoying than actual exposure to the hooting and pelting of the mob. General demoralisation, the natural consequence of gambling, characterised this period. Men and women, ruined at the board of green cloth, recruited their finances as best they might; and when no other resource remained, the latter bartered their reputation, and the former took to the road. Those were the palmy days of highway robbery. "We are in a state of war at home that is shocking," writes Horace Walpole in 1782. "I mean from the enormous profusion of housebreakers, highwaymen, and footpads; and, what is worse, from the savage barbarities of the two latter, who commit the most wanton cruelties. The grievance is so crying, that one dares not stir out after dinner but well armed. If one goes abroad to dinner, you would think he was going to the relief of Gibraltar." Sixty-two years ago, in January 1786, "the mail was stopped in Pall Mall, close to the palace, and deliberately pillaged, at so early an hour as a quarter past eight in the evening."

After having for some years drawn their principal themes for satire from the social follies and political dissensions of their countrymen, the English caricaturists and song-writers found "fresh fields and pastures new" in foreign menaces and threatened invasion. In their usual presumptuous tone, French newspapers and proclamations spoke of the conquest of England by the conqueror of Italy, as of a project whose realisation admitted not the smallest doubt. This country had not then that confidence of invincibility which she gathered from subsequent victories in the field; and the positive assertions of France, that she had but to throw an army on the English coast to secure prompt and powerful co-operation from the Jacobin party, caused considerable alarm in the country. To kindle true patriotism, and raise the courage of the nation, recourse was had to loyal songs, and anti-French caricatures. The anti-Jacobin lent efficient aid, and Gillray put his shoulder to the wheel. The periodical and the artist were a host in themselves. Clever verses, and pointed caricatures, followed each other in quick succession. Soon Buonaparte betook himself to Egypt, the victory of the Nile spread rejoicing through the land, and caricatures caught the exultation of the hour. John Bull was represented at dinner, forking French frigates down his capacious gullet, and supplied with the provender, as fast as he could devour it, by Nelson and other nautical cooks. Buonaparte, stripped to the waist, with all enormous cocked-hat on his head, and the claret flowing freely from his nose, receives fistic punishment at the hands of Jack Tar. The suppression of the Irish rebellion of '98, and the death of General Hoche, who had replaced Buonaparte as the threatened invader of the British Isles, confirmed the feeling of security our naval triumphs had inspired. The Peace of Amiens set the wags of the pencil on a new tack, and Monsieur François was represented as imprinting "The first Kiss these Ten Years" on the lips of burly, blushing Britannia, who, whilst accepting the salute, hints a doubt of her admirer's sincerity. The doubt was justified by the rupture that speedily followed. The camp of Boulogne was formed; the French army were reminded of the pleasant pastime, in the shape of rape and robbery, that awaited them in the island famed for wealth and beauty. On this side the Channel nothing was left undone that might increase English contempt and hatred for the blustering bullies upon the other. Individuals and associations printed and disseminated "loyal tracts," as they were called. "Every kind of wit and humour was brought into play to enliven these [556] sallies of patriotism; sometimes they came forth in the shape of national playbills, sometimes they were coarse and laughable dialogues between the Corsican and John Bull." Libels on Buonaparte, burlesques on his acts, parodies of his bulletins, accounts of the atrocities of his armies, were daily put forth, mingled with countless songs and tracts of encouragement and defiance. Some of these were spirited, but generally the substance and intention were better than the form—at least so they now appear to us, who read them without the additional savour imparted by the appropriateness of their time of production. Gillray keeps better, and one still must smile at his John Bull, standing in mid-Channel with trousers tucked up to his thighs, offering a fair fight to his meagre enemy, who contemplates him with a visage of grim dismay from above the triple batteries of the French coast. It is said that Buonaparte was much annoyed by personalities levelled at himself and his family, in some of the caricatures of 1803. They were often very coarse, and conveyed unhandsome imputations on the conduct of his female relatives; some of whom—rather flighty dames, if all tales be true—gave by their conduct plausible grounds for such attacks. Napoleon himself was represented in every odious and contemptible shape that could be devised,—as a butcher, a pigmy, an ogre, and even as a *fiddle*, transformed by an abominable pun into a *base villain*, upon which John Bull, a complacent smile upon his honest face, plays with sword instead of bow. This was after Maida, when the British army had begun to share the high esteem in which repeated victories had long caused our fleets to be held. A droll caricature, by Woodward, represents Napoleon abusing his master-shipwright for not keeping him better supplied with ships; whilst the unfortunate constructor, with hair on end, and a shrug to his ears, excuses himself upon the ground that, as fast as he builds, the English capture. It is to be remarked that hardly any of the caricatures of Napoleon attempt a likeness of him. They usually represent him as a lantern-jawed, disconsolate-looking wretch, with a prodigious cocked-hat and plume of feathers—that is to say, quite the contrary, both in head and head-dress, of what he really was. Both Gillray and his successors seem to have preferred sketching him as the received personification of a Frenchman, to giving a burlesque portrait or real caricature of the man. We trace this peculiarity, in many instances, up to the year 1814, when George Cruikshank,

in depicting a Cossack "snuffing out Boney," (an allusion to French disasters in Russia), still represents the then plump Emperor as a lean, long-chinned scarecrow, with sash and feathers. Rowlandson does nearly the same thing, in his vulgar print of Napoleon's reception in the Island of Elba; and the only caricature reproduced by Mr Fairholt, in which is preserved the general character of the Emperor's head, is an anonymous one, where the head is placed on a dog's shoulders, and "Blucher the Brave," by a rough grasp on the nape of the quadruped's neck, extracts "the groan of abdication from the Corsican Bloodhound." Probably the classic regularity of Napoleon's countenance discouraged the caricaturists from attempting his likeness. They were deterred by the difficulty of burlesquing a face whose grave expression and perfect proportion gave no hold to ridicule, and made it pretty certain that the general resemblance would be sacrificed to the exaggeration of even a single feature.

A PARCEL FROM PARIS.

[557]

It is some time since we had a gossip about French literature and *littérateurs*. The fact is, that, since the blessed days of February drove crestfallen monarchy from France, and began the pleasant state of things under which that country has since so notably flourished, literature has been at a complete stand-still in the land beyond the Channel. We refer especially to the light and amusing class of books it has been our habit occasionally to notice and extract from. With these the revolution has played the very mischief. Feuilletons have made way for bulletins of barricade contests, for reports of state trials, for the new dictator's edicts and proclamations. The rush at the *Cabinets de Lecture* has been for lists of genuine killed and wounded, not for imaginary massacres, by M. Dumas' heroes, of hosts of refractory plebeians, or for the full and particular account of the gallant defence of Bussy d'Amboise, against a quarter of a hundred hired assassins—all picked men-at-arms, and all setting on him at once, but of whom, nevertheless, he slays twenty-four, and only by the twenty-fifth is slain. And, by the bye, what pity it is that a few of our friend Alexander's redoubted swordsmen could not have been summoned from their laurel-shaded repose in Père la Chaise, to avert the recent catastrophe of the house of Orleans. Just a brace and a half of his king-making *mousquetaires* would have done the trick in a trice. Rumour certainly says that, in February last, a tall dark-complexioned gentleman, with a bran-new African *Kepi* on his martial brow, a foil, freshly unbuttoned, in his strong right hand, and a yell of liberty upon his massive lips, was seen to head a furious assault upon the Tuileries, at a time when that palace was undefended. Ill-natured tongues have asserted that this adventurous forlorn-hope leader was no other than the author of *Monte Christo*; but of this we credit not a syllable. It is notorious that M. Dumas is under the deepest obligations to the ex-king of the French, to whose kind and efficacious patronage (when Duke of Orleans) his first very sudden, very brilliant, and not altogether deserved success as a dramatist was mainly due. Equally well known is it that the popular writer was the favoured and intimate associate of two of Louis Philippe's sons—the Dukes of Orleans and Montpensier. Take, in conjunction with these facts, M. Dumas' established reputation for steady consistency, gravity, and gratitude, and of course it is impossible to believe that he ever acted so basely to his benefactors. But, even admitting republican predilections on his part, his love of liberty would assuredly prevent his constraining those well-known stanch supporters of the right divine, Messrs Athos, Artagnan, and Company, who, if set down in Paris in 1848, would have played the very deuce with the young republic. The giant Porthos would have stridden along the boulevards, kicking over the barricades as easily as he raised, single-handed, the stone which six of the degenerate inhabitants of Bellisle were unable to lift, (*Vide "Le Vicomte de Bragelonne;"*) whilst the astute Gascon Artagnan would have packed General Cavaignac in a magnified *bonbon*-box, with air-holes in the lid, and *Copahine-Mège* or *Chocolat-Cuillier* on the label; and would have conveyed him on board a fishing smack, there detaining him till he pledged his honour that the king should have his own again. And, upon the whole, and whatever budding honours and civic crowns M. Dumas may anticipate under the genial reign of republicanism, it would have been more to his present interest to have stuck to monarchy, and led his legions to its rescue. Under the new regime his occupation is gone; his literary merchandise vainly seeks a market. Paris, engrossed by domestic broils and political discussions, by its anarchy, its misery, and its hunger—no longer cares for the fabulous exploits of Gascon paladins, and of privates in the Guards, who make thrones to totter, and armies to fly, by the prowess of their single arm. But M. Dumas is not disheartened. When the drama languishes, and the feuilleton grows unproductive, he falls back upon the *Premier-Paris*. When readers are scarce [558] for twelve-volume romances, and plays in ten acts and thirty *tableaux* cease to draw, he starts upon a fresh tack—proposes enlightening the public on politics, regenerating France through the leaders of a newspaper. We were greatly amused by his advertisement of the journal, intended to act as lantern to this shining light of the new political day. "Our task is easy"—these were its concluding words—"*Dieu dicte, nous écrivons!*" Setting aside the slight profanity of this startling assertion, one cannot but admire the characteristic modesty of the self-conferred secretaryship. We are assured, however, that M. Dumas has been found far less able and attractive at the head of the column, than he was in his old place at the foot of the page.

The disjointed times being decidedly unfavourable to *belles lettres*, we were scarcely surprised at the first non-arrival of the monthly parcel, in which our punctual Paris agent is wont to forward us the literary novelties of the preceding thirty days. On a second and a third omission, we grew uneasy, and suspected the Red Republicans of abstracting our packages *in transitu*; but absolved the democrats on receipt of advice, that if the books did not arrive, it was because they were not

sent; and that, if they were not sent, it was because there were none, or as good as none, to send. At last a case has reached us—half the usual size, but containing, nevertheless, the French literature of the entire summer. A poor display indeed! The pens of the novelists have shrivelled in their grasp; their plump goose-quills have dwindled into emaciated tooth-picks. Instead of the exuberant eight-volume romance, with promise of continuation, we have single volumes, meagre tales, that seem nipped in the bad, blighted by the breath of revolution. No author, not already involved in one of those tremendous series with which French writers have lately abused the public patience, now cares to exceed a volume or two. M. Sue, having got into the middle of the seven capital sins, is fain to flounder on through the ocean of iniquity; but his pen flags, evidently affected by the discouraging influence of the times. M. Dumas has brought out the final volume of "*Les Quarante Cinq*," a romance which we may observe, *en passant*, is a scandalous specimen of what the French call *faire la ligne*—doing the line, writing against paper, upon the Vauxhall principle of making the smallest possible substance cover the utmost possible surface. It is pity to see a man of remarkable talent, which M. Dumas really is, thus degrading himself into a mere mercantile speculator, lumbering his books with pages upon pages of useless and meaningless dialogue—if dialogue that is to be called, of which the following stuff is a specimen:—

"You are the Chevalier d'Artagnan."

"Then let me pass."

"Useless!"

"Why useless?"

"Because his Eminence is not at home."

"What! His Eminence not at home! Where is he then?"

"Gone."

"Gone?"

"Yes."

"Where?" &c., &c.

This is taken at random, from the volume last published of the *Vicomte de Bragelonne*, in which romance the marvellous and Crichtonian musketeers, brought forward again, when hard upon threescore, show less sign of suffering from the march of years than does the narrative of their adventures from its unconscionable protraction. Much more than half the book is made up of such wearisome conferences as that above-cited, where the interlocutors carry on a sort of cut-and-thrust conversation, with an economy of words explicable by the fact that in a French feuilleton, or volume, one word of dialogue makes a line, as well as ten. With the assistance of his secretary, M. Maquet, and of his son, Alexander the Younger, M. Dumas gets through a prodigious amount of this sort of trash, at once productive to his pocket and damaging to his reputation; and then, when he finds publishers beginning to grumble, and the public detecting the device, and rejecting the windy repast, he applies himself in earnest, and produces something [559] exceedingly good, of which he is quite capable, if once he gets the spur. It is to the necessity of thus occasionally redeeming his reputation, that we are indebted for the few really praiseworthy romances he has written—for the *Chevalier d'Harmental*, for the earlier portion of the *Mousquetaires*, and for his masterpiece, *Le Comte de Monte Christo*. His enemies and libellers have asserted, that the first-named of these books was written by M. Maquet, and only fathered by Dumas; but the assertion is absurd, and is belied by the book itself, replete with that vivid animation which characterises whatever Alexander writes. Moreover, the man who could write such a novel would have no need to purchase the name of M. Dumas. He would not lack a publisher, and his reputation would soon be made. We believe the fact to be, that Maquet is a sort of industrious drudge, employed by Dumas to rummage chronicles, and to collate and write down historical incidents and facts, for his employer to distort and expand into romances. For, as an historical romance writer, M. Dumas is utterly without a conscience. By him characters and events are twisted and turned as best suits his convenience. "I have twenty years' work before me," he is reported to have said, "to illustrate French history." Heaven knows what sort of an illustrator he is! We would advise no one to take their notions of French historical personages from M. Dumas' novels, or from his history either—for he writes history also, at times, and the only doubt is, which is the greatest fiction, his history or his romance. But for the titles, it were not always easy to distinguish between them. It were unfair, however, whilst quizzing his absurdities, to lose sight of his merits. These are numerous and remarkable. His spirit and vivacity of style are extraordinary; and we can call to mind no living writer superior to him for invention. *Monte Christo* is his masterpiece. It is indeed a very striking and amusing book. With defects that forbid our calling it a first-rate romance of its class, it is yet far more entertaining than many that claim and obtain the title. The readers of the *Journal des Debats* well remember the eagerness with which each successive *feuilleton* was looked for, during its appearance in that paper. We ourselves abominate the *feuilleton* system, by which one is a year or two reading a book, imbibing it by daily crumbs, like the lady who eats her pillau with a bodkin. We waited till the work was complete, and then read it off the reel,—not at a sitting, certainly, considering the length, but early and late, in bed and at board. And being somewhat fastidious in matter of novels, it is evident *Monte Christo* must have great attractions thus to carry us at a canter through its interminable series of volumes. Its chief fault is the usual one of its author—exaggeration. We are sure M. Dumas is one of those persons who love to dream with their eyes

open—to build themselves palaces in fairyland, to arrange gardens after the fashion of that of Eden, to furnish the most preterperfect of apartments with the most fabulous of furniture, to hang diamonds on their trees, and a roc's egg in their drawing-room. His air-constructed castles find a site in the pages of his romances. The right way to read them is to forget as fast as possible the improbabilities and impossibilities. The supernatural being out of vogue, he does not give to Edmund Dantes the lamp of Aladdin, but (which is quite equivalent) a few double handfuls of precious stones, whereof the smallest specimen is caught at by a Jew for a thousand pounds; whilst one of the largest, hollowed out, forms a convenient receptacle for a score of pills, as big as peas, which it is the Count's custom to carry about with him. With the aid of this incalculable wealth, Dantes pursues his grand scheme of revenge upon the persons to whom he is indebted for fourteen years' undeserved imprisonment in the dungeons of the Chateau d'If. Gold being the universal key, all doors fly open before him: nothing is impossible to the man who scatters millions upon the path leading to the goal of his desires. Take the treasure for granted, and still there is much exaggeration to get over; but there are also many truthful touches, many finely-drawn characters. How exquisitely tender are some of the scenes between the paralytic and his [560] granddaughter; how capital and characteristic the interview between the old Italian gambler and the young French thief, when they are paid by the Count to consider each other as father and son! In this romance there is none of the make-weight dialogue so lavishly interpolated in most of the same author's works. In style, too, and description, M. Dumas here rises above his average. His style, always lively and piquant, is usually loose, unpolished, and defaced by conventionalisms the Academy would hardly sanction. In *Monte Christo* he has evidently taken pains to do well, and the result is the best written book he has yet produced.

But we lose sight of our parcel, as yet but half unpacked. Here is a volume of the *Député d'Arcis*, (another of the continuation family,) heavy stuff, seemingly, by Balzac; and this brings us to the end of the continuations. With these exceptions, the French writers who have not altogether left off writing, have at least kept within circumscribed limits. Here we have a volume from M. Méry of Marseilles, a clever, careless writer, not much known in England; another by the authoress of *Consuelo*; two more from M. Alphonse Karr; a couple from that old sinner, Paul de Kock, who is not often so concise, having superadded, of late years, to his other transgressions the crime of long-windedness; a brief Sicilian sketch from M. Paul de Musset. We turn aside a heap of political matter, of no great merit or value; a few pamphlets, of some talent, but fugitive interest, by Girardin and others; a ream of portraits and caricatures; a few more novels whose authors' names or whose first pages condemn them; *Mourir pour la Patrie*, and some other revolutionary staves, bad music and worse words, and the box is empty. We sit down to peruse the little we have selected as worth perusal from the pile of printed paper. *La Famille Alain*, by Karr, is the first thing that comes to hand. We have read the greater part of it already, in the French periodical in which it first appeared. M. Karr is rather a favourite of ours. There are many good points about his novels, although he is, perhaps, less popular as a novelist than as the writer of a small monthly satirical pamphlet, *Les Guèpes*, The Wasps, which has existed for several years, with varying, but, upon the whole, with very great success. M. Karr's wit is of a peculiar order, approaching more nearly to *humour* than French wit generally does. There is an odd sort of dryness and fantastic *naïveté* in some of his drolleries, quite distinct from what we are accustomed to in the comic writings of his countrymen. With this the German origin to be inferred from his name may have some connexion. There is also a Germanic vagueness and dreaminess in some of his books, although their scene is usually on French ground, frequently on the coast of Brittany, a country M. Karr evidently well knows and loves. One of his great recommendations is the general propriety of his writings. Of most of them, the tone and tendency are alike unexceptionable, and some are mere "simple stories," which the most fastidious papas—who deny that any good thing can proceed from a French press, and look upon the yellow paper cover with "Paris" at its foot as the ineradicable mark of the beast, the moral quarantine flag, betokening uncleanness which no amount of lazaretto can purge or purify—might with safe conscience place in the hands of their blooming artless sixteen-year-old daughters. The fact is, that people *will* read French novels—so long as they are not audaciously indecent, immoral, or irreligious—because the present race of French novelists are far cleverer and more amusing than their English brethren. And although some French novels are offensive and abominable, it is not fair to include all in the black list, or to deny that a great improvement has taken place since the period (the early years of the reign of the first and last King of the French) when the Paris press was clogged with indecency and infidelity. We should be very sorry to put Mrs George Sand's works into the hands of any young woman; we would insult no woman, of any age, by commending to her notice the obscene buffoonery of De Kock; but neither would we condemn the whole flock for a sprinkling of scabby sheep. There are many French writers of a very different stamp from the two just named; and M. Karr is one of the better sort. The tale now before us is a [561] Norman story, possessing better plot and incident than many of its predecessors; for in these respects, this author—from indolence, we suspect—is often rather deficient. We need hardly tell our readers that the Norman is noted for his cunning, and for his litigious propensities, as the Gascon is for his boasting and vanity, the Lorrainer for his stolidity, &c., &c. In *La Famille Alain*, the characteristics of the province, and the casualties of the peasant's and fisherman's life, are cleverly illustrated. Tranquille Alain, surnamed Risquetout, from certain bold feats of his earlier years, lives by the seaside on the produce of his nets. His family consists of his wife Pélagie, his sons and daughter, Cæsar, Onesimus, and Berenice, and of his foster-daughter Pulchérie. With respect to these magnificent names, M. Karr thinks it necessary to offer some explanation. "I am not their inventor," he says, "and they are very common in Normandy. There is not a village that has not its Berenices, its Artemesias, its Cleopatras. I know not whence the inhabitants originally took these names. Perhaps they were given by dames of high degree, who took them from

Mademoiselle de Scudery's romances, to bestow them on their rustic god-children, and they have since remained traditional in the country." The book opens with the christening of a new fishing-boat, to build which Tranquille Alain has borrowed a hundred crowns of his cousin Eloi, miller and usurer. In France, as elsewhere, and especially in Normandy, millers have a roguish reputation. The loan is to be repaid, part at the beginning and part at the end of the fishing season, with twenty crowns interest. But the season sets in stormy and unfavourable; the fish shun the coast; and at the date appointed for the first payment, the debtor is unprepared with either principal or interest. At last the wind lulls, and the angry waves subside into a long sullen swell. Risquetout and his sons put to sea.

"Towards the close of day, as the boats reappeared on the horizon, Eloi Alain came down from Beuzeval, and waited their arrival upon the beach. They had taken a few whitings. Onesimus was proud, because almost all the fish had been caught on his line.

"Risquetout, who had started that morning rather prematurely, without waiting till the fine weather had thoroughly set in, had a feeling of fear and embarrassment at sight of the miller.

"'Have you caught any thing?' said Eloi.

"'A few whitings. Will you come, and eat some with us?'

"Eloi made no answer; but when the lines and fish had been taken out of the boat, and the boat had been washed and hauled up upon the shore, he followed the three fishers to their home. Pélagie also felt uneasy at sight of Eloi; she asked him, as Tranquille had done, if he would eat a whiting, to which he replied,—

"'Not to refuse you.'

"Then, as they changed the fish from one basket to another, he took up two, and kept them a long time in his hands, repeating, 'Fine whitings these, very fine whitings!' until Pélagie said:—

"'You shall take them home with you, cousin.'

"Eloi answered nothing; they sat down to dinner; he found the cider not very good, which did not prevent his drinking a great deal of it.

"'Well, Tranquille,' said he, at last, 'it is to-day you are to pay me the hundred and twenty crowns I lent you.'

"Neither the intrepid Risquetout, nor any of his family, dared to observe that the loan was not of one hundred and twenty crowns, but only of one hundred crowns, for which a hundred and twenty were to be paid back.

"'True,' said Tranquille Alain, 'true; but the same reason which prevented my paying you the other day, prevents me to-day; to-day only have we been able to put to sea.

"'I am sadly inconvenienced for these hundred and twenty crowns I lent you, cousin. I had reckoned on them to employ in an affair—I had taken them from a sum I had in reserve—and here I am, distressed for want of them.'

"'I am sorrier for it than you are, cousin, but a little patience and all will go well.'

"Tranquille did not dare say that Eloi could not be distressed for the hundred and twenty crowns, [562]
their agreement having been, that he should repay only a portion at the beginning of the season, and the remainder at its conclusion.

"'And when will you pay me?'

"'Well, cousin, at the end of the season.'

"'The two halves shall be paid together,' added Pélagie, bolder than her husband.

"'It is to-day the money would be useful to me; I miss an affair on which I should gain fifty crowns! It is very hard to have obliged people, and to find one's-self in difficulty in consequence. I am so much in want of money, Risquetout, that if you give me two hundred francs, I will return you these two bills of sixty crowns each.'

"'You know very well I have no money, Eloi.'

"'Never mind, it shows you what sacrifices I would make to-day, to receive what you owe me.'

"Again no one dared tell the miller that he was not very sincere when he offered to sacrifice a hundred and sixty francs to obtain payment of a sum which would enable him, he said, to gain a hundred and fifty.

"'What is to be done?' said he.

"'I wish I had the money, Eloi.'

"'You say then that you cannot pay, till Michaelmas, the hundred and twenty crowns you should have paid to-day?'

"'That is to say, cousin,' cried Pélagie, always bolder or less patient than her husband, 'that we should have given you half of it.'

"'Yes; but that half was due a fortnight ago; and, besides, I am in such want of that half, that—See here, now, I offered just now to give you back your bills for two hundred francs; well, pay me one, and I return you both. There is nothing stingy or greedy in that offer, I hope; I lent you a hundred and twenty crowns, and I cry quits for sixty.'

"'Cousin, I repeat that I have no money, and besides, if I had sixty crowns, I would give them you, which would not prevent my giving you the sixty others later.'

"'It is sixty crowns that I lose on the affair I miss for want of money.'

"'Pélagie longed to remind Eloi that the profit sacrificed had been but fifty crowns a few minutes before, but she held her tongue.

"'I am no Turk,' continued the miller; 'I will renew your bills. Draw one of a hundred and fifty crowns payable at Michaelmas.'

"The husband and wife exchanged a look. Pélagie spoke.

"'What, cousin! a hundred and fifty crowns! That makes, then, thirty crowns interest from now till Michaelmas, and that on sixty crowns, or rather on fifty, since only half the sum is due; and out of the sixty crowns ten are for interest.'

"'I don't deny it. You think thirty crowns interest too much; well, I offer sixty for the same time. Give me sixty crowns, and I return the two bills, and thank you into the bargain, and you will have done me famous service.'

"'Ah! cousin, I wish I had never borrowed this money of you!'

"'I am sure I wish you had not; I should not be pinched for it to-day. And why am I? Because I won't get you into difficulties, for I might give your two bills in payment for the affair I speak of, and then you would be made to pay, or your boats would be sold; but I prefer being the loser myself, for after all, cousin, we are brothers' sons, and we must help one another in this world.'

"'Nevertheless, cousin, thirty crowns are a very high figure.'

"'Yes; and I should be quite content if you would give me sixty for the hundred and twenty I lent you; but, Lord bless me! add nothing to the bill, if you like—let me lose every thing.'

"'It is fair to add something, Eloi.'

"'Well, since you find thirty crowns too much, when I should be too happy to give sixty, add nothing, or add thirty crowns.'

"Tranquille and his wife looked at each other.

"'I will do as you wish,' said Risquetout.

"'Observe,' said the miller, 'that it is not I who wish it. What I wish, on the contrary, is to see my hundred and twenty crowns which went out of my pocket, and to receive them without addition; what I would gladly agree to is, to receive sixty, and make you a present of the rest.' [563]

"'Write out the bill; I will make my mark.'

"Eloi wrote; but, when about to set down the sum upon the stamp he had brought with him, he checked himself.

"'Tranquille,' said he, 'the stamp is five sous; it is not fair I should pay it. Give me five sous.'

"'There is not a sou in the house,' said Pélagie.

"'Then we will add it to the amount of the bill. Thus: At Michaelmas I promise to pay to my cousin, Eloi Alain, the sum of four hundred and fifty-one francs (one cannot put four hundred and fifty francs and five sous, it would look so paltry,) which he has been so obliging as to lend me in hard cash. Signed, Tranquille Alain. There, put your mark, and you, Pélagie, put yours also.'

"The signatures given, Eloi returned the old bills with the air of a benefactor conferring an immense favour.

"'This time, cousin,' said he, 'be punctual. I shall pay away your bill to a miller at Cherbourg; and if you are not prepared to take it up when due, he may not be so accommodating as I am; for, after all, these four hundred and fifty-one francs would be very useful to me, if I had them in my pocket instead of having lent them to you. Four hundred and fifty-one francs are not to be picked up under every hedge; it is not every day one finds a cousin willing to lend him four hundred and fifty-one francs.'

"No one made any observation on this pretended loan of four hundred and fifty-one francs.

"'Well, I must be off. I perhaps lost my temper a little, cousin, but I am really in want of the money. You understand—when one has reckoned on four hundred and fifty-one francs that one has lent—and then not to receive a single copper, it is rather vexatious; but, however, I will manage as I can. I am hasty at the moment, but I bear no malice. It is all forgotten.'

"He then took up the two whitings which had been laid aside for him. At the same time he took a third out of the basket, and placed it beside one of his, comparing the two.

"'I think this is a finer one!' he said. And he weighed them, one in each hand.

"'There is not much difference,' he observed.

"He changed them into the opposite hands, weighed them again, and appeared sadly embarrassed, until his kinsman said to him:

"'Don't mind, cousin, take the three.'

"'Here, Onesimus,' said he, 'run a piece of string through their gills.'

"Onesimus strung them on the end of a strong line. He was about to cut the piece off, when Eloi checked him.

"'Bless me!' said the miller, 'how wasteful children are! He would cut that capital new cord.'

"And he carried away the entire cord, with the three whitings at the end of it, after having several times repeated his advice to Risquetout to be punctual in the payment of his bill, and after kissing Berenice, and saying,—

"'Good-bye, my dear children; I am delighted to have been of service to you.'

"'Our cousin is a very hard and a very griping man,' said Pélagie.

"'God does not pay his labourers every night,' replied Tranquille, lifting his woollen cap, 'but sooner or later he never forgets to pay. Each man shall be recompensed according to his work.'"

This is by no means the sort of thing generally met with in French romances of the present day. It is neither the back-slum and bloody-murder style, nor the self-styled historical, nor the social-subversive. It is just simple, natural, pleasant reading, free from anything indecent or objectionable. We have taken this chapter because it bears extraction well, not as the best in the book, still less as the only good one. *La Famille Alain* has a well-contrived plot and well-managed incidents, contains some droll and quiet caricature, and many touching and delicately-handled passages. The correspondence between the young lady at the Paris boarding-school, and the fisherman's daughter at Dive, and the sketches of the company at the watering-place, are each [564] excellent in their way. The introduction of Madame du Mortal and her daughter, and of the Viscount de Morgenstein, is rather foreign to the story, but affords M. Karr opportunity of sketching characters by no means uncommon in France, although little known in England. At this sort of delineation he is the Gavarni of the pen.

"The truth is, that Madame du Mortal's existence had been tolerably agitated. Eight years previously she had quitted M. du Mortal for the society of an officer, who soon, touched by remorse, had left her at full liberty to repair their mutual fault by returning to edify the conjugal mansion by her repentance, and by the exercise of those domestic virtues she had somewhat neglected. Madame du Mortal did nothing of the sort; she knew how to create resources for herself. Formerly, deceived and discouraged people fled to a convent, now they fly to the feuilleton. When a woman finds herself, by misconduct and scandal, excluded from society, she does not weep over her fault and expiate it in a cloister; before long you see her name at the bottom of a newspaper feuilleton, in which she demands the enfranchisement of her sex. No great effort of invention was requisite for Madame du Mortal to devise this resource. Her husband, M. du Mortal, a tall, corpulent man, with a severe countenance and formidable mustaches, had long furnished the article MODES to a widely-circulated newspaper; and under the name of the Marchioness of M——, discoursed weekly upon tucks and flounces, upon the length of gowns and the size of bonnets, according to the instructions of milliners and dressmakers, who paid him to give their names and addresses. Madame du Mortal devoted herself to the same branch of literature, and succeeded in seducing some of her husband's customers."

"The Viscount de Morgenstein was one of those illustrious pianists whose talent has much less connexion with music than with sleight of hand. M. de Morgenstein achieved only three notes a minute less than M. Henry Herz; as he was young and worked hard, it was thought he would overtake, and perhaps surpass that master. He had long curling hair, affected a melancholy and despairing countenance, and was considered to have something fatal in his gait. His mere aspect betrayed the man overwhelmed by the burden of genius and by the divine malediction."

The character of an old country gentleman, who has ruined himself to marry his niece to a spendthrift count, is very well hit off. Eloi Alain, who has a grudge against the poor old fellow, persecutes him in every possible way; his aristocratic and ungrateful nephew refuses him the pension agreed upon, and, to maintain appearances, Monsieur Malais de Beuzeval is reduced to shifts worthy of Caleb Balderstone. Although a *parvenu*, with vanity for the stimulus of his stratagems, one cannot help feeling sorry for the weak but kind-hearted old man, who shuffles on a livery coat, and puts a patch over his eye, to inform visitors, through the wicket, that he himself is not at home—his own servants having left him; who paints a blaze, each alternate day, upon the face of his sole remaining horse, that neighbours may credit the duplicity of his stud; and who illuminates his drawing-room and jingles his piano in melancholy solitude, to make the world believe M. de Beuzeval is receiving his friends. His manœuvres to procure a supply of forage, and his ingenuity in dissipating the astonishment of its vender, who cannot comprehend that the master of broad pastures should purchase a load of hay, are capitally drawn. Like every thing else, however, the hay comes to an end, and, at the same time with the horse, the master runs short of provender. Only the four-legged animal has resources the biped does not possess.

"M. de Malais was again compelled to lead out his horse Pyramus during the night, to graze the neighbours' lucerne. One morning the inhabitants of the village of Beuzeval heard the castle-bell announce, as usual, the breakfast. M. de Beuzeval walked into the breakfast room, but found nothing to eat. He nibbled a stale crust and set out for Caen, whence he always brought back a little money, his journeys thither being for the purpose of disposing of some relic of his departed [565] splendour. But when he had ridden a league he remembered it was Sunday; the man he had to see would not be at his shop, and he must wait till the next day. He returned to Beuzeval, and thence rode down to Dive. Berenice, who was lace-making at her door, made him a grateful curtsey, and he stopped to exchange a few words with her. Pélagie, who was preparing dinner, inquired after Pulchérie.

"'Madame la Comtesse de Morville is well,' he replied; 'I heard from her the other day. My nephew, Count de Morville, has promised to bring the countess to see me this summer.'

"Onesimus and his father were close to shore. Pélagie begged M. de Beuzeval's permission to look to their dinner, as they were obliged to put to sea again as soon as they had eaten it. M. Malais got off his horse and entered the house.

"'Your soup smells deliciously,' said he; 'it is cabbage soup.'

"'A soup you seldom see, M. de Beuzeval.'

"'Not for want of asking for it. I am passionately fond of cabbage soup, but they never will make it at my house.'

"'I daresay not. It is not a soup for gentlefolk.'

"'Yours smells excellent, Pélagie; but you were always a good cook.'

"'Ah, sir! there is one thing that helps me to make good dinners for our men!'

"'What is that, Pélagie?'

"'A good appetite. They put to sea last night, and here they come, tired, wet, dying of hunger: all that is spice for a plain meal.'

"The fishermen entered.

"'Come along!' cried M. Malais, 'you have a famous soup waiting for you. Upon my word, it smells too good; I must taste it. Pélagie, give me a plate; I will eat a few spoonsful with you. Certainly, it is but a short time since I took my breakfast—what people call a good breakfast—but without appetite, without pleasure.'

"'Indeed! M. Malais, you will do us the honour of tasting our soup?'

"And Pélagie hastened to put a clean cloth upon the table. Berenice fetched a pot of cider. Onesimus *moored* the horse in the shade; then they all sat down, taking care to give the best place to M. Malais, who eagerly devoured a plateful of soup."

We refer to the book itself those who would know how the poor old gentleman made a second fierce assault on the tureen, and an equally determined one on the bacon and greens; to what expedients he was subsequently reduced; how it fared with the Countess Pulchérie and her scapegrace husband, and what were the struggles, sufferings, and ultimate rewards, of the courageous and simple-hearted Alains. The book may safely be recommended to all readers. This is more than we can say for the next that comes to hand—*Un Mariage de Paris* by Méry. This we should pitch into the rubbish-basket after reading the first two chapters, did it not serve to illustrate what we have often noted—the profound and barbarous ignorance of French literary men on the subject of England and the English. Were this confined to the smaller fry, the inferior herd of *Trans-canalic* scribblers, one would not be surprised. It is nothing wonderful that such gentlemen as M. Paul Feval and poor blind Jacques Arago, should take *le gin* and *le boxe* to be the Alpha and Omega of English propensities and manners, and should proceed upon that presumption in romances of such distinguished merit as *Les Mystères de Londres* and *Zambala l'Indien*. But M. Méry is a man of letters esteemed amongst his fellows—a hasty and slovenly writer, certainly, but possessing wit, and tact, and style, when he chooses to employ them; and having, moreover, he himself assures us, in the pages of the singular production now under dissection, been all through England—although this we apprehend he effected by means of express trains, without stop or stay, from Folkestone to Berwick-upon-Tweed and back again. Even this much acquaintance with the British Isles is denied to many of his contemporaries, who evidently derive their notions of English habits and customs from the frequenters of the English taverns about the Places Favart and Madeleine at Paris. M. Méry is above this. He draws entirely [566] upon his imagination for the manners, morals, and topography of the country in which his scene is laid. He has got a few names of places, which he jumbles together in the most diverting manner. His hero, Cyprian de Mayran, a Paris exquisite of the first water, saddened by a domestic calamity, comes to London in quest of dissipation and oblivion. He has some acquaintances there, dating from a previous visit, and amongst them is the popular singer Sidora W——, a lady, we are told, "whose talent would have been very contestable at Paris, but was venerated in London, the city of universal toleration. When, in Norma, or Fidelio, she kept only tolerably near to the intentions of the composers, changing their notes into false coin, a phalanx of admirers rose like one man, and a triple round of applause rent thirty pair of yellow gloves. The name of Sidora W—— had *great attraction*, (the italics are M. Méry's,) and when displayed

on gigantic placards, before *Mansion-house*, or *Post-office*, as well as on the modest gray circulars of the grocers, at night whole squadrons of noble equipages were seen manœuvring between *Long Acre* and the peristyle of *Covent Garden*, and the theatre of *Drury Lane* was invaded." The nightingale who thus, in 1845, filled to suffocation the walls of Drury, (a fact Mr Bunn may have difficulty to remember,) had a rural retreat at Highgate, where she received a motley company. "The garden of reception was like a vast flower-basket inhabited by a woman, and surrounded by a dark fringe of mute adorers. There were all the faces of the English universe: retired Calcutta nabobs; ex-governors of unknown Archipelagos; colonels whose defunct wives were Malabar widows, snatched from the funeral pile of their Indian spouses; admirals bronzed by twenty cruises under the equator; nephews of Tippoo Saib; disgraced ministers from Lahore; ex-criminals from Botany Bay, who, having grown rich, were voted virtuous; princes of Madagascar and Borneo; citizens of New Holland, (naturalised Englishmen, notwithstanding their close affinity to orang-outangs,)—in short all the human or inhuman types that Sem, Cham, and Japhet invented on their escape from the Ark, to amuse themselves a little after a year's diluvian captivity on the summit of Mount Ararat. It is only in London such collections are to be met with; and the foreign naturalist has the gratuitous enjoyment of them. The capital of England is sometimes generous and disinterested in its zoological exhibitions."

Amidst these dingy exotics, Cyprian, "with his Parisian elegance, his fresh complexion, his hair of a vivid auburn, waving like that of the Apollo Belvedere," appeared like a swan amongst gray geese; and, seating himself between "two equinoctial beings not classed by Buffon," he soon engrossed all the attention of the fascinating Sidora, to the suppressed but violent indignation of Prince Rajab-Nandy, and her other copper-coloured admirers. One of these waylays the handsome Frenchman on his return home. Whilst passing over *Highgate Bridge*, Cyprian's horse starts violently, and an "equinoctial gentleman, with nothing *white* about his whole person, except a pair of *yellow* gloves, (a Gallo-Irishism,) springs from amongst the *brushwood*, and plants himself in the middle of the bridge, like a satyr in the poem of Ramaiana." A duel is arranged, to take place at *Cricklewood Cottage*, and Cyprian gallops into London by *Tottenham-Road*. Having no male acquaintances in London, except two sobersided bankers, he is at a loss for seconds. Finally he prevails on two of the opera chorus, in consideration of a new coat and a sovereign, to accompany him to the field of danger; and, after duly gloving and dressing them in *Saint-Martin-Court*, he packs them in a hackney-coach and starts for *Cricklewood*, which we now learn is on the summit of the *mountain of Hamstead*. "There, in a pavilion decorated Chinese-fashion, three men of tropical physiognomy awaited De Mayran...." Opposite the cottage there stretched out, to an immense distance, over hill and over valley, a gloomy forest, which served as dueling ground in the quarrelsome days of the Roundheads and Cavaliers. In a level glade, bare of trees, the Anglo-Indians paused. It was a wild and solitary place; nevertheless, here and there, [567] on the fir trees, were seen enormous electioneering placards, bearing the words, "*Vote for Parker!*" This is rich, particularly if we bear in mind that the author is perfectly serious, and devoutly believes he is giving a very curious insight into the local usages and characteristics of semi-civilised England. M. Méry's hero has other adventures, equally true to life,—makes new acquaintances on board a river-steamer; dines with them at *Sceptre and Crown* at Greenwich, and at *Star and Garter* at Richmond; and falls violently in love with Madame Katrina Lewing, a beautiful Englishwoman. M. Méry makes merry on the river Thames, which he affects to believe rises in the immediate vicinity of Richmond, and concerning whose origin and exiguity he is very facetious. He also displays his acquaintance with English literature by quoting "the great poet Pope's famous drinking song in honour of the Thames, '*I you like, little stream!*'" Then Cyprian prevails on Katrina to elope with him to *Port Natal*, (of all places in the world!) and realises his fortune as a preparatory measure; but Katrina proves a mere decoy-duck, and the amorous Frenchman is stripped of his bank-notes, and left in the dead of night in the middle of a field. In vain, at daybreak, does he seek a shepherd to question, because, as M. Méry testifies, English peasants do not inhabit the fields; shepherds are scarcely known in the country; and the only one he, the aforesaid Méry, ever beheld, during his extensive rambles in England, was a well-dressed young gentleman, with gloves on, reading the *Morning Chronicle* under a tree. Then we have a thieves' orgie, where the liquors in demand are claret and *absinthe*, nothing less—M. Méry not condescending to the gin, so much abused by his contemporaries. And, finally, a murder having been committed, its circumstances are investigated on the spot, by a *Queen's proctor*, assisted by two policemen, a barmaid, and a physician. We might multiply these literary curiosities; but we have given enough to prove their author's intimate acquaintance with the country about which he so agreeably writes. It is related of M. Méry's friend Dumas, that he once resolved on a visit to London, posted to Boulogne, steamed to London bridge, and reached St Paul's, but there turned back, anathematising fog and sea-coal, and never stopped till he found himself in the Chaussée d'Antin. Without vouching for the truth of this tale, we must admit its probability when told of the eccentric Alexander. Mr Méry's knowledge of this country is just what he might have obtained by an hour's conversation with his friend, upon the return of the latter from his journey to St Paul's. But it is a crying sin of French writers, when they get upon foreign ground, that, in their anxiety to give to their books a tinge characteristic of the country, (*couleur locale* they call it,) they outstrip the limits assigned to them by their real knowledge of the land and its inhabitants, and, meaning to be effective, become simply ridiculous. And England is the country, of all others, whose ways they apparently have most difficulty in rightly comprehending. On a more southern soil they are less apt to run into absurdities, but sin chiefly on the side of overcolouring. This may be alleged, although to no violent extent, of a pleasant little romance by Paul de Musset, *La Chèvre Jaune*—The Yellow Goat—intended as an illustration of Sicilian life, particularly amongst the lower orders. The hero of the tale is a precocious peasant boy, dwelling in the mountains with his mother—a fierce old lady who owns a rifle, and detests the Neapolitans. This boy, who herds

goats, pets one of them, and trains her to dance; by which means, and by his own good mien, he gains the affections of a notary's daughter, whose papa, disapproving of the attachment, has the peasant taken up on a false accusation of theft. The boy escapes, turns bandit, and is accompanied in his forays and ambuscades by his goat, who dances tarantellas on the mountain-tops, and plays so many queer antics that she finally is held uncanny, and becomes an object of fear and veneration to the ignorant Sicilians. The story is prettily and pleasingly told, and is just the sort of reading for a lazy man on a hot day. But, like most of the same author's works, it [568] wants vigour and originality. Paul de Musset is a careful and a polished writer, and whatever he executes conveys the idea of his having done his best; but his best is by no means first-rate, and he labours under the great disadvantage of having a younger brother a far cleverer fellow than himself. Nevertheless, he is not to be spoken of disrespectfully. Slight as most of his productions are, they are often graceful, and sometimes witty. One of his recent *bluettes, Fleuranges*, although a thrice-told tale, is distinguished by its charming vivacity and lightness.

We turn to *François le Champi*, by George Sand. We need hardly say that Madame Dudevant is any thing but a favourite of ours. Whilst admitting her genius and great literary talent, we deplore the evil application of such rare powers,—the perversion of intellect so high to purposes so mischievous. And we cannot agree with M. de Lomenie, who, in his sketch of her life, asserts the pernicious influence of her books to be greatly exaggerated, maintaining that "the catastrophe of almost all of them contains a sort of morality of misfortune which, to a certain extent, replaces any other." This is a specious, but a very hollow argument. How many of those who read George Sand's books have ability or inclination to strike this nice balance between virtue and vice, and do not rather yield themselves captives to the seductive eloquence with which the poetess depicts and palliates the immorality of her characters! Her earlier works gave her a fair claim to the title of the Muse of Adultery, which some uncivil critic conferred on her. The personages were invariably husband, wife, and lover, and the former was by no means the best treated of the three. After a while she deviated from this formula—employed other types, and produced occasionally books of a less objectionable character; but, upon the whole, they are ill to choose amongst. In the one before us there is no great harm, but neither is there much to admire. As a literary production, it is below the average of its predecessors. It is a story of peasant life in western France. George Sand is taking a country walk one evening, when her companion accuses her of making her rustics speak the language of cities. She admits the charge, but urges, in extenuation, that if she makes the dweller in the fields speak as he really speaks, she must subjoin a translation for the civilised reader. Her friend still insists on the possibility of elevating the peasant dialect, without depriving it of its simplicity; of writing a book in language that a peasant might employ, and which a Parisian would understand without a single explanatory note. To professors and amateurs of literary art, the discussion is of interest. Madame Sand agrees to attempt the task; and takes for her subject a tale she has heard related the previous evening, at a neighbouring farm-house. She calls it *François le Champi*, but her critic cavils at the very title. *Champi*, he says, is not French. George Sand quotes Montaigne, to prove the contrary, although the dictionary declares the word out of date. A *champi* is a foundling, or child abandoned in the fields, the derivation being from *champ*. And having thus justified her hero's cognomen, she at once introduces him, at the tender age of six years, boarded by the parish with Zabella, an old woman who dwells in a hovel, and lives on the produce of a few goats and fowls that find subsistence on the common. Madeleine Blanchet, the pretty and very young wife of the miller of Cornouer, takes compassion on the poor infant, and finds means to supply him, unknown to her brutal husband and cross mother-in-law, with food and raiment. The child grows into a comely lad, gentle, intelligent, and right-hearted, and devotedly attached to Madeleine. He enters the service of the miller, a rough dissipated fellow, given up to the fascinations of a loose widow, Madame Sévère, a sort of rural Delilah, who tries to seduce the handsome Champi, and, failing of success, instils jealousy into the ear of the miller, who drives François from his house. The young man finds occupation in a distant village, and returns to the mill of Cornouer only when its master is dead and Madeleine on a bed of sickness, to rescue his benefactress from grasping creditors, by means of a sum of money his unknown father has [569] transmitted to him. George Sand makes every woman in the book fall in love with the Champi; but he repulses all, save one, and that one never dreams of loving him otherwise than as a mother. At last one of the fair ones who would fain have gained his heart, generously reveals to him, what he himself has difficulty in believing, that he is in love with Madeleine Blanchet; and, further, compassionating his timidity, undertakes to break the ice to the pretty widow. It requires a talent like that of George Sand to give an air of probability to all this. There are at most but a dozen years' difference between Madeleine and the Champi, but the reader has been so much accustomed to look upon them in the light of mother and son, that he is somewhat startled on finding the boy of nineteen enamoured of the woman of thirty. The love-passages, however, are managed with Madame Sand's usual skill. As a picture of peasant life, the book yields internal evidence of fidelity. The granddaughter of the farmer-general of Berri has called up the memories of her youthful days, passed in happy liberty upon the sunny banks of Indre, and of the years of connubial discontent that went heavily by in her husband's Aquitanian castle, when country rides and the study of Nature's book were her chief resources. It was from this castle of Nohant that the Baroness Dudevant fled, now nearly twenty years ago, to commence the exceptional existence she since has led. We may venture to take a page from her *Lettres d'un Voyageur*—a page replete with that peculiar fascination which renders her pen so powerful for good or evil.

"It grieves me not to grow old, it would grieve me much to grow old alone; but I have not yet met the being with whom I would fain have lived and died; or, if I have met him, I have not known how to keep him. Hearken to a tale, and weep. There was a good artist, called Watelet, who

engraved in aquafortis better than any man of his time. He loved Margaret Lecomte, and taught her to engrave as well as himself. She left her husband, her wealth, and her country, to live with Watelet. The world cursed them; then, as they were poor and humble, it forgot them. Forty years afterwards there were discovered, in the neighbourhood of Paris, in a little house called *Moulin-Joli*, an old man who engraved in aquafortis, with an old woman whom he called his *Meunière*, who also engraved at the same table. The last plate they executed represented *Moulin-Joli*, Margaret's house, with this device,—*Cur valle permutem Sabinâ divitias operosiores!* It hangs in my room, above a portrait whose original no one here has seen. During one year, he who gave me that portrait seated himself every night with me at a little table, and lived on the same labour as myself. At daybreak we consulted each other on our work, and we supped at the same table, talking of art, of sentiment, and of the future. The future has broken its word to us. Pray for me, O Margaret Lecomte!"

It is no secret that Madame Dudevant's Watelet was Jules Sandeau, a French novelist of some ability, whose name still makes frequent apparitions in the windows of circulating libraries, and at the foot of newspaper feuilletons. Let us see what M. de Lomenie says of this period of her life, and of her first appearance in the lists of literature, in his brief but amusing memoir of this remarkable woman.

"Some time after the July revolution, there appeared a book entitled, *Rose et Blanche*, or the Actress and the Nun. This book, which at first passed unnoticed, fell by chance into a publisher's hands; he read it, and, struck by the richness of certain descriptive passages, and by the novelty of the situations, he inquired the author's address. He was referred to a humble lodging-house, and, upon applying there, was conducted to a small attic. There he saw a young man writing at a little table, and a young woman painting flowers by his side. These were Watelet and Margaret Lecomte. The publisher spoke of the book, and it appeared that Margaret, who could write books as well as Watelet, and even better, had written a good part, and the best part, of this one; only, as books sold badly, or not at all, she combined with her literary occupations the more lucrative [570] labour of a colourist. Encouraged by the publisher's approval, she took from a drawer a manuscript written entirely by herself; the publisher examined it, bought it, doubtless very cheap, and might have paid a much higher price without making a bad speculation, for it was the manuscript of *Indiana*. Soon after that, Margaret Lecomte left Watelet, took half his name, called herself George Sand, and of that half name has made herself one which shines to-day amongst the greatest and most glorious."

Somebody has hazarded the sweeping assertion that the lover is the *King* of George Sand's novels. George Sand herself is the queen of the class of *femmes incomprises*, the victim of a *mariage de convenance*. The death of her grandmother left her, at the very moment she quitted the convent where she had been educated, alone and almost friendless. Ignorant of the world, she allowed herself to be married to a rough old soldier, who led a prosaic existence in a lonely country-house, had no notion of romance, sentiment, or reverie, and made little allowance for them in others. The days that ought to rank amongst the brightest memories of a woman's heart, the early years of marriage, were a blank, or worse, to Aurora Dudevant, and the bitterness thus amassed not unfrequently breaks forth in her writings. It has been urged by her partisans, in extenuation of her conjugal *faux pas*, that her husband was ignorant and brutal. On the other hand, the idle have invented many of the delinquencies imputed to her since her separation, just as they have told absurd stories about her fantastical habits; and have made her out a sort of literary Lola Montes, swaggering and smoking in man's attire, and brandishing pistol and horsewhip with virile energy and effect. The atmosphere of Paris is famous for its magnifying powers. Seen through it, a grain of sand becomes a mountain, an eccentricity is often distended into a vice. We lay this down as a rule, which none who know and understand the French metropolis will dispute; but we do not, at the same time, in any way take up the gloves in defence of George Sand, with whom we have not the honour of a personal acquaintance, and whose writings would certainly incline us to somewhat ready credence of her irregularities and masculine addictions. Now that she has attained the ripe age of forty-four, we may suppose her sobered down a little. Before the February revolution upset society, and drove the majority of the wealthy from Paris, we happen to know she was a welcome guest in some of the most fashionable and aristocratic drawing-rooms of the Faubourg St Germain, where she was sought and cultivated for the charm of her conversation. Since the revolution, there have been reports of her presiding, or at least assisting, at democratic orgies; but these rumours, as the newspapers say, "require confirmation." Since we have, somehow or other, got led into this long gossip about the lady, we will make another extract from the writer already quoted, who tells an amusing story of his first introduction, obtained by means of a misdelivered note, intended by the authoress of *Lelia* for a man who cured smoky chimnies. A resemblance of name brought the missive (a summons to a sick funnel) into the hands of the biographer, who, puzzled at first, finally resolved to take advantage of the mistake, to ascertain whether George Sand really did wear boots and spurs, and smoke Virginian in a short pipe. He expected something masculine and alarming, but in this respect was agreeably disappointed.

"I saw before me a woman of short stature, of comfortable plumpness, and of an aspect not at all *Dantesque*. She wore a dressing gown, in form by no means unlike the wrapper which I, a commonplace mortal, habitually wear; her fine hair, still perfectly black, whatever evil tongues may say, was separated on a brow broad and smooth as a mirror, and fell freely adown her cheeks, in the manner of Raphael; a silk handkerchief was fastened loosely round her throat; her eyes, to which some painters persist in imparting an exaggerated power of expression, were remarkable, on the contrary, for their melancholy softness; her voice was sweet, and not very

strong; her mouth, especially, was singularly graceful; and in her whole attitude there was a striking character of simplicity, nobility, and calm. In the ample temples and rich development of brow, Gall would have discerned genius; in the frankness of her glance, in the outline of her countenance, and in the features, correct but worn, Lavater would have read, it seems to me, past suffering, a time-present somewhat barren, an extreme propensity to enthusiasm, and consequently to discouragement. Lavater might have read many other things, but he certainly could have discovered neither insincerity, nor bitterness, nor hatred, for there was not a trace of these on that sad but serene physiognomy. The Lelia of my imagination vanished before the reality; and it was simply a good, gentle, melancholy, intelligent, and handsome face that I had before my eyes. [571]

"Continuing my examination, I remarked with pleasure that the *grande désolée* had not yet completely renounced human vanities; for, beneath the floating sleeves of her gown, at the junction of the wrist with the white and delicate hand, I saw the glitter of two little gold bracelets of exquisite workmanship. These feminine trinkets, which became her much, greatly reassured me touching the sombre tint, and the politico-philosophic exaltation, of certain of George Sand's recent writings. One of the hands that thus caught my attention concealed a *cigarito*, and concealed it badly, for a treacherous little column of smoke ascended behind the back of the prophetess."

Whether or no the interview thus described really took place, Madame Dudevant should feel obliged to her biographer for his gentle treatment and abstinence from exaggeration. On the strength of the puff of smoke and the epicene dressing gown, many writers would have sketched her hussar fashion, and hardly have let her off the mustaches.

We are nearly at the end of our parcel, at least of such portion of it as appears worthy a few words. Here are a brace of volumes by M. de Kock, over which we are not likely long to linger. An esteemed contributor to Maga expressed, a few years ago, his and our opinion concerning this ancient dealer in dirt—namely, that he has no deliberate intention to corrupt the morals or alarm the delicacy of his readers, for that morals and delicacy are words of whose meaning he has not the slightest conception. Paul, every Frenchman tells you, is not read in France, save by milliners' girls and shopboys, or by literary porters, who solace the leisure of their lodge by a laugh over his pages, contraband amongst *gens comme il faut*. No man is a prophet in his own land; and yet we have certain reasons for believing that, even in France, Paul has more readers, avowed or secret, than his countrymen admit. But at any rate, we can offer the old gentleman (for M. Kock must be waxing venerable, and his son has for some years been before the public as an author,) the consolatory assurance, that in England he has numerous admirers, to judge from the thumbed condition of a set of his works, which caught our eye last summer on the shelves of a London circulating library. To these amateurs of "Kockneyisms," whether genuine cockneys, or naturalised cooks and barbers from Gaul, *Taquinet le Bossu* will be welcome. The hunchback, everybody knows, is a great type in France. Who is not acquainted with the glorious *Mayeux*, the swearing, fighting, love-making hero of a host of popular songs, anecdotes, and caricatures, and of more than one romance—especially of a four-volume one by Ricard, a deceased rival of De Kock? Well, Paul—who, we must admit, is quite original, and disdains imitation—has never meddled with the hackneyed veteran Mayeux, but now creates a hunchback of his own. Taquinet is the dwarf clerk of a notary, luxuriating in a wage of fifty pounds a-year, and a hunch of the first magnitude. Pert as a magpie, mischievous and confiding, devoted to the fair sex, and especially to its taller specimens, he is a fine subject for Monsieur de Kock, who gets him into all manner of queer scrapes, some not of the most refined description. The French hunchback, we must observe, is a genus apart—quite different from high-shouldered people of other countries. Far from being susceptible on the score of his dorsal protuberance, he views it in the light of an excellent joke, a benefaction of nature, placed upon his spine for the diversion of himself and his fellow-men. The words *bosse* and *bossu* (hunch and hunchback) have various idiomatic and proverbial applications in France. To laugh like a *bossu*, implies the *ne plus ultra* of risibility: *se donner une bosse*—literally, to give one's-self a hunch—is synonymous with sharing in a jovial repast where much is eaten and more drunk. An excellent caricature in the *Charivari*, some years ago, represented a group of half-starved soldiers sitting round a fire of sticks at the foot of Atlas, and picking a dromedary's scull—"*Pas moyen de se donner une bosse!*" exclaims one of the dissatisfied conscripts. On twelve hundred francs per annum, poor Taquinet often makes the same complaint; and, in hopes of bettering his fortune, wanders into Germany on a matrimonial venture, there to be jilted by Fraulein Carottsmann, for a strolling player with one coat and three sets of buttons, who styles himself Marquis, because he has been occasionally hissed in the line of characters designated in France by that aristocratic denomination. Then there is a general of Napoleon's army who cannot write his name; and a buxom sutler and a handsome aide-de-camp, sundry grisettes, and the other *dramatis personæ* habitually to be met with in the pages of Paul—the whole set forth in indifferent French, and garnished with buffoonery and impropriety, after the usual fashion of this zany of Parisian novelists. [572]

Is it true that M. Honoré de Balzac is married to a female *millionnaire*, who fell in love with him through his books and his reputation? If so, let him take our advice and abjure scribbling—at least till he is in the vein to turn out something better than his recent productions—better, at least, than the first volume of the *Député d'Arcis*, now lying before us. What heavy, vulgar trash, to flow from the pen of a man of his abilities! After beginning his literary career with a series of worthless books, published under various pseudonymes, and whose authorship he has since in vain endeavoured to disclaim, he rose into fame by his *Scènes de la Vie de Province*, by his *Peau de Chagrin*, his *Père Goriot*, and other striking and popular works. The hour of his decline then

struck, and he has since been rolling down the hill at a faster rate than he ascended it. His affectation of originality is wearisome and nauseous in the extreme. He reminds us of a nurseryman we once knew, who, despairing of equalling the splendour of a neighbour's flowers, applied himself to the production of all manner of floral monstrosities, mistaking distortion for beauty, and eccentricity for grace. He strains for new conceptions and ideas till he writes nonsense, or something very little better. And his mania for introducing the same personages in twenty different books, renders it necessary to read all in order to understand one. The question becomes, whether it is worth while going through so much to obtain so little. Our reply is a decided negative. If the system, however, be annoying to the reader, for the author it has its advantages. It is, in fact, a new species of puffery, of considerable ingenuity. Backwards and forwards, M. de Balzac refers his public; his books are a system of mutual accommodation and advertisement. Thus, in the *Député &c.*, apropos of a lawsuit, we find in brackets and in large capitals,—"*See* UNE TENEBREUSE AFFAIRE." A little farther on, an allusion being made to the town of Provins, we are requested to "*See* PIERRETTE." Similar admonitions are of constant recurrence in the same author's writings. The plan is really clever, and proves Paris a step or two ahead of London in the art of advertising. We have not yet heard of Moses and Doudney stamping on a waistcoat back an injunction to "Try our trousers," or embroidering on a new surtout a hint as to the merits of a 'poplin overcoat.' "Buy our bear's grease!" cries Mr Ross the perfumer. "*Prenez mon ours!*" chimes in M. Balzac, the author. O Paris! Paris! romantic and republican, political and poetical, of all the cities of the plain thou art the queen, and humbug is the chief jewel in thy diadem!

LIFE IN THE "FAR WEST." PART THE LAST.

[573]

No sooner was it known that Los Americanos had arrived, than nearly all the householders of Fernandez presented themselves to offer the use of their "salas" for the fandango which invariably celebrated their arrival. This was always a profitable event; for as the mountaineers were generally pretty well "flush" of cash when on their "spree," and as open-handed as an Indian could wish, the sale of whisky, with which they regaled all comers, produced a handsome return to the fortunate individual whose room was selected for the fandango. On this occasion the sala of the Alcalde Don Cornelio Vegil was selected and put in order; a general invitation was distributed; and all the dusky beauties of Fernandez were soon engaged in arraying themselves for the fête. Off came the coats of dirt and "alegnía" which had bedaubed their faces since the last "funcion," leaving their cheeks clear and clean. Water was profusely used, and their cuerpos were doubtless astonished by the unusual lavation. Their long black hair was washed and combed, plastered behind their ears, and plaited into a long queue, which hung down their backs. *Enaguas* of gaudy colour (red most affected) were donned, fastened round the waist with ornamented belts, and above this a snow-white *camisita* of fine linen was the only covering, allowing a prodigal display of their charms. Gold and silver ornaments, of antiquated pattern, decorate their ears and necks; and massive crosses of the precious metals, wrought from the gold or silver of their own placeres, hang pendant on their breasts. The enagua or petticoat, reaching about half-way between the knee and ancle, displays their well-turned limbs, destitute of stockings, and their tiny feet, thrust into quaint little shoes (*zapatitos*) of Cinderellan dimensions. Thus equipped, with the reboso drawn over their heads and faces, out of the folds of which their brilliant eyes flash like lightning, and each pretty mouth armed with its cigarito, they coquettishly enter the fandango.[2] Here, at one end of a long room, are seated the musicians, their instruments being generally a species of guitar, called heaca, *bandolin*, and an Indian drum, called *tombé*—one of each. Round the room groups of New Mexicans lounge, wrapped in the eternal sarape, and smoking of course, scowling with jealous eyes at the more favoured mountaineers. These, divested of their hunting-coats of buckskins, appear in their bran-new shirts of gaudy calico, and close fitting buckskin pantaloons, with long fringes down the outside seam from the hip to the ancle; with mocassins, ornamented with bright beads and porcupine quills. Each, round his waist, wears his mountain-belt and scalp-knife, ominous of the company he is in, and some have pistols sticking in their belt.

The dances—save the mark!—are without form or figure, at least those in which the white hunters sport the "fantastic toe." Seizing his partner round the waist with the gripe of a grisly bear, each mountaineer whirls and twirls, jumps and stamps; introduces Indian steps used in the "scalp" or "buffalo" dances, whooping occasionally with unearthly cry, and then subsiding into the jerking step, raising each foot alternately from the ground, so much in vogue in Indian ballets. The hunters have the floor all to themselves. The Mexicans have no chance in such physical force dancing; and if a dancing Peládo[3] steps into the ring, a lead-like thump from a galloping mountaineer quickly sends him sprawling, with the considerate remark—"Quit, you darned Spaniard! you can't 'shine' in this crowd." [574]

During a lull, guagés[4] filled with whisky go the rounds—offered to and seldom refused by the ladies—sturdily quaffed by the mountaineers, and freely swallowed by the Peládos, who drown their jealousy and envious hate of their entertainers in potent aguardiente. Now, as the guagés are oft refilled and as often drained, and as night advances, so do the spirits of the mountaineers become more boisterous, while their attentions to their partners become warmer—the jealousy of

the natives waxes hotter thereat—and they begin to show symptoms of resenting the endearments which the mountaineers bestow upon their wives and sweethearts. And now, when the room is filled to crowding,—with two hundred people, swearing, drinking, dancing, and shouting—the half-dozen Americans monopolising the fair, to the evident disadvantage of at least threescore scowling Peládos, it happens that one of these, maddened by whisky and the green-eyed monster, suddenly seizes a fair one from the waist-encircling arm of a mountaineer, and pulls her from her partner. Wagh!—La Bonté—it is he—stands erect as a pillar for a moment, then raises his hand to his mouth, and gives a ringing war-whoop—jumps upon the rash Peládo, seizes him by the body as if he were a child, lifts him over his head, and dashes him with the force of a giant against the wall.

The war, long threatened, has commenced; twenty Mexicans draw their knives and rush upon La Bonté, who stands his ground, and sweeps them down with his ponderous fist, one after another, as they throng around him. "Howgh-owgh-owgh-owgh-h!" the well-known war-whoop, bursts from the throats of his companions, and on they rush to the rescue. The women scream, and block the door in their eagerness to escape; and thus the Mexicans are compelled to stand their ground and fight. Knives glitter in the light, and quick thrusts are given and parried. In the centre of the room the whites stand shoulder to shoulder—covering the floor with Mexicans by their stalwart blows; but the odds are fearful against them, and other assailants crowd up to supply the place of those who fall.

Alarm being given by the shrieking women, reinforcements of Peládos rushed to the scene of action, but could not enter the room, which was already full. The odds began to tell against the mountaineers, when Kit Carson's quick eye caught sight of a high stool or stone, supported by three long heavy legs. In a moment he had cleared his way to this, and in another the three legs were broken off and in the hands of himself, Dick Wooton, and La Bonté. Sweeping them round their heads, down came the heavy weapons amongst the Mexicans with wonderful effect—each blow, dealt by the nervous arms of Wooton and La Bonté, mowing down a good half-dozen of the assailants. At this the mountaineers gave a hearty whoop, and charged the wavering enemy with such resistless vigour, that they gave way and bolted through the door, leaving the floor strewed with wounded, many most dangerously; for, as may be imagined, a thrust from the keen scalp-knife by the nervous arm of a mountaineer was no baby blow, and seldom failed to strike home—up to the "Green River"[5] on the blade.

The field being won, the whites, too, beat a quick retreat to the house where they were domiciled, and where they had left their rifles. Without their trusty weapons they felt, indeed, unarmed; and not knowing how the affair just over would be followed up, lost no time in making preparations for defence. However, after great blustering on the part of the prefecto, who, accompanied by a *posse comitatus* of "Greasers," proceeded to the house, and demanded the surrender of all concerned in the affair—which proposition was received with a yell of derision—the business was compounded by the mountaineers promising to give sundry dollars to the [575]
friends of two of the Mexicans, who died during the night of their wounds, and to pay for a certain amount of masses to be sung for the repose of their souls in purgatory. Thus the affair blew over; but for several days the mountaineers never showed themselves in the streets of Fernandez without their rifles on their shoulders, and refrained from attending fandangos for the present, and until the excitement had cooled down.

A bitter feeling, however, existed on the part of the men; and one or two offers of a matrimonial nature were rejected by the papas of certain ladies who had been wooed by some of the white hunters, and their hands formally demanded from the respective padres.

La Bonté had been rather smitten with the charms of one Dolores Salazar—a buxom lass, more than three parts Indian in her blood, but confessedly the "beauty" of the Vale of Taos. She, by dint of eye, and of nameless acts of elaborate coquetry, with which the sex so universally bait their traps, whether in the salons of Belgravia, or the rancherias of New Mexico, contrived to make considerable havoc in the heart of our mountaineer; and when once Dolores saw she had made an impression, she followed up her advantage with all the arts the most civilised of her sex could use when fishing for a husband.

La Bonté, however, was too old a hunter to be easily caught; and, before committing himself, he sought the advice of his tried companion Killbuck. Taking him to a retired spot without the village, he drew out his pipe and charged it—seated himself cross-legged on the ground, and, with Indian gravity, composed himself for a "talk."

"Ho, Killbuck!" he began, touching the ground with the bowl of his pipe, and then turning the stem upwards for "*medicine*"—"Hyar's a child feels squamptious like, and nigh upon 'gone beaver,' *he* is—Wagh!"

"Wagh!" exclaimed Killbuck, all attention.

"Old hos," continued the other; "thar's no use câching anyhow what a niggur feels—so hyar's to 'put out.' You're good for beaver I know; at deer or buffler, or darned red Injun either, you're 'some.' Now that's a fact. 'Off-hand,' or 'with a rest,' you make 'em 'come.' You knows the 'sign' of Injuns slick—Blackfoot or Sioux, Pawnee or Burntwood, Zeton, Rapaho, Shian, or Shoshonée, Yutah, Piyutah, or Yamhareek—their trail's as plain as writin', old hos, to you."

"Wagh!" grunted Killbuck, blushing bronze at all these compliments.

"Your sight ain't bad. Elks is elk; black-tail deer ain't white-tails; and b'ar is b'ar to you, and nothin' else, a long mile off and more."

"Wa-agh!"

"Thar ain't a track as leaves its mark upon the plains or mountains but you can read off-hand; that I've see'd myself. But tell me, old hos, can you make understand the 'sign' as shows itself in a woman's breast?"

Killbuck removed the pipe from his mouth, raised his head, and puffed a rolling cloud of smoke into the air,—knocked the ashes from the bowl, likewise made his "medicine"—and answered thus:—

"From Red River, away up north amongst the Britishers, to Heely (Gila) in the Spanish country—from old Missoura to the sea of Californy, I've trapped and hunted. I knows the Injuns and thar 'sign,' and they knows *me*, I'm thinkin. Thirty winters has snowed on me in these hyar mountains, and a niggur or a Spaniard[6] would larn 'some' in that time. This old tool" (tapping his rifle) "shoots 'center,' *she* does; and if thar's game afoot, this child knows 'bull' from 'cow,' and ought to could. That deer is deer, and goats is goats, is plain as paint to any but a greenhorn. Beaver's a cunning crittur, but I've trapped a 'heap;' and at killing meat when meat's a-running, I'll 'shine' in the biggest kind of crowd. For twenty year I packed a squaw along. Not one, but a many. First I had a Blackfoot—the darndest slut as ever cried for fofarraw. I lodge-poled her on Colter's Creek, and made her quit. My buffler hos, and as good as four packs of beaver, I gave for old Bull-tail's [576] daughter. He was head chief of the Ricaree, and 'came' nicely 'round' me. Thar wasn't enough scarlet cloth, nor beads, nor vermilion in Sublette's packs for her. Traps wouldn't buy her all the fofarrow she wanted; and in two years I'd sold her to Cross-Eagle for one of Jake Hawkin's guns—this very one I hold in my hands. Then I tried the Sioux, the Shian, and a Digger from the other side, who made the best mocassin as ever *I* wore. She was the best of all, and was rubbed out by the Yutahs in the Bayou Salade. Bad was the best; and after she was gone under I tried no more.

"Afore I left the settlements I know'd a white gal, and she was some punkins. I have never seed nothing as 'ould beat her. Red blood won't 'shine' any ways you fix it; and though I'm hell for 'sign,' a woman's breast is the hardest kind of rock to me, and leaves no trail that I can see of. I've hearn you talk of a gal in Memphis county; Mary Brand you called her oncest. The gal I said *I* know'd, her name I disremember, but she stands afore me as plain as Chimley Rock on Platte, and thirty year and more har'nt changed a feature in her face, to me.

"If you ask this child, he'll tell you to leave the Spanish slut to her Greasers, and hold on till you take the trail to old Missoura, whar white and Christian gals are to be had for axing. Wagh!"

La Bonté rose to his feet. The mention of Mary Brand's name decided him; and he said—

"Darn the Spaniard! she cant shine with me; come, old hos! let's move."

And, shouldering their rifles, the two compañeros returned to the Ronch. More than one of the mountaineers had fulfilled the object of their journey, and had taken to themselves a partner from amongst the belles of Taos, and now they were preparing for their return to the mountains. Dick Wooton was the only unfortunate one. He had wooed a damsel whose parents peremptorily forbade their daughter to wed the hunter, and he therefore made ready for his departure with considerable regret.

The day came, however. The band of mountaineers were already mounted, and those with wives in charge were some hours on the road, leaving the remainder quaffing many a stirrup-cup before they left. Dick Wooton was as melancholy as a buffalo bull in spring; and as he rode down the village, and approached the house of his lady-love, who stood wrapped in reboso, and cigarito in mouth, on the sill of the door, he turned away his head as if dreading to say adios. La Bonté rode beside him, and a thought struck him.

"Ho, Dick!" he said, "thar's the gal, and thar's the mountains: shoot sharp's the word."

Dick instantly understood him, and was "himself again." He rode up to the girl as if to bid her adieu, and she came to meet him. Whispering one word, she put her foot upon his, was instantly seized round the waist, and placed upon the horn of his saddle. He struck spurs into his horse, and in a minute was out of sight, his three companions covering his retreat, and menacing with their rifles the crowd which was soon drawn to the spot by the cries of the girl's parents, who had been astonished spectators of the daring rape.

The trapper and his bride, however, escaped scatheless, and the whole party effected a safe passage of the mountains, and reached the Arkansa, where the band was broken up,—some proceeding to Bent's Fort, and others to the Platte, amongst whom were Killbuck and La Bonté, still in company.

These two once more betook themselves to trapping, the Yellow Stone being their chief hunting-ground. But we must again leap over months and years, rather than conduct the reader through all their perilous wanderings, and at last bring him back to the camp on Bijou, where we first introduced him to our mountaineers; and as we have already followed them on the Arapaho trail, which they pursued to recover their stolen animals from a band of that nation, we will once again seat ourselves at the camp on Boiling Spring, where they had met a strange hunter on a solitary expedition to the Bayou Salade, and whose double-barrelled rifle had excited their wonder and [577] curiosity.

From him they learned also that a large band of Mormons were wintering on the Arkansa, *en route* to the Great Salt Lake and Upper California; and as our hunters had before fallen in with the advanced guard of these fanatic emigrants, and felt no little wonder that such helpless people should undertake so long a journey through the wilderness, the stranger narrated to them the history of the sect, which we will also shortly transcribe for the benefit of the reader.

The Mormons were originally of the sect known as "Latter-day Saints," which sect flourishes wherever Anglo-Saxon gulls are found in sufficient numbers to swallow the egregious nonsense of fanatic humbugs who fatten upon their credulity. In the United States they especially abounded; but, the creed becoming "slow," one Joe Smith, a *smart* man, arose from its ranks, and instilled a little life into the decaying sect.

Joe, better known as the "Prophet Joe," was taking his siesta one fine day, upon a hill in one of the New England States, when an angel suddenly appeared to him, and made known the locality of a new Bible or Testament, which contained the history of the lost tribes of Israel; that these tribes were no other than the Indian nations which possessed the continent of America at the time of its discovery, and the remains of which still existed in their savage state; that, through the agency of Joe, these were to be reclaimed, collected into the bosom of a church to be there established, according to principles which would be found in the wonderful book—and which church was gradually to receive into its bosom all other churches, sects, and persuasions, with "unanimity of belief and perfect brotherhood."

After a certain probation, Joe was led in body and spirit to the mountain by the angel who first appeared to him, was pointed out the position of the wonderful book, which was covered by a flat stone, on which would be found two round pebbles, called Urim and Thummim, and through the agency of which the mystic characters inscribed on the pages of the book were to be deciphered and translated. Joe found the spot indicated without any difficulty, cleared away the earth, and discovered a hollow place formed by four flat stones; on removing the topmost one of which sundry plates of brass presented themselves, covered with quaint and antique carving; on the top lay Urim and Thummim, (commonly known to the Mormons as Mummum and Thummum, the pebbles of wonderful virtue,) through which the miracle of reading the plates of brass was to be performed.

Joe Smith, on whom the mantle of Moses had so suddenly fallen, carefully removed the plates and hid them, burying himself in woods and mountains whilst engaged in the work of translation. However, he made no secret of the important task imposed upon him, nor of the great work to which he had been called. Numbers at once believed him, but not a few were deaf to belief, and openly derided him. Being persecuted, (as the sect declares, at the instigation of the authorities,) and many attempts being made to steal his precious treasure, Joe, one fine night, packed his plates in a sack of beans, bundled them into a Jersey waggon, and made tracks for the West. Here he completed the great work of translation, and not long after gave to the world the "Book of Mormon," a work as bulky as the Bible, and called "of Mormon," for so was the prophet named by whose hand the history of the lost tribes had been handed down in the plates of brass thus miraculously preserved for thousands of years, and brought to light through the agency of Joseph Smith.

The fame of the Book of Mormon spread over all America, and even to Great Britain and Ireland. Hundreds of proselytes flocked to Joe, to hear from his lips the doctrine of Mormonism; and in a very brief period the Mormons became a numerous and recognised sect, and Joe was at once, and by universal acclamation, installed as the head of the Mormon church, and was ever known by the name of the "Prophet Joseph."

However, from certain peculiarities in their social system, the Mormons became rather unpopular in the settled States, and at length moved bodily into Missouri, where they purchased [578] several tracts of land in the neighbourhood of Independence. Here they erected a large building, which they called the Lord's Store, where goods were collected on the common account, and retailed to members of the church at moderate prices. All this time their numbers increased in a wonderful manner, and immigrants from all parts of the States, as well as Europe, continually joined them. As they became stronger, they grew bolder and more arrogant in their projects. They had hitherto been considered as bad neighbours, on account of their pilfering propensities, and their utter disregard of the conventional decencies of society—exhibiting the greatest immorality, and endeavouring to establish amongst their society a universal concubinage. This was sufficient to produce an ill feeling against them on the part of their neighbours, the honest Missourians; but they still tolerated their presence amongst them, until the Saints openly proclaimed their intention of seizing upon the country, and expelling by force the present occupants—giving, as their reason, that it had been revealed to their prophets that the "Land of Zion" was to be possessed by themselves alone.

The sturdy Missourians began to think this was a little too strong, and that, if they permitted such aggressions any longer, they would be in a fair way of being despoiled of their lands by the Mormon interlopers. At length matters came to a crisis, and the Saints, emboldened by the impunity with which they had hitherto carried out their plans, issued a proclamation to the effect that all in that part of the country, who did not belong to the Mormon persuasion, must "clear out," and give up possession of their lands and houses. The Missourians collected in a body, burned the printing-press from which the proclamation had emanated, seized several of the Mormon leaders, and, after inflicting a summary chastisement, "tarred and feathered" them, and let them go.

To revenge this insult, the Mormons marshalled an army of Saints, and marched upon Independence, threatening vengeance against the town and people. Here they met, however, a band of sturdy backwoodsmen, armed with rifles, determined to defend the town against the fanatic mob, who, not relishing their appearance, refused the encounter, and surrendered their leaders at the first demand. The prisoners were afterwards released, on condition that the Mormons left that part of the country without delay.

Accordingly, they once more "took up their beds and walked," crossing the Missouri to Clay County, where they established themselves, and would finally have formed a thriving settlement but for their own acts of wilful dishonesty. At this time their blasphemous mummery knew no bounds. Joe Smith, and other prophets who had lately arisen, were declared to be chosen of God; and it was the general creed that, on the day of judgment, the former would take his stand on the right hand of the judgment-seat, and that none would pass into the kingdom of heaven without his seal and touch. One of their tenets was the faith in "spiritual matrimony." No woman, it appeared, would be admitted into heaven unless "passed" by a saint. To qualify them for this, it was necessary that the woman should first be received by the guaranteeing Mormon as an "earthly wife," in order that he did not pass in any of whom he had no knowledge. The consequence of this state of things may be imagined. The most debasing immorality was a precept of the order, and an almost universal concubinage existed amongst the sect, which at this time numbered at least forty thousand. Their disregard to the laws of decency and morality was such as could not be tolerated in any class of civilised society.

Again did the honest Missourians set their faces against this pernicious example, and when the county to which the Mormons had removed became more thickly settled, they rose to a man against the modern Gomorrah. The Mormons, by this time, having on their part gained considerable accession to their strength, thought to set the laws at defiance, organised and armed large bodies of men, in order to maintain the ascendency over the legitimate settlers, and [579] bid fair to constitute an "imperium in imperio" in the State, and become the sole possessors of the public lands. This, of course, could not be tolerated. Governor Boggs at once ordered out a large force of State militia to put down this formidable demonstration, marched against the Mormons, and suppressed the insurrectionary movement without bloodshed.

From Clay County they moved still farther into the wilds, and settled at last in Caldwell County, where they built the town of "Far West," and here they remained for the space of three years.

During this time they were continually receiving converts to the faith, and many of the more ignorant country people were disposed to join them, being only deterred by the fear of incurring ridicule from the stronger-minded. The body of the Mormons seeing this, called upon their prophet, Joe Smith, to perform a miracle in public before all comers, which was to prove to those of their own people who still doubted the doctrine, the truth of what it advanced—(the power of performing miracles was steadfastly declared to be in their hands by the prophets)—and to enlist those who wavered in the Mormon cause.

The prophet instantly agreed, and declared that, upon a certain day, he would walk across the broad waters of the Missouri without wetting the soles of his feet. On the appointed day, the river banks were thronged by an expectant crowd. The Mormons sang hymns of praise in honour of their prophet, and were proud of the forthcoming miracle, which was to set finally at rest all doubt as to his power and sanctity.

This power of performing miracles, and effecting miraculous cures of the sick, was so generally believed by the Mormons, that physic was never used amongst them. The prophets visited the beds of the sick, and laid hands upon them, and if, as of course was almost invariably the case, the patient died, it was attributed to his or her want of faith; but if, on the contrary, the patient recovered, there was universal glorification on the miraculous cure.

Joe Smith was a tall, fine-looking man, of most plausible address, and possessed the gift of the gab in great perfection. At the time appointed for the performance of the walking-water miracle, he duly attended on the river banks, and descended barefoot to the edge of the water.

"My brethren!" he exclaimed in a loud voice, "this day is a happy one to me, to us all, who venerate the great and only faith. The truth of our great and blessed doctrine will now be proved before the thousands I see around me. You have asked me to prove by a miracle that the power of the prophets of old has been given to me. I say unto you, not only to me, but to all who have faith. I have faith, and can perform miracles—that faith empowers me to walk across the broad surface of that mighty river without wetting the soles of my unworthy feet; but if ye are to *see* this miracle performed, it is necessary that ye have faith also, not only in yourselves, but in me. Have ye this faith in yourselves?"

"We have, we have!" roared the crowd.

"Have ye the faith in me, that ye believe I can perform this miracle?"

"We have, we have!" roared the crowd.

"Then," said Joe Smith, coolly walking away, "with such faith do ye know well that I *could*, but it boots not that I *should*, do it; therefore, my brethren, doubt no more"—and Joe put on his boots and disappeared.

Being again compelled to emigrate, the Mormons proceeded into the state of Illinois, where, in a

beautiful situation, they founded the new Jerusalem, which, it had been declared by the prophet Mormon, should rise out of the wilderness of the west, and where the chosen people should be collected under one church, and governed by the elders after a "spiritual fashion."

The city of Nauvoo soon became a large and imposing settlement. An enormous building, called the Temple of Zion, was erected, half church, half hotel, in which Joe Smith and the other prophets resided—and large storehouses were connected with it, in which the goods and chattels belonging to the community were kept for the common good.

However, here, as every where else, they were continually quarrelling with their neighbours; and [580] as their numbers increased, so did their audacity. A regular Mormon militia was again organised and armed, under the command of experienced officers, who had joined the sect; and now the authority of the state government was openly defied. In consequence, the executive took measures to put down the nuisance, and a regular war commenced, and was carried on for some time, with no little bloodshed on both sides; and this armed movement is known in the United States as the Mormon war. The Mormons, however, who, it seemed, were much better skilled in the use of the tongue than the rifle, succumbed: the city of Nauvoo was taken, Joe Smith and other ringleading prophets captured; and the former, in an attempt to escape from his place of confinement was seized and shot. The Mormons declare he had long foretold his own fate, and that when the rifles of the firing party who were his executioners were levelled at the prophet's breast, a flash of lightning struck the weapons from their hands, and blinded for a time the eyes of the sacrilegious soldiers.

With the death of Joe Smith the prestige of the Mormon cause declined; but still thousands of proselytes joined them annually, and at last the state took measures to remove them altogether, as a body, from the country.

Once again they fled, as they themselves term it, before the persecutions of the ungodly! But this time their migration was far beyond the reach of their enemies, and their intention was to place between them the impassable barrier of the Rocky Mountains, and to seek a home and resting-place in the remote regions of the Far West.

This, the most extraordinary migration of modern times, commenced in the year 1845; but it was not till the following year that the great body of the Mormons turned their backs upon the settlements of the United States, and launched boldly out into the vast and barren prairies, without any fixed destination as a goal to their endless journey. For many months, long strings of Pittsburg and Conostoga waggons, with herds of horses and domestic cattle, wound their way towards the Indian frontier, with the intention of rendezvousing at Council Bluffs on the Upper Missouri. Here thousands of waggons were congregated, with their tens of thousands of men, women, and children, anxiously waiting the route from the elders of the church, who on their parts scarcely knew whither to direct the steps of the vast crowd they had set in motion. At length the indefinite destination of Oregon and California was proclaimed, and the long train of emigrants took up the line of march. It was believed the Indian tribes would immediately fraternise with the Mormons, on their approaching their country; but the Pawnees quickly undeceived them by running off with their stock on every opportunity. Besides these losses, at every camp, horses, sheep, and oxen strayed away and were not recovered, and numbers died from fatigue and want of provender; so that, before they had been many weeks on their journey, nearly all their cattle, which they had brought to stock their new country, were dead or missing, and those that were left were in most miserable condition.

They had started so late in the season, that the greater part were compelled to winter on the Platte, on Grand Island, and in the vicinity, where they endured the greatest privations and suffering from cold and hunger. Many who had lost their stock lived upon roots and pig-nuts; and scurvy, in a most malignant form, and other disorders, carried off numbers of the wretched fanatics.

Amongst them were many substantial farmers from all parts of the United States, who had given up their valuable farms, sold off all their property, and were dragging their irresponsible and unfortunate families into the wilderness—carried away by their blind and fanatic zeal in this absurd and incredible faith. There were also many poor wretches from different parts of England, mostly of the farm-labouring class, with wives and families, crawling along with helpless and almost idiotic despair, but urged forward by the fanatic leaders of the movement, who promised them a land flowing with milk and honey to reward them for all their hardships and privations.

Their numbers were soon reduced by want and disease. When too late, they often wished [581] themselves back in the old country, and sighed many a time for the beer and bacon of former days, now preferable to the dry buffalo meat (but seldom obtainable) of the Far West.

Evil fortune pursued the Mormons, and dogged their steps. The year following, some struggled on towards the promised land, and of these a few reached Oregon and California. Many were killed by hostile Indians; many perished of hunger, cold, and thirst, in passing the great wilderness; and many returned to the States, penniless and crestfallen, and heartily cursing the moment in which they had listened to the counsels of the Mormon prophet. The numbers who reached their destination of Oregon, California, and the Great Salt Lake, are computed at 20,000, of whom the United States had an unregretted riddance.

One party had followed the troops of the American government intended for the conquest of New Mexico and the Californias. Of these a battalion was formed, and part of it proceeded to Upper

California; but the way being impracticable for waggons, some seventy families proceeded up the Arkansa, and wintered near the mountains, intending to cross to the Platte the ensuing spring, and join the main body of emigrants on their way by the south pass of the Rocky Mountains.

In the wide and well-timbered bottom of the Arkansa, the Mormons had erected a street of log shanties, in which to pass the inclement winter. These were built of rough logs of cotton-wood, laid one above the other, the interstices filled with mud, and rendered impervious to wind or wet. At one end of the row of shanties was built the "church" or temple—a long building of huge logs, in which the prayer-meetings and holdings-forth took place. The band wintering on the Arkansa were a far better class than the generality of Mormons, and comprised many wealthy and respectable farmers from the western states, most of whom were accustomed to the life of woodmen, and were good hunters. Thus they were enabled to support their families upon the produce of their rifles, frequently sallying out to the nearest point of the mountains with a waggon, which they would bring back loaded with buffalo, deer, and elk meat, thereby saving the necessity of killing any of their stock of cattle, of which but few remained.

The mountain hunters found this camp a profitable market for their meat and deer-skins with which the Mormons were now compelled to clothe themselves, and resorted there for that purpose—to say nothing of the attraction of the many really beautiful Missourian girls who sported their tall graceful figures at the frequent fandangoes. Dancing and preaching go hand in hand in Mormon doctrine, and the "temple" was generally cleared for a hop two or three times during the week, a couple of fiddles doing the duty of orchestra. A party of mountaineers came in one day, bringing some buffalo meat and dressed deer-skins, and were invited to be present at one of these festivals.

Arrived at the temple, they were rather taken aback by finding themselves in for a sermon, which one of the elders delivered preparatory to the "physical exercises." The preacher was one Brown —called, by reason of his commanding a company of Mormon volunteers, "Cap'en Brown,"—a hard-featured, black-coated, man of five-and-forty, correctly got up in black continuations and white handkerchief round his neck, a costume seldom seen at the foot of the Rocky Mountains. The Cap'en, rising, cleared his voice, and thus commenced, first turning to an elder (with whom there was a little rivalry in the way of preaching,) "Brother Dowdle!" (brother Dowdle blushed and nodded—he was a long tallow-faced man, with black hair combed over his face,) "I feel like holding forth a little this afternoon, before we glorify the Lord,—a—a—in the—a—holy dance. As there are a many strange gentlemen now—a—present, it's about right to tell 'em—a—what our doctrine just is, and so I tells 'em right off what the Mormons is. They are the chosen of the Lord; they are the children of glory, persecuted by the hand of man: they flies here to the wilderness, and, amongst the *Injine* and the buffler, they lifts up their heads, and cries with a loud voice, Susannah, and hurray for the promised land! Do you believe it? I *know* it.

"They wants to know whar we're going. Whar the church goes—thar we goes. Yes, to hell, and [582]
pull the devil off his throne—that's what we'll do. Do you believe it? I *know* it.

"Thar's milk and honey in that land as we're goin' to, and the lost tribes of Israel is thar, and will jine us. They say as we'll starve on the road, bekase thar's no game and no water; but thar's manna up in heaven, and it'll rain on us, and thar's prophets among us as can make the water 'come.' Can't they, brother Dowdle?"

"*Well*, they can."

"And now, what have the Gen*tiles* and the Philis*tines* to say against us Mormons? They says we're thieves, and steal hogs; yes, d—— 'em! they say we has as many wives as we like. So we have. I've twenty—forty, myself, and mean to have as many more as I can get. But it's to pass unfortunate females into heaven that I has 'em—yes, to prevent 'em going to roaring flames and damnation that I does it.

"Brother Dowdle," he continued, in a hoarse, low voice, "I've 'give out,' and think we'd better begin the exercises grettful to the Lord."

Brother Dowdle rose, and, after saying that "he didn't feel like saying much, begged to remind all hands, that dancing was solemn music like, to be sung with proper devotion, and not with laughing and talking, of which he hoped to hear little or none; that joy was to be in their hearts, and not on their lips; that they danced for the glory of the Lord, and not their own amusement, as did the Gen*tiles*." After saying thus, he called upon brother Ezra to "strike up:" sundry couples stood forth, and the ball commenced.

Ezra of the violin was a tall, shambling Missourian, with a pair of "homespun" pantaloons thrust into the legs of his heavy boots. Nodding his head in time with the music, he occasionally gave instructions to such of the dancers as were at fault, singing them to the tune he was playing, in a dismal nasal tone,—

"Down the centre—hands across,"
"You, Jake Herring—thump it,"
"Now, you all go right a-head—
Every one of you hump it.
Every one of you—*hump it*."

The last words being the signal that all should clap the steam on, which they did *con amore*, and with comical seriousness.

A mountaineer, Rube Herring, whom we have more than once met in the course of this narrative, became a convert to the Mormon creed, and held forth its wonderful doctrines to such of the incredulous trappers as he could induce to listen to him. Old Rube stood nearly six feet six in height, and was spare and bony in make. He had picked up a most extraordinary cloth coat amongst the Mormons, which had belonged to some one his equal in stature. This coat, which was of a snuff-brown colour, had its waist about a hand's span from the nape of Rube's neck, or about a yard above its proper position, and the skirts reached to his ancles. A slouching felt-hat covered his head, from which long black hair escaped, hanging in flakes over his lantern-jaws. His pantaloons of buckskin were shrunk with wet, and reached midway between his knees and ankles, and his huge feet were encased in mocassins of buffalo-cow skin.

Rube was never without the book of Mormon in his hand, and his sonorous voice might be heard, at all hours of the day and night, reading passages from its wonderful pages. He stood the badgering of the hunters with most perfect good humour, and said there never was such a book as that ever before printed; that the Mormons were the "biggest kind" of prophets, and theirs the best faith ever man believed in.

Rube had let out one day, that he was to be hired as guide by this party of Mormons to the Great Salt Lake; but their destination being changed, and his services not required, a wonderful change came over his mind. He was, as usual, book of Mormon in hand, when brother Brown announced the change in their plans; at which the book was cast into the Arkansa, and Rube exclaimed, —"Cuss your darned Mummum and Thummum! thar's not one among you knows 'fat cow' from 'poor bull,' and you may go h—— for me." And turning away, old Rube spat out a quid of tobacco and his Mormonism together.

Amongst the Mormons was an old man, named Brand, from Memphis county, state of Tennessee, [583]
with a family of a daughter and two sons, the latter with their wives and children. Brand was a wiry old fellow, nearly seventy years of age, but still stout and strong, and wielded axe or rifle better than many a younger man. If truth be told, he was not a very red-hot Mormon, and had joined them as much for the sake of company to California, whither he had long resolved to emigrate, as from any implicit credence in the faith. His sons were strapping fellows, of the sterling stuff that the Western pioneers are made of; his daughter Mary, a fine woman of thirty, for whose state of single blessedness there must doubtless have been sufficient reason; for she was not only remarkably handsome, but was well known in Memphis to be the best-tempered and most industrious young woman in those diggings. She was known to have received several advantageous offers, all of which she had refused; and report said, that it was from having been disappointed in very early life in an *affaire du cœur*, at an age when such wounds sometimes strike strong and deep, leaving a scar difficult to heal. Neither his daughter, nor any of his family, had been converted to the Mormon doctrine, but had ever kept themselves aloof, and refused to join or associate with them; and, for this reason, the family had been very unpopular with the Mormon families on the Arkansa; and hence, probably, one great reason why they now started alone on their journey.

Spring had arrived, and it was time the Mormons should start on their long journey; but whether already tired of the sample they had had of life in the wilderness, or fearful of encountering the perils of the Indian country, not one amongst them, with the exception of old Brand, seemed inclined to pursue the journey farther. That old backwoodsman, however, was not to be deterred, but declared his intention of setting out alone, with his family, and risking all the dangers to be anticipated.

One fine sunny evening in April of 1847, when the cotton-woods on the banks of the Arkansa began to put forth their buds, and robins and blue-birds—harbingers of spring,—were hopping, with gaudy plumage, through the thickets, three white tilted Conostoga waggons emerged from the timbered bottom of the river, and rumbled slowly over the prairie, in the direction of the Platte's waters. Each waggon was drawn by eight oxen, and contained a portion of the farming implements and household utensils of the Brand family. The teams were driven by the young boys, the men following in rear with shouldered rifles—Old Brand himself, mounted on an Indian horse, leading the advance. The women were safely housed under the shelter of the waggon tilts, and out of the first the mild face of Mary Brand smiled adieu to many of her old companions who had accompanied them thus far, and now wished them "God-speed" on their long journey. Some mountaineers, too, galloped up, dressed in buckskin, and gave them rough greeting,—warning the men to keep their "eyes skinned," and look out for the Arapahos, who were out on the waters of the Platte. Presently all retired, and then the huge waggons and the little company were rolling on their solitary way through the deserted prairies—passing the first of the many thousand miles which lay between them and the "setting sun," as the Indians style the distant regions of the Far West. And on, without casting a look behind him, doggedly and boldly marched old Brand, followed by his sturdy family.

They made but a few miles that evening, for the first day the *start* is all that is effected; and nearly the whole morning is taken up in getting fairly underweigh. The loose stock had been sent off earlier, for they had been collected and corralled the previous night; and, after a twelve hours' fast, it was necessary they should reach the end of the day's journey betimes. They found the herd grazing in the bottom of the Arkansa, at a point previously fixed upon for their first camp. Here the oxen were unyoked, and the waggons drawn up to form the three sides of a small square. The women then descended from their seats, and prepared the evening meal. A huge fire was kindled before the waggons, and round this the whole party collected; whilst large kettles of coffee boiled on it, and hoe-cakes baked upon the embers.

The women were sadly down-hearted, as well they might be, with the dreary prospect before them; and poor Mary, when she saw the Mormon encampment shut out from her sight by the rolling bluffs, and nothing before her but the bleak, barren prairie, could not divest herself of the idea that she had looked for the last time on civilised fellow-creatures, and fairly burst into tears. [584]

In the morning the heavy waggons rolled on again, across the upland prairies, to strike the trail used by the traders in passing from the south fork of the Platte to the Arkansa. They had for guide a Canadian voyageur, who had been in the service of the Indian traders, and knew the route well, and who had agreed to pilot them to Fort Lancaster, on the north fork of the Platte. Their course led for about thirty miles up the Boiling Spring River, whence they pursued a north-easterly course to the dividing ridge which separates the waters of the Platte and Arkansa. Their progress was slow, for the ground was saturated with wet, and exceedingly heavy for the cattle, and they scarcely advanced more than ten miles a-day.

At the camp-fire at night, Antoine, the Canadian guide, amused them with tales of the wild life and perilous adventures of the hunters and trappers who make the mountains their home; often extorting a scream from the women by the description of some scene of Indian fight and slaughter, or beguiling them of a commiserating tear by the narrative of the sufferings and privations endured by those hardy hunters in their arduous life.

Mary listened with the greater interest, since she remembered that such was the life, which had been led by one very dear to her—by one, long supposed to be dead, of whom she had never but once, since his departure, nearly fifteen years before, heard a syllable. Her imagination pictured him as the bravest and most daring of these adventurous hunters, and conjured up his figure charging through the midst of whooping savages, or stretched on the ground perishing from wounds, or cold, or famine.

Amongst the characters who figured in Antoine's stories, a hunter named La Bonté was made conspicuous for deeds of hardiness, and daring. The first mention of the name caused the blood to rush to Mary's face: not that she for a moment imagined it was her La Bonté, for she knew the name was a common one; but, associated with feelings which she had never got the better of, it recalled a sad epoch in her former life, to which she could not look back without mingled pain and pleasure.

Once only, and about two years after his departure, had she ever received tidings of her former lover. A mountaineer had returned from the Far West to settle in his native State, and had found his way to the neighbourhood of old Brand's farm. Meeting him by accident, Mary, hearing him speak of the mountain hunters, had inquired, tremblingly after La Bonté. Her informant knew him well—had trapped in company with him—and had heard at the trading fort, whence he had taken his departure for the settlements, that La Bonté had been killed on the Yellow Stone by Blackfeet; which report was confirmed by some Indians of that nation. This was all she had ever learned of the lover of her youth.

Now, upon hearing the name of La Bonté so often mentioned by Antoine, a vague hope was raised in her breast that he was still alive, and she took an opportunity of questioning the Canadian closely on the subject.

"Who was this La Bonté, Antoine, whom you say was so brave a mountaineer?" she asked one day.

"J'ne sais pas, he vas un beau garçon, and strong comme le diable—enfant de garce, mais he pas not care a dam for les sauvages, pe gar. He shoot de centare avec his carabine; and ride de cheval comme one Comanche. He trap heap castor, (what you call beevare,) and get plenty dollare—mais he open hand vare wide—and got none too. Den, he hont vid de Blackfoot and avec de Cheyenne, and all round de montaignes he hont dam sight."

"But, Antoine, what became of him at last? and why did he not come home, when he made so many dollars?" asked poor Mary.

"Enfant de garce, mais pourquoi he com home? Pe gar, de montaigne-man, he love de montaigne and de prairie more better dan he love de grandes villes—même de Saint Louis ou de Montreal. Wagh! La Bonté, well he one montaigne-man, wagh! He love de buffaloe, an de chevreaux plus que de bœuf and de mouton, may be. Mais on-dit dat he have autre raison—dat de gal he lofe in Missouri not lofe him, and for dis he not go back. Mais now he go ondare, m' on dit. He vas go to de Californe, may be to steal de hos and de mule—pe gar, and de Espagnols rub him out, and take his hair, so he mort." [585]

"But are you sure of this?" she asked, trembling with grief.

"Ah, now, j'ne suis pas sûr, mais I tink you know dis La Bonté. Enfant de garce, maybe you de gal in Missouri he lofe, and not lofe him. Pe gar! 'fant de garce! fort beau garçon dis La Bonté, pourquoi you ne l'aimez pas? Maybe he not gone ondare. Maybe he turn op, autre-fois. De trappares, dey go ondare tree, four, ten times, mais dey turn op twenty time. De sauvage not able for kill La Bonté, ni de dam Espagnols. Ah, non! ne craignez pas; pe gar, he not gone ondare encore."

Spite of the good-natured attempts of the Canadian, poor Mary burst into a flood of tears: not that the information took her unawares, for she long had believed him dead; but because the very mention of his name awoke the strongest feelings within her breast, and taught her how deep

was the affection she had felt for him whose loss and violent fate she now bewailed.

As the waggons of the lone caravan roll on towards the Platte, we return to the camp where La Bonté, Killbuck, and the stranger, were sitting before the fire when last we saw them:—Killbuck loquitur.

"The doins of them Mormon fools can't be beat by Spaniards, stranger. Their mummums and thummums you speak of won't 'shine' whar Injuns are about; nor pint out a trail, whar nothin crossed but rattler-snakes since fust it snow'd on old Pike's Peak. If they pack along them *profits*, as you tell of, who can make it rain hump-ribs and marrow-guts when the crowd gets out of the buffler range, they are 'some,' now, that's a fact. But this child don't believe it. I'd laugh to get a sight on these darned Mormonites, I would. They're 'no account,' I guess; and it's the 'meanest' kind of action to haul their women critters and their young 'uns to sech a starving country as the Californys."

"They are not all Mormons in the crowd," said the strange hunter; "and there's one family amongst them with some smartish boys and girls, I tell you. Their name's Brand."

La Bonté looked up from the lock of his rifle, which he was cleaning—but either didn't hear, or, hearing, didn't heed, for he continued his work.

"And they are going to part company," continued the stranger, "and put out alone for Platte and the South Pass."

"They'll lose their hair, I'm thinking," said Killbuck, "if the Rapahos are out thar."

"I hope not," continued the other, "for there's a girl amongst them worth more than that."

"Poor beaver!" said La Bonté, looking up from his work. "I'd hate to see any white gal in the hands of Injuns, and of Rapahos worse than all. Where does she come from, stranger?"

"Down below St Louis, from Tennessee, I've heard them say."

"Tennessee," cried La Bonté,—"hurrah for the old State! What's her name, stran——" At this moment Killbuck's old mule pricked her ears and snuffed the air, which action catching La Bonté's eye, he rose abruptly, without waiting a reply to his question, and exclaimed, "The old mule smells Injuns, or I'm a Spaniard!"

The hunter did the old mule justice, and she well maintained her reputation as the best "guard" in the mountains; for in two minutes an Indian stalked into the camp, dressed in a cloth capote, and in odds and ends of civilised attire.

"Rapaho," cried Killbuck, as soon as he saw him; and the Indian catching the word, struck his hand upon his breast, and exclaimed, in broken Spanish and English mixed, "Si, si, me Arapaho, white man amigo. Come to camp—eat heap *carne*—me amigo white man. Come from Pueblo—hunt cibola—me gun break—*no puedo matar nada: mucha hambre*, (very hungry)—heap eat."

Killbuck offered his pipe to the Indian, and spoke to him in his own language, which both he and La Bonté well understood. They learned that he was married to a Mexican woman, and lived with some hunters at the Pueblo fort on the Arkansa. He volunteered the information that a war party [586] of his people were out on the Platte trail to intercept the Indian traders on their return from the North Fork; and as some "Mormones" had just started with three waggons in that direction, he said his people would make a "roise." Being muy amigo himself to the whites, he cautioned his present companions from crossing to the "divide," as the "braves," he said, were a "heap" mad, and their hearts were "big," and nothing in the shape of white skin would live before them.

"Wagh!" exclaimed Killbuck, "the Rapahos know me, I'm thinking; and small gain they've made against this child. I've knowed the time when my gun cover couldn't hold more of their scalps."

The Indian was provided with some powder, of which he stood in need; and, after gorging as much meat as his capacious stomach would hold, he left the camp, and started into the mountain.

The next day our hunters started on their journey down the river, travelling leisurely, and stopping wherever good grass presented itself. One morning they suddenly struck a wheel trail, which left the creek banks and pursued a course at right angles to it, in the direction of the "divide." Killbuck pronounced it but a few hours old, and that of three waggons drawn by oxen.

"Wagh!" he exclaimed, "if them poor devils of Mormonites ain't going head first into the Rapaho trap. They'll be 'gone beaver' afore long."

"Ay," said the strange hunter, "these are the waggons belonging to old Brand, and he has started alone for Laramie. I hope nothing will happen to them."

"Brand!" muttered La Bonté. "I knowed that name mighty well once, years agone; and should hate the worst kind that mischief happened to any one who bore it. This trail's as fresh as paint; and it goes against me to let these simple critters help the Rapahos to their own hair. This child feels like helping 'em out of the scrape. What do you say, old hos?"

"I thinks with you, boy," answered Killbuck, "and go in for following this waggon trail, and telling the poor critters that there's danger ahead of them. What's your talk, stranger?"

"I go with you," shortly answered the latter; and both followed quickly after La Bonté, who was

already trotting smartly on the trail.

Meanwhile the three waggons, containing the household gods of the Brand family, rumbled slowly over the rolling prairie, and towards the upland ridge of the "divide," which, studded with dwarf pine and cedar thickets, rose gradually before them. They travelled with considerable caution, for already the quick eye of Antoine had discovered recent Indian sign upon the trail, and, with mountain quickness, had at once made it out to be that of a war party; for there were no horses with them, and, after one or two of the mocassin tracks, the mark of a rope which trailed upon the ground was sufficient to show him that the Indians were provided with the usual lasso of skin, with which to secure the horses stolen in the expedition. The men of the party were consequently all mounted and thoroughly armed, the waggons moved in a line abreast, and a sharp look-out was kept on all sides. The women and children were all consigned to the interior of the waggons; and the latter had also guns in readiness, to take their part in the defence should an attack be made.

However, they had seen no Indians, and no fresh sign, for two days after they left the Boiling Spring River, and they began to think they were well out of their neighbourhood. One evening they camped on a creek called Black Horse, and, as usual, had corralled the waggons, and forted as well as circumstances would permit, when three or four Indians suddenly appeared on a bluff at a little distance, and, making signals of peaceable intentions, approached the camp. Most of the men were absent at the time, attending to the cattle or collecting fuel, and only old Brand and one of his young grandchildren, about fourteen years old, remained in camp. The Indians were hospitably received, and regaled with a smoke, after which they began to evince their curiosity by examining every article lying about, and signifying their wishes that it should be given to them. Finding their hints were not taken, they laid hold of several things which took their fancies, [587] and, amongst others, of the pot which was boiling on the fire, and with which one of them was about very coolly to walk off, when old Brand, who up to this moment had retained possession of his temper, seized it out of the Indian's hand, and knocked him down. One of the others instantly began to draw the buckskin cover from his gun, and would no doubt have taken summary vengeance for the insult offered to his companion, when Mary Brand courageously stepped up to him, and, placing her left hand upon the gun which he was in the act of uncovering, with the other pointed a pistol at his breast.

Whether daunted by the bold act of the girl, or admiring her devotion to her father, the Indian drew himself back, exclaimed "Howgh!" and drew the cover again on his piece, went up to old Brand, who all this time looked him sternly in the face, and, shaking him by the hand, motioned at the same time to the others to be peaceable.

The other whites presently coming into camp, the Indians sat quietly down by the fire, and, when the supper was ready, joined in the repast, after which they gathered their buffalo robes about them, and quietly withdrew. Meanwhile Antoine, knowing the treacherous character of the savages, advised that the greatest precaution should be taken to secure the stock; and before dark, therefore, all the mules and horses were hobbled and secured within the corral, the oxen being allowed to feed at liberty—for the Indians scarcely care to trouble themselves with such cattle. A guard was also set round the camp, and relieved every two hours; the fire was extinguished, lest the savages should fire, by its light, at any of the party, and all slept with rifles ready at their sides. However, the night passed quietly, and nothing disturbed the tranquillity of the camp. The prairie wolves loped hungrily around, and their mournful cry was borne upon the wind as they chased deer and antelope on the neighbouring plain; but not a sign of lurking Indians was seen or heard.

In the morning, shortly after sunrise, they were in the act of yoking the oxen to the waggons, and driving in the loose animals which had been turned out to feed at daybreak, when some Indians again appeared upon the bluff, and, descending it, confidently approached the camp. Antoine strongly advised their not being allowed to enter; but Brand, ignorant of Indian treachery, replied that, so long as they came as friends they could not be deemed enemies, and allowed no obstruction to be offered to their approach. It was now observed that they were all painted, armed with bows and arrows, and divested of their buffalo robes, appearing naked to the breech-clout, their legs only being protected by deerskin leggings, reaching to the middle of the thigh. Six or seven first arrived, and others quickly followed, dropping in one after the other, until a score or more were collected round the waggons. Their demeanour, at first friendly, soon changed as their numbers increased, and they now became urgent in their demands for powder and lead, and bullying in their manner. A chief accosted Brand, and, through Antoine, informed him "that, unless the demands of his braves were acceded to, he could not be responsible for the consequences; that they were out on the 'war-trail,' and their eyes were red with blood, so that they could not distinguish between white and Yutah scalps; that the party, with all their women and waggons, were in the power of the Indian 'braves,' and therefore the white chief's best plan was to make the best terms he could; that all they required was that they should give up their guns and ammunition 'on the prairie,' and all their mules and horses—retaining the 'medicine' buffaloes (the oxen) to draw their waggons."

By this time the oxen were yoked, and the teamsters, whip in hand, only waited the word to start. Old Brand foamed whilst the Indian stated his demands, but, hearing him to the end, exclaimed, "Darn the red devil! I wouldn't give him a grain of powder to save my life. Put out, boys!"—and, turning to his horse, which stood ready saddled, was about to mount, when the Indians sprang at once upon the waggons, and commenced their attack, yelling like fiends.

One jumped upon old Brand, pulled him back as he was rising in the stirrup, and drew his bow upon him at the same moment. In an instant the old backwoodsman pulled a pistol from his belt, and, putting the muzzle to the Indian's heart, shot him dead. Another Indian, flourishing his war-club, laid the old man at his feet; whilst others dragged the women from the waggons, and others rushed upon the men, who made brave fight in their defence. [588]

Mary, when she saw her father struck to the ground, sprang with a shrill cry to his assistance; for at that moment a savage, frightful as red paint could make him, was standing over his prostrate body, brandishing a glittering knife in the air, preparatory to thrusting it into the old man's breast. For the rest, all was confusion—in vain the small party of whites struggled against overpowering numbers. Their rifles cracked but once, and they were quickly disarmed; whilst the shrieks of the women and children, and the loud yells of the Indians, added to the scene of horror and confusion. As Mary flew to her father's side, an Indian threw his lasso at her, the noose falling over her shoulders, and, jerking it tight, he uttered a delighted yell as the poor girl was thrown back violently to the ground. As she fell, another deliberately shot an arrow at her body, whilst the one who had thrown the lasso rushed forward, his scalp-knife flashing in his hand, to seize the bloody trophy of his savage deed. The girl rose to her knees, and looked wildly towards the spot where her father lay bathed in blood; but the Indian pulled the rope violently, dragged her some yards upon the ground, and then rushed with a yell of vengeance upon his victim. He paused, however, as at that moment a shout as fierce as his own sounded at his very ear; and, looking up, he saw La Bonté galloping madly down the bluff, his long hair and the fringes of his hunting-shirt and leggins flying in the wind, his right arm supporting his trusty rifle, whilst close behind him came Killbuck and the stranger. Dashing with loud hurrahs to the scene of action, La Bonté, as he charged down the bluff, caught sight of the girl struggling in the hands of the ferocious Indian. Loud was the war-shout of the mountaineer, as he struck his heavy spurs to the rowels in his horse's side, and bounded like lightning to the rescue. In a single stride he was upon the Indian, and, thrusting the muzzle of his rifle into his very breast, he pulled the trigger, driving the savage backward by the blow itself, at the same moment that the bullet passed through his heart, and tumbled him over stone-dead. Throwing down his rifle, La Bonté wheeled his obedient horse, and, drawing a pistol from his belt, again charged the enemy, into the midst of whom Killbuck and the stranger were dealing death-giving blows. Yelling for victory, the mountaineers rushed at the Indians; and they, panic-struck at the sudden attack, and thinking this was but the advanced guard of a large band, fairly turned and fled, leaving five of their number dead upon the field.

Mary, shutting her eyes to the expected death-stroke, heard the loud shout La Bonté gave in charging down the bluff, and, again looking up, saw the wild-looking mountaineer rush to her rescue, and save her from the savage by his timely blow. Her arms were still pinned by the lasso, which prevented her from rising to her feet; and La Bonté was the first to run to aid her, as soon as the fight was fairly over. He jumped from his horse, cut the skin rope which bound her, raised her from the ground, and, upon her turning up her face to thank him, beheld his never-to-be-forgotten Mary Brand; whilst she, hardly believing her senses, recognised in her deliverer her former lover, and still well-beloved La Bonté.

"What, Mary! can it be you?" he asked, looking intently upon the trembling woman.

"La Bonté, you don't forget me!" she answered, and threw herself sobbing into the arms of the sturdy mountaineer.

There we will leave her for the present, and help Killbuck and his companions to examine the killed and wounded. Of the former, five Indians and two whites lay dead, grandchildren of old Brand, fine lads of fourteen or fifteen, who had fought with the greatest bravery, and lay pierced with arrows and lance wounds. Old Brand had received a sore buffet, but a hatful of cold water from the creek sprinkled over his face soon restored him. His sons had not escaped scot-free, and Antoine was shot through the neck, and, falling, had actually been half scalped by an Indian, whom the timely arrival of La Bonté had caused to leave his work unfinished. [589]

Silently, and with sad hearts, the survivors of the family saw the bodies of the two boys buried on the river bank, and the spot marked with a pile of loose stones, procured from the rocky bed of the creek. The carcasses of the treacherous Indians were left to be devoured by wolves, and their bones to bleach in the sun and wind—a warning to their tribe, that such foul treachery as they had meditated had met with a merited retribution.

The next day the party continued their course to the Platte. Antoine and the stranger returned to the Arkansa, starting in the night to avoid the Indians; but Killbuck and La Bonté lent the aid of their rifles to the solitary caravan, and, under their experienced guidance, no more Indian perils were encountered. Mary no longer sat perched up in her father's Conostoga, but rode a quiet mustang by La Bonté's side; and no doubt they found a theme with which to while away the monotonous journey over the dreary plains. South Fork was passed, and Laramie was reached. The Sweet Water mountains, which hang over the "pass" to California, were long since in sight; but when the waters of the North Fork of Platte lay before their horses' feet, and the broad trail was pointed out which led to the great valley of Columbia and their promised land, the heads of the oxen were turned *down* the stream, where the shallow waters flow on to join the great Missouri—and not *up*, towards the mountains where they leave their spring-heads, from which springs flow several waters—some coursing their way to the eastward, fertilising, in their route to the Atlantic, the lands of civilised man; others westward, forcing a passage through rocky cañons, and flowing through a barren wilderness, inhabited by fierce and barbarous tribes.

These were the routes to choose from: and, whatever was the cause, the oxen turned their yoked heads away from the rugged mountains; the teamsters joyfully cracked their ponderous whips, as the waggons rolled lightly down the Platte; and men, women, and children, waved their hats and bonnets in the air, and cried out lustily, "Hurrah for home!"

La Bonté looked at the dark sombre mountains ere he turned his back upon them for the last time. He thought of the many years he had spent beneath their rugged shadow, of the many hardships he had suffered, of all his pains and perils undergone in those wild regions. The most exciting episodes in his adventurous career, his tried companions in scenes of fierce fight and bloodshed, passed in review before him. A feeling of regret was creeping over him, when Mary laid her hand gently on his shoulder. One single tear rolled unbidden down his cheek, and he answered her inquiring eyes: "I'm not sorry to leave it, Mary," he said; "but it's hard to turn one's back upon old friends."

They had a hard battle with Killbuck, in endeavouring to persuade him to accompany them to the settlements. The old mountaineer shook his head. "The time," he said, "was gone by for that. He had often thought of it, but, when the day arrived, he hadn't heart to leave the mountains. Trapping now was of no account, he knew; but beaver was bound to rise, and then the good times would come again. What could he do in the settlements, where there wasn't room to move, and where it was hard to breathe—there were so many people?"

He accompanied them a considerable distance down the river, ever and anon looking cautiously back, to ascertain that he had not gone out of sight of the mountains. Before reaching the forks, however, he finally bade them adieu; and, turning the head of his old grizzled mule westward, he heartily wrung the hand of his comrade La Bonté; and, crying Yep! to his well-tried animal, disappeared behind a roll of the prairie, and was seen no more—a thousand good wishes for the welfare of the sturdy trapper speeding him on his solitary way.

Four months from the day when La Bonté so opportunely appeared to rescue Brand's family from the Indians on Black Horse Creek, that worthy and the faithful Mary were duly and lawfully [590] united in the township church of Brandville, Memphis county, State of Tennessee. We cannot say, in the concluding words of nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand novels, that "numerous pledges of mutual love surrounded and cheered them in their declining years," &c. &c.; because it was only on the 24th of July, in the year of our Lord 1847, that La Bonté and Mary Brand were finally made one, after fifteen long years of separation.

The fate of one of the humble characters who have figured in these pages, we must yet tarry a while longer to describe.

During the past winter, a party of mountaineers, flying from overpowering numbers of hostile Sioux, found themselves, one stormy evening, in a wild and dismal cañon near the elevated mountain valley called the "New Park."

The rocky bed of a dry mountain torrent, whose waters were now locked up at their spring-heads by icy fetters, was the only road up which they could make their difficult way: for the rugged sides of the gorge rose precipitously from the creek, scarcely affording a foot-hold to even the active bighorn, which occasionally looked down upon the travellers from the lofty summit. Logs of pine, uprooted by the hurricanes which sweep incessantly through the mountain defiles, and tossed headlong from the surrounding ridges, continually obstructed their way; and huge rocks and boulders, tumbling from the heights and blocking up the bed of the stream, added to the difficulty, and threatened them every instant with destruction.

Towards sundown they reached a point where the cañon opened out into a little shelving glade or prairie, a few hundred yards in extent, the entrance to which was almost hidden by a thicket of dwarf pine and cedar. Here they determined to encamp for the night, in a spot secure from Indians, and, as they imagined, untrodden by the foot of man.

What, however, was their astonishment, on breaking through the cedar-covered entrance, to perceive a solitary horse standing motionless in the centre of the prairie. Drawing near, they found it to be an old grizzled mustang, or Indian pony, with cropped ears and ragged tail, (well picked by hungry mules,) standing doubled up with cold, and at the very last gasp from extreme old age and weakness. Its bones were nearly through the stiffened skin, the legs of the animal were gathered under it; whilst its forlorn-looking head and stretched-out neck hung listlessly downwards, almost overbalancing its tottering body. The glazed and sunken eye—the protruding and froth-covered tongue—the heaving flank and quivering tail—declared its race was run; and the driving sleet and snow, and penetrating winter blast, scarce made impression upon its callous, insensible, and worn-out frame.

One of the band of mountaineers was Marcellin, and a single look at the miserable beast was sufficient for him to recognise the once renowned Nez-percé steed of old Bill Williams. That the owner himself was not far distant he felt certain; and, searching carefully around, the hunters presently came upon an old deserted camp, before which lay, protruding from the snow, the blackened remains of pine logs. Before these, which had been the fire, and leaning with his back against a pine trunk, and his legs crossed under him, half covered with snow, reclined the figure of the old mountaineer, his snow-capped head bent over his breast. His well-known hunting-coat

of fringed elk-skin hung stiff and weather-stained about him; and his rifle, packs, and traps, were strewed around.

Awe-struck, the trappers approached the body, and found it frozen hard as stone, in which state it had probably lain there for many days or weeks. A jagged rent in the breast of his leather coat, and dark stains about it, showed he had received a wound before his death; but it was impossible to say whether to this hurt, or to sickness, or to the natural decay of age, was to be attributed the wretched and solitary end of poor Bill Williams.

A friendly bullet cut short the few remaining hours of the trapper's faithful steed; and burying, as well as they were able, the body of the old mountaineer, the hunters next day left him in his lonely grave, in a spot so wild and remote, that it was doubtful whether even hungry wolves would discover and disinter his attenuated corpse.

THE LATE GEORGE FREDERICK RUXTON.

[591]

The readers of *Blackwood's Magazine*, who for six succeeding months have followed La Bonté and his mountain companions through the hardships, humours, and perils of "Life in the Far West," will surely not learn with indifference, that the gallant young author of those spirited sketches has prematurely departed to his long home, from that Transatlantic land whose prairies and forests he so well loved to tread, and the existence and eccentricities of whose wildest sons he so ably and pleasantly portrayed. Nearly a month has now elapsed since the London newspapers contained the mournful tidings of the death, at St Louis on the Mississippi, and at the early age of twenty-eight, of Lieutenant George Frederick Ruxton, formerly of her Majesty's 89th regiment, known to the reading world as the author of a volume of Mexican adventure, and of the above-named contributions to this Magazine. The former work has too completely gained the suffrages of the public to need commendation at our hands: it divides, with Madame Calderon de la Barca's well-known volumes, the merit of being the best narration extant of travel and general observation in modern Mexico.

Many individuals, even in the most enterprising periods of our history, have been made the subjects of elaborate biography, with far less title to the honour than our late departed friend. Time was not granted him to embody in a permanent shape more than a tithe of his personal experiences, and strange adventures, in three quarters of the globe; indeed, when we consider the amount of physical labour which he endured, and the extent of the fields over which his wanderings were spread, we are almost led to wonder how he could have found leisure even to have written so much. At the early age of seventeen, Mr Ruxton quitted Sandwich, to learn the practical part of a soldier's profession on the field of civil war then raging in the peninsula of Spain. He received a commission in a royal regiment of lancers, under the command of Don Diego Leon, and was actively engaged in several of the most important combats of the campaign. For his marked gallantry on these occasions, he received from Queen Isabella II. the cross of the first class of the order of St Fernando, an honour which has seldom been awarded to one so young. On his return from Spain he found himself gazetted to a commission in the 89th regiment; and it was while serving with that distinguished corps in Canada that he first became acquainted with the stirring scenes of Indian life, which he has since so graphically portrayed. His eager and enthusiastic spirit soon became wearied with the monotony of the barrack-room; and, yielding to that impulse which in him was irresistibly developed, he resigned his commission, and directed his steps towards the stupendous wilds, only tenanted by the red Indian, or the solitary American trapper.

Those who are familiar with his writings cannot fail to have remarked the singular delight with which the author dwells upon the recollections of this portion of his career, and the longing which he carried with him to the hour of death, for a return to those scenes of primitive freedom. "Although liable to an accusation of barbarism," he writes, "I must confess that the very happiest moments of my life have been spent in the wilderness of the Far West; and I never recall, but with pleasure, the remembrance of my solitary camp in the Bayou Salade, with no friend near me more faithful than my rifle, and no companions more sociable than my good horse and mules, or the attendant cayute which nightly serenaded us. With a plentiful supply of dry pine-logs on the fire, and its cheerful blaze streaming far up into the sky, illuminating the valley far and near, and exhibiting the animals, with well-filled bellies, standing contentedly at rest over their picket-fires, I would sit cross-legged enjoying the genial warmth, and, pipe in mouth, watch the blue smoke as it curled upwards, building castles in its vapoury wreaths, and, in the fantastic shapes it assumed, peopling the solitude with figures of those far away. Scarcely, however, did I ever wish to change such hours of freedom for all the luxuries of civilised life; and, unnatural and [592] extraordinary as it may appear, yet such is the fascination of the life of the mountain hunter, that I believe not one instance could be adduced of even the most polished and civilised of men, who had once tasted the sweets of its attendant liberty, and freedom from every worldly care, not regretting the moment when he exchanged it for the monotonous life of the settlements, nor sighing and sighing again once more to partake of its pleasures and allurements."

On his return to Europe from the Far West, Mr Ruxton, animated with a spirit as enterprising and fearless as that of Raleigh, planned a scheme for the exploration of Central Africa, which was thus characterised by the president of the Royal Geographical Society, in his anniversary address

for 1845:—"To my great surprise, I recently conversed with an ardent and accomplished youth, Lieutenant Ruxton, late of the 89th regiment, who had formed the daring project of traversing Africa in the parallel of the southern tropic, and has actually started for this purpose. Preparing himself by previous excursions on foot, in North Africa and Algeria, he sailed from Liverpool early in December last, in the Royalist, for Ichaboe. From that spot he was to repair to Walvish Bay, where we have already mercantile establishments. The intrepid traveller had received from their agents of the establishments such favourable account of the nations towards the interior, as also of the nature of the climate, that he has the most sanguine hopes of being able to penetrate to the central region, if not of traversing it to the Portuguese colonies of Mozambique. If this be accomplished, then indeed will Lieutenant Ruxton have acquired for himself a permanent name among British travellers, by making us acquainted with the nature of the axis of the great continent of which we possess the southern extremity."

In pursuance of this hazardous scheme, Ruxton, along with a single companion, landed on the coast of Africa, a little to the south of Ichaboe, and commenced his journey of exploration. But it seemed as if both nature and man had combined to baffle the execution of his design. The course of their travel lay along a desert of moving sand, where no water was to be found, and little herbage, save a coarse tufted grass, and twigs of the resinous myrrh. The immediate place of their destination was Angra Peguena, on the coast, described as a frequented station, but which in reality was deserted. One ship only was in the offing when the travellers arrived, and, to their inexpressible mortification, they discovered that she was outward bound. No trace was visible of the river or streams laid down in the maps as falling into the sea at this point, and no resource was left to the travellers save that of retracing their steps—a labour for which their strength was hardly adequate. But for the opportune assistance of a body of natives, who encountered them at the very moment when they were sinking from the influence of fatigue and thirst, Ruxton and his companion would have been added to the catalogue long of those whose lives have been sacrificed in the attempt to explore the interior of this fatal country.

The jealousy of the traders, and of the missionaries settled on the African coast, who constantly withheld or perverted that information which was absolutely necessary for the successful prosecution of the journey, induced Ruxton to abandon the attempt for the present. He made, however, several interesting excursions towards the interior, and more especially in the country of the Bosjesmans.

Finding that his own resources were inadequate for the accomplishment of his favourite project, Mr Ruxton, on his return to England, made application for Government assistance. But though this demand was not altogether refused, it having been referred to, and favourably reported on by, the Council of the Royal Geographical Society, so many delays were interposed that Ruxton, in disgust, resolved to withdraw from the scheme, and to abandon that field of African research which he had already contemplated from its borders. He next bent his steps to Mexico; and, fortunately, has presented to the world his reminiscences of that country, in one of the most fascinating volumes which, of late years, has issued from the press. It would, however, appear [593] that the scheme of African research, the darling project of his life, had again recurred to him at a later period; for, in the course of the present spring, before setting out on that journey which was destined to be his last we find the following expressions in a letter addressed to us:—

> "My movements are uncertain, for I am trying to get up a yacht voyage to Borneo and the Indian Archipelago; have volunteered to Government to explore Central Africa; and the Aborigines Protection Society wish me to go out to Canada to organise the Indian tribes; whilst, for my own part and inclination, I wish to go to all parts of the world at once."

As regards his second work, we shall not, under the circumstances, be deemed egotistical, if we here, at the close of its final portion, express our very high opinion of its merits. Written by a man untrained to literature, and whose life, from a very early age, had been passed in the field and on the road, in military adventure and travel, its style is yet often as remarkable for graphic terseness and vigour, as its substance every where is for great novelty and originality. The narrative of "Life in the Far West" was first offered for insertion in *Blackwood's Magazine* in the spring of the present year, when the greater portion of the manuscript was sent, and the remainder shortly followed.

The wildness of the adventures which he relates have, perhaps not unnaturally, excited suspicions in certain quarters as to their actual truth and fidelity. It may interest our readers to know, that the scenes described by the author are faithful pictures of the results of his personal experience. The following are extracts from letters addressed to us in the course of last summer:—

> "I have brought out a few more softening traits in the characters of the mountaineers—but not at the sacrifice of truth—for some of them have their good points; which, as they are rarely allowed to rise to the surface, must be laid hold of at once, before they sink again. Killbuck—that 'old hos' *par exemple*, was really pretty much of a gentleman, as was La Bonté. Bill Williams, another 'hard case,' and Rube Herring, were 'some' too.
>
> "The scene where La Bonté joins the Chase family is so far true that he did make a sudden appearance; but, in reality, a day before the Indian attack. The Chases (and I wish I had not given the proper name[7]) did start for the Platte alone, and were stampedoed upon the waters of the Platte.

"The Mexican fandango *is true to the letter*. It does seem difficult to understand how they contrived to keep their knives out of the hump-ribs of the mountaineers; but how can you account for the fact that, the other day, 4000 Mexicans, with 13 pieces of artillery, behind strong intrenchments and two lines of parapets, were routed by 900 raw Missourians; 300 killed, as many more wounded, all their artillery captured, as well as several hundred prisoners; and that not one American was killed in the affair? *This is positive fact.*

"I myself, with three trappers, cleared a fandango at Taos, armed only with bowie-knives—some score Mexicans, at least, being in the room.

"With regard to the incidents of Indian attacks, starvation, cannibalism, &c., I have invented not one out of my own head. They are all matters of history in the mountains; but I have, no doubt, jumbled the *dramatis personæ* one with another, and may have committed anachronisms in the order of their occurrence."

Again he wrote to us as follows:— [594]

"I think it would be as well to correct a misapprehension as to the truth or fiction of the paper. It is *no fiction*. There is no incident in it which has not actually occurred, nor one character who is not well known in the Rocky Mountains, with the exception of two whose names are changed—the originals of these being, however, equally well known with the others."

His last letter, written just before his departure from England, a few weeks previously to his death, will hardly be read by any who ever knew the writer, without a tear of sympathy with the sad fate of this fine young man, dying miserably in a strange land, before he had well commenced the adventurous journey whose excitement and dangers he so joyously anticipated:—

"As you say, human natur can't go on feeding on civilised fixings in this 'big village;' and this child has felt like going West for many a month, being half froze for buffler meat and mountain doins. My route takes me viâ New York, the Lakes, and St Louis, to Fort Leavenworth, or Independence on the Indian frontier. Thence packing my 'possibles' on a mule, and mounting a buffalo horse, (Panchito, if he is alive,) I strike the Santa Fé trail to the Arkansa, away up that river to the mountains, winter in the Bayou Salade, where Killbuck and La Bonté joined the Yutes, cross the mountains next spring to Great Salt Lake—and that's far enough to look forward to—always supposing my hair is not lifted by Comanche or Pawnee on the scalping route of the Coon Creeks and Pawnee Fork.

"If anything turns up in the expedition which would 'shine' in Maga, I will send you a despatch.—Meanwhile," &c. &c.

Poor fellow! he spoke lightly, in the buoyancy of youth and a confident spirit, of the fate he little thought to meet, but which too surely overtook him—not indeed by Indian blade, but by the no less deadly stroke of disease. Another motive, besides that love of rambling and adventure, which, once conceived and indulged, is so difficult to eradicate, impelled him across the Atlantic. He had for some time been out of health at intervals, and he thought the air of his beloved prairies would be efficacious to work a cure. In a letter to a friend, in the month of May last, he thus referred to the probable origin of the evil:—

"I have been confined to my room for many days, from the effects of an accident I met with in the Rocky Mountains, having been spilt from the bare back of a mule, and falling on the sharp picket of an Indian lodge on the small of my back. I fear I injured my spine, for I have never felt altogether the thing since, and shortly after I saw you, the symptoms became rather ugly. However, I am now getting round again."

His medical advisers shared his opinion that he had sustained internal injury from this ugly fall; and it is not improbable that it was the remote, but real cause of his dissolution. Up to this time of writing, (21st October,) however, no details of his death have reached his afflicted friends, nor any account of it, other than that given by the public journals. From whatsoever it ensued, it will be a source of deep and lasting regret to all who ever enjoyed opportunities of appreciating the high and sterling qualities of George Frederick Ruxton. Few men, so prepossessing on first acquaintance, gained so much by being better known. With great natural abilities, and the most dauntless bravery, he united a modesty and gentleness peculiarly pleasing. Had he lived, and resisted his friends' repeated solicitations to abandon a roving life, and settle down in England, there can be little doubt that he would have made his name eminent on the list of those daring and persevering men, whose travels in distant and dangerous lands have accumulated for England, and for the world, so rich a store of scientific and general information. And, although the few words we have thought it right and becoming here to devote to his memory, will doubtless be more particularly welcome to his personal friends, we are persuaded that none will peruse without interest this brief tribute to the merits of a gallant soldier, and accomplished English gentleman.

THE NAVAL WAR OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.[8]

The navy of England is the right arm of the British empire. The gallantry of British troops requires no praise of ours, as it admits of no doubt on the part of our enemies. But until some convulsion of the globe shall make England *Continental*, so long must her chief force be naval, her chief defence be by her strength at sea, and her chief victories be gained on the ocean.

The navy has another incomparable adaptation to the especial circumstances of England. Her empire is colonial: the extent of Great Britain itself scarcely equals one of those provinces beyond the ocean which Providence has given into her hands. Their defence, their maintenance, and their existence, must depend on the superiority of our fleet: if it were once extinguished, the British empire must be again contracted within the British Isles.

A third, and perhaps a more important qualification than either, is—that a fleet is the only form of national force which can *never* endanger national freedom.

On those *data*, the question of *national* fleets is easily decided. England is not only the first naval power in the world, but she must *continue* the first; because a fleet is *necessary* to her existence, which *it is not* to that of any other European throne. This is the dictate of nature, and is therefore a *law*. Other powers may possess a fleet as an appendage to their national strength, as suitable to their rank, or as adding to their means of hostilities. Still, to them, a fleet is not a *necessity*. Russia, France, and Spain have no more *necessity* for a fleet, than Prussia, Austria, and Switzerland! But England, without a fleet, would be exposed to invasion on every point of a coast extending two thousand miles. Her wealth is all loose upon the ocean; her chief territories are all beyond the ocean: thus, *without* a fleet, she would be almost wholly without the means of external defence, of retaliation for injuries, and of the commerce which is the most essential basis of her revenue. The result is, that, while the Continental kingdoms might be powerful states, yet not possess a ship on the seas, England, stript of her naval superiority, would instantly sink from her high position, would lose the larger portion of her power, would be separated from her most important colonies, would see her revenues decay,—and, if assailed by a foreign enemy, would see her resources suddenly stopped, and must prepare for the last extremities of struggle, hand to hand.

In this view, we do not confine the question to the national fondness for the sea—to that mixture of boldness and skill which predominates in the character of our sailors, and forms the especial qualification of a sea-faring people,—nor to national superiority of any kind; but to the simple fact, that the possession of predominant power on the ocean *cannot* be dispensed with by England, while it *can* be dispensed with by every other power of the globe.

There is also another reason for this supremacy; arising from the fact, that England may throw her whole national force into a navy; while other powers, however ambitious of naval eminence, *must* at least divide their force between the land and sea services. France, with its immense frontier, must keep up an immense army during war. Russia, with a frontier from the Niemen to the North Pole, must keep up an immense army at all times. The maintenance of those armies is essential to the national existence, while the maintenance of a fleet is only gratifying to the national ambition. The consequence is as clear as a matter of arithmetic. France and Russia, [596] attacking England separately, *must* be ultimately beaten. America, even if she were a more formidable opponent than either, will also be beaten, and for the same reason. A fleet is not *essential* to her; the undivided force of the States will never be applied to her navy. The national strength will be expanded over inland conquest; the sea-coast towns will be rapidly reduced to insignificance by the superiority of the great inland settlements; and the time will come, when the cities of New York, Philadelphia, and Boston, will have no more weight with the inland powers of Louisiana and the prairies, than Brighton or Broadstairs have with the power of London. They will be watering places, or, at best, warehousing places, and will be no more able to keep up a navy, than the Isle of Thanet would be able to keep up the Channel fleet. All this, however, tends only to show, that a fleet is the supreme instrument of British dominion; and that its strength, its skill, and its discipline, should employ the utmost activity, liberality, and vigilance of every Cabinet which desires to do its duty to the empire.

We now proceed to give some account of the interesting and intelligent work of which Captain Plunket has supplied the translation, accompanied with valuable explanatory notes of his own.

Some time since, there appeared in the well-known Parisian *Revue des deux Mondes*, articles on the English and French naval systems, by a French officer, Captain de la Gravière. The object of those papers was less to give a history of the naval war, than to ascertain the causes of that almost unbroken series of triumphs which made the fame of the British fleet; and, on the other hand, which ultimately extinguished the fleet of a nation so brave, ambitious, and enterprising as the French.

M. de la Gravière, to his credit, had not followed the usual "perfide Albion" style of the French journalists, nor exhibited that jesuitical evasion of fact, and the perpetual peevishness against England, which marks and disgraces French history. He never sinks English success into failure, or inflates French failure into victory. He writes with the calmness of a man in search of the truth; judges with every visible *intention* of impartiality; examines the private documents of the transactions; and pronounces a judgment which, though obviously and essentially *French*, is perhaps as honest an effort in pursuit of the reality of things, as is compatible with the nature of our clever and lively libellers on the other side of the Channel.

Those volumes begin by some striking remarks of Napoleon at St Helena. This extraordinary man never spoke of his defeat at Acre in 1799 but with bitter regret. He declared that it was his intention, had he taken that fortress, to have marched to Constantinople at the head of the tribes of Mount Lebanon, or to have followed the steps of Alexander to the Indus. His repulse from Acre, he always said, "marred his destiny."

All this verbiage of the great Captain, however, has been sufficiently exposed by the actual event. He could no more have marched to Constantinople than he could have marched to the Indus, nor have marched to the Indus more than he could have marched to the Pole star. With but 40,000 men, (the whole number which landed in Egypt,) it would have been utterly impossible for him to have carried a force through Syria and Asia Minor equal to the attack on Constantinople—even if the Russians were not *at hand*. The march to the Indus would have lain through the deserts of Arabia and Persia, and have stripped him down to a corporal's guard before he had got half-way. A French foot would never have been dipt in that far-famed river, which is now a British Canal. The tribes of Lebanon would no more have recruited his ranks, than they would have given him their sequins. His destiny lay in another direction. No man knew this better; and doubtless he rejoiced, when he found himself on board the frigate carrying him westward, and relieving him of the "glory" of being slaughtered by the Arabs, and embalmed by the sands.

But the inveterate hostility of Napoleon seemed to rage against England, with the ravening of a [597]
mad dog, who dies biting the club which has laid him on the ground. All his anti-English policy was a succession of gross and ruinous blunders. To assail England without a fleet was naturally impossible. To form a fleet for the purpose of assailing her was, therefore, always a new temptation. If, after the First of June, which destroyed the Channel fleet of France, and the burning of the arsenals of Toulon, which destroyed her Mediterranean fleet, France had never built another vessel beyond the tonnage of a coaster, she would have shown her good sense. But Napoleon, when in the plenitude of power, went on building huge vessels, only to see them sent into English ports.

The waste of time, waste of thought, and waste of money, on those projects of English invasion, were among the most capital faults of his extravagant career. He might have made France the great corn country, or the great garden of Europe, with half the sums which he threw away only to be beaten. His fifty ships of the line which were to sweep the Channel, in the absence of our fleet—his one hundred and twenty thousand men on the shore of Boulogne—all only enhanced the naval glory of the great commander; who, after pursuing the French flying squadron of eighteen great ships, with ten, to the West Indies, finished in one day the naval war, extinguished the existence of the French and Spanish navies, and crowned his own gallant career.

The impolicy of these attempts was equally exhibited in another form—they stimulated at once the power and the spirit of England. The monotony of a war of defence would have disgusted the gallantry of the nation, but the victories of the British navy continually cheered the people under the burdens of the war. What minister could have dared to propose a "compromising" peace, on the day after the battle of the Nile? What minister would have dared to propose any peace on the day after Trafalgar? The war, too, broke down more than the French fleet—it buried the Opposition.

The French author divides his history into three periods—the first, that of the battles of Howe and Hood, of Hotham and Bridport; the second, that of Jervis; the third, (from 1798 to 1805) belonging to Nelson, without an equal, without even a competitor—the most glorious series of successes ever won on the ocean.

The true definition of these volumes is, in fact, a "Life of Nelson"—a hurried, but clear and animated memoir, on a subject which can never be too often repeated to the ear or the heart of Englishmen; but a subject which is here coloured with the inevitable, and yet not unamusing, prejudices of a Frenchman and an enemy. He admits Nelson to have been a naval hero, while he labours to show that his chief successes arose from a lofty disregard of circumstances, a native contempt of rule, a transcendental rashness, which, continually exposing him to the chance of utter ruin, strangely always issued in victory. But those views are wholly imaginary. It is the foreign habit, to be perpetually in pursuit of *astonishment*; to think nothing meritorious which is not *magical*; and to carry into the greatest and gravest operations of public life the passion for the harlequinades of the theatre. The supremacy of Nelson arose from the more substantial grounds, of a thorough knowledge of his profession, of a strict deference for discipline, and a sort of instinctive and unhesitating determination to do the work set before him, with all the powers of his mind and frame. He, of course, possessed personal intrepidity in the most complete degree; but this amounted simply to the exposure of his life on all occasions where duty was to be done. Nelson was no fire-eater—no man of quarrel. We are not aware that he ever fought a duel. But he knew what was due to himself as much as any man—a fact shown by his answer to the Governor of Jamaica, who, having, on some remonstrances to him, rather haughtily observed, "that old generals were not accustomed to take advice from young captains." Nelson retorted by letter —"That he was of the same age as the prime minister of England, (Pitt), and that he thought himself as capable of commanding one of his Majesty's ships, as the premier was of governing the state."

But Nelson could not have gained his glories alone: he made his captains like himself; and every [598]
sailor in his fleet was ready to die along with him. His art in this was the simple one of justice. He acknowledged every man's merit. The officer who distinguished himself, was sure of receiving due honour from Nelson; promotion was regulated by service, and every brave man was

confident in the recommendation of the admiral. He was also a kind man by nature: he hated punishment on board; he spoke good-naturedly to the sailors; he even gave way to any peculiarity which was not injurious to discipline. Some of his crew had become Methodists, and, offended with the general coarse conversation of the ship, desired to have their mess separate. Nelson immediately gave the required permission. The hearts of men naturally follow such a leader.

He had also the powerful sagacity which insures confidence; and no man doubted that, when Nelson commanded, he was leading to victory. He was, besides, a master of his profession—all his battles were the finest lessons of the tactician. He was never outmanœuvred; he was never surprised; he was never even thrown into any difficulty, for which he had not a ready resource. The "Nelson touch" became proverbial; and the variety, completeness, and brilliancy of his plans for action sometimes excited the most extraordinary emotion, even to tears, among his officers. Something of this kind is said to have occurred on the final summoning of his captains into the cabin of the Victory, and laying before them his plan for the battle of Trafalgar.

Nelson had also the power, perhaps the most characteristic of genius, of throwing his thought into those shapes of vividness which penetrate at once to the understanding. When, on steering down for the French line at Aboukir, some one observed to him that the enemy were anchored too near the shore, for the British to pass within them;—"Where a French ship can swing, a British ship can anchor," was his decisive reply; and he instantly rushed in, and placed the French line between two fires. Another of those noble maxims was—"The captain cannot be wrong, who lays his ship alongside the enemy." It contains the whole theory of British battle. His "I can see no signal," when he was told that Admiral Parker had made the signal for retiring at Copenhagen, would have been immortalised, with the act which accompanied it, among the most brilliant "sayings and doings" of ancient Greece. But his last and well-known signal at Trafalgar surpassed all the rest, as much as the triumph surpassed these triumphs. The addresses of Napoleon to his armies were unquestionably fine performances. They spoke to the Frenchman by his feelings, his recollections, his personal pride, and his national renown. But, with the animation of the trumpet, they had its sternness and harshness. They were invocations to the French idol, that was to be worshipped only with perpetual blood. But the signal at Trafalgar recalled the Englishman only to the feelings of home. The voice of war never spoke a language more capable of being combined with all the purposes of peace. "England expects every man to do his duty" was fitted to bring before the Englishman the memory of his country, his home, his wife and children, all who might feel concerned in his conduct and character in the proud transactions of that great day. We think it the noblest appeal to national feeling ever made by a warrior to warriors.

Yet, what was the especial secret of that supreme rank which Nelson held over all the naval leaders of his time? Others may have been as intelligent, and indefatigable, and, it is to be hoped, all were as brave. The secret was—that Nelson was never satisfied with what he had done, and that he never *half did* anything. There was no "drawn battle," among *his* recollections. This is the more remarkable, as, for fifty years before, nearly all our naval battles had been drawn battles. Rodney's defeat of de Grasse was the great exception. British admirals, who were afraid of nothing else, were afraid of losing their masts! and were content with knocking down those of the enemy. Great fleets met each other, passed in parallel lines, fired their broadsides as they passed, one to the north and the other to the south. They might as well have been firing salutes. The wind soon carried them out of sight of each other; the admirals sat down in their cabins to [599] write their respective histories of "the battle," which would have been only too much honoured by being called a *brush*; and the fleets went by mutual consent into harbour. In this sort of *War*! the French were as clever as we; and the Suffreins, di Guichens, d'Estaings, and Villeneuves, made their fame on this system of cannonading a mile off, and getting out of the way as quickly as possible.

Rodney first spoiled the etiquette of those affairs, by driving straight forward through the enemy's line, changing the easy parallel for the fighting perpendicular, and compelling at least one-half of the Frenchmen to come to close quarters. This was the method of Jervis, when his captain told him, that the fleet on which he was bearing down in the morning twilight were at least twenty. "If they were fifty," said the brave sailor, "I'll *drive through them*." He drove through them accordingly, and beat the Spaniards, with half their numbers.

Wellington observed, in the Peninsula, that the generals commanding under him were afraid of nothing but responsibility. This fear arose from the ignorant insolence, with which the loungers of the legislature were in the habit of fighting campaigns over their coffee-cups. It is to be hoped that the fashion has since changed. But Wellington demurred to the authority, and Nelson seemed not to have thought of its existence. They both supplied the sufficient answer to the *home* campaigners, by beating the enemy wherever they met him.

We find a striking evidence of the hatred of "doing well enough" in one of Nelson's letters to his wife, on Hotham's battle with the French, under Martin, off Genoa, in 1795. Hotham was one of the old school, and though, in two awkward engagements, he had taken two of the French line, while a third had been burned, Nelson was indignant that the whole French fleet had not been captured. He had urged the admiral to leave the disabled ships in charge of the frigates, and chase the French.

"But," says the letter, "he, much cooler than myself, said, 'we must be contented—*we had done very well*.'" Nelson's evidently disgusted remark on this species of contentment is—"Had we taken ten sail, and suffered the eleventh to escape, when we could have got at her, I could *never*

have called it *well done*." In another part he says, "I wish to be an admiral, and in command of the British fleet. I should very soon do much, or be ruined. My disposition cannot bear tame and slow measures. *Sure I am*, that, had I commanded our fleet on the 14th, the whole French fleet would have graced our triumph, or I should have been in a confounded scrape." This was the language which, like the impulse of a powerful instinct, predicted the days of Aboukir, Copenhagen, and Trafalgar.

But the drag-chain on the progress of British intrepidity was at length to be taken of. Hotham was succeeded by Jervis. This eminent officer instantly reformed the whole condition of the Mediterranean fleet. He had evidently adopted the same conception of naval merit, which Nelson had so long kept before his eye. In selecting him for the command of the squadron sent to the Nile, Jervis wrote to the admiralty: "Nelson is an officer, who, whatever you bid him do, is sure *to do more*." And, in this spirit, Nelson was not content with running to Alexandria, and returning to say, that he found no one there; his resolve was, to find the French wherever they were, and fight them wherever they were found.

One word still for gallant old Jervis, the man who first confirmed the discipline of the navy. His firmness was the secret. When the Irish conspirators on board the Channel fleet had spread the spirit of mutiny in 1797, Jervis was warned from the admiralty that his fleet was in danger. It was suggested to him by some of his officers, to stop the letters from home: "No," said he, "the precaution is useless: I will answer for it that the commander-in-chief of *this* fleet will know how to maintain his authority, if it is threatened."

But he left nothing to chance: he prohibited communication between the ships—he sent for the captains of marines, and ordered that their men should mess and sleep separately from the [600] sailors; that the sailors should not be suffered to converse in Irish, and that the officers should be on the alert. He hanged the detected mutineers without delay. Forgiveness was out of the question. To Captain Pellew, who had interceded in favour of a mutineer, whose conduct had previously been irreproachable, he replied, "We have, we think, punished only the worthless. It is time, that our men should learn, that no past conduct can redeem an act of treason."

Nothing could be more rational, or even more necessary, than this determination; for treason is the most comprehensive of all crimes. The mere robber, or murderer, commits his single act of guilt—but the guilt of the traitor may cost the lives of thousands. The traitor is never to be regarded as a solitary criminal, and this maxim was never more necessary than at this moment. If laws are to be turned into sentimentality, and conspiracy is to be dealt with like the tricks of children, there must be an end of all security to *honest men*. If the villains who have been lately inflaming the Irish mind into madness, had been hanged by the sentence of the drum-head, within half an hour after their seizure, there would have been no necessity, at this moment, for keeping up a garrison of 45,000 men in Ireland. Martial law is the *only* law fit for the ruffians of the torch and pike, and the gibbet is the only moral which they will ever comprehend. To suppose that the Irish conspirators had even entertained the expectation of forming an established government, or of being suffered by England to raise a republic—or that any man out of Bedlam could have dreamt of the possibility of waging a successful war against England, while her fleets might starve Ireland in a week, and nothing but English alms even now enables her to live—would be absolute folly. The true object of Irish conspiracy was, and is, and will always be, robbery and revenge; a short burst of rapine and blood, followed by again running away, again begging pardon, again living on alms, and again laughing at the weak indulgence and insulted clemency of England.

Jervis, instead of listening to the cant of men of blood whining about their wives and children, hanged them; and, by thus ridding his fleet of a nest of villains, saved it from destruction, and perhaps, with it, saved not merely the lives of thousands of brave men, whom their impunity might have debauched into conspiracy, but saved the honour of our naval name, and restored the enfeebled hopes of his country.

We here quote with pleasure from the Frenchman:—"Jervis, in the face of those symptoms, which threatened the British navy with disaffection, sternly devoted himself to the establishment of *implicit obedience*. The efficient organisation of the fleet was the labour of his life, and occupied his latest thoughts. Never rash himself, he nevertheless opened the way for the most daring deeds. Nelson rushed into the arena, and, with the rapidity of lightning, showed the latent results of the change. The governing principle witnessed, rather than decreed the change. Its source, in fact, was *not* in the Admiralty, but in those floating camps, wherein the triumphs which astonish us are gradually elaborated. Official power is but the inert *crucible* which transmutes the subsidies of Parliament into ships. But a quickening principle is wanting to those immense fleets, and the admirals supply it. Jervis and Nelson rapidly transmitted the creative spark, and bequeathed a certain sort of sovereignty under the distrustful eye of the English Admiralty—a kind of dynasty arose—'the mayors of the palace took the sceptre from the do-nothing kings.'"

All this is comparatively just. But the Frenchman peeps out under the panegyrist, after all. Can it be conceived that any other human being, at the end of nearly half a century, would quote, with the slightest degree of approval, the report of Decrès, the French minister of the marine to Napoleon, in 1805, after all Nelson's victories, and just preceding the most illustrious of them all —Trafalgar?

"The boasting of Nelson," writes Decrès, "equals his silliness, (*ineptie*)—I use the proper word. But he has one eminent quality—namely, that of aiming among his captains *only* at a character for bravery and good fortune. This makes him *accessible to counsel*, and consequently, in difficult [601]

circumstances, if he commands nominally, *others direct really*."

We have no doubt that, after scribbling this supreme *ineptie*, Decrès considered himself to have settled the whole question, and to have convicted Nelson of being simply a bold blockhead—Nelson, the man of the hundred fights—the prince of tacticians—the admiral who had never been beaten, and from whom, at the battle of Aboukir, Decrès himself was rejoiced to make his escape, after having seen the ruin of the French fleet.

We find a good deal of the same sort of petulant perversion, in the narrative of Nelson's conduct at Naples. M. Gravière suddenly becomes moral, and tells us the ten-times-told story of Lady Hamilton. But what is all this to the naval war? Englishmen are not bound to defend the character of Lady Hamilton; and if Nelson was actually culpable in their intercourse, (a matter which actually has never yet been *proved*,) Englishmen, who have some morality,—not Frenchmen, who make a point of laughing at all morality—may upbraid his conduct. But a French stoic is simply ridiculous. There are perhaps not fifty men in all France, who would not have done, and are not doing every day, where they have the opportunity, all that this moralist charges Nelson with having done. Even if he were criminal in his private life, so much the worse for himself in that solemn account which all must render; but he was not the less the conqueror of Copenhagen, Aboukir, and Trafalgar.

The hanging of Caraccioli also figures among the charges. We regret that this traitor was not left to die of remorse, or by the course of nature, at the age of eighty. We regret, too, that he could allege even the shadow of a capitulation for his security. We equally regret the execution of Ney under a similar shadow. But Caraccioli had been an *admiral* in the Neapolitan service, had joined the rebellion by which rapine and slaughter overspread the country, and had driven the King into exile. No man more deserved to be hanged, by the order of his insulted, and apparently ruined King;—he *was* hanged, and *all* rebels ought thus to suffer. They are made for the scaffold.

The men who plunge a kingdom in blood, whose success must be purchased by havoc, and whose triumph makes the misery of thousands or millions, ought to make the small expiation which can be made by their public punishment; and no country *can* be safe in which it is not the custom to hang traitors. Still, those acts, even if they were of an order which might shock the sensibility of a Frenchman to breach of treaty, or the sight of blood, have no reference to the talents and the triumphs of Nelson.

But these volumes suddenly deviate from the history of the great admiral, into remarks on the great living soldier of England. There, too, we must follow them; and our task is no reluctant one; for it enables us at once to enlighten intelligent inquiry, and to offer our tribute to pre-eminent fame. But, in this instance, we argue with our accomplished neighbours on different principles. The Frenchman loves glory—the Englishman its fruits. The Frenchman loves the excitement of war; the Englishman hates it, as mischievous and miserable, and to be palliated only by the stern necessity of self-defence. He honours intrepidity, but it only when displayed in a cause worthy of human feeling. No man more exults in the talent of the field; but it is only when it brings back security to the fireside. The noblest trophy of Wellington, in the eyes of his country, is the thirty years of peace won by his sword!

It has become the fashion of the French to speak of this illustrious personage with something of a sneer at what they pronounce his "want of enterprise." Every thing that he has done is by "*phlegm*!" Phlegm must be a most valuable quality, in that case, for it enabled him to defeat every officer to whom he had been opposed; and there was scarcely any man of repute in the French army to whom he had not been opposed. It is in no spirit of rational taunt, or of that hostility which, we will hope, has died away between England and France, that we give the list of the [602] French marshals whom Wellington has fought, and *always* beaten, and several of them *several times*:—Junot at Vimeira, Soult at Oporto and the Pyrenees, Victor and Sebastiani at Talavera, Massena at Busaco, Marmont at Salamanca, Jourdan at Vitoria, and a whole group of the chief generals of France, with Ney, Soult, and Napoleon himself, at their head, at Waterloo.

But have the British military authors ever doubted the talent, or disparaged the gallantry, of those distinguished soldiers? Certainly not; they have given them every acknowledgment which ability and bravery could demand. Let the French nation read the eloquent pages of Alison, and see the character given by the historian to the leaders in the Italian, German, and Spanish campaigns. Let them read the spirited pages of Napier, and see them decorated almost with the colours of romance. Does either of these popular and powerful authors stigmatise the French generals with "*ineptie*," or characterise their victories, as the mere results of inability either to attack or to run away? Let them be the example of the future French military writers, and let those writers learn that there is a European tribunal, as well as a Parisian one.

But the French altogether mistake the question. Men like Wellington are not the growth of any military school, of any especial army, or of any peculiar nation. Without offering this great soldier any personal panegyric, he was a military *genius*. Since Marlborough, England had produced no such commander of an army, and may not produce another such for a century to come. Nelson was similarly a *genius*: he sprang at once to the first rank of sea-officers; and England, fertile as she is in first-rate sailors and brave men, may never produce another Nelson. Napoleon was a *genius*, and almost as palpably superior to the crowd of brave and intelligent generals round him, as if he had been of another species. The conduct of men of this exclusive capacity is no more a rule for other men, than their successes are to be depreciated to the common scale of military good fortune. The campaigns of Napoleon in Italy; the sea campaign in which Nelson pursued the French fleet half-round the globe, to extinguish it at Trafalgar; the seven years' continued

campaign of Wellington in the Peninsula, finished by the most splendid march in European history, from the frontier of Portugal into the heart of France, have had no example in the past, and can be no example to the future. The principle, the power, and the success, lie equally beyond the limits of ordinary calculation. The evident fact is, that there is an occasional rank of faculty, which puts all calculation out of sight, which is found to produce effects of a new magnitude, and which overpasses all difficulties, by the use of an intellectual element, but occasionally, and but for especial purpose, communicated to man.

We have no doubt whatever of the truth of this solution, and are consequently convinced, that it would have been much wiser in M. Gravière to have attempted to describe the career of Wellington, than to pronounce on the principles of his science; and, above all, than to account for his victories by the very last means of victory—the mere brutishness of standing still, the simple immobility of passive force, the mere unintelligent and insensate working of a machine.

"What a contrast," exclaims the Frenchman, "between these passionate traits (of Nelson) and the *impassive bearing* of Wellington, that *cool and methodical* leader, who *maintained* his ground in the Peninsula by the *sheer force of order and prudence*! Do they belong to the same nation? Did they command the same men? The admiral, full of enthusiasm, and devoured by the love of distinction, and the general, so *phlegmatic* and *immovable*, who, intrenched behind his lines at Torres Vedras, or re-forming, without *emotion*, his *broken* squares on the field of Waterloo—(where not a single British square was broken)—seems rather to aim at *wearying out his enemy* than at *conquering him*, and triumphs *only* by his patient and unconquerable firmness."

Must it not be asked, Why did the French suffer him to exhibit this *firmness*? why did they not beat him at once? Do generals win battles merely by waiting, until their antagonists are tired of crushing them? [603]

But the Frenchman still has a resource—he accounts for it all by the design of a higher power! "It was *thus*, nevertheless, that the designs of Providence were to be accomplished. It gave to the general, destined to meet *incontestably superior* troops(!!), whose *first* efforts were *irresistible*, that *systematic* and *temporising* character, which was to *wear out* the ardour of our soldiers." Having thus accounted for the French perpetuity of defeat on land, by a man of stupidity and stone; he accounts, with equal satisfaction, for the perpetuity of defeat at sea by a man of activity and animation. "To the admiral who was to meet squadrons fresh out of harbour, and easily disconcerted by a sudden attack, Providence gave that fiery courage and audacity which alone could bring about those great disasters, that would *not* have been inflicted under the rules of the old school of tactics."

The Frenchman, in his eagerness to disparage Wellington as dull, and Nelson as rash, forgets that he forces his reader to the conclusion, that tardiness and precipitancy are equally fit to beat the French. Or if they are *incontestably* superior troops, and their first onset is *irresistible*, how is it that they are beaten at the last, or are ever beaten at all? We also find the curious and rather unexpected acknowledgment, that Providence was always against them, and that it had determined on their *defeat*, whether their enemy were swift or slow.

We are afraid that we have been premature in giving M. de la Gravière credit for getting rid of his prejudices. But we shall set him a better example. We shall not deny that the French make excellent soldiers; that they have even a sort of national fitness for soldiership; that they form active, bold, and highly effective troops: though, for them, as sailors, we certainly cannot say as much. Henry IV. remarked "that he never knew a French king lucky at sea;" and Henry spoke the truth. And the wisest thing which France could do, would be to give up all attempts to be a "naval power,"—which she never has been, and never can be—and expend her money and her time on the comforts, the condition, and the spirit of her people, both citizens and soldiery.

But, we must assist the French judgment on the character of Wellington: and a slight detail will prove him to be the most *enterprising* leader of troops in the history of modern Europe. Let us first settle the meaning of the word enterprise. It is not a foolish restlessness, a giddy fondness for the flourish of Bulletins, or a precipitate habit of rushing into projects unconsidered and ineffective. It is activity, guided by intelligence; a daring effort to attain a probable success. The French generals, in the commencement of the revolutionary war, dashed at every thing, and yet were not entitled to the praise of enterprise. They fought under the consciousness that, unless they attracted Parisian notice by their battles, they must pay the penalty with their heads. Thus nearly all the principal generals of the early Republic were guillotined. The *levée-en-masse* gave them immense multitudes, who *must* fight, or starve. The Republic had *fourteen* armies at once in the field, who *must* be fed; commissioners from Paris were in the camps; and the general who declined to fight on all occasions, was stripped of his epaulets, and sent to the "Place de Grève."

But enterprise, in the style which distinguishes a master of strategy, is among the rarest military qualities. Marlborough was almost the only officer, in the last century, remarkable for enterprise, and its chief example was his march from Flanders to attack the French and Bavarian army, which he routed in the magnificent triumph of Blenheim. Wolfe's attack on the heights of Abraham was a capital instance of enterprise, for it showed at once sagacity and daring, and both in pursuit of a probable object,—the surprise of the enemy, and the power of bringing him to an engagement on fair ground.

But enterprise has been the *chief* characteristic of the whole military career of Wellington.

His first great Indian victory, Assaye, (23d September 1802,) was an "enterprise," by which, in

defiance of all difficulties, and with but 5000 men, he beat the army of Scindiah and the rajah of Berar, consisting of 50,000, of which 30,000 were cavalry. There, instead of *phlegm*, he was accused of rashness; but his answer was, the *necessity* of stopping the enemy's march; and, more emphatic still, a most consummate victory. [604]

On his landing in Portugal, at the head of only 10,000 men, (August 5, 1808,) this man of phlegm instantly broke up the whole plan of Junot. He first dashed at Laborde, commanding a division of 6000 men, as the advanced guard of the main army; drove him from the mountain position of Roliça; marched instantly to meet Junot, whom he defeated at Vimeira; and, on the 15th of September, the British troops were in possession of Lisbon. The French soon embarked by a convention, and Portugal was free! This was the work of a *six-weeks'* campaign by this passive soldier.

The convention of Cintra excited displeasure in England, as the capture of the whole army had been expected, from the high public opinion of the British commander; and the opinion would not have been disappointed, if he had continued in the command. The testimony of Colonel Torrens, (afterwards military secretary to the Duke of York,) on the court of inquiry, was, "That, on the defeat of the French at Vimeira, Sir Arthur rode up to Sir Harry Burrard and said—'Now, Sir Harry, is your time to advance upon the enemy; they are completely broken, and we may be in Lisbon in *three days*.' Sir Harry's answer was, 'that he thought a great deal had been done.'" The army was halted, and the French, who felt that their cause was hopeless, sent to propose the convention.

On the 22d of April 1809, Sir Arthur again landed in Portugal, to take the command of the army, consisting of but 16,000 men, with 24 guns. His plan was to drive Soult out of Oporto, fight the French, wherever he found them; and then return and attack Victor on the Tagus. Such was the project of the man of phlegm! He made a forced march of 80 miles, in three days and a-half, from Coimbra, crossed the Douro, drove Soult out of Oporto, ate the dinner which had been prepared for the Frenchman, and hunted him into the mountains, with the loss of all his guns and baggage. The French army was ruined for the campaign. This was the work of *three weeks* from his landing at Lisbon!

Sir Arthur's next enterprise was an advance into Spain. The kingdom was held by a French force of upwards of 200,000 men, with all the principal fortresses in their possession, the Pyrenees open, and the whole force of France ready to repair their losses. The Spanish armies were ill commanded, ill provided, and in all pitched battles regularly beaten. The French force sent to stop him at Talavera, on his road to Madrid, amounted to 60,000 men, under Jourdan, Victor, and Sebastiani, with King Joseph at the head of the whole. The battle began on the 27th of July, and, after a desperate struggle of two days, with a force of nearly three times the number of the British, ended by the rapid retreat of the French in the night, with the loss of 20 pieces of cannon and four standards. The Spanish army under Cuesta did good service on this occasion, but it was chiefly by guarding a flank. Their position was strong, and they were but little assailed. The British lost a fourth of their number in killed and wounded; the French, 10,000 men.

The purpose of these pages is, not to give a history of the illustrious Duke's exploits, but to show the utter absurdity of the French notion, that he gained all his battles by standing still, until the enemy grew tired of beating him. There is scarcely an instance in all his battles, in which he did not *seek* the enemy, and there is *no instance* in which he did not beat them! This is a sufficient answer to the French theory.

The ruin of the Spanish armies, and the immense numerical superiority of the French, commanded by Massena, compelled the British general, in 1810, to limit himself to the defence of Portugal. Massena followed him at the head of nearly 90,000 men. The British general might have marched, without a contest, to the lines of Torres Vedras; but the man of *phlegm* resolved to fight by the way. He fought at Busaco, (September 27.)

Massena, proverbially the most dashing of the French generals—the "Enfant gâté de la Victoire," as Napoleon styled him—could not believe that any officer would be so daring as to stop him on his road. On being told that the English would fight, and on reconnoitring their position, he said, "I cannot persuade myself that Lord Wellington will risk the loss of his reputation; but, if he does, *I shall have him*." [605]

Napoleon, at Waterloo, was yet to utter the same words, and make the same mistake. "Ah! je les tiens, ces Anglais."—"To-morrow," said Massena, "we shall reconquer Portugal, and in a few days I shall drive the leopards into the sea." The day of Busaco finished this boast, with a loss to the French of 2000 killed, 6000 wounded, and with the loss, which Massena, perhaps, felt still more, of his military reputation for life.

But the lines of Torres Vedras must not be forgotten in any memorial, however brief, to the genius of Wellington. The great problem of all strategists, at that period, was "the defence of Portugal against an overwhelming force." Dumouriez and Moore had looked only to the frontier, and justly declared that, from its extent and broken nature, it was indefensible. Wellington, with a finer *coup d'œil*, looked to the half-circle of rising grounds stretching from the Tagus to the sea, and enclosing the capital. He fortified them with such admirable secrecy, that the French had scarcely heard of their existence; and with such incomparable skill, that, when they saw them at last, they utterly despaired of an attack. They were on the largest scale of fortified lines ever constructed, their external circle occupying forty miles. The defences consisted of 10 separate fortifications, mounting 444 guns, and manned by 28,000 men. They formed two lines, the

exterior mounting 100 guns, the interior (about eight miles within) mounting 200; the remaining guns being mounted on redoubts along the shore and the river. The whole force, British and Portuguese, within the lines, and keeping up the communication to Lisbon, was nearly 80,000 men.

The contrast without and within the lines was of the most striking kind, and formed a new triumph for the feelings of the British general. Without, all was famine, ferocity, and despair; within, all was plenty, animation, and certainty of triumph. Massena, after gazing on those noble works for a mouth, broke up his hopeless bivouac; retired to Santarem; saved the remnant of his unfortunate army only by a retreat in the night; was hunted to the frontier; fought a useless and despairing battle at Fuentes d'Onore; was beaten, returned into France, and resigned his command. He was thenceforth forgotten, probably died of the loss of his laurels, and is now known only by his tomb in the Cemetery of Paris.

In October of the year 1811, though the British army had gone into winter quarters, the man of "*passive* courage" gave the enemy another example of "enterprise." The fifth French corps, under Gerard, had begun to ravage Estremadura. General Hill, by the order of Lord Wellington, moved against the Frenchman; took him by surprise at Aroyo de Molinos; fought him through the town, and out of the town; captured his staff, his whole baggage, commissariat, guns, 30 captains, and 1000 men. He drove the rest up the mountains, and, in short, destroyed the whole division—Gerard escaping with but 300 men.

The French field-marshal here amply acknowledged the effect of enterprise. In his despatch to Berthier from Seville, Soult says,—"This event is so disgraceful, that I know not how to qualify it. General Gerard had choice troops with him, yet shamefully suffered himself to be *surprised*, from excessive presumption and confidence. The officers and soldiers were in the houses, as in the midst of peace. I shall order an inquiry, and a severe example."

The next year began with the two most splendid sieges of the war. A siege is proverbially the most difficult of all military operations, requiring the most costly preparations, and taking up the longest time. Its difficulty is obviously enhanced by the nearness of a hostile force. Wellington was watched by two French armies, commanded by Soult and Marmont, either of them of nearly [606] equal force with his own, and, combined, numbering 80,000 men. Ciudad Rodrigo was one of the strongest fortresses of the Peninsula; Marmont was on his march to succour it. Wellington rushed on it, and captured it by storm, (January 19.) Marmont, finding that he was too late, retired. Badajoz was the next prize, a still larger and more important fortress. Soult was moving from the south to its succour. He had left Seville on the 1st of April; Wellington rushed on it, as he had done on Ciudad Rodrigo, and took it by one of the most daring assaults on record, (April 7.)

This was again the man who conquered "by standing still." The letter of General Lery, chief engineer of the army of the south, gives the most unequivocal character of this latter enterprise. "The conquest of Badajoz cost me eight engineers. Never was there a place in a better state, or better provided with the requisite number of troops. I see in that event a marked *fatality*. Wellington, with his Anglo-Portuguese army, has taken the place, as it were, in the presence of two armies. In short, I think the capture of Badajoz a *very extraordinary* event. I should be much at a loss to account for it in any manner consistent with probability." The language of this chief engineer seems, as if he would have brought all concerned to a court-martial.

The conqueror, after those magnificent exploits, which realised to M. Lery's eye something supernatural—the work of a destiny determined on smiting France—might have indulged his *passiveness*, without much fear even of French blame. He had baffled the two favourite marshals of France—he had torn the two chief fortresses of Spain out of French hands. There was now no enemy in the field. Soult had halted, chagrined at the fall of Badajoz. Marmont had retired to the Tormes. Wellington determined to continue their sense of defeat, by cutting off the possibility of their future communication. The bridge of Almarez was the only passage over the Tagus in that quarter. It was strongly fortified and garrisoned. On this expedition he despatched his second in command, General Hill, an officer who never failed, and whose name is still held in merited honour by the British army. The *tête-du-pont*, a strong fortification, was taken by escalade. The garrison were made prisoners; the forts were destroyed, (May 19.) The action was sharp, and cost, in killed and wounded, nearly 200 officers and men.

Wellington now advanced to Salamanca, the headquarters of Marmont during the winter; and pursued him out of it, to the Arapeiles, on the 22d of July. In this battle Marmont was outmanœuvred and totally defeated, with the loss of 6000 killed and wounded, 7000 prisoners, 20 guns, and several eagles and ammunition waggons. The British army now moved on Madrid. King Joseph fled; Madrid surrendered, with 181 guns; and the government of Ferdinand and the Cortes was restored.

But a still more striking enterprise was to come, the march to Vitoria,—the brilliant commencement of the campaign of 1813. Wellington had now determined to drive the French out of Spain. They still had a force of 160,000 men, including the army of Suchet, 35,000. Joseph, with Jourdan, fearing to be outflanked, moved with 70,000 men towards the Pyrenees. On the 16th of May, Wellington crossed the Douro. On the 21st of June he fought the battle of Vittoria, with the loss of 6000 to the enemy, 150 guns, all their baggage, and the plunder of Madrid. For this great victory Wellington was appointed field-marshal.

The march itself was a memorable instance of "enterprise." It was a movement of four hundred miles, through one of the most difficult portions of the Peninsula, by a route never before

attempted by an army, and which, probably, no other general in Europe would have attempted. Its conduct was so admirable, that it was scarcely suspected by the French; its movement was so rapid, that it outstripped them; and its direction was so skilful, that King Joseph and his marshal had scarcely encamped, and thought themselves out of the reach of attack, when they saw the English columns overtopping the heights surrounding the valley of the Zadora.

In his last Spanish battle, the victory of the Pyrenees, where he had to defend a frontier of sixty miles, he drove Soult over the mountains, and was the first of all the generals engaged in Continental hostilities, to plant his columns on French ground! [607]

Those are the facts of *seven years* of the most perilous war, against the most powerful monarch whom Europe had seen for a thousand years. The French army in the Peninsula had varied from 150,000 to 300,000 men. It was constantly recruited from a national force of 600,000. It was under the authority of a great military sovereign, wholly irresponsible, and commanding the entire resources of the most populous, warlike, and powerful of Continental states. The British general, on the other hand, was exposed to every difficulty which could embarrass the highest military skill. He had to guide the councils of the two most self-willed nations in existence. He had to train native armies, which scoffed at English discipline; he had the scarcely less difficult task of contending with the fluctuating opinions of public men in England: yet he never shrank; he never was shaken in council, and he never was defeated in the field.

But by what means were all this succession of unbroken victories achieved? Who can listen to the French babbling, which tells us that it was done, simply by *standing still to be beaten*? The very nature of the war, with an army composed of the raw battalions of England, which had not seen a shot fired since the invasion of Holland in 1794, a period of fourteen years; his political anxieties from his position with the suspicious governments of Spain and Portugal, and not less with his own fluctuating Legislature; his encounters with a force quadruple his own, commanded by the most practised generals in Europe, and under the supreme direction of the conqueror of the Continent—A condition of things so new, perplexing, and exposed to perpetual hazard, in itself implies *enterprise*, a character of sleepless activity, unwearied resource, and unhesitating intrepidity—all the very reverse of passiveness.

That this illustrious warrior did not plunge into conflict on every fruitless caprice; that he was not for ever fighting for the Gazette; that he valued the lives of his brave men; that he never made a march without a rational object, nor ever fought a battle without a rational calculation of victory —all this is only to say, that he fulfilled the duties of a great officer, and deserved the character of a great man. But, that he made more difficult campaigns, fought against a greater inequality of force, held out against more defective means, and accomplished more decisive successes, than any general on record, is mere matter of history.

His last and greatest triumph was Waterloo,—a victory less over an army than an empire,—a triumph gained less for England than for Europe,—the glorious termination of a contest for the welfare of mankind. Waterloo was a defensive battle. But it was not the rule, but the exception. The object of the enemy was Brussels: "To-night you shall sleep in Brussels," was the address of the French Emperor to his troops. Wellington's was but the wing of a great army spread over leagues to meet the march of the French to Brussels. His force consisted of scarcely more than 40,000 British and Hanoverians, chiefly new troops; the rest were foreigners, who could scarcely be relied on. The enemy in front of him were 80,000 veterans, commanded by Napoleon in person. The left wing of the Allied force—the Prussians—could not arrive till seven in the evening; after the battle had continued eight hours. The British general, under those circumstances, could not move; but he was not to be beaten. If he had 80,000 British troops, he would have finished the battle in an hour. On seeing the Prussian troops in a position to follow up success, he gave the order to advance; and in a single charge swept the French army, the Emperor, and his fortunes, from the field! Thus closed the 18th of June 1815.

Within *three days*, this "man of passiveness" crossed the French frontier, (June 21,) took every town in his way, (and all the French towns on that route are fortified,) and, on the 30th, the English and Prussians invested Paris. On the 3d of July, the capitulation of Paris, garrisoned by 50,000 regular troops and the national guard, was signed at St Cloud, and the French army was marched to the Loire, where it was disbanded. [608]

We have now given the answer which common sense gives, and which history will always give, to the childishness of accounting for Wellington's unrivalled successes by his "doing nothing" until the "invincible" French chose to grow weary of being invincible. The historic fact is, that their generals met a superior general; that their troops met Englishmen, commanded by an officer worthy of such a command; and that "enterprise" of the most daring, sagacious, and brilliant order, was the especial, peculiar, and unequalled character of Wellington.

The volumes of M. Gravière are interesting; but he must unlearn his prejudices; or, if that be nationally impossible, he must palliate them into something like probability. He must do this even in consideration of the national passion for "glory." To be beaten by eminent military qualities softens the shame of defeat; but to be beaten by mere *passiveness*,—to be driven from a scene of possession by *phlegm*, and to be stript of laurels by the hand of indolence and inaptitude,—must be the last aggravation of military misfortune.

Yet, this stain they must owe to the pen of men who subscribe to the doctrine, that the great soldier of England conquered simply by his *incapacity for action*!

We think differently of the French people and of the French soldiery. The people are intelligent and ingenious; the soldiery are faithful and brave. England has *no* prejudices against either. Willing to do justice to the merits of all, she rejoices in making allies of nations, whom she has never feared as *enemies*. She wants no conquest, she desires no victories. *Her* glory is the peace of mankind.

But, she will not suffer the tombs of her great men to be defaced, nor their names to be taken down from the temple consecrated to the renown of their country.

DANUBE AND THE EUXINE.

"Danube, Danube! wherefore comest
thou
Red and raging to my caves?
Wherefore leap thy swollen waters
Madly through the broken waves?
Wherefore is thy tide so sullied
With a hue unknown to me?
Wherefore dost thou bring pollution
To the old and sacred sea?"

"Ha! rejoice, old Father Euxine!
I am brimming full and red;
Noble tidings do I carry
From my distant channel bed.
I have been a Christian river
Dull and slow this many a year,
Rolling down my torpid waters
Through a silence morne and drear;
Have not felt the tread of armies
Trampling on my reedy shore;
Have not heard the trumpet calling,
Or the cannon's gladsome roar;
Only listened to the laughter
From the village and the town,
And the church-bells, ever jangling, [609]
As the weary day went down.
And I lay and sorely pondered
On the days long since gone by,
When my old primæval forests
Echoed to the war-man's cry;
When the race of Thor and Odin
Held their battles by my side,
And the blood of man was mingling
Warmly with my chilly tide.
Father Euxine! thou rememb'rest
How I brought thee tribute then—
Swollen corpses, gash'd and gory,
Heads and limbs of slaughter'd men!
Father Euxine! be thou joyful!
I am running red once more—
Not with heathen blood, as early,
But with gallant Christian gore!
For the old times are returning,
And the Cross is broken down,
And I hear the tocsin sounding
In the village and the town;
And the glare of burning cities
Soon shall light me on my way—
Ha! my heart is big and jocund
With the draught I drank to-day.
Ha! I feel my strength awaken'd,
And my brethren shout to me;
Each is leaping red and joyous
To his own awaiting sea.
Rhine and Elbe are plunging
downward
Through their wild anarchic land,
Every where are Christians falling
By their brother Christians' hand!
Yea, the old times are returning,
And the olden gods are here!

Take my tribute, Father Euxine,
To thy waters dark and drear.
Therefore come I with my torrents,
Shaking castle, crag, and town;
Therefore, with the shout of thunder,
Sweep I herd and herdsman down;
Therefore leap I to thy bosom,
With a loud, triumphal roar—
Greet me, greet me, Father Euxine—
I am Christian stream no more!"

THE MEMOIRS OF LORD CASTLEREAGH.[9]

[610]

In the absence of any real history of Ireland, the memoirs of its distinguished persons are of the first importance. They are the landmarks within which the broad and general track of historic narrative must be led. They fix character—the most necessary aid to the larger views of the historian. They disclose to us those secret springs which regulate the great social machinery; and by an especial faculty, more valuable than all, they bring us face to face with minds of acknowledged eminence, teach us the course which the known conquerors of difficulties have pursued, and exhibit the training by which the championship of nations is to be sustained. As the old lawgiver commanded that beautiful statues should be placed before the Spartan wives, to impress their infants with beauty of countenance and stateliness of form, the study of greatness has a tendency to elevate our nature; and though camps and councils may be above our course, yet the light shed from those higher spheres may guide our steps through the tangled paths of our humbler world.

The present memoir gives evidence of an additional merit in biography: it assists justice; it offers the power of clearing character, which might have been refused to the living; it brings forward means of justification, which the dignity of the injured, his contempt of calumny, or the circumstances of his time, might have locked up in his bosom. It is an appeal from the passion of the hour to the soberness of years. It has the sincerity and the sanctity of a voice from the world of the future.

The Stewarts, ancestors of the Marquis of Londonderry, came originally from Scotland, and, settling in Ireland in the reign of James I., obtained large possessions among the forfeited lands in Ulster. The family were Protestants, and distinguished themselves by Protestant loyalty in the troubled times of Ireland—a country where trouble seems to be indigenous. One of those loyalists was Colonel William Stewart, who, during the Irish war, under James II., raised a troop of horse at his own expense, and skirmished vigorously against the Popish enemy at the siege of Londonderry. For this good service he was attainted, with all the chief gentry of the kingdom, in the confiscating parliament of James. But the confiscation was not carried into effect, and the estate remained to a long line of successors.

The father of the late Marquis of Londonderry was the first of the family who was ennobled. He was an active, intelligent, and successful man. Representing his county in two parliaments, and, acting with the government, he partook of that golden shower which naturally falls from the treasury. He became in succession the possessor of office and the possessor of title—baron, viscount, earl, and marquis—and wisely allied himself with English nobility, marrying, first, a daughter of the Earl of Hertford, and, secondly, a sister of Lord Camden. The subject of this memoir was a son of the first marriage, and was born in Ireland on the 18th of June 1769. From boyhood he was remarkable for coolness and intrepidity, and was said to have exhibited both qualities in saving a young companion in the lake of Strangford. At the age of seventeen he was entered of St John's College, Cambridge, where he seems to have applied himself actively to the general studies of the place—elementary mathematics, classics, logic, and moral philosophy. This sufficiently answers the subsequent taunts at the narrowness of his education.

As his father had been a politician, his son and heir was naturally intended for political life. The first step of his ambition was a costly one. County elections in those days were formidable affairs. The Hillsborough family had formerly monopolised the county. Young Stewart was put forward, [611] according to custom, as "the champion of independence." He gained but half the day, for the Hillsboroughs still retained one nominee. The young candidate became a member of parliament, but this step cost £60,000.

The sacrifice was enormous, and perhaps, in our day, might startle the proudest rent-roll in England: but, seventy years ago, and in Ireland, the real expenditure was probably equivalent to £100,000 in our day. And it must have been still more distressing to the family, from the circumstance, that the sum had been accumulated to build a mansion; that the expense of the election also required the sale of a fine old collection of family portraits; and that the old lord was forced to spend the remainder of his life in what the biographer states to be an old barn, with a few rooms added. But his son was now launched on public life—that stream in which so many dashing swimmers sink, but in which talent, guided by caution, seldom fails to float along, until nature or weariness finishes the effort, and the man disappears, like all who went before.

The young member, fresh from college, and flushed with triumph over "parliamentary monopoly,"

was, of course, a Whig. *Plutarch's Lives*, and the history of the classic commonwealths, make every boy at school a Whig. It is only when they emerge from the cloudy imaginations of republicanism, and the fabulous feats of Greek championship, that they acquire common sense, and act according to the realities of things. The future statesman commenced his career by the ultra-patriotism of giving a "written pledge," on the hustings, to the support of "parliamentary reform."

With this act of boyishness he was, of course, taunted in after-life by the Whigs. But his answer was natural and just: it was in substance, that he had been, in 1790, an advocate for Irish reform; and if the Irish parliament had continued under the same circumstances, he would be an advocate for its reform still. But in 1793 a measure had been carried, which made all change perilous: the Popish peasantry had been suffered to obtain the right of voting; and thenceforward he should not aid parliamentary reform.

It is to be observed, that this language was not used under the temptation of office, for he did not possess any share in administration until four years afterwards, in 1797.

The forty-shilling franchise was the monster evil of Ireland. Every measure of corruption, of conspiracy, and of public convulsion, originated in that most mischievous, factious, and false step. It put the whole parliamentary power of the country into the hands of faction; made public counsel the dictation of the populace; turned every thing into a job; and finally, by the pampering of the rabble, inflamed them into civil war, and, by swamping the constituency, rendered the extinction of the parliament a matter of necessity to the existence of the constitution.

To this measure—at once weak and ruinous, at once the triumph of faction and the deathblow of Irish tranquillity; at once paralysing all the powers of the legislature for good, and sinking the peasantry into deeper degradation—we must give a few words.

The original condition of the peasantry in Ireland was serfdom. A few hereditary chiefs, with the power of life and death, ruled the whole lower population, as the master of the herd rules his cattle. English law raised them from this condition, and gave them the rights of Englishmen. But no law of earth could give the Celt the industry, frugality, or perseverance of the Englishman. The result was, that the English artificer, husbandman, and trader, became men of property, while the Celt lingered out life in the idleness of his forefathers. Robbery was easier than work, and he robbed; rebellion was more tempting than loyalty, and he rebelled: the result was the frequent forfeiture of the lands of chiefs, who, prompted by their priests, excited by their passions, and urged by the hope of plunder, were continually rebelling, and necessarily punished for their rebellion. Portions of their lands were distributed as the pay of the soldiery who [612] conquered them; portions were given to English colonists, transplanted for the express purpose of establishing English allegiance, arts, and feelings in Ireland; and portions devolved to the crown. But we are not to imagine that these were transfers of smiling landscapes and propitious harvests—that this was a renewal of the Goth and Vandal, invading flowery shores, and sacking the dwellings of native luxury. Ireland, in the 16th and 17th centuries, was a wilderness; the fertility of the soil wasted in swamps and thickets; no inns, no roads; the few towns, garrisons in the midst of vast solitudes; the native baron, a human brute, wallowing with his followers round a huge fire in the centre of a huge wigwam, passing from intoxication to marauding, and from beaten and broken marauding to intoxication again. A few of those barons had been educated abroad, but even they, on their return, brought back only the love of blood, the habit of political falsehood, and the hatred to the English name, taught in France and Spain. The wars of the League, the government of the Inquisition, the subtlety of the Italian courts, thus added their share of civilised atrocity, to the gross superstitions and rude revenge of Popish Ireland.

We must get rid of the tinsel which has been scattered by poetry over the past ages of Ireland. History shows, under the embroidered cloak, only squalidness. Common sense tells us what *must* be the condition of a people without arts, commerce, or agriculture; perpetually nurturing a savage prejudice, and exhibiting it in the shape of a savage revenge; ground to the dust by poverty, yet abhorring exertion; suffering under hourly tyranny, yet incapable of enjoying the freedom offered to them; and looking on the vigorous and growing prosperity of the English colonist, with only the feeling of malice, and the determination to ruin him. The insurrection of 1641, in which probably 50,000 Protestant lives were sacrificed, was only one of the broader scenes of a havoc which every age was exemplifying on a more obscure, but not less ferocious scale. The evidence of this indolent misery is given in the narrowness of the population, which, at the beginning of the last century, scarcely reckoned a million of souls: and this, too, in a country of remarkable fertility, free from all habitual disease, with a temperate climate, and a breadth of territory containing at this hour eight millions, and capable of supporting eight millions more.

The existing condition of Ireland, even with all the difficulties of its own creation, is opulence, peace, and security, compared with its wretchedness at the period of the English revolution.

The measure of giving votes for members of parliament to the Popish peasantry was the immediate offspring of faction, and, like all its offspring, exhibited the fallacy of faction. It failed in every form. It had been urged, as a means of raising the character of the peasantry—it instantly made perfidy a *profession*. It had been urged, as giving the landlord a stronger interest in the comforts and conciliation of his tenantry—it instantly produced the splitting of farms for the multiplication of votes, and, consequently, all the hopeless poverty of struggling to live on patches of tillage inadequate for the decent support of life. It had been urged, as a natural means of attaching the peasantry to the constitution—it instantly exhibited its effects in increased disorder, in nightly drillings and daylight outbreaks; in the assassination of landlords and clergy,

and in those more daring designs which grow out of pernicious ignorance, desperate poverty, and irreconcilable superstition. The populace—beginning to believe that concession had been the result of fear; that to receive they had only to terrify; and that they had discovered the secret of power in the pusillanimity of parliament—answered the gift of privilege by the pike; and the "forty-shilling freeholder" exhibited his new sense of right in the insurrection of 1798—an insurrection which the writer of these volumes—from his intelligence and opportunities a competent authority—calculates to have cost 30,000 lives, and not less than three millions sterling!

The forty-shilling franchise has since been abolished. Its practical abominations had become too glaring for the endurance of a rational legislature, and it perished. Yet the "snake was scotched, not killed." The spirit of the measure remained in full action: it was felt in the force which it gave to Irish agitation, and in the insidiousness which it administered to English party. In Ireland it raised mobs; in England it divided cabinets. In Ireland it was felt in the erection of a rabble parliament; in England it was felt in the pernicious principle of "open questions;" until the leaders of the legislature, like all men who suffer themselves to tamper with temptation, gave way; and the second great stage of national hazard was reached, in the shape of the bill of 1829. [613]

If the projected measure of "endowing the popery of Ireland"—in other words, of establishing the worship of images, and bowing down to the spiritual empire of the papacy—shall ever, in the fatuity of British rulers and the evil hour of England, become law; a third great stage will be reached, which may leave the country no farther room for either advance or retrogression.

In the year 1796, the father of the young member had been raised to the earldom of Londonderry, and his son became Viscount Castlereagh. In the next year his career as a statesman began; he was appointed by Lord Camden, (brother-in-law of the second Earl of Londonderry,) Keeper of the Privy Seal of Ireland.

The conduct of the Irish administration had long wanted the first quality for all governments, and the indispensable quality for the government of Ireland,—firmness. It has been said that the temper of the Irish is Oriental, and that they require an Oriental government. Their wild courage, their furious passion, their hatred of toil, and their love of luxury, certainly seem but little fitted to a country of uncertain skies and incessant labour. The Saracen, transported to the borders of the Atlantic, might have been the serf, and, instead of waving the Crescent over the diadems of Asia, might have been cowering over the turf-fire of the Celt, and been defrauded of the pomps of Bagdad and the spoils of Jerusalem. The *decision* of one of the magnificent despotisms of the East in Ireland might have been the true principle of individual progress and national renown. The scimitar might have been the true talisman.

But the successive British administrations took the false and the fatal step of meeting the wild hostility of Ireland by the peaceful policy of England. Judging only from the habits of a country trained to the obedience of law, they transferred its quiet formalities into the midst of a population indignant at all law; and, above all, at the law which they thought of only as associated with the swords of the soldiers of William. The government, continually changing in the person of the Viceroy, fluctuated in its measures with the fluctuation of its instruments; conceded where it ought to have commanded; bartered power, where it ought to have enforced authority; attempted to conciliate, where its duty was to have crushed; and took refuge behind partisanship, where it ought to have denounced the disturbers of their country. The result was public irritation and cabinet incapacity—a continual rise in the terms of official barter, pressing on a continual helplessness to refuse. This could not last—the voice of the country was soon an uproar. The guilt, the folly, and the ruin, had become visible to all. The money-changers were masters of the temple, until judicial vengeance came, and swept away the traffickers, and consigned the temple to ruin.

When we now hear the cry for the return of the Irish legislature, we feel a just surprise that the memory of the old legislature should have ever been forgotten, or that it should ever be recorded without national shame. We should as soon expect to see the corpse of a criminal exhumed, and placed on the judgment-seat of the court from which he was sent to the scaffold.

The Marquis of Buckingham, once a popular idol, and received as viceroy with acclamation, had no sooner dared to remonstrate with this imperious parliament, than he was overwhelmed with national rebuke. The idol was plucked from its pedestal; and the Viceroy, pursued by a thousand libels, was glad to escape across the Channel. He was succeeded by the Earl of Westmoreland, a man of some talent for business, and of some determination, but by no means of the order that "rides the whirlwind, and directs the storm." He, too, was driven away. In this dilemma, the British cabinet adopted the most unfortunate of all courses—concession; and for this purpose selected the most unfitting of all conceders, the Earl Fitzwilliam—a man of no public weight, though of much private amiability; sincere, but simple; honest in his own intentions, but perfectly incapable of detecting the intentions of others. His lordship advanced to the Irish shore with conciliation embroidered on his flag. His first step was to take the chief members of Opposition into his councils; and the immediate consequence was an outrageousness of demand which startled even his simple lordship. The British cabinet were suddenly awakened to the hazard of giving away the constitution by wholesale, and recalled the Viceroy. He returned forthwith, made a valedictory complaint in parliament, to which no one responded; published an explanatory [614]

pamphlet, which explained nothing; and then sat down on the back benches of the peerage for life, and was heard of no more. The Earl was succeeded by Lord Camden, son of the celebrated chief-justice, but inheriting less of the law than the temperament of his father. Graceful in manner, and even aristocratic in person, his councils were as undecided as his mission was undefined. The aspect of the times had grown darker hour by hour, yet his lordship speculated upon perpetual serenity. Conspiracy was notorious throughout the land, yet he moved as tranquilly as if there were not a traitor in the earth; and on the very eve of a conflagration, of which the materials were already laid in every county of Ireland, he relied on the silent spell of the statute-book!

The secretary, Mr Pelham, afterwards Lord Chichester, wanted the meekness, or disdained the short-sightedness of his principal; and, on the first night of his official appearance in the House, he gave at once the strongest evidence of his own opinion, and the strongest condemnation of the past system; by boldly declaring that "concessions to the Catholics seemed only to increase their demands; that what they now sought was incompatible with the existence of a British constitution; that concession must stop somewhere; and that it had already reached its utmost limit, and could not be allowed to proceed. Here he would plant his foot, and never consent to recede an inch further."

The debate on this occasion continued during the night, and until eight in the morning. All that fury and folly, the bitterness of party and the keenness of personality, could combine with the passionate eloquence of the Irish mind, was exhibited in this memorable debate. The motion of the popish advocates was lost, but the rebellion was carried. The echo of that debate was heard in the clash of arms throughout Ireland; and Opposition, without actually putting the trumpet to their lips, and marshalling conspiracy, had the guilty honour of stimulating the people into frenzy, which the Irishman calls an appeal to the god of battles, but which, in the language of truth and feeling, is a summons to all the sanguinary resolves and satanic passions of the human mind.

The secretary, perhaps foreseeing the results of this night, and certainly indignant at the undisciplined state of the legislative council, suddenly returned to England; and Lord Castlereagh was appointed by his relative, the Viceroy, to fill the post of secretary daring his absence. The rebellion broke out on the night of the 23d of May 1798.

In the year 1757, a committee was first established for the relief of Roman Catholics from their disabilities by law. From this justifiable course more dangerous designs were suffered to follow. The success of republicanism in America, and the menaces of war with republican France, suggested the idea of overthrowing the authority of government in Ireland. In 1792, his Majesty's message directed the repeal of the *whole body* of anti-Romanist statutes, excepting those which [615] prohibited admission into parliament, and into thirty great offices of state, directly connected with the confidential departments of administration. The Romish committee had already extended their views still farther. The well-known Theobald Wolfe Tone was their secretary, and he prepared an alliance with the republicanised Presbyterians of the north, who, in 1791, had organised in Belfast a club entitled "The United Irishmen."

The combination of the Romanist of the south and the dissenter of the north was rapidly effected. Their mutual hatreds were compromised, for the sake of their common hostility to Church and State. Upwards of 100,000 men in arms were promised by the north; millions, to be hereafter armed, were offered by the south; agents were despatched to urge French expeditions; correspondences were held with America for aid; the whole machinery of rebellion was in full employment, and a civil war was already contemplated by a group of villains, incapable of any one of the impulses of honourable men.

It is memorable that, in the subsequent convulsion, not one of those men of blood displayed the solitary virtue of the ruffian—courage. They lived in subterfuge, and they died in shame. Some of them perished by the rope, not one of them fell by the sword. The leaders begged their lives, betrayed their dupes, acknowledged their delinquencies, and finished their days beyond the Atlantic, inflaming the hostility of America, libelling the government by which their lives were spared, and exemplifying the notorious impossibility of reforming a rebel but by the scaffold.

Attempts have been made, of late years, to raise those men into the reputation of heroism; they might as justly have been raised into the reputation of loyalty. No sophistry can stand against the facts. Not one of them took the common hazards of the field: they left the wretched peasantry to fight, and satisfied themselves with harangues. Even the poetic painting of Moore cannot throw a halo round the head of Lord Edward Fitzgerald. This hero walked the country in woman's clothes, to be arrested in his bed, and perish in a prison. Tone cut his throat. Irishmen are naturally brave; but it is no dishonour to the nation to know that treason degrades the qualities of nature, and that conscience sinks the man of nerve into the poltroon.

It was among the singular instances of good fortune which saved Ireland in her crisis, that Lord Castlereagh assumed the duties of Irish Secretary. Uniting mildness of address with known determination, he was a favourite in the House of Commons, which in those days was proud of its character alike for manners and intrepidity. His indefatigable vigilance, and even the natural vigour of his time of life, rendered him adequate to services and labours which might have broken down the powers of an older man, and which must have been declined by the feeble health of his predecessor, Pelham, who still actually retained the office. Even his family connexion with the Viceroy may have given him a larger share than usual of the immediate confidence of government.

Under all circumstances, he was the fittest man for the time. He protected the country in the most difficult period of its existence. There was but one more service to secure Ireland against ruinous change—the rescue of her councils from the dominion of the mob; and it was his eminent fortune to effect it, by the Union.

There is the most ample evidence, that neither parliamentary reform nor Catholic emancipation were the true objects of the United Irishmen. The one was a lure to the malcontents of the north, the other to the malcontents of the south. But the secret council of the conspiracy—determined to dupe the one, as it despised the other—had resolved on a democracy, which, in its day of triumph, following the steps of France, would, in all probability, have declared itself infidel, and abolished all religion by acclamation. Party in the north pronounced its alliance with France, by commemorating, with French pageantry, the anniversary of the Revolution. The remnants of the old volunteer corps were collected at this menacing festival, which lasted for some days, and [616] exhibited all the pomp and all the insolence of Paris. Emblematic figures were borne on carriages drawn by horses, with republican devices and inscriptions. On one of those carriages was a figure of Hibernia, with one hand and foot in shackles, and a volunteer presenting to her a figure of Liberty, with the motto, "The releasement of the prisoners from the Bastille." On another was the motto,—"Our Gallic brethren were born July 14th, 1789. Alas! we are still in embryo." Another inscription was—"Superstitious jealousy the cause of the Irish Bastille; let us unite and destroy it." The portrait of Franklin was exhibited among them, with this inscription,—"Where Liberty is, there is my country." Gunpowder and arms were put in store, pikes were forged, and treasonous addresses were privately distributed throughout the country.

It is to be observed, that those acts occurred *before* the accession of Lord Castlereagh to office: their existence was the result of that most miserable of all policies—the sufferance of treason, in the hope that it may die of sufferance. If he had guided the Irish councils in 1792 instead of in 1794, the growing treason would have either shrunk from his energy, or been trampled out by his decision.

It has been the custom of party writers to charge the secretary with rashness, and even with insolence. The answer is in the fact, that, until the year in which the revolt became imminent, his conduct was limited to vigilant precaution—to sustaining the public spirit—to resisting the demands of faction in the House—and to giving the loyal that first and best creator of national courage—the proof that, if they did not betray themselves, they would not be betrayed by their government.

In 1798, the rebellion was ripe. The conspirators had been fully forewarned of their peril by the vigour of public measures. But, disgusted by the delays of France,—conscious that every hour was drawing detection closer round them; and still more, in that final frenzy which Providence suffers to take possession of men abusing its gifts of understanding,—they at last resolved on raising the flag of rebellion. A return of the rebel force was made by Lord Edward Fitzgerald, stating the number of *armed* men in Ulster, Leinster, and Munster, at 279,896! and the 23d of May was named as the day of the general insurrection.

Government now began to act. On the 12th of March, it arrested the whole body of the delegates of Leinster, assembled in committee in the metropolis. The seizure of their papers gave the details of the treason. Warrants were instantly issued for the arrest of the remaining leaders, Emmett, M'Nevin, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and others. We hasten on. A second committee was formed; and again broken up by the activity of the government. The French agency was next extinguished, by the arrest of O'Connor, the priest Quigley, and others, on the point of leaving England for France. Seizures of arms were made, the yeomanry were put on duty, the loyalists were formed into corps, armed, and disciplined.

Lord Edward Fitzgerald had escaped, and a reward of £1000 was put upon his head. On the 19th of May, only four days before the outbreak, he was arrested in an obscure lodging in Dublin, stabbed one of his captors in the struggle, was himself wounded, and died in prison of his wound.

During this most anxious period, the life of every leading member of government was in imminent peril. Plots were notoriously formed for the assassination of the commander-in-chief, and the chancellor; but Lord Castlereagh was obviously the especial mark for the conspirators. In scorn of this danger, he gallantly persevered; and, on the 22d of May, the very night before the commencement of the insurrection, he brought down to the House the following message from the Lord-lieutenant:—

"That his excellency had received information, that the disaffected had been daring enough to form a plan, for the purpose of possessing themselves, in the course of the *present week*, of the metropolis; of seizing the seat of government, and those in authority within the city. That, in consequence of that information, he had directed every military precaution to be taken which seemed expedient; that he had made full communication to the magistrates, for the direction of [617] their efforts; and that he had not a doubt, by the measures which would be pursued, that the designs of the rebellious would be effectually and entirely crushed."

To this message the House of Commons voted an immediate answer,—"That the intelligence thus communicated filled them with horror and indignation, while it raised in them a spirit of resolution and energy." And, for the purpose of publicly showing their confidence and their determination, the whole of the Commons, preceded by the speaker and the officers of the House, went on foot, two by two, in procession through the streets, to the castle, to carry up their

address to the Viceroy.

Lord Castlereagh, during this most anxious period, was in constant activity, keeping up the correspondence of his government with the British Cabinet and the generals commanding in Ireland. But, the correspondence preserved in the Memoirs is limited to directions to the military officers—among whom were the brave and good Abercromby, and Lake, Moore, and others who, like them, were yet to gain their laurels in nobler fields.

The rebellion, after raging for six weeks in the south, and exhibiting the rude daring of the peasantry, in several desperate attacks on the principal towns garrisoned by the army, was at length subdued by Lord Cornwallis; who, at once issuing an amnesty, and acting at the head of a powerful force, restored the public tranquillity. This promptitude was fortunate; for in August a debarkation was made by General Humbert in the west, at the head of eleven hundred French troops, as the advanced guard of an army. This force, though absurdly inferior to its task, yet, by the rapidity of its marches, and the daring of its commander, revived the spirit of insurrection, and was joined by many of the peasantry. But the whole were soon compelled to lay down their arms to the troops of the Viceroy. Scarcely had they been sent to an English prison, when a French squadron, consisting of a ship of the line and eight frigates, with 5000 troops on board, appeared off the northern coast. They were not left long to dream of invasion. On the *very next day*, the squadron under Sir John Borlase Warren was seen entering the French anchorage. The enemy were instantly attacked. The line-of-battle ship, the Hoche, with six of the frigates, was captured after a sharp cannonade; and among the prisoners was found the original incendiary of the rebellion, Wolfe Tone, bearing the commission of a French adjutant-general. On his trial and sentence by a court-martial in Dublin, he solicited to be shot as a soldier, not hanged as a felon. But there was too much blood on his head to alter the forms of law for a villain who had returned for the express purpose of adding the blood of thousands to the past. To escape being hanged, he died by his own hand, deplorably, but suitably, closing a life which honesty and industry might have made happy and honourable, by the last and only crime which he could have added to the long list of his treasons.

The administration of Lord Castlereagh was now to be distinguished by another national service of the highest order. The British government had been awakened, by the rebellion, to the *necessity of a union*. The object of the rebels was to separate the two islands by violence: the danger pointed out the remedy, and the object of government was to join them indissolubly by law. The measure had been proposed nearly a century before, by the peerage of Ireland themselves, then shrinking from a repetition of the war of James II., and the sweeping confiscations of the popish parliament. The measure was twice proposed to the British cabinet, in 1703 and 1707. But the restless intrigues of party in the reign of Anne occupied all the anxieties of a tottering government; and the men who found it difficult to float upon the surge, thought themselves fortunate to escape the additional gusts, which might come ruffling the waters from Ireland. The Volunteer armament, with the example of America, if not actually inflaming Ireland to revolution, yet kindling a beacon to every eye which sought the way to republicanism, again [618] awoke the cabinet to the necessity of a union. The regency question, in which the Irish parliament attempted to divide, not only the countries, but the crown—placing one half on the head of the Prince of Wales, and the other half on the head of the King—again startled the cabinet. But, as the peril abated, the means of protection were thrown by. The hurricane of France then came, and dashed against every throne of Europe, sinking some, shattering others, and throwing clouds, still pregnant with storm and flame, over the horizon of the civilised world. But the vices of France suddenly extinguished the European perils of Revolution. The democracy which, proclaiming universal peace and freedom, had summoned all nations to be present at the erection of a government of philosophy, was seen exulting in the naked display of cruelty and crime. In place of a demigod, Europe saw a fiend, and shrank from the altar on which nothing was to be accepted but the spoil and agonies of man.

Those facts are alluded to, simply to extinguish the gross and common charge, that the British cabinet fostered the rebellion, only to compel the country to take refuge in the Union. It is unquestionable, that the wisdom of its policy had been a maxim for a hundred years; that the plan was to be found in the portfolio of every cabinet; that all administrative foresight acknowledged that the time *must* come when it would be inevitable, yet put off the hour of action; that it haunted successive cabinets like a ghost, in every hour of national darkness, and that they all rejoiced at its disappearance at the return of day. But when rebellion broke out in Ireland itself—when it was no longer the reflection from the glare of American democracy, nor the echo from the howl of France; when the demand of separation was made by the subjects of the British crown, in the sight of England—the necessity was irresistible. There was no longer any alternative between binding in fetters, and binding in law. Then the resolve of Pitt was made, and its performance was committed to the hands of a fearless and faithful man. Ireland was relieved from the burden of a riotous and impoverished independence, and England was relieved from the contemptible policy of acting by party, which she despised, and paying a parliament to protect a constitution.

But we must hasten to other things. There was, of course, an infinite outcry among all the tribes who lived upon popular corruption. In closing the gates of the Irish parliament, they had been shut out from the mart where they had flocked night and day to sell their influence, their artifices, and themselves. The voluntary slave-trade was broken up; and the great dealers in political conscience regarded themselves as robbed of a right of nature. The kings of Benin and Congo could not be more indignant at the sight of a British cruiser blockading one of their rivers.

The calamity was universal; the whole body of parliamentary pauperism was compelled to work or starve. The barrister was forced to learn law; the merchant to turn to his ledger; the country gentleman, who had so long consoled himself for his weedy fallows, by the reflection that, if they *grew* nothing else, they could at least grow forty-shilling voters, found "Othello's occupation gone." The whole flight of carrion-crows, whom the most distant scent of corruption brought upon the wing; all the locust race, which never alighted, but to strip the soil; the whole army of sinecurism, the countless generation of laziness and license, who, as in the monkish days, looked to receiving their daily meal at the doors of the treasury, felt the sudden sentence of starvation.

But this, too, passed away. Jobbery, a more than equivalent for the exemption of the land from the viper, became no longer a trade; faction itself, of all existing things the most tenacious of life, gradually dropped off; the natural vitality of the land, no longer drained away by its blood-suckers, began to show itself in the vigour of the public mind; peace did its office in the renewal of public wealth, and perhaps the happiest years of Ireland were those which immediately followed the Union. If Ireland was afterwards overshadowed, the cause was to be found in that [619]
sullen influence which had thrown Europe into darkness for a thousand years.

Lord Castlereagh was now advanced an important step in public life. Mr Pelham, who from ill health had long been an absentee, resigned his office. The services of his manly and intelligent substitute had been too prominent to be overlooked. A not less trying scene of ministerial courage and ability was about to open, in the proposal of the Union; and no man could compete with *him* who had extinguished the rebellion.

A letter from his friend Lord Camden (November 1798) thus announced the appointment:—"Dear Castlereagh,—I am extremely happy to be informed by Mr Pitt that the wish of the Lord-lieutenant that you should succeed Mr Pelham (since he has relinquished the situation of secretary) has been acceded to by the King and his ministers; and that the consent of the English government has been communicated to Lord Cornwallis."

On the 22d of January, a message to the English House of Commons was brought down, recommending the Union, on the ground of "the unremitting industry with which the enemies of the country persevered in their avowed design of separating Ireland from England." On the 31st, Pitt moved eight resolutions as the basis of the measure. Sheridan moved an amendment, which was negatived by one hundred and forty to fifteen votes. In the Lords, the address in answer to the message was carried without a division. It was clear that the question in England was decided.

In Ireland the discussion was more vehement, and more protracted; but the decision was ultimately the same. Parliament went the way of all criminals. It must be allowed, that its scaffold was surrounded with popular clamour, to an extraordinary extent. It faced its fate with national haughtiness, and vigorously proclaimed its own virtues to the last. But, when the confusion of the scene was over, and the scaffold was moved away, none lingered near the spot to wring their hands over the grave.

The unquestionable fact is, that there was a national sense of the unfitness of separate legislatures for two countries, whose closeness of connexion was essential to the existence of both. The Protestant felt that, by the fatal folly of conceding votes to the popish peasantry—votes amounting to universal suffrage—parliament must, in a few years, become popish in all but the name. The landlords felt that, the constant operation of party on the peasantry must rapidly overthrow all property. The still more enlightened portion of society felt that every hour exposed the country more perilously to civil commotion. And even the narrowest capacity of judging must have seen, in the smoking harvest, ruined mansions, and slaughtered population of the revolted counties, the hazard of trusting to a native parliament; which, though it might punish, could not protect; and which, in the hour of danger, could not stir hand or foot but by the help of their mighty neighbour and fast friend.

If, in the rebellion, a wall of iron had been drawn round Ireland, and her constitution had been left to the defence furnished by her parliament alone, that constitution would have been but a cobweb; parliament would have been torn down like a condemned building; and out of the ruins would have been instantly compiled some grim and yet grotesque fabric of popular power—some fearful and uncouth mixture of legislation and vengeance: a republic erected on the principles of a despotism; a temple to anarchy, with the passions of the rabble for its priesthood, and the fallen heads of all the noble, brave, and intellectual in the land, for the decorations of the shrine.

The cry of Repeal has revived the recollection of the parliament; but the country has refused to recognise that cry as national, and even the echo has perished. It was notoriously adopted, not for its chance of success, but for its *certainty* of failure. It was meant to give faction a *perpetual* pretext for mendicancy. But the mendicant and the pretext are now gone together. A few childish people, forgetting its uselessness and its errors, alone continue to whine over it—as a weak parent laments the loss of a son whose life was a burden to him, and whose death was a relief. The Union was one of the highest services of Lord Castlereagh. [620]

In corroboration of those sentiments, if they could require any, it is observable how rapidly the loudest opponents of the measure lowered their voices, and adopted the tone of government. Plunket, the ablest rhetorician of the party—who had made his opposition conspicuous by the ultra-poetic extravagance, of pledging himself to swear his sons at the altar, as Hamilcar swore Hannibal to Roman hostility—took the first opportunity of reconciling his wrath to office, and settled down into a chancellor. Foster, the speaker, who had led the opposition, received his

salary for life without a pang, and filled the office of chancellor of the Irish exchequer. Bushe, the Cicero of the house, glowing with oratorical indignation, condescended to be chief-justice. All the leaders, when the battle was over, quietly slipped off their armour, hung up sword and shield on their walls, put on the peace costume of handsome salary, and subsided into title and pension.

No one blamed them then, nor need blame them now. They had all been *actors*—and who shall reproach the actor, when the lamps are put out and the audience gone, for thinking of his domestic meal, and dropping into his bed? Nature, like truth, is powerful, and the instinct of the lawyer *must* prevail.

One man alone "refused to be comforted." Grattan, the Demosthenes of Ireland, for years kept, without swearing it, the Carthaginian oath, which had slipped out of the mind of Plunket. He talked of the past with the rapt anguish of a visionary, and eschewed human occupation with the rigid inutility of a member of La Trappe. Grattan long continued to linger in Ireland, until he was hissed out of his patriotic romance, and laughed into England. There, he found, that he had lost the better part of his life in dreams, and that the world demanded evidence that he had not lived in vain. Fortunately for his own fame, he listened to the demand; forgot his sorrows over the dead in the claims of the living; threw in his share to the general contribution of the national heart against the tyranny of Napoleon; and by some noble speeches vindicated the character of his national eloquence, and left an honourable recollection of himself in that greatest temple of fame and free minds which the world has ever seen—the parliament of England.

Lord Castlereagh, on the final dissolution of the Irish legislature, transferred his residence to London, where (in July 1802) he took office under the Addington ministry as President of the Board of Control—an appointment which, on the return of Pitt, he retained, until (in 1805) he was placed by the great minister in the office of secretary for the war and colonial department.

The death of Pitt (1806) surrendered the cabinet to the Whigs, and Lord Castlereagh retired with his colleagues. The death of Fox soon shook the new administration, and their own imprudence broke it up, (1807.) The Grey and Grenville party were superseded by Perceval; and Lord Castlereagh returned to the secretaryship at war, which he held until 1809, when his duel with Canning caused the retirement of both.

In the Memoir, the circumstances of this painful transaction are scarcely more than referred to; but the reply to a letter from Lord Castlereagh to the King, distinctly shows the sense of his conduct entertained in the highest quarter.

"The King has no hesitation in assuring Lord Castlereagh that he has, at all times, been satisfied with the zeal and assiduity with which he has discharged the duties of the various situations which he has filled, and with the exertions which, under every difficulty, he has made for the support of his Majesty's and the country's interest.

"His Majesty must ever approve of the principle which shall secure the support and protection of government to officers exposing their reputation, as well as their lives, in his service; when their characters and conduct are attacked, and aspersed on loose and insufficient grounds, without adverting to embarrassments and local difficulties, of which those on the spot alone can form an adequate judgment." This, of course, settled the royal opinion; and the ministerial confidence [621] shortly after reposed in Lord Castlereagh, in the most conspicuous manner, fully clears his reputation from every stain.

But the letter confirms one fact, hitherto not much known, yet which would alone entitle him to the lasting gratitude of the empire. In allusion to the campaign of Portugal under Moore, and the appointment of a successor, it adds,—"It was also this impression which prompted the King to acquiesce in the appointment of so young a lieutenant-general as Lord Wellington to the command of the troops in Portugal." Thus, it is to Lord Castlereagh's sense of talent, and to his public zeal, that we ministerially owe the liberation of the Peninsula. His selection of the great duke, in defiance of the claims of seniority, and probably of parliamentary connexion, gave England seven years of victory, and finally gave Europe the crowning triumph of Waterloo.

But a still more extensive field of statesmanship was now opened to him. Canning had left the Foreign Office vacant; before the close of the year it was given to Lord Castlereagh. Another distinction followed. The unhappy assassination of Perceval left the premiership vacant; and Lord Castlereagh, though nominally under Lord Liverpool, virtually became, by his position in the House of Commons, prime minister.

There never was a moment of European history, when higher interests were suspended on the intrepidity, the firmness, and the wisdom of British council. The Spanish war, difficult, though glorious, was at all risks to be sustained; Austria had taken up arms, (in 1809,) was defeated, and was forced to make the bitter peace that follows disaster. Napoleon, at Erfurth, sat on a throne which looked over Europe, and saw none but vassals. At home, Opposition flung its old predictions of evil in the face of the minister, and incessantly charged him with their realisation. An infirm minister in England at that crisis would have humiliated her by a treaty; that treaty would have been but a truce, and that truce would have been followed by an invasion. But the Secretary never swerved, and his confidence in the courage of England was rewarded by the restoration of liberty to Europe.

The fortunes of Napoleon were at length on the wane. France had been stripped of her veterans by the retreat from Moscow, and the Russian and German armies had hunted the wreck of the French across the Rhine. But, in sight of final victory, the councils of the Allies became divided,

and it was of the first importance to reunite them. An interesting letter of the late Lord Harrowby, to the present Marquis of Londonderry, gives the narrative of this diplomatic mission.

"I cannot recollect dates, but it was at the time when you, Lord Aberdeen, and Lord Cathcart, were accredited to the three sovereigns. It was mooted in Cabinet, I think, by Lord Castlereagh, whether it would not be desirable, in order to carry the full weight of the British Government to bear upon the counsels of the assembled sovereigns, that some one person should be appointed who might speak in its name to them all.

"The notion was approved of; and after the Cabinet was over, Castlereagh called me into his private room, and proposed the mission to me. I was, of course, highly flattered by such a proposal from such a person; but I had not a moment's hesitation in telling him, that I had tried my hand unsuccessfully on a somewhat similar mission to Berlin, where I had also been accredited to the two Emperors; that I had found myself quite incompetent to the task, which had half-killed me; that I thought the measure highly advisable, but that there was one person only who could execute it, and that person was himself. He started at first. How could he, as Secretary of State, undertake it? The thing was unheard of. I then told him, that it was not strictly true that it had never been done: that Lord Bolingbroke went to Paris in a diplomatic capacity when Secretary of State; and that, though in that case the precedent was not a good one, it was still a precedent, and I believed there were more. The conclusion to which this conversation led was, that 'he would talk it over with Liverpool;' and the consequence was that, the next day, or the day after, his mission was decided."

A letter, not less interesting, from Lord Ripon, gives some striking particulars of this mission. [622]
Lord Ripon had accompanied him to the Congress. "I allude to his first mission to the Continent, at the close of 1813. I travelled with him from the Hague to Bâle, where he first came in contact with any of the ministers of the Allied powers; and thence we proceeded to Langres, where the headquarters of the Grand Army were established, and where the allied sovereigns, the Emperors of Austria and Russia and the King of Prussia, with their respective ministers, were assembled."

The letter proceeds to state the views of the mission, much of whose success it attributes to the combined suavity and firmness of Lord Castlereagh's conduct. But, an instance of his prompt and sagacious decision suddenly occurred. Blucher's impetuous advance had been checked, with serious loss, by a desperate assault of Napoleon, who, availing himself of this success, had fallen upon all the advanced forces of the Allies. There was wavering at headquarters, and there were even proposals of retiring beyond the Rhine. It was essential to reinforce Blucher, but there were no troops at hand. Lord Castlereagh demanded, "Where were any to be found?" He was answered, that there were two strong corps of Russians and Prussians under the command of Bernadotte; but that he was "very tenacious of his command," and they could not be withdrawn without a tedious negotiation,—in other words, we presume, without fear of giving that clever but tardy commander a pretext for abandoning the alliance altogether. The difficulty was, by a high authority, pronounced *insurmountable*. Lord Castlereagh, who was present at the council, simply demanded, "whether the reinforcement was *necessary*;" and, on being answered in the affirmative, declared that the order must be given; that England had a right to expect that her allies should not be deterred from a decisive course by any such difficulties; and that he would take upon himself all the responsibility that might arise, regarding the Crown-Prince of Sweden.

The order was issued: Blucher was reinforced; Napoleon was beaten at Laon; and the campaign rapidly approached its close. Still, formidable difficulties arose. Napoleon, though he had at last found that he could not face the army of the Allies, conceived the daring manœuvre of throwing himself in their rear—thus alarming them for their communications, and forcing them to follow him back through France. The consequences of a desultory war might have been the revival of French resistance, and the ruin of the campaign. The manœuvre became the subject of extreme anxiety in the Allied camp, and some of the chief authorities were of opinion, that he ought to be pursued. It is said (though the Memoir has not yet reached that part of the subject,) that the decision of leaving him behind, and marching direct on Paris, was chiefly owing to Lord Castlereagh; who pointed out the weakness of taking counsel from an enemy, the advantage of finding the road to Paris open at last, and the measureless political importance of having the capital in their possession.

This advice prevailed: a few thousand cavalry were sent in the track of Napoleon, to entrap him into the idea that he was followed by the Grand Army, while Schwartzenberg marched in the opposite direction; and the first intelligence which reached the French army was in the thunderclap which announced the fall of the Empire!

Lord Harrowby's letter, in referring to a subsequent period, gives a curious instance of the chances on which the highest events may turn.

"Now for my other service in the dark. After the attempt to assassinate the Duke of Wellington at Paris, the Government was naturally most anxious to get him away. But how? Under whatever pretext it might be veiled, *he* would still call it running away, to which he was not partial. But, when Castlereagh was obliged to leave Vienna, in order to attend his duty in parliament, I was fortunate enough to suggest that the Duke should be sent to replace him; and that would be a command which he could not refuse to obey.

"When I mentioned this to the Duke, just after I left you—for I was then quite full of the memory of my little exploits—he quite agreed that, if he had been at Paris, on the return of Buonaparte to [623]

France, it would have been *highly probable that they would have seized him*.

"Small events are great to little men; and it is not *nothing*, to have contributed in the smallest degree to the success of the Congress at Vienna, (nor was it then so called,) and of the subsequent campaign, and to the saving of the Duke for WATERLOO!"

After this triumphant course of political life, with every gift of fortune around him, and perhaps the still higher consciousness of having achieved a historic name, how can we account for the closing of such a career in suicide?

The only probable cause was the intolerable burden of public business, by his having in charge the chief weight of the home department as well as the foreign. His leadership of the House of Commons was enough to have worn him out. Canning once said—"that no vigour of mind or body can stand the wear and tear of a minister, above ten years." Castlereagh had been immersed in indefatigable toil since 1794. He had stood "the wear and tear" for thirty years. His life was wholly devoted to business. During the summer he rose at five, in winter at seven, and frequently laboured for twelve or fourteen hours in succession.

In person he was tall, with a mild and very handsome countenance in early life, of which we must regret that the portrait in the first volume of the Memoir gives but an unfavourable resemblance. The most faithful likeness is that by Sir Thomas Lawrence, in the Windsor Gallery of Statesmen, though it has the effeminate air which that admirable painter had the unlucky habit of giving to his men.

The death of Lord Castlereagh seems to have been justly attributed to mental exhaustion, with the addition of a fit of the gout, for which he had taken some depressing medicines. The state of his spirits was marked by the King, on his Majesty's departure for Scotland. At the Cabinet Council, he had been observed to remain helplessly silent, and his signature to public papers had become suddenly almost illegible. On those symptoms, he was expressly put into the hands of his physician, and sent to Foot's Cray, his villa in Kent. The physician attended him until the Monday following. Early on that day he was hastily summoned, and found his Lordship dead in his dressing-room.

A letter from the Duke of Wellington conveyed the lamentable intelligence to the present Marquis, who was then at Vienna. After some prefatory remarks, the Duke says—"You will have seen, that I witnessed the melancholy state of mind which was the cause of the catastrophe. I saw him after he had been with the King on the 9th instant, to whom he had likewise exposed it. But, fearing that he would not send for his physician, I considered it my duty to go to him; and not finding him, to write to him, which, considering what has since happened, was a fortunate circumstance.

"You will readily believe what a consternation this deplorable event has occasioned here. The funeral was attended by every person in London of any mark or distinction, of all parties; and the crowd in the streets behaved respectfully and creditably."

The Duke's remarks on "the fortunate circumstance" of applying to the physician, we presume to have meant, the vindication of the Marquis's character from the guilt of conscious suicide. For the same reason, we have given the details. They relieve the mind of the Christian and the Englishman from the conception, that the most accomplished intellect, and the highest sense of duty, may not be protective against the mingled crime and folly of self-murder.

We have now given a general glance at the *matériel* of those volumes. They contain a great variety of public documents, valuable to the future historian, though too *official* for the general reader. One, however, is too curious to be altogether passed by: it is from Lord Brougham, (dated 1812,) offering himself for employment in American affairs:—

"MY LORD,—I am confident that the step which I am now taking cannot be misconstrued by your [624]
lordship. Under the present circumstances, I beg to make a tender of my services to his Majesty's government in the conduct of the negotiation with the United States, wheresoever the same may be carried on.

"I am induced to think that I might be of use as a negotiator in this affair. I trust it is unnecessary to add, that I can have no motive of a private or personal nature in making this offer. Should it be accepted, I must necessarily sustain a considerable injury in my professional pursuits," &c.

We think that, in giving these volumes to the country, the present Marquis of Londonderry has not merely fulfilled an honourable fraternal duty, but has rendered a service to public character. Faction had calumniated Lord Castlereagh throughout a large portion of his career. The man who breaks down a fierce rebellion, and who extinguishes a worthless legislature, must be prepared to encounter the hostility of all whose crimes he has punished, or whose traffic he has put to shame. The felon naturally hates the hand which holds the scales of justice, and, if he cannot strike, is sure to malign. The contemptuous dignity with which Lord Castlereagh looked down upon his libellers, and his equally contemptuous disregard of defence, of course only rendered libel more inveterate; and every low artifice of falsehood was exerted against the administration of a man who was an honour to Ireland.

His course in England was in a higher region, and he escaped the mosquitoes which infest the swamps of Irish political life. Among the leaders of English party he had to contend with men of honour, and on the Continent his task was to sustain the cause of Europe. There, mingling with

monarchs in the simplicity of a British gentleman, he carried with him all the influence of a great British minister, and entitled himself to that influence by the value of his services. Yet, among the highest distinctions of his statesmanship, we have but slight hesitation in naming the rapid overthrow of the rebellion. The scene was new, the struggle singularly perplexing. Political artifice was mingled with brute violence. If the spirit of revolt raged in the superstition, the fears, and the rude memories of peasant life, it was still more hazardously spread among the professional ranks, whose ambition was frenzied by the prospect of a republic, or whose guilt was to be screened by its establishment. He has been charged with tyranny and torture in its suppression; his correspondence in these volumes shows the manly view which he took of the true condition of Ireland.

The question of the safety of Ireland has now come before the legislature once again, in all its breadth. Is Ireland to be a perpetual seat of rebellion? is every ruffian to find there only an armoury? is every faction to find there only a parade-ground? Is its soil to be a perpetual fount of waters, that can flow only to poison the healthful channels of society? Is the power of government to be employed only in the hideous duties of the gaoler and the executioner? Is the noblest constitution that man has ever seen to be utterly paralysed, from the moment when it touches a soil containing millions of our fellow subjects?—and to be paralysed by the act of these millions?

These are the questions which well may disturb the pillow of the statesmen of England. We have no hesitation in answering them. As the ruin of Ireland has been the act of a false religion, its renovation must be the act of the true. This is no time for tardiness in this experiment. Revolt has thrown aside its arms, but its antipathy remains. We shall have revolt upon revolt, until the country is turned into a field of battle or a sepulchre. If the rude, vulgar, and cowardly conspirators of the present hour have found followers, what might not be the national hazard if some valorous hand and vivid intellect—some one of those mighty men who are born to take the lead of nations, should marshal the willing multitudes at a time when England was once again struggling for the liberties of Europe? Are we to leave Ireland, with all its natural advantages, to the unchecked progress of superstition, until, like the Roman Campagna, under the same [625]
auspices, it exhibits nothing but a desert, where man by daylight should put on his swiftest speed, and where he should not sleep by night, unless he had already taken measure of his grave?

The Memoir prefixed to the official papers in these volumes touches with singular brevity on the personal characteristics of the late Marquis of Londonderry.

But the true biography of a public man is to be found in his public career. There flattery can deceive no longer, and panegyric is brought to the test of posterity. It fell to the lot of Lord Castlereagh to take a lead in the *four* most memorable transactions of his time;—in the overthrow of the Irish Rebellion; in the establishment of the Union; in the downfall of the French empire; and in the settlement of the peace of Europe at the Congress of Vienna. Those four are his claims on the living gratitude of his country, and on the homage of the generations to come. The mind which was equal to those tasks must have been a mind of power; the determination which could have sustained him, in defiance of all personal and public danger, must have been of the highest order of personal and public intrepidity; and the patriotism which, in every advance of his official distinctions, and every act of his ministerial duty, directed his steps, as it then raised him above all the imputations of party, now retains his memory in that elevation, which partisanship can no more reach than it can comprehend. Estimable in all the relations of private life, and honourable in all the trusts of statesmanship, the bitterness of Opposition has never dared to touch his personal character; and even faction has shown its sense of his services, by never venturing to insult his tomb. If the enemies of Ireland remember him with hatred, the historian of Ireland must record him with honour. If faction in England cannot yet be reconciled to the man who kept it at bay, it must remember him as the statesman who was neither to be bought nor baffled; whose life was a security to the constitution, and whose conduct formed the most prominent contrast to that of those subsequent possessors of office, whom it found the means alternately to corrupt and to control.

It is not our wish to offer a rash and groundless panegyric to any man. We refer simply to the facts—to the eminence of England under his policy, and to its sudden difficulties under the abandonment of his principles. We think Lord Castlereagh entitled to the full tribute which can be paid by national respect to the memory of a statesman distinguished by courage and conduct, by unblemished honesty, and by unfailing honour. We think him fully entitled to bear upon his monument the name of—A Great British Minister.

The most passionate avidity for renown cannot desire a nobler name.

A CALL.

There is a cry throughout the land,
  The needy loudly ask for bread;
Craving and unappeased they stand,
  They cannot all be duly fed.
The rich in vain large alms bestow—
  They fail to stem the rising tide

Of want, and beggary, and woe,
That hems them in on every side.

Lo! from the stream that overflows,
Fresh gushing rivulets roll wide,
And far from where their source arose,
They bless the land through which they glide.
Shall Britain let such lesson fail?
Shall not her overburthen'd soil
Afar, where skill and strength avail,
Send forth the hardy sons of toil?

[626]

Arise, ye peasants, bold and strong!
Courage! relieve your burthen'd land,
Toward a gracious country throng
That needs the willing heart and hand:
There with a cheerful vigour strive
For the reward denied ye here,
Through wholesome industry to thrive,
With lessening labour, year by year.

Your many children, that ye feel
Here as a burthen on your hands,
There shall enrich ye through their zeal,
And tend your flocks, and till your lands.
No cry for bread shall pierce your ear,
Full harvests shall requite your toil,
And, bounteously your age to cheer,
Shall yield ye corn, and wine, and oil.

Behold the paupers of our land,
By want made dissolute and rude,
With sullen heart and wasted hand
Asking an alms of broken food!
Behold, and snatch them from despair—
Give them for effort a fair field,
With labour their free limbs may bear—
And toil from vice shall be their shield.

And ye whose lot is cast above
Want's perilous and grievous woes!
Be yours a full free work of love,
The debt that man his brother owes.
Bestow not that ye prize the least—
Give knowledge, valour, skill, and worth.
Statesman and soldier, lawyer, priest,
Physician, merchant, go ye forth.

And, Britain's daughters! give your aid,
Arise, make ready, cross the wave!
Ye, for meet help and solace made,
Go forth to cheer, to bless, to save!
Let not the exiles vainly ask
For home and sweet domestic cares;
Fulfil your high and gracious task—
Go forth, join heart and hand with theirs.

And ask ye all, as forth ye go,
The guidance of a light divine,
That through the darkest hours shall glow,
And steadfast in all peril shine.
Go forth with a believing heart,
Your Guard is sure by night and day;

Forth through the wilderness depart—
Ye shall find manna on your way.

JULIA

WHAT IS SPAIN ABOUT? [627]

Whilst France, writhing under self-inflicted wounds, is preserved from anarchy only by despotism; whilst Germany, convulsed by the imitative folly of her children, enacts a travestie of Paris tragedies; and Italy, like a froward child, screaming to go alone before she can walk, kicks at her leading-strings, and falls upon her nose—the affairs of a third-rate power, such as Spain has dwindled into, have naturally enough been overlooked and forgotten. It is time to recur to them for a moment. Spain has once been, and yet again may be, a leading member of the European family. Under a better government, she again may see days of prosperity and peace. Again her merchant-fleets may cover the seas, her traders be renowned for enterprise and wealth, her population be commensurate with the extent and productiveness of her territory. And this may occur whilst nations, but yesterday paramount in riches and power, sink by their own madness into impotence and poverty. Her rise will not be more astonishing than their decadence.

At present, it appears the destiny of Spain to be misgoverned at home and misunderstood abroad. The insurrection now budding into life and vigour in so many of her provinces illustrates this proposition. Originating in the grossest maladministration, out of Spain its scope and nature, and the possible importance of its results, are misconceived and underrated. It differs from any previous revolt since the death of Ferdinand VII., inasmuch as it is less the effort of a party, striving for the success of a principle and a man, than the uprising of a nation struggling to shake off the yoke of a galling and intolerable tyranny. There can be no doubt that a very large majority of the Spanish people heartily wish success to the movement against the existing government of the country. Unfortunately, a majority of this majority confine themselves to wishing, instead of putting their hand to the work, which then would soon be done. Their lukewarmness, however, can hardly be wondered at, when we remember how many of them have sacrificed property and security to their political convictions, and ruined themselves in the strife of parties. Of these parties, the two most numerous, long opposed to each other, and whose tenets once stood wide as the poles asunder, have forgotten old hatreds, made mutual sacrifices, and joined heart and hand against the common foe. The result is, the division of the country into two camps. On the one hand is the Queen-mother—in whose dexterous fingers Isabella is a mere puppet—Narvaez, O'Donnell, and the rest of the corrupt cabal from the Rue de Courcelles. These have possession of the machinery and *matériel* of the state. They hold the purse, which places at their devotion two armies, one of soldiers, the other of policemen, *employés*, spies, and venal emissaries of all kinds. To use a simile appropriate to the times, they have got upon the engine and tender, coals and water are at their command; but they misguide the train and ill-treat the passengers, clamorous for escape from their control. Spain, let Madrid papers argue and deny as they will, is in a state of general fermentation and violent discontent; on the brink of a convulsion which may very possibly end in the ousting of Isabella II., and in the enthronement of her cousin, the Count de Montemolin. In Spain a republic is an impossibility, and almost without partisans; and if the present queen be swept away by the tide of national indignation against her unscrupulous mother, the crown must naturally devolve upon the son of Don Carlos. At least, he is the only eligible candidate—we may even say, the only possible one. Don Francisco, the Incapable, would of course depart with his wife; his brother, Don Enrique, convicted of instability and of treachery to his party, would have nobody's support; and the Duke of Montpensier is so totally out of the question, so wholly without adherents as an aspirant to the Spanish throne, that we have difficulty in crediting a statement confidently made by persons worthy of belief, that the recent victim of a great revolution still directs, from his retirement in this country, intrigues designed to [628] place a crown upon the head of the youngest hope of the house of Orleans. On the other hand, the Carlist party is still strong in Spain—much stronger, comparatively speaking, than it was two or three years ago; for it has clung together and preserved its integrity, whilst other parties have split and become dismembered. And although the bulk of the Spanish people may be less anxious to get any one man, or set of men, into power, than to get rid of those who at present so brutally roughride them; yet the conviction has been gradually gaining strength that, by character, education, and fair promises, the Count de Montemolin offers the best guarantees for that firm, impartial, and just government, under which alone is there a chance of Spain being raised from her present sunken and unprosperous condition. The Progresistas, who fiercely hated and fought against the father, rally round the son, persuaded that from Isabella, so long their idol, they would in vain look for a realisation of their political programme. Of their cordial understanding and co-operation with the Carlists there now can hardly exist a doubt. A very brief retrospect will suffice to explain its causes and foundation.

When Louis Philippe completed the job of the Spanish marriages, the Carlists—who, although grievously stricken and disheartened by the treaty of Bergara, had never entirely ceased to labour for the attainment of their one great end—rested upon their arms, and awaited in comparative inaction the dawn of better days. They abandoned not hope, nor abjured intrigue; but they may be said to have ceased, for a while, to conspire. In their fallen state, with their slender resources, what could they do against the puissant King of the French? For he it was

against whom they must contend, did they venture to assail the throne of Isabella, and to dispute the rule of Christina. In England, too, their old enemies, the Whigs, had just come into power; the name of Palmerston was a sound of ill omen to Carlist ears; Bilbao and British marines, Passages and Commodore Hay, were words inseparably coupled, and pregnant with fatal memories to the upholders of legitimacy in Spain. Supposing that, by dint of indefatigable exertions, they succeeded in raising funds, in mustering an army, ill entering Spain sword in hand—forthwith they were met by that ugly and unnatural monster, the Quadruple Alliance, waiting, open-mouthed, to blast them to the four winds of heaven. An attempt, under such circumstances, would have been worse than useless; it would have been squandering a chance, and the Carlists had none to throw away. So they waited and watched. Meanwhile, what did the rulers of Spain—the persons governing behind the mask of that poor, ill-brought-up, ill-used princess, Isabella? It was natural to suppose that, having many enemies in the country—many persons and parties whose ambitions and interests were checked and thwarted by their ascendency—they would endeavour, as far as possible, to conciliate and gain over these, or at any rate to secure the support of the masses, by moderation and good government. A very moderate amount of this latter, be it observed, would have sufficed to gain them popularity, and to give stability to their reign. The nation had endured so much—had suffered so terribly from civil wars, rebellions, reactions, and the like—that all they expected, almost all they asked, was to be kicked gently. They dared not think the screw would be altogether taken off; but, considering the damaged state of their articulations, they did hope it would be a little eased. A man who had undergone a course of knout, might look upon a cat-o'-nine tails as a blessed exchange, and be ready to hug the drummers who applied it. This was exactly the case with Spain, long drained by war-contributions and ravaged by contending factions. From her state of exhaustion and suffering she had not had time to recover during the honest and conscientious, but brief and too gentle rule of Espartero. Never was there a finer chance for a party coming into power than the Christinos or Moderados had, when they seized the reins. The ball was at their foot, and they had but to pick it up. Instead of that, they kicked it away. A little of the moderation their political designation [629]
implies—a little, a very little, of the patriotism and disinterestedness always so loud in their mouths, and so wanting in their deeds, and they might have won the hearts of their weary, war-worn countrymen. That moderation—they had it not, and when vaunting their patriotism they thought only of their profit. No sooner were they in power than they abandoned themselves to their vicious instincts, and thought but of filling their pockets. Christina reverted to her old system of unscrupulous appropriation; Narvaez, having filled the higher military grades with his creatures, and made the army his own by pampering and flattery, gave free play to the unbounded brutality of his nature. Universal corruption became the order of the day, extending through every administration, from the minister of the crown down to subalterns and clerks. The revenue, increasing in the very teeth of Spanish financiers—and which, by the commonest honesty and the most ordinary amount of ability, might soon have been rendered sufficient to meet the expenditure of the country, and the long-neglected claims of the foreign creditor—was so extravagantly collected, and paid tribute to so many infamous peculators, that it was hardly recognisable in the reduced form in which it ultimately reached the treasury. The country groaned, the honest were indignant, the oppressed murmured, the boldest plotted. Groans and indignation, murmurs and plots, were alike in vain; alike they were arbitrarily silenced and crushed. Narvaez and his bayonets were there, keeping the peace; whilst Christina and her friends, with smooth and smiling countenances, picked up the doubloons. Quick! a short shrift and a sharp cartridge for the first who speaks above his breath. This did for a time, and might have done longer, for in Spain he who holds the purse holds the power: besides which, the red breeks of King Louis Philippe's cohorts showed menacingly along the Pyrenees; and Lord Palmerston, although he had been so scurvily treated in the matter of the marriages, might still, it was thought, be induced, in case of need, to send a frigate or two, and a battalion of marines, to protect his old ally Christina, should any serious rebellion break out. But one morning the Parisians turned their king out of his house; and the day afterwards, the Spanish government, whilst labouring under delirium of some kind, ejected Mr Bulwer from his; thus throwing, as the saying goes, the haft after the blade, quarrelling with England at the very moment they most needed her assistance, and remaining exposed, without hope of succour, to the assaults and machinations of their numerous enemies. Whereupon there was an immediate cocking of every Carlist beaver in or out of Spain. The old chiefs, who for six years had starved and struggled in the cause of their king, (succumbing finally before a general's treachery rather than to the arms of their foes,) looked out from the nooks where they long had rusted in retirement or exile, and more than one was heard, in the words of the old Jacobite song,

To shout to the north, where his leader
shall roam—
'Tis time now for Charlie, our king, to
come home.

There was a like stir amongst the Progresistas, who were being hanged, banished and imprisoned by the score, on account of revolts and disturbances in which they had less share than the secret agents of their persecutors. Either from presumptuous confidence in their own strength, or because they deemed they had gone too far to recede, and that it was too late to adopt a conciliatory policy, the clever gentlemen in power at Madrid, not content with reviving, by their insane foreign policy, the hopes of two powerful and hostile parties, continued to increase the number of their domestic enemies by persevering in a system of tyranny and persecution. The consequence has been a coalition from which they have every thing to dread—a coalition which has been denied by those interested to place it in doubt, but whose existence each succeeding

day renders more manifest.

It may be asked how it is possible for stanch absolutists, such as the Carlists have always been, to coalesce with men of such liberal principles as the Progresistas profess. This question is replied to in three words. When he accepted his father's renunciation in his favour of his claims upon the [630] crown of Spain, Count Montemolin did not bind himself to adhere to his father's prejudices, or to the less tolerant part of his political creed. During nine years' detention and exile, the young prince, whose adherents claim for him the rights and title of Charles VI. of Spain, has doubtless become convinced of the impossibility of ever bringing back the country he aspires to reign over to the old system of irresponsible absolutism and priestly tyranny,—a system rendered especially odious by the weakness and vices of the two last monarchs who governed by it. The Progresistas, on their part, desire no exclusive favour, no monopoly of power: compelled to withdraw their support from her they once enthusiastically defended, they have no other candidate to put forward. Don Enrique, in whom they once were disposed to confide, basely sold and betrayed them; and as to Espartero, whose ambition has been the subject of such fierce diatribes on the part of the ignorant and the malicious, both in Spain and in England—the idea of his aspiring to regal power appears too ridiculous, to those acquainted with his simple tastes and unobtrusive worth, to be for an instant dwelt upon and seriously refuted. No; all the Progresistas ask is a free press, elections conducted without bribery or bayonets, security for persons and property. Do one of these things exist in Spain now? Let facts reply. We read the answer in the suppression or silence of every Opposition newspaper; in the packed benches of the Cortes; in the imprisonment, banishment, and confiscation, without stated accusation or form of trial, of hundreds of innocent persons. From this tyranny, than which none can be worse, the Count de Montemolin promises relief. The Progresistas accept his pledge, and rally round his standard.

The Madrid government, which, since the commencement of the present year, has constantly provoked petty disturbances, as pretexts for arbitrarily consigning to the dungeon or the colonies as many as possible of those they dislike or fear, now find themselves face to face with a real insurrection of most formidable aspect. They have cried wolf till the wolf has come, and they run considerable risk of being devoured. In vain they deny their peril, affect to bluster and talk big; their real alarm peeps through the flimsy cloak of bravado. A government confident of its strength, and of the support and sympathies of the governed, does not condescend to treat and tamper with rebels. If the insurgents be so contemptible in numbers and resources as the organs of Narvaez and the Queen-mother daily assert them to be, why not crush them at once, instead of attempting to buy over their chiefs, who, on their part, pocket the bribes and laugh at their seducers? If Cabrera, for weeks together, lay sick and bedridden in a Catalonian village, why was not a detachment, or, if necessary, a division, sent to apprehend him? Such flimsy impostures deceive no one. The truth is, that, with the exception of a few fortified places, the east of Spain is in the hands of the Carlists and Progresistas, who come up to the walls of the cities and levy contributions at the very gates. The north only waits the signal to burst into revolt; in the Castiles alarming demonstrations are daily made, and armed bands show themselves on various points; in the large commercial towns in the south, whose desire for a revision of the present absurd Spanish tariff renders them ardent liberals, discontent smoulders, and in an instant may burst into a flame. There are Andalusian cities where the appearance of Espartero, or of some other popular and influential Progresista, would at once raise the entire population. At present, however, the revolt is in its infancy, and can hardly be said to have begun. Its chiefs avoid encounters, and busy themselves with organisation—which proceeds rapidly, in spite of the marches and countermarches of Messrs Cordova, Pavia, Villalonga, and the other Christino generals, and of the glorious victories narrated in the columns of the *Heraldo* and other equally veracious journals. According to these, Cabrera has already been several times totally routed and driven over the frontier. We have strong grounds for believing that, up to this moment,—although [631] his lieutenants have been engaged in small affrays, of little or no importance, but terminating, with scarcely an exception, in their favour—he himself has not smelt powder, burned in anger, since he left Spain in 1840. He waits the proper moment, when his arrangements shall be completed, to commence operations upon a large scale; and meanwhile he very judiciously avoids frittering away his strength in profitless skirmishes. By the last advices worthy of credit, he is at the head of six thousand men, well armed and uniformed, and nearly all old soldiers, in high spirits and thorough discipline. This force does not include the numerous detached and irregular bands spread over Catalonia and Valencia, or various bodies of Progresistas, who march under their own banner, but are on the best of terms with the Carlists, and will co-operate with them in the day of battle. Arms and ammunition are procured without difficulty from France and England. The French Republic has its hands too full to attend seriously to such trifles. Although General Cavaignac, to get rid of the importunities of that blatant knave Sotomayor, did order the arrest of a brace of unlucky Progresistas, there is little chance of his carrying out the preventive system to a rigorous extent, or of his depriving the starving French manufacturers of the crust they may obtain by fabricating arms and clothing for the Carlist troops. As to England, she is, of course, in no way called upon to prevent the export of Birmingham muskets and Hounslow cartridges, even should she suspect their destination to be different from that entered at the custom-house. Indeed, it is shrewdly suspected that Lord Palmerston would like nothing better than to see his quondam friends ejected from Spain, and to resume amicable relations with that country by accrediting an ambassador to the court of Charles VI.

It is worthy of remark that Cabrera, who made himself so notorious, during the last civil war in Spain, by his barbarous cruelties—provoked, but not justified, by his mother's murder—appears now to have adopted a totally different system, and to have exchanged his ferocity for moderation and humanity. We hear of no more cold-blooded shooting of prisoners, or wanton and unprovoked

aggressions; Christino soldiers who have fallen into his hands, or into those of his subordinates, have been disarmed and set at liberty; good treatment has been shown to magistrates and other officials, carried off as hostages or held for ransom. The contributions levied on the country have been regularised, and are willingly paid; the peasantry receive the insurgents as liberators, instead of shunning them as spoilers. Furious at this state of things, which they can neither alter nor conceal, the Christinos know not how to show their wrath, or on whom to wreak it; and the means they resort to for the expression of their spite are perfectly suicidal. The unfortunate *Constitucional* of Barcelona, one of the few remaining papers in Spain which now and then venture to speak the truth, is arbitrarily suppressed for drawing a faithful picture of the state of the province; whilst the very next day one of the government generals confirms the truth of the sketch, and the disaffection of the peasants, by enforcing the premature gathering in of the fruits of the earth, to rot and perish in store, and by forbidding the labourer to carry to the field more than six ounces of food, lest he should sell or give it to the Carlists—annexing to these stringent enactments others equally onerous and tyrannical. All this time, at Madrid and in other cities, arrests continue; and every day fresh victims are consigned to Ceuta, the Philippines, or the prisons, their relatives and friends being thenceforward added to the host of the disaffected. Why, this is stark-staring madness!—the insanity, preceding perdition, with which God afflicts those he would destroy. To discomfiture and destruction, total and lasting, the party still dominant in Spain are to all appearance hastening. None will pity their fall. They will be condemned not only by all just men, but by the most reckless advocates of political expediency; for they have been blind to their own true interests, as well as unblushingly contemptuous of every principle of morality and good government.

CONSERVATIVE UNION. [632]

No private calamity which has occurred for years has so startled the mind of England as the withdrawal of Lord George Bentinck from the scene of his useful labours. In the prime of life, in the full possession of a vigorous and masculine intellect, at the head of a large and increasing political party, who revered him for his unsullied honour, and loved him for his undaunted courage, he has been taken from us by one of those mysterious visitations which are sent as a token that the destinies of the world are indeed in the hands of God. Short as was his public career, he had won for himself a name which will not lightly die away in the history of his country, and his memory will be cherished among us as that of a man who had the welfare of Britain thoroughly at heart; and who, in an age of degenerate and vacillating statesmanship, had the firmness to tear off the mask from the features of hypocrisy, and to expose the awful consequences of that culpable race for power which has effected the partial disorganisation of this great and once prosperous empire.

The loss of such a man at such a time is indeed far more a public than a private calamity. As such, it has been felt throughout the realm by thousands who understood the true position of Bentinck as the champion of native industry, and the utter uncompromising foe of that selfish and sordid system which seeks to aggrandise the few at the cost of the labouring many. A large proportion even of those who originally yielded to the deleterious doctrines of the free-traders, but who, through sad and wholesome experience, had become alive to the folly and iniquity of the modern scheme, were gathering confidence from his unremitting exertions, and preparing to rank themselves by his side. In him the British colonies have lost their firmest friend and advocate. The noble struggle which he made this year in behalf of the oppressed and defrauded West Indian planters, was, in the opinion of many who knew him well, the proximate cause of his death; for a similar amount of physical and intellectual labour has hardly ever been undertaken even by a professional man, and never without the imminent risk of shattering the constitution.

We should ill perform our duty to the public, and to the constitutional party whose cause we have undeviatingly supported, if we omitted to take this last sad opportunity of testifying our respect for the memory of so valuable a man. The tendency of the present age is to estimate merit by success, and to offer its sole homage to the winner of the desperate game. But those who look deeper into the secret springs of human action and impulse, can hardly fail to recognise in Bentinck a character invested with that rare chivalry and devotion which, by common consent, we accept as the attribute of our purest patriots and heroes. Chicanery, deceit, and falsehood were utterly abhorrent to his mind. He had no taste for those state tricks which have superseded the old manly English method, and no sympathy for those who used them. He went into the arena of politics as a soldier might go to battle, confident in the integrity and justice of the cause in which he was engaged, and determined to maintain it to the last against any weight of opposition. It was this resolute and undaunted spirit which at once raised him from comparative obscurity to the rank of a great parliamentary leader; for those who co-operated with him knew well that they were dealing with a man superior to all intrigue, and ready to lay down his life rather than infringe, in the slightest degree, on the pledge which he had offered to his country.

We have no hesitation in saying this, because we are certain that no one will question the sincerity of our conviction. During the last two years, and almost without intermission, we have been compelled to devote a large portion of our space to the consideration of public questions, and of the political difficulties of the time. On more than one point our views were seriously [633] opposed to those entertained and advocated by Lord George Bentinck; nor have we concealed our opinion that his tactics, however bold, were not the best adapted for accomplishing the object

which we have most warmly at heart, the reconstitution of the Conservative party upon such clear and defined principles as may rescue the country from its present perilous position.

We feel that the necessity of such a union is so plain and urgent—that the danger of allowing the affairs of Britain to be longer administered by a feeble but stubborn ministry has been so clearly demonstrated—that we cannot any longer afford to remain inactive, or to indulge in idle recrimination. The safety of the country peremptorily demands the adoption of a different policy, and the resumption of the reins of government by hands that are capable of holding them. It is for the gentlemen of England to decide whether they shall adopt such a course by uniting cordially hand and heart to retrieve us from our present embarrassments, or sit idly by as mere spectators of a fatal course of legislation. The present crisis is by far too serious to be viewed with indifference, or through the coloured glass of obsolete party interest. The welfare of the empire is at stake, and that is a subject with which none of us can dare to dally.

What are the differences which at present separate one section of the Conservatives from the other? They resolve themselves simply into the adhesion of a few talented, but we must say obstinate men, to a leader whose tortuous policy has been the main cause of our present unhappy position. We have no wish to say hard things even of Sir Robert Peel. We believe, and devoutly hope, that his reign of office is over, and that no combination of circumstances may occur to bring him back, even for the shortest period, into power; and, believing and hoping this, we are content to let him alone, and leave him to the judgment of that posterity which he is so peculiarly prone to invoke. But we ask those who have clung with such extreme tenacity to his cause, seriously to view the effect of the late legislative measures upon the community at large—to consider how far the result of the free-trade scheme has corresponded with the nature of its promise—and to reflect upon the present precarious state of our oldest and most valuable dependencies. We blame no one for having entertained an opinion conscientiously differing from our own. There may not be any disgrace in having, consented to an experiment which, when put into practice, has resulted in an absolute failure; but there is disgrace, ay, and infinite dishonour, in refusing to acknowledge an error when its consequences are made palpably manifest, and in persisting to gloss it over for the sake of an egotistical consistency. We do not believe that high-minded and honourable men will be guilty of such vain and frivolous conduct; and it is in that belief that we make our present most urgent appeal.

Look at the effect of our present free-trade laws, not only upon the revenue, but upon the internal industry of Britain. Is it not clear and utterly beyond dispute, that our exports, for which we have sacrificed every thing, are greatly on the decline, and that our imports are steadily increasing? Not even the merest tyro in political science,—not even the dullest dolt that clamoured at the meetings of the League,—will venture to affirm that this is a state of things which can continue without entailing ruin on the country; and yet the Whigs, with that insensibility and sottishness which is as much their characteristic as obstinacy, have announced for next session their intention of pushing the experiment further! For a year, we have had no budget, a circumstance entirely without a parallel in parliamentary history. The excess of the national expenditure above the revenue has been stated at the enormous sum of a million and a half, though we believe that in reality three millions would not cover the deficiency; and a considerable item even of that revenue is to be cut off from us, when the act repealing the corn law shall come into full operation. We cannot look for any improvement in trade whilst we leave our markets open to the produce of foreign labour, and allow the wealthy classes to be supplied with almost all their [634] articles of consumption from an unremunerating source. We must again look to the customs as our main source of revenue, and more than that, as our absolute salvation from the anarchy which must ensue, if the hundred small non-exporting trades of the country are to be sacrificed for the monopoly of the few, and the millions engaged in these pursuits made beggars and driven to desperation.

And what is the state of the monopoly? How have the manufacturers gained? Let FOUR MILLIONS of diminished exports *on the half year* only, and the suppression of the Manchester return of the number of unemployed operatives in the very metropolis of the League, be the reply. Yes—it has come to this pass, that the free-traders DARE not publish to the world the results of their own madness. In the month of June last, there were within a fraction of EIGHT THOUSAND workmen without employment in Manchester alone, and the numbers were increasing so fast, that it was deemed expedient to discontinue the startling return. How can we be surprised that Chartism and disaffection are rankling in men's minds, when we take such deliberate pains to make them paupers?

We are told that the state of the Continent is such that our export market is impeded. Let us for the moment admit that such is the case, and let us see what sort of argument that furnishes for the continuance of the present system. Is it deliberately proposed that we are to remain with our ports open, until France and Germany, and Spain and Italy, are tranquillised? Are the prophets of peace still so sanguine of the speedy realisation of their visions? Are we to wait for years—with an increasing debt, a diminished revenue, and still further stagnation of employment—until our brethren on the other side of the Channel have reconciled their jarring theories of Red Republics and of unity, adjusted their boundaries, and again betaken themselves to the arts of peace? Our own constitution may well be shattered before that consummation can arrive! But the truth is, that, in many respects, the Continental disturbances are not unfavourable to our export trade. If, on the one hand, they have occasioned a less degree of consumption; on the other, they have paralysed industry and depreciated capital abroad. Belgium, it is true, is a formidable competitor for our staples in the foreign market; but, notwithstanding, we do not expect any serious

diminution in this branch of our foreign trade. The evil of which we complain is chronic, and it has not been caused by any sudden or violent convulsions.

It is to our colonies that we must look for the cause of our diminished exports. It was our paramount duty and obligation to have fostered these, and to have made them, by a wise system of reciprocity, at once the best supporters of our power, and the most sure and steady consumers of our manufactured produce. We have done nothing of this. On the contrary, the course which we have thought proper to pursue towards those integral portions of the empire has been marked by tyranny and injustice. We have ruined the West Indies, and yet we wonder why they do not consume our cottons! Our weak and ridiculous legislation, without foresight and without principle, has not only retarded the progress of the colonies, but absolutely frightened them out of our market; and unless a very different system is speedily adopted, we may have bitter occasion to rue our folly, and to curse the selfishness of the men who, from mere lust of personal power, have sacrificed the best interests of the nation.

How, then, have the manufacturers gained by free trade? On the one hand, they have not been able, by inviting and giving every facility to imports, to increase the quantity of their export; on the other, they have closed up several of their surest markets. The full extent of our egregious folly has not yet become visible to the public. The manufacturers, by a sort of retributive justice, are the persons who are feeling it the most, and ere long they will be compelled to acknowledge it. It is seriously affecting the trade and commerce of our greatest cities. The number of vessels which have cleared out of the Clyde from the port of Glasgow during the last nine months, is in [635]
the proportion of 382 to 602 for the same period in the previous year! Glasgow, as every one knows, owed its rise and opulence to its connexion with the colonies, more especially the West Indies; and here is the heaviest blow which probably was ever heard of in the history of commerce, struck, through free trade, at the second city of Britain. It is good that we should know these things; better if, by revolving them, we can turn experience to advantage. Let the electors throughout the kingdom, more especially in the towns, meditate seriously before they are again called on to use their political franchise; let them reflect on their own diminished prosperity, and beware of that hollow liberalism combined with quackery which is the stain and the curse of the age.

To this position we have been brought by a bad commercial policy, originated by mean and mercenary men, and most unhappily adopted by a minister who became a convert towards the close of a long official life. We have seen and felt the system as it works; and the only question now for our consideration is, whether we are to suffer it to endure? If we do so, it is vain to deny that we are on the verge of general ruin. There is not a symptom of improvement. Day by day the cry of distress waxes louder, and yet we hesitate to take the necessary steps for effecting our own emancipation. There is hardly one man in the country—the bailie of Blairgowrie perhaps excepted—who can have, or feels, the slightest confidence in the abilities of Lord John Russell. Such a cabinet as this, in point of political decrepitude and imbecility, was never yet formed; and it could not live for an hour save for the unseemly dissensions in the Conservative camp. These cannot be permitted to last. There is no merit in personal devotion when pushed beyond its proper sphere; and the best service which Sir Robert Peel can render to his sovereign, is utterly to abjure all pretension of ever returning to power. Surely he can have no wish to head a reactionary movement, or expose himself to the obloquy of recanting the last edition of his views.

There is another reason why the Conservatives are imperatively called upon to unite. Recent disclosures of a very startling nature have forced upon us the conviction, that the Whigs are worse than weak, and that they cannot be depended on as steadfast guardians of the crown. There is more in the famous letter written by Mr Thomas Young, formerly private secretary to Lord Melbourne, than meets the eye. We attach no undue importance to this epistle—we shall not stoop so low as to examine the motives and intention of its author. His own attempted explanation is, if possible, more damning than the treasonable missive itself. We could only, were we to exhaust our whole powers of illustration, repeat what has been already stated in the masterly article of the *Standard*. It is as clear as day, that at the time of the passing of the Reform Bill, the underlings of the Whig administration were cognisant of a hideous project for a violent and bloody revolution, and that, to take the mildest point of view, they concealed that knowledge from their masters. Franks were obtained *from the Home Office*, for the purpose of suborning the loyalty of at least one officer, high in his Majesty's service, and proposing to him the odious part of a leader in a popular insurrection. Whether that letter, written as it probably was in the fullest confidence, ought or ought not to have seen the light, especially after the lapse of so many years, is a matter with which we have no concern. That is a question which is only personal to Mr Young and his correspondent; but we have the document, and the whole nation is entitled to inquire into its tenor. And never, upon any accusation of so grave a nature, was a more miserable defence preferred. In fact there can be, and there is, no escape from the legitimate conclusion. At that time a section of the Whigs were ready, for the sake of carrying their own scheme, not only to have connived at, but to have lent their whole influence to a popular outbreak and rising, which might, in all human probability, have been subversive of the constitution of the country. Lord Melbourne might not have known of that letter: we go farther, and state our positive opinion that he was utterly ignorant of its existence, because, however we may have [636]
differed from him in politics, he is a man whose personal honour and loyalty have always been free from a stain. We believe—and are glad in stating it—that he was utterly ignorant of the vile treason which was hatching in his own department; but we shall not extend the same shelter of belief to others of his unpatriotic party. That treason was meditated is plain; and very thankful shall we be if the higher order of the Whigs shall take the pains, by disavowing and repudiating

the acts of their subordinates, and by withdrawing from those implicated the unmerited rewards of their sedition, to clear themselves from the heavy suspicion which this document undoubtedly affixes on their loyalty. It is a disclosure too grave to be met with a light explanation. The fact of meditated treason, known to Whig officials, has transpired, and we are entitled to know how far upwards the rank contagion had spread.

That letter, apart from its historical value, is important at the present moment, inasmuch as we think that no one can peruse it without feeling convinced that, in any struggle for power, the Whigs would have no scruple in sacrificing principle to their interest. They have done so already repeatedly, and their tactics have always been to retain or recover office by making large concessions to the demands of the Radical or the Irish party. We are not without apprehension that they are, even now, contemplating some move of a similar nature, to be made during the ensuing session of Parliament, for the purpose of retrieving some portion of their lost popularity. The Radical party have openly threatened to withdraw their support from the ministry unless some increase of the suffrage shall be granted; and an agitation to that effect would be particularly palatable to the free-traders, as it might tend, in some degree, to draw public attention from the utter failure of their schemes. Any movement, in such a direction, would be followed by the most disastrous consequences. A further infusion of the popular element into the House of Commons, would simply lead to greater encroachments on the constitution, more reckless experiments upon the stability of our trade and commerce, and more culpable bidding by ministries for popularity in every shape. Where is to be the end of such an agitation—unless, indeed, we were to follow the notable examples of France and Germany, and adopt universal suffrage—if, on each occasion when the country is suffering under the pressure of noxious laws, no mode of relief can be suggested, save through an extension of the Reform Bill? We should have thought that the success of the first experiment was not quite so conspicuous as to invite another of the same nature. The impudence of the Radical faction is really almost incredible. Mr Cobden and his confederates have got free trade, from the effects of which we are presently languishing; and they now propose to revive our spirits and replenish our purses by stocking the House of Commons with an additional importation of men of precisely the same caste and opinions as their own! We suspect that the funds would scarce be lively if the country were assured that forty Brights, instead of one, were seated in our National Assembly.

We therefore again implore the Conservatives to unite without loss of time, since in their hands alone can we have a thorough guarantee for the safety of the crown, the stability of the national churches, and for the integrity of the constitution. Let all lukewarmness, all promptings of personal ambition, all latent rancour, and all absurd and unreciprocated confidence, be given to the winds at once; and let us seriously and diligently apply ourselves to the task of recalling to Britain and her colonies that measure of prosperity which we possessed before evil counsels prevailed, and which, even now, is not beyond our power to recall. The industrious classes of the community, impoverished and straitened as they have been, have a right to this service from the high-minded gentlemen of England. The power and the ability are with us, if we only testify the disposition; and surely it is madness to remain at idle feud while the enemy are visible at the gate.

These remarks are not based upon mere speculation. We are well assured that, during the last few months, much progress has been made towards a thorough fusion of the two sections of the [637]
Conservative party, upon clear and common grounds. All difficulties would by this time probably have been removed, but for the scruples of two or three gentlemen who are supposed to possess the private confidence of Sir Robert Peel, and who have hitherto identified themselves with his fortunes. Now, as it must be perfectly apparent to any man of common reflection, that the bulk of the Conservatives never can, under any circumstances, consent to act under the leadership of Peel; as he himself has, over and over again, publicly stated that no motive or consideration would induce him to return to power—it is absolutely incomprehensible to us how such scruples can exist in the minds of the individuals to whom we allude, if they really believe in the sincerity of this last declaration of their leader. No one wants him to take office, and he says that he will not accept it. So far all are agreed. If we believed that any one of these distinguished and honourable men is convinced that the commercial policy of the last three years has been wise and sound, and that, with any amount of trial, it can terminate otherwise than fatally for the interests of the country, we should have no right to address them upon a subject so momentous as this, and certainly no desire for one moment to gain their co-operation. But we can very well distinguish betwixt a feeling of strong attachment to an individual whose talents they have been accustomed to respect, but whose views they have only partially penetrated, and a settled conviction in the soundness of the policy which it has been his destiny to originate. We believe that, hitherto, the former sentiment, and not the latter one, must be taken as the true explanation of their conduct—that they are unwilling to abandon the man, although they have lost their faith in the efficacy of his measures. Now, if this be the case, how can they justify themselves for opposing, upon such slender grounds, the reconstruction of the Conservative party? They must be well aware that Sir Robert Peel has forfeited for ever the confidence of a large majority of those who, a few years ago, were his most steadfast and faithful followers, and that far more through his own deliberate acknowledgment of double-dealing, than from a mere change of opinion upon any one point of commercial policy, however important it might appear. It may be the misfortune of Peel, rather than his fault, that he cannot estimate the proper value of plain manly confidence and unshrinking candour; that he has invariably declined the straight for the crooked path; and that an excess of ingenuity—a vast misfortune for a statesman—has tempted him to meddle, repeatedly and almost incessantly, with interests far too important to be approached except with extreme deliberation. These are the considerations which must preclude

him from being restored to his former rank as leader of the great Conservative party; and we notice them now, not as matter of blame to him, but in explanation of the general feeling. And we go further than this. We say that, in order to render the Conservative union enduring, it will be absolutely necessary to reconstruct the party upon clear, avowed, solid, and proclaimed principles, so that no doubt whatever may be left as to the course which in future is to be pursued. Instead of that shifting and wavering policy which has paralysed our colonies, terrified our merchants, and depressed the money market, we must resolve upon a definite plan for the future, which shall restore confidence, and secure us, so far as may be, against the recurrence of similar disasters. We must also determine whether the present currency laws are to be maintained, or whether they shall undergo such alterations as shall prevent them from aggravating the pressure in circumstances of unforeseen difficulty. On all these points Sir Robert Peel stands strongly and unfortunately committed. Even since he has been in opposition, he has shown no symptoms of the slightest relaxation of his last adopted ideas; and it is quite impossible for us to forget that, through his influence, the Whigs were enabled to carry that bill which is universally acknowledged to be the death-warrant of our West Indian colonies. Under these circumstances, the devotion of his few adherents is not only an act of Quixotry, but a serious [638] injury to the party which has a right to expect their services and their aid; and, however much we may respect the talents of the gentlemen to whom we have alluded, we must tell them that the period for a definite selection has arrived, and that, by standing in the way of Conservative reconciliation and union, they are not performing their proper duty either to their country or their Queen.

With such financiers as Goulburn and Herries in the Commons,—with such eminent statesmen as Lords Stanley, Lyndhurst, and Aberdeen in the House of Peers,—there can be no doubt of the strength and the success of the Conservative party if once more thoroughly united. We have always regarded the unfortunate division as one of the most serious disasters that ever befell the country, not only because it destroyed the cohesion and severed the councils of a body which, under any circumstances, would have been strong enough to keep both the Whigs and the Radicals in check, but also because it engendered much apathy and some disgust amongst men who were the most valuable supporters of Conservative principles, and who, in consequence, ceased for a time to take any active interest in public affairs. The unseemly election contests which repeatedly took place in England, between parties mutually designating themselves Protectionists and Peelites,—sometimes terminating in the defeat of both, or in the triumph, through their idle rivalry, of a liberal candidate, who otherwise never could have succeeded—did a great deal to widen the breach, and to lessen the mass of the opposition; and we revert with considerable pride and satisfaction to the fact, that in Scotland no such unnatural dissension was exhibited, but that men belonging to every shade of Conservatism were eager to act in concert, whenever a candidate appeared. We can make allowance for some exasperation on both sides, under such very peculiar and novel circumstances; but we hope that we have seen the last of these discreditable and weakening contests.

Let, then, the short period which is left between the present time and the reassembling of Parliament be employed by all the friends of the old Conservative cause for the promotion of union, and the establishment of a thoroughly good understanding amongst ourselves. Let all former causes of offence be cordially forgiven: let us consider what we are to do, and whom we are to follow; and, these dispositions made, let them be adhered to with integrity and honour. The Whig faction is utterly effete and incapable of maintaining its ground. The free-traders stand before the nation as detected charlatans and impostors. There is no enemy to fear, if we only go on boldly and do our duty. But if we hesitate and hang back at the present crisis, and decline to assume a position which might soon enable us to apply an effectual remedy to the most pressing disorders of the country, can we be surprised if the masses, irritated and provoked, seeing no one great party in the state ready to come to their assistance, should begin to clamour for organic changes; or if the colonies, weary of their suffering, and despairing of sympathy, should question the worth of the bonds which bind them to the mother country?

Thus far we have thought it our duty to speak in all sincerity and plainness. We know well that these sentiments are far from being confined to ourselves. We feel assured that many of the wisest and best men who ever adorned her Majesty's councils, or those of her royal predecessors, are deeply desirous that the present anomalous state of party should be corrected, and unwholesome separation be superseded by cordial union. This, we firmly believe, could be effected without any sacrifice of principle, and the sooner it is accomplished the better.

There is but one topic more to which we would fain allude before concluding the present article. The late rebellious outbreaks in Ireland seem, in certain quarters, to have revived the notion of the expediency of a state endowment of the Roman Catholic priesthood. We place very little faith in the sincerity of an announcement which some time ago was put forth, on hierarchical authority, in the public prints, to the effect that, even were such an endowment to be offered, it would be peremptorily and indignantly refused. But, sincere or not, that statement may serve as [639] an answer to the writer in the last Number of the *Quarterly Review*, who supports the endowment scheme with an unction which we were certainly not prepared to expect. His argument, from first to last, implies the same unhappy yielding to agitation and terrorism, which, when applied to civil matters, has ended in open rebellion, and which, if applied to ecclesiastical affairs, would infallibly result in the total overthrow and annihilation of the Protestant Church in Ireland. Does he really believe that—to assume no argument of a graver nature—the people of Great Britain will be ready, in the present desperate state of their finances, to submit to additional taxation for the purpose of establishing, in permanent comfort, the true instigators of

the disturbances which have caused us so much anxiety and pain? Why, if such endowment can be vindicated upon any intelligible principle, is it to be confined to the Roman Catholic clergy of Ireland alone, and not extended to the dissenting denominations throughout the width and breadth of the land? On what plea could the Free and Episcopal churches in Scotland, or the Wesleyan Methodists of England, be excluded, if such a proposition were for a moment to be seriously maintained? The reviewer professes to reject, *in toto*, any idea of the confiscation of existing church property, and therefore he must fall back, as his sole resource, upon government endowment, which means simply a new tax on the people of Great Britain, for the benefit of Ireland—a country which is already exempted from her share of our heaviest burdens, and annually receiving eleemosynary aid to an amount which has grievously contributed to increase our late monetary pressure. It may be that some such project is in contemplation, for we never have been able to comprehend, without some such motive as this, the extraordinary anxiety exhibited by the present Whig government in carrying through their bill for the establishment of Diplomatic relations with Rome, at the very moment when the last fragment of temporal power was passing from the hands of the Pope. But whether this be so or not—whether this is a mere private crotchet, or a prepared scheme, to come forth in due season—we are perfectly satisfied that it will be met throughout the country with a righteous storm of indignation. The Protestantism of Britain has been its strength and its glory; and it was only when called upon to choose between that sacred principle and the hardly less revered one of loyalty, that our forefathers thought themselves justified in summoning an alien to the British throne. What cost us then both tears and blood is an operating principle now; and if, through the grace of God, we have seen order maintained and rebellion crushed at home, at a period when half of Europe is plunged in the horrors of anarchy, we do not fear the charge of bigotry, if we attribute our preservation as much to the religious establishments of the land, as to the free institutions which Protestantism has enabled us to maintain. Loyalty is not a thing to be bought: it is a spontaneous feeling, unpurchaseable at any price; and if the Irish Catholic clergy have it not now, the most liberal endowment will work no change in their political feelings.

One of the arguments most commonly urged by those who advocate this system of endowment, is, we think, both erroneous in its assumption and weak in its application. They maintain that the Catholic clergy, if in the pay of the state, would have less power over the peasantry of Ireland than at present. Is that altogether a state of matters which it would be desirable to bring about? Would it be well to sap the influence of this moral police? There is not a Roman Catholic priest in Ireland at this moment who does not know, that were he to give open countenance to rebellion, he would not only be amenable to the laws of his country, but, under a firm executive government, would be selected as the earliest example. The situation of Ireland is such, that we can never calculate upon the loyalty of a large portion of its population. Centuries have rolled by, and still the Celtic race persist in being aliens from our own. We cannot tame them, cannot cultivate them, cannot win their hearts by any imaginable sacrifice. They persist in their cry of [640] Ireland for the Irish, and will not see that the thing is as impossible as the re-establishment of the Saxon heptarchy, and, were it possible, would be tantamount to delivering them over to the horrors of a barbarian war. It is no use disguising the fact—we must deal with men as they are; and who can doubt that there does exist a great amount of rooted disaffection among the peasantry of Ireland? And now it is seriously proposed to cure that disaffection, by taking means calculated to weaken the influence of the priesthood over the peasantry! In other words, to give up the only hostages we hold, and leave the most turbulent and uneducated population of Europe, freed even from religious control, to be worked up to frenzy by the first lay demagogue who has the art to make them believe that treason is a synonymous term with patriotism. Even worldly wisdom would repudiate such a surrender, and the argument is so weak, that it bears with it its own refutation.

We have gained nothing whatever by tampering with Roman Catholicism in Ireland. Neither the moral nor the social condition of the people has been improved thereby; on the contrary, each successive step towards conciliation has been met by augmented turbulence. We cannot afford to push the experiment farther; and surely it would be a strange thing, if, while the Romish clergy themselves distinctly repudiate such an arrangement, and refuse to become the stipendiaries of the British government, any body of men who may be called to the responsible situation of her Majesty's advisers, should persist in tendering the obnoxious and repugnant boon: least of all do we expect that any such proposal can emanate from the Conservatives. We know that upon this point various opinions have been expressed, and that Lord George Bentinck was at one time supposed to be not unfavourable to such a scheme. No man, we firmly believe, ever had the good of Ireland more thoroughly at heart; and, had his plan for ameliorating the Irish distress been adopted last year, and the money which was uselessly squandered, been applied to the construction of permanent works eminently calculated to open up and develop the resources of the country, we might ere this time have seen the foundation laid of a new era of social and industrial prosperity. But the Whig Cabinet, perverse to the last, could not bring themselves to acknowledge that the political sagacity of an opponent was greater than their own; and, therefore the money which we gave with so lavish a hand, has disappeared without leaving the smallest trace of its employment. But, in ecclesiastical matters, Lord George Bentinck professed a latitudinarianism which was not responded to by the great bulk of his party. They were not disposed to unchristianise the high assembly of Britain by the introduction of men who openly avowed their denial of the faith of the Saviour; nor would they consent to put forth their hands against the ark of the national churches. And therefore it was that, upon more than one occasion, the Protestant party, while cheerfully acknowledging the great public services of the late departed nobleman, did not attempt to conceal that, upon points so serious as these, there could

be no sympathy of opinion between him and them.

The single arrow may be easily splintered, but, to use the memorable words of Genghis-Khan, "So long as the sheaf is bound together in three places—in love, honesty, and good accord—no man can have power to grieve us; but, if we be divided from these three places, that one of us help not the other, we shall be destroyed and brought to nothing." We recommend the moral contained in the apologue of the old Asiatic chief to the serious consideration of all men belonging to the Conservative party; for this they may rely upon, that, not only is prolonged discord an act of egregious folly, but that any one who refuses, in the present troublous times, to lend a hand to the reknitting of the severed tie, cannot, in the estimation of good men, be considered a friend to his country. And if this be so, what faith can we repose in him who cut the cords asunder?

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FOOTNOTES:

[1] *England under the House of Hanover; its History and Condition during the reigns of the three Georges, illustrated from the Caricatures and Satires of the day.* By THOMAS WRIGHT, Esq., M.A.F.S.A. &c. With numerous illustrations, executed by F. W. FAIRHOLT, F.S.A. In two volumes. London: 1848.

[2] The word *fandango*, in New Mexico, is not applied to the peculiar dance known in Spain by that name, but designates a ball or dancing meeting.

[3] Nickname for the idle fellows hanging about a Mexican town, translated into "Greasers" by the Americans.

[4] Cask-shaped gourds.

[5] The knives used by the hunters and trappers are manufactured at the "Green River" works, and have that name stamped upon the blade. Hence the mountain term for doing any thing effectually is "up to Green River."

[6] Always alluding to Mexicans, who are invariably called Spaniards by the Western Americans.

[7] In accordance with this suggestion, the name was changed to Brand. The mountaineers, it seems, are more sensitive to type than to tomahawks; and poor Ruxton, who always contemplated another expedition among them, would sometimes jestingly speculate upon his reception, should they learn that he had shown them up in print.

[8] *Sketches of the Last Naval War*; from the French of Captain GRAVIÈRE. By the Hon. Captain PLUNKET. 2 vols. Longman.

[9] *Memoirs and Correspondence of* VISCOUNT CASTLEREAGH, (*second* MARQUIS OF LONDONDERRY.) Edited by his brother, CHARLES VANE, MARQUIS OF LONDONDERRY. 2 vols. London: Colburn.

Transcriber's Notes

Obvious typographical errors were repaired, but valid archaic spellings were retained.

Hyphenation variants have been standardized.

P. 570, "summons to a sick funnel": original read "sick funuel."

P. 612, "and looking on the vigorous and growing": original showed "oking" with extra space before it.

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