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**BLACKWOOD'S  
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No. CCCCXVII. JULY, 1850. VOL. LXVIII.

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## BLACKWOOD'S

### EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. CCCCXVII. JULY, 1850. VOL. LXVIII.

## THE HOUSE OF GUISE. <sup>[1]</sup>

Upon the page of history are inscribed the names of many great men, uncrowned, but more illustrious than most kings, whose biography essentially involves the records of their country and times. The cases are very rare in which this occurs of an entire lineage; when through several successive generations the same extraordinary qualities are transmitted, and the hero or statesman who perished yesterday, to-day and to-morrow seems to start again to life in the persons of descendants who rival and even eclipse his fame. These remarkable and most unfrequent instances are exemplified in the house of Guise, those puissant nobles of Lorraine, immigrant into and naturalised in France, who for eighty years led the armies and directed the councils of their adopted country. Great warriors, bold and profound politicians, unscrupulous and interested champions of Rome, alternately defenders of and competitors for thrones, they upheld their power and pretensions by the double lever of religious enthusiasm, and of skilful appeals to the sympathy of the people. Rich in glory, in wealth, in popularity, they were alternately indispensable and formidable to their sovereigns, and were virtually the last representatives of that energetic, able, and arrogant aristocracy, whose services to the state were often limited by the jealousy their power inspired, and whose patriotism was not unfrequently tarnished by their factious temper and unbounded ambition. From an early period of the sixteenth century, the influence of Guise was felt in France, for the most part paramount to that of royalty itself; until the might and glory of the house sank and disappeared beneath the daggers of assassins, and before the conquering sword of the Fourth Henry.

The history of France during the sixteenth century necessarily comprises the public acts of the family of Guise, and the memoirs of the time abound in personal details of the members of that renowned house; but a work especially devoted to them was still a desideratum, until the appearance of that which M. René de Bouillé has just produced. One of the chief difficulties of his task must have been to avoid including the history of the century in that of the extraordinary men so intimately connected with its chief events. Whilst confining himself as much as possible to his immediate subject, he has yet, as he himself says, found his horizon of necessity extensive. And in order to assemble in one frame the various members of that celebrated family, he has been compelled to admit with them a host of other personages, who in their turn have brought a retinue, and have insisted on at least a corner of the canvass being allotted to their deeds. The manner in which M. de Bouillé has treated this great historical picture, whose magnitude and difficulty must have deterred a less zealous and persevering artist, is most judicious. "I have been as sparing as possible of discussion," he says, "prodigal perhaps, on the other hand, of cotemporary evidence, of faithful quotations, of such details as bring facts into a stronger light, exhibit the actors on the stage in a more animated manner, and display and make known, of and by themselves, the personages, parties, manners and spirit of the times, and the character of the situations." M. de Bouillé claims, as a matter of justice, credit for conscientious application, and declares his whole aim will have been attained if his work be admitted to possess historical interest and utility. No impartial critic will refuse it these qualities. It is at once substantial and agreeable; valuable to the student, and attractive to those who consider histories of the Middle Ages as fascinating collections of strange adventures and romantic enterprises.

Réné the Second, reigning duke of Lorraine—the same who fought and conquered with the Swiss at Morat, and defeated Charles the Bold at Nancy—desired to see one of his sons settled in France. He selected the fifth, Claude, to whom he left by will his various lordships in Normandy, Picardy, and other French provinces, causing him to be naturalised a Frenchman, and sending him at a very early age to the court of France, where he was presented as Count de Guise, a title derived from one of his domains. The young count found immediate favour with Louis XII., to the hand of whose daughter Renée he was considered a likely aspirant. But he fell in love with Antoinette de Bourbon, daughter of Count de Vendôme, (the great-grandfather of Henry IV.,) asked and obtained her in marriage, and celebrated his wedding, when he was but sixteen years of age, in 1513, at Paris, in presence of the whole French court. The following year another

wedding occurred, but this time youth was on one side only. In his infirm and declining age, Louis XII. took to wife the blooming sister of Harry VIII. of England, and honoured Guise by selecting him to go, in company with the Duke of Angoulême and other princes of the blood, to receive his bride at Boulogne. The wedding was quickly followed by a funeral, and Francis I. sat upon the throne. This chivalrous and warlike monarch at once took his young cousin of Guise into high favour, to which he had a fair claim, not only by reason of his birth, and of his alliance with the house of Bourbon, but on account of his eminent capacity, and of the martial qualities whose future utility Francis doubtless foresaw. To his triumphs in the field, Guise precluded by others less sanguinary, but in their kind as brilliant, in the lists and in the drawing room. His grace and magnificence were celebrated even at a court of which those were the distinguishing characteristics, thronged as it was with princes and nobles, most of them, like the king himself, in the first flush of youth, and with keen appetites for those enjoyments which their wealth gave them ample means to command. He gained great credit by his prowess at the jousts and tournament held at Paris on occasion of the coronation, and his conduct in another circumstance secured him the favour of the ladies of that gallant and voluptuous court. "One night," says his historian, "he accompanied Francis I. to the queen's circle, composed of those ladies most distinguished by their charms and amiability. Struck by the brilliancy and fascination of the scene, unusual at a time when custom, by assigning to women a sort of inferior position, or at least of reserve, interdicted their mingling in the conversation, and to a certain extent in the society of men, Guise communicated his impression to the king, who received it favourably, and at once decided that, throughout the whole kingdom, women should be freed from this unjust and undesirable constraint." It will easily be conceived that such an emancipation insured Guise the suffrages of the fair and influential class who benefited by it. From his first arrival at the French court he seems to have made it his study to win universal favour; and he was so promptly successful that, at the end of a very few months, he had conquered the goodwill of both nobility and army. He took pains to study and adapt his conduct to the character of all with whom he came in contact, thus laying the foundation of the long popularity which he and his successors enjoyed in France.

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But courtly pleasures and diversions were quickly to be succeeded by the sterner business of war. At his death, Louis XII. had left all things prepared for an Italian campaign; and Francis, eager to signalise his accession by the recovery of the Milanese, moved southwards in the month of August 1515, at the head of the finest troops that had yet crossed the boundary line between France and Italy. His army consisted of fifteen thousand excellent cavalry, twenty-two thousand lansquenets, fourteen thousand French and Gascon infantry, besides pioneers and a numerous artillery. The Constable of Bourbon led the van, the Duke of Alençon commanded the rear; Francis himself headed the main body, accompanied by Duke Anthony of Lorraine, (eldest brother of Guise,) with Bayard for his lieutenant, and by the Duke of Gueldres, captain-general of the lansquenets, whose lieutenant was the Count de Guise. If the army was good, none, assuredly, ever reckoned greater warriors amongst its leaders. Guise, during the passage of the Alps—accomplished by extraordinary labour, and which completely surprised the enemy—made himself remarkable by his constancy and activity, by the wisdom of his counsels, and by his generosity to the soldiers, thus further augmenting the affection they already bore him. Bayard and other illustrious officers formed his habitual society; and in him they found the most cordial and affable of comrades, as well as the most zealous advocate of their interests with the king. Devoted to his sovereign, Guise, when Francis somewhat over-hastily promised the Swiss an exorbitant sum of money as the price of the Milanese, nobly offered to contribute to it to the extent of all he possessed. The treaty, however, was broken by the Swiss. Steel, not gold, was to settle the dispute; and the plains of Marignano already trembled at the approach of the hostile armies. At the age of eighteen, Guise found himself general-in-chief of twenty thousand men. The Duke of Gueldres, having been recalled to his dominions by an invasion of the Brabanters, transferred his command to his young lieutenant, at the unanimous entreaty of the lansquenets, and in preference to all the French princes there present. In the quickly ensuing battle, Guise showed himself worthy of his high post. In the course of the combat, when the Swiss, with lowered pikes and in stern silence, made one of those deadly charges which in the wars of the previous century had more than once disordered the array of Burgundy's chivalry, the lansquenets, who covered the French artillery, gave way. Claude of Lorraine, immovable in the front rank, shamed them by his example; they rallied; the guns, already nearly captured, were saved; the battle continued with greater fierceness than before, and ceased only with darkness. Daybreak was the signal for its resumption, and at last the Swiss were defeated. After breaking their battalions, Guise, over eager in pursuit, and already twice wounded, had his horse killed under him, was surrounded, overmatched, and left for dead, with twenty-two wounds. Nor would these have been all, but for the devotedness of an esquire, whose name Brantôme has handed down as a model of fidelity. Adam Fouvert of Nuremberg threw himself on his master's body, and was slain, serving as his shield. After the action, Guise was dragged out from amongst the dead, and conveyed by a Scottish gentleman to the tent of the Duke of Lorraine. He was scarcely recognisable, by reason of his wounds; he gave no sign of life, and his recovery was deemed hopeless. He did recover, however, thanks to great care, and still more to the vigorous constitution and energetic vitality which distinguished all of his house, and without which the career of most of them would have been very short. Scarcely one of the prominent members of that family but received, in the martial ardour of his youth, wounds whose severity made their cure resemble a miracle. A month after the battle of Marignano, Guise, although still suffering, was able to accompany Francis I. on his triumphant entry into Milan, "as captain-general of the lansquenets, with four lieutenants, all dressed in cloth of gold and white velvet." One of his arms was in a scarf, one of his thighs had to be supported by an esquire, but still, by his manly beauty

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and martial fame, he attracted the admiring gaze of both army and people. Francis, in his report to his mother of the battle, named Guise amongst the bravest, as well he might; and thenceforward his great esteem for the young hero was testified in various ways—amongst others, by intrusting to him several important and delicate diplomatic missions. At Bologna, on occasion of the interview between Francis and Leo X., the Pope addressed to Guise the most flattering eulogiums. "Your holiness," replied the ardent soldier, in a prophetic spirit, "shall see that I am of Lorraine, if ever I have the happiness to draw sword in the Church's quarrel."

Master of the Milanese, Francis I. returned to France and beheld his alliance courted by all the powers of Europe, when suddenly the death of the Emperor Maximilian (15th January 1519) proved a brand of discord. Francis and Charles were the only serious candidates for the vacant dignity. Guise, with a secret view, perhaps, to the crown of Jerusalem for himself, strained every nerve, exerted all his influence, on behalf of the French King. But Charles, the more skilful intriguer, prevailed; and Francis, deeply wounded and humiliated by his failure, revolved in his mind projects of war. In these the king did not lose sight of the great assistance he might expect from Guise, brave, skilful, and prudent as he was; and the esteem in which the young chief was held at court increased so greatly, that the French nobles came to consider him almost the equal of the members of the royal family. Guise, on the other hand, by reason of his enormous fortune and high birth, and in his quality of a foreign prince, spared no effort to place himself on the footing of an ally rather than of a subject of the King of France.

Pretexts for hostilities were not wanting; and soon we find Guise, at the head of his lansquenets, fighting victoriously over the very same ground upon which, in our day, French armies contended with very different results. Maya, Fontarabia, and the banks of the Bidassoa witnessed his prowess; he himself, a half-pike in his hand, led his men through the river, with water to his armpits, dislodging the enemy by the mere terror his audacity inspired. When he returned to Compiègne, where the court then was, the King hurried forth from his chamber to meet him, embraced him warmly, and gaily said, "that it was but fair he should go out to meet his old friend, who, on his part, always made such haste to meet and revenge him on his enemies." His summer triumphs in the Pyrenees were followed by a winter campaign in Picardy, where he succeeded in preventing the junction of the English and Imperialists, besides obtaining some advantages over the former, and harassing their retreat to the coast. He thus added to his popularity with the army, and acquired strong claims to the gratitude of the Parisians, deeply alarmed by the proximity of the enemy to the capital, and who viewed him as their saviour.

The year 1523 opened under menacing auspices. Germany, Italy, England, were leagued against France, whose sole allies were Scotland, the Swiss, (the adhesion of these depending entirely on regular subsidies,) and the Duke of Savoy, whose chief merit was that he could facilitate the passage of the Alps. Undeterred, almost foolhardy, Francis, instead of prudently standing on the defensive, beheld, in each new opponent, only a fresh source of glory. Unhappily for him, at the very moment he had greatest need of skilful captains, the Constable of Bourbon, irritated and persecuted in France, courted and seduced by the astute Charles V., entered into a treasonable combination with the Imperialists. It was discovered; he fled, and effected his escape. Out of France, he was but one man the less, but that man was such a leader as could hardly be replaced, and Charles gave him command of his troops in the Milanese. The Constable's misconduct brought disfavour on the princes of the house of Bourbon, (of that of Valois none remained,) and this further increased the credit and importance of the Count of Guise. He was already governor of Champagne and Burgundy, provinces the Emperor was likely to attack. This command, however, was not the object of his desires; he would rather have gone to Italy, and applied to do so; but the King, rendered suspicious by the Constable's defection, began to consider, with some slight uneasiness, the position acquired by the Count of Guise; and it was probably on this account only that he would not confer on the Lorraine prince the direction of the Italian war. The glory of Guise lost nothing by the refusal, although that of France grievously suffered by the army of Italy being confided to the less capable hands of Admiral Bonnivet. Fortune soon afforded the younger general one of those opportunities of high distinction, of which no leader ever was more covetous or better knew how to take advantage. A large body of Imperialist infantry having made an irruption into Burgundy, he assembled the nobility of the province and about nine hundred men-at-arms, with which force he deemed himself able to keep the field against the twelve thousand lansquenets that Count Furstemberg led to meet him. By an odd accident, he had no infantry, his adversary no cavalry. By dividing his horsemen into small parties, and maintaining an incessant harassing warfare, Guise prevented the Germans from foraging; and at last, compelled by famine, they prepared to recross the Meuse, abandoning two forts they had captured, and carrying off a large amount of spoil. Thus encumbered, and vigorously pursued, their rearguard was cut to pieces, and their retreat converted into a rout. "With a feeling of chivalrous gallantry," says M. de Bouillé, "Guise desired to procure the duchess his sister-in-law, Antoinette de Bourbon, and the ladies of the court of Lorraine, then assembled at Neufchâteau, the enjoyment of this spectacle, (the battle), to them so new. Warned by him, and stationed at windows, out of reach of danger, whence they looked out upon the plain, they had the pastime, and were able to recompense, by their applause and cries of joy, the courage of the troops whom their presence animated."

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But such partial successes, however glorious to him by whom they were achieved, were all insufficient to turn the tide of disaster that had set in against the French arms. The defeat of Bonnivet, the invasion of Provence by the Constable, were succeeded by that terrible day before the walls of Pavia, when Francis I., vanquished, wounded, made prisoner by a rebellious subject, beheld his army destroyed, and the battle-field strewn with the bodies of his best generals, whilst, bleeding at his feet, slain in his defence, lay Francis of Lorraine, a younger brother of the

Count of Guise, the second of that brave brotherhood who had fallen in arms under the *fleur-de-lis*.<sup>[2]</sup> When the brave but most imprudent monarch was carried into captivity, his mother, regent in his absence, placed her chief trust and dependence in Guise. Of these he proved himself worthy. He checked the ambition of the Duke of Vendôme, who, as first prince of the blood, showed a disposition to seize upon the regency; he advised the ransoming of the French prisoners taken at Pavia, and exercised altogether a most salutary influence upon the circumstances of that critical time. His good sword, as well as his precocious wisdom, was soon in request. A large body of German fanatics, proclaiming the doctrine of absolute equality, and the abolition of all human superiority, had swept over Suabia, Wurtemberg, and Franconia, burning churches and slaying priests, and threatened to carry the like excesses into Lorraine and Burgundy. By aid of his brothers, at much expense and with great difficulty, Guise got together ten thousand men, four thousand of whom were cavalry. The double cross was the rallying sign of this little army. The time was come for Guise to perform his promise to Pope Leo, to fight stoutly in defence of the Church. And truly his hand was heavy upon the unfortunate and half frantic Lutherans, although to a certain extent he tempered its weight with mercy. Besieged in Saverne, the fanatics put to death the herald who summoned them to surrender. Learning that reinforcements from Germany were at hand, Guise hurried to meet them with three thousand men, and encountered them at the village of Lupstein, into which the Germans retreated, after a terrible conflict outside the place, and threw up a barricade as best they could, of carts, casks, and gabions. From the cover of these, and of the adjacent hedges, they kept up so obstinate a defence, that Guise, whose men fell fast, caused fire to be applied to the houses. But hardly had the flames begun their ravages, when the Count, seized with compassion, threw himself from his horse to assist in extinguishing them, and succeeded, at imminent risk to his own life, in saving upwards of four thousand persons of all ages. Nearly double that number perished; as many more at Saverne and in the mountains, to which the unfortunate Germans fled; and about fifteen thousand in a final engagement at Chenouville, which broke the strength of the fanatic host, and finally closed the campaign. During one of these battles, the soldiers of Guise beheld in the air the image of the Saviour attached to the cross, a phenomenon in which they saw assurance of victory.

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"Once more," says M. de Bouillé, "Guise had rendered a most important service to the kingdom; he had also assumed a peculiar and marked position, and had fixed a point of departure for himself and his descendants, by striking, of his own accord, and without instructions from the Government, the first blows that Protestantism received in France: a circumstance often recalled, with more or less exultation, by the panegyrists of that family, and which procured Claude de Lorraine the nickname of the *Great Butcher*, given him by the heretics, who were exasperated by the loss of nearly forty thousand men, caused them by his arms in that fatal expedition."

Determined foes to the Reformed faith as both of them were, a distinction must yet be made between the Count of Guise assailing and slaughtering, with far inferior forces, a formidable body of armed and aggressive foreigners, and the fierce *Balafré*, wielding a murderous sword against his defenceless and inoffensive Huguenot countrymen, on the terrible night of St Bartholomew. If the amount of bloodshed at Saverne and Chenouville appears excessive, and implies that little quarter was given, it must yet be remembered that greater clemency to the vanquished might have had the most disastrous consequences to the handful of conquerors. The Council of Regency disapproved of Guise's conduct in the affair; taxing him with rashness in risking the whole of the small number of regular troops disposable for the defence of the kingdom. But there could hardly have been more pressing occasion to expose them; and Francis I., on returning from exile, recognised and rewarded that and other good services by elevating the county of Guise into a duchy and peerage—further enriching the newly-made duke with a portion of the crown domains. Such honours and advantages had previously been almost exclusively reserved for persons of the blood-royal. The Parliament remonstrated in vain; but Francis himself, before very long, repented what he had done. He took umbrage at the increasing popularity of the Duke of Guise, and gave ear to the calumnies and insinuations of the French nobles, who were irritated by the haughty bearing, great prosperity, and ambitious views of the house of Lorraine. The manner in which Francis testified his jealousy and distrust was unworthy of a monarch who has left a great name in history. He showed himself indulgent to those of his courtiers and officers who organised resistance to the influence and pretensions of the Guises. "One time, amongst others," says M. de Bouillé, "the Duke of Guise, governor of Burgundy, wishing to visit the castle of Auxonne, whose governorship was a charge distinct from that of the province, the titular, Rouvray, a French gentleman, refused him admittance, which he would not have dared to do had Guise been recognised as prince. When the Duke complained of this treatment, the King, delighted, whilst taking advantage of his services, to see his pride and ambition thwarted, lauded the conduct of Rouvray, and laughed at him who had wished to play the prince of royal blood." For annoyances of this kind Guise sought compensation in popularity, thus tracing out for his descendants the line they should most advantageously follow.

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The partial disfavour into which the Guises had fallen, during an interval of peace when their services were not indispensable, was dissipated by the zeal and talents exhibited by the Duke's brother, John Cardinal of Lorraine, in a most difficult and delicate negotiation with Charles V., and by the prompt good-will with which, when negotiation failed and war broke out, the Duke hurried to the relief of Peronne, accompanied by his eldest son, the Count of Aumale, then scarcely nineteen years old. Peronne la Pucelle was hard beset by the Count of Nassau, who pounded its ramparts with seventy-two pieces of cannon, and was defended with equal valour by Fleuranges, Marshal de la Marck, who repulsed an assault made simultaneously by two breaches, and destroyed a mine on which the enemy reckoned for his discomfiture. Want of supplies, and

especially of powder, must soon, however, have compelled him to yield, but for a stratagem practised by Guise. That able commander selected four hundred resolute soldiers, loaded each of them with a bag containing ten pounds of powder, and set out, at six in the evening, from his headquarters at Ham, with the Count of Aumale, whose first experience of war this was, and to whom Guise, as he wrote to the King, "intended soon to give up his sword, as capable of doing better service in his young hands than in his own." Two hundred horsemen escorted them as far as the edge of the marshes of Peronne, and at midnight Guise, who had brought with him a large number of drummers and trumpeters, distributed these at different points around the besiegers' camp. Whilst they sounded and beat the charge, and the Imperialist generals, believing themselves attacked on all sides, hastily formed their troops for the combat, the powder-bearers, guided by a soldier of the garrison who had borne news of its distress from Fleuranges to Guise, crossed the marshes by means of a number of little roads and bridges, which the enemy himself had made to maintain his communications, and reached the moat, whence by means of ropes and ladders they entered the fortress. The last of them were just getting in when day broke, and the Count of Nassau discovered the trick that had been played him, and detached a body of cavalry to pursue Guise, then retreating with his drums and trumpets, and whose steady array discouraged attack. A few days later the Imperialists raised the siege, and Paris, which had been in consternation at the danger of Peronne, its last bulwark against the advancing foe, knew no bounds in its gratitude to the man to whom it thus, for the second time, was indebted for its salvation. Guise's great services in this and the following campaign rendered Francis I. indulgent to his still-recurring pretensions; to the arrogance which led him frequently to refuse obeying orders that did not emanate directly from the King, and to assume a sort of independence and irresponsibility in the exercise of his government. Looking back, through the clarifying medium of history, upon the character and conduct of Claude of Lorraine, we are disinclined to think that Francis had ever serious cause for mistrusting the loyalty of his powerful subject; whose encroachments, however, it cannot be denied, were sufficient grounds for jealousy and uneasiness. And on more than one occasion we find the royal anger—perhaps complete disgrace—averted from him only by the interest of his brother the Cardinal, to whom Francis could refuse nothing.

As a diplomatist and patron of the arts, Cardinal John of Lorraine occupies almost as elevated a pedestal in the gallery of distinguished Frenchmen of the sixteenth century, as does his brother Claude in his more active capacity of general of armies and administrator of provinces. His courtly qualities, and a congeniality of tastes—some of which, although they might be held excusable in a king, were scarcely to be palliated in a prelate, even in that age of lax morality—endeared him to Francis, who associated with him on a footing of great familiarity. His generosity and charity were on such a scale as at times to resemble prodigality and ostentation; his love of pleasure and addiction to gallantry were in like manner excessive. "He was," says M. de Bouillé, "a very lettered prince, a splendid patron of learned men, whom he treated as friends, and in whose labours he associated himself. A writer named Bertrand de Vaux, having presented and read to him a critical work, containing low personality, awaited, notwithstanding its base character, the recompense which the Cardinal always granted to those authors with whose productions he was satisfied. The prelate accordingly handed him a golden etui. 'Take this, friend Bertrand,' he said; 'it is to pay the fatigue and salary of the reader. The writer must seek payment from some more malignant man than myself.'" The celebrated Erasmus, Clement Marot the poet, and Rabelais the satirist, all benefited by the patronage or enjoyed the intimacy of the Cardinal, who, conjointly with his nephew the Cardinal Charles of Lorraine, is believed by some to have been indicated by the witty priest of Meudon in the character of Panurge. Passionately fond of art, the prelate-prince gathered around him the men of genius whom the largesses and magnificence of Francis I. seduced from Italy to France. He showed particular favour to Benvenuto Cellini, who presented him with some of his works and received from him costly gifts. "When in full blaze of fortune and favour, he caused to be built and decorated, with blind prodigality, after the designs of Primaticcio and by the pupils of that famous artist, the superb chateau of Meudon, in whose park was constructed, amongst other costly ornaments, a grotto, 'excellently fine and pleasant to save oneself from being wetted by the rain.' He had musicians in his service, and Arcadelt, a distinguished composer, some of whose works are still preserved and esteemed, was his *maître de chapelle*." His charity, although often too indiscriminate, sprang from real kindness of heart. Numerous children, belonging to poor families, were educated at his expense in the Paris schools. And his good grace in conferring favours doubled their value. The farmer of his abbey of Fécamp, having made the same receipt serve for three separate payments, and endeavouring to make it pass a fourth time, the Cardinal's receivers refused to admit it, and the case was referred to the prelate himself, who, having examined and recognised his signature, merely said, "Since John is there, John shall be believed," and ordered it to be definitively admitted. When he went abroad, "he usually," says Brantôme, "carried a great pouch, which his *valet-de-chambre*, who had charge of the money for his petty expenses, failed not to fill each morning with three or four hundred crowns: and as many poor as he met he put his hand into the pouch and gave, without stint or consideration, whatever he drew forth." The story is well known of the blind mendicant, who, having implored an alms of him in the streets of Rome, exclaimed, on receiving a handful of gold: "*O tu sei Christo, o veramente il cardinal di Loriena*." By the light which these details throw upon his character, it is not difficult to discern that the magnificent cardinal must have been a welcome courtier to the sumptuous Francis, who, during the period of his favour, made him his constant companion and delighted to do him honour. He sat upon the King's left hand on occasion of the *lit de justice* held at Paris on New Year's day 1537, at which Francis declared Charles of Austria attainted of rebellion and felony, and deprived of Artois, Flanders, and all the domains that he held *en mouvance* of the crown of France—a sentence more

easily pronounced than enforced, and which of course entailed a war. Peace again concluded, in great measure by the diplomacy of the Cardinal, he it was, according to Du Bellay, who alone accompanied the King and Queen at dinner, on the day of Charles V.'s entrance into Paris. The friendship borne him by Francis, was the cause of his being charged to break to that monarch the death of his son, the Dauphin of France. Of the familiarity with which the King treated him, M. de Bouillé gives a specimen in a curious anecdote: "One day, at mass, the Cardinal did not perceive that a thief, who had managed to enter the chapel, had picked his pocket. The rogue, observing that the King had his eyes fixed upon him, with extraordinary coolness and audacity put his finger on his lips, looking at the same time significantly at Francis I., who took the hint and said nothing, in order not to spoil what he imagined to be an adroit practical joke. Service over, however, he made an observation which induced the Cardinal to put his hand in his pocket, when he discovered his loss. When the King had amused himself at his surprise, he ordered that what had been stolen should be restored; but the thief, who was perfectly serious in his intentions, had made his escape, which greatly increased the mirth of the monarch, thus cleverly duped. 'On the word of a gentleman,' he exclaimed, 'the rogue has made me his accomplice!'"

Powerfully supported at court by his brother, Claude of Lorraine was no less ably seconded in the field by his son Francis, Count of Aumale, a young hero destined ultimately to surpass even him in glory, and to raise the name of Guise to its apogee of splendour. The constantly-recurring wars with the Emperor yielded him abundant opportunities to display his prowess. In the campaign of 1543 he did good service, until, at the siege of Luxemburg, he was dangerously wounded above the ankle by an arquebuse ball. "Carried, almost without hopes—on account of the fracture of the bones and the injury to the nerves—first to his tent and then to Longwy, five leagues in rear, he owed his recovery to the attention of the King, who sent him his own physicians, and to the care bestowed upon him by his father. And nevertheless, when he suffered signs of pain to escape him during the dressing, the Duke of Guise addressed to him reproaches by which it will be seen that he subsequently profited, saying to him—a noble and stoical maxim—"That persons of his rank ought not to feel their wounds, but, on the contrary, to take pleasure in building up their reputation on the ruin of their bodies." It was in no feather-bed school that the Guises were educated. Nearly at the same time that the Count d'Aumale was hit before Luxemburg, Gaspard de Coligny-Châtillon, then his rival in valour, and at a subsequent day his deadly foe, was severely wounded in the throat at the siege of Binche.

In the war in which these incidents occurred, England was allied with the Emperor against France. Personal motives combined with political irritation to dispose the violent and uxorious Henry VIII. to a rupture with Francis I. Mary of Lorraine, daughter of the Duke of Guise, and widow of Louis of Orleans, duke of Longueville, had been given in marriage to James V. of Scotland, in preference to Henry, who, inflamed by the report of her beauty, had solicited her hand as a pledge of perpetual alliance with France. Dazzling as was the offer of so powerful a sovereign, his anti-catholic acts, and his evil reputation as a husband, deterred the Guises from entertaining it; and Francis I., obeying the dictates of feeling rather than those of prudence, extricated them from a dilemma by alleging a previous promise to the Scottish king. It is said that Henry would then gladly have espoused Louisa, second daughter of the Duke, and that, means being found to elude his pursuit, this second disappointment further augmented his rancorous feelings towards Francis and the house of Guise. However this may have been, the war with England continued subsequently to the conclusion of peace between Francis and Charles—chiefly in Picardy, around Boulogne, which Henry held, and in whose neighbourhood his army was encamped. Some severe skirmishes and partial engagements occurred, and in one of these the Count of Aumale received a wound, probably the severest ever survived by mortal man, from the lance of an English officer. The weapon, according to the description of Ambrose Paré, entered "above the right eye, declining towards the nose, and piercing through on the other side, between the nape and the ear." So violent was the blow that the weapon broke in the head, into which it had penetrated more than half a foot, the entire lance-iron and two fingers' breadth of the staff remaining in the wound. Paré explains the possibility of such a wound, in an age when helmets and visors were in use, by mentioning that the Count always went into action with his face bare.

"Terrible as was the shock," says M. de Bouillé, "it did not unhorse d'Aumale. He still made head against his foes, succeeded in forcing a passage through them, aided by his young and valiant brother Claude, and by de Vieilleville—who, alone of all, had not abandoned him—and rode gloriously into camp. His appearance was frightful; his face, armour, and clothes were deluged with blood. The surgeons, stupified by the depth and gravity of the wound, despaired of cure, and refused to inflict useless sufferings upon the patient. But Ambrose Paré, the King's surgeon, sent by Francis with orders to try every means of saving the hero's life, was not discouraged. Confiding in his skill, and in the firmness of the wounded man, he resolved to attempt an operation, terrible indeed, but admirable for those days, and worthy alone to insure celebrity to him who imagined it. The lance-head was broken off so short, that it was impossible to grasp it with the hand. Taking then a blacksmith's pincers, to draw it out with great force, and assisted, amongst others, by Master Nicolle Lavernan, a very experienced surgeon, he asked the Lorraine prince, in presence of a crowd of officers shuddering with horror, if he would submit to the employment of such means, and would suffer him to place his foot upon his face. 'I consent to everything; proceed,' replied d'Aumale. Nor did his fortitude abandon him for an instant during this cruel operation, which was not effected without fracture of bones, nerves, veins, and arteries, and other parts, and which he endured as if they had only pulled out a hair. The agony extorted from him but the single exclamation—'Ah! my God!' Transported afterwards in a litter to Pecquigny, he remained for three days in a hopeless state: early on the fifth day more favourable

symptoms declared themselves, and nature made such powerful efforts, that the cure was completed without leaving the Count d'Aumale any trace of this astonishing wound, except a scar, equally glorious for him and for Ambrose Paré. That skilful surgeon was wont modestly to say, when speaking of the marvellous cure of Francis of Lorraine—"I dressed it, and God healed it." As soon as he began to get better, the Count d'Aumale hastened to write to the King, with a hand still unsteady, the following note, characterised by a calmness remarkable in such circumstances:—"Sire, I take the liberty to inform you that I find myself well, hoping not to lose an eye. Your very humble servant, LE GUIZARD." Admiring his energy, and in recompense of his services, Francis I. made him governor of Dauphiny; whilst the numerous partisans of the house of Guise attributed his cure to a miracle wrought by the prayers of his pious mother, Antoinette of Bourbon. This princess carefully preserved till her death the lance-point which had penetrated her son's head. The extent of the wound, as described by Paré, would be scarcely credible, but for the testimony of that learned and excellent man, and of other cotemporary writers quoted by M. de Bouillé. In a short time the heroic Count had forgotten his hurt, and was again in arms against the English, with whom, however, peace was shortly afterwards concluded.

Notwithstanding the frequent uneasiness occasioned him by the power and ambition of the family of Guise, Francis I. continued, almost to the close of his reign, to enrich and aggrandise them. The magnitude of their services, and their many great qualities, at intervals elicited his gratitude and generosity, to the oblivion of mistrust and apprehension. Thus, only three years prior to his death, he erected into a marquise certain lands and lordships of the Duke of Guise, and immediately afterwards elevated the marquise to a duchy, in consideration, said the letters patent, of the great, virtuous, and commendable services that the Duke of Guise had long rendered to king and country, without sparing his own person, his children, or goods; "and also that our said cousin Duke of Guise is of the house of Lorraine, descended by wife and alliance from the house of Anjou, and from our predecessors, kings of France." Thus was the title of Duke of Mayenne provided for a younger son of Claude of Lorraine. Such laudatory declarations as the one above cited were concurrent, however, with the systematic restriction of the Guises' direct influence on state affairs. And on his deathbed, when dividing his last hours upon earth between religious duties and sage counsels to his son, Francis enjoined this prince not to recall the Constable of Montmorency, or to admit to a share of government the princes of the house of Guise. Montmorency had incurred disgrace and banishment by exciting the King's conjugal jealousy. Henry II. showed slight regard to his father's dying injunctions. Scarcely had the earth closed over the deceased monarch, when those he had recommended to his son's favour were removed from their posts; Montmorency was recalled, and the Guises were taken into favour; the Count of Aumale, and Charles, Cardinal of Lorraine, dividing between them Henry's whole confidence. It must be admitted, that the means to which they resorted to secure and preserve this favour, were not of the most delicate description, although, doubtless, they would be very differently estimated then and now. They sustained their credit with Henry II. by their attentions to Diana of Poitiers, his all-powerful mistress, whose eldest daughter one of the brothers, Claude, Marquis of Mayenne, had just married. From this discreditable alliance Châtillon, afterwards the Admiral de Coligny, had tried to dissuade them, by pointing out, says Brantôme, in his Life of the Admiral, "that it was not very honourable for them, and that an inch of authority and favour with honour was better than an armful without." The Count of Aumale, up to that time the inseparable companion of Coligny, was but ill-pleased by the freedom of this advice, which, he said, was less that of a friend than of one envious of the good fortune such an alliance insured to his family. This difference, however, cast but a slight cloud over the intimacy which thereafter was exchanged for so bitter an enmity. Meanwhile the royal favour, lavished on the young Guises, was not extended to their father, who was excluded from the government which his sons freely exercised, and who, immediately after the coronation of Henry, left the court, to live in retirement in his castle of Joinville. The prudence and moderation of the elder Guise were probably less welcome to the young king than the bolder and more impetuous counsels of his sons. There were six of these, all pretty well provided for when Claude of Lorraine retired into private life: Francis, Count of Aumale; Claude, Marquis of Mayenne; Charles, Archbishop of Rheims; Louis, Bishop of Troyes, and Francis, Chevalier of Lorraine, afterwards grand-prior and general of the galleys of France. "During his stay at Paris, after the campaign of 1544, the Duke of Guise frequently went, accompanied by his six young sons, to pay his devoirs to the King, who always graciously received and congratulated him, saying 'that he was six times fortunate in seeing himself live again, before his death, in a posterity of such great promise.' One day Charles, the second brother, who was intended for the church, presented to Francis I. some moral and theological theses, accompanying them with an eloquent and tasteful harangue. His promotion to the archbishopric of Rheims, the richest benefice in France, was, it is said, the munificent reward of this precocious ability." Henry II. received his crown from the hands of this youthful archbishop, upon whom the Pope, five days after the ceremony, conferred a cardinal's hat. Charles of Lorraine can have been but thirty or thirty-one years old, when he thus attained to the highest dignities of the church.

A few days before the coronation, Henry II. sanctioned by his presence the celebrated judicial duel—which gave rise to a proverb still current in France—between Guy Chabot de Jarnac, and François de Vivonne. It took place in lists erected near the chateau of St Germain. Vivonne's second (or godfather, as it was then called) was the Count of Aumale, who attracted universal attention by the grandeur of his air and the lustre of his renown. "Towards half-past seven in the morning," says M. de Bouillé, "d'Aumale pronounced it time to bring the arms, and the combatants appeared in the lists, Vivonne conducted by d'Aumale; and, after the customary salutations and injunctions, the king-at-arms, Normandy, having thrice exclaimed—*Laissez aller les bons combattants!* the combat commenced with skill and fury. In a few moments, however, by

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a blow, since proverbial, dealt and repeated on the left ham, Vivonne was prostrated by his adversary. The Count d'Aumale sprang to the assistance of the vanquished man, and to calm the rage which made him tear open his own wounds. But Vivonne survived only three days, and, after his death, d'Aumale had the following inscription engraved upon his tomb: 'A great prince *Lorrain et François*, much grieved and afflicted by so unexpected an event, has dedicated this to the manes of a brave knight of Poitou.' In these few words was revealed a pretension constantly entertained by the house of Guise, and which then appeared surprising, but which received a sort of consecration from its silent toleration by the King." It was doubtless this toleration, combined with the sentiment of growing power and influence, which raised the arrogance of the Guises to such a pitch that, on occasion of Henry II.'s solemn entrance into Chambery, during a visit of inspection to his frontier fortresses, we find the Count of Aumale placing himself on the same line with the Duke of Vendôme, first prince of the blood, and afterwards King of Navarre. The angry dispute to which this gave rise was terminated by the King, who maintained Guise in the place he had audaciously assumed. Like his father, Henry was nurturing a pride which was afterwards to give him umbrage. Already d'Aumale's influence and popularity were so great as to make him courted by all classes, even to the highest, not excluding persons of blood-royal; and only a few months after the dispute at Chambery, we find the same King of Navarre thanking him, conjointly with the Cardinal of Bourbon, for services he had rendered to friends of theirs. The first nobles of the land had recourse to his protection and support, and strove to propitiate him by presents and flattering letters. From all quarters he received offerings of "wine, fruit, confections, ortolans, horses, dogs, hawks, and gerfalcons, the letters accompanying these very often containing a second paragraph, petitioning for pensions or grants from the King, or for places, even down to that of apothecary, or of barber to the Dauphin, &c." The memoirs and manuscripts of the time furnish many curious particulars of this kind, especially the MSS. Gaignières, often referred to by M. de Bouillé. And they further show that d'Aumale, amidst his countless occupations, found leisure to listen to all petitioners, and means to content many. There exist the most flattering letters written to him by the hand of kings; the humblest supplications addressed to him by great state corporations, such as the parliaments of Paris, Bordeaux, and other cities; testimony of the profoundest deference from the nobles of the court—names such as Brézé and Brissac being affixed to fulsome protestations of service and thanks for favour shown. Such was the immense position of the Duke d'Aumale, (that county also had become a duchy,) who now openly affected the state and quality of prince of the blood. Then, as afterwards, (when he was duke of Guise,) he always received the title of *monseigneur*, (except from the princes of the blood, who called him *monsieur*;) and that of *vostre excellence or vostre seigneurie*. And in 1548 the nuns of Bonneuil addressed him a supplication as *vostre haulte et puissante majesté et seigneurie*. So great was his reputation for magnanimity, so popular his rule, that those provinces rejoiced over which he was appointed governor. And the affection borne him by the French people became at last so great "that it may be said it was carried to an excess, even to the point of making them forget their fidelity to the King." For a time the favour and confidence of the King kept pace with the love of the nation; and it was augmented by the ability with which d'Aumale pacified several revolted provinces, where his presence alone sufficed, for the most part, to calm angry passions and revive the loyalty of the population. Soon after this expedition, occurred his marriage with Anne d'Est, daughter of the Duke of Ferrara, a beautiful, virtuous, and well-dowered princess who had been sought in marriage by Sigismund, King of Poland, but whom an innate sympathy for France, combined with the able management of Cardinal de Guise, induced to give the preference to the Duke d'Aumale.

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In his castle of Joinville, on the 12th April 1550, Claude, first duke of Guise, piously and resignedly terminated his illustrious and honourable career. His duchess, Antoinette de Bourbon, one of the most virtuous and amiable princesses of her time, his eldest son and the Marquis of Elbeuf, were beside his dying bed; and during his illness the King sent frequent expresses to inquire his state. His premature death, at the age of fifty-three, after a short but violent illness,—combined with some solemn and generous expressions he used a few minutes before breathing his last, to the effect that he heartily forgave the person, whosoever it might be, who had given him "*le morceau pour mourir*,"—gave rise to a belief, further accredited by his funeral oration and by the inscription on his tomb, that he had perished by poison. History has difficulty in confirming this popular notion, in support of which no evidence was ever produced, nor anything beyond a vague supposition that the author of the Duke's death was a Genoese, an agent of the Emperor, then in France to watch the measures taken by that republic to obtain from Henry II. means of resistance to the party of Ferdinand, in opposition to whom there was little doubt that Guise would advise the King to give his support to Genoa. Considering, however, that Claude of Lorraine lived away from court, where his son had succeeded to his influence, this is rather a far-fetched story; and the probability is that the Duke died of some unusual malady, misunderstood by, perhaps wholly unknown to, the imperfect medical science of those days. But natural deaths were rare in the house of Guise; and in the sixteenth century poison had no unimportant share in the bills of mortality. Some indeed have hinted its possible agency in the death of John, Cardinal of Lorraine, which occurred within forty days of that of his brother Claude. This prelate was on his way back from Rome, where he had been an unsuccessful aspirant to the papal tiara, when he was suddenly informed, on his passage through Lyons, of the Duke's decease. It was possibly the shock of this intelligence that brought on an attack of apoplexy under which he sank and shortly expired. "Providence," says M. de Bouillé, "had perhaps resolved to consecrate, by an almost simultaneous death, the union which had so constantly and advantageously existed between him and his brother, and which the cotemporary writers characterise, in their mythological style, by comparing the two princes to Castor and Pollux. Their place was not to remain vacant, but was about to be even more than filled by two brothers, also 'the happiest pair of brothers that ever

were seen;' one an accomplished warrior and magnanimous hero, the other a skilful and enterprising prelate, who, by renewing the example of a constant agreement of views, by putting in practice that useful and remarkable combination of the churchman and the man of the sword, peculiar to their family, and efficaciously applied by them to politics and ambition, realised an immense amount of favour and authority. The first generation of this dynasty—if not sovereign, at least so brilliantly episodal—had passed away, already almost surpassed in grandeur by its successor, destined to elevate itself in the inverse ratio of the wearer of that crown which gradually became almost illusory."

Certain it is that the figure of Francis, second Duke of Guise, surnamed the Great, occupies, upon the canvass of French history, a far more remarkable and important place than that of any one of the three kings whose reigns were cotemporary with his power. Early distinguished in arms, his generosity, urbanity, and irresistible valour made him the idol of the army, whilst the prudence and precocious wisdom he inherited from his father, rendered him invaluable at the council board, and secured him the favour of his sovereign; to such a point that Henry II. had no secrets from him, but caused all important despatches to be communicated to him as punctually as they were to himself. Nor was his brother Charles inferior to him in talent, although their difference of profession rendered its display less striking in the cardinal. Both possessed of admirable tact and judgement in the conduct of public affairs, the one was not more terrible in the battle-field than the other was skilful and seductive in diplomatic negotiations, and in the graceful intercourse of private life. The cardinal's learning and eloquence, his fine countenance, his dignified bearing, his richly-stored memory, combined to exercise a powerful fascination upon all he met. "Had I the elegance of Monsieur le Cardinal de Lorraine," said Theodore de Beze one day, when mounting his horse to leave Rheims, where he had had a conference with the accomplished prelate, "I should expect to convert half the persons in France to the religion I profess."

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At the date of the death of Claude of Lorraine, Charles V. was the sole survivor of the three remarkable sovereigns who had simultaneously filled the three most important European thrones. With him the Duke and Cardinal now impelled Henry II. into a war, which had for its real object the realisation of a bold and extensive scheme greatly to increase the authority of France in Europe, and at the same time to establish the omnipotence of the Guises in France. One of the most remarkable events of this war was the siege of Metz, in which large ill-fortified place the Duke, with a small number of men, was exposed to the assaults of an army consisting of one hundred thousand infantry, twenty-three thousand horse, and one hundred and twenty pieces of artillery. Guise displayed extraordinary skill and energy, leading sorties himself, and even issuing forth at the head of a mere handful of men to skirmish with the enemy. Fortunately he had had time to lay in good store of provisions; but his cannon were few in number and for the most part unserviceable, and he was fain to defend with falconets and other small guns, the breaches which the Imperialists soon made in his walls. In an action that occurred during the siege, in the neighbourhood of Nancy, Claude de Guise—that brother of the Duke who, when a mere youth, had powerfully and valiantly contributed to deliver him, in front of Boulogne, from an overwhelming number of assailants—was taken prisoner. Thrice wounded, and with his horse killed under him, he had no choice but to yield or die. This disaster deprived Metz of a gallant defender, and plunged Guise and the whole army into deep affliction; the Duke, however, consoling himself by the resolution to make the Emperor dearly pay for his brother's ransom, and by the reflection that d'Aumale had not yielded until he was knocked down and had a cocked pistol at his throat. The sorties continued with great vigour, but at the expense of many wounded men, of whom so large a proportion died, for want of efficient medical assistance, that a rumour gained credit that the drugs were poisoned. Guise begged the King to send him Ambrose Paré with a stock of fresh medicaments, and, by the connivance of an Italian officer in the Imperialist camp, that skilful leech was introduced at midnight into the town, with the apothecary Daigue and a horse-load of medical stores. Paré was bearer of a letter from the King, thanking Guise and the other princes and nobles for all they had done and were doing to preserve his town of Metz, and assuring them he would remember and reward their services. Thus encouraged, and confident in his troops, Guise wrote to the King, with whom he found means constantly to correspond in cypher, that Metz could hold out six months without succour. On the other hand the Imperialists redoubled their efforts for success. The Emperor, who lay at Thionville, sick of the gout and expectant of triumph, at last judged his presence indispensable for the fortunate conclusion of the siege, and made his appearance in the camp, mounted on an Arab horse, "his face very pale and wasted, his eyes sunken, his head and beard white." His coming was the signal for so great a salvo of artillery and small arms, that the besieged flew to arms, expecting a general attack. Until the neighbouring castle of La Horgne could be prepared for his reception, he took up his quarters in a small wooden house, hastily constructed with the ruins of an abbey. "A fine palace," he said, "when I shall receive in it the keys of Metz." But the keys were long in coming, although the fierceness of the attack was redoubled—fourteen thousand cannon-shots being fired against the ramparts in one day, the noise of which was said to have been heard beyond the Rhine, at forty leagues from Metz. The constancy of the besieged was a match for the fury of the assailants. Breaches were diligently repaired, and sorties continued—the French actually seeking the Imperialists under their tents. Suddenly the latter changed the point of attack, and directed their cannonade against one of the very strongest parts of the rampart, behind which the besieged hastened to construct a second wall, also of great strength. The sudden change of plan is attributed by Ambrose Paré in his *Voyage à Metz*, to a stratagem employed by Guise. The Duke, according to the learned physician and chronicler, wrote a letter to Henry II. with the intention of its being intercepted by the enemy, in which he said, that if Charles V. persisted in his plan of attack, he would be compelled to raise the siege, but that a

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very different result was to be apprehended, if unfortunately the enemy directed his attention to a certain point, cunningly indicated in the despatch. Sewn, with an affectation of mystery, under the doublet of a clumsy peasant, this letter was destined for the perusal of the Duke of Alva, one of whose patrols did not fail to seize and search the unfortunate messenger, who was forthwith hanged. Misled by the information thus obtained, the besiegers changed the position of their batteries. In two days a breach was effected, the old wall crumbling into the ditch, amidst the acclamations of the assailants. But their joy was exchanged for rage and disgust when, upon the subsidence of the dust, they beheld a second wall in rear of the breach. The French began to scoff and abuse them, but Guise commanded silence, under pain of death, lest some traitor should take advantage of the tumult to convey information to the enemy; whereupon his soldiers fastened live cats to the end of their pikes, whose discordant cries mocked the enemy. The enthusiasm of the besieged now knew no bounds. Men, women, and young girls toiled day and night to strengthen the inner wall. Guise's gay and encouraging words gave confidence to all. Collecting his soldiers upon the breach, which was ninety feet wide: "I rejoice," he said, "that the enemy have at last overthrown this barrier, more useful to them than to you. You have so often visited them in their camp, that it is only just they should have an opportunity of reconnoitring the town upon whose capture they so boastfully reckoned." Charles ordered the assault; but when his troops saw the French crowning the breach, with Guise at their head, they recoiled as if already attacked, and neither entreaties nor threats could move them forward. "How is it," the Emperor had exclaimed with a great oath, when he saw the gaping breach, "that they do not enter? It is so large and level with the ditch; *vertu de Dieu!* what means this?" He had himself conveyed in a litter to the foremost ranks, to animate the soldiers by his presence. When he beheld their retreat, he mournfully desired to be carried back to his quarters. "Formerly," he said, "I was followed to the fight, but I see that I have now no men around me; I must bid adieu to empire and immure myself in a monastery; before three years are over, I will turn Franciscan." Finally, on the 26th December, provisions running short, and his army weakened one-third by sickness and the sword, Charles, with a sad heart, raised the siege, uttering, in the bitterness of his shame and disappointment, the well-known words, "I plainly see that Fortune, like a true woman, prefers a young king to an old emperor." The imperial camp and artillery crossed the Moselle, and in the night the Duke of Alva evacuated his position, leaving behind a quantity of stores and tents. Guise, who had expressed, that very evening, in a letter to his brother the Cardinal, his conviction that the Emperor would never endure the shame of abandoning the siege, was greatly astonished in the morning to find that the enemy had decamped. His skill and constancy had triumphed, and France was saved from invasion. When he reappeared at court, the King embraced him with transport, and called him his brother. "You have vanquished me as well as the Emperor," said Henry, "by the obligations you have laid me under."

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The Duke of Guise's humanity after the siege did him as much honour as his bravery during it. A large number of sick men remained in the Imperialist camp; the rearguard of the retreating army were in a pitiable state, and, unable to proceed, yielded themselves ready prisoners. The commander of a troop of Spanish cavalry, pursued by the Prince of *la Roche-sur-Yon*, who would fain have brought him to battle, suddenly faced about, exclaiming, "How should we have strength to defend ourselves, when you see we have not enough left to fly?" In the hospitals of Metz and Thionville, the sick and wounded Imperialists were carefully tended by order of Guise; non-combatant prisoners were sent back to the Duke of Alva, with the offer of covered boats to transport his exhausted soldiers; the bodies of the dead received suitable burial. The magnanimous general's courtesy and humanity bore their fruits. In the following campaign, when the town of Therouenne, in Picardy, was surprised by the Imperialists, the Germans and Flemings were putting inhabitants and garrison to the sword, without distinction of age or sex, when the Spanish officers, with a lively and grateful remembrance of the good treatment received from Guise and the French, united their voices and efforts to check the carnage. "*Bonne guerre, compagnons,*" they cried; "*souvenez-vous de la courtoisie de Metz!*"

It was during the following campaign (1554) that there occurred the first marked manifestations of discord between the Duke of Guise and the Admiral de Coligny. In the combat of Renty, near St Omer, Coligny commanded the infantry, in his quality of colonel-general of that arm. Victory declared itself for the French; already many trophies had been taken, and heavy loss inflicted on the Imperialists, who were on the brink of a general rout, when Guise "feeling" says M. de Bouillé, "that he was not supported by the Constable de Montmorency—the retreat also, according to a report current at the time, having been sounded *by the breath of envy*—was unable to follow up his advantage, and could but maintain himself on the field, whilst the Imperialists, although defeated, succeeded in entering the besieged fort." The chief merit of this imperfect victory was attributed by the Constable to his nephew Coligny, who, on his part, was said to have asserted that, during the heat of the fight, Guise had not been in his right place. This led, upon the evening of the action, to a violent altercation, which would have ended with drawn swords but for the intervention of the King, in whose tent it occurred. He compelled them to embrace; but the reconciliation was only skin-deep, and from that day forwards a rancorous dislike was substituted for the close intimacy which had existed in their youth between these two great soldiers, and which had been carried to such a point that they "could not live without each other, wearing the same colours, and dressing in the same manner." Henceforward they were constant antagonists, the chiefs of two parties under whose banners nobles, soldiers, and courtiers ranged themselves, according to the dictates of their sympathies or interests. And soon their rivalry for fame and influence was inflamed and envenomed by the ardour of religious passions, and of combats for their respective creeds.

It is here impossible to trace, even in outline, the events that crowded the reign of Henry II.,

and in which the Duke, the Cardinal, and their brother d'Aumale played a most conspicuous part. It was a constant succession of battles and intrigues, for the most part terminating, in spite of formidable foes both in the field and at court, to the advantage of the Guises. And when, a few weeks after the battle of St Quintin, so disastrous to the French arms—where the Constable de Montmorency, who had boasted beforehand of victory, beheld his entire army slain or taken, and himself a prisoner—the Duke of Guise returned from Italy, "to save the state," as the King himself expressed it, he found himself at the utmost pinnacle of power a subject could possibly attain. On the very day of his arrival, Henry declared him lieutenant-general of the French armies, in and out of the kingdom; a temporary dignity, it is true, but one superior to that of Constable, and which usually was bestowed only in times of regency and minority. That nothing should be wanting to the exorbitant authority thus conferred upon the man to whom sovereign and nation alike were wont to turn in the day of danger and disaster, the King addressed to all the provincial authorities particular injunctions to obey the orders of the Duke of Guise as though they emanated from himself; and truly it was remarked, says Dauvigny in his *Vies des Hommes Illustres*, that never had monarch in France been obeyed more punctually and with greater zeal. The whole business of the country now rested upon the shoulders of Guise. But even whilst thus exalting him, Henry, conscious of his own weakness, and haunted, perhaps, by his father's dying injunction, was actually plotting how to lessen the power of his great subject, so soon as the period of peril should have passed, during which his services were indispensable. With strange infatuation, the feeble monarch expected to be able to clip at will the wings of that soaring influence, when victory over the foreigner and the liberation of the country should have confirmed its domination.

Invested with his new dignities, whose importance his sagacity fully appreciated, Guise, with the least possible delay, set out for Compiègne, which, since the recent disasters of the French arms, was a frontier town. Those disasters, he felt, could be effectually repaired only by a brilliant feat of arms, at once useful to the state, and flattering to the national pride. Upon such a one he resolved. Calais, now upwards of two centuries in possession of the English, to the great humiliation of France, was the object of destined attack. Skilled in the stratagems of war, the Duke contrived, by a series of able manœuvres, to avert suspicion of his real design, until, on the 1st January 1558, he suddenly appeared before the ramparts of Calais. The siege that ensued has been often narrated. It terminated, after an obstinate resistance, in the capitulation of the garrison, which had scarcely been executed, when an English fleet appeared off the port, bearing succours that came too late. The triumph excited indescribable astonishment and joy throughout France. It was a splendid revenge for the defeat of St Quintin, and produced a marked change in the sentiments of several foreign potentates, who believed that reverse to have prostrated the French power for some time to come. The Grand Signior offered the co-operation of his fleet, and the German princes hastened, with redoubled good-will, to the levies that had been demanded of them. Pope Paul IV., when congratulating the French ambassador, pronounced the highest eulogiums on Guise, and declared the conquest of Calais preferable to that of half England. At court, the partisans of the Constable were in dismay, and tried to lessen the merit of the victor by attributing its success to the adoption of a plan sketched by Coligny. But even if this were true, the merit of the execution was all the Duke's own. Upon the heels of this triumph, quickly followed the capture of Guines and the evacuation by the English of the castle of Hames, their last possession in the county of Oye. "In less than a month," says M. de Bouillé, "Francis of Lorraine had accomplished the patriotic but difficult enterprise so often and fruitlessly attempted during two centuries, and had cancelled the old proverb applied in France, in those days, to generals of slight merit, of whom it was derisively said, 'He will never drive the English out of France.'"

Henry II., accompanied by the Dauphin, the Cardinals of Lorraine and Guise, and several nobles of the court, made a journey to Calais, which he entered with great pomp. The object of this expedition was to sustain the courage and zeal of the troops, who endured much fatigue and hardship, in that inclement season and in the midst of the marshes. The King also wished to testify his gratitude to his lieutenant-general, showing him great confidence, referring to him all who requested audience on business, and presenting him, in the most flattering terms, with a house in Calais. The Duke returned with Henry to Paris, where great feasts and rejoicings were held in his honour, and, on occasion of the Dauphin's marriage with Mary Queen of Scots, which shortly followed, Guise filled, in the absence of Montmorency, the office of grand-master, which he long had coveted. Concurrently, however, with this great apparent favour, Henry was secretly uneasy at the power and pretensions of the family of Guise, and maintained a constant and confidential correspondence with their inveterate enemy the Constable de Montmorency. On the other hand the Guises were on their guard, labouring to countermine and defeat the intrigues levelled against them. Urged on by his brother, and feeling that, in their position, if they did not advance they must recede, the Duke directed all his efforts to an effectual concentration in his own hands of the entire military power of the kingdom. Should he fail in this, he at least was resolved to leave none in those of his rivals. By this time the progress of the Reformed religion in France had attracted great attention. It was an abomination in the eyes of Henry; and of this the Duke and Cardinal took advantage to work the downfall of d'Andelot, brother of Coligny, and colonel-general of the French infantry, the only military commander who at that moment caused them any uneasiness. Accused of heresy, and summoned before the King, who received him kindly, and, expecting he would so reply as to disconcert his enemies, "commanded him to declare, in presence of all the court, his belief with respect to the holy sacrifice of mass; d'Andelot proudly replied that his gratitude for the King's favours doubtless rendered entire devotedness incumbent upon him, but that his soul belonged to God alone; that, enlightened by the torch of Scripture, he approved the doctrines of Calvin, and considered mass a horrible

profanation and an abominable invention of man." Furious at what he deemed a blasphemy, the King, who was at supper, snatched a basin from the table and hurled it at d'Andelot; but it struck the Dauphin. He was then tempted, says one of his historians, to pierce the offender with his sword, but finally contented himself with sending him to prison, and the post of colonel-general was bestowed upon Montluc, an ex-page of Guise's grandfather, and a devoted partisan of the house of Lorraine. This brave Gascon officer at first scrupled to accept it, for he feared to incur the hatred of the Colignys and the Constable. Wily and wary, like most of his countrymen, he declared himself willing to serve as a private soldier under the Duke, but modestly declined the command offered him. The King insisting, he alleged a dysentery, as rendering him incapable of the needful activity. This and other objections being overruled, he took possession of his important command, and speedily proved himself worthy to hold it—notably at the siege of Thionville on the Moselle. This fortress, one of the strongest the Imperialists owned, was defended by Jean de Caderebbe, a brave gentleman of Brabant, at the head of three thousand picked men. The Dukes of Guise and Nevers, and Marshal Strozzi, were the leaders of the besieging army; Montluc joined them on the eve of the opening of the batteries, and did excellent service. On the fifteenth day of the siege, Guise was in the trenches, talking to Strozzi, on whose shoulder his hand rested, when the Marshal was struck by an arquebuse ball, a little above the heart. On feeling himself hit, "*Ah! tête Dieu, Monsieur,*" exclaimed this brave and able general, "the King loses to-day a good servant, and your Excellency also." He did himself no more than justice. Guise was deeply affected, but, repressing his emotion, he tried to fix Strozzi's thoughts on religion. The veteran's death was less exemplary than his life; he died in profession of unbelief; and Guise, much scandalised, but perhaps doubly furious at the thought that the soul as well as the body of his old comrade had perished by the sudden manner of his death, prosecuted the siege with fresh ardour, eager for revenge, and suppressing for the moment, as far as he was able, the disastrous news, which could not but produce a most unfavourable impression. Valiantly seconded by Montluc and Vieilleville, on the 22d June, two days after Strozzi's death, he received the capitulation of the garrison. His triumph was well earned. Besides the exhibition, throughout the siege, of the genius and inventive resource that constitute a general of the highest order, he had toiled and exposed himself like a mere subaltern, constantly under fire, personally superintending the pioneers and artillerymen, and rarely sleeping; so that it was no wonder (considering he had not had a single night's rest during the operations against Thionville) that on the 1st July, when preparing for the siege of the rich little town of Arlon, he complained of being very drowsy, and left Montluc to invest the place—himself retiring to bed in a cottage, and giving orders to let him sleep till he awoke of himself. "It is very quick work," he observed, crossing himself, when he was the next day informed, in reply to his inquiry whether the batteries had opened fire, that Montluc had surprised and taken the place in the night.

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Whilst Guise was thus not only rendering great services himself, but bringing forward leaders whose exploits honoured the French arms, in other quarters affairs went less favourably for France. Near Dunkirk, Marshal Thermes was beaten and taken prisoner, and Guise, whose frequent lot it was to repair the blunders or misfortunes of less capable generals, marched to Picardy; on the frontier of which province, at a grand review passed by Henry II., the Duke's son and successor, Henry, Prince of Joinville, then but eight years old, appeared for the first time in public, with his cousin, the Count of St Vallier, son of the Duke d'Aumale. Accompanied by their preceptors and some other gentlemen, and mounted on ponies, they rode through the ranks, until they reached the troops commanded by Montluc. "*Cà, cà,* my little princes," exclaimed that brave captain, "dismount; for I was brought up in the house of which you are issue, which is the house of Lorraine, where I was page, and I will be the first to put arms in your hands." The two cousins dismounted, and Montluc, taking off the little silken *robons* that covered their shoulders, placed a pike in the hand of each of them. "I hope," he said, "that God will give you grace to resemble your fathers, and that I shall have brought you good fortune by being the first to invest you with arms. To me they have hitherto been favourable. May God render you as brave as you are handsome, and sons of very good and generous fathers." After this species of martial baptism, the two children, conducted by Montluc, passed along the front of the troops, objects of the admiration and good wishes of men and officers. A few months later, one of them was dead; the other, heir to most of the great qualities, whether good or bad, that distinguished his race, lived to prosecute, and at one time almost to realise, the most ambitious designs his father and grandfather had conceived. The fair-haired boy of the review at Pierrepont, was the stern *Balafré* of the wars of the League.

The spring of the year 1559 found the Guises in marked disfavour with the King. The great services of the Duke, the capture of Calais and Thionville, and the many other feats of arms by which he had reduced the power of the enemy, at moments when it was about to be fatal to France, were insufficient to counterbalance the alarm felt by Henry II. at his and the Cardinal's influence and ambition. The star of the Constable was in the ascendant. Chiefly by his intervention, a disadvantageous peace was concluded, and, at his request, d'Andelot was recalled to court. Montmorency and Coligny triumphed. The efforts of the Protestants combined with court intrigues to ruin the credit of the house of Lorraine. The two brothers were attacked on all sides, and in every manner: epigram and satire furiously assailed them, and they were denounced as aspiring, one to the tiara, the other to the crown of France. However doubtful—or at least remote from maturity—these projects were, they were yet sufficiently probable for their denunciation to produce the desired effect on the mind of Henry, already writhing impatiently under the domination of the Guises, against whom he was further prejudiced by his mistress, the Duchess de Valentinois, (Diane de Poitiers,) still influential, in spite of her threescore winters. Never had circumstances been so menacing to the fortunes of the Guises; and perhaps it was only the subtle and temporising line of conduct they adopted in this critical conjuncture, that

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saved them from utter disgrace and downfall. Things had been but a short time in this state, and already, from the skilful manœuvres of the Cardinal, their side of the balance acquired an upward inclination, when the whole aspect of affairs was changed by the death of Henry II. With the reign of his feeble successor, there commenced for the restless princes of Lorraine a new epoch of power and renown.

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## MY PENINSULAR MEDAL.

BY AN OLD PENINSULAR.

### PART VIII.—CHAPTER XIX.

Now for the fight. On the morning of the battle of Toulouse we left Grenade. It was known amongst us that the battle was coming off; and we started in the expectation of passing the night either in the city itself, or in its immediate vicinity. We ascended towards the city by the left bank of the Garonne, but reached a pontoon bridge, which enabled us to cross to the right bank, where the main body of our troops was posted. The fight had commenced. We heard the firing as we advanced; and while we approached the scene of action, it became gradually louder and more distinct. Immediately in the rear of the British lines we halted, not knowing the ground, and withdrew from the road into a field which was close at hand, in order that our numerous party might not prove an obstacle to passing troops, ammunition, or artillery. Our forces held the low ground, and closed, in a sort of semicircle, around the heights occupied by the French. As it so happened that I was not only at this battle, but in it, I here beg leave to relate the circumstances which led to my finding myself in a position where, as a civilian, I was so little wanted, and so much out of my ordinary sphere of duty.

Sancho did it all. We were sitting upon our nags, speculating upon the fight, and seeing all that could be seen, till we began to think we knew something of what was going on. At this moment rode up from the rear, coming across the fields, an old officer of rank, a major-general, well known at headquarters, without aide-de-camp, orderly, or any kind of attendant. He inquired eagerly, "Where are the troops?—Where are the troops?" We pointed forward; little was visible but trees. He looked rather at a loss, but turned his horse's head in the direction we had indicated. That villain Sancho, seeing another horse go on, snorted, and pulled at the bridle. He was tired of standing still. I, ever indulgent to Sancho, followed the old general, and soon overtook him. "I believe I know the position of the troops, sir. Will you give me leave to show you?"

"Thank you, sir, thank you," said he; "I shall really be much obliged."

We rode on till we reached a British regiment, drawn up in line. With renewed acknowledgments he then took his leave. The air was musical above our heads with whistling and humming missiles. I was now fairly upon the ground, and didn't like to go back.

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There was a lull in the fight. The spectacle was singular. Some firing was kept up on both sides, but not sufficient to obscure the view of the French position, which rose immediately in front, a bare range of hills, crowned by their redoubts. The atmosphere was bright; and though the skirmishers on the declivity were discoverable only by small white jets of smoke, as they fired from time to time, every movement of the enemy on the summit, with the sky for its background, was perfectly visible. I noticed a single horseman, probably an aide-de-camp bearing orders, as distinct and diminutive as if seen through the wrong end of a telescope. You might perceive the very action of his horse, that laborious up-and-down gallop of the French manège, which throws away so much of the animal's strength, and sacrifices speed without securing elegance.

The combat, at this moment, was renewed, and our troops went to work in earnest. The Spanish army ascended the hill to assault the enemy's redoubts. This movement, at first, had all the regularity of a review. But the redoubts opened their fire; as the Spaniards moved up, the smoke rolled down; and, when the wind swept it away, their broken bands were seen in precipitate retreat, followed by a large body of the French, who swarmed out from their intrenchments. Instantly, and just in front of me, our artillery opened upon the pursuing foe. The round-shot plumped into their columns, knocking up clods as high as a house; and the enemy, not relishing this salutation, hastily fell back to their former position. Sancho now became a dreadful plague. He had for some time been getting unquiet, and, with the continual firing, he grew worse and worse. I believe this was his first battle, as it was mine. Not content with a little extra restiveness at every fresh discharge of artillery, he had worked himself into a state of chronic excitement, and, at intervals, attempted to bolt. It was clear I must get rid of Sancho, or see no more of the fight; so I deposited him in a stable, under care of a cottager, in the adjoining village.

Still moving towards the left, along the base of the hill, I reached a part of the British position, where a number of our troops were waiting to storm the heights, when the flank movement against the enemy's right, which was his weakest point, should be sufficiently advanced. All at once I plumped upon "Cousin Tom," whom I had not met since he embarked, three years before, a raw subaltern, at Portsmouth. There he now stood, as large as life, rough and ugly, at the head of his regiment, a regular "Old Peninsular;" and on him had devolved the duty, as he gave me to understand, of "taking those fellows up the hill." This service, I thought, would have fallen to

some officer of higher rank; but Tom explained. The regiment having been reduced, either by losses or detachment, its numbers in the field were small, and he, being the senior officer present, of course had to "carry them up." "Come," said he, "we are going to take a look at those monsieurs above there; you may as well go with us."

The proposal was coolly made, so I took it coolly. "With all my heart," said I. "You know what is the feeling towards an amateur. If he makes an ass of himself, he's laughed at; and if he gets hit, they only say, it serves him right. If it's of any use, I'll go with pleasure."

"Use?" said Tom; "the greatest use. Why, I want to ask you twenty questions about friends in England. Besides, you know, if I am knocked over, you can pick me up."

"Very well, then; and you can do the same for me."

"No, no," said cousin Tom; "I don't promise that. Got my men to attend to. If I am hit, you must take care of me. If you are hit, you must take care of yourself—Oh, that's the signal. Come along." Away we went, up the hill.

Rank and file—double-quick time—a capital pace for opening the chest. Tom took it easy, trotting on at a steady pace, and assailing me with a running fire of questions; while the row that had already commenced above prevented my returning categorical replies. "Is your father at sea now?"—Bang! from one of the big guns in the French batteries right over our heads. "Got any brandy?"—A shout from a thousand throats, in the rush and shock of a charge with bayonets. "Had breakfast this morning?"—Pop! pop! pop! a running fire of musketry. Pop! pop! pop! "Got any cigars?"—Bang! bang! the big guns at it again. "When did you hear from your mother?" A new sound, less loud and sudden, but, from its peculiarity, distinct amidst the din; a spiteful, whirling, whizzing noise, ten thousand skyrockets combined in one; not, though, like the skyrocket, first loud, then less audible—quite the contrary. Commencing with a faint and distant hiss, it grew louder and louder, came singing on, nearer and nearer, till a shell dropped a few yards in front of our column! The hiss was now an angry roar, like the blowing off of steam. There lay the bottled demon, full in our path, threatening instant destruction, and daring us to advance. Our column halted. "Hurra! my lads," cried Cousin Tom, waving his sword. "Come along, old Five-and-threepennies. Push by it at once, before it *spreads*." The game old Five-and-threepennies gave a shout—rushed forward—got by in time; each yelping and capering as he passed the fizzing foe. Bang went the shell. For a few seconds I was stone deaf. Never felt such an odd sensation. Not the deafness, but the return of hearing. First, perfect silence in the midst of the turmoil—then the crack! crack! bang! bang! as if you had suddenly flung open a door. Not a man of us was hurt. "Got an English paper?" said Tom.

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"I've got some intelligence for you, old chap, not in this morning's *Times*. Just look up there, in front."

The view in front was striking and picturesque. Right above us, dimly visible through the smoke, on the verge of the platform or table-land which we were mounting to assault, appeared a regiment of French infantry, enough of them to eat us up, advancing upon us with an irregular fire, and led on by their colonel. He rode a showy horse; and, hat in hand, waved them on, while his white hairs streamed in the wind, and his whole bearing announced the brave old soldier. "We must form line," said Tom. It was done forthwith, with steadiness, order, and rapidity. "Make ready—present—fire." Crack! went all the muskets together. I saw the gallant old colonel, with outspread arms, tumbling from his horse.—"Charge!" We rushed upon the foe; but, when the smoke had cleared away, found no foe to fight withal. Nothing was visible, save their knapsacks in the distance, popping up and down in the smoke, as they scampered off. We still continued advancing in pursuit, and now were fairly in for it, half choked with dust and sulphur. If it be asked, how far I personally contributed to the triumphs of that glorious day, I beg leave to answer:—Unquestionably my arm performed prodigies of valour; of that there neither is, nor can be, the shadow of a doubt. But as I should have felt it extremely difficult to give a distinct account of my exploits if questioned on the day, why, of course you won't expect it now, after the lapse of six-and-thirty years. Suffice it to say, we made good our footing on the platform, drove the enemy from their position, occupied it ourselves, took possession of their redoubts, and formed, with the rest of the British forces, on the summit of the heights. The day was our own. But there was one unfortunate circumstance to damp our exultation; Cousin Tom was missing. A sergeant now informed me he was wounded, and had gone to the rear.

## CHAPTER XX. AND LAST.

As victory had crowned our efforts, and my valuable services were now no longer required, I determined to look for Cousin Tom, and walked down the hill for that purpose. At its base, I entered a long thicket or shrubbery. There, amongst the trees, I found several wounded men, whom their comrades were removing off the ground. No one could give me the information that I sought; no one knew anything of Cousin Tom. Saw a sergeant sitting on a bank, who, I soon discovered, was also wounded. He knew no such officer; had seen no one answering the description. "What's your injury, sergeant?"

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"A musket-ball in my ankle, sir."

"Well, but hadn't I better help you to a place of shelter?"

"Much obliged to you, sir; but I couldn't walk, even with your support. I'd rather wait till my turn comes to be carried, if you've no objections, sir. Much obliged to you, equally all the same, sir."

"As you please. Can I render you any assistance? What can I do for you?"

"If you'd have the kindness, sir, perhaps you'd be so good and take off my gaiter. I can't take it off myself, sir, though I've tried; it does hurt me so when I stoop forward. I'm afraid the bleeding will spoil it, sir; and then I shall be forced to take out a new pair."

Having performed this office, and administered a little brandy both topically and constitutionally, I once more ascended the hill, thinking it possible Cousin Tom might be somewhere nearer the scene of action. I inquired and looked in every direction, but without success. Where are you, Cousin Tom? This time my steps brought me into one of the redoubts, which had been carried by our troops. When I entered, there were not a dozen men in it. Sunset was near, and everything over for the day. Yet just at that moment, for what reason I know not, perhaps for a freak, the enemy thought fit to open upon this all but unoccupied post, from their own lines nearer the city, with a heavy fire of shot and shell. Bang went a shell, knocking up bushels of earth and mire. Plump came a round-shot, into the mud parapet of the redoubt. It was no use moving; one place was as hot as another. So we had nothing to do for it but to stand still and exchange grins till the pelting was over. I then took my leave for the evening. The day indeed was drawing to a close as I descended the hill; and happily I succeeded in reaching the village, and finding the cottage where Sancho had been left in charge, just after it became pitch-dark. A cheering light streamed through the cottage window; and, on entering, I found comfortably seated by the blazing hearth a veterinary surgeon, who was there in charge of wounded horses. He very civilly informed me there were two good beds, so all was right with respect to accommodation; and, more civilly still, invited me to partake of his supper, which was boiling on the fire. Not having eaten a morsel since my early breakfast at Grenade, and having just discovered that I was enormously hungry, I accepted the invitation with glee, took my seat, and cast many a glance at the boiling, bubbling, and steaming kettle. Presently the contents were turned out into a large, old-fashioned tureen, and displayed to my eager gaze a compound of various materials, the chief of which were a fowl, and—what d'ye think?—a pig's heart. Supper excellent. Bed ditto.

Next day early I resumed my search for Cousin Tom, but still, alas! without success. Went from village to village, inquired from house to house, searched the whole neighbourhood. Lots of wounded officers, but not the man I sought. Throughout the day my search was unsuccessful. Towards night I was passing through a street of scattered houses, a sort of hamlet, and was beginning to think of securing a lodging and a dinner. Wolves rouse at sunset; and I distinctly felt one gnawing at my stomach. At this painful juncture, much to my satisfaction, at the door of a cottage I discovered a jolly acquaintance, whom I beg to introduce as my "Fat Friend." He was one of the smartest clerks amongst our civilians, and probably the youngest; under, rather than over fifteen; in short, a chubby boy, who somehow or other had broken away from his mother's apron-strings, and obtained a post, which he filled in a way that did him credit. In one respect he was precocious; namely, that he soon proved himself up to all the waggery and villainy of headquarters. Moreover, he had a vast idea of maintaining his importance, and could take his own part; was touchy in anything that affected his manhood; and, if you offended him, punched your head; brushed up to fine women, with a marked preference for a bouncer. Yet, after all, he was but an overgrown boy, and often afforded us sport by his mannish airs. "Ah, Fatty, is that you? Glad to see you. Got any room?"

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"Plenty, plenty," said Fatty; "good entertainment for man and horse. Glad to see you; and glad to see the pony. Here, Francisco, take Sancho, and give him some corn. Come in, old fellow. Sit down, and make yourself comfortable. Dreadful dull here—horrid! Left in charge of the departmental boxes."

"I say, Fatty; have you dined?"

"Dined? We dined an hour ago." Fatty saw his advantage, and was resolved to make the most of it.

"Well, what did you have for dinner? Got any cold beef?"

"Why, where have you been?" said Fatty; "haven't seen you these two days. Oh, I suppose you got into Toulouse. Lots of fine gals?"

"Answer my question, and I'll answer yours."

"Come out, old fellow. Let's take a turn through village before it gets dark. Dinner? Why, a turkey. Sorry you were not with us to partake. Not a morsel left. Picked the old gobbler clean, drumsticks and all."

"I wish you'd let me send your fellow for some beef."

"Oh yes," said Fatty, "send him by all means. Sorry to inform you it's no use, though. Not a morsel of rations to be had; not a biscuit. What, haven't you *dined*?" I saw he meant to have his joke, so made no reply.

There was a dodge, though; my remedy was in my pocket. Brought out a cigar, one of my choice grenadiers; struck a light, blew a fragrant cloud, took it easy. The rich odour diffused itself through the apartment.

Fatty, knowing in cigars, soon discovered that mine was no common weed. He first drew a sniff; then gave utterance to his emotions in a coaxing and admiring "Oh!" I took no notice.

"Come, old fellow," said Fatty; "hand out one of those."

"Lost your cigar-case?"



"No, no; nonsense. Come, give us one; that's a good chap."

Failing in his request, Fatty sat silent and fidgety. The first finished, I lit a second.

Fatty watched his opportunity; made a vicious grab at the case. I was too quick for him—knew his ways. Down he sat again; tried all the varieties of entreating, threatening, bullying, wheedling, till cigar the second was burnt out. When I extracted the third, Fatty could stand it no longer; made a rush, and commenced a ferocious assault, pitching it in, right and left. The punches came so fierce and fast, I was at length compelled, in self-defence, to administer a slight persuader, and Fatty found it convenient to resume his seat. He sat awhile, sulky and all but blubbering; then hastily rose, and stalked out of the room in high dudgeon. I presently found him stationed at the front door with his hands in his pocket, very pensive and dignified. Shortly after, he slipped into the house; Francisco appeared with the tablecloth and a bottle of wine; then came half a turkey and the cold beef. After dinner we clubbed our resources, and closed the evening with whisky punch and prime cigars.

Next morning early, started afresh in search of Cousin Tom. Near Toulouse, fell in with Gingham—told him my difficulties. "Come up the hill," said Gingham; "I'll go with you. There, no doubt, we shall find your cousin's regiment." On reaching the summit of the heights, we found our way in the first instance into the Colombette redoubt; the same in which, on the day of the fight, the brave Forty-second had been suddenly overwhelmed by a superior force, and had lost four-fifths of its numbers. Within the redoubt were standing two or three privates; they belonged to the Forty-second. The uniform at once reminded me of Corporal Fraser, the trusty companion of my march to headquarters. I asked one of the privates, did he know the Corporal. "He joined about three weeks ago, sir."

"Hope he's well. Where is he now?"

"He's there, sir," said the man, pointing to the parapet of the redoubt. I looked, but saw no one. [25]

"The earth," said Gingham, "seems to have been recently stirred there. That mound, I think, is not many days old." Then, addressing the soldier, "your regiment suffered a heavy loss. Is that where you buried after the action?"

"That's the place, sir." The man then walked away, as if little disposed for conversation.

We did not pause to calculate how many bodies would fill a space commensurate with the length, breadth, and altitude of the soil displaced. There lay the slain of a gallant regiment, in the redoubt they had so nobly won. There lay Corporal Fraser, who, in all the difficulties of our march, had shown himself trustworthy, fearless, intelligent, and energetic. He had longed to join ere the day of combat, and had found a soldier's grave.

We discovered at length the sergeant who had informed me of my cousin's wound. He now pointed to a large house, near the thicket at the bottom of the hill. While searching for Cousin Tom on the day of the fight, I was close to that same house, but without seeing it. From our present elevated position it was distinctly visible, though not from the low ground, amongst trees and underwood.

Our approach to the house led us through the thicket. While making our way among the trees, we both, Gingham and I, came to a halt at the same instant. The sight which arrested our steps was new to Gingham, not to me. I saw, on that spot, an object that I had seen two days before. The sergeant whom I had then found wounded was still sitting there, on the same bank, in the same attitude! There he had sat the whole time, overlooked by the bearers, and unable to move. Viewed at the distance of a few paces, his aspect scarcely appeared changed. It was the identical figure—I remembered him at once. But on a nearer inspection, the alteration was but too manifest. His eye was glazed, and half shut. His face was that of a corpse. He sat up, like a dead man galvanised. "What, still here, sergeant? Has nobody come to remove you yet."

He attempted to speak—paused—at length found utterance. "Sorry I didn't accept your offer, sir." His voice was low and husky, but distinct.

"Come," said Gingham, "you mustn't refuse this time. We'll soon carry you into the house just by."

"Thank you, sir; thank you, gentlemen. Would you have the kindness though—I should be sorry to lose my gaiter."

The gaiter secured, we prepared to lift the sufferer from his seat, and he on his part made a feeble effort to rise. The attempt brought on a gush of pain. For a moment, his features were distorted with intolerable anguish; the next, he fainted in our arms.

"Now then," said Gingham, thrusting back into his sidepocket a small flask which he had just drawn out. "Now then; away with him at once, before he recovers. Come, Mr Y—; you take his shoulders, I'll take his legs. It may save him further pain."

We bore the sufferer, still senseless, to the house. Gingham, not having a hand to spare, banged at the door with his foot. It was opened by Mr Staff-surgeon Pledget, who bowed on recognising us, but looked rather perplexed at the unexpected addition to his duties.

Pledget gave instant directions for the accommodation of the wounded man, and informed me, in reply to my inquiries for Cousin Tom, that he had an officer under his care, answering to my description. Pledget appeared bewildered, and stood with us in the passage a few moments, without speaking. At length he opened the door of a small chamber close by, and begged us to enter. He placed chairs for us, and seated himself on the bed. "I'm rather exhausted," said he.

"I fear after such a fight," said Gingham, "your duties must be heavy indeed."

"Oh yes," said Pledget, looking distressed and rather wild. "I have had much work, and little assistance; a long spell, too."

"Why, you began, I suppose," replied Gingham, "early on the day of the fight."

"Yes," said Pledget; "and I've been at it ever since. Let me see: two days and two nights, isn't it? Yes, and now going on for the third. Here have I been operating, bandaging, taking up arteries, taking off arms and legs, night and day, without time to lie down, almost without a moment to eat. In fact," said he, looking about the room like a man lost, "this is the first time I've sat down these eight-and-forty hours."

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Pledget's look bore full testimony to his toils. Three weeks' illness could hardly have wrought a greater change. Nor was his appearance mended by his garb. He wore a sort of operating gown similar to that employed in dissecting; a long pinafore with sleeves, protecting the whole person from the chin to the feet, tied round the middle, and closing with a fold behind. The front was spotted in every part with jets of blood from wounded arteries. Some of the stains had dried on, and blackened where they dried; others, more recent, were still moist and crimson. Blood was on his unshaven and haggard face; and on his hands, too, wore marks of blood.

Gingham eyed him with a look of deep concern. "I really fear," said Gingham, "you've been quite overdone."

"I did hope, before this," replied Pledget, "to be relieved by other gentlemen of my own department. I have but one medical assistant, and he, at this moment, can afford me no help, for I have been forced to leave him sitting with his finger on a wounded artery; and if he takes it off but for a few seconds, the major's a dead man."

Pledget now looked like a man that can't remember what's next. "Oh," said he, in all absent tone, "so peace is really concluded. Come, Mr Y—, suppose we go and look for your cousin. His case, I'm happy to say, is not serious. The ball will be extracted this evening, and then, I hope, he will do well."

Pledget spoke, but did not stir. "By the bye," he added, "you know Captain Gabion? I think you do. Oh yes, I recollect; we were all three fellow-passengers from Lisbon to Falmouth. No, no, what am I saying? From Falmouth to Lisbon. His case is past hope. He can hardly live through the night."

Gingham and I rose at once from our seats. For the moment, the imminent danger of a man we so highly esteemed, expelled from my thoughts even Cousin Tom. Pledget also rose, as if to lead the way, but again lapsed into forgetfulness. His mind was evidently worn out, as well as his body. "Well," said he, "I'm glad we've got Toulouse.—Gentlemen, I beg your pardon. This way, if you please; up stairs."

He led the way. Every open door, as we passed through the spacious mansion, discovered a room crowded with wounded and dying men, in beds, or on the ground. Or, if we saw not into the apartment, sounds were heard, which told of anguish and laceration within. We were conducted by Pledget into a large room on the first floor, filled, like the others, with every form of suffering. Some, slightly wounded, sat round the fire, on which cookery was proceeding in kettles of every size and shape. One officer, bandaged round the head, had become delirious. He alternately laughed and whimpered, muttered and sang. Another sat near him, moaning, with his arm in a sling. A spent cannon ball had smashed the bones from the elbow to the wrist, without inflicting an external wound. Every bed had an occupant; and many lay upon the floor, with only a blanket under them. My eye glanced round the apartment, and lighted on the pinched features and pallid visage of Captain Gabion.

He lay on his back in bed. Death was legible in his aspect. His eyes were all but shut; but, from time to time, a convulsive twitching of the muscles suddenly expanded them to their full width. To all appearance, he was perfectly insensible. His breathing was irregular and laborious; but the expression of his countenance, except when disfigured by the spasms which occasionally shot through his frame, and jerked him from head to foot, was, as in health, calm and dignified. Strange indeed were the vicissitudes, strange was the contrast, between the rigid tranquillity of one moment, and the awful distortion of the next. Now, it was the quivering play of features pulled by muscular contraction; now, the monumental repose of marble.

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"I fear," whispered Gingham to Pledget, "you view the case unfavourably." Pledget hopelessly raised his eyes.

"The Captain has been insensible," said Pledget, "ever since he was brought in; and probably will continue so till he expires."

We turned from this sad spectacle, without exchanging a syllable. A handkerchief was whisked in my face. I looked round; there was the man I wanted. In the next bed, tucked in, with smiling face, little changed since we parted, a splendid specimen of the ugly-handsome—those fellows that make the biggest holes in ladies' hearts—lay Cousin Tom. Gingham, my object attained, forthwith took a temporary leave—had urgent business in Toulouse—an appointment—would return as soon as possible.

"Fine fellow, that" said Cousin Tom, craning round, and nodding at Captain Gabion.

"Well, Tom," said I; "what's the matter with YOU? What brought YOU here?"

"Oh, not much; nothing," replied Tom, curling out his lips contemptuously, like a disappointed

man; "only a musket-shot. It won't get me a step, I'm afraid; no, nor a pension neither."

"Well, but how was it? When was it? We lost you in a moment."

"I'll tell you just how it happened," said Tom. "You saw the old colonel knocked over. Ah! Don't touch the bed; that's a good fellow. Well. Directly after, you know, we charged. I was running on; felt a smart crack in the small of my leg. Thought it was a stone; took no notice. A few paces further, though, found I couldn't walk. The sergeant looked at my leg; said 'You're wounded, sir.' Wounded I was, sure enough; and disabled, too. Got carried to the rear; placed myself in the doctor's—"

Here Tom suddenly knit his brows. His colour changed in an instant from florid to livid; his whole face was distorted with pain. Clapping his handkerchief to his mouth, he chewed away at it with all his might, while big drops of sweat started out on his forehead, and he drew in breath till the bedclothes heaved. Next moment he was himself again.

Once more Tom nodded at the next bed. "Known him long? The doctor knows him."

"We came over from England, all three of us in a ship."

"Doctor was out, though, in one thing," said Cousin Tom. "Told you he was insensible ever since he came in. No such thing; this morning he revived; for about an hour seemed quite himself. Told me how he got hit."

"Then tell me. I must communicate with his friends in England."

"Well," replied Tom, "the Captain wasn't on duty here at headquarters; was doing some field-works on the left bank of the river, to be ready for Soult in case of his bolting again for the south. He heard, though, that the fight was coming off; so rode in on the morning. Found out there was to be a flank movement to the left; thought he might as well explore the line of march; went forward alone. Passed through the thicket on foot; made his way from one end to the other. When he reached the further extremity, just where our men got such a pounding afterwards from the guns on the heights, he looked out for the enemy's skirmishers; saw no one; thought he might as well go a little further. Just then our batteries at the right opened on the French position; some of our shots flew too high, and came clean over the hill into the lane, just exactly where he was standing."—Indeed! I thought of Captain Gabion's dream.—"Well; he saw one coming; didn't trouble himself; it seemed spent. Just when he thought it was going to stop, it fetched a pitch; took him in the side. He was found when our troops advanced, and brought in here." At this moment the pain returned. Tom again made wry faces, took another chew at his handkerchief, and soon recovered as before.

"Well, Tom; I'm a leisure man. What can I do for you? Is there anything you want?—anything I can get you?"

Cousin Tom looked very much as if there was something he did want, yet was backward to speak. "Why," said he, "I suppose by this time you can get into Toulouse. I wish you would make inquiries; try and find me some—But never mind; it's of no use. The ball will be extracted this evening, and to-morrow I shall go in myself."

"Nonsense, nonsense; I'll go this instant."

"Don't be too sure of that, though," said Tom. "Yesterday morning I tried it. Told the servant to have my mule ready; got my things on while the doctor was sawing away on the other floor; slipped down stairs; gave him the go-by. Mounted—rode to the top of the hill—was riding down into the city—almost rode into a French piquet."

"No fear of that now, Tom; the city is ours. I saw the French troops marching out. Come, tell us, old fellow. What is it you fancy? Anything the doctor sanctions, you know. A quarter of mutton?—a dozen of pigeons?—some prime French sausages?—a bushel or so of oysters? What do you say to a brace of biddies?"

"Oh, no!—oh, no!" said Tom, as if the very mention of biddies made him sick. "We were always in advance; got fowls and turkeys till we hated the sight of them."

"Any dish from a French cuisine, then?"

"Oh, no—oh, no! Nothing French, nothing Frenchified. What I want, if it's to be got at all, is not to be got good, except in England—or the West Indies."

"Well, but, you know, Bordeaux is open; West India produce has come into the country by ship-loads. What is it? Come, just tell us, old chap, and I'll go and get it for you at once, if it's to be had in Toulouse."

Tom was not so well as he looked; and there was evidently something for which, like other sick persons, he was inwardly pining. Now that I had held out a prospect of its attainment, his cheek flushed, and his eye gleamed with feverish eagerness.

"Well, then," said Tom, "I wish you would try and get me—but it's no use; it's a shame to bother you.—I say, though, can you spare the time? Have you really nothing to do? Upon your honour?—I've been longing for them, day and night, ever since I got here. Oh, if you could only get me—some tamarinds!"

His eye, while he spoke, fixed full on mine. He watched my countenance with the anxiety of a dying man when he makes his last request. "I'll be off and try this instant," said I, though really fearing there was little chance of success.

"Oh, thank you—thank you!" cried Cousin Tom. I was going. "Here—here! Come back! I want to

speak to you!" I returned. "Old fellow," said Tom, with a coaxing, eager grin, "make haste now, will you? Bring 'em directly—that's a good chap."

"Well, but, you know—if tamarinds can't be had for love or money, is there nothing else?"

"No, stupid—no! Tamarinds, I say; get me some tamarinds. What did I tell you? Didn't I tell you tamarinds? Now then; what are you waiting for? Cut away, and be hanged to you! Be off!—be off!"

I entered the ancient and very interesting city of Toulouse, and rushed through streets choked with cars of wounded men, in search of tamarinds. The search was tedious, and far from satisfactory. I inquired at all the likeliest shops; found only two where they professed to sell tamarinds. The samples were similar: a made-up, sticky mess; a black, nauseous electuary, with a beastly pharmaceutical odour, and barely the flavour of tamarinds.

It was no pleasant thought returning to poor Tom with a big gallipot of this filthy compound stowed in each of my coat pockets. Yet, though bad thus to baulk him, it was worse to keep him in suspense; so I started on my return with all speed, and, in my speed, came full butt against a passenger, who hugged me like a wrestler, to prevent a mutual capsize.

"Well, Mr Y—! Glad to see you so active. Something of importance, no doubt: official duty, I suppose."

It was Gingham! I told him my troubles, my pursuit in behalf of Cousin Tom, and my disappointment. Had searched all Toulouse, and could find no good tamarinds.

"Shall be happy to supply you," said Gingham, "in any quantity your cousin can require. Got a whole kegful—capital. Always take some with me when I visit the Continent. Got them on Fish-street Hill." We walked off forthwith to Gingham's quarters. [29]

I was speedily on my return to Cousin Tom, with Gingham for my companion, and a good jar of prime, sweet, wholesome, unsophisticated tamarinds. On approaching Tom's bed, I held up the jar in triumph. Tom raised himself without saying a word, tucked his handkerchief under his chin, and sat up, poor fellow, like a child, with eyes half-closed and mouth half-open, eager to be fed. In went a spoonful. The next instant—bolt!—it was gone! What a swallow! He sat as before, ready for another. A second allowance vanished with equal speed. Down it goes! Why, it's like feeding a young rook!—Tom now laid himself down again, exhausted. "Here," said he; and made me a present of a handful of tamarind stones. "Now put a good lot in that jug, and fill it up with water."

While the drink was mixing, an unusual sound called our attention to the adjoining bed. Captain Gabion was fast sinking. His respiration, laborious from the first, had now become painfully audible; in fact, he did not breathe, he gasped. The convulsive movements had ceased. His face retained its natural expression; but there was that in his look which told us he was a dying man. I felt at the moment an impression,—He is not insensible! His lips moved. Surely he is trying to speak! He strove to fix his eyes on us, but could not. I stooped down, observing his lips again in motion. Yes, he was speaking. I caught only the words—"On the platform."

"The Calvinet platform?" I whispered in reply. "Is that the spot where you wish—?"

Feebly, tremulously he pressed my hand, which had just before taken his. I had caught his last request, then; a grave on the summit of Mount Rave, the key of the French position, where the table-land, crowned with redoubts, had been carried by our troops. His breathing became gradually feebler and less perceptible. The moment when it ceased entirely, no one present could determine. This only was evident:—a minute before, he had given signs of life; and now, he had passed into another world!

Cousin Tom's bullet was extracted the same afternoon, with immediate relief to the patient. During the operation I was present, by Tom's request; and friendship, let me tell you, has more pleasing duties than that of attending on such emergencies. Tom, however, made it as agreeable as he could. Throughout the process he viciously stared me full in the face, grinning most horribly from time to time, half in agony, half in fun. When the forceps was produced, he caught a glimpse of that terrific implement, and twisted his ugly mug into such a comical grimace, that mine, spite of the solemnity of the occasion, was screwed into a smile. Tom thereupon clenched his fist, with a look that said ferociously, "Laugh again, and I'll punch your eye."

The bullet, doctor, had lodged between the bones of the leg, a little above the ankle, and, I need not inform you, came out rather flattened. Tom kept it as a bijou, in a red morocco case made express by an artist in Toulouse. Tom called it his pill-box. Neither bone was broken; but the strain of this disagreeable visitant wedged in between them, and rending them apart, had occasioned from time to time those awful twinges, which Tom assuaged by taking a chew at his handkerchief. The enemy removed, he not only found himself in a state of comparative ease, but was relieved from the constitutional irritation which had begun to manifest itself by hardness of pulse, dryness of the mouth, parched lips, a dull, hectic, brickdust-coloured patch on each cheek, a feverish lustre of the eye, and an enormous appetite for tamarinds.

The operation, though, I ought to have said, was not performed by Pledget, but by another army surgeon, who had arrived in the course of the day, not before he was wanted. Poor Pledget was quite done up. His powers, both mental and physical, had evidently been over-taxed. He looked haggard and wild. Yet still, though relieved, anxious about his cases, he wandered from room to room, and fidgeted from one patient to another; standing a while in silence, with his hands behind him, first by an amputation, then by a wounded artery, then by a contusion, then by a broken head; while his care-worn countenance expressed pleasure or pain, according to the symptoms. As Cousin Tom was now in a dreadful fuss to be off for Toulouse, Gingham and I [30]

applied to the newly-arrived surgeon, and consulted him as to the removal.

"I think, gentlemen," said he, "if no bad symptoms supervene in the night, it may safely be effected to-morrow; that is, of course, with proper care and precautions."

"You are not afraid, sir," said Gingham, "that to-morrow may be too early a day, then?"

"Why, sir, to say the truth," replied the doctor, "if we had more room here, better accommodations, and a less vitiated atmosphere, I should say a later day would be better. But, under existing circumstances, less evil, I think, is likely to arise from the patient's removal, than from his remaining. In his case, what we now have most to look to, is the general health. Keep that right, and the wound, I hope, will do well. Therefore the sooner he is withdrawn from the bad air, and the associations which surround him here, the better for him." The doctor paused.—"Pray, sir," said he, looking Gingham full in the face, as though intuitively knowing he spoke to a real good fellow, "pray, sir, if you will permit me to ask the question, is Mr Pledget a friend of yours?"

"There are few men, sir," replied Gingham, "for whom I have a higher regard, than for Mr Pledget."

"Well, sir," said the doctor, "I feel rather uneasy about him. It's a delicate thing to speak about. But you yourself must have noticed how changed he is, by the labours of the last three days. In short, to speak plainly, he requires to be looked after; and just at this time, with so many wounded upon our hands, I hardly know whether we could possibly give him the attention here which his case requires. If it is neglected now, it may become serious. Would it be asking too much, if I requested you to take charge of him into Toulouse?"

"Take him with us this instant, sir," said Gingham; "or when you please. If you approve, I'll have him with me in my own quarters."

"I really, sir, feel obliged to you," said the doctor. And the doctor looked as if he spoke from his heart. "Hope you understand, though, what it is you are taking on your shoulders. For a few days—not longer, I hope—he will require vigilant superintendence, and, possibly, slight control. His case demands firmness, and indulgence at the same time."

"Yes, sir, I understand," said Gingham. "Shall he go with us now?"

"I would rather have him under my eye," said the doctor, "till to-morrow morning. Perhaps a night's rest may effect a favourable change. In the interval, too, I shall have time to prepare his mind for the removal." So it was settled.

The next morning we returned to the chateau, for the purpose of bringing in Pledget and Cousin Tom. Tom's patience, though, had not lasted out till our arrival. At sunrise, again giving the doctor the go-by, he had got on his things, crept down stairs, mounted his mule, and taken himself off. In fact, he had got into Toulouse, obtained a billet, and, snugly located in a respectable French family, was prattling the vernacular, which he had at his fingers' ends, before we arrived at the chateau to fetch him.

It only remained, therefore, to remove Pledget. He, poor man, though all the better for a night's rest and a clean shirt, still looked very unlike himself. He had rested, indeed, but he had not slept; and his medical colleague hinted to Gingham, ere we departed, that the case still required vigilance and care. The state of Pledget's mind, at this time, was singular; he had all at once become excessively ceremonious. When we reached the garden gate he drew up; insisted that we should both precede him in going out. Had Gingham and I been equally punctilious, we should not have reached Toulouse by dinner-time.

Gingham had a matter upon his mind. Captain Gabion having expressed a last wish respecting his funeral, Gingham had undertaken the whole details, and some arrangements had been necessary at the chateau, or our departed friend would speedily have been consigned, on the spot, to a ready-made grave. Gingham mentioned the subject as we rode along, and began stating what steps he had taken. Pledget, who was ambling side by side with us on his mule, suddenly fell behind. Coosey, previously admonished by Gingham, kept still further in the rear. We waited till Pledget came up.

"Why, Mr Pledget," said Gingham, "I thought we had lost you, sir."

"Excuse me, sir," said Pledget, with gravity; "you are making a confidential communication. Part of it I unintentionally overheard. For this, an apology is due to both of you. Gentlemen, I most humbly beg your pardon."

We rode on. Presently, Pledget edged up alongside of me, as though he had something important to communicate.

"Mr Y—," said he, "I consider it the first duty which one gentleman owes another, to avoid giving him needless offence." Not exactly perceiving to what this observation tended, I could only bow my acquiescence.

"But if," continued Pledget, "an offence is actually given, then I conceive the next duty is to make reparation by a humble apology." Apology, it was evident, was now the uppermost idea in poor Pledget's mind.

"Well, sir," said I, seeking to divert his thoughts, "I think, in such a case, regard should be had to the feelings of both parties. And, judging by my own, I should say that, next to making an apology, there are few things one would more wish to avoid than receiving one."

"And accordingly," said Gingham, "in the intercourse of gentlemen, it rarely, very rarely occurs, that an actual apology is deemed requisite. To signify an intention, to express a willingness to apologise, is in most cases thought amply satisfactory. Manly feeling forbids the rest; and honour itself exacts no more." Pledget rode on awhile, absorbed in thought.

"Mr Y—," he said at last, "I appreciate your sentiments, as well as Mr Gingham's; and I perceive their drift. Allow me to say it, your conduct is most generous. I really feel that you have just cause to complain of mine; and, if it would pain you to receive the apology, which is your due, allow me at least to express my *willingness*, and, believe me, it was my *intention*, to apologise."

"Mr Pledget, my dear sir, what possible need of apology between you and me? What offence has been given or received? I know of none—never dreamt of any."

"Very handsome of you to say so, Mr Y—," replied Pledget. "But what could be more inconsiderate than my conduct yesterday morning? You *must* have felt it; I know you did. You came to me with an anxious inquiry respecting your wounded cousin; I spoke to you of Captain Gabion. It was wrong, I own. Nay, not merely wrong, it was unfeeling. I trust you will bear in mind my peculiar circumstances at the time. I was overwhelmed, perplexed, bewildered, I—"

Gingham now saw it was high time to interpose, and with much adroitness gave a new turn to the conversation. But ere we were housed in Toulouse, Pledget, addressing us alternately, and continually discovering fresh grounds of self-accusation, had made two or three more apologies.

For a few days, sedulously and most kindly tended by Gingham, who managed him admirably, and evinced equal tact and delicacy, Pledget continued in a state of alternate depression and excitement, with occasional hallucinations. He made apologies to all who came near him; and, ere he quitted Gingham's quarters, had begged pardon, again and again, of every servant in the household. From my first conversation with Gingham on the steps of the hotel at Falmouth, I always valued his acquaintance. But when I had seen him in this his new character as Pledget's nurse, wise, thoughtful, vigilant, and indulgent, I really grew proud of such a friend.

Within a week Pledget was almost himself again; and long before he quitted Toulouse, to embark for England at Bordeaux, he was fully and permanently restored.

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Cousin Tom's, though, was a business of more time. He begged or borrowed a formidable sapling, with a knob as big as his fist, and was soon able to hobble about Toulouse, very much to his own satisfaction. But the bones of his leg had been injured, though not broken; and it was long before the wound got well, if it ever did. I was with him many months after in London, when the Medical Board sat to award gratuities and pensions to the wounded and disabled officers of the Peninsular Army. Lucky, then, did the wight esteem himself who had lost a limb or an eye. Tom was waiting for his turn to go before the Board; I saw him two days previously. His, I feared, was only a case for a gratuity; but Tom was determined to go for a pension, and made sure of getting it. I ventured to express my doubts; Tom whipped off his half-boot, turned down his sock, and exclaimed triumphantly, "Look at that!" The wound was clean, but looked fresh; much, indeed, as it appeared two days after the fight when the bullet was extracted, and still big enough to re-admit it. "If the Board don't give me a pension," cried Tom, "for such a punch as that, why, all I can say is, they deserve to be punched themselves." Saw him again after the inspection. "It's no go," said Tom; "I tried hard for it, too. Got up early in the morning—slapped twice round the Park at a swinging pace. When I went before them it was red all about, a couple of inches. The flinty-hearted villains gave me only a gratuity, though it bled while they were looking at it."

At an early day after Pledget's and Tom's removal, we assembled at the chateau, on an occasion in which we all felt a melancholy interest—the funeral of Captain Gabion. The military arrangements, of course, did not rest with us; Gingham had made every provision which was left to his care with equal liberality and propriety. Gingham also, no chaplain being present, officiated at the grave. He read the service with great devoutness and solemnity. The procession was joined, as we ascended the hill, by a mounted officer, a major of the artillery, who, during the whole of the service, seemed lost in thought, and stood with his eyes fixed upon the coffin till it was lowered into the grave. The whole concluded, he approached and shook hands with Gingham and myself, spoke a few hurried words, took a hasty leave, mounted, and rode away. Gingham and I waited by the grave till all was filled in and made right; we then walked down together towards the city, both for some time silent. I spoke first.

"Wouldn't it be right to communicate with the friends? I think they ought to know the exact position of the grave, and also the particulars which I got from my cousin."

"Why, yes," said Gingham; "it would, I think, be as well to give them all the information you can. I have already written to the widow."

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## CHATEAUBRIAND'S MEMOIRS.

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*Mémoires d'outre Tombe.* Par M. LE VICOMTE DE CHATEAUBRIAND. Tom. v. vi. vii. viii. et ix. Paris: 1849.

The great and honourable feature of Chateaubriand's mind, amidst some personal weaknesses, is its noble and disinterested character. It differs from what we see around us, but it differs

chiefly in superior elevation. It united, to a degree which perhaps will never again be witnessed, the lofty feelings of chivalry, with the philanthropic visions of philosophy. In the tribune he was often a Liberal of the modern school; but in action he was always a paladin of the olden time. His fidelity was not to prosperity, but to adversity; his bond was not to the powerful, but to the unfortunate; reversing the revolutionary maxim, he brought the actions of public men to the test, not of success, but of disaster. He often irritated his friends when in power by the independence of his language, but he never failed to command the respect of his enemies when in adversity, by his constancy to misfortune. "Vive le roi quand-même," ever became his principle when the gales of adversity blew, and the hollow-hearted support of the world began to fail. Prosperity often saw him intrepid, perhaps imprudent in expression, but misfortune never failed to exhibit him generous and faithful in action; and his fidelity to the cause of royalty was never so strikingly evinced as when that cause in France was most desperate. He was the very antipodes of the hideous revolutionary tergiversation of Fontainebleau. A pilgrim in this scene of trial, he was ever ready, after having attained the summit of worldly grandeur, to descend at the call of honour; and, resuming his staff and scrip, to set out afresh on the path of duty. He was fitted to be the object of jealousy and spite to kings and ministers in power, whose follies he disdained to flatter or to overlook their vices, and of eternal admiration to the great and the good in every future age, whose hearts his deeds not less than his words will cause to throb. Such a character might pass for fabulous or imaginary, were it not clearly evinced, not only by words, but actions; not only in the thoughts of genius, but in the deeds of honour. His life, and the feelings by which it was regulated, are well worth examining, although we fear he will find but few imitators in these days, and is more likely, in a utilitarian and money-seeking age, to be classed with the mammoth and mastodon, as a species of existence never again to be seen in this world.

A character of this description naturally became enamoured of awful or heartstirring events, and was ever ready to find a friend in those capable of noble or heroic deeds in the ranks even of his enemies. Both qualities are evinced in the following graphic account of the appearance of the Grand Army when it arrived at Smolensko during the Moscow retreat:—

"On the 9th November, the troops at length reached Smolensko. An order of Buonaparte forbade any one to enter before the posts had been intrusted to the Imperial Guard. The soldiers on the outside were grouped in great numbers round the foot of the walls: those within were under cover. The air resounded with the imprecations of those who were shut out. Clothed in dirty Cossack cloaks, horse-cloths, and worn-out blankets, with their heads covered with old carpets, broken helmets, ragged shakos, for the most part torn by shot, stained with blood, or hacked in pieces by sabre-cuts—with haggard and yet ferocious countenances, they looked up to the top of the ramparts gnashing their teeth, with the expression of those prisoners who, under Louis the Fat, bore in their right hand their left cut off: you would have taken them for infuriated *masques*, or famished madmen escaped from Bedlam. At length the Old and Young Guard arrived, they were quickly admitted into the place which had been wasted by conflagration on occasion of our first passage. Loud cries of indignation were immediately raised against the privileged corps. 'Is the army to be left nothing but what it leaves?' was heard on all sides. Meanwhile the household troops, who had been admitted, rushed in tumultuous crowds to the magazines like an insurrection of spectres: the guards at the doors repulsed them; they fought in the streets: the dead, the wounded encumbered the pavements, the women, the children, the dying filled the waggons. The air was poisoned by the multitude of dead bodies; even old soldiers were seized with idiocy or madness; some whose hair stood on end with horror, blasphemed, or laughed with a ghastly air and fell dead. Napoleon let his wrath exhale in imprecations against a miserable commissary, none of the orders given to which had been executed.

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"The army, a hundred thousand strong when it left Moscow, now reduced to thirty thousand, was followed by a band of fifty thousand stragglers; there were not eighteen hundred horsemen mounted. Napoleon gave the command of them to M. de Latour Maubourg. That officer, who had led the cuirassiers to the assault of the great redoubt of Borodino, had had his head almost cleft asunder by the stroke of a sabre; he afterwards lost a leg at Dresden. Perceiving his servant in tears when the operation was over, he said to him, 'Why do you weep? you will have only one boot to clean.' That general, who remained faithful to misfortune, became the preceptor of Henry V. in the first years of the exile of that prince. I lift my hat in his presence, as in that of the Incarnation of Honour."—*Memoirs*, vi. p. 116, 118.

As Chateaubriand had declined office, and narrowly escaped death in consequence, when Napoleon murdered the Duke d'Enghien, his life, from that period to the Restoration of the Bourbons, was one of retirement and observation. The important part which he took in the Restoration, by the publication of his celebrated pamphlet *De Buonaparte et des Bourbons*, restored him to political life. The effect produced by that work was immense, and the placing of the ancient race of monarchs on the throne was in a great degree owing to it; for, at a crisis when the intentions of the Allies were yet undecided, and Austria openly supported the strong party in France which inclined for a regency with Marie Louise at its head, it swelled immensely the numbers of the decided Royalists, and gave a definite and tangible object to their hitherto vague and divided aspirations. It was written with prodigious rapidity, and bears marks of the haste of its composition in the vehemence of its ideas and the occasional exaggeration of its assertions; but it was the very thing required for a national crisis of unexampled importance, when every

hour was fraught with lasting consequences, and every effort of genius was required for laying the foundation of a new order in European society. Of the first conception and subsequent completion of this remarkable work he gives the following account:—

"I had been permitted to return to my solitary valley. The earth trembled under the footsteps of stranger armies: I wrote like the last Roman, amidst the din of barbarian invasion. During the day, I traced lines as agitated as the events which were passing: at night, when the roar of cannon was no longer heard in my solitary woods, I returned to the silence of the years which sleep in the tomb, and to the peace of my earlier life. The agitated pages which I wrote during the day, became, when put together, my pamphlet *On Buonaparte and the Bourbons*. I had so high an idea of the genius of Napoleon, and the valour of our soldiers, that the idea of a foreign invasion, successful in its ultimate results, never entered into my imagination; but I thought that such an invasion, by making the French see the dangers to which the ambition of Napoleon had exposed them, would lead to an interior movement, and that the deliverance of the French would be the work of their own hands. It was under that impression that I wrote my notes, in order that, if our political assemblies should arrest the march of the Allies, and separate themselves from a great man who had become their scourge, they should know to what haven to turn. The harbour of refuge appeared to me to be in the ancient authority, under which our ancestors had lived during eight centuries, but modified according to the changes of time. During a tempest, when one finds himself at the gate of an old edifice, albeit in ruins, he is glad to seek its shelter."—Vol. vi. p. 196, 197.

Madame de Chateaubriand, in a note, has described the circumstances under which this memorable pamphlet was written, and the morbid anxiety with which she was devoured during its composition:—

"Had the pages of that pamphlet been seized by the police, the result could not have been a moment doubtful: the sentence was the scaffold. Nevertheless the author was inconceivably negligent about concealing it. Often, when he went out, he left the sheets on the table: at night he only placed them under his pillow, which he did in presence of his valet—an honest youth, it is true, but who might have betrayed him. For my part, I was in mortal agonies: whenever M. de Chateaubriand went out, I seized the manuscript, and concealed it on my person. One day, in crossing the Tuileries, I perceived I had it not upon me, and being sure I had it when I went out, I did not doubt that I had let it fall on the road. Already I beheld that fatal writing in the hands of the police, and M. de Chateaubriand arrested. I fell down in swoon in the garden, and some kind-hearted person carried me to my house, from which I had only got a short distance. What agony I endured when, ascending the stair, I floated between terror, which now amounted almost to a certainty, and a slight hope that I might have forgot the pamphlet. On reaching my husband's apartment, I felt again ready to faint: I approached the bed—I felt under the pillow; there was nothing there: I lifted the mattress, and there was the roll of paper! My heart still beats every time I think of it. Never in my life did I experience such a moment of joy. With truth can I say, my joy would not have been so great if I had been delivered at the foot of the scaffold, for it was one who was more dear to me than life itself whom I saw rescued from destruction."—Vol. vi. p. 206, 207.

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On the entrance of Louis XVIII. into Paris, on the 3d May 1814, the Allied sovereigns, from a feeling of delicacy to that monarch, gave orders that none but French troops should appear in the procession. The Old Guard lined the streets next the palace, and Chateaubriand gives the following account of the way in which they received him:—

"A regiment of infantry of the Old Guard kept the ground, from the Pont Neuf to Notre Dame, along the Quai des Orfures. I do not believe that human figures ever expressed anything so menacing and so terrible. These grenadiers, covered with wounds, so long the terror of Europe, who had seen so many thousand bullets fly over their heads, who seemed to smell of fire and powder—these very men, deprived of their leader, were forced to salute an old king, enfeebled by time and not combats, guarded by an army of Russians, Austrians, and Prussians, in the conquered capital of Napoleon! Some, shaking their heads, made their huge bearskins fall down over their eyes, so as not to see what was passing: others lowered the extremities of their mouths, to express their contempt and rage: others, through their mustaches, let their teeth be seen, which they gnashed like tigers. When they presented arms, it was with a gesture of fury, as if they brought them down to the charge. The sound they made with the recover was like thunder. Never, it must be admitted, had men been subjected to such a trial, or suffered such a punishment. If, in that moment, they had been called to vengeance, they would have exterminated the last man, or perished in the attempt.

"At the extremity of the line was a young hussar on horseback, with his drawn sabre in his hand; his whole body literally quivered with a convulsive movement of wrath. He was deadly pale; his eyes rolled round in the most frightful manner; he opened his mouth alternately and shut it, grinding his teeth, and uttering inarticulate cries of rage. He cast his eyes on a Russian officer: no words can express the look which he gave him. When the carriage of the King passed before him, he made his horse leap forward, it was easy to see that he withstood with difficulty the temptation to precipitate himself



on his sovereign.<sup>[3]</sup>

"The Restoration, at its very outset, committed an irreparable fault. It should have disbanded the army, preserving only the marshals, generals, military governors, and officers, in their rank, pay, and appointments. The soldiers, in this manner, would have gradually re-entered their ranks, as they have since done into the Royal Guard; but they would have done so isolated from each other. The legitimate monarch would no longer have had arrayed against him the soldiers of the empire in regiments and brigades, as they had been during the days of their glory, for ever talking to each other of times past, and comparing the conquests of Napoleon with their inglorious inactivity under their new master.

"The miserable attempt to reconstruct the *Maison Rouge*, that mixture of the military men of the old monarchy and the soldiers of the new empire, only augmented the evil. To suppose that veterans famous on a hundred fields of battle should not be shocked at seeing young men—brave without doubt, but for the most part unaccustomed to the use of arms—to see them wear, without having earned or deserved, the marks of high military rank, was to be ignorant of the first principles of human nature."—Vol. vi. p. 311-313.

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These observations of Chateaubriand's are well founded, and the last, in particular, is very important; but it may well be doubted whether, by any measures that could have been adopted, the support of the army could have been secured, or the dynasty of the Bourbons established on a secure foundation. It was the fact of their having been replaced by the bayonets of the stranger which was the insurmountable difficulty; it was national subjugation, the capture of Paris, which had for ever stained the white flag. This original sin in its birth attended the Restoration through every subsequent year of its existence: it was the main cause of the revolution of 1830, and operated with equal force in bringing about the still more fatal one of 1848. Impatience of repose—a desire to precipitate themselves on foreign nations—an aversion to the employments and interests of peace, were the secret but principal causes of these convulsions. If either Louis XVIII. or Louis Philippe had been young and warlike princes, and the recollection of Leipsic and Waterloo, of the invasions of France, and the double capture of its capital, had not prevented them from engaging in the career of foreign warfare; if they had been enterprising and *victorious*, they would have secured the unanimous suffrages of the nation, and continued the honoured possessors of the throne of France. But this dazzling though perilous career was denied to Louis XVIII. To him there was left only the difficult, perhaps the impossible task, of reconciling irrevocable enmities, of closing irremediable wounds, of appeasing inextinguishable mortifications. They have been thus set forth in the eloquent words of genius:—

"The house of Bourbon was placed in Paris at the Restoration as a trophy of the European confederation. The return of the ancient princes was inseparably associated, in the public mind, with the cession of extensive provinces, with the payment of an immense tribute, with the occupation of the kingdom by hostile armies, with the emptiness of those niches in which the gods of Athens and Rome had been the objects of a new idolatry, with the nakedness of those walls on which the Transfiguration had shone with a light as glorious as that which overhung Mount Thabor. They came back to a land in which they could recognise nothing. The Seven Sleepers of the legend, who closed their eyes when the Pagans were persecuting the Christians, and woke when the Christians were persecuting the Pagans, did not find themselves in a world more completely new to them. Twenty years had done the work of twenty generations. Events had come thick; men had lived fast. The old institutions and the old feelings had been torn up by the roots. There was a new church founded and endowed by the usurper; a new nobility, whose titles were taken from the fields of battle, disastrous to the ancient line; a new chivalry, whose crosses had been won by exploits which seemed likely to make the banishment of the Emigrants perpetual; a new code, administered by a new magistracy; a new body of proprietors, holding the soil by a new tenure; the most ancient local distinctions effaced, the most familiar names obsolete. There was no longer a Normandy, a Brittany, or a Guienne. The France of Louis XVI. had passed away as completely as one of the Preadamite worlds. Its fossil remains might now and then excite curiosity; but it was as impossible to put life into the old institutions as to animate the skeletons which are imbedded in the depths of primeval strata. The revolution in the laws and the form of government was but an outward sign of that mightier revolution which had taken place in the minds and hearts of men, and which affected every transaction and feeling of life. It was as absurd to think that France could again be placed under the feudal system, as that our globe could be overrun by mammoths. Louis might efface the initials of the Emperor, but he could not turn his eyes without seeing some object which reminded him he was a stranger in the palace of his fathers."<sup>[4]</sup>

As a parallel to this splendid passage, though in an entirely different style, we gladly give place to a noble burst of Chateaubriand, on that most marvellous of marvellous events, the return of Napoleon from Elba. It was natural that so memorable a revolution should strongly impress his imaginative mind; but he seems to have exceeded himself in the reflections to which it gives rise. We know not whether to award the prize to the Englishman or the Frenchman, in these parallel passages. They are both masterpieces in their way. Perhaps the correct view is, that Macaulay is superior in graphic force and the accumulation of sarcastic images; Chateaubriand in lofty

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thought and imaginative images.

"On the 1st March, at three o'clock in the morning, Napoleon approached the coast of France in the Gulf of Juan; he disembarked, walked along the shore, gathered a few violets, and bivouacked in an olive wood. The inhabitants withdrew in a state of stupefaction. He left Antibes to his left, and threw himself into the Mountains of Grasse in Dauphiny. At Sisterone the road passes a defile where twenty men might have stopped him; he did not meet a living soul. He advanced without opposition among the inhabitants who the year before had wished to murder him. Into the void which was formed around his gigantic shade, if a few soldiers entered, they straightway yielded to the attraction of his eagles. His fascinated enemies seek him and find him not; he shrouds himself in his glory, as the lion in the Sahara desert conceals himself in the rays of the sun to dazzle the eyes of his pursuers. Enveloped in a burning halo, the bloody phantoms of Arcola, Marengo, Austerlitz, Jena, Friedland, Eylau, the Moskwa, Lützen, and Bautzen, form his cortege amidst a million of the dead. From the midst of that column of smoke and flame, issue at the gates of towns some trumpet-notes mingled with tricolor standards, and the gates fly open. When Napoleon passed the Niemen, at the head of four hundred thousand foot, and a hundred thousand horse, to blow into the air the palace of the Czars at Moscow, he was less wonderful than when, breaking his ban, casting his fetters as a gauntlet in the face of kings, he came alone from Cannes to Paris, to sleep peaceably in the palace of the Tuileries."—Vol. vi. p. 359, 360.

To a mind like that of Chateaubriand, reposing in solitude when Napoleon was acting with such marvellous effect in the world, the character and qualities of that wonderful man could not fail to be a constant object of solicitude and observation. It has been already noticed that he braved the Emperor in the plenitude of his power, and essentially contributed, in the crisis of his fate, to his dethronement, and the re-establishment of the ancient line of princes. But, as is not unusual with persons of his highly wrought and generous temper of mind, his hostility to the Emperor declined with the termination of his authority, and his admiration for his genius rose with the base desertion of the revolutionary crowd who had fawned upon him when on the throne. The following observations on the style of his writings, indicate the growth of this counter feeling, and are in themselves equally just and felicitous:—

"His partisans have sought to make of Buonaparte a perfect being; a model of sentiment, of delicacy, of morality, and of justice—a writer like Cæsar and Thucydides, an orator like Demosthenes, a historian like Tacitus. The public discourses of Napoleon, his sonorous phrases in the tent and at the council board, are the less inspired by the spirit of prophecy, that many of the catastrophes which he announced have not been accomplished, while the warlike Isaiah himself has disappeared. Prophecies of doom which follow without reaching states become ridiculous. It is their accomplishment which renders them sublime. During sixteen years, Napoleon was the incarnation of destiny. Destiny now is mute, and he, too, should be so. Buonaparte was not a Cæsar; his education had neither been learnedly nor carefully conducted: half a stranger, he was ignorant of the first rules of our language, and could hardly spell it; but what did it signify, after all, that his expression was defective?—he gave the law to the universe. His bulletins have the most thrilling of all eloquence—that of victory. Sometimes, during the intoxications of success, they affected to be written on a drum-head: in the midst of the most lugubrious accents, something emerged which excites a smile. I have read all that Napoleon has written—the first manuscripts of his infancy, his love-letters to Josephine, the five volumes of his discourses, bulletins, and orders; but I have found nothing which so truly portrays the character of that great man, when in adversity, as the following autograph note left at Elba:—

"My heart refuses to share in ordinary joys as ordinary sorrows.

"Not having given myself life, I am not entitled to take it away.

"My bad genius appeared to me and announced my end; which I found at Leipsic.

"I have conjured up the terrible spirit of innovation, which will overrun the world.'

"Certes, there is Napoleon to the very life. His bulletins and discourses have often great energy; but it was not his own; it belonged to the age; he only adopted it. It sprang from the revolutionary energy, which he only weakened by moving in opposition to it. Danton said, 'The metal is fused; if you do not watch over the furnace, you will be consumed.' St Just replied, '*Do it if you dare.*' These words contain the whole secret of our Revolution. Those who make revolutions by halves, do nothing but dig their own graves."—Vol. vii. p. 101.

Certes, there is Chateaubriand to the very life.

Chateaubriand, as all the world knows, was Minister for Foreign Affairs to Louis XVIII. at Ghent; adhering thus to his ruling maxim throughout life, "Fidelity to misfortune." So great were the services rendered by him to the cause of European freedom, by the energetic series of papers which he poured forth with unwearied vigour every week, that there were serious thoughts, after the battle of Waterloo, of promoting him to the dignity of Prime Minister. Louis XVIII. openly inclined to it; and if his advice had prevailed, the catastrophe which fifteen years afterwards befel his family, would probably have been prevented. But the insuperable difficulty lay here: the pure

and honourable mind of Chateaubriand revolted from the idea of forming a Ministry in conjunction with Talleyrand and Fouché; and yet their influence was such that the monarch, in the first instance at least, was compelled to court their assistance. Expedience, at least immediate expedience, seemed to counsel it; but Chateaubriand, animated by higher principles, and gifted with a more prophetic mind, anticipated no lasting advantage, but rather the reverse, from an alliance with the arch-regicide of Nantes, and the arch-traitor who had sworn allegiance to and betrayed *twelve* Governments in succession. But the chorus of "*base unanimities*," as he expresses it, with which the monarch was surrounded, proved too strong for any single individual, how gifted soever. Fouché and Talleyrand were taken into power, and Chateaubriand retired. Of the conversation with Louis XVIII., when this vital change was resolved on, he gives the following interesting account, which proves that that sagacious monarch at least was well aware of the consequences of the step to which he was thus involuntarily impelled:—

"Before quitting St Denis, on our way back to Paris, I had an audience of the King, and the following conversation ensued:

"'Well?' said Louis XVIII., opening the dialogue by that exclamation.

"'Well, sire, you have taken the Duke of Otranto,' (Fouché.)

"'I could not avoid it; from my brother to the bailie of Crussol, (and he at least is not suspected,) all said that we could not do otherwise—what think you?'

"'Sire! the thing is done; I crave permission to remain silent.'

"'No, no—speak out; you know how I resisted at Ghent.'

"'In that case, sire, I must obey my orders. Pardon my fidelity: I think it is all over with the monarchy.'

"The King remained some time silent. I began to tremble at my boldness, when his Majesty rejoined:—

"'In truth, M. de Chateaubriand, I am of your opinion.'

"I bowed and withdrew; and thus ended my connection with the Hundred Days."—Vol. vii. 70.

Manzoni has written an ode, known over all Europe, on the double fall of Napoleon: "The last poet," says Chateaubriand, "of the country of Virgil, sang the last warrior of the country of Cæsar.

Tutte ei provo, la gloria  
Maggior dopo il periglio,  
La fuga e la Vittoria,  
La reggia e il triste esiglio:  
Due volte nella polvere,  
Due volte sugli altar.

Ei se nomo: due secoli,  
L'un contro l'altro armato,  
Sommessi a lui se volsero,  
Come aspettando il fato:  
Ei fe silenzio ed arbitro  
S'assise in mezzo a loro.

"He proved everything; glory greater after danger, flight, and victory: Royalty and sad exile, twice in the dust, twice on the altar.

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"He announced himself: two ages, armed against each other, turned towards him, as if awaiting their fate; he proclaimed silence, and seated himself as arbiter between them."

Notwithstanding the vehemence of Chateaubriand's dissension with Napoleon, it cannot be expected that a man of his romantic and generous temperament would continue his hostility after death. No one, accordingly, has awarded a more heartfelt or magnanimous tribute to his memory.

"The solitude of the exile and of the tomb of Napoleon has shed an extraordinary interest, a sort of prestige, over his memory. Alexander did not die under the eyes of Greece, he disappeared amidst the distant wonders of Babylon. Buonaparte has not died under the eyes of France: he has been lost in the gloomy edge of the southern horizon. The grandeur of the silence which now surrounds him equals the immensity of the noise which his exploits formerly made. The nations are absent: the crowd of men has retired: the bird of the tropics, "harnessed," in Buffon's words, "to the chariot of the sun," has precipitated itself from the star of light—where does it now repose? It rests on the ashes of which the weight has all but subverted the globe."

"Imposuerunt omnes sibi diademata post mortem ejus; et multiplicata sunt mala in terrâ."<sup>[5]</sup> "They all assumed diadems after his death, and evils were multiplied on the earth." Twenty years have hardly elapsed since the death of Napoleon, and already the French and Spanish monarchies are no more. The map of the world has undergone a change: a new geography is required: severed from their legitimate rulers, nations have been thrown against nations:

renowned actors on the scene have given place to ignoble successors: eagles from the summits of the loftiest pines have plunged into the ocean, while frail shellfish have attached themselves to the sides of the trunk, which still stands erect.

"As in the last result everything advances to its end, '*the terrible spirit of innovation which overruns the world*', as the Emperor said, and to which he had opposed the barrier of his genius, has resumed its course. The institutions of the conqueror fail: he will be the last of great existences on the earth. Nothing hereafter will overshadow society, parcelled out and levelled: the shadow of Napoleon alone will be seen on the verge of the old world which has been destroyed, like the phantom of the deluge on the edge of its abyss. Distant posterity will discern that spectre through the gloom of passing events still erect above the gulf into which unknown ages have fallen, until the day marked out by Providence for the resurrection of social man."—Vol. vii. 169-171.

Assuredly no one can say that Chateaubriand's genius has declined with his advanced years.

To a man viewing Napoleon with the feelings expressed in these eloquent words, the translation of his remains from their solitary resting-place under the willow at St Helena could not but be an object of regret. He thus expresses himself on that memorable event, and future ages will probably confirm his opinion:—

"The removal of the remains of Napoleon from St Helena was a fault against his renown. A place of sepulchre in Paris can never equal the Valley of Slanes. Who would wish to see the Pillar of Pompey elsewhere than above the grave dug for his remains by his poor freedman, aided by the old legionary? What shall we do with those magnificent remains in the midst of our miseries? Can the hardest granite typify the everlasting duration of Napoleon's renown? Even if we possessed a Michael Angelo to design the statue on the grave, how should we fashion the mausoleum? Monuments are for little men, for the great a stone and a name. At least they should have suspended the coffin from the summit of the triumphal arch which records his exploits: nations from afar should have beheld their master borne aloft on the shoulders of his victories. Was not the urn which contained the ashes of Trajan placed at Rome, beneath his column? Napoleon at Paris will be lost amidst the crowd of unknown names. God forbid he should be exposed to the vicissitudes of our political changes, surrounded though he is by Louis XIV., Vauban, and Turenne. Let a certain section of our revolutionists triumph, and the ashes of the conqueror will be sent to join the ashes which our passions have dispersed. The conqueror will be forgotten in the oppressor of our liberties. The bones of Napoleon will not reproduce his genius; they will only teach his despotism to ignoble soldiers."—Vol. vii. 184, 185.

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The Restoration did not immediately employ Chateaubriand. His anticipations were realised. The chorus of baseness and selfishness with which the court was surrounded, kept him at a distance. They were afraid of his genius: they were jealous of his reputation. Above all, they dreaded his independence. He was not sufficiently manageable. They were actuated, perhaps not altogether without reason, by the same feeling which made Lord North say, when urged to bring Dr Johnson into Parliament, whose great powers in the political warfare of pamphlets had been so signally evinced on the side of Government, "No, sir, he is an elephant, but a wild one, as likely to trample under foot his friends as his enemies." The veteran statesman, so well versed in the ways of men, was right. Genius is the fountain of thought: it ultimately rules the councils and destinies of men; but it generally requires to be tempered by time before it can be safely introduced into practice.

Chateaubriand enlivens this period of his memoirs, which is neither signalled by political event nor remarkable literary effort, by a sort of biography of Madame Recamier, with whom he was on terms of intimate friendship. This remarkable person, who was beyond all question the most beautiful and attractive woman of her age in France, or perhaps in Europe, is now no more; and he appears to have obtained from her relatives, or perhaps from herself prior to her decease, not only many curious and highly interesting details concerning her early years and subsequent history, but a great variety of original letters from the most eminent men of the age, who were successively led captive by her charms, but none of whom appear to have impaired her reputation. In this country, where the lines of severance between the sexes are much more rigidly drawn, it would be impossible for a young and beautiful married woman to be in the habit of receiving the most ardent love-letters from a great variety of distinguished and fascinating admirers, without the jealousy of rivals being excited, and the breath of scandal fastening upon her as its natural prey. But it is otherwise on the Continent, where, although there is doubtless abundance of dissoluteness of manners in certain circles, yet in others such intimacies may exist, which are yet kept within due bounds, and cast no reflection on the fortunate fair one who sees all the world at her feet.

Such, at least, appears to have been the case with Madame Recamier, the intimate friend of Madame de Staël, who said "She would willingly give all her talents for one half of her beauty;" and whose powers of fascination were such, that she not only inspired a vehement passion nearly at the same time, in La Harpe, Lucien Buonaparte, Murat, Moreau, Bernadotte, Marshal Massena, Benjamin Constant, Prince Augustus of Prussia, Prince Metternich, Chateaubriand, and a vast many others, but attracted the particular notice of Napoleon, and did not escape the vigilant and practised eye of the Duke of Wellington. The Prince of Prussia would have married her, if he could have effected her divorce from M. Recamier. It is one of the worst traits of the

Emperor Napoleon's character, that he was not only so envious of the celebrity of her beauty that he banished her from Paris to extinguish its fame, but was inspired with such malignant feelings towards her, from her having rejected his advances, that he got a law passed which rendered the wives of persons engaged in commerce responsible in their separate estates for their husbands' debts; the effect of which was to involve Madame Recamier, whose husband, a great banker in Paris, failed, in almost total ruin, in the latter years of her life.

Madame Recamier, whose birth, though respectable, gave her none of the advantages of rank or opulence, was bred up at the abbey of the *Desert*, near the confluence of the Rhone and the Saone at Lyons. Her parents, however, resided at Paris; and they having brought her home at the age of twelve years, she was at that tender age married to M. Recamier, a rich banker, almost four times her own age, whose immense transactions, which entirely absorbed his time and attention, left him no leisure to attend either to the education or occupations of his infantine and beautiful wife. But though thus left to herself, surrounded by admirers, and with every luxury which wealth could purchase at her command, she was never led astray. Benjamin Constant, who knew her well from her earliest years, has left the following interesting portrait of what may be called her infantine married life:—

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"She whom I paint emerged pure and brilliant from that corrupted atmosphere, which elsewhere withered where it did not actually corrupt. Infancy was at first her safeguard. Libertinism shrunk from approaching the asylum of so much innocence. Removed from the world in a solitude embellished by the arts, she spent her time in the sweet occupation of those charming and poetical studies which usually constitute the delight of a more advanced age.

"Often, also, surrounded by her young companions, she abandoned herself to the amusements suited to her tender years. 'Swift as Atalanta in the race,' she outran all her companions: often, in playing Hide-and-seek, she bandaged those eyes which were destined one day to fascinate every beholder. Her look, now so expressive and penetrating, and which seems to indicate mysteries of which she herself is unconscious, then shone only with the animated and playful gaiety of childhood. Her beautiful hair, which could not be undone without causing emotion, fell in natural curls on her shoulders. A hearty and prolonged laugh often burst from these infantine circles, but already you could perceive in her that fine and rapid observation which seizes the salient points of ridicule—that sportive raillery which diverted itself without injuring any one: above all, that exquisite sense of elegance and propriety, of purity and taste, that true nobility of mind, which are given only to a few privileged beings.

"Nevertheless Madame Recamier emerged occasionally from her retreat, to go to the theatre or to the public promenades; and in those places of general resort her rare appearance was quite an event. Every other object in those immense assemblages was forgotten: every one precipitated himself upon her steps. The fortunate cavalier who attended her could scarcely make his way through the crowds which she collected: her steps were at every instant impeded by the spectators who crowded around her. She enjoyed that success with the gaiety of an infant combined with the timidity of a young woman; but the gracious dignity which at home restrained the overflowing gaiety of her companions, inspired respect in public in the admiring crowd with which she was constantly environed. You would say that her air imposed restraint equally on her companions and on the public. Thus passed the first years of the married life of Madame Recamier, between poetical occupation, infantine amusements, and the triumph of beauty in the world.

"But her expanding mind and capacious genius soon required other aliment. The instinctive love of the beautiful with which she was inspired from her earliest years, made her long for the society of men distinguished for the reputation of their talents or genius. M. de La Harpe was one of the first who appreciated the young woman, around whom were one day to be grouped all the celebrated characters of her age. The conversation of that young woman of fifteen had a thousand attractions for a man of his great acquirements, and whose excessive vanity, with the habit of conversing with the ablest men in France, had rendered exceedingly difficult to please. He delighted in being her guide: he was astonished at the rapidity with which her talent supplied the want of experience, and comprehended everything which he revealed to her of the world and of men. This was at the moment of his celebrated conversion to Christianity. The Revolution having rendered infidelity all-powerful, scepticism had lost the merit of being opposed to authority, and those whom vanity alone had rendered such could in good faith, and without compromising their reputation, avow their secret belief."—Vol. ix. 118, 121.

Of the unbounded devotion which Madame Recamier in a few years came to inspire in the breasts of the most distinguished men of her day, abundant proof is furnished in Chateaubriand's Memoirs. To give only a few examples, among a host of others which might be cited, Marshal Massena—a roturier by birth, and certainly not inheriting by descent any of the feelings of chivalry—yet even he asked a ribbon from Madame Recamier before he set out for the army of Italy, to take the command in Genoa, in the siege since so celebrated; and, having obtained it, he wrote to her the following note some weeks after:—

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"The charming ribbon given by Madame Recamier has been borne by General

Massena in the battles and the blockades of Genoa: it has never left him, and been, in every instance, the harbinger of victory."—Vol. viii. 167.

"There," as Chateaubriand justly observes "the ancient manners reappeared athwart the modern manners of which they formed the base. The gallantry of the noble chevalier shone forth in the plebeian soldier; the memory of the tournaments and of the crusades was concealed amidst the blaze of glory with which modern France has crowned its old victories."

Lucien Buonaparte, one of her first adorers, addressed her early in life in these terms:—

"Till within these few days, I knew you only by renown. I had seen you sometimes at church and in the theatres. I knew you were the most beautiful: a thousand voices repeated it; and your charms had struck without dazzling me. Why has the peace rendered me captive? it reigns in our families, but sorrow is in my heart.

"I have seen you since: Jove seemed to smile on your steps. Seated on the edge of a fountain, motionless and dreamy, you gathered a rose. I addressed you alone: I thought I heard a sigh. Vain illusion! I soon saw the tranquil front of indifference seated between us. The passion which devoured me expressed itself in my words; while yours bore the cruel yet amiable stamp of infancy and sport.

"Be severe, I implore you, for pity's sake. Banish me from your presence. Desire me to withdraw from your enchanting society: and if I can obey the order, remember only that my heart is for ever your own; that no one ever reigned over it as Juliette; and that he will ever live with her, at least in memory."—Vol. viii. 130.

"For a man of *sangfroid*," says Chateaubriand, "all that is a little ridiculous." He is right: it is gallantry without passion which always appears *fade* and contemptible. It is vehemence and sincerity which makes sentiment interesting. The Buonapartes had nothing chivalrous in their breasts: Lucien's letter is very different from Massena wearing Madame Recamier's ribbon next his heart amidst the fire of the Austrian cannon. But Chateaubriand himself had the true spirit of chivalry in his bosom. He thus recounts one of the last moments which he spent in 1832, late in life, with Madame Recamier on the banks of the Lake of Constance:—

"We wandered as chance guided our steps, and sat down beside the lake. From a pavilion in the woods arose a concert of the harp and the German horns, which ceased as we began to listen to them. It was a scene in a fairy tale. As the music did not recommence, I read to Madame Recamier my description of the St Gothard. She asked me to write something in her pocket-book. Immediately below the last words of Rousseau, which were there inscribed, 'Open the windows, that I may again see the light of the sun,' I wrote, 'What I felt the want of on the Lake of Lucerne I have found on the Lake of Constance—the charm and the intelligence of beauty. I no longer wish to die like Rousseau; I wish, on the contrary, to live long, and behold the sun, if it is near you that I am to finish my life. May my days expire at your feet, as the waves of which you hear the murmur.' The azure light of the setting sun coloured the lake; on the horizon, to the south, the snowy alps of the Grisons reflected the ruddy glow; the breeze which swept the waves harmonised with their ceaseless murmur. We knew not where we were."—Vol. x. 246, 247.

With the accession of a more Liberal Administration under M. de Martignac, Chateaubriand was taken into power. In 1822 he was sent as ambassador to London; in 1823 he was made minister of foreign affairs, and directed the expedition into Spain in that year, which had so successful a result; and in 1824 he represented France at the Congress of Verona. He was again, however, chased from the helm by the jealousy of the Royalists, whose imbecility was rebuked by his genius; and it was not till 1828 that he was again taken into power, and appointed to the embassy at Rome. He was there when the Polignac Administration was appointed.

We must hasten to the most brilliant and honourable period of Chateaubriand's life, that in which he stood almost alone amidst a nation's defection, and singly opposed the revolutionary torrent by which nearly all others had been swept away. The spectacle is at once animating and mournful: animating as evincing of what high resolves, of what heroic constancy, noble minds are capable even in the extremity of disaster: mournful, as exhibiting so bright a contrast to the tergiversation of later times, and suggesting the mournful reflection that, in these days of economists and material enjoyment, the days of chivalry are gone for ever.

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It is well known that Chateaubriand was esteemed not only a Liberal, but an ultra-Liberal, by the extreme Royalist party whom Charles X. summoned to his councils on his accession to the throne; and that, in consequence of his disagreement with Polignac and the leaders of that party, he retired from the ministry, and resigned his appointment as ambassador at Rome. His consternation was great on perceiving the extreme measures which the Polignac party were preparing to carry into execution, and the feeble preparations made for supporting them by military force, in the midst of a warlike and excited people. Of his first intelligence of the appointment of the Polignac Administration by the sovereign whom they were destined so soon to overthrow, he gives the following account:—

"Rumours of a change of Administration had already reached us at Rome. Well-informed persons had even gone so far as to speak of Prince Polignac, but I could not

credit the reports. At length the journals arrive; I open them, and my eyes rest on the official ordinance calling him to the head of the ministry. I had experienced many vicissitudes of fortune in my journey through life, but never had I fallen from such an elevation. My evil destiny had again blown over my chimeras: that breath of fate had not only destroyed my illusions, but it had swept away the monarchy. The blow was fearful: for a moment I was in despair, but my part was soon taken. I felt that I must retire from power. The post brought me a multitude of letters; all recommended me to send in my resignation. Even persons to whom I was almost a stranger thought themselves obliged to counsel me to retire. I was in secret mortified at the officious interest thus evinced in my reputation. Thank God, I have never needed nor waited for counsels when the paths of honour and of interest lay before me. Falls from station have ever been to me ruin, for I possessed through life nothing but debts; so that when I resigned my appointments, I was reduced to live by my wits. In a word, I resigned a situation of 200,000 francs (£8000) a-year, and was reduced to nothing; but my choice was not doubtful. Cast to the winds, said I to myself, 200,000 francs (£8000) a-year of income, an appointment entirely suited to your taste, a high and magnificent office, the empire of the fine arts at Rome, the felicity, in fine, of having at length received the recompense for your long and laborious struggles. Honour is to be won, esteem preserved, at no other price."—Vol. ix. 141, 142.

On arriving at Paris after he had resigned his appointment as ambassador at Rome, Chateaubriand found that many of the kind and officious friends who had so strongly urged *him* to resign, had themselves quietly accepted appointments under the Polignac Administration! He withdrew, however, in pursuance of his resolution, into private life; and in order to avoid the expenses of Paris, which exceeded what his reduced income could bear, he retired to Dieppe in June 1830. When there he received the stunning intelligence of the Ordinances of July. His part was immediately taken. He returned with the utmost expedition to Paris, resolved to share the fate of his country whatever it might be, and to exert himself to the utmost to mitigate the calamities which he foresaw awaited it. His first step on arriving in the capital was to write a letter to the King, making a tender of his services to negotiate with the popular leaders who had got the command in the capital. The only answer he received was a verbal one, that M. de Montemart had been appointed to the head of the Ministry, and a reference to him. But M. de Montemart could not be found; and even if he had been, affairs had gone too far to admit of any remedy by individual efforts, how powerful soever. The nation would have a Revolution with its consequences, and it was doomed to have a Revolution with its consequences. But although Louis Philippe was successful, Chateaubriand foresaw that his throne was established on a rotten foundation: that the *juste milieu*, resting neither on the attachment of a loyal, nor the passions of a conquering people, could not be of lasting endurance; and that, in default of all principles of honour whereon to rest a Government, those of interest alone remained. He has left the following memorable prophecy of the fate awaiting a monarchy cradled in treason and fostered by selfishness:—

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"Louis Philippe, his Government, the whole of that impossible and contradictory combination, *will perish in a time more or less retarded by fortuitous events*, by complications of interests interior and exterior, by the apathy or corruption of individuals, by the levity of disposition, the indifference and want of nerve in characters. But be its duration long or short, the present dynasty will not exist long enough for the House of Orleans to strike its roots in the soil of France."—Vol. ix. 333.<sup>[6]</sup>

It is not in public documents and actions that the real opinions of the actors on the stage of public events are to be discerned. It is their private conversation or correspondence that reveals their real sentiments; it is there that the mental struggles which preceded the most decisive steps, and the secret views by which they were actuated in adopting or rejecting them, are in truth disclosed. In this view, the following conversation between Chateaubriand and the Duchess of Orleans, immediately after the triumph of the Barricades, is peculiarly interesting—

"M. Arago spoke to me in the warmest terms of the intellectual superiority of Madame Adelaide; and the Count Analde de Montesquieu, having met me one morning at Madame Recamier's, informed me that the Duke and Duchess of Orleans would be charmed to see me. I went, accordingly, to the Palais Royal with the Chevalier d'Honneur of the future queen. I found the Duchess of Orleans and Madame Adelaide in their private boudoirs. I had previously had the honour of being presented to the duchess. She made me sit down near her, and immediately said—

"Ah! M. de Chateaubriand, we are very unfortunate. If all parties would unite we might perhaps be saved, what think you of that?"

"Madame,' I replied, 'nothing is so easy. Charles X. and the Dauphin have both abdicated; Henry V. is now king; the Duke of Orleans is now Lieutenant-general of the kingdom; let him be Regent during the whole minority of Henry V., and all is accomplished.'

"But, M. de Chateaubriand, the people are extremely agitated; we should fall into anarchy.'

"Madame, may I venture to ask you what is the intention of the Duke of Orleans? will he accept the throne if it is offered to him?"

"The two princesses hesitated to answer. After a short pause the Duchess of Orleans replied,—

"Consider, M. de Chateaubriand, the disasters which may ensue—you and all other men of honour require to unite to save us from a republic. At Rome, M. de Chateaubriand, you might render us essential service—or even here, if you did not wish to quit France.'

"Madame is not ignorant of my devotion to the young king and to his mother.'

"Ah! M. de Chateaubriand, how well they have rewarded your fidelity.'

"Your Royal Highness would not wish me to give the lie to my whole life.'

"M. de Chateaubriand, you do not know my niece; she is so inconsiderate, poor Caroline. I will send for the Duke of Orleans; I hope he may succeed in persuading you better than me.'

"The princess gave her orders, and in a quarter of an hour Louis Philippe arrived. He was dressed in disorder, and looked extremely fatigued. I rose as he entered, and the Lieutenant-general of the kingdom said,—

"The duchess has doubtless informed you how unfortunate we are.' And upon that he began a speech on the felicity which he enjoyed in the country, and the life, in the midst of his children, which was entirely according to his taste. I seized the opportunity of a momentary pause to repeat what I had said to the princess.

"Ah!' he exclaimed, 'that is just what I desire. How happy should I be to become the tutor and support of that infant! I think exactly as you do, M. de Chateaubriand: to take the Duke of Bordeaux would unquestionably be the wisest course that could be adopted. I only fear events are too strong for us.'

"Stronger than us, my Lord Duke! Are you not invested with all powers? Let us hasten to join Henry V. Summon the Chambers and the army to meet you out of Paris. At the first intelligence of your departure all that effervescence will subside, and all the world will seek shelter under your enlightened and protecting government.'

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"While I yet spoke, I kept my eyes fixed on Louis Philippe. I saw that my counsels gave him annoyance: I saw written on his forehead the desire to be king. 'M. de Chateaubriand,' said he, *without looking me in the face*, 'the thing is not so easy as you imagine: things do not go as you imagine. A furious mob may assail the Chambers, and we have, as yet, no military force on which we can rely for its defence.'

"The last expression gave me pleasure, because it enabled me to bring forward a decisive reply. 'I feel the difficulty you mention, my Lord Duke; but there is a sure mode of obviating it. If you cannot rejoin Henry V., as I have just proposed, you may embrace another course. The session is about to open: on the first proposition made by the deputies, declare that the Chamber of Deputies has not the power to determine the form of government for France; that the *whole nation must be consulted*. Your Royal Highness will thus place yourself at the head of the popular party: the Republicans, who now constitute your danger, will laud you to the skies. In the two months which must elapse before the new legislature can assemble, you can organise a national guard; all your friends, and the friends of the young king, will exert themselves in the provinces. Let the deputies assemble, and let the cause I espouse be publicly pleaded before them. That cause, favoured in heart by you, supported by the great majority of the country electors, will be certain of success. The moment of anarchy being past, you will have nothing to fear from the violence of the Republicans. I even think you might win over, by such a course, General Lafayette and M. Lafitte to your side. What a part for you to play, my Lord Duke! You will reign fifteen years in the name of your young pupil; at the expiration of that time, repose will be a blessing to us all. You will earn the glory, unique in history, of having had the power to ascend the throne, and of having left it to the lawful heir. At the same time, you will have enjoyed the means of educating that heir abreast of the ideas of his age: you will have rendered him capable of reigning over France. One of your daughters may aid him to bear the weight of the crown.'

"Louis Philippe looked around with a wandering eye and an absent air. 'I beg your pardon, M. de Chateaubriand,' said he; 'I left a deputation to converse with you, and I must return to it.' With these words, he bowed and withdrew."

The advice thus given at the decisive moment by Chateaubriand was that of honour and loyalty; it dictated by the spirit of the chevalier *sans peur et sans reproche*. But it was not that of immediate or apparent interest; and therefore it was not adopted. The event has now proved, however, that in this, as in so many other instances in this world, the path of honour and duty would have been that of expedience. What Chateaubriand recommended to Louis Philippe was substantially what Louis Napoleon *did*; and the result proved that the great majority of the nation, differing widely from the revolutionary rabble of Paris, was not only Conservative, but Royalist in its dispositions. Had Louis Philippe followed this course, and taken only the regency till the majority of the Duke of Bordeaux, the two branches of the house of Bourbon would have been cordially united: no discord or jealousies would have weakened the Royalist party; the national will would have been decidedly pronounced for the monarchy before it had been rendered an object of contempt; the Revolution of 1848, with all its disastrous consequences, would probably have been prevented; and as the Duke de Bordeaux has no family, the Orleans



dynasty, as the next heirs, would have ascended the throne in the natural order of succession—and not only without the bar sinister of treason on their escutcheon, but with a deed of unexampled magnanimity and honour to illustrate their accession!

Louis Philippe, bent on the immediate possession of the throne, made another attempt to gain M. de Chateaubriand; and for this purpose the Duchess of Orleans and Madame Adelaide again sent for him.

"Madame Adelaide was present as on the former occasion; and the duchess now described more specifically the favours with which the Duke of Orleans proposed to honour me. She dwelt on what she called my sway over public opinion; the sacrifices I had made, and the aversion which Charles X. and his family had always shown to me in spite of my services. She said to me, that if I would accept the portfolio of foreign affairs, his Royal Highness would be too happy to replace me in that situation; but that possibly I would prefer returning to Rome, and that she would greatly rejoice at that appointment, for the interests of our holy religion.

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"Madam,' I answered with some degree of vivacity, 'I see that his Royal Highness has taken his line; that he has weighed the consequences; that he is prepared to meet the years of misery and perils he will have to traverse. I have therefore nothing to say on that head—I come not here to fail in respect to the blood of the Bourbons; I owe besides nothing but gratitude and respect to *Madame*. Leaving apart, then, those great objections, founded on reason and principle, I pray her Royal Highness to allow me to explain what personally concerns myself.

"She has had the condescension to speak of what she calls my power over general opinion. Well, if that power is well founded, on what is it founded? Is it on anything else but the public esteem: and should I not lose it the moment I changed my colours? The Duke of Orleans supposes he would in me acquire a support: instead of that he would gain only a miserable maker of phrases, whose voice would no longer be listened to—a renegade, on whom every one would have a right to throw dust and to spit in his face. To the hesitating words which he could pronounce in favour of Louis Philippe, they would oppose the entire volumes he had written in favour of the fallen family. Is it not I, Madam, who have written the pamphlet of *Buonaparte and the Bourbons*; the articles on the arrival of Louis XVIII. at Compiègne; the relation of the Royal Council at Ghent, and the *History of the Life and Death of the Duke de Berry*? I know not that I have written a single page where the name of our ancient kings is not either mentioned or alluded to, and where they are not environed by the protestations of my love and fidelity—a thing which marks strength of principle the more strongly, as *Madame* knows that, as an individual, I put no faith in princes. At the thought even of desertion, the colour mounts to my cheeks. The day after my treachery, I should go to throw myself into the Seine. I implore *Madame* to forgive the vehemence of my language: I am penetrated with her goodness: I shall ever preserve a profound and grateful remembrance of it; but she would not wish me to be dishonoured. Pity me, madam, pity me."

"I was still standing; and bowing, I retired. Mademoiselle de Orleans, (the Princess Adelaide,) had not yet said anything. She rose up, and retiring said, '*I do not pity you, M. de Chateaubriand; I do not pity you.*' I was forcibly struck with the mournful accent with which she pronounced these words."—Vol. ix. 361, 362.

"Pity not me," said the dying Chevalier Bayard to the traitor Constable de Bourbon; "pity those who fight against their king, their country, and their oath." The feelings of honour are the same in all ages.

We shall close this long line of honourable acts with an extract from Chateaubriand's noble speech in favour of Henry V., in the Chamber of Peers, on July 7, 1830.

"Charles X. and his sons are dethroned or have abdicated; it signifies not which. The throne is *not vacant*—after them comes an infant; will you condemn the innocent?

"What blood now cries out against him? Can you say it is that of his father? That orphan educated in the school of his country, in attachment to a constitutional throne, and in the ideas of his age, will become a king in harmony with the cravings of the future. It is to the guardian of his infancy that you would first tender the oath to be faithful to it. Arrived at mature years, he would himself renew it. The king at this moment, the real king for a time, would be the Duke of Orleans, the regent of the kingdom; a prince who has lived near the people, and who knows that the monarchy now can only be a monarchy of concession and reason. That combination, so natural, so obvious, appears a main element in reconciliation, and would save France from the convulsions which are the consequence of violent changes in a state.

"To say that this infant, separated from his masters, would not have leisure to forget their precepts before becoming a man: to say that he would remain infatuated by certain dogmas of his birth, after a long popular education, after the terrible lesson which has disrowned two kings in two nights: is that reasonable?

"It is neither from a sentimental devotion, nor the affection of a nurse for the cradle of Henry IV., that I plead a cause where all would turn against me if it triumphed. I am neither influenced by the ideas of romance nor of chivalry: I do not desire the crown of

martyrdom. I do not believe in the divine right of kings; I am alive to the power of revolutions, and the evidence of facts. I do not even invoke the charter: I ascend to a higher source. I draw my principles from the philosophic ideas of the age in which my life expires: I propose the Duke of Bordeaux simply as a necessity preferable to the Duke of Orleans.

"You proclaim the sovereignty of force. It is well. *Look carefully after it: guard it well; for, if it escapes you, who will pity your lot?* Such is human nature. The most enlightened minds are not always raised above the temptations of success. The *esprits forts* were the first to invoke the right of violence; they supported it by all the force of their talents; and at the moment when the truth of what they said is demonstrated by the abuse of that force, and its overthrow, the conquerors seize the weapon they have broken! Dangerous trophies, which may wound the hand which seized them.

"A useless Cassandra, I have fatigued the throne and the country sufficiently with my disdained predictions: it remains for me only to seat myself on the remains of the wreck which I have so often predicted. I recognise in misfortune every power except that of absolving us from our oaths. I must render my life uniform: after all I have written, said, and done for the Bourbons, I should be the basest of the base if I deserted them when for the third time they bend their steps into exile.

"Far from me be the thought of casting the seeds of division into France: thence it is that I have avoided in my discourse the language of the passions. If I had the firm conviction that an infant should be left in the obscure and tranquil ranks of life, to secure the repose of thirty-three millions of men, I should have regarded any opinion expressed against the declared wishes of the age as a crime. I have no such conviction. If I was entitled to dispose of the crown, I should willingly lay it at the feet of the Duke of Orleans. But I have no such right. I see no place vacant but a tomb at St Denis, and not a throne.

"Whatever destinies may attend the lieutenant-general of the kingdom, I shall never be his enemy, if he acts for the good of his country. I only ask to be allowed to preserve the freedom of my conscience, and to go and leave my bones where I shall find independence and repose. I vote against the motion."—Vol. ix. 386-388.

Chateaubriand was as good as his word. He resigned all his appointments, even his pension of £600 a-year as Peer of France: he sold off all his effects, which scarcely paid his debts: he refused the offer of Charles X. to restore that pension out of the wreck of that Prince's own fortune: he set out again penniless on the pilgrimage of life: and till his death, in 1848, supported himself entirely by his literary talents.

Such was honour in the olden time. We do not say that it would not find imitators, on a similar crisis, on this side of the Channel: we believe it would find many. But this we do say, that it would find them only among those who are imbued with the ancient ideas, among whom, whether patrician or plebeian, the spirit of chivalry is not extinct. It will not be found among the worshippers of mammon, or the slaves of interest. Woe to the nation by whom such feelings are classed with the age of the mammoth and the mastodon! It has entered the gulf of destruction, for it deserves to be destroyed.

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## THE GREEN HAND.

### A "SHORT" YARN.

#### PART XI.

"Well, ma'am," continued our narrator, addressing himself, as usual, to his matronly relative in the chair, and with the accustomed catch-word, which was like the knotting together of his interrupted yarn: "well—it was between a fortnight and three weeks after losing sight of St Helena, that, being at last fairly in the latitude of the Cape, the frigate and schooner tacked in company, and stood close-hauled on a wind to the eastward. By the middle watch that night, when the moon set, we could make out the long flat top of Table Mountain heaving in sight off the horizon over against her. Next day, in fact, we were both of us quietly at anchor outside of the shipping in Table Bay; Cape Town glittering along on the green flat amongst the trees to southward, with the hills on each side of it like some big African lion lying on guard close by; while Table Mountain hove up, square-shouldered, blue to the left, four thousand feet high, as bare and steep as a wall, with the rocks and trees creeping up from the foot, and the wreaths of light cloud resting halfway, like nothing else but the very breakwater of the world's end. The sea stretched broad off to north and west, and a whole fleet of craft lay betwixt us and the land—half of them Indiamen—amongst which, you may be sure, I kept a pretty sharp look-out with the glass, to see if the Seringapatam were there still.

I was soon saved further pains on this head, however, when shortly afterwards the frigate was beset by a whole squadron of bumboats, shoving against each other, and squabbling, in all sorts of Nigger tongues, who should be first: the chief of them being in evident command of a fat old Dutch Frouw, with an immense blue umbrella over her, two greasy-looking Hottentot rowers in

blankets, and a round-faced Dutch boy, the picture of herself, steering the boat; as the old lady made a clear berth for herself, by laying about with her blue umbrella, till she was close under our quarter, sitting all the while with the broad round stern of her bright-coloured gown spread over a couple of beer-barrels, like a peacock's train. In two minutes more the little fellow was up the side, flourishing a bundle of papers under the first lieutenant's very nose, and asking the ship's custom, even whilst the sentries were ordering them all off. A midshipman took this youth by the cuff of the neck, and was handing him rather roughly along to the care of the purser's steward, when I stepped betwixt them; and a bumboat being the best directory on the point, of course, I soon found the old lady had had dealings with the *Seringapatam*, which her bluff-built little progeny described as a very good ship indeed, all having paid their bills, except one young officer, who had left a balance standing, for which he had given a letter to his brother in a ship that was to come after. As for the *Indiaman* herself, the Dutch boy said she had sailed about a week before our arrival, along with two others; and he was anxious to know if we were the vessel in question. I accordingly unfolded the open letter, which was addressed,—“Thomas Spoonbill Simm, Esquire, of His Britannic Majesty's ship *Nincompoop*, (or otherwise;”) and it ran somehow thus:—“*Hon. East India Company's ship Seringapatam, Table Bay, September 1, 1816.*—My dear Brother, This is to certify, that I have eaten four dozen and a half of eggs, supplied by the worthy *Vrouw Dulcken*, the bearer of this, whom I can recommend as an old screw, and am due her for the same the sum of nine shillings and sixpence sterling, which you will kindly pay her, taking her receipt or mark, unless you are willing to forfeit our family watch, herewith deposited by me in the hands of said *Mother Dulcken*. I may add that, in justice to the worthy *Vrouw*, three of the above-mentioned eggs ought to be charged as *fowls*, which, by the way, I did not consume; and, with love to all at home, remain your affectionate brother, JOHN SIMM, H. E. I. C. S.—P. S. The watch I have discovered to be pinchbeck, and it does not go; so that a sad trick must have been originally played upon our venerated Uncle, from whom it descended. J. S.” This precious epistle was, without doubt, a joke of the fat mid. Simm, who used to come such rigs over Ford the cadet, and that jumped overboard one night by mistake out of the *Indiaman's* quarter-boat, during the voyage. As for the existence of his brother Thomas, or the chance of his touching at that port, I set them down with the coming home of *Vanderdecken*; though the thought of this young scamp of a sea-lawyer breakfasting for a fortnight so comfortably, only a few feet distant from my charmer's state-room, sent me all abroad again, and right into the *Indiaman's* decks, by this time far out of sight of land. Piece of impudent roguery though it was, I was actually loath to part with the scrawl, which the reefer had fisted, no doubt, on the lid of his chest—probably with a pipe in his mouth at the time, it smelt so of tobacco—only seven days before. I could even see the grin on his fat face as he wrote it below in the steerage, with his chin up, and his eyes looking down past his pipe; while the little Dutch boy's round flat frontispiece glistened as he peered up at me, in the evident notion of my being the brother expected. In fact, ma'am, I was so soft as to intend paying the nine-and-sixpence myself, and keeping the letter, when I was startled to see the old lady herself had contrived to be hoisted on board amongst her cabbages; and having got wind of the thing, seemingly, she came waddling towards me to hand over Simm's watch to boot. In another half minute the letter was being read aloud in the midst of the whole gun-room officers, amongst roars of laughter; the honest old Dutchwoman holding aloft the precious article, and floundering through to find out the rightful owner, as every one claimed it and offered the nine-and-sixpence; while for my part I tried first to get down one hatchway, then another, and Lord Frederick himself came up on the starboard side of the quarterdeck in the height of the scene. Indeed, I believe it was a joke for months after in the *Hebe*, of a night, to say it was “the second lieutenant's watch;” the sole revenge I had being to leave *Mother Dulcken* and her boy to expect the “ship that was coming after.”

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A Government boat came aboard in the afternoon, and as soon as it left us, Lord Frederick took his gig, and steered for a frigate lying some distance off, which had the harbour flag hoisted at her main, being the only man-o'-war besides ourselves, and commanded by a senior captain. Till it got dark I could see the crews of the nearest merchantmen looking over their bulwarks at us and our prize, apparently comparing the schooner with the frigate, and speculating on her character, as she lay a few fathoms off the *Hebe's* quarter, both of us rising and falling in turn on the long heave of the Cape swell from seaward. 'Twas hard to say, in fact, so far as their hulls went, which was the most beautiful sample of its kind; though the schooner's French-fashioned sticks and off-hand sort of rigging, showed rather like jury-gear beside the tall regular sticks aloft of the *Hebe's* decks, with all her hamper perfect to a tee. The *Hebe's* men very naturally considered their own ship a model for everything that floated, a sort of a Solomon's temple, in short; and to hear the merciless way they ran down the *Indiamen* all round, would have raised the whole homeward-bound fleet against us; whereas the schooner was our own, at any rate, and she was spoken of much in the manner one mentions an unfortunate orphan, as good as already christened by the name of “the Young *Hebe*.” This our learned chaplain said was quite improper, and he gave another name in place of it—the “*Aniceta*”—which meant, as he observed, the *Hebe's* youngest daughter; so the *Aniceta* she was called, happening to be a title that went, according to the boatswain, full as sweetly through the sheave-hole.

Next day the schooner had landed not only her passengers from *St Helena*, but the prisoners also, as we still understood the French and their *Kroomen* to be. Not long after that Lord Frederick came back from Cape Town, looking grave, and went straight down to his cabin, or “cabins,” as his lordship preferred to have it said. The first lieutenant dined that day with the captain; but they could scarcely have finished when the “young gentlemen” who had been as usual from the reefer's mess, came up with a message from the captain, that his lordship would be glad if I would join the first lieutenant and himself in a glass of wine. I found them sitting at the side of the table nearest the open port, with the decanters between them, and the broad

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bright bay in full sight to the shore and the foot of Table Mountain, which rose up blocking the port with the top of it beyond view; the sounds of the merchantmen clicking at their heavy windlasses, and hoisting in water-casks, floated slowly in from every side, while the schooner had hauled on her cable more abreast of the frigate, leaving the sight clear over the eddy round her low counter.

"A lovely piece of workmanship, certainly!" observed Lord Frederick thoughtfully, as he leant back swinging his eyeglass round his finger, with the other hand in the breast of his waistcoat, and looking out at what was seen of the schooner. "And how one might have improved her spars, too!" said Mr Hall, wistfully. "I should have recommended longer lower-masts altogether, Lord Frederick, and a thorough overhaul, I may say, from the combings upwards!" "I would not have her hull touched for the world, Mr Hall!" said the captain; "'tis too—excessively provoking, at least! But pass the bottles to Mr Collins, if you please." I had taken a chair and quietly filled my glass, wondering what could be the matter, when his lordship turned to me and said, "Do you know, Mr Collins, this schooner of ours is likely to be laid up in Chancery, heaven knows how long. The Admiralty court ashore are doubtful of condemning her, apparently, and she must either be sent home or to Monte Video or somewhere, where the master of her claims to belong!" "Indeed, my lord," said I, setting down my glass, "that is curious." "Curious indeed, sir!" replied he, biting his lips, "though, after all, we really can scarce say what she is to be condemned for—only in the meantime I sail to-morrow for India." "She's French to the backbone, that I'll swear, Lord Frederick!" I said; "and what's more, she was"—"Ah," broke in the captain, "I know, I know; but the less we say of that, in present circumstances, the better! Once get her entangled with politics, and we may give her up altogether." Lord Frederick twisted his eyeglass round his forefinger faster than before, still watching the schooner; the first lieutenant held up his claret betwixt himself and the light, and I sipped mine. "I tell you what, gentlemen," exclaimed his lordship suddenly, "I *must* have that schooner at any cost!—What is to be done, Mr Hall?" "She'd be of great service in the China seas, my lord, certainly," said the first lieutenant, looking thoughtfully into his empty glass; "a perfect treasure for light service, especially if new sparred and—" I noticed Lord Frederick glancing sideways at me, as I thought, with a slight gleam in his eye; and accordingly I suggested that he might buy her from the Frenchman himself; a very poor idea, no doubt, as both the captain and first luff seemed to think, and we all three kept eyeing her doubtfully through the port, without a word.

At this time the schooner's counter had been slowly sheering toward the frigate's beam, owing to the ebb-tide, and her holding only by a single cable, till her stern began to show right opposite the cabin, I should say not twenty feet off. Lord Frederick put his glass to his eye, and was peering through it, when he remarked that they had brought up rather too near, leaving scarce room for the schooner to swing as she did, earlier than we, so that she would be in danger of getting foul of the frigate's cables. "The worst of it is, Lord Frederick," said I, "that in case of a gale from seaward here, she might have to slip and run upon very short warning, whereas the Hebe has plenty of ground-tackle to let her ride it out. Considering it was Table Bay, at this season, he ought to have kept her a clearer berth for herself, or else have gone well outside!"—"Ah!" said Lord Frederick quickly, meeting my eye for half a minute, till the gleam came into his again; and somehow or other mine must have caught it, though I must say the notion that struck me then all at once wasn't in my head before. "Do you know, that's well thought of, Collins!" said his lordship. "You've weathered the Cape before, by the bye?"—"A dozen times, Lord Frederick," said I; when a regularly jovial roar of laughter broke fair through the port into the cabin, from over the schooner's taffrail, as she sheered end-on to the frigate's quarter, and Lord Frederick leant forward with the glass screwed into his right eye to see along their decks, which were covered aft with an awning like the open gable of a tent at a fair. "Singular!" said he; "by the lord Harry, who or what can that be Mr Hammond has got there?" Dangling over the French schooner's taffrail were to be seen the soles of two immense boots, with calves and knees to match, and a pair of tightish striped trousers worked up more than half way, 'till you saw the tops of the stockings; just beyond the knees was the face leaning back in the shade of the awning and a straw hat together, out of which a huge green cabbage-leaf hung like a flap over one eye, while the other kept gazing in a half-closed sleepy sort of way at the sky, and the red end of a cigar winked and glowed in the midst of the puffs of smoke lower down. The first lieutenant started up shocked at the sight, the noble captain of the Hebe sat with his eyeglass fixed, between amusement and wonder; for my own part, when the voice of this same prodigy broke all of a sudden on us out of the awning, in a mixture of stuttering, hiccuping, Yankee drawling, and puffs at the cigar, 'twas all I could do to hold on, with the knowledge of where I was. "Wall now, general," said the American, as if he were talking to some one aloft or in the sky, "ye-you're qui-quite wrong—I ki-kick-calc'late I've fit a deal more be-be-battles than you have—I re-respect you, Ge-Ge-General Washington; but I ho-ho-hope you know who—hic—whom I am!" Here Mr Daniel Snout, who was in a state of beastly intoxication, swayed himself up bodily into the schooner's taffrail, and sat with his arms folded, his long legs swinging over the stern, and his head trying to keep steady, as he scowled solemnly aloft over the frigate's mizen-royal-masthead; while the third lieutenant, Mr Hammond, and the master's mate he had aboard with him, could be heard laughing at his back, as if they had gone mad—Hammond being a wild sprig of an Irishman, who would go any length for a piece of fun.

Just then the American's one eye lighted on the side of the frigate, till it settled lazily on the port of the captain's cabin: first he seemed to notice Lord Frederick Bury, and then myself, the first lieutenant having just recovered himself enough to rush toward the door to get on deck. Daniel himself surveyed me scornfully for a moment, then with a sort of doubtful frown, and a gravity that passes me to describe, unless by the look of an old cock a-drinking—evidently trying

to recollect me. "Hallo, mister!" shouted he suddenly, "you haven't touched those *notions* of mine, I hope." With that he made a spring off where he sat, as if to come towards us—no doubt thinking of the Seringapatam, and the valuables he had left aboard, without seeing the water between; and a pretty deep dive Mr Snout would have made of it, into an ebb-tide that would have swept him under the frigate's bottom, if Mr Hammond and the midshipman hadn't both sprung forward in time to catch him by the neck of the coat. There, accordingly, was the Yankee hanging like a spread eagle over the schooner's taffrail, yelling and turning round at the same time like a fowl on a spit—the third lieutenant's and the mate's faces, two pictures of dismay, as they held on, at finding for the first time where the schooner had shied them round to, with their two pairs of eyes fair in front of the captain's eyeglass,—while Mr Hall was singing out like thunder from the deck above us, "The schooner ahoy—d'ye see where you've got to, sir; haul ahead on that cable, d'ye hear, you lubbers, and keep clear of the ship!"

"Mr Collins," said his lordship quietly to me, as soon as he could keep his countenance, and looking the sterner for the trouble he was put to in doing it, "you will get your things and go aboard the schooner directly—take her in charge, sir, and send Mr Hammond back here."—"Very well, my lord," said I, waiting in the doorway for something more, which, from something in Lord Frederick's look, I had reason to expect, knowing it of old. "I can only spare you a dozen of the men she has," added he; "but if you choose you can send ashore at once to pick up a few makeshifts, or anything you find!"—"Ay, ay, my lord," said I; "the best hand for that would be Mr Snelling, if I may take him, Lord Frederick?" "Oh, certainly," was the answer; "and harkye, Collins, you had better shift your berth a few cable-lengths farther off, or more, if you please."—"One thing, my lord," said I, stooping down to see through the port, "I don't much like the heavy ground-swell that begins to meet the ebb, Lord Frederick; and I fancy it won't be long ere Table Mountain spread its supper-cloth—in which case I'd consider it necessary to slip cable and run out at once, though I mightn't get in again so easily. Am I to find the frigate here again, Lord Frederick?"—"Deuce take it, man—no!" said his lordship. He turned his back to hide the evident twinkle of his eye. "Should we part company, of course you make for the Bay of Bengal! You can't be sure of the Hebe, short of the Sandheads—and if not there, then opposite Fort William, at Calcutta."—"Very good, my lord," said I, and had made my bow to go on deck, when Lord Frederick called me back. "By the bye," said he hastily, "about that Indiaman of yours, Collins—she is here, no doubt?" "No, Lord Frederick," answered I, "I believe she sailed a week ago." "Dear me, the deuce!" exclaimed he, "why I meant to have sent to-morrow to have your friend Westwood arrested and brought aboard!" I started at this, on which his lordship explained that if Westwood got to Bombay, whither the Seringapatam was bound, the authorities there would have news of the thing by this time, and could send him overland at once to England, which would be far worse for him than being carried to Calcutta, where his uncle the Councillor's interest might do something for him. "The best thing you can do, Collins," added Lord Frederick, "if you *are* obliged to run out to sea, is to look after that Indiaman! With such a neat thing of a sea-boat under you, you might do anything you please; so cruise to windward or leeward in chase, find her out, and take out Westwood bodily—lose him afterwards in the Hoogley, if you like—carry away those old spars of hers, and send up new ones—only don't lose the schooner, I beg; so good bye to you, my dear fellow, lest we should not meet on this side the Line again!"—"Good bye, my lord!" said I cheerfully, and hurried on deck, understanding all he wanted as well as if I'd been ordered to set her jib that moment and heave up anchor. In ten minutes I was over the frigate's side, and in ten more Hammond was back in her, with the men who were to leave; while I sent my baggage below, set the hands to work shifting the schooner's berth, and by sun-down we were lying beyond hail of the ship, opposite the custom-house, and a long line of a main street in Cape Town, where we could see the people, the carriages, and the Dutch bullock-carts passing up and down; while Table Mountain hove away up off the steep Devil's Hill and the Lion's Rump, to the long level line a-top, as blue and bare as an iron monument, and throwing a shadow to the right over the peaks near at hand.

Our friend from the United States being by this time in quite an oblivious condition, the first thing I did was to have him put quietly into the boat with which Mr Snelling was to go ashore for fresh hands, and I instructed the reefer to get clear of him anyhow he liked, if it was only above tide-mark. When they were gone I walked the schooner's little quarterdeck in the dusk by myself, till the half moon rose with a ghostly copper-like glare over the hollow in the Lion's Rump, streaking across the high face of Table Mountain, and bringing out all its rifts and wrinkles again. The land-breeze began to blow steadily with a long sighing sweep from the north-east, meeting the heavy swell that set into the broad bay; and the schooner, being a light crank little craft, got rather uneasy; whereas you could see the lights of the frigate heaving and settling leisurely, less than half a mile off. I had only six or seven good hands aboard altogether at the time, which, with those the midshipman had, were barely sufficient to work her in such seas; so with all I had to do, with the difficulty of getting men in the circumstances, a long voyage before us, and things that might turn up, as I hoped, to require a touch of the regular service, why the very pleasure of having a command made me a good deal anxious. Even of that I didn't feel sure; and I kept watching Table Mountain, eager for the least bit of haze to come across the top of it, as well as sorry I had sent Snelling ashore. "I'd give a hundred pounds at this moment," thought I, "to have had Bob Jacobs here!"

As the moon got higher, I could see the swell washing up between the different merchantmen in sight, into their shadows, and heavy enough some of them seemed to roll round their cables, betwixt a breeze and a swell running the contrary ways; first one let go a second anchor, and then another, to help their heads shoreward; but still there was no danger, as things went. It wasn't long before I made out two boats coming from toward the town, round the stern of one of

the ships, the frigate lying betwixt her and us, so that they took her by the way, and a good deal of hailing seemed to pass between them. I could even see epaulets glisten over the Hebe's quarter, as if there was a stir made aboard; after which the boats were plainly pulling for the schooner. What all this might mean, I couldn't very well conceive, unless it were either Snelling come back already, or else some hands Lord Frederick himself had provided before this, as I saw both boats were full of people. "Forward there!" I sung out, "hail those boats!"—"Ay, ay, the schooner ahoy!" was the answer, in a sharp voice from the headmost of them, "from the shore—all right! Stand by to heave us a line, will ye?" Next came a hail from Snelling, in our own gig; so I at once gave orders to heave them a rope and have both boats brought under the gangway, naturally supposing the sharp little fellow had come some marvellous good speed in shipping hands. As soon as he jumped on deck, I accordingly inquired how many men he had brought, when to my great surprise he informed me there was only one, "a scuffy sort of a swab," as he expressed it, "who would do for cook!"—"The devil he will, you young rascal," I broke out. "Hush, sir, for heaven's sake," said he, making some extraordinary sign which I didn't understand; "it'll all be right in the end, Mr Collins. Now then, sir," to some one in the boat alongside, as he carefully handed him the accommodation-ropes, "here you are—hold on, sir—so-o!" This was a rather youngish fellow in a huge pilot coat and a glazed cap, with some kind of uniform inside, and a large breastpin in his shirt, who handed me a paper the moment he stood firm on deck, without speaking a word; though, by the light of the deck-lantern, I didn't much like the look of his foxy sort of face, with the whiskers on it coming forward from both cheeks to his mouth, nor the glance he gave round the schooner with his pair of quick sharp little eyes. "Much more like a custom-house officer than a cook!" thought I, "unless we mean to have a French one;" but what was my astonishment, on opening the paper, to find him called "Gilbert Webb, harbour-master's assistant, hereby authorised by the Admiralty Court, sitting in Cape Town, to take charge of the doubtful vessel described in her papers as the 'Ludovico,' belonging to Monte Video—from the officer commanding the prize crew of his Britannic Majesty's ship Hebe." My first thought was to have Mr Gilbert Webb pitched over into his boat again, when Lord Frederick's own signature met my eye at the bottom of the paper, addressed below to "Lieutenant Collins, of his Majesty's schooner Aniceta, at sea." A wonderfully mysterious squint from Snelling, behind the officer, was sufficient to clinch the matter in my own mind, showing that the reefer was as sharp as a needle: and I handed back the document to the harbour gentleman, with a "Very well, sir, that will do." "I suppose I'd better have my men up, Lieutenant Collins?" said he, with a quick pert kind of accent, which made me set him down at once for a Londoner, while at the same time he seemed impatient, as I thought, to get the management. "Why, sir," said I, "I suppose you had."

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Hereupon up mounted four or five decent enough looking *stevedores*<sup>[7]</sup>—one or two of whom had rather the air of sailors, the rest being broad-beamed, short-legged Dutchmen, with trousers like pillow-slips—followed by a whole string of fourteen or fifteen Indian Lascars, their bundles in their hands, and an ugly old *serdug* at their head; while the lame, broken-down, debauched-like fellow of a man-o'-warsman, that Snelling had found sitting on a timberhead ashore, got aboard with our own boat's crew. Our gangway was chokeful, to my fresh dismay, for to get rid of such a tagrag-and-bobtail, in case of running to sea, was impossible; even if they weren't odds against us, here was it likely to get a thick night, the swell growing under the schooner till she began to yerk at her anchor, head to wind, like a young filly at a manger; so that dropping them back into their boat when needful, as I intended at first, was out of the question for the present. I found from the harbour officer that the number of hands would all be required with the morning tide, when his orders were to have the schooner towed in opposite the Battery Dock, especially as there was much chance of the wind blowing strong from seaward next day. The swell on the water, he said, was such that, after putting off, he thought of going back again till the tide began to turn; if he had not been encouraged to stick to it and keep on by the midshipman, whom he fell in with near the quay. This piece of news was the finish to the rage I felt brewing in me, vexed as I naturally was to give up the notion of a free cruise, in command of a craft like the schooner; and, as soon as Mr Webb was comfortable in the cabin, over a tumbler of stiff grog and some cold beef, I sent for Snelling to my own cupboard of a state-room.

"You cursed unlucky little imp you!" I burst out, the moment he made his appearance, "What's the meaning of this, sirrah? eh?"—"What is it, if you please, sir?" said Snelling, pretending to hold down his shock-head like a frightened schoolboy, and looking up all the time both at me and the lamp at once, while he swayed with the uneasy heave of the deck in such a way as made me grip him by the arm in a perfect fury, fancying he had got drunk ashore. "You young blackguard you!" said I, shaking him, "didn't I tell you to get hands—didn't you know I meant to—to—" "Oh yes, Mr Collins," gasped the reefer, "I did indeed—you meant to cut and run—I saw it by your eye, sir, and—don't shake me any more, sir, or you'll spoil my hair—and I don't deserve it—it's—all right!" And on my letting him go, the ugly little scamp sunk down on a chair with his eyes starting from his head, and a leer like a perfect demon incarnate; but so perfectly laughable it was, not to mention the air of complete confidence between us that he threw into it, that I sat down myself, ready to grin at my bad luck. "Well, Mister Snelling," said I, quietly, "you *are* a touch beyond me! Let's have the joke, at least—out with it, man, else another shake may be—" The reefer pointed with his thumb over his shoulder to the cabin, shoved his chin forward, and whispered, "Why, sir, I'm only doubtful whether you could make him third officer—but at any rate, he'll always be useful at a rope, Mr Collins—won't he, sir?" I gave Snelling one look, meant to be as grave as an Old Bailey chaplain's, but it wouldn't do—my conscience wouldn't stand it—in fact the very self-same notion seemed to me to have been creeping into my mind. "You—young—rascal!" was all I could manage to say, before making bolt to go on deck. "By the by, Mister Snelling," said I, turning and looking down from the hatchway, "you must want a glass of grog—tell the boy to let you have some—and go and keep the officer company, sir."

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By this time it was raining hard, the half-moon coming out at moments and shining through it with a sudden sharp gleam, in some gust of the wind off the land—showing the swell in as far as the wet white custom-house and the bare quays, the ships with their hazy lights all hither and thither, while Table Mountain was to be seen now and then peering half over the mist, first one corner and then another, of a colour like dead ashes. One time I looked down toward the dusky little cabin, where the midshipman, quite in his element, was sitting with the harbour officer, the lamp jerking and making wild swings betwixt them, while Snelling evidently egged on his companion to drink; then I gave a glance seaward, where there was nothing but a glimmer of rain and spray along the dark hollows of the water. I couldn't make up my mind, all I could do—it was too barefaced a thing to slip from the roadstead with a breeze blowing off-shore; but the worst of it was that I didn't feel easy at the idea of parting with an anchor in the circumstances, not to say carrying off the Government people, unless forced to it. I accordingly went below to mix myself a stiffener, and found the officer a cool head, for, in spite of all Snelling could do, the reefer himself had got provoked, whereas the sharp Mr Webb was only a little brisker than before. "A rough sort of night," said I, nodding to him, as I knocked the water out of my cap. "Well, it seems," said he, free and easy. "S'pose I go on deck then, gentlemen—I've refreshed, I assure you, so you needn't trouble about this 'ere schooner no farther—glad to get quit of it and turn in, I desay, lieutenant?"—"No trouble in the world, Mr Webb," said I, going on with my mixture, "far from it; but sit down a minute, pray sir,—Mr Snelling here will take charge of the deck for us in the meantime;" and Snelling vanished at once, Mr Webb apparently flattered at my wishing his company. "Will that cable of yours hold, think ye, Lieutenant Collins?" asked he, filling up another glass. "Why," said I, almost laughing, "to tell you the truth, I begin to feel devilish doubtful of it." "What!" broke out the harbour officer, starting up, "then I must 'ave another put down immediately: why, what's the effect, sir—we'll be carried out to sea!" "You said it exactly, Mr Webb," I said "'twould have been much worse, I suppose, if we were driven ashore, though! Now look you, if I were to let go a second anchor at present, I couldn't light upon a better plan either to break her back, or lose both anchors in the end—from the difference of strain on the two cables, with this ground-swell. The fact is, my good fellow, you're evidently not fit to take charge at present." "D—n me, lieutenant!" said he, looking fierce and foolish at the same time, "here's strange lang'age to a Gov'ment officer, sir—I hask the meanin' off it *at once*, mister!" "But I depend a good deal on your knowledge of Table Bay weather," I continued, leaning back with my weather eye screwed to bear upon him. "D'ye think this wind likely to moderate soon, sir? come now."—"No," replied he sulkily: "I'm sure it won't—and to-morrow it's certain to blow back ten times worse." "Then, Mr Webb," said I, rising, "you oughtn't to have come aboard to-night; as the short and the long of it is, I shall get the schooner an offing the first possible moment!" The officer stared at me in a bewildered manner; and as for the schooner, she seemed to be bolting and pitching in a way worse than before, with now and then a plunge of the swell on her broadside as if she had been under weigh. Suddenly Snelling lifted the skylight frame and screamed down into the cabin, "Mr Collins, Mr Collins! she's been dragging her anchor for the last ten minutes, sir!"

I sprang on deck at two bounds—the schooner had somehow or other got her anchor out of hold at the time, the cable as taut as a fiddle-string. It was quite dark aloft, and not a vestige of Table Mountain to be seen, though the moonshine, low down to westward, brought out two or three tracks of light along the stretch of water, and you saw the lights in the ships slowly sweeping past. Where we happened to be, it blew two ways at once, as is often the case in Table Bay, round the bluffs of the mountain, and as soon as she brought up again with a surge at the windlass, the heave of a long swell took her right on the quarter, lifting her in to her anchor again with a slack of the hawser, at which every second man sung out to "hold on!" Over she went to port, a sea washing up the starboard side, and throwing a few dozen bucketfuls at once fair into the companion, where our friend the harbour officer was sticking at the time; so down plumped Mr Webb along with it, and the booby hatch was shoved close after him, while the poor devils of Lascars were huddled together as wet as swabs in the lee of the caboose forward. "A hand to the wheel!" shouted I, as soon as I recovered myself; when to my great surprise I saw Snelling's new hand, poor creature as I'd thought him, standing with a spoke in each fist, as cool and steady as possible, and his eye fixed on me in the true knowing way which I felt could be trusted to. "Jib there!" I sung out, "see all clear to run up a few hanks of the jib—stand by to cut the cable at the bits!"—"Ay, ay, sir," answered Snelling, who was working away with the harbour men, his bare head soaked, and altogether more like an imp than a young gentleman of the navy—"All's clear, sir."

Five minutes I dare say we stood, every one in the same position, while I waited for a good moment in the run of the swell, looking into the binnacle: till she hung slack, as it were, in a wide seething trough of the sea, when I signed to the man behind me to put the helm gradually to starboard. I glanced at the fellow again, caught his sharp weatherly eye once more—then putting both hands to my mouth I sung out to bowse on the jib halliards. "Now—cut—the cable!" shouted I, springing forward in my anxiety. The schooner rose away from her anchor on the heavy roll of the sea; I saw two quick strokes of the axe on the instant, and she was spinning head off from the wind, heeling over betwixt the force of it and the ground-swell together, while the mass of black water was washing bodily away with us; the new helmsman showing down below me as he leant to the wheel, like somebody at the foot of a slide. If he hadn't helped her at the moment with a back turn of the spokes to port, t'would have been all up with us. As it was, the schooner fell off gallantly in his hands, with a sliding surge into the lee of the next swell, that buried her sharp bows in the green sea, till it foamed about our very shoulders as we hung on like grim death to the weather bulwark. She was just shaking herself free, and rising like a buoy over the broad tops of the waves, when Snelling, myself, and two or three of the men, staggered down to her

mainmast to swig up the throat halliards, letting her feel a little of the boom mainsail; and we had scarce belayed, as the last glimpse of the frigate's lights was caught astern of us, heaving and setting, as she rode with her two bower anchors down; we had driven past close enough to have heard the creak of her hamper aloft. After that, I had the fore-stay-sail set on her, then the reefed mainsail, and the lively schooner yielded to the long rolling seas so well, as very soon to make her own weather of it—especially since, clear of the high land about Table Bay, it was blowing only a strong breeze, and the more I began to feel master of her, the more inclined I was to let her show her good qualities. Such a craft I never had had the full management of before in my life; and you may easily fancy how I felt at dividing the hands into the two watches, giving little Snelling command of one, as first mate, and picking out our men in turn. I looked round amongst mine, rather at a loss for one to make second mate for the cruise, though there were three prime enough man-o'-warsmen, and I had chosen one of the Government officer's gang for his activity. As for the Lascars, we slumped in half of the number to each of us, for make-weights—when Snelling's fresh hand, who had fallen to my share, caught my eye again as he stood at the wheel. Every half spoke he gave the schooner told; she was topping the heavy seas as they rose, and taking them just where they melted one to the other, with a long floating cleave, that carried her counter fairly free of the after-run, though nearly right before the wind: the main-boom had been guyed over to the lee-quarter, till a third of the sail hung clear of her hull, and the breeze swept into the hollow of it, thick with spray. The light from the little binnacle shone up distinctly on the man's face, and with all the desperate, used-up, marbled sort of look of it, like one getting the better of a long spree ashore, I thought there was something uncommonly promising about him, not to say greatly above the run of foremast men. The wet, the wind, and the work he was at, took off the seediness of his clothes; even the old rag of a handkerchief round his hairy neck had got a gloss to it, and he stood handling the wheel with a strange mixture of recklessness and care, as he glanced from the compass to the gaff of the mainsail against the scud, and down again. The very contrast between the man's manner and his outward rig was sufficient to strike one, though plenty of seamen are to be found in the like state ashore: but what fixed me to him above all, was the expression in those two keen, searching, *living* eyes of his, when they once or twice met mine on their way from aloft to the compass-boxes. 'Twas as if they'd woke up since he came aboard out of a sleepy, maudlin condition, with the "blue-devils" or scarce fully out of 'em; like a sick man's in the lull of a fever, suddenly seen watching you out of the dusk of the bed, when one happens to glance up from the nurse's seat.

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"What's your name, my man?" asked I, stepping aft to the binnacle. "My name is Jones, sir," said he readily. "And your first name?" I said. "Jack," was the answer, in an off-hand way, with a hitch of one shoulder, and a weather-spoke to the wheel; spoken in an accent you'd have expected more in a West End drawing-room than from a common sailor. "Ah," said I, sharply, "Jack Jones? I wonder how many Jack Joneses there are afloat! An able seaman, I think, Jones?"—"Why sir," replied the man, "I never rate myself, sir—'tis all one to me, able, ordinary, landsman, or boy—I carry no papers, and leave my betters to rate me." "Where were you last, my man?" I asked; whereupon I met such a cool, steady, deep look out of the fellow's strange light-coloured eyes, bloodshot as they were with drinking, that I felt almost our very two souls jostle in it: as much as to say, To all eternity fathom me if ye can! "Well, I forget where, sir," said he, lowering his look to the compass-box again: "always the way with me, after a trip, a cruise, a voyage, or whatever it may be. I've got—ha!" and he yielded his body coolly to a jerk of the schooner's wheel. "A sweet craft this, sir, but a little ticklish!" "You've got what?" said I, not unwilling to wear out the time. "I've got—no memory!" Still there was somewhat so gloomy and mournful in the next glance aloft, I don't know how it was, but I felt inclined to offer him a mate's place on trial, and so I hinted, if he knew half as well how to handle a craft as he did of steering her. To my own surprise, Jones's wonder didn't seem to be roused at the notion, except that he gave me another quick glance from head to foot, with a queer smile that struck me as if I were being questioned, instead of *him*; then he looked down over his own outfit, judging by which you'd have said he'd been shipwrecked. "Well," said I, "I daresay you've been hard put to it, somehow, Jones,—so as soon as you leave the wheel, you can go below to the steward, and get a seagoing suit of my own, till we see Calcutta, when your mate's wages will set you all right again." The man touched his battered old straw hat; but I noticed his eyes gleam for a moment by the binnacle light, and a strange twitch run round his mouth at the mention of the mate's wages: the only way I could account for it at the time being his late hard-up condition; and nothing to my mind was more deucedly pitiable, than to see the thought of a few paltry additional rupees light up a head like that, with the glistening sort of expression of a miser, as I fancied. The man had a head on him, in fact, when you eyed him, fit for a gentleman's shoulders, or more—his hair and his whiskers curly and dark, draggled though they were with the rain, not to say Cape Town mud—while the wearing away of the hair about the temples, and the red grog-streaks in the veins of his face, made him no doubt a dozen years older to appearance than he was. For my part I was quite convinced already, this same Jack Jones hadn't been sent out a cabin boy; there was not only a touch of high blood in him at bottom, but I'd have sworn he had been some time or other in the place of a gentleman, afloat or ashore, though plainly now "going to the devil."

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Meanwhile the breaking look of the clouds away on our larboard bow showed it wasn't far off dawn; so, sending another hand to the wheel, and finding a snug spot under a stern-grating for a snooze on deck, I told Jones to begin with taking charge of the deck for me. "One thing, sir," said he, touching his hat again, as I lay down, "I've only shipped for the outward voyage, and leave at the first port."—"Why, what the deuce!" said I, lifting my head; "what do you mean to do there, eh?" "I—I want to go ashore," answered he, eagerly; "ay, if we're years on the cruise, so much the better, sir,—but so soon as she drops anchor off Calcutta, I'm my own master?"—"Have your own way, then," said I; "at any rate I'll try you in the meantime,—so Mister Jones, let's see how you



mind the schooner till eight bells!" Whereupon I turned myself over to sleep, and it was as broad daylight as we had any likelihood of about the Cape, when I woke.

It still blew a stiff breeze, but the waves rose with a length and a breadth in them you find in no other sea; deep-blue sparkling hills of water, with green gleams about the crests, of which every single wave had a hundred or so; and a long seething, simmering, glassy hollow of a still valley between, where the flecks of foam slid away glittering out of the shadow. But, Lord! it was glorious to feel the schooner rising quietly in the trough, with the mount of a wave, to the very ridge of it; then with a creak of all her timbers and bulk-heads below, a slight shake to windward, and a jerk at her bows, lean over to leeward again and go hissing through the breast of a huge sea, till you thought she'd go down into it; while there she was, however, lifting head up, with a swift flash of her cutwater, on the cross half wave that joined every first and third one—"billow" and "sea," as you may say. The breeze having drawn more easterly toward morning, Jones had braced her more upon a wind, with reefed main and foresails, and fore-staysail set, which brought out the Aniceta's weatherly qualities to a marvel; as notwithstanding almost a head-wind and a swelling sea, she went nearly as fast as the frigate would have done before the breeze, and not a sign of the land was to be seen from her crosstrees.

It was not till the afternoon, when the midshipman and I had both been busy together seeing various things done about the rigging, as well as having preventer-braces and guys clapped on the booms and gaffs, that we had time to look about us; the schooner still driving along with the breeze strong abeam, and a floating plunge from one wide dark-blue sea to another, as if they handed her onward. Jones had got himself made decent below, as I told him, till what with different clothes and a shave together, besides refreshment from sea weather, he was quite a different man to look at. Even Snelling owned to his sailor-like appearance, though rather surprised at my notion of making him a mate; while as for the men, they didn't know but he had come aboard as such, and to tell the truth, he was having the mainstaysail got up and ready to bend at the time, like one accustomed to give orders. By this time I remembered the harbour officer, Webb, whom we'd carried off so unceremoniously, and found he was still in his "bunk" below, half sulky and half sick, consoling himself with brandy and water till we should get into Table Bay again, as he said. "Only put him into my watch, Mr Collins," said Snelling gravely, "and I'll work him up, sir." The reefer himself, in fact, had all of a sudden turned out in a laughably dignified style, to meet his new post—in full midshipman's rig, dirk and all, with his cocked hat, which I sent him down immediately to change; but he had brushed up his mop of hair, and begun to cultivate the down on his upper lip; while being a deep-shouldered, square-built, short-armed little fellow, as muscular as a monkey, you'd have thought from the back of his coat he was a man cut shorter, and for his face, he had contrived to put such a sour effect into it—meant for great experience, no doubt—that it was only by his eyes one saw he was a boy of sixteen or so; and *they* were brimful of wild glee, as he jumped about wherever he was needed, doing the work of a couple of ordinary men, and actually delighted when a spray came over the weather bulwarks on top of him, seeing that, instead of the frigate, she was "our schooner" that did it.

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"I think she walks, Mr Collins!" observed Snelling, holding up his head stiffly, and looking aloft as we went aft, after shaking ourselves from one of these same sprays. "No denying that, Mr Snelling," said I as gravely; "I only wish your fond parents could see you just now, first mate of such a smart craft, Mister Snelling!" His father was a country baronet, who had sent him off to sea with an allowance—I daresay because his looks were no ornament, and there were plenty more coming; though Snelling always pretended his worthy progenitor was an old man. "Fond be blowed!" said he, starting; "I just see him at this moment at the foot of that blessed old mahogany, proposing my health before the ladies go, and—" Here the schooner rose on a sharp, short wave, making a plunge through it that sent the helmsman swinging to the lee-side of the wheel, while a sea washed up over her fore-castle, and away aft with the tubs, buckets, and spars, knocking everybody right and left. Snelling and I held on by the weather main-rigging with our feet in a bath, till she lifted bodily through it, careering to her lee-gunnel. "By George, though!" broke out the reefer, smacking his lips as we drew breath, "I wish he *did* see me—wouldn't it cheer his declining years, when I'd got to hand the governor carefully below! And such a rough night as we're going to have of it, too, sir!" "You unfilial young dog!" said I; "but so I'm afraid we shall—and no joke either!" Jones was standing near us, watching the looks of the weather with evident uneasiness, and I asked him what he thought of it. "In my opinion, sir," said he, "you'll have some pretty sudden shift of wind ere long, of a kind I have seen more than once off the Cape before—and that as furious as a south-easter ordinarily is hereabouts. Look away yonder, sir!"

It had got to a clear, dry, north-easterly gale, that shook our canvass every time she lifted, singing through the ropes, and bitter cold. Long and heavy as the roll of the sea was, the sky was as keen and clear as glass all round about and aloft, save the mist kicked up by the spray off a wave here and there. If a rag of white cloud appeared, it was blown away, and you saw the black wrinkled side of one wave at a time, a mile wide, you'd have said, freckled all over with spots of foam, and its ridge heaving against the eye of the blast. The waves had begun to break shorter. The schooner, buoyant as she was, and sharp as a dolphin, pitched and rolled at times like mad, and the men forward were standing by to let go the fore-halliards, throat and peak, to ease her a little: when Jones pointed out the bank of gray cloud ahead of us, scarce to be seen through the troughs of the water, except when she lifted well upon a swell of sea. The sun going down in a wild red glare to leeward of us, threw a terrible glitter across the huge slant of one single wave that rose stretching away far and wide from her very bow, then brought out the sulky wrinkled blue in it; the hissing green crests curled over to the very sunset, as it were, while we sunk slowly into the long dark lulling trough, and saw the broken shaft of a rainbow stand glimmering for a moment or two into a black hollow right ahead, when the gale drove it back upon us like an

arrow, as the schooner urged through the breast of the next wave. I looked from Snelling to the new mate, who still held on by a belaying-pin and watched the clouds, giving me back a glance that showed he thought the matter more serious than ordinary. "The sooner we strip her to the storm-staysails," said I quickly, as we fell into the trough again, "the better, I think. If it blows harder, we must lie-to with her at once." My eye was anxiously fixed on Jones, for large as the schooner was, between two and three hundred tons, yet no craft in the world is so nice to bring to the wind in a gale, with a heavy sea running. Scudding before it might have done for the frigate, with her full bows, and spars high enough to keep her main-topsail full in spite of the troughs; but even that would have taken us out of our course after the Indiaman. Besides that, to tell the truth, I didn't sufficiently understand fore-and-aft rigged craft in all weathers yet, to be quite sure of what I did at a pinch like the present. "Yes, yes, sir," answered he; "but if you'll take an older man's advice, before that you'll wear her round on the other tack to it. We've the worst to come, or else I'm mistaken, sir."—"You're accustomed to schooners?" asked I firmly, and gazing him in the face. I saw his lips open in the sweep of the wind through our after-rigging, and he made a sign with his hand, while a gnawing sort of spasm, as it were, shot through the muscles of his jaw, and for a moment he gave me a devilishly fierce, keen glance, almost a glare, from under his strong straight eyebrows—then turned away. "Take the trumpet then, Mr Jones," said I, singing out into his ear; "I'll leave her to you, sir. Mr Snelling, let's see the hatches all fast!" And we scrambled along by the belaying-pins.

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"Are you all ready fore and aft?" came Jones's voice like thunder in the next dip she made, and he leapt up bareheaded on the breech of one of the small carronades aft, holding on with one hand by the weather main-shrouds, and watching the run of the waves as they glimmered off our lee-beam into the dusk, for full five minutes. I had hold of a rope near him, and his eye was as steady as if he were picking out hills in a view. I had full confidence in the man; but I must say it was a nervous moment to me, when I saw him lift the trumpet to his mouth—and furiously as the wind shook the schooner, you heard his hoarse cry, "Put your helm up—slack off the mainsheet—brail up the mainsail—ease down the weather boom-guy—main-staysail sheet—" And the rest was lost in the wild shriek of the north-east gale. We were hard at it, however, staggering as we hauled and held on, even to the poor half-drowned, terrified Lascars, whom the midshipman had roused out of the caboose and long-boat, shoving the ropes into their leathery hands. But I knew little else till I saw the schooner had payed off before the wind, shearing with a hiss like red-hot iron right through the ridge, betwixt two tremendous combing waves. It swelled green over her larboard bulwark as she heeled over, and she gave a heavy dead lurch with it, as if she would let the next sea break aboard. "Now! now!" shouted Jones, at a pitch of voice like no earthly sound; "aft the mainsheet, for your lives!" He jumped to the wheel himself, at a single bound. We were in two floundering heaps, as we dragged at the mainboom aft, and the head-sheets on the forecastle, while she came trembling up in the long bight of the sea, and took the gale steadily before her other beam. It was blowing harder than ever; and the awful "scud" of the sea rolled her bodily away, as she met it with her weather-bow, washing white over the headrail, with spray from cathead to bowsprit; the gale heaving her down on the lee-beam, till she plunged to the brim on that side, at every forward pitch, so that all hands on deck had to keep crowded together aft. Still it was keen starlight overhead, the gale dry, though it was bitter cold, and the seas long and pretty regular. The schooner behaved wonderfully, being as tight as a bottle; and at the same time we were not only lying our course either for the Mozambique or Indian Ocean, but instead of running farther into the gale, as before, and getting more into the wild Cape latitudes, why, at present she tended to clear out of them. I accordingly agreed with Jones to hold on with everything as long as possible, in spite of the way she was sometimes flung off with the crest of a wave, as it were, making a clear dive with her nose under water through a white seething sea that seemed to swell round the whole horizon: the black bank of cloud off our weather-beam towered like icebergs against the cold green sky to south-east, the stars glittering and twinkling over it, with little hazy rings round them, after a fashion that one of us liked no more than the other.

About midnight, we had got everything off her to the two small storm-staysails, main and fore, the wind blowing great guns, and the half moon shining right over the long bank, as if the back of it were dead-white; while betwixt it and the washing glimmer of moonlight half-way, you'd have thought the black heave of the ridges vanished into a bulk of shadow ten times blacker, save for the heads of spray tossing dimly over in it here and there. All at once, in the very height of the gale, as the black floating clouds from the bank began to cross over the gray scud flying fast aloft, a blue flash of lightning shot zig-zag into the very comb of a wave ahead of us, then came the clap of thunder, loud enough to be heard above the wind, and in half a minute there was a sudden lull. You saw the fleecy rags of scud actually settling together under the dark vapour moving above them, and heard nothing but the vast washing welter of the billows rising and seething for miles round, as if the world were water, while the schooner rolled helplessly away, with her storm-staysails flapping, into the trough. The midshipman almost gasped as he looked to me—not from fear, but as much as to say, "What next?" Our strange mate stood against the fife-rail of the mainmast, apparently too intent on the sky and sea for speaking. For my own part, I let go of my belaying pin, and half tumbled to the wheel, almost knocking the sailor down in my haste to put the helm hard up—for I saw how the blast was to come, fairly before the beam, upon us. "Hard a-starboard with it!" shouted I; "haul down the main-staysail there—let her fall off as she rises!" The last words were never heard, for next moment there was another flash of lightning, this time a blaze all round into the troughs of the sea; I saw a body of mist coming down upon us from south-east, through which the gale struck her on the starboard beam, having suddenly shifted eight points or so. The heavy rolling swell from north-east was close aboard, and as soon as I knew what I was about, here she was leaning over to the full tremendous force of the

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storm, without power to surge ahead, though struggling to rise like a cart-horse down on his knees with a load uphill of him. 'Twas by instinct, as they say, I found myself scrambling along to her weather main-channels, where I managed to get out on the side, slippery as it was, and drenched with the blinding showers of spray. I had got my knife at work, cutting the lanyards of the shrouds to let the mainmast go, when I saw Snelling creep after me, like a fearless little fellow as he was, dirk in hand; although what was come of Jones I couldn't see, unless he had lost heart and skulked. All at once, to my great joy, the main-staysail blew inway to leeward out of the bolt-ropes, like a scrap of paper, the main-topmast crashed at the cap and went alongside, when the schooner righted to her keel, with a wild bolt forward through the whole width of an immense wave—one of the "third waves" it was, commonly the last and the hugest in a single roll of the sea of the Cape, before you sink into a long gliding valley, with a sort of a lull in it. The scene was so terrible at the moment, though we bore up for full half a minute to the fair steady stroke of the awful gale, nothing but a yeast of mist, scud, and darkness ahead, the spray torn off the ridge of the wave and flying with us, while the triple run of the heavy seas astern was in danger of sweeping her decks from over the poop—that I felt we must try lying-to with her at once. Indeed, Snelling and I hardly knew whether we were holding on or not, as we were half washed inboard and half crawled round the rigging; but Jones had already seized the exact point, when she sank in the hollow, to have the helm eased down to leeward. Meanwhile he had got the reefed foresail balanced and set, with the sheet hauled aft beforehand—a tackle hooked on to the clue, and bowsed amidships—everything else was off her; and with this sail she came slowly up close to the wind on the slant of the next wave, lying-to nearly head toward the force of the sea, as her helm was kept fast, two or three points to leeward. I never had seen a craft of the kind hove-to in a gale before, and a very nice matter it is, too. We drew breath, scarce able to credit our eyes, while the schooner rode apparently safe on a sea rolling mountain-high; rising and falling off from the breasts to the sides of the waves, so far as leeway went, and forging ahead a little at the same time through the fierce spray that showered out of the dark over her weather-bow.

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Cape weather as bad I had seen before, but always in good-sized ships; and I owned to Snelling I would rather have handled any one of them, even with a lee-shore near, ten times over, than this schooner of ours in the present case. However, none of us were in any mood for speaking at the time, let alone the waste of breath it was. The best thing we had to do, after getting somewhat satisfied of her weathering it this way, was to have the grog served out to the men, swig off a stiff pannikin one's self, and make one's self as comfortable as possible with his pea-coat in the lee of something. The sight of the sea ridging up with a dim glimmer against the dark, kept your eye fixed to it: first you thought it would burst right aboard, crash down upon the decks; then she lifted with it, swelling broad under her, while the long steady sweep of the gale drove just over the bulwarks with a deep moan: for half a minute, perhaps, a shivering lull, when you heard the bulkheads and timbers creak and strain below from stem to stern, and the bilgewater yearning, as it were, to the water outside. Then, again, it was a howl and a shriek, a wide plunge of sea bore up her weather-bow, and the moment ere she came fairly to, one felt as if the schooner were going to pitch God knows where. Her whole bulwarks shook and shivered, the wind found out every chink in them, whistling round every different rope it split upon, while all the time, the loose wet dreary spars behind the long-boat kept slatting and clattering against each other in the lashings, like planks in a woodyard of a November night. This was the way we stuck till the morning watch showed it all in a drizzling, struggling sort of half light, blowing as hard as ever, the Cape seas rolling and heaving mountain-high, of a pale yesty hue, far and wide to the scud; the spray drifting from the crests, and washing over her bare fore-castle, with now and then the white wings of a huge albatross to be seen aslant to windward, riding on the breast of a long wave down into the trough.

Well, the whole blessed day did this sort of thing continue, only varied by now and then a huger sea than ordinary lifting close aboard of us, and we being hove up to get a glimpse of the long glaring streak of horizon through the troughs of the waves: sometimes an unluckier splash than usual over the bow and through the forechains, that made us look sharp lest the canvass of the foresail should go, or the schooner broach end-on to the sea. Otherwise, all we had to do was to watch the binnacle, hold on with one hand to a rope, and with the other to our caps; or turn out and in with each other down the booby-hatch for a snatch of sleep, and a bit of biscuit and cold beef, with a glass of grog. Mr Webb, the harbour officer, was to be seen below in his berth all this time, lying as peaceable as a child—whether he was dead sick, or only confoundedly afraid, I didn't know; but I must say I felt for the poor fellow when I heard him ask Snelling, in a weak voice, if he would get somebody to stand off the bull's-eye in the deck over his berth, as it always made him think there was a new hurricane coming on. "D—n it, you low skulking hound!" said the reefer, who had wonderfully little pity in his make, "it can't be worse—what d'ye want light for, eh?" "Only to see the opposite wall," said Webb, meekly; "do, sir—oh now!" "Oh, you lubber ye!" said Snelling, "don't you know a bulkhead from a wall yet? If you'd come on deck to bear a hand like others, you wouldn't need light; and I thought you might do for a mate aboard, too—pah, you scum!" "Mr Snelling," said I sharply, as he came through the cabin, "a worm will turn when it's trod upon, and so you may find yet, sir!" "Well, Mr Collins," said he, as confidentially as if I hadn't meant to give him a set down, "I don't like the fellow's eye. I'll look after him, sir!" Not to mention the young rogue's power of face, which was beyond brass, he had a way of seeing you in two places at once with that upward squint of his, as if his eyes were the points of a pair of compasses, that made the officers of the Hebe always send him to the masthead directly, for fear it should take the frown out of them. In fact, when Snelling's twinkling weather-eye lighted on one's neck, without the other, you almost felt it tickle you, and as usual I turned away with a "pshaw!"

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On the second morning, the gale at last began to break, shifting southward; on which, as soon as the sea ran a little easier, I had the helm cautiously put up at a favourable moment, the reefed mainsail, fore-topmast-staysail, and square fore-topsail set as she got before the wind, and away the schooner went; rising on the wide deep-blue swells with a long roll in them, then shearing ahead through their breasts, wrinkled and seething pale-green, till she sank with the fall of the wave—the stump of her aftermast standing, and the fore one shortened by the to'gallant-mast. You may easily believe there was no one aboard more eager to get clear of this weather than myself; as in ordinary circumstances, with a craft like this, in two or three days more we might have been in a high enough latitude to begin looking out for the Indiaman. For my part, I can't deny that the wish for having Tom Westwood safe out of harm's way, and with me in the schooner, strong as it was, played second to the notion of seeing sweet Violet Hyde in any way again, if it was only the last time before she went out of reach altogether; for her getting amongst East India ways of doing, high-flying civilians and soldiers, shows, and sights, either in Calcutta or up-country, was equal to anything else, in my mind. Still, we had six or seven days longer of the heavy seas and hard gales, before north-easting enough could be made to take us beyond the Cape winter, just then coming on, and which the Seringapatam had very likely escaped by two or three days, so that she would have a considerable start of us.

By this time we were standing well up for the Mozambique Channel, which I had heard the Indiamen intended to take in company; a piece of information that made me the more anxious to overtake the Seringapatam, at latest, by the time they reached open water again, where, being the only ship from Bombay, she would no doubt part from her consorts. We had a cruiser that year, as I knew, in the Mozambique, where there were some rumours of pirates after the war, so that in case of her happening to speak the Seringapatam close, and having got any word of Westwood's affair, he ran a chance of being picked off. However, that wasn't by any means the thing that troubled me most: somehow or other, whenever the picture of Violet's face brought the Indiaman's decks clear into my mind, with all about her, I couldn't get rid of the notion that some ill-luck would come across that ship before she got into port. If any pirate craft were to dodge the whole bevy of Indiamen up the head of the channel, as was pretty sure to be the case, he would probably wait for some signs of separating, and be down upon a single one not long after she cleared the Leychelles islands, where a lonely enough stretch of the Indian Ocean spreads in. The more I entered upon the thought of it, the more unsufferable it got; especially one day in the mouth of the Mozambique, when it fell a dead calm with a heavy up-and-down swell, fit to roll the sticks out of her; the high blue land of Madagascar being in sight, sometimes to starboard, sometimes to port, then astern, and the clear horizon lying away north-west, dark with a breeze from round the coast. As the hot sun blazed out above us, and the blue water came plunge up over the rail, blazing and flashing, first one side dipped, then the other, I could fancy the passengers on the Indiaman's poop in a light breeze with a suspicious lateen-rigged sail creeping up on her quarter. I thought I saw Violet Hyde's eyes sparkle against the glare of light, and her lips parting to speak—till I actually stamped on the deck, my fists clenched, and I made three strides to the very taffrail of the schooner. All at once I met my second mate's eye coolly fixed on me, which brought me to my senses in a moment, the more so as there was something about this man Jones I couldn't make out, and I had made up my mind to keep a sharp eye on him; though the fact was, it annoyed me most to feel him seeing into *me*, as it were, without troubling himself. "We shall have the breeze before long, sir, round Cape Mary yonder," said he, stepping forward. "So I expect, myself, Mr Jones," said I, "though you evidently know the coast better than I do." With that I gave him a careless side-look, but to all appearance there was nothing particular in his, as he told me he had seen it two or three times before.

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With the evening we were once more running sharp on a wind up channel; and when she did get her own way in a good breeze, the schooner's qualities came out. 'Twas a perfect luxury to look over the side and see the bubbles pass, her sharp bows sliding through it like a knife, she eating into the wind all the time in a way none but a fore-and-aft clipper could hope to do, with a glassy blue ripple sent back from her weather-bow as far as the forechains: then to wake of a morning and feel her bounding under you with a roll up to windward, while the water gushed through and through below the keel, and ran yearning and toppling away back along the outer timbers into her boiling wake, working with the moving rudder. And our man-o'-war-men were quite delighted with the Young Hebe, as they still called her. Snelling was in his element while we were having the new spars sent up aloft—a set of longer sticks than before—till she had twice the air, as well as a knowing rake aft. Next thing was to get the long-brass nine-pounder amidships from under the boat, where the Frenchmen had kept it, besides which we found another in her hold; so that, added to six small carronades already on deck, we made a pretty show. Meanwhile, for my own part, I kept cracking on with every stitch of canvass that could be clapped upon the spars, including studding-sails. Jones himself didn't know better than I did by this time how to handle the craft, schooner though she was, in the way of making her use what weather we had to the best purpose. Variable as it proved, too, I was aware the Indiamen would have pretty much the same now as we had; so that, on going aloft with the glass, as I did every watch in the day, I soon began each time expecting one or other of them to heave in sight.

As for the five hands from Cape Town, they seemed to have fallen in cheerfully enough with our own; and as soon as the fine weather came, the gang of Lascars were set to duty like the rest. Snelling would have them even trained to work the guns; although, if it blew at all hard, not one could be got to go aloft except their old *serang*, and the *tindal*, his mate. What surprised me most was the harbour officer himself at last asking, as Mr Snelling told me, to be put in a watch; but as the midshipman said there was no doubt Webb had made a voyage or two before, somewhere or other, I agreed to it at once. "I'm not sure, sir," added the midshipman, with one of his doubtful

double looks, "but the gentleman may have seen blue-water the first time at Government expense, and not in the service either—he don't look fore and aft enough, Mr Collins, harbour officer though he be; but never mind, sir, I'll see after him!"—"Pooh," said I, laughing; "if he does turn to, Mr Snelling, it shan't be in the watch *you* have to do with! Hand him over to Mr Jones." By this time I had changed the mid into my own watch, and given Jones charge of the other—so to him the harbour officer went.

The main character aboard of us, to me at any rate, was this Jones himself. The fact was, at first I had my doubts of him altogether, partly owing to the queer way we got hold of him, partly on account of his getting the upper hand so much through chance, in the tremendous weather we had at the outset, till I wasn't sure but it might come into the fellow's head of itself, to be upon some drift or other that might cost me trouble, as things stood. However, I no sooner felt where I was, and got the craft under my own spoke, than I came to set him down for nothing but one of those strange hands you fall in with at sea sometimes, always sailing with a "purser's name," a regular wonder of a shipmate, and serving to quote every voyage after, by way of a clincher on all hard points, not to say an oracle one can't get beyond, and can't flow sky-high enough. To tell the truth, though, Jones was as thorough a seaman as ever I met with—never at a loss, never wanting on any hand; whether it was the little niceties we stood in need of for setting the schooner's rigging all right again, which none but a blue-water long-voyage sailor can touch, or, what comes to be still better in tropical latitudes, a cool head and a quick hold, with full experience for all sorts of weather, 'twas much the same to him. He was all over like iron, too, never seeming to stand in need of sleep, and seeing like a hawk. At any hour I came on deck in his watch, there was Jones, all awake and ready, till hearing him walk the planks over my head of a fine night made me at times keep my eyes open, listening to it and the wash of the water together. I fancied there was something restless in it, like the sea, with now and then an uneven sort of a start; and at last it would come to full stop, that gave me the notion of how he was standing quiet in the same spot; whether he was looking aloft, or thinking, or leaning over the side, or what he was going to do, troubled me wonderfully. The only want in his seamanship I noticed, he evidently wasn't used to handle a large ship; but craft of some kind I was pretty sure he had commanded in the course of his life. As for taking observations, he could do it better than I could then; while the knowledge he had on different heads, that came out by chance, made you think more of a Cambridge graduate than a common sailor, such as he had shipped for with us. The strangest part of all about him, though, was what I couldn't well name, not to this day: 'twas more grained in his manner, and the ring of his voice at particular moments, as well as his walk, though these were the smart seaman's no less; but one couldn't help thinking of a man that had known the world ashore some time or other, in a different enough station from now—ay, and in a way to bring out softer lines in his face than reefing topsails or seeing the main-tack ridden down would do. The nearest I could come to calling it, far apart as the two men stood, was to fancy he reminded me of Lord Frederick Bury himself; especially when he looked all of a sudden to the horizon in that wide, vacant kind of fashion, as if he expected it farther off than it was: only Jones's face was twice the age, like a man's that had had double the passions in it at the outset, and given them full swing since then; with a sleeping devil in his eye yet, besides, as I thought, which only wanted somewhat to rouse it. Only for that, I had a sort of leaning to Jones myself; but, as it was, I caught myself wishing, over and over, for something to make us fall regularly foul of each other, and get rid of this confounded doubtful state. One hitch of a word to take hold of, and, by Jove! I felt all the blood in my body would boil out in me to find how we stood, and show it; but nothing of the kind did Jones let pass—and as close as the sea itself he was in regard to his past life. As for the men from the frigate, at least, they seemingly looked on him with no great fondness, and a good deal of respect, in spite of themselves, for his seamanship; whereas, if he had been left in the forepeak in place of the cabin, I've no doubt in a short time it would have been no man but Jones. You light now and then upon a man afloat, indeed, that his shipmates hold off from, as healthy dogs do from a mad one; and you saw they had some sort of an inkling of the gloomy close nature Jones had in him, by the way they obeyed his orders. Webb's three Cape Dutchmen seemed to have a notion he was some being with mysterious powers, while the Lascars ran crouching at his very word—some of them being, as I found, Malays, and the rest Mussulmen from Chittagong; but Jones could send them about in their own language, Dutchmen and all—a part of the matter which did not tend to keep me less careful over him. Still I observed, since his coming aboard, that Jones never once touched liquor, which had plainly enough been his ruin ashore; whether on account of meaning to pull up once for all and mend, or only to have a wilder bout at next port, or else to keep himself steady for aught that might turn up, I couldn't settle in my own mind. Though deucedly doubtful of its being the first, the very idea of it made one feel for the man; and, in case of his doing well, I had no small hopes of something in the upshot to save a real sailor like him from going to the devil altogether, as he seemed doing.

Now, after our getting clear of the rough Cape weather, and the dead-lights being taken out of the stern-windows, I had given a look, for the first time, into the schooner's after-cabins, which were pretty much as the people she belonged to before had left them, except for the rough work the gale had played. There were two of them, one opening into the other; and I must say it was a melancholy sight to meet the bright sunlight streaming into them from off the water astern, with all the little matters either just as if the owners were still inside, or else tumbled about at sixes and sevens. One drawer, in particular, had come out of a table, scattering what was in it on the deck: there was a half open letter in a woman's hand, all French, and showing a lock of hair, with a broken diamond cross of the French Legion of Honour, besides a sort of paper-book full of writing, and two printed ones bound in morocco. I picked up the letter and the cross, put them in again, and shoved the drawer back to its place, though I brought the books away with me to have a glance over. What struck me most, though, was a plaster figure of the French emperor himself,

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standing fastened on a shelf, with one hand in the breast of his great coat, and looking calmly out of the white sightless eyes; while right opposite hung a sort of curtain which you'd have thought they were fixed upon. When I hauled it aside, I started—there, on a shelf to match the other, was a beautiful smiling child's head to the shoulders, of pure white marble, as if it leant off the bulkhead like a cherub out of the clouds. Spite of all, however, the touch of likeness it had to the head I got such a glimpse of at Longwood, even when the hot sunlight showed it in my spy-glass so pale and terrible, was sufficient to tell me what *this* was,—Napoleon's own little son, in fact, who was made king of Rome, as I remembered hearing at the time. The thought of the schooner's strange French captain, and his desperate scheme, came back on me so strong, joined to what I saw he had an eye to in fitting out his cabins, that, for my own part, I hadn't the heart to use them myself, and at first sight ordered the dead-lights to be shipped again, and the door locked.

'Twas a good many days after this, of course, and we had made a pretty fast run up the Mozambique, in spite of the sharp navigation required, sighting nothing larger than the native and Arab craft to be seen thereabouts; we were beginning to clear out from amongst the clusters of islands and shoals at the channel head, when two large sail were made in open water to nor'-eastward. Next morning by daybreak we were to windward of the weathermost,—a fine large Indiaman she was, crowding a perfect tower of canvass. Shortly after, however, the schooner was within hail, slipping easily down upon her quarter, which seemed to give them a little uneasiness, plenty of troops as she seemed to have on board, and looming like a frigate. After some showing of keeping on, and apparently putting faith in the man-o'-war pennant I hoisted, she hove into the wind, when we found she was the Company's ship Warringford, and the other the something Castle, I forget which, both for Calcutta. The next thing, as soon as they found we were tender to his Majesty's frigate Hebe, was to ask after the Seringapatam; on which I was told she was three or four days sail ahead with the Mandarin, bound to China, neither of them having put in at Johanna Island to refresh. I was just ready to put our helm up again and bid good-bye, when the tiffin gong could be heard sounding on the Indiaman's quarterdeck, and the old white-haired captain politely asked me if I wouldn't come aboard with one or two of my officers to lunch. Mr Snelling gave me a wistful glance—there were a dozen pretty faces admiring our schooner out of the long white awnings: but even if the notion of bringing up Snelling himself as my first officer hadn't been too much for me, not to speak of either Jones or Webb, why the very thoughts that everything I saw recalled to me, made me the more eager to get in sight of the Seringapatam. "Thank you, sir," answered I. "No—I must be off after the Bombay ship."—"Ah," hailed the old captain, "some of your Admiral's post-bags, I suppose. Well, keep as much northing as you can, sir, and I daresay you'll find her parted company. She's got a jury fore topmast up, for one she lost a week ago; so you can't mistake her for the Mandarin, with a good glass."—"Have you noticed any suspicious craft lately, sir?" asked I. "Why, to tell you the truth, lieutenant," sang out he, looking down off the high bulwarks at our long nine-pounders and the knot of Lascars, "none more so than we thought *you*, at first, sir!" The cadets on the poop roared with laughter, and an old lady with two daughters seemed to eye Snelling doubtfully through an opera-glass, as the reefer ogled both of them at once. "By the bye," sang out the captain of the Indiaman to me again, "I fancy the passengers in that ship must have got somehow uncomfortable—one of our Bengal grandees aboard of her wanted a berth to Calcutta with us, 'tother day in the Mozambique; but we're too full already!"—"Indeed, sir?" said I; but the schooner's mainboom was jibbing over, and with two or three more hails, wishing them a good voyage, and so on, away we slipped past their weather-bow. The Warringford got under weigh at her leisure, and in an hour or two her topsails were down to leeward of us. On I cracked with square and studding-sails to the quartering breeze, till the schooner's light hull jumped to it, and aloft she was all hung out of a side, like a dairyman's daughter carrying milk; with the pace she went at I could almost say to an hour when we should overhaul the chase.

Still, after two or three days of the trade-wind, well out in the Indian Ocean, and not a spot to be seen, we had got so far up the Line as to make me sure we had overrun her. Accordingly the schooner was hauled sharp on a wind to cruise slowly down across what must be the Indiaman's track, judging as we could to a nicety, with a knowledge of the weather we had had. For my part I was so certain of sighting her soon, that I ordered the after-cabins to be set to rights, seeing a notion had taken hold of me of actually offering them to Sir Charles Hyde for the voyage to Calcutta—Fancy the thought! 'Twas too good to be likely; but Violet herself actually being in that little after-cabin and sleeping in it—the lively schooner heading away alone for India, and they and Westwood the sole passengers aboard—why, the idea of it was fit to drive me crazy with impatience.

Well, one fine night, after being on deck all day, and the whole night before, almost, I had turned in to my cot to sleep. From where I lay I could see the moonshine off the water through the stern-light in that after-cabin, by the half-open door. I felt the schooner going easily through the water, with a rise and fall from the heave of the long Line-swell; so close my eyes I couldn't, especially as the midshipman could be heard snoring on the other side like the very deuce. Accordingly I turned out into the after-cabin, and got hold of one of the Frenchman's volumes to read, when, lo and behold, I found it was neither more nor less than Greek, all I knew being the sight of it. Next I commenced overhauling the bundle of handwriting, which I took at first for a French log of the schooner's voyage, and sat down on the locker to have a spell at it. So much as I could make out, in spite of the queer outlandish turn the letters had, and the quirks of the unnatural sort of language, it was curious enough—a regular story, in fact, about his own life, the war, and Buonaparte himself. At another time I'd have given a good deal to go through with it at odd hours—and a strange affair I found it was some time afterwards; but meanwhile I had only seen at the beginning that his name was *Le Compte Victor l'Allemand, Capitaine de la Marine*

*Française*, and made out at the end how there was some scheme of his beyond what I knew before, to be carried out in India,—when it struck me there was no one on the quarterdeck above. I listened for a minute through the stern-window, and thought I heard some one speaking over the schooner's lee-quarter, as she surged along; so slipping on a jacket and cap, I went on deck at once.

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It was middle watch at the time; but as soon as I came up I saw all was quiet—Webb near the gangway talking to the old Lascar serang, and breaking the English wonderfully betwixt them; while the Lascars of the watch were sitting like tailors in a ring on the forecastle planks, each waiting for his turn of one cocoa-nut hookah, that kept hubble-bubbling away gravely under the smoker's nose, as he took a long suck at it, while the red cinder in the bowl lighted up his leathery Hindoo face and mustache like a firefly in the root of a banian, till he handed it, without even a wipe, to his neighbour. These fellows had begun to get much livelier as we made the tropics; and this same serang of theirs had put out his horns once or twice to Snelling lately, though he drew them in again the moment he saw me—a sulky old knotty-faced, yellow-eyed devil I thought him at any rate, while his dish-cloth of a turban, his long blue gown and red trousers, reminded you at sea in a gale of a dancing dervish. The day we spoke the Indiaman, in fact, I noticed there was something in the wind for a minute or two with him and his gang, which put it in my head at first to offer them to the captain for a couple of good English hands; and as I passed him and Webb this time, the serang stopped his talk, and sidled off.

However, a beautiful night it was, as ever eye looked upon even in the blue Indian Ocean: the heavens cloudless, the full round moon shining high off our weather-beam again, the stars drawn up into her bright light, as it were, trembling through the films of it like dew-drops in gossamer of a summer morning: you saw the sea meet the sky on every hand, without a speck on the clear line of horizon, through the squares of our ratlins and betwixt the schooner's two long fore-and-aft booms. A pretty strongish breeze we had, too, blowing from east to west with a sweep through the emptiness aloft, and a wrinkling ripple over the long gentle swells, as deep in the hue as if fresh dye came from the bottom, and crisping into a small sparkle of foam wherever they caught it full. Something pleasant, one couldn't say what, was in the air; and every sheet being hauled taut to hold wind, the slant gush of it before her beam drove her slipping ahead toward the quarter it came from, with a dip down and a saucy lift of her jibs again, as if she were half balanced amidships, but little noise about it. I took a squint aloft and an overhaul all round, and nothing was to be seen. The size of the sky through the moonlight looked awful, as it were, and the strength of the breeze seemed to send a heavenly blue deep into the western quarter, till you saw a star in it. The night was so lovely, in fact, it somehow made one think of one's mother, and old times, when you used to say your prayers. Still I couldn't see the mate of the watch on the weather quarterdeck, which surprised the more in Jones's case, since he was always ready for me when I came up; and, to tell the truth, I shouldn't have been sorry to catch him napping for once, only to show he was like men in common. I walked aft by the weather side of the large mainsail, accordingly, till I saw him leaning with his head over the lee-bulwark, and heard him again, as I thought, apparently speaking to some one down the schooner's side; upon which I stepped across. Jones's back was to me as I looked over too; but owing to what he was busy with, I suppose, and the wash of the water, which was louder there than inboard, while you heard the plash from her bows every time she forged, he evidently didn't hear me. You may fancy my wonder to find he was reading loud out to himself from the other of the Frenchman's volumes, which I had no doubt left in the dining-cabin—the book open in both hands—he giving it forth in long staves, with a break between—and regular Greek it was, too: you'd have thought he timed them to the plash alongside; and I must say, as every string of long-tailed words flowed together like one, in Jones's deep voice, and the swell rose once or twice with its foam-bells near his very hands, I almost fancied I made a meaning of them—each like a wave, as it were, sweeping to a crest, and breaking. The gusto the man showed in it you can't conceive; and, what was more, I had no doubt he understood the sense of it, for all of a sudden, after twenty staves or so of the kind, he stopped.<sup>[8]</sup> "There!" said he, "there, old Homer—women, wine, and adventure—what could the devil ask more, blind old prater, with a sound in you like the sea? Ay, wash, wash, wash away, lying old blue-water, you cant wash *it* out—and wine—no, not the strongest rum in Cape Town—can wash *you* out!" With that Jones laid his head on his arms, with the book still in one hand, muttering to himself, and I listened in spite of me. "Still it rouses the old times in me!" said he. "Here comes this book across me, too. Ay, ay, and the Rector fancied, sitting teaching me Greek out of old wild Homer all week day—and—and his girl slipping out and in—'twould do to don the cassock of a Sunday and preach out of the pulpit against the world, the devil, and the flesh—then warn me against the sea—ha!" The laugh that came from him at that moment was more like a dog than a human being; but on he went muttering "Women, wine, and adventure, said ye, old Greek, and a goddess too; still he *was* a good old man the Rector—no guile nor evil in him, with his books in the cases yonder, and the church-spire seen through the window over the garden, and his wife with—ah, the less of that. 'Twas in me, though, and all the blood—and in *her* dark eyes, too, Mary, though she was! Damnation!" he broke out again, after a bit, as if he'd been arguing it with something under the side, "I didn't take her the first time I came home—nor the second—but—but—ay, I came *back*! Oh that parting-stile, in sight of the sea—and that packet-ship—but oh God! that night, that night with the schooner forging ahead through the blue—blue—" And he stopped with a groan that shook him as he leant over. "Hellish, hellish by God!" he said, suddenly standing upright and looking straight aloft, with his bare head and face to the wide empty sky, and the moonlight tipping the hair on his forehead, from over the high shadow on the lee-side of the mainsail, where it glistened along the gaff. "She was pure to the last!" I heard him say, though I had walked to the other side of the boom; "ay, though I rot to perdition for it!—Down, old fiend!" as he lifted his one hand with the book, and drove it alongside,

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seemingly watching it settle away astern.

Now I had heard nothing from Jones that I couldn't have fancied before, and there was even a humour to my mind in the notion of clapping it all on old Homer, if Homer it was, and heaving him overboard with such a confoundedly complimentary burial-service. But some of the words that dropped from him shot through one's veins like icicles: and now there was something fearful in the sight of him standing straight again, with a look right into the heavens, as if he'd have searched them up and up—in that lovely night too, spread far and wide—the very rays of the moonlight sparkled down the weather side of the sail I was on, trembling on the leech-ropes and brails as they swayed, and into the hollows they made in the belly of the taut canvass: the long shining spot of it wavered and settled on the same two planks of the quarterdeck, beyond the shadow of the bulwark from the moon's eye, fast as the schooner moved through the water, and it was like a hand laid upon her, with the air and wind stretching between. Of a sudden I saw Jones wheel slowly round where he stood, like a man turned about by main strength, with his eyes fixed aloft, and his one arm raising from the shoulder till his forefinger pointed to something, as I thought, about the fore-to-gallant sail. His face was like ashes, his eye glaring, and I sprang across to him under the main-boom. "See!" said he, never turning his head, and the words hissed betwixt his teeth, "look at that!"

"For heaven's sake, *what*, Mr Jones?" said I. "*Her—her*," was his answer, "coming against the wind—dead fore-and-aft in the shade of the sails!" On the lee-sides of them the high boom-sails made a sort of a thin shadow against the moonshine off the other beam, which came glimpsing through between them out of a world of air to the south-east, with a double of it flickering alongside on the water as it heaved past to leeward; and whether it was fancy, or whether it was but the reflection aloft from below, I thought, as I followed Jones's finger, I saw something like the shape of a woman's dress floating close in with the bonnet of the foretopmast-staysail, from the dusk it made to the breast of the fore-topsail, and even across the gush of white light under the yard—long and straight, as it were, like a thing lifted dripping out of water, and going, as he said, right against the schooner's course. "Now in the foresail!" whispered Jones, his eye moving as on a pivot, and a thrill ran through me at the notion, for I made out one single moment what I thought a face against the sky at the gaff-end, white as death, shooting aft toward the mainsail,—though next instant I saw it was but a block silvered by the moon as the schooner lifted. "Now the mainsail!" said he huskily, "and now—now, by the heavens—rising—rising to the gaff-topsail—away! Oh Christ! *Mary!*"

He was leaning aft toward the width of the sky, with both hands clutched together before him, shuddering all over. For the first minute my own blood crept, I must say; but directly after I touched him on the shoulder. "This is strange, Mr Jones," said I, "what's the matter?" "Once in the Bermudas!" said he, still wildly, "once in the Pacific—and now! Does the sea give up its dead, though, think ye?"—"You've a strong fancy, Mr Jones, that's all," I said, sternly. "Fancy!" said he, though beginning to get the better of himself; "did ye ever fancy a face looking down—down at you in the utterest scorn—down sideways off the shoulder of the garment, as it sticks wet into every outline like life? All the time gliding on the other way, too, and the eyes like two stars a thousand miles away beyond, as kind as angels'—neither wind nor sea can stop it, till suddenly it rises to the very cope of heaven—still looking scornfully down at you!—No, sir, fancy it *you* couldn't!" The glance he gave me was somehow or other such as I couldn't altogether stomach from the fellow, and he was turning to the side when I said quietly, "No, nor Homer either, I daresay!" Jones started and made a step towards me. "You heard me a little ago!" rapped out he, eyeing me. "Yes," I said; "by Jove! who could help being curious to hear a sailor spout Greek as you were doing, Mr Jones?"

"The fact is, Mr Collins," answered he, changing his tone, "I was well brought up—the more shame to me for bringing myself to what you saw me. I had a sister drowned, too, on her passage to America one voyage, when I was mate of the ship myself. No wonder it keeps my nerves shaking sometimes, when I've had too long about shore."—"Well, well, Jones," said I, rather softening, "you've proved yourself a first-rate seaman, and I've got nothing to complain of—but I tell You fairly I had my doubts of you! So you'll remember you're under the Articles of War aboard here, sir," added I, "which as long as I have this schooner under hand, I'll be hanged if I don't carry out!" All at once the thought struck me a little inconveniently, of my carrying off Webb and his people, and I fancied Jones's quick eye wandered to the Lascars forward. "I know it, sir," said he, looking me steadily in the face; "and what's more, Mr Collins, at any rate I couldn't forget you picked me out, confounded low as I looked, to come aft here! 'Tis not every captain afloat that has such a good eye for a seaman, as *I* know!" "Oh well, no more about it," I said, walking forward on the weather side, and leaving him on the lee one as distinctly as Lord Frederick Bury could have done to myself in the frigate. Jones no doubt thought I didn't notice the slight wrinkle that gathered round his lee-eye when he gave me this touch of butter at the end; but I put it down for nothing more, gammon though it was.

It was near the end of the watch, the moon beginning to set, while it still wanted three hours of daybreak in those latitudes, when the look-out on the top-gallant-yard, who was stationed there in man-o'-war cruising fashion, reported a sail to windward. Just then the midshipman came on deck to his watch, wonderfully early for him indeed: and on my remarking it was probably the Indiaman at last, Jones himself went aloft with the night-glass to make her out. "Mr Snelling," said I, "see the hands on deck ready for going about." Next minute I saw him rousing up the rest of the Lascars, who slept watch and watch on the fore-castle. Only five or six of the Hebe's men were up; and all of them, save the man at the wheel, ran aloft to rig out stunsail-booms to windward, as soon as the schooner was fairly on the starboard tack, standing to nor'-eastward.



Suddenly I saw a scuffle between the midshipman, and the tindal,<sup>[9]</sup> a stout dark-faced young Bengalee, with a jaunty scull-cap and frock, whom Snelling had probably helped along with a touch of a rope's end; and in a moment two or three more of them were upon him; while the reefer drew his dirk, and sung out to me, scarce before I was with him, the Lascars rolling into the lee-scuppers at two kicks of my foot. Webb and three of the men from Cape Town were hoisting a stunsail at the time, the smart man-o'-war'smen aloft singing out to them to bear a hand. What with the noise of the sail flapping, and its being betwixt my own men and the deck, they could know nothing of the matter; and the Lascars let go the halliards in a body, making a rush at Snelling and myself with everything they could pick up in the shape of a spar.

This would have been nothing, as in two or three minutes more the men would have been down, and the cocoa-faced rascals dodged every way from the handspike I got hold of; but I just caught a glimpse on one side of the sly old serang shoving on the fire-scuttle to keep down the watch below; and on the other, of Webb looking round him, evidently to see how matters stood. Two Dutchmen seized the first sailor that came down the rigging, by the legs, and I saw the affair must be finished at once, it had so much the look of a regular plot on Webb's part, if Jones wasn't concerned in it too. I made one spring upon my Cape Town gentleman, and took him by the throat with one hand, while I hit the biggest Dutchman full behind the ear, felling him to the deck; on which the man-o'-war's man grappled his watchmate, and Webb was struggling with me sufficiently to keep both my hands full, when I had a pleasant inkling of a Malay Lascar slipping toward my back with a bare krees in his fist. I just looked over my shoulder at his black eyes twinkling devilishly before he sprang, when some one came sliding fair down from the fore-top-mast-head by a backstay, and pitched in a twinkling on top of his head—a thing enough to break the neck of a monument. Directly after, I saw Jones himself hitting right and left with his night-glass, from the moonlight to the shadow of the foresail, while Snelling tumbled over a Lascar at every slap, standing up in boxer style. By the time the rest of the men came down all was settled—the Dutchmen sulking against the bulwarks, and Webb gasping after I let him go. "Boatswain," said I to one of the sailors, "clap that man in irons below. Mr Snelling, see the watch called, sir." "I 'ad the law with me," said Webb gloomily. "You plotted it then, Mr Webb?" I said. "Didn't you carry us off illegally?" said he. "I only meant to recover the vessel—upon my honour, nothing more, sir; and if you're 'ard with me, you'll have to answer for it, I assure you!" Here he looked round to Jones in a strange way, as I fancied for a moment; but Jones turned on his heel with a sneer. "Why, Mr Webb," answered I, "you lost that tack by offering yourself in a watch, which makes the thing neither more nor less than mutiny—so take him below, do ye hear, bo'sun!" And down he went.

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"Now, Mr Jones," said I, as soon as all hands were on deck, "you'll be so good as have half of these Lascars seized to the rigging here, one after the other, and see a good dozen given to each of their backs; then these two Dutchmen, each three dozen—then pipe down the watch, sir." Jones glanced at me, then at the fellows, then at me again. I thought he hung aback for an instant; but do it I was determined he should, for a reason I had; and I gave him back the look steady as stone. "Ay, ay, sir," said he at last, touching his hat. I walked aft to the capstan, and stood there till every mother's son of them had got his share, the Lascars wriggling and howling on the deck after it, and the Dutchmen twisting their backs as they walked off. 'Twas the first time I did that part of duty in command; and I felt, in the circumstances, I was in for carrying it out with a taut hand.

By this time the moon was setting, and in the dusk we lost sight of the sail to windward; but as we were heading well up to weather upon her, and going at least ten knots, I turned in below for a little, leaving the midshipman. Accordingly, it wasn't very long before Snelling called me in broad daylight. "She's a large ship, Mr Collins," said he, "standing under all sail on a wind. I hope to goodness, sir, it's that confounded Indiaman at last!" I hurried on deck, took the glass aloft, and soon made out the jury-foretop-mast shorter than the main, as the old captain mentioned. Accordingly it was with somewhat of a flutter in me I came down again, watching the schooner's trim below and aloft, to see if I couldn't take an hour or so off the time betwixt that and once more setting eyes on the Judge's daughter.

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## THE JEW BILL.

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The period at which this obnoxious measure has been brought forward, limits our present remarks to a few paragraphs. But we have so long fought for the Constitution, that We cannot suffer the month to pass without reprobating an intrigue, which we cannot but regard as most dangerous to the Empire. We are no bigots,—we demand no surrender of the rights of opinion,—we force no man to our altars,—we forbid no man's access to his own; but to avert public evil is a duty of every subject,—to strip hypocrisy is clearly an act of justice,—and to protect religion is only an act of supreme necessity. We solemnly believe, that to bring the Jew into the Parliament of England, would be at once injury to the Constitution, a peril to public principle, and an insult to Christianity.

The attempt was made last year, and was defeated. It is now to be renewed, without the slightest additional ground, and the battle will have to be fought over again. Must we not ask, is this experiment to be again made on public patience? Is it meant to tell the people of England, that what common sense rejects, is to be forced on general weariness; that what manly principle repels, is to be gained by vulgar perseverance; and that which public judgement denounces, is to

be made law by the united effect of disgust and disdain producing indifference? We trust that the common sense of England will speak such a language to the Legislature, as to extinguish the *prestige* that obstinacy in the wrong is more effective than honesty in the right; that to be sickened of a struggle, is a legitimate reason for abandoning the contest; and that a great nation can be yawning out of the greatest interests in the world.

The first question of all is, Can this admission of the Jew into a Christian legislature be compatible with the character of a Christian constitution? If we live in bad times, with the evidence of bad practices in important positions, and with a powerful propensity among influential classes to sacrifice everything to the moment, this consciousness should only be a stronger claim on the vigilance of honest men. However strangely it may sound in some ears, England is still a Christian country: however some may doubt, the country still demands a Christian legislature; and, notwithstanding all opinions on the subject, we believe that to worship God and Mammon is still as impossible as it was pronounced to be eighteen hundred years ago. We believe that it is only by national virtue that nations can retain the divine protection; that zeal for the divine honour is the supreme source of virtue; and that to sacrifice the honour of God to any earthly purpose, is only to bring divine desertion on a people. Must we not ask, is there any national demand, national necessity, or religious principle, connected with giving legislative power, at this time, to the Jew?

Where is the national demand? If the Jew, in some instances, is rich, is mere money to be the qualification for giving legislative power? In the simplest point of view, must we not demand ability, personal honour, a personal interest in the country, and a personal evidence that the trustee will never betray or abandon his trust? But what is the Jew? He has *no* country. By being equally a member of all countries, he is equally an alien in all; beyond the casual connexion of trade, he has no connexion with any kingdom of earth: his only country is his counting-house,—his only city is the Exchange. His world consists in his traffic; and if any calamity should fall on one of those kingdoms where he keeps his counting-house, he transfers himself, like a Bill of Exchange, to the next; and in whatever land is equally at home. The Jew gives no pledge to any country; he is no possessor of land, no leader of science, no professor of the liberal pursuits, no manufacturer, no merchant, no sailor, no soldier; as if some irresistible destination prohibited him from ever finally settling in any land, his property is always ready to take wing. Must we not ask, Is this fugitive the man who has a right to share the privileges of the Englishman, bound, as we are, to the soil by nature, and bound to its defence and prosperity by the indissoluble obligation of nature?

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In a political point of view, what security could we have for confiding in the Jew,—for intrusting our finances, our liberties, our councils, the guardianship of our country, to the Jew? The especial and perpetual object of his existence is money. Now, while every man knows that money is the great corrupter of the human mind, that, except in minds fully fortified by principle, it overwhelms all other objects, and that, in all the convulsions of the greatest war of Europe—the war of the French Revolution—the secrets of every Continental cabinet were at the mercy of the purse; do we desire to see this supremacy extended? Do we desire to see the principles of fraud and falsehood made a regular material in the market of public transactions, and lucre exalted into the sole object of existence?

As to the practical effect of bringing the tribe of the money-dealer into Parliament, would any man, in the exercise of his experience, wish to see the finances of England in the hands of any Jew in existence? And let no man pretend that this conception is imaginary. Place a Jew in Parliament, giving him the power of making a party; give him the opportunity of working on the impulses, habits, or necessities of men; and in twelve months you may see him anything he desires,—even Chancellor of the Exchequer. But he is a man of honour; he will not sell the secrets of Council; he will not copy a despatch for the benefit of his partners; he will not raise or sink the stocks, though every movement may add a million to the coffers of his partnership. We hope not; but can we run the risk? But the fact is, that he is a man not to be judged of by the feelings of any other in the world; he differs from all other men. What is patriotism to the Jew? He knows nothing of it. Who ever heard of the Jew taking any part in those noble struggles which have saved the honour or secured the rights of any nation on earth? His business is gain, and it is the only business that he ever follows; from the man with ten firms and five hundred clerks, with a counting-house in every village from the Rhine to the Neva, down to the seller of old clothes, and the pedlar in dilapidated slippers, who ever heard of a Jew thinking of anything but to make money?

But the view which must supersede all others, is the aspect of the measure as it relates to religion. Great Britain is certainly, on the whole, a religious country: it perhaps contains more true religion than all the earth besides; but its fault is, that, though reverent in the church, it does not sufficiently carry its reverence into the course of common life. If this were done, there would be no difficulties in public opinion. It is in no superstition that we say, the only question to be asked on any doubtful course of action is, "Will it please God? Is it for the honour of God?" This is what the Scripture calls "walking with God," and describes as the essential character of virtue. But the majority of mankind add to those questions, Will it benefit myself? The statesman asks, Shall I lose power by it?—the merchant, Shall I lose profit?—the tradesman, Shall I lose custom? And this question is the master-key to the diversities of opinion on points which, to the unbiassed mind, are as clear as the sun.

Let us put the matter in a more every-day point of view. Let us suppose the question asked, Would you take for your friend a man who denied your God, who scoffed at your religion, and who declared yourself a dupe or a deceiver? Yet all this the Jew does openly by the profession of

his own creed. Can you conceive it for the honour of your Redeemer, to give this man your confidence in the highest form in which it can be given by a subject? Or can you bring yourself to believe that you are doing your duty to Christ in declaring by your conduct, that to be hostile to Him makes no imaginable difference in your estimate of the character of any man?

On those points it is wholly impossible that there can be any doubt whatever. The enemy of Christ cannot, without a crime, be favoured, still less patronised and promoted, by the friend of Christ. Now, this feeling is neither prejudice nor persecution: it merely takes the words of the Jew himself; and it would not force him, by the slightest personal injury, to change the slightest of his opinions. It is merely the conduct which all who were unbiassed by gain, or unperturbed by personal objects, would follow in any common act of life. To give power to the Jew, from the motives of pelf, or party, or through indifference, is criminal; and it is against this crime that we protest, and that we desire to guard our fellow Christian.

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We must now rapidly pass through the leading points of the question. The Jew is a "condemned man." More than three thousand years ago, Moses, in pronouncing the future history of the people, declared that a teacher should finally be sent to their nation, like himself, a man; and mingling as such among men, to give them a law, not in clouds and thunders as at Sinai, nor written in tables of stone, nor fixed in stern ordinances, but written in the heart, and acting by the understanding: and that, if they rejected him, they should be made nationally to answer the national crime to the Almighty. Him they rejected, and the rejection has been answered by national ruin. The prophecy is before the eye of the world; the fulfilment is also before the eye of the world.

The Jew is an undone being, if there be truth in the words of inspiration. "He that believeth in the Son hath everlasting life; and he that believeth not the Son, *shall not see life*; but the *wrath of God* abideth on him." (John iii. 35, 36.) What right have we to dispense with such words? The declaration is unequivocal; and if there be a compassionate allowance for the barbarian, who has no Bible and whom the gospel has never reached, what allowance can there be for the Jew, possessing the Bible and living in the sound of the gospel? But this language is not alone. We have the declaration of ruin constantly expressed or implied, "Who is a liar, but he that *denieth that Jesus is the Christ?* Whosoever *denieth the Son*, the same *hath not the Father*." (1 John ii. 22)

Are those deniers the men whom the Christian is to take into the very centre of his political favouritism? Are the brands of Scripture on the national forehead to be scorned by a people professing obedience to the Divine will? Can human conception supply a stronger proof of the reality of those brands than the condition of the Jews ever since their first fulfilment, in the fall of Jerusalem—the terrible reply to their own anathema, "His blood be on us, and on our children."

What is the state of the Jew himself with respect to sacred things? Nothing but ignorance can speak of the *religion* of the Jew. So far as belongs to worship, he has *none*. Sacrifice, the solemnisation of the three great festivals, the whole ceremonial of the temple, were *essential* to Judaism. The Jew cannot perform a single public ceremonial of his religion. Sacrifice was supremely essential for nearly the atonement of every fault of man; but it could be offered only in the Temple. The Temple is gone. What now becomes of his atonement?

A weak attempt is made to answer this tremendous question, by referring to the condition of the Jews in Babylon. But what comparison can exist between a captivity prophetically limited to years not exceeding a single life, passed under the protection of kings, and under the guardianship of the most illustrious man of Asia, the prophet Daniel, cheered by prophecy and miracle, and certain of return, and the eighteen hundred years' banishment of the Jew? What comparison between the temporary suspension of the national worship, and the undefined and hopeless duration which seems to lie before the Jewish exile; and which, when it shall close at last, will extinguish his Judaism, will show him his folly only by stripping the superstition of the Rabbi and the Talmud from his eyes, and will awake him at once to the extent of his error, to the exercise of his understanding, and to the worship of Christianity?

After considerations of this order, all others must be almost trivial. But the common declamation on the *natural right* of the Jew to be represented in Parliament is verbiage. But the Jew is actually represented, as much as a multitude of other interests of superior importance are represented. Are the fifteen thousand clergy of the Church of England (a body worth all the Jews on the globe) personally represented? Are the millions of England under twenty-one represented? One might thus go through the great industrious classes of England, and find that, out of twenty millions, there are not one million electors. And what claim have a class—who come to this country only to make money, and who make nothing but money, and who, if they could make more money anywhere else on the earth, would go there to-morrow—to an equality of right with the manly, honest, and attached son of England, every day of whose life adds something to the comfort or the credit of the community?

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The whole and sole claim of the Jew is, that some of his party are rich. How they have made their riches, or how they spend them, is beneath us to inquire. But what are their national evidences, even of wealth, it might be difficult to discover. They exhibit no fruits here, nor anywhere. It has been often asked, with genuine astonishment, what signs of national liberality have ever been given by Jewish wealth in the world? What contribution does it make, or has it ever made, to the arts that decorate life, to the literature that enlightens it, or to those bold and commanding services by which nations are raised or restored? Where are the picture galleries, or the great libraries, the great institutions, erected by the wealth of the Jew? As to the genius which endows mankind, for generations to come, with noble inventions, or leaves its name behind in a track of glory to posterity, who ever heard of it among the Jews? Shopkeepers of London

have planted its vicinity with great establishments, castles of charity, magnificent monuments of practical religion, to which all the works of Jewish bounty are molehills. The Jews have an hospital and a few schools,—and there the efflux of liberality stops, the stream stagnates, the river becomes a pond, and the pond dries away.

It is remarkable, and may be a punitive consequence, that there is nothing so fugitive as the wealth of the Jew. There is perhaps no hereditary example of Jewish wealth in the world. In England we have seen opulent firms, but they have never had the principle of permanency. Supposed to be boundlessly wealthy, a blight came, and every leaf dropt off. One powerful firm now lords it over the loan-market of Europe. We have no desire to anticipate the future; but what has become of all its predecessors in this country? or what memorial have they all left, to make us regret their vanishing, or remember their existence?

Of the sudden passion with which Ministers have snatched the Israelite to their bosom, we shall leave the explanation until their day of penitence. As poverty makes man submit to strange companionship, political necessity may make a Whig Cabinet stoop to the embrace of the Jew. The resource is desperate, but the exigency must be equally so. We hail the omen,—the grasp at straws shows nothing but the exhaustion of the swimmer.

On one point more alone we shall touch. It is of a graver kind. It has been the source of a kind of ignorant consideration for the Jews, that prophecy speaks of their future restoration. But, as *Jews* they will *never* be restored. In the last days some powerful influence of the Holy Spirit will impel the surviving Jews to solicit an admission into Christianity. How many or how few will survive the predicted universal convulsion of these days, is not for man to tell; the terrible, or the splendid, catastrophes of those times are still hidden; but no Jew well ever dwell in the presence of the patriarchs, but as a "new creature"—a being cleared from the prejudices of his exiled fathers, and by supernatural interposition purified from the unbelief, to be rescued from the ruin, of his stiff-necked people.

The measure must be thrown out by the awakened power of public opinion. We must not indulge our indolence in relying on the House of Lords. They *may* do their duty, but *we must do ours*. The Jew *must not* enter the Christian Legislature.

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## THE PICTURES OF THE SEASON.

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The taste for pictorial art, if its progress may be measured by the opportunity afforded for its gratification, is decidedly upon the increase in this country. In London, especially, pictures of one class or other form, each successive year, a larger and more important item in the sum of public amusements. During the present season of 1850 there have been open, at one time, four exhibitions consisting chiefly of oil paintings, two numerous collections of water-colour drawings, and panoramas and dioramas in unprecedented number and of unusual excellence. These last, although pertaining to a lower walk of art, have strong claims on consideration for their scenic truthfulness and artistic skill, and are fairly to be included in an estimate of the state of public feeling for the pictorial. The four first exhibitions alone comprise upwards of three thousand works of art, now for the first time submitted to public inspection. As usual, the exhibition of the Royal Academy is the most important and deserving of attention. Numerically, the Society of British Artists claims the next place; but in point of interest it must yield precedence to the British Institution, now for some weeks closed, and also to the exhibition of an association of artists which has installed itself, upon a novel principle, and under the title of the National Institution, in a building constructed for its accommodation, and known as the Portland Gallery. It were for some reasons desirable—it certainly would be favourable to the comparative appreciation of merit—that, as at Paris, the whole of the annual harvest of pictures should be collected in one edifice, subject, of course, to such previous examination by a competent and impartial council, as should exclude those works unworthy of exhibition. But such a system, however pleasant it might be found by the public, could hardly be made agreeable to the artists. The most indulgent censorship, excluding none but the veriest daubs—nay, even the plan of open doors to all comers, which has lately clothed a portion of the walls of the Republican Louvre with canvass spoiled by ignorance and presumption, would fail to satisfy artists and their friends. In London, as in Paris under the old system, it is less the question of admission than the placing of the pictures that is the source of discontent. The excluded conceal their discomfiture; the misplaced grumble loudly, and not always without reason, especially as regards the Academy exhibition. The fault may be more in the rooms that contain, than in the men who place the pictures. Of course everybody whose work gets into the Octagon Room feels aggrieved, although it is evident that, as long as that ridiculous nook is used to contain pictures, some unlucky artists must fill it. The good places in the other rooms—limited as is the extent of these compared to the large number of pictures annually exhibited in them—cannot be very numerous, although they may be multiplied by the exercise of judgment, and by impartial attention to the requirements of each picture as regards light and elevation. The best possible arrangement, however, will fail to please everybody, and the persons to whom falls the difficult task of distributing a thousand or fifteen hundred pictures over the walls of a suite of rooms inadequate to their proper accommodation, must be prepared to endure some obloquy, and esteem themselves fortunate if the public acquit them of flagrant partiality or negligence. It is not our purpose to dilate on this oft-mooted and still vexed question. We have no polemical intention in the present paper, in which we shall not have too much space to note down a few of the thoughts that suggested

themselves to us during our morning wanderings amongst the throng of pictures in four exhibitions.

The great event of the artist's year, the opening of the Exhibition of the Royal Academy, is of course the signal for a Babel of opinions. The question which on all sides is heard: What sort of Exhibition is this? obtains the most conflicting replies. People are too apt to trust to their first impressions, and to indulge in sweeping censure or excessive encomium. We have heard this year's exhibition set down by some as first-rate, by others as exceedingly poor. Our own opinion, after careful examination and consideration, is, that it has rather less than the average amount of merit. This we believe to be also the opinion of the majority of those most competent to judge. There is certainly an unusually small number of pictures of striking excellence; nor is this atoned for by any marked improvement in those artists whose works can claim but a second rank. One circumstance unfavourable to the interest of the exhibition is the uncommonly large number of portraits, the majority of which are not very admirable either in subject or execution. The impression, as one walks through the rooms, is, that an extraordinary number of ugly or uninteresting persons have got themselves painted by careless or indifferent artists. Of landscapes there seem to be fewer than usual—certainly fewer good ones. Some of the best of this class of painters have contributed to other exhibitions. On the other hand, historical, scriptural, and dramatic subjects are numerous, but not in many cases have they been treated with very great success. One of the foremost pictures in the Exhibition—certainly the one about which most curiosity has been excited—is Edwin Landseer's *Dialogue at Waterloo*. We are unfeigned admirers of Mr Landseer's genius, but we do not think this one of his happiest efforts. There is much fashion in these matters; people are very apt to be led away by a name, and to fall into ecstasies before a picture simply because it is by a great painter. We believe it impossible for Edwin Landseer to paint anything that shall not have great merit, but he is certainly most felicitous when confining himself to what is strictly speaking his own style. We do not think him successful as a portrait painter. His Marchioness of Douro does less than justice to the beautiful original. As to the Duke of Wellington, it is a failure; especially if, as we are assured, it is intended to be his portrait as he now is. We certainly cannot admire the burly figure and swarthy complexion of Mr Landseer's Duke, which gives us the idea of a younger and more robust man than him it is intended to represent. We should be disposed to object to the strained appearance of the downward-pointing hand; but the gesture is said to be one habitual to the original, and of course the painter was right to preserve character, even at the cost of grace. The less prominent portion of the picture is the most to our taste—the peasants and child, the dogs and game, and the plough horses with their old driver. We are not quite clear as to what it all means; some of the objects seeming rather to have been dragged in than naturally to have come thither; the tablecloth spread in the ploughed field appearing rather out of character, and the left-hand corner of the picture having altogether somewhat of a crowded aspect: but these are trifles not worth dwelling upon. The painting is evidently unfinished. The subject of Mr Landseer's second picture, a shepherd digging the stragglers from his flock out of a snow-drift, is of less interest than that of his larger work; but, in an artistic point of view, it claims higher praise. His snow is admirable, the tender gray tints are full of light, and distributed with surpassing skill; and the earnest laborious face of the delving peasant is very vigorous and characteristic. Mr Landseer is so accurate an observer of brute nature that it is with extreme caution we venture to criticise his animals, but we must say that the wool of his sheep in this painting has a hard and cork-like look. Upon the whole it is a question with us, when we revert to some of this artist's former productions, whether he is painting as carefully as he used to do. Looking at his Waterloo Dialogue, we say no; but an affirmative starts to our lips when we examine his last and smallest picture in this year's Exhibition, Lady Murchison's dog. With this the most fastidious would be troubled to find fault. It is a gem of admirable finish. If Mr Landseer's power of drawing, in the grander contours of his designs, were equal to the skill he displays in the details, he would leave nothing to desire.

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Mr Maclise has two pictures in this exhibition. There is scarcely an English artist living concerning whom we are more embarrassed to make up our minds, than concerning the painter of *The Spirit of Justice* and *The Gross of Green Spectacles*. His merits and defects are alike very great, and unfortunately he delays to amend the latter—if indeed it be in his power so to do. His first-named and larger picture, whilst it contains much to admire, leaves a great deal to be desired. To us it is a vexatious performance. We cannot look at it without admitting it to be the work of no ordinary artist, and we feel the more annoyed at the mannerism that detracts from its merit. Mr Maclise has fertility of invention and power of design, but there is a deficiency of true artistical feeling in his execution. We cannot coincide, besides, with the notion which he, in common with many others, seems to entertain, that fresco painting precludes chiaroscuro. In *The Spirit of Justice* there are some good faces; but there are more that are unnecessarily ugly, and several of faulty expression. Justice has a fine countenance and altogether pleases us well. The widow's face is hard and un-flesh-like; the accuser, who drags the murderer before the tribunal, and displays a bloody dagger as evidence of guilt, and the free citizen who unrolls the charter of liberty, are anything but admirable. The accuser looks more like an informer than an avenger. Nothing can be more unfavourable to the face than the sort of scrubby, colourless, thinly-sown stubble with which his chin is provided, as a contrast, we presume, with the dark hirsute countenance of the criminal, who, deducting the beard, might pass for a portrait of Mr Macready, of one of whose favourite attitudes the position of the head and shoulders particularly reminds us. With all its defects, however, this is by far the best of Mr Maclise's two pieces. *The Gross of Spectacles* we consider a failure. It is a gross of spectacles, and little besides. The first thing that catches the eye is Moses' unlucky bargain. There they are, the twelve dozen, in green cases and with plated rims. We submit that the first thing which *should* attract the eye is the countenances

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of the actors in the scene. Owing to their tameness of expression, these, which should be prominent, are almost subordinate to the inanimate details of the apartment. Unimportant as it is, we are inclined to prefer the recess, and the peep through the window, to any other part of the picture. There is an airiness and transparency in that corner of the canvass, which we in vain seek elsewhere. The general effect is very hard. The hair of Moses and the little boy is as unlike hair as it well can be: we remember to have seen something very like it upon a tea-tray. These are technical objections. But Mr Maclise may rely upon it that he lacks the keen perception of humour indispensable to the artist who would illustrate Goldsmith.

Amongst the scriptural and mythological paintings, those of Mr Patten and Mr F. R. Pickersgill attract at least as much notice as they deserve. Besides portraits, Mr Patten has contributed three pictures. His *Susannah and the Elders* is remarkable as being the most decidedly indecent picture exhibited this year. The subject is not a very pleasing one, and, to our thinking, has been painted quite often enough. But this is not the question. Mr Patten has put his version of it out of the pale of propriety by his mode of handling it. There is nothing classical in his treatment, nothing to redeem or elevate the nudity and associations of the subject. His *Susannah* is simply a naked English girl, with a pretty face, an immaculate cuticle, and something exceedingly voluptuous in the form and arrangement of her limbs. There is no novelty of conception in the picture, nor any particular merit except the colouring, which is good, but not equal to that in No. 446, *Bacchus discovering the Use of the Grape*. This is a pleasanter subject, cleverly treated, displaying more originality and much better taste. The flesh-tints are capital, and the picture altogether does credit to the painter. *Venus and Cupid*, by the same artist, is chiefly remarkable for a plaster-of-Paris dove of an extraordinarily brilliant and very unnatural effect. As to Mr F. R. Pickersgill, we should like his pictures better if he would not imitate poor Etty, whose memory, be it parenthetically observed, has been little regarded by those who have exhibited that most coarse and unpleasant picture, *The Toilet*, No. 276, a specimen of the deceased artist's worst manner. Mr Pickersgill's *Samson Betrayed* is, there is no denying it, a very unsatisfactory composition. His red-haired Dalilah is graceless and characterless. Samson, recumbent in an attitude in which no man ever slept soundly, seems prevented only by a miracle from slipping off her knees. Two girls, instead of getting to a safe distance, are hugging each other in terror within reach of the giant's arm. There is scarcely an attitude in the picture that is not strained. In the conception there is an utter want of novelty of circumstance. The whole picture is deficient in originality. The eye wanders over it, seeking some feature of special interest or striking beauty whereon to dwell, and finds none. Mr Pickersgill has good qualities, but the spark of fancy and genius which alone can complete the great painter, is, we fear, wanting in his composition.

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We turn with pleasure to Leslie's pictures. Were we disposed to find fault with this very agreeable artist, our objections could only be technical. With want of imagination, and feeling for beauty, none can tax him. Two of his three pictures contain the sweetest female faces in this exhibition. How admirably has he interpreted Shakspeare's description of Beatrice stealing to the woodbine bower, to play the eavesdropper on Hero and Ursula.

"Look where Beatrice, like a lapwing, runs  
Close by the ground."

The painter has exactly rendered the poet's graceful idea. As she glides along, we seem to detect the slight flutter and palpitation attendant on the clandestine movement. Expression and attitude are alike charming. Sophia Western deserves even higher praise. She is indeed a lovely creature. Tom Jones bids her behold herself in the mirror, and say whether such a face and form do not guarantee his fidelity. It is altogether a most agreeable composition; and if we have any fault to find, it is with the face of the enamoured foundling, which wants refinement, and has a sort of overgrown schoolboy's ruddy fulness. Katherine of Arragon beseeching Capucius to convey to Henry VIII. her last recommendation of her daughter and servants to his goodness, is the most important of Mr Leslie's pictures; and although by many it will not be deemed the most attractive, none can deny it great merit and interest. The suffering countenance of Katherine, and the tearful faces of her attendants, are full of expression. The ambassador is rather tame, and one scarcely recognises in his face or bearing the energy with which he vows to do the bidding of the unhappy queen.

Mr Eastlake has one scriptural and one historical picture in this year's exhibition. A passage from Sismondi, telling the escape of an Italian noble and his wife from the persecution of the Duke of Milan, has suggested the latter, which is painted for the Vernon Gallery. There is some good expression in the faces in this picture, which has more interest and novelty than its companion *The Good Samaritan*, and also greater vigour. Both show the hand of the experienced and skilful artist, although perhaps neither can be classed amongst the best things he has produced. We should gladly see a little more nerve in Mr Eastlake's style, and this we think might be advantageously combined with his beautiful transparency of colouring, and other excellent qualities as a painter. There is no diminution in the purity of style and thought which has always been one of his finest characteristics.

Mr Frith is an improving artist. There is humour and progress in No. 543, a scene from Goldsmith's *Good-natured Man*. Mr Honeywood introduces the bailiffs to Miss Richland as his friends. He must beware, however, of running into caricature in subjects of this kind. The bailiffs are perhaps a little overdone. Miss Richland has a very pretty face, but she looks more like a *soubrette* or smart actress than a woman of fashion. Mr Frith's other picture, Sancho proving to the duchess that Don Quixote is at the bottom of the table, is well painted, and, in a technical point of view, it must be spoken of with respect. He has not been quite so successful as we should

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have expected in the expression of the faces,—that of the duke excepted, which is a good and thoroughly Spanish countenance, with its habitual gravity disturbed by Sancho's quaint humour and his master's manifest distress. But painting ladies is not Mr Frith's forte. His duchess is pretty, but there is a want of aristocratic distinction in her face and bearing; and as to the ladies grouped behind her chair, they are cookmaids in masquerade. Very few living artists, besides Leslie, should venture upon Sancho. We will not say that Mr Frith is not one of those few, but his delineation of the shrewd esquire, although very humorous, is rather coarse, and he has made him ragged and filthy to an unnecessary degree. The vexation and embarrassment of Don Quixote are ludicrously portrayed.

Four very small, very unpretending pictures by Thomas Webster, R.A., must be sought for, but, when found, cannot fail to be admired. They are a feature, and a very charming one, of this year's Exhibition. High finish and truth to nature are their chief characteristics. Mr Webster is getting quite into the Ostade manner. His colouring, too, is admirable. No. 54 is a boy in a chimney corner, supping pottage, with an old woman knitting opposite to him. Both faces are excellent, and full of character. *A Cherry Seller* is a perfect *bijou*—the woman weighing out the fruit; the boys, looking on with eager eyes and watering mouths; the fruit itself, with its Dutch nicety of finish:—altogether it is a most desirable picture, such as one can hardly pass, even for the twentieth time, without pausing for another view. *A Peasant's Home* is upon the whole too gray, and perhaps the least attractive of the four; but in the *Farmhouse Kitchen* are a couple of figures, a farmer and his dame, than which nothing can be better, either in colour or expression. Mr Webster shows great taste and judgment in adhering to a pleasing simplicity, without ever falling into quaintness or affectation. And it is a study for a young artist to observe the skill with which he throws his lights, and the transparency and absence of *paintyness* (to borrow a term from the studio) which characterise his pictures.

Mr Solomon Hart's *Kitchen Interior at Mayfield* will not do after Webster. This, however, is one of the least important of his six pictures, which comprise two other interiors, two heads, and a Jewish festival. This last is perhaps the best picture he has painted. The MSS. of the Pentateuch are being carried round the synagogue at Leghorn, amidst chanting of hymns. There is a strong devotional character in many of the faces; and, as a work of art, the picture is more than respectable. The interest of the subject is a question of taste. For us, we confess, it possesses very little attraction; and the Jewish physiognomy, so strongly marked as it is in all the occupants of the synagogue, is, to our thinking, incompatible with beauty. We do not much admire either *A Virtuoso* or *Arnolfo di Lapo*. The latter is the best of the two: the former, carefully painted, is merely an ordinary-looking Jew.

What can we say of Mr Turner? Perhaps we had better content ourselves with mentioning that he has four pictures in the Exhibition, all in his latest manner, all illustrative of that far-famed, but, unfortunately, unpublished poem, *The Fallacies of Hope*, and all proving the fallacy of the hope we annually cherish that he will abjure his eccentricities, and revert to the style which justly gained him his high reputation. It were absurd of us to attempt to criticise his present productions, for to us they are unintelligible; and, judging from the extremely puzzled looks we see fixed upon them, we suspect that not many of those who pause for their examination are more successful than ourselves in deciphering their meaning, and in appreciating the beauties which a few stanch adherents pretend to discover in those strange compounds of red, white, and yellow. What if Mr Turner were to seek his inspirations elsewhere than in the aforesaid MS.? Can it be that the poet's halting verse influences the painter's vagaries? From the specimens afforded us, we are not inclined to think highly of *The Fallacies of Hope*. Take the following, *exempli gratiâ*:—

"Beneath the morning mist  
Mercury waited to tell him of his neglected fleet."

And this—

"Fallacious Hope beneath the moon's pale crescent shone,  
Dido listened to Troy being lost and won."

Enough of such poetry, and enough, as far as we are concerned, of a great painter's unfortunate aberrations.

Apropos of aberrations, we have a word to say, which may as well be said here as elsewhere. Affectation, however, is a more suitable word for the mountebank proceedings of a small number of artists, who, stimulated by their own conceit, and by the applause of a few foolish persons, are endeavouring to set up a school of their own. We allude, to the pre-Raphaelites. Let not Messrs Millais, Hunt, Rosetti, & Co. suppose, because we give them an early place in this imperfect review of the exhibitions, that we concede to them an undue importance. As to admiration, we shall presently make them aware how far we entertain that feeling towards them. Meanwhile, let them not plume themselves on a place amongst men of genius. Just as well might they experience an exaltation of their horns, because their absurd and pretentious productions get casually hung next to pictures by Landseer or Webster. It appears they have got into their wise heads certain notions that the ideal of expression is to be found in the works of the artists who flourished previously to Raphael. And they have accordingly set to work to imitate those early masters, not only in the earnestness of purpose visible in their productions, but in their errors, crudities, and imperfections—renouncing, in fact, the progress that since then has been made; rejecting the experience of centuries, to revert for models, not to art in its prime, but to art in its uncultivated

infancy. And a nice business they make of it. Regardless of anatomy and drawing, they delight in ugliness and revel in diseased aspects. Mr Dante Rosetti, one of the high-priests of this retrograde school, exhibits at the Portland Gallery. Messrs Millais and Hunt favour the saloons of the Academy. Ricketty children, emaciation and deformity constitute their chief stock in trade. They apparently select bad models, and then exaggerate their badness till it is out of all nature. We can hardly imagine anything more ugly, graceless, and unpleasant than Mr Millais' picture of Christ in the carpenter's shop. Such a collection of splay feet, puffed joints, and misshapen limbs was assuredly never before made within so small a compass. We have great difficulty in believing a report that this unpleasing and atrociously affected picture has found a purchaser at a high price. Another specimen, from the same brush, inspires rather laughter than disgust. A Ferdinand of most ignoble physiognomy is being lured by a pea-green monster intended for Ariel; whilst a row of sprites, such as it takes a Millais to devise, watch the operation with turquoise eyes. It would occupy more room than the thing is worth to expose all the absurdity and impertinence of this work. Mr Hunt's picture of a Christian Missionary sheltered from Druid pursuit is in as ridiculous taste as any of the group.

From such monstrosities it is a relief to turn to Mr Frank Stone's graceful creations. He also has taken a subject from the second scene in the *Tempest*, No. 342, Miranda's first sight of Ferdinand. Compared with Mr Millais' Ferdinand, that of Mr Stone is a demigod. Estimated by its intrinsic merits, it strikes us as a little theatrical—rather too much of the stage-player in the air and attitude. Miranda has a sweet and youthful face; Prospero is too young, and does not look his part. This is not one of Mr Stone's happiest efforts, but it is a nice picture, and we prefer it to his other in the same exhibition, *The Gardener's Daughter*, a young lady attitudinising under a rose-tree, with a pair of admiring swains in the distance. This artist is too apt to give his male lovers a sickly look, as if their love disagreed with them. The best picture he has shown this year is one in the British Institution—*Sympathy*—two very pretty maidens, with an expression of pleasing sentiment in their faces. Barring a little occasional mannerism, Mr Stone is a very delightful painter; and in our opinion, if he had had his deserts, he would some time since have been a member of the Academy. Were it not invidious, we could cite a few, who write *Associate* after their names, who have less claim than he has to that honorary distinction. Mr Stone has a great deal of fancy, a fine feeling for the beautiful, and we are indebted to him for many charming compositions and lovely female faces. And certainly if popularity be a test of merit, which we admit is not always the case, he ought years ago to have figured in the list of Academicians.

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That very conscientious and careful artist, Mr Charles Landseer, has a pretty and well-painted *Girl in a Hop-garden*, and a larger and still better picture—perhaps the best he has for some years produced—of *Æsop*, surrounded by several of the animals celebrated in his fables. There is a great deal of quiet humour and nice finish in this picture: the figure and face of the hump-backed fabulist, and those of a girl, who seems admiringly to listen to his allegorical wisdom, are exceedingly good. Mr Dyce has only one picture, and really that had been as well away. An ugly Jacob is protruding his lips to kiss a vulgar Rachel. The colouring is hard and bad, and there is a pervading gray tint which is not natural. We hope Mr Dyce, R.A., can do better things than this. We prefer Mr Cope's *King Lear*, which has considerable merit. There is fine expression in the old monarch's head. Cordelia pleases us less; and perhaps, upon the whole, the best figures in the picture are those of the musicians and singers. There is a something in this painting that reminds us of Maclise. Of Mr Cope's other pictures, *Milton's Dream* has a nice tone of colour; and the two sketches for fresco of Prince Henry's submission to Judge Gascoigne, and the Black Prince receiving the order of the Garter, are spirited and good. Mr Redgrave's principal picture is No. 233. *The Marquis having chosen patient Griselda for his wife, causes the court ladies to dress her in her father's cottage*. Griselda has a pretty face, and sits in an easy, graceful attitude: the ladies are coarse, and the expression of scorn upon their countenances is theatrical and affected. The heads of some of them are too big, and out of proportion with their bodies. *The Child's Prayer*, by the same artist, is a pleasing picture; well painted, particularly the woman's head and hand, which latter has a look of Rubens. Mr E. M. Ward has two pictures of very different subjects. *Isaac Walton Angling* hardly claims any particular notice; *James II. receiving the News of the Landing of the Prince of Orange in 1688*, has more pretension and greater merit. It certainly contains good painting: the grouping of the figures and the expression of some of the faces are also praiseworthy; but yet it hardly satisfies us. The queen's face and attitude, as she advances, already sympathising with the agitation visible on his countenance, to her husband's side, are very charming. James's physiognomy is almost too much discomposed to accord with the passage from Dalrymple quoted by Mr Ward. And it strikes us, although this may seem hypercritical, that there is something ludicrous in the eternal suspension in the air of the letter that he has just allowed to escape from his fingers. Upon the whole, however, this is a clever picture, and, as far as we had opportunity of observing, it attracts a very full share of public attention; although that is no criterion of merit, so large a proportion of the loungers through an exhibition being more readily attracted by a piquant subject than by artistical skill. And probably no subjects are more generally popular than those that may be styled the homely-historical; scenes in the private apartments of royalty; the personal adventures and perils of princes, whether in the palace or the prison—on the steps of the throne or the verge of the scaffold. There is a fair sprinkling of such pictures in the four exhibitions now under notice; and as we have no pretension to be otherwise than exceedingly desultory in this article, whose limits, and the heterogeneous subject, preclude our being otherwise, we will at once dispose of such of them as deserve notice, and have not already received it, commencing, in order of catalogue, with Delaroche's picture of *Cromwell looking at the dead body of Charles I*. This is a picture concerning which the most conflicting opinions have been uttered. It has received fulsome praise and unwarranted abuse. Some have lauded it as perfection merely because it is by Paul Delaroche; others have decried it with a

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virulence and injustice warranting the suspicion that some envious brother of the brush had temporarily abandoned the palette for the pen, and applied himself to slander merit he himself was hopeless of equalling. We are aware but of two valid objections that can fairly be made to the picture. The subject is certainly ghastly and horrid; but, on the other hand, it has been rendered as little so as possible by the consummate skill and good taste of its treatment. And none, we think, but the very fastidious, will dwell upon this point. The other objection (technical only) is to the coppery tone of colouring of certain parts of the picture, particularly of the flesh. This premised, we are aware of little else that can fairly be alleged against this very fine picture. The countenance of Cromwell certainly does not agree with the most authentic portraits that have been handed down to us, or with the written and traditional accounts of his features. The artist has idealised his hero—has abridged his nose, increased his under jaw, and thrown nearly the whole expression of the face into and around the mouth. M. Delaroche having taken such liberties, we ought to be particularly grateful to him that he has not gone farther, and, in aiming at a great effect, fallen into exaggeration. Out of twenty French artists, nineteen, we suspect, would have given us, with the strong and dangerous temptation of so striking a subject, an unpleasant caricature. It has been objected that the face is deficient in character and expression, and would perfectly suit any one of Cromwell's Ironsides, who through curiosity should have lifted the lid of the deceased monarch's coffin. It is, to our thinking, an evidence of skill on the part of the painter thus to have left the expression doubtful—a matter of speculation to the beholder. We interpret it as merely meditative. Any emotion it includes is one of exultation at the great and important step the Usurper has made in his upward progress. Of pity or remorse there is no trace.

The next picture in the Exhibition of the Academy, of the class at present under notice, that particularly caught our eye, is No. 491, *The Burial of the two sons of Edward IV. in the Tower*, by Mr Cross, whose painting of Richard Cœur-de-Lion, exhibited at Westminster Hall, will be remembered by many of our readers. The present picture does not redeem the promise of its predecessor. It has a washy, fresco-like look, and a great want of light and shade, which is the more striking because the subject is one particularly favourable to the display of a Rembrandt-like vigour in that respect. The arrangement of the dead bodies is very bad, and they have an emaciated look which was quite uncalled for. On the other hand, the faces of two of the murderers, (one sustains the stone beneath which the grave is dug, and the other grasps the arm of one of the children,) and that of the turnkey, are very expressive. The chief of the gang and the grave-digger are rather strained and theatrical. Upon the whole, the picture disappoints us much. A report, however, has reached us, that it was painted under the disadvantage of ill health, so we will hope that Mr Cross may yet do better things. No. 569, *The Abdication of Mary Queen of Scots at Lochleven Castle*, by J. Severn, is a very tame affair. And we do not greatly admire Mr Lucy's *Parting of Charles I. with his Children*. The subject has been better treated before. But we delight in Mr Joy's conception of Cromwell coveting, and yet daring not to grasp, the crown of England. A bilious misanthrope, with flabby cheeks and lacklustre eye, is seated beside a table on which stands the crown, whose covering he has partly withdrawn. The notion is amusingly matter-of-fact. Does Mr Joy really suppose that such a man as Cromwell could find enjoyment in the deliberate physical contemplation of the jewelled bauble—the substantial crown—the mere emblem of the dignity and sway for which he thirsted? We cannot compliment this artist on either the conceit or the execution. We prefer his picture in the British Institution, although that is not very remarkable. The subject is the interview between James IV. of Scotland and the outlaw Murray on the banks of Yarrow. In this Exhibition we find another Cromwell, of a very different cast from the one just referred to. The Lord Protector of England dictates to John Milton his celebrated despatch in favour of the persecuted Piedmontese Protestants. Here there is a fire and energy mingled with the coarseness of Cromwell's physiognomy, which gives the character of the man as we read of him and believe him to have been. Milton's face wears a look of gentle enthusiasm and approval, as he admiringly weighs the words that fall from the lips of his great patron. In his eyes there is a sort of haziness that seems to foreshadow the darkness which later is to come over him. The picture does great credit to a very rising artist, Mr F. Newenham, who also exhibits a painting at the Portland Gallery, which we like quite as well as his Cromwell. The subject, *The Princes in the Tower*, is not a very new one, but there is imagination and novelty in its treatment. It is just the same point of time that Delaroche has chosen in his painting of this subject, but there is nothing like an imitation of the great Frenchman. Here the younger child still sleeps, whilst the elder, a princely-looking lad, roused by the noise at the door, gazes anxiously, rather than fearfully, at the shadow cast upon the wall by a hand bearing a lantern. The picture is suggestive and interesting, and in an artistic point of view, also, it merits high praise. In this Portland Gallery (which we may observe, by the way, is most excellently constructed and lighted for the advantageous exhibition of works of art) is a painting by Mr Claxton, *Marie Antoinette with her Children, escaping by the Secret Door from her apartment in Versailles, when the palace was attacked by the mob*, which we mention rather on account of the interest of the subject than of its merits as a work of art, these being but of a negative description. Marie Antoinette, dressed rather like a fashionable of the year 1850, is accompanied by a terrified lady, who looks back at the door, half-masked by smoke, through whose broken pannel the bayonets of the rebels cross with those of the loyal grenadiers. Another picture from French history, but selected from a much remoter period, is that of *The Excommunication of Robert, King of France, and his Queen Bertha*, (No. 159 in the Portland Gallery.) which Mr Desanges has executed with some skill. The king, having married his cousin in defiance of the Pope, but with the sanction of three prelates of his kingdom, incurs the pontifical anathema, in common with the prelates and royal family. In the picture, the fiat has just been pronounced, and the extinction of their torches by the officiating priests symbolically completes their mission.

This is not one of Mr Clarkson Stanfield's best years. We prefer this careful and able artist on a grander scale than that of the comparatively small pictures he this year exhibits. Nor do we think he has been particularly happy in his choice of subjects. His scene from Macbeth, viewed as a landscape—for we do not take into account the figures, which are insignificant, and might as well have been left out—is a good picture, but not in his happiest taste. We prefer his *Scene on the Maas*, and his *Bay of Baiæ*, which are both excellent. No. 288, *Near Foria*, is not a very good subject. But Mr Stanfield is a pleasant, natural painter, quite free from affectation, and a most excellent representative of the English school. Mr Roberts is another favourite of ours. Belgium and the East, Egyptian temples and Catholic shrines, furnish subjects for his seven pictures. What we particularly like in him is the strong impression of correctness and fidelity conveyed by his representations of distant scenes. Without having seen the places, one feels convinced of the accuracy of his delineations, and that he gives the real effect of the objects depicted—just as, in certain portraits, one feels certain of the resemblance without knowing the original. The subjects of his pictures this year do not demand any detailed criticism, and his good qualities are so universally appreciated as to render general commendation superfluous.

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Before passing on to landscapes and portraits we will glance at a few pictures of various classes, which happen to have attracted our attention, and which deserve better or worse than to be left unnoticed. Diving into the gloom of the Octagon, we are struck by the very remarkable merit of two pictures, which ought never to have been placed there. Only by kneeling or sitting upon the ground is it possible to examine Mr Van Schendel's poacher detected, No. 633, *Un Braconnier au moment qu'on vient le prendre*. Of ordinary visitors to the Exhibition, not one in five will notice the existence of the picture—not one in twenty, probably, will go through the painful contortions requisite to get even a bad view of it. Very few, if any, critics will have sought it out or written a comment on it. Yet this is a picture on which greater talent and labour have been expended than on dozens that hang in conspicuous places and good lights. A dark picture, too—a night scene—it required a strong light; and it was most unjust to put it thus in the very darkest nook, and in the lowest range of the whole Academy. For hospitality's sake to a foreigner, this excellent painting should have been differently placed. The only other picture which we noticed in the Octagon—there may be others of great merit, but we never have patience to linger long in the gloomy closet—is No. 586, *Flowers and Fruit*, by T. Groenland—an artist far superior to Lance, who seems to us to fall off instead of improving. Fruit and flower pieces are things that few people care much to look at—and, for our part, we confess that we seldom afford them more than a very cursory glance; but our attention was seriously and pleasingly arrested by both of those exhibited this year by Mr Groenland, remarkable, as they are, not only for the accuracy with which he imitates the texture of the different fruits—whether pulpiness, bloom, or transparency be their chief characteristic—and for the admirable delicacy of his flower-painting, but also for his skill in elevating and giving interest to the walk of art he has chosen. This is strikingly the case in No. 1254, apropos of which we have another piece of injustice or carelessness—let them call it which they like—to notice on the part of the Hanging Committee. Of all the seven rooms of the Academy, not one is so little visited as that which, in the catalogue, is headed Architecture. Accordingly, the hangmen have placed at one end of it five as pleasing pictures—each in its own style—as any in the Exhibition. Here we have the *Vierge Route du Simplon*, a charming airy landscape by Harding; *Esther*, by O'Neil, one of the best, perhaps, he ever did; *The Port of Marseilles*, by E. W. Cooke, very like and very well painted, with excellent water; *A Winter Evening*, by H. Horsley, a most clever piece of snow scenery, with a cold look that makes one shiver, and a capital effect of setting sun through an archway; and, last in our enumeration, but not in merit, Mr Groenland's second fruit and flower piece, with a landscape background, a gorgeous and life-like peacock, a flush of rhododendrons, and painstaking and talent in every leaf and flower. Another picture in the same vicinity, by W. Fisher, *The Coulin*, a subject taken from Moore's melodies, is rather affected, but by no means destitute of merit.

Mr Martin's picture, *The Last Man*, is far from one of his best. The subject is unpleasing, and there is a decided fault of perspective; the human corpses and carcasses of strange beasts, in the foreground, being much too small in proportion with the figure of the man, who stands on an elevation which is doubtless intended to be much in advance of, but which in reality is almost on a line with, the spot where they are spread pellmell in grisly confusion. Mr Hannah's *Lady Northumberland and Lady Percy dissuading the Earl from joining the wars against Henry IV.* is oddly coloured, and acquires a cold, insipid look from the profusion of blue and gray; but it is a good and clever picture. A similar class of subject has been selected by Mr T. J. Barker, from Professor Aytoun's ballad of *Edinburgh after Flodden*. Randolph Murray, bearing news of the defeat, is the centre of a throng anxious even to agony.

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"Why art thou alone, unfollowed?  
Is it weal, or is it woe?"

Perched up as this picture is above the door in the West Room, it is difficult to arrive at a correct appreciation of it. As far as we could distinguish, it is not without merit, and the expression of exhaustion in the figure of Murray is pretty well rendered; but altogether it is hardly worthy of the nervous and admirable verse it is intended to illustrate. Mr Armitage's *Aholibah* has a good deal of pretension, but we cannot compliment him on it in any one respect. In the first place the subject is disgusting, and shows wretched taste in the artist who would select it. Then the face of Aholibah is ugly and repulsive, and the expression coarse in the extreme: the drawing of the limbs under the drapery is faulty, and the gazelles are out of place and out of perspective. Mr Armitage can do better than this. We prefer his picture in the Portland Gallery, of Samson tying firebrands to the foxes' tails for the destruction of the Philistine crops; although the face is a

great deal too black, and we cannot understand why Samson should allow a fox to bite into the muscle of his thigh, as one of those in his grasp appears to do. Why does Mr Armitage persist in his French style of painting? It is quite a mistake. Let him be natural, and rely upon his own taste and judgment, and we think he may do better things.

Mr Hook's *Dream of Venice*, a clever imitation of Paul Veronese, is a very pleasant picture. Mr F. Williams' *Holy Maiden* is a pretty head, full of sentiment. We are glad to see such good promise given by Mr Leslie, junior, in a very humorous picture entitled *A Sailor's Yarn*. A thoroughbred and unmistakable Cockney greedily listens to some astounding narrative, whilst, behind the credulous landsman, a second sailor grins admiration of his messmate, and contempt for the "green hand." *The Young Student*, by W. Gush, is a very nice picture of a youthful painter, with an artist's eye and a pleasing Vandykish contour of face, and with carefully painted hands. One of the most comical pictures in the Exhibition is a wild boar by Wolf. The bristly forest-ranger is making its way through the deep snow, leaving a long furrow behind it, along which it has apparently been nuzzling for provender, for its snout is garnished with the snow, which, combined with the sudden fore-shortening of the body, produces a ludicrous effect. No. 121, *Autumn—Wounded Woodcock*, from the same hand, has mellow and natural tints.

We have kept back, almost to the last, one of our chief favourites in the Exhibition of the Royal Academy. Mr Sidney Cooper is in great force this year. He has six pictures; four of them all his own, two painted in conjunction with Mr F. R. Lee, R.A. With all respect for this artist, to whose landscapes we shall refer in their place, we prefer Cooper alone to Cooper in partnership. The two styles do not blend well, nor does Lee put his best landscapes into Cooper's cattle-pieces. Take the first of their pictures—No. 23—*Cattle crossing a Ford*. As a whole it is agreeable—and the cattle, we need hardly say, are worthy of the best English cattle-painter of the day; but the landscape is feeble. In No. 298, *The Watering-place*, the rather heavy paint of the foliage gives a thin washy look to the foreground. We advise Messrs Lee and Cooper to hang their pictures side by side, if they will, as excellent specimens of their respective walks of art, but not to associate themselves on the same canvass. People find fault with the landscape part of Cooper's pictures; but it is in good keeping with the rest, and moreover he improves in that respect, as in others. We will instance No. 278, *A Mountain Group—Evening*, some charming goats, where the background, bathed in soft light, harmonises admirably with the more prominent parts of the picture. No. 454, *A Group on the Welsh Mountains*, is most delicately finished, quite a gem; and *Fordwick Meadows—Sunset*, in a somewhat broader style, is equally excellent. Mr Cooper's is a class of art which strongly appeals to the domestic and rural tastes of Englishmen. He excels in it, and need fear no competitors, although several artists this year exhibit cattle-landscapes of some merit. And here we should perhaps say a word about Mr Ansdell, who has put some Brobdignagian sheep into a landscape by Mr Creswick, (British Institution, No. 123, *Southdowns*.) and who has rather a pretty thing in the same exhibition—No. 40, *The Regretted Companion*—an old hawker perplexed and mournful beside the body of his dead ass. We would gladly see this artist cease to imitate Landseer. He sacrifices his originality without succeeding in catching the best points of his model.

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Nos. 80, 405, 407 in the catalogue of the Academy, are Mr Lee's landscapes—uncombined with Cooper's cattle. The second, *A Calm Morning*, is the one we prefer; and a very charming picture of repose it is. Mr Creswick is the next upon our list. His cold unnatural grayness of colouring greatly detracts from the merit of his pictures. We are quite aware that the same reproach has been repeatedly addressed to him, and we should hardly have referred to a fault which hitherto he has either obstinately clung to, or been unable to correct, did not one of his pictures in the Academy this year give us hopes that he is on the verge of a change. No. 542, *A Forest Farm*, is the best picture of Creswick's, in point of colouring, that we remember to have seen. The *slaty* look is replaced by an agreeable transparency. No. 289, *In the Forest*, is also warmer than usual. The others are in the old style. Mr Linnell is more to our taste, although we cannot approve his *Christ and the Woman of Samaria at Jacob's Well*. In the first place the colour seems unnatural, altogether too brown; at the same time it is just possible nature may assume that extraordinarily russet tint in Samaria—a country to which our travels have not extended. But we can more confidently object to the figure of the Saviour as altogether unpleasant, with a harsh darkly-bearded face, devoid alike of resemblance to the received type, and of any divine expression whatever. Mr Linnell is a landscape-painter, and should not attempt sacred subjects or portraits, things which are quite out of his line. No. 395, *Crossing the Brook*, is of a better tone of colour; and the same artist has two other pictures, of about his usual average of merit, in the British Institution. The chief fault with which we tax Mr Linnell, (whilst freely admitting his great talent,) and one which may also be imputed to Mr Creswick, and to other clever landscape-painters of the present day, is the undeviating smallness of their touch, which gives, to use a colloquialism, a niggled look to their pictures. Hobbima, and Ruysdael, and others of that class—in whose footsteps we presume no living landscape-painter is too proud to tread—avoided this fault, and proportioned the fulness of their touch to the size of their picture. We may select an example of what we mean from the works of an able and industrious artist, who figures advantageously this year in all four exhibitions, and who, in most instances, is very free from the defect we refer to. Mr Sidney Percy's *Woodland River*, No. 207, in the Portland Gallery, is a good picture, but to our thinking the touch is too small for the size. Mr Percy, however, is a man of talent and a rising painter. In the same gallery we call attention, as to one of the best landscapes exhibited this year, to his No. 277, *Welsh Mountains*. There is an effect of aerial perspective in this picture, especially in the grass valley, on the spectator's left hand, which deserves the very highest praise. Several others of his eighteen pictures for 1850 deserve much commendation; but we can only point out No. 576, in the Academy, *A Limpid Pool*, and 394, *A Quiet Vale*, in the British

Artists'. The water in the last is very good,—otherwise it is hardly one of his best. We would have Mr Percy to beware of hardness of treatment, the fault to which he is most prone. His lines are apt to be too sharply defined, especially his distant outlines. He should guard himself against this defect, and with care he may expect to attain great eminence as a landscape-painter. If we mistake not, he is one of a talented family, which also comprises Messrs Boddington and Gilbert, and several artists of the name of Williams, all of whom, we believe, devote themselves chiefly, if not exclusively, to landscape-painting, and either by identity of name or affinity of style, form a most puzzling group for conscientious critics, desirous, like ourselves, to sort their works and fairly distribute praise. We can mention but a few of their pictures, taken, nearly at random, from amongst a number we have marked as of merit or promise. In the Academy, 344, *A Valley Lane*, by A. W. Williams, is a charming subject, excellently treated. In the Portland Gallery, where many good landscapes are to be found, most of them by this family, we were particularly attracted by No. 41, *Noon*, also by A. W. Williams, and by No. 65, *Medmenham Abbey—Evening*, by G. A. Williams. No. 161, *A Showery Afternoon in Sussex*, by A. Gilbert, is remarkable as an example of the admirable effect he knows how to produce by the judicious and little-understood application of the various gradations between opacity and perfect transparency of colour. Mr Boddington has two nice pictures in the Academy.

We cannot compliment Mr F. Danby on either of the two specimens of his art that he this year displays. We find it impossible to comprehend his colouring. That of *A Golden Moment* (British Institution) is surely unnatural. Certainly it is a very rare effect of sunset; and the background is too bright to be consistent with the sombre foreground. If we turn to his picture in the Academy, *Spring*, we are no better pleased. That sort of dusky glow is quite an exaggeration of nature. Of Mr Witherington's four pictures, we prefer *Coniston Lake* and *The Mountain Road*. Mr Hering's *Porto Fesano* (British Institution) is a pleasing picture, and improves on examination; and there is a great deal of light and some pretty colour in the same artist's *Ruins of Rome* in the Academy. Mr J. Peel has rather a pretty *Canal view* in the Portland Gallery, in which, oddly enough, he has thrown the shadow of a tree the wrong way; and in the same exhibition Mrs Oliver has a bit of Welsh scenery which is pretty in spite of its finical touch. Of Mr Linton, who has pictures both in the Academy and British Institution, we cannot but speak with respect, recognising the ability of his works, the study they evince, and his close observation of the aspect of places. But they are quite for distant effect; on near approach they look rough and granitic, and are not a very pleasing or popular class of pictures.

We beg Mr Boxall not to think we have forgotten him. We were desirous to commence the brief paragraph we can afford to portraits, by praising his *Geraldine*, an undraped fancy portrait, which shows a capital feeling for colour, and is perhaps the best specimen of flesh-painting in the Exhibition. It wants finish; but even without that it is nearly the first thing that attracts the eye when we glance at that side of the Middle Room. There is good colour also in the same artist's portrait of Mr Cubitt.

Proceeding, with this exception, in numerical rotation, we notice No. 6, *The Hon. Caroline Dawson*, by Dubufe. The arms are rather flat, but it is a nice portrait, well painted, and infinitely superior to the same artist's picture in the British Institution—a French grisette with a Jewish face and an ugly mouth, holding a rose; the motto "Wither one rose and let the other flourish,"—a poor conceit and very indifferently executed. No. 52 is Mr Francis Grant's, the first, but not the best, of seven which he exhibits. Mr Grant is getting very careless. Such hands and clothes as he gives his sitters are really not allowable. The only carefully finished portrait he exhibits this year is that of Lady Elizabeth Wells, after which that of Miss Grant is perhaps the best. The Countess Bruce has an odd sort of resemblance, in the attitude or something, to the same painter's picture of Mr Sidney Herbert. The Duke of Devonshire looks vulgar. Viscount Hardinge is feeble, for Grant, who can do so much better. We urge this artist to take a little more pains, or his high reputation will dwindle. His portrait of Sir George Grey, now on view at Colnaghi's, is another example of carelessness. The face is the only finished part. Mr Watson Gordon understands the portrait-painter's vocation after a different fashion, and is most conscientious in his practice. Apart from their striking resemblance, his portraits are admirable as carefully finished works of art. His sitters this year have been, upon the whole, less suited to make interesting or pleasing pictures than several of the persons who have sat to Mr Grant; but Watson Gordon has done his work far more carefully. Perhaps the best of his three portraits is that of a lady, No. 137. The child in the same picture pleases us rather less. No. 175, Daniel Vere, Esq. of Stonebyres, is a striking likeness of that gentleman; and nothing can be better, in all respects, than the portrait of the Lord Justice-General of Scotland. Mr Buckner is, we are sorry to say, retrograding sadly. He rose very suddenly into public favour, and if he does not take care, he will rapidly decline. His portrait of Miss Lane Fox is perhaps his best this year. Rachel is flattered. Lady Alfred Paget is badly coloured, and looks in an incipient stage of blue cholera. We do not like Mr Pickersgill's portraits this year. For those who do, there are seven in the Exhibition, besides an ugly thing called Nourmahal. Mr G. F. Watts has painted Miss Virginia Pattle. It is one of the most affected pictures in the whole Exhibition. The young lady is perched on a platform, her figure standing out against the blue sky, and her feet completely hidden under her dress, which latter circumstance gives her an unsteady appearance, and inspires dread lest she should be blown from her elevation. The flesh is very pasty, and the general effect of the picture jejune in the extreme. No. 282, *The Duke of Aumale*, is by V. Mottez, and presents a singular combination or monotony of colour, the artist having seemingly carefully avoided all tints that would give warmth to his picture. With the exception of the insipidly fair countenance of the Duke, the painting is nearly all blue. It is not a disagreeable picture, and it perhaps gains on repeated examination; but one cannot get rid of an unpleasant impression of coldness. Placed next to Boxall's *Geraldine*, the

flesh looks like chalk. That coarse but clever painter Knight has eight portraits, including several celebrities of one kind or other—Buckstone the comedian, Keate the surgeon, Sir J. Duke the mayor, Cooper the cattle-painter, and Mrs Fitzwilliam the actress. The picture of Sir J. Duke (who is represented in all the glory of civic office) is well put together; Cooper is laughably like; Mrs Fitzwilliam is perhaps as delicate a female portrait as Knight ever painted—which is not saying much for the others. Mr Say's portrait of Guizot is softened down and idealised till the character of the man is lost. In the Portland Gallery, No. 1 and No. 70 are by an artist whose historical pictures we have already commended, Mr Newenham. The first is a full length, size of life, of Mr Ross, the engineer; the other, Mrs Gall, is a sweet female countenance. Both are very good; but Mr Newenham is always particularly successful—indeed we can call to mind no living painter who is more so—in his portraits of ladies. Whilst avoiding flattery, he still invariably paints pleasing as well as correct likenesses. Such at least is the case with all those of his lady-portraits we have had opportunities of comparing with the models. Middleton has some nice portraits in this exhibition, and Mr J. Lucas shows a pleasing one of a young lad. And one of the most lifelike and speaking portraits exhibited this year is No. 286, by R. S. Lauder, the likeness of our old friend and much-esteemed contributor, the Rev. James White. A more exact resemblance we never saw.

We have not counted them, but we are informed, and have no difficulty in believing, that there are 450 portraits (or thereabouts) in this the eighty-second exhibition of the Royal Academy. A very large number, out of 1456 works of art. Adding the portraits in the three other exhibitions, we attain a total of which, even after deducting drawings and miniatures, it is impossible for us to notice one fourth-part. And we must particularly remark, with respect to portraits and landscapes, what also applies in a less degree to the less numerous classes of pictures, that we have unavoidably—on account of our limited space to deal with so compendious a subject, and also because we would not reduce this article to a mere catalogue—omitted notice of many artists and pictures whose claims are undoubted to mention more or less honourable; as we have also forborne, for the same reason, and much more willingly, certain censures which we should have been justified in inflicting. Concerning portraits, however, we would gladly have been rather more diffuse, had we not still to take some notice, within the compass of a very few pages, of those exhibitions to which as yet we have done little more than incidentally refer.

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The restoration to the galleries of purchasers and studios of painters, of the five hundred pictures exhibited this year by the British Institution, diminishes the interest now attaching to that exhibition, and induces us to be tolerably brief in our notice of some of its leading features. No. 52, *The Post Office*, by F. Goodall, is a pretty picture enough, but displays no genius, and the subject suggests a comparison with Wilkie, which is not favourable. Mr Bullock's *Venus and Cupid*, No. 124, is about as sickly a piece of blue and pink as we remember to have seen. Mr Sant's *Rivals* gives the impression of a copy from the lid of a French plum-box. We have surely seen the Frenchified group in some engraving of Louis XV's times. Mr Woolmer's *Syrens* displays some imagination, but the colouring is very bad. The sky is exaggerated, and the water seems to have flowed from a cesspool, suggesting unsavoury ideas of the extent of its contamination by the dead bodies that float upon it. It is a picture, nevertheless, that one is apt to look at twice. T. Clark's *The Horses of Rhesus captured by Ulysses and Diomed*, has plenty of faults, certainly, but it has also boldness and spirit, and makes us think the painter may hereafter do better things. No. 205, *Lance reproving his Dog*—left unfinished by the late Sir A. W. Callcott, and completed by J. Callcott Horsley—includes a pretty bit of landscape, and the dog is not bad; but, as a whole, the picture does not strike us as remarkable. No. 231, *A French Fishing Girl*, by T. K. Fairless, is a nice bit of colouring, very fresh and judicious; and R. M'Innes's *Detaining a Customer*, tells its story well, and is of careful finish, but insipid colouring. Lady Macbeth, by T. F. Dicksee, is repulsive and unnatural; not the murderess Shakspeare conceived and Siddons acted, but a saucer-eyed maniac standing under a gas-lamp. No. 290, *Our Saviour after the Temptation*, is by Sir George Hayter, who has bestowed great pains without producing, as a whole, a very satisfactory result. The picture has certainly good points, but it speaks against its general excellence that we are driven to praise details. All the hands are particularly well done—Sir George's experience as a portrait painter having here availed him. The colouring of Christ's dress is good, but generally there is an abuse of yellow in the picture. The angels have no backs to their heads, but this phrenological defect is perhaps intentional, to convey the artist's notion of an angel by indicating the absence of gross passions. G. Cole's *Don Quixote and Sancho Panza in Pedro's hut* is humorous, but quite a caricature. The painter seems to have studied to establish a resemblance between the men and their respective beasts. Another laughable picture is Mrs C. Smith's *Irish Piper*, whose companion *The Irish Card-cutter* is No. 206 in the British Artists'. As works of art, they have little merit, but one cannot help acknowledging and laughing at the vulgar humour and truth to nature they both contain. Mr Selous' *The First Impression*, Gutemberg showing to his wife his first experiment in printing from movable types, is perhaps the best picture in the South Room. There is an air of nature about Mr W. Wyld's *Smugglers' halt in the Sierra Morena*; but the figures, although well grouped, are on too small a scale for much interest, and the landscape lacks attraction. Our old friend George Cruikshank gives full scope to his rich humour in No. 100, *Sancho's surprise on seeing the Squire of the Wood's Nose*; and 455, *Disturbing the Congregation*. This last is inimitable—brimful of fun. A charity boy has let his peg-top fall during service, and the awful clatter upon the church pavement draws all eyes in the direction of the delinquent. This is a picture that must be seen, not described; but our readers will imagine all the fun Cruikshank would make of such a subject—the terrified face of the culprit, in vain affecting unconsciousness, and the awful countenance of the beadle. We must say a word of Mr J. F. Herring's *A Farmyard*, which contains some good horses; but he has huddled his objects too much together, his colouring is very opaque, and there is a want of air and

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perspective in the picture. There is the same defect of thick colour in Mr H. Jutsum's pretty composition, *Evening—coming home to the Farm*.

We have already mentioned several pictures in the Portland Gallery, including a portrait by Mr R. S. Lauder, (the president of this new society,) which is perhaps the best, although one of the most unpretending, of the seven pictures he exhibits. We do not discern any very great merit in two carefully painted illustrations of Quentin Durward. We should like to know on what authority Mr Lauder makes a tall, large-limbed man of Louis XI., and how he intends to get him and the raw-boned Scot through the door in No. 166, without a most unkingly deviation from the perpendicular. There is here a fault of perspective. And Mr Lauder should beware of repetition. We remember the lady behind the tapestry in No. 45, in at least a dozen of his pictures. This, however, is the best of the pair, and there is good painting in it. His most important picture this year is that of *Christ appearing to two of his Disciples on the way to Emmaus*. This is certainly a fine work, although there is much opposition of opinion respecting it. There is undoubtedly a fine sentiment in the colouring, which is peculiarly applicable to the subject. Mr M'Ian is in great force here, with no less than ten pictures. We like this artist for the character and energy he infuses into his productions. His most attractive picture this year is No. 55, *Here's his health in Water!* thus explained—"A Highland gentleman of 1715, in Carlisle prison, the day previous to his execution, receiving the last visit of his mother, wife, and children, and instilling into his son—the future Highland gentleman of 1745—the principles of loyalty." The face of the condemned Highlander is full of vigour and determination, as is also that of his mother, a resolute old lady, who seems to confirm his precepts to her grandchild. The countenances of the sorrowing wife and of the little girl, whose attention is distracted by the opening of the prison door, are natural and pleasing. The boy, a sturdy scion of the old stock, drinks King James's health out of the prison-mug of water. We will not omit to praise Mrs M'Ian's very well-painted picture of *Captivity and Liberty*—gipsies in prison, with swallows twittering in the loophole that affords them light. There is a nice feeling about this picture, which includes a handsome gipsy face; it is careful in its details, and very effective in point of chiaroscuro. No. 251, *A Jealous Man, disguised as a Priest, hears the confession of his Wife*, is a subject (from the *Decameron*) of which more might have been made than there has been by Mr D. W. Deane. The countenances lack decided expression. Several artists have this year painted scenes from the *Tempest*, and Mr A. Fussell is one of the number. It were to be wished he had abstained. His picture of *Caliban, Ariel, and his fellows*, is very bad indeed. He should be less ambitious in his subjects, or at least less fantastical in their treatment. It is unintelligible to us how this picture illustrates the passage quoted. Nos. 264-5 are Mr H. Barraud's pictures:—*Lord have mercy upon us*, and *We praise thee, O God!* the engravings of which have for some time past been in every shop-window. We are really at a loss to comprehend the *engouement* for these pictures, which seem to us as deficient in real sentiment as they are feeble in execution. They are pretty enough, certainly, but that is all the praise we are disposed to accord them. There is no great beauty in the faces; and one of the boys (on the spectator's right hand) is a mere lout, without any expression whatever. The Messrs Barraud have a great many pictures in this exhibition—amongst others, No. 199, *The Curfew*, their joint production, which is pretty, but in respect to which it strikes us that they have read Gray's poem wrong, for the light in their picture is not that of parting day, but of approaching sunset. Mr Rayner's *Beauchamp Chapel, Warwick*, is a good picture; Mr Niemann's *Kenilworth from the Tilt-yard*, and *Landscape*, No. 72, also deserve praise; Mr Dighton is very effective in some of his landscapes and studies. Upon the whole, this young exhibition promises well.

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Driven to our utmost limits, we must conclude, without further mention than we have already here and there made of the Society of British Artists in Suffolk Street; and we do so with the less regret because that gallery contains but a small proportion of pictures of merit. Mr Anthony contributes a very large number of his odd paintings, some of which are rather effective at a distance; but it is not a style we admire. Finally, we have with pleasure noticed, during our many rambles through the different galleries, that the public not only visit but buy; and we trust that the year 1850 will prove profitable and satisfactory to British artists, in the same proportion that it undoubtedly is creditable to their industry, and, upon the whole, highly honourable to their talents. One word more we will say at parting. In this article we have written down opinions, formed neither hastily nor partially, of whose soundness, although critics will always differ, we venture to feel pretty confident. We have applied ourselves to point out merits rather than defects, and to distribute praise in preference to blame; but we should have failed in our duty to ourselves and the public, had we altogether abstained from the latter. We well know, however, the many difficulties and discouragements that beset the path of the painter. And it would be matter for sincere regret to us, if, in the freedom of our remarks, we had unwittingly hurt the feelings of any man who is honestly and earnestly striving in the pursuit of a very difficult art—although his success may as yet be incommensurate with his industry and zeal.

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## THE YEAR OF SORROW.—IRELAND—1849.

### SPRING SONG.

Once more, through God's high will and grace,  
Of Hours that each its task fulfils,  
Heart-healing Spring resumes its place;—

The valley throngs and scales the hills,  
In vain. From earth's deep heart o'ercharged,  
The exulting life runs o'er in flowers;—  
The slave unfed is unenlarged:  
In darkness sleep a nation's powers.

Who knows not Spring? Who doubts, when blows  
Her breath, that Spring is come indeed?  
The swallow doubts not; nor the rose  
That stirs, but wakes not, nor the weed.

I feel her near, but see her not,  
For those with pain-uplifted eyes  
Fall back repulsed; and vapours blot  
The vision of the earth and skies.

I see her not; I feel her near,  
As, charioted in mildest airs,  
She sails through yon empyreal sphere,  
And in her arms and bosom bears

That urn of flowers and lustral dews,  
Whose sacred balm, o'er all things shed,  
Revives the weak, the old renews,  
And crowns with votive wreaths the dead.

Once more the cuckoo's call I hear;  
I know, in many a glen profound,  
The earliest violets of the year  
Rise up like water from the ground.

The thorn I know once more is white;  
And, far down many a forest dale,  
The anemones in dubious light  
Are trembling like a bridal veil.

By streams released that singing flow  
From craggy shelf through sylvan glades,  
The pale narcissus, well I know,  
Smiles hour by hour on greener shades.

The honeyed cowslip tufts once more  
The golden slopes;—with gradual ray  
The primrose stars the rock, and o'er  
The wood-path strews its milky way.

—From ruined huts and holes come forth  
Old men, and look upon the sky!  
The Power Divine is on the earth:—  
Give thanks to God before ye die!

And ye, O children worn and weak,  
Who care no more with flowers to play,  
Lean on the grass your cold, thin cheek,  
And those slight hands, and whispering, say,

"Stern Mother of a race unblest—  
In promise kindly, cold in deed;  
Take back, O Earth, into thy breast,  
The children whom thou wilt not feed."

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## IRELAND—1849.

### AUTUMNAL DIRGE.

Then die, thou Year—thy work is done:  
The work ill done is done at last.  
Far off, beyond that sinking sun,  
Which sets in blood, I hear the blast

That sings thy dirge, and says—"Ascend,  
And answer make amid thy peers,

(Since all things here must have an end,)
Thou latest of the famine years!"

I join that voice. No joy have I
In all thy purple and thy gold,
Nor in the nine-fold harmony
From forest on to forest rolled:

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Nor in that stormy western fire,
Which burns on ocean's gloomy bed,
And hurls, as from a funeral pyre,
A glare that strikes the mountain's head;

And writes on low-hung clouds its lines
Of cyphered flame, with hurrying hand;
And flings amid the topmost pines
That crown the steep, a burning brand.

Make answer, Year, for all they dead,
Who found not rest in hallowed earth,
The widowed wife, the father fled,
The babe age-stricken from his birth.

Make answer, Year, for virtue lost;
For Faith, that vanquished fraud and force,
Now waning like a noontide ghost;
Affections poisoned at their source:

The labourer spurned his lying spade;
The yeoman spurned his useless plough;
The pauper spurned the unwholesome aid,
Obtruded once, exhausted now.

The weaver wove till all was dark,
And, long ere morning, bent and bowed
Above his work with fingers stark;
And made, nor knew he made, a shroud.

The roof-trees fall of hut and hall,
I hear them fall, and falling cry—
"One fate for each, one fate for all;
So wills the Law that willed a lie."

Dread power of Man! what spread the waste
In circles, hour by hour more wide,
And would not let the past be past?—
The Law that promised much, and lied.

Dread power of God! whom mortal years
Nor touch, nor tempt; who sitt'st sublime
In night of night,—O bid thy spheres
Resound at last a funeral chime.

Call up, at last, the afflicted Race
Whom Man not God abolished. Sore,
For centuries, their strife: the place
That knew them once shall know no more.

IRELAND—1849.

WINTER DIRGE.

Fall, Snow, and cease not! Flake by flake
The decent winding-sheet compose:
Thy task is just and pious; make
An end of blasphemies and woes.

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Fall flake by flake: by thee alone,
Last friend, the sleeping draught is given:
Kind nurse, by thee the couch is strewn,
The couch whose covering is from heaven.

Descend and clasp the mountain's crest;



Possess wide plain and valley deep:—  
This night, in thy maternal breast  
Forsaken myriads die in sleep.

Lo! from the starry Temple gates  
Death rides, and bears the flag of peace:  
The combatants he separates;  
He bids the wrath of ages cease.

Descend, benignant Power! But O,  
Ye torrents, shake no more the vale;  
Dark streams, in silence seaward flow;  
Thou rising storm, remit thy wail.

Shake not, to-night, the cliffs of Moher,  
Or Brandon's base, rough sea! Thou Isle,  
The Rite proceeds:—from shore to shore  
Hold in thy gathered breath the while.

Fall, snow! in stillness fall, like dew  
On temple roof, and cedar's fan;  
And mould thyself on pine and yew,  
And on the awful face of man.

Without a sound, without a stir,  
In streets and wolds, on rock and mound,  
O omnipresent comforter,  
By thee, this night, the lost are found.

On quaking moor, and mountain moss,  
With eyes upstaring at the sky,  
And arms extended like a cross,  
The long-expectant sufferers lie.

Bend o'er them, white-robed Acolyte!  
Put forth thine hand from cloud and mist,  
And minister the last sad rite,  
Where altar there is none, nor priest.

Touch thou the gates of soul and sense:  
Touch darkening eyes and dying ears;  
Touch stiffening hand and feet, and thence  
Remove the trace of sin and tears.

And ere thou seal those filmed eyes,  
Into God's urn thy fingers dip,  
And lay, 'mid eucharistic sighs,  
The sacred wafer on the lip.

This night the Absolver issues forth:  
This night the Eternal Victim bleeds—  
O winds and woods—O heaven and earth!  
Be still this night. The Rite proceeds.

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## LONDON AND EDINBURGH CHESS MATCH.

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If we pique ourselves on anything, it is on our invincible good-nature. We are as slow to be roused as a brown bear in the midst of its winter sleep; and, if we were let alone, we very much doubt whether, by any conceivable exertion, we could work ourselves into a downright passion. But, somehow or other, it constantly happens that people of a less tranquil mood step in to deprive us of the enjoyment of our untroubled repose. At one time some worthy fellow entreats us to take up the public cudgel and belabour a blatant Economist. At another, we are pathetically besought to administer due castigation to some literary sinner who has transgressed the first principles of decency, morality, and taste. One friend implores us, with tears in his eyes, to take up the case of the oppressed and injured washerwomen: a second puts a tomahawk into our hand, and benevolently suggests the severment of the skull of a charlatan: a third writes to us regarding a rowing match, in which he opines gross injustice has been done by the umpire to the Buffs, and he fervently prays for our powerful assistance in vindicating the honour of the Blues.

In all national questions, it seems to be expected that we are to act with the devotion of a knight-errant. Whenever Scotland is assailed, the general impression is that we are bound to stand forth, and incontinently give battle to the enemy: and we believe it will be admitted that we have done so before now with no inconsiderable effect. It so happens that, at the present juncture, several of our most esteemed compatriots, feeling themselves deeply aggrieved by the

*outrecuidance* of the Southron, have laid the story of their wrongs before us; and, after a deliberate review of the whole circumstances of the case, we feel ourselves compelled to come forward in behalf of our countrymen. Let no man venture to say that Chess is an ignoble subject. It is, if properly considered, as recondite a science as mathematics. Kings, conquerors, and sages have not thought it beneath them to ponder over the chequered board; and it may be that the noble game has contributed in no light degree to the success of their most triumphant efforts. We know of no absorption more complete than that which possesses the mind of a true votary of chess. Watch him as he is contemplating his moves, and his countenance is a perfect study for the physiognomist. He may not perhaps be the most agreeable of companions, but we cannot expect loquacity from men of high intellect whilst engaged in deepest ruminations.

Let us, however, dispense as much as possible with preface, and come to the actual offence which has induced us to take up our pen in vindication of the national honour. Our attention has been called to what is undoubtedly a departure from the fair and liberal spirit which ought to actuate antagonists—in short, by an attempt to deprive the Edinburgh Chess Club of laurels which were fairly and honourably won. It is all very well for men who have been beaten to apply salves to their wounded vanity, and to persuade themselves that they have failed rather through misfortune than from any deficiency of skill. Napoleon used to amuse himself at St Helena by demonstrating that he *ought* to have won the battle of Waterloo—a position in which, we doubt not, Count Montholon and General Bertrand entirely concurred, though, after a certain time, they must have been tolerably sick of the subject. But these affirmations of the Emperor did not serve the purpose of reinstating him on the throne of France; and, in like manner, opine that the writers who, at this time of day, are, applying themselves to the task of persuading the public that the great match at chess between Edinburgh and London, which was won by Edinburgh in 1828, ought to have terminated otherwise, are losing their labour, and, moreover, placing themselves in a very ridiculous position.

We like to see a man take a beating in good part. The Southron may come here and vanquish us at cricket, and we shall submit to be bowled or caught out with the utmost equanimity—no member of the Grange Club will retire to the cloister in consequence. He may extinguish our renown at rackets, or even soar considerably above our mark in the altitude of the flying-leap. We shall not cavil at the result, should some Southron Robin Hood defeat the Queen's Body Guard in the toxophilite competition which is about to take place in this city. We shall not be jealous if the stranger beats us; and if, in return, we should extinguish him utterly at golf or throwing the hammer, we promise to crow as mildly as the plenitude of our lungs will permit. But we have no idea of pushing complaisance to such an extraordinary point, as to permit our real victories to be perverted and annulled at the hands of a defeated adversary. Hector *might* have beaten Achilles, but he did not; and the mere fact of a remote possibility having once existed, will not justify us in giving the lie to Homer. We make every allowance for testiness; still we cannot help thinking it extraordinary that those feelings of mortification, which might perhaps have been excusable in the defeated party at the moment of the antagonist's triumph, should manifest themselves as strongly as ever nearly a quarter of a century after the contest—and that, too, in persons who took no actual share in it, and are comparatively strangers to the views and opinions of those really concerned.

English chess-players have the command of all the chess-periodicals, which emanate chiefly, if not exclusively, from the London press; and which have, for many years back, been made the vehicles of repeated observations intended to depreciate the triumph of Scotland. Of late these have been even more than usually frequent. And within the last year, the *Quarterly Review*, which, like the trunk of an elephant, is as ready to pick up a pin as to uproot a tree, has opened its pages for remarks on the chess match, conceived in no very handsome spirit towards the Scotch champions. This we do not consider to be justifiable conduct on the part of our bulky contemporary. In the accomplished editor—himself a Scot—it is in direct antagonism to the principles of Richie, the servitor of Nigel, who made so vigorous a stand for the credit of the Water of Leith; and we regret to observe so palpable a falling off from the fervid patriotism of the Moniplies. The uniform burden of the song is, that the event of the match was determined by an accident,—or by what they reckon as nearly equivalent to an accident—an oversight upon the part of the London Club, to which the best of players are liable, and which in this instance is said to have been rather ungenerously taken advantage of by Edinburgh. The Scottish players have hitherto said very little upon the subject, contenting themselves with a short but perfectly satisfactory answer, made immediately after the termination of the match, to some observations of Mr Lewis, in which, while they conclusively disposed of his views and inferences, they at the same time stated, that they were "far from begrudging to the London Club the usual consolation of a beaten adversary—of going back upon a game, and showing that, if they had played otherwise at a particular point, they could have won the game." The constant reiteration of the English statement, however, is calculated to produce an erroneous impression in the minds of those not acquainted with the merits of the question.

The London and Edinburgh chess match, which was played by correspondence, was begun in the year 1824. It was the result of a challenge given by the Edinburgh Club, which was then only in its infancy. The terms agreed on were, that the match should consist of three won games; and that, in case of any game being drawn, a new one, begun by the same opener, should take its place. The match commenced on 23d April 1824. Two games were opened simultaneously. The first game was opened by the Edinburgh Club; and in sending their first answering move, the London Club also sent the first move of the second game. The first game, which consisted of 35 moves, was, on 14th December 1824, declared to be drawn. The second, which consisted of 52 moves, was resigned by the London Club on 23d February 1825. The third game—opened by the

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Edinburgh Club in place of the first game, which had been drawn—was begun on 20th December 1824; it consisted of 99 moves, and was drawn on 18th March 1828. The fourth game, begun by the Edinburgh Club, on 26th February 1825, was resigned by them on 15th September 1826, at the 55th move. The fifth game, begun by the Edinburgh Club, on 6th October 1826, was resigned by the London Club on 31st July 1828, at the 60th move—and this determined the match in favour of Edinburgh.

The simple statement of these details is sufficient altogether to exclude the idea that the result of the match was a mere accident, where manifestly inferior players profited by the unfortunate blunder of their superior antagonists. Though the Edinburgh Club had lost, instead of gaining, two out of the three games, it would still have been in vain to maintain that the play in the match showed them to be unquestionably inferior. The contest was a long and severe one. When the fifth and deciding game was proceeding, each party had gained one game, and there had been two drawn games, both of which were keenly disputed, without the least advantage in favour of London at any point of either; while, on the other hand, in the third game, Edinburgh had obtained an advantage, though not sufficient to enable them to checkmate their adversaries. It has never been pretended, by the most unscrupulous partisan of England, that the winning of the fifth game was ascribable to an oversight. On the contrary, their chess writers have, with most becoming fairness and candour, always referred to it as an instance of admirable play on the part of Edinburgh; and members of the London committee, who shortly after happened to visit Edinburgh, acknowledged that their committee were quite unable to discover the object of particular moves, the effect of which had been previously calculated, and reduced to demonstration by the Edinburgh players. Is there, in all this, such evidence of overwhelming superiority on the part of the English players, that their losing the match *must* have been an accident?

But it is time to inquire a little more minutely into the so-called blunder, which the Englishmen say was the cause of their defeat. And here it is but fair to give their statement in their own words. The *Quarterly* reviewer says—

"Perhaps the most remarkable instance on record of a strict enforcement of the tenor of chess law occurred in the celebrated match, by correspondence, between the London and Edinburgh Clubs. At the 27th move of the second game, the London Club threw a rook away. How they did so, Mr Lewis explains in the following words:—'The 26th, 27th, and 28th moves were sent on the same day to the Edinburgh Club. This was done to save time. It so happened that the secretary, whose duty it was to write the letters, had an engagement which compelled him to leave the Club two hours earlier than usual—the letter was therefore posted at three instead of five o'clock. In the mean time, one of the members discovered that the 2d move (the 27th) had not been sufficiently examined.<sup>[10]</sup> An application was immediately made at the Post-office for the letter, which was refused. In consequence, a second letter was transmitted by the same post to the Edinburgh Club, retracting the 2d and 3d moves, and abiding only by the first. The Edinburgh Club, in answer, gave it as their decided opinion that the London Club were bound by their letter, and that no move could be retracted: they therefore insisted on the moves being played. The London Club conceded the point, though they differed in opinion.'

"We cannot but think, under all the circumstances, the Edinburgh Club were to blame. What rendered the mishap more vexatious to the Londoners was, that whereas they had a won game before, they now barely lost it, and thereby the match, which the winning of this game would have decided in their favour. There can be little doubt that the London Club (then comprising Messrs Lewis, Fraser, and Cochrane) was the strongest of the two. On the part of Edinburgh, we believe the lion's share of the work fell to the late Mr Donaldson."

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In the remarks on the London and Amsterdam match, in Mr Staunton's periodical, (the *Chess-Player's Chronicle*,) for February 1850, there is the following passage:—

"If the relative skill of the competitors engaged on each side were to be the gauge by which to estimate the probable result of a contest like this, it would have been easy to predict to which party victory would incline; and we should have wondered at the daring gallantry that prompted the little band of Hollanders to challenge the leviathans of London. Experience, however, has shown that, in a match of chess by correspondence, the battle is not always to the strong, and that foresight and profound calculation are of infinitely less account, when the men may be moved experimentally, than they are in ordinary chess, where conclusions must be tried by the head, and not by the hand. Of this, indeed, the archives of the London Club afford a memorable instance. In March 1824, a proposal was made to this Club by the Club at Edinburgh, to play a match at chess by correspondence for a silver cup; the match to consist of three games, (irrespective of drawn games;) two games to be played together, and the winner of the first game to have the move in the third. The London Club at this period was in the pride and plenitude of its strength, and the committee appointed to conduct the match comprised every name of note among the chess-players of the metropolis. The Edinburgh Chess-Club, on the other hand, was composed of amateurs comparatively unknown and inexperienced, and possessed one player only—the late Mr Donaldson—capable of making anything like a stand 'over the board' with any of the London chiefs. In an ordinary contest, indeed, over the board, it was the old odds of Lombard Street to

a China orange! Maugre all the advantages of superior skill and practice, however, the Londoners lost the battle, and lost it by a blunder as ridiculous as it was vexatious, at the very moment, too, when the game was in their hands."

The general remarks on playing by correspondence in this last passage are evidently made to furnish a pretence for introducing the notice of the London and Edinburgh match; and they share the fate of all such forced work. They are absolute nonsense. The probability that a decidedly superior will overcome an inferior player, is not at all diminished by the circumstance that the match is played by correspondence. On the contrary, we should rather be inclined to say that the chance of an inferior player's escape in a single game or so is almost extinguished where the match is played by correspondence; because the time given for deliberation increases the improbability of his antagonist's erring from carelessness, or not taking in the whole position of the game, which sometimes occurs in playing over the board. But there is an inconsequence in the whole argument which surprises us to find in anything sanctioned by a person of Mr Staunton's unquestionable powers of mind. The loss of the match by London is not to be wondered at, it is said, because it was a match by correspondence; and the immediate cause of their losing it was the commission of a ridiculous and vexatious blunder! To make this anything like logic, it would be necessary to hold that ridiculous and vexatious blunders are more likely to be committed when the player has time and opportunity to consider his moves, and to make experiments upon their effect, than where he is under the necessity of moving at once in presence of an adversary, and possibly of spectators, apt to get impatient at long delay. It is plain that the game's being played by correspondence was the very circumstance calculated to render the London Club's particular excuse for losing all the more untenable.

It is quite true, however, that at a particular stage of the game opened by the London Club, (being one of the two games with which the match commenced,) the London Club might have won the game, by playing other moves than they did. This may be said of every game; but it is as unusual as it is unhandsome for the unsuccessful party, merely because he has missed such an opportunity of winning, to refuse all credit to his adversary for afterwards defeating him. In the third game, which was drawn, the Edinburgh Club would have won if they had played a different 51st move from that which they did. But this did not lead them to make depreciatory remarks about their antagonists: all that their report bears on this point is, that the London Club "conducted a difficult defence with great skill and dexterity, and finally succeeded in drawing the game."

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Further, the remarks above quoted are calculated to produce an erroneous idea respecting the situation and conduct of the two clubs in the second game. The sophistry consists in mixing up two entirely separate and unconnected things. In this same game in which the London Club failed to observe that they had a winning position, they applied to have two of their moves recalled after they were despatched, and the Edinburgh committee refused their request. Now the obvious tendency of all that the English writers say upon the subject is to create the impression that if the London Club had been allowed to recall these two moves, they would have retained their winning position. This is plainly the only construction that the passage in the *Quarterly Review* is capable of bearing. It is the only construction which would justify his remarks, or make them at all intelligible. But it is quite incorrect. The only moves which the London committee wished to recall were the 27th and 28th; but they have never attempted to show that if they had been allowed to do so, they could have won the game. It has been demonstrated, over and over again, that they could not. In fact, the moves they wished to recall were as good as any others then in their power. They might have drawn the game if these moves had been played; and they could have done no more had they been allowed to recall them. This matter was set at rest while the match was still pending, by a proposal which emanated from the Edinburgh Club. When the Londoners lost the game, Mr Lewis insinuated, though he did not expressly state, that if they had not been held to the 27th and 28th moves, they would have won the game. A member of the Edinburgh Club then offered to play a back-game with any one or more of the London Club, in which the London players were to be allowed a new 27th move instead of the one they had made, and wished to recall; and also another back-game in which the Edinburgh player was to take the London side *at an earlier stage of the game*, with the view of showing that, by playing differently, the London Club might have won it. This proposal was under consideration of the London Club *for several weeks*, during which they satisfied themselves that the recall of the 27th and 28th moves would be of no use, and, accordingly, it was declined. It is surely not very uncharitable to surmise that it was during this period, and on the suggestion of their opponents, that they discovered that the error was not in the 27th move which they had proposed to recall, but in the 26th, which they had examined and adhered to. In his first publication of the games, Mr Lewis gives no back-game on this 26th move; and it is believed that no member of the London Club was aware, till the game was finished, that by playing differently at the 26th move they might have won it. But Mr Lewis admits that the game could not be won by a mere alteration of the 27th or 28th move; and any one who says that it could, is either speaking in ignorance of the subject, or is making a wilful misrepresentation. The likelihood of the remarks of the English writers producing an erroneous impression arises from their mixing up these two separate and distinct things: 1st, that at a previous stage of the game, the London Club had a winning position which they did not discover, and failed to avail themselves of; and, 2d, that the Edinburgh Club would not allow them to retract the 27th and 28th moves. These two facts have no longer any possible connection with each other when it is known that, at the 27th move, the London Club had ceased to have a winning position, and that the recall of that move would have been of no use to them. The failure, at a previous stage of the game, to maintain the winning position which they had, is simply one among several illustrations which occurred in the match, of the truth that the London

Club, "in the pride and plenitude of its strength," did not always play as well as it was possible to have done. How such things show that superiority on the part of London, which they are brought forward to establish, we confess ourselves unable to understand, unless we were to adopt the principle of the *Chess-Players' Chronicle*, that it is the best players who are most likely to commit errors in conducting a match by correspondence!!

It seems to be a source of melancholy consolation to the English players, that their Club committed a "ridiculous and vexatious blunder." We are sorry that, in our strict regard for truth, we must deprive them even of that comfort. The losing of the disputed game was not a ridiculous blunder, however vexatious. On the contrary, the series of moves by which they lost the chance of winning, was at first a very promising attack, and had the additional temptation of appearing brilliant and enterprising. If any chess-player will set up the men at the 27th move of the London Club, or glance at the diagram given in Mr Staunton's periodical for May 1850, he will see that nothing but the utmost skill and caution on the part of Edinburgh could have successfully warded off the attack. The London Club had not contemplated the defence which they met with; and if, in these circumstances, they were seduced into an ingenious but unsound attack, it may be conceded that they manifested want of circumspection, an important qualification in a chess-player; but they cannot be accused of committing a ridiculous blunder. They talk of having "thrown away" a rook. They did no such thing. The rook was played not by mistake, but for the very purpose of being taken in the course of their dashing but unsuccessful attack. And in Mr Lewis's analyses, it will be found that many of his methods of winning, at previous stages of the game, involve this very sacrifice of the rook.

The refusal of the Edinburgh Club to allow the recall of the 27th and 28th moves loses all its importance when it is known that it did not affect the fate of the game. But we should in any circumstances be sorry to believe that, in so refusing, they had done what deserved the censure bestowed on them by the *Quarterly* reviewer. In considering the propriety of their conduct, there are only two lights in which the request may be viewed. They were either asked to do what the London Club had a right to demand, or they were asked to grant a favour to the London Club. We do not know that the former view is supported by any of the English writers. Even the *Quarterly* reviewer does not say that the London Club had a *right* to recall the moves; and on this question of right it appears to us that there cannot be the least shadow of a doubt. The letter containing the moves was despatched to the Post-office. It was held by the Post-office for the party to whom it was addressed, and was entirely beyond the control of the party sending it. The piece, in every sense, was therefore "let go" by the player; and the 8th Article of Sarratt's laws of chess, by which it was agreed that the games should be played, provides that "as long as a player holds a piece, he is at liberty to play it where he chooses; but when he has *let it go*, he cannot recall his move." Accordingly, the London Club never attempted to contest the question of right. They stated that they had "no hesitation in acceding to the Edinburgh Committee's construction," and adhering to the moves. In fact, the construction put on the point by the Edinburgh Club was not only assented to by the London players at the time, but several members of the committee admitted afterwards, that it was unquestionably the right way of dealing with the case, and no member of the London Club ever hinted a complaint on the subject, except what was insinuated by Mr Lewis in the publication referred to.

Were the Edinburgh Club "*to blame*" for not granting the favour which was asked of them? On this question we think there is quite as little doubt as the other. We have a strong and decided opinion as to the necessity of strict play in *all* games. It is the only fair and rational system; for once allow indulgence, and it is impossible to fix the limit at which it should stop. But we think that the remark applies with peculiar force to the game of chess, in which rigour is absolutely essential to the acquisition of the habits fitted for the proper playing of the game. Above all, in an important match at chess, anything but the strict game is entirely out of the question. A high-spirited antagonist will scorn to ask a favour, or even to grumble about the commission of a blunder. He submits in silence, and plays on in the hope of retrieving his fault by redoubled care and attention. If, on the other hand, he were to be expected to grant favours to his blundering antagonist, it is plain that his very good qualities would be turned to his disadvantage in the match. The Edinburgh Club played in the belief that the rules of the game were to apply with equal strictness to both parties; and though there was more than one instance in which they would have been glad to recall a move, they never proposed this, or even spoke of the occasions for it, except in answer to Mr Lewis's observations on the proposed recall of the 27th move. In the very game in which this move was made, the Edinburgh committee had at a *previous* point in the game made a move which they discovered to be unsound, or at least doubtful. Their report bears that "application was made to the Post-office to have the letter containing it restored, but without effect. Finding this to be the case, the letter was looked upon as delivered, the Post-office being regarded as holding it, not on behalf of the Club from which it had been sent, but on behalf of the Club to which it was addressed; and therefore no attempt was made to countermand the move, by transmitting another letter by the same post. The 8th article of the laws was considered to be too clear and explicit to warrant a recall." This conduct of the Edinburgh Club appears to us the manly and proper way of dealing with such a circumstance, and infinitely better than trying to make it the foundation of a complaint of rigorous procedure on the part of their opponents.

The same thing happened again to the Edinburgh Club in the fourth game. In consequence of having put up the game erroneously, they sent an impossible move—that is to say, they directed a Knight to be moved to a square already occupied by their King. They discovered the mistake before the letter had left Edinburgh, but considered themselves as having incurred the penalty of playing an impossible move, which was, in the option of their adversary, either to move the Knight to some other square, or to move their King. Of these two, the move of the *King* was

infinitely the better play, and therefore, in order to save time, a note was written on the outside of the letter explaining the mistake, and stating that the Edinburgh committee held themselves bound to move the *Knight*, which it was presumed the London Club would enforce, as the more severe penalty. The London Club did so; and yet Mr Lewis, in his notes to this game, rather disingenuously, as it appears to us, represented the London Club as having yielded an advantage to their antagonists, in accepting the move of the Knight. This merely accidental blunder, on the part of the Edinburgh Club, was one cause of their loss of the fourth game.

Seeing that the Edinburgh Club thus on all occasions subjected themselves to the most rigorous interpretation of the rules of the game, we cannot hold the *Quarterly Review* as justified in saying that they were "to blame" in not allowing the London Club to retract a move. But we appeal from the *Quarterly* reviewer as a partisan of England, to the *Quarterly* reviewer, as an impartial enunciator of general propositions respecting the game of chess. Hear what he says about the absurdity of giving back moves:—

"Another advantage has arisen from the multiplication of clubs, and consequent publication of accurate rules—viz., that the strict game is now played, instead of those courteous surrenders of advantages offered by a heedless adversary, which used often to make winners of those who had received back two or three leading pieces in the course of the game. These were a source of endless unpleasant discussions, besides being in themselves an absurdity. We confess we have no notion of rewarding an opponent for his oversights. We would show him as little mercy as Mr Smith O'Brien would to Lord Clarendon. Nay, we should be moved hereto by a consideration of his benefit as well as our own—for why should we teach him vacillation and heedlessness?"

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Again, among a portentous list of narrow-minded delusions, he gives as "Delusion the Fifth—

"'That it is illiberal to play the strict game.' To this we can only reply, that other methods are but a miserable imitation. People talk of the hardship of 'losing a game by an oversight,' and so on. It is much harder to arrive at nothing but 'conclusions inconclusive,' and to have the game terminate in an Irish discussion which of the two parties made the greatest blunders."

We agree in every word of this; and we only wonder that so sound a reasoner should himself fall under the delusion which he exposes—so severe a censor should commit the very offence which he condemns.

On the whole, as regards the proposed recall of the 27th and 28th moves of the second game, we think these three propositions are conclusively established, 1. That neither according to the rules of the game, nor upon any other principle which does or ought to regulate the playing of matches, were the London Club entitled to have their proposal acceded to. 2. That though it had been acceded to, and these moves had been allowed to be recalled, the London Club could not have bettered their situation, as the opportunity of winning was already irretrievably lost in consequence of the 26th move, which was not asked to be recalled, but, on the contrary, was expressly adhered to. 3. That the impression which English chess-players have so industriously attempted to create, that the refusal on the part of Edinburgh to allow the 27th and 28th moves to be recalled was what prevented the London Club from winning the game, can only exist through a confusion between these moves and the previous one, which the London Club had adhered to after a renewed examination, not having even then discovered that it was unsound.

Before leaving the second game, we have this last additional remark to make about it, that it is one of the erroneous assumptions and inferences of the English writers, that the winning of that game would have decided the match in their favour. It was the first won game; and though it is true that the London Club *subsequently* won the fourth game, which was the successor of the second, it is also the fact that the fourth game, which was opened by the Edinburgh Club, would not have been played if the second had been won by London, who in that case would have had the opening of the fourth. We do not mean to say that having to open was a disadvantage. All we assert is, that, in point of fact, the game, which the Edinburgh Club lost partly through a mistake in setting up the men, and through another blunder, not very different in its character, would not have been played at all if London had won the second game. Besides, the fourth game would, in other respects, have been played under very different circumstances. The opening of the second game by the London Club was one which none of the Edinburgh players had ever seen before, though, from this match, it now goes by the name of the Scotch opening. They believed, however, from their consideration of the second game, that the London Club had not availed themselves of all the capabilities of the opening, and they thought it would be a spirited thing to return it upon their antagonists. This they did in the *third* game. The event rewarded their enterprising conduct. They gained a decided advantage; and during the greater part of the *fourth* game they believed that it would never require to be finished, as they thought that by winning the *third* game they would gain the match. This accounts for the carelessness with which they played the fourth game, though we think nothing can excuse carelessness in playing chess. They were ultimately disappointed in their expectation of gaining the third game, as the London Club succeeded in drawing it; and this rendered a fifth game necessary.

Down to the fifth game it appears plain enough, from the above examination, that the Edinburgh Club had maintained, at the very least, an equal position to their antagonists. The first game had been drawn, with no advantage at any stage of it, in favour of either party. The second had been won by Edinburgh, but was subject to the observation that, at one point, London might

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have won had they played as well as they *afterwards* discovered they might have done. The third game was drawn: but the advantage throughout had been in favour of Edinburgh, though not sufficiently so for winning; and, as was the case with London in the previous game, Edinburgh failed to perceive that by moving differently at a certain point, they would have been victorious. The fourth game was lost by Edinburgh, partly through an accidental and what may be called a mechanical blunder, and partly through another piece of carelessness of a similar character. After a contest thus maintained down to the commencement of the fifth game, it is beyond all question that the palm of superiority, in point of play, must rest with the victor in that game. And it was a game worthy to determine that question as well as the match. The Edinburgh Club had again returned upon their antagonists their own opening. In order to secure scope for the action of their pieces, they showed considerable intrepidity in disregarding the ordinary rules against doubled and isolated pawns; and so admirably had they analysed the game, that for a great many moves they knew that victory was certain, though all the while the London Club, according to the confession of some of their own members, were blind to the fate that was awaiting them; and believed, on the contrary, that the game was in their own hands. This fifth game will long be remembered by chess players as one of the most remarkable in the annals of chess; and appears to us conclusive, so far as regards the internal evidence derived from the games themselves, that the superiority, in point of play, lay with the Edinburgh Club, and that their winning the match was not a mere accident.

It may be that there are other data for determining the relative superiority of the two Clubs; but we cannot admit the correctness of any of those mentioned by the *Quarterly* reviewer or Mr Staunton. It is true, as these gentlemen say, that the Edinburgh Club was comparatively inexperienced. It had only been instituted in 1822, and the match was begun in 1824. It comprehended, almost exclusively, professional gentlemen actively engaged in business, who had not, generally speaking, much leisure or opportunity for seeking antagonists out of their own little circle of chess-players at home. On the other hand, it cannot be disputed that there is to be found in the metropolis of England, in greater abundance than anywhere else, that combination of leisure with intellectual power, which gives the promise of good chess-playing. But these circumstances do not lead our minds to the conclusion to which Mr Staunton and the *Quarterly* reviewer have come, that the winning of the match by the Edinburgh Club was an accident. We should rather be inclined to hold, considering the character of the contest as explained by us above, that they are a proof of the greater natural chess-playing capacity of the members of the Club which won the match under such disadvantages. Again, Mr Staunton asks where are the previous exploits to which the Edinburgh players could point, such as those that the members of the London Club had performed? The answer is, None. They never had, and never sought the opportunity of performing any great chess exploit, except beating the London Club. But in so doing they made their own all the previous victories of the London Club. The event showed that they might, without presumption, have expressed the sentiment of Prince Henry—

"Percy is but my factor, good, my lord,  
To engross up glorious deeds on my behalf;  
And I will call him to so strict account,  
That he shall render every glory up.

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And all the budding honours on his crest  
I'd crop to make a garland for my head."

With which valorous quotation we draw our remarks to a close, submitting that the members of the Edinburgh Club are bound to invite us to a special sitting at a board, which shall be garnished with some other material more soft and digestible than chessmen.

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## THE INDUSTRY OF THE PEOPLE.

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The dismal efforts of the Free-trading party to maintain the credit of their unnatural and mischievous scheme, afford the surest indication of their own consciousness that they have committed a grievous error. In their attempts to make head against the symptoms of reaction which are everywhere apparent in the public mind, they exhibit no unity of purpose; they are not agreed even as to the facts from which their arguments should be drawn. A few months ago, we were told that the whole country was in a state of the greatest prosperity. The existence of agricultural distress was denied; the shipping interest was said to be in the most healthy and flourishing condition; the manufacturers had so many orders that their ability to execute was impeded; wages were rising—pauperism decreasing—in short, no one could recall to memory times of more general happiness and content. Such was the picture drawn by Ministerial limners, no further back than the opening of the present session of Parliament, and it is very much to be regretted that it should so soon have vanished like a dissolving view. Down to the present moment, we have been unable to discover the motive for so monstrous a fiction. Nobody believed it: nobody could believe it, for it ran counter to every man's knowledge of his own affairs, and his opinion as to those of his neighbour. The agriculturists declared it to be a falsehood in so far as they were concerned—so did the ship-owners—so did the shopkeepers—so did the manufacturers, whose circulars acknowledged depression for the present, and held out little hope for the future. The Ministerial averment answered no purpose, save to excite a general

burst of disapprobation. Conceived in fraud, it was abandoned with cowardice. A lower tone was assumed. Distress was admitted—but only to a certain extent; and we may remark that such admissions are peculiarly convenient and innocuous to those who make them, inasmuch as the actual degree or prevalence of the suffering must still remain matter of debate. Indeed, no statistics, however ingenious or elaborated, can furnish data for determining so delicate a point. But to account for the existence of distress, even in a mitigated form, was no easy task for those who were resolved, at all hazards, to exclude the operation of free trade. Their prosperity balance-sheet stood awkwardly in the way. Pluming themselves upon increased exports, and a larger foreign trade than had been driven for some years, they were compelled to assign some reason for the remarkable depression at home. The old shift of railway calls would no longer suit their purpose. Sir Robert Peel, regardless of a certain personal passage of his life connected with the opening of the Trent Valley, was exceedingly fond of turning out that scape-goat into the wilderness; but the time had gone by; the calls were paid up or suspended; and it was no longer possible for effrontery to maintain that the great mass of the consumers of these kingdoms had been materially injured by their imprudent dalliance with scrip. There was no tightness in the money market; no external cause to interfere with the successful operation of industry, capital, or enterprise. Yet still there was distress; and, what was more remarkable, the complaint was universal. The value of produce had fallen, effecting thereby a corresponding decline in rents, and every kind of uncertain profit. Employment grew scarcer every day, whilst the number of applicants increased. The burden of taxation, however, still remained undiminished. The creditor could still exact the stipulated amount of money from his debtor, without deduction, although the labour of the debtor was reduced in point of value by at least a third. Such were, and are, the leading phenomena, to account for which the ingenuity of the Free-traders has been exercised.

They have, we are bound to say, cut an exceedingly sorry figure in explanation. They have got in their mouths a few cant phrases, which, when assailed, they repeat over and over again, without the slightest reference to their meaning. One of these, and perhaps the most favourite, refers to the "transition state"—a peculiar phase of suffering, which they maintain to be the necessary consequence of every considerable change in the fiscal regulations of the empire. This "transition state," in politics, would appear to correspond to that which, in medicine, was favoured by Mr St John Long. In order to become better, it is necessary to make the patient, in the first instance, materially worse—to inflict artificial wounds and promote suppuration, in the hope that these may afterwards be healed. It is rather remarkable that none of our political doctors have as yet ventured to specify the nature of the curatory process. They leave us woefully in the dark as to the means which are to be adopted for remedying the evil; and they obstinately refuse to predict what kind of state is to follow upon this of transition. In truth, they are utterly at sea. They cannot shut their eyes to the extent of the mischief which they have wrought; they cannot find or invent an extraneous excuse, which will avail them, in the opinion even of the loosest thinker, to maintain the delusion that the present distress and stagnation are attributable to any other cause than that of low prices, occasioned by foreign competition; and they are attempting to conceal their chagrin and disappointment at the disastrous issue of their experiment under the cover of general terms and vague ambiguous phrases—a rhetorical expedient which is not likely to have much weight with those who have been made the victims of their rashness or vacillation.

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Latterly, indeed, some portions of the public press have shown symptoms of being more specific, and very glad should we be if Ministers would follow that example. We are told that present prices are merely exceptional, and that they must shortly improve. The mere adoption of this argument shows that such writers dissent from the doctrine that cheapness is an unqualified blessing—that they still believe in their hearts that it is impossible altogether to separate the interests of the producer and the consumer—and that they are still alive to the fundamental political axiom, that the wealth of a country depends mainly upon the value of its produce. Were it otherwise, they would be supporters of the most astounding paradox that was ever advanced. The price of the loaf must rise correspondingly with that of the quarter of wheat: beef and mutton are sold by the stone or by the pound, in proportion to the market value of the living animal. If wheat were to rise to 56s., which is said to be the average cost of its production in this country, bread would become so much dearer, and, in that case, the working-man could be no better off than he was before the corn laws were repealed. We have heard it said, and we firmly believe it to be the case, that many of the public men, of both parties, who voted with Sir Robert Peel, did so under the full conviction that there could be no material decline—that they were misled by the onesided, imperfect, and fallacious reports as to the state, quality, and extent of the Continental harvests, which were laid before Parliament—and that they never would have consented to such a measure, had they foreseen the results which are now unhappily before us. We gather this, not merely from rumour, but from the tenor of the speeches delivered in the House of Commons in 1846. Sir James Graham and Lord John Russell both treated as visionary the notion of any material decline—Lord Palmerston went further; and we think it useful to lay before our readers the following excerpt from his speech, delivered on the occasion of the second reading of the Corn Importation Bill. Referring to the surplus quantity of Continental grain, he said—

"The surplus quantity now, or from time to time in existence, is merely the superfluity of abundant seasons held for a time in store to meet the alternate deficiency of bad years. Till the bad years come, that corn is cheap, because it is a supply exceeding the demand; but the moment we go into the foreign market as buyers, to purchase up this surplus, *prices abroad will rise*. Not only will the British demand, as a new competition with foreign demand, naturally cause a rise of prices, but our own merchants will compete against each other, until, by a rise of prices abroad, the profit of their

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importations shall have been brought down to the usual rate of mercantile profit upon capital employed in other ways. There is, therefore, very little probability that the importation of the existing surplus quantity of corn in foreign markets will materially lower prices in this country."

We have nothing to say to the arguments of the noble Viscount—however singular these may appear to persons of ordinary understanding—we merely refer to his conclusion, which we think is plain enough, to the effect that free importations could not materially lower prices. Nay, we could extract from the speeches of Sir Robert Peel himself, passages which would go far to show that he entertained the same opinion, notwithstanding the extreme wariness which he exhibited when challenged by Lord George Bentinck to state his views as to the probable effects of the change on the value of agricultural produce. Well, then, if this be the case—if there was actually a strong conviction in the minds of the leading men who supported the repeal of the corn laws that the expressed fears of the agricultural party were unfounded—are we not entitled now to require that the question should be brought to a very narrow issue indeed? So far as experience has gone, our calculations have proved right—theirs entirely wrong. We maintained that, in consequence of the removal of protective duties, the price of grain in this country would decline to a point far below the cost of production; they averred that nothing of the kind would happen. Nearly a year and a half has elapsed since the new system came into full operation, and the general averages of wheat throughout the country have fallen, and have remained for many months below 40s. per quarter. In spite of the accurate and veracious information of writers in the *Economist* and other Ministerial prints, who have been assuring us, for a long period of time, that the whole available supplies of grain have been pumped out of the Continent, importations continue undiminished. In May 1850 we receive from abroad the equivalent of a million quarters of grain; France pours in her flour, to the panic even of our millers; and, instead of diminution, there are unmistakable symptoms of a greater deluge than before. Now, if the Free-traders, in or out of Parliament, are honest in their views—as many of them, we believe, undoubtedly are—they are bound to tell us how far and how long they intend this experiment to last? Of course, if it is no experiment at all, but an absolute rigorous finality, there is no need of entering into discussion. If everything is to be sacrificed for cheapness, let cheapness be the rule; only do not let us behold the anomaly of the advocates of that system prophesying a rise of prices as a general boon to the country. If otherwise, surely some tangible period should be assigned for the endurance of this *experimentum crucis*. We entirely coincide with Lord John Russell in his dislike to vacillating legislation, and we have no wish whatever to precipitate matters. We think it preferable, in every way, that the eyes of the country should be opened to a sense of its true condition by a process which, to be effectual, cannot be otherwise than painful. But we are greatly apprehensive of the consequences which may arise ere long, from the obstinate refusal of Ministers to give the slightest indication of their intentions, supposing that the present prices shall continue; or to indicate what relief, if any, can be given to the industry of the nation.

As to the permanent nature of the fall under the operation of the present law, we entertain not the slightest doubt. There is no one symptom visible of its abatement; on the contrary, the experience of each succeeding month tends to fortify our previous impressions. The decline in the value of cattle is as great as in that of cereal produce. We have already, in a former paper, had occasion to state the extent of that fall down to the commencement of the present year: the accounts received of the state of the Dumbarton market, held in the beginning of June, are still more disastrous than before. Throughout a large portion of the Scottish Highlands—we do not know, indeed, whether we are entitled to make any exception—black cattle, the staple of the country, will not pay the expense of rearing. The enormous importation of provisions from America is annihilating this branch of produce, with what compensating benefit to the nation at large, it would be difficult for an economist to explain.

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This is a state of matters which cannot continue long without manifest danger even to the tranquillity of the country. It is quite plain that, at present rates, agriculture cannot be carried on as heretofore in Great Britain. The farmer has been the first sufferer; the turn of the landowner is approaching. Let us illustrate this shortly. There must be, on an average of ordinary years, a certain price at which wheat can be grown remuneratively in this country. Sir Robert Peel, no mean authority on the subject, has indicated his opinion that such price may be stated at or about 56s. per quarter. Mr James Wilson, rating it somewhat lower, fixes it at 52s. 2d. Let us suppose, that wheat for the future shall average over England 39s. per quarter, and that the produce of the acre is twenty-four bushels, the loss on each acre of wheat hereafter raised will be, according to Sir Robert Peel, £2, 11s.—according to Mr Wilson, £1, 19s. 6d. What deduction of rent can meet such a depreciation as this? Excluding Middlesex, which is clearly exceptional, the highest rented county of England, Leicester, is estimated at £1, 14s. 10d. per acre; Warwickshire, at £1, 11s. 6d.; and Lincolnshire at £1, 8s. Haddington and Fife, the highest rented counties of Scotland, are estimated at £1, 5s. 6d. per acre. This of course includes much land of an inferior description; but we believe that, for the best arable land, an average rent of 40s. per acre may be assumed. In that case, supposing the whole rent to be given up, the farmer would still be a loser by cultivation, if Sir Robert Peel is correct in his figures.

Without presuming to offer an opinion as to the accuracy of either of the calculations submitted by these two Free-trading authorities, we think it is plain that the more favourable of them, taken in connection with present prices, is appalling enough to the agriculturist, whether he be landlord or tenant. We shall see, probably in a month or two, whether it is likely that even these prices can be maintained. We are clearly of opinion that the price of corn in this country must fall to the level of the cheapest market from which we can derive any considerable supplies; and in

that case it is quite as likely that we may see wheat quoted at 32s. or 33s., as at 39s. or 40s. But the matter for our consideration is, that, ever since the repeal of the corn laws, the market price of grain has been greatly below the cost of its production; and that there are no symptoms of any amendment, but obviously the reverse.

The inevitable result of the continuance of such a state of matters is too clear to admit of argument. The land must go out of cultivation. The process may be slow, but it will be sure. It may, doubtless, be retarded by remissions of rent not sufficient to cover the farmer's losses, but great enough to induce him to renew his efforts for another year with the like miserable result; until at length the tiller of the soil is made bankrupt, and the landowner occupies his place. We can hardly trust ourselves to depict the effect of such a social revolution. All the misery which has been already felt—and that is far greater than our rulers will permit themselves to believe—would be as nothing compared with the calamitous consummation of Free Trade.

Yet it is towards that point that we are rapidly tending. Some of the fierce and more plain-spoken Radical journals are so far from contradicting our views, that they openly rejoice in the havoc which has been already made, and in the wider ruin which is impending. They say plainly, looking to the funds, that they see no method of escaping from the domination of the moneyed interest, except through the prostration of the landlords. Their meaning is quite distinct and undisguised. They want to get rid of the national debt, by reducing the value of produce so low, that the usual amount of taxation cannot possibly be levied; and their scheme, however nefarious, is by no means devoid of plausibility. There can be no doubt that the Currency Act of 1819 has operated most injuriously upon the industry of the nation, by enhancing the value of the claims of the creditor; and that these claims, along with the necessary expenses of government, must be paid, *ante omnia*, from the industrial produce of the year. The cheapening process, therefore, is one directly antagonistic to the maintenance of taxation. The anomaly in legislation of forcibly reducing the value of produce, and yet maintaining stringently an artificial standard of taxation, has been reserved for our times; yet, strange to say, though its effects are visible and confessed, few persons have courage or patience enough to grapple with the difficulty. Free Trade and a Fettered Currency are things that cannot possibly co-exist for any length of time; and our sole surprise is, that any statesman could be shortsighted enough to attempt to reconcile them. Taken singly, either of them is a great evil to a country situated like ours—taken together, they become absolutely intolerable. But we have no wish, at the present time, to depart from the point before us. We are merely taking the evidence of adversaries, to show that our views as to the position and prospects of the great productive classes of Britain are so far from exaggerated that they are acknowledged by the most strenuous advocates of Free Trade. The fundholder, nevertheless, may derive a useful lesson from these financial hints, which indicate an ulterior purpose.

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Such is the state of the agricultural interest throughout the three Kingdoms at this moment, and such are the prospects before us. The evidence, albeit not taken before a committee of either House of Parliament, is too unanimous to admit of a doubt; county after county, district after district, parish after parish throughout England, have testified to their melancholy condition. The *Times* may talk of mendicity, and the *Economist* may trump up figures to show that the farmers ought to be making a profit even at present prices; but neither irony nor fiction can avail to discredit or pervert facts so well authenticated as these. Of these facts parliament is fully cognisant—not only from the individual knowledge of members as to what is passing abroad—not only from the sentiments expressed at many hundred meetings, independent of the great demonstrations lately made at London and Liverpool—but from the petitions which have been presented to both Houses, praying for a reversal of that policy which has proved so detrimental to the interests of a large section of her Majesty's subjects. Yet still Parliament is silent, and the first Minister of the Crown refuses to sanction that appeal to the country, which the exigency of the case would seem to require, and which has been resorted to on occasions far less peremptory and pressing than this.

Let us not be misunderstood. Our wish simply is to record the fact of such silence and refusal,—not to be rash in censure. We cannot, and do not forget the peculiar circumstances connected with the last general election—the political tergiversation which preceded it, the hopes and expectations which were then entertained by many, as to the working of the new system,—or the disorganisation of parties. Even the most strenuous opponents of the Free-Trade measures, since these had passed into a law, however iniquitously carried, were desirous that the experiment should have a fair trial, and that it should not be impeded in its progress, so long as, by the most liberal construction, it could be held to justify the anticipations of its authors. Many names of great weight, influence, and authority were found among the roll of those who consented to the new measures; and it was most natural that, throughout the country, a number of persons should be found willing to surrender their own judgment upon a matter yet untried, which had received so creditable a sanction. Therefore it was that the majority of members returned to the present House of Commons were Free-traders, bound to the system by the double ties of previous conviction and of pledge; and though recent elections, as well as the alarming posture of affairs, have contributed materially to alter the position of the two great parties in the House, it would be unreasonable as yet to look for a change, in a body so constituted, at least to that extent which a reversal of the adopted policy must imply.

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Neither can we rationally expect, that Lord John Russell will be forward to recognise a failure, where he confidently anticipated a triumph. We believe him to have been, far more than Sir Robert Peel, the dupe of those random assertions and presumptuous calculations which were thrust forward by men utterly unfit, from their previous habits and education, to pronounce an opinion upon subjects of such magnitude and intricacy. We should not be surprised if, even now,

his Lordship had some lingering kind of faith in the prophecies of the member for Westbury. Men are slow to believe that the ground is crumbling from below their feet; that the political scaffolding which they assisted to rear has been pitched in a marshy quagmire. Self love, and that kind of pride which is so nearly allied to conceit that it often assumes the form of obstinacy, stand woefully in the way of recantation; and moreover in the present instance to recant is equivalent to resign. We remember well the profound and sagacious remark of Sir Walter Scott, that "the miscarriage of his experiment no more converts the political speculator, than the explosion of a retort undeceives an alchemist." Lord John Russell in all probability is not yet prepared, from conviction, to revise his opinions on a question in which he is so deeply committed. He has a majority in the House of Commons, and, according to the forms of the constitution, so long as he can command that majority, he is entitled to persevere. It is well that our friends, whatever pressing cause they may have for their impatience, should remember these things; and not be too forward in pressing wholesale accusations, either against a Parliament chosen under such peculiar circumstances, or a Minister who is simply adhering to the course long since avowed by himself, and acted on by his immediate predecessor. We may regret, and many of us do unquestionably most bitterly feel, the anomalous position in which we are placed. A more cruel, a more galling thought can hardly be imagined than the conviction which is very general abroad, and which is also ours, that the present Parliament does not represent the feelings or the desires of the people; that it is not consulting their welfare or protecting their interests; and that the duration of that Parliament alone prevents a vigorous and successful effort in the cause of British industry. Yet still, while we feel all this, let us not be unjust to others. We cannot coerce opinion. We cannot force honourable members at once to retrace their steps, or to give the lie to their acknowledged pledges. We cannot complain of open wrong if Ministers decline to accept our voices, in lieu of the voices of those whom we formerly sent as representatives. Their answer and vindication lies in the fact of their Parliamentary majority. Why Parliament should thus be placed in direct antagonism to the country, is a very different question. We need not go far in search of the reason. It is the direct consequence of that policy which Sir Robert Peel thought fit to adopt, not with regard to the abstract measures of Free Trade, but for the carrying of these measures into effect, without an appeal to the country, and by means which proved how closely deceit is allied to tyranny. Upon his head, if not the whole, at least the primary responsibility rests. He has accepted it, and let it abide with him. And let no man affirm that, in saying this, we are prolonging any rancorous feeling, or seeking to rub a sore which by this time should be wellnigh healed. The time for indignation and anger, if injury coupled with perfidy can ever provoke such sentiments, is not yet past; it is now in its fullest force. Had Sir Robert Peel acted as he ought to have done—had he played the part of a British statesman, sincerely desirous that in a matter of such magnitude the will of the country should be respected—the present Parliament, whatever might have been its decision as to Free Trade or Protection, would at least have represented the wishes of the electoral body; and if subsequent events had shown that these wishes were more sanguine than wise, the error would have been a national one, and no weight of individual responsibility would have been incurred. As it is, we are not only justified, but we are performing our duty, in indicating the real and sole originator of our present difficulties; and without wishing in any degree to trench upon his secret sources of consolation, we can hardly imagine that he will derive much comfort from the knowledge, that his tortuous policy has deprived the people in the hour of need of their best constitutional privilege and shield—the sympathy and co-operation of that House which is emphatically their own, and which, to the great detriment of the state, must lose its moral power the moment that it ceases to represent the will, and to protect the interests of the Commons.

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We are well aware that such reflections as these can bring but sorry comfort to the farmers. Their situation is one of unparalleled hardship, unrelieved by any consideration which can make the case of other sufferers more tolerable. We fully admit the vast extent of the powers which, since the Great Revolution, are held to be vested in Parliaments. We cannot gainsay the doctrine that these powers may, on occasion, be exerted to the uttermost; but we say, after the most careful and thoughtful deliberation, that the proceedings of the legislature with regard to the farmers of Great Britain are irreconcilable with the principles of justice, with the sacred laws of morality, which no legislative resolutions can abrogate or annul. The farmers are entitled to maintain that, in so far as regards them, the public faith has been broken. Such of them as hold leases had a distinct and unqualified guarantee given to them by the protective laws; and the allegation that the substitution of the sliding-scale for a fixed duty acted as a release for all former Parliamentary engagements, is a quibble so mean and wretched that the basest attorney would be ashamed to use it as a plea. The whole of the farmers' fixed and floating capital, estimated at the enormous sum of five hundred millions sterling, has been laid out on the faith of Protection; and yet when that Protection was furtively and treacherously withdrawn, no measure was introduced for the purpose of relieving them from engagements contracted under the older system, which were obviously incompatible with the lowered prices established by the formidable change. The public, we are afraid, are not aware of the extent of that depreciation which is still going on, *and which already exceeds the whole annual value of the manufacturing productions of Great Britain.* We borrow the following table from a late pamphlet by Mr Macqueen entitled, "Statistics of Agriculture, Manufactures, and Commerce, drawn up from Official and Authentic Documents;" and having tested it by every means in our power, we have no hesitation in adopting it. It is, in truth, a fearful commentary on the rashness and folly of our rulers.

#### COMPARATIVE VALUES OF AGRICULTURAL PRODUCE.

	Protective value.	Depreciation.	Value 1850.
Grains, potatoes, &c.,	£237,543,750	£80,764,875	£156,778,875

Straw,	100,700,000	30,210,000	70,490,000
Green crops, pasture, &c.,	222,404,786	66,721,435	155,683,351
Sundries,	8,500,000	2,125,000	6,375,000
Wool, British,	15,400,000	1,540,000	13,860,000
	<u>£584,518,536</u>	<u>£181,361,310</u>	<u>£403,187,226</u>

But this is not all. We have still to deal with the depreciation or diminished value of the farmers' fixed capital, invested in live stock, &c., which at the rate of 25 per cent, (a most moderate calculation, and below the mark in so far as Scotland is concerned,) shows a loss on £504,833,730 of £126,208,432 *additional!*

We put forward the case of the farmers thus prominently, because, in addition to the great public wrong which has been done to them, they have serious reason to complain of the general apathy of the landlords. We do not allude to the part which the landowners took in 1846. We believe that the majority of them were sincerely disgusted by the conduct of the men who had climbed into office on their shoulders; and that they loathed and despised in their hearts the treachery of which they were made the tools. We know, moreover, that a great many of them abstained from taking part in the election of 1847, not being able to see their way through the political chaos in which we were then involved, and having, naturally enough, lost confidence in the probity of public men, and despairing of the remodelment of a strong constitutional party. Such things were, perhaps, inevitable; and it may be argued with much show of reason, that no better line of conduct was open to the landlords, and that they did wisely in reserving themselves for a more favourable opportunity, when experience, that stern and unfailing monitor, should have exposed to the Free-traders the falsity of their wild expectations. But it is impossible for them now to plead that the opportunity has not arrived. The experiment has been made, and has failed—failed utterly and entirely, if the practical refutation of the views advanced by all its leading advocates is to be considered as equivalent to failure. The current of reaction has set in strong and steady, not only in the counties, but in the towns; not only among those who, from their position, must be the earliest sufferers, but among those who are connected with the trade and general commerce of Britain. The disorganised party has rallied and is reformed under leaders of great talent, tried skill, and most assured loyalty and honour. How is it that, in this posture of affairs, any considerable section of the landlords is still hanging back? Why is it that they do not place themselves, as is their duty, at the head of their tenantry, and enforce and encourage those appeals to public justice, and to public policy, which are now making themselves heard in every quarter of the kingdom? We confess that we are at a loss to know why any apathy should be shown. The conduct of the tenantry towards the landlords has been generous and considerate in the extreme. They were invited, in no equivocal terms, to join their cause with that of the Free-traders and financial reformers; and they were promised, in that event, the cordial assistance of the latter towards the adjustment of their rents, and the equalisation of their public burdens. We venture not an opinion whether such promise was ever intended to be kept. Still it was made; and no effort was left untried to convince the farmers that their cause was separate and apart from that of the owners of the land. Their refusal to enter into that unholy alliance was most honourable to the body of the tenantry, and entitles them, at the hands of the proprietors, to look not only for consideration and sympathy, but for the most active and energetic support. Very ill indeed shall we augur of the spirit and patriotism of the gentlemen of England, if they longer abstain from identifying themselves universally with a movement which is not only a national one, in the strictest sense of the word, but upon which depends the maintenance of their own interests and order. Surely they cannot have been so dull or so deaf to what is passing around them, as not to be aware that they were especially marked out as the victims of the Manchester confederacy! These are not times in which any man can afford to be apathetic, nor will any trivial excuse for languor or indifference be accepted. Exalted position, high character, the reputation for princely generosity, and the best of private reputations, will be no apology for inactivity in a crisis so momentous as this. Organisation, union, and energy are at all times the chief means for insuring success; and we trust that, henceforward, there may be less timidity shown by those who ought to take the foremost rank in a contest of such importance, and who cannot abstain longer from doing so without forfeiting their claim to that regard which has hitherto been readily accorded them.

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It will be observed that, as yet, we have put the case for Protection upon very narrow grounds. We have shown that, so far as the agricultural body is concerned, Free Trade has proved most injurious, and that it cannot be persisted in without bringing downright ruin to that section of the community. If we had nothing more to advance than this, still we should be entitled to maintain that enough has been adduced to show the necessity of retracing our steps. The annihilation of such an important body as the agriculturists of Britain, implies of itself a revolution as great as ever was effected in the world; and to that, assuredly, if the agriculturists stood alone, they would not tamely submit. When Mr Cobden or his satellites addressed the people of Manchester, through their League circulars, to the following effect, "If the Americans will only put down their monopolising manufacturers, and we put down our monopolising landowners here, when our election time comes, we will lay the Mississippi valley alongside of Manchester, and we will have a glorious trade then!"—and again, "Our doctrine is, let the working man ply his hammer, or his spindle, or his shuttle, and let the Kentucky or the Illinois farmer, by driving his plough in the richest land on the surface of the earth, feed this mechanic or this weaver, and let him send home his produce in exchange for the products of our operatives and artisans"—they seem to have forgotten the temper and mould of the men with whom they proposed to deal so summarily. It is not quite so easy to expatriate three millions of able-bodied men; nor do we opine that a power

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morally or physically adequate to the task of such removal exists in the manufacturing districts. But, in reality, of all idle talk that ever issued from the lips or the pen of an inflated demagogue, this is the silliest and the worst. It presupposes an amount of ignorance on the part of his audience anything but flattering to the calibre of the Manchester intellect: indeed we hardly know which is most to be admired—its intense and transparent folly or its astounding audacity. The home trade is a thing altogether kept out of account in the foregoing splendid vision of a calico millennium. Mr Cobden, it will be seen, contemplates no home consumption, except in so far as the operative may provide himself with his own shirtings. The whole production of Britain is to be limited to manufactures; the whole supplies are to be derived from the hands of the reciprocating foreigner!

There does not exist in this great and populous country any one class the labour of which can be restricted, or the profits curtailed, without an injurious result to the interests of the whole community. This is not simply a maxim of political economy; it is a distinct physical fact, which no ingenuity can controvert. Yet, strange to say, our rulers have acted, and are acting, with regard to by far the most important class of the country, as if no such fact were known; and they now profess to be amazed at its speedy and inevitable consequence. That agricultural distress must react upon the manufacturer, the trader, shopkeeper, and artisan, is as necessary a consequence as is a failure in the supply of water after a long-continued drought. If our taxation is artificial, and our national establishments costly, it must not be forgotten that our private expenditure is generally on the same scale. We consume within the country a far greater amount of manufactures than we can ever hope to export, and the only limit to that consumption is the power of purchase. The profits of the landowner, which depend upon the value of produce, do not constitute a fund which is removed from public circulation. On the contrary, these profits furnish the means of labour and employment to the greater portion of the industrious classes, who otherwise would have no resource; and if they are violently curtailed, it must needs follow that a large amount of employment is withdrawn. That is precisely our case at the present moment. By the admission of foreign produce, which is in fact foreign labour, the value of agricultural production in this country has fallen very nearly thirty per cent, and the consequence is a greatly diminished expenditure, and a slackening of employment grievously felt by those who are supported by manual labour. How, indeed, is it possible that it can be otherwise? A very little thought must convince every one that all incomes in Britain must depend upon the amount and value of the national production, and that, by reducing and lowering that, a direct attack is made upon the profits of every kind of labour. It is singular that consequence so plain should ever have been overlooked; still more singular that statesmen should have been found to maintain an opposite theory. The only explanation we can suggest as to this singular departure from the leading principles of economical science is, that of late years Ministers have habitually consulted the interests of the capitalists rather than those of the people. Sir Robert Peel has invariably shown himself a capitalist legislator. At the outset of his career, and while under the Israelitish guidance of Ricardo, he succeeded in carrying those Currency measures which increased by nearly one-third the weight of the national obligations. Later in life we find him engaged in measures of arbitrary bank restriction, thereby occasioning commercial panics, and securing another rich harvest for the moneyed class. His tariffs and Free-trade measures exhibit precisely the same tendency. They are all constructed with a view to cheapness, or, what is the same thing, to the diminution of the value of labour, so that the fortune of the capitalist or fundholder is now virtually doubled: while the industrious classes, with a lowered rate of wage, are compelled to undergo the additional evil of unrestricted foreign competition.

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Let us now, for a brief space, proceed to consider the internal adjustment of the strength and industry of Britain. It is a subject well worthy of study, especially at the present moment, when a general feeling of perplexity prevails, and when those who unfortunately gave ear to the specious representations of the Free-traders are convinced of their error, but are yet in doubt whether it be possible to retrace our steps. It is a subject, moreover, upon which we are bound to enter, seeing that official cunning has been used to conceal the real posture of affairs in this country, and, by undervaluing the magnitude of some interests, to give a factitious and altogether imaginary importance to others. We trust that we shall be able to show, to the satisfaction of our readers, the gross extent to which this kind of delusion and imposture has been carried.

Upon no subject whatever are more erroneous impressions entertained, than upon the relative importance and strength of the two great classes of the country. Of late it has been quietly assumed that the manufacturers are infinitely superior to the agriculturists, not only in point of numbers, but in respect of capital employed or available; and many people have been puzzled to understand why, if this should be the case, such vehement opposition should be made to any proposal for readjusting the direct and local taxation, which confessedly weighs most heavily upon the proprietors and occupiers of the land. We have been told, in as many words, that henceforward the voice of the towns is to dictate the policy of Britain—that the agriculturists are a worn-out class, scarce worth preserving—and the most influential of the Free-trade journals has not hesitated to recommend a wholesale emigration to the Antipodes, or any portion of the surface of the globe where corn can be cultivated cheaper than in England. We have been not only taunted, but threatened, whenever we presumed to expostulate. Reference was made to certain "masses," who were ready to rise in defence of perennial cheapness; and Mr Cobden has warned us not to provoke the exercise of that power which is vested in himself, as dictator of the democracy. In short, we have been given to understand that, if protection to native industry, in any shape, should be re-introduced—which only can be done by the will and legitimate sanction of Parliament—physical force shall not be wanting on the other side.

The use of such language argues great ignorance of the national temper. We have heard a good

deal lately of what is termed the dogged Anglo-Saxon spirit, the main characteristic of which we take to be its decided antagonism to bullying, and its inveterate hatred of coercion. It is too much to expect that a controversy such as this should be conducted without some asperity of language, and therefore we make no clamorous complaint when Mr Cobden, or his friends, think proper to designate the British agriculturists as "ignorant clodpoles" and "horse-shoe idiots," or the landed proprietors as "a selfish and degraded faction," or the Protectionist press as the "hireling tools of oppression." These are very old and very harmless terms of rhetoric, and we are not sure that we can claim entire vindication from the charge of having retorted with tolerable energy. The real danger begins when men step beyond constitutional limits, and advocate resistance to the legislature by appealing to the passions, as they have pandered to the prejudices, of the mob.

Having premised so much, we think no one can misinterpret our motives, if we set ourselves seriously to the task of refuting a great fallacy which has been hatched and propagated by the Free-traders. It is one so monstrous in itself that we hardly could have supposed that any man, who had reflected for a moment on the subject, could have yielded to the delusion: nevertheless, we believe it to be most common, and it has been over and over again repeated at public meetings, until it has lost its quality as an assertion, and been treated as a recognised fact. It is within the recollection of all of us, that, both within the walls of Parliament and at the great outward gatherings of the League, the superiority of the manufacturing over the agricultural interest of Great Britain was broadly asserted, and assumed as the basis of the leading argument of the Free-traders. Sir Robert Peel expressly adopted this view in 1846, while advocating the repeal of the policy, which he had hitherto professed to support; we say, *professed*, because no man now doubts—indeed, it is fairly admitted by himself, with something like a sneer of triumph—that for many years he had been practising a deliberate imposture on the public. This view necessarily must have had some foundation on authority, if not on fact; and we can trace that authority to a statistical writer, Mr Porter, on whose accuracy, and method of dealing with figures, far too much reliance has been placed by statesmen high in office.

In dealing with the census of 1841, and compiling his tables with a view to show the relative occupations of the people, Mr Porter has adopted the ingenious plan of massing commerce, trade, and manufactures together, and exhibiting the aggregate of these in contradistinction to the purely agricultural interest! At page 55 of the last edition of his *Progress of the Nation* we find this statement—"The following more elaborate table of the occupations of the population of Great Britain, as ascertained in 1841, has been compiled from the Reports of the Census Commissioners. *It affords the best abstract* that has hitherto been attainable upon this important branch of political arithmetic."

We turn to the table indicated in this modest passage, and we find the following results for Great Britain alone:—

Persons engaged in commerce, trade, and manufacture,	3,092,787
Agriculture,	1,490,785
Labour not agricultural,	758,495

This, of course, is exclusive of the army, navy, learned professions, domestic servants, and various other employments, besides women and children. In another table, Mr Porter, estimating the male population of Great Britain, (excluding Ireland,) who were then upwards of twenty years of age, at 4,761,091, divides them thus:—

Agriculture,	1,198,156
Trade, manufactures, &c.,	2,125,496
Other classes,	1,437,439
	<u>4,761,091</u>

If, as Mr Spackman most properly observes in his excellent work, the *Analysis of the Occupations of the People*, one of the principal objects of taking the census is to trace the relative degree of dependence of one class upon another, how can this be done if all the trade and commerce of the country is to be mixed up with manufactures? "Mr Porter would have us to consider trade and commerce, and manufactures as synonymous terms, and that together they only form one class; and he seems to be so thoroughly haunted with the numerical weakness of the manufacturing interest, that his fear of its being discovered peeps out in every paragraph; and, by mixing them up in every table in which they are mentioned in his book, with those engaged in trade and commerce, he has effectually succeeded in his object."

As we propose to lay before our readers the results of Mr Spackman, it may be proper shortly to state the principles which have guided him in his classification of the official returns. He recognises but two great classes of the community engaged in the production of wealth, and upon these he justly considers the whole of the remainder to be dependent. The following extract from his preface will sufficiently explain his view:—

"Of the number of persons actually employed by the agriculturists and manufacturers, no difference of opinion can exist, as we have adopted the Government classification in every instance, and copied the figures given in the returns. We believe this classification to be correct in principle, and but slightly erroneous in details.

"Political economists may exercise their ingenuity by calling in question this classification, but we believe it is the only one that accurately traces the dependence of an individual on the one or the other interest; and, as this is the primary object of all

such matters, if it attains this end, it is sufficient for all purposes. By the landed interest we mean not only the proprietors of the soil, but all that are engaged in its cultivation, and all the interests that are dependent on and supported by both landlord and tenant. An agriculturist is one who grows the raw material. The manufacturer changes the fabric from cotton into calico, flax into linen, wool into cloth, raw into manufactured silk, mineral ores into various combinations of metals, and the skin of an animal into leather.

"All besides the agriculturists and the manufacturers are auxiliaries, not principals. Thus the handicraftsman alters the form, but not the substance, and adapts the article to the use of the consumer,—so the miller, baker, and butcher; the tailor, milliner, and shoemaker.

"There is also a very numerous class, who neither produce, manufacture, nor alter the shape or substance of an article, and these are called merchants, if they buy and sell in a wholesale manner, or shopkeepers and retail dealers if they sell by retail. The business of these is to distribute all articles imported from abroad or produced at home, through every city, town, and village, in the United Kingdom; and the Government definition of all these auxiliaries is 'engaged in trade and commerce.'

"The dependence of any particular class engaged in trade and commerce, or in handicraft, is not upon the party who produces, alters, or supplies the article, but on the individual who consumes it; and if there is any tax whatever on the raw material, or on anything used in its manufacture, adaptation, or distribution, it is on him that all and every item of such tax, together with all profits and charges, must ultimately fall.

"Inasmuch, however, as there is no wealth in this country of any amount, but what has been derived either from agriculture or manufactures, nor any of which the value is not determined by the success of these, so again this consumer, whatever his rank or position in society may be, is mainly dependent on them. The rental of land, the income from houses, or investments in the public funds, are merely the representatives of so much labour; and the means necessary to pay them are principally drawn from either agriculture or manufactures.

"Our annual creation of wealth may be thus stated:—

Agriculture,	£250,000,000
Manufactures, deducting the value of the raw material,	127,000,000
Money interest,	37,000,000
Colonial interest,	18,000,000
Foreign commerce, (including shipping interest,) 10 per cent on amount of exports and imports,	15,000,000
Fisheries,	3,000,000
	<u>£450,000,000"</u>

*And from one or other of these does every individual in the land derive his income or means of support.* The Peer of the realm, the landed proprietor, the Government annuitant, the clergyman, the medical and the legal adviser, with the banker, merchant, dealer, and handicraftsman of every class and kind,—derive what is necessary to support their state and condition, and their daily sustenance, from these spring-heads of national wealth. This is the substance of the nation, and what we call money consists merely of the counters we use to denote and measure the value of this substance as it passes from one to another.

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"To do equal justice to all classes, the legislation of a country ought, therefore, to keep steadily in view their relative importance, not only as regards numbers, but also their powers of production, and the proportion which they severally bear of the national burdens. Unless this is the governing principle, it strikes at the root of their prosperity, and the injury inflicted on a class is evinced in the gradual decay of the whole community."

Acting upon these distinct, and, we submit, perfectly sound principles, Mr Spackman has compiled his tables in the following manner. The Government returns are quite explicit as to the number of those engaged directly in agriculture and in manufactures. Mr Spackman takes each county separately; and having set down the relative numbers of each class, he divides the remainder of the population between these according to their proportion. For example, let us instance his table of the county of Lanark, which is the great seat of Scottish manufactures. We find, from the official returns, that the following numbers are directly engaged:—

In Agriculture,	13,169
In Manufactures of all kinds,	61,378

The residue of the population being 352,425, he divides in the same proportion, and thus gives us as a result:—

Engaged in Agriculture,	13,169
Dependent on,	<u>62,257</u>
	75,426
Engaged in Manufactures,	61,378

Dependent on,	<u>290,168</u>
	<u>351,546</u>
Total of county,	426,972

In the same way, by estimating the population of Perthshire directly employed in agriculture and manufactures, Mr Spackman forms his table thus,—

Engaged in Agriculture,	16,302
Dependent on,	<u>64,233</u>
	80,535
Engaged in Manufactures,	11,509
Dependent on,	<u>45,346</u>
	<u>56,855</u>
Total of County,	137,390

The grand result for the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland is as follows:—

Engaged in, and dependent on agriculture,	18,734,468
Engaged in, and dependent on manufactures,	<u>8,091,621</u>
Population, exclusive of those travelling on night of census,	<u>26,826,089</u>

Lest it should be said that Mr Spackman has acted upon any wrong principle in framing these tables—for we know by experience that a certain class of political economists can see no virtue in any figures which are not of their own construction—let us turn to the Government reports, and extract from them the number of males *directly* employed in the two great branches of production.

#### AGRICULTURE.

Farmers and Graziers,	737,206
Agricultural Labourers,	2,312,388
Gardeners, Nurserymen, &c.	60,767
All others,	<u>9,196</u>
Total Males,	3,118,557

#### MANUFACTURES.

Above 20,	717,780
Under 20,	<u>168,964</u>
Total Males,	886,744

"It will thus be seen," says Mr Spackman, "that the farmers and graziers alone, as a body, are more in number than all the males above twenty years of age employed in manufactures, and only 150,000 short of the whole number of males of all ages so employed. If we add the two and a quarter millions of labourers which these farmers and graziers give employment to, the *male* population employed in agriculture are nearly as four to one compared with those employed in manufactures. The same remark will also apply as to age: those above twenty are four to one; those under twenty are nearly two to one."

We put forward these statements with no other view than to exhibit to our readers the national importance of that agricultural interest which has been so bitterly assailed, and which is threatened still by a heavier accession of calamity. If the bastard system of Free Trade is to be considered according to its influence on the welfare of the majority of the people of Britain, there can be no doubt to which side the vast preponderance belongs. The "horse-shoe idiots," though dull in intellect, are numerous in the flesh to an extent of which, perhaps, even Mr Cobden was little aware. It is quite true that the extended area over which they are disposed does not afford them the same means of combination which are within the reach of the inhabitants of the factories. The agriculturalists have no wish to interfere with their neighbours' livelihood, and little inclination to move at the bidding of mercenary demagogues. They seldom speak until suffering or a sense of injustice compels them to appeal to the legislature: and their unwillingness to join in agitation has, ere now, been made subject of taunt against them. Were it otherwise, we should not attach one half the importance which we do to the movement which is visible all over the face of agricultural England—a movement which the advocates of Free Trade may affect to despise, but which, in reality, has struck them with consternation. And no wonder that the movement should have been made. Let us pass from the mere numerical consideration, and look to the extent of property which is embarked on the one side and on the other.

We have already stated the annual value of the agricultural production of these kingdoms to be £250,000,000, whilst that of manufactures is little more than £127,000,000. To this latter sum we must add about £50,000,000, being the estimated cost of the raw material, if we wish to calculate from the exports the importance of the home market compared with that which is to be found abroad. For example, if the declared value of the exports shall amount to 69 millions, we are entitled to assume that about 117 millions are consumed at home in a year of ordinary prosperity. This, of course, is no more than an approximation to the truth, but it is the nearest which can be made from such documents, reports, and returns, as are accessible to the statist. Let us take Mr



Spackman's estimate of the capital employed, referring our readers for the details to his exceedingly interesting work.

AGRICULTURAL CAPITAL.

Value of the Land, at 25 years' purchase of the annual rental of Great Britain and Ireland, amounting, to £58,753,615	£1,500,000,000
Farmers' capital, employed in the cultivation of the soil, independent of the stock on hand, at all times, of cattle, grain, &c., £5 to £6 per acre on 46,522,970 acres, about	250,000,000
Stock in hand—	
About 7,500,000 head of cattle,	}
About 31,000,000 sheep and lambs,	}
About 1,500,000 horses,	} 250,000,000
About £50,000,000 value of timber,	}
On an average, three months stock of grain, seeds, hay, and other produce always on hand,	}
Estimated agricultural capital	<u>£2,000,000,000</u>

MANUFACTURING CAPITAL.

In Cotton,	£24,500,000
" Woollen,	16,500,000
" Linen,	7,000,000
" Silk,	4,000,000
" Lace,	2,000,000
" Hose,	1,000,000
All others,	<u>23,000,000</u>
Estimated manufacturing capital,	<u>£78,000,000</u>

The first reflection which must come home to the mind of every one who considers these tables, is the astounding audacity of those who have characterised the landlords as a grasping and rapacious class. Singular, nay, almost incredible as it may appear, the annual value of the production of manufactures is nearly double the amount of the whole capital invested. This fact sufficiently explains the manner in which so many colossal fortunes have been realised, while it also suggests very painful reflections as to the condition of the operatives who are the creators of all this wealth. But what are we to think of the conduct of the men who, not content with such enormous returns, have leagued together to swell them to a greater amount, by demanding the free importation of foreign produce, under the pretext that the people were oppressed by the continuance of a system which gave remunerative prices, continuous employment, and the means of livelihood to two-thirds of their aggregate number? We acquit many of the leading and most respectable manufacturers from being participators in any such scheme. Those connected with the home trade have very generally been opposed to the application of the Free-trade doctrines, the leading advocates of which were comprised of men who manufactured solely for exportation, and whose goods were neither intended nor adapted for British consumption. It was for the exclusive benefit, as at the instigation of the latter, that the Corn Laws were repealed. Few can be sorry—we confess we are not—that even they have been disappointed in their expectations. No tariffs have been relaxed in consequence of the ill-omened surrender; on the contrary, the Continental states, as well as the Americans, are protecting their own manufactures with increased vigilance; whilst, on the other hand, they are availing themselves of our folly, by deluging our market with their agricultural produce, securing by these means the double advantage of promoting both branches of industry. Never was there a vainer notion than the chimera that other states would abandon their rising manufactures to reciprocate with Great Britain, when that haughty power had deliberately deprived herself of the means of enforcing reciprocity. *The countries from which we import the largest amount of grain are not the countries which take the largest amount of our manufactures.* Even if the case were otherwise, we maintain that we should be heavy losers, and in no way gainers, by the transaction. Nationally, this is so clear that we need not waste words by arguing the point; but we go further and say that, even had other states reciprocated, the manufacturers, as a body, could not have been gainers by Free Trade, unless the relative proportions between the amount of home and foreign consumption had been entirely changed. For, so long as two-thirds of our whole manufactures are annually consumed in Britain, the condition of the consumers there, and their power of purchase, must be a matter of greater importance to the manufacturer than that of consumers abroad. The interest of the shopkeepers and of the artisans is almost entirely bound up with the home trade; and nothing can be more suicidal to the traders than to give any countenance to a system which strikes at the amount of their profits, by crippling the means of their customers.

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Were our object merely to show the glaring injustice which has been done to the landed interest, we could proceed much further in disentangling details from the confusion into which they have been purposely thrown, by such statistical writers as Mr Porter. But we apprehend that, in the present temper of the nation, there is little occasion for this. Men of all classes have had that opportunity which experience can alone give, of testing in their own individual case the

advantages which were so confidently predicted by those who advocated the commercial change. Those who have benefited by it will, of course, remain Free traders. We are not unreasonable enough to expect that they will abandon that policy which is profitable to themselves, even though they should be convinced that it has proved the reverse of profitable to others. But we can conscientiously say, that we are acquainted with very few such persons. In the country they do not exist: in the towns, we hear of nothing except continued and weary depression. Almost every day fresh complaints of want of employment are thrust upon us. Establishments are reduced, because those who were considered wealthy, and those whose wealth depended upon produce, have no longer the means to support them as before: even professional incomes are declining: and no one ventures now to indulge in that expenditure which, four or five years ago, gave an impulse to the industry of the people. All this we believe to be acknowledged, and we have heard it from the lips of many whose political creed is quite at variance with our own.

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Most important testimony to the same effect was borne, at the recent meeting in Liverpool, by gentlemen who, from profession and connection, belong to the mercantile and trading classes of the community. It is no vague apprehension of coming evil, no slight or ephemeral touch of distress, which has elicited declarations of opinion so strong as were there expressed. The urgency of the case is felt and acknowledged; and ere long we have not the slightest doubt that demonstrations of similar magnitude and importance will take place in other of the English towns.

From what we have already said, it will be gathered that we recommend no hasty or precipitate movement. Our strength lies in the justice of our cause, and in the palpable failure of the measures against which we have emphatically protested. This is not a question of mere sentiment, regarding which men can long continue to maintain divided opinions. It is a practical question, affecting not only the general welfare of the kingdom, but the property and means of every man who lives and thrives through his industry. It is essentially a labour question, and, as such, it cannot long remain without receiving a distinct solution. In the mean time, however, it is our duty to make preparation for the change which may arrive at no distant period. The various Protection societies which are everywhere organised, offer to those who condemn the present line of policy the best opportunity of concentrating their efforts, and of contributing to the ultimate triumph of the cause. These societies must be supported, for, under existing circumstances, they are of the utmost value. They present a ready channel through which the wishes and situation of the people can be communicated to the legislature or the throne; they establish and preserve communication between neighbouring districts; and they supply useful information, and disseminate sound principles, in quarters where good political knowledge is most especially required. We trust that no one who entertains opinions similar to our own, and who is deeply impressed with the necessity of a return to the just system of Protection, will be backward in lending his aid to these institutions. From the peculiar position of the agricultural party, such combinations are absolutely necessary, in order to arrive at a just estimate of our strength, and the true sentiments of the nation. Private efforts, however energetically made, are ineffectual in compassion with this system of union and of order; and although we know that agitation is in itself a thing distasteful to many, the emergency of the case is such that we are imperatively bound to adopt all legitimate means for the furtherance of our object. It may be that under no circumstances whatever can redress be obtained from the present Parliament. We have already adverted to the peculiar causes which would seem to render such an expectation at best a forlorn hope; yet still that furnishes no reason for relaxing in our efforts. The Whig Ministry—by the confession of men of all parties—has a most precarious tenure of office. Already the House of Peers has passed its gravest censure upon the course of foreign policy which has been pursued—a course of which it is difficult to say whether its most prominent feature is culpable recklessness or glaring dishonesty. We do not know what may be the decision of the House of Commons upon a point of such importance, or whether unscrupulous influence, and the dread of a dissolution, may not overcome the dictates of honour and the force of private judgement in the more popular assembly. But, whatever may be the fiat of the Commons, this at least is clear, that a severe blow has been given to the stability of the Whig Government. Beyond the walls of Parliament they have hardly any support upon a question which threatens to involve us in direct hostility with France; and nothing could have more effectually damaged them, even in this wretched business, than the acerbity of the tone assumed by Lord John Russell with regard to the European powers, who are most justly incensed at the paltering and bad faith of the political incendiary who, to the misfortune of this country, has been intrusted with the management of foreign affairs. Neither the honour nor the interests of Britain are safe in such hands. Therefore we say to the men of the Country Party—Be prepared to act, for no one can tell how soon the moment for action may arrive. Ours is a great cause, and it must not be imperilled by slothfulness or inactivity at a crisis which requires the exertion of all our energies, and the combination of all our powers. Let us but be true to ourselves, and ultimate success is certain. Delusions may for a time have taken hold of the public mind; but the endurance of all delusions is short, and the mist is rapidly dissipating. Let any man compare the state of public feeling as it exists now, with what it was but twelve months ago, and he cannot fail to be impressed with the amazing rapidity of the change. And yet, why should he wonder at it? The industry of the nation is at stake, and what marvel that the people should demand their own?

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That cheapness of itself is no blessing, even our opponents admit in the arguments which they try to direct against us. Read their accounts of the squalidness and poverty which prevail in the larger towns—the testimony which has been laboriously collected as to the lamentable fall of wages, and the diminished profits of thousands employed in the lower kinds of handicraft. Undoubtedly competition among themselves has contributed to this state of matters; but in no

degree at all commensurate to the great decline which has taken place since we commenced the ruinous system of reducing customs duties. Mr Joseph Hume once ventured to maintain, in the House of Commons, "that England might exist and prosper as a purely manufacturing and commercial country, if it did not grow a single bushel of corn,—if, in exchange for its manufactures and minerals, it imported from the cheap corn-producing countries every quarter of wheat required in this country!" How far that statement is compatible with the ascertained sources of the national wealth, we leave our readers to decide. This much, however, we shall say, that England, so situated, would be a very different country from that which we have known; and that the wildernesses of the West would offer a place of abode infinitely preferable to that which we could enjoy here under the gentle sway of the Millocrats, and the enlightened legislation of the Economists.

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## FOOTNOTES:

- [1] *Histoire des Ducs de Guise*. Par RÉNÉ DE BOUILLÉ, ancien ministre plénipotentiaire. Volume the First. Paris: 1849.
- [2] Francis of Lorraine was eighteen years old when slain at Pavia. One of his brothers had fallen, at about the same age, at the battle of Marignano.
- [3] Having ourselves seen the Old Guard on this trying occasion, we can vouch for the general fidelity of Chateaubriand's narrative.
- [4] MACAULAY'S *Essays*, ii. 230.
- [5] MACHABIES.
- [6] M. de Chateaubriand died in 1847, before the Revolution of 1848.
- [7] Men employed in the stowing of ships' cargoes.
- [8] Looking into Homer's *Iliad* here for a passage to correspond with the account given by the naval man, one is somewhat at a loss; but at the end of the second book of the *Odyssey* there occur lines which might not improbably have been those recited. They are such as might well, in the original, excite longings after sea-life, and revive feelings of the kind most natural to the seafaring character, apparently known to Captain Collins only as "Jones." Will the readers of *Maga* accept, illustratively, of a rough translation?—

Then to Telemachus glided on board divinest Athenè,  
Where on the poop she sat, and near her Telemachus rested.  
Then were the moorings loosed by the mariners coming aboard her,  
Joyous coming on board, and seated apart on the benches.  
A fair westerly breeze by the blue-eyed goddess was wafted,  
Cheerfully rippling along, and over the deep-coloured ocean.  
Now to his shipmates shouted Telemachus, while to the oar-blades  
Leapt the impatient surge, till each at his order obeying,  
Stepped they the pine-mast then in the mast-hole ready amidships,  
Firmly staying it both ways down; and next by the well-twisted hide-  
thongs,  
Snowily spreading abroad, the sails drew fluttering downward.  
And in the sail-breast blew the bellying wind with a murmur,  
The purple wave hissed from the prow of the bark in its motion;  
Into the riotous wave she plunged, pursuing her voyage.  
But when their oars they drew back to the galley securely,—  
The swift, dark-sided bark, as she full on her journey exulted—  
Then to her foaming beak they brought the o'er-bubbling goblet  
Of red-hued wine, and poured out on her head a libation  
To the immortal gods, that dwell in the sky and in ocean,  
But to the blue-eyed daughter of Jupiter mostly, Athené.  
All night then they sailed, till the morning rose on their voyage.

- [9] Lascar boatswain's mate.
- [10] It is of importance to keep in view that it never was asserted that the *first* move, the 26th, had not been sufficiently examined; and it will be immediately seen that that move was adhered to, no attempt being made to recall it. The truth is, that the London Club could not have played a better move than their 27th. Their mistake, as was first discovered by the Edinburgh Club, was in the 26th move, the one adhered to *after examination*.

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### Transcriber's note:

Minor typographical errors have been corrected without note. Irregularities and inconsistencies in the text have been retained as printed.

Mismatched quotes are not fixed if it's not sufficiently clear where the missing quote should be placed.

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