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CONTENTS

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ART. I.—*History of the Ancient Barony of Castle Combe in the County of Wilts, chiefly compiled from original MSS.—with Memoirs of the Families of Dunstanville, Badlesmere, Tiptoft, Scrope, Fastolf, &c.* By George Poulett Scrope, Esq., M.P. 1852. 4to. pp. 404. (Not published.)

NOTHING could be more true or philosophical than certain remarks of Sir Francis Palgrave's in his Preface to the Parliamentary Writs; and nothing in better taste, or more indicative of his knowing what he was undertaking, than Mr. Scrope's adopting them as the first paragraph of his own Preface:—

'The genuine history of a country can never be well understood without a complete and searching analysis of the component parts of the community, as well as the country. Genealogical inquiries and local topography, so far from being unworthy the attention of the philosophical inquirer, are amongst the best materials he can use; and the fortunes and changes of one family, or the events of one upland township, may explain the darkest and most dubious portions of the annals of a realm.'

There is no doubt of this; and no need of anything like an apology for any gentleman who, possessing 'a large collection of well-preserved documents' relating to a manor and ancient barony, conceives an idea that a narrative compiled from such materials may be 'not devoid of value as a contribution to the topography of the country.' He will have a right to consider it as something higher; as a contribution—if not a great, yet a genuine one—to the materials which, if such a fabric is ever to be raised, must lie at the foundation of the History of England.

And we are not without hope on this point. Certainly it will be very odd to have such a thing, and we shall wonder, as we do with gas-light and railways—not to mention cabs and busses—how we ever contrived to do without it; but undoubtedly the materials for English history, and history in general, have been for many years past rapidly, though quietly, accumulating. Brickmaking is a quiet business, and the quarry and the sawpit

are places of hard work without much noise. The materials which they furnish make no show till they are properly put together; and, in the mean time, the best that we can do is to keep them safe, and so *arranged* as that we may know what we have got, what we want, and where to put what we may get next. Already, we must think, it is time that something should be done as to that point of *arrangement*;—but we have no room at this moment for a proper discussion of the subject. We only state the fact that such an accumulation of materials is rapidly taking place, and beg leave to suggest to the distinguished men of letters now in office that the educated public expects some serious attempt to prevent our being actually embarrassed by our riches—a calamity which never arises from quantity, but from bad management.

If we talk of History at all, we should consider—though many do not—how much laborious research, recondite learning, and rare accomplishment must be set to work before we can have the most superficial sixpenny History of England—the slightest sketch that any respectable governess could put into the hands of her young pupils. It matters not how much of the book, as it comes under their little thumbs, has been borrowed from other books, or how much it may owe to intermediate sources of any kind. Its mere existence proves that persons have been engaged in its production who understood languages, and could read writings, now unintelligible to all but professed antiquaries. There must, moreover, have been men who were able to discriminate between what is genuine and what is spurious in such matters, and for that purpose acquainted with such diplomatic, numismatic, and technical criteria as are mastered only by long study and experience. And beside all this—for we are supposing the History, however slight and small, to be true—it must be indebted, mediately or immediately, to the skill and labour of men, not only competent to form an opinion respecting the honesty of purpose, the extent of knowledge, and the liability to prejudice, in each original writer who is used as an authority, but also familiar with the manners, habits, turns of thought and feeling, the state of science, art, and literature, the conventional use of phrases and images—in short, with all the characteristic circumstances of the generation to which he belonged and for which he wrote.

Some readers may feel as Rasselas did, and exclaim 'Enough! you have convinced me that no man can be an historian.' How far the Prince was right as to poetry we do not inquire; but as to history, it is true enough, if we conceive of it as a thing to be made by any one man. Take up any early volume of Hume. We have opened the second at random; and turning over the pages

pages with the simple view of finding one with references, we lighted on these at the bottom of page 16 :—'Hoveden, p. 665; Knyghton, p. 2403; W. Heming, p. 528; Hoveden, p. 680; Bened. Abb., p. 626-700; Brompton, p. 1193.'—Now here are five ancients quoted as authorities—no matter for what—we did not take the trouble to inquire. Without prejudice to any opinion which we may hold respecting Hume's authorities, we will take it for granted that these are a sufficient warrant for the statements which they are cited to attest; for our question at present is not whether Hume's History is to be relied on, but how he came by it. In the first place, nobody dreams that he received the autographs from the men themselves; but we may be about as certain that if he had he could not have read them. He would have found it as necessary to call in the help of professed antiquaries, as Belshazzar did to summon astrologers and Chaldeans to decipher the writing on the wall. A curious illustration on this point may be found in p. lxx. of Palgrave's Introduction to the Rotuli Curiæ Regis; and it is the more apposite, because, as far as date is concerned, these rolls of the King's Court, belonging to the period 1194-1200, might have been in the handwriting of three of Hume's five authorities. Sir Francis tells us that in the extracts previously made from these documents the transcriber had been misled by 'the similarity between the letters *t* and *c* in the record;' and, in consequence, had confounded the Archbishop of Canterbury (*Cant.*) with the Chancellor (*Canc.*). We can imagine, even from what we have known in our own days, that an historian might very much perplex posterity by confounding the acts and judgments of Lambeth and Lincoln's Inn. Nor is this a peculiarity belonging only to the handwriting of these rolls. We have before us another book (one of the most valuable antiquarian works, edited by one of the best editors of our age), in which the *incuria* of a transcriber has manifested itself in the very same form, though with a less solemn result. We learn from it that the authorities of a certain city consented that a certain King should build a fortress within their city; and, for access thereto, should be at liberty to perforate their walls to make gates wherever he pleased:—'pro *portis* ubi sibi placuerit faciendis'—it was, no doubt, written, but it stands in print 'pro *porcis*,' as if his majesty was not to do it to please himself but the pigs.

To return, however, to Hume—suppose (absurd as the supposition is) that Roger Hoveden, John Brompton, and Abbot Benedict could have returned to the world after an absence of five hundred years. Suppose that they could have personally waited on the elegant penman of a century ago, and placed in his hands

their original manuscripts, even without his being able to read one word of them. Suppose only each of these authors to have formally delivered his autograph as his act and deed, what a world of time and thought and labour had been saved and superseded! Extend this supposition, for we do not mean that it has any special or particular application to these authors or to this case, and imagine what controversies and collations, what doubts and fancies, what expense of time and trouble and money, in editing and printing, and re-editing and reprinting, would have been saved by the mere knowledge—that is, the unquestionable certainty—that there was a *genuine text* to begin with!

But though Hume did not get what may be strictly called the originals, yet he got the works of these writers (and we will suppose quite sufficiently) in print. Who can say what dangers they had passed through in their manuscript state? We need not do more than allude generally to the merciless destruction and hairbreadth escapes of MSS.; but were we called on to give a specific case in illustration, we could perhaps hardly offer a better than that of one of the mediæval chroniclers thus accidentally brought under our notice. Benedictus Abbas—that is, Benedict, who became Abbot of Peterborough in the year 1177—wrote the Lives and Acts of Henry II. and Richard I. Probably the copies of that performance were never very numerous; but be this as it may, we believe that on the 23rd October, 1731, only two old manuscripts of the still unprinted work were known to be in existence, both in one library, and that library on fire. A tenth part of its contents was utterly destroyed; a still greater number were reduced to the scorched, shrivelled, and mutilated condition of what are technically described in the catalogue as 'bundles in cases.' Of the two codices of the Abbot's History, one escaped unhurt; the other, or what remains of it (for it is noted in the catalogue of the Cotton MSS. as *incendio corrugatus et mutilus*), is among the 'bundles in cases.' It was a costly torch, that tenth that Vulcan seized; but who can say how much light it cast on the arcana and anecdota of the Cotton Library—how much light that has been reflected to us, and is shining round us? Of course, we do not pretend to say that, but for the stir and bustle occasioned by this fire in Little Dean's Yard, with Mr. Speaker Onslow on the spot personally assisting in the rescue, Father Benedict might have kept his *latitat* through the second half of a millenium; for it is known that some detectives (Humphrey Wanley, Henry Wharton, perhaps others) had an eye upon him; but, at the same time, who will venture to affirm that, if the good Abbot had not been all but burned in 1731, he

he would have emerged printed and published by Tom Hearne in 1735?

Garrick made a great mistake when he set his wit against that odd little antiquary. It was not amiss to represent Time as saying to Thomas Hearne—

'Whatever I forget you learn;'

for certainly, in the game of hide-and-seek, Time seldom encountered so indefatigable and baffling a playmate. But it was quite a mistake to represent the antiquary as answering in furious fret—

'Whate'er I learn you soon forget.'

If Garrick had said that Time would soon forget his obligation to Thomas Hearne, or even that Thomas had ever existed, it might have been fair enough, and not very far from the truth. When once such and such facts—although not perhaps ascertained without long research and controversy—have passed through a few processes of distillation from older and duller books into some more popular and engaging form, the instructed orders are apt to lose all notion that the said facts were ever unknown to anybody; or, at least, to despise the ignorance of those who are unacquainted with what is now so notorious. If the reader could be thrown back into a chat with Roger Ascham and his royal pupil, he would peradventure be ashamed to quote such schoolboy books as 'Æsop, Phædrus, and the rest' before a learned queen and a more learned pedagogue—not imagining that it might be news to both to hear that such a person as Phædrus had ever lived. The world has become so knowing, is so far aware of what it does and does not know, and its knowledge has been so far sifted, sorted, and arranged, that anything new (that is, new to us) is put in its place at once, just as the recovered leaf of a book is slipped into its place between the others. The volume may be still imperfect: but such integrity as it has at once absorbs the long-lost fragment, and from that moment none but careful virtuosi are aware that the scrap in question had ever been missing. Late in the sixteenth century Phædrus walked in and took his place among the classics, like a gentleman whose seat has been kept till the play is half over. How are those who come in still later to know that he has not been there ever since it began? Time scarcely remembers François Pithou, but the Phædrus poked up in the library at Rheims he will never lose sight of; and without disputing that Scott's Novels may have had a greater run of late years, yet those of Justinian are in no danger of being wholly forgotten, though some at least of the few who read them may not know how they came by them. And so with regard to little Hearne. Time, if he

he forgot Thomas, did not forget what Thomas had learned, but seized it, stamped it for eternity, and gave it wings for all space. Time carried it to Edinburgh, where he found David Hume on a sofa writing the History of England. Time took it to Paternoster-row, and put it in the trade-edition of one of the most-read books in our language. Time has never ceased to disperse it in every quarter of the globe. Time still repeats, and while Time endures what the small decypherer of yellow rolls picked out of them will continue to be repeated in every edition of Hume, and in every petty publication for which the larger History of England has furnished materials; though probably not one reader in an hundred has any idea of being indebted to Thomas Hearne, or that any such person as Thomas Hearne ever existed. In short, it matters not how often, or how much, the results may have been modernized and popularized—as surely as it is the produce of the dark and dirty mine, grubbed up, and ground down, and elaborated by the hands of unwashed, unthanked, unknown artificers, that glows on the canvass of Rubens, and is living beauty when it has flowed from the pencil of Titian, so surely is it the dry and distasteful labour of the antiquary that furnishes the material for polite literature, and specially for History. To make, to preserve, to enrich history—history in the widest sense of that wide word—not merely as the chronicle of wars and revolutions, of the setting up and pulling down of kingdoms, but as the record and testimony of all that has been in religion and morals, in arts and letters, and the only hold which the mind of man has on the past—to enlarge this, and to make it truth, and to preserve with careful diligence for all generations every voucher for what is known, and every evidence that may help to carry on the inquiry—this is the true business of the antiquary.

But whoever employs himself in this business will find that a great part of the most valuable materials for his purpose are things provided with no such intention. It may seem like a reflection on human nature to say so:—but, in such matters at least, we generally learn best and most securely where the writer meant to teach us nothing, or nothing like what we want to know and do actually learn from him. The truth of this is so obvious as not to require any illustration; but the volume before us furnishes a remarkably good one—for undoubtedly the seneschal, bailiff, tything-man, and so forth of Castle Combe, no more expected that after five hundred years their proceedings would be pondered and illustrated by a studious lord of that barony, than they anticipated that after a little more than one century, a something would be invented to which the world would give the name of a printing-press.

As

As Mr. P. Scrope's History of his residence, though printed, is not published, and the spot itself is an unobtrusive one, there can be no offence either to Castle Combe or our readers in supposing that they may require a few words of introduction to each other. We find quoted on the title-page the brief notice penned three centuries ago by Leland—'There is a place in Wyleshir caullid Combe Castelle, a four miles west from Chippenham; and to this place longe diverse knights' services and liberties. And this Lordship now longgith to one Scrope.' This is pithy and to the purpose as far as it goes, but does not dispense with our author's own more picturesque description:—

'It lies deeply embosomed among steep, and generally wooded, slopes, in an angle of one of those narrow cleft-like valleys that intersect and drain the flat-topped range of limestone hills, called in Gloucestershire the Cotswolds, and which extend southwards across the north-east corner of Wiltshire, as far as Bath. A small but rapid stream runs through the village, and after a course of some miles joins the Avon near the town of Box, whence it is known as the Box Brook.

'The position here described gave occasion to the name of Combe, by which in the Saxon æra, and for some time afterwards, the place was alone designated. The prefix was subsequently added from *the Castle*, the meagre remains of which still crown the extremity of a hill about a quarter of a mile west of the town; but which, when entire, must have proudly overlooked the *combe*, or narrow valley, where the church and the principal part of the village are built. In the centre of the latter, and close to the church, stands the ancient market-cross, designating the market-place, from whence the three main streets of the village diverge. The houses which compose it, built of the rubbly limestone of the surrounding hills, generally retain the gable-fronts, labelled and mullioned windows, and often the wide stone-arched fireplaces, characteristic of ancient English architecture. On the other side of the church, and at the termination of *West Street*, the old road to the castle, stands the gabled manor-house. Another secondary manor, or dowry-house, of equally primitive appearance, borders the High Street, or road which leads up the hill to the north. A few other houses are scattered on the side of this hill; and on the level top, beside the high road (now a turnpike) leading from Chippenham to Sodbury, are several farmhouses and cottages which go by the name of Upper, or *Over* Combe. The latter phrase is found thus applied in all the old documents concerning the manor, that of *Nether* Combe distinguishing the lower part of the place—distinctions of Saxon origin, no doubt, being almost exactly the *Ober* and *Nieder* still prefixed to the names of villages similarly situated in Germany. This difference of position in the two divisions of the town had its origin, of course, in motives of convenience, suggested by the different occupations of their inhabitants, as is well explained in an ancient Chartulary, or Book of Evidences, chiefly in the handwriting of William of Worcester, surveyor of this manor between 1430 and 1465.'

The

The passage alluded to is as follows:—

"In the said manor are two towns, one called Over Combe, in which reside the yeomen, who are occupied in the culture and working of the land which lies upon the hill, and the other called Nether Combe, in which dwell the men who use to make cloth, such as weavers, fullers, dyers, and other tradesmen."

A little farther on Mr. Scrope adds:—

'These features give to the scenery of the parish much beauty, and to some parts an air of romantic seclusion. The immediate neighbourhood of the village is especially striking. The old grey church-tower rising from among trees and low roofs in the bottom, the river rushing over stony shallows or tumbling over weirs, the gabled manor-house, at an angle of the broadest meadow, overhung by its terraced gardens, and the wooded castle-hill, jutting into the vale in the near distance, combine to form an interesting picture.'—p. 5.

As to the elder lords of this happy valley, our readers may think that we go back quite far enough, if, omitting any allusion to Domesday or the Conquest, we state that Reginald de Dunstanville, Earl of Cornwall, was Baron of Castle Combe from the year 1140 to 1175. Speaking with reference to the national troubles in the days of Stephen, our author says,—

'It was probably at the commencement of this disastrous season of civil warfare that the castle of Combe was built, whether by Earl Reginald or by one of the other Reginalds de Dunstanville. The district immediately surrounding it was for a long time the principal theatre of contention, the most important battles and sieges of the war having been fought at Marlborough, Salisbury, Devizes, Malmesbury, Bristol, Gloucester, Tetbury, Cricklade, and Faringdon. The possession of a fortress in so central a spot must therefore have been desirable to both parties; and there can be little doubt that the castle of Combe shared the fate of its neighbours in being frequently and fiercely contested.'—p. 22.

The barony was held by several generations of this family; and in the reign of Henry II., Walter de Dunstanville, the first of that name, obtained a market for the town. Walter, third of the name, dying in 1270, left an only daughter and heiress, Petronilla, or Parnell, then twenty-two years of age, and married to Sir Robert de Montfort, who thus became Baron of Castle Combe. He died shortly after, leaving only one son by the marriage. The widow Petronilla did homage for the estates, had livery of them, and enjoyed them until her death. When that took place does not appear, but she had in the interval married Sir John De la Mare. He therefore, by the courtesy of England, took a life interest, which lasted until 1313. Meanwhile, in 1309, William de Montfort the son, being thus excluded from the possession of the property, had sold all his reversionary

reversionary interest in it to Bartholomew Lord Badlesmere for one thousand pounds sterling.

Thus the dynasty of Dunstanville ended, and that of Badlesmere began. Those who have given any study to the period will be aware how soon this and all the other possessions of the wealthy lord of Leedes Castle were forfeited to the crown. He was executed for high treason in the year 1322, and his estates went (we might almost say of course) to the De Spensers. Castle Combe was among those which fell to the elder of the favourites, and we need scarcely add that he did not hold it long.

'In 1326,' says Mr. Scrope, 'the landing of the queen with Mortimer and Prince Edward was speedily followed by the destruction of the De Spensers and the deposition of the king. . . . The first consequence of the revolution thus effected was the reversal of the attainders of the families of those barons who had suffered at Boroughbridge. Among these Lord Badlesmere ranked high, and the earliest occasion was seized to restore his widow to the position which her noble birth and inheritance should command. Even before the deposition of Edward II. a grant was issued, giving "into her custody" the manors of Castle Combe.'

The like occurred as to many other estates in twelve different counties. This lady's brave defence of her husband's castle of Leedes is matter of history. The natural consequence of that, and her lord's arrest, was, that she was sent to the Tower: and—such were the cruel usages of the time—her children with her. She had one son and four daughters—all these daughters being married, though the eldest of them, and of the whole family, was under seventeen. Giles the heir was about eight years old. On the accession of Edward III. his wardship was granted to his cousin, Henry de Burghersh, Bishop of Lincoln; he was himself taken into great favour by the young monarch; and, before he was quite of age, livery of his father's estates generally was granted to him. Castle Combe, however, being a part of his mother's dower, was re-assigned to her in the same character. She had by that time married a second husband; but on her death, in the year 1333, the manor of Castle Combe, and the other lands which she held, came to this son Giles. He had married Elizabeth, daughter of William de Montacute, Earl of Salisbury; but leaving no children, the four sisters who had been his fellow-prisoners became co-heiresses of his estates. Our historian observes that the marriages which their father had made for them while children [illegible] significant of his care to ally himself with persons in power. At the time of Giles's death, Margery, aged thirty-two, was the wife of William Lord [illegible] of Hamlake;

Hamlake; she afterwards married Thomas Lord Arundel. Maud, aged twenty-eight, was wife of John Earl of Oxford. Elizabeth, aged twenty-five (who had been previously married to Edmund de Mortimer, Earl of March), was wife of William de Bohun, Earl of Northampton. Margaret, the only one younger than her brother, and the only one whose fortunes concern us, was twenty-three years old, and the wife of John de Tibetot, or Tiptoft, the son of Payne or Pagan Lord Tybetot, who, after having been justice of Chester, governor of the Castle of Northampton, and warden of the forests beyond Trent, was killed in the battle of Stirling, in the year 1313. At that time John de Tibetot, his heir, was but one year and two months old. His inheritance consequently came into the king's hands; and, five years afterwards, his wardship was bought of the king, by Bartholomew Lord Badlesmere, for a thousand marks. What became of the young Tibetot couple (whose united ages might perhaps amount to somewhat less than ten years) in the mean time, we do not learn; but, as we have already said, in 1338 the lady was aged twenty-three, the wife of John de Tibetot, and what is more—everything in our view—queen of Castle Combe. So she continued until her death in 1344; after which her husband enjoyed his life estate until 1368.

His heir was his son, Sir Robert de Tybetot, aged twenty-four. He married the daughter of Lord D'Eyncourt; and in 1372 he died, leaving her with three daughters, aged respectively six, four, and two years. From these tiny damsels descended, no doubt, much that was noble and excellent; but the most important thing for us to notice is that to them, and to their circumstances, we are indebted for the volume before us. To them Castle Combe owes its History; and should it ever become a place of pilgrimage with a handbook of its own, it will have to thank them. If after their father's death Sir Richard Scrope, Lord of Bolton, had not—we will not adopt the strong language which his grandson uses with regard to his own case, but will only say, without any simile—'bought' them of the King for a thousand marks, Castle Combe, in all probability, had never come into the Scrope family.

However, Sir Richard Scrope, Lord of Bolton, did *buy* these three little ladies, because he had three little gentlemen of his own, for whom it was his duty to make matches. And though to us there may seem something ridiculous, if not worse, in the nursery nuptials of these babes and sucklings, yet we may hope that the Lord of Bolton did as well for his sons as if he had left them to seek their own fortune in the matter. Certainly we have reason to think that he did so for his second son Stephen, who

who married the second little maiden—Milicent. It is our place to mention her because, on a division of the father's estates among the coheiresses, Castle Combe fell into her portion. But independently of this she seems to have been a lady worthy of remembrance. 'In the British Museum,' says Mr. Scrope, 'there exists a curious MS. eulogium of her, written by some contemporary.' Its scribe, having professed in his title to indite a 'Discourse upon the family of Tybetot,' begins it by calling on the reader to observe that the whole drift is to 'try out' the encomiums of the 'vertuose lady, called Milicent, second daughter of Robert;' and, after some slight notice of her father's merits, he goes on thus:—

'This Robert married with the daughter of one Lord of Deyncourt, by name also Margarett, by whom the said Robert had iij daughters of price, the first called Margarett, the second Milicenta the third Elizabeth.

'O how noble was this generation! Come forth, thou triple virgynytie. Joyne yourself in mariadge, and bring forth issue; let not this seede be lost nor hid. Behold the womanly company of sisters; behold upon you resteth the love of a brotherly knott, longynge and wyshynge to marry you!

'Now if a man shuld enquyre who is the father-in-law to this virtuouse Milicent, I remember it was Richard Scroope, Tresurer of England, which had iij sonnes, Roger, Stephen, and Nicholas, which took to their wiffes the iij daughters aforesaid. Stevyn took Milicent, Roger had Margarett, and Nicholas was husband to Elizabeth. One masse said dyd surely knytt uppe this threfold bond of matrymony; laud and praise be to Christ thereof! For this tryple mariage had a prosperouse and complete end; great solemnytye with sensing of the high alters was had and done at that tyme of the Levytes. Then had King Edward the III. recovered his kingdome againe, and was in the xlvj^th^ year of his rayne. Now that we have passed on this progenies and matrimonies aforesaid, lett us sett asjde all digressions, and speke only of Milicent, that was maryed unto Stevyn (as this writing has made mention to fore), which was Tresurer unto King Richard the Second. He begott of his wieff Milicent ij sonnes, the elder named Stevyn, a gentle esquyer, and lyved many yeres, but his younger brother Robert died.'—p. 263.

But the Lady Milicent's claim to our notice rests much more on an encomium which Mr. Scrope has 'tried out' from Holinshed.

'In 1401 Sir Stephen Scrope returned to Ireland as deputy of Thomas of Lancaster, the King's son; and if the following anecdote be true, another instance is afforded of the admirable manner in which a woman sometimes uses her influence. It is said that his wife, the Lady Milicent, having heard the complaints which were made against him for his conduct whilst in Ireland some years before, refused to accompany him to that kingdom, except he would receive a solemn oath

oath on the Bible, that wittingly he would wrong no Christian creature in that land, that truly and duly he should see payment made for all expenses; and hereof, she said, she had made a vow to Christ so determinately, that, unless it were on his part firmly promised, she could not, without peril of soul, go with him. Her husband assented, and accomplished her request effectually; recovered a good opinion for his upright dealing; reformed his caterers and purveyors; enriched the country; maintained a plentiful house. Remission of great offences; remedies for persons endangered to the Prince; pardons of land and lives he granted so charitably and so discreetly, that his name was never recited among them without many blessings and prayers; and so cheerfully they were ready to serve him against the Irish upon all necessary occasions.'—p. 133.

Our *anonymous* panegyrist proceeds to tell that 'Milicent lived with her first husband xxvj yeres, and after his decease was married unto John Fastolf, which was a valiant knyght and sharpe in bateylle. The ij lyved together xxxviij yeres.' How far this warrior is to be accounted the original of Shakspeare's fat knight, is too wide a question to be entered on here; and we are the less bound to discuss it, because Sir John, though Lord of Castle Combe for half a century, does not appear ever to have seen the place, and probably, even if he observed its name among his multitudinous manors, knew less of its inhabitants than we do. One part of his conduct, however, has been already alluded to, and must be further noticed. When he married the Lady Milicent, she had one son by her former husband—Stephen Scrope—who appears to have been about twelve years of age;—and the historian says:—

'Fastolf, it seems, lost no time in selling his marriage and wardship for a round sum of money—a proceeding of which Scrope afterwards grievously complained. The purchaser was the celebrated Sir William Gascoigne, knight, then Chief Justice of England, and the price obtained by Fastolf was 450 marks, or 300*l.* The indenture of agreement between the parties is still extant at Castle Combe, with their signatures,'—p. 264.

There is something very pleasant in the idea of those two parties meeting to settle such a bargain. One would like to know whether 'his lordship went abroad by advice' to seek it, and how far their conversation resembled that which Shakspeare has given as belonging to another interview. The historian adds, 'the marriage here contemplated did not take effect,—probably owing to the death of Sir William Gascoigne, in 1413, before Stephen Scrope was of age to complete the contract;' and it may have been so;—but another very probable reason may be assigned. Certainly, poor Stephen seems to have been hardly used, and there might be some excuse for his saying in the

the bitterness of his wrath, when making out his 'General Bill of charges against the estate of Fastolf'—

'In the first yere that my fader Fastolf was married to my moder, he solde me for V^{c} marcs, withoute any titill or right, through which sale as in this worlde my persone was disfigured for ever. Wherefore I clayme the seid some of V^{c} marks, withoute [that is, making no charge for] the hurt of my disfiguring. Item, he bought me agene;—[that is, in milder language, returned the five hundred marks when the match was broken off]—so he bought me and soilde me as a beste, agens al ryght and law, to myn hurt more than M^{l} marks.'—p. 281.

There might, we say, be some ground for this complaint of the unhappy Stephen, inasmuch as it does not appear that his inclination was at any time or in any degree consulted, or that any way of escape was provided for him. But it is only justice to the times, and to their odd ways, to observe that in the indenture express provision was made for the case of his being unacceptable to all the young ladies—and for putting an end to the matter, 'si, par disagrement des ditz files destre mariez a dit Stephen le fitz, ils soient mariez as auters persones.' It might, therefore, be upon some distaste of the Miss Gascoynes' that the match was broken off; and this is the more likely and excusable, perhaps, on account of the disfigurement to which he refers. The precise nature of it does not appear, though he alludes to it more fully in a 'Schedule of Grievances, which he seems to have drawn up and sent to Sir John about the year 1452.' He begins it by saying:—

'It is to remembre that in the first year that my moder was maried to my fader Fastolf, he of his pleasure solde me to William Gascoyne, that tyme chief justice of this lande, for v. c. marke. The wich he had in his possession a iij. yere. Thorugh the wiche sale I tooke sekenes that kept me a xiij. or xiiij. yere swyng: whereby I am disfigured in my persone, and shall be whilest I lyve.'—p. 279.

Having thus fairly conveyed the barony to the Scrope family, we may trust it to float down the stream of modern time by itself, while we revert to its ancient state, and take a glance at it from another point of view.

'What constitutes a state?' After all that we have said about Castle Combe, what was it? Our readers of the Palgrave school, who would like to have 'a complete and searching analysis of the component parts of the community,' will not be satisfied if we answer that it was an ancient manor or barony, with 'diverse knights' services and liberties;' rejoicing in 'tol, them, sok, sak, infangthef,' &c.; and bringing with it all the seigniorities, royalties, jurisdictions, privileges, immunities, and a thousand other things which the manor of Dale brought

to

to one 'I. S.,' his heirs and assigns. We grant that what they desire is a thing to be asked for, and aimed at; though we fear that the ample materials in Mr. Poulett Scrope's possession are insufficient to furnish it. But even the extracts which he has given us afford many interesting glimpses of what was going on in 'an upland township' during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries; and as these come chiefly from the records of judicial proceedings, it may be well, in the first place, to give our historian's brief account of the authorities and tribunals by which this little *imperium in imperio* (as it might almost be termed) was governed. This is worth while; not because the place was of peculiar historical interest in itself, but, on the contrary, because it was a little sequestered community, during the greater part, if not the whole, of the period to which we principally refer, without any resident lord or any admixture or connexion with public affairs; and, in these points, as well as many others, a fair specimen of hundreds of contemporary communities—a specimen chiefly valuable for its want of peculiarity—except indeed the very valuable peculiarity of having such records as those now drawn upon the member for Stroud. That gentleman says—

'The tenants and other inhabitants of the manor had the great advantage of local courts of justice at their own door, which held pleas of debt or damage arising among themselves or at their fair and markets, and adjudicated on all petty offences, they themselves composing the court, under the presidency of the seneschal or steward of the manor.

'These courts consisted of—

'1. The Court Baron, or Manor Court, usually in these rolls styled Curia Intrinseca, at which the customary tenants of the manor surrendered or were admitted to their holdings, paid their quit-rents, and transacted all business relating to their tenures, through a *homage*, or selected body of them, chosen on the meeting of the court. The steward (seneschallus) presided, and looked to the lord's interests in these matters. The bailiff (ballivus domini) collected the fees (pecunias domini), fines, and amerciaments which were imposed by the homage. The homage also heard and decided civil actions of debt or damage to the amount of 40*s.*; punished all trespassers on the lord's soil or waters, on the deer in his park, or the hares, conies, or *pheasants* in his warren—which latter class of offences were very numerous, although very heavily amerced. They likewise determined cases of waif and estray, and of villains absenting themselves or marrying their daughters without the lord's consent (sine licentiâ), &c. . . . .

'2. The Knights' Court (Curia Militum, sometimes in these rolls Curia Extrinseca), usually held at the same time with the Court Baron, but occasionally on separate days. At this court the noblemen and gentlemen (nobiles sive generosi) who held lands or manors by knight's service of the barony of Castle Combe were bound to attend, either

either in person or by proxy, to do their suit and service, and pay the rents, escheats, and reliefs due from them severally, as it might happen. They were generally, as a matter of course, essoigned, that is, excused from attendance, on payment of a fee, latterly of 2*s.* each, but which formerly appears to have been much higher—25*s.* or 30*s.* Against such as failed to pay, writs of *distringas* were issued, and on further failure pledges were required or distraint actually enforced.

'3. The Court Leet, or View of Frankpledge, which was usually held twice in the year; sometimes even two were held within little more than three months. At this court the tything-man attended with the entire tything (decennarius cum totâ decenniâ)—that is, the *dozein*, or twelve principal inhabitants, who acted as a grand jury. The absence of any inhabitant duly summoned to attend was reported, and he was fined 2*d.*, as also was the tything-man for not producing him. The tything-man was bound to collect from the tenants and pay in at each of the two principal courts 1*d.* for each yardland and ½*d.* for each half-yardland and cottage, and each "Monday's thing." This amounted to 3*s. de certo*, a fixed sum. He also presented yearly a *capitagium garcionum*, sometimes called *chevagium*, or nominal list of foreign servants and artificers, who paid yearly 2*d.* each for the privilege of dwelling within the manor without belonging to the tything, for which payment their masters were pledged. The list varies in number from 20 to 70.

'The *tastatores* then reported all cases of breach of the assize of bread or beer; the tything-man breaches of the peace, frauds, unjust levying of toll, nuisances, and other offences either against the common or statute law, or in breach of the by-laws or orders made by themselves for the regulation of the community residing in the manor. Upon these cases the presentment of the *decennia* seems to have been usually final and conclusive; the petty jury, which in the later courts always appears, being in the fourteenth century only occasionally chosen and sworn in the more important cases.'—p. 155.

It may be proper to state that the extracts which Mr. Scrope has given from the records of these courts are divided into three sets—the first referring to the period A.D. 1340-1400, and introduced as above; the second to 1408-1460; the third to 1460-1700. Those belonging to the *second* period are thus prefaced:—

'The most frequent offences against the lord's property recorded in the proceedings of his Courts Baron in the fifteenth as in the preceding century were of this character; namely, the cutting of timber, or taking deer, game, rabbits, &c., in his park, or fishing in his waters; others of usual occurrence were quarrying, or otherwise breaking his soil without leave, rescuing waifs or strays, villains absenting themselves without licence (for which a payment was exacted, usually of 12*d.* per annum, or a composition of 20*s.* for life), &c.

'The offences of a public character adjudicated in the Court Leet were

were of the nature of affrays, assaults, blood-shedding, tippling in alehouses, eavesdropping or night-walking, keeping bad houses, gaming or playing at forbidden games, barratry or disturbing the peace by false reports and quarrels, rescue, pound-breach, scolding or scandal, nuisances of all kinds, breaking hedges or neglecting to keep them or the highways in repair, using false or unstamped weights and measures, forestalling, regrating, and all the other numerous tribe of offences against the general statutes or by-laws of the leet made for the purpose of regulating the sale or quality of provisions or other goods—flesh, leather, bread, beer, wine, &c. The Leet does not appear to have determined cases of felony, but committed the prisoners to the county gaol to be tried at the general delivery; the steward acting as a justice of peace.

'The officers of the Leet Court were on the increase in this later period, as might be expected from the increase of their duties under new statutes, and also of the population of the place. Two constables were in the fifteenth century annually sworn, in addition to the tything-man or "decennarius;" and besides the "tastatores" or "ale-conners," we find new "viewers of flesche and vitealls" (carnarii), "searchers or sealers of leather" (sigillatores corei), "overlookers of the process of dyeing and fulling cloth" (conservatores artis tinctorum et fullatorum), "supervisores regiæ viæ," or highway surveyors, and a "numerator ovium," or sheep-teller, to regulate the stint of pasture on the common.

'A very common offence, frequently mentioned, was the impleading or suing tenants of the manor in other courts, whereby the lord's court was deprived of its due fees, and the tenants impoverished.'—p. 231.

Yes, and beside the fees on the one hand and the impoverishment on the other, it is clear, even from the glimpse which we get of their life and conversation, that the people of Castle Combe had a great idea of keeping themselves to themselves and minding their own business. Some, to be sure, could not get away without paying, because they were *the lord's natives;* but, on the other hand, many who were in their view foreigners were paying for the privilege of living among them. Indeed it seems, looking upon the body generally, as if they were well off and knew it. William of Worcester—whom the readers of Thomas Hearne will be hardly able to imagine as a real live man, holding the office of secretary to Sir John Fastolf, and in that capacity acting as what Mr. Scrope calls surveyor, overlooker, supervisor, or auditor of the knight's accounts at Castle Combe—William mentions as a principal reason of the prosperity of the place during the long lordship of his patron, that the tenants were not allowed to plead in other courts than their own—*quod non pladerent in aliis curiis.*

They kept in their own place, and minded their own business; and it is proper next to ascertain what that business was. The chief part has been stated in an extract already given;

given; and it might perhaps be sufficient to repeat that one part was called Over Combe, and inhabited by those 'occupied in the culture and working of the land, which lies upon the hill'—and the other called Nether Combe, in which dwelt the men who used 'to make cloth, such as weavers, fullers, dyers, and other tradesmen.' On this Mr. Scrope, after copying some details from the book of evidences, observes—'The clothing trade, which appears to have flourished here at so early a date, was favoured by the rapid stream that traverses the parish, admitting the erection of several fulling-mills upon it.' This might mislead the reader, by seeming to refer to the time 'between 1430 and 1465,' which had just been mentioned as the period during which William of Worcester, whose statement is quoted, acted as supervisor of the manor. The clothing trade had, however, been established much earlier, and the same writer states, in one of his miscellaneous memoranda, that 'William Toker [the obsolete German *Tucher*], Huchcok Toker, and Thomas Toker, were the first inhabitants who were artificers of wool and cloths here'—also that 'Roger Young junior dwelt in Castel Combe as a clothier in the time of King Edward III.; and a certain knight, Sir Robert Yevelton, in the time of Richard II., came by force of arms to beat Roger Young; and the said knight fled into the church of that place for safety of his body.' There is some latitude in speaking of 'the time of Edward III.,' as it extended from 1326 to 1377; but one of Mr. Scrope's extracts (p. 160) shows that a William Touker was resident in the town at least as early as the 26th October, 1350.

Perhaps a more leisurely scrutiny of his documents may enable the historian of the manor to trace this manufacture to a still earlier period; and should he take that trouble, we cannot but think it possible that he may find some trace of another branch of business. Diaper is not so like to King Pepin as Spondel is to Spindle; and indeed it seems rather natural that a reader of the first word should think of the second; especially if he finds it as a proper name, after having read of whole generations of Tokers, Toukers, and Towkers deriving their name from the article which they manufactured. Now, as early as the year 1354 the *homage* presented that John *Spondel* was one of *the lord's natives*, and a writ of *habeas corpus* was issued, directing his brother, Adam *Spondel*, to produce the said John at the next court. Probably there may be something intermediate about him in the records of the manor, but among the extracts given by Mr. Scrope we find nothing more until the year 1363, when the homage presented that 'Johannes

'Johannes *Spondele*, nativus domini,' was living at Tetbury; and measures were taken for bringing him to reside within the barony before next court-day. They seem, however, to have been ineffectual; and about three years later the homage were obliged to confess that they had not yet got 'Johannem *Spoundel*, dictum *Flexmangere*, nativum domini.' Does this indicate the manufacture of flax—and that the lord's natives laid their hands to the spindle? The proceedings of the court, as far as we can learn from the extracts, were inefficient; and long after—indeed after an interval of twenty years, so that we may perhaps have come upon another generation—we find the next notice, in a form very like that of the first, directing the next of kin 'Johannis *Flexman*, nativi domini, manentis apud Tetbury,' to produce him at the next court under a penalty of xx*s*. What came of this we know not; but seventy years afterwards there occurs in William of Worcester's list of natives 'Thomas *Spondell*, alias dictus *Flaxman*, manens cum sequelâ suâ apud Tetbury'—p. 217. We recommend this case to Mr. Scrope's further attention, not merely on the ground already suggested, but because we suspect it to be a curious and rare instance of self-emancipation, and of a native setting the lord at defiance. No doubt the most difficult duty of such local tribunals and officials was, to 'comprehend all vagrom men' over whom they claimed jurisdiction. It was all well as long as the offender obeyed the summons of the court; but 'how if he will not stand?' The authorities were not satisfied, we see, to follow Dogberry's advice, and 'take no note of him;' if at length they were summoned to meet for mutual congratulation on the riddance, there may be some trace of it on the Court-rolls. At all events, the case is worth looking into.

After work comes play, as a general rule; but it seems to us rather remarkable that we glean so little information on that point. Within the first period—A.D. 1340-1400—we observe no trace whatever of music, dancing, sports or pastimes of any description; unless one case, singular in every sense of the word, may be considered as an exception. At a court holden on the 25th October, 1367, a waif was presented, consisting of a horse, saddle, bridle, and wallet, value iij*s*. vj*d*., and a certain instrument value iv*d*., which had been abandoned in flight by some thief unknown—*quoddam instrumentum dictum* baggepype *pretio ivd.—wayviata per quendam latronem ignotum.* How they knew that the waiver was a thief, whether they caught him, and if they did how they treated him, is more than we can tell. It would be premature, and out of place, to mention the grounds which exist for surmising that those who kept the peace of Castle Combe thought it more charitable to suspect the man of stealing

stealing a chattel worth iv*d.*, than of playing on bagpipes; and humanely intended, if he should be caught, to deal with him as a thief rather than as a musician. This is the only hint that anything called or pretending to be music existed in these parts before A.D. 1400; not so very long before young Hal embarked for Azincourt, taking with him 'Snyth' his 'fydeler,' as one of the fifteen minstrels who attended him. What was done with the pipes does not appear. They were of course the property of the lord, but it is more than probable that he never got them; for he was away in Spain fighting under the Duke of Lancaster, and had just shared in the glories of Najarra. In fact, it is not until we reach A.D. 1428 that we meet with any notice of diversion; and then it appears in the form of gambling. In the November of that year John Niweton and Maurice ap David are presented at the court, not as men overtaken in a fault, but as *communes lusores ad talos*—common dicers—in an alehouse—and not a very well-conducted one either. We happen to know that John Reod and his wife Cecilia, who kept it, were not quite what they should have been. Within a twelvemonth after, they were presented and made to bring up the unsealed vessels in which they had sold beer, contrary to the statute, which straitly charged that no measure should be in any town unless it agreed with the king's measure, and was marked with the seal of the shire-town—and also directed that if any should sell or buy by measures unsealed, and not examined by the mayor or bailiffs, he should be grievously amerced: and accordingly John Reod, having been made to produce his unsealed beer-measures, as well as a pottle, a quart, and a pint of tin, in which he had sold both red wine and sweet wine—(was this an offence before the time of Richard II., or was it only that he sold short measure?)—it was considered that he had forfeited the value of the beer and wine as well as his vessels; but through the leniency of the court he was amerced in the sum of two shillings only. This, however, by the way, and only to show what sort of person John Reod was, and how he was going on; and, with the same view we might mention that only a few months before the presentment of these dicers, John Reod had paid a fine of vj*d.*, and forfeited a candlestick, value j*d.*, with which he had drawn blood from this very Maurice ap David. Perhaps it is not unfair to assume that where there were two common dicers there were more; but at the same time it is fair to remark that this is the only reference to anything of the kind which we have detected even in the second portion of Mr. Scrope's extracts; and the fact that, while the offenders were fined only ij*d.* each for their dicing, the host was fined

vj*d.* for harbouring them, and ordered not to do so again under the heavy penalty of xx*s.*, looks as if the authorities had discovered a nascent evil, and determined to remedy it by strong measures.

This view is favoured by one or two subsequent extracts. The first is nineteen years later, and belongs to the month of May, 1447. It was then ordered, by the assent and consent of all the tenants, that no one should play at staff-ball, or foot-ball, under a penalty of xl*d.*, to be paid to the lord. One cannot imagine that such recreations would have been forbidden under so heavy a penalty, unless as seen or thought to be inseparable from some serious mischief. This suspicion is confirmed by an extract under the date of September, 1452, which recites that the tenants had been repeatedly forbidden to play at hand-ball for money, under a penalty of v*js.* viij*d.*, to be paid to the lord; and directs that from thenceforth no tenant should harbour any persons playing at tables or dice after nine o'clock, under a penalty of xl*d.* for the harbourer, and of v*js.* viij*d.* for the player. This appears to have been found insufficient; and it was followed in the year 1455 by an order that none of the tenants should remain at a tavern at all after nine o'clock in the summer, or after eight o'clock between Midsummer and Easter, under a penalty of vi*s.* viij*d.*, to be strictly enforced, as often as the lord's peace should be broken by them.

This is all that we discover down to A.D. 1460. Passing over rather more than a century, we find the subjects of Queen Elizabeth recreating themselves more freely and frequently; at least, what we grant is not quite the same thing, we find more frequent notice of their proceedings in that way. It is not, indeed, till the 13th or 14th year of her reign (1571) that we meet with any information; but then it comes upon us in rather a wholesale way —to wit, in the presentment of 'A list of the players at unlawful games for money—at nyne-holes, and rushe and bowles. These be comen doers.' The list itself our historian delicately omits; but subsequent extracts seem to indicate that the company of 'doers' in this kind had continued to call for notice both by their increased number and the greater variety of their diversions. In 1576 we find four card-players—(luserunt apud cartas pictas, videlicet, *Kuffe*); and these incurred a penalty of v*js.* viij*d.*, which however was mitigated to xij*d.*; two offenders who played at 'nyne holes,' and were fined xij*d.* each; three at bowls (apud globos), for which each had to pay ij*d.* But it is not our business to meddle with these modern times, except just to remark that they do not seem to have mended; for among the latest presentments (in 1611—if it had been

been a little later we might have imagined that John Bunyan had had a hand in it) occurs that of John Churchey and another for playing at shift-groate on Sundays, at the house of John Hollydaie, 'ad malum exemplum aliorum.' And the bad example seems to have been followed; for the next year John Hollydaie himself, and two others, were presented as persons who habitually played at cards (usi sunt ludere) on Sundays. But these, we repeat, were modern fashions.

We are more desirous to gain from the slender, though interesting, materials before us, something like an idea of the interior life of Castle Combe in its earlier ages. Whoever reads Mr. Scrope's book with that view can hardly fail to observe that, beside what may be properly called business or amusement, two things lay near the hearts, and occupied much of the time and thoughts of the inhabitants. The first of these he will probably have noticed before he arrives at p. 341; but if it has not struck him, he will there find the historian calling his attention to it.

'The regulations respecting the brewing and selling of ale and beer were specially various and perplexing. From divers entries in the rolls, it appears that no one was permitted to brew so long as any church ale (that is, ale made on account of the parish, and sold at the "church house" for the benefit of the common fund for the relief of the poor) remained unsold (1490); nor so long as the keeper of the park had any to sell (1530); nor at any time without license from the lord or the court (1589); nor to sell beer without a sign or (during the fair) an "ale-stake" hung out (1464, 1478, 1553); nor refuse to sell so long as the sign was hung out (1464); nor ask a higher price for each quality than that fixed by the jury of assize (1557, 1580); nor lower the quality below what the "ale-tasters" approved of (1464); nor sell at the times of divine service, nor after nine o'clock at night (1590); nor sell at all without entering into a bond for 10*l.* and a surety in 5*l.* to keep order in their houses (1577, 1588); all these regulations to be strictly observed by brewers and ale-sellers under penalty of 10*s.* or upwards for each offence. But especially was the enforcing the assize of beer and ale ever a matter of great difficulty. It was found necessary from time to time both to vary the prices fixed, and to resort to all sort of expedients, in the vain endeavour to secure good liquor to be sold at low prices.'

Vain indeed;—as Mr. Scrope goes on to show by various extracts belonging to the reign of Elizabeth—the latest of them to its tenth year—after which date, so far as our information extends, there occurred nothing like a serious effort at local legislation on the subject. Well it might be given up;—for, at a court held on the 22nd May, it was the painful duty of the tything-man to state that 'the ale-wyves had broken ALL the orders of the last lawe-daye.'

lawe-daye.' The court, so far as appears, received the presentment in silence, and made no order. The despair of the tything-man may be imagined, as well as the triumph of the fair delinquents. One cannot help seeing them in high-crowned hats, with arms akimbo, making mouths at the court and jury sworn, and laughing outright at the tything-man and the rest of creation. On the 19th of July, in the same year, a feeble attempt at legislation was made; some orders about price and management were issued; but our historian sadly remarks, 'that even this was unsuccessful is shown by frequent convictions and repetitions of the same or similar injunctions.'

We will not, however, dwell longer on this point than just to notice one species of offence, which the historian has omitted in his summary. We refer to the case of John Lautroppe, who was presented in April, 1462, for that 'brasiavit iij vicibus sub uno signo'—that is, we presume, that under one notice he had made three distinct brewings. But, to say the truth, we refer to the offence without clearly understanding its nature, not so much to increase the sad catalogue of crimes and troubles just quoted, as to introduce one of the *dramatis personæ* at Castle Combe, who must have had peculiar claims to the notice of the court, even if he had brewed fairly, or not at all. John Lautroppe seems to have been the very man whom the framers of the 'Statute for the View of Frankpledge,' in the year 1325, had an eye to, when, in enumerating 'what things Stewards in their Leets shall inquire about,' they particularly specified 'ceux qi dorment les jours et viellent les nuiz et mangent bien et bievent bien et nount nul bien.' John Lautroppe was, beyond all doubt, one of this ancient and inextinguishable family. At the same time that he was charged with the offence of furtive brewing, he was presented as a common night-walker and eaves-dropper—*communis noctivagus et auscultator ad fenestras.* He qualified himself as to the good eating which the statute requires, by 'hole-creeping' after his neighbours' geese and pigs—*est communis* holecreppar *anserum et porcellorum tenentium*—and as to the good drinking, we have seen the clandestine but thrice-abundant provision which he made for that.

The significant word by which Lautroppe's character and mode of doing business are indicated, is one which we do not recollect to have seen elsewhere; and it affords an opportunity for remarking generally (for in this particular instance it may be merely our ignorance or forgetfulness) that such works as that now before us are highly valuable for the additions which they offer to our glossaries—that is, to the necessary materials for what we hope may some day exist—a real Dictionary of our

our whole mother-tongue. We only observe one other offender of this class, and that one, we are sorry to say, a female. Alice Shyme, who flourished six years later, does not seem to have particularly affected geese and pigs. She was in a more general way of business, and took whatever came to hand. William Bochur and Thomas Taillour, who harboured her, were ordered to remove her out of the barony before the next court-day, as '*communam* (sic) *holecropperam* diversarum rerum vicinorum suorum,' under a penalty of xx*s.* to the lord. P. 235.

But though these ever-brewing men of Wiltshire were thus, perhaps unconsciously, and not without some self-seeking, laying a foundation for the imperishable fame of their county, let it not be thought that they were a drunken race. So far as we can judge from the imperfect evidence before us, they were quite the reverse. Looking at the author's Index to his Extracts, we find only, 'Drunk, penalty for being enforced, 1618, 1630' (which latter date ought, by the way, to be 1631); and, seeing that these extracts begin in 1340, it appears strange that none of an earlier date should record the commission and punishment of this crime. Here are only two references, with thirteen years between them; and, what is the oddest part of the matter, both seem to lead us to the same man. We say 'seem,' because, of course, there may have been two Richard Sarjants, and both may have got drunk—perhaps like father, like son; In any case, however, the presentments are instructive. In April, 1618, the jurors stated that Richard Sarjant had made an affray on David Owell and drawn his blood, and for that offence he was fined sixpence; they farther presented that he was drunk at the time, and for that he was fined five shillings, to be distributed among the poor according to the form of the statute. This was a severe punishment, and perhaps it kept him sober till 1631, when he was again presented as having been drunk about the 25th of September, and was once more fined five shillings. Our charitable view of the case is rather strengthened by the fact that, on this second occasion, the jurors also presented George Smarte for having been drunk about the 5th day of April 1631. This was an old story, and looks as if a drunken man was not to be met with every day in Castle Combe; and on the whole we seem authorised to believe that, during the period to which our remarks generally relate, its inhabitants were a sober, industrious people, who consumed their home-brewed beer with moderation and advantage, though it cannot be denied that they made a great bustle about it.

In the midst of all this brewing and fermentation it seems strange,

strange, but it is peculiarly characteristic of the times, to find a Hermit quietly taking up his quarters. Who he was, or whence he came, we are not told. Were it not for the date we should feel sure at once that he was the 'hermit hoar' consulted and immortalized by our great moralist; but all that we really learn is that, at a court held on the 8th of May, 1358, the cottage, late Alice Redemayde's, was granted to John the Hermit, on condition that as long as he lived he should pray for the lord and his ancestors. The lord was Sir Richard Scrope, first Baron of Bolton. He was a warrior, and at this time, about thirty years of age. He fought in the battle of Crecy when only eighteen; and at the time of which we are speaking, had but recently returned from the campaign in Scotland—returned, that is, to England, for that he ever saw Castle Combe is more than we know. Neither can we tell whether he now for the first time set up a hermit on any of his territories. Those who are conversant with the details of French and Spanish history will know that the occurrence announced synchronizes very exactly with the retreat of some illustrious individuals into the mendicant orders; and perhaps it may contribute its mite towards illustrating the singular and mysterious state of religion at that period. It is an odd coincidence, if it is nothing more, that the will of a member of another branch of the same family contains some of the most curious information which we possess respecting hermits and the patronage that they received. By his will, dated June 23rd, 1415, Henry, third Lord Scrope of Masham, made extraordinary provision for funeral pomp and the performance of his obsequies in various places. *Inter alia* this noble and pious peer bequeathed to John, the Anchoret of Westminster, C*s.* and the pair of beads which he was himself accustomed to use; to Robert the Recluse (*Recluso*) of Beverly, xl*s.*; to a certain chaplain dwelling in York, in a street called Gilligate, *in the church of St. Mary*, viij*s.* iv*d.*; to John the Hermit, who used to live at the hill near Pontefract, xiij*s.* iv*d.*; to Thomas the chaplain, dwelling (*commoranti continuo*) in the church of St. Nicholas, Gloucester, xiij*s.* iv*d.*; to the Anchoret of Stafford, xiij*s.* iv*d.*; of Kurkebiske, xiij*s.* iv*d.*; of Wath, xx*s.*; of Peesholme, near York, xiij*s.* iv*d.*; to Elizabeth, late servant of the Anchoret at Hampole—the sum is left *blank*—but the entry is curious, partly because people do not generally conceive of hermits as keeping servants—especially maid-servants—and partly because it may not impossibly refer to the only one of all these hermits whose name and works have descended to modern times. If this Elizabeth had been servant to Richard or St. Richard Hampole, she must either have

have been a very old woman in 1415, or a mere child when the hermit died in 1349. The Lord of Masham furthermore left to the recluse at Newcastle in the house of the Dominicans, xiij*s.* iv*d.*; to the recluse at Kexby Ferry, xiij*s.* iv*d.*; to the several anchorets of Wigton, of Castre, of Thorganby near Colyngwith, of Leek near Upsale, of Gainsburgh, of Kneesall near Southwell, of Staunford, living in the parish church there, of Dertford, each xij*s.* iv*d.* After these specific bequests the testator adds: Also to every anchoret and recluse dwelling in London or its suburbs, vj*s.* viij*d.* Also to every anchoret and recluse dwelling in York and its suburbs (except such as are already named), vi*s.* viij*d.* To the anchoret of Shrewsbury at the Dominican convent there, xx*s.* Also to every other anchoret and anchoritess that can be found without much trouble (*potest leviter cognosci*) within three months after his decease vj*s.* viij*d.* If any reader thinks that the money might have been better bestowed, he may comfort himself with the knowledge that the will never took effect, owing to the attainder and execution of the testator for high treason.

But in this crowd of hermits (though it may be worth while to show that a crowd might be collected in those days) we must not lose sight of our own hermit John, dimly visible as he is amid the steam of mash-tuns and cooling-backs at Castle Combe. What became of him we do not know—but the mere fact that he there found out a 'peaceful hermitage' furnishes us with a convenient stepping-stone to the second of the two things which, as we have already intimated, lay near the hearts and engaged the thoughts and affections of his neighbours. They were, as we have seen, very particular about their beer, but they had the sense to know that even good beer was not good for much if they could not drink it in peace. The peace they would have kept; and, we apprehend, did keep with singular care and success. We do not mean merely that they had no Spa-fields riots, no Reform meetings, no Convocation; nor merely that there was as much concord and good neighbourship as is compatible perhaps with the infirmities of human nature. Of course strife occasionally arose, and broke out into assaults and batteries, though probably not so frequent or so fierce as if the parties had exchanged their complacent ale for the viler liquors of modern times. There was Richard Spencer, in 1415, who had been in the rector's service. He not only, it seems, *fecit insultum* on that reverend divine—for which he was fined iij*d.*—but again beat him—*levavit hictus super dictum Rectorem*—and was therefore mulcted in another iij*d.* We are not told what led to the assault, but history shows that, even in the best regulated communities,

munities, there will generally be some unruly subjects; and, when there are, they are pretty sure to quarrel with 'the parson.' These fines were perhaps not light with reference to the means of the culprit. William Baate, who three years later was bound over to keep the peace towards the rector and all the King's lieges under a penalty of xx*l.* with three sureties of x*l.* each, was, we may presume, an offender of more consideration and influence. But the most remarkable case, on account of the view which seems from the terms of the report to have been taken of it, was that of John le Tayllour, presented in like fashion—A.D. 1364—for beating the parson. If, as is probable, the great cause of 'Peebles *v.* Plainstanes' is not settled, this decision of the court of Castle Combe may be of singular value to 'old Pest' and his unfortunate client—

'And then to come back to my pet process of all—my battery and assault process, when I had the good luck to provoke him to pull my nose at the very threshold of the Court, whilk was the very thing I wanted—Mr. Pest—ye ken him, Daddie Fairford!—old Pest was for making it out *hamesucken*, for he said the Court might be said—*said!* ugh!—to be my dwelling-place. I dwell mair there than ony gate else, and the essence of *hamesucken* is to strike a man in his own dwelling-place—and so there's hope Plainstanes may be hanged, as many has for a less matter.'—*Redgauntlet.*

How would poor Peter Peebles and his legal adviser have chuckled over a presentation in the year 1364, 'quod Johannes le Tayllour fecit *homsokene* super Personam in ecclesiâ et injuste levavit *hictus* super dictum Rectorem;' followed by the statement that, though the criminal was not hanged, he was fined vj*d.*? For ourselves we wish to view it as an indication, or at least as a ground of hope, that there was one priest who was thought to have found him a home in the house of God, while all his brethren, as far as we learn, were abroad poaching.

These cases, and more which might be cited, show that the government would not allow the peace to be broken with impunity; but we cannot help seeing—and we wish to describe and to suggest, as characteristic of the people and their times—something far beyond the mere prevention or punishment of violence. The authorities, and the lieges too, both disapproved of disturbance; of all men the most hateful in their eyes were the 'perturbators'—we use their word; of course we are aware that the men probably called themselves 'reformers'—but the authorities dealt in a very summary way with persons who were troublesome, litigious, and discontented, and wanted to make other people like themselves. So at least it appears to us who live under a somewhat different system of things, and, scanty as

as our materials for judgment are, we cannot help admiring it very much. It is almost enough to make one fall in love with an arbitrary government. Of course we do not wish to see the fourteenth century return, or the seneschal of Castle Combe sitting in Downing Street; but we can well imagine that the constitution and administration of this and many another little *imperium in imperio* worked well. It is quite possible that in such a state of things, and with such circumstantials, common sense in the heads and somewhat undefined powers in the hands of honest men, who had familiar knowledge of the parties, very commonly led to substantial justice. Perhaps they were not as particular about statute-letter, or exact precedent, as Sir Vicary Gibbs or Lord Eldon might have been; but what then? Was Richard Symonds to go on making the place a bear-garden, just because nobody had done it before in precisely the same way, or because he had kept within the letter of such of their laws as had any letter at all? The reader may never have heard of him, but no doubt all the folks living at Upper Combe and Nether Combe on the 15th of April, 1387, knew what sort of person Richard Symonds was. They had talked over his doings often enough, and had made up their minds that he was really too bad, and they felt quite certain that whatever brawls disturbed the street he was, somehow or other, at the bottom of them. Well, then, when there had been 'numerous assaults committed by the lord's tenants one upon the other,' though no record is produced to show that Richard had assaulted anybody, yet it was probably very right, not only to fine him xx*s.*, but to stigmatize him with the worst brand which the good people of that time and place could set upon any delinquent—to denounce him to his contemporaries, and register him for posterity, as an habitual disturber of Castle Combe—yea, 'communis perturbator pacis in perturbationem totius dominii.'

Richard North, too, in the year 1413, was presented simply on the ground that he was a constant disturber and one who stirred up strife among his neighbours—'communis perturbator pacis et motor litis et jurgii inter tenentes domini contra pacem domini Regis.' Two years after the jurors prayed that Richard Riche, who seems to have been a kindred spirit, though probably a manufacturer in good circumstances, might be required to find sufficient security for his good behaviour. They complained that he interfered in all quarrels—'intromittit de omni querelâ ad perturbationem pacis et totius communitatis tenentium domini hic'—a termination worthy to stand beside Anstey's 'tunc.' But to our own minds the leading case on this subject is that of an unlucky man whom we have already had occasion to mention

both

both as a sufferer and as a sinner. Maurice ap David, as we know, had his blood shed by the candlestick of John Reod. The thing was wrong, the candlestick was forfeited, and John Reod was fined vj*d.* That was in May 1428; and then, as we have seen, in the following November, Maurice ap David was presented as a common dicer, and fined ij*d.* We may now add that, in the next March, it became incumbent on the tything-man to present that Richard Waleys, lying in wait by night about nine o'clock—assaulted Maurice ap David at Castle Combe, and there with a cudgel of no value—'cum uno baculo nullius valoris'—beat, wounded, and ill-treated him so that his life was despaired of. Waleys could not deny the charge; and was happy to get off with paying a fine of iij*s.* iv*d.* on the spot, and giving security to keep the peace towards all the King's lieges under a penalty of x*l.* with two or three sureties of v*l.* each. This seems a severe punishment for beating (one knows not on what provocation) a convicted and twopence-fined dicer, who had probably been staying at the alehouse to the very last moment allowed by the law; for why else was he noctivagating about the town at the unnatural hour of nine? Is it not probable that the solution may be found in the matter of aggravation which the tything-man, brief and pithy as his presentments generally were, on this occasion so touchingly introduced? It was not merely that Richard Waleys had beaten one of the lord's tenants, or one of his own neighbours, but that he had done it to the great discomposure of the rest—'perturbando et de somno suscitando tenentes domini circummorantes.' What if Maurice had taken the beating quietly? or if Richard had beaten him out of hearing? It is vain to speculate; especially as the tything-man was forced to add the pregnant declaration 'quod est communis perturbator pacis.'

Surely there is deep repose in this. The dew of peace fell heavily on the happy valley—the restoring manna of night-rest that must be gathered up by sunrise and will not abide the noon. One is irresistibly carried away to Messina:—'You shall make no noise in the streets,' said Dogberry, 'for the watch to babble and talk is most tolerable, and not to be endured.' No noise—not even to talk. 'If you hear a child cry in the night you must call to the nurse and bid her still it,' chimes in Verges. 'They are both in a tale'—a tale that had lasted, more or less, as truth in common life, to the days of Shakspeare; but which is now almost to be classed with old-world stories, and scarcely to be understood by a generation who, even in our little towns, are (as Sir Thomas Browne expresses it) 'acting their antipodes,' and rampaging about, gas-lighted, and wide awake, at midnight.

While

While we are on the subject of assaults and breaches of the peace it may be worth while to make one other remark. Of course we do not know from what number of cases Mr. Scrope has made his selection, and we notice the matter rather as a suggestion to him, than as pretending to reason on, or even to state, a fact. We have seen that in the year 1428 Maurice ap David was beaten with a candlestick, and in the year after with a cudgel; but (with one single exception) we do not observe the use of any other weapon before the sixteenth century. Sometimes, indeed, it is not clear, as when, in 1415, Richard Spencer, already mentioned, 'levavit hictus' on the rector; or when, in 1481, supposing the parties to be real (for we are again haunted with a suspicion of Bunyanism), John Loverygge 'insultum fecit' on Thomas Churche 'cum malis verbis,' where it seems probable, though it does not appear certain, that he added blows. In 1524, however, John Brewer killed William Bull with a sword. How he came to have one, and what he was doing with it on the Sunday after Candlemas, we are not told; but his evil example does not seem to have been followed, even in his own family, which, from circumstances already alluded to, we may presume to have been large. At least, in 1544 we find Robert Brewer reverting to the primitive candlestick, and fined ix*d.* for the use which he made of it. The weapon was on this occasion valued at viij*d.*, whence we may infer that both candlesticks and assaults had become dearer since the days of Maurice ap David. The exception to which we have alluded seems, not only from its isolation, but from the name of the offender, to have been foreign, and not 'in a concatenation accordingly' with the manners and customs of the natives. It is the case of John Portyngale, who was presented on the 22nd of May, 1394, for drawing a hanger or wood-knife (*extraxit* j. *baselard*) on Robert Bokeler (p. 326). The names of Maurice ap David and Richard Waleys who beat him, as well as that of David Owell, the victim of the twice-drunk Richard Sarjant, (and perhaps others may occur in assault cases,) have likewise a somewhat foreign appearance, and lead to a suspicion that those who bore them were not genuine Wiltshire folk, but Welshmen by descent, if not by birth.

But we have gossiped long enough with these good people, whose acquaintance we are glad to have made. We have not entered into anything like criticism of the volume containing their history, because when a gentleman sees fit to print a history of private property, from documents in private custody, and to limit his book to private circulation, it seems as if he had a right to do it in his own way, and was scarcely amenable to public criticism. Nor could that tribunal be tempted to exceed its powers,

powers, if, as in this case, he does it in a goodly quarto of 400 pages, exhibiting, along with unequivocal marks of knowledge and hard work, as much technical ornament as good sense and a chaste love of art will sanction. There is little merit in passing by such trivial matters in the way of *errata* and *corrigenda* as have caught our eye in a cursory view of the work; but there is one mistake so important as to require specific notice. It will be obvious to all the author's friends who sympathize in his taste for antiquarian research. In his Preface Mr. Poulett Scrope says—

'Monuments rapidly decay; deeds and MSS. are continually destroyed or lost; libraries and collections of drawings, &c., are broken up and dispersed. Is there no spirit of antiquarian and local research left in the county [we will take the liberty to read country], that will struggle to save from oblivion what still remains decipherable of the relics of our past history? At all events, I have endeavoured to fulfil my share of a seemingly sacred duty in the following volume.'—p. vii.

The writer's question is a most important one, and we should like to put it seriously to the consciences of all those whom Providence has, by inheritance, purchase, office, or otherwise, made the trustees of unknown truth. Our own view of things leads us to answer that there is such a spirit; that it is struggling; that it has in some considerable degree succeeded—and that its success will be much promoted if those who are similarly circumstanced will do half as much as Mr. Poulett Scrope has done. But when that gentleman speaks of having fulfilled his share of what he justly esteems a sacred duty, we cannot help smiling at the odd delusion. Why, when he has set before the public, and placed within the reach of unknown students, and antiquaries who have more coins in their cabinets than in their purses, the curious and interesting information which he now circulates among his friends, accompanied by such other matter as his ample stores will furnish for its illustration—when he has done this, he will be only beginning. We certainly do feel that he has a great deal of work before him, but we have no fear of his doing it well. Indeed, unless the whole character of Castle Combe is changed, he must speedily do something for his own sake and that of his neighbours. If he does not take some such precaution as we have suggested, what can he expect but to be overrun with antiquaries and archæologists of all sorts, who will rush to the diggings which he has indicated 'in perturbationem totius dominii?'

We hope to be pardoned for concluding with the expression of our regret that one great—perhaps the greatest—motive of our author in the undertaking of this costly volume has been negatived by a decree against which there is no appeal. Mr. George Poulett Thompson, brother to the late Lord Sydenham, assumed

assumed the name of Scrope a good many years ago, on marrying the only child of the last male of the most considerable then remaining branch of a family which had been in earlier days endowed not only with very great estates, but with two baronial coronets and an earldom. His father-in-law, the late amiable William Scrope, of Castle Combe in Wilts, and of Cotherington Hall in Lincolnshire, had been distinguished through a long life as a sportsman;—in his latter years he won no little honour as a writer on such pursuits—which had never interfered with the zeal and diligence of the scholar and student. His volumes on Deer-stalking and Salmon-fishing will not soon be forgotten. He was also about the first amateur painter of his time, and well known as a liberal patron of Art. He naturally took a deep interest in the records of his noble lineage, and it must be lamented by many besides ourselves, that his death occurred just soon enough to prevent him from tasting the gratification which his affectionate heir had designed especially for him in the completion of this History.

ART. II.—1. *Diseases of the Human Hair.* From the French of M. Cazenave, Physician to the Hospital of St. Louis, Paris; with a Description of an Apparatus for Fumigating the Scalp. By T. H. Burgess, M.D. 1851.

2. *Hygiène Complète des Cheveux et de la Barbe: Basée sur des récentes découvertes physiologiques et médicales, indiquant les meilleures formules pour conserver la chevelure, arrêter la chute, retarder le grisonnement, régénérer les cheveux perdus depuis long-temps, et combattre enfin toutes les affections du cuir chevelu.* Par A. Debay. Paris, 1851.

SINCE the world began hair has been an universal vanity. Our young reader will doubtless confess that, as his name is tossed up from landing to landing by imposing flunkies, he passes his hands carefully through his curls to give them the last flowing touch ere he enters the ball-room—while Mr. Layard, from out the royal palace buried by the sand-storms of thousands of years, has shown us what thorough 'prigs' were the remote Assyrians in the arrangement of their locks and beards. What applies to the male sex does so with double force to the women; and we have not the slightest doubt that Alcibiades fumed at the waste of many a half-hour whilst his mistress was 'putting her hair tidy,' or arranging the *golden grasshopper*. Not only as a means of ornament has the hair been seized upon by all classes

classes and generations of our kind, but it has been converted into an index, as it were, of their religious, political, and social opinions. The difference between the freeman and the slave was of old indicated by the length of the hair. In later times we all know how the Puritan rejoiced in a 'polled' head, whilst the Cavalier flaunted about in exuberant curls; so at the present moment no tub-thumper would venture to address his 'dearly beloved brethren' without having previously plastered his hair into pendant candle-ends. The fact of its being the only part of the body a man can shape and carve according to his fancy is sufficient to account for the constancy with which he has adopted it as his ensign of party and doctrine, and also for the multitudinous modes in which he has worn it. Leaving this part of the subject for a time, however, we will briefly consider those characteristics of hair which, taken broadly, art cannot modify nor fashion hide. Briefly, we say, and very imperfectly—for Hair in an ethnological point of view is itself a very wide subject, and its adequate treatment would require a far longer paper than we at present contemplate.

Dr. Prichard, in his laborious work on the different races of mankind, apportions to the melanic or dark-haired the greater portion of the habitable globe. Europe is the chief seat of the xantho-comic or light-haired races; indeed they seem to be almost confined to its limits, and within those limits to be cooped up in certain degrees of north latitude.

From Norway and Sweden, following their sea-kings, the hardy fair-haired races poured their piratical hordes down the great overhanging peninsula, and as if from some yard-arm thronged and dropped, boarding the great European ship, whose more immediate defenders fled in consternation before them. In this manner nearly the whole of North Germany received its prevailing population, and Britain in her turn saw her primitive black-haired Celts and Cymri driven into the mountains of Scotland and Wales. The subsequent seizures and settlements made by the Danes on our eastern coast did not in any way interfere with the flood of fair-haired people in possession, as they were of the same blond type; and the Norman invasion—in whatever proportion actually dark—would, in point of aggregate numbers, have been far too limited to affect it. The indigenous tribes, on the whole, seem to have been about as completely eaten out by the fierce fair-haired men of the North, whenever they came in contact, as were the small black rats, once common to our island and some portions of the continent, by the more powerful grey rodent of Norway.

The chief features of the ethnological map of Europe were settled

settled before the tenth century, and especially as regards the disposition of the dark and light-haired races, it remains in the mass pretty much the same as then. Nevertheless, certain intermixtures have been at work shading off the original differences. At the present moment the fairest haired inhabitants of the earth are to be found north of the parallel 48; this line cuts off England, Belgium, the whole of Northern Germany, and a great portion of Russia. Between the parallels 48 and 45 there seems to be a debateable land of dark brown hair, which includes northern France, Switzerland, and part of Piedmont, passes through Bohemia and Austria Proper, and touches the Georgian and Circassian provinces of the Czar's empire. Below this line again, Spain, Naples, and Turkey, forming the southern extremity of the map, exhibit the genuine dark-haired races. So that, in fact, taking Europe broadly from north to south, its peoples present in the colour of their hair a perfect gradation—the light flaxen of the colder latitudes deepening by imperceptible degrees into the blue-black of the Mediterranean shores. To this regular gradation, however, there are some obvious exceptions. We have already noticed the dark tribes lingering within our own island—the same is true as to the Celtic majority of the Irish; and even the Normans, as we now see them, are decidedly ranked among the black-haired. On the other hand, Venice, which is almost southern in latitude, has always been famous for the golden beauty of its hair, beloved so of Titian and his school. These isolated cases, however, only prove the rule that race mainly determines, among other ethnological peculiarities, the colour and texture of the hair. If latitude or temperature affected it materially, Taffy, Paddy, and Donald would by this time have been toned down pretty decently to the prevailing fair-haired type; if even there had been much mixture of the Celt with the Saxon, we should not see the former breed marked out by such a lump of darkness amidst the generally fair portion of the European map.

The effect of the admixture of races is evidenced very strongly, we think, by comparing the inhabitants of the great capitals with the populations of their respective countries. London, the centre of the world, is neither fair nor dark-haired, but contains within itself all shades of colour. Even so the Parisian no more represents the black-haired Norman or swart Breton than our cockney does the pure Saxon of the southern and western counties. Vienna is another example. What went on rapidly in such cities as these, has been progressing more slowly in those countries which form the highways of nations. Thus the brown hair of middle Europe is the neutral tint, which has

naturally resulted from the admixture of the flaxen-haired races of the north with the old southern population.

If we open a wider map we only receive ampler proof that race alone determines the colour of the hair. Thus, taking the parallel of 51 north, and following it as it runs like a necklace round the world, we find a dozen nations threaded upon it like so many parti-coloured beads. The European portion of the necklace is light-haired—whereas the Tartars, northern Mongols, and aboriginal American Indians have black straight hair—and Canada breaks the chain once more with the blond tresses of the Saxon.

That climate and food have some effect in modifying race, and with it hair as one of its most prominent signs, we do not deny; but these disturbing causes must act through a very long period of time to produce any marked effect, and certainly within the historical period we have no proof of a dark-haired people having become light, or *vice versâ* of flowing hair changing into woolly locks—Tom Moore's capital joke about the Irish niggers notwithstanding.

Having said that race determines the colour and quality of the hair, we have said nearly all that ethnology teaches upon the subject. An examination of its structure shows that the difference of colour is entirely owing to the tinct of the fluid which fills the hollow tube in each hair. This tinct or pigment shows through the cortical substance in the same manner that it does through the epidermis of a negro. Hair is in fact but a modification of the skin. The same might be said of feathers, horns, and scales. Not improbably the distinguished lady now honouring these pages with her attention, will be shocked at hearing that her satin-soft shoulder is almost chemically identical with the plated and roughened mail of the crocodile—and she will hardly perhaps believe us when we inform her that her bird, when he sets right some erring feather with his beak, is acting with the same chemically composed instrument upon the same chemically composed material as Mademoiselle does when she disentangles with a comb her charming mistress's softly-flowing tresses. The fond lover again, as he kisses some treasured lock, will doubtless be disgusted when we tell him, that, apart from the sentiment, he might as well impress his fervent lips upon a pig's pettitoe, or even upon the famous Knob Kerry, made out of the horn of a rhinoceros, carried by the king of hunters, Mr. Roualleyn Gordon Cumming.

The hair, anatomically considered, is composed of three parts —the follicle or tubular depression in the skin into which the hair is inserted—the bulb or root of the hair—and the stalk or cortical

cortical part filled with pigment. A single hair, with its follicle, might be roughly likened to a hyacinth growing from a glass —with this difference that the hair is supplied with nutriment exclusively from below. The bulb, which rests upon the reticulated bed of capillary vessels of the cutis and sub-cutaneous tissue, draws its pigment cells or colouring matter directly from the blood—in like manner, the horny sheath is secreted directly from the capillaries—so that, unlike the hyacinth-plant, it grows at its root instead of at its free extremity. A hair is not, as it appears, a smooth cylindrical tube like a quill; on the contrary, it is made up of a vast number of little horny laminæ:—or our reader might realize its structure to herself by placing a number of thimbles one within the other—and as she adds to this column by supplying fresh thimbles *below*, she will get a good notion of the manner in which each hair grows, and will see that its oldest portion must be its free extremity.

The pigment cells have been scrutinized by Liebig, who finds a considerable difference in their constitution according to their colour. His results may be thus tabularized:—

	Fair Hair.	Brown Hair.	Black Hair.
Carbon . . .	49·345	50·622	49·935
Hydrogen . . .	6·576	6·613	6·631
Nitrogen . . .	17·936	17·936	17·936
Oxygen and sulphur .	26·143	24·829	25·498

From this analysis it would appear that the beautiful golden hair owes its brightness to an excess of sulphur and oxygen with a deficiency of carbon, whilst black hair owes its jetty aspect to an excess of carbon and a deficiency of sulphur and oxygen. Vauquelin traces an oxide of iron in the latter, and also in red hair. The colouring matter, however, forms but one portion of the difference existing between the soft luxuriant tangles of the Saxon girl and the coarse blue-black locks of the North American squaw. The size and quality of each hair, and the manner in which it is planted, tell powerfully in determining the line between the two races.

Another eminent German has undergone the enormous labour of counting the number of hairs in heads of four different colours. In a blond one he found 140,400 hairs; in a brown, 109,440; in a black, 102,962; and in a red one, 88,740. What the red and black heads wanted in number of hairs, was made up, however, in the greater bulk of the hairs individually; and, in all probability, the scalps were pretty equal in weight. It is to the fineness and multiplicity of hairs that blond tresses owe the rich and silk-like character of their flow—a circumstance which artists have so loved to dwell upon.

Shakspeare especially seems to have delighted in golden hair. 'Her sunny locks hung on her temples like the golden fleece'—so Bassanio describes Portia in The Merchant of Venice. Again, in the Two Gentlemen of Verona, Julia says of Sylvia and herself—'Her hair is auburn—mine is perfect yellow.' Twenty other passages will suggest themselves to every reader. Black hair he only mentions twice throughout his entire plays, clearly showing that he imagined light hair to be the peculiar attribute of soft and delicate woman. A similar partiality for this colour, touched with the sun, runs, however, through the great majority of the poets—old Homer himself for one:—and the best painters have seized, with the same instinct, upon golden tresses. A walk through any gallery of old masters will instantly settle this point. There is not a single female head in the National Gallery—beginning with those glorious 'Studies of Heads,' the highest ideal of female beauty by such an idealist as Correggio, and ending with the full-blown blondes of the prodigal Rubens: there is not a single black-haired female head among them.

One is struck, in passing along the streets, by the curiosities one sees in those armouries of Venus, the hairdressers' windows. Whence come those magnificent head-dresses which the waxen dummies slowly display as they revolve? From what source issue those pendant tresses gleaming in the background, with which the blooming belle, aptly entangling their snaky coil with her own, tempts our eligible Adams? Who are they that denude themselves of coal-black locks, that she who can afford a price may shore up her tottering beauty? Alas! free-trading England, even for her hair, has to depend upon the foreigner. Among the many curious occupations of the metropolis is that of the human-hair merchant. Of these there are many, and they import between them upwards of five tons annually. Black hair comes mainly from Brittany and the South of France, where it is collected principally by one adventurous virtuoso, who travels from fair to fair, and buys up and shears the crops of the neighbouring damsels. Mr. Francis Trollope, in his Summer in Brittany, gives a lively description of the manner in which the young girls of the country bring this singular commodity to market, as regularly as peas or cabbages. Staring his fill at a fair in Collenée, he says—

'What surprised me more than all, by the singularity and novelty of the thing, were the operations of the dealers in hair. In various parts of the motley crowd there were three or four different purchasers of this commodity, who travel the country for the purpose of attending the fairs and buying the tresses of the peasant girls. They have particularly fine hair, and frequently in the greatest abundance. I should have

have thought that female vanity would have effectually prevented such a traffic as this being carried to any extent. But there seemed to be no difficulty in finding possessors of beautiful heads of hair perfectly willing to sell. We saw several girls sheared, one after the other, like sheep, and as many more standing ready for the shears, with their caps in their hands, and their long hair combed out, and hanging down to their waists. Some of the operators were men, and some women. By the side of the dealer was placed a large basket, into which every successive crop of hair, tied up into a whisp by itself, was thrown. No doubt the reason of the indifference to their tresses, on the part of the fair Bretonnes, is to be found in the invariable "mode" which covers every head, from childhood upwards, with close caps, which entirely prevents any part of the hair from being seen, and of course as totally conceals the want of it. The money given for the hair is about 20 sous, or else a gaudy cotton handkerchief—they net immense profits by their trips through the country.'

This hair is the finest and most silken black hair that can be procured. Light hair all comes from Germany, where it is collected by a company of *Dutch farmers*, who come over for orders once a year. It would appear that either the fashion or the necessity of England has, within a recent period, completely altered the relative demands from the two countries. Forty years ago, according to one of the first in the trade, the light German hair alone was called for, and he almost raved about a peculiar golden tint which was supremely prized, and which his father used to keep very close, only producing it to favourite customers, in the same manner that our august sherry-lord, or hock-herr, spares to particular friends—or now and then, it is said, to influential literary characters—a few magnums of some rare and renowned vintage. This treasured article he sold at 8*s.* an ounce—nearly double the price of silver. Now all this has passed away—and the dark shades of brown from France are chiefly called for. Our informant, venturing boldly into a subject wherewith ethnologists fear to tackle, delivers it as his opinion that the colour of the hair of English people has changed within the last half-century, and that the great intercourse since the war with southern nations has deepened by many tints the predominating Saxon blond of our forefathers. The same intelligent prompter assured us that any one accustomed to deal in hair could tell by *smell* alone the difference between German and French hair—nay, that he himself 'when his nose was in' could discriminate between Irish, Scotch, Welsh, and English hair! The destination of the imported article is of course principally the boudoirs of our fashionable world, and the glossy ringlets which the poor peasant girl of Tours parted with for a few sous, as a nest-egg towards her dowry, have doubtless aided in procuring 'a suitable helpmate' for some blue

blue spinster or fast Dowager of Mayfair. Wigs of course absorb some portion of the spoil—and a cruel suspicion rises in our mind that the *Comical* artists of this our Babylon do not confine themselves to the treasured relics intrusted to their care, but that many a sorrowing relative kisses without suspicion mementoes eked out from hair that grew not upon the head of the beloved one.

The pure whiteness of the hair in Albinos is owing to the perfect absence of pigment—an absence which extends itself to the choroid coat of the eye and also to the iris. This condition of non-development, which amounts to a physical defect in man, seems to be the normal condition of many animals—such as white bears, white mice, white rabbits, and white weasels—in which the pink eye denotes a total lack of colouring matter; whilst white feathers and hairs are very common among birds and animals, and in many of them indeed, this colour—or rather negative of colour—is constant.

The grey hair of age and debility in the human subject results, it is supposed, from a withdrawal of the pigment cells. We feel that we are now touching upon a part of our subject that becomes personal to not a few of our most respected readers. Many a *vivеur* who has taken no note of time is suddenly startled by the discovery, as he shaves, of a few grey hairs—'pursuivants of Death'—and he eradicates the tell-tales with anything but an agreeable sensation. Our Parisian friends, who seem to be profoundly afflicted at the appearance of the first snows of age, have organised a diligent army of young girls to war against decay, and to wrest from Time the fatal ensigns he plants upon our brow. The *Salons Epilatoires*, where youth pays this little attention to age for an inconceivably small sum, usually hang out 'Plus de Cheveux Gris'—and indeed of late we observe London advertisements beginning with 'No more Grey Hairs.' White hair, however, is not necessarily the slow work and certain mark of age. Some persons become grey very young; we believe that many in the prime vigour of life are suddenly blanched from the effect of terror, or some other great mental disturbance. Marie Antoinette's hair, it seems to be allowed, turned grey in the night preceding her execution. A case came lately under our own observation, in which a soldier, in order to escape the service, malingered in a hospital for three months, feigning rheumatism, and such was his anxiety to keep up the deception (which was, however, completely penetrated by his medical attendant) that he turned perfectly grey, although quite a young man. In these cases of emotion, it is supposed that the blood sends some fluid among the pigment of the hair, which at once discharges its colour.

colour. In some, though very rare instances, persons have been born with patches of white hair, and there is at present in the Museum of Natural History at Paris a portrait of a piebald negro, in which the hair of the head presents very much the parti-coloured appearance of the wigs exposed in the windows, half black and white, as specimens of the power of the various hair-dyes.

Women are quite as often grey as men, but from baldness they are almost entirely exempt. This is owing in a great measure to the larger deposit of fat in the female scalp, which allows of a freer circulation in the capillaries of the skin. Eunuchs, who possess much subcutaneous fat in this part, are never bald. The scalp of a bald man is singularly smooth and ivory-like in texture; a fact which Chaucer noticed in the Friar—'His crown it shon like any glass.' This denseness of texture in the skin is owing to the destruction of the bulbs of the hair and the closure of the follicles; any attempt to reproduce the natural covering of the head on such surfaces will prove quite hopeless. From some cause or other, baldness seems to befal much younger men now than it did thirty or forty years ago. A very observant hatter informed us, a short time since, that he imagined much of it was owing to the common use of silk hats, which, from their impermeability to the air, keep the head at a much higher temperature than the old beaver structures; which, he also informed us, went out principally because we had used up all the beavers in the Hudson's Bay Company's territories. The adoption of silk hats has, however, given them time, it seems, to replenish the breed. This fact affords a singular instance of the influence of fashion upon the animals of a remote continent. It would be more singular still if the silk-hat theory of baldness has any truth in it, as it would then turn out that we were sacrificing our own natural nap in order that the beaver might recover his. Without endorsing the speculative opinion of our hatter, we may, we believe, state it as a well ascertained circumstance that soldiers in helmetted regiments are oftener bald than any other of our heroic defenders.

Hair, the universal vanity, has of course been seized upon universally by quacks—it has proved to them indeed the true Golden Fleece. Science, as though such a subject were beneath its attention, has left the care of the most beautiful ornament of the body in the hands of the grossest charlatans. M. Cazenave is the only scientific person who has ever treated at any length of the hair, or has shown, by the light of physiology, what art is capable of doing, and what it is powerless to do, in cases of disease and baldness. Those who understand how the hair is nourished can but smile at the monstrous gullibility of the public in putting

putting such faith in the puffs and extracts of the hair-reviewers. Really, the old joke of the power of a certain preparation to restore the bald places in hair-trunks and in worn-out boas, has become a popular working belief. There is one fact which every one should know, and which would be sufficient to rout at once all the trash with which people load their heads. The blood is the only Macassar of the hair, the only oil which can with truth be said to 'insinuate its balsamic properties into the pores of the head,' &c. &c. Oils and pomades may for a time moisten and clog the hair, but over its growth or nourishment they are absolutely powerless. The fine network of vessels on which the bulbs of the hair rest is alone capable of maintaining its healthy existence. To a sluggishness in the capillary circulation baldness is mainly due; when this sluggishness is the result of a general failure of the system, consequent upon age, as we have said before, no art will avail — the inevitable Delilah proceeds unchallenged with her noiseless shears. When, on the contrary, baldness proceeds from any temporary cause—when the bulb still remains intact—slight friction with a rough towel or a brush, aided by some gently irritating pomade, is the only course to be pursued. Dupuytren, who made baldness the subject of a chapter in his great work on Skin Diseases, gives the following receipt, which seems to us calculated to produce the desired result—to promote capillary circulation, and a consequent secretion of the materials of hair-growth:—

R. Purified beef-marrow . ℥viij.
Acetate of lead . . . ℥j.
Peruvian balsam . . ℥iij.
Alcohol . . . . . ℥j.
Tinct. of cantharides,
cloves, and canella . āā MXV.
Mix.

We do not see why internal applications should not be tried, and we are not at all certain that gelatine soups and pills made of the ashes of burnt hair might not be effectual in baldness, as those ingredients would supply to the blood the materials necessary for the production of hirsute growths. Those who have bad taste enough to obliterate with hair-dye the silvery livery of age should at least keep in mind the horrible position in which Mr. Tittlebat Titmouse found himself, whose carrots were turned into a lively green; they should also be informed that nitrate of silver is the chief ingredient of all the preparations, which in most cases act by entirely altering the cortical portion of the hair.

Once a month, at shortest, we of the male sex are, by the exigencies of fashion, obliged to submit our heads to the tender mercies

mercies of the executioner. Swathed in wrappers of calico, the head fixed by a neckful of tormenting short hairs, a man is planted like an unfortunate wicket, and bowled at by the abhorred barber with pomatum-pots, essences, tinctures, and small talk. Our friend *Punch*, who seems to have suffered from this martyrdom, recommends a very neat style of batting, or rather of blocking the balls, as thus:—

'SCENE—*A Barber's Shop. Barber's men engaged in cutting hair, making wigs, and other barbaresque operations.*

Enter JONES, *meeting* OILY *the barber.*

Jones. I wish my hair cut.
Oily. Pray, Sir, take a seat.
[OILY *puts chair for* JONES, *who sits. During the following dialogue* OILY *continues cutting* JONES'S *hair.*
Oily. We've had much wet, Sir.
Jones. Very much indeed.
Oily. And yet November's early days were fine.
Jones. They were.
Oily. I hoped fair weather might have lasted us
Until the end.
Jones. At one time—so did I.
Oily. But we have had it very wet.
Jones. We have.
[*A pause of some minutes.*
Oily. I know not, Sir, who cut your hair last time;
But this I say, Sir, it was badly cut:
No doubt 't was in the country.
Jones. No! in town!
Oily. Indeed! I should have fancied otherwise.
Jones. 'Twas cut in town—and in this very room.
Oily. Amazement!—but I now remember well.
We had an awkward new provincial hand,
A fellow from the country. Sir, he did
More damage to my business in a week
Than all my skill can in a year repair.
He must have cut your hair.
Jones (*looking at him*). No—'twas yourself.
Oily. Myself! Impossible! You must mistake.
Jones. I don't mistake—'twas you that cut my hair.
[*A long pause, interrupted only by the clipping of the scissors.*
Oily. Your hair is very dry, Sir.
Jones. Oh! indeed.
Oily. Our Vegetable Extract moistens it.
Jones. I like it dry.
Oily. But, Sir! the hair when dry
Turns quickly grey.
Jones. That colour I prefer.

Oily.

Oily. But hair, when grey, will rapidly fall off,
And baldness will ensue.
Jones. I would be bald.
Oily. Perhaps you mean to say you 'd like a wig.—
We've wigs so natural they can't be told
From real hair.
Jones. Deception I detest.
[*Another pause ensues, during which* Oily *blows down* Jones's *neck, and relieves him from the linen wrapper in which he has been enveloped during the process of hair-cutting.*
Oily. We've brushes, soaps, and scent, of every kind.
Jones. I see you have. (*Pays 6d.*) I think you'll find that right.
Oily. If there is nothing I can show you, Sir.
Jones. No: nothing. Yet—there may be something, too,
That you may show me.
Oily. Name it, Sir.
Jones. The door. [*Exit* Jones.
Oily (*to his man*). That 's a rum customer at any rate.
Had I cut him as short as he cut me,
How little hair upon his head would be!
But if kind friends will all our pains requite,
We 'll hope for better luck another night.
[*Shop-bell rings and curtain falls.*'

Touching upon the subject of applications for nourishing the hair, we must not omit the most important and imposing, though some people imagine perfectly apocryphal, contributors—Bears. We know Bruin has of late been declared a humbug, and there is but too prevalent an opinion abroad that he does not let his genuine grease flow for the benefit of mankind as freely as barbers would have us believe from the announcement we so often see in back streets of 'another bear to be killed.' After full inquiry, however, we find that Bruin still bleeds without murmuring for an ungrateful public. During the winter months upwards of fifty bears yield up the ghost in this metropolis alone, and they are we find very regular passengers between the ports of St. Petersburg and London. The destiny of these creatures affords a singular instance of the manner in which extremes meet—the shaggy denizen of a Russian forest having at last the honour of yielding up his precious fat to make glossy and smooth the ringlets of an irresistible Puseyite. If Ursa Major could only know his distinguished future!

In order to combat the growing scepticism as to 'hairdressers' bears,' a worthy son of the craft in the neighbourhood of St. Giles's Church was long in the habit, when he slaughtered a Muscovite, of hanging him by chains out of the second-floor window, with an inscription to the effect that customers bringing their own gallipots might cut the fat out for themselves.

The history of the coiffure commenced, we suppose, when Eve first

first gazing on a brook (not far from *the* Tree) discovered the dishevelled condition of her head-gear. As far back as we have any records of man, we find a more or less elaborate fashion of dressing the hair. As we have said before, the Nineveh statues and relievos show us how justly the old Hebrew prophets describe and rebuke the dandyism of Sennacherib's captains and counsellors. A modern Truefitt with all his skill must wonder as he gazes upon those exquisite plaitings, and bossings, and curlings which extended over the beard as well as the head of the Assyrian. A glimpse at the wig found in the temple of Isis at Thebes, and now, as has also been mentioned, among the glories of the Museum, proves that the Egyptians, of even an earlier epoch probably, were most studious of their toilet. The Greeks, however, with their innate love of the beautiful, carried the arrangement of the hair to the highest point of artistic excellence. The marbles which have come down to us testify to this perfection, and after a lapse of eighteen hundred years all the nations of Christendom, discarding their own hideous devices, have returned with more or less scrupulousness to the models so bequeathed. The Roman dames speedily overlaid the simple beauty of the Greek mode, piled upon their heads imitations of castles and crowns, hoisted their hair in intricate wreaths, and knotted it with a tiresome elaborateness. The men generally showed better taste and continued to sport sharp crisp locks after the manner of 'the curled Antony,' sometimes with the addition of the beard, sometimes without it. By and bye, however, among other signs of decadence, the simple male coiffure was thrown aside for more luxurious fashions, and the Emperor Commodus for one is said to have powdered his hair with gold.

Outside of Rome, long hair was generally prevalent among freemen. The slaves were invariably cropped, and Cæsar relates that he always ordered the populations of the provinces he had conquered to shave off their hair as a sign of their subjection. In the decline of the Empire, when any of these provinces revolted, the insurgent captains directed the masses to wear their hair long again, as a signal of recovered freedom. Thus the hair-crops of whole countries were alternately mown and allowed to grow like so many fields at the command of the husbandman—the most important of facts political being indicated—(we despise the vile imputation of a pun)—by the state of the poll. Long hair, during the dark ages, was very much respected; and at the beginning of the French monarchy the people chose their kings by the length of their locks. In our own island it was equally esteemed; and so far from its being considered a mark of effeminacy to carefully tend it, we are told that the Danish officers who were quartered upon the

the English in the reign of Ethelred the Unready won the hearts of the ladies by the length and beauty of their hair, which they combed *at least once a-day*. The clergy seem to have been the only class of men who wore the hair short, and this they did as a kind of mortification. Not content with exercising this virtue themselves, however, they attempted to impose it upon the laity. Thus St. Anselm fulminated orders against long hair, both in England and France. There was a kind of hair which received the honour of a special canon denouncing it. This hair, crisped by art, was styled by them *the malice of the Devil*. The following represents—in modernized form, of course—the terms in which the French Bishops anathematized it:—

'Prenant un soin paternel de punir, autant qu'il est à propos, ceux qui portent des cheveux frisés et bouclés par artifice, pour faire tomber dans le piége les personnes qui les voient, nous les exhortons et leur enjoignons de vivre plus modestement, en sorte qu'on ne remarque plus en eux *aucuns restes de la malice du diable*. Si quelqu'un pèche contre ce canon, qu'il soit excommunié!'

Indeed, so many and such complicated and contradictory ordinances were issued by like authority about the seventh and eighth centuries, that some wag suggested that the young fellows should continue to wear their hair long until the church had settled what short hair really was. In England the clergy did not confine themselves merely to denouncing the flowing tresses of the nobility; impregnated with the practical turn of mind of the country, they acted as well as talked. Thus Serlo, a Norman prelate, preaching before Henry II. and his court, brought the whole party to such a state of repentance respecting the profligate length of their locks, that they consented to give them up, whereupon the crafty churchman pulled a pair of shears out of his sleeve, and secured his victory by clearing the royal head in a twinkling. Such occasional results of pious impulse were, however, of little avail; on the whole the abomination remained throughout the early reigns of both France and England quite triumphant. In Richard II.'s time the men as well as the women confined the hair over the brow with a fillet. What the clergy, with all their threats of excommunication and promises of paradise, could not effect in a series of ages, was at last brought about by an accident. Francis I., having been wounded in the head at a tournament, was obliged to have his hair cropped, whereupon the whole of fashionable France gave up their locks out of compliment to the sovereign. In the History of England, illustrated with woodcuts of the kings' heads, which we have all of us thumbed over so at school, the sudden and complete change in the method

thod of wearing the hair between the installation of the Tudor dynasty and the meridian of bluff King Hal must be well remembered. The portraits of the latter period by Holbein are, however, the best of illustrations. The women, as well as the men, appear almost totally deprived of hair, and we cannot help thinking that much of the hard expression of features, which especially marks the female heads of Henry VIII.'s great painter, was owing to the withdrawal of the softening influence of the hair. The close cropping of the gentlemen, on the other hand, gave them a virile aspect which especially suited with the reforming spirit of the age. As the hair shortened the beard was allowed to flow. Indeed this compensatory process has always obtained; in no age, we think, have the hair and beard been allowed to grow long at the same time. Shakspeare was constantly alluding to the beard. In his day this term included the three more modern subdivisions of beard, moustache, and whisker—they were all then worn in one. 'Did he not wear a great round beard like a glover's paring-knife?' asks one of his characters, clearly alluding to the extent of cheek it covered. In a word, the period *par excellence* of magnificent barbes comprised the end of the sixteenth and the beginning of the seventeenth century—and, as a matter of course, there was at the same time manifested the germ of that party which gave a politico-religious character to the hair of the revolutionary epoch. The Cavaliers began to restore long locks early in the reign of Charles I.; the Puritans, so far from adopting the fashion, polled even closer than before, and at last came to rejoice in the cognomen of Roundheads. Between these two grand extremes, however, there were innumerable other fashions of wearing the hair, the minor ensigns, we suppose, of trimming sectaries. Dr. Hall, who published a little work in 1643, 'On the Loathsomnesse of Long Hair,' exclaims—

'How strangely do men cut their hairs—some all before, some all behind, some long round about, their crownes being cut short like cootes or popish priests and friars; some have long locks at their eares, as if they had foure eares, or were prickeared; some have a little long lock onely before, hanging downe to their noses, like the taile of a weasall; every man being made a foole at the barber's pleasure, or making a foole of the barber for having to make him such a foole.'

The virulence with which the Puritans denounced long hair even exceeded that of the priests of old. Diseases of the hair were lugged in as evidences of the divine displeasure: for example, the worthy divine we have just been quoting talks of plica polonica as unquestionably resulting from the wickedness of the times. There is a cat afflicted with this singular hair-disease in the Museum of the College of Surgeons, so we suppose that

race

race at the present time are living profligate lives! What says Professor Owen?

With the renewed triumph of long hair the beard gradually shrank up; first assuming a forked appearance, then dwindling to a peak, and ultimately vanishing altogether. The female coiffure of the Stuart period was peculiarly pleasing: clustering glossy curls, which were sometimes made soft and semi-transparent by a peculiar friz, gave life and movement to the face; whilst a pretty arrangement of loops hung like a fringe across the forehead, and added a great air of quaintness to the whole expression.

But how shall we approach with sufficient awe the solemn epoch of perukes! It is true we have sufficient evidence that the Egypt of Pharaoh was not ignorant of the wig—the very *corpus delicti* is familiar to our eyes—and many busts and statues in the Vatican have actually marble wigs at this hour upon them—clearly indicating the same fact in the days of imperial Rome. But apart from these very ancient matters, which are comparatively new discoveries, hitherto our attention has been claimed by the simple manipulations of the barber; we now enter upon a period when the dressing of hair rises into a real science, and the perruquier with a majestic bearing takes the dignity of a professor. To France, of course, we owe the re-invention and complete adoption of a head-dress which sacrificed the beauty of nature to the delicacies of art. The epidemic broke out in the reign of Louis XIII. This prince never from his childhood cropped his hair, and the peruke was invented to enable those to whom nature had not been so bountiful in the item of flowing locks to keep themselves in the mode brought in by their royal master. In England the introduction of those portentous head-dresses is well marked in Pepys's Diary. Under date November 3, 1663, he says—

'Home, and by and bye comes Chapman, the perriwigg-maker, and upon my liking it (the wig), without more ado I went up, and then he cut off my haire, which went a little to my heart at present to part with it; but it being over, and my perriwigg on, I paid him 3*l.*, and away went he with my own haire to make up another of; and I by and bye went abroad, after I had caused all my maids to look upon it, and they concluded it do become me, though Jane was mightily troubled for my parting with my own hair, and so was Besse.

'November 8, 1663. Lord's Day.—To church, where I found that my coming in a perriwigg did not prove so strange as I was afraid it would, for I thought that all the church would presently have cast their eyes upon me, but I find no such things.'

From this last extract it would appear, that in the beginning the peruke, made as it was from the natural hair, was not very different from the Cavalier mode. The imagination of France speedily

speedily improved, however, upon poor old Dame Nature. Under Louis XIV. the size to which perukes had grown was such, that the face appeared only as a small pimple in the midst of a vast sea of hair. The great architect of this triumphant age of perukes was one Binette, an artist of such note and consequence that without him the King and all his courtiers were nothing. His equipage and running footmen were seen at every door, and he might have adopted without much assumption the celebrated *mot* of his royal master—*L'état c'est moi.* The clergy, physicians, and lawyers speedily adopted the peruke, as they imagined it gave an imposing air to the countenance, and so indeed it must be confessed it did. One can never look at the portraits of the old bishops and judges dressed in the full-bottomed flowing peruke without a sort of conviction that the originals must have been a deal more profound and learned than those of our own close-cropped age. So impressed was the Grand Monarque with the majestic character it lent to the face, that he never appeared without his peruke before his attendants, and it was the necessity, perhaps, of taking it off at the latest moment of the toilet, that caused him to say that no man was a hero to his valet de chambre. This mode grew so universal that children were made to submit to it, and all Nature seemed bewigged. The multiplicity of sizes and forms became so numerous that it was found necessary to frame a new technical vocabulary, now in parts obscure enough even for the most erudite. Thus there were 'perruques grandes et petites—en folio, en quarto, en trente-deux—perruques rondes, carrées, pointues; perruques à boudins, à papillons, à deux et trois marteaux,' &c. &c.

For a long time after this invention the head-dress retained the natural colour of the hair, but in 1714 it became the fashion to have wigs bleached; the process, however, was ineffectual, and they speedily turned an ashen grey; to remedy which defect hair-powder was invoked—another wondrous device which speedily spread from the source and centre of civilization over the rest of Europe.

The natural vanity of the fair sex struggled with more or less success against the loss of their own hair, but they managed to friz and build this up with such piles of lace and ribbons that it at length excelled the male peruke. In 1760, when they had reached a truly monstrous altitude, one Legros had the extraordinary impudence to hint that the thing was getting beyond a joke, and proposed a return to the 'coiffure à la Grecque.' For a moment the fair mob of fashion listened, and the hairdressers trembled, for well they knew that, if the women hesitated, the mode, like their virtue, would be lost. Accordingly they combined with immense force against Legros, instituted a lawsuit, and speedily crushed him. This momentary blight removed,

moved, the female head-dress sprang up still more madly than before, and assumed an abstruseness of construction hitherto unexampled. The author of the 'Secret Memoirs' relates that Queen Marie Antoinette herself invented a coiffure which represented all the refinements of landscape gardening—'des collines, des prairies émaillées, des ruisseaux argentins et des torrents écumeux, des jardins symétriques, et des parcs Anglais.' From the altitude of the head-dresses in 1778 it was found that they intercepted the view of spectators in the rear of them at the Opera, and the director was obliged to refuse admittance to the amphitheatre to those persons who wore such immoderate coiffures—a proceeding which reminds us of the joke of Jack Reeve, who, whilst manager of the Adelphi, posted a notice that, in consequence of the crowded state of the house, gentlemen frequenting the pit must shave off their whiskers! Such was the art expended on these tremendous head-dresses, and such the detail required in their different stages, that ladies of quality were often under the hands of the artiste the entire day. Thus, when they had to attend entertainments on succeeding evenings, they were forced to sleep in arm-chairs, for fear of endangering the finish of the coiffure!

The female head-dress, having now arrived at its most Alpine elevation, suddenly toppled over and fell, by the mere accident of the Queen's hair coming off during her accouchement. The court, out of compliment to her Majesty, wore the hair *à l'enfant;* others followed, and the fashion was at an end. And it was well it was so. It required all the art of our own Sir Joshua to bring this strange mode within the sphere of pictorial art. And yet in real life the white powder was not without its merit. It brought out the colour of the cheeks, and added brilliancy to the eyes; in short, it was treating the face like a water-colour landscape, mounting it on an ocean of white, which brought out by contrast all its natural force and effect. Few can have forgotten how many of our beauties gained by figuring in powder at the Court fancy balls of a few seasons back.

The male peruke, startled, it would appear, by the vehement growth of the female coiffure, stood still, grew gradually more calm and reasonable, and at last, spurning any further contest with its rival, resigned altogether—and the natural hair, powdered and gathered in a queue, at first long, then short, and tied with ribbon, became the mode—to rout which it required a revolution; in '93 it fell—together with the monarchy of France. In the world of fashion here the system stood out till somewhat later—but our Gallo-maniac Whigs were early deserters, and Pitt's tax on hair-powder in 1795 gave a grand advantage to the innovating party.

party. Pigtails continued, however, to be worn by the army, and those of a considerable length, until 1804, when they were by order reduced to seven inches; and at last, in 1808, another order commanded them to be cut off altogether. There had, however, been a keen qualm in the 'parting spirit' of Protection. The very next day brought a counter-order:—but to the great joy of the rank and file at least it was too late—already the pigtails were all gone. The trouble given to the military by the old mode of powdering the hair and dressing the tail was immense, and it often led to the most ludicrous scenes. The author of the 'Costume of the British Soldier' relates that on one occasion, in a glorious dependency of ours, a field-day being ordered, and there not being sufficient barbers in the garrison to attend all the officers in the morning, the juniors must needs have their heads dressed over night, and, to preserve their artistic arrangement, pomatumed, powdered, curled, and clubbed, these poor wretches were forced to *sleep* as well as they could *on their faces!* Such was the rigidity with which certain modes were enforced in the army about this period that there was kept in the adjutant's office of each regiment a pattern of the correct curls, to which the barber could refer.

For many years every trace of powder and pigtail has disappeared from the parade as well as the saloon—and footmen are now the only persons who use a mode which once set off the aristocratic aspects of our Seymours and Hamiltons. The horsehair court-wigs of the Judges seem to be recollections of the white perukes of the early Georgian era, but they are far more massive and precise than the old flowing head-dresses—their exact little curls and sternly cut brow-lines making them fit emblems of the unbending, uncompromising spirit of the modern bench. Only thirty years ago, it must be remembered, the sages of the law, even in ordinary society, sported a peculiar and marking head-gear; or rather there were two varieties in constant use, one brief and brown for the morning, the other white, pretty ample, and terminating in pigtail, for the Lord Mayor's Feast or Bloomsbury Drum. The epoch of Reform witnessed at once the abandonment of Bloomsbury and the final abolition of these judicial ensigns. The last adherent was, we believe, the excellent Mr. Justice James Alan Park—latterly distinguished accordingly as *Bushy Park*. The general disappearance of the episcopal perúke befel at the same era of change and alarm—being warned to set their house in order, they lost no time in dealing with their heads. At this day hardly one wig ever is visible even in the House of Lords: and we must say we doubt whether most of the right reverend fathers have gained in weight of aspect by this complete revolution. It has, of course, extended over all the inferior dignitaries of the clerical order. With the exception

of one most venerable relic which has often nodded in opposition to Dr. Parr's μεγα θαυμα, we do not suppose there remains one *Head*, with a wig, on the banks of either Cam or Isis. Yet people question the capacity or resolution for internal reforms in our academical Caputs!

The natural hair, after its long imprisonment, seemed for a moment to have run wild. The portraits of the beginning of the century, and even down to the time of Lawrence's supremacy, show the hair falling thickly upon the brow, and flowing, especially in the young, over the shoulders. Who can ever forget, that has once seen it, the portrait of young Lindley in the Dulwich Gallery by Sir Thomas—that noble and sad-looking brow, so softly shaded with luxuriant curls? At the present moment almost every lady one meets has her hair arranged in 'bands'—nothing but bands, the most severe and trying of all coiffures, and one only adapted to the most classic style of beauty. For the face, with a downright good-natured pug nose, or with one that is only pleasantly *retroussé*, to adopt it, is quite as absurd as for an architect to surmount an irregular Elizabethan building with a Doric frieze. Every physiognomy requires its own peculiar arrangement of hair, and we only wonder that this great truth has ever been lost sight of. There is a kind of hair full of graceful waves, which in Ireland is called 'good-natured hair.' There is something quite charming in its rippling line across the forehead. Art has attempted to imitate it, but the eye immediately detects the imposture—it no more resembles the real thing than the set smile of the opera-dancer does the genuine play of the features from some pleasurable emotion of the mind. This buckled hair is, in short, the same as that denounced by the early churchmen under the name of *the malice of the Devil*, a term which it well deserves. There is another kind of hair which is inclined to hang in slender threadlike locks just on the sides of the face, allowing the light and shade to fall upon the white skin beneath with delightful effect. Painters particularly affect this picturesque falling of the hair, and it is wonderful how it softens the face, and gives archness to the eyes, which peep out as it were between their own natural trellis-work or *jalousies*. We own to a love of the soft glossy ringlets which dally and toy with the light on their airy curves, and dance with every motion of the body. There is something exceedingly feminine and gentle in them, we think, which makes them more fitted for general adoption than any other style. But most of all to be admired for a noble generous countenance, is that compromise between the severe-looking 'band' and the flowing ringlet, in which the hair, in twisting coils of flossy silk, is allowed to fall from the forehead in a delicate sweep round that part of the cheek where it melts into the neck, and is then gathered up into a single shell-

like

like convolution behind. The Greeks were particularly fond of this arrangement in their sculpture, because it repeated the facial outline and displayed the head to perfection. Some naturally pretty women, following the lead of the strong-minded high-templed sisterhood, are in the habit of sweeping their hair at a very ugly angle off the brow, so as to show a tower of forehead and, as they suppose, produce an overawing impression. This is a sad mistake. Corinna, supreme in taste as in genius and beauty, knows better. The Greeks threw all the commanding dignity into the κόρυμβος—or bow-like ornament. We all admire this in the Diana of the British Museum. It was, however, used indifferently for both sexes—the Apollo Belvedere is crowned in the same manner. The ancients were never guilty of thinking a vast display of forehead beautiful in woman, or that it was in fact at all imposing in appearance—they invariably set the hair on low, and would have stared with horror at the atrocious practice of shaving it at the parting, adopted by some people to give height to the brow. We do not mean to lay down any absolute rule, however, even in this particular; the individuality which exists in every person's hair, as much as in their faces, should be allowed to assert itself, and the dead level of bands should never be permitted to extinguish the natural difference between the tresses of brown Dolores—'blue-black, lustrous, thick as horsehair'—and the Greek islanders' hair like sea-moss, that Alciphron speaks of. Least of all is such an abomination as 'fixature' allowable for one moment—he must have been a bold bad man indeed, who first circulated the means of solidifying the soft and yielding hair of woman.

There is much more individuality in the treatment of gentlemen's hair, simply because most of them leave it more alone, and allow Nature to take her course; nevertheless, the lords of the earth, like the ladies, have to a certain extent their prevailing formula, or rather the hairdressers have, of arranging the hair—to wit, one great sprawling wave across the forehead, with a cauliflower growth on either side. To this pattern the artists would, if they could, reduce all creation. Their opinion upon the graceful flow of the hair is to be found in that utmost effort of their science—the wig—we mean the upstart sham so styled. Was there ever such a hideous, artificial, gentish-looking thing as the George-the-Fourthian peruke—'half in storm, half in calm—patted down over the left temple, like a frothy cup one blows on to cool it?'—Its painfully white net parting, and its painfully tight little curls, haunt us. We scarcely ever see that type now in its full original horror—but bad is the best. It seems, at first thought, very odd that they cannot make a decent imitation of a head of hair. People forge old letters, even to the imitation of the stains of time and the fading of the ink; they copy a flower

until it will well-nigh entice a bee; but who ever failed to discover a wig on the instant? Its nasty, hard scalp-line against the forehead gives a positive shock to any person possessing nervous susceptibility. Surely something might be done. Nothing can ever be expected, however, to come quite up to that beautiful setting on of the hair which nature shows us; for, as a writer in a former number of this Review says—and we may be allowed to add, says beautifully—because the pen is now well known to have been held by feminine fingers—

'It is the exquisite line along the roots of the hair—the graceful undulations of the shores of the head, thus given to sight, with which we are fascinated. Here the skin is invariably found finer, and the colour tenderer, than in any other part of the human face—like the smooth, pure sands, where the tide has just retired.' *

Again, art can never match even the colour of the hair to the complexion and the temperament of the individual. Did any one ever see a man with a head of hair of his own growing that did not suit him? On the other hand, was there ever seen a wig that seemed a part of the man? The infinite variety of Nature in managing the coiffure is unapproachable. One man's hair she tosses up in a sea of curls; another's she smoothes down to the meekness of a maid's; a third's she flames up, like a conflagration; a fourth's she seems to have crystallized, each hair thwarting and crossing its neighbour, like a mass of needles; to a fifth she imparts that sweet and graceful flow which F. Grant and all other feeling painters do their best to copy. In colour and texture, again, she is equally excellent; each flesh-tint has its agreeing shade and character of hair, which if a man departs from, he disguises himself. What a standing protest is the sandy whisker to the glossy black peruke! Again, how contradictory and withered a worn old face looks, whose shaggy white eyebrows are crowned by chestnut curling locks! It reminds us of a style of drawing in vogue with ladies some years since, in which a bright-coloured haymaker is seen at work in a cold, blacklead pencil landscape.

Of the modern beard and whisker we desire to write respectfully. A mutton chop seems to have suggested the form of the substantial British whisker. Out of this simple design countless varieties of forms have arisen. How have they arisen? Can any one give an account of his own whiskers from their birth upwards? To our mind there is nothing more mysterious than the growth of this manly appendage. Did any far-seeing youth deliberately design his own whisker? Was there ever known a hobbledehoy who saw 'a great future' in his silken down, and determined to train it in the way it should go? We think not. British whiskers, in truth, have grown up like all the great institutions of the country, noiselessly

* See Essays by the Authoress of Letters from the Baltic, lately collected as *Reading for the Rail.*

and

and persistently—an outward expression, as the Germans would say, of the inner life of the people; the general idea allowing of infinite variety according to the individuality of the wearer. Let us take the next half-dozen men passing by the window as we write. The first has his whiskers tucked into the corners of his mouth, as though he were holding them up with his teeth. The second whisker that we descry has wandered into the middle of the cheek, and there stopped as though it did not know where to go to, like a youth who has ventured out into the middle of a ball-room with all eyes upon him. Yonder bunch of bristles (No. 3) twists the contrary way under the owner's ear: he could not for the life of him tell why it retrograded so. That fourth citizen with the vast Pacific of a face has little whiskers which seem to have stopped short after two inches of voyage, as though aghast at the prospect of having to double such a Cape Horn of a chin. We perceive coming a tremendous pair, running over the shirt-collar in luxuriant profusion. Yet we see as the colonel or general takes off his hat to that lady that he is quite bald—those whiskers are, in fact, nothing but a tremendous landslip from the veteran's head!

Even in Europe, some skins seem to have no power of producing hair at all. Dark, thick-complexioned people are frequently quite destitute of either beard or whisker, and Nature now and then, as if to restore the balance, produces a hairy woman. A charming example was exhibiting a short time since in town. The description she gives of herself in every particular we will not back, but here it is from the printed bill:—

'The public is most respectfully informed that Mad. FORTUNNE, one of the most curious phenomenons which ever appeared in Europe, has arrived in London, in the person of a young woman, 21 years of age, whose face, which is of an extraordinary whiteness, is surrounded by a beard as black as jet, about four inches in length. The beard is as thick and bushy as that of any man. The young lady is a native of Geneva, in Switzerland, and has received a most brilliant education. She speaks French fluently, and will answer all the questions that may be addressed to her. Her beard, which reaches from one eye to the other, perfectly encircles the face, forming the most surprising contrast, but without impairing its beauty. Her bust is most finely formed, and leaves not the least doubt as to her sex. She will approach all the persons who may honour her with their presence, and give an account of her origin and birth, and explain the motives which induced her to quit her country. Everybody will also be allowed to touch her beard, so as to be convinced that it is perfectly natural.'

The beard was certainly a most glorious specimen, and shamed any man's that we have ever seen.

Of the *expression* of hair—could we *press* for the nonce a quill from Esthonia—much might be well and edifyingly said. The

The Greeks, with their usual subtilty in reading Nature, and interpreting her in their works of Art, have distinguished their gods by the variations of this excrescence. Thus the hair of the Phidian Jove in the Vatican, which rises in spouts as it were from the forehead, and then falls in wavy curls, is like the mane of the lion, most majestic and imperial in appearance. The crisp curls of Hercules again remind us of the short locks between the horns of the indomitable bull; whilst the hair of Neptune falls down wet and dank like his own seaweed. The beautiful flowing locks of Apollo, full and free, represent perpetual youth; and the gentle, vagrant, bewitching tresses of Venus denote most clearly her peculiar characteristics and claims as a divinity of Olympus. What gives the loose and wanton air to the portraits in Charles II.'s bedchamber at Hampton Court? Duchess and Countess sweep along the canvas with all the dignity that Lely could flatter them with; but on the disordered curls and the forehead fringed with love-locks Cyprian is plainly written. Even Nell Gwyn, retired into the deep shade of the alcove, beckons us with her sweet soft redundance of ringlets. But too well woman knows the power Venus has endowed her with in this silken lasso:—

'Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair.'

In the rougher sex the temper and disposition are more apparent from the set of the hair than in woman, because, as already observed, they allow it to follow more the arrangement of nature. Curly hair bespeaks the sanguine temperament, lank hair the phlegmatic. Poets for the most part, we believe, have had curly hair—though our own age has exhibited some notable exceptions to the rule. Physiology has not yet decided upon what the curl is dependent, but we feel satisfied it arises from a flattening of one side of the hair more than the other.

So well do people understand the character as expressed by the hair and its management, that it is used as a kind of index. Commercial ideas are very exact respecting it. What chance would a gentleman with a moustache have of getting a situation in a bank? Even too much whisker is looked upon with suspicion. A clean shave is usually, as the world goes, expected in persons aspiring to any post of serious trust. We confess that few monstrosities in this line affect us more dismally than the combination of dandy *favoris* with the, however reduced, perúke of Brother Briefless or Brother Hardup. It is needless to add that anything like hirsute luxuriance about a sacerdotal physiognomy is offensive to every orthodox admirer of the *via media*—to all the Anglican community, it is probable, excepting some inveterate embroideresses of red and blue altar-cloths and tall curates' slippers.

ART.

ART. III.—1. *An Inquiry into the Person and Age of the long-lived Countess of Desmond.* By Hon. Horace Walpole. Strawberry Hill, 1758.
2. *Historic Doubts as to the Character and Person of Richard III.* 1767.
3. *Letter from Mr. Meyrick. MS.* 1775.
4. *Notes and Queries.* Vols. iv.—v. 1851-2.

HORACE WALPOLE, while engaged in investigating the documents concerning Richard the Third, preparatory to his *Historic Doubts*, found that one important fragment of evidence depended solely on the traditional testimony of an apocryphal witness. He had 'often heard that the aged Lady Desmond lived to 162 or 163 years'— and a story was current in some noble families that 'she had danced with Richard III., and always affirmed he was the handsomest man in the room, except his brother Edward, and was very well made.' A certain Sir Walter St. John and a certain 'old Lady Dacre' were said to have conversed with our ultra-venerable Countess, and, from her oral declaration, to have handed down this *judicium*—in refutation of the *spretæ injuria formæ* of the calumniated prince—through 'old Lord St. John,' his sister, Mrs. Cholmondeley, and a host of their posterity. Such a description of evidence, though inadmissible at the bar of a legal tribunal, might be brought forward in a High Court of Literature, before which the ingenious advocate was about to plead for the defendant in the cause of *Lancastrian Historians* v. *Richard Plantagenet.* Yet the learned counsel saw that, before he could expect the hearsay of these witnesses to be received, it would be requisite to identify the principal one. Little credit was likely to be attached to the garrulities of such elderly ladies and gentlemen, the remotest of whom was an almost fabulous personage, a myth, a 'Mrs. Harris' of the middle ages. The longevity ascribed to her was not less open to scepticism than the singular opinion she was quoted for as to the symmetry of a prince known in nursery tales as 'Crook-backed Richard.' Did this Irish phenomenon—who lived so long—ever exist at all? And how came she at a court ball in London under Edward IV.? Accordingly, the lord of Strawberry Hill commenced 'an Inquiry into the Person and Age of the long-lived Countess of Desmond;' and, although he at first confounded another who bore that title with the veritable object of his investigation, he arrived at a correct conclusion as to her identity:—and in short ought to have for ever set at rest the controversial question, still agitated in that occasionally useful resuscitant of dead knowledge yclept *Notes and Queries*—the antiquary's

antiquary's *news*-paper. Walpole's starting mistake is hardly worth adverting to now, further than that it is amusing to see the gay manner in which so agreeable a writer unravels a somewhat dull antiquarian entanglement. He says:—

'Having a few years ago had a curiosity to inform myself of the particulars of the life of the very aged Countess of Desmond, I was much surprised to find no certain account of so extraordinary a person: neither exactly how long she lived, nor even who she was; the few circumstances related of her depending on mere tradition.'

By and bye he received a distinct statement that 'she was buried at Sligo;' and, on further inquiry, an inscription in that Irish Abbey certainly indicated that a lady of the designation had been interred there. Walpole applied to a friend in the neighbourhood to procure a copy of it. The gentleman written to was 'the O'Conor Don,' already supposed to be well versed in the antiquities of his nation, and still mentioned with general respect as the 'venerable Charles O'Conor.' A chieftain of that regal race had been the second husband of the entombed Countess, and the monument, which set forth his titles and emblazonments, was commonly called 'O'Conor's tomb.' The representative of the Kings of Connaught eagerly deciphered the almost obliterated epitaph, acting the part of Old Mortality for, as he declares, 'many hours on a high ladder, it costing much time to clear the letters.' He also traced the figures sculptured on the tablets—the effigies of O'Conor, clad in armour, with his helmet by his side, and of *Eleanora, Comitissa Desmoniæ*, with her coronet and coat of arms—those of Butler impaled with Fitzgerald and O'Conor. But, by the inscription, the memorial had been erected by the lady herself, in 1624, on the death of her second husband; and, on referring to a recent Peerage-book, it appeared that, having bequeathed the sum of 300*l.* for the building of a chapel and the completion of this monument, she died so late as 1636. Could she be identical with a dame whose *dancing* days were so remote as to imply an interval in life of more than a century and a half? After due reflexion, Walpole, in an elaborate letter, declared he doubted whether Eleanor of Sligo could be the Desmonian Countess reported to have reached such an immense age.

Before entering into these doubts, a sketch may be given of the fortunes of this Sligo claimant, in illustration of the downfal of the house of Desmond, and of the history of its dowagers.

Eleanor Butler, the Sligo lady, was second wife to Garrett, the 16th Earl of Desmond—head of that great second branch of the Irish Geraldines which for a long period fully equalled the renown and influence of the elder line of Offally, Kildare, and Leinster.

Leinster. The death of his father, James 15th Earl, known in pedigrees as *the traitor*, occurred in 1558. The earldom extended over 110 miles, and contained more than half a million acres, with many strong castles and walled towns; its revenues were computed by a Baron of the Exchequer, *anno* 1515, at 10,000*l.*, and, in Garrett's own time, at 40,000 gold pieces. In Kerry he exercised royal authority as Count Palatine;—he boasted higher privileges and immunities than any other peer in Ireland, and—his ancestors having for centuries assumed the rude sway of a Celtic dynasty over many inferior lords—domineered with the combined powers of feudality and chieftainry, the ruling systems of the Norman and Celtic races. On raising his banner he was at once leader of 600 horse and 2000 foot—but this force he could readily double by an unlimited custom of quartering mercenary auxiliaries upon his vassals. The extensive forests and mountain fastnesses of his remote principality inspired a confidence that he might not only revenge an hereditary quarrel, but even defy the hostility of the Crown. Such dominion proved fatal to a man of haughty and intractable character, at a time when the growing authority of monarchy and law was opposed to the barbarous rule of clanship—and he became the *ingens rebellibus exemplar* of Irish history. The black Earl of Ormond—between whose house and the Geraldines there was ancient and deadly feud—laid claim to the Desmond estates in right of his mother, who was the heiress of a deceased Palatine—(*viz.* James 11th Earl of Desmond, *ob.* 1529)—and moreover was the *first* wife of this Garrett;—and there is reason to believe that the vindictive enmity of that great nobleman to his stepfather—together with the unrelenting policy pursued towards Earl Garrett—(whose vast possessions were an inducement to make, or proclaim, him a rebel)—were the actual causes of the sixteenth Desmond's destruction—and that, to use his own expressive phrase, he was 'wrung into undutifulness.' His life was one of contradiction and vicissitude. Born a younger son, the bequest of his *traitor* father (who had divorced a former wife on pretence of consanguinity) was his weak title to peerage and estates—until confirmed by the Queen, on condition of his furthering the Protestant interest: yet, in after times, his power was employed in advancing Romanism. When at the head of 5000 men, confronting a superior force under Ormond, he was only restrained from falling upon him by the entreaties of his own wife—the mother of his enemy; and, one short month after her death, was attacked by that same Ormond—when attended only by his usual retinue, some nine score men, and carried off in a wounded condition. At one time, he feasted the chiefs of a province in the great hall of Askeaton; at another, starved with a few 'wretched kerne'

kerne' in a hollow tree: and gave chase to the red deer and the wolf on his own wild mountains; or was immured for many years in Leeds Castle, Kent, or in the Tower of London.

During Earl Garrett's incarceration, James Fitz-Maurice, a near relative,* acted as seneschal, or lieutenant, over his estates. The patrimony of this man, a fertile barony south of the city of Cork, called Kerrycurrihy, had passed by mortgage to a Kentish knight, who had the custody of the Earl's person. The captive secretly sent an intimation to his seneschal to assume the leadership of the clan; on this hint Fitz-Maurice raised, with some difficulty, a sanguinary insurrection —ravaged the lost paradise of Kerrycurrihy—aroused, *for the first time*, the war-cry of religion—and carried on for several years a guerilla warfare, only to be appeased by the liberation of his politic chief. In reward of this exploit, the Palatine of Desmond granted him the manor of Carrickfoyle; but, on the Countess remonstrating at such an alienation of the domains of the earldom, the gift was revoked. The enraged desperado fled to the continent, ostensibly in quest of 'aid for the persecuted Catholics;' but intent on recovering his paternal estate, and, perhaps, supplanting his chief, whose title he assumed when abroad. At Madrid he fell in with a ruined *Sassenach* adventurer, Tom Stukely, and the congenial pair proceeded to Rome, where they were 'prince-like entertained,' and succeeded in imposing upon Gregory XIII. with a plan for invading the Green Isle. The infatuated pontiff had promised to confer all the British dominions upon Philip II., provided that monarch could conquer them!—but, on Stukely's representing to his holiness that he could with facility raise his own 'nephew,' Giacomo Buoncompagno, to the Irish throne, Gregory embraced the suggestion—assembled an army of 800 banditti, culled from the jails and galleys of the Ecclesiastical States—appointed Stukely to be vice-admiral of the fleet, and created him Baron of Idrone, Earl of Wexford and Carlow, and Marquis of Leinster. The career of this lord of lavish and spurious titles was brief and inglorious. On his invasive voyage he landed at Lisbon, where he was persuaded by Sebastian of Portugal to engage himself and

* Fitz-Maurice was apparently adopted very generally as a surname among the wide-spread descendants of Maurice Fitzgerald, first Earl of Desmond. Another great branch of the Geraldines, that of which the Marquis of Lansdowne is chief, seems also to have favoured the same patronymic, which is still retained, in memory of an earlier Maurice, common ancestor of all the Irish lines. We need hardly observe that the use of surnames, in our sense of that term, was extremely lax and irregular among the Anglo-Irish, long after it had been pretty well settled in England. Many Geraldines, it is plain, were designated merely as Fitz-John or Fitz-William, according to the baptismal name of their own immediate progenitors.

his

his troops in his service, and, sailing with that prince on his fatal expedition to Barbary, fell with him at the battle of Alcazar.

The end of the Hibernian conspirator was less distinguished. The Pope, indeed, gave him the high-sounding title of *generalissimo,* and, in the same bull, confirmed his claim to the coveted patrimony by styling him 'Lord of Kerrycurrihy.' Fitz-Maurice, thus ennobled—sanguinely sailed for Ireland with three ships and 100 men—and startled the isle from its propriety by landing at Dingle on the 18th July, 1579—following—in solemn procession—three zealous divines, the celebrated Dr. Sanders, as Papal Nuncio, the Jesuit Alen, and O'Mulrian, titular Bishop of Killaloe, in full canonicals, with crozier and mitre: before which trio two friars bore 'the Pope's standard'—an especially consecrated banner. Signal fires blazed on the mountains, and scouts despatched to every disaffected chief exaggerated the numbers of the invading friends of freedom, and spread rumours of coming reinforcements of Spanish argosies, laden with veterans, arms, and Indian gold. Some five hundred Italians and Spaniards indeed—the precursors of the Armada—landed a year afterwards, and were slain without mercy by Arthur Lord Grey and Sir Walter Raleigh—the Arthegal and Talus of *the Faëry Queen.* Tall ships were reported off the coast! Of the Earl of Desmond's force of twelve hundred men, all but a few joined the rebel camp, where the holy banner—picturing the crucifixion—was displayed daily to increasing numbers, and hailed with the new slogan of *Papa-aboo!* The viceroy sent for men, arms, and money from England—he could only borrow two hundred pounds in Dublin on the security of the state!—and, promising that he himself would 'visit the guests with adventure of his life,' admonished Burleigh to 'stand stoutly to the helm, for a great storm was at hand!' The gathering tempest, though differing in nature from that which scattered the Armada, was not less retributive. James, the 'Lord of Kerrycurrihy,' soon fell in a miserable brawl, and his body became a target for the soldiery: the Jesuit was slain in battle: and the Nuncio died at last of hunger in a wood, where his remains were found half devoured by wolves. The command of the insurgents was assumed by a younger brother of the Desmond, who remained personally inactive—but proofs of whose collusion were found on the corpse of the Jesuit. Presently, therefore, when the Palatine—who claimed a privilege of 'not coming to the governor of Ireland unless he listed'—failed to attend the repeated summons of a commander of the Queen's forces, an attack was made on his castle of Askeaton, the tombs of his ancestors in the adjoining abbey were destroyed, the country ravaged with fire and sword—and he himself finally proclaimed a traitor

a traitor by sound of trumpet. The haughty Geraldine, goaded on every side, then threw off the mask, and rushed 'frantically' into open rebellion.

His fate is related with not unaffecting simplicity by Sir Richard Baker, the oracle of Coverley Hall:—

'Desmond possessed whole counties, together with the palatinate of Kerry, and had of his own name and race at least five hundred gentlemen at his command; all of whom, and his own life also, he lost within the space of three years, very few of the house being left alive.'

We must, however, pause for a brief retrospect of some particulars. The reigning Countess (our Sligo lady) had frequently been a mediatrix between her 'mad-brained' consort and the English satraps. As Palatine he administered justice but indifferently in the 'kingdom of Kerry,' as that district, in which the king's writ, if it ran, ran away, is still called. Beside its own supply of lawless men—an especially formidable band of whom were known, in Gaelic, as the Old Evil Children of the Wood—the rebels, outlaws, and cattle-lifters of other counties sheltered themselves within the sanctuary which this palatinate liberty afforded. Sir William Drury—recently in command on the Scottish frontier, where he had 'daunted the thieves of the borders and made the rush-bush keep the cow'—was appointed to the newly-created presidency of Munster; and, without caring for musty patents, announced his intention of 'executing justice' within the privileged rule of the Geraldine principality. The Lord Palatine was furious—but, dissembling his passion, sent hospitable offers to Sir William, desiring that he and his retinue, when passing through Kerry, would visit his house at Tralee. The President, having held sessions at different towns, rode over accordingly—but attended by a guard of only 120 soldiers. The Irish Earl had, in the mean while, assembled some 800 chosen followers, intending—if the chronicler Hooker is to be believed—to surprise his unsuspecting guest, 'and, instead of a *bien venu* into the country, to have cut him off from ever coming there again.' The courageous Englishman—met by this apparently hostile array—ordered his men to charge; but, continues the chronicle, the Palatine and his company, though well armed and seven to one, 'being as it were astonished, forsook the fields and dispersed themselves into the woods.' On riding up to the house to learn the meaning of this strange affair, Drury was met by the Countess, who 'fell on her knees, held up her hands, and with trilling tears praied his patience and pardon, excusing, as well as she could, her husband's follie;' she declared that the company, so precipitate in flight, had been assembled as a great hunting-party to welcome him as Lord President, and had merely advanced on seeing his

his lordship approach. 'And herein she so wiselie and modestlie did behave hirselfe,' that Drury was satisfied, and the untoward occurrence overlooked. Now—by our faith in St. Hubert! —the Earl, however sore, was not yet mad, and only meant to gratify his guest with the spectacle of one of those grand chases for which the Highlands of Scotland and the sylvan regions of Ireland were celebrated; and his lady might have pointed, like Edith in the 'Talisman,' to the headless lances of the horsemen! Sir James Ware alludes to the martial games of the Irish cavalry, performed with darts not headed with iron, and to 'their hunting of the stagg, a recreation much resembling the affairs of war.' When Ormond, Clanricarde, or Kildare sounded their bugles—

> 'A thousand vassals mustered round,
> With horse, and hawk, and horn, and hound.'

The cavalcade the Earl had assembled included, in all likelihood, many of the best born of the Desmonians, and some hot chiefs of Celtic race—men who would hardly have fled, with odds so much in their favour, had *human* bloodshed been intended. Our rural grandee wished to honour the representative of Majesty with a chivalrous compliment; but the President was distrustful, and lost a day of magnificent sport.

In 1579, after Desmond had committed himself by acts of undisguised violence, his Countess brought their only son to the English camp, as a hostage, and entreated for mercy. Though not aware of the displeasure which Elizabeth had shown at the proceedings against her husband,* her first impulse was to hasten over to plead his cause at the foot of the throne; and she wrote to Ormond to obtain the permission of the Viceroy, Sir William Pelham, adding that she 'meant to sell her kine to provide the means of travelling.' Her request was forwarded:—'I have considered,' answered Pelham, 'my ladie of Desmond's letter, and truly I take it for a dream: for if my ladie can be a traitor and a true woman at her pleasure, and enjoy her husband's goods and lands, and her own libertie, as if no offence had been committed, she hath the best hap of any ladie living; therefore I pray your lordship stay your hand from this her vain petition till our meeting, and answer her letter with silence, for it deserveth none other.' Lady Desmond continued to share all the misery of her lord's proscribed state. In the following year (1580) Pelham writes to the Queen—dating his despatch from our Palatine's ancestral castle at Askeaton—'the Earl, without rest anywhere, flieth from place to place, and maketh mediation for peace by the Countess, who yesterday I licensed to have speech with me here, whose abondance of tears bewrayed sufficientlie the miserable state both of herself, her husband,

* MS., State Paper Office, and Pelham's Journal, Carew MS. 597.

and

and their followers.' Again:—'the Earl is unhowsed of all his goods, and must now tread the woods and bogs, which he will do as unwieldily as any man in the world of his age.' So keenly was the outlawed peer hunted that he could not trust in any stronghold, but 'shrowded himself' in glyns and swamps, and in the winter of 1582 kept a cold Christmas in Kilqueg wood.'

On the night of the 4th of January the hiding-place of the fallen fugitive, now stricken with palsy and ague, was discovered: the hovel in which he and his lady slept was surrounded;—he narrowly saved himself from capture—escaping in his shirt—and both remained concealed under a bank of the neighbouring river 'up to their chins in water' until the baffled soldiery abandoned the search. 'Lurking in wild desert places' and 'feeding on horse-flesh and carrion'—the famishing Earl sent out a party of kerne to seize on some cattle; the plunderers stripped the wife and children of the owner—who, inflamed by the accumulated outrage, and obtaining assistance of a few soldiers from Castlemain fort, went instantly in pursuit. After a weary chace the military refused to proceed, but, on being promised 'two beeves of the prey' if they succeeded in recovering it, all went forward. 'The track was followed by daylight to Balleore, and by moonshine towards Glenayinty under Sliavloghra,' where the chacers climbed the hill 'above the glinne, to spy whether they might see anie fire in the wood, or hear anie stir; and, having come to the height over the glinne, they saw a fire underneath them.' One stole down, and discovered a cabin in which some men were asleep. At dawn of day the whole party descended, and entered the cabin 'with a great cry;' those within rushed out, leaving behind an infirm and helpless man;—his arm was almost severed from his body by one of the soldiers—whose sword being again raised to despatch him, he exclaimed, 'I am the Earl of Desmond! Save my life!'* He was carried off alive on the backs of his captors for some distance, but, the approach of his followers being feared, the wretched man was placed on the ground, and his head (for which a reward, equivalent to 10,000*l.*, had been offered) struck off, and taken to Ormond, who forwarded the prize to the Queen. It was at last impaled on London Bridge. Hooker, writing three years after the event, was uncertain whether his body was buried or devoured by 'wild beasts.' 'Thus,' he says, 'a noble race, descended out of the loins of princes, is now, for treasons and rebellions, utterly extinguished and overthrown.' Such was the importance long attached to the destruction of this powerful chieftain, that the place where he met his death is thus indicated in Sir William Petty's map of Ireland, engraved more than a century afterwards: 'In this wood the Earle of Desmond was slain in rebellion.'

* Churchyard's Scourge for Rebels, 1584. Black letter.

After

After the Earl's fall, the chronicler states, 'his ladie and wife, destituted of all honours and livings, liveth a doleful and miserable life.' Queen Elizabeth, however, subsequently compassionated her, and, to supply the loss of her jointure consequent upon the attainder, granted her a pension of 200*l.* a-year; some of the *arrears* of which she devoted to pious purposes.

To proceed with the Strawberry Hill investigation. Walpole quotes Sir William Temple as reducing the 'aged' Countess's age to 140, and as adding 'that she had been married out of England in the reign of Edward IV., and, being reduced to great poverty by the ruin of the Irish family into which she married, came from Bristol to London towards the *end of the reign of James I.* to beg relief from Court.' Walpole, however, as we have seen, could not on reflexion acquiesce in the supposition that the person so described and the widow of the decapitated Garrett were the same. If poor, how could she have left the large sum of 300*l.* for a chapel and sumptuous monument at Sligo? Again, if she was 140 years old in 1636, the date of her death, she was not born in the time of the Yorkist dynasty; and, as her first husband, the rebel Garrett, was killed in 1583, must have reached the mature age of 87 when she ventured on a second:—

'That is possible,' observes the author of *The Mysterious Mother*:—'If she lived to one hundred and forty, she might be in the vigour of her age (at least not dislike the vigour of his) at eighty-seven. But [the rebel] Desmond's *first* wife died in 1564, and, if *he* remarried the next day, his bride must have been sixty-eight; yet she had a son and five daughters by him. I fear, with all her juvenile powers, she must have been past breeding at sixty-eight.'

The punctilio of waiting until the day after the first wife's death was not always observed by the Anglo-Irish nobility. There is an order in the council-book of Henry VIII.'s time, 'for the captenship of Clanricarde, upon the death of Ulick de Burgo, the first Erle of Clanricarde, during the minoritie of his sonne, and until it were determined who was his lawful heir male, for that he had three married wives at the time of his death.' A subsequent despatch states it was not known who was the late Lord Ulick's legitimate heir, there had been so many marriages and divorces,—'but no doubt he married this last whoman solemply.' The unscrupulous manner in which the English monarch dissolved his own marriages was not lost upon the Irish. They freely ridiculed his changes of tenets and wives; and, when he dictated to the Church, scoffed at him as a 'new Pope in England'—barring celibacy.

Walpole, however, had now sufficiently shown it to be impossible that the Countess buried in Sligo Abbey could have been *the* Countess—of happy and *good* memory—who danced in her youth with Richard Duke of Gloucester, and who, like the Lady Anne, found him

him to be 'a marvellous proper man.' The veracity of *the* 'old Lady Desmond's' remembrance of the prince's person was as much as ever the grand point of interest with him—he still, as he says:—'Not at all crediting the accounts of his deformity—from which Buck has so well defended him, both by observing the silence of Comines, who mentions the beauty of King Edward, and was too sincere to have passed over such remarkable ugliness in a foreigner; and from Dr. Shaw's appeal to the people, before the Protector's face, whether his highness was not a comely prince, and the exact image of his father. The power that could enslave them could not have kept them from laughing at such an apostrophe, had the Protector been as ill-shapen as the Lancastrian historians represent him.'

To this defence, as he proceeds, 'the Desmond Lady's testimony,' if its authenticity could be cleared, must 'add great weight.' Having, therefore, demolished the pretensions of the Sligo countess, Mr. Walpole sets up an imaginary 'Desmond Lady,' marries her to a son of a certain sixth earl, and endeavours to fit her into the imperfect mosaic. This lord had been driven into exile, and the title became vested in a junior branch. Horace, however, conjectures that his son may have assumed it—and 'her husband being only a titular earl solves the difficulty of the silence of genealogists on so extraordinary a person.' The story of the romantic marriage and subsequent fate of the exiled earl, though not omitted by the lamented poet of Ireland in his History, is more effectually embalmed in one of his Melodies, the ode to beauty—'Desmond's Song.' The young lord—'by Feal's wave benighted, not a star in the skies'—returning late from hunting, took shelter under the roof of one of his tenants, and became so enamoured of his humble host's daughter, the beautiful Catherine M'Cormac, that he married her. An alliance so dishonouring to his blood drew down upon him the anger and enmity of his kindred:—friends and followers at once abandoned him, and even assisted his uncle James—*according to the old Irish custom*—to expel him from his estates, and force him to surrender the earldom. Thus persecuted, the unhappy young nobleman retired to Rouen, where he died in the year 1420, and was buried in Paris; the victorious King of England, Henry V., it is added, attending his funeral. Not merely had he disgraced his lineage by marrying a plebeian; he had transgressed against a recent enactment, which was intended to be the safeguard of the Englishry by prohibiting the adoption of native usages, elective chieftaincy, and *brehon* laws. The penalties of attainder and a traitor's death were provided by the statute of Kilkenny for any Englishman who formed alliance with *les Irois, par marriage, comfraternitè, nurture des enfantz, ou par amour.* The last clause is noticeable enough. Milesian women were to be avoided as sternly as the daughters of the Philistine! Breaches of this law were the cause of the fall of many of his house. The cruel uncle

uncle had been nurtured, or educated, by O'Brien of Thomond—(a royal dispensation being first obtained)—and there, no doubt, he learnt the clan-law custom of usurpation: an evil lesson practised on himself, in his old age, by his own son who, according to a native annalist, was cursed by his father when setting off to attend the fatal parliament at Drogheda—where he was beheaded.

'Those Geraldines, those Geraldines, not long our air they breathed,
Not long they fed on venison in Irish water seethed—
Not often had their children been by Irish mothers nursed,
When from their full and genial hearts an Irish feeling burst.
The English monarchs strove in vain, by law, and force, and bribe,
To win from Irish thoughts and ways this *more than Irish* tribe;
For still they clung to fosterage, to brehon, cloak, and bard—
What king dare say to Geraldine, *your Irish wife discard?*'

So sang the poet of 'Young Ireland.' It is to be admitted that the Hibernicized Englishmen of old were ready enough to defy both legal and regal authority. At the same time, however, both they and their compatriots, the mere Irish, indulged in a strange facility of discarding their spouses at their *own* pleasure. Beside their custom of hand-fasting—a probationary tie for a year and a day—in one sense quite a slip-knot—their complaisant clergy readily accommodated them by severing the bands of actual wedlock, on the score of consanguinity, or affinity, or even the spiritual kinship of *god-sibry*.

'They marry,' says Camden, 'not *in presenti* but *in futuro*. Upon this account the least difference generally parts them, the husband taking another wife and the wife another husband; nor is it certain whether the contract be true or false till they die Hence arise feuds, rapines, murders, and deadly enmities about succeeding to the inheritance. The cast-off wives have recourse to the witches, these being looked upon as able to afflict the former husband with personal calamity Divorces, under pretence of conscience, are very frequent.'

The Church of Rome gradually extended its prohibition of marriage even to *seventh* cousins. In those days—when society was cut up by lines and divisions now unknown to the most exclusive of lady patronesses—when court balls were infrequent, Almack's yet uninstituted, archery *fêtes* not even visionary—it must have been difficult for gentlemen to find charmers of their own station who were not related within the prohibited degree. This '*forbidding to marry*' is considered by many historians, among others by the auther of the *Vindiciæ Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ*, to have been originally invented with a view to smooth the conversion of heathen princes:—

'Upon the question of marriage, the point,' writes Southey, 'upon which they were most unwilling to conform, a tacit compromise

appears to have been made. They could not openly be allowed to retain their habits of polygamy; but, by widening the circle of the prohibited degrees, means were afforded them for having as many wives as they pleased in succession: it was but to find a flaw of this nature in the marriage, when a chieftain was tired of his wife, and the ecclesiastical authorities assisted him in his desire of dismissing her, and permitted him to take another in her stead.'

Soon after Cardinal Wolsey was created Legate, he manufactured a supply of bulls of dispensation to marry within the forbidden degrees, for the Irish market; but his consignee, Alen, advised him that the commodities went off but slowly. The Englishry were either too poor to buy them, or sometimes procured them by 'Rome-runners' from the fountain head; while the Irishry did not seek for them, and were apt to rob, or murder, messengers sent into their countries. Wolsey's bulls were also insufficiently distinct as to the degrees of consanguinity and affinity. 'For many parts under the king's obeysaunce'—writes Alen—'there are penal statutes that no Englisman shall marrie with the Irish, so that they be intricate in consanguinitie: and besides, the people be so propine to evil they would marrie without dispensation, or else be enforced to sue to the Court of Rome.' According to a bull dated some years earlier, for the erection of a collegiate church in Galway, it appears that in a whole province—now the howling desert of 'the Lion of Judah,' *alias* 'John, Archbishop of Tuam'—the 'wild Irish Highlandmen' (as they are uncourteously styled by the pope) had not conformed to the Romish ritual, and did not, in fact, at all acknowledge the jurisdiction of the ultramontane See.

The inconvenience of waiting for a licence from Rome proved so insupportable to some impatient cousins, that love—who laughs at locksmiths—even pressed the craft of the forge into his service. A rude die was recently found in the ruins of an abbey on the Waterford estuary, the apparent use of which was to make the seal, or *bulla*, in the process of forging a papal document. A similar curiosity was dredged up from the Thames, after the reconstruction of London bridge, and is now in the possession of Mr. Corner, F.S.A. This instrument, a pair of pincers, the inner faces having dies of hard steel, and bearing the name of Pope Pius II., is supposed to have belonged to St. Thomas' Chapel, (which stood on the bridge and had an entrance from the river,) and to have been used for supplying pardons and indulgences to seafaring people—ready customers for such articles.

The social history of the Irish shows how grievously they suffered from the shackling effects of *Romish* doctrines concerning matrimony, and how severely they were punished for their disregard of the *Divine* law of its institution.

To

To revert to the imaginary spouse of the exiled Earl's son. Walpole, soon dropping his shadowy creation, casts about in other directions, and, by and bye, mutely, takes up the true scent:—

'I find,' he writes, 'a new evidence, which, agreeing with Temple's account, seems to clash a little with my last supposition. This authority is no less than Sir Walter Raleigh's, who, in his History of the World, says expressly that he himself "knew the old Countess of Desmond, of Inchiquin, who lived in the year 1589, and many years since, who was married in Edward the Fourth's time, *and held her jointure from all the Earls of Desmond since then;* and that this is true, all the noblemen and gentlemen of Munster can witness." Her holding her jointure from all the Earls would imply that her husband was not of the titular line, but of that in possession; yet that difficulty is not so great as no such lady being mentioned in the pedigree.'

Though the father fell into obscurity in consequence of a *mésalliance*, it is rather hard on the son, had he married any one so memorable as the object of our search, that he should occupy an inconsiderable place in the pedigree, and his lady none at all! Princes and peers may be made by the breath of royalty, but the writer even of 'the best romance' can have no right to create a countess.

'However,' says the author of The Castle of Otranto, unsatisfied with his progress—

'All these are conjectures, which I should be glad to have ascertained or confuted by any curious person who could procure authentic testimonies of the birth, death, and family of this very remarkable lady; and to excite or assist which was the only purpose of this disquisition.'

Such a strict verification of facts as alone would satisfy so sceptic an inquirer, sooth to say, can never be obtained. If parish registers *may* be searched for a lady's age, one of the fifteenth century would be a curiosity in Ireland, where the labours of the Registrar-General are unknown in the nineteenth. As to any record of connubial engagements, we have seen how loosely the contract itself was often kept. Walpole, however, kept up his inquiries—and at last a sympathizer sent him this quotation from a then recently published authority:—

'Thomas, Earl of Desmond, died this year (1534), being of a very great age, and was buried at Youghal. He married, first, Ellen, daughter of MacCarty, of Muskerry, by whom he had a son, Maurice, who died *vitâ patris*. The earl's second wife was CATHERINE FITZGERALD, daughter of the Fitzgeralds of Dromana, in the county of Waterford. *This Catherine was the countess that lived so long.*'

Arriving at the supposition that the lady (now at last ascertained and identified) was married at 15, in the last year of Edward IV., and died in 1612, two years prior to the publication of the 'History of the World,' Horace concludes with the remark

that 'she will then have been no less than 145 years of age, a particularity singular enough to excite, and I hope excuse, this inquiry.' May *we* add—our own prolixity? His interest, let it be observed, was little due to the lady's mere longevity:—though verily, in celebrating 'the triumphs,' in writing to Mann, 'of two old beauties,' la Princesse Craon and la Maréchale de l'Hôpital, and in his real affection for the bewitching octogenarian, Madame du Deffand, he evinces sympathy *pour des dames vieilles.* Our Lady of Desmond was but a handmaiden, in her ancillary testimony, to his 'Historic Doubts' as to the converse of comeliness in a King of England. Yet his was no ephemeral sentiment, for, by the letter of 1775 (*penes nos*) he was still harping on her gossipings with Sir Walter St John and Lady Dacre.

Having 'thrid the maze' of his investigation, in which he contrives to enliven even the dreariness of dates, we may proceed to gather up a few other authorities and illustrations. A MS. State Paper, dated 1589, enumerates among the forfeitures of the attainted Garrett, 'the castle and manor of Inchiquin, *now in the hands* of Dame Katherine Fitz-John, late wyfe to Thomas, sometyme Earl of Desmond, for terme of lyef as for hir dower.' The desolated possessions of the rebel had been given away—the grantees undertaking to settle English colonists in the land; but, having failed in this engagement, they were now called on to fulfil it. Sir Walter Raleigh, who was in this category, after specifying the leases he had made, thus concludes his rejoinder:—'There remaynes unto me but an old castle and demayne, which are yet in occupation of the old Countes of Desmond for her jointure.' It was then that the accomplished Raleigh, 'chased from court by Essex, and confined into Ireland,' sat with Edmond Spenser on the shady banks of the Mulla, and listened to the first stanzas of the 'Faëry Queen,' which the poet was completing in another fortalice of the Desmonds. Youghal College, founded in the preceding century by one of the same line, was also bestowed on the gallant soldier of fortune, and the warden's house is still shown as his residence, when mayor of the town, with its dark oak panelling, and richly-carved mantel-piece rising up to the ceiling in the full pride of Tudor magnificence. All that remains of Inchiquin Castle, a few miles distant from that port, is a single circular tower of massive proportions. There is a 'Portrait of the aged Countess' in the possession of Mr. Herbert, of Mucross Abbey, Killarney, professing to have been executed during her final visit to London—and repeating some of the other alleged facts of her history in an inscription, which, as it is painted on the canvas to all appearance contemporaneously, seems to prove the authenticity of the likeness:—

'Catherine,

'Catherine, Countesse of Desmonde, as she appeared at y^e^ Court of our sovraigne Lord King James in this preasant yeare A.D. 1614, and in y^e^ 140^th^ yeare of her age. Thither she came from Bristol to seek relief, y^e^ House of Desmonde having been ruined by attainder. She was married in y^e^ reigne of King Edward IV., and in y^e^ course of her long Pilgrimage renewed her teeth twice. Her principal residence is at Inchiquin in Munster, whither she undauntedlye proposeth (her purpose accomplished) incontinentlie to return. LAUS DEO.'

Here was a physical miracle! A widow singularly favoured by nature, even to a third set of teeth without having to buy them, while far less venerable ones are driven to the *succedanea* of Sackville Street or the Rue de la Paix. And wedded at *nine* years of age. A precocity more marvellous than her longevity! One of the innocent boys, subsequently murdered, would have been a fitter partner than their proud uncle. The date 1614 *must* be an error for 1604. Let us consult the 'Itinerary' of the traveller, Fynes Moryson, published in 1617. He passed four years, from 1599 to 1603, in Ireland, as secretary to the viceroy—indited a history of the fierce war of that period—visited the island again, landing at Youghal, in 1613, and *died* the next year. In the course of a graphic description of that country and its inhabitants, he says, writing on the subject of longevity:—

'The Irish report, and will sweare it, that towards the west they have an island wherein the inhabitants live so long, as, when they are weary with life, their children, in charity, bring them to die upon the shore of Ireland, as if their island would not permit them to die. *In our time* the Irish Countesse of Desmond *lived* to the age of about one hundred and forty yeares, being able to go on foot four or five miles to the market-towne, and using weekly soe to doe in her last yeeres; and not many yeeres before *she died* she had all her teeth renewed.'

Our last witness is a man whose acquaintance with the Desmond family may be relied on—for he *shortened* the lives of several members of it—Sir George Carew, Earl of Totness, President of Munster in the beginning of the 17th century, and author of 'Hibernia Pacata.' During a long service in Ireland he amassed 40 folios of MS. records relative to that country. His grandfather, having, like an 'unthrifty heir of Linne,' alienated the ancient patrimony of Carew, in Pembrokeshire, left a son, who 'bethought himself' that his ancestors had possessed certain estates in the Emerald Isle, which either they had abandoned, or had been expelled from by the resurgent natives. He 'looked into his evidences, and found how by right these great inheritances had descended unto him,' betook himself to serve in Ireland, and instituted both legal and warlike proceedings to put himself in enjoyment of them—wherein he

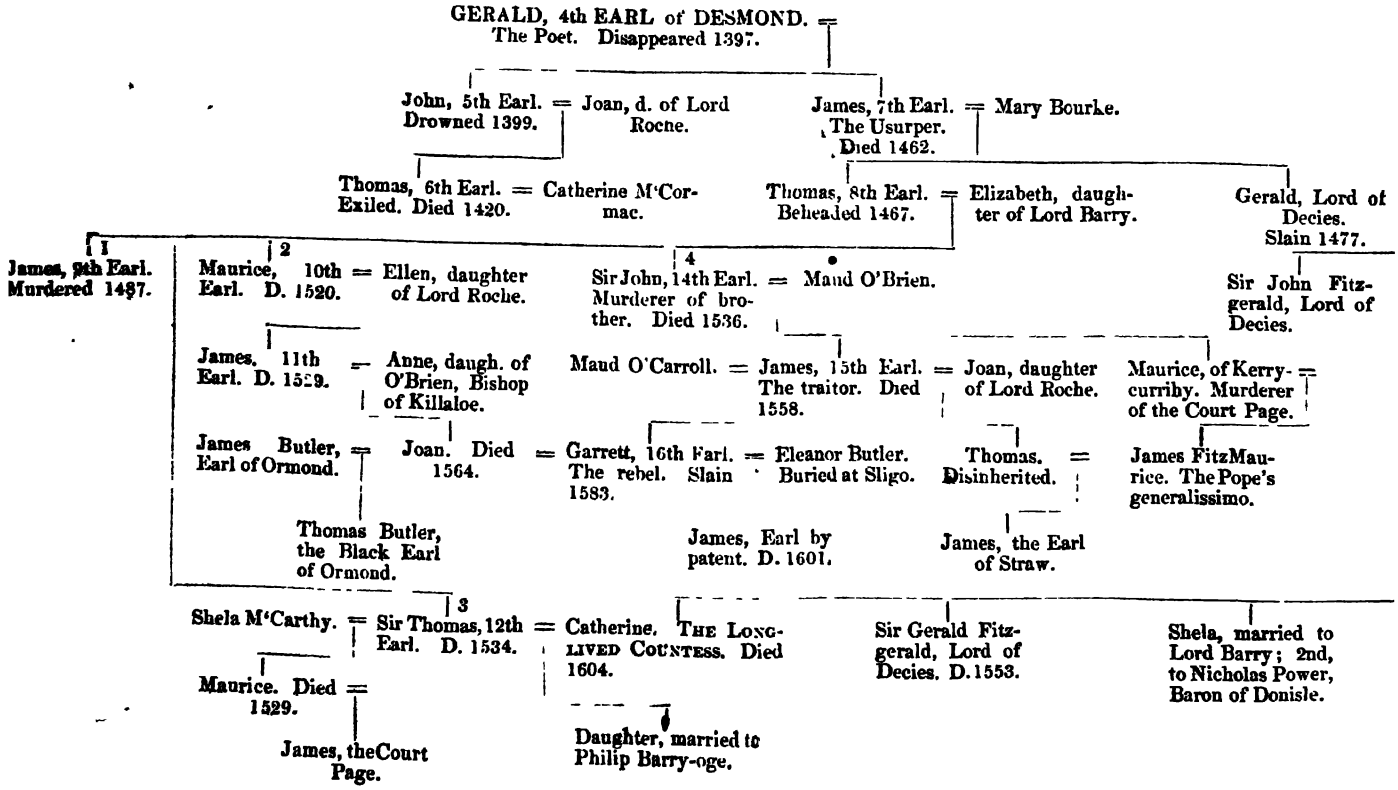
was

was partially successful. Sir George, the next of the family, succeeded to the contingency of recovering all these estates, and, as the prospect then depended on old deeds, &c., he collected all that bore upon his title, and also caused the pedigrees of the nobility and chiefs of clans to be drawn up in three bulky volumes, adding many curious *memoranda* with his own hand. At a time when questions as to the ownership of Irish property were not altogether left to the decision of the ordinary channels of law, to the slow mercies of Chancery, or to a *coup de grace* from the Encumbered Estates Court—and when titles often hung upon dubious espousals, or elections to the chieftainship, and were complicated by a mixture of feudal and *brehon* laws—such documents were of service to a high officer of State—which, itself, occasionally cut the knot by a summary order in favour of the litigant most likely to 'do service' to the Crown. The Carew MSS. 626 and 635, and Harleian 1425, each contain the descent of the 'Lords of Decies.' In the last Sir George appends a note under the name of 'Katheren, da: of Sir John Fitz-Gerald, ma: to Tho: fitz Tho: E. of Desmond'—'*Shee lived in a°.* 1604;' but in the first-quoted volume (p. 74) his *memo.* asserts 'SHE DIED IN ANO 1604.'

The table on the opposite page will serve to explain the later involutions of the Desmond pedigree.

A 'veracious history of the rise, prosperity, and end of the Geraldines' was written in Latin by Dominic de Rosario O'Daly, inquisitor-general of the Supreme Court of Inquisition in Portugal, and printed at Lisbon in 1635. His family had been hereditary bards to the house whose fall he pathetically relates, and he was son of a trusty confidant of the unfortunate Palatine Garrett. Writing to enlist the sympathies of the continental powers in support of the Irish malcontents, he does not disguise the rebellious views of the Desmonian chiefs:—yet exposes freely the atrocious domestic murders which arose among them from disputes as to inheritance, and which much conduced to their ruin. His narrative is generally corroborated by the printed correspondence of the time. From these and other sources the evidence bearing upon the dancing life, (the primary object of Walpole's inquiry,) the nuptials, and long widowed existence of *the* Countess, may now be examined. Her husband, Sir Thomas 'the Bald,' was but a third son, and did not succeed to the title (as 12th peer) until it had been enjoyed by his elder brothers, and by the son of one of them. He commanded the horse, under the lord-lieutenant, in a battle with the Irishry under O'Brien, in 1510. His first wife was a daughter of Cormac MacCarthy, *laidir*, or *the strong*, the builder of Blarney Castle, and,

as


GERALD, 4th EARL of DESMOND.
The Poet. Disappeared 1397.
John, 5th Earl. Drowned 1399.
Joan, d. of Lord Roche.
James, 7th Earl. The Usurper. Died 1462.
Mary Bourke.
Thomas, 6th Earl. Exiled. Died 1420.
Catherine M'Cormac.
Thomas, 8th Earl. Beheaded 1467.
Elizabeth, daughter of Lord Barry.
Gerald, Lord of Decies. Slain 1477.
1
James, 9th Earl. Murdered 1487.
2
Maurice, 10th Earl. D. 1520.
Ellen, daughter of Lord Roche.
4
Sir John, 14th Earl. Murderer of brother. Died 1536.
Maud O'Brien.
Sir John Fitzgerald, Lord of Decies.
James, 11th Earl. D. 1529.
Anne, daugh. of O'Brien, Bishop of Killaloe.
Maud O'Carroll.
James, 15th Earl. The traitor. Died 1558.
Joan, daughter of Lord Roche.
Maurice, of Kerrycurrihy. Murderer of the Court Page.
James Butler, Earl of Ormond.
Joan. Died 1564.
Garrett, 16th Earl. The rebel. Slain 1583.
Eleanor Butler. Buried at Sligo.
Thomas. Disinherited.
James FitzMaurice. The Pope's generalissimo.
Thomas Butler, the Black Earl of Ormond.
James, Earl by patent. D. 1601.
James, the Earl of Straw.
3
Shela M'Carthy.
Sir Thomas, 12th Earl. D. 1534.
Catherine. The Long-lived Countess. Died 1604.
Sir Gerald Fitzgerald, Lord of Decies. D. 1553.
Shela, married to Lord Barry; 2nd, to Nicholas Power, Baron of Donisle.
Maurice. Died 1529.
James, the Court Page.
Daughter, married to Philip Barry-oge.

as an effect, perchance, of this connexion with the powerful sept of Clan Carthy, when his nephew, the then Lord of Desmond, invaded the territory of their chief, he sided with 'the Irish enemy.' An engagement took place at Mourne, disastrous to the Geraldine peer:—18 'banners of galloglasses,' each standard being followed by about 80 men, and 24 'banners of horse,' mustering from 20 to 50 horsemen to each pennon, were slain on his side; so that the loss amounted to some 2000 of the best men, without reckoning the light-armed 'skipping kernes.' The battle was fought in September 1520. The Lord-Lieutenant, the first Earl of Surrey (the hero of Flodden) writes to the King on this overthrow of the potentate of the southern Englishry:—'The most part of them that overthrew him be Irishmen, and I fear it will cause them to wax the prouder, and also shall cause other Irishmen to take pride therein, setting the less by Englishmen.' The historian of the Geraldines observes that this defeat was the first dimming of their glory. He afterwards gravely records, as 'a subject for gratulation' to the 'bald' knight—that 'two lords of Muskerry (one of whom was *his wife's father*) fell beneath his sword!' Warmth of blood varied in the thermometer of Irish relationship. for Sir Thomas's first act on succeeding to the earldom, in the year 1529, was to grant, in perpetuity, the country of the Decies to his *reigning wife's* father—Sir John Fitz-Gerald of Dromana. Having made a promise to Henry VIII. to send his grandson over to the court, (as was customary with the heirs of the nobility, partly to leave them as hostages, and partly for their education,) in a letter to the King, dated at Youghal, May 5, 1532, he excuses its non-performance, on the plea that he himself was 'well striken in age,' while his heir was of tender years: that he had 'sondry mortall enemies,' beside the ancient foes of his house; and that his estates lay far asunder, 'so as,' he says, 'we bothe has moche adowe for to kipe owr oune.' A subsequent despatch mentions a report that the Emperor of Germany was about to enter into a treaty with him, Earl Thomas, for the invasion of Ireland, similar to that made with his predecessor, Earl James; who was sufficiently ambitious to have aspired to the hand of the Emperor's daughter. The treaty that '*illustrissimo Condè*' made with Francis I. of France demonstrates the power which the Munster branch, alone, of the Geraldines possessed: and shows, moreover, that even the Anglo-Irish vassals of the Crown, *Hibernis ipsis Hiberniores*, sought the infectious intervention of foreign aid in their rebellious designs, in times before those when 'persecution on account of religion' might be pleaded. The Desmond engaged to make war in person, and at his own charge, against

against Henry VIII. as soon as the French army should land; to bring 400 horse and 10,000 foot into the field; and, when need should require, to aid the French with 15,000 foot or more, and to furnish horses for the draft artillery; and Francis engaged to pay the wages of the troops.

Earl Thomas was celebrated in bardic song as 'the victorious' —in nine battles had he won the palm: and the abovementioned despatch, dated 1534, remarks, 'albeit his years requirith quietness and rest, yet entendeth he as much trouble as ever did any of his nation.' The veteran died the same year, at the age of 80, according to O'Daly—who observes that his grandson was at that time in the court of Henry VIII. The young heir had at last been sent over by his grandsire—whose letter shows how he feared to lose him 'by daunger of the sea and other myschaunces'—and was now one of the royal pages of honour. Returning home, on the news of the Earl's death, to take possession of his honours and patrimony—lo! he found all to have been seized by an old savage great-uncle, Sir John of Desmond, who disputed his legitimacy on the score of his parents' consanguinity! This usurper had instigated the assassination of his own eldest brother, in 1487. The rightful claimant—'the young gentylman wych chalenges to be the Yerle'—is thus described:—'he spekes very good Ynglyshe, and keepith his hair and cap after the Ynglyshe fashion, and wold be, as far as can be perceeivd, after the Ynglyshe fashion.' But he soon, to strengthen his faction, married an Irish wife, daughter of Sir Cormac oge MacCarty, and then—'daily made war' upon the usurper. A dangerous revolt of the Leinster Geraldines broke out while this 'dubious title shook the maddened land,' and a loyal Ormond writes:—

'These pretended Erles of Desmond have great domynions under them, and bene of great power, if their owne discention were not the cause of their severance. They have such a cankerid malicious rebellion rootid in them, evyr sithens the putting to execution of one Thomas, Erle of Desmond, at Drogheda, that they ben as farr separated from the knowledge of any dutie of alegeaunce that a subject ought to owe his prince, as a Turke is to believe in Christianity. Thei blasfeme the king, and have their ears and eies open every day, gaping to have assistance in this high rebellion out of Spayne.'

A letter, dated at Waterford, in 1535, reports:—'this day came in Sir John of Desmond, and he is a very old man, and can speke very good Ynglysche'—an accomplishment displayed in his reply to the Lord Lieutenant's suggestion that he and the youthful claimant should go over to London to try their cause before the King, when he exclaimed, 'What should I do in England, to meet a boy there? But give me that Irish horson Cormac oge, and I will

I will go!' Dying, however, the next year, the deadly quarrel now lay between James, his (the usurper's) eldest son, and James, *the court page*—who repaired over to his royal master for redress. After an abode of three years in England he came back successful—being provided by the King with ships—the protection of a body-guard—and an order for his installation into the patrimonial honours and inheritance, which the viceroy put him in possession of, by accompanying him with an armed force. But his enjoyment of them was brief, for the Council report to the King in the following year, 'your Grace's servant, James Fitz-Maurice, who claymed to be Earl of Desmond, was cruelly slayne the Friday before Palm Sunday, by Maurice Fitz-John, brother to James, the usurpor of the earldom.' After this deed of treachery, the usurper regained possession, was afterwards received at Hampton Court as 15th peer, and transmitted the title to his son, the rebel Garrett. James Fitz-Maurice, the rebel seneschal—whose memory deserves to be held in execration as that of the first Irishman who raised a religious civil war, and realised the treason of bringing in foreigners to aid a revolt—was son of the assassin Maurice, *antoithan* (or *the incendiary*), and grandson of the murderer John. The Gaelic word *fiongail* was coined to signify murder aggravated by close relationship in blood; and the Inquisitor-General, the historian of the Desmonians, although a clansman, pronounces that their destruction was in Divine vengeance of that crime.

So many earls of this race have been summoned up that we hardly like to 'stretch out the line to the crack of doom,' and introduce another, the last—save for the sake of an interview he seems to have enjoyed with her ancient ladyship. James, the heir of Garrett, was detained a prisoner in the Tower until the year 1600, when a formidable rebellion was raging in his native country. The leadership of the broken clan had been assumed by a *Sugaun Iarla*, or Earl of Straw, now become 'the most mightie and potent Geraldine of any of his line, having 8000 well-armed men' in the field. The young Lord was sent over, in the expectation that his father's followers would rally round him—a hope which was disappointed directly he attended a Protestant house of worship! On his landing at Youghal, however, he was received with acclamations, and, he writes, 'had like to be overthrown with the kisses of old *calleaks*' (hags). Among that throng of affectionate enthusiasts the active Dowager of Desmond, now verging on seven score, peradventure was foremost.

The proof of our heroine's espousal 'in England' is but slight. The descendants of the conquerors of Ireland had so far 'degenerated' by the beginning of the 16th century, as to have adopted

adopted the Gaelic tongue, so that it was unusual to find even the nobility speaking English. As the latter was used by her husband and his brother, it may be inferred that *they* had been educated in England. Her own brother, Gerald, Lord of Decies, 'a very strong man in his country,' which he had probably never quitted, could not join in the wild Welshman's boast to Hotspur—

> 'I can speak English, lord, as well as you,
> For I was trained up in the English court.'

'Great was the credit of the Geraldines ever when the house of York prospered,' writes the chronicler, 'for which cause the Erle of Desmond (Thomas, 8th peer) remained manie yeres Deputie Lieutenant to George, Duke of Clarence.' *False, fleeting, perjured Clarence*, the second son of Richard of York, had been born in Dublin Castle, whilst his father was viceroy. This Earl's father was sponsor at Clarence's christening, and was thus bound to the prince in a tie of religious relationship considered sacred with the natives. Such was the zeal of the Geraldine lords for the white rose, that one of them, when chancellor, resigned office to lead the clansmen to the battle of Stoke, where they fought bravely enough for the impostor Simnel. But when Warbeck—(whose impostorship is another theme for *historic doubts*)—appeared, the discomfiture of his predecessor had cooled the courage of Desmond and Kildare—at that time co-managers of 'the theatre on which masked princes entered, but who soon after, their vizards being taken off, were expulsed the stage.' The 'bald' knight's father (Thomas, 8th Earl) returned to Ireland, in 1464, 'from the King of England's house,' say the simple annals, 'as Lord-Lieutenant, and got many gifts from the King.' He was commended for his 'politique wit, rule, manhode, and wysdome,' in an address to the Crown, in which an humble Parliament 'prayed that his Highness would hold the lord deputie tenderlie in remembrance.' In this high post he continued for three years, when he was suddenly superseded and beheaded at Drogheda by Tiptoft, Earl of Worcester.

The tragic fate of their great ancestor, that Ormonde alludes to as so rankling in the memory of the later Desmonians, arose (according to the legend) from the resentment of the Queen of Edward IV. The Earl, writes O'Daly, was beloved by Edward, for, during the sanguinary contest between the rival houses, he had fought in many battles abreast with the victor. He, however, had advised his sovereign not to marry the beautiful widow, the Lady Elizabeth Wydville. The King espoused her clandestinely, and the union was avowed about the time that Edward appointed his companion in arms to the government

ment of Ireland. During some bitter altercation with his Queen, he afterwards significantly said, that 'had he hearkened to his cousin Desmond's advice her insolent spirit would have been humbled.' To this tradition a new feature is added by the Inquisitor;—that the King, before dismissing his friend, entreated him to say whether he saw aught in his administration prejudicial to his people; the Earl candidly assured him that he knew of nothing, save the marriage recently contracted: 'wherefore,' he continued, 'I think you would do well in *divorcing* the present queen, and forming an alliance with some powerful foreign princess.' This version may be credited, agreeing well with the *national* usage of repudiation, and accounting better for the issue. Whatever was the advice, it was subsequently elicited by the Queen, the King deeming the Viceroy of Ireland safe from her anger: but, in the course of time, she obtained the removal of the obnoxious counsellor, and had Worcester substituted in his place; soon after whose arrival an act was passed attainting the Earls of Desmond and Kildare for '*alliance, fosterage, et alterage avecq les Irois ennemis du Roy, comme en donnant à eux chevaulx et harneis et armors, et supportant eux envers les foialx sujects du Roy.*'

The *gravamen* of the charge is overlooked by the historians Leland and Moore, who defend the unfortunate viceroy, each *more suo*; the latter asserting that the Desmonds had hitherto been disposed to uphold the authority of the Crown in their remote province, and enabled to do so chiefly by the connexions they formed with Irish ladies! It is alleged that the Queen obtained the privy signet by stealth, and herself affixed the seal to the order for the Earl's decapitation: and that Worcester, who laid claim to some of his estates, instantly acted upon this warrant. Desmond's brother, his five sons (who were then but youths) and all his kindred, comprising the principal families of the south, instantly revolted, devastated the country about them, and marched with banners displayed upon the capital. Lord Kildare boldly repaired to the King, was so favourably heard that he received a pardon, and, the same obsequious parliament reversing his attainder, was appointed to supersede Tiptoft! When the latter, on his recall, produced the warrant, Edward IV. was so exasperated that the Queen was compelled to fly to an asylum for safety. Worcester afterwards suffered by the same sentence he had executed upon Desmond—a fact related with much satisfaction by the Celtic annalists, who record that 'the Earl of Warwick and the Duke of Clarence cut into quarters the wreck of the maledictions of the men of Ireland—the Saxon justiciary.' Walpole, in a memoir of that nobleman (the paragon in learning and patron of Caxton), states that he was accused of cruelty in his government, and especially towards

towards the *two infant* sons of Desmond. These orphan boys received the royal pardon for their outbreak, and may then have been taken over to be educated in England, away from peril of the Milesian daughters of their native land;—an ineffectual precaution, as this scion of the race—Sir Thomas—(ultimately 12th Earl of Desmond)—actually wedded a Mac-Carty for his first wife. He may, indeed, have afterwards dispossessed himself of her, *more patrio*, and taken another; yet, born in 1454, he might possibly have married a second within the days of Edward IV. without any incorrect disposal of the first.

Yet how is the early presence of *the* lady, his cousin, in England, to be accounted for? A young knight of the Emerald Isle might well be found there, either 'in the ranks of death,' or carrying off an heiress or a wealthy dowager, like Lord Killeen's son, who married a Duchess of Clarence. Let us conjecture, with retrospective clairvoyance, that she came over—young and fair—to grace the court as a mediæval maid of honour: or, like another 'fair Geraldine,' her kinswoman, who was educated with her cousins, Queens Mary and Elizabeth, that she was brought up with the royal princesses, who were of her own age. The luxurious Edward IV. gathered round him a court circle the most beautiful in the world; so that the eyes of foreign ambassadors were positively dazzled by the 'superabundantly lovely young ladies' they saw at a state-ball in the palace of Westminster.*

Upon the engraving (1806) of the (so called) Portrait of *the* Countess in the possession of the chief of another branch of the Geraldines, the Knight of Kerry, we read that 'this illustrious lady was born about the year 1464.' This agrees with her age of 140, *if* she died in 1604. She would then be nineteen in the year of the accession of Richard III., when she may have been espoused, (under a Papal dispensation,) by her cousin Sir Thomas, and have soon returned with him to their own land, where they lived together for half a century. One daughter only was the offspring of the marriage. Sir Thomas became Earl late in life, as has been mentioned before, but he was five years in possession of the coronet; long enough to entitle his relict to her jointure, which she enjoyed for seventy years—surpassing the ordinary pertinacity of annuitants. When, in 1575, Garrett, the 16th earl, was meditating a revolt, he induced the aged widow to surrender her dowry, Inchiquin Castle and lands, to him, by a deed in which 'the ladye Kathrin, late wief to Thomas, late Earle of Desmond,' acknowledges 'good considerations;'—and for reasons of the same sort, Garrett immediately leased the property to a friendly lawyer, to whom she 'gave seisin, by delivery of a peace of earthe in the house.' But Garrett ere long, as we know,

* Bohemian Embassage, A.D. 1466, *vide* p. 429.

did

did revolt, whereupon all deeds dated subsequent to one that proved his *intent to rebel* were pronounced void, and the dowager recovered her holding.* Her right was again disturbed by his attainder and the grant to Raleigh; but Sir Walter generously left her in occupation of the property, until compelled to place an English settler in possession: and, indeed, even after he leased away the manor (in 1591) it would appear, by the Mucross inscription, that the aged lady remained in her accustomed residence. From this asylum she may have been ousted by Richard Boyle, the rapacious Earl of Cork, after he had acquired Raleigh's Irish estates:—which were passed to him in January 1604—the period at which (it would seem) the Countess travelled over to seek relief. Sidney, Earl of Leicester, among others, has recorded in a 'table-book' the traditionary small-talk of his day as to 'this olde lady:'—who, he was told, 'came to petition the Queen, and, landing at Bristol, came on foot to London, being then so olde that her daughter was decrepit, and not able to come with her, but was brought in a little cart, their poverty not allowing better means.' The ruin of her ancient house was now complete. She who in her youth had led off the revel with princes, in the days of her decrepitude had to 'walke on foot weekly' to market! And now, in the last year of her life, when its wondrous protraction had become proverbial, this venerable peeress crossed the sea and performed a weary journey—compelled to petition a Court, once the scene of her beauty and triumph, as a suitor for her very subsistence! With so full an experience of 'the woes that wait on age,' would she have joined in the prayer—

'Enlarge my life with multitude of days!'

The decease of the Countess is ascribed to an accident, which, if it really befel her, proves a surprising degree of senile agility, and is a vexatiously ignominious cause of death for a heroine. Lord Leicester declares—'Shee might have lived much longer, had shee not mett with a kind of violent death: for she must needs climb a nutt-tree, to gather nutts, soe, falling down, she hurt her thigh, which brought a fever, and that brought death.' Local tradition and merry poets, however, agree that she fell from a cherry-tree, which Sir Walter Raleigh was the first to plant in Ireland, having been tempted to gather the rare and ripe fruit.

'Ay, as old
As that Countess of Desmond of whom I've been told
That she liv'd to much more than a hundred and ten,
And was kill'd by a fall from a cherry-tree then!
What a frisky old girl!'

We are not cognizant of any other portrait of 'the fair Geraldine,

* Exchequer MS. Records, Dublin.

bright

bright object of Surrey's vow,' than that at Woburn; while of her clanswoman—this antique dame—there are innumerable 'presentments,' true and counterfeit—all provokingly taken at a time when her wrinkles, and not her dimples, made her a study for the painter. At Dromana, her birthplace, Lord Stuart de Decies' fine seat, there is a remarkable head—an *ἐνδωλοποιίκ* of the Roman matron, Metella, 'with the silver gray on her long tresses.' The picture at Chatsworth is understood to have descended to the Cavendish family from their ancestor Lord Cork. The head in the gallery at Knowle is questionable; devoid of tiring, and bristling with elf-locks, it is rather the effigy of a Dutch witch than the similitude of a lady of rank. The painting in the collection of Windsor Castle is now believed to be a likeness of the mother of Rembrandt:—and it would seem that this is not the only case of that particular confusion. Pennant obtained an engraving of the picture at Dupplin, for his 'Tour:'—anent this the author of Anecdotes of Painting (whose literary mission seems to have been to raise *doubts*) writes to Cole—'Mr. Pennant has given a new edition of his former tour, with more cuts: among others is the vulgar head called the Countess of Desmond. I told him I had discovered, and proved past contradiction, that it is Rembrandt's mother. He owned it, and said he would correct it by a note; but he has not. This is a brave way of being an antiquary—as if there could be any merit in giving for genuine what one knows to be spurious.' The Knight of Kerry's, a painting of merit, and well engraved, represents extreme old age, with an extraordinary degree of still remaining vigour; but the features are dissimilar to those of the veritable portraiture. Gerard Douw's name appears on the panel, and it is impossible our subject could have sat to that great artist. The *vraisemblance* is at Mucross. We have lately done homage to it, and it is engraved—on our memory. Shades of veteran beauties, Diane de Poitiers and Ninon de l'Enclos! brilliant as were your earthly attractions after sixty summers, a nobler grace lingered in this doubly-septuagenarian original! Forfend that her stern shade ever resent a comparison with such frail creatures! She carries the historic 'prowde countenance of the Geraldines' of her day. Aristocratic, *matrician*, and placid, though deeply traced with sorrow; eyes hazel, features regular and handsome, a complexion yet fresh and healthy! Why—*cette Comtesse, dans sa première jeunesse*, fair and vivacious as the daughters of the Antediluvians, ere the term of vitality was diminished to six score years—must have been more lovely than the widowed Lady Anne, whose 'heav'nly face provoked,' and 'haunted the sleep' of, our and all the world's Glo'ster! Such 'divine perfection,

fection' in an Irish maid of honour may well have led the susceptible Royal Duke to ask her hand for the galliard! Her testimony, taken in connexion with coins, has been accepted by the calm and judicious historian of 'Europe during the middle ages' as sufficient proof of the handsomeness of the Usurper's *face*. As to his figure we can have no numismatic evidence—sinewy and vigorous at all events it must have been; but very possibly the Irishwoman's gratified pride and warm native imagination influenced her flattering reminiscence when she extolled to Lady Dacre, as the model of symmetry, a Prince of the Blood who, straight or crooked, had taste enough to appreciate and do homage to her own early charms.

ART. III.—1. *Mein Leben und Wirken in Ungarn in den Jahren* 1848 *und* 1849. Von Arthur Görgei. Leipzig. 1852.—*My Life and Acts in Hungary, &c.* By A. Görgei. From the German. London. 1852.

2. *Der Winter-Feldzug* 1848-49 *in Ungarn unter dem Obercommando des Feld-Marshall's Fürsten zu Windisch-Grätz.* (Nach officiellen Quellen.) Wien. 1851.

3. *Der Feldzug in Ungarn und Siebenbürgen in Sommer des Jahre* 1849.

4. *Bericht über die Kriegs-Operationen der Russischen Truppen im Jahre* 1849. Nach officiellen Quellen zusammengestellt von H. v. N. Berlin. 1851.

THE literary records of the late campaigns in Hungary are already so numerous that, before we had perused the declamatory statements of the revolutionary leaders on the one side and examined the official reports on the other, the contents of a well-filled shelf passed before our eyes. To spare our readers the tedium of such researches, and yet to place before them a connected view of the Hungarian contest, we shall follow the more unpretending path of personal narrative; and we select the volume that heads our list as by far the most authentic and interesting memoir which has yet reached us. Arthur Görgei was, with one exception, the most conspicuous personage in Hungary throughout the military operations of 1849; and he was, without any exception, the man best qualified by military skill, by political insight, and, we think, by integrity of purpose, to save the honour and the constitution of his country. His present situation allows him to speak with independence of his former comrades, and his sense of obligation to the Imperial government has not prevented him from dealing very openly with its faults. Accordingly,

ingly, his book is on one hand violently assailed by the Magyar emigration, on the other severely prohibited by the Austrian police. As a general history of the contest it is far from complete, probably from the absence of documentary and written evidence in the place of the author's detention. But upon the whole, after an attentive comparison of this statement with other accounts of these events, we give General Görgei credit for as much truth and impartiality as can be expected from a man in his position.

The other works before us, and of which we shall make considerable use, are the official narratives of the campaign drawn up by officers on the staff of the two Imperial armies, and published under the sanction of those governments respectively. They lay claim to none of the higher qualities of historical composition, except that first condition of all, official accuracy: and, though the Austrians complain of some of the Russian representations, we see no reason to question the fidelity of these Reports on either side.

We learn from a French biographer that Görgei was born in January, 1818, at Topportz, an estate of his family, in the country of Zips, in the north of Hungary. His ancestors had for centuries distinguished themselves in the Imperial armies. He was educated at Eperies, and afterwards at the military college of Tuln, whence he entered the Hungarian Noble Guard at Vienna. He had been promoted within five years to a Lieutenancy in the Palatine Hussars: but then, having married a French governess whom he met at Prague, he suddenly resolved to quit the service, and withdrew into the country, to devote himself to the study of chemistry, in which he is said to have attained uncommon proficiency. Nothing certainly indicated the fiery ambition of a soldier of fortune or a revolutionary chief in this apparent termination of his early military career. It was in the retired situation above described that the 30th year of his age found him:—and in the first stage of the disturbances of that year, 1848, the only use he made of his acquirements was, that he offered to superintend a manufactory of detonators. He was in fact too obscure a person to be reckoned amongst the protagonists of the revolutionary movement then fast gaining strength, and threatening to overthrow the national ministry which had been hailed with rapture by the liberal party a few months before. He had, however, joined the militia, and when the month of September arrived, which witnessed the murder of Count Lamberg and the commencement of open war, Görgei filled the post of a major in the 5th battalion of Honveds, in which capacity he was

employed in the promising task of converting a National Guard into a regular force. Although the number of these National Guards for the district of Szolnok was estimated at 5000, Görgei with difficulty succeeded in the course of a month in bringing together 700 men under arms, and of these barely 100, he says, were real volunteers—a statement which we quite believe, and which, if true, lends little credit to the vulgar theory that the agitators were mainly supported by the enthusiasm and military aptitude of the common people. The war was already raging with unparalleled ferocity between the Magyars and the Rätzen or Serbs on the southern frontier, and the corps of Roth and Jellachich menaced the Hungarian capital. At this time Görgei was sent with his small contingent to the isle of Czepel, below Pesth, with orders to hinder, if possible, the junction of these commanders, but especially to prevent them from crossing the Danube. He had been but a few days in this situation when an incident occurred which had a decisive effect on his career, and leaves a very dark blot on his reputation.

On the 29th September—that is, two days after the massacre of Count Lamberg on the bridge of Pesth—Counts Eugene and Paul Zichy were arrested at the outposts of Görgei's detachment at Stuhlweisenburg, and brought on the following day to his head-quarters at Adony. The first suggestion of two staff-officers of the Hunyady Legion, then serving under Görgei, was, that these unhappy gentlemen should be conveyed under escort to Pesth, where they would in all probability have been torn to pieces by the population which had just immolated Lamberg. This atrocious suggestion was rejected by Görgei. Even at Adony, on the right bank of the Danube, they were by no means safe; but by great personal exertions Görgei succeeded in protecting his prisoners against the infuriated peasantry whilst he conveyed them to the isle of Czepel. All the boats had been removed or concealed; and it was only by threatening two millers with instant death that the means of transport were provided. But, though they were thus preserved from the fury of the peasants, the Zichys had fallen into the hands of no merciful judge. The charge against them was, that they were the bearers of proclamations, still wet from the press, addressed by the Emperor and King to his subjects and troops in Hungary, which Count Eugene declared to have been packed up by mistake among his baggage by his valet; and that an open letter or safe conduct, signed by Jellachich, was found on the same nobleman's person. Upon these charges Eugene was convicted of an understanding with the enemies of his country by a court-martial, whose proceedings are said to have been regularly

regularly conducted according to the usages and regulations of the Austrian army, and he was forthwith hung. Count Paul was acquitted for want of proof against him.

Into Görgei's defence of this action it is needless for us to enter, for a more odious exercise of military power is hardly to be found even in the annals of this fratricidal war. At the outset of a civil contest, when parties are still scarcely defined, and when what is treason on one day is called duty to one's country on the next, it is not surprising that the more irresolute or prudent class of men should hesitate before they plunge into this abyss of evils. Count Eugene Zichy was living on his own estate, alternately exposed to the attacks of two armies, one of which was that of his sovereign, the other called itself that of his country. He probably wavered, and sought safety between the two. But he had done nothing to bring him clearly within this severe construction of the laws of high treason. His execution was a judicial murder, and the more deliberate Görgei makes it out to have been, the worse the case appears. At any rate, being, as he then was, within a few hours' ride of head-quarters, it was quite unnecessary for the major of an irregular company to take upon himself this terrible responsibility, and the precipitation with which the whole affair was conducted warrants the worst suspicions. The execution of Count Zichy, however, produced two most important results. It induced a multitude of wavering members of the Hungarian aristocracy to join the ranks of the insurgents, for it seemed less dangerous to take up arms than to retain a neutral position:—it was this terrible example that first drove many to a course which allowed of no retreat. It likewise pointed out the young Honved Major to the notice of Kossuth and the extreme party, as a man upon whom no light scruples were likely to have much influence. They probably took him for a more reckless revolutionist than he afterwards proved; and we are bound to add, that we know of no action in his career so discreditable as the first. No doubt, it was this guilty transaction which recommended him to Kossuth, as it might be supposed to make him a desperate man; and if not already, he was soon afterwards acknowledged to be an able one; for his skilful assistance brought the operations of Moriz Perczel's corps against Roth and Jellachich to a speedy and successful termination, in spite of the blunders and resentment of Perczel himself.

These facts had their due weight in Pesth, where it was felt that the war had been begun in earnest without any of the means of conducting it; and accordingly the Committee of Defence summoned Görgei to the capital, whence he was despatched to the main body of the army, then commanded by General Moga, on

the Leitha, which forms the extreme frontier of the kingdom on the side of Vienna. The position of this army at that moment was of essential importance to the fate of Austria herself; for it was on the 13th October, just seven days after the murder of Latour in Vienna, that Görgei was ordered to the command of the vanguard which already had its outposts beyond the Hungarian territory. The advance of the Hungarian army to the relief of the capital, which was then in the power of the revolutionary Aula, with their gang of armed students and navvies, though Prince Windischgrätz still threatened it from the south-west, was confidently anticipated by the leaders of the Viennese revolt. But, on the other hand, Móga himself was at heart much more an Austrian general than a rebel chief, and the whole moderate party in his camp were bent on defending the Hungarian territory against the menacing Croatians, and averse to any offensive measures as regarded the capital of the Empire or the Imperial forces beyond the Leitha. For about a fortnight the attitude of Móga's corps remained undecided; but on the arrival of Kossuth at head-quarters—followed, it was said, by a reinforcement of 12,000 men—a council of war was held, to which Görgei was summoned; and for the first time he confronted, in a very characteristic manner, the ultra-revolutionary influence of the leaders of this rebellion. Kossuth opened the deliberation by a passionate appeal in favour of the besieged democracy of Vienna, whose cause he at once and completely identified with that of his own country, and represented that his own heroic reinforcements were burning to cross the frontier and fly to the relief of their friends. To these appeals the council yielded a timid assent. Görgei alone opposed the practical views of a soldier to the dreams of a demagogue, and pointed out with force the utter inability of the National Guards and Honveds, of whom the Hungarian army was then composed, to assume the offensive at all.

'Kossuth was evidently displeased with my declaration, and put to me the question: How high did I estimate the enthusiasm which his address would call forth among the troops?—"In the camp, and immediately after the address, very high; but after the endurance of hardships, and in presence of the enemy, very low."—"Then you think," he asked again, irritated, "that we shall not bring back a single man of our army?"—"For the safety of the National Guards and the Volunteers," I replied, "their nimbleness is to me a sufficient guarantee; but the few good troops which we possess might be ruined by it, and with them the material which we so pressingly need for training up a useful army."'—*Life and Acts*, vol. i. p. 75.

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This conference, however, did not prevent M. Kossuth from summoning Prince Windischgrätz to raise the blockade of Vienna and to disarm Jellachich and his corps. One of the trumpets sent with this message was detained, and as the 28th October had now arrived, when the attack was made on the city, the Hungarians advanced, and fought on the 30th the ludicrous and disgraceful battle of Schwechat. Their General-in-chief committed a series of blunders, and, after a very short cannonade, of the 5000 National Guards and Volunteers whose valour, heated by M. Kossuth's eloquence, was to have rescued Vienna and saved their country at a blow, *not a single man* remained.

'I thought I should have sunk to the earth for shame,' says Görgei, 'at the unspeakable cowardice of my countrymen, and wished that a ball would strike me from my horse! Of my once numerous suite, only my younger brother and a first-lieutenant of hussars kept near me in the moment of danger. The whole of our forces from Schwechat to Mannswörth were swept away. The other brigades were said—incredible as it may seem—to have taken to their heels before mine. Like a scared flock, the main body of the army was seen rushing in disorder to the Fischa for safety; and nothing saved it from utter destruction but the forbearance of the enemy, who did not pursue.'

Görgei followed Kossuth to Presburg, where he found the Dictator in bed, sorely depressed by this commencement of the war, for all his speechifying had not stopped a single party of fugitives. The state of affairs admitted of no delay, for General Simunich, heading a detachment of Imperial troops, had already penetrated as far as Tyrnau in the north; Windischgrätz would obviously soon be in a condition to follow up his victory at Schwechat; the south was invaded or menaced by the Croatians; Transylvania was still held by the Austrian forces; and all systematic defence was wanting. Under these circumstances the command of the defeated army was pressed by Kossuth upon several officers of higher standing than Görgei—but then, they all declining it, upon *him;* and he accepted it. Bem, who had just escaped from Vienna in some marvellous way—it is said, in a coffin—was despatched to Transylvania, where his brilliant successes afforded some palliation of the choice of a Polish adventurer for such a command. Guyon, whom Görgei dubs a Count, but in truth a mere Irish soldier of fortune, was despatched against Simunich; and it was therefore the more urgent that the central military forces of Hungary should be under the command of a Hungarian. But the army of the Upper Danube, as it was called, amounted to little more than 12,000 men, of whom part were desponding and part disaffected;

affected; and in the month of December 1848 the affairs of Hungary seemed to have assumed a hopeless aspect. Two events contributed to alter this state of things:—first, the abdication of the Emperor Ferdinand, followed by the accession of his nephew —which was represented to the Magyars, and especially to the regular troops who had deserted from the service of the Crown without clearly knowing what they were doing, as a deposition of their lawful sovereign; and secondly, the vacillation of Prince Windischgrätz, who might at that instant have either crushed the rebellion by a rapid advance or effectually disconcerted it by negotiation.

Kossuth and the Committee of Defence continued to talk of burying themselves under the walls of Buda, or of staking the fate of their country on a general action at Raab. They even persuaded Görgei (who had so little local knowledge of the country that he was unacquainted with the high road from Pesth to Vienna) that there was a tremendous defile—a Magyar Thermopylæ—on the Fleischhauer road, through which he would hardly be able to find a passage for his own safety, and where the tide of advancing war would easily be stemmed. On arriving at the spot it was found to be wholly undefended and indefensible. After a skirmish at Raab, the retreat of the Hungarian forces rapidly continued, and—though the plan proposed by Görgei for concentrating the defence of the country behind the Theiss had been contemptuously rejected by Kossuth a few weeks before—on the 30th December Görgei learned that the government was about to retire to Debreczin, leaving him to fight a battle at Ofen—with the Danube in his rear—or, if he preferred it, to convey his army to the left bank, where the fortress of Comorn offered him a secure position, and might have the effect of diverting the enemy from his march on Debreczin. In pursuance of these injunctions Görgei passed the Danube at Waitzen on the 4th and 5th of January: the Austrians crossed the river on the same day at Pesth upon the ice, which was sufficiently thick to support even their artillery. Görgei says:

'The Hungarian armed rising—although originally stirred up by the instigation of the nationalities against each other systematically introduced from Vienna, and diametrically opposed to the realisation of the idea of a collective Austrian unity—was nevertheless purely monarchical-constitutional: and herein lay its strength; for it was to this circumstance alone that it owed the co-operation of the regular troops. In 1848 the agitations in favour of the arming succeeded only when they were attempted *in the name of the King.*

'A proof of this are the great difficulties that had to be surmounted, when it was necessary—in contradiction to the proclamations dispersed in great numbers by the authorised or unauthorised agents of the re-actionary

tionary party, and furnished with the King's signature—to procure for the Pesth government, all legitimate as it was, an active support in the country. A proof of this is the being obliged to paralyse the effect of those re-actionary proclamations by others, drawn up with a contrary intent, and *likewise in the King's name.*'

In consequence of these views, he proceeds, the following Declaration was made:—

'1. The corps d'armée of the upper Danube remains faithful to its oath, to fight resolutely against every external enemy for the maintenance of the constitution of the kingdom of Hungary sanctioned by King Ferdinand V.

2. With the same resolution, the corps d'armée will oppose itself to all those who may attempt to overthrow the constitutional monarchy by untimely republican intrigues in the interior of the country.

3. As a natural consequence of the right understanding of constitutional monarchy—a form of government for the maintenance of which the corps d'armée is determined to contend to the last—it can only and exclusively obey orders forwarded to it in the form prescribed by law through the responsible royal Hungarian minister of war, or through his representative appointed by himself (at present General Vetter).

4. The corps d'armée, mindful of the oath taken to the constitution of Hungary, and mindful of its own honour, having remained perfectly conscious of what it *has* to do and is *determined* to do, declares, finally, that it will adhere to the result of any convention made with the enemy, only if it guarantees on the one hand the integrity of the constitution of Hungary, to which the corps d'armée has sworn, and on the other, if it is not inimical to the military honour of the corps d'armée itself.'

To this Görgei appended his own signature; and he now adds:—

'Neither within nor without my corps d'armée, to my knowledge, was any voice publicly heard against this proclamation. The old soldiers regained their confidence in me and in the cause which I represented, and ceased to waver.'—*Ib.*, pp. 166-8.

The terms of this Declaration distinctly express the opinion of one of the two parties then in arms against the Austrian Government. The conflicting principles and objects of these two parties appear to us to convey a simple and correct notion of the whole contest; their dissensions pervaded the entire history of the rebellion, and finally brought about its total failure. The *moderate* section of the *liberal* party in Hungary held that the fundamental rights of their ancient constitution were in danger; that the Court had behaved to them with duplicity, and had instigated the Croatian resistance to their authority; and that the turbulent conduct of the Diet was to be made a pretext for absorbing the kingdom of Hungary into the empire of Austria by

by the annihilation of all that was independent in its institutions. These opinions were strengthened by the accession of a young Prince who had not taken the Coronation oath, and was therefore bound by no direct ties to respect the Hungarian Constitution; and subsequently by the promulgation of the Constitution of the 4th March, 1849, which avowedly placed the Kingdom under the same form of representative government which was then conceded to the Empire. But, notwithstanding these apprehensions, this party never desired, or thought it possible to obtain, from Austria anything more than a fair recognition of their ancient constitutional liberties; they never contested the validity of the Pragmatic Sanction or the rights of the House of Hapsburg, and they professed to expect no more from entire success, if the fortune of war had been in their favour, than a treaty of peace between the Sovereign and his revolted subjects, based like the treaty of Szathmar which terminated the great Hungarian rebellion of 1713, on these legitimate principles. Such was the spirit of Görgei's Declaration on behalf of the regular troops which had gone over to the national cause, and of what, throughout the war, was termed the *peace party*. But it must be added, that the persons who held these opinions were made throughout the struggle the dupes and the tools of their most dangerous enemies. For to these views the whole policy of M. Kossuth was bitterly opposed. He had from the first eagerly plunged his adherents into those crimes of the revolution which were most calculated to close the door against all negotiation. He continually acted, as he had done at Schwechat, upon an enthusiastic notion of popular omnipotence, which invariably collapsed in the presence of regular military operations. He even thwarted the operations of the Hungarian generals if they were not consonant to his own sinister purposes. Knowing that he was himself the chief obstacle to any arrangement which might have terminated the war without foreign intervention, and have rescued his country from the catastrophe that awaited her, he nevertheless retained the dictatorship to the last moment possible—when, even his audacity failing, he saved his life by flight. To cut off all retreat from his followers in the path on which he had conducted them, he succeeded by the strangest misrepresentations, and by his unparalleled popular influence, in inducing the Diet at Debreczin to vote the deposition of the reigning family, and nominally to convert one of the least civilized, but most aristocratic and monarchical, states of Europe into a democratic Republic. The first of these two parties had before it an object which might be pursued by men of honour, and believed in, though against probability, by men of reason:

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and—though the passions which the contest roused and the excesses to which it led, were confounded with those of the revolutionary party—there was no time at which they would not have gladly laid down their arms in exchange for a recognition of their ancient rights. Had Prince Windischgrätz taken advantage of this palpable distinction at the very outset of the campaign, there is little doubt that he might then in December, 1848, have obtained from the regular army a submission scarcely less complete, and far more honourable to Austria, than that of Vilagos—and if the regular troops had been brought back to their duty the rest of the campaign would not have lasted a week. But Windischgrätz neither treated with those who would have treated, nor crushed those who would have resisted; and, whilst he discouraged the former by an obduracy which drove them to desperation, he gave the latter all the benefit of protracted delay—which enabled them in the spring to take the field in a very different condition, and in the month of April to drive his army out of the country.

It may here be of some interest to inquire what were the relative forces of the belligerent parties at the outset of this war. The deplorable civil contest, which had detained the Imperial commanders for several weeks before the walls of Vienna, was no sooner terminated than it became necessary to equip an army, still deficient in everything, for a winter campaign. All the available resources of the Empire had been despatched to Italy by the Minister of War, Latour, in the course of the preceding summer as fast as they could be collected. The corps still remaining north of the Alps were in a state of destitution. The artillery of Jellachich's division consisted chiefly of 3-pounders, which had to be exchanged for 6-pounders, and the want of horses and men for the guns was supplied as well as it could be from the cavalry and the line. The ammunition had been exhausted by the operations before Vienna; even the arsenals of the capital had been plundered by the mob, and a great portion of the arms they contained were destroyed. It is a peculiar characteristic of the wars which Austria had to sustain in several of her provinces during the revolution, that she was not only deprived of an immense amount of troops and *matériel* on which she had relied, but those very resources were turned against herself. In the summer of 1848 there were in Hungary and Transylvania 26 battalions of infantry and 59 squadrons of hussars, amounting to 41,769 men and 9198 horses, and consisting of some of the finest troops in the Imperial service. The whole of this force joined the insurrection, and formed the nucleus of the Hungarian army in all its important operations. On the 11th of July a levy of 200,000

200,000 men had been decreed by the Diet, and the formation of Honvéd corps had been conducted with extreme activity; but without the large and well-disciplined body of regular troops which went over, it is highly improbable that the violent party could have maintained its ground for a single month. At the outbreak of the revolution 2402 pieces of ordnance fell into the hands of the Committee of National Defence, 672 of which were field-pieces fit for service. The 5th regiment of artillery, then quartered in Pesth, joined the insurgents and supplied men qualified to take the command of the guns; and this became the most popular branch of the service with the students and foreign adventurers who flocked to the country. Throughout the war it may be remarked that the artillery played a prominent part. Without the support of guns it was sometimes impossible to get the Honveds to march at all, though when once in motion they frequently left their protectors behind them; and the extremely small loss of life which appears by the returns, even after the most severe actions that were fought, is mainly to be attributed to the fact that these actions were often no more than a long and not very destructive cannonade directed against the batteries rather than against the infantry of the enemy. For instance at Kapolna, where 19,000 men were engaged on the part of the Crown and double the number on the other side, the whole loss of the Imperialists in a two days' conflict was 56 men killed and 248 wounded:—at Temesvar, again, one of the great actions that terminated the war, the total loss of Austrians and Russians in killed and wounded was 11 officers and 197 men.

The entire amount of the Austrian forces at the commencement of the offensive operations in December, 1848, was 49,118 infantry, 7236 cavalry, and 258 guns: but this includes the corps under Simunich, and the detachments in Austrian Silesia and Galicia, where about 7000 men were preparing to act under the able command of General Schlick. Prince Windischgrätz himself took the field with about 37,000 foot, 6200 horses, and 216 guns. To this army the Magyar army of the Upper Danube, under Görgei, appears to have opposed about 28,000 men and 70 or 80 guns;—but on these particulars General Görgei himself preserves throughout his book an unaccountable silence, and we are driven to take these numbers from the returns of the Austrian staff, who were deficient in accurate information as to the forces really opposed to them.

The army, commanded by Prince Windischgrätz and the Ban of Croatia, commenced its offensive operations on the 23rd December. Skirmishes were fought, as we have already stated, at Raab

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and Babolna, but the main body of Görgei's corps was driven back, and found no position which it could defend against the superior force of the Imperialists on the right bank of the Danube. Ofen and Pesth were evacuated without resistance on the 4th January by the Kossuth party; Prince Windischgrätz occupied the capital; the Magyar government was precipitately transferred to Debreczin, behind the line of the Theiss; and the army of the Upper Danube, not being able to retire by the same direct line, fell back on the north to stop the march of Schlick's division, which was advancing from the Galician frontier, and would shortly have reached the place of retreat chosen by the Magyar government. The country lying beyond the Theiss and to the north of the Maros is for many reasons the strongest position in Hungary. These rivers are broad, sluggish, and deep. The Theiss flows between a vast expanse of marshy banks, insomuch that there are only six places between the mountains and the Danube where it can be crossed at all, and of these only two are in Upper Hungary. But as the whole army had not been thrown behind the Theiss when Görgei first made that proposal, but had been left, on the contrary, to make a useless demonstration on the road to Pesth, it became a task of great difficulty to convey the main body of the Magyar troops from Waitzen to the reserves at Debreczin. The direct road was entirely closed and possessed by Windischgrätz.

The principal scene of active war was therefore now transported to the mountainous tract between the valleys of the Gran, the Waag, and the Neutra, extending to the mining towns of Schemnitz and Kremnitz, and along the spurs of the Carpathian mountains. It was on this point that the Austrian forces north of the Danube, forming the four detachments of Generals Simunich, Csörich, Goetz, and Schlick—were to converge, for the purpose of crushing the chief military strength of the insurrection before the Imperialists attempted to pursue the enemy beyond the Theiss. This part of the campaign may be said to have opened on the 11th January, 1849. In the rigorous climate of Hungary these mountain valleys were either encumbered with snow or rendered still more impassable by sudden thaws. The roads—if that term can be applied to the wretched tracks by which communications are still carried on in Hungary—were few in number, and in no degree adapted to the transport of artillery. But it must be allowed that, in spite of all natural impediments, Görgei manœuvred through these defiles with consummate dexterity—notwithstanding the successive defeats of his own corps at Hodnicz, of Guyon's division at Windschacht, and the occupation of the southern mining towns by the Austrian forces. So hardly indeed was the Magyar army

army pressed in this retreat, that, in order to make its way from Kremnitz to Neusohl, it was found necessary to follow a steep mountain-track over the highest ridge of the chain, which is only passable in winter by taking the light sledges of the country to pieces. In one part this track is carried through a cleft in the rock, forming a sort of miniature tunnel. Yet even through this passage, part of which had fallen in, Görgei contrived with infinite labour to convey his artillery and his troops, followed by Aulich's division. He succeeded, therefore, in concentrating the army once more at Neusohl, where he received orders to continue his retreat upon the Upper Theiss. It was, indeed, by no means certain that the Austrian forces, which were now handled with great ability by Lieutenant Field-Marshal Schlick, would not intercept the line of march. But Görgei was resolved, if necessary, to penetrate as far north as the county of Zips; and as he had placed the corps of Schlick, which was inferior in numbers, between the division of General Klapka and his own, he was still able to retire with advantage, and sometimes to assume the offensive with effect. At this crisis in the war Prince Windischgrätz made a private appeal to Görgei to lay down his arms, with the promise of a free pardon; but the Magyar General dismissed the emissary in the presence of his officers with a copy of his Waitzen proclamation. He remarks, however, at the same time, that the prevailing spirit of the population, which had been indifferent to the national cause between the frontier and Buda, turned out to be positively adverse to it in the northern counties.

At Branyiszko, on the 5th of February, Guyon succeeded in compelling Schlick's column of about 10,000 men to evacuate its position and retreat upon Eperies. This fortunate stroke turned the aspect of affairs. The army of the Upper Danube pursued Schlick, who seemed resolved to fall back upon Götz's brigade; and although it was anticipated that he would fight a general action before Kaschau, even that place was evacuated without a blow. This circumstance once more placed Görgei in communication with the Upper Theiss, and with the reinforcements which awaited him there. The junction of his troops with those of Klapka might also have been completed. But at this critical point in the war—when, after great difficulties had been surmounted, success seemed for the first time to shine upon the Hungarian revolt—a sudden resolution of the Committee of Defence, or rather of Kossuth, changed anew and very essentially the whole prospects of the army.

On the 14th of February despatches reached head-quarters containing an entirely new arrangement of the whole Magyar

forces

forces by the Minister of War, and the nomination of the Polish General Dembinski to the chief command of the troops. The introduction of these Polish officers to places of high military trust was one of the greatest blunders committed by the revolutionary government. It was irritating and insulting to the Magyar army; it confounded the proper object of the war with the ulterior views of a Polish insurrection; and at length it served as a very plausible pretext for the interference of Russia. These evils cannot have escaped the penetration of Kossuth; but he probably employed this expedient as a means of controlling the army, where a very different spirit prevailed from that of the Rump Diet of Debreczin, and of counteracting the influence of Görgei, who was still attached to the constitutional cause, and in whom Kossuth, conscious of his own want of military talent, always saw a rival and an antagonist. Görgei had a foreigner placed over his head as soon as he had extricated the army from the difficulties in which it was placed, and he clearly understood that the object was to punish him for the monarchical spirit of his Waitzen proclamation. Dembinski, as a mere soldier of fortune, was not likely to oppose any check to the republican schemes of Kossuth; and his connexion with the secret Polish societies all over Europe made him the fitter champion of schemes of universal revolution. The appointment was received by the army with dissatisfaction, and if Görgei had thrown up the command of his troops, or given any signal of disaffection, the consequences would probably have been fatal to the government. He resolved, however, to remain with the soldiery, and to set them the example of submission to the superior authority of Dembinski, and published an order of the day to that effect. The events of the next fortnight showed that in temper, in knowledge of the country, and in the opinion of the army, the Pole was grossly unqualified for the function he had undertaken, though he had the good fortune to be opposed to a worse general than himself in the person of Prince Windischgrätz.

Dembinski, having now in his rear the considerable reinforcements which had been collected and organized behind the Theiss during the winter, and having recalled the troops fighting in Southern Hungary, under Vecsey and Damjanics, behind the line of the Maros, found himself in a condition to assume the offensive. The 1st and 7th corps d'armée, under Klapka and Görgei respectively, were ordered to follow the high road towards Pesth, and a concentration of the divisions under Aulich and Damjanics was to be effected at Gyöngyos. Whilst these operations were in progress, and Windischgrätz was slowly falling back on the capital,

tal, Dembinski and his staff were surprised at Erlau one afternoon by the sound of distant artillery in the direction of Verpelét, and the general-in-chief was compelled to start in a peasant's waggon for the scene of action. In fact, the most considerable battle since the opening of the campaign was already begun on the plains of Kapolna, and begun before the intended concentration had taken place. This action, which commenced on the 26th of February, and lasted till nightfall with no decisive result, was resumed on the morrow and won by the Austrians, chiefly through the masterly and intrepid movements of General Schlick, who displayed in all these operations first-rate military talents which surprised those who had only known him as a lounger in the cafés and coulisses of Vienna. Dembinski made no attempt to renew the action, but after a severe skirmish on his rear at Poroszlo he fell back across the Theiss on the 2nd and 3rd of March. The orders of the commander-in-chief to recross the Theiss were so ill received by the division of Klapka and that of Görgei, that the authority of Dembinski was at an end, and Szemere, as Commissioner of the Government, was compelled to suspend him. Thus terminated the first brief and discreditable command of Dembinski, which, however, did not prevent him from being further employed at the most momentous period of the struggle; but fortunately for the Magyar army, the Austrian forces had been too much shaken by the conflict at Kapolna to take advantage of their success; and as the whole bearing of the Hungarian troops was by this time much improved, their retreat was conducted with order and defended with gallantry. The chief command was given for a short time to Vetter, whose ability was incontestable, but upon his falling ill it was again restored to Görgei. These measures, however, were not effected without fresh evidence of ill feeling between almost all the rival generals, which throws an air of vulgar jealousy over their account of the transactions, and in fact contributed largely to the ruin of their cause.

The moment was one of supreme importance to the Hungarians. The main force of the insurrection, amounting to 42,000 men, with 140 guns, was concentrated in an excellent position on the Theiss. The recent successes of Bem in Transylvania, and of Damjanics at Szolnok, had removed all cause of apprehension from the left flank and rear. The reinforcements and matériel of the army were collected on the left bank of the Theiss, which the enemy had not been able to cross; and Vetter, who was an able tactician, proposed a regular plan of operations for opening the road to the capital. Nor was the political conjuncture less important. At an interview which took place between Görgei

and

and Kossuth in the beginning of March, the general had strongly expressed to the dictator that they should gain all that was worth fighting for if they could secure the constitution of 1848, even though the departments of finance and war should be dependent on the cabinet of Vienna. Kossuth replied in his grandiloquent language, that the freedom of Hungary would never be safe unless that of Poland was also secured, and that the subversion of the freedom of Hungary would extinguish that of Europe. But whether or not it was expedient to negotiate, as Görgei proposed, on the basis of the Hungarian constitution, within a few days that path was closed. The Austrian cabinet, by promulgating the constitution of the 4th of March for the whole empire, expressed their determination to recognize none of the ancient provincial rights and liberties of the realm; and the relations which had existed under the Pragmatic Sanction of 1720 between Hungary and the House of Hapsburg, were henceforth to be abrogated by conditions dictated by the conquering to the conquered party. Those conditions were, on the side of the empire, annexation and union; on that of the Magyars independence. Kossuth probably hailed this occurrence with satisfaction, since it gave him a pretext for carrying his own views to the opposite extreme, in the decisive fashion soon to be noticed.

In the interval between the 4th of March and the 14th of April the military prospects of the insurrection had, as we have seen, greatly improved. On the 2nd of April Görgei's division encountered and defeated that of Schlick at Hatván, and from that moment a career of success appeared to open to the Hungarian forces. A clear idea of the nature of these operations may be formed by drawing a straight line from east to west, that is, from Tisza Fured, the point at which the principal north-east road crosses the Theiss, to Waitzen, the point at which the Danube makes its great bend southwards. On this parallel all the actions of the month of April, 1849, were fought. The whole distance from the Theiss to the Danube at this point is under 120 miles. Pesth itself remained on the left flank of the Hungarian army, but it was necessarily evacuated by the Imperialists as soon as it was turned, and Waitzen was justly regarded as a position of far greater strategic importance, especially as it opened the road to Comorn, whilst Pesth still lay under the guns of Buda. The success at Hatván on the 2nd of April was followed by that of Isaszeg on the 6th:—a still more brilliant victory, won by the gallantry of Görgei, Damjanics, and Aulich. The spot where this important battle was fought is within five miles of the capital, but Windischgrätz

grätz was in error when he conceived that Görgei's first object was to re-enter the city; the Austrians, however, retreated on Pesth, when they ought at all hazards to have covered the road to Waitzen with the bulk of their forces. But whilst the army was rapidly pursuing a retreating foe, Kossuth obtained from the Diet at Debreczin, by the artifices to which he was accustomed to resort, the fatal and extravagant decree of the 14th of April, which deposed the House of Hapsburg and converted the defence of the constitutional rights of Hungary into an indefinite struggle for the wild and unattainable objects of social and political revolution. His intentions on this subject had been made known to Görgei about a week before, and we shall leave him to relate in his own language the manner in which they were received.

'In the course of the 7th of April, a few hours after our entry, Kossuth also, with his attendants, arrived at Gödöllö. He appeared satisfied with the services of the army, and spoke much and well of the eternal thanks of the nation. After a while he desired to converse with me alone in his chamber. On this occasion I obtained the first indications of the leading tendency of his politics.

"Now," said he, "the time is come to answer the Imperial constitution of the 4th of March by the separation of Hungary from Austria. The patience of the nation"—he continued—"was exhausted; if it would show itself at all worthy of liberty, it must not only not tolerate the unreasonable assumption of the Imperial constitution, but it must moreover exact heavy reprisals. The peoples of Europe would judge of the worth of the Hungarian nation according to the answer it should give to that constitution. Their sympathies would depend upon that judgment. England, France, Italy, Turkey, even all Germany itself, not excepting Austria's own hereditary states, were waiting only till Hungary should proclaim itself an independent state, to impart to it their material aid, and that the more abundantly, as they had hitherto been sparing of it. The sore-tried, oppressed sister nation of the Poles would speedily follow the example of Hungary, and united with it would find a powerful ally, both for defence and offence, in the Porte, whose interests had so often suffered from the policy of Austria and Russia. With the freedom of Hungary the freedom of Europe would fall; with Hungary's triumph there would be as many successful risings against hated tyranny as there were oppressed peoples in Europe. Our victory is certain"—were nearly the words in which he continued—"but we can do much more than for ourselves alone; we can and must fight and conquer for the freedom of all who wish us the victory. Our word, however, must precede the deed, our cry of victory the assured victory itself, and announce its redeeming approach to all enslaved peoples, that they may be watchful and prepared, that they may not stupidly sleep away the moments destined for their salvation, and so afford time for our common enemies again to recover, to assemble and strengthen themselves anew. We cannot be silent now that

that the Imperial constitution has denied our very existence. Our silence would be half a recognition of these acts, and all our victories would be fruitless! We must therefore declare ourselves! But a declaration such as I should wish would raise the self-esteem of the nation, would at once destroy all the bridges behind the still undecided and wavering parties within and without the Diet, would by the proximity and importance of a common object force into the background mere party interests, and would thus facilitate and hasten the sure victory."

"All this is not quite clear to me," was nearly my answer. "Words will not make Hungary free; deeds can alone do that. And no arm out of Hungary will execute those deeds; but rather armies will be raised to prevent their execution. Yet, granted that Hungary of itself were strong enough at the present moment to dissociate itself from Austria, would it not be too weak to maintain itself as an independent state in a neighbourhood in which the Porte, in spite of a much more favourable position, has already been reduced to an existence by sufferance only? We have lately beaten the enemy repeatedly —that is undeniable. But we have accomplished this only with the utmost exertion of our powers The consciousness *that our cause was just* has enabled us to effect this. *The separation of Hungary from Austria would no longer be a just cause;* the struggle for this would not be a struggle *for*, but *against* the law; not a struggle for self-defence, but an attack on the existence of the united Austrian monarchy. And while we should hereby mortally wound innumerable ancient interests and sympathies; while we should hereby conjure up against our own country all the unhappy consequences of a revolution uncalled for by any circumstances; while we should hereby force the old troops, the very kernel of our army, to violate their oath, and thus morally shake them—we should find ourselves weaker day by day; while at the same time in every neighbouring state a natural ally of our opponents would arise against us, the disturbers of the balance of power in Europe. 'We cannot put up with the Imperial constitution in silence'! Granted! but is what we have just done 'putting up with it in silence?' Could we have answered the Imperial constitution of the 4th of March more strikingly than we have done? I cannot decide what, or how much, is advantageous to the people of Europe; but that to the people of Hungary the smallest victory on the battle-field brings more profit and honour than the most arrogant declaration, I see clearly enough; and I once more repeat, that battles won for the legitimate King Ferdinand V. and the constitution sanctioned by him are the best answer that Hungary can give to the chimeras of the Austrian ministers."

'Kossuth inquired doubtingly whether I really believed that the old troops had ever thought seriously of Ferdinand V. and the constitution of the year 1848. "Of what else should they have thought," I exclaimed, "when, immediately after the evacuation of the capitals, determined on a voluntary departure to the enemy's camp, the *only* means that remained to retain them for the Hungarian cause—which is principally indebted

to them for its success hitherto—was my proclamation of Waitzen? What was the real signification of that demonstration which my corps d'armée, without my participation or knowledge, proposed to make against General Dembinski, in Kaschau, but their anxiety lest in me they should lose a commander who respected their military oath? I have shared prosperity and adversity with these troops. I know their feelings. And should King Ferdinand V. stand here before us now, I would invite him, without the slightest hesitation, I—unarmed and unprotected—to follow me into the camp, and receive their homage; for I am certain there is not one in it who would refuse it to him."

'Kossuth, apparently but little edified by my want of enthusiasm for his political ideas, abruptly broke off our conference; nor did he ever mention to me one syllable more of the separation of Hungary from Austria.'—vol. i. pp. 364-367.

These remonstrances had, however, no effect—for—as Görgei soon tells us—

'on the 17th of April a courier from Debreczin appeared at my head-quarters at Lévencz with the news that the Diet had accepted Kossuth's proposition that, as an answer to the Imperial constitution of the 4th of March, 1849, the dynasty of Habsburg-Lorraine be declared to have forfeited its hereditary right to the throne of Hungary; that the future form of government for Hungary, however, be an open question; and for the present that a provisional government be appointed.'—*Ibid.*, 382.

'To undertake any energetic step against the Government and the Diet—however urgently such a step seemed to be demanded, partly by the general exasperation which the news of that resolution of the Diet called forth in my head-quarters, partly as a consequence of my proclamation of Waitzen—was altogether impossible, from the circumstance that, on the one hand, I was, with the main body of the army, above thirty (German) miles distant from Debreczin; on the other, that I was just then occupied with our most important strategic task, the relief of Comorn. Yielding to what was unavoidable, I had rather chiefly to consider how most certainly to prevent the sudden dissolution of our army, the consequence mainly to be feared from that fatal political step.'—*Ibid.*, 384.

Meanwhile the advance of the liberating army was rapid and unchecked. The head-quarters of Görgei were still at Gödöllö on the 11th of April, when intelligence arrived that Damjanics, with the 3rd corps d'armée, had reached Waitzen on the Danube, stormed the position, and defeated the division of General Götz, who was taken prisoner and died shortly afterwards of his wounds. The Austrians once more evacuated Pesth, leaving a garrison under General Hentzi, in Buda, on the opposite and more commanding shore of the Danube: but the main object of the Hungarian staff was to open their way to Comorn, the impregnable fortress which had resisted all attacks of the Austrians,

Austrians, and was now to serve as the basis of their own ulterior operations. The direct road from Waitzen to Comorn, along the left bank of the Danube, is little more than a dangerous towing-path. In that very spot the ruins of the favourite palace of King Matthias Corvinus still crown the vine-clad hills which skirt the Danube, like the Heidelberg of Eastern Europe, and the artillery of an enemy on these heights would command and render impassable the track on the opposite side of the stream. Although under the pressure of subsequent events Görgei did afterwards retreat by this very path, a more practicable, though circuitous route, passes northwards through the mountains, and intersects the Gran some twenty-five miles above its junction with the Danube. Here it was that the Gran was crossed on the 18th of April by the right wing of the army, between Kalna and Szecse, without resistance. On the 20th a strong column of the Imperialists was driven back by Damjanics and Klapka at Kemend, and forced to retire to the right bank of the Danube by the bridge of boats under the city of Gran. The 4th Austrian corps d'armée under General Wohlgemuth was defeated in the bloody action of Nagy-Sarló; and on the 22nd Comorn was relieved. This brilliant series of achievements placed the whole of the left bank of the river in the power of the Hungarian forces.

The main army of Prince Windischgrätz again evacuated Pesth, and proceeded by the high road to Vienna—picking up on its way the besieging army of Comorn. For although the Austrians had already been driven from the left bank of the Danube to the right, the outworks of Comorn on the right bank were still invested. This celebrated fortress lies on a low tongue of land formed by the confluence of the Waag and the Danube, and as these two broad rivers describe an acute angle on this spot, the place is unapproachable by the ordinary methods of engineering on its two principal sides. The town occupies the base of an isosceles triangle. Besides this citadel there is a *tête-de-pont* on the right bank, which had been strengthened by field-works on some sandhills, and the whole connected with the fortress by a flying bridge, the construction of which was no trifling exploit. In the night of the 25th of April a column of 4000 picked infantry, under Colonel Knézich, got over by this bridge, and attacked the Austrian entrenchments on the right bank: another similar sally was conducted beyond the Palatine lines, and such was the ardour of the troops that in a few hours the greater part of the army had crossed the river. Klapka commanded the left wing,

Damjanics the centre, and Görgei the right. The enemy had evacuated in confusion a sandhill called the Monostor, which was the key of the position, but a severe action was fought, not without great peril to the assailants, who, however, succeeded in possessing themselves of the intrenched camp of the besieging army.

'The day remained ours; for we had taken the fortified camp, together with the enemy's trenches, the equipment of a besieging battery, and considerable stores of pioneers' tools and projectiles, nay, even the tents of the hostile camp, and had completely delivered the fortress: while the enemy, far from disputing with us the possession of all this, contented himself with the hurried protection of his retreat from the field of battle by Raab to Wieselburg; in which, indeed, the greatest service was rendered to him by the scarcity of ammunition on the part of the artillery of both the divisions (Damjanics and Klapka) engaged in this day's action, which prevented them from attacking him, as well as by the tardy arrival of Pöltenberg on the field of battle.

'With the complete deliverance of Comorn, the execution of the plan of operations projected in Gödöllö—after the battle of Isaszeg—by our chief of the general staff, had satisfactorily succeeded; thanks to the unshaken firmness of General Damjanics during the battle of Nagy-Sarló, as well as to the admirable perseverance and rare masterly skill with which General Aulich knew how so long to fetter the Austrian principal army concentrated before Pesth, and to deceive it as to our real strategic intentions, until the subsequent perception of them appeared to be only the more calculated to lead our bewildered adversary to his disgraceful defeat at Nagy-Sarló.'—*Ib.* pp. 403-4.

With this combat the first campaign may be said to have ended in the discomfiture of the Imperial troops; and already, on the 22nd of April, Prince Windischgrätz took leave of the army in an order of the day dated from Olmütz. As a negociator he had been stern and unbending—as a soldier feeble and improvident; and in both capacities he left the Hungarian insurrection far more formidable than he found it six months before, when after the battle of Schwechat all resistance seemed to melt before him.

The first care of General Welden, who succeeded Windischgrätz in the chief command, was to withdraw the whole of the forces to Pressburg, on the confines of the Hungarian territory—for it was by no means certain that the next operations would not be confined to the defence of Vienna itself and of the Austrian monarchy, and at any rate offensive operations could not be successfully resumed without a re-organization of the army. The danger of Vienna itself was thought by Prince Schwarzenberg at this time to be so great, that on his urgent request a column of 13,000 Russian infantry, with 48 guns,

guns, was despatched by the Prince of Warsaw *by railroad* for its protection, without even waiting for the authority of the Emperor Nicholas, who was then at Moskow. It was this column, under General Paniutine, which afterwards co-operated with Haynau's army on the Danube. Indeed the Austrian official narrative ascribes as a great merit to General Welden that he was able to maintain his position at all against an enemy so well provided with artillery, whilst the preparations for the intervention of Russia were going on. This interval lasted from the 26th of April to the 12th of June. As Welden's state of health compelled him soon afterwards to resign the command, the chief direction of the army was transferred on the 30th of May, on the recommendation of Welden himself, to Baron Haynau, who was recalled from the siege of Venice for that purpose.

The Magyars were at that time in possession of the finest strategical position that the country admitted of, commanding the Danube, and supported by Comorn. Their army was in the highest state of efficiency that it ever reached, and they knew that every day's delay was adding to the strength of the enemy they had just driven from the country. How came it, then, that so little use was made of these advantages at the most important moment of the war? Had Kossuth really possessed the consummate ability to which his admirers have laid claim for him, then was the moment to display it. Two courses seemed open to the Magyar army—either to pursue the retreating Imperialists to the gates of Vienna, to attack the monarchy, and perhaps to dictate terms in the capital; or to concentrate their forces against the second attack which was impending over them, and in the first place to reduce Buda, which was the only *point d'appui* still in the hands of the Austrians on the right bank of the Danube. The position of the Hungarian chiefs had not become less critical by their recent success. Görgei had learnt from prisoners of war taken on the 26th of April, that the Russian intervention had been solicited, and was already in active preparation. At that time the batteries of Damjanics and Klapka had fired their last charge of ammunition at the relief of Comorn, and the supplies from beyond the Theiss were not arrived. Görgei was convinced, from the symptoms of disaffection which the deposition of the reigning family had produced in the best parts of the army, that it would be impossible to lead them against Austria, or to induce them to prosecute hostilities beyond the frontier of their own country. He therefore resolved to adopt the plan advised by General Klapka, and which had been strongly supported by Kossuth's own correspondence—

spondence—namely, to fall back at once on the capital and lay siege to Buda. At the same time he accepted under Kossuth the office of Minister of War—an office scarcely compatible with his duties in the field—and not easily or honourably to be reconciled with the extreme distrust he professes to have entertained for the head of the revolutionary government.

The siege of Buda commenced on the 4th of May. It was undertaken under the erroneous impression that the garrison was disaffected, and the place untenable. But the summons addressed to the commandant by Görgei was answered with a haughty and peremptory vigour which showed that, bad as the position might be, Hentzi and his men were not there to surrender it but with their lives: and, in fact, during the Austrian occupation of the town in the winter its defences had been materially improved. The first attempt of the besiegers was to destroy a forcing-pump, covered by entrenchments, which was the only means of raising water from the Danube for the use of the garrison—the place itself having no cisterns or wells. But the attack of the Kméty division on this point failed. It then became necessary to effect a breach, but the distance of the breaching-battery was great, and it was only provided with four 24-pounders and one 18-pounder taken in the trenches before Comorn—the heavy train not having been sent up by General Guyon from that fortress. A week was lost before even these preparations were completed. There was one abortive effort to storm while the breach was yet imperfect, and then several feigned attacks preceded the final onslaught. It was made in the night of the 20th of May—the seventeenth day of the siege; and, after a desperate resistance, in which Hentzi was mortally wounded, the old Turkish fortress fell into the hands of the Magyars. Amongst the soldiers of the Austrian Empire the name of Hentzi will ever be remembered; for his resolute defence of a hopeless position won seventeen days of incalculable value to the safety of the whole army and of the monarchy itself. The present Emperor Francis Joseph, on visiting the shattered walls of Buda, laid the foundation stone of a monument to this faithful soldier on the spot where he fell. With a brutal insensibility to the gallantry of his antagonist, Görgei has the impudence to assure us that he intended to have made an example of Hentzi, because he had fired in the heat of the action a certain number of shots on the city of Pesth; but when the place was taken its commander was already expiring of his wounds. With similar complacency Görgei adds that 'the garrison was *not* put to the sword.' One blushes to copy these words. We have found

found nothing in his book which conveys to us a more painful idea of the nature of the war or of Görgei's own character.

The affairs of the army were not advanced by this capture. It had lost by accident and ill-health the services of Aulich and of Damjanics, two of the ablest of its generals; and no further attempt seemed likely for the time to be made either at negotiation or in active warfare. Under these circumstances, Görgei repaired to Debreczin—to sound those whom he believed to be favourable to reconciliation with Austria, as to the possibility of rescinding the unhappy decree of the 14th of April. But the Diet stood prorogued to July, and no means of effecting this object seemed possible but a military *coup d'état*, from which the friends of peace recoiled. Görgei himself appears to have been averse to such a proceeding, unless he had been in a condition to exact terms from the Imperial Government, as well as to impose them on Kossuth and his adherents. But the savage proceedings of Baron Haynau, from the moment that the supreme command became his, were calculated to dispel all hopes of a compromise. One of his first acts was to put to death two prisoners-of-war, who had formerly belonged to the Imperial army, and who, upon the capture of Leopoldstadt, had been tried and condemned by court-martial. Neither Windischgrätz nor Welden had had heart for fulfilling the capital sentence of that tribunal—five months had intervened—but Haynau at once uttered his barbarous and short-sighted order. Kossuth and Klapka called upon Görgei to retaliate by executing Austrian prisoners; but this he refused to do—because, as he says, it would clearly have been fatal to his last visions of a settlement by *treaty*. From these indications we gather abundant evidence that there was at this critical time no concert or confidence between the military and civil chiefs of the insurrection—that they had no definite plan of warlike operations—that an internal revolution was quite as probable as an attack on the enemy; in short, that the most brilliant success the Hungarians had achieved at all was followed by a period of mischievous inactivity—and that the principal actors in the drama were all duping each other. They had in fact already begun to despair of their cause. Klapka repeatedly expressed his opinion that nothing could save Hungary but a foreign intervention, opposed to the adverse intervention of Russia; and Görgei, who had been prevented from advancing, after the siege of Buda, by the want of clothes for the troops and of reinforcements, now declared that he counted the existence of his country by weeks, and that the only question to be determined was how to destroy the greatest number of their enemies

and

and to finish with the greatest honour. The only chance of even temporary success was, if possible, to defeat the Austrians before the Russian columns had made much way in the country.

The Imperial Austrian army of the Danube, under Haynau, which commenced its operations on the 9th June, in four divisions commanded by General Schlick, General Czorich, Prince E. Schwarzenberg, and General Wohlgemuth, together with a fifth division of Russians under Paniutine, amounted to 66,670 infantry, 10,000 cavalry, and 324 guns. The bulk of the Russian army was assembled at Dukla, under Prince Paskiewitch, on the 16th June, and commenced its operations on the following day: the total amount of the Russian forces employed in Hungary, including all ranks and arms, amounted to 162,951 men, with 528 guns.

To these forces, according to the Russian official documents, the Magyars opposed 137 battalions, 144 squadrons, and 350 harnessed guns, amounting in all to about 190,000 men. Of these 50,000 were under Görgei on the Danube; 18,000 under Klapka about Neusohl; Dembinski commanded 20,000 at Leutschau; Damjanics 15,000 at Kaschau; Bem 30,000 in Transylvania and the Banat; Perczel 20,000 in the neighbourhood of Sombor. We take this, however, to be an overstatement, for if such really were the forces of the insurrection in May 1849, the inactivity of the Maygar chiefs would be totally incomprehensible. At any rate, a large proportion of the infantry consisted of raw levies hardly deserving the name of regular troops. The cavalry, on the contrary, was composed of the fine regiments of huzzars which had deserted the Imperial standard; and the artillery, which played the chief part in action, was good.

Görgei himself states the forces under his command, in the trenches of Comorn, at scarcely 25,000 men and 120 guns, and the force with which he afterwards left that fortress at 27,000 men; and although the army of the lower Theiss is reckoned at 50,000, at least 20,000 of them were recruits or ill-armed peasants, quite unable to cope with the disciplined and well-appointed corps which the Russians brought against them. It may here be observed, and on the best authority, that the whole equipments of the Russians, including even their biscuit, stores, drugs, camp-hospitals, harness, and everything that a great force can require, were in the most perfect order and formed a remarkable contrast to the hastily collected and imperfect resources of Baron Haynau's army. In this respect the Austrians have taken a useful lesson since 1849 from their powerful allies.

At

At this crisis, however, the main question was to decide on the strategical plan which held out the greatest chance of prolonging the resistance of the Magyars. So little value was attached to Buda, though the capture of that place had cost so much precious time, that it was surrendered without a blow to a Major in the Austrian Lancers on the 11th July; but as this event closed the direct road to the south, the whole interest of the contest was thrown beyond the Danube. The plan of Görgei would have been, on the contrary, to concentrate the troops as much as possible on the right bank of the Danube, and to fall with his entire strength on the Austrian army under Haynau, leaving the whole of the rest of the kingdom undefended:—because he held that if the lesser of the two forces, being the principal in the contest, could be destroyed, the political character of the struggle would in some degree be improved, and in the event of a victory he might at once have marched on Vienna. The other plan was to order a general concentration of the troops on the lower Theiss and the Maros, about Szegedin, where a final action might be fought with the possibility of retreating on Transylvania, and of saving the leaders by flight into Turkey. This last system was finally adopted by Meszáros and Dembinski, when Görgei was, from a recent wound, not in a condition to oppose it, and it was in obedience to this plan that he made the extraordinary march from Comorn to Vilagos, which was the closing operation of the war. In the first attack made under the eyes of the young Emperor on the outskirts of Comorn, which were partly retaken by the Austrians on the 2nd July, Görgei was wounded in the head, and in addition to the untoward results of the day he was conveyed back to his lodgings in the fortress in a state which compelled the medical men to keep from him all knowledge of passing events for three whole days. At the end of this time he suddenly learnt that an attempt had been made by Kossuth to remove him from the command of the army, probably because he had refused to obey a monstrous decree calling upon the army to destroy by fire every place it was compelled to evacuate, and it was in this interval that the strategical plan was adopted, to which he thenceforward found himself committed without the possibility of retreat or modification.

On the 11th July a sally was made from Comorn, which was repulsed by the Austrians after a severe action; and on the 13th July Görgei himself left the place in obedience to the orders he had received to reach, if possible, the south of Hungary with his army. But, as we have seen, the direct road on the right bank of the Danube was already in the hands of the enemy. Görgei's proposal

proposal to operate on that bank, which we believe to have been at once the boldest and soundest line, had been negatived; and to obey the order he had received, no course remained but to take the circuitous northern road by the mountainous regions he had passed six months before, with the additional danger that he knew the whole force of the Russians was now advancing in the same direction. Indeed, when the vanguard reached Waitzen, which it did by following the difficult path and defile along the banks of the Danube, the outposts of the Russian cavalry, Musulmans and Caucasians, had already occupied that town, and it was evident that the Russian army was prepared to oppose the retreat of the Hungarians by the straight eastern road through Gödöllö—Prince Paskiewitsch had, in fact, already concentrated his forces at Hatván, which, as we saw in the preceding April, was the most commanding point on that line. At Waitzen Görgei fell upon the right wing of the Russian army, not very strongly supported, and an action was fought in which he lost 1000 prisoners, 4 cannon, and a standard—the Russians lost about 300 men. The Hungarian army, though repulsed from the passage to the south and east, made good its escape in the following night, for, as the Russians allege, they had been led to conclude that Görgei was hotly pursued by the Austrian forces, and Haynau's omission to send cavalry after the enemy on this occasion is one of the accusations made against him. If he had done so he could hardly have failed to capture the baggage and artillery with which the Magyar army was heavily encumbered. Indeed, Görgei took this opportunity to shake off the numerous body of fugitives which embarrassed his march, and he thus passed through a position of the utmost danger. On the side of the Austrians it may fairly be alleged, that, as they occupied and blocked up the right bank of the Danube, it might be expected that the Russians would be ready to intercept Görgei on the left, and the more so, as by suffering him to slip through their fingers they allowed him to pass between their main body and their base of operations. Haynau at this time gave up the pursuit of Görgei, and applied himself at once to march to the relief of Temesvár and against the forces assembled at Szegedin under Wysocki and Perczel—a movement on which the Russian official publication comments with great severity, but which the result of the campaign seems to us to justify.

It was now clear that Görgei's course lay through the mountains, and that his object was either to reach Transylvania by a complete circuit of northern Hungary, or more probably to descend on the Theiss, near Tokay, and so complete his junction with the forces on the Maros. Prince Paskiewitsch took measures

sures to protect his own line of communications in the north, and then proceeded to secure the passage of the Theiss, at which point he awaited the enemy; for he had committed the mistake of sending in pursuit of Görgei a very inadequate force;—and the retreating army reached Miskolz before any Russian corps had had time to fall back on that place. Nothing could exceed the adroitness with which the movements of Görgei were now conducted through this difficult region, and on the 28th of July he succeeded in crossing the Theiss without opposition above the principal passage of Tisza-Fured, at which the Russians awaited him. The Hungarians, being unable to follow the direct line from Miskolz to Tisza-Fured, had occupied the valleys of the Sajo and the Hernad, in which latter position Görgei remained for three days, partly to rest his troops after the forced march they had made, and partly from an erroneous notion that by detaining the Russians in the north he was facilitating the position of the army on the Southern Theiss and the Maros. This delay was the principal fault he appears to have committed in his extraordinary march, for if it had not taken place it is not impossible that the junction of the armies might have been effected before the decisive action. The Russians crossed the Theiss as soon as the Magyars, and the theatre of war was removed to the left bank of that river; but in spite of several collisions, some of which were imprudently and needlessly occasioned by General Nagy-Sándor, who commanded the rear-guard of the army, no decisive blow was struck against it, and it effected its march by Debreczin and Vamos Peres to Arad, where the communication was reopened with Kossuth's government and with the forces at its disposal. In a military point of view we know of nothing more remarkable than this march of eighteen days over such a country as Hungary, in presence of several armies, all of greatly superior strength, which was accomplished by Görgei without the loss of any considerable portion of his artillery or his troops.

It will be borne in mind that the object of this great manœuvre was, if possible, to bring the army of the Upper Danube, which Görgei commanded, to co-operate on the Theiss and the Maros with the army of Southern Hungary under the command of Dembinski, Vetter, and Guyon. The distance from Comorn to Tokay, by the road Görgei was compelled to take, certainly exceeded 200 miles. A further distance of 200 miles was still to be traversed from Tokay to Szegedin, and this in presence of hostile armies of superior force. As it turned out, the combination failed by the difference of three or four days. Had General Haynau advanced with less rapidity to the south he would

would have found the insurgents at Szegedin reinforced by Görgei's army, and the entrenchments which had been hastily thrown up on the right bank of the Theiss would in a few days more have opposed a formidable obstacle to his progress. The whole force under Dembinski on the Theiss at this time was estimated by the Austrians at 63,600 men and 176 guns—of these at least 35,000 were concentrated in the lines at Szegedin, where they were to be attacked by Haynau on the 3rd of August. Strange to say, however, in the night of the 2nd of August Dembinski evacuated these lines and the town of Szegedin without firing a shot, not venturing to sustain the attack of Haynau with the Theiss in his rear. On the following day the Jablonowski brigade crossed the river, and the Magyars were driven out of the *tête-de-pont* at Alt-Szegedin, on the left bank of the Theiss, which place was set on fire by the rocket batteries. On the 5th another battle was fought at Szöreg, and on the 9th the main body of the Austrians were within sight of Temesvár, where a last effort was made to oppose their progress. The battle of Temesvár was in fact no more than a cannonade of about seven hours' duration, followed by charges of cavalry; for Haynau himself states that the infantry was never regularly engaged. But the consequences of this action were decisive. Bem, who had already been beaten three days before some 200 miles to the east, arrived with his usual celerity to take part in this action. But in vain—the Magyars were dispersed—thousands of prisoners fell into the hands of the victorious Austrian—baggage waggons, cannons, and ammunition waggons all galloped pell-mell towards Lugos—and the infantry was disbanded. That same evening Haynau entered Temesvár, which had held out under Lieutenant-General Rukavina during the whole war with a gallantry and perseverance worthy of the highest fame. It is a remarkable circumstance that a portion of the garrison consisted of Hungarian troops, who had remained unshaken in their fidelity to the Imperial colours during the whole of the siege; they were, however, mingled with detachments of the Sifkovics, Bianchi, and Leiningen regiments, which are chiefly Wallachian and Polish — for every province and every race of the vast empire of Austria is united and identified under the common standard of the Imperial army.

On the 9th of August Görgei had reached Arad on the Maros—Temesvár being situated about thirty miles to the south of that river. If Dembinski, on evacuating Szegedin, and having been beaten at Szöreg, had retreated on Arad, following the right bank of the Maros, instead of retreating on Temesvár,

it is probable that the junction of the two armies might have been effected before the decisive action was fought. But before Görgei, or any part of his force, could reach Temesvár, the contest was over. In the course of the night of the 10th of August a despatch arrived at Arad, from Guyon, stating that Dembinski's army no longer existed.

On the afternoon of that day, and some hours before the arrival of this intelligence, a private conference had taken place between Kossuth and Görgei in the fortress of Arad, at which they discussed the conduct to be pursued under either of the events then impending over them.

'Kossuth wished to know what I intended to do, in case the news he had received of the victory of Dembinski's army at Temesvár should be confirmed—the junction of the army under my orders with Dembinski's effected—and the chief command over both armies were to devolve upon *me*.—"In that case"—I replied—"I should combine the whole of our forces, and direct my attack against the Austrians alone."—"But if the Austrians have been victorious at Temesvár?" Kossuth finally asked. "Then I will lay down my arms," was my answer. "And I shoot myself!" replied Kossuth.'—ii. p. 378.

'A few hours later Kossuth sent for my information a report of *General Guyon* relative to the issue of the battle fought at Temesvár. According to this report, written by Guyon himself, Dembinski's army no longer existed.

'By this final result of Dembinski's retrograde operation from Szöreg to Temesvár (instead of to Arad) the last probability of successful offensive operations against the Austrians was destroyed. The further continuance of our active resistance to the armies of the allies could now at most promote personal, no longer any national interests. Therefore, directly after the receipt of Count Guyon's report to Kossuth, I resolved, with the army under my command, which had been strengthened in Arad by a division of reserve, to lay down our arms, that a bloodless end might be put as speedily as possible to a contest henceforth without purpose, and that the country, which I could no longer save, might at least be freed from the horrible misery of war.

'I took this resolution with the full conviction of performing no half deed in executing it: for the army under my command was now the principal army of Hungary, and its conduct must prospectively the more certainly become the guide for all the isolated lesser bodies of active forces still existing elsewhere in the country—not excepting the garrisons of the fortresses—*as Kossuth himself agreed with my resolution to lay down our arms, and there was consequently no reason to apprehend that he would agitate against a general imitation of the example I was determined to set.*

'My supposition that Kossuth would agree to the laying down of our arms was by no means an arbitrary one. At the moment when I explained to Kossuth that I was determined to lay down our arms as soon as the news which I had received about the defeat of Dembinski's

army

army was confirmed, he was in the strictest sense of the word *master of my life.* The interview at which I made this declaration took place, as is known, in his own apartment in the fortress of Arad. The commander of the fortress was Damjanics. Since the Comorn differences he was among my decided adversaries. The garrison of the fortress consisted of troops that scarcely knew me by name. There could not exist the slightest sympathy on the part of these troops for my person. The suite with which I had hastened on Kossuth's summons into the fortress consisted of one adjutant. Kossuth nevertheless allowed me unobstructed to return from the fortress to the head-quarters in Alt-Arad. He had not even attempted to dissuade me in any way from the eventual resolution of laying down our arms. It is true he had declared he was resolved to shoot himself if I laid down our arms. This declaration, however, considering the little personal sympathy I had shown him since the 14th of April 1849, could not be expected to shake me in my resolution; I considered this pathetic declaration, rather, only as a natural consequence of Kossuth's repeated asseverations, that he could neither live out of Hungary nor in it if it sunk into slavery.

'If Kossuth had been decidedly opposed to the laying down of our arms, he could not possibly have allowed me to quit the fortress of Arad.'—vol. ii. p. 381-383.

It was therefore with a distinct knowledge of Görgei's intention that Kossuth and his colleagues formally transferred the supreme, civil, and military power to Görgei on the following day, whilst they provided for their own safety by flying to the Turkish frontier.

With these facts before us, the charge of treachery which the spirit of disappointed faction has attempted to attach to Görgei's surrender at Vilagos, cannot be supported. As long as there was a possibility of carrying on the war with a chance of success, he had done his part towards it. As early as the 19th of July Count Rudiger, commanding a division of the Russian forces, had made overtures to Görgei for a negotiation, which was declined in suitable language, though even Kossuth and Count Casimir Batthyany were at that time ready to have placed the Duke of Leuchtenberg, or any other Russian prince, upon the Hungarian throne. But when the combination of the two armies was rendered absolutely impracticable by the defeat of the more considerable body of troops under Bem, Dembinski, and Mészáros, and when Görgei found himself surrounded by overwhelming forces, whilst his own army hardly exceeded 25,000 men, with no basis of operations and no attainable object before it:—when, in short, that contingency had happened upon which Kossuth had said that he should blow out his brains, but upon which he did in reality lay down the government and take to flight,

flight, without even handing over the insignia of office to his successor—it is a gross injustice to charge Görgei with the loss of a cause which was already ruined.

It has not been our purpose on this occasion to renew the discussion on the political causes of the Hungarian contest, which we conceive to have been singularly misconceived by a certain class of enthusiastic politicians in this country; and we have here confined ourselves to the narrative of military operations, which command in many respects our admiration. Had these courageous efforts really been those of a whole people struggling to defend their ancient constitution against the aggressive forces of modern despotism, we know of no contest in history which would more have deserved our sympathy. But the Hungarian insurrection is to be traced to a totally different origin. It was closely connected, as we have shown in a former article, with the revolutionary outbreak in Vienna of March, 1848, which convulsed the Austrian monarchy. It destroyed the ancient constitution of the realm by the first blow it inflicted: and the subsequent policy of the provisional government was dictated by the artifices of a mountebank, rather than by the heroism and firmness of a patriot. Kossuth's two great civil resources were an unlimited issue of paper-money and a wholesale recognition of tenant-right. His eloquence undoubtedly exercised extraordinary influence over a people as ignorant, as imaginative, and as servile as the natives of Hungary; but Kossuth himself appears frequently to have laboured under the intoxication of oratory, and to have mistaken words for things. He either had no plan at all for the permanent emancipation of his country, or the plan he did pursue was utterly inconsistent with the genius, the resources, and the position of Hungary. It was held to be so by all that was most rational in the councils of his own government and most valuable in the army; and if an exterminating angel had swept every Russian and Austrian soldier from the plains of Hungary in a single night, it would still have been impossible to construct or maintain a stable government for that country and its dependencies on the principles which M. Kossuth had adopted. After what had occurred, the only rational object of the war was to bring the Austrian authorities to treat on moderate terms for the constitutional independence of the kingdom, retaining its ancient and indissoluble connexion with the Imperial Crown. That object Görgei appears to have kept steadily in view, and success itself could have effected no other arrangement. On the other hand the Imperial Ministers, and especially Prince Windischgrätz and Prince Schwarzenberg, may justly be reproached with having ignored this obvious distinction, and driven the war to

to its last fatal consequences, including the humiliation of a foreign intervention. They failed to take advantage of the division which obviously prevailed among the leaders of the insurrection, and sought rather to plunge them all in one common crime, for which many of the noblest and least guilty were made to suffer even to the death, whilst those of meaner minds or more crafty resources had contrived their own escape from the catastrophe which had become inevitable.

ART. IV.—1. *Narrative of an Expedition to the Shores of the Arctic Sea, in* 1846 *and* 1847. By John Rae. 1850.
2. *Arctic Searching Expedition: Journal of a Boat Voyage.* By Sir John Richardson. 2 vols. 1851.
3. *Stray Leaves from an Arctic Journal.* By Lieut. S. Osborn. 1852.
4. *Journal of a Voyage in* 1850-1, *performed by the Lady Franklin and Sophia, under command of Mr. Wm. Penny.* By P. C. Sutherland, M.D. 2 vols. 1852.
5. *Papers and Despatches relating to the Arctic Searching Expeditions of* 1850-1-2. Collected by James Mangles, R.N. 1852.
6. *Second Voyage of the Prince Albert, in Search of Sir John Franklin.* By Wm. Kennedy. 1853.
7. *Parliamentary Papers.* 1848-53.
8. *Chart of Discoveries in the Arctic Sea.* By John Arrowsmith.

THESE books and papers comprise most of the discoveries made in Arctic regions since we noticed Sir John Barrow's volume of Voyages in 1846. Franklin had sailed in the previous year, and in saying that we should wait his re-appearance with the anxiety of the princess for the diver, we much rather anticipated that we should soon have to welcome him with the goblet of gold, than that a seventh year should find us deploring his continued absence, with no better clue to his fate than dismal conjecture could supply. There was nothing in the nature of his enterprise to excite much fear for its result. The several Arctic expeditions sent out since 1818 had returned in safety. Their records are full of peril, but full also of the resources of skill and courage by which peril may be overcome. When this voyage was proposed by Barrow to the Royal Society, he urged that 'there could be no objection with regard to any apprehension of the loss of ships or men,' as it was 'remarkable that neither sickness nor death had occurred in most of the voyages

voyages made into the Arctic regions, north or south.' Franklin was well experienced in the navigation of frozen seas; his officers and crews were picked men; and the strength of his ships the Erebus and Terror—had been thoroughly tested—the first in the Expedition of Sir James Ross to the South Pole—the second in the voyage of Back to Repulse Bay. He sailed, full of confidence in the success of his mission, on the 19th of May, 1845, and though nearly thirty vessels have since been despatched in search of him, besides parties who have explored the North American coast, all that we yet know of him is, that he passed his first winter in a secure harbour at the entrance of Wellington Channel. Whether, when released from the ice in 1846, he advanced or receded, is not certainly known. In the absence of decisive evidence, the best authorities are at fault. One witness stated before the last Arctic committee, it was 'all guess-work.' The travelling parties who from Beechey Island surveyed every coast for hundreds of miles, found not a cairn or post erected by the missing expedition. Since Franklin entered Lancaster Sound, not one of the cylinders which he was directed to throw overboard has been recovered, nor has a fragment of his equipment been found on any shore. It has hence been inferred that he must have left the harbour with the full intention of proceeding homewards. Captain Austin believes that the ships did not go beyond Beechey Island, but were lost in the ice, either by being beset when leaving winter quarters, or when attempting their return to England. Commander Phillips is of the same opinion.

But if Franklin did resolve to return thus early, what could have become of the ships and men? That both vessels should be totally lost is contrary to all experience and probability, and that not a man should survive, is more unlikely still. One of the most experienced Arctic seamen living, who wen six voyages in whalers before he sailed with Parry, and has since been in the expeditions of the two Rosses, states that though it is possible—and he admits the supposition as but a possibility—the ships may have been 'walked over by the ice in Baffin's Bay,' yet that 'the men on such occasions are always saved,' by jumping on the ice and making their way to the land or to the next ship.* The harbourage chosen for the ships was so secure, that it is unlikely they could have been carried out from the Straits at the mercy of the ice, as were the ships of

* In a recent Dundee newspaper we observe an account of a whale-ship, employed in the Greenland fishery for the last *sixty-nine years*. She was lost at last, not by the ice of the northern sea, but by being stranded on a reef near her port, when returning with a full cargo.

Sir James Ross in 1849, and of the American expedition in 1850. Franklin did not take up his winter quarters in haste, or from necessity. He must have dropped anchor while the sea was comparatively open, and why winter there at all if he meant to return as soon as the open season again came round?

We know that he contemplated the probability of an absence prolonged even beyond two winters. His last letter to Sabine from Whale Fish Islands entreats him to relieve the anxiety of Lady Franklin and his daughter, should he not return at the time they expected, as—

'You know well that, *even after the second winter without success in our object*, we should wish to try some other channel, if the state of our provisions and the health of the crews justify it.'

Is it likely that the man who wrote thus to his nearest friend would have returned after *one* winter, without effecting or attempting more than a passage to Barrow's Strait?

Lieutenant Griffith, announcing his departure from the ships with his transport, July, 1845, wrote—

'All are in the highest possible spirits, and determined to succeed, if success be possible. A set of more undaunted fellows never were got together, or officers better selected. I am indeed certain that, if the icy barriers will be sufficiently penetrable to give them but half the length of their ships to force themselves through, they will do so at all risks and hazards.'

Commander Fitzjames, who sailed in the Erebus with Franklin, speaks repeatedly, in the lively letters and journal he forwarded to his friends at home, of the determination which prevailed in both ships to 'go a-head,' and jestingly begs that, if nothing is heard of him by next June, letters may be forwarded to him *viâ* Kamschatka. 'We can carry much sail and do,' he notes in his journal; 'I can scarcely manage to get Sir John to shorten sail at all.' So well was it understood that the ships would push forward through any open channel which might present itself, that the ice-master of the Terror, writing to his wife from Disco Island, July 12, 1845, warned her of the probability that they might be out much longer than was anticipated:—

'We are all in good health and spirits, one and all appearing to be of the same determination, that is, to persevere in making a passage to the north-west. Should we not be at home in the fall of 1848, or early in the spring of 1849 [this allowed for a four years' absence] you may anticipate that we have made the passage, or are likely to do so; and if so, it may be from five to six years—it might be into the seventh—ere we return; and should it be so, *do not allow any person to dishearten* you on the length of our absence, but look forward with hope, that Providence will at length of time restore us safely to you.'

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An anecdote is related of Franklin in Barrow's volume, which shows how superior he held the claims of duty to those of personal feeling or convenience. When about to leave England in 1825, on his second expedition to explore the North American coast, his first wife was sinking under a fatal malady. She urged his departure on the day appointed, and he denied himself the sad satisfaction of waiting to close her eyes. She had employed some of the tedious hours of sickness in making for him a union flag, only to be unfurled when he reached the Polar Sea. This flag was hoisted when from the summit of Garry Island the sea, stretching free and unincumbered to the north, appeared in all its majesty. His companions hailed the outspread banner with joyful excitement, and Franklin, who had learned that his wife died the day after his departure, repressed all sign of painful emotion that he might not cloud their triumph at having planted the British colours on this island of the Polar Sea. Was this the man to turn back after one winter spent at the entrance of the strait where his enterprise did but commence?

It has indeed been much the fashion of late to complain of the employment of naval commanders in a too advanced stage of life, and remarks of this nature have been made on the ultimate commission of Franklin. We saw him often, however, on the eve of his start, and assuredly, though well up in years, there was no sign whatever of any falling off either in muscular fibre or animal spirits. We may add that his government at Van Diemen's Land had not ended under altogether flattering circumstances, and, according to our information, few of his friends doubted that in embracing this new task he was not uninfluenced by a yearning to recover whatever of *prestige* he might have supposed himself to have lost as a civil administrator, by another and a crowning display of tact and energy in the department of his original distinction.

It is by no means certain that because no record of him has been discovered beyond Beechey Island, none was left. Mr. Kennedy, when he explored Cape Walker last spring—ignorant that he had been preceded by Captain Austin's parties—mistook the large cairn they had erected for a part of the cliff, and actually *walked over a smaller one* deeply covered with snow, without for a moment suspecting that the spot had been previously visited. This fact has come out on Capt. Ommaney and Mr. Kennedy's comparing notes of their respective journeys. Sir Edward Belcher, in his recent despatches, states that the cairns erected by the well-organized expedition of his predecessors have in some cases been destroyed, and in others can

with difficulty be recognized. For example, he says on August 14:—

'We have not been able, even with this very open season, to trace the large supplies left at Navy Board Inlet by the North Star, and *no beacon marks their whereabout.*'

At Cape Warrender he found the cairn and post erected by Captain Austin's expedition, but *no document*:—

'The tally having written on it *Pull out Record* was found beside the cairn, deeply impressed with the teeth of some small animal.'

In the opinion of this experienced officer, there could have been no hurry in removing from Beechey Island, as everything bore the stamp of order and regularity. This is utterly opposed to the notion that Franklin had been forced away by the ice.

In the distressful uncertainty which clouds his fate it is our only consolation to reflect that Government has shown all along the heartiest concern for its gallant servants. With other dispositions, indeed, better results might have been looked for. It is the misfortune of the Admiralty Instructions, we think, that they have said too much to leave the commanders of the expeditions entirely to their own discretion, and not enough to ensure a regular and systematic series of operations. Discovery, however, has not languished since Franklin's departure, and a sketch of what has been effected within the polar circle for the last six years will conveniently exhibit the efforts made for his relief, and show the lines of coast which have already been fruitlessly searched.

When he sailed it was a disputed question whether an opening into that sea which washes the shores of North America might not exist in some part of Boothia Gulf. Mr. Rae has set that question at rest. His expedition is a fine example of how much may be accomplished with very limited means. He started from Fort Churchill, on the west side of Hudson's Bay, with twelve men and two boats, on the 5th of July, 1846. On arriving at the head of Repulse Bay he crossed the isthmus which separated him from Boothia Gulf, a distance of 40 miles, and in six days reached the sea. But it was now the first week in August, heavy rains set in, and, finding progress impossible, he recrossed the isthmus, joined the party he had left at Repulse Bay, and determined to leave any further survey until the spring, employing the remainder of the open season in making the best provision he could for the winter.

His stores had been calculated for four months' consumption only; he was entirely destitute of fuel; he could obtain no promise

promise of supplies of any kind from the natives; the resources of the country were unknown to him; and the head of the bay had the character of being one of the most dreary and inhospitable of polar coasts. But Rae was inured to hardships, and, a first-rate sportsman, he had confidence in his own exertions. He selected a sheltered site for his winter dwelling, near the river, on the northern shore leading to the lakes, and here established his fishing-stations. Collecting his men, some were sent out to bring in stones for building a house, others to set nets, to hunt deer, and to gather fuel. The walls were built two feet thick, the stones being cemented with mud and clay. Squares of glass were fixed in three small apertures. As timber was unknown in this bleak region, he used the oars and masts of his boats for rafters, stretching over them oilcloth and skins for roofing. Deer-skins, nailed over a framework of wood, made a weather-tight door. The interior of this house, to serve for twelve persons through eight winter months, was twenty feet long by fourteen wide; seven and a half feet high in front, sloping down to five and a half feet behind. Yet in these narrow dimensions Rae found room for a great part of his stores, and, by a partition of oilcloth, secured separate quarters for himself, where he worked his observations and kept his journal.

His fishing and hunting proved successful. His sporting-book for September showed a total of 63 deer, 5 hares, 172 partridges, and 116 salmon and trout. In the following month 69 deer were shot, but the nets produced only 22 fish. He was most at a loss for fuel. His men brought in a scanty supply of withered moss, heather, and the like, and this, being dried in the house, was piled into stacks. As the season advanced he built two observatories of snow, one for a dip circle, the other for an horizontally suspended needle, to test the action of the aurora. Snow-houses were also built for the dogs, for stores, &c.; and all were connected together by passages cut under the frozen snow.

Early in January the thermometer sank 79° below the freezing point; and even indoors it was commonly below zero.

'This,' says Rae, 'would not have been unpleasant where there was a fire to warm the hands and feet, or even room to move about; but where there was neither the one nor the other, some few degrees more heat would have been preferable.'

Their fuel was so short that they could afford themselves but one meal a-day, and were obliged to discontinue the comfort of a cup of tea. Being short of oil also, and darkness and cold together being intolerable, they had no resource but to pass about fourteen

fourteen hours out of the twenty-four in bed. Rae was worse off than his companions; they could smoke at all hours; but that which was their greatest luxury was his greatest annoyance. Honest Jack's jerseys and trousers felt, from frozen moisture, as hard and prickly as any integuments of ascetical invention. When they went to bed their blankets sparkled with hoar-frost; Rae's own waistcoat became so stiff that he had much ado to get it buttoned. When he went to open his books he found that the leaves were fast frozen together, the damp from the walls having got into them before the frost set in; and every article bound with brass or silver burst its fastenings. Yet the men were cheerful, enjoyed excellent health, and made light of their hardships. When one poor fellow got his knee frozen in bed he was sorry that it became known, as the laugh was turned against him for his effeminacy. Christmas-day they had all 'an excellent dinner of venison and plum-pudding,' and on the 1st of January 'capital fat venison-steaks and currant-dumplings.' A small supply of brandy was served out to drink to absent friends; and on the whole, Rae does not think that 'a happier party could have been found in America, large as it is.'

By the commencement of March deer began to migrate to the north, and during this month Rae got sledges finished and all preparations made for his spring survey. On the 3rd of April the thermometer rose above zero for the first time since the 12th of December. He started on the 4th, taking with him three of his men and two Esquimaux; his luggage and provisions being stowed in two sledges, each drawn by four dogs. He took no tent, as he found it much more convenient to erect snow-houses. Those which he built on his outward journey served on his way back. In these houses storm and cold were unfelt. On one occasion, when there was a stiff gale, with the thermometer 21° below zero, he says—'We were as snug and comfortable in our snow-hive as if we had been lodged in the best house in England.'

In this journey he surveyed the whole western shore of the sea until he reached the furthest discovery of Ross to the south. In a second journey, made the same spring, he traversed the eastern coast till he reached Cape Crozier; from hence he could observe the line of coast some miles farther to the north—leaving, as he reckoned, not more than ten miles of shore to be surveyed up to the mouth of the Fury and Hecla Strait:—the shortness of his provisions would, however, allow him to go no farther. His thorough exploration of the shores of Committee Bay connects the discoveries of Parry on one side with those of Ross on the other.

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The ice broke up late in 1847, and it was not till the 12th August that the boats were launched in open water. Rae safely arrived with all his men at York Factory on the 6th September: there the good health and high condition of the whole party excited unqualified admiration. 'By George!' exclaimed a stout corporal in charge of the sappers and miners destined to accompany Richardson in his boat voyage, 'I never saw such a set of men.' From none of the parties of Esquimaux Rae met with could he gather any tidings of Franklin.

We have dwelt on the particulars of this journey—interesting however for their own sake—because they support the idea that Franklin and his crews, if detained in some remote region of thick-ribbed ice, might not, even to this date, be reduced to utter extremity for want of food. If Rae, with provisions for only four months, could keep his men in high condition for fourteen, and could weather a winter of great severity almost without fuel, with no other shelter than they could erect for themselves, and with but scant supplies of clothing, it does not appear improbable that, with the two well-stored ships of Franklin, some brave fellows may yet be living, animated by the hope that succour will reach them at last. In the course of nature the crews would be much reduced by death, and the supplies be consequently available for a longer period than was calculated on.

While Rae was engaged in this expedition, attention was painfully excited in England by Franklin's prolonged absence. The opinion of the most experienced arctic navigators was that he had pushed to the south-west after passing Cape Walker, and had got inextricably involved in the ice somewhere south of Banks' Land. Thus Sir E. Parry expressed his conviction that the ships were directed to the south-west between 100° and 110° W. long.; Sir James Ross, taking the same view, expected the ships would be found about lat. 73° N. and long. 135° W.; and Richardson, likely to be informed of his old comrade's views, believed that he was blocked up in attempting, by sailing south-west of Cape Walker, to reach that open Polar Sea, which both of them had observed, east and west of the Mackenzie river, in their exploration of the North American coast. Similar views were expressed before the Committee of 1850.

The course indicated was that which Franklin had been expressly directed to take. Sir John Barrow, in proposing this voyage to the Royal Society, had dwelt mainly on the probability of a channel south-west of Cape Walker, whence—

'A distance of 300 leagues on a clear sea, keeping midway between the supposed Banks' Land and the coast of America, would accomplish an

an object which, at intervals during 300 years, has engaged the attention of crowned heads, men of science, and mercantile bodies, whose expectations were frequently disappointed but not discouraged.'

The official Instructions to Franklin are, however, quite distinct on this point:—

'In proceeding to the westward you will not stop to examine any openings either to the northward or southward of that strait [Barrow's], but continue to push to the westward *without loss of time* in the latitude of about 74½, till you have reached the longitude of that portion of land on which Cape Walker is situated, or about 98° west. From that point we desire that *every effort be used to endeavour to penetrate to the southward and westward* in a course as direct towards Behring's Strait as the position and extent of the ice, or the existence of land at present unknown, may admit. We direct you to this particular part of the Polar Sea as affording the best prospect of accomplishing the passage to the Pacific. * * * You are well aware, having yourself been one of the intelligent travellers who have traversed the American shore of the Polar Sea, that the groups of islands that stretch from that shore to the northward to a distance not yet known do not extend to the westward further than about the 120th degree of western longitude, and that beyond this and to Behring's Strait no land is visible from the American shore of the Polar Sea.'

That the search for this great seaman and his companions might be as complete as possible, the government, in 1848, fitted out three distinct expeditions—each, however, planned on the probability that he had taken the route prescribed for him, rather than with any special view to Wellington Channel. The principal one, under command of Sir James Ross, consisting of the Enterprise and Investigator, was directed to follow, as far as practicable, in the assumed wake of Franklin, proceeding direct to Lancaster Sound, and scrutinizing the shores north and south. It was supposed that one ship might winter near Cape Rennel or Cape Walker, and that the other might advance to Melville Island. Searching parties were to be sent from each vessel in the spring, some to explore the neighbouring coasts, and particularly the unknown space between Cape Walker and Banks' Land; and others to cross, if possible, to the coast of North America, and attempt to reach the Mackenzie and Coppermine rivers, where Sir John Richardson's aids would meet them.

To Richardson had been intrusted the task of searching the North American shore between the Coppermine and the Mackenzie, and of depositing provisions at Fort Good Hope, on the latter river, at its mouth, and at Capes Bathurst, Parry, Krusenstern, and Hearne, along the coast.

A third expedition, consisting of the Herald, Captain Kellett, then employed on a survey in the Pacific, and the Plover, under

under Commander Moore, were to penetrate through Behring's Strait, taking up positions as far north-east as might be consistent with their safety, and two whale-boats were to perform a coasting voyage to the Mackenzie to meet Richardson's party.

These arrangements were judicious, but, unfortunately, that expedition to which the chief service was intrusted was baffled by those natural causes which so often, in arctic regions, defeat the best-laid plans, and, inextricably enclosing ships in mighty fields of ice, deliver over the most experienced and courageous commanders to the mercy of winds and currents.

The vessels of Ross were not able to cross the middle ice of Baffin's Bay till the 20th July. He did not reach Cape York, at the entrance of Regent's Inlet, till the 1st September; and here he had the mortification to find that impenetrable barriers of ice prevented his approaching the entrance of Wellington Channel to the north, or Cape Rennell to the west. He put into Port Leopold on the 11th September, and on the following day both vessels were fast shut in by the main pack of ice closing with the land. He employed the winter and spring in all practicable measures for the discovery and relief of Franklin. A house was built at Port Leopold, and stored with provisions for twelve months, in case he might come that way after the ships had gone. Exploring parties searched both shores of North Somerset, down to Fury Point on one side, and Four Rivers Bay on the other.

The open season of 1849 was late. The vessels were not released till the 28th August, and three days later the ice closed round them, and defied every effort made for their relief. Helplessly beset, they remained fast until they drifted out of Lancaster Sound. When they were once more free the 25th of September had arrived, and winter had set in with rigour. The harbours on the coast were already closed against them, and, having done all that was possible to contend with adverse circumstances, Ross had no resource but to return home, thankful to the Providence which had so mercifully preserved him when all human effort was unavailing.

It had been his intention, were no tidings heard of Franklin by the close of the summer of 1849, to send home the Investigator, continuing the search through another year in the Enterprise alone. The Admiralty appreciated his zeal, but feared it might jeopardize his safety. Early in the spring of 1849 the North Star was supplied with stores, and in May sailed for Lancaster Sound, bearing despatches to Sir James Ross, instructing him to keep out both ships, and to make a particular examination of Wellington Channel. The North Star was not

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to hazard a winter in the ice; but the unusual severity of the season, which had carried Sir James out of Lancaster Sound, prevented the North Star from approaching it. She wintered in Wolstenholme Sound, and hence originated that foolish story of the wreck of Franklin's ships on the north shore of Baffin's Bay, which imposed on the credulity of Sir John Ross. The impudent fabrication is now conclusively exposed.*

The return of Sir James Ross's ships at the very time when it was supposed the North Star would have been in communication with them, replenishing them for a prolonged absence, excited some very unreasonable dissatisfaction in the minds of a few noisy people. Even had it been possible for Sir James to winter in some harbour of Baffin's Bay, it would clearly have been unadvisable for him to do so, as a fresh expedition from England would reach Lancaster Sound by about the time he could expect to get released. It is not for one unsuccessful adventure to dim the reputation of this most skilful and gallant officer. The arctic and antartic zones equally bear witness to his high qualities and acquirements. If second to any among Polar discoverers, he is second to Parry alone; and while he may justly claim part in the successes of that able commander—having sailed with him when the Parry Islands were discovered—and accompanied him in his wonderful journey over the ice towards the Pole—the merit is all his own of planting the British flag on the magnetic pole, and of discovering an antarctic continent.

The other expeditions were more successful in fulfilling the parts assigned them. Preparations for Richardson's journey had to be made in the summer of 1847. Four boats of the most approved construction were built in the royal yards; and, with wise consideration for the commissariat, Sir John had that indispensable article for the arctic voyager, pemmican, manufactured under his own eye. The reader may not be displeased to see an authentic account of its preparation:—

'The round or buttock of beef of the best quality, having been cut into thin steaks, from which the fat and membranous parts were pared away, was dried in a malt-kiln over an oak fire until its moisture was entirely dissipated, and the fibre of the meat became friable. It was then ground in a malt-mill, when it resembled finely-grated meat. Being next mixed with an equal quantity of melted beef-suet or lard,

* Captain Inglefield, in a paper read at the Geographical Society November 22nd last, giving an account of his voyage in the Isabel, states that he paid a visit to Ominack, the spot named by Adam Beck as that on which Franklin and his crew had been murdered, and satisfied himself, 'beyond all doubt, that there was no truth whatever in the statement of that reprobate Adam Beck, and that no such fate as he had related had befallen their missing countrymen.'

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the preparation of plain pemmican was complete; but to render it more agreeable to the unaccustomed palate, a proportion of the best Zante currants was added to part of it, and part was sweetened with sugar. Both these kinds were much approved of in the sequel, but more especially that to which the sugar had been added. After the ingredients had been well incorporated by stirring they were transferred to tin canisters capable of containing 85 lbs. each, and having been firmly rammed down, and allowed to contract further by cooling, the air was completely expelled and excluded by filling the canister to the brim with melted lard, through a small hole left in the end, which was then covered with a piece of tin and soldered up. Finally, the canister was painted and lettered according to its contents. The total quantity of pemmican thus made was 17,424 lbs., at a cost of 1*s.* 7½*d.* per lb. . . . As the meat in drying loses more than three-fourths of its original weight, the quantity required was considerable, being 35,651 lbs. (reduced by drying to about 8000 lbs.), and the sudden abstraction of more than 1000 rounds of beef from Leadenhall Market occasioned speculation among the dealers, and a temporary rise in the price of one penny per pound.'—*Rich.*, vol. i. 37, 38.

It is curiously illustrative of the interest excited by this expedition that Richardson received numerous advances from volunteers desirous of joining him. Among the applicants he enumerates two clergymen, one Welsh justice, several country gentlemen, and some scientific foreigners. Rae was associated with Richardson. They left Liverpool for New York on the 25th of March, 1848, taking with them necessary baggage to the amount of 4000 lbs. They moved with all practicable rapidity. Landing at New York on the 10th of April, they arrived at Cumberland House 14th of June, the distance from New York being 2850 miles. They found their party, which had left England the previous year, a fortnight in advance; it had been joined by Mr. Bell, chief trader of the Hudson's Bay Company, and by sixteen of the Company's voyagers. Their journey down the Mackenzie was favourable. On the 31st of July they reached Point Separation, and here a case of pemmican with memoranda was buried for the Plover's boat party. To indicate the spot to their friends, but conceal it from the natives, a fire was lit over the pit; and, as this signal had been agreed on, the deposit was readily found by Pullen and his men when they arrived in the Plover's boats fourteen months later. From the mouth of the Mackenzie, Richardson's boats turned to the east, passed Cape Bathurst on the 11th of August, and soon after rounded Cape Parry. The navigation from this point became more difficult, the boats having to make way through crowded floes of ice. As they approached Cape Krusenstern, the sea, as far as vision extended, was one dense, close pack, with

with not a lane of water perceptible. On the night of the 26th of August a severe frost covered the sea and ponds with young ice, and glued the floes immoveably together. Progress with the boats could now be made only by dragging them over the floes, when the surface was sufficiently smooth, by cutting through tongues of ice, and by carrying them bodily over flats and points of land. On one morning three hours of severe labour only advanced them a hundred yards. When about a dozen miles from Cape Krusenstern, one boat and her cargo had to be left on a rocky projection. From the cape itself nothing but ice in firmly compacted floes could be seen, and the sorrowful conclusion was forced on Sir John that the sea-voyage was at an end. East of Cape Parry, says he, only six weeks of summer can be reckoned on. All struggled forward, however, to Cape Hearne, and, as from this point the sea was covered with floes, and new ice formed rapidly, the abandonment of the other boats became inevitable. Richardson says:—

'I had hoped that, by conveying the boats and stores up the Coppermine river, beyond the range of the Eskimos, we could deposit them in a place of safety, to be available for a voyage to Wollaston Land next summer. But, abandoned as they must now be on the coast, we could not expect that they would escape the researches of the hunting parties who would follow up our foot-marks, and who were certain to break up the boats to obtain their copper fastenings.'

Preparations for a march to Fort Confidence, at the northern extremity of Great Bear Lake, were now set about. Packages were made up, each man taking with him thirteen days' provision. Six pieces of pemmican and a boat's magazine of powder were buried under a cliff. The tents were left standing near the boats, and a few useful articles, as hatchets and cooking utensils, were deposited in them for the use of the Esquimaux. On the 3rd of September—after solemn prayers, in which all seemed to join with deep earnestness—they started. At the end of their day's march some scraps of drift-wood were collected for a fire to cook their supper; then, selecting the best sleeping-places they could find among blocks of basalt, they passed, though the weather continued cold, 'a pretty comfortable night.' In this way Sir John and his men journeyed on for twelve days, reaching Fort Confidence on the 15th of September:—

'We were happy to find Mr. Bell and his people well and the buildings much further advanced than we had expected. He had built an ample store-house, two houses for the men, and a dwelling-house for the officers, consisting of a hall, three sleeping apartments, and store-closet. Mr. Bell and Mr. Rae quartered themselves with Bruce in the store-room,

store-room, and I took possession of my sleeping-room, which was put temporarily in order. I could there enjoy the luxury of a fire while I was preparing my despatches for the Admiralty and writing my domestic letters. I looked forward to the winter without anxiety.'

The main business of the expedition was now ended. The men were sent home, and, on the 7th of May, 1849, Richardson and Bell commenced their journey southwards, leaving Rae as the best qualified to make another effort to reach Wollaston Land from Cape Krusenstern in the summer, with one boat's crew of six men. Richardson landed at Liverpool 6th November, 1849, after an absence of nineteen months. Rae's summer expedition of 1849, however, was a failure. On the 30th of July he arrived at Cape Krusenstern from Fort Confidence, but found the channel so choked with ice, that it was impossible to get a boat through it. He waited at the Cape watching the channel for an opening until the 23rd of August, when, the sea being completely closed by compacted floes, he reluctantly returned by the Coppermine river to his winter quarters. The boats left the previous year had been much damaged by the Esquimaux to obtain the iron-work, but the tents were uninjured, and the *cache* of pemmican and ammunition untouched.

One encouraging fact runs through all these explorations of the North American coast—and that is, the abundance of animal life to be met with. In 1848 the gun of Rae procured a constant supply of fresh provision for the whole party. In Richardson's journal we read:—

'Aug. 19. Mr. Rae brought in two fine reindeer.—Aug. 20. Mr. Rae killed a fine buck reindeer. In this quarter a skilful hunter like Mr. Rae could supply the whole party with venison without any loss of time.—Aug. 24. Many salmon were seen.—To the north of Coronation Gulf reindeer and musk oxen may be procured by skilful hunters. With nets a large quantity of salmon and other fish might be captured in Dolphin and Union Straits; with percussion caps we might have slain *hundreds of seals*.'

The experience of Rae in his exploration of Wollaston Land in 1851 is to the like effect:—

'7th May.—During the interval between taking the observations for time and latitude I shot ten hares. These fine animals were very large and tame, and several more might have been killed, as well as many partridges, had I thought it expedient to follow them. On the 2nd June Cape Hearne formed our head-quarters, at which place eleven geese, all in fine condition, were killed. On the 9th a large musk-bull was shot, and his flesh was found excellent. Our principal food was geese, partridges, and lemmings. The latter, being fat and large, were very fine when roasted before the fire or between two stones. These little animals were *migrating northward*, and were so numerous that our dogs,

dogs, as they trotted on, killed as many as supported them without any other food.'

In his journey of 1849 his party caught as many salmon as they could consume, whenever there was a piece of open water large enough for setting a net.

While Rae was anxiously watching the ice-choked sea from Cape Krusenstern, Captain Kellett in the Herald was discovering land in the Polar Sea far north of Behring's Strait, and Pullen in the boats of the Plover was navigating the coast from Icy Cape to the Mackenzie. The Behring's Strait parties were too late to do more than reconnoitre their destined course in 1848. The Plover arrived on the Asiatic coast only in time to select winter-quarters just south of Cape Tschukotskoi, outside the strait. The Herald went up the strait, visited Kotzebue Sound, the appointed rendezvous, and repassed the strait, before the Plover arrived. She returned to South America to winter.

The Plover got out from her winter-port on the 30th June, 1848, and in a fortnight reached Chamisso Island at the bottom of Kotzebue Sound. Here, on the next day, she was joined by the Herald—and by the Nancy Dawson, the private yacht of Mr. Shedden, whose name deserves honourable mention in every notice of these expeditions. Hearing in China of the efforts on behalf of Franklin, he at once sailed for Behring's Strait, putting aside his purposed voyage round the globe, to join in the search. Unfortunately his death prevented him from doing more than showing his zeal in the cause. The ships left the Sound on the 18th July, and, taking an easterly course, on the 25th arrived at Wainwright's Inlet. Here

'The *vast number of walruses* that surrounded us, keeping up a continual bellowing or grunting; the barking of the *innumerable seals*—the small whales—and the *immense flocks of ducks* continually rising from the water as we neared them, warned us of our approach to the ice, although the temperature of the sea was still high.'

From this point, as the packed ice forbade the ships getting farther to the east, the boat expedition was despatched on a coasting voyage to the Mackenzie. It consisted of two twenty-seven-foot whaleboats, each with a crew of six men. Pullen had with him a hundred days' provisions for each man, and intimated his intention, should he reach the Mackenzie, of proceeding up the river to await the instructions of the Admiralty.

On the day following the departure of the boats the ships met with heavily packed ice extending from the shore, as far as the eye could reach, from north-west by west to north-east. This pack was traced 'for forty leagues, made in a series of steps

steps westerly and northerly, the westerly being about ten or twelve miles, and the northerly twenty.' A water-sky was reported north of the pack, which, however, was perfectly impenetrable. Returning to Wainwright's Inlet, 'not a particle of the ice seen on our former visit remained.' A boat went ashore, and purchased from the natives 800 lbs. of reindeer meat—as much as the boat would carry—for a small quantity of tobacco. More was to be had on the same terms.

On the 17th of August, while cruising north of North Cape, packed ice was seen from south-south-west to north-north-west, five miles distant, and soon after land was reported from the mast-head. A group of small islands could be distinctly seen, and further off a very extensive and high land was reported.

'There was a fine clear atmosphere (such an one as can only be seen in this climate), except in the direction of this extended land, where the clouds rolled in numerous immense masses, occasionally leaving the very lofty peaks uncapped, where could be distinctly seen columns, pillars, and very broken angles on their summits, very characteristic of the high headlands in this sea. As far as a man can be certain, who has one hundred and thirty pair of eyes to assist him, and all agreeing, I am certain we have discovered an extensive land. I think, also, it is more than probable that these peaks we saw are a continuation of the range of mountains seen by the natives off Cape Jakan (coast of Asia), mentioned by Baron Wrangel in his Polar voyages.'—*Kellett.*

An island was reached, four and a half miles one way, by two and a half the other. Here Kellett landed. It was in lat. 71° 19′ N., long. 175° 16′ W. It proved a solid mass of granite, almost inaccessible on every side, and 'literally alive with birds.' 'Innumerable black and white divers (common to this sea) here found a safe place to deposit their eggs and bring up their young.' The weather was bad; and Kellett, fearing he might be caught by the pack, made all sail for the south-east. As the commander of the Plover had determined to pass his second winter in Kotzebue Sound, the Herald supplied all the Plover's wants, and on the 29th September sailed in company with the yacht, and arrived at Mazatlan on the 14th November, 1849—the same month in which Richardson returned to England from North America, and Sir James Ross from Baffin's Bay.

The accounts so far were discouraging enough; but the Admiralty resolved that the search should be renewed—and on a yet more extended scale. The ships of Sir James Ross were promptly refitted and despatched to Behring's Strait; the Enterprise commanded by Capt. Collinson, and the Investigator by M'Clure. They were instructed to sail with all speed, so as to pass the strait and reach the edge of the ice by the end of August.

August. The Plover was to remain out, and be secured in a safe harbour as far in advance as practicable, to serve as a depôt for parties from the other ships to fall back upon if necessary. The Herald, under Capt. Kellett, was to be sent home, volunteers being received from her for the other ships. This expedition left Plymouth on the 20th January, 1850. The ships communicated with the Herald, and Kellett assures the Arctic Committee of 1851, that, from a conversation he had with M'Clure—

'I am convinced that he will use every endeavour to reach Melville Island with his parties, if he failed with his ship. Should one of these parties reach Melville Island, or even the northern shore of Banks' Land, they will endeavour to get home by the east, being a safer route than attempting to return to their ships.'

This statement is confirmed by the official and private letters of M'Clure. To Sir George Back, in particular, he states, in a letter of July 28, 1850, that he has *carte blanche* from Collinson, and that he is determined to push to the eastward to reach 130° W. long., and take his chance of wintering in the pack wherever he may be caught by the ice. These brave commanders had no sooner joined the Plover than they earnestly set to work to fulfil their mission. M'Clure outsailed Collinson, and was last seen by the Plover (August, 1850), in lat. 70° 44′ N., long. 159° 52′ W. M'Clure calculated that he might make Banks' Land, get to the northward of Melville Island, and perhaps pass to the S.E. by Wellington Channel, or some other passage, so as to return home at latest in 1853. To the Admiralty he says that, should he find no navigable channel after pushing ahead for two seasons, he intends to desert his vessel on the third, and start on foot for Melville Island and Leopold Harbour. It is impossible not to admire his energy and daring. But knowing how completely the plans of the most able and resolute are at the mercy of the seasons in those latitudes, we cannot accept his courage as a pledge of his success, nor avoid feeling already some misgiving for his fate. Capt. Collinson, after penetrating some distance to the N. and E. of the strait, repassed it to winter at Hong Kong, the Plover being left in reserve at Port Clarence, in the strait. The Enterprise again quitted Hong Kong in May, 1851, reached Port Clarence, and left that port on 10th July to renew her explorations to the north-east.

Lieut. Pullen, with his boats, arrived at the mouth of the Mackenzie on the 27th August, having made the passage from Wainwright's Inlet in thirty-three days. The most difficult part of the voyage was off Cape Bathurst, very heavy hummocky ice being met with. 'It was one continued struggle from the

25th

25th July to the 5th August to get along that ice, it being so close in, and we were cutting all the time.' Portions of his examination by the Committee are of value.

'Capt. Beechey: Did you see *any land to the northward* during your voyage?—*No.*

'Sir G. Back: There seems a remarkable difference when you were there, and when I was with Sir John Franklin, viz. that on the 15th August, 1826, there *was a complete open sea*, with the exception of one piece of ice to the north and west. What was its state when you were there?—*It was all ice to seaward, and along the coast east and west.*'

Pullen in his boats ascended the Mackenzie, and reached Fort Simpson on the 13th of October. Here he wintered, and while on his way to York Factory the following spring received instructions by express to attempt a passage in boats across the sea to Melville Island. He immediately hurried back, and on being supplied with 4500 lbs. of jerked venison and pemmican by Rae, he descended the Mackenzie in one of the Plover's boats and a barge of the Hudson's Bay Company. The season of 1850 proved more severe, however, than that of the previous year; he found the sea from the Mackenzie to Cape Bathurst covered with unbroken ice, a small channel only existing in shore, through which he threaded his way to the vicinity of the Cape. Failing in finding a passage out to sea to the north of Cape Bathurst, he remained in its vicinity, watching the ice for an opening, until the approach of winter compelled him to return to the Mackenzie. He had reached the sea on the 22nd of July, and he did not quit it till the 1st of September. As he ascended the Mackenzie, ice was driving rapidly down. 'It was one continued drift of ice and heavy snow-storms.' He reached Fort Simpson on the 5th October, and arrived in England to take the command of the North Star, and join in the expedition under Sir E. Belcher.

To conclude here the researches from the North American coast—Mr. Rae left Fort Confidence, on the Coppermine, April the 25th, 1851, with four men and three sledges drawn by dogs. He reached the coast on the 1st of May, and found the ice favourable for travelling. On the 5th he landed at Douglas Island, and on the 7th gained the opposite shore. Traversing it to the east, until he reached 110° W. long., where his survey met that of Dease and Simpson, he retraced his steps, and advanced west until he turned Cape Baring, past lat. 70°, and long. 117° W. From some elevated ground in this neighbourhood high land could be seen to the north, but none was visible to the west. He got back to his provision station on the Kendal River upon the 10th June, having travelled 824 geographical or

942 English miles in forty days. In this lengthened journey his arrangements were much the same as during his survey of Committee Bay. He slept in snow houses, and, as he advanced, buried provisions to serve for his return. In the months of July and August he explored the coast of Victoria Land, east and north, in boats. His delineation of the land to Point Pelly, on the western shore of Victoria Strait, is carefully laid down in Arrowsmith's map. That red line, marking every indentation of the coast, from the 101st to the 117th degrees of latitude, accomplished with limited means in a single season, is an achievement of which any officer might well be proud. On this newly discovered coast he met many parties of Esquimaux; but his inquiries as to the grand subject were all fruitless. The American coast has now been diligently examined, from the entrance of Behring's Strait to the head of Hudson's Bay; and we may, therefore, surely conclude that Franklin never reached so low a latitude.

On the side of Baffin's Bay the search was prosecuted by no less than eleven vessels in 1850. The expedition under Captain Austin consisted of the Resolute and Assistance, with their steam-tenders the Pioneer and Intrepid. He was instructed that his main object should be to reach Melville Island—detaching vessels to examine Wellington Channel and the coast about Cape Walker, 'to which point Sir John Franklin was ordered to proceed.' At the same time—much having been said about the probable advantage of employing old professional whalesmen—Mr. William Penny, long experienced in the northern fishery, was empowered by Government to purchase two small brigs, adapted for the service they were to perform. All arrangements were left to himself, and he had the choice of his own officers. But, clumsily enough, instead of distinct objects being assigned him, his instructions were substantially the same as those given to Austin. Penny's ships sailed on the 15th April, 1850, and Austin's on the 4th of May following. The Prince Albert was purchased and equipped by public subscription, Lady Franklin being a principal contributor. Its special object was to search the shores of Boothia Gulf, it being thought possible that traces of Franklin might be found in that direction, as he was ignorant of the complete survey of the bottom of the gulf by Rae, and might have imagined that a passage thence, as was generally surmised when he sailed, led into the Polar Sea. The Felix, commanded by Sir John Ross, was equipped by subscription, under the auspices of the Hudson's Bay Company. An American expedition of two schooners, fitted out by Mr. Henry Grinnell, of New York, was to pass through Lancaster

caster Sound, and push to the west. Lastly, the North Star, sent out the previous year, to recruit the Enterprise and Investigator, remained in the Arctic Sea with a large quantity of available stores. These vessels, though sailing at different times, were all stopped by the middle ice of Baffin's Bay, and got through it at nearly the same period.

The first traces of the missing ships were discovered by Captain Ommaney, in the Assistance, at Cape Riley, on 23d August. He found sundry pieces of rag, rope, and broken bottles, and also the marks of five tent-places. This Cape is a point at the eastern entrance of Wellington Channel; about three miles west of it rises the bold abrupt coast of Beechey Island; and between the shores of this isle and the mainland lies a bay to which extraordinary interest is now attached. On its coast were observed numerous sledge-tracks, and at Cape Spencer, about ten miles from Cape Riley, up Wellington Channel, the party discovered the ground-place of a tent, the floor neatly paved with small smooth stones.

'Around the tent a number of birds' bones, as well as remnants of meat-canisters, led Mr. Penny to imagine that it had been inhabited for some time as a shooting station and a look-out place, for which latter purpose it was admirably chosen, commanding a good view of Barrow's Strait and Wellington Channel.'—*Osborn*, p. 102.

Some sledge-tracks led northward for about twenty miles, but the trail ceased south of Cape Bowden, and an empty bottle and a piece of newspaper were the last things found. The results of examining Beechey Island must be given in more detail. Lieutenant Osborn says—

'A long point of land slopes gradually from the southern bluffs of this now deeply-interesting island, until it almost connects itself with the land of North Devon, forming on either side of it two good and commodious bays. On this slope a multitude of preserved meat-tins were strewed about; and near them, and on the ridge of the slope, a carefully-constructed cairn was discovered; it consisted of layers of fitted tins, filled with gravel, and placed to form a firm and solid foundation. Beyond this, and along the northern shore of Beechey Island, the following traces were then quickly discovered: the embankment of a house, with carpenters' and armourers' working-places, washing-tubs, coal-bags, pieces of old clothing, rope—and, lastly, the graves of three of the crew of the Erebus and Terror—bearing date of the winter of 1845-6. *We therefore now had ascertained the first winter-quarters of Sir John Franklin.*

'On the eastern slope of the ridge of Beechey Island a remnant of a garden (for remnant it now only was, having been dug up in the search) told an interesting tale: its neatly shaped oval outline—the border carefully formed of moss-lichen, poppies, and anemonies, transplanted from some more genial part of this dreary region—contrived

still to show symptoms of vitality; but the seeds which doubtless they had sowed in the garden had decayed away. Nearer to the beach, a heap of cinders and scraps of iron showed the armourers' working-place; and along an old water-course, now chained up by frost, several tubs, constructed of the ends of salt-meat casks, left no doubt as to the washing-places of the men of Franklin's squadron. Happening to cross a level piece of ground, which as yet no one had lighted upon, I was pleased to see a pair of Cashmere gloves laid out to dry, with two small stones on the palms to prevent their blowing away: they had been there since 1846. I took them up carefully, as melancholy mementoes of my missing friends. In another spot a flannel was discovered; and this, together with some things lying about, would, in my ignorance of wintering in the Arctic regions, have led me to suppose that there was considerable haste displayed in the departure of the Erebus and Terror from this spot, had not Capt. Austin assured me that there was nothing to ground such a belief upon, and that, from experience, he could vouch for these being nothing more than the ordinary traces of a winter station; and this opinion was fully borne out by those officers who had in the previous year wintered in Port Leopold, one of them asserting that people left winter-quarters too well pleased to escape, to care much for a handful of shavings, an old coal-bag, or a washing-tub. This I, from experience, now know to be true.'—*Osborn*, pp. 107–110.

From a number of minute facts, it was not difficult to assign the place where the ships must have lain through the winter: they were so stationed, Osborn says, as to be

'effectually removed from all risk of being swept out of the bay—which, by the by, from the fact of the enclosed area being many times broader than the entrance of Erebus and Terror Bay, was about as probable as any stout gentleman being blown out of a house through the keyhole.'

The most interesting traces of winter residence were the graves of Franklin's three seamen. The following description is in all respects creditable to Mr. Osborn:—

'The graves, like all that English seamen construct, were scrupulously neat. Go where you will over the globe's surface—afar in the east, or afar in the west, down among the coral-girded isles of the South Sea, or here, where the grim North frowns on the sailor's grave—you will always find it alike; it is the monument raised by rough hands but affectionate hearts over the last home of their messmate; it breathes of the quiet churchyard in some of England's many nooks, where each had formed his idea of what was due to departed worth; and the ornaments that Nature decks herself with, even in the desolation of the frozen zone, were carefully culled to mark the dead seaman's home. The good taste of the officers had prevented the general simplicity of an oaken head and foot board to each of the three graves being marred by any long and childish epitaphs, or the doggrel of a lower-deck poet, and the three inscriptions were as follows:—

"Sacred

"Sacred to the memory of J. Torrington, who departed this life January 1st, 1846, on board of H.M.S. Terror, aged 20 years."

"Sacred to the memory of Wm. Braine, R.M., of H.M.S. Erebus, died April 3rd, 1846, aged 32 years. *Choose ye this day whom ye will serve.*—Josh. xxiv. 15."

"Sacred to the memory of J. Hartwell, A.B., of H.M.S. Erebus, died January 4th, 1846, aged 25 years. *Thus saith the Lord of Hosts, consider your ways.*—Haggai i. 7."

'I thought I traced in the epitaphs over the graves of the men from the Erebus the manly and Christian spirit of Franklin. In the true spirit of chivalry, he, their captain and leader, led them amidst dangers and unknown difficulties with iron will stamped upon his brow, but the words of meekness, gentleness, and truth were his device.'—*Ibid.*, p. 111.

With this discovery the work of the ships for the season may be said to have closed. Wellington Channel, as far as vision extended, presented a continuous sheet of ice, much of it, as we learn from Dr. Sutherland and other experienced persons, appearing 'to be at least three years old.' (ii. 124.) In mid-channel of Barrow's Strait, at the same time (Aug. 25), the pack was seen to westward, but

'the sea was as smooth as oil; and thousands of seals, in which one could distinguish three species—the ocean or Greenland seal, the bearded seal, and the common seal—were seen taking their pastime in the water. White whales were also seen in great abundance.'—*Suth.* i. 293.

Osborn also dwells upon the enormous shoals of white whales—the water appearing as if filled with them; he states that eleven bears were seen, and that large flights of wild fowl came down Wellington Channel. By the middle of September Austin's ships were fast fixed in the ice, in the channel between Griffith's Island and Cornwallis Land, and here they were secured as well as might be for the winter. Penny made his ships fast in Assistance Harbour, on the south coast of Cornwallis Land, about 20 miles east of Austin's station; and here, also, Sir John Ross, in the Felix, wintered.

The other ships turned homewards. The North Star left her winter-quarters in Wolstenholme Sound on the 3rd of August, and reached Port Leopold on the 12th. Being unable, however, from the ice to land her stores there, she deposited them at Admiralty Inlet, where, as we have seen, Sir E. Belcher was unable to find any trace of them.

The American expedition made a most singular sweep. Lieut. de Haven parted company with the other searching vessels on the 13th of September off Griffith's Island. But the frost had already set in, and, snow having fallen, the sea was covered with a tenacious

a tenacious coating through which it was impossible for the vessels to force their way. As the ice about them thickened they became entirely at the mercy of the winds and currents. To the astonishment of all on board, they were carried directly up Wellington Channel. Here, drifting about as the wind varied, they came, on the 22nd of September, in sight of that island which in our charts is named Baillie Hamilton. To the north-west was distinctly seen the cloud of 'frost-smoke,' indicative of open water, and signs of animal life became more abundant. For the remainder of September the vessels were nearly stationary:—throughout October and November again they were drifted to and fro by the changing wind, but never passing out of Wellington Channel. On the 1st of November the new ice was upwards of three feet thick.

'Still frequent breaks would occur in it, often in fearful proximity to the vessels. Hummocks, consisting of massive granite-like blocks, would be thrown up to the height of twenty and even thirty feet. This action in the ice was accompanied with a variety of sounds impossible to be described, but which never failed to carry a feeling of awe into the stoutest hearts.'—*De Haven's Report.*

By the beginning of December the ships were carried down the Channel, and entered Lancaster Sound. Westerly winds now prevailing, the vast field of ice, with the imprisoned ships, slowly drifted to the mouth of the Sound. In January they were fairly launched in Baffin's Bay, and a steady drift commenced to the southward, the vessels being carried along with the whole vast body of ice. On the 19th of May Cape Serle was descried, being the first land seen for four months; a few days later Cape Walsingham was visible, and the ships passed out of the Arctic zone. On the 6th of June, the whole immense floe in which they had been inextricably locked for nearly nine months was rent in all directions, without violence or noise, leaving not a piece exceeding 100 yards in diameter. Thenceforth the vessels were free, and in due time safely reached New York. During the winter, the occupations and amusements most suitable for preserving the crews in health had been persevered in—but sledges and boats with stores were always ready in case of accident, each man being furnished with a bundle of clothes which he could catch up at a moment's notice.

From this extraordinary sweep we must conclude that the barrier of ice across Wellington Channel, apparently fixed firmly to the land on either side, was really in continual motion. It seems to have been obedient to the wind rather than to any settled current. Of these facts our ships, safe in their winter-quarters, were entirely ignorant; and when, so late as the 12th of August

August in the following season, they still saw the entrance of the Channel firmly closed against them by solid ice, we cannot feel surprised at their supposing it to have remained unmoved since the first day of their arrival. Here the principal business of the winter was preparation for the spring journeys. Amusements were not neglected; there were plays and masquerades; the general health of all the men was good; and we have more than one admission that throughout the long winter 'hardships there were none.'

The arrangements for the sledging parties were in both expeditions very complete. Every provision was made for the health and comfort of the men, and whoever glances into the blue-books will acknowledge that Austin most thoroughly fulfilled the duties of a skilful and humane commander. By an arrangement with Penny, made as early as 17th October, 1850, the latter undertook the complete 'search of Wellington Strait,' while Austin's detachments were to examine the shores north and south of Barrow's Strait. The coasts newly explored by these parties are laid down in the charts of Arrowsmith and the Admiralty. We confine our notice to the three routes which it seemed most likely Franklin might have taken:—to the west by Melville Island, to the south-west by Cape Walker, and to the north-west by Wellington Channel.

Of all Austin's parties that under Lieutenant M'Clintock was most ably and successfully conducted. He left the ships on the 15th of April, and taking a course due west, reached Point Griffith on the eastern shore of Melville Island on the 11th of May. On the 21st he sighted Winter Harbour, but there being neither ships, tents, nor any sign of human habitation to be seen, he deferred any close scrutiny of it until his return. By the 27th of May he had reached Cape Dundas at the western extremity of Melville Island, and on the following day, ascending a high cliff, made out the coast of Banks' Land.

'Its eastern extreme was indistinct; but its western extreme terminated abruptly. Banks' Land appears to be very lofty, with steep cliffs and large ravines, as about Cape Dundas. I could make out the ravines and snow-patches distinctly with my glass.'—*M'Clintock's Report.*

To the north of Banks' Land, at a distance from it of about seventy miles, he discovered a range of land apparently running nearly due west. 'This does not present steep cliffs, but a bold and deeply indented coast; the land rising to the interior, and intersected by valleys rather than ravines.' The sea he imagined to continue to the westward. Following the coast of Melville Island to the north-east, he entered Liddon Gulf, and here saw fragments of coal of good quality. Leaving

ing the shore, he crossed the Gulf to gain Bushnan Cove, where Parry in his journey across the island in 1820 had left the 'strong but light cart,' in which he had carried his tent and stores. On the 1st of June M'Clintock reached the west point of the Cove, and, leaving two men to prepare supper, he commenced a search with four others for Parry's encampment of the 11th of June, 1820:—

'On reaching the ravine leading into the cove, we spread across, and walked up, and easily found the encampment, although the pole had fallen down. The very accurate report published of his journey saved us much labour in finding the tin cylinder and ammunition. The crevices between the stones piled over them were filled with ice and snow; the powder completely destroyed, and cylinder eaten through with rust, and filled with ice. From the extreme difficulty of descending into such a ravine with any vehicle, I supposed that the most direct route where all seemed equally bad was selected, therefore sent the men directly up its northern bank in search of the wheels which were left where the cart broke down. They fortunately found them at once; erected a cairn about the remains of the wall built to shelter the tent; placed a record on it in one tin case within another. We then collected a few relics of our predecessors, and returned with the remains of the cart to our encampment. An excellent fire had been made with willow stems, and upon this a kettle, containing Parry's cylinder, was placed. As soon as the ice was thawed out of it, the record it contained was carefully taken out. I could only just distinguish the date. Had it been in a better state of preservation I would have restored it to its lonely position.'—*Ibid.*

As the weather was misty, M'Clintock did not explore the head of the gulf, but struck directly across the land for Winter Harbour. It was evident that no one had visited the place since Parry's departure in 1820. The inscription cut upon the face of the sandstone rock by Mr. Fisher appeared quite fresh. A hare, discovered at the foot of this rock, was so tame that she entered the tent, and would almost allow the men to touch her.

'I have never seen any animal in its natural state so perfectly fearless of man; and there cannot be a more convincing proof that our missing countrymen have not been here. A ptarmigan alighted on the rock, and was shot, without in the least disturbing puss as she sat beneath it.'—*Ibid.*

On the 6th of June M'Clintock left Winter Harbour, and reached the ships on the 4th of July. The latter part of his journey was fatiguing, from the extensive pools of water in the ice, but all his men arrived in excellent health and spirits. He was out 80 days, and had travelled 770 miles. Several rein-deer, musk-oxen, and bears were shot, besides numerous birds—and the

the food thus obtained was of very material importance to the people. This journey made it certain that Franklin had not passed west of the Parry Islands.

The expedition under Captain Ommaney and Lieut. Osborn south-west of Cape Walker determined nothing. The cape was found to be the north-eastern extremity of an island, separated from the continent by a narrow channel. Beyond the cape the coast swept round to the south, until interrupted by a bay about 20 miles wide. While Ommaney proceeded to examine the shores of this bay Osborn struck across it, and making the land again, which still trended southerly, he followed it some miles further, and then travelled a few miles across the sea to the west. But, after a short journey, finding the ice exceedingly hummocky, he retraced his steps. From his farthest point he saw a continuation of land to the south, but could perceive neither land nor loom of land to the west or south-west. As the weather was clear, and he had a good spy-glass, and as moreover he had advanced westward fifteen miles from the coast, his view must have extended a considerable distance. Both Ommaney and Osborn are clear that the coast they traversed could never be navigable for ships. Shoals extended for a considerable distance into the sea; the water, to the depth of several feet in-shore, was frozen to the bottom, and enormous masses of ice were thrown up on the floe by pressure, and grounded on the strand. But the question is—not whether that particular coast was navigable, but—whether there was any reason to suppose that a navigable sea existed between the shore they followed to the south, and the nearest coast to the west yet discovered (Banks' Land)—a distance of 200 miles at least. Lieut. Osborn had never been among ice before; with more experience he would have known that the enormous blocks he saw aground and on the floe surely indicated motion at some time. It is common enough to find coasts fast bound with ice, even in the open season, while open water exists some miles off. Thus Parry tells us that he found Prince Leopold's Islands 'encumbered with ice to the distance of four or five miles all round them, while the strait was generally as clear and navigable as any part of the Atlantic.' Before the last Committee, M'Clintock stated that there was no appearance of the sea being navigable west of Melville Island—and then followed some questions by Parry:—

'*Sir E. Parry.*—Does that remark apply to the whole of the ice to the southward of Melville Island? *M'Clintock.*—No. *Parry.*—State whereabouts in your opinion it was likely to be navigable to the south of Melville Island. *M'Clintock.*—I think to the east of Winter Harbour.

Harbour. *Parry.*—Then you think a ship could probably get to the southward and westward more easily to the eastward of Winter Harbour than by going on to the west part of Melville Island? *M'Clintock.*—Yes.'

When Parry himself was off the east end of Melville Island, he found his soundings uniformly increase as he went to the south. 'In standing to the southward, we had gradually deepened the soundings to 105 fathoms.' Here is proof of deep water in the direction Franklin was ordered to take; nor is there any evidence to show that there may not be, at certain seasons, a navigable sea to the south, which may lead, as M'Clintock supposes, far to the west of the Parry group.

Of Penny's parties one followed the western and the other the eastern side of Wellington Channel, until both were stopped by reaching open water. Captain Stewart, on the east, or rather north side of the channel, reached Cape Becher 30th May; from hence he could see water washing the land all along, with much broke-up ice in the offing. Mr. Goodsir, on the opposite shore, first saw open water from Disappointment Bay on the 20th of May. To the west an open channel appeared. Penny himself, traversing the channel from south to north, reached the islands which divide the strait into three narrow channels. From Point Surprise, on the north of Baillie Hamilton island, he beheld a vast expanse of open water, and here, he tells us, 'the expression that escaped me was, "No one will ever reach Sir John Franklin; here we are, and no traces are to be found;" so we returned to the sledges very much disappointed.' (*Suth.* ii. 132.) Determining to prosecute the search further in a boat, he returned to the ships with all speed, and succeeded in getting a boat to the edge of the water by the 17th of June, but a succession of contrary gales prevented him after all from getting further than Baring Island — though there was open water to the north-west. He got back to his ships on the 25th of July.

Towards the close of June the ice in Barrow's Strait broke up. Mr. Stewart, under date of the 27th, writes:—'I went to the land, and ascended the hill, and then saw that the ice in Barrow's Strait was all adrift and broken up, to the utmost limits of vision assisted by a telescope.' On the 10th of July, as we learn from Osborn—

'Not a particle of ice was to be seen east or west in Barrow's Strait, except between Griffith's Island and Cape Martyr, where, some ten miles from the water, and in the centre of a fixed floe, our unlucky squadron was jammed. Everywhere else a clear sea spread itself, sparkling and breaking under a fresh southerly breeze.'

Surely this must have taught our young lieutenant that it was very

very possible for a navigable sea to exist, at some miles' distance from an ice-bound coast. It was August before the ships were free. Captain Austin then addressed an official note to Penny, distinctly asking 'whether you consider that the search of Wellington Strait, made by the expedition under your charge, is so far satisfactory as to render a further prosecution in that direction, if practicable, unnecessary.' The reply was—

'*Assistance Bay, 11th August*, 1851.

'Sir,—Your question is easily answered. My opinion is, Wellington Channel requires no further search. All has been done in the power of man to accomplish, and no trace has been found. What else can be done? I have, &c.—WILLIAM PENNY.'

The following day Penny put to sea. The entrance of Wellington Channel was then full of heavy ice, nor did there appear any probability that it would break up that season. Penny states that he now determined to get home before the other ships.

'When I saw Sir John Ross taken in tow by Captain Austin, from this moment I was determined I should go home before him, and had great cause to be satisfied with the decision, for I had every reason to suppose that disrepute would be thrown upon what we had done, and I told this to my officers.'—*Penny's Evidence.*

Pushing forward with all speed, Penny arrived in London on the 12th of September. Austin's ships explored the entrances of Jones's Sound and Smith's Sound, and did not reach home for a fortnight or three weeks later. In the mean time Mr. Penny addressed a letter to the Admiralty, asserting his conviction that the missing expedition had gone up Wellington Channel, and that 'its course should be therein followed with the utmost energy, determination, and despatch.' This suggestion was so contrary to the spirit of his note to Austin on the 11th of August, that he was called on by the Admiralty to transmit a copy of his official correspondence. In place of doing so, he made statements to the effect that he had entreated Captain Austin to give him a steamer to make an effort to get up Wellington Channel, and that his last words to Austin were 'Go up Wellington Channel, sir, and you will do good service to the cause.' As the result of these, and other statements of a like kind, a committee of Arctic officers was appointed to inquire into the circumstances. They properly came to the conclusion that Captain Austin could put only one construction on Mr. Penny's letters, and would not have been justified in commencing a fresh search in a direction concerning which he naturally considered himself to have received the most authentic information.

At the time when open water was discovered high up Wellington

lington Channel the sea in every other direction was covered with solid ice. The fact is remarkable, whatever conclusion may be drawn from it. The prevalent opinion seems to be that Franklin, having learnt at his winter-quarters the existence of this open water, thenceforth directed all his energies to meet it, and succeeded in the attempt. There are, however, not inconsiderable difficulties in the way of this supposition. Be it conceded that in the summer of 1846 Franklin found the entrance of the channel open, and knew of the sea beyond it, does it follow, as matter of certainty, that he would take that course? The mere fact of a prospect of open water to the north might not appear to him of much importance, as it is commonly found throughout the winter at the head of Baffin's Bay and in gulfs on the coast of Greenland, where the tide, as in Wellington Channel, runs high and sets strongly. We know that Sir John Barrow warned Franklin and his officers against attempting Wellington Channel—not because it might be closed, but because

'as far as experience went, it was always entirely free from ice—no one venturing to conjecture to what extent it might go, or into what difficulties it might lead.'—*Mangles*, 37, 38.

We have seen what his Instructions were; and Richardson observes:—

'It is admitted by all who are intimately acquainted with Sir John Franklin, that his first endeavour would be to act up to the letter of his Instructions.'

Sir F. Beaufort says, 'he was not a man to treat his orders with levity;' and such is the testimony of all the important witnesses. It is only on the supposition that Franklin found it impossible to penetrate to the south-west that any of his friends imagine he might have tried Wellington Channel.

Setting aside all gossiping communication, usually a fertile source of error, and oftener supplied by imagination than by memory, we are not without decisive evidence of Franklin's real opinion. In the Diary of Fitzjames there is, under date of June 6, 1845, one very remarkable passage:—

'At dinner to-day Sir John gave us a pleasant account of his expectations of being able to *get through the ice on the coast of America*, and his *disbelief in the idea that there is open sea to the northward*. He also said he believed it possible to reach the pole over the ice by wintering at Spitzbergen, and going in the spring, before the ice broke up and drifted to the south, as it did with Parry on it.'—*Mangles*, 78.

To our mind these words are conclusive as to Franklin's hopes and

and intentions. In his second journey to the Mackenzie river, 1825-6, he himself writes that from the summit of Garry Island

'the sea appeared in all its majesty, entirely free from ice, and without any *visible obstruction to its navigation*, and never was a prospect more gratifying than that which lay open to us.'

Then he had ardently wished for a ship in which he could leave that shallow shore, and steer direct for Behring's Strait. It was this sea which he was instructed to reach, and which there seemed every probability of his reaching by pushing to the south-west between 100° and 110° W. long. It was greatly in favour of his attempting this passage that, even should he meet with obstructions, he might reasonably hope to reach the North American shore by boats, or by a journey across the ice, and thus connect the discoveries of Parry with his own.

Fairly stated the case stands thus:—On the supposition that he ascended the Channel, we must suppose either that he disobeyed the Admiralty orders (which all who know him agree he would not do), or that he tried to penetrate to the south-west before he entered his winter harbour or immediately on quitting it. Could he have made the attempt in 1845? He left Disco Island on the 12th July, and at the close of that month was struggling with the middle ice in Baffin's Bay. He had himself, as we learn from Fitzjames, a perfect knowledge of the difficulty there would be in getting to Lancaster Sound:—

'Parry was fortunate enough, in his first voyage, to sail right across in nine or ten days,—a thing unheard of before or since. In his next voyage he was fifty-four days toiling through fields of ice, and did not get in till September—yet Lancaster Sound is the point we look to as *the beginning of our work*.'

Now, progress from Disco Island to Lancaster Sound took Ross (Sir John) in his first voyage from 17th June to 30th August. Sir James Ross, in 1848, was from 20th July to 20th August, struggling through the middle ice, and did not reach Cape Yorke till 1st September. Penny's ships were at Disco Island May 3rd, 1850, and did not reach Beechey Island till 26th August. To make the same distance took Mr. Kennedy, in 1851, from the commencement of July till the 4th September, and Sir E. Belcher, in the remarkably open season of 1852, from June 12th to August 11th. It is not probable that Franklin could have reached Barrow's Strait until the end of August or beginning of September; and it is hardly conceivable that he could that season have satisfied himself that there was no passage to the south-west—more especially as he must have taken up his station early, and before young ice began to form.

Shall

Shall we suppose, then, that, on getting out of harbour, he advanced to the south-west, and, baffled in his efforts, returned to Wellington Channel? The absence of any signals on the shore either way must go far to negative the idea; and it is more than doubtful whether the two months of an Arctic summer would suffice for such an exploration. Wellington Channel is intricate, and, for ships of the size of the Erebus and Terror, would require great caution. Penny states that—

'the fearful rate the tide runs (not less than six knots) through the sounds that divide the Channel renders it dangerous even for a boat, *much more so a ship*, unless clear of ice, which, from the appearance of the ice here, will not be clear this season.'

The experienced Abernethy says:—

'Wellington Strait is a dangerous navigable passage, the ice flowing about with the tide. It would not be safe for a ship to go up there.'

Lieut. Aldrich conceived there must be 'vast difficulty in navigating the Strait;' and Captain Austin observes that the navigation of the Channel must be 'very critical, *as all narrow straits in icy seas are.*' We do not quote these statements as evidence that the Strait cannot be navigated, for Sir E. Belcher has settled that question; but to prove how unlikely it is that the Channel could be passed through rapidly. On the supposition that Franklin went up it, how are we to account for the absence of cairns or flag-staffs, which would show he had visited, or taken possession of, the newly-found land?—for no shores have been so minutely explored as these.

In our total ignorance of the geography of that region which Franklin was directed to examine, it would be rash to speculate on the difficulties into which an opening to the south-west might lead. Before Lancaster Sound was explored, no one could have supposed that it would open out so many intricate channels, or display that intermingling of land and sea on either side north and south, which the skill of our best navigators for the last thirty years has failed to make more than imperfectly known. Franklin's ships may have been, as the Fury was, forced ashore in some narrow ice-choked channel far to the west, or they may have been caught in the bottom of some gulf from which they have been unable to escape. Between him and the American continent there may be mountainous land, and immense fields of that peculiar sharp-pointed ice which Kellett says it would be impossible to traverse by any exertion or contrivance. He describes it as

'very much broken, or rough, with pinnacles of considerable height. Travelling

Travelling over it for any distance is, I should say, impossible; many of the floes are nearly covered with water, the mirage from which distorted objects in the most extraordinary way.'

In the same way Pullen gives it as his opinion that there would be no possibility of reaching the North American coast across the heavy hummocky ice he saw to the north. We are constrained, indeed, to admit that the fact of no trace of Franklin having as yet been found furnishes a strong presumption that he is no longer in existence; but we say that that fact alone is not stronger against his having taken a south-west than a north-west course, as the one might have led him into as great peril as the other, and as completely have deprived him of the possibility of communicating with any point where he might hope for assistance.

We are not ignorant of what may be urged on the other side: that the most experienced Arctic navigators hug the *northern* shore; that—in spite of the evidence of Dr. Sutherland and others as to the usually later breaking up of the ice in Wellington Channel—Franklin might have met with an impenetrable barrier of ice to the west, while the entrance of that Channel was open;* and that Parry in his first voyage in vain attempted to find an opening in the ice to the south. Our argument is not that Franklin must have taken any one particular course, but only that, so long as the space between 104° and 116° W. long. is unexplored, it cannot be said that Franklin has been fairly sought in the direction he was ordered to pursue.

The search was maintained by one vessel only in the following year. The Prince Albert, which returned home in 1850, after her unsuccessful cruise, was refitted, and sailed early in 1851, under command of Mr. William Kennedy, who has published a short and sensible narrative of his voyage. M. Bellot, a lieutenant in the French navy, joined as a volunteer, and his generous ardour and lively spirits seem to have contributed greatly to the efficiency of the expedition. Kennedy wintered at Batty Bay, on the west side of Regent's Inlet. In his spring journey of 1852 he showed what it was in the power of a really intrepid traveller to accomplish. Following the coast to the south, he found a channel in Brentford Bay leading westward. Traversing this channel he came again upon the sea, thus proving North Somerset to be a large island. On his right, to the north, the land appeared continuous. By Lieut. Browne's examination of Peel's Sound (or Ommaney Inlet) from Barrow's Strait, we were led to suppose that it was only a gulf, which

* Dr. Sutherland, when asked by Sir E. Parry whether it was his opinion that the ice broke up sooner in the direction of Cape Walker than at the entrance of Wellington Channel, replied, 'Yes; two months sooner.'

would

would so far correspond with Mr. Kennedy's observation. As an open sea appeared to the south, it is not unreasonably conjectured that it may be continued to the Victoria Strait of Rae; in that case the narrow channel of Brentford Bay would prove that at least one south-west passage existed. Continuing his course nearly west, until he passed 100° west long., he turned to the north, struck the sea at that point reached by Capt. Ommaney in exploring the bay which bears his name, then turned to the east and to the north till he reached Cape Walker, returning to his ship by the north shore of North Somerset, having successfully performed a journey of eleven hundred miles and been absent from the ship for ninety-seven days! During the whole time they knew no other shelter than the snow-houses they threw up at each resting-place.

In his modest narrative Mr. Kennedy describes the general order of his arrangements. His party, including M. Bellot and himself, consisted of six persons. Their luggage and stores were borne on sleighs made after the Indian fashion, five Esquimaux dogs very materially assisting in their draught. Without the aid, indeed, of these much-enduring animals so long a journey could scarcely have been performed; and, as nothing came amiss to them in the way of food, it being found that 'they throve wonderfully on old leather shoes and fag-ends of buffalo-robes,' the sleighs were not much burdened by care for their provision. With a little practice all hands became expert in the erection of snow-houses, which presented

'a dome-shaped structure, out of which you have only to cut a small hole for a door, to find yourself within a very light, comfortable-looking bee-hive on a large scale, in which you can bid defiance to wind and weather. Any chinks between the blocks are filled up with loose snow with the hand from the outside; as these are best detected from within, a man is usually sent in to drive a thin rod through the spot where he discovers a chink, which is immediately plastered over by some one from without, till the whole house is as air-tight as an egg.'—*Narrative*, 78, 79.

As respects their provision, they were materially indebted to the old treasures of the Fury, which they found 'not only in the best preservation, but much superior in quality, after thirty years of exposure to the weather, to some of our own stores and those supplied to the other Arctic expeditions.'* While travelling they had a cup of hot tea night and morning—'a luxury they

* On a strict and careful survey, made last July, of the preserved meats, 10,570 lbs., in tin canisters, supplied to the Plover, they were found 'in a pulpy, decayed, and putrid state, totally unfit for men's food.' The whole were thrown into the sea, as a nuisance. It is much to be feared that Franklin's preserved meats may have been of the better quality.

would

would not have exchanged for the mines of Ophir.' A gill and a half of spirits of wine boiled a pint of water. When detained by bad weather they had but one meal daily, and took ice with their biscuit and pemmican to save fuel. On the 15th of May they reached Whaler Point, and here stopped a week to recruit; all suffering much from scurvy. At this early period Regent's Inlet and Barrow's Strait were free from ice as far as the eye could reach. In a notice left at Whaler Point it was said 'Cape Walker was carefully examined, but bore no evidence whatever of its having been visited by Europeans.' Now, as the large cairns, formed by the parties of Ommaney and Osborn the previous spring, could thus be overlooked, might not signals erected by Franklin have been equally undistinguishable amid the deep snow which enveloped this bleak and rugged coast?

By the 30th of May the travellers were back at Batty Bay, where all had gone on well; but it was not until the 6th of August that the ship, by sawing and blasting, could be got clear of the ice. On the 19th of August Kennedy reached Beechey Island, where he had the satisfaction of finding the North Star engaged in sawing into winter quarters.—The expedition of Sir E. Belcher—consisting of the two brigs and their attendant steamers previously commanded by Austin, with the North Star as a depôt-ship—had left the Thames on the 21st of April, and arrived at Beechey Island on the 10th of August. The season was remarkably open; Wellington Channel and Barrow Strait were equally clear of ice: on the 14th of August Sir E. Belcher (with a ship and a steamer) stood up the Channel, and the following day Captain Kellett (with the other brig and steamer) sailed in open water for Melville Island.—From the North Star Mr. Kennedy received despatches for England. He would gladly have remained out another season, but, as his men were bent on returning, he was compelled to relinquish his design, and bring his ship home.

A fortnight after his departure, Captain Inglefield, in the Isabel screw-steamer, communicated with the North Star. The Isabel had been purchased by Lady Franklin, with assistance from the Geographical Society and others. In her Captain Inglefield quitted England on the 6th of July last; coasted the northern shores of Baffin's Bay; advanced much further up Whale Sound than any previous navigator, finding as he proceeded an immense expanse of open water; ran a considerable distance up Smith's Sound and Jones's Sound without discovering any opposing land; and then made for Beechey Island, which he reached on the 7th of September. It is the opinion of this skilful observer that all the three great sounds at the head of Baffin's Bay are channels leading into the Polar Ocean. It is

to be regretted that, in so favourable a season, he had not the opportunity of determining this question, with regard to one of them at least. But, on the whole, considering the limited time at his disposal—his whole voyage lasting but four months—he must be allowed to have exerted himself very laudably.

The last parliamentary paper prints the intelligence received from Behring's Strait to the end of August, 1852. Commander Maguire, who was sent out to relieve Captain Moore in the Plover, arrived at Port Clarence on the 30th of June. The crew, with the exception of some frost-bites, were well, and had behaved admirably. Constant intercourse had been kept up with the natives, but no tidings had been heard as to any subject of anxiety. The Plover, under her new commander, put to sea on the 12th of July, and arrived at Icy Cape on the 19th, whence Maguire proceeded in a boat to Point Barrow to take soundings for anchorage. In his last despatch, 20th August, he intimates his expectation that he shall be able to place the Plover in winter quarters there about the beginning of September. He much advises that *a steamer* should be sent out to open a communication with him; and, considering how strongly a vessel of this kind has been recommended for the service by Admiral Beaufort and other high authorities, we are quite at a loss to understand why one was not sent out in place of the Rattlesnake recently despatched.

Mr. Kennedy is about to depart in the Isabel for Behring's Sea. Lady Franklin, aided by 1000*l.* subscribed by some generous friends in Van Diemen's Land, who gratefully remember Sir John's rule, will again be at the charge of the expedition. The Isabel will be provisioned for four years. Mr. Kennedy hopes he shall be able to pass the strait this year, and take up a position for the winter somewhere near Point Barrow; thence in the winter and spring he might explore to the north and east, in the direction of Melville Island and Banks' Land. Captain Inglefield, in the Phœnix steam-sloop, will start this spring for Beechey Island, accompanied by a store-ship containing an ample supply of provisions. A new expedition is also, we observe, to be fitted out by the beneficent Mr. Grinnell, of New York.

The present state of the search then is this:—Sir E. Belcher is engaged in a survey of Wellington, while Captain Kellett is probably safely anchored in Winter Habour, the old quarters of Parry. Each has a well-stored ship, with an attendant steamer; while the North Star, within reach no doubt of parties from either vessel, remains in Franklin's harbourage at Beechey Island. On the Pacific side, the Plover, we may presume, is

is advanced to Point Barrow. We have no intelligence of M'Clure since, under a press of canvas, he stood for the pack-ice off Icy Cape, in August, 1850; nor from Collinson since he passed Behring's Strait in July of the following year. Our consul at Panama indeed writes that Collinson had been spoken by some whalers, but, without details, we know not what credit is to be attached to the report. M'Clure supposed he should be able to reach England by way of Barrow's Strait some time in this year, either by navigating his vessel through the unknown sea which stretches north of the American continent, or by quitting his ship and making for Melville Island, or some point nearer home. Stirring tidings of some kind will most likely reach us in the course of a few months. The search, so long and so ardently prosecuted, continues not only to interest the scientific and enterprising, but to carry with it the sympathies of the whole nation. The public mind is made up that the fate of the missing ships shall be determined, if human energy can determine it—and the resolve is as wise as generous. To our Navy, under God, we owe our greatness and safety; and, in sending forth our gallant seamen on hazardous enterprises, we are bound by every possible obligation to inspire them with a full confidence that they are under the eye and guardianship of their country, and that its resources will be exerted to the utmost in their behalf. The pecuniary cost of the search is not to be regarded in comparison with its object; and it is better for a thousand lives to be perilled in the discharge of duty than for one to be sacrificed through neglect.

ART. VI. *Memoirs of the Court and Cabinets of George the Third, from Original Family Documents.* By the Duke of Buckingham and Chandos, K.G. 2 vols. 8vo. 1853.

THAT we deny! They are neither *Memoirs,* nor *by the Duke of Buckingham!* From the ridicule and, we will even add, blame of the editorial manipulation of these *Family Documents,* we will venture at once to exonerate the Duke of Buckingham. The evidence, we admit, of the title-page seems conclusive against our opinion; and not less so the following statement—one of those newspaper notices of new books which, though appearing to speak the journalists' own sentiments, are understood to be mere advertisements furnished to them by the publishers:—

'In this very remarkable and valuable publication the *Duke of Buckingham* has HIMSELF undertaken the task of forming a history from the papers of his grandfather and great uncle, the Earl Temple (first Marquis of Buckingham), and Lord Grenville, of the days of the second William Pitt, extending over an interval commencing with 1782, and ending with 1800. . . . From such materials it was not possible to form a work that would not possess the very highest interest. *The Duke of Buckingham has, however, moulded his materials with no ordinary ability and skill. The connecting narrative* is written both with judgment and vigour—not unfrequently in a style that comes up to the *highest order of historical composition*—especially in some of the sketches of personal character.'—*Standard*, 19th Feb., 1853.

All this seems very strong—but, in spite of the title-page and newspaper puff, it is our own deliberate conviction—and we think it will presently be that of our readers—that it is *absolutely impossible* that the *Duke of Buckingham* can have had any further concern in the affair than his having unluckily confided to other and most incompetent hands the publication of a few of his family papers. How this could have happened—how the Duke's name could be prefixed to pages which we shall prove *he never saw*, and how such an editor as they have been intrusted to could be found, we have no means of knowing, or even guessing:—all we can do is to show that the narrative portion of the work thus attributed to the Duke cannot be his; and we are bound to do so not only in justice to his Grace, but for the sake of historical truth, as the narrative affects to decide, in a very dogmatical style, several personal and political points, which are not merely apocryphal, but sometimes in direct contradiction to the documents which the editor professes to copy.

In ordinary cases the ignorance or incompetence of an editor—generally exhibited in the absence or the erroneous marginal notes—though they may obscure, cannot very seriously impair the original writer's meaning; but in the present case the penman is more adventurous, and puts himself forward, not as an editor, but as an *author*, and even an *authority*, as if he were really the *Duke of Buckingham* writing, by the help of his family papers, the *Memoirs of the Court and Cabinet of George the Third*—a designation not merely pretentious, but absolutely deceptive; for the substance of the work is, we repeat, nothing like *Memoirs*, but only an irregular and desultory collection of letters, good, bad, and indifferent, addressed to the first Marquis of Buckingham—the greatest portion being from the pen of his brother William (Lord Grenville), and that eminent person's letters, whatever other value they may have, being as unlike to what is called *memoirs* as an epic to an epigram.

Every

Every step of this affair is strange and, to us, inexplicable. The 'Introduction' commences with these words:—

'In the selection and arrangement of the correspondence contained in these volumes, the *intrusion* of *unnecessary commentaries and political opinions* has been *carefully avoided*. The letters themselves are so lucid and complete that the interest of the publication has been left to rest upon *their* details as far as possible.'

Now, any one who opens the book will see that the very reverse of this is the fact. There is no text that we can call to memory in which the 'intrusion of unnecessary commentaries and political opinions' is more flagrant, and in which the accompanying letters are so little left to speak for themselves; nay, in which the clear statements of the letters are so frequently contradicted by the commentary. We are not here considering whether a connecting narrative is better in such a work than occasional annotations; we only notice *in limine* this inconceivable contradiction between the editor's principle and his practice.

We may here, though a little out of chronological order, give a striking exemplification of both the points which we have just stated—the idle and inaccurate style of the commentary, and the *impossibility* that it could have been written by the Duke of Buckingham. We reproduce it in the capitular and imposing form in which the editor chooses to make his blunder the more conspicuous:—

'1786.

'Mr. W. W. Grenville joins Mr. Pitt's Administration.

'While the Marquis of Buckingham abstained from active participation in public business, he maintained the most friendly relations with Mr. Pitt, warmly supporting the Minister in all matters upon which his individual adhesion, advice, and local influence could add strength and character to his administration. That he persevered, however, in *cultivating the retirement* he had chosen, in preference to throwing himself personally *into the ocean of action*, may be inferred from the following letter, which announces the *accession of Mr. Grenville to the Government* as Vice-President of the Committee of Trade.' —vol. i. p. 312.

Our readers will smile at the exquisite logic of this commentary—that the younger brother's taking a subordinate office is a proof that the elder—the busiest and most ambitious man of his day—had resolved to *cultivate retirement;* but they will more than smile when we remind them that the whole is a series of the most egregious blunders. The preceding pages of even the editor's own narrative describe Lord Temple's *retirement* as exhibiting

exhibiting the very reverse of political cordiality, or even intercourse, with Mr. Pitt. It was, in fact, a sulky discountenance; and as to Mr. William Grenville's junction with Mr. Pitt at *this* period, the editor, if he had read and understood the letters which immediately follow his preface, would have seen—what the Duke of Buckingham must know as well as any event of his own life—that Mr. Grenville did *not* join Mr. Pitt's administration in 1786—that he had been a member of it from its first formation, having been appointed Paymaster of the Forces in January, 1784; and that *the* office to which the letters of 1786 refer was one which, by virtue of a new arrangement of the Board of Trade, *was attached* (without salary) to the already important and lucrative office of Paymaster. So ignorant is the editor, and so ignorant the Duke could not be, of the first and most important step of Lord Grenville's life, and so utterly astray would any reader be led who should trust these *intruded* commentaries.

In the account of the Grenville family, given in the few first pages, the commentator calls

'Lady Hesther Grenville the *mother* of *The Great Commoner*.' —p. 14.

The Duke of Buckingham must know, as well as his own name, that Lady Hester was the *wife* of The Great Commoner—a designation historically appropriated to the first William Pitt, originally by his admirers, but afterwards derisively—and by none more bitterly than by the Grenville family, when *The Great Commoner* left their party and was created Earl of Chatham.

The editor says—

'the Earl of Surrey gave notice in the House of *Lords* of a motion to the effect that Ministers no longer possessed the confidence, &c.'—p. 24.

The Duke of Buckingham could not have been ignorant that the Lord Surrey of that day, like all the Lord Surreys of modern times, was a *Commoner*, and made that celebrated demonstration, 17th March, 1782, in the House of *Commons*.

The editor tells us that—

'the Marquis of Rockingham died 1 July (1782), and was *succeeded in his title* by his nephew the Earl Fitzwilliam.'—i. 48.

The Duke of Buckingham, who has sat for above thirty years in the Houses of Commons and Lords with Lord Fitzwilliam, and who never saw a Lord Rockingham, could, by no possible slip of memory, have made this mistake.

Several of Mr. Grenville's letters, towards the close of 1786, allude to some personal object of his own, which the editor thus brilliantly elucidates:—

'The

'The object dimly and cautiously alluded to *in the annexed letters* was that of a *peerage*, to which the high pretensions of Mr. W. W. Grenville justified him in looking forward; but which his prudence, holding his honourable ambition in check, made him *desirous of postponing*, until he had won even greater distinction as a statesman than he had already attained.'—i. 315.

If the object were really a mysterious one, no solution could be more improbable than that Mr. W. W. Grenville, after—*according to the editor's reckoning*—only five months' public service in a subordinate office, and at the age of twenty-seven, should have thought of a *peerage*. But the Duke of Buckingham must know perfectly, and any man of the most ordinary common sense, who reads the '*annexed letters*,' will see, that the '*object*' is no enigma—that Mr. Grenville was no more thinking of a peerage than of a bishopric—that the object was one for which, as he expressly states, he must wait till it could be *vacated* by a special arrangement for the present occupant—that, instead of 'prudently desiring' to postpone the matter, he was in the highest degree desirous of pressing it, and was very 'prudently' busy in devising modes by which the vacancy could be arranged; in short, as is frequently intimated and sometimes explicitly stated, the object was the *seals of the Home Department*, which Lord Sydney was to resign (when otherwise provided for), and Mr. Grenville to receive. Is it possible that the Duke of Buckingham could have been so ignorant of this remarkable portion of his family history?

If we have established, in any one instance, the *impossibility* of the Duke of Buckingham's being the author of the Commentary, our purpose is answered; but we think it as well to produce some instances of its *improbability*—so strong as would of themselves almost amount to certainty.

On the 27th of March, 1783, Mr. Grenville writes from London to Lord Temple, then Lord Lieutenant, in Dublin:—

'Pray, communicate a little with Mornington about your resignation, &c. It will flatter him; and he is beyond measure disposed to you, both in Ireland and *here*, to which he looks in a short time.'—vol. i. p. 211.

Which the editor thus explains:—

'The allusion to Lord Mornington (afterwards Marquis Wellesley) is not quite clear. We are left in some doubt as to whether his Lordship looked at *this time* to office in England, or to the Lord Lieutenancy of Ireland.'—*Ib.*

It is, we say, highly improbable, if not quite impossible, that the Duke of Buckingham could have written this nonsense. The allusion to Lord Mornington must be 'quite clear' to any one who [illegible] the [illegible] letters. Lord Mornington—at this

this time only twenty-two years of age—could obviously not have been looking to either of the supposed objects: more especially as '*this time*' was the moment of the Coalition triumph that had just displaced Lord Mornington's political friends and connexions. What Mr. Grenville meant was, that Lord Mornington had not only supported the late Government in the Irish House of Peers, but intended to obtain a seat in the English House of Commons—which he did early next year—with the view to support Mr. Pitt *here*. It is difficult to believe that the Duke of Buckingham could have mistaken these notorious facts.

It is also next to impossible that the Duke of Buckingham should have made the following blunder:—In describing the violence of the measures which the Irish Whigs imposed on Lord Fitzwilliam when, for a short time, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland in 1795, and which necessitated his recall, the editor says,

'The Attorney General was to be displaced to make way for Mr. George Ponsonby; the Solicitor General was also to be removed, and *Mr. Beresford, who was Purse-bearer to the Lord Chancellor*, and Mr. Cooke, Secretary-at-War, were to be dismissed. The dismissal of Mr. Beresford was regarded as a measure of such *extreme* violence, that it brought matters to an issue between Lord Fitzwilliam and the Cabinet.'—ii. 328.

What! the Lord Lieutenant had, it seems, a right to dismiss the *Lord Chancellor's Purse-bearer!*—and the dismissal of this high functionary was of sufficient importance to make an irreconcileable breach between the Irish and English Governments, and to occasion one of the most influential events in the Irish history of the last century—the recall of Lord Fitzwilliam! We do not see in the rest of the book the slightest indication of the editor's having taken the trouble to inquire about anything; but on this occasion he seems to have found out, as the result of extraordinary curiosity and research, that the name of the Chancellor's *Purse-bearer* was John Beresford; whereupon he, with his usual sagacity, concludes that this was the important placeman who had set the two nations by the ears—and inquires no further; if he had, he would have discovered that there was in Ireland *another* John Beresford, of a very different calibre—the Right Honourable John Beresford, next brother to the Marquis of Waterford; brother-in-law to the Marquis Townsend; M.P. for the county of Waterford; Privy Councillor in both countries; chief Commissioner of the Revenues in Ireland; and, above all, the able and consistent leader of what was considered as especially the *English interest* in Ireland. Could the Duke of Buckingham possibly mistake this gentleman for the Chancellor's *Purse-bearer*?

After

After these observations we think we may safely absolve the Duke of Buckingham from any personal share in the editorship of this work; but we cannot resist amusing our readers with a few other specimens of the qualifications of the person intrusted with that duty.

Mere errors of the press are not worth noticing; they will occasionally (as we ourselves too often show) escape editorial correction, and cannot be fairly adduced as proofs of the ignorance or negligence of an *editor*, except when they are so numerous and so *systematic* as to show that the deficiency is in a higher quarter than the compositor or reader of the printing-house. Such are the errors that swarm in these volumes, and form, we really think, their most remarkable characteristic. The peerage of Ireland especially is enriched with many titles and creations which neither we nor we think the heralds had ever before heard of. For instance, an Earldom of *Bechoe*, a Lord *Glendon*, and two newly-created peers, whose names—*Jonson* and *Deland*—were quite new to us. These names and titles were perhaps presented to the editor in a bad hand; but if he had called in the assistance of an old almanac, or even a late one, he would have easily deciphered that the noblemen meant were Lords *Bective* and *Glandore*, and Mr. *Tonson*, created Lord Riversdale, and Sir Francis *Delaval*, Lord Delaval. He additionally blunders these creations, and all about them, by misdating and misplacing the letter which relates to them as of the year 1785, under Mr. Pitt's administration, when, in fact, it belongs to 1783, during the reign of the Coalition. If the date of the letter were illegible, the editor might have found that of these creations in the Court Calendar; where also he might have discovered that there are no such British peerages as *Loraine* (ii. 64); *Chenton* (ii. 246); and *Standish* (i. 101); and that perhaps *Lovain*, *Clinton*, and *Sandwich* might be meant.

In the long agony of the King's illness Lord Grenville says that the Queen, in her distress,

'Sees nobody but *Lady Constance*, Lady Charlotte Finch, Miss Burney, and her two sons.'—i. 444.

We felt some interest to know who could be this '*gentle Lady Constance*,' thus honourably distinguished, but we could not bring her to our recollection; the mention, however, of 'Miss Burney' afforded a clue, and in her *fatras* of Memoirs (of which —*soit dit en passant*—the part relating to this period is much the best) we find that Lady *Courtown* was meant.

Indeed, wherever a proper name at all unusual occurs, we find the printers making, and the editor sanctioning, such strange blunders as render the statements unintelligible, without much

much more thought and reference than an ordinary reader is disposed to give. Who would guess that 'poor *Merey*' meant the Count de *Mercy*-Argenteau; that '*Clerfuge*,' '*Mulm*,' and '*Peguet*,' meant *Clairfayt*, *Melas*, *Piquet*? Amongst the M.P.s that 'ratted' from Mr. Pitt on the King's illness in 1788, we find 'Sir Samuel *Hurmery*.' We had never heard this name—it might as well have been printed *Mummery*, for it turns out that the person meant was Sir Samuel *Hannay*—a name pretty notorious at that day, and not quite forgotten in the quack-medicine shops in ours. A geographical reader will be surprised to learn, on Lord Grenville's authority, that *Cuxhaven* is a port in Ireland; and an historical reader may be puzzled to discover how the world was likely to be involved in war on the subject of *Northa*. Lord Grenville was only talking of *Crookhaven* and *Nootka Sound!*

These are trifles which are noticeable only for their obstinate frequency; but the two following have the merit of being droll. Sir Hugh Palliser would have been wonderfully astonished if he had lived to hear himself called *Saint* Hugh—(i. 186) Timid and hesitating as we knew the Duke of Brunswick's movements had been in his campaign in Flanders, we were startled at finding, from the unexceptionable evidence of Lord Grenville, that a movement which was the only extrication for his army from a critical position had become

'impossible; *at least till the post comes*.'—ii. 219.

The *post*!—a great military manœuvre waiting for the post! and what post? From London, Vienna, or Berlin? If our readers are not quicker than we were at solving this mystery, they will laugh out, as we ourselves did, when we called to mind that the Duke was in a swampy country intersected with streams, and that his intended movement was 'impossible till the *frost* should come.'

There is another even more numerous class of misprints which it is proper to notice, as an additional proof that neither the Duke of Buckingham, nor any one who had ever been even at a Latin grammar school, could have edited these volumes. It is observable that, with, we think, the single instance we have just noticed of *post* for *frost*, the English text of the volumes (proper names and titles apart) is very correctly printed; and in the numerous French quotations we do not recollect a single error; whereas of the more numerous Latin quotations there is hardly one that does not prove the editor's ignorance of one syllable of that language. We shall give a series of these mistakes as assuredly a great curiosity in this age of education. We copy them *literatim*.

'*Liberari*

'*Liberari animans meam.*'—i. 69.

'*En quo discordia cives prodaxit miseros.*'—i. 144.

'*Amiciteæ sempitereæ inimicetræ placabiles.*'—i. 186.

'*Tibi Brachia contrahit ardens Scopius et cœli plus justâ parte reliquit.*'—i. 234.

'*Parvula quidem ex queis magun exoriuntur.*'—ii. 16.

'*Quod predetendici patuisse, et non potuissse refelli.*'—ii. 148.

'*Et librari animum meum.*'—ii. 189.

'*Caliginosâ nocta.*—ii. 222.

'*Laudo momentem.*'—ii. 364.

Our readers, we think, will agree that this systematic mangling of the *Latin*, in a work where the *French* is correctly given, is a *remarkable feature*, which cannot be attributable merely to the printers. One thing is certain—that such *quotations* never could have passed under the eyes of the Duke of Buckingham.

But the editor's blunders are often of a more substantial character, and exhibit a degree of ignorance of the political history of the times which would be quite incredible if we had it not before our eyes. While Lord Temple was Lord Lieutenant, and Mr. Grenville his Chief Secretary, the latter had an interview in London with the Home Secretary of State (December 30, 1782), and in pressing on him the difficulties of the Lord Lieutenant in steering the Government through the factions of the Irish Parliament, he asked—

'Tell me to whom I am to apply. To the Duke of Portland's people? [the Whigs]—to the old court and Lord Shannon? [the Tories]—or to *Hood* and his set?'—i. 107.

Neither we, nor any one else, had ever before heard of '*Hood* and his set' as an Irish faction. Lord Hood, indeed, was an Irish peer —an honorary one in every sense of the word—but had never, we believe, appeared in Ireland, and assuredly had no *set* anywhere. The editor apparently had never heard of the celebrated Henry *Flood*, who had now raised a third, or independent Irish party, to whom, and not to any of the gallant nautical family of *Hood*, Mr. Grenville alluded.

The following riddle, introduced without a syllable of preparation or explanation into one of Lord Grenville's letters (June 1, 1798.), puzzled us for a moment:—

'I do not think that Pitt could have avoided answering *Fremey's* call.'—ii. 398.

Who was *Fremey*, and what was the call? We really had looked a few pages backwards and forwards for some clue, before we recollected Pitt's *duel* with *Tierney*, which it is clear that the editor had never happened to hear of; for in mentioning,

mentioning, a few pages earlier, a duel that had taken place in Ireland between Lord Hobart, the Lord Lieutenant's Secretary, and Curran, he adds—

'*In no other country in the world,* undoubtedly, from a cause so absurd and unwarrantable could the necessity for such a meeting have arisen.'—ii. 178.

but Tierney's call was at least as absurd as Curran's, and Pitt's answering it as little warrantable as Hobart's.

The following instance of the fitness of the editor for writing an explanatory and historical narrative will, even after what we have already said, astonish our readers:—

'The first incident of the year [1797] to which allusion is made in these letters is the appearance in British waters of a French squadron. It consisted of *two frigates and two sloops*, and its *insignificance*, compared with the demonstration that was anticipated from the loud threats of invasion by which it was heralded, excited ridicule rather than alarm.'—ii. 262.

This is the description which the editor gives of the celebrated Bantry Bay expedition, which everybody else knows was one of the most formidable attempts that France had ever made against us. The fleet, which sailed from Brest on the 14th December, 1796, so far from being only *two frigates and two sloops*, consisted of *seventeen sail of the line, thirteen frigates, six sloops*, and eight other vessels; in all forty-four sail, having on board about 18,000 men, the flower of the French army, under Generals Hoche, Grouchy, and Humbert! But even more extraordinary than the enormous mistake as to the amount of the force is, that the editor's statement is an explanatory introduction to a letter of Lord Grenville's, dated London, 4th January, which begins by stating—

'That the French *fleet* is, if not entirely, certainly in a great part broken to pieces. *Two French seventy-fours* and a frigate had put into Bantry Bay, and other vessels were seen also trying to get into the Bay.'—ii. 363.

In fact, eight sail of the line, with 6000 troops, got into the Bay, while the rest, either from mistake or mismanagement, made for the mouth of the Shannon. Lord Grenville's letter then proceeds to announce the wreck of several other vessels of the dispersed *fleet;* and it is in the face of this very letter, and in professed explanation of it, that we find the statement that this *insignificant* expedition consisted of *two frigates and two sloops.* This is passing strange; yet stranger still is it, that immediately following the letter, and on the same page, we find this additional extravagance:—

'The sequel of this expedition was sufficiently *ludicrous.*'—ib.

The sequel having been, in every way, most lamentable; for it was disastrous

disastrous to France in the loss of many ships and very many lives, without any glory to England, as the losses were all by wreck or foundering—except in the case of the *Droits de l'Homme* 74, the Admiral's flag-ship, which was driven on shore by the extraordinary skill and gallantry of Sir Edward Pellew in the Indefatigable 44. The *Droits de l'Homme* held together, beating on the rocks and beaten by a tremendous sea, for three days and nights; during which—says Lieutenant (afterwards Captain) Pipon, an English officer, prisoner on board her—above 1000, out of 1500 sailors and soldiers, perished in the most protracted and horrible suffering (*James's Naval History*, ii. 27).

Such was the 'sufficiently ludicrous sequel of that expedition'—but, to do the editor justice, we must add that he knew nothing about these terrible events, having confounded—(we cannot guess how)—even while commenting on Lord Grenville's letter, the grand Bantry Bay expedition with a little marauding landing that was made a couple of months later by *two frigates and two sloops* on the coast of Wales, and of which the conclusion might truly enough be called 'ludicrous.'

Akin to this exemplification of the 'ludicrous,' or, indeed, rather worse, is the historical sketch which introduces some observations of Lord Grenville's on the Killala invasion of 1798.

'On the 22nd of August the long-threatened French invasion took place in a shape that covered the *expedition with universal ridicule.* A handful of men, to the number of 800, landed at Killala, and were joined by the rebels; and when they were *attacked by* General Lake a few days afterwards, the whole force *surrendered at discretion.* This incident formed a striking contrast to the progress of the French in other directions, for at the very time when they were suffering this humiliation in Ireland, their victorious arms were completing the subjugation of Switzerland.'—ii. 405.

Now this, though no doubt ignorance, is worse than mere ignorance, for it is (and we are sorry to be obliged to confess it) a gross historical misrepresentation. If any one was *covered with ridicule*, it was unfortunately our own Government and troops. This small French detachment made itself very formidable—it marched near a hundred miles through the country—beat a superior force under Lord Hutchinson at the battle of Castlebar—maintained itself for a whole month by its own unassisted activity and courage—for its Irish allies were its greatest embarrassment—and finally surrendered, when it had nearly reached the centre of the island and within two or three days' march of the capital, to Lord Cornwallis and General Lake, who had collected against them the whole force of the country—at least twenty times their number!—a serious lesson, which we cannot permit this editor so entirely to misrepresent.

Here

Here we close our remarks on the *editorial* portion of these volumes, which intrinsically would have been utterly unworthy of so much, or indeed of *any*, notice; but its connexion with the interspersed documents, its comprising *all* that is given of historical explanation, and its being in fact, both in *type* and *space*, the most prominent feature of the volumes, have seemed to us to render the exposure of its true character our most imperative duty, first to the noble name so miserably misused, and next to the public, by whom the documents themselves (though infinitely inferior to what the title-page promised) will still undoubtedly be considered as of some interest and value. These documents consist (with a few exceptions) of a selection of letters addressed *to* one noble individual. A *selection* is always open to suspicion—an editor has a vast power over the characters of all the parties and the complexion of all papers, by the protrusion of what he may happen to approve, and the suppression of what may happen not to support his views; he has a kind of harlequin's wand which may—like Mr. Hume's votes—make black white and white black. We can hardly suspect this *editor* of any such astute designs—he certainly was no judge of either what he has published or what he may have left—but it is obvious, from a variety of circumstances, that the papers have been what the French call *triés*—that is, sorted and selected—with an eye to the glorification of the great hero of the piece—the Earl Temple—created in 1784 Marquis of Buckingham—who, even when, like Achilles, he seems secluded in his tent, is really the pivot of the whole Iliad. The *triage*, however, has been so injudiciously made, that, in spite of the pompous adulation with which he is always introduced, the result is, that we have a much worse opinion of his Lordship than we had before we had read these extravagant eulogies and the absolutely contradictory and condemnatory documents which they introduce. Much the greater portion of the letters, both in bulk and in interest, are those by which Mr. William Grenville (created Lord Grenville in 1790) endeavoured to keep his wayward, jealous, and arrogant eldest brother acquainted and in good humour with his own proceedings, private and political. Half a dozen letters from an intermediate brother, Mr. Thomas Grenville, are altogether in the same deprecatory style; and a few occasional communications from some subordinate tributaries of the great *bashaw* of Stowe, though not on the face of them quite so deferential as the fraternal missives, are substantially of the same accommodating, and we must repeat adulatory, character.

The whole work is, as we have said, a puzzle; but not the least difficulty is how to account for the illusion in which the editor, as well as his employer, must have been, that these

letters

letters would support the extravagant eulogies which are lavished on circumstances of Lord Buckingham's political conduct which appear to us liable to a very opposite interpretation. Our space does not allow us to go into a full detail on this head, but we must make room for a few specimens.

Was it ever suspected, or could it have been, without the evidence of these volumes, believed, that, in a great public crisis (June, 1788), when Lord Buckingham was, for the second time, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, he was about to embarrass the King and the Government by resigning his high office on such a trivial and unreasonable pique as the following? By the Lord-Lieutenant's commission he was invested with all the civil and ecclesiastical patronage of Ireland, but military promotions were expressly excepted—(which our Editor transmutes into 'not expressly included'!!)—and for this imperative reason, that, though civilly Great Britain and Ireland were separate kingdoms, the *army* of the empire was necessarily *one*—under one head, the King—and its internal arrangements guided by one system. It happened that the lieutenant-colonelcy of a regiment quartered in Ireland fell vacant, and Lord Buckingham immediately claimed to nominate *his aide-de-camp*, and *nephew*, Colonel Nugent, to it. The King had *previously*, and without suspecting any rivalry, promised the first vacancy to *his own* aide-de-camp, Colonel Gwynn; and because his Majesty was reluctant to do a double injustice, private and public, first in breaking his promise to his own aide-de-camp, and secondly in disorganizing the British army by admitting the favouritism of the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, it was with the utmost difficulty that Mr. William Grenville—supported by the strenuous persuasions of Mr. Pitt, whom he called in to his assistance—could dissuade his imperious and wrong-headed brother from throwing up his office, and involving the Imperial Government in serious difficulties, on the ridiculous pretence that this was a personal affront to himself. A considerable proportion of the correspondence relates to this captious and preposterous pretension. It would be impossible to give a full idea of the absurd arrogance of Lord Buckingham in this matter without copying the whole of the letters; it is enough to say that Mr. Grenville had not a word to say in his defence, and ends his long expostulations by 'begging him to observe' that the disapprobation so plainly and repeatedly expressed is not—

'my sentiment only, but that of every one of the few friends with whom you have communicated upon it.'—i. 411.

Several similar cases—some, if possible, more unreasonable—occur during every period of the Marquis's official life, and we need do no more than extract a few of the remonstrances of his own

own brothers against these extravagant ebullitions of self-importance and ill temper.

William Grenville writes to him:—

'*19th January*, 1783.—Pitt expressed great dissatisfaction at the contents of your despatch. . . . . I am to apologise to you in the strongest manner for not adhering to your positive instructions; but in such a case, and this distance, one must act on one's own judgment. . . . You must not be angry.' &c.—i. 127.

Again:—

'*7th November*, 1787.—If you really feel disposed to insist on the engagement [for some office] without waiting for ten days to hear the difficulties explained.' &c.—i. 336.

Again:—

'*8th November*, 1787.—You cannot, I am sure, think me unreasonable if I do most seriously and earnestly desire that you will not press me to convey to Pitt sentiments founded on what I conceive to be a total misapprehension.' &c. —i. 337.

Again:—

'*7th April*, 1789.—I cannot, in justice to you or to myself, avoid saying that I most sincerely wish you to consider well the step you are about to take; and that not only with reference to your *present* situation and *immediate* feelings, but with a view to the interpretation the public may put upon it.' &c.—ii. 134.

Again:—

'*5th October*, 1789.—I have deferred answering your letter, as I wished for a little time to turn the subject over in my own mind, and particularly to consider whether I should communicate it to Pitt; after some deliberation with myself I have resolved *not* to make this communication.'—ii. 147.

Again:—

'*9th Nov.* 1789.—You announce this as a determination taken in your own mind, and on which you do not wish for my advice; and there are perhaps too many circumstances which must make such a step painful to me to allow me to be a competent adviser.'—ii. 171.

Again Lord Grenville writes:—

'*26th April*, 1791.—Your last letter was written under an impression in the justice of which I should be very sorry indeed to acquiesce. I have little time for justifications on that subject, but my anxiety to remove such an impression makes me say,' &c.—ii. 190.

This last offence was that Lord Grenville, Secretary of State, did not tell his brother a cabinet secret—namely, that the Duke of Leeds was about to retire from office (a matter at the time of *peculiar* delicacy)—in short, that the younger, in every essential point infinitely superior, brother objected, as he himself expresses it, to

'doing an act which my own mind would have reproached me with

as

as dishonourable in itself, and in this particular instance a breach of a positive promise which I had given.'—ii. 191.

Again:—

'12*th June*, 1793.—With respect to what you mentioned to me of your own intentions, you know too well what my opinion is. But I wish to make it my earnest request to you that you will not take any actual step till you have seen Pitt.'—ii. 237.

Again:—

'12*th Dec.* 1793.—At your request, I certainly will do a thing extremely disagreeable to myself, by putting into Mr. Pitt's hands the letter you desired me to show him; but I freely own the uneasiness I feel in being made (unprofitably, too, as I think, even to the object) the channel of such a communication between two persons whom I have so much reason to love and value.'—ii. 248.

Again, after a long and sore expostulation:—

'5*th Jan.* 1795.—It would be a painful and invidious task to discuss the question further; but I cannot receive from you a letter in which you tell me that you feel you have lost my affection, without repeating to you the assurance, which I still hope is not indifferent to you, that this is not, in the smallest degree, the case.'—ii. 327.

Again; on a most absurd objection to some general regulation about the militia, the Marquis threatens to resign his Bucks regiment, and Lord Grenville is forced to endeavour to conciliate him thus:—

'27*th April*, 1798.—I do not not think that Pitt, or Dundas, or any of us, could take upon ourselves the responsibility of omitting a measure, stated to be clearly within the law, and in which so large a proportion of the militia officers are disposed to acquiesce with cordiality and cheerfulness. Nothing certainly can be further from their wishes, even as public men only, than to place you in any unpleasant or difficult situation; but you will not think this a moment when points of real importance can be given up to personal considerations of regard and good-will.'—ii. 390.

Lord Grenville proceeds to detail the awful circumstances in which the country was at that moment placed—(the Irish rebellion, be it remembered, was evidently on the point of exploding, and Humbert's expedition was preparing at Brest)—and is forced to deny boldly—

'the possibility of any man, under such circumstances, resigning a command because he disapproves in his own judgment, even supposing him right in that judgment, of a military order which the commander-in-chief has clearly a right to give, and for the omission, as well as the giving of which, he and the Government are exclusively responsible.'—ii. 391.

Nor was this all; for we find that Mr. Thomas Grenville was also

also called in to help to prevent the colonel of the Royal Bucks from (to use the very appropriate mad-house phrase) *doing himself a mischief.* Tom Grenville's long and emollient letter concludes thus:—

'But we live in times of such pressing public duty, and the military post to which you are called and in which you are placed, is one so forward both in danger and in honourable distinction to you, that I should not do my duty by you if I did not (however uncalled upon for that opinion) add that, in my poor judgment, no state of military arrangements or orders can for a moment admit of the possibility of your giving up your command in an hour of danger, as immediate as that in which I write.'—ii. 389.

These extracts, however uninteresting in themselves, are necessary not merely to the elucidation of the character of the wayward man to whom the editor of these volumes blindly fancied that he was raising a most laudatory monument, but to show in a new and unexpected light (and it is really the greatest novelty in the book) the difficulties of Mr. Pitt's position. Who ever could have imagined that while Rebellion, Invasion, and the *tot et tanta negotia* of the political and civil administration of the country were pressing on Mr. Pitt and Lord Grenville with such unprecedented weight and peril, they were thus personally harassed and their ministry endangered by the private *tracasseries* and arrogant temper of one who to the world appeared their most natural and devoted supporter, so near in blood, and so bound by every obligation of gratitude and honour?

In this point of view there is another remarkable feature in this publication, that while the letters seem all selected—with however little good sense and success—for the glorification of the great Marquis, and while the whole narrative is loaded with the most extravagant and fulsome praises of even those circumstances of his conduct which his own nearest relations could not defend, there are not above two or three letters of his own produced *in extenso.* A few unimportant extracts are given here and there, just enough to prove that a greater number of his letters are in existence. Why, then, so few produced; and these, except one to the King, so insignificant? Why this reserve? We can only account for it by concluding, by the imperfect light of Lord Grenville's reiterated remonstrances, that there is some one behind the editor more intelligent and prudent than he, who has seen that the Marquis's own letters would not be so creditable to his memory as the complimentary exaggerations of his correspondents. Against this hypothesis there is, we confess, a serious objection. Would not a person of prudence

prudence and intelligence, such as we suppose, have equally seen that Lord Grenville's letters exhibit strong evidence of his brother's defects, and have therefore suppressed them also, or at least such passages of them as must most clearly damage the great man? We cannot well account for this inconsistency; we can only observe that, however strongly Lord Grenville may have disapproved of parts of Lord Buckingham's conduct, he was, from habit and from policy, as well as from fraternal feeling, so inured to a deferential and even subservient deportment towards him that his differences are expressed with so much hesitation and softened and garnished with such mollifying phrases, that a friendly and prepossessed eye may, perhaps, not have seen to their full extent the disagreeable inferences that strike a more impartial critic. In making the foregoing extracts from Lord Grenville's remonstrances, our space limited us to a short sentence or two as a *sample;* but there is not one of these samples that is not accompanied by, or rather diluted in one or two, or even three pages, of complimentary circumlocution, in order to render the pill less nauseous to the very impatient patient. We have no doubt that Lord Buckingham was in private life an excellent man —a good father—husband—brother—friend—a most respectable country gentleman, with a generous spirit, very considerable talents, and acquirements befitting his position; but he seems to us to have been as proud, as arrogant, as selfish, and, we must say, as dishonest a politician as his more celebrated and more mischievous uncle, to whom, we think, he bore an extra share of family resemblance.

The causes of these constant outbreaks of dissatisfaction are, on the surface of the correspondence and in the editor's foolish commentary, so evidently futile, and so unlikely to have been the real motives of a clever, artful, and ambitious man—as the Marquis assuredly was—that we must look deeper for a solution; and we think we see sufficient evidence, in some mysterious words scattered through the correspondence, and never noticed by the editor, that the great man's '*object*'—cautiously and distantly alluded to by Mr. Grenville even as early as 1783 and often in later years—was a *Dukedom*—that the Marquisate, with which Mr. Pitt endeavoured, in November, 1784, to reward his services in the dismissal of the Coalition and to soothe his ill-humour, had little conciliatory effect, and only whetted his appetite for the superior honour, to which, considering how recent was the first ennoblement of the family, he could really have no claim whatsoever. After he had got the Marquisate, he seems to have coveted, by way of lunch, any great state-office that fell vacant, and to have been much offended at not receiving it; but the

predominant object was the Dukedom—(which was only granted to his son in 1822 upon the urgent intercession, it was said, of Louis XVIII.)—just as it had been the instigating motive of all the factious intrigues of his uncle twenty years before.* It was evidently under the vexation at not obtaining any of these *objects*, and especially the last, that the Marquis took so many occasions of picking quarrels with Mr. Pitt and the King—and hoped perhaps to prevail by menacing them with a public and more decided hostility. This, we are satisfied, even from the studiously mysterious evidence of this correspondence, was the deep and never-intermitted motive of his whole political life; and that his constant complaints of affronts—injustice—neglected services—and so forth, which break out even when he was receiving and enjoying what appeared to the rest of the world a prodigality of favours and honours, were all in fact the bitter growth of the deferred hope of the Dukedom—the *amari aliquid quod in ipsis floribus angit.*

Of his political life the most remarkable occurrence was his share in the displacement of the Coalition Ministry, which, of course, his defeated antagonists strongly reprobated as *back-stairs* influence. This was certainly a misrepresentation; for his proceedings were notorious, and avowed in his place in Parliament, as a legitimate exercise of his constitutional privilege as a heriditary councillor of the Crown. Of this remarkable period he has left some *private notes*, which, notwithstanding their length, we think it right to reproduce, as being, with the exception of a letter of the King's on the same subject, the most important historical document in the volumes.

'*Lord Buckingham's Private Notes.*

'I have much lamented that, during the very interesting period of November and December, of 1784, I did not keep a regular journal of the transactions of those months, in which I am supposed to have borne so principal a share. Many of the minuter springs which guided those operations have slipped my memory, from the multiplicity of them, and from the rapidity with which they crowded upon each other during the latter busy days, ending with the formation of the new Ministry on the 21st of December, 1784. It will, however, be necessary for me to take this narrative from an earlier period, necessarily connected with it—I mean the formation of the Government known by the name of the Coalition Ministry.

'I was in Ireland during that period, and was not uninformed, authentically, of the disposition on the part of Lord North to have

* See Walpole's Memoirs of George III., iii. 137. We must here notice that the Grenville Papers now in the course of publication seem, step by step, to confirm the early suspicion of the connexion of Lord Temple with *Junius*—we are not speaking of the actual penmanship—on that subject we do not now enter—but of the guidance, the materials, and the spirit.

supported

supported the Ministry of Lord Shelburne, upon terms of provision for his friends very short of those which he afterwards claimed and extorted from Mr. Fox. It was clearly known to Lord Shelburne, that no official arrangement was proposed by Lord North for himself; and, to say truth, those of his friends for whom he wished provision to be made, were at least as unexceptionable as many, I may even add as most, of those whom Lord Shelburne had collected from the two former Administrations. The infatuation, however, which pervaded the whole of his Government, operated most forcibly in this instance. The affectation of holding the ostensible language of Mr. Pitt in 1759, is only mentioned to show the ridiculous vanity of the Minister who, unsupported by public success, or by the parliamentary knowledge and manœuvre of a Duke of Newcastle, not only held it, but acted upon it—professing, in his own words, to "know nothing of the management of a House of Commons, and to throw himself upon the people alone for support." This farce operated as it might be expected; and, although the negotiation between Lord North and Mr. Fox was matter of perfect notoriety for several weeks, those moments were suffered to pass away without any attempt to avail himself of the various difficulties which presented themselves at the different periods of that discussion, till, at the very eve of the ratification of it, Mr. Pitt was employed by his Lordship to open propositions, through Mr. Fox, to that party. This was rejected *in toto;* and the events which followed the meeting of Parliament are too well known to make a detail of them necessary.

'Before I proceed, I wish to add, that although I have treated the vanity and personal arrogance of Lord Shelburne as it deserves, yet I will do him justice in acknowledging his merit, as one of the quickest and most indefatigable Ministers that this country ever saw. Many of his public measures were the result of a great and an informed mind, assisted by a firm and manly vigour. And I must ever think the Peace, attended with all its collateral considerations, the most meritorious and happiest event for a kingdom exhausted of men and of credit. I was not pledged in the slightest degree to the measure; for, by my absence in Ireland, and my little connexion with his Lordship, I was enabled to judge of it with coolness and impartiality; and from the knowledge of the various difficulties attending it, I am convinced that better terms could not be obtained, and that the further prosecution of the war was impracticable, even if the combination against us allowed the hope of success. This testimony I have wished to bear, though it is not immediately connected with my purpose.

'Upon the resignation of Lord Shelburne, His Majesty was placed in a situation in which, through the various events of his reign, he never had yet found himself. The manœuvres which he tried, at different periods of the six weeks during which this country was left literally without a Government, are well known. Perhaps nothing can paint the situation of his mind so truly as a letter which he wrote to me on the 1st of April: this was an answer to one which I thought it necessary to address to him from Ireland, after receiving from him a message

a message and a general detail of his situation, through Mr. W. Grenville, to whom he opened himself very confidentially upon the general state of the kingdom.

'Upon my return to England, I was honoured with every public attention from his Majesty, who ostensibly held a language upon my subject, calculated to raise in the strongest degree the jealousy of his servants. In the audience which I asked, as a matter of course, after being presented at his levée, he recapitulated all the transactions of that period, with the strongest encomium upon Mr. Pitt—and with much apparent acrimony hinted at Lord Shelburne, whom he stated to have abandoned a situation which was tenable, and particularly so after the popular resentment had been roused. This was naturally attended with strong expressions of resentment and disgust of his Ministers, and of personal abhorrence of Lord North, whom he charged with treachery and ingratitude of the blackest nature. He repeated that to such a Ministry he never would give his confidence, and that he would take the first moment for dismissing them. He then stated the proposition made to him by the Duke of Portland for the annual allowance of 100,000*l.* to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. I gave to him, very much at length, my opinion of such a measure, and of the certain consequences of it: in all which, as may reasonably be supposed, His Majesty ran before me, and stated with strong disgust the manner in which it was opened to him—as a thing *decided*, and even drawn up in the shape of a message, to which his signature was desired as a *matter of course*, to be brought before Parliament the *next day*. His Majesty declared himself to be decided to resist this attempt, and to push the consequences to their full extent, and to try the spirit of the Parliament and of the people upon it. I thought it my duty to offer to him my humble advice to go on with his Ministers, if possible—in order to throw upon them the ratification of the Peace, which they professed to intend to ameliorate—and to give them scope for those mountains of reform, which would inevitably come very short of the expectations of the public. From these public measures, and from their probable dissension, I thought that His Majesty might look forward to a change of his Ministers in the autumn; and that, as the last resource, a dissolution of this Parliament, chosen by Lord North, and occasionally filled by Mr. Fox, might offer him the means of getting rid of the chains which pressed upon him. To all this he assented; but declared his intention to resist, at all events and hazards, the proposition for this enormous allowance to His Royal Highness, of whose conduct he spoke with much dissatisfaction. He asked what he might look to if, upon this refusal, the Ministry should resign: and I observed, that, not having had the opportunity of consulting my friends, I could only answer that their resignation was a proposition widely differing from their dismissal, and that *I did not see the impossibility of accepting* his Administration in such a contingency, provided the supplies and public bills were passed, so as to enable us to prorogue the Parliament. To all this he assented, and declared his intention of endeavouring to gain

time,

time, that the business of Parliament might go on; and agreed with me that such a resignation was improbable, and that it would be advisable not to dismiss them, unless some very particular opportunity presented itself.'—i. 301-5.

At length the India Bill offered this opportunity, and there was drawn up the following Memorandum, signed by the writer of the foregoing notes, and delivered to the King by Lord Thurlow on the 1st December, 1783:—

'1*st Dec.* 1783.—To begin with stating to His Majesty our sentiments upon the extent of the Bill, viz.:—

'We profess to wish to know whether this Bill appear to His Majesty in this light: a plan to take more than half the royal power, and by that means disable [the King] for the rest of the reign. There is nothing else in it which ought to call for this interposition.

'Whether any means can be thought of, short of changing his Ministers, to avoid this evil.

'The refusing the Bill, if it passes the Houses, is a violent means. The changing his Ministers after the last vote of the Commons, in a less degree might be liable to the same sort of construction.

'An easier way of changing his Government would be by taking some opportunity of doing it, when, in the progress of it, it shall have received more discountenance than hitherto.

'This must be expected to happen in the Lords in a greater degree than can be hoped for in the Commons.

'But a sufficient degree of it may not occur in the Lords if those whose duty to His Majesty would excite them to appear are not acquainted with his wishes, and that in a manner which would make it impossible to pretend a doubt of it, in case they were so disposed.

'By these means the discountenance might be hoped to raise difficulties so high as to throw it [out], and leave His Majesty at perfect liberty to choose whether he will change them or not.

'This is the situation which it is wished His Majesty should find himself in.

'Delivered by Lord Thurlow, Dec. 1st, 1783.
'NUGENT TEMPLE.'*—i. 288.

The result was that Lord Temple was intrusted with a written communication of the King's opinion, which he was authorised to show, and which, no doubt, determined the House of Lords, already sufficiently indisposed to the India Bill, to throw it out. The ministry was changed; Lord Temple received the seals (Dec. 19), and was three days Secretary of State; just long enough to dismiss the old ministry and install the new one, and then resigned, and never again was in any office in England. The precise cause of that resignation is still a mystery, which we had hoped these papers would have cleared up, but, by taking no notice of it,

* 'The opening line, and the note at the foot, are in the hand-writing of Lord Temple; the body of the memorandum is in a different and not very legible hand.'

they

they leave it darker than it was. Bishop Tomline, in his Life of Pitt (i. 171), says that the clamour against Lord Temple on account of his interference with the King was so great that he thought it proper to resign. 'The reason,' adds the Bishop, 'that *he and his friends* gave for this step was that he might in a private capacity, and without the protection of official influence, answer any charge that should be made against him.' It is evident that the Bishop believed not quite concur in the '*reason that he and his friends* gave.' We read indeed 'Mr. Pitt was convinced of the acrimonious impropriety of Lord Temple's resignation in the then state of the popular mind;' but the writer adds this important circumstance, that the *scene* in which the resignation had taken place, and with which late hour on the 21st December, was one of a most agitating nature. 'It was *the only public event*,' says the Bishop, '*that ever disturbed Mr. Pitt's rest.*'

From all these circumstances we are satisfied that the reason given by Lord Temple and his friends (at best a temporary difficulty, and which soon blew over) was not the true one for so sudden and so permanent a separation, and for the sullen neutrality —'strict reserve,' as the editor calls it—in which Temple immediately buried himself for a series of months. Our readers will not have failed to remark that, towards the close of his notes of his conversation with the King (*antè*, p. 440), his Lordship talks of the prospect of '*accepting*' the government in the style of one expecting to be at the head of it. From this, and from the characters of all the parties, we have not the slightest doubt that Lord Temple was playing over again his uncle's part, and insisted, as the reward of his success in displacing the old ministry, to be the chief of the new one as First Lord of the Treasury; and that, Mr. Pitt refusing, as he had already done, to serve in any other capacity than head of the government, a long and agitating scene followed, in which Lord Temple was defeated, and indignantly retired—*he and his friends* adopting, instead of the full truth, the more modest excuse recorded by the Bishop. This, we are satisfied, if we ever obtain any more detailed evidence on the subject, will be found to be the true solution of this mystery; and it was in the hope of healing this deep and rankling wound in that proud heart that Lord Temple was, at the close of 1784—a year passed, he himself says, with 'little intercourse with the political world'—created Marquis of Buckingham.

Of the rest of the documents the most interesting are three letters (pp. 187, 209, 212)—one a very long one—in which Mr. Grenville relates to his brother the particulars of three interviews with which the King honoured him just at the crisis of

Lord

Lord Shelburne's defeat. The conversation was on the subject, in the first instance, of Lord Temple's intended resignation of the Lord-Lieutenancy of Ireland—but the King also entered freely into all his own embarrassments between his reluctance to the Coalition and the impossibility of forming any other ministry. These letters afford an additional corroboration of Lord Brougham's testimony (from the North papers) of the intelligence and accuracy with which His Majesty conducted the business of what we may venture to call—of his good sense—of his judicious appreciation both of ... measures, and of the strictly constitutional principles on which he royal ... acted. We would willingly extract them, but, as our space is limited, we give a preference, over Lord Grenville's narrative, to ... letters of the King himself, which exhibit the same qualities. The first is the longest we have ever seen of his Majesty's letters, and describes his situation while the Coalition was 'Viceroy over him.'

'*The King to Lord Temple.*

'Queen's House, April 1st, 1783.

'My Lord,—I had the pleasure, on the 26th of last month, to receive from your truly amiable and right-headed brother and secretary [Thomas Grenville] your very able letter of the 23rd on the state of Ireland, couched in terms that also conveyed the warmest attachment to my person and Government, which makes me not deem among the least of public misfortunes, that the want of resolution in some, and of public zeal in others, will oblige you to quit a station which you fill so much to the satisfaction of all honest men as well as to mine.

'Since the conversation I had with Mr. William Grenville on the 16th of last month, I have continued every possible means of forming an Administration; an experience of now above twenty-two years convinces me that it is impossible to erect a stable one within the narrow bounds of any faction—for none deserve the appellation of party; and that in an age when disobedience to law and authority is as prevalent as a thirst after changes in the best of all political Constitutions, it requires that temper and sagacity to stem these evils, which can alone be expected from a collection of the best and most calm heads and hearts the kingdom possesses.

'Judge, therefore, of the uneasiness of my mind at having been thwarted in every attempt to keep the administration of public affairs out of the hands of the most unprincipled coalition the annals of this or any other nation can equal. I have withstood it till not a single man is willing to come to my assistance, and till the House of Commons has taken every step, but insisting on this faction being by name elected Ministers.

'To end a conflict which stops every wheel of Government, and which would affect public credit if it continued much longer, I intend this night to acquaint that *grateful* Lord North, that the seven Cabinet Counsellors the coalition has named shall kiss hands to-morrow, and then

then form their arrangements, as at the former negotiation they did not condescend to open to [me] many of their intentions.

'A Ministry which I have avowedly attempted to avoid, by calling on every other description of men, cannot be supposed to have either my favour or confidence; and as such, I shall most certainly refuse any honours they may ask for. I trust the eyes of the nation will soon be opened, as my sorrow may prove fatal to my health if I remain long in this thraldom. I trust you will be steady in your attachment to me, and ready to join other honest men in watching the conduct of this unnatural combination—and I hope many months will not elapse before the Grenvilles, the Pitts, and other men of abilities and character will relieve me from a situation that nothing could have compelled me to submit to, but the supposition that no other means remained of preventing the public finances from being materially affected.

'It shall be one of my first cares to acquaint these men that you decline remaining in Ireland. GEORGE R.'—i. 218.

The second is shorter, but not less interesting, for it shows how ready he was to give up, in favour of that which was represented to him as a public object, the position and even the feelings of his favourite son, the Duke of York.

'*Weymouth, August 27th*, 1794—Thirty-five minutes past One, P.M.

'I have this instant received Mr. Pitt's letter, accompanying the Paper of Considerations, which I undoubtedly should wish to keep, but, not knowing whether Mr. Pitt has a fair copy of it, I have thought it safest to return.

'Whatever can give vigour to the remains of the campaign, I shall certainly, as a duty, think it right not to withhold my consent; but I own, in my son's place, I should beg my being allowed to return home, if the command is given to Lord Cornwallis, though I should not object to the command being intrusted to General Clairfayt. From feeling this, I certainly will not write, but approve of Mr. Wyndham's going to the army, and shall be happy if my son views this in a different light than I should.

'I will not delay the messenger, as I think no time ought to be lost in forming some fixed plan, and that the measure of sending Mr. Wyndham is every way advantageous. GEORGE R.'

Our extracts have been copious, but we must find room for the earliest appearance of the Duke of Wellington in public life. The Marquis of Buckingham, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, had, at Lady Mornington's request, named her son Arthur, *æt.* 18, as one of his aides-de-camp. Lord Mornington (Marquis Wellesley) writes to thank him:—

'*4th November*, 1787.—You may well believe with what pleasure I received your appointment of my brother to a place in your family, not only

only as being a most kind mark of your regard for me, but as the greatest advantage to him. I am persuaded that, under your eye, he will not be exposed to any of those [moral] risks which in other times have accompanied the situation [of an aide-de-camp] he will hold. I can assure you sincerely that he has every disposition which can render so young a boy deserving of your notice; and if he does not engage your protection by his conduct, I am much mistaken in his character. My mother expects him every hour in London, and before this time I should hope that he had himself waited on you.'—i. 334.

There was, however, a hitch. Sir George Yonge, the Secretary-at-War, insisted that, if the honourable Arthur was to be an aide-de-camp, he must be put on half-pay. Against this—that would in fact have thrown him out of the active line of his profession, and made him a mere puppet of the Vice-regal Court—Lord Mornington strenuously remonstrated; but the curious part of this little squabble is, that Lord Mornington in his indignation said that, rather than that the youth should be put on half-pay, he would *send him to join a regiment in India.* Having seen the elder and the younger brother both *sent to India*, and the rank and reputation they won there, the threat is *piquant.*

As to Lord Grenville's letters, which are the main body of the work, they are, as might be expected, well reasoned and well written, and must have been of great interest to him to whom they were addressed; but letters which are of intense interest at the moment are often very tedious in after-times. While a negotiation is pending—or a battle *im*pending—how eager is our curiosity! but when the negotiations are concluded, or the battle won or lost, all the previous conjectures and speculations seem as flat and unprofitable as a detected riddle. So it is, to a great degree, with Tom Grenville's despatches previous to the treaty of Paris, of which the only interest is a rivalry between him and Mr. Oswald, another of our negotiators, for the honour of being *duped* by Dr. Franklin; and so it is of Lord Grenville's letters on Irish affairs in 1783—on the vicissitudes, the hopes, and the fears of the King's illness in 1788—on the prospect and progress of the Irish Rebellion in 1798:—all these may be usefully consulted by any one who has a special object in tracing the minuter steps and more recondite motives of the respective affairs, but now that the events are recorded on the broader page of history there is little for the instruction, and still less for the amusement, of ordinary readers—nothing that we could condense into the limits of a review, with justice either to the writers or to our readers. These letters have, besides, this further disadvantage—they are not only of a grave and didactic style, but they are also very *décousues*, and are so far from affording

affording any *continuous* interest, that the editor has been obliged to make the absurd and ineffectual efforts we have noticed to connect them into an intelligible series.

There are a few letters from some gossiping acquaintance of Lord Buckingham's—Lord Bulkeley and Sir William Young—treating of the news and tattle of the day. They are the only portion of the volumes, and a very small one it is, that affords us any glimpses of the state of public opinion or the habits of society—matters which are, in fact, infinitely more amusing, and to ordinary readers more valuable, than the hundred of pages occupied by poor Lord Grenville's laborious endeavours to keep his irascible brother in good humour.

We do not suppose that a second edition of such a work is likely to be called for, but, should it be, we suggest that the documents themselves, unincumbered by the ridiculous rigmarole of the ridiculous editor, might be collected into one 8vo., with a few notes to clear up the numerous obscurities—none of which the present performance has even attempted to elucidate. These '*Family Documents*' would then form a very suitable and acceptable supplement to the earlier series of '*Grenville Papers*' now in the course of publication, and which are edited in a style of which the most appropriate commendation that we can give is—that it is the very reverse of that which disfigures, and, we may say, stultifies, the volumes now dismissed.

ART. VII.—1. *Apsley House, Piccadilly, the Town Residence of his Grace the Duke of Wellington.* J. Mitchell. 1853.
2. *Apsley House.* Illustrated by ten Lithographic Plates. Colnaghi and Co. 1853.

THE first of these publications, in furnishing an authentic catalogue of the contents of Apsley House, simply points out the principal objects, leaving the visitor to form his own reflections; the second work undertakes to bring before the faithful eye an accurate representation of the interior—the actual aspect of rooms left exactly as when the great inhabitant quitted them for the last time. A record thus remains for after ages, by which a condition of things that sooner or later must undergo change is fixed and realized. The drawings have been carefully made and lithographized by Messrs. Nash, Boys, and Dillon, and the accompanying commentary, of which we are about to make a very free use, has been supplied by an experienced Cicerone, the author of the Handbook for Spain.

Few mansions in the enormous capital of Great Britain are better

better situated or known than Apsley House. Placed at the outlet of the thick-pent town, at the entrance of pleasant parks where it never can be encroached on, approached by arches of triumph and statues symbolic of power and command, it may well attract attention of itself; but the associated *religio loci* awakens in the public a curiosity altogether reverential. Hence the universal desire to be admitted into those secret and secluded chambers in which the Duke of Wellington laboured in his country's service, and to lift up the curtain that concealed his daily and individual existence, over which the contrast of his out-of-doors ubiquity and notoriety cast so much mystery. Acquainted as man, woman, and child were with the exterior of Apsley House, the interior—the actual lion's den—was a sealed book to the million; for few were privileged to pass the threshold, and enter into the sanctum sanctorum of the object of popular hero-worship. The outward bearing of the Duke of Wellington himself was not less known than his house. He was the best known man in London; every one knew him by sight: like a city built on a hill, or his own colossal statue on the arch, he could not be hid. He was the observed of all observers, and the object of universal royal-like homage, which he neither courted nor shunned. At fixed hours he lived in the public eye, familiar to all as household gods; and his movements were so certain and regular, that he might be calculated on as a planet. For more than forty years he has been the soul of every important transaction—the foremost person in every great act and danger in an age fertile of great men and events; in a word, a fourth estate in the empire. His martial countenance was a salient feature in our streets: whether on foot or horseback, he crossed the path of every one, and his image became so engraved in the memory of his countrymen, that many, half a century hence, will speak of his silvered head and his venerable form, bowed with the weight of years and honours, yet manfully stemming the crowded highways, struggling to the last against the advance of age, the conqueror of conquerors.

The pilgrim longing of the nation to visit the Duke's house has been anticipated by his son, who, to his infinite credit, while inheriting his father's title and estates, appointed himself trustee of his fame, guardian of his memory, and joint heir with us all in whatever tends to our common share in 'the Duke' as public property, and can lead to a better understanding of one, a model and example to Englishmen. By him, Apsley House, so long hermetically sealed, has been thrown open—a well-timed act of filial reverence and kind courtesy, which has won golden opinions from all, and especially from the thousands on thousands who have swarmed in, and testified, by every circumstance of their demeanour,

demeanour, a profound appreciation of the boon conceded. They seemed eager to celebrate once more the hero's last obsequies, and to pay yet another homage of regret while standing on his own threshold; and how could it be done more appropriately than on the very site where his days and nights had been spent in their service? The living stream flowed on for months—but *that* striking spectacle too has now become a thing of the past—a recollection which, once broken, never can be restored. Future generations, therefore, may well be thankful to the present Duke, by whose favour and foresight pencil and pen have been permitted to fix the transitory scene, and hand down to posterity the exact form and pressure of his father's abode, as thus inspected by the myriads of 1853.

Apsley House, in respect to architectural elevation and internal decoration, is surpassed by other town-residences of our aristocracy. Suffice it, therefore, to say—referring for other particulars to Mr. Cunningham's excellent Handbook of London—that it is built on the site of the old lodge to Hyde Park, and where once stood the suburban inn, the Pillars of Hercules, at which Squire Western put up when he arrived in pursuit of his charming daughter. The name is derived from Lord Chancellor Apsley, by whom the mansion was erected about seventy years ago, at the worst period of art-degradation. This drawback was not corrected by the learned judge's being chiefly his own architect, and by his forgetting, as it is said, to make sufficient allowance in his plan for a staircase. Nor was it less strange that the legal lord should have omitted to make good his title to a portion of the land, before he finished the stables, which in fact he did for the benefit of another person, whose interest had then to be bought out at a heavy cost. The edifice came about 1810 into the possession of the Marquis Wellesley, who resided there in great state while Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and in that capacity lending a powerful co-operation to the campaigns carried on in Spain by the next occupant. The Duke purchased the house from his elder brother about 1820: thus it has always been inhabited by personages first and foremost in eminent careers. The interior arrangements were soon found to be no less inconvenient and insufficient than the red-brick, ordinary exterior was commonplace, and Messrs. S. and B. Wyatt were employed by the Duke in 1828 to mend matters, while he in the mean time resided in Downing Street, as Prime Minister; then the outside was recased with Bath-stone, and an additional wing constructed to the west, which comprised the state-saloon, afterwards used for the Waterloo banquets, and a suite of rooms on the ground-floor for his private occupation.

The Duke of Wellington, whose occupation was war and government,

government, felt himself rather a Vauban than a Vitruvius; and, however competent to construct or demolish bastions, was no master of the arts of an architect, or the crafts of a builder or upholsterer. He trusted to those he employed; and their estimates, high when originally framed, were doubled ere the works were done; a conclusion and calamity not unfrequent in the best regulated Houses of Lords or Commons: hence arose his indelible disgust of brick and mortar—raw materials of ruination—and his habit, when he related the facts by way of a warning to friends about to build, of adding, 'the bill for my house in Piccadilly would have broken any one's back but mine.' And we may here observe that he had a marked dislike to the name 'Apsley House,' which he never used either in speaking of his residence or in dating from it. In truth, what with one expense or another, the original purchase, and these costly alterations, this patchwork house, ill-contrived and unsatisfactory at best, did not stand him in much less than 130,000*l.* Neither, when these 'vast improvements' were made was the Duke fortunate in the taste of the period. Then Rococo was the rule, and a Crockford-club perversion of the Louis XIV. style marked the fashion of the day; then gentlemen of the gold-leaf and papier-mâché order, who could not make houses beautiful, made them gaudy. No wonder, therefore, that the results, outside and inside, should disappoint many, who, in these times of progress, when matters are a trifle better managed, expect to find a palace worthy of such a possessor and price.

A heavy, useless portico darkens and disfigures the severe and semi-defensive aspect of the exterior; the entrance is fenced and palisadoed; solid and ever-closed gates exclude alike the light of heaven and the sight of man. The stables to the right are anything but ornamental; but the Duke would not permit them to be changed, as their inner communication with the house was occasionally convenient. He was thus enabled to mount his horse or get into his carriage unseen, and go out at once, on opening the street-gates, and so escape the certainty of a crowd being collected by any previous notice. On the same protective principle the windows of his head-quarters were barricadoed with iron bullet-proof shutters, put up during the Reform-Bill agitation, when the house and person of the Duke of Wellington, who emancipated the western world from the most embruting despotism, were assailed by an English mob—as Sir Walter Scott was spit upon in Scotland by that people to whose country he had given a European reputation. The conqueror of a hundred fields would never remove this stern record of brutal violence. But now, if there be consciousness in the grave, how his lofty spirit must have

have been soothed by the noble atonement made by a whole nation for the sins of a shameless few; when all England, in tears, bore the other day her greatest General past these still closed windows, to lay him alongside her greatest Admiral. He had pursued the even tenor of his way, through good report and evil report, undeterred by menace, indifferent to calumny, and, gradually living down all factions, spleens, and envies, was in the end really and universally understood.

Visitors to Apsley House, on entering, turn to the right hand into a waiting-room, which has no ornaments but a few views of Naples by Vanvitelli, and a portion of the Duke's collection of busts. Of these he had years ago removed many to Strathfieldsaye; among others that of Scott, the *chef d'œuvre* of Chantrey, and a fine bronze of Massena by Masson. He retained in London *Pitt*, the pilot that weathered the storm, and under whom he began his career; *Perceval*, the murdered Premier, 'than whom'—*ipse dixit*—'a more honest, zealous, and able minister never served the King;' *George III.*, that good old English-hearted monarch, who gave the Duke his first badge of honour after Assaye. The scratch-wig of the royal bust in the unmitigated unpicturesqueness of the period, like the bronze pigtail of Mr. Wyat in Cockspur Street, is a specimen of art that would make Phidias open his eyes. Here, too, is the brave gentleman *Castlereagh*, who had the foresight to appoint the Duke to the sole command in the Peninsula, and who, when the deed was done, became his beloved colleague at the Congress of Vienna. This fine work by Chantrey was a present from Mr. Chad, whose name, written in pencil by the Duke, still remains on the bust's broad chest. Our hero, however he might in the field have rivalled Alexander the Great, who allowed none but Apelles and Lysippus to hand his likeness down to posterity, was contented to pronounce 'good' a meagre bronze statuette of himself by Count d'Orsay, which also has a place in this chamber, and does, indeed, contrast with its next neighbour, a reduced copy of Rauch's statue of Blücher—a truly admirable work, which our Duke had the satisfaction of seeing inaugurated at Breslau in 1826, when on his way to St. Petersburgh; a monument which, even in this miniature edition, sets before us, completely as he lived and moved, the rough and tough old comrade, 'Marshal Forwards'—who, if he had had his own way—that is, but for the Duke—would have burnt Paris to the ground, and hanged the murderer of D'Enghien in the very ditch of Vincennes.

This waiting-room opens on a circular, winding staircase, contrived as best could be managed where such an accommodation was an after-thought: deficient in space and light, the palpable obscurity

obscurity is deepened by the yellow glazing of the low dome, and the feeling of want of size is increased by the huge statue of Napoleon, stowed away, cabined, and confined in a corner at the foot of the steps. This emblem of the chances and changes of fickle fortune, and the uncertainty of human prosperity, does indeed point a moral and adorn a tale. Here the effigy of one for whose vaulting ambition the world was too small, looms like a caged eagle; nor could Nemesis the sternest, or Justice the most poetical, have appointed a fitter sentinel for the dwelling of our 'sepoy general.'

This statue was ordered by Buonaparte shortly before his coronation; and the Phidias of his day, summoned from Rome, forgot the subjugation of his country in his eagerness to descend, as he said, to posterity 'united with the immortality of the modern Cæsar.' Canova speedily reached the Tuileries, and there modelled the head: as the sittings were rare and the sitter restless, the attitude and attributes had to be conventional. The statue, eleven feet high, and cut, with the exception of the left arm, from one block, was sent to Paris in 1810, but remained in its unopened case. Buonaparte, superstitious, and prescient of the coming end, disliked the winged Victory, which, turning her back to him, seemed ready to fly from him for ever—nor was he pleased with the classical character or the nudity—that language of ancient art: still less was *le petit caporal* satisfied with the colossal dimensions. He dreaded mocking comparisons, and preferred the apparent reality of his own natural inches, together with the world-known *Redingote Grise*, &c. &c.—which he caused Claudet to adopt for the bronze figure mounted with such pomp on the column of the Place Vendôme—soon to be pulled down amid the frantic exclamations of the Parisians—in due season to be once more elevated with the like accompaniments—and who can prophesy its future ups and downs? When it was known that Buonaparte felt coldly about Canova's performance, the courtier-critics of France, who knew it only from casts, pronounced the forms clumsy and too muscular for a 'demi-god;' on the other hand, the Italians, captivated by the exquisite finish and air of the antique, held it to be the apotheosis of their Alaric. The excellences of this statue, which essentially requires ample room and verge enough, cannot be fairly appreciated in its present cell—a site as unsuited of itself as uncontemplated by the sculptor or his Cæsar, and anything but improved by the jaundice of the Piccadilly skylight. The marble, still in its Roman box, was upon the Emperor's downfall purchased from the Bourbon government by ours for less than 3000*l.*, and presented to the Duke. He, it may be recalled *par parenthèse*, was born in the same year

with his last and greatest antagonist. *Le ciel nous devait cette récompense*, said Louis XVIII., when informed of this natal coincidence of his bane and antidote. Canova, on learning the final destination of his work, wrote immediately to Mr. Hamilton, who preserves the autograph, minutely detailing how the statue was to be put up, referring to a mark still to be found on the pedestal, which a plumb-line suspended from the right breast would touch; and the direction has been recently tested.

On ascending into the drawing-room which fronts Piccadilly, it is impossible not to see the Duke's mark in the selection and arrangement of the pictures. Devoid of any high æsthetic perceptions, and no judge of fine art, he was far above making pretension to anything out of his line, and never uttered one syllable of the cant of connoisseurship. He took and looked at art in his own practical way, and enjoyed imitations of nature and fact on canvass or in marble, just in proportion as the fidelity of the transcript appealed to his understanding. While he could not sympathise with the ideal and transcendental, he fully relished those exact, though perhaps humble, representations which come home to the senses and to common sense — to the business and bosoms of 'all people who on earth do well.' Self-relying, he confined his acquisitions simply to what was pleasing to himself; and the objects therefore—be they good or not—have a decided interest of their own as bearing evidence of the heart, mind, and ἤθος of the Man. The place of honour was assigned by Wellington to Marlborough. The portrait, attributed to Wooton, is indifferent—nay, some have doubted, and still doubt, its being one of Marlborough at all—nor do we volunteer a decided opinion. The Duke of Wellington purchased it at the sale of the late Duke of Marlborough's effects at White Knights—this pedigree being, as he thought, and was well entitled to think, a sufficient voucher of authenticity. He, however, possessed other and better portraits of his great predecessor, and at Stratfieldsaye placed one, which represents him on the field of Blenheim, exactly opposite his own triumph at Vitoria—in order, as he said, to exhibit the differences of costume and strategies. Not less striking are the points of difference and parallel between Marlborough and Wellington. For our part we cannot entirely coincide with the depreciatory full lengths of the former drawn by Thackeray and Macaulay—albeit forced, with milder masters, to admit that he did not quite escape the spirit of his corrupt age, or resist the contagion of civil conflicts and revolution, by which so many eminent men of modern France have been infected. Be that as it may, and however they differed in antecedents and moral character, the resemblance in military supremacy and success

was

was signal. Both commenced their career when France was in an insolent ascendance, and England dispirited and ill prepared; both were thwarted by party and faction at home—hampered by unworthy allies abroad: both, in spite of most inadequate means, proved all sufficient in themselves: both finally beat down their foe and raised their country to the pinnacle of power and glory. It is curious to speculate on the difference of period in their developments. When Marlborough began his series of conquests at Blenheim, he was older by eight years than Wellington was when he wound up his at Waterloo. Marlborough first shone forth, in short, after that time of life when, according to both Wellington and Buonaparte, a commander ought to strike work—and to be sure Buonaparte's own early history had read the world many stern lessons on the discomfiture and waste of blood and treasure occasioned by trusting to effete octogenarians. Neither his words nor his deeds, perhaps, have had adequate effect in our own case. The rare, very rare quality, the genius of a great commander by sea or land, remains after all, however, a mysterious problem in the metaphysics of man 'fearfully and wonderfully made.' Does it consist in some exquisite organization, some perfection of the nervous system, some divine spark, which in the idiosyncracy of such soldiers becomes more collected and alive in proportion as they are surrounded by circumstances the most likely to upset and disturb? Irrespective of age or previous occupation, it would seem almost born and intuitive: at all events it has blazed forth in the maturity of Blake, Cromwell, and Marlborough—nay, in the hoary antiquity of Radetsky—no less than in the youth of Condé, Nelson, Wellington, and Napoleon; and the latter great captain seemed to feel the gift to be inexplicable, when he replied to a flatterer of his generalship—'Mon Dieu, c'est ma nature; je suis fait comme ça.'

To come back to the drawing-room—opposite to Marlborough hangs a picture of Van Amburg in the wild beasts' den, by Landseer. This expression of the triumph of human reason over brute bone and muscle was painted after the positive instructions of the Duke, who, with the Bible in hand, pointed out the passage (Genesis, chap. i. ver. 26) in which dominion is given to Adam over the earth and animals. He caused the text to be inscribed on the frame, as the authority which conferred on him a privilege of power, and gave him the 'great commission' which he fully carried out on the fields of battle and chase. The wild beasts, their awed ferocity and submission, are finished with most masterly touch. The unfortunate eyes and straddle of Van Amburg were 'a likeness' more pleasing to the practical patron than to the refining artist; Sir Edwin, however, was compelled

to obey orders as strictly as if his R. A. had meant Royal Artillery. Thus, when some of his sketches were submitted to the great F. M., he was met by the remark, 'Very fine, I dare say, but not what I want;' and an equally cool hint struck out a most picturesquely placed panther:—'No—that's a taught trick.'

The Duke's true love for *the United Service* is marked by two pictures in this room, the Chelsea Pensioners and the Greenwich Veterans. The Duke, who had a sympathetic admiration for the singleness of purpose and precision of aim with which Wilkie went directly to his unpretentious themes, early as 1816 commissioned him to paint 'British Soldiers *regaling at Chelsea*'—a suggestion which by and bye expanded into '*reading the Waterloo Gazette.*' Wilkie has recorded in his diary the repeated reconnoitrings made, while the sketches were in preparation, by his military Mæcenas, who, carrying into the studio the tactics of the field, wished to brigade all the ideas into one canvass—but was above all else anxious that a good number of his own Peninsular soldiers—whom he never forgot in war or peace—should be introduced. The picture was only finished in 1822, for Wilkie, who worked slowly and painfully, spared neither labour of brain nor hand on such a subject and for such a patron. When the 'Canny Dauvid,' as he honestly tells us, brought it in, with the bill charging '1260 pounds, *i.e.* 1200 guineas,' his Grace, neither less a man of business nor less thrifty in phraseology than the Scottish Teniers, paid *instanter*, counting out the cash himself in bank notes, and without adding one word expressive of satisfaction or otherwise. Only when the recipient interrupted him by a suggestion that a check might save trouble, the paymaster gave him a smile and said, 'Do you think I like Coutts's clerks always to know how foolishly I spend my money?' The Duke, however, who was an optimist, and whose opinion of his acquisitions always grew with possession, subsequently praised the picture much, regularly remarking that he himself had selected the site of the incident. The treatment of the localities and portraits is capital—all the expressions and individualities are most happily caught—but portions of the groupings, especially in the right corner, are feeble. It is painted with a nice silvery tone, and with all the conscientious care and finish of Sir David's original and peculiar style, from which he afterwards unfortunately departed—but which he had resumed in the two admirable pieces left unfinished at his *too* early death. The painting was the lion of the exhibition of its year, and Burnet's fine engraving has spread its fame to the far antipodes; and whatever the Duke might think, say, or not say, the artist was altogether satisfied with the Chelsea Pensioners, as he received from Messrs. Graves another 1200*l.*—that is, we hope,

'1200

'1200 guineas'—for the copyright. The Duke consented to part with the original for three years, the term required by Mr. Burnet for the engraving, and, on the Saturday before this term expired, walked into the publisher's shop and asked, 'Shall I have my picture back on Monday?' 'Yes, your Grace, and by twelve o'clock.' It was sent to time, whereupon the Duke, watch in hand, said, '*Now*, Mr. Graves, you shall have any other picture of mine.'

The companion-work had for its inventor, painter, and engraver Mr. Burnet—who, as Wilkie declined the subject, set up his easel at Greenwich itself, amid the living models of the Hospital. When it was finished, our Sailor King, William IV., had it brought to him, but, on hearing that three years would be required to engrave it, replied 'that's a lifetime,' and sent it back. When the Duke bought the print of Mr. Graves the picture was suggested to him, and on being assured that its purchase by *him* would be very beneficial to the artist, he at once paid down five hundred guineas, the price asked. When Mr. Burnet thanked him for having placed it near Wilkie's, the Duke replied—'Aye, and it will remain so, as I have made it one of the heir-looms;' and it may be added the last order given by the Duke on leaving Apsley House never to return, was, to 'have this picture re-varnished.'

Sir David himself, although a countryman and fellow student of Burnet's, was not over-pleased with a juxta-position by which the engraver was put on a par with the painter. As works of art the two pieces cannot be compared; the Greenwich scene is treated with a coarse touch, and the homely figures stand out in hard and heavy relief. Skilled as he was in the history and theory of art, Mr. Burnet naturally wanted palette practice, and will be known hereafter more for his works on copper than on canvass. Nor will this patronage of the Duke diminish his popularity; and few of these weather-beaten tars, these splintered spars of Nelson's victories, these planks drifted down from so many storms, had more braved the breeze than the Duke himself, who, constantly buffeted by foul winds, again and again narrowly escaped shipwreck. No two pictures in any collection convey a nobler moral. The blue jackets call up Aboukir Bay and Trafalgar—the red coats Salamanca and Waterloo.* The past is the prophet of the future, and deep is our confidence in the sturdy loyalty and patriotism of Englishmen—that, however

* Wellington and Nelson, in death not divided, met but once when alive, and in the small ante-room of the Colonial Office, Downing Street. The Seaman, who did not know the Soldier, was so struck by him that he stepped out to inquire who he was. This occurred very shortly before Lord N. started on his last expedition.

tampered

tampered with by peace-praters here—however tempted by almighty dollars elsewhere—the sons of such sires will every man, when England again expects it, rally round 'The Old Flag,' and 'do his duty.'

In this room, and near the Wilkie, hang several first-rate works of Jansteen and other Dutch masters—a school of which so many specimens are preserved in Apsley House that the learned Dr. Waagen considered them to be the consequence of a cause, and the proofs and illustrations of that humour which he read in the Duke's countenance. Undoubtedly a real relish for dry humour marked the kind and cheery character of his Grace, who, when not plunged body and soul in affairs of serious, solemn importance, delighted to unbend—readily entered into social amenities, and plucked the flowrets that gladden the dusty path of daily drudgery. Few could tell a terse story better—nobody, until deafness increased, more enjoy a spicy and festive anecdote told by a friend. Undoubtedly the same motives which induced the Duke to appreciate the early works of Wilkie led him to admire their eminent prototypes, Ostade, Jansteen, Teniers, and other faithful imitators of the great mistress, Nature, one touch of whom makes all the world kin. Unfortunately for the Doctor's ingenious speculations, however, very few of these Dutch gems were knocked down to the Duke by the baton of an auctioneer. These *spolia opima* formed part of the 'collections' of King Joseph Buonaparte captured at Vitoria. His Majesty, who began life as an attorney's clerk, had been much influenced in his 'selections' from the palaces of Ferdinand VII. by the considerations of the carrier, conveyancer, and broker. Dutch pictures of this class are easily packed in an imperial—and, portable as bank notes, their mercantile value is no less fixed and certain.

The next drawing-room contains hard and unsatisfactory copies—libels in truth—of four celebrated pieces, at Madrid, by Rafaelle, the antithesis of Jansteen and Wilkie; they were painted by Monsieur Bonnemaison, and bought of him by the Duke. The exquisite original of No. 1, a Holy Family, is commonly known as *La Perla*, from having been pronounced the *Pearl of Pictures* by Philip IV., who purchased it from the gallery of our unfortunate Charles I., when sold by Cromwell. No. 2, the Spasm of the Saviour under the Cross, is generally called *el Pasmo de Sicilia*, from having been done for a convent at Palermo, dedicated to that awful agony. This composition, long considered second only to the Transfiguration, having been 'transported' to Paris in 1810, was removed from the old decayed pannel and transferred to canvass by Monsieur Bonnemaison. It was rescued indeed by this ingenious operator

operator from ruin of material—but only that it might be 'beautified and repaired'—that is to say, scrubbed, scoured, repainted, relackered, and ruined in spirit and surface. No. 3, *The Visitation*, was also 'transported' to Paris and also 'restored.' No. 4, *Tobit and the Fish*, one of Rafaelle's most beautiful works, underwent a similar cruel fate. The Duke was fond of relating an anecdote of the originals thus mangled and afterwards caricatured by a French hand. When that radical reformer had pared their pannels down to the quick, on the back of the primings of one or two the process of the wonderful Italian stood revealed. The figures were found first drawn in as skeletons—then, in a second stage, the outlines of muscle environed the dry bones—and finally, at a third set-to, the folds of the draperies had been superadded: so unsparing of labour was this great master of his art; and so fully did he anticipate the principle of our great master of the art of war, that 'success can only be attained by tracing every part of every operation from its origin to its concluding point.' These pictures were among those sent back from Paris to Madrid in 1815—and copies of them are therefore appropriately placed in the house of the just man who compelled the spoilers to regorge plundered art. Müffling—(whose sterling Memoirs we are glad to see translated by Colonel Yorke)—makes no bones of detailing how the non-restoration by the restored Bourbon of the stolen goods led to the famous Order of September 10, 1815. By this, the only *Order* ever signed by all the three Marshals—Schwarzenberg, Wellington, and Blücher—the use of force was authorized to carry out that 'great moral lesson' so tersely taught to Talleyrand and ably discussed by the Duke in his despatches of the 16th and 23rd of that memorable month. It may not be generally known that the four originals, cobbled and copied by Mons. Bonnemaison, were some few years afterwards on the point of coming to Charing Cross. During the Carlist struggle, a private agent from Madrid proposed to sell them to our Government. Lord Monteagle, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, much to his credit—for it was during the parliamentary recess and therefore wholly on his own responsibility—offered at once the sum of 80,000*l.* The negociation went off on his stipulating that the circumstances of the transaction, if completed, should be avowed by both Governments. Forthwith a flaming official contradiction of the whole affair appeared in the Madrid papers, and the mere suggestion of such a bargain was scouted as an insult. This public protest was accompanied, however, with a private hint that, were the Exchequer stipulation dropped, the proposal was still open! The negociation was not carried on through Lord Clarendon, our resident minister at Madrid,

Madrid, from a suspicion that the 80,000*l.* would not be paid in hard cash, but set off against the bill owing for the Tower muskets sent out for Espartero's ragamuffins according to the *non*-intervention treaty. *Cosas de España.*

This room, and indeed the whole of Apsley House, is remarkable for the heterogeneous subjects, sacred and profane, which the Duke has jumbled together. He had a most Catholic or Pagan love for art, and seems to have been willing to open his Pantheon for any representation; perhaps some exclusions, however, are as noticeable as any of the admissions. Thus, many as are the personal memorials here of Napoleon, only one face out of the troop of Marshals, with whose backs he was so familiar,* is honoured with a niche in the Piccadilly Walhalla. The Duke, when the temple of Janus was shut, cordially welcomed within his own halls, as a brother in arms, the Marshal he had met and consequently beaten the most—the one with whom he opened, at the passage of the Douro, the ball which concluded at Toulouse. He never forgot that, in 1809, he had sat down in Oporto to the dinner prepared for Soult, and so gave him one in return at Apsley House, when the lieutenant of Napoleon represented Louis Philippe ('the Napoleon of Peace') at the coronation of our gracious Queen Victoria; and after this he procured a portrait of his old and famished foe, and new and feasted friend. The expression in this indifferent picture is that of a shrewd home-spun man, stern and anxious. It, however, softens his vulgarity a good deal, and also the sinister cast of the visage. When His Excellency shuffled into the ambassadors' pew at the Abbey, and was fairly seated, bronzed and rugged, among so many splendid courtly Esterhazys, &c., all over smiles and diamonds, he certainly had very much the air of an old robber got in among a set of promising subjects for a raffle. The Marshal Duke of Dalmatia, we may observe, was like Napoleon and Wellington born in 1769—and he also, like our Duke, died in 1852.

As Soult figures here the only one of his kind, Pius VII. is the sole representative of the 'drum ecclesiastic;' and the Roman Catholic pillager of convents is hung up—in irony perhaps—next to the holy head of his own church—and that done by a Protestant General, the only friend the poor Pope found in his day of need, and the restorer of the sacrilegious plunderings. The

* While the Louvre was being stripped of borrowed plumes, Wellington fell into great disfavour, and was coldly received by some French marshals on one occasion, as he passed through their Salle in the Tuileries on a visit to Louis XVIII.; when the king subsequently expressed his surprise and vexation in hearing that they had 'turned their backs' on him, 'It is of no consequence, Sire,' was the reply: 'c'est leur habitude.'

pontiff's

pontiff's portrait, painted by M. Lefevre—no *speaker* this in the parliament of art—is both blowsy and lacrymose, and presents a thoroughly French version of the much-enduring pale Italian, who has been so admirably rendered by our Lawrence in his masterpiece executed for the Waterloo Gallery at Windsor. Above this ill-yoked pair appears the gallant Duke of Brunswick, the ill-fated hero of Byron and the Brussels ball, who met his soldier's death, one day too soon, at Quatre Bras. He fell at the head of those comrades whom he had clothed in black until his father's death at Jena and the wrongs of Germany should be avenged. Neither of these foreign pictures can be compared with that of the thoughtful Pitt, by Hoppner, which the Duke purchased at Lord Liverpool's sale, or with the intellectual care-worn head of Perceval, who breasted the worst factions boldly as the Duke. Near these statesmen, good and true, hangs a likeness of Mr. Arbuthnot, to whom Apsley House was a second home, and who breathed his last under this roof. No one ever exercised more influence over the commanding mind of the Duke than this tried and time-honoured friend, whom he wore in his heart's core, as Hamlet did Horatio.

Among the three pictures of Napoleon in this single room, one that gives him in a scarlet uniform, still young and thin—while that fine face retained all its true Italian expression—deserves notice, both for itself and its history. It had been possessed by a gentleman, not of the Duke's acquaintance, to whom an invitation to dine at Apsley House was sent by mistake—and the unbidden guest subsequently presented it in grateful acknowledgment of the kindness and courtesy with which he had been set at his ease on his arrival by the high-bred and feeling host. Amid other portraits of the Buonaparte family male and female, few but will pause before the one of Josephine, at whose divorce the great Corsican's bright star declined; nor will attention be refused to that of Madame Grassini, the beautiful syren of song in her day. To complete the hotchpotch here, beneath the mythical Visit of St. Elizabeth to the Virgin by Raffaelle, behold *The Highland Whisky-still*—a performance in which, to use a pithy phrase of the Duke's, there is 'no mistake;' it is redolent with peat-reek, and the spirit is above proof and criticism. It was painted by the inimitable Sir Edwin on the spot itself, in its hidden glen, and far alike from excisemen and teetotallers. On another wall, a shadow at least of the highest ideal of Italian genius—one of those copies by the modest Bonnemaison—overhangs *The Melton Hunt*, in which horses and hounds, 'the pink,' and 'the real thing' proclaim—and 'no mistake' again—Francis Grant and English verity. The Duke,

Duke, who gave 1000*l.* for this picture, was so pleased that he commissioned Mr. Calvert to paint a companion for 600*l.* In that work, a Meeting of the Vine Hunt, he himself is the hero of the field; while around are grouped his Hampshire neighbours, with whom he loved to live on the most friendly terms. These spirit-stirring and truly English sports appealed to all his manly sympathies. He took pleasure, 'after his own way'—(as the peninsular adepts told Judge-Advocate Larpent)—in the chace—mimic war—and amidst all the anxieties of his great charge, as in the peacefulness of his age at home, encouraged the noble exercise, both as an antidote to the Otium Castrense, and because he well knew that those who rode best up to hounds were never the last to face an enemy's square, nor the least sure, when it was broken, to be in at the death.

Visitors next enter the wing added by the Duke—passing from this series of not spacious old drawing-rooms into the great Waterloo Gallery, which, however open to architectural criticism, has a palatial character. The saloon extends about ninety feet—the entire western side of the house—but, though crammed with pictures, is better fitted for state-receptions than art-exhibition. The stinted rays of a London sun struggle through an over-pannelled so-called sky-light; and it is to be regretted that the Duke, who had so much powder at his command, did not, on some darkish day, direct it to be blown off—'hoist by his own petard.' The lower and proper windows are plated with iron shutters outside, and inside with mirrors. The general style is that of Louis XIV. gone crazy: gilding and yellow damask have done their best for pomp and their worst for art. The paintings either blush unseen, or look like black spots huddled on the gaudy background. It is impossible not to regret this—but the truth is that objects which in every other gallery are the principals must submit to be ranked as secondary ones *here*: —at all events most certainly the absorbing interest strikingly marked on the countenances of the stream of spectators that poured in, was the scene of the *banquet*, and the idea of the *man*, the hero of the day, the first and foremost in the fight, yet spared to preside *here* over so many anniversaries of its glory. These were the pivots on which the reverential curiosity of the nation turned, and to which Jansteen and Murillo, the Great Room or the Striped Room, were as leather and prunella. The point of every sight was the spot on which he sat at those military festivals; and the identical chair he occupied was placed exactly opposite the central fire-grate. In that chair he will sit no more; and cold must be that patriotism which warms not at this hearth, and languid that imagination which cannot re-

people

people the hall with that gallant gathering, that vista of veterans, who serried round their leader here as faithfully as once wont in the thickest fight, and ere their or his hairs were grey.

The commemorations were originally held in the usual dining-room of the house, and the company included only some twenty who had been Generals in the actions of June, 1815; as this number gradually was diminished by deaths, room was afforded for officers of less standing; by degrees, it being the Duke's especial desire to invite, if he could, all comrades who continued in the army, the party swelled to above eighty, and many met at the last of these festivals, as guests of their great chief, who thirty-seven years before was already a Field-Marshal, when they were only fleshing their maiden swords as ensigns at Quatre Bras, Hougomont, or La Haye Sainte. The Saloon was thus used for the first time in 1830, and was inaugurated as *The Waterloo Gallery* by the royal presence of William IV.

Now that all this pomp and circumstance has passed away, as all things must, the pictures rise in importance, and will become the rightful furniture, the *præclara supellex*, of the stately chamber; and in addition to their own merit, from having been made heir-looms by the Duke, they are henceforth inseparably united with his name and the honours he has transmitted. Undoubtedly they cannot be compared in number or value with the 'collections,' formed in Spain by M. Soult or M. Sebastiani, which 'fetched so much money.' The Duke, born, bred, and educated an English gentleman, would just as soon have thought of telling a lie in a bulletin as of robbing a church in a campaign: honesty was his policy. 'Clear in his great office,' he never alloyed his glory with the dross of pillage or peculation; his shrine of immortality was approached through the temple of virtue—and he trusted to a grateful country to provide means to support a dignity which he had carved out with an untarnished sword. Such also was the spirit of Nelson—and he could *tell* his feeling, which would hardly have suited the Duke. 'Had I attended less to the service of my country,' wrote the glorious sailor, 'I might have made some money, too; however, I trust my name will stand on record when the money-makers will be forgotten.'

The principal paintings made heir-looms by the Duke, and called in the inventory *the Spanish Pictures*, were won on the field of Vitoria, when the enemy was beaten 'before the town, in the town, about the town, and out of the town.' Then Jourdain was turned and fled, and Joseph, the King, followed; and the whole artistical pillage of five years Peninsular occupation, during which all plundered, from Buonaparte down to the fraction of a drummer-boy, was abandoned. The royal imperial, bursting with

with pickings, was laid at the victor's feet, and opened in Harley Street (his Grace's old London HABITAT) by Mr. Seguier—with what result let this document tell :—

'*To the Right Honourable Sir Henry Wellesley, K.B.*

'Aire, 16th March, 1814.

'MY DEAR HENRY,—The baggage of King Joseph, after the battle of Vitoria, fell into my hands after having been plundered by the soldiers: and I found among it an imperial, containing prints, drawings, and pictures.

'From the cursory view which I took of them, the latter did not appear to me to be anything remarkable. There are certainly not among them any of the fine pictures, which I saw in Madrid, by Rafael and others; and I thought more of the prints and drawings, all of the Italian school, which induced me to believe that the whole collection was robbed in Italy rather than in Spain. I sent them to England; and having desired that they should be put to rights, and those cleaned which required it, I have found that there are among them much finer pictures than I conceived there were; and as, if the King's palaces have been *robbed* of pictures, it is not improbable that some of his may be among them, and I am desirous of restoring them to his Majesty, I shall be much obliged to you if you will mention the subject to Don J. Luyando, and tell him that I request that a person may be fixed upon to go to London to see them, and to fix upon those belonging to his Majesty.

'This may be done, either now or hereafter, when I shall return to England, as may be most expedient. In the mean time, the best of them are in the hands of persons who are putting them to rights, which is an expense necessary for their preservation, whether they belong to his Majesty or not. Ever yours most affectionately,

WELLINGTON.'

Ferdinand VII. was well pleased that these prizes should adorn the walls of the deliverer of himself and Spain, and the more as he cared for no such things, being, in fact, about as inæsthetic a Goth as ever smoked tobacco; and we may take the liberty to whisper that the 'prints and drawings,' which the Duke thought the best articles in Joseph's sack, are second-rate.

The pictures in this saloon (as elsewhere) seem to be hung more with reference to size than any other consideration, and we hope no feelings will forbid, by and bye, a different arrangement. We shall select a few only for notice here; and even so the danger of becoming dull as the catalogue of an auctioneer is imminent.

Of those that bear upon the founder of the gallery, precedence seems due, on the whole, to the Spanish school, in which Velazquez claims first rank. The *Aguador* or Water-carrier of Seville, one of his earliest known works, was probably painted

painted in the studio of his bold but coarse master, Herrera—the first to adopt in Spain the *naturalistic* style, which Caravaggio was making so fashionable in cognate Naples. This was the reaction of Rafaelle—when an over-banqueting on the ideal and elevated led to a craving for the contrary, as lust when sated in a celestial bed will prey on garbage:—*le dégoût du beau amène le goût du singulier.* This specimen of the democracy of art—of humanity in rags—is a true transcript of the low life at Seville, and is treated with the broadest touch and admirable imitation of texture and material. Near it is a portrait of Quevedo, the ill-fated wit-novelist and Fielding of Spain, to whom, as to Cervantes, his country gave stones, not bread, and a prison for a home. The heavy, ordinary features indicate little of the humorous or comic; while the spectacles, the coveted privilege of the man of letters of that period, suggest the Doctors' Commons more than the Drury-lane of the Peninsula. The neighbouring likeness of a *Young Man*—long most erroneously considered that of Velazquez himself—is conspicuous for its masculine vigour, sobriety, and truth:—chary of colour, and free from tinsel and pretension, it tells like the prose of Thucydides. But the very finest specimen here of Velazquez is the portrait of Innocent X., the Pamphili Pope, done at Rome in 1648—(as an autograph of the painter on the back states)—and of which there is a well known *replica* in the Doria Palace. The shrewd pontiff is portrayed to the rubicund life by our great Spaniard, who was too honest even to flatter the tiara. Nearly opposite hangs unseen a procession into a fortification, in which the figures sparkle like gems. The locality is in Navarre, as above are painted those *chains* that encircled the tent of the Moorish general, and were broken in 1212 by Sancho III. at Navas de Tolosa, when and where the first real blow was dealt to the Mahommedan intruder.

In another corner the celebrated 'Christ on the Mount of Olives,' by Correggio, also blushes unseen, in spite of the halo, the supernatural luminous emanation, which—as in the 'Notte,' the master's masterpiece at Dresden—proceeds from the person of the Saviour. This picture, originally parted with, it is said, in payment of an apothecary's bill of four scudi, was nevertheless done at the painter's best period. Vasari speaks of it as considered, in his own time, one of his most beautiful specimens—and no wonder, for how much art is condensed in the small space of this Koh-i-noor. The old copy of it now in the National Gallery was purchased during the war by Mr. Angerstein for 2000*l.* He acted on the advice of West and Lawrence, who certified to its originality; and this mistake, made

made by such real judges, might suggest a little more charity to some self-confident critics of our days, and temper pens too ready to be dipped in gall. We should say that some still think it may possibly be a *replica*.

The power of the mellow blue and tones of this Correggio, and the clear tender pinks of the Velazquez, are tested by the Vandermeulen hung near them, all gorgeous in scarlet and cavaliers of the time of Louis XIV. proceeding to a marriage, and blessed from a balcony by a violet-robed prelate; a serpent, on an armorial shield, connects the incident with the Colbert family. The cool landscape and gradation of tints is admirable.

Murillo is not well represented among these Spanish pieces: King Joseph, a resident at Madrid, had fewer opportunities of obtaining his works than Soult, who gleaned at Seville—the home of this local artist. That illustrious marshal knew well how to seize the tide and time, and a single instance will suffice as well as a hundred. One day, when showing his 'collection' to Colonel Gurwood, he stopped before a certain Murillo, and observed, 'I value that picture much; it saved the lives of two estimable men.' An aide-de-camp whispered in Gurwood's ear—'He threatened to have them both shot if they did not send him the painting.'—'Steal! foh! a fico for the phrase—convey the wise it call.' Nothing—to do him justice—was too minute, or too great, for the capacity of his grasp. The catalogue now before us, of the sale of his 'collection' at Paris last year, is a lasting record of the diligence and intelligence with which he laboured in his vocation.

The so-called Murillo at Apsley House is a large specimen of the common class of low beggar life, and is made up of an old woman with a mess of pottage, a grinning urchin, a dog, and a pipkin. If printed Spanish pedigrees be a better test of originality than a picture itself, this must be held to be a genuine work, however hard and coarse the colouring, however overdone the boy's grin, however Roman the nose of the Andalusian hag. Be that as it may, it passed from Cadiz to Farley Hall, the residence of the late Mr. Anderdon, a country neighbour of the Duke's, and whose gallery was the show to which he took his visitors from Strathfieldsaye. This was the painting of his predilection—'Give me,' he never failed to say, 'the old woman and the boy.' Accordingly, when his good old ally's collection came to the hammer at Christie's he secured his favourite, which at least possesses that merit.

The full-length portrait of our bloody Mary was brought from Spain by Lord Cowley, and probably was one of the many sent there

there when she married the cognate bigot Philip II. On the mantelpiece beneath is another of the many busts of the beautiful Lady Douro; and near it, a head by Canova of a young and chaplet-crowned female, said by some to be Pauline Buonaparte; it was presented by the sculptor to the Duke in 1817, in grateful remembrance, as an inscription on the back records, of the restitution of works of art taken from Rome by the French, and the gift moreover of 100,000 francs to the poor Pope to pay for packages and carriage. Canova, who moved heaven and earth to bring about this great act of justice, had sent a marble memorial to each of the four eminent individuals who were the most instrumental—to Lord Castlereagh, Mr. Long, Mr. Hamilton, and the Duke; and never was the sword better thrown into the scale, than when the eternal city, the home of art, thus recovered by it her heir-looms—the Apollo and the Transfiguration.

Our limits compel us to pass from the 130 and more pictures with which these walls are tapestried: they differ so much in size, subject, and quality, that to fit their frames in with each other must have been the object and office of the art-executioners employed to hang them. At any rate many excellent specimens of Teniers, Ostade, Jansteen, Wouvermans, Claude, and the Venetian school, are as good as lost.

On quitting this saloon the old house is re-entered, and we are in the *Small Drawing-Room*, as it is styled, which, if it appears smaller by the contrast, has a greater air of daily occupation. The malachite vases here were the gift of Alexander of Russia, whose small portrait by Gerard, taken in his favourite leaning attitude, recalls the individual man. Near it hangs the nautical William IV., all blushes, in a scarlet uniform—so recorded in 1833 by Wilkie. The somewhat extraordinary costume is given with power—the at best ordinary features with feebleness—especially when contrasted with the intellectual head of Lord Wellesley, in the robes of the Garter, by Lawrence. This full-length, originally intended for the hall of Christchurch, Oxford, was found, when finished, to be too large for the destined space. The Duke, who owed to his brother his first separate command, remembered the obligation, and seldom showed the picture without remarking—'The Governor. A great man that: very clever.' No two brothers were more unlike in character and taste, and few were ever greater in their respective capacities: by the two acting together, the statesman and the soldier, our Indian empire was saved and fixed at a moment the most critical. In their later days even, the Marquis, less punctual than the Duke, frequently kept him waiting,

waiting, to which he patiently submitted, saying, 'My brother treats me as if I was only Colonel Wellesley and he still Governor-General.'

Opposite hangs another full-length of Napoleon, painted by Lefevre, and of no particular notability, save as affording a fresh proof how superior the Duke was to any jealousy or want of appreciation of the Emperor's military merit. He seems to have entertained no very exalted opinion—Massena excepted—of any of the tribe of Marshals—fortisque Gyas fortisque Cleanthus—whose existence the world will soon forget, and whose names never were such as nurses frightened babies with; but he invariably did ample justice to their master, whose presence in the field—as he told Larpent among others—he reckoned as equal to a reinforcement of 40,000 men. *Nec mirum*, thinks Larpent:—*He* could promote a drummer to a duke, while ours, hampered by the Horse Guards, had difficulties in making an ensign.*

We cannot omit mentioning a portrait, by Wilkie, of the late beautiful Lady Lyndhurst, dressed as a Spaniard, in a conventional mantilla, *lined with red*, and such as never was worn or seen

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* We are sorry that, though anxious to give as much space as possible to the great Duke, we cannot enter at present into the details of what we consider to be among the most interesting recent contributions to the mass of materials for his future historian;—but let no reader deny himself a sight of this Diary of Mr. Larpent, attached to his head-quarters as Judge-Advocate from the summer of 1812 to the dispersion of the Peninsular army in 1814. The work consists of that gentleman's private record of occurrences—as transmitted at the time to his family here—not a word altered. Such documents are rare, and few indeed of them stand the test of examination by strangers—but these papers do. The writer was, of course, recognised as a man of good talents and legal acquirements, else he would not have been appointed to such a post by the then Judge-Advocate General, Mr. Manners Sutton, afterwards Lord Canterbury. It is obvious that his diligence and skill in office, and his manners and conversation, soon won for him the confidence and personal liking of the Commander-in-Chief. In return his letters have now thrown additional light on the Duke's character and demeanour, both as a General and as a man. The perfectly easy, unaffected style gives a very peculiar charm—and any attempt to get rid of inaccuracies, inevitable under the circumstances, would have been utterly injudicious. It is not the least merit that the witness is a civilian—a regular Lincoln's-Inn barrister, suddenly equipped in red coat and black feather, and popped down among the society of leading military men surrounding the immediate person of Wellington. He reports their doings and sayings from day to day with apparently the most complete openness and candour. Nor do his own unconcealed little foibles by any means detract from the interest of his pages. Even his thoroughly Cockney regard for *prog*, as he calls it, and studious entries as to whatever touches that department, are more than amusing—for, after all, the feeding of an army is the very first concern for every true General, and no work yet published (except of course the Duke's own) illustrates so clearly his Grace's incessant watchfulness and wonderful combinations in respect of the supply of provisions for his men. The lawyer, however, was a keen spectator (sometimes a rash one) on the day of danger, and has given very lively sketches of some of the most important operations, from Burgos to Toulouse inclusive.

except

except at a fancy ball at Kensington: but Wilkie, so sober and truthful at home, went to the Peninsula to give loose reins to his imagination in defiance of local colour, costume, and custom. On the neck of the dark-glancing lady may yet be seen a spot, the mark of the beast, and the point of a tale. The picture had just been sent home, and was placed in the Duke's library, where he was writing, when the house was surrounded by the patriots bent on reform. Soon a stone, breaking a pane of glass, whizzed like a shot over his head, and pierced the canvass. The Duke, without showing the least fear or concern, finished his letters, and while his servant sealed them up, walked to the windows, and seeing the multitudes swarming round the statue of Achilles, simply remarked, 'Why, they are going to pull that thing down.' Fortunately for themselves, none of these gentlemen entered the house, where a welcome after the fashion of the 10th of April awaited them.

The selection of pictures for the next, the *Striped Drawing-Room*, is vividly characteristic of the Duke. Here he has delighted to group together the members of his family and the comrades of his arms—his adopted brothers and children. The prize of beauty is justly assigned to Lady Douro, whose 'high Dama brow' has inspired Swinton to one of his happiest efforts. Around the fair are arranged the brave, who best deserve them. These walls are decorated with not a few countenances that failed never at the anniversaries of the 18th of June, and which, as it were, illustrate the Waterloo Gazette: the Duke himself forms the exception. Often as he sat for others, no likeness of him graces a place and company where it would so naturally be expected—the central luminary, about which satellites so bright and many clustered, alone is wanting. Possibly he may have thought that there was little need in-doors of an image which he could not stir out-of-doors without seeing stare at him from every shop-window: at all events no Gerard painted him in ducal robes, stars and garters; no Horace Vernet blazoned his battles on acres of canvass. Of his dozens of victories one only—the last, the 'crowning mercy'—is to be found here—and in that the point of view and honour is given to his antagonist. The field is depicted as seen from the position occupied by Napoleon: the two captains, pitted against each other for the first and last time, are within range of shot and sight of each other. It must have been under such circumstances that an artillery officer, desiring to direct some round shot at the Imperial group, was checked by the Duke's reply; 'Commanders of armies have other things to think of than firing on each other.' How differently the Em-

peror felt and acted at Dresden, when Moreau was slain, we all know well. The Duke, who never missed the Royal Academy dinner, was, during a preliminary lounge, struck with this picture—the work of one who had, among other incidents of an adventurous youth, seen what battles are—the late Sir William Allan—pronounced it 'Good, not too much smoke'—inquired for the artist, and secured it on the spot—which, we dare say, did not diminish Allan's enjoyment of that day's turtle and champagne.

However indifferent as to portraits of himself, he employed the highest available art for those of his comrades. '*Fighting*' Picton figures foremost, who closed his brilliant career, like Wolfe and Moore, in the arms of victory;—then *Anglesey*, by Lawrence, the impersonation of the dashing hussar, who in 1808 at Mayorga gave the enemy the first taste of the British sabre, and who at Waterloo struck and received the last blow;—*Hill*, the model of discipline, the quiet, collected Lieutenant, who never exceeded his orders, which he never failed to execute in consummate style:—*Beresford*—the sagacious companion of many a reconnoitring ride and over many a midnight lamp—the man of whom the Duke said, 'If there be a weak point in a plan, *that's* the eye that's sure to see it.' The Marshal appears in the uniform of those Portuguese soldiers who, under his instructions, became the 'fighting-cocks of the army;' and, however undervalued by the Spaniards, stood to their guns, while too often those proud semi-orientals fled every man to his home. Lawrence has given with truth and gusto the Herculean build of *Beresford* who, at Albuera, fought sword in hand more like a private than a chief—nor does he less justice to the stalwart frame of *Lynedoch*, the gallant veteran who fluttered Victor at Barrosa, and 'alone did it.' Here of course is *Fitzroy Somerset*, so long the faithful follower and right-hand of the Duke in camp and cabinet—nor can we miss *Alava*, the true specimen of the good old Castilian, free from stain, who was both at Trafalgar and Waterloo, and waged war to the knife against his country's inveterate enemy. In a word, no corner of the room is without a hero: *Murray*, the polished Cavalier and learned tactician, the justly prized quarter-master-general—('next to Wellington our clearest head, I think,' says Judge Larpent;)—*Combermere*, the splendid cavalry chief; Seaton ('the Beauty of Bravery'), Halkett, Grant, Freemantle, Barnes, and Elley, stand once more side by side, as when the foe was in front. Nor are the portraits of Marlborough or Nelson wanting to complete this glorious company of good men and true, who trod in their steps of honour. The pencil of Sir William

William Beechey was, however, altogether unequal to the man of Trafalgar—poor in point of art, his piece is unlike in form and expression; the spare war-and-weather-worn Admiral is swelled into an overgrown 'figure-head.' The burning fire which animated his fragile frame is extinguished in the paint-pot of the feeble academical knight. However, Nelson is rigged in the good old English uniform of Howe and Jervis, the free-and-easy blue and buff—the most thorough-bred of seamen is not braced up in the tailor travestie which now perplexes Portsmouth, and tends to turn your British tar into a cross between the Prussian landswehr and the French gendarme. We mentioned already that the Duke had the bust of Gurwood in the entrance of his house—here above-stairs he has also hung the Colonel's picture among his best friends. This resolute *sabreur* and most useful henchman is clad in the installation dress of Esquire to a Knight of the Bath, in which capacity he attended the Duke; and his name will survive, firmly inserted in the hem of his patron's garment. His features are those of the rough and ready leader of a forlorn hope. Singularly enough, just before the storming of Ciudad Rodrigo began, some of our officers, in that mood which brings grim smiles on powder-begrimmed lips, were settling—so sure were they of success—what particular prize each would carry off; and Gurwood—aspiring subaltern!—said he would take the French Governor—which he did. The Duke received the prisoner in the trenches, and bad him deliver his sword to his captor—*ensem quem meruit ferat.*

Gurwood wielded the sword better than the pen; but, if he did not succeed as an annotator, is fully entitled to the credit of a zealous, trustworthy compiler. The thanks of the world for the Duke's Despatches are mainly due to an elegant and accomplished lady—Mrs. Arbuthnot, the wife of his Grace's faithful Achates: she first suggested the printing and publishing of these documents, to which the Duke objected for a little—but he at last took up the idea, and pronounced Colonel Gurwood, who happened to be present, as 'good as any one else to superintend the operation.' The real editor, however, was the author himself: he read all in proof, and corrected every page, text and margent, with his own hand. The papers were originally set into type exactly as they had been written, but their illustrious *Editor*, always considerate for others, struck out all the names and every sentence which might give pain, and to such an extent that matter sufficient for six additional volumes was, it is said, cancelled. The typographical duty was so honourably conducted by Messrs. Clowes, that neither the head of that vast establish-

ment, nor Mr. Murray who published the book, ever possessed or even saw the proof-sheets. One copy alone exists of the entire work, and it consists of the identical sheets marked by the Duke's revising pen. This, indeed, is a typographical rarity, which future Roxburghes and Dibdins may sigh to possess, and Humes and Hallams to peruse; and when the present generation is passed, when personal considerations cease to operate, and history can fairly claim its rights, these now sealed volumes will raise their Author to even a higher pinnacle, by a more complete display of his genius, and a further revelation of the inadequacy of the means by which ends so great were accomplished. Then, as he remarked himself, 'When my papers are read, many statues will have to be taken down.'

The publication, so far as it has gone, of this code of the English soldier and gentleman, this encyclopedia of military and administrative science, first convinced many among our own *liberals* of the union in our great captain of all those high qualities which the glorious profession of arms peculiarly calls forth. These unaffected documents could not be mistaken. They who run must read his love for King and country, his spotless honour and honesty, exalted sense of duty, godlike presence of mind, self-relying courage in danger, serene equanimity in reverse or victory; his lofty contempt of calumniators—his self-denial and scrupulous consideration of others—his sagacity and forethought —his unsparing, intense labour of body and mind—last, not least, his modesty and simplicity.

We may be permitted also to dwell once more for a moment on the nervous, perspicuous, idiomatic style of these despatches, drawn from deep wells of pure Anglo-Saxon undefiled. Truly English in word and thought, they tell a plain unvarnished tale with the real unadorned eloquence of practical patriotism. The iron energy of his sword entered like Cæsar's into his pen, and he used either instrument with equal facility to turn his antagonists to flight or shame. His two golden rules of composition, and which we recommend to the rising generation of type, were, firstly, never to dip the pen in the inkstand without previously understanding the subject:—secondly, to avoid synonyms, and especially when giving instructions. Perhaps almost everything that small critics frown at as clumsy, inartificial tautology in the Duke's composition was designed and deliberate:—he saw how often differences spring from the interpretation of synonyms, on which men seldom agree exactly, and that mistakes were less likely to happen when one and the simplest word was chosen, kept to, and impressed by repetition; and how many lawsuits, and what costs would be avoided, if the drawers

drawers of our acts of Parliament—barristers of three years' standing—would condescend to repeat the same terms, instead of showing off style by variations! The Duke scouted all bullying bulletin balderdash—all talk of 'driving leopards into the sea,' 'finishing campaigns with thunderbolts,' crumpling Czars 'like sheets of paper'—and similar feats, sooner said than done. And as he wrote he spoke. Hyberbolical only in the defence of comrades, he knew how cheering the note of praise is to the distant soldier fighting for his King, and how depressing the cold blast of a factious Opposition. He was no Athenian sophist skilled in logomachies—no practised debater, no intellectual gladiator; he just said the right thing at the right time, constantly expressing the most in the fewest words—and his *character* carried conviction. All understood his blunt soldierlike discourse, as if giving the word of command, and few took offence at his honest home thrusts, or could resist his sledge-hammer blows on the nail's head. He used his words to explain, not conceal his thoughts: not a few terse phrases have passed into proverbs already—but a quiver might be filled with the pithy pointed shafts shot from his mind, that arsenal of common sense, sound judgment, and wide experience.

The following *scrap* is from the private diary of a friend who happened to dine—quite *en famille*—with the late Sir Robert Peel one Sunday in Whitehall Gardens, at the time when the original *Gurwood* was in course of publication :—

'After dinner a chief subject the Despatches, of which another volume has just come out. I was struck with one remark of Peel's. "In my opinion," said he, "when a studious man, say an American, a hundred or two hundred years hence, wishes to get at a distinct notion of what was in this age the actual style and tone of conversation in good English society, he will have to rely very much on Gurwood. We have had no dramatist at all—we have had only two good novelists, and neither of *them* is at home in *England*. As yet I see nothing that will be so valuable, even in this way, as the Duke's Letters."'

The usual dining-room of Apsley House was built by the Duke, and communicates with this room in which his comrades are quartered. It has a royal look from the full-length portraits of the Allied Sovereigns, given by themselves. In company with the originals, it must be allowed that our Prince Regent always looked like the highest of the high: and no less among these pictured figures stands forth that of George IV., in the 'garb of old Gaul,' worn by him at Holyrood—that picturesque costume of wild mountaineers, the adoption of which in that place by his Majesty—his only precedent, it was said, being Prince Charles in 1745—gave no less offence to the refined Lowlanders of modern Athens,

Athens, than the caricature copy by the unwieldy Alderman Curtis did to the portly Monarch himself. It is a vigorous and effective work of Wilkie's—perhaps the best portrait he ever did;—the head admirable, and the costume excellently cast and coloured. Opposite hangs the wizen and worn Francis I. of Austria, huddling his spare form in a military great coat, and so much to the life itself, that the Duke, who superintended the unpacking, kept exclaiming, 'Poor man, very good—poor man, very like.'

On quitting the first floor, the visitor descends by a back staircase, which a Lord Apsley might compare to a tortuous suit in Chancery, and the Duke to the *escalier dérobé* of a sallyport: it leads to a rabbit-warren of dark passages, in which regiments of chests are drawn up, and boxes piled like Pelion on Ossa. The long rows of oaken brass-bound cases of convenient size, and each placed on a moveable stand, are docketed with the years of their contents. In these the private papers of the Duke are so methodically arranged, that by an index any one can be instantly referred to. This multitudinous array conveys an idea of his vast and incessant correspondence—the eagerness of all the world to obtain his advice in difficulties—the boundless mass of State secrets confided to his faithful keeping. Here also are the private papers of George IV., to whom the Duke was surviving executor. It makes one shudder to think that the candle of a careless maid might reduce to ashes these precious materials for future historians. The Duke had prepared a fire-proof record-room under his garden—but their removal into it was never effected; and we may add, that no risk they ran was more serious than that occasioned by his Grace's habit latterly of reading with a light between himself and the book or document in his hand. In fact, he thus, when dozing, had over and over again set fire to what he held—especially of course Parliamentary Papers.

On emerging from this chaos of cases, several low apartments under the Waterloo Gallery are found principally and not unaptly appropriated to his presents of China and table decorations. Among the few pictures in one room, to which a fire would do no great harm, is a full-length *facsimile* of Charles X. This disagreeable article was dethroned from the dining-room by the Duke to make place for Francis I.; nor did his Grace deem it worthy even of a frame. The bookcases here are filled with finely-bound copies of volumes printed at the Clarendon Press, Oxford, and sent to their Chancellor, who needed not such soporifics. The last work, which he did not live to read through, was the Blue-Book onslaught on poor Alma Mater perpetrated

trated by unnatural Whiglings. The identical copy of their ponderous production, which might have sapped the health of a younger student, has been presented to the Bodleian by his son, and we trust this farrago of new-fangled projects will long rest among the most undisturbed folios of that venerable receptacle.

Most people, Whig or Tory, will rejoice to pass to the more lively contents of the *Great China Room.* This Eldorado glitters with porcelain, silver, and gold, the offerings of grateful kings and nations. In examining these infinite services of China—French, Austrian, Prussian, and Saxon—it strikes one as strange that a substance so fragile should have been so much selected as an enduring memorial to the Iron Duke. But Diamonds, Orders, and Batons had been exhausted; and these specimens of the ceramic art, the best in form, material, and taste of the period, did good service at the great anniversary banquets. The silver plateau was presented by the Regent of Portugal, as a long inscription records. Honour to that poor rocky nook on which the deliverance of the Peninsula was based—to Portugal, whose sons did fight well in their own and the world's cause, and who, both during the struggle and afterwards, evinced a gratitude far beyond that of the great and once glorious sister-kingdom—unteachable, incorrigible Spain—then and still inclined rather to forget and forgive French injuries than acknowledge English benefits, which the pride of impotence resents as implying a foreign superiority. It would be ungracious to find fault in this plateau as a work of art, when the motives are so praiseworthy. Groups of female figures of Fame, whose forms and draperies are rather Lusitanian than Grecian, flit amid palm-trees, and proclaim, trumpet-tongued, the gestes and triumphs of the English Cid, who, unfurling the red cross of St. George on the banks of the Tagus, rested not until it waved over the ramparts of Imperial Paris.

The delicate silver tones of this Portuguese gift contrast with the golden splendour of those from the august Corporation of London in 1823—a fit peace atonement to one, of whom, in the very Talavera tug of war, they recorded discontent and clamoured for dismissal. Where then, but for him, ye sapient cits, would your ducats have been 'collected,' and by whom your fat turtles consumed? The shield was designed by Mr. Stothard—and, although it cannot rank with that of Achilles in the Iliad, the military conception does honour to the Cellinis east of Temple Bar. Fitter for Guildhall or the Mess-room than the Museum, a fricassee of figures, horse and foot, project in high relief, and gather around the central Duke. The cost was 10,000*l.*; and, whatever the differences about mould

mould and make, the many are satisfied with the material. The candelabras spring from columnar bases, where sentinels, arms, and implements of glorious war are grouped—so excellently modelled and executed, and so pleasing to a soldier's eye, that an honourable acquittal was certain when tried by the courts-martial summoned on the 18th of June. Some French bronzes of Henri IV., Turenne, Condé, and Louis XIV. deserve notice from infinite bravura and higher art. The little bust of the Duke in a corner was the especial favourite of the late Duchess; and the red kettle-drums were given to his Grace as trophies of the first Burmese war. In conclusion, this room was always assigned to Mr. Arbuthnot, when a visitor at Apsley House.

On quitting these caves of Golconda, the scene changes at once into the Spartan simplicity of the Iron Duke. We pass the threshold of his privacy, and are admitted as it were to a personal interview, and realise his everyday life. The suite of rooms and the contents are left, by the present Duke's especial direction, in their unchanged state—a few articles only having been moved to make a gangway for the public. One glance at the Secretary's den will satisfy the most skin-flint economist that his situation was no sinecure. Plain to plainness, the only decorations are some Prussian china, painted with incidents in the Duke's life, from Dame Ragueneau's at Eton to the opening of the Waterloo Bridge. Every nook and corner is dedicated to work. Around are heaped oak-cases and boxes, books of reference, and all the appliances of pen, ink, and paper. Near the fire are the chair in which the Duke sat when giving instructions, and the table at which, when alone or much pressed by business, he ate a hurried but hearty dinner. On a smaller table stands an ordinary deal box, which never has had a coat of paint, and is fastened by the rudest iron lock and hasp; yet henceforward this rough bit of carpentry will rank with the gem-studded casket of Darius, in which Alexander deposited his Bible, Homer. The article followed the Duke's fortunes throughout the Peninsula, and was generally called the 'Mule Box,' as an especial animal was employed to carry this object of constant solicitude, and which was missing more than once. In this humble husk his most secret papers were kept; on its cover his plans were sketched and his despatches written.

Numberless were the epistles showered day after day, hour after hour, upon that desk—for, in or out of the Cabinet, the Duke was thought to be the fountain of post and profit; and very many of the effusions were disposed of by his jotting on the margin, for the benefit of his secretary, 'Reply by Circular.' The recurrence of some applications was so inevitably constant

stant that he had lithographed answers ready, which only required to be filled up and dated. Thus petitions for place, requests to see Apsley House, applications from authors—especially Divines and Poetesses—to be permitted to dedicate—these things and the like were summarily dismissed, and the lithographs sold subsequently for high prices as autographs. The Duke piqued himself on punctuality of reply; and the knowledge of this fact multiplied letters which, if unanswered, would have probably answered themselves. Courteous, and writing to the point when addressed with right, reason, and respect, he could sting if nettled, and parry the impertinent with pertinent thrusts in that curt 'F.-M. the Duke of Wellington' style which has passed into the proverbial: and he took pleasure in thus double-shotting his notes with grape and grapnel, and frequently would pleasantly allude to his answer, saying, 'This they may read at Charing Cross—but I don't think they will.' In vain he was told that traps were laid by ingenious autograph-collectors to put him on his epistolar mettle—such as modest dunnings for the payment of other people's washerwomen's bills, &c.: it amused him to pay them off with their own coin.*

The interest increases as *the Duke's own Room*, the *sanctum sanctorum*, is approached. It bears the look of the well-garnished comfortable library of a man of business; a character indeed so impressed that, had he placed a motto round his cornice, it might have run thus: 'Call on a business man at business times only, and on business; transact your business, and go about your business, in order to give him time to finish his business.' If ever there was among our labouring classes a real pains-taking operative, it was the Duke. Emphatically a man of habit and hard work, his fixed principle was to do his duty in whatever situation it pleased Providence that he should

* It was a rule with the Duke, immutable as the laws of the Medes and Persians, that no *parcel*, addressed to him, should be taken in by his people, unless the bearer could show an order for its admission written by himself or his secretary. A wise rule! What a pestilence all private families in town are subjected to by the impudent pertinacity of the petty publishers in sending round their rubbish to every door, in hope that you will rather pay for it when they 'call again to-morrow'—or more probably to-morrow week—than be at the trouble of hunting it up and returning it. The annoyance from the Reports and Petitions of Philanthropic Society jobbers is another equally constant and even more disgusting nuisance, which the Duke escaped.

Every one has heard of Talleyrand's grand precept,—'Never do for yourself what you can get some one else to do for you.' Never shying any trouble that he best could meet, the Duke rarely threw away time on *trifles* that anybody else could manage as well. For instance, on the back of every ticket for his last Ball (14th May, 1852) there appeared this formula:—'Please send an Answer on a Card, or unequivocal.' Thus all the answers would go directly to the person whom it behoved to have a notion for how many, out of the 1000 or 1500 honoured with invitations, supper should be ready on his Grace's table.

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fill, and to do it to the best with all his might. He was as regular at early service and correct in his responses as any parish-clerk. No man ever gave away more brides at the altar: none had a larger tribe of godchildren. He was as sure at drill as any adjutant; punctual at a funeral as any undertaker; regular at a drawing-room as a lord of the bedchamber.

In this his studio, all the tools and means of a consummate artist who knows the value of time were at hand: while all show and tinsel are absent, everything present is solid and substantial, and indicative of masculine nerve and sinew, of the energy and intention of one who could bear anything but idleness, and to whom occupation was happiness. In truth, he was the nation's servant-of-all-work, from the clerk to the Commander-in-chief, who never stinted counsel or labour, whether called for by friend or foe, when the honour and welfare of his Prince might be forwarded. His secrets of getting through each day's work were simple. He rose early to attend to the thing in hand, one at a time, well knowing that those who run after two hares catch neither. He sat down with a fixed tenacity of purpose, bringing to bear on his subject patience, industry, capacity, tact, and every blossom of good sense. He had in perfection the rare faculty of abstraction, and could concentrate all his powers into one focus. 'Other men,' said Mr. Arbuthnot when near his end under this roof—'other men may have had particular talents in higher perfection, but I don't believe there ever was any man that had the same gift and habit of bringing all his resources to bear upon *anything* that he took into his consideration at all.' 'How few are there,' said Mr. Arbuthnot, 'that, in general, set to work upon any given point or topic more than a corner of their brain!' This dearest friend of the Duke's, himself the gentlest of human beings, had been a keen observer nevertheless.

Everything in this workshop is calculated to insure quiet and exclude draughts; for the Duke, however hardy out of doors, was chilly and loved warmth when chained down to the daily desk. Within easy reach we see the books he most frequently consulted, chiefly historical; nor is there any lack of easy-chairs for their student. That in which a medal is inserted was made of the elm under which he stood at Waterloo. It was given him by Mr. Children—that gentleman having in 1818 purchased the tree of the farmer Papillote, who cut it down because plagued by visitors, just as Shakspeare's mulberry was dealt with by the Reverend Goth Gastrell. In another chair, made from the oak of the Téméraire, Mr. Arbuthnot usually sat; the Duke's place was naturally in front of the fire, where his own habitual chair, with red-leather cushions and moveable desk, still remains. In

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it he was wont, when his work was done, to amuse himself with the paper and lighter literature of the day—of which last, when out of office, he was a diligent devourer and eviscerator of marrow and meaning—an occasional nap, and may be a blaze, to the contrary notwithstanding.

At first entrance an impression of confusion is conveyed by the multitudinous objects heaped on tables and sofas, but order and method may soon be detected amidst the chaos. As nothing ever placed by the Duke was moved, he knew where at once to find what he wanted. On the central table still lie his overcoats, of various colours and textures, suited to meet all changes of the weather. Close at hand are despatch-boxes and courier-valises, which bear the marks of rough service—all ready for immediate use—near, a small equestrian statuette of the Queen marks the Polar star of his course. He to the last used the good, old-fashioned, loyal phrase of 'her Majesty's servants,' and centered in the Crown all his notions of country. Near also at hand is a private box, now covered with a leather case, which he unlocked with an unduplicated key—it being the depository of a constant supply of bank-notes for those disbursements as to which he did not think proper to make 'Coutts's clerks' his confidants; and seldom that day passed when it was not often opened to direct 5*l.* and 10*l.* notes to be sent in registered letters to never-failing applicants for relief. The Duke, a Samaritan, not a Pharisee, did not blazon forth his name in printed subscription lists, or choose to be made a decoy—like many who have their reward—but had a heart open as charity, and a hand that knew not what the other gave. It was useless to prove to him that his bounty was often abused. He held that, as much had been given him by his country, much was required; and, however close and circumspect as paymaster of state money, he was generous to a fault with his own; nay, he was infinitely amused when ingenious tricks were played on him. He was fond of telling—and he did it at great length and with infinite humour—the particular case of the female, Stanley, who, by a scheme followed up for seven years, contrived to do him of some 500*l.* 'An orphan daughter of a soldier,' he would say—and we can only give an epitome—'petitioned for relief; I sent her 10*l.*;—soon comes a grateful application for a little aid to set up a shop—granted; after a time, trade very bad and some assistance begged—given; presently a prospect announced of a marriage with an industrious young man—wedding present of course; in due time a child born—baby-linen provided; by and bye the infant sickens—apothecary settled with; next, the poor sufferer dies—undertaker satisfied; then the heart-broken parents wish to emigrate

emigrate—outfit and passage paid; after a few months, news from the United States that it does not answer—passage back paid; when an accidental discovery by the police brought an untimely end to my poor orphan.'

The Duke wrote close to the fire, and formerly seated himself on a stool at the circular-headed, old-fashioned mahogany bureau, still here: latterly he stood, and almost on the rug, at an upright desk, where papers and letters remain exactly as he left them. The mantelpiece is no less characteristic of the man; on it a chronometer and pendulum clock mark his appreciation of time and punctuality, the soul of business. In fondness for watches he rivalled Charles V., who amused his 'cloister life' by trying horological experiments with his mechanician, Juanelo; and such the famous Breguet was to Wellington, who delighted not only in his works but in his conversation. Well knew the Veteran-Porter that M. Breguet was to be let in at any hour. The Duke seldom had less than half-a-dozen watches going at once; and when he travelled, stowed away as many more in a portmanteau made to fit his carriage. He was curious about the exact time, which, like Mr. Stirling's hero, he could never get any two watches to keep, possibly because he wound, or forgot to wind, them up himself. In London he relied on an old clock in his hall, which, like that at the Horse-Guards, was always right. With all his partiality for Breguet, his favourite watch was one of old-fashioned English make:—it once belonged to Tippoo Saib, and had been the companion of all his own campaigns from Seringapatam onwards:—we almost fancy he would have risked giving a battle rather than lose it. Colonel Gurwood used to relate how, when hard pressed during some retrograde movement, the Duke, having occasion to alight, left it on the ground, and did not miss it until he had ridden three miles, when he went back, amid the wondering defilers, and fortunately found it. A second watch had an odd history. This was ordered of Breguet by Napoleon, who designed it for the fob of his brother Joseph, and as a delicate attention directed a miniature map of Spain to be wrought in niello on one side, with the imperial and royal arms on the other. Unluckily, just as it was finished, the Duke drove Joseph out of his kingdom; and the Emperor, finding the times out of joint, refused either to take it or pay for it. At the peace it was bought from Breguet by Sir E. Paget, and presented to the Duke. He had another, which the same artist made for Junot, the marshal so trounced by him in Portugal; this is quite an horological curiosity—of which two only were ever constructed—marking the lunar and weekly movements. Latterly the Duke usually wore *montres de touche*, of which he had many, contrived by Breguet, with certain studs

studs or knobs, by which he could *feel* what o'clock it was, without the apparent rudeness of pulling out his watch; accordingly, when he seemed to be merely fumbling in his pocket, he was really finding out how he killed the enemy, time.

The mantelpiece we have just mentioned served him as a shelf to put away odds and ends: above it he hung a drawing of Lady Jersey, a profile relievo plaster-cast of Lady Douro, and another of Jenny Lind. Here, below these, he had stowed away some small casts—one of Napoleon, with his eagle-look when consul;—others of the Chancellors Brougham and Lyndhurst, with full-bottomed wigs, by D'Orsay; also, to keep those venerable objects company, a Buddhist idol, in alabaster and gold, taken at Ava, and given him with the kettle-drums. This is the only relic the conqueror of Assaye possessed of the East, where his star, too, arose; that India where he lived so long and did so much—which he remembered so accurately—and on which he wrote to Lord Derby a most vigorous and lucid memorandum, three weeks only before his death, and at a moment when he was pronounced by Manchester oracles to be 'overcome with childish timidity and imbecility of mind and purpose!!'

The Duke was no collector of relic reminiscences; the incessant claims of each 'to-day' precluded lingering on retrospects and rebuilding recollections; amidst the keen struggle with the present and the future, the past could find small place in the mind of a practical soldier, who looked forward and advanced, rather than retreated. Accordingly, there is nothing to recal Eton, where he gained his first fight: no Brocas, no Father Thames—scenes which his classical brother doted on and wrote verses about to the last—amidst which, indeed, that fine scholar was, by his own direction, buried;—nothing of those early campaigns in Holland, where, from the mistakes and misfortunes of others, and in the stern school of adversity, young Arthur Wellesley must have learnt so much—for the hardiest mariners are formed in the roughest seas; nothing again of India, the starting point of his fortunes, where he was taught how to combat heat and fever by temperance and exercise, and to parry the double-dealing braggart Orientals by truth, firmness, and matter of fact: a lesson most useful in after-times, when acting with the semi-Moorish Spaniard. There is little, indeed, of the Peninsula itself—not even one view of his own *Soto de Roma*, nestling in the lovely Vega of Granada, on the banks of the Xenil, and refreshed with the cool airs of the snow-capped Sierra Nevada. We cannot however doubt that, had he lived, he would have enjoyed the panorama of this 'bit of heaven fallen to earth,' which Mr. Burford has just executed with such commendable accuracy.

One

One should not pass too hastily that red-morocco-cushioned sofa, used more as a table than a settee, and covered with boxes and papers: on it still remain a few prints just as he placed them; one of himself, when younger; another, the Cocked-hat (caricature) profile by Byron's *Cupidon déchainé*—whose agreeable manners and lively conversation seem to have made the Duke a very lenient judge of his artistical efforts—('at any rate,' he would say, 'D'Orsay always makes one look like a gentleman')—A third is the head of Lieutenant Waghorn, the originator of the Overland route, whose enterprising spirit pleased the great man.

One door in this library affords immediate access to his bedroom—if such a term may be given to a confined barrack bivouac, exposed to the draughts of seven openings, and with only a few chairs and a narrow single bed for furniture; yet here slept soundly the Statesman, laden with

'A burden 'twould sink a navy.'

He possessed the uncommon and enviable faculty of commanding instantaneous sleep, and, however critical the moment, could surrender himself to nature's best restorer, whether on a bench under a tree, or anywhere, to awake refreshed as a giant, and ready again for any work. He seldom failed to make this good use of the rare occurrence of a spare hour. He could face without fear the demon Responsibility, before whom inferior minds quake and quail, and, having done his best, leave the final issue to a higher power. Three years spent under canvass in India taught him the comfort of the ground-floor, and on it his sleeping cot was placed both here and at Strathfieldsaye—where indeed the cot was merely a sofa; at Walmer he had a little camp-bed, which he brought with him and took away. Curtained indulgences and eider-down pillows had no charms for him, whose hard mattress was so narrow that all stretchings were impossible; he heartily approved the old saying that 'when a man catches himself turning in his bed it is time for him to turn out'—and he often enough did so himself, lighting his fire with his own hand, for he slept far away from servants. An old military cloak was always placed at night within reach, that he might cover himself if chilly; this relic still remains in his dressing-room, and he had drawn it over his shoulders during the last night of his life.

The Duke kept his bedroom plain, that nothing might interfere with the real purpose—sleep—or distract the oblivious sensations that slide into death's counterfeit. A few poor framed prints are here placed above the doors, chiefly, as he said, to be 'out of the way.' One is of a Russian General, whose name nobody can spell; another is of an engineer equally unknown to fame. Over the entrance rests the likeness of a certain mediæval lady

lady who kept a tobacconist's shop near Wilton Place, and carried her Duke-worship to monomania. A knife and fork were laid for him at her table every day, and his absence was supplied by his bust. She pestered him with offerings, until he accepted her portrait to get rid of the original, and put it here to get rid of the copy. Opposite he placed two crayon heads of Lady Douro, by John Hayter, and in such a position that his last look might fall, and his first might light, on the noble and graceful features so dear to him—hers, his love and admiration for whom are betokened by so many busts and pictures—the best ornaments, in his eyes, of Apsley House.

His dressing-room adjoins—a good large room, and well appointed with arm-chairs, wardrobes, and all the appliances for what the euphuists term the due 'performance of ablutions.' The Duke, scrupulously neat in his person, well knew the bracing benefits of cold water and vinegar used externally, and of iced water taken internally—long his sole beverage. It is reported that, with the exception of one eminent friend of his own, older than himself, there was no man in London who gave, morning and night, so much time to the flesh-brush. He shaved and dressed himself to the last; and if our hero did not appear great before his valet, it was simply because none was present. He hated the incumbrance of help; all he required was, to have everything ready in its right place. Thus all his orders and uniforms were at hand, as, whenever he dined with any foreigner of high rank, he made a point to wear the national badge of his country. In the same courteous feeling he used his foreign titles, and never, for instance, once wrote to M. Van der Weyer, the Belgian envoy, without signing, 'Wellington, Prince de Waterloo'—or to any Spaniard, even Alava, without remembering the Dukedom of Ciudad-Rodrigo. On his twenty-seven orders and stars Lord Downes has written a volume, just as Herschel might do on the milky way; and they all were exhibited at Messrs. Garrard's by the favour of the present Duke. This galaxy, such as never cuirassed another bosom, will remain an heir-loom, as every Sovereign in Europe, proud that his contribution should be perpetuated, has declined the usual restitution. He wore his decorations without ostentation or affectation. One who had towered so high might well be above false modesty; and he bore his faculties so nobly, that none either envied or begrudged an unparalleled accumulation of badges which all knew to be simply the natural accessories of hard work successfully performed. His own Waterloo medal, engraved 'Arthur Duke of Wellington,' and much worn by use, with the ring cobbled and mended by himself, is indeed a relic. Nor did he set less store by his 'good conduct' and his '30 years' service' medals, which he had

had gained like the humblest of his comrades. He was, however, entirely without vanity or conceit regarding such personalities. For example, he broke up the diamond Star of the *St. Esprit*, given him by Louis XVIII., and worth 30,000*l.*, in order to make with it, and sundry brilliant snuff-boxes, a necklace for Lady Douro. In like manner the splendid Star of the Garter that had belonged to his eldest brother, and which he purchased at the Marquis's death, changed shape to form a gift for Lady Charles Wellesley.

A communication opens from the bed-room into the garden, in which it was his habit to walk before breakfast—hardly ever stopt by weather—for he had taken care to have the circuit laid down with a flag pavement. The visitor by this time has got many glimpses into the secret of his longevity—the resolute and systematic employment of the simplest and best means for keeping up his condition, physical and moral, to be fit for duty. Like Turenne, he was weakly when young, and passed two years at Angers chiefly on his sofa playing with a pet dog. India, his doctor as well as schoolmaster, converted the invalid into iron. The Duke remembered his previous career with no pleasure, and seldom alluded to it. His real life began in India, where his body ripened by that genial sun, and the exercise of command called forth every dormant capability of the General and Statesman. There he conquered and governed regions larger than Spain, and rivalled Clive in everything but the shaking of the rupee-tree.

The windows outside his dressing-room are secured by iron bars; and near them stands a sentry-box supplied with a dark lantern. Assurances might well be made doubly sure where treasures so costly and a life so much more precious were exposed: but to him personal fear was utterly unknown. We may cite, as an instance, the madman who got access to his library, and signified his intention of killing him in obedience to a divine command. The Duke just looked up from his desk: 'Are you in a hurry? for I have many letters to write; could you come again in an hour?' The maniac, taken aback by his coolness, retired, to be taken up. Again when the Duke was warned by his solicitor that another madman intended to attempt his life: 'Never mind; he won't hurt me,' was his reply.—'Ah! but he is going to speak to the Queen, as you won't see him.'—'Oh!' rejoined the Duke; 'then give instant information to the Secretary of State.'

Those who now slowly depart by his accustomed walk, where he alone is missing, may well ponder on this remarkable house, into which it has been their good fortune to be admitted, thus to pay a last homage to the illustrious deceased. They have passed through the saloons of the *Imperator*, crowded with all emblems and all trophies of valour and victory, into the private cabinet of the hoary

hoary *Princeps Senatus*—unwearied in all duties of civil life, who accumulated golden opinions to the end; and many, no doubt, can now appreciate better than before the complete mastery of the spiritual over the material, and the self-abnegation of our last and only great man.

It was the Duke's habit, at the close of Parliament and the London season, to exchange the wear and tear of the town for the repose and retirement of Walmer Castle. A walk on the sea-blown beach, and a canter on the velvety downs, braced up his frame, and refreshed and exhilarated his mind; while Strathfieldsaye, lying low on heavy clays, depressed him both physically and morally. Yet the faithful old servant of the Crown was never idle when seemingly resting under the shadow of his rock. The Warden kept good watch over the Channel, which his outpost commanded. That searching eye first spied into the nakedness of our defences, and, a lion in the foes' path, he forthwith suggested the remedy. He warned the country, in his speeches and otherwise, that we were not *safe* for a week after the declaration of war. The ancient soldier was voted a Cassandra by civilians cunning in calico, and for too long a period his counsels were scouted; but he lived to hear his last Parliamentary speech on the Militia Bill cheered; and his views on national defences are being carried out, now that he is no longer living. Thus, indeed, do the spirits of the great survive. If long life be esteemed a blessing, the Duke's days were lengthened beyond the span of ordinary mortals; and, if he were fortunate in that long life, he was no less so in the close—*felix opportunitate mortis.* Cæsar was stabbed—Hannibal died of poison, Alexander the Great of excesses, Cromwell amidst the agonies of remorse and terror—Napoleon wasted in a prison-isle, squabbling with his jailer about rations. Wellington—who in the battle and breeze wore a charmed life—whose guardian angel turned aside the bullet and stilled the storm, in order that the destined instrument might fulfil his mission—he, after his great work was done, had full time given him for contemplating the stroke of nature with all the clearness of his faculties, and at last met it, without pain, in his own peaceful bed-chamber. There is no occasion to envy for him even such a glorious exit as that of Nelson—passing at once from the fierce blaze of victory into the valley of the shadow of death. 'His sun,' said the preacher, 'shone brightly through a long, unclouded day; and, in descending, continued to shed a mild, undimmed radiance over the hemisphere which it had so long gladdened. He survived the dazzling glories of his noon, that he might enhance them by the genial warmth and softened lustre of his declining day.'

A walk, imprudently prolonged by the indomitable octogenarian on a hot day in the second week of September, made him confess that 'he was fairly beaten at last;' and, on the 14th, an event, long in sight as it were, came on the country by surprise. The Duke awoke early as usual, complained of uneasiness, 'sent for the apothecary,' was seized with a fit, and spoke no more. He made signs to be moved into his arm-chair, and, seated there, at twenty minutes past three his mighty spirit passed quietly away like 'any Christom child,' and

> 'He gave his honours to the world again,
> His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace.'

Seldom, indeed, could it have fallen to the lot of any conqueror to look back so entirely on the whole past without fear or reproach. More precious than the marshal's staff—the million—all the titles and trophies that sovereigns could crowd on him—more desirable even than his enduring place in the first roll of martial Fame—is the reflection that his deeds were done for the deliverance of oppressed nations—for the safety and honour of his own country and the civilised world. His campaigns were sanctified by the cause; sullied by no cruelty, by no crimes; the chariot-wheels of his triumphs had been followed by no curses; his laurels were intertwined with the olive-branch; and in the hour of expiring consciousness he may have remembered his victories among his good works. He died in the eighty-fourth year of his age, having exhausted glory, having left no duty incomplete, and no honour unbestowed.

Apsley House, in its closed deserted loneliness on the 18th of November, formed a marked feature in the public funeral of the Duke of Wellington; it stood without sign of life, as the cold corse of its departed master was carried past. In consequence of a purely accidental occurrence a halt occurred at this spot, and the funeral car paused under the triumphal arch which pedestals his colossal statue. It has not perhaps been generally observed that on fine afternoons the sun casts the shadow of this equestrian figure full upon Apsley House, and the sombre image may be seen gliding spirit-like over the front. We may add also, that we consider the glorious weather of the 18th neither accidental nor without significance. The vaunted *soleil d'Austerlitz* never gilded occasion so worthy. For weeks and weeks previously, the buckets of heaven had been emptied, and murky was the pall that had long shrouded the earth: on that day the curtain was drawn up, and the heavens smiled approval as the just man was held in remembrance. When the last rites were concluded, and his honoured remains laid in consecrated earth, the curtain fell again, and, to mark the exceptional favour, dark and

and heavy clouds continued to weep for weeks, and the winds to howl and lament. Neither can we forget that, on the 9th of January, 1806, when Nelson marshalled the way to St. Paul's, a similar providential manifestation was vouchsafed.

> There are more things in heaven and earth, *Horatio,*
> Than are dreamt of in your *Philosophy.*

The people, the congregated millions, lent to this solemnity its greatest grandeur, and the decorum and reverence of those who went to see formed to us the most memorable part of a spectacle which undertakers could not mar. On that day, when they buried him, all Israel mourned for him; the capital of England became the central scene of the hero-worship of Europe, saved, not subdued, by his sword—and some of the best and noblest soldiers of other lands were present, by command of their monarchs, to pay such a parting tribute as had never before been suggested in the case either of English or of foreign Worthy. A Prince of the royal blood was in immediate charge of the troops: but the new Commander-in-Chief, who had so often shared in danger and success with his lost friend, was active and conspicuous:—

> 'On battle morn or festal day the ranks might well be glad
> When Hardinge rides along the line:—To day those ranks are sad.'

Dense files of horse, foot, and artillery slowly advanced through a living avenue greater than the population of continental kingdoms. Each animated atom was imbued with one thought and grief—a million hearts throbbed with one pulsation. The whole State of Britain was there. The sorrowing Sovereign herself appeared in the person of her Consort. Every civil dignity was represented—every military branch sent a delegate—every regiment a comrade and witness. A military funeral is always impressive—but there will never perhaps be another like to this. Tramp, tramp the long procession moved on to the roll of the muffled drum, and to the dirge-like melody of the dead march, and the aged Pensioners from Chelsea followed their chief once more, and the poor old horse without its rider; and as the coffin passed, every head was bared, every breath held in, every eye moistened. Then to the booming of minute-guns, and to the tolling of the great bell, they carried him into St. Paul's to be treasured up in the heart-core of London. The pall was borne by those who had carried his standards from the Tagus to the Seine, and shared in every victory from Vimiero to Waterloo; and as the cold winds, blowing through the vasty aisles, moved the plumes of the helmet on the coffin, it seemed as if He stirred to dispute victory with death. Then amid swelling choirs, and with the noblest ritual ever composed, and never more impres-

sively read, they placed the soldier by the seaman; thus, while hoary veterans tottered over the grave, and thousands and ten thousands looked a last farewell, the coffin slowly descended into the dark vault—dust to dust—and Wellington was laid alongside Nelson.

We have been much struck, and we have reason to believe that the Duke's surviving friends have been much gratified, with a set of verses 'on the 18th of November, 1852,' from the pen of Lord Ellesmere—an attached and valued member of his Grace's private circle. We wish we could afford a larger extract from this poem—certainly, as far as we have seen, greatly superior to any other which the occasion has produced—but we must limit ourselves to the following lines. Having alluded in a very feeling and also skilful manner to the most eminent veterans that attended their chief's obsequies, Lord Ellesmere thus resumes the grand point of universal interest:—

'It is that while all these and more have answer'd to the call,
No voice again shall answer to the greatest name of all.
It is that we shall see no more on yonder esplanade
That well-known form emerging from the vaulted portal's shade;
That we shall miss from where we stand at many an evening's close
That sight which told of duty done and toil's well-earn'd repose:
Pursued by murmur'd blessings, as he pass'd upon his way,
While lovers broke their converse off, and children left their play;
And child or man who cross'd his path was proud at eve to tell,
"We met him on his homeward ride. The Duke was looking well.
We pass'd him close, we saw him near, and we were seen by him—
Our hats were off—he touch'd his own, one finger to the brim."
That sight the loiterer's pace could mend, from careworn brows erased
The lines of thought, and busy men grew idlers while they gazed.
Oh! throned in England's heart of hearts, what meed to man allow'd
Could match that homage paid to thee, the reverence of the crowd?
Oh! weigh'd with this, how light the gifts by thankful Sovereigns shower'd
For thrones upheld, and right maintain'd, and lawless wrong o'erpower'd:
The pictured clay from Sèvres mould, or stamp'd by Saxon skill—
And ores, by Lisbon's craftsmen wrought, from mines of far Brazil—
Broad lands on which thro' burning tears an exil'd King look'd down,
Where silver Darro winds beneath Grenada's mural crown:—
The Bâtons eight of high command, which tell, with gems inlaid,
What hosts from Europe's rescued realms their bearer's rule obey'd:
Suwaroff's cross, and Churchill's George, the Fleece which once of old
Upon Imperial Charles's breast display'd its pendent gold.
Well won, well worn, yet still they came unheeded, scarce desired;
Above them all shone Duty's star by which thy soul was fired.
High prizes such as few can reach, but fewer soar above,
Thy single aim was England's weal, thy guerdon England's love!'

ART.

ART. VIII.—*Results of the System of Separate Confinement as administered at the Pentonville Prison.* By John T. Burt, B.A., Assistant Chaplain—formerly Chaplain to the Hanwell Lunatic Asylum. 8vo. Pp. 287. 1852.

ONE of the most engrossing occupations of childhood, as well as one of the most effectual allayers of its superfluous activities, is the business of building houses for the purpose of knocking them down. The small angers and epitomised passions of the tiny republic are wonderfully lulled by a box of bricks or a pack of cards. Even when the hubbub threatens to assume the dimensions of a circular storm, and Jane is screaming for her doll, on which Charles has laid violent hands, because William has run off with his ball—even then the belligerents immediately pause: the constructive faculty is forthwith at play, and the troubled parent is too happy to acknowledge the amorphous mass, shown by the proud architects, as a veritable cathedral, castle, or cottage. Similar infantine conditions of mind seem to be exhibited periodically in that great collective—the public—and to be treated by its rulers after the method of the box of bricks.

A sustained clamour has long existed as to punishment in general, and every kind of system enforcing it has been canvassed, adopted, and abandoned in turn. The hanging system, the hard-labour, the solitary, the silent, the separate, and the transportation systems, with their various modifications, have all been taken up and thrown down with such astonishing rapidity as to make one doubt whether there is anything called experience, or whether it is of any use. Blue books and annual Reports, solemn treatises and pungent pamphlets, are to be had by the hundredweight—and yet here we still are, discussing the metaphysics of the 'reformatory' and the 'deterrent' principles; building our own veritable gaols after our own peculiar views; first taking care to demolish those which our playmates had erected. So that the box of bricks is charged to paternal John Bull, nothing else need give us a moment's uneasiness; we may determine at leisure whether the sudden extinction of life should not, in every case, be rigidly limited to the murdered, and the murderer taken care of, educated, and sent to some milder climate over sea; or we may expatiate on the theme whether corporal punishment is not very un-English—derogatory to the true-born British ruffian and high-spirited burglar, and only fit for our public schools and our warriors.

Some wholesome truths, however, do creep out from this weary rubbish. For instance, the public accepted it as a 'great fact' that the association of offenders is, and must be, the most efficient

efficient nurse of crime, and that our old gaols were merely so many guilds of sin, where, at the heavy cost of the national purse, the young and awkward pilferer could most conveniently study the niceties of the craft under veteran cracksmen, and must almost infallibly acquire an incurable passion for his *profession*. This principle of *association* at last came to be felt as *the* crying evil—the stumbling-block to all that class of philanthropists who insist no less on reforming than on deterring the criminal. It alone ripens vicious tendencies into vicious acts: whatever the aptitude may be, the mind usually lacks the force to rush into solitary crime, but awaits for edge and courage from sympathetic corruption and the contagion of example.

This conviction of the dangers of associating criminals was brought to a point by the clear Reports of two diligent and thoughtful Prison Inspectors, Mr. Crawford and the Rev. Whitworth Russell, and their advice led to the erection of the great *Model Prison* at Pentonville, with an express view to a full and fair trial of the 'separate system.' The arrangement took place in 1842, and Sir R. Peel's government intrusted the experiment to a Commission, consisting of the late Lord Wharncliffe (then President of the Council), Lord John Russell, the Speaker, the Duke of Richmond, the Earl of Devon, the Earl of Chichester, the Rev. Whitworth Russell, Mr. Crawford, Sir Benjamin Brodie, Dr. Ferguson, and Colonel Jebb.

For ten years this institution has now existed, during one moiety of which time the Separate System has been fairly worked out, and the other moiety has been devoted to overthrowing it. From 1843 to 1847 inclusive, the original commissioners enunciated, as they believed, year by year, the results of a most successful experiment; and we may refer to our Number of December, 1847, for a tolerably full account of the Prison as conducted on their principles. The fathers of the scheme both died suddenly in 1847: by a strange fatality, Mr. Crawford fell down dead in the Board-room of the Model Prison and Mr. Russell in the Millbank Penitentiary. Most of the other members retired—but Sir Benjamin Brodie and Dr. Ferguson, who had also tendered their resignations, and had ceased to take any active part in the Commission, were requested to remain, by Sir George Grey, at that time Home Secretary, till some contemplated modifications of the prison-discipline should have been completed. These modifications, however, turned out to be a total upsetting of the original discipline—decreed by Sir G. Grey, in the teeth of the Reports of his own Commissioners, and without the assignment of any reason for such a summary stultification of those gentlemen's exertions and opinions; whereupon, of course, the two medical lingerers finally withdrew. Thus

Thus came into regular operation a totally different scheme of discipline, the so-called *Mixed System* — a system, the merits or demerits of which are undoubtedly wholly due to Colonel Jebb. It was adopted entirely under his influence. An original member of the former Commission, he became, and continues to be, the head of the new one—a Board which now consists of himself, as Chairman, and of two other Directors, amply salaried,* and exercising a patronage over 60,000*l.* a-year, and the chief control over a gross annual expenditure of about 200,000*l.*

As far as Pentonville is concerned, the present Board, though nominally responsible, is practically autocratic. Most other prisons are visited and reported on by a committee of magistrates, and by gentlemen who, under the name of Prison Inspectors, are unconnected with any of the establishments they watch. Pentonville is exempted from any such intrusion, unless one of the Directors, who happens to be also an Inspector of Prisons, is to be accepted as his own supervisor.

The following points characterise the two systems. The basis of the original one was *Separation*—not *solitude*—the terrible results of which, in America, forbade any similar experiment here. The principle and rule was the careful separation of the criminal from his fellow-criminals—but not from all intercourse with his fellow-men. He was daily visited by the various officers of the prison. The trade instructor frequented his cell and taught him a craft; he was taught also in the school and in the chapel;—so that a constant change of mental occupation was afforded to solace his confinement, to prevent that eternal brooding over unpartaken misery which is so likely to disorder even a vigorous intellect, and gradually to reclaim his moral being through the substitution of better habits for those that had led to his misfortune. The term originally assigned to

* Colonel Jebb draws only 150*l.* per annum as Chairman of Directors, while his colleagues respectively get 700*l.* and 800*l.*; but the Colonel is in receipt of another salary of 750*l.* as Surveyor-General—he has 202*l.* 5*s.* as military pay—he is also, we believe, Inspector of Military Prisons; 350*l.* per annum is given him for travelling and incidental expenses as Surveyor-General; and, as Chairman of Directors, he shares with his colleagues 1000*l.* per annum for similar expenses. We do not think that these gentlemen are overpaid, considering the magnitude of their duties and responsibilities. There is an item, however, in the estimates (for 1853), which is startling. We find the salaries of the minor Directors raised from 600*l.* and 700*l.* to 700*l.* and 800*l.*, as above stated—while the warders are still suffering under the annual fine of 172*l.* 12*s.* imposed on them for economy's sake, about three years ago, for lodging money. No doubt the public do not suffer by this arrangement—the augmentation of 200*l.* being nearly balanced by the saving of 172*l.*; but are the overworked warders equally fortunate? Their duties are constant—night and day; and if they break down before their service time is completed, they lose their retiring pensions, and have nothing but the workhouse to look to. *Vide* Estimates for Civil Services for the year ending 31st March, 1853, No. III., pp. 10, 11, 12, and 14.

this

this ordeal was eighteen months, but circumstances over which the commissioners had no control extended it in some instances to twenty-two months. In fine, this discipline had been adopted expressly as a careful course of preparation for the carrying out of a sentence of transportation; a sentence of stern sound, but the general effect of which was merely the removal of those prisoners to a spot where they might begin life afresh, with new principles, it might be anticipated, and with new hopes.

The changes under the Mixed System were—1. The shortening of the term of separate confinement from eighteen to fifteen, and by and bye, professedly, to twelve months; the fact however being that, as from this last term the time spent at the Millbank Penitentiary prior to the admission of the convict into Pentonville was deducted, the average period of Separation became reduced to about nine months. 2. To make up for this reduced term of separation, a period of *associated* labour at the 'public works' (Hulks, &c.) was interpolated between the cell and the final transportation. A thorough confusion of the elements of discipline was the consequence of these innovations. Henceforth, in the first place, 10 per cent. of the prisoners were in constant association for the service of the house. The amount of mental culture was diminished; the staff of the prison was pared down, so that efficient supervision was impossible; the terrors of the separate system were greatly lessened; and the instructions of the chapel and the school were neutralized by the companionship and the commentary of felons. Among the reductions for economy's sake was that of the office of Physician held by Dr. Owen Rees, to whose intelligence and zeal the success of the primary system had been largely due; and this momentous and difficult problem, involving nothing less than the life or death of the mind, was confided to the sole care of the inferior medical officer of the prison, the resident apothecary.

Thanks to the assistant-chaplain, we are in possession of such data as will permit us to establish a comparison between the two systems, and to substantiate from evidence what we anticipated on *à priori* grounds—namely, that so much confusion of principles as marks the new set of regulations must lead to a host of evils—in a word, to more madness, more mortality, more expense, and less reformation. The volume before us is rich in facts carefully digested and simply stated. Mr. Burt appears to have been deeply imbued with the merits of the Separate System, and to have been urged by a sense of duty to reproduce in a fuller form those opinions and arguments which he had maintained before the select committee on Prison Discipline in 1850, and which he very properly thought would never

never be exhumed from the ponderous tome in which they are buried.

The main objection urged against the separate system rests on its supposed tendency to increase insanity. Let us see if this be well founded. The alterations now in force were begun in 1848, and came into full play in 1849; the original system was carried on from 1843 to 1847 inclusive: hence, as already stated, of the 10 years since the opening of Pentonville till now, five years have been devoted to the working of each of the two systems. In the first year of the separate system the ratio of insanity was high, being about 9 in 1000. The causes inducing such a result were diligently sought after and found by the commissioners:— upon the elimination of these specific causes the excess was immediately brought down—and the annual ratio of insanity was 1·68 per 1000 for the *whole of the remaining four years.* This was in fact bringing the ratio of insanity in the prison to the level of that of the healthiest portions of the general population; for we find from Colonel Tulloch's Report that the proportion of insanity among the British troops in Gibraltar is 1·41, and in the Ionian Islands 1·43 per 1000 annually. (*Quar. Rev.*, Dec. 1847.) Even among the Society of Friends Mr. Thurnam makes the cases of mania to be 1·50 per 1000 of persons of age correspondent with the average convict. Considering the previous habits of the criminal population, in contrast with those of the soldier and the Quaker, have we much reason to grumble when the amount of mental malady is measured by 1·68 per 1000 among our thieves and burglars, as against 1·43 and 1·50 among our men of war and our men of peace?

But to proceed:—Under the Mixed System, from 1848 to 1851 inclusive, the ratio of insanity per annum was 9 in 1000. If we exclude the year 1843 as an experimental year under the separate, and the year 1848 for a like reason under the mixed system, the results of each system, when in full operation, were for the separate 1·68 as against 8·7 for the mixed system. In other words, the amount of madness under Colonel Jebb's system had been increased *just eight-fold*—in the name of humanity!

This seems so startling that we must put the Chaplain into the box. After detailing the reductions in the term of separation from eighteen to fifteen months, which were adopted early in 1848 on the alleged ground of excessive mental disease under the old system, Mr. Burt says:—

'In this one year, 1848, however, there occurred five cases of mania, four having occurred before the twelfth month, and the fifth having been produced by a too sudden return to association. Notwithstanding these

these results, a further reduction of the term took place in 1849, and twelve months was made the maximum period of separation. In this year there occurred four cases of insanity and a general deterioration in the mental health, which called for special animadversion from the physician. In 1850 there occurred seven cases of insanity. Thus the total number of cases of insanity during three years, under the altered system, was sixteen; the number which had occurred during the preceding four years, while the original system was in full operation, was three; even if the first year is included, the number is six cases in five years. It is clear, therefore, that the amount of insanity has been very much greater in proportion since the original system was disturbed.

'In comparing the results at these two periods it is unimportant whether we estimate the proportion of the cases to the average daily population, or to the aggregate number of prisoners in the two periods, *compounded* with the duration of the imprisonment undergone by each body of prisoners. The three cases in the four years under the original system when in full operation, occurred among 1640 prisoners, undergoing *within that period* an average imprisonment of 396 days. The sixteen cases of the last three years, under the altered system, occurred among a population of 2387 prisoners, undergoing, *within that period*, an average imprisonment of 224 days. The difference, therefore, in the proportion of the insane cases at these two periods is as 1 to 8·42, that is, *the insanity under the altered system has been* EIGHT TIMES *greater than during the four preceding years, when the original system was in* FULL OPERATION. Even if the first year should be included, the proportion under the altered system would be about four times greater than during the first five years of the experiment.'—*Results, &c.*, p. 111.

No wonder that Dr. Owen Rees became alarmed at the changes in the mental condition of his patients. Under 1849, he reported:—

'The attempts at suicide, though made by men who could not be regarded as insane, were of a nature indicating a recklessness and desperation never before observed in this Prison. With respect to the general mental condition, there is an irritability observable which I never before noticed among men confined in Pentonville.'

In 1850 the rate of insanity rose to 14 per 1000, and there were in addition 11 cases of slighter mental disorder—a state of things which again called forth the animadversions of Dr. Rees. His name after this does not appear among the officers. In 1851 some efforts to reduce this frightful rate of insanity seem to have been successfully made, for the tables give only 3·7 per 1000—which, however, is *double* that under the original system.*

There is no attempt to deny the increase of insanity under the Mixed System, but its authors account for this by the plea

* *Vide* Report of Directors for 1850, p. 59.

that,

that, under the former system, the prisoners were selected. Whenever any adverse result is brought out, the word 'selection' is always to be found in Colonel Jebb's Reports. But this plea is really one of 'guilty.' Under the mixed system the Board had, from the first, a full power of associating those whom they might deem unfit for the separation of the cell. At best, if they could not discover who was or was not capable of sustaining that discipline, the plea should have been 'incapacity.' Either their system is bad, or it has been badly administered.

But granting the plea of selection, what does it amount to? Colonel Jebb, the Chairman at Pentonville, complains that he is forced to receive pell-mell the prisoners sent to him by Colonel Jebb, the Chairman at Millbank. Colonel Jebb of Pentonville, not having the power of selecting those fit for separate confinement before admission, as the original commissioners had, exercises his right of removing the unfit after admission; and when the increase of insanity under his system is to be accounted for, Colonel Jebb of Pentonville warns the public against Colonel Jebb of Millbank, and begs it may never be forgotten that the former commissioners selected the fit, while he could only remove the unfit.

The propounders of the Separate System, Messrs. Crawford and Russell, might no doubt have ridden their hobby hard, had it not been for the check imposed upon them in the shape of a Commission of unpaid and independent men, who cared little what system was adopted, provided the ends of justice and morality were attained with as much economy as was compatible with these objects. But it is a misfortune to the community, and, let us add, to the private worth and well-intentioned zeal of Colonel Jebb, that this amiable enthusiast is not merely the confident propounder of his own theories, but practically the undisturbed executor of his own plans—his own sole censor and supervisor. *Inter alia* he is his own architect. The only nominal check to these multifarious powers is the Home Secretary, who probably has never seen a cell in his life, and from whom it would be a farce to expect he can afford the time to watch his servants the Directors. If we are reminded of the respectability of Colonel Jebb's staff, we reply that most, if not all, of them having been *recommended* by the Colonel for the situations they fill, it is not very likely that they will avow opinions at direct variance from their chief. As to inferior functionaries, not a document can be published, nor a fact sifted, without the permission of the Board—and any officer runs the hazard of dismissal who should think it his duty to contravene this modification of the silent system.

It

It is not probable that the public will *à priori* attach unlimited faith to the *Reports* from time to time drawn up under such a constitution as this. But we think it our duty to show distinctly that the Reports issued by the existing Board bear the stamp of partizanship.

We wish to ascertain, for example, the rate of insanity under each of the two systems which have been in force at Pentonville. We know that each system has been tried for five years. Now, on looking at pp. 8, 9, of Colonel Jebb's Report for 1852, we find his results, as to *insanity* and as to *mortality*, tabulated in the following curious way:—

'The number of removals to Bethlehem, as compared with preceding years, is found to be—

'·27 per cent. on the prison population of the *first seven years.*
·32 per cent. on the prison population of 1850.
·16 per cent. on the prison population of 1851.

'*Rate of Mortality per cent.*'—	On Prison Population.	On Average Daily Number.
First seven years of experimental discipline . .	·37	·64
1850	·49	1·20
1851	·33	·75

'Hence it appears that the *actual* mortality of the *prison population* for the past year is less than that either of 1850 or of the preceding seven years. The *actual mortality*, as calculated on the *average daily number*, is also considerably less than that of 1850, and about only one per mille more than that of the first seven years of the prison's operation.'

It is impossible that one extraordinary feature should not be at once appreciated. If we look at the table relating to insanity, two disastrous years of the mixed system are added to the five favourable ones of the separate system, and the increased rate of insanity thus obtained against the original system is contrasted with the most favourable year of the new. This is the old story—if you want to mend your character, remove your nuisance into your neighbour's yard, and then challenge a comparison. But this is not all. The reader will observe that the rate of *mortality* in the second table is reckoned in two different ways, viz. on the *annual prison population* and on the *daily average of prisoners.* He will remark that the proportion of deaths is less when determined on the prison population mode than it is when calculated on the daily average mode. According to the former about 3 only in 1000 die; according to the latter the mortality is 6 in 1000, or nearly double. It is clear, then, that in the same prison, under similar circumstances, and with the same *apparent* data, very different results may startle the uninitiated. Colonel Jebb has fairly enough presented *both modes* of calculating the *mortality;* but when

when he comes to reckon the rate of *insanity*—that vital point of the argument on separation—he takes the rate on the most favourable, *i.e.* the prison population mode, and omits that which would have given an unfavourable and the true result. What that might have been the reader may realise by supposing the above table of the *mortality* to have been for *insanity*; in which case Colonel Jebb would have adopted the rate of insanity as 3 in 1000, when it really was 6.

This novel mode of reckoning on the *prison-population* plan is a gross misapplication of figures. It eliminates the element of time from a problem in the solution of which time is the essential point. When therefore it is required to compare the results of two systems, acting on 'equal numbers in equal portions of time,' such a method as that sanctioned by Colonel Jebb is simply and purely deceptive.* Let us but call the emigrants passing through Melbourne to the diggings 'Population'—and

* The following examples, exhibiting the actual mechanism of these two modes of calculating, will assist the reader in considering the above remarks. For the sake of simplicity we limit the time to one week's observation: we begin with the *daily average* mode; and suppose that on

Jan. 1st.	The actual number in the prison was		500
	Of which were removed on the same day	15	
„ 2nd.	Remaining on this day		350
„ 3rd.	Fresh prisoners admitted	150	
	Making a total in the prison of		500
„ 4th.	Remaining on this day		500
„ 5th.	Of which were removed in the course of this day	100	
	Leaving therefore at its close		400
„ 6th.	Fresh prisoners admitted	100	
	Total in prison		500
„ 7th.	Remaining on this day, there being neither admissions nor removals		500
	Total number in one week		3250
	Which number, being divided by seven, gives, as *the daily average of prisoners*		464·2—

If we suppose that 4 deaths or insanity cases occurred in this week, the ratio of either would be 4 in 464, or about 8 in 1000. But the *prison population* mode of calculating gives a very different result—thus:—

1st Jan.	The number of prisoners was		500
	Admitted on the 3rd of Jan.	150	
	„ „ 6th „	100	
		250	
	Admitted, therefore, during the week		250
	Making the *prison population*		750—

As the casualties in the week were 4, their ratio would be 4 in 750, or a fraction more than 5 in 1000 on the *prison population*. The fallacy under which 5 is made to pass off for 8 is transparent. Take the population of the first day—add to it all the admissions and make no deduction for the removals—and you have your '*satisfactory* report.'

a vista of immortality will be opened up to the sojourner of that town, by the evanescent fractional quantity which will then represent the deaths on the Prison-Population plan. Croydon, now actually decimated by drain-fever, may be proved to possess the salubrity of Eden, if the railway passengers rushing through the town are ranked and returned as Population.

These, however, were the ingenious views which ensured the erection of the Portland Prison, the fitting up of Dartmoor, the erection of the new prison of Portsmouth, at a cost ranging between one and two hundred thousand pounds; and may lead to the erection of some half-dozen more prisons on the associated system, at a cost of from two to three hundred thousand pounds more. The theory also secured the management of Millbank, Pentonville, Portland, Dartmoor, and the Hulks, patronage to the amount, as we have stated, of 60,000*l.* a-year, and the chief control over an entire year's outlay of a fifth of a million.

But of this enough: let us endeavour to ascertain what the experience of Pentonville really proves as to the insanity question. Does insanity increase with the duration of separate confinement? On that hinges the general applicability of this, the most efficient of secondary punishments. It was, no doubt, the theory or assumption that the length of confinement tended to produce insanity, which led to curtailing the original term of separation from eighteen months to an average of nine. Mr. Burt has worked out this point, and shows that the risks of mental disorder are greatest in the earlier portions of separation, when the criminal is wrenched suddenly from all the stimulus of vicious habits, while all the improvement and the gathering force of reformation tells most in the latter parts of his sentence. If this be true, Colonel Jebb's modifications will have just hit that limit which includes all the chances of madness and excludes all the chances of reformation.

Consider this table :—

	1843.	1844.	1845.	1846.	1847.	1848.	1849.	1850.
'Cases of—								
Mania	3	..	1	1	1	5	4	7
Delusions . . .	5	..	2	5	1	2	1	11
Suicide	..	..	..	..	..	1	1	1
Prisoners—								
Admitted . . .	525	240	283	243	360	519	599	777
Removed . . .	24	408	132	386	200	513	621	696

'From these returns it is plain that the insanity has invariably increased when a greater number of new prisoners have been admitted, and

and that it has decreased when the greatest number of old prisoners have been retained in the prison.'

The chaplain gives other tables establishing the same conclusions, if possible, still more irrefragably—and he then is well entitled to speak thus :—

'These returns are sufficient to show—and the more thoroughly the facts are investigated, the more complete the proof becomes—that, instead of this hypothetical increase of liability to insanity with the length of the imprisonment, there is a positive *decrease.*

'The twelfth month is the period which has been assumed as the limit beyond which separation cannot be safely prolonged. It is necessary, therefore, to compare the amount of insanity which has occurred within, with the amount which has occurred beyond that period. From the opening of the prison to the 31st of December, 1850, a period of eight years, there occurred altogether twenty-two cases of insanity: of these there occurred *before* the twelfth month, nineteen; *after* the twelfth month, three. During the same period there occurred twenty-six cases of slight mental affection, or delusion: of these there occurred *before* the twelfth month, twenty-two; *after* the twelfth month, four. There have also been three cases of suicide: they have *all* occurred *before* the twelfth month. When these three classes of affections are taken together, there have been in all fifty-one cases; and of these, forty-four have occurred *before,* and seven *after,* the twelfth month.'

The preceding passage is so clear as to the comparison between the first twelve months and the subsequent term of imprisonment, that we need not follow Mr. Burt through all his tables. For one of them, however, we must make room. In order to bring out yet more fully the effect of time upon the development of mental disease, he tabularizes the cases as occurring within the first *six* months of imprisonment, or within successive periods of the same extent :—

Number of Cases.	Six Months and under.	From Six to Twelve Months.	From Twelve to Eighteen Months.	From Eighteen Months to Two Years.
Insanity	14	5	3	..
Delusions	13	9	2	2
Suicides	2	1	..	..
Totals	29	15	5	2

Mr. Burt proceeds to say :—'The question will immediately suggest itself—to what extent may this decrease in the number of cases during each succeeding period be accounted for by a decrease

decrease in the number of prisoners retained for the longer terms?'—and he repeats, under various forms, the grounds of his belief to the contrary, as extracted from the Population Returns of the prison. For example, we have—

'TABLE, showing the Terms of Imprisonment at Pentonville of 3546 Prisoners, being the Total Number admitted to the 31st December, 1850, together with the Mental Cases as reported to that date, distributed under Four Periods of Six Months.

	Six Month and Under.	From Six to Twelve Months.	From Twelve to Eighteen Months.	From Eighteen Months to Two Years.
Prisoners—				
Removed	292	874	1138	715
Remaining in the Prison on Dec. 31, 1850	435	83	9	..
Total	727	957	1147	715
Mental Cases-				
Insane .	14		3	
Delusions	13		2	
Suicides .	2			
Total	29	15		

Among other just remarks on these comparisons of *completed terms*, Mr. Burt says:—

'The extent to which separate confinement *has been* prolonged without producing insanity is ascertained; the extent to which the separation *might* be safely protracted beyond its actual termination is not ascertained. But when the liability to mental disturbance is found to have decreased continuously as the term of separation has been prolonged, the result would, at least as an experiment, justify the extension of the term beyond the original limit of eighteen months or two years, whenever further punishment or reformation is required, rather than its curtailment.'—p. 136.

These views of Mr. Burt are not promulgated for the first time. As they were discussed three years ago in the Medical Journals—and it can scarcely be doubted that these Journals reached Pentonville—why were they not called for and embodied in the reports of the Board, who are or should act as judges and not advocates? Instead of producing Mr. Burt's facts and reasonings on so vital a point, those of Dr. Baly, the Medical Superintendent of Millbank, are prominently set forth—and they are so exactly modelled on the statistics of Mr. Burt, that they appear to be intended to prove the reverse of that gentleman's known, though *unproduced*, deductions. But we shall do for Dr. Baly what the Surveyor-General has not done for Mr. Burt, and give this medical authority's table beside our chaplain's:—

'Periods

Periods of Imprisonment.	Approximative Number of Prisoners who passed through each Period.	Number of Cases of Insanity occurring in each Period.	Annual ratio per 1000 of Cases of Insanity for each Period.
First Three Months	16,000	9	2·25
Second Three Months	8,400	9	4·28
Third Three Months	4,200	8	7·61
Fourth Three Months, or later . .	1,200	4	..

We give Dr. Baly all credit for industry in the compilation of this table—but we doubt whether the doctor's industry is not displayed at the expense of his perspicacity; for, though his data unquestionably establish an increase of insanity keeping pace with the prolongation of *separate confinement*, the proof unfortunately applies only to the operation of that system in one particular prison—viz. the horrid place under the worthy doctor's personal superintendence. If, instead of losing himself in his figures, Dr. Baly had consulted his good sense, he would not need reminding that, if you want to disturb the mind, you have only to ruin the health; and how efficaciously the air of Millbank can do *that* Dr. Baly's own returns of Millbank Mortality will show. This awful pile was disused as a place of confinement for long periods, on account of its extreme insalubrity, and hence became a mere halting-quarter for culprits under summary sentence of transportation. These were retained at Millbank no longer than till they could be got on board ship—and yet this is one of the spots that have been selected, under the present Mixed System, for convicts undergoing the *first stage of probationary discipline.*

At *Millbank* the first year of the new system, 1849, gave an actual mortality of 84 in an average daily population of 869 males, which was at the rate of 93 deaths per 1000. This great mortality was partly owing to cholera, but, allowing 34 deaths from that malady, we still have 59 per 1000 as a measure of the unhealthiness of *Millbank* in an epidemic year. In 1850 the mortality there was 21 per [illegible]—in 1851 it was 18.* At *Pentonville*, during the four years of the original use of the Separate System, it was a fraction above 6, and cholera, we believe, has never appeared in that prison.

Dr. Baly's figures, when done into plain language, show that, if you immure a number of wretched creatures in the midst of a foul pestilential marsh, a good many of them will go mad in three months; if you keep them in for six, a larger proportion

* *Vide* Report on Millbank for 1849, pp. 9, 10; Report of Directors for 1851, p. 128; also Colonel Jebb's Report for 1851, p. 112.

will lose their wits; and, if you persist for six months longer, you may expect to turn Millbank into Bedlam. The stern common sense of Mr. Crawford and Mr. Russell abjured all tampering with the separate system at this prison, and insisted that, if the experiment were to be made at all, it should not be made in that miserable hole. It was on these grounds that Government sanctioned the building of the Model Prison from the plans of Colonel Jebb. But, besides the objection of insalubrity which vitiates Dr. Baly's conclusions, another militates against them at least as forcibly—viz., the inefficient style of the discipline at Millbank. In fact, of all that really characterises the original System of Pentonville, we recognise no resemblance at Millbank. In that sink the convicts are under a discipline much more allied to Colonel Jebb's than to Mr. Crawford's; the time of separation is short, the aids to the mind are insufficient, the association of offenders is frequent. We find without surprise that the chaplain at Millbank, the Rev. Mr. Penny—

'feels considerable diffidence as to the amount of real amendment, bearing in mind the circumstances of the prison, the somewhat brief period of separate confinement, and the danger of good impressions being effaced when the prisoners are associated in large rooms and general wards.'*

With such a state of things—an unhealthy atmosphere depressing the body, and a most inconsequent system worrying the mind by subjecting it alternately to the horrors of solitude and the ribaldries of a congregation of felons—did Dr. Baly ever expect that anything but madness could be developed?

The *separate system*, under such arrangements, is a mere name—that system cannot be carried on thus—nor should it be intrusted to careless or to unwilling servants. If the harvest is to be great, all the means to produce it must be diligently pursued. The very holiest of aids, the comfort, the solace, the salt of life, if injudiciously used, either as to its terrors or its hopes, will raise the solitary criminal to ecstacy or sink him in despair. The first hours of the cell are hours of great anguish: all the stimulants of crime are gone, there is no voice nor fellowship in its passionless walls, no sympathy, no love, no hate, nothing present but the past; how can the mind resist, and not be subdued? Then arise the cravings of the social instinct: the trade-master's hour of lesson, the visit of the minister of religion, the chapel with its common worship, the school with its common instruction, are privileges not lightly to be forfeited. The heart imperceptibly yields up its impurities and is cleansed

* *Vide* Report of Directors for 1851, p. 195.

—kindness

practice. Some of these answers got into the newspapers, and amused the public by their dry epigrammatism. The hundreds of *benevolent*, *instructive*, and *affectionate* letters that he wrote to those who had some claim to his advice, were known but to him and them, while the public saw only the hard, dry specimens with which the newspapers amused them—and which, after all, are admirable specimens of their kind.

The same observation may be made as to his manners. In private, nothing could be easier, more cheerful, more social, more entirely unaffected, more personally obliging; but, when it came to matters of business, he was staid, attentive, cold—above all things, scrupulous of not exciting hopes or incurring liabilities beyond his precise intentions. In political differences of opinion, when they were candid, he was indulgent and accommodating. It was only when he suspected something of trick or intrigue that his nature suddenly hardened against it; and two or three remarkable instances of this kind which became public made of course more impression than the much more numerous but less known occasions in which he appeared in the character which he loved best of all—both in public and private—that of a peace-maker. About twelve or fourteen years ago, when iron roads, and iron ships, and iron everything were in fashion, some one, in reference to the general opinion of the Duke's inflexibility, called him the *Iron Duke;* and as the phrase had enough of compliment to please his admirers and of criticism to gratify those who were not, and of truth to satisfy both, it has obtained a kind of trivial vogue, of which, *when it is rightly understood*, we have no inclination to deprive it.

After this explanation, we pursue with pleasure M. Maurel's qualification of the term *Iron Duke*, which would be very just if it had been (as he supposed) applied to him in his campaigns :—

'There may be something of truth in this expression, but we must not take it too literally. It would give a very false idea of the character of the man. It was only true when applied to a graver class of offences or errors which were likely to compromise the interests of the State or the safety of the Army.

'But, moreover,' adds M. Maurel, 'there never was a general more sparing of the blood of his soldiers, or who endeavoured to lighten their labours, their privations, and their fatigue, with a more paternal affection. Never did a commander-in-chief take more care, or give himself more trouble, to secure the individual and general comfort of his army. When some minor fault occurred, that did not seem to compromise higher interests, he was not only placable, but even indulgent, and *good-natured* in the full and honest vulgarity of the term!'

M. Maurel proceeds to illustrate this feeling by instances from the

necessity for prolonging the period of imprisonment at the public works to compensate for the less severe character of the punishment. This error is the more important, inasmuch as it is proposed to make such associated employment the basis of a universal system of prison discipline. This change offends against the first principles of penal science. It is a retrograde movement, by which both the country and the criminal will be deprived of the greatest boon resulting, both morally and financially, from the whole movement in favour of prison reform—namely, the condensation of punishment within the shortest limits. In reference to this important principle, the Second Report of the Committee of the House of Lords, in 1835, contains the following weighty words: "If the adoption of a more strict discipline should add to the actual weight of punishment, its duration may be proportionably diminished; and the Committee *look with confidence to a diminution of the period of confinement as one of the greatest improvements that, under any change of system, can be introduced into the management of our prisons.*" The introduction of associated employment at the public works is a reversal of the policy so clearly and so confidently recommended by the Lords.'—*Results, &c.*, pp. 242-244.

We are glad to understand that the existing Government has, at all events, declined to give any pledge as to the abolition of what every experienced Judge pronounces to be a most salutary system of discipline. If any of the ministers really feel at all doubtful, the satisfactory course surely would be, not to try for the tenth time a Parliamentary Committee, but to appoint a Commission of independent persons, apart from the turmoils and temptations of active party-politics—men with capacity and leisure for deliberately sifting the whole matter. Let these have the power of examining the various officers and of calling for any documents calculated to elucidate the recent changes. We ask no more.

If the separation of the cell is to be retained, the selection of those who are to carry on the system in future should not be lightly made. Surely, if the education of the young and innocent is no light task, the education of the hardened heart and perverted mind of the criminal requires something more than the capacities which go to form the ordinary staff of our common gaols. Some experience, much temper, constant watchfulness, the absence of crochety theories and rash generalisations are essential. The power is great, extending over mind and body. That power should not be confided to the half-educated and the half-willing. There is no lack of men who are competent to fulfil all these duties—but there is a marvellous inaptitude and carelessness in seeking for such. If a board of such men were constituted, it should collect, compare, and digest information derived from our gaols and other sources,

sources, bearing on our practical administration of criminal law, for the use of the Home Office—whose own multifarious duties and the incessant changes of its chief make it almost impossible that this great subject of social well-being can otherwise receive due attention. All our prisons should be brought under public view and control. The errors of the model prison could not have occurred, had it been subjected to the authority of independent managers, and visited by a board of magistrates or others appointed for watching its workings. Pentonville, as a criminal institution—and Bedlam, as devoted to mental disease—are crying instances of the folly; not to say more, of preventing independent observation and public scrutiny.

For our own part, we are entirely convinced that, if the system of separate discipline is to be finally dropped, the Government and the Nation must make up their minds for the experience on a gigantic scale, hitherto hardly contemplated, of all the evils which always, in all places, have attended the aggregation of criminals. Norfolk Island, or the hulks at home, produce the same results—only it is better that this aggregation had not been under our eyes. Send away your criminals—for, most assuredly, the crowded society of this highly civilised country would not tolerate long the masses of convicts who, if *philanthropy* be allowed its swing, are ultimately to be let loose among us, in yearly multiplied masses, without a hope of gaining a livelihood but by a relapse into crime. Even now, the expiree who returns from transportation is—nay, it may be said is all but compelled to be—the touter to some capitalled receiver of stolen goods, and the prompter and teacher of thieving among the young. If Mr. C. Pearson's system, or any other one based on associated labour, should be adopted, it would, we have not the least doubt, fail on account of the impossibility of efficient supervision. If a large staff of watchers is appointed, the expense will be enormous—if a few, then those few are of course soldiers, who, like the sentinels abroad, must at once shoot down the convict attempting escape. Would even the less sentimental classes of our community bear this?

Although we have not found room for much of Mr. Burt's detail as to the question of comparative *mortality* under the Separate and Mixed systems, we think we have given enough to satisfy our readers. If not, we beg them to consult the chaplain's book for themselves. In that section he includes also many tables as to bodily ailment generally, and here too his figures come out most distinctly in favour of the original system proscribed by Colonel Jebb. He says:—

'Upon

'Upon a review of the whole of the facts adduced, it appears that, under the system of rigorous and protracted separation at Pentonville, the mortality scarcely exceeded the mortality among the free population; that it was lower than throughout the prisons of England and Wales; that any advantages arising from the exclusion of a few individuals on medical grounds was, at least, counterbalanced by the demoralized habits and previous imprisonment of the convicts; that the health of the prisoners generally was "excellent;" that whatever was lost of robustness or florid looks by eighteen months or two years of seclusion, was regained in a few weeks; that, when a system of associated labour is substituted for prolonged separation, both the physical health suffers more severely, and the number which it is necessary to exempt from the severity of the discipline is also greater; that the mortality, the severe sickness, and the amount of consumption, have all been greater at the Public Works than at Pentonville—the removals on medical grounds very much more numerous.'—pp. 169-171.

So much as to Mortality, Insanity, and Disease generally. It remains to pause a moment on the third great plea of the Jebb partizans—and here we shall acquit our conscience by (with a reference to the volume before us) the following specimens of Mr. Burt's tables. It is only necessary to observe *in limine* that the average cost of each prisoner throughout the gaols of England and Wales in 1847 was about 29*l.* per annum. For that year it was as follows in the Prisons thus classified:—

'No. 1.—Prisons carried on wholly or partially on the Separate System.

	£.	s.	d.
Reading	25	9	5¾
Springfield	26	12	3¾
Preston	23	3	10½
Usk	26	19	10¼
Lewes	24	6	8
Stafford	16	14	7

'No. 2.—Prisons on the Associated System.

	£.	s.	d.
Appleby (County)	51	14	2
Chester (County)	50	18	11½
Oakham (County)	50	3	9
Peterborough	46	15	3¾
Morpeth (County)	38	15	7½
Newgate	38	5	0

Upon looking into the details we think it fair to conclude that the costliness in either class need not be the result of the discipline, but may arise, probably, out of circumstances which admit of economic control—and such Mr. Burt holds to be the case especially with regard to the excess of expenditure at Pentonville itself. In 1848 the average cost of each prisoner throughout England and Wales was 27*l.* 16*s.* 10*d.*; the average cost at *Pentonville*

was

was 35*l.* 11*s.* 8*d.* But, if the accounts are carefully analysed, and if so much of the excess is deducted as arises from special circumstances connected with Pentonville, and not at all essential to the *separate system*, there will appear, as the chaplain asserts —and we think proves—a balance in favour of the Model Prison exceeding 2*l.* per prisoner.—pp. 177-183.

The cost of each prisoner at Pentonville in 1852 is estimated at 24*l.* 2*s.* 1*d.** Compared with the cost in former years, this shows a large reduction. It is stated, however, by Mr. Burt that this reduction arises principally from the lowered prices of provisions; from the prison being kept constantly full, so that the expense of salaries, &c., is distributed over a larger population; from some offices being transferred to another department of the public service; and from other causes not connected with *the system*. The saving effected by the infringements upon the original discipline is estimated at not more than 1*l.* or 25*s.* per prisoner (pp. 193, 194). But the saving of a small percentage on our annual gaol expenses will be bought at an immense loss, if, by such economy, an inefficient and non-deterrent discipline is substituted for an efficient and reformatory one. Crime will be increased, and, with it, all those expenses incidental to the administration of criminal law. Our outlays on the police force, on the conduct of prosecutions, on the convict service, &c., will all receive a serious augmentation. In short, the result will be, that, though our gaol expenditure of 600,000*l.* per annum may be reduced, yet the three millions which are now paid for bringing our criminals into these gaols will be greatly increased.

The Legislature has always aimed at concentration of punishment, so that, in the shortest possible time, the greatest amount of protection to society might be secured. This fundamental principle has been quite overlooked in the working of the *mixed system*, and a mitigated punishment, extending over a longer time, is substituted for a severer one, acting in a short time. Colonel Jebb, believing that eighteen months of Separate Confinement is too severe, reduces that term to nine months, and gives as an equivalent three or four *years* of Associated Labour on Public Works. The country, therefore, has all the difference to pay between the cost of keeping on hand *for years* criminals who would, or might, be discharged in *months*. This, the money view of the question, is serious enough without reference to the

* Compare table in Appendix to Col. Jebb's Report for 1851; and observe that in that the item of 'buildings and repairs' is *omitted*—whereas in the estimate stated above it is included. This item is usually rather a large one:—in 1848 it was 3*l.* 0*s.* 4½*d.* per prisoner.

main

main thing—the moral effect of the discipline of the separate as compared with that of the associated system.

But then it may be argued that the associated prisoners work, and that their work will have a moneyed value. Let this be granted: what is that value? Mr. Burt shows that, owing to the longer detention of convicts under the mixed system, there will be an increase of about 4000 prisoners in the United Kingdom above the number retained on hand under the separate system. These additional 4000 prisoners must demand an additional outlay for lodging, feeding, and supervising; the yearly cost of each man of them will be about 30*l.*—or 120,000*l.* for the whole 4000. Allow that, one with another, the annual value of the labour per man is 10*l.*, or 40,000*l.* for the whole, it follows that 80,000*l.* will have to be paid yearly by the public under the mixed system, which would not be required under the separate. In other words, the expenditure will be equivalent to a perpetual vote of 80,000*l.* per annum for public works. Mr. Burt is of opinion 'that any good contractor would finish the work required as cheaply, in a much shorter time than he now can, when he is encumbered with convict labour, over which he has but a limited and divided control, and the individuals furnishing which are, for the most part, unskilled and unwilling workmen.

We are well aware that we have in this paper been dealing with little more than one branch of a wide subject—but we hope even so we may have done something for the correction of prevailing prejudices;—and as to the fearfully complicated controversy concerning the transportation system itself, we shall only say at present with what pleasure we received the disclaimer of any resolution to part with it utterly, which the Duke of Newcastle lately pronounced in the House of Lords. Every one must feel what a burthen of embarrassment the new Government has inherited as to this and indeed every other question at all connected with our position as the parent and head of a vast Colonial Empire. But we will not believe that as to this specific matter the difficulty is such as would be found insuperable by ministers of clear views and steady decision. If none of the old colonies will now take our convicts, we must found new ones on purpose—and when we look at the map it seems, in fact, almost absurd to doubt that for this purpose we have ample resources and opportunities at our command.

ART.

ART. IX.—1. *Le Duc de Wellington.* Par Jules Maurel. Bruxelles. 8vo. 1853.

2. *Wellington—His Character—his Actions—and his Writings.* By J. Maurel. London. Fcap. 8vo.

THIS is a remarkable work, if it were only for its singularity. It is written by a Frenchman, who appreciates the actions and character of the Duke of Wellington, with not only a degree of care, candour, and justice, of which we know few, if any, instances amongst his countrymen, but with a delicacy, a sagacity, and a discrimination which have certainly not been surpassed amongst ourselves. He has of course no new facts to tell well-informed people in France, or any one in England, but he presents the subject in a point of view sufficiently novel to excite a considerable interest in both countries. We learn from a short preface which the Earl of Ellesmere has prefixed to an English translation, 'that the name and antecedents of M. Maurel are well known in the highest literary circles of Brussels, where he now resides, and of Paris, where he was formerly connected with that most respectable of sources of public instruction in France, the *Journal des Débats.* His work (Lord E. continues) will speak for itself; but those who read, while they admire, may be glad to know that the author is a gentleman of high private character, as well as established literary reputation.'

M. Maurel is ashamed of the low-minded, and indignant at the suicidal injustice of his countrymen, who endeavour to diminish a glory to which it would be more reasonable, and in fact more patriotic, to allow its fullest measure, since they cannot deny the *great* FACT, that it had outshone and finally extinguished that of the Idol of their adoration. But the idol himself it was who bequeathed them the example of this inconsistent and ignoble feeling. Whenever he spoke of the Duke at St. Helena, it was in such paroxysms of rage and rancour that even Las Cases seems ashamed of repeating them. After making an apology for exhibiting his hero in one of these disgraceful fits of fury and falsehood, he thus *naïvement* accounts for their not being more frequent:—

'I remarked,' says he, 'that the Emperor had an extreme repugnance to mention Lord Wellington's name: to be sure he must have felt awkward at publicly depreciating HIM *under whom he had fallen!* (*il se trouvait gauche à ravaler publiquement celui sous lequel il avait succombé*).—*Las Cases*, vii. 209.

The alternative of getting rid of the *awkwardness*, by speaking with common decency and truth of the Duke of Wellington, does

does not seem to have occurred to either Las Cases or his Master:—nor in truth to any French writer that we have seen, except to M. Lamartine,* feebly, and more fully to M. Alphonse de Beauchamp, in their respective histories—the author of an article on the Duke's Dispatches in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for September, 1839 (said to be M. Loëve Weimar), who seemed willing to treat it as fairly as the prejudices of his readers would allow—and now M. Maurel, who, bolder than the reviewer, examines it more frankly, and from a wider and higher point of view, as a statesman and a moralist. *Fortune, Luck, Accident*—such, in the philosophy of *all* other French historians is the *chief*, and in most of them the *only* explanation of a gradual and unbroken series of successes which—not merely by their number and continuity, but by their concatenation and the obvious identity of the principle that pervades them—could no more be the effect of mere chance than the great operations of the natural world—which offer, as we see, various phases and are subject to occasional disturbances—but, on the whole, bear unquestionable evidence of one great and invariable principle of order and action.

In the very motto of his work M. Maurel protests against this flattering unction for the *amour propre blessé* of his countrymen.

> '*Nullum numen abest si sit* PRUDENTIA: *sed te*
> Nos *facimus*, FORTUNA, *deam, cœloque locamus.*'

Which may be rendered,

> 'FORTUNE 's an idol, to whose share is given
> Results that PRUDENCE draws, in truth, from heaven.'

Even M. Thiers, who has something of a name to risk, and who labours to make an *étalage* of his candour, cannot get out of that vulgar *ornière*, and in the face of those immortal *Dispatches* which he pretends to have read, he persists in placing *chance* as the first ingredient of the Duke of Wellington's successes. We need not go far for examples. In the *first* three passages of his so-called 'History' in which the Duke makes his appearance, he is accompanied by this imaginary deity—who predominates over all the other elements of success which M. Thiers condescends to allow him.

'This was Sir Arthur Wellesley—since celebrated *as much* for his *good Fortune* as for his great military qualities.'—*Hist. du Con. et l'Emp.*, ix. 172.

Sir Arthur's expedition to Portugal in 1808 was, it seems, intended at first for Spain, but, *on consideration*, he resolves to disembark near the Tagus—

* See 'Quarterly Review,' vol. xc., p. 562.

'to

'to avail himself of the *occasions* which *Fortune* might offer him, and of the *chance* of striking some *lucky* stroke,' &c.—*ib.* 175.

To this, like the pedant who lectured Hannibal on the art of war, M. Thiers adds that Sir Arthur's military movements were all rash and wrong, but that he was induced to hazard them from a jealous impatience to do something brilliant *before he should be superseded* by the senior officers that were daily expected (*ib.* 175); and these assertions he ventures to accompany with distinct professions of familiarity with the Dispatches, in which, had he read them,* he must have seen the clearest proofs that Sir Arthur's disembarkation in Portugal was no result either of accident or of second-thought—that the first object of the instructions under which he himself sailed from Ireland, and the rendezvous prescribed from the outset for all the different detachments that were to compose his army, was the Tagus; and that, as to his having rashly hurried into action from selfish jealousy, the very same Dispatch, from the Government at home, which announced that he might be superseded by a senior officer, directed him—

'to carry his instructions into execution *with every expedition* that circumstances will admit, *without awaiting the arrival* of the Lieutenant-General.'—*15th July*, 1808, *Desp.* iv. 18.

Again: when Wellesley wins the battle of Vimieiro—entirely—as *Field-Marshal* Thiers thinks—through the rashness and blunders of Junot, who 'ought to have thrown him into the sea' and 'precipitated him over the cliffs into the abyss' (*le jeter dans la mer—précipité dans les flôts de l'abîme*, *ib.* 182) in front of which he had taken up his very injudicious position—when, we say, he had won this battle, which he ought to have lost, M. Thiers's only remark is, that

'he was *always lucky throughout* his brilliant career.'—*ib.* 185.

Thus, on his very first appearance on the scene, *prejudging*—and by anticipation discolouring—the whole of that 'brilliant career' which the reluctant Historian *must* by and bye deal with in detail, as being from first to last, the creature of patronizing *Luck*. If his wry-mouthed candour allows Wellesley certain

* We have heard, indeed (though we cannot ourselves vouch for the fact), that M. Thiers, when last in England, confessed that his acquaintance with the Dispatches was but slight, and even recent. Its slightness we never doubted, and that, such as it may be, he acquired it recently, is additionally confirmed by his long and pompous narration of the affair at Roliça, in which he asserts that the English lost from 1200 to 1500 men killed—*tués*. The Duke's official return, which we need not say is scrupulously correct, and accounts for every man, is 71 men and 4 officers killed. There is not a page of all this portion of M. Thiers' work that does not exhibit the same style of *fanfaronnade*, on which we think even he could not have ventured if he had read the Dispatches.

'great

'great military qualities'—to wit, 'good sense and firmness —it is only to sharpen in the next line a sneer at his want of *genius* (*ib.* 175).

And again :—

'The *slow* and steady English soldier was the natural instrument of the *narrow* but wise and resolute mind of Sir Arthur Wellesley.'—*ib.* 177.

The '*narrow mind*' of the Duke of Wellington!—and this written sixteen years after the publication of the Dispatches!

It is in answer to the strain of M. Thiers, and to the still more flagrant malevolence of minor scribblers, but, above all, of the great father of lies—Buonaparte himself—that M. Maurel takes a nobler as well as a more philosophical review of the whole life of the Duke of Wellington. He asks whether *fortune*, unaccompanied by *prudence* and *genius*, could have fought its way through eight campaigns, of various characters, but of uninterrupted successes —in Portugal, Spain, France, and Flanders—from Vimieiro in 1808 to Waterloo in 1815. Who else, he asks, of the privileged few who have influenced the destinies of mankind, can present himself to posterity, *proof in hand*, and say,

'*Hence* I set out—*this* was my object—*here* is my result, and *these* are the ways by which I arrived at it? I do not forget what I may have owed to *fortune*,—which must always have a great *share* in these matters—but here is what I have done to limit and contract that *share*. I lay before you—without reserve—my hopes, my projects, my plans, my means, my victories, and the *reasons* of my victories. Judge them and me!"

'Such an appeal would have something theatrical, and not at all suitable to the character of Wellington; but it would nevertheless be exactly true—for the Dispatches are the real summary of his military life. He might have spoken thus without depreciating friends, without offending enemies, without departing from the most rigid and modest truth: but he has done the same thing in a still better taste. He has left these memorials of his life as a legacy to history, in their strict chronological order, in their exact original state—he has not suppressed a line—nor added a word of commentary—nor a word of argument—nor a word of accusation—nor a word of justification! A number of the letters are in French; and though these contain many striking thoughts and happy expressions, there are many incorrectnesses of style: nothing would have been easier than to have removed these faults without altering the sense, or even diminishing the force of the expression. Wellington would do no such thing. . . . . If he has written bad French it must remain bad French. He chooses to appear what he is and nothing else. This literary good faith is but another form of the same uncompromising probity that distinguished him as a public officer and a private man. Even this trifle—if anything could be trifling where good faith is concerned—is his final homage

homage to that devotion—that enthusiasm for truth, and that undeviating abhorrence of falsehood, that were the rule of his whole life.'—p. 66.

Some pages later M. Maurel give us a *résumé* of some of his principal exploits, with a view of showing how little *chance* and how much *genius* must have had to do with so great a number of campaigns and battles, spread over so many years, so diversified in circumstance, but all identical in their triumphant issues.

'In his seven peninsular campaigns he passed through all the diversity of trials that fortune could create. He made defensive war, and triumphed. He made a war of positions and surprises, and triumphed. He then adopted the offensive on a larger scale, and still he triumphed. —He had made the boldest advances without involving himself in any risks. He had made long and difficult retreats without suffering any disaster.—He fought battles of the most different characters—with a *superiority* of numbers—at Vimieiro, the 21st August, 1808; at Oporto, the 12th May, 1809; at Vitoria, 24th June, 1813; at Nivelle, 10th November, 1813; at Toulouse, the 10th April, 1814—and *all were victories.*—He fought—with *equal* numbers—at Salamanca, 22nd July, 1812; at Pampeluna, 28th July; at St. Martial, the 31st August, 1813; at Orthez, the 28th February, 1814—and *all were victories.*—He fought—with an *inferiority* of numbers—at Talavera, 28th July, 1809; at Busaco, 27th September, 1810; and at Almeida (Fuentes d'Onor), the 3rd and 4th May, 1811—and *all were victories.*'—p. 109.

We should, of course, have questioned the 'superiority' and 'equality' attributed to the Duke's army in some of these battles—but M. Maurel saves us that trouble by one general statement, which really brings all the cases under the last category:—

'When I say that he had the *superiority* of numbers, it is only just to remark that—except at Vimieiro—we are not speaking of English troops, but of the aggregate of Germans, Portuguese, and Spaniards, regular and irregular, which were from time to time under his orders. The English were *everywhere* and necessarily very inferior in number to the French. The truth is, that from 1808 to 1813 Wellington never had 30,000 English under his orders—and this was at a period when the imperial armies deluged the whole Peninsula with not less than 350,000 men. Struck by this enormous disproportion of forces, Wellington himself said to his friends, *'Tis strange that with this little army we are able to keep them in check.* In 1813 the English contingent reached 40,000; but this was the army reinforced for the invasion of France.'—p. 110.

We may here mention that we have been allowed to see and to make extracts from a few *MS. Notes*, made, from time to time, by an early and intimate friend of the Duke's, of some of his conversations. Several of these Notes appear to us to afford interesting confirmations of some of the most striking points in M. Maurel's

M. Maurel's view of his character, and we think that this is a time and an occasion in which it would be hardly justifiable to withhold them from the public. We have been, however, restricted to the production of such only as bear on our present purpose.

We find in these *MS. Notes* the Duke's own estimate of the relative numbers in some of the principal battles :—

'What was the real number of your army and the enemy in some of your great battles?

'Duke.—*Talavera was the only one in which I had a superiority—but that was only by reckoning the Spaniards—at all the others I had less. At Salamanca I had* 40,000, *and the French not much more, perhaps* 45,000. *At Vittoria I had many thousand less,* 60,000 *to* 70,000. *At Waterloo the proportion was still more against me; I had less than* 60,000—*perhaps about* 56,000 *or* 58,000; *Buonaparte had near* 80,000. *The whole army in the South of France under my command was considerably larger than the force under Soult at the battle of Toulouse; but actually employed in that operation I had less than he; and he was posted behind works which we had to storm.*' —*MS. Note.*

In following the course of the Duke's life, M. Maurel shows that 'his growth, so far from resembling the fruits of *chance*, was at once gradual and rapid. His first experience was in an humble rank and in adverse circumstances—he served as a subordinate officer in the disastrous campaigns of Flanders and Holland in 1794-5. There he witnessed a series of reverses and retreats, which afforded no doubt, to that calm yet inquisitive mind, lessons which he turned to his future profit.'—(p. 100). But, not content with the public lessons which he might thus receive, he was a remarkable instance of diligent self-instruction.

'He added to his natural gifts a most indefatigable and intelligent application to his duties. It was his habitual practice to enter—to *descend*—into the most *minute details* of the service. "*The regiment of Colonel Wellesley,*" says Lord Harris in 1799, "*is a* model *regiment—for equipment, for courage, for discipline, for instruction, and for good conduct, it is above all praise!*" '—p. 102.

Of the early disposition—which M. Maurel reasonably supposed the Duke's mind to have had—to acquire professional instruction, we find in the *MS. Notes* a most remarkable instance—one, indeed, to which, if told of or by any man but the Duke, we should hardly, we own, have given implicit faith :—

'"D. of W.—*Within a few days after I joined my first regiment I caused a private soldier to be* weighed—*first, in full marching order, arms, accoutrements, ammunition, &c., and afterwards without them. I wished to have some measure of the power of the individual man, compared with the weight he was to carry and the work he was expected*

expected to do." When I expressed surprise at such early thoughtfulness, he replied, "*Why I was not so young as not to know that, since I had undertaken a profession, I had better endeavour to understand it.*" He went on to say, "*It must always be kept in mind that the power of the greatest armies depends upon what the individual soldier is capable of doing and bearing.*"'—*MS. Note.*

M. Maurel resumes his review by saying that Colonel Wellesley's early services in India, his rapid and brilliant successes there, were characteristic preludes to the greater scenes of his later life; but above all, as he says, the '*exploit fabuleux*' of Assye fixed every eye, in that region of bold and skilful soldier-craft, on Major-General Wellesley, and marked him at once as one of the men most evidently destined to sustain the honours of the British arms. He adds, that this early glory did not at all alter his natural simplicity. Of this 'fabulous exploit' we find in the *MS. Notes* an account which exhibits very strongly the modest and matter-of-fact way in which he himself estimated even the most extraordinary results and proofs of his *genius.*

'*I was indebted for my success at Assye to a very ordinary exercise of common sense. The Mahratta chiefs whom I was marching to overtake had made a hasty retreat with their infantry and guns, and had got round behind a river on my right, leaving me exposed to an overwhelming force of native cavalry. To get rid of these gentlemen and to get at the others, I had no chance but getting over the river also; but my native guides all assured me that the river was impassable in this part, and the superior force of the enemy would not permit me to have it examined. I was rather puzzled; but at last I resolved to see what I could of the river myself, and so, with my most intelligent guides and an escort of* (*I think*) all *my cavalry, I pushed forward till I could see with my glass one village on the right or near bank of the river, and another village exactly opposite on the other bank, and I immediately said to myself, that men could not have built two villages so close to one another on opposite sides of a stream, without some habitual means of communication either by boats or a ford—most probably by the latter. My guides still persisted that there were neither; but on my own conjecture, or rather reasoning, I took the desperate, as it seemed, resolution of marching for the river—and I was right—I found a passage, crossed my army over, had no more to fear from the enemy's cloud of cavalry, and my force, small as it was, was just enough to fill the space between that river and another stream that fell into it thereabouts and on which Assye stood, so that both my flanks were secure. And there I fought and won the battle—the bloodiest for the number that I ever saw; and this was all from the common sense of guessing that men did not build villages on opposite sides of a stream without some means of communication between them.*'—*MS. Note.*

As a preliminary to the European career, M. Maurel inquires how

how it is that the Duke, so unassuming in his manners, so full of consideration and courtesy even to rivals and enemies, who had made war with unparalleled moderation and humanity, and to whom France was subsequently indebted for very great services, when she was in danger of the vengeance of all the rest of Europe—how it is that the Duke of Wellington should be so misunderstood and misrepresented in France? He produces from the Dispatches several instances of not merely the justice with which the Duke was always forward to treat every one, but of his personal good nature and even kindness to any individual Frenchman with whom he happened to come into contact. He takes particular pleasure in citing from the works of Alison and Napier some striking instances of the state of confidence, and even good will, which, under the Duke's example and influence, grew up between the two contending armies in the Peninsula. He expatiates on that romantic incident in the battle of Talavera, stated by Lord Castlereagh in the House of Commons—sung in poetry, and recorded by the historians—of individual French and English soldiers coming with mutual confidence, in an interval of the fight, to drink at a little stream that ran across the plain (p. 24). And again:—

'For some days before the battle of Salamanca (as M. Maurel tells after General Napier) the two armies were encamped on the banks of the Douro, and the soldiers crossed the river in numerous groups, visited each other as old friends, and chatted of the battles they had fought and were about to fight, so that at times the two camps might seem to belong to one army.'—p. 25.

And again:—

'The Duke one day ordered a detachment of carabineers to occupy a little hill at the advanced posts, where a very small French detachment happened to be stationed. As the carabineers advanced, the Duke, seeing no firing, sent them an order to begin. "Unnecessary," said an old soldier, holding up his carabine, and playing on it with his fingers as if it had been a flute. This was meant as a telegraphic signal to say, "We want the post for a quarter of an hour—you are not strong enough to hold it. Be off; you may return by and bye." The signal was understood, and not a shot was fired!'—p. 31.

For these and several similar anecdotes M. Maurel cites the English historians, but we confess that, when told of *earlier periods* of the contest, they seem to us somewhat *embroidered*; but we are glad to find in the *MS. Notes* a confirmation of the *growth* of this generous spirit in the two armies.

'D. of W.—*The French and English armies, as they became better acquainted by frequent contact, grew to be very civil to each other, particularly after we had passed the Pyrenees; and the advance-*

posts

posts and piquets were on the most friendly terms. One instance I particularly remember. There was a small public-house beyond the Adour, where the English used to cross over and sup with the French officers. And on the lines before Bayonne a French officer came out one day to our advance-posts, and, saluting the English officer, inquired whether some of our parties had not possessed themselves of three muskets and three sets of accoutrements of a French party. Inquiry was made, and the arms, &c., were found. It appeared that the English soldiers had given the French some dollars to buy them some bottles of brandy, but, not trusting entirely to the honour of the enemy, had insisted on keeping three muskets, &c., as a pledge that the brandy should be forthcoming. The dollars were paid, and the Frenchmen got their accoutrements again. The advance posts always gave notice to each other when they were in danger. On one occasion, when the French army was advancing suddenly and in force, the French posts cried out to ours, "Courez vite, courez vite! on va vous attaquer." I always encouraged this: the killing a poor fellow of a vidette, or carrying off a post, could not influence the battle; and I always, when I was going to attack, sent to tell them to get out of the way.'—MS. Note.*

On another and more serious occasion he repeated, in his simple way, the same magnanimous sentiment.

'Were you close enough to see Buonaparte at Waterloo?

'Duke.—*Why, we were close enough to see, but not to distinguish. In the morning, before the battle began, I could see a body of officers moving along their lines, and we had no doubt that this was Buonaparte and his staff. I think we heard the cries of "Vive l'Empereur!" but I can't say that I distinguished his person. A battery near me had a mind to fire upon this assemblage, but I stopped them.*

'Some one questioned whether this was not over nice, as one shot might have saved thousands of lives?

'Duke.—*It may be so, but that was my way of carrying on the war throughout. I discouraged surprises of outposts, and the firing on videttes and sentries: the death of a few poor fellows thus picked off does no service. To be sure, when the fate of those two great armies, and indeed of all Europe, was concentrated in a single man, as in this case, the general rule might not apply, but I felt at that moment about Buonaparte as I should have done about any general of his staff.'—MS. Note.*

'How is it then,' asks M. Maurel, 'that such a man as this should be unpopular in France? The reason is simple. He won the battle of *Waterloo*, and will never be forgiven—not because Wellington won a battle at Waterloo'—he had won many others which excited no personal feeling against him—but 'the *Emperor* was at *Waterloo*' (p. 33), and the *Emperor* had become, by a

* For numerous examples of this see Mr. Larpent's Diary of the Pyrenean period. One amusing passage is at vol. ii. p. 226.

strange vicissitude, once more the child and champion of Jacobinism, and the idol, or rather the watchword, of all the agitators whom he had so long restrained by his iron grasp (p. 36).

Buonaparte during his power had the sagacity to discover, and in his exile sore cause to remember, the capacity of Wellington, whom he therefore always endeavoured to decry—at first from policy, and afterwards from hatred—and both with a blind vehemence that defeated itself with all reasonable men, but effectually succeeded with the masses who had been so long subdued into a stupid or an interested acquiescence in the *ipse dixit* of the Emperor. M. Maurel explains how this literary influence was obtained and exercised:—

'Buonaparte might think himself only the greatest Captain and greatest Statesman of his age, but he was also, *pardie!*—what he did not so readily confess—though everybody knew it—the *first Journalist* of the Empire—nay, the *only* one; for *he alone in all France had a right to publish his opinions in conforming himself to the law;** and strange to say, we have seen the influence of his pen surviving the power of his sword. . . . . The impressions created by the Imperial Moniteur have survived the Empire. They became the texts of the Parliamentary Opposition and inviolable dogmas of a party creed.'—p. 35.

To enable men of the present day to form even a faint idea of the task which was imposed on Sir Arthur Wellesley and his little army, M. Maurel produces the view of the case in the Peninsula as taken and proclaimed early in the business by the *Despot-Journalist* himself—a proclamation which at first, as we believe, startled or alarmed every mind in Europe—except only Sir Arthur's.

'In a solemn proclamation to the grand army he invites it—*to plant its standards on the pillars of Hercules.*'

He adds,

"*that the hideous Leopard, whose presence defiles the Peninsula, will betake himself at our aspect to a disgraceful flight.*"—p. 39.

To his servile Senate he announced,

"*I go to plant my eagles on the towers of Lisbon.*"—ib.

Again—

"*English blood has at last been shed in torrents* (à grands flots). *Our struggle with that Carthage shall be decided on the plains of Spain. When England shall be exhausted, and half her families covered with mourning*, a thunderclap *shall quiet the Peninsula—avenge Asia and Europe—and thus end this second Punic war.*"—ib.

* A sly allusion to an article of the fictitious Constitution which Buonaparte had given France: '*tout Français a le droit de publier ses opinions en se conformant aux lois.*'

Again;

Again; even when he had found the affairs of the Peninsula not quite so easy as he had promised, he utters this singular bravado:

"*I should have driven back the English to Lisbon* and have *destroyed them*—IF *I had not thought that the moment of the catastrophe had not yet arrived!*"—*ib.*

This was repeated so often, so solemnly, and so loudly, that all France and the rest of the Continent, and no inconsiderable portion of England, believed it. The impression that it made on the mind of Sir Arthur Wellesley, at the moment he was about to take the command of the first expedition to Portugal, may be gathered from the following *MS. Note*:—

'*June*, 1808.—Dined with Sir Arthur Wellesley in Harley-street. He was to set out for Ireland, on his way to Portugal, in two or three days. After dinner we were alone, and he seemed to lapse into a kind of reverie. I asked him what he was thinking of? He replied, "*Why, to say the truth, I was thinking of the French that I am going to fight. I have never seen them since the campaigns in Flanders, when they were already capital soldiers, and a dozen years of successes must have made them better still. They have beaten all the world, and are supposed to be invincible. They have besides, it seems, a new system, which has out-manœuvred and overwhelmed all the armies of Europe. But no matter; my die is cast—they may overwhelm, but I don't think they will out-manœuvre me. In the first place, I am not afraid of them, as everybody else seems to be; and secondly, because, if what I hear of their system of manœuvres be true, I think it a false one against troops steady enough, as I hope mine will be, to receive them with the bayonet. I suspect that all the continental armies were more than half beaten before the battle was begun. I, at least, will not be frightened beforehand.*" '—*MS. Note.*

We shall by and by have to recall our readers' more particular attention to this remarkable reverie. We introduce it here as evidence of the thoughtful, but determined, spirit which had already, and we may venture to say, providentially, prepared him for the great part to which he was destined.

Of his first successes Buonaparte spoke in the most contemptuous style. When the Moniteur, says M. Maurel, condescended to mention him—

'it was only to describe him as "*incapable, rash, presumptuous, and ignorant;*" adding, "*We desire nothing better than that the English armies may continue to be commanded by General Wellesley. With such a character as he has shown, he is destined to suffer grand catastrophes.*" '—p. 40.

Grand catastrophes there certainly were in the womb of time, but not for General Wellesley!

M. Maurel continues—in singular coincidence with the opi-

nion of Wellesley, as hinted in the private conversation just quoted—

'The great merit of Wellington is to have understood from the first hour, that it required a *different kind* of genius and a different kind of luck to deal with Buonaparte.'—p. 45.

And after recapitulating the leading points of Napoleon's astonishing successes against Prussia and Austria, he proceeds:—

'In the midst of this hurricane of victories, one man only contemplated the real circumstances of the situation, and measured with a calm eye the depth of the abyss. . . . Wellington soon saw that Napoleon was not to be beaten *à la Napoléon*—that it would be madness to play as the Emperor, with his innumerable armies and colossal power, was in the habit of doing, at great strokes of neck or nothing; and that, before he could hope to obtain great victories, he must, in the first place, learn himself, and teach his army, not to be beaten, and, rather than run such a risk, not to fight at all.

'This, to be sure, seems a very simple idea; but it was, in the circumstances, a *flash of genius.* The greatest officers in Europe, both in the practice and theory of war, in the cabinet and the field, had been looking for some such principle for the last fifteen years, but they had not found it. He that, like Archimedes, said *Eureka*, was what history will call the Man of Destiny—for *he* it was who changed the fate of the world. He was not to be whirled forward on the wheel of Fortune: he seized it in its most rapid movements, and guided it to his own purposes.'—p. 45.

M. Maurel exemplifies this simple but grand conception of Wellesley by the events of his first campaigns, and proves from the Dispatches that all the events—even those that seemed accidental or fortuitous—had been calculated, prepared, and ordered in his closet!

The 'false system of manœuvres,' to which allusion is made in the conversation in Harley Street, seems to have been that of massing armies in *columns*, not merely for movements but for actual fighting. To this process Buonaparte was supposed to have owed most of his great successes, and it long continued to be the bugbear of Europe. Sir Arthur thought it a palpable mistake, and that such attacks would be certainly defeated by receiving them in line. He had not long to wait for a practical experiment of his theory. Just two months later he first meets the French on the field of Vimieiro, and the following extract from the MS. Notes, besides its bearing on this important strategic point, cannot, we think, fail to interest our readers from the vivid naïveté in which a well-fought battle and its consequences are sketched:—

'*The French came on at Vimieiro with more confidence, and seemed to* feel their way *less than* [smiling] *I always found them to do afterwards.*

wards. They came on in their usual way—in very heavy columns—and I received them in line, which they were not accustomed to, *and we repulsed them three several times, and at last they went off beaten on all points, while I had half the army untouched and ready to pursue; but Sir H. Burrard—who had joined the army in the middle of the battle, but, seeing all doing so well, had desired me to continue in the command—said that he considered the battle as won (though I thought it but half done), and resolved to push it no farther. I begged very hard that he would go on, but he said enough had been done. Indeed, if he had come earlier, the battle would not have taken place at all; for, when I waited on him on board the frigate in the bay the evening before, he desired me to suspend all operations, and said he would do nothing till he had collected all the force which he knew to be on the way, and he had heard of Moore's arrival. But the French, luckily resolving to attack us, led to a different result. I came from the frigate about nine at night, and went to my own quarters with the army, which, from the nearness of the enemy, I naturally kept on the alert. Towards morning a fellow rushed in to my bedside—a German sergeant or quartermaster—in a great fright, so great that his hair seemed actually to stand on end, who told me that the enemy was advancing rapidly and would be soon on us. I immediately sent round to the generals to order them to get the troops under arms—and soon after eight o'clock we were vigorously attacked. The enemy were first met by the 50th—not a good-looking regiment, but devilish steady—who received them admirably, and brought them to a full stop immediately, and soon drove them back. They then tried two other attacks, as I told you—one very serious, through a volley on our left—but they were defeated everywhere, and completely repulsed and in full retreat by noon, so that we had time enough to have* finished them *if I could have persuaded Sir H. Burrard to go on.'—MS. Note.*

This principle, '*to which the French had not been accustomed*,' and thus successful at Vimieiro, he always pursued; and it was crowned with a still more splendid triumph at Waterloo. The idea familiarly thrown out in Harley-street is in fact but the text of General Napier's commentary on the battle of Vimieiro, written twenty years later and with the experience of all the Duke's subsequent successes.

'The rapidity with which the French soldiers rallied and recovered their order, after so severe a check, was admirable; but their habitual method of *attacking in column* cannot be praised. Against Austrians, Russians, and Prussians, it may have been successful, but against the British it must always fail, because the English infantry is sufficiently *firm, intelligent, and well disciplined*, to await calmly *in line* the adverse masses, and sufficiently bold *to close on them with the bayonet.*' —*Napier*, i. 264.

Did ever accomplishment more accurately fulfil prophecy than the battle of Vimieiro the idea of Harley-street?

The

The next proof that M. Maurel instances of the Duke's prophetic sagacity is even stronger than those who only measure it by the modesty of the Dispatches could imagine.

'For the defence of Portugal,' says M. Maurel, 'he required that the English army should be brought up to 30,000—no more. "If I cannot succeed with 30,000 I should not with 100,000." But he would leave nothing to chance; and he had a strong reliance on the patriotism of the Portuguese. He directs the erection, in front of Lisbon, of those celebrated lines of *Torres Vedras*, which he had *long before* selected as a position of refuge in case of reverse, and which were for two years the base of his operations. He desired that these immense works should be a secret—and a secret, by the patriotism of the Portuguese people, they were for nine months miraculously kept.' *—p. 53.

How well the secret was kept even from the disaffected Portuguese themselves is livelily exhibited in one of the Duke's conversations:—

'*Buonaparte said that Soult was the only real* homme de guerre *among his Marshals; I myself thought Massena the best I had met; at least whilst he was in front of me at Torres Vedras, I always found him where I did not wish to find him. When Massena came in front of Torres Vedras, he said to two Portuguese refugees—the Marquis d'Alorna and the Count of Subserra* (*or some such name*), *who no doubt had been urging him forward*—"Mais comment, Messieurs"—*pointing to my works*—"vous m'avez assuré que, le Mondego passé, je trouverais terre-plein jusqu'à Lisbonne—mais voyez donc." "Ah!" *replied they*, "c'est que ce diable d'homme—*meaning me*—a placé des forteresses partout." "Mais," *said Massena*, "ce diable d'homme n'a pas créé les montagnes que voilà." "Non," *rejoined they*, "mais que seraient les montagnes sans les forteresses?" *And so they went on squabbling—I suppose as long as they lay before my lines.*'—*MS. Notes.*

But there is something to be added still more remarkable, and even more decisive, both as to the Duke's military sagacity and his fearless love of truth. We remember with shame the storm which the spirit of party acting on popular ignorance raised against the Convention of Cintra:—

'Sir Arthur,' says M. Maurel, 'had negociated and signed this Convention,† which made so much noise, out of deference to his two senior and

* Lord Wellington writes to the Secretary of State, on the 27th of October, from the lines of Torres Vedras—'I declare that I have scarcely known an instance in which any person in Portugal, even of the lowest order, has had any communication with the enemy inconsistent with his duty to his own Sovereign, or the orders he had received.'—*Disp.* vi. 520.

† Here is a slight mistake, very pardonable in M. Maurel, for all England made it at the time, and many do so to this hour. Sir Arthur signed, on the 22nd of August, against his own opinion, but by order of his superior officer, a *suspension of arms*. He had nothing to do with the final *Convention* signed on the 30th, and of parts of which

and superior officers. Public opinion in England pronounced itself against this Convention with incredible fury. Nay, one journal was mad enough to exhibit at the head of its columns three *gibbets*, on which were hung the three generals who had just expelled the French army from Portugal.'—p. 103.

We find in the MS. notes the Duke's good-humoured way of treating this insanity, and a graver trait of character for which we were not quite prepared:—

'*After the Convention of Cintra there was a pretty general desire in England that a General should be shot, after the manner of Admiral Byng; and as I was a politician—the other two not being in Parliament—I was of course the person to be shot; which would have been rather hard, as I was the winner of the two battles which had raised the public hopes so high, and had nothing to do with the subsequent proceedings, but as a subordinate negociator under orders of my superior officers. Even the Government seemed inclined to give me up. When I came home the old King* (George III.) *was to have one of his weekly levees; I asked Lord Castlereagh to carry me, "as I must present myself on my return from abroad, and happened to have no carriage in town." Castlereagh, after some hesitation, though in a friendly tone, said that there was so much ill-humour in the public mind, that it might produce inconvenience; and in short he advised me not to go to the levee. I said, "When I first mentioned it, I only thought it a matter of respect and duty to the King, I now look upon it as a matter of self-respect and duty to my own character, and I therefore insist on knowing whether this advice proceeds in any degree from his Majesty; and I wish you distinctly to understand that I will go to the levee to-morrow, or I never will go to a levee in my life."—Castlereagh immediately withdrew all opposition: I went, and was exceedingly well received by the King.'—MS. Notes.*

It is curious indeed to find that even Castlereagh's high spirit was for the moment shaken—while the good 'old King' showed no such symptons—but to proceed. We have seen that Sir H. Burrard superseded Sir Arthur during the battle. He allowed him to complete the defeat of the enemy, but stopped him from pursuing his victory—thinking enough had been done—though Sir Arthur entreated to be allowed to go on, saying, even while the enemy was retreating, 'Sir Harry, now is your time to advance—the enemy are completely beaten, and we shall be in Lisbon in three days' (*Report of Committee of Inquiry*, p. 103). But when that occasion was lost, and the enemy had been allowed to reach and take position at *Torres Vedras*, Sir Arthur Wellesley, from the knowledge he had acquired of the ground, thought it would be difficult to dislodge them;

which he seriously disapproved. The public not unnaturally persisted in looking on the whole as one transaction—though as far as Sir A. Wellesley was personally concerned they were very different.

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he *then* concurred in the expediency of getting them out of the country by negociation. This concurrence was loudly censured; and we ourselves can recollect the additional indignation which was expressed that so trivial a circumstance as the enemy's halting at Torres Vedras should have operated so sudden a change in his opinion. General Tarleton pronounced, in the House of Commons, that the position of the French before Lisbon was 'a bad one — a miserable one.' Sir Arthur, on the other hand, maintained that, though he would have attempted to drive the French forward that day when in a state of defeat and disorder, yet, when they should have had time to rally in the position, they would be extremely formidable. Mark what followed. In two years the tables were turned—Sir Arthur was where Junot had been—Massena on the ground of Wellesley. Wellesley had found that his conception of the natural strength of the position was confirmed—he had increased it by artificial means—he foresaw that he might have to verify in 1810 the opinion he had given in 1808—and he did so; he first stopped, and then repelled Massena, with an army of 70,000 or 80,000, thus exhibiting in practice the indisputable soundness of his earlier speculations.

Long after this we find him (in the *MS. Notes*) repeating his deliberate opinion of the Convention of Cintra:—

'*He defended the Convention of Cintra as being at the time a prudent and advantageous result of his two victories—not that he defended all its details and two or three unlucky expressions—but the substance and spirit were right.* "*The French* (said he) *had not only the capital, but they had Elvas, Almeida, Palmela, and Santarem—all places that would have required sieges—as also Peniche and the forts St. Julien and Cascaes, without the possession of which our ships could not enter the Tagus—and the season of bad weather was fast approaching; these places must have been all regularly invested; and, on the whole, the entire evacuation of the forts, the strong places, the capital, and the kingdom, was all that the most sanguine could have desired. I am disinterested in giving this opinion, for I had nothing whatsoever to do with the terms of the Convention. I had signed the armistice, indeed, but had no more to do with the Convention than any other general officer in the army. When I heard what was going on, I took the liberty to advise against one or two points; but I found that my superiors disregarded my advice, so I had no more to say.*"'—*MS. Notes.*

We find in the *MS. Notes* a memorandum of an incident that occurred in 1810, slight indeed, but which seems to us eminently characteristic. He had been solicited by some of the Portuguese authorities to sit for a whole-length picture to a Portuguese artist, which was engraved, on copper, by old Bartolozzi (himself, we believe, a Portuguese), with this legend, 'INVICTO WELLINGTON,

TON, LUSITANIA GRATA.' One of his friends in London, happening to hear of this print, wrote to him for one. He could not well refuse to send it, but was evidently reluctant to seem to adopt the flattering inscription; so he drew a couple of strong lines under the word INVICTO, and added, '*Don't halloo till you're out of the wood.*' What good sense and good taste under this homely expression!

M. Maurel next proceeds to show that Wellington's sagacity as well as his influence ranged far beyond the limits of his military duty.

'One might reasonably,' says M. Maurel, 'after Buonaparte's reverses of 1812 and 1813, have doubted the stability of the Empire. But to have doubted of it—nay, to have confidently predicted its overthrow—so early as 1809, when continental Europe lay prostrate at his feet, was assuredly to judge of futurity from a high point of view and with the *eye of genius*. The subjection of the continent did not impose upon Wellington; and even when the matrimonial alliance with Austria seemed an additional danger to England, he writes:

"*4th April*, 1810.—The Austrian marriage is a terrible event, and must prevent any great movement on the continent for the present; *still I do not despair of seeing, some time or other, a check to the Buonaparte system.* Recent transactions in Holland show that all is hollow within, and that it is so inconsistent with the wishes, the interests, and even the existence of civilized society, that he cannot trust *even his own brothers to carry it into execution.*" '—p. 55.

Who at that time in all Europe—except the three brothers themselves, and *perhaps* their more immediate confidents—suspected the angry relations that so immediately dethroned Louis and made Joseph anxious to be dethroned?

Again; in the addition of Holland, the Hanse Towns, and the Roman States to the Empire, which looked to common eyes like aggrandizement and strength, Wellington's sounder judgment saw nothing but weakness and a confession of it. M. Maurel exemplifies this theme, imperfectly, he admits, but still at greater length than we have room for;—we can only select a few sentences:—

'When Wellington found his hopes—thus boldly formed, though modestly expressed—of the ultimate delivery of Portugal, so wonderfully realized, he announces, without vanity or parade, his opinion that the resurrection of Europe will follow the resurrection of Portugal, and that the nations of the Continent will at last rise in self-defence like the nations of the Peninsula. In 1811, when the Empire seemed in its fullest vigour, and when no one assuredly thought of Moscow or Leipsic, this calm and vigilant eye saw that it was weakened, dispirited, and worn out; and he who never errs on the side of presumption, feels a new confidence, and says with forcible simplicity, "If Buonaparte does

does not remove *us* from the Peninsula, he must *lower his tone with the world.*" '—p. 70.

The following passage of a letter to Lord William Bentinck, written at his usual head-quarters on the Torres Vedras, late in 1811, is a summary of what has been done in the Peninsula, and a warning of what there is to do if Europe means to liberate herself:—

'I have, however, long considered it probable that even *we* should witness a general resistance throughout Europe to the fraudulent and disgusting tyranny of Buonaparte, created by the example of what has passed in Spain and Portugal; and that *we* should be actors and advisers in these scenes; and I have reflected frequently upon the measures which should be pursued to give a chance of success.

'Those who embark in projects of this description should be made to understand, or to act as if they understood, that having once drawn the sword they must not return it till they shall have completely accomplished their object. They must be prepared, and must be forced, to make all sacrifices to the cause. Submission to military discipline and order is a matter of course; but when a nation determines to resist the authority and to shake off the government of Buonaparte, they must be prepared and forced to sacrifice the luxuries and comforts of life, and to risk all in a contest which, it should be clearly understood before it is undertaken, has for its object to save all or nothing.'—*Frenada, 24th December*, 1811.

From this moment, and with this new prospect of influencing the rest of Europe, adds M. Maurel—

'Wellington becomes a new man. He has hitherto deceived his antagonists by the excessive prudence and affected timidity of his proceedings. He will now startle them by a vivacity and boldness of operations which will be the more dangerous from being wholly unexpected. In the foregoing letter he anticipates the history of the Russian campaign. The government of St. Petersburgh had been watching with great attention Wellington's proceedings in Portugal, and it can hardly be doubted that his defensive campaign of 1810 not only encouraged the Emperor Alexander to risk a rupture with France, but taught him how only such a war could be brought to a successful issue. Russia is now about to give, in 1812, a second representation of the Portuguese campaign of 1810. They risk their army only in parts—they decline pitched battles—they are no longer the *Russians* of 1805, 1806, or 1807, rushing angrily as it were and rashly upon the legions of Buonaparte—they are the *English* of Wellington. They are no longer solicitous of the *gloriole* of winning a battle more or less. They feel that they have embarked in a mortal strife, of which the final result is all that is worth thinking of; they retire slowly, systematically . . . they lead on their assailant to the very heart of the empire—there they make a gigantic effort to stop him [as Wellington did at Busaco]—they fail; but they leave the conqueror nothing but a corner of the field of battle. As a last resource, they sacrificed their

their capital, but they preserved their army. "Moscow," wrote Kutusof to Alexander, "is but a town—but we have saved the army—while it exists nothing is lost."'—p. 75.

In pursuance of this idea (which, however, we confess we think not conclusively established) that the Russian retreat was a preconceived and well-combined operation—'a gigantic ambush of which Buonaparte was the *far from innocent* victim'—M. Maurel proceeds:—

'The germ of this terrible drama may have, no doubt, already existed in the mind of the Russian cabinet. But while they were hesitating as to its execution, the war in Portugal and Wellington's three memorable campaigns came to give to the councils of Russia the best of all advice and the most decisive of all encouragements—*example*.'—p. 76.

But, whatever may have been the influence on Russia of the *example* of the Portuguese campaign, M. Maurel proves that Wellington's movements in Spain were considerably influenced by his conviction of the immense risks to which Buonaparte's invasion of Russia must expose him:—

'On the 8th of January, 1812, Wellington, assured that Marmont was quiet in his winter-quarters, collected his own army with marvellous secrecy, and advanced into Spain He immediately invested Ciudad Rodrigo—and took it too in twelve days—*contrary to all the rules and customs of war*—before Marmont had even got his people together. Two months later he plays Soult the same game he had played Marmont. He turns round upon Estremadura and takes Badajos after a siege of twenty days, before Soult could get half way to the relief of the place. The assault of Badajos was one of the most bloody and remarkable of the whole war. Wellington here lost above 5000;* he had lost 2000† at Ciudad Rodrigo. Thus we see the same General who had so lately refused to win a great battle at the risk of losing a single regiment, now sacrifices thousands without scruple or hesitation. But it is because he is embarked in a new war. He thinks Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajos the keys of Spain—they are necessary to his ulterior movements. He must have them *at any price and he has them*.'‡—p. 78.

We shall have occasion to remark by and by on Wellington's resolution to possess himself *at any price* of these fortresses.

The eventful campaign of 1812 is now in full progress—France is moving on Russia in the north, and Wellington on France in the south. On the 13th of June the English army crosses the Agueda. On the 24th the great French host crosses

* Exactly—killed, 1035; wounded and missing, 3785 = 4865.—Disp. ix. 48.

† This is an error (probably of the press); the real loss was, killed 178; wounded and missing 825 = 1003.—Disp. viii. 533.

‡ But with deep sorrow for the *price*, as the Dispatches testify.

the

it he was wont, when his work was done, to amuse himself with the paper and lighter literature of the day—of which last, when out of office, he was a diligent devourer and eviscerator of marrow and meaning—an occasional nap, and may be a blaze, to the contrary notwithstanding.

At first entrance an impression of confusion is conveyed by the multitudinous objects heaped on tables and sofas, but order and method may soon be detected amidst the chaos. As nothing ever placed by the Duke was moved, he knew where at once to find what he wanted. On the central table still lie his overcoats, of various colours and textures, suited to meet all changes of the weather. Close at hand are despatch-boxes and courier-valises, which bear the marks of rough service—all ready for immediate use—near, a small equestrian statuette of the Queen marks the Polar star of his course. He to the last used the good, old-fashioned, loyal phrase of 'her Majesty's servants,' and centered in the Crown all his notions of country. Near also at hand is a private box, now covered with a leather case, which he unlocked with an unduplicated key—it being the depository of a constant supply of bank-notes for those disbursements as to which he did not think proper to make 'Coutts's clerks' his confidants; and seldom that day passed when it was not often opened to direct 5*l.* and 10*l.* notes to be sent in registered letters to never-failing applicants for relief. The Duke, a Samaritan, not a Pharisee, did not blazon forth his name in printed subscription lists, or choose to be made a decoy—like many who have their reward—but had a heart open as charity, and a hand that knew not what the other gave. It was useless to prove to him that his bounty was often abused. He held that, as much had been given him by his country, much was required; and, however close and circumspect as paymaster of state money, he was generous to a fault with his own; nay, he was infinitely amused when ingenious tricks were played on him. He was fond of telling—and he did it at great length and with infinite humour—the particular case of the female, Stanley, who, by a scheme followed up for seven years, contrived to do him of some 500*l.* 'An orphan daughter of a soldier,' he would say—and we can only give an epitome—'petitioned for relief; I sent her 10*l.*;—soon comes a grateful application for a little aid to set up a shop—granted; after a time, trade very bad and some assistance begged—given; presently a prospect announced of a marriage with an industrious young man—wedding present of course; in due time a child born—baby-linen provided; by and bye the infant sickens—apothecary settled with; next, the poor sufferer dies—undertaker satisfied; then the heart-broken parents wish to emigrate—

'they had heard that the French had lost a great battle—in Spain.' It certainly is possible that, as M. Maurel seems to think, the Russian generals might have heard of the battle of Salamanca (22nd July) before they resolved (about the beginning of September) to make their final stand at Borodino; and the allusion to its having been '*felt in Russia*' made by the Duke in the conversation last quoted seems to imply his belief that it had; but, extraordinary as it may seem, it is certain that Buonaparte had not heard of it so soon; and we think it more probable that the Russians had only heard of the minor successes which preceded Salamanca. However that may be, the details of this question, when closely examined, throw a new and unexpected light on a very remarkable point of Buonaparte's history. Though all the writers on the Russian campaign mention the separate circumstances that compose the case we are about to produce, no one that we have yet seen has combined them to their logical results, and it seems strange enough that it should be left to *us* at this time of day to arrive at a conclusion, the premises of which are to be found in M. de Segur's celebrated work, and which all the other evidence substantiates in its separate parts. The following is the substance of M. de Segur's narrative—which we request our readers to follow attentively—it may seem a long way round, but it will bring us back to Salamanca again:—

On the morning before the battle of Borodino (6th Sept. 1812), and in sight of the Russian position, the Emperor wrote one of his most striking and celebrated proclamations:—

"Soldiers!—Here is the battle you have so long desired. Henceforth the victory depends on yourselves. It is necessary to us. It will give us abundance, good winter quarters, and a speedy return to France. Be what you were at Austerlitz, at Friedland, at Witepsk, at Smolensko; let the latest posterity cite your conduct on this day, and let it be said of each of you—*He was at that great battle under the walls of Moscow!*"

This last burst of military eloquence forcibly reminds us of that which Shakspeare puts into the mouth of Henry V. on the morning of Agincourt. If ever Buonaparte read a translation of any of Shakspeare's plays, it would probably be Henry V.

Just after the Emperor had dictated this spirited and inspiring appeal, another circumstance occurred that looked like a good augury, and increased his satisfaction. About nine o'clock A.M. arrived from Paris M. Bausset, *Préfet du Palais Impérial*, bringing with him a picture of the *King of Rome* by Gerard. Napoleon was delighted; he had it placed in front of his tent, and invited his generals and the veterans of his Garde to partake of his exhilaration. There the picture remained all day, and at the sight of the homage paid to it by his '*vieilles moustaches*' (says Constant,

Constant, his valet-de-chambre) 'the Emperor's countenance expressed that *expansive joy* of a father, who knew that next to himself his son had no better friends than these old partners of his toils and his fame.'—(*Mém. Const.* v. 60.)

'I found the Emperor, (says M. de Bausset in his Memoirs, vol. ii. p. 77), in *perfect health* in *mind and body*, the same as I had ever known him, and not in *the least incommoded* by the excessive fatigues of such a rapid and complicated war.'

But this remarkable good humour, good health, and brilliant hope, were soon, and *most unaccountably*, to vanish. By bedtime Buonaparte had become exceedingly uneasy. M. de Segur, who dwells on all these details, thought (or, we believe, affected to think) that his anxiety was, lest the Russians should retire without fighting, and should thus prolong a crisis very unpopular in his army—but this motive, *the only one assigned*, could hardly be the real one, for the Russians could not retreat without abandoning Moscow, which was Buonaparte's ultimate object, and where he would have found, without risk or delay (*Fain*, ii. 38), the 'abundant winter quarters' of which his army was so much in need. He goes to bed, but cannot sleep; he frequently gets up—he gives utterance to the most opposite apprehensions—he calls his attendants several times to inquire if the enemy are still where they had been. At one time he seems to fear that they have retreated; then he expresses a contrary fear that his own 'soldiers are so weak and extenuated that they will not be able to resist so long and terrible a struggle.' 'In this danger he thinks his *Garde* his only resource (*unique ressource*). Marshal Bessières, who commands it and enjoys his special confidence, is called up several times to answer, whether the *Garde* wanted anything?' Then he orders that an immediate distribution *in the middle of the night* should be made to each man of the *Garde* of three days' provisions, to be taken out of *his own private stores;* and so morbidly anxious was he about all this, that, lest he should not be exactly obeyed, he again got out of bed and went, undressed, to the outside of the tent to ask the *sentinels* whether they had received their quota of the provisions: when they said they had, he went to bed once more and tried to slumber. Hardly in bed he again calls for his aide-de-camp. Rapp* finds him sitting up, with his head resting on his hands. He talks

* Segur says *Rapp*, and so says Rapp himself in the *Memoirs attributed to him*, but Fain says that Auguste de *Caulaincourt* (who was killed next day) was the aide-de-camp. Fain tells us that he himself slept in the same tent, and *à côté* of Caulaincourt, but, strange to say, he does not make the slightest allusion to Segur's details of the transactions of the night. Can it be doubted that he would have contradicted them if he could?—all he states that is at variance with them is the *name* of the aide-de-camp.

incoherently

incoherently 'of the vanity of glory,' 'of the horrors of war,' 'of *the inconstancy of fortune*, which,' he says, 'he begins to suffer'—then he dwells on the critical situation in which he is placed—says it will be a great day—a terrible battle. He asks Rapp if he thinks it will be a victory. 'To be sure,' said Rapp, 'but bloody.' Then he and Rapp, as the aide-de-camp relates, drank punch—('*fort léger*,' says Constant)—and Buonaparte reverted to his former anxieties about the enemy's retreat:—being assured that the Russians were still there he appeared to tranquillize himself, and tried to get some sleep—but 'a violent fever, a dry cough, and a revolution in his whole system seemed to consume him, and the rest of the night was passed in vain attempts to quench the burning thirst which devoured him.'—(*Segur*, vol. i. p. 378 *et seq.*)

All this is like insanity; and his conduct next day during the great battle, in which he took little, or rather indeed, no part, was equally extraordinary. He was timid and irresolute—though urged by every one round to allow the *Garde* to advance—never would part with a man of it*—and he treated all who came near him with the utmost ill humour, and even insult. What could have caused such a *bouleversement*, such a '*revolution of the man's whole system*,' at such a moment? M. de Segur suggests the fatigues of the previous campaign; but that solution the more intimate observation and positive evidence of the *Préfet du Palais* (who tells us that he had, from the moment of his arrival, resumed his personal attendance on the Emperor) absolutely contradicts; as do indeed all the peculiar traits which M. de Segur himself enumerates. What then had happened between the remarkable '*good health in mind and body and the expansive joy*' of the afternoon, and the bed-time of that agitated night? A single fact—known to no one at the time—now known to all—but by no one even to this day signalised as having any relation to the transaction—nay, which Segur mentions only incidentally, without appearing to attach to it the least importance!—'Late that

* The excuses which Buonaparte subsequently made for the inaction of the *Garde* by the pens of Fain and Gourgaud are futile, and only prove that there was a mystery which he did not venture to explain. '*If the Garde*,' said he to Gourgaud, '*had been weakened at the battle of Moskowa, the whole army (of which the Garde was, in our retreat, the noyau and the support) would have had great difficulty in recrossing the Niemen.*'—*Gourgaud*, p. 244.

Of the many reasons that prove that this was an after-thought, one will satisfy our readers, namely, that it leaves totally unexplained, and inexplicable, all the transactions of the preceding night, and especially the sudden distribution of the three days' provision made to the Garde *in the middle of the night* preceding the battle from which he expected, when he wrote his proclamation, such a triumphant conclusion of the campaign. The battle itself, we admit, turned out to be of so undecided a complexion, that we should not be surprised, however inconsistent it might seem with Buonaparte's general practice, at his having hesitated to risk his last resource. But this could have had no influence on the strange proceeding of the *night before*.

same

same evening the Emperor received, by a special courier, the news of

THE BATTLE OF SALAMANCA!'

This sufficiently accounts—and nothing else can—for the impatience, the vexation, the nervous ill-humour, the *change which came over the spirit*—not *of his dream*—but of his sleepless agitation. It does not, however, at first sight, explain the more extraordinary events of the night. No indisposition, no fever short of delirium, could have produced such a moral *bouleversement*—the distribution at one o'clock in the morning of three days' provisions to the *Garde*—the calling up several times in the night on the eve of such a battle Marshal Bessières, only to inquire after the comforts of 6000 men out of the 130,000 who were bivouacked around him—the affected *fear*, betraying the real *hope*, that the enemy should have retired, and the physical and moral dejection and sinister forebodings that ensued when he found that they had *not*—and then the irresolute and timid conduct next day, and the fact that in that tremendous and nearly balanced battle he took little or no part, while the *Garde*—about which he seemed raving all night—stood in the rear, laden with three days' provisions, and never fired nor received a shot! How is all this to be accounted for? Still, as far as we can discover, only by the *news from Spain*. The single solution which reconciles all these strange, and some of them apparently contradictory, circumstances, seems to be, that he himself had resolved on a precipitate retreat if the Russians, by going off in the night, had afforded him a reasonable pretence for abandoning the further advance on Moscow, which he knew would be approved by all his officers and confidants. This he had hitherto resisted, but the news of the evening from Salamanca had shaken him. We cannot guess at the detail of the conflicting projects that were passing through that distracted mind. One thing only is certain—that the '*six thousand men of the Garde wanting nothing, and with three days' provisions*' (that is, as much as the men could carry), were to be, what he himself called them that night, his '*unique ressource.*' Was it that they should be fresh and intact, to cover the general retreat, if *that* should be resolved on? or—as we, on a review of the whole case, incline to believe—did he reckon on them to protect *his own personal escape*? This latter idea would seem hardly credible, if, in addition to the circumstances related by Segur, we had not the evidence of three subsequent escapes *de sa personne* from difficulties of the same kind—a month later, when he fled, with a single attendant, from the débris of this army—at Loipsic, the year after, when he again made a personal flight, and blew up a bridge and sacrificed 20,000 men to secure it; and finally at Waterloo, when he

he again escaped, and sacrificed everything to the getting his own person safe to Paris. There are many circumstances that would have made such a flight from Borodino more excusable than any of the actual subsequent *escapades.* The success of Wellington might have appeared to require his presence at home. Wellington was, in fact, much nearer to Paris than Buonaparte was even to *Berlin;* and if, immediately after Salamanca, Wellington had been properly reinforced, and the Spaniards had had either prudence, activity, or steadiness, it is possible that he might have followed Marmont's broken army into France before one soldier of the *grande armée* could have got out of Russia. These are only speculations; but the preceding facts and dates seem to us to afford a very curious and conclusive confirmation of M. Maurel's estimate of the importance of the battle of Salamanca.

It was in this autumn that occurred the only check which in his long career Wellington ever received—the resistance of the Castle of Burgos, which could not be breached but by heavier artillery than he had the means of transporting; but even in this failure M. Maurel can see a striking exemplification of the high and honourable '*character of the man:*'—

'It might be expected that a General thus suddenly checked in a brilliant career, forced to retreat, and menaced, in consequence, with serious and in fact formidable dangers, would be but little inclined to tell the whole truth, and at his own expense; and would naturally, in a moment of ill humour, find fault with every body. They who should so judge of Wellington would be mistaken. In a long detail of the failure at Burgos, he enumerates, without reserve or mercy, the errors committed—by himself: "*I neglected such and such means of success: I was wrong to commit so delicate an operation to inexperienced hands; I did not myself sufficiently superintend the execution of my orders;*" and of the main design itself he adds, with a candour really sublime, "*I see that they are already disposed to blame the Government at home for this failure at Burgos.* The Government had nothing to do with it—*it was all my own.*"—*Letter to Lord Liverpool, 23rd November,* 1812.

'There is the man! There is the style in which he settles his accounts with his Government and with *Fortune.* There is the source of the immense value of the documents he has left us. In these confidences, to whomsoever addressed, there is not a word that is not an instructive protest against falsehood, against insincerity, against all lax morality, against every form of charlatanism.'—p. 87.

Nor does M. Maurel fail to observe the lighter touches that fall from that fertile pen.

"After having thus taken on himself the responsibility of those untoward events, he adds—rather as a kind of philosophic raillery on his critics at home than as any excuse for himself—" The people of England,

land, so happy as they are in every respect—so rich in resources of every description—having the use of such excellent roads, &c. &c., will not readily believe that important results depend *here* frequently upon fifty or sixty mules more or less, or a few bundles of straw to feed them—but the fact is so."'—p. 88.

The retreat from Burgos, every step of which may be traced in the Dispatches, is one of the most masterly ever executed; and one cannot read without astonishment the sagacity and the decision with which he moved all the pieces on that complicated chess-board, without even the loss of a pawn to the adversary, though we see in the Dispatches, and find in the *MS. Notes*, that there were occurrences in his own army that might excuse some loss of temper.

When at the close of this retreat, about the middle of November, 1812, the English General took up a position on the frontier of Portugal, he found collected in front of him all the French forces in the north of Spain, which he estimates—and he says he has always found his estimates correct—at full 90,000 men—of whom about 12,000, or, as the French themselves reported, 14,000 were cavalry—and they had probably 200 pieces of cannon. (*Disp.* ix. 563.) Wellington had 52,000 British and Portuguese, of whom 4000 were British cavalry. He had also from 12,000 to 15,000 Spaniards nominally under his orders. How many were actually with him, and what they may have added to his real force, we have no means of estimating, but taking them at their full amount, he had a majority of above 20,000 men against him. Yet even with this vast inferiority of numbers he again managed to stop the invaders short, and forced them to 'canton their armies in Old Castille and the valley of the Tagus, and wait the arrival of fresh reinforcements and means from France.' This result was obtained, he goes on to say, 'by the possession of the strong places of *Ciudad Rodrigo* and *Badajoz*, the two great entrances into Portugal, which it is not possible for the enemy to attack' (*ib.* 555)—and thus he explains and justifies his determination in the beginning of the year (to which we have already called the attention of our readers, p. 525) to possess himself *at any price* of these two places, alternately the keys of Spain and of Portugal. Thus again exhibiting by *facts* the sagacity with which—to use M. Maurel's happy expression—he *diminished the share that fortune might have in events*. If he had not been checked before Burgos, the loss incurred by the capture of Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajoz might have remained on the page of history with a colour of haste or recklessness; but as events turned out, it became the immediate

immediate cause of the ultimate deliverance of Spain and Portugal, and subsequently of all Europe, as we shall now see:—

'In the campaigns of 1813,' says M. Maurel, 'the influence of Wellington was still greater and more evident than in those of 1812. By a last effort of genius [a *gigantic exertion of despotism* would be a truer description] Napoleon had repaired the disasters of Moscow and had re-entered Germany at the head of a powerful army. He won the battles of Lützen and Bautzen, and forced the allies to sign on the 1st of June the armistice of Plesswitz. A congress was to assemble at Prague to treat of peace. Austria held the balance. The position of Bonaparte was still hopeful. He was victorious in Germany—his lieutenants had re-occupied Madrid—Wellington was in Portugal, and whatever might be M. de Metternich's private opinion, Buonaparte was still in a powerful position. Hardly had the armistice been signed, and before the congress could be assembled, it becomes known that *all is lost in Spain.* In forty days Wellington has turned successively all the positions of the French armies of the *south*, the *centre*, and the *north*—he has crossed the Tormes, the Douro, the Esla, the Carrion, and the Ebro. He has reached Vittoria. There he has won a decisive battle, and King Joseph is now expelled, not from Madrid, but Spain. Wellington is on the Pyrenees and may enter France when he will. He was on the frontier of Portugal in the beginning of May—on the 23rd of June he is on the frontier of France. If one wishes to understand what this battle of Vittoria was, he has but to read the following extract from the Official Report drawn up at Bayonne by General Gazan, the chief of the staff of the *French army*:—"*The army have lost everything—all their baggage, all their equipages, all their cannon, all their money, all their stores and provisions, all their papers, so that no one can reckon either what he has or what is due to him. Officers and even generals have no other clothes than those on their backs, and the greater number of them had not even shoes to their feet.*"'—p. 89.

M. Maurel adds that, in spite of so awkward a preliminary to the Congress of Prague, 'Buonaparte affected to think that this victory had made no change in his position, and thought he had set all right again by forbidding that the *Moniteur* should make any mention of the battle of Vittoria!' He was mistaken, 'and judged as ill of the policy of M. de Metternich as he had done of the fortitude of the Emperor Alexander—the patriotism of the Prussians—and the military genius of Wellington.' (*Ib.*)

We find in the *MS. Notes* a very interesting account, from the Duke's own mouth, of the circumstances which M. Maurel has thus cleverly sketched, and which we may adduce as an additional instance of the sagacity with which he seizes the true points of his subject:—

'D. of W. *When I advanced upon Burgos the second time, and had taken my measures for driving back all the French posts and attacking the place, I was very much surprised by a loud explosion—they had blown up Burgos.*

'Gurwood. Did they not blow it up rather too soon, Sir?

'D. *Why yes; we were even told that there was a whole battalion which in their hurry they blew up with the place. When I heard and saw this explosion (for I was within a few miles, and the effect was tremendous) I made a* sudden *resolution* [with emphasis] INSTANTER—*to cross the Ebro and endeavour to push the French at once to the Pyrenees. We had heard of the battles of Lützen and Bautzen, and the Armistice; and the affairs of the Allies in Germany looked very ill. All about me were against my crossing the Ebro: they represented that we had done enough—that we ought not to risk the army and what we had already gained—that this Armistice would enable Buonaparte to reinforce his army in Spain—that we therefore should look to a defensive system and* take up the line of the Ebro, &c. *I thought otherwise. I asked them what they meant by taking up the line of the Ebro, a river* 300 *miles long; and what good I was to do along that line? I knew that the Armistice could not affect, in the way of reinforcement, so distant an army as that of Spain. I thought that if I could not* hustle *the French out of Spain before they were reinforced, I should not be able to hold any position in Spain when they should be so; and above all, I calculated on the effect that a victory might have on the Armistice itself; in short, I would not listen to the advice. I crossed the river and pushed the French till I overtook them at Vittoria. The event showed I was right in my military expectations—and I found afterwards that I was equally right in my political speculations—the victory excited a great sensation in Germany, and particularly at the head-quarters of the Allies. The way it reached them was this—Buonaparte was at Dresden when the account of the battle reached him in an extraordinary short space of time, and he immediately resolved to send Soult to take the command in Spain (as being, as he told Bubna, the Austrian Minister at Dresden,* "la meilleure tête militaire que nous ayons").* *Bubna soon found out the extent of the victory; and he sent off a secret messenger to Count Stadion, who, with the Emperor Alexander, the King of Prussia, and Prince Metternich, were at a château in Silesia, where the messenger arrived in the middle of the night. Stadion, as soon as he had read the letter, went immediately along the corridors of the château, knocking at the doors of the Kings and Ministers, and calling them all (with some very brisyantes expressions of joy) to get up, for he had good news from Spain. They soon assembled, and, seeing that it was a blow that in all probability would*

* This he seems to have often repeated. He told Col. Desprès, an aide-de-camp of King Joseph's, who reached him at Moscow, 'that Marshal Soult was *la seule tête militaire qu'il eut en Espagne.*'—(Napier, v. 598.) The Emperor was not, nor is, alone in this estimate; we may suspect, however, that his Majesty's opinion was at that moment strengthened by the remonstrances which Soult had made against the measures taken after the *battle of Salamanca.*—*Ib.* 590.

deliver

deliver Spain, the Austrians took their line, and hostilities recommenced. You know the rest.'—MS. Notes.

When the Duke crosses the Pyrenees and enters France he appears in a still more remarkable light—in the combined character of the conqueror of the French armies and the protector of the French people. M. Maurel does full justice to this new phase of his glory, and dwells on the magnanimity with which he determined to send back into their own country the whole of his Spanish troops—30,000 men—'although they were excellent soldiers,' and who were of course of the utmost importance to his movements—because he could neither by advice, threats, nor punishment, prevent their plundering the French peasantry. The Spanish generals solicited to be spared this disgrace; the Duke told them roundly that they were as much to blame as their soldiers; but so far acceded to their penitent request that a considerable number were present—though of little use—at the battle of Toulouse.

'Of this victory, which,' says M. Maurel, 'has been so much argued about, *there is but one word to be said*,—that Soult, in his own private letter to Suchet, does not look on himself as the conqueror.' Here M. Maurel must excuse us. As to the victory itself he need not have said even *one word*—we wanted not Marshal Soult's *private letter*—we have his public deeds and dates. But we think M. Maurel might have spared a few words to expose one of the most flagrant instances of the system of imposture which he, on other occasions, so ably stigmatizes. We ourselves will never submit to any misrepresentation or ambiguity on the subject; and we therefore repeat, that in the battle of the 10th April Marshal Soult was driven from his fortified position into the town; next day he abandoned the town—that night his army fled, marching twenty-two miles, and in the utmost disorder; the third day found him at Castelnaudary, forty miles from Toulouse, and preparing to continue his flight, when the armistice concluded in Paris extended its protection to him. We cannot forget that when Marshal Soult was sent here as ambassador to the Queen's coronation, the French press and the French Government took that *favourable opportunity* of claiming for him—with a parade meant to be insulting, but in truth only contemptible—the *victory of Toulouse*; and poor King Louis Philippe had the weakness to countenance this most glaring of falsehoods by subscribing officially 1000 francs towards erecting, on the field that Soult had abandoned, a monument in honour of his *victory*. We cannot but wish—merely for his own sake—that M. Maurel had marked a little more strongly this *fanfaronade*, which we think as discreditable as anything that can be reproached

reproached to Buonaparte himself. The honest historian, who has to account for the overthrow of the monarchy of July, will have many such concessions to add to the grand and most fatal one of sending a Bourbon Prince to bring home the bones of *him* whom his own Archbishop and Ambassador, M. de Pradt, estimated no higher than a '*Jupiter-Scapin!*' and whom Louis Philippe himself publicly characterized as '*a* CORSICAN USURPER, whose ATROCIOUS *designs* he prayed *Divine Providence to defeat!*' —*Letter of the Duke of Orleans to Bishop Watson, 28th July*, 1804.

M. Maurel, following out his theme of the noble conduct which the Duke pursued and inspired at last among all around him towards the French people, says:—

'He had taken such an irresistible ascendant over the Basques as well as over all the population of the frontier, that Marshal Soult fairly told the French ministry, who had written to him about raising a *levée en masse*, that such a measure could not be thought of, as he found that the country people carried their money and drove away their cattle to seek protection in the lines of the English army.'*

This high and conciliatory line of conduct was, M. Maurel thinks, even as much as his victories, the motive which, on the return of Buonaparte, induced all the Powers of Europe to constitute him in truth Generalissimo of their armies.

'It was not only his victories and his immense military successes that pointed him out to the choice of Europe. He had shown an elevation of thought, a simplicity of purpose, a height of probity, and a depth of good sense, which, in the midst of such a whirlwind, such an insanity of ambition as he was opposed by, seemed not merely admirable, but miraculous. His genius, his character, the whole current of his life and deeds, and his slow and gradual growth, all concurred in making him the most effective obstacle that Europe could oppose to the aggression of Buonaparte.'—p. 115.

We need not say how this confidence was justified *at* Waterloo and *after!*

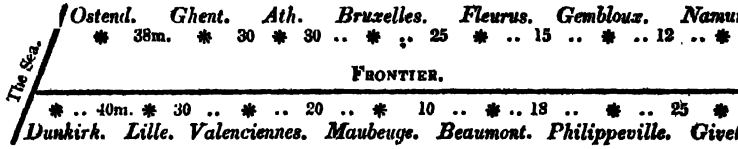
M. Maurel, as might be anticipated, treats the three days' campaign of Waterloo impartially, and with general accuracy, and arrives at a fair and full appreciation of the extent and consequences of the victory. He disposes, shortly indeed, but still conclusively, of the two grand pretexts of a concurrence of accidents and a superiority of numbers, to which his countrymen usually at-

* Hereabouts M. Maurel makes a droll mistake: in expatiating on the disinterestedness of the Duke of Wellington, he represents his own pecuniary affairs as being in such disorder that he is *harassed by his creditors*, &c. M. Maurel has omitted the word '*public*' before '*creditors*' (*Dispatches*, xi. 867), and has strangely mistaken the *public* finances for the Duke's own.

tribute

tribute Wellington's success. He shows clearly that the battle was won independently of any of those supposed fortunate accidents, and he admits (though not, as we shall show presently, to the full extent of the fact) that the Duke had no numerical superiority. On both these important heads of strategy and numbers there is, we think, something to be added to M. Maurel's statements. He shows that long before actual operations commenced Wellington had taken his own sagacious and confident view of the result, and had made general arrangements for the entry of the allies into France, an event of which he never doubted. But we a little wonder that he does not allude more distinctly to the imputation —silly enough in itself, but having obtained, from the barefaced falsehood of Buonaparte himself at St. Helena, and the servile echoes of his party both in France and England—a degree of currency that makes it worth notice—that the Duke was *surprised* at Waterloo. A few words, we hope, will clear up that point, even to the meanest capacity.

Two great armies were spread in extensive cantonments for above one hundred miles along their respective frontiers, thus:—



This diagram shows the chief places of the two lines of cantonments, and a rough estimate of the distance in miles between the towns, though their position is by no means equidistant from the frontier as we are forced to represent it. The French towns may be from five to twelve miles, and the allied towns from twenty to thirty miles, from the frontier.

It is evident at once that whichever party should determine on being the assailant, would, within a few hours, collect his forces by a lateral movement to the point whence he intended to move, and from that point he would reckon on *surprising* the single corps of the enemy's line opposite to him. It was doubtful—not merely to the public but to the armies, their Generals, and the governments on all sides—which was likely to move first—Buonaparte himself seems to have hesitated long about his own course. Soult and all his military confidants advised a defensive system, and to await the advance of the enemy behind the strong line of French fortresses (*Beauchamp*, ii. 240), and this was certainly the best course in a military point of view; but his political position was so precarious, and his personal impatience so great, that he decided, probably not much before

before the 12th of June, when he left Paris, on taking the offensive; but here again would arise complicated uncertainties. Which of three plans was he to adopt? 1, To move from Lille upon the English right, and cut them off from the sea; or, 2, to move from Maubeuge on the English left, and drive them back to the sea; or, 3, to move from Philippeville or Givet, to attack the Prussians behind Namur, and force them back into Germany?—The second of these plans was probably the uppermost in his mind; but the advance of the Prussians towards a junction with the English resolved the two latter plans into one and decided the question: on the 13th he was at Avesnes, and thence issued orders for the concentration of his troops at Beaumont on the night of the 14th: and it was probably not till he heard at Avesnes what the Prussians were about that he had finally decided on his *precise* point of attack; on the 15th his army advanced, crossing the Sambre at Charleroi; and a forced march of between thirty and forty miles brought him into the neighbourhood of the Prussians at Fleurus. The Duke of Wellington, so far from being unprepared, had all his troops distributed and his measures taken to meet *whichever of those probable attempts should be made;* and, as he himself tells us—

'as soon as he had intelligence to prove that the enemy's movement upon Charleroi *was the real point* of attack' (*Dispat.* xii. 478)—

he moved all the troops already stationed along his front in that direction—bringing up himself the reserves from Brussels, and *meeting* the enemy *more than half-way* at Quatre-Bras; and Buonaparte was much more *surprised* at finding Wellington at Quatre-Bras, who he thought was only in front of Brussels, than Wellington could be at finding him whom he had come expressly to meet. If Buonaparte had come by Lille and Valenciennes, Wellington, *in utrumque paratus*, would have probably met him on the side of Ath. If he had come by Namur, the Duke might have met him at Gembloux—he chose to come by Charleroi, and he met him at Quatre-Bras. All these points of rendezvous were about equally within reach of Brussels, the protection of which was the first object, and where, as from a centre, Wellington was awaiting to see to which point of the circumference his force was to radiate. But the Duke, forsooth, was at a ball. He might as well be at a ball as in bed; but even the ball entered into his calculations. General Müffling, the Prussian officer attached to his staff, tells us, in his recently published Memoirs, that

'towards midnight the Duke entered my room, and said, "I have got news from Mons, from General Dornberg, who reports [that the French were coming by Charleroi], &c.; therefore orders for the concentration of

of my army at Nivelles and Quatre Bras are already dispatched. The numerous friends of Napoleon who are here will raise their heads; the well-disposed must be tranquillised; let us, therefore, go all the same to the ball of the Duchess of Richmond; after which, about five o'clock, we can ride off to the troops assembled at Quatre Bras." All took place accordingly; the Duke appeared very cheerful at the ball, where all the great people of Brussels were collected: he remained there till three o'clock, and about five o'clock we were on horseback.'

All the world knows the severe reproaches which Napoleon directed against Ney for having been *so late* at Quatre Bras. It was, he said, the key of the whole campaign, and all was lost because they found, to *their great surprise, that Wellington had occupied it in too great force* to be dislodged. So vanishes the envious fable of a '*surprise.*'

We have also a word to say on M. Maurel's statement of the respective forces in the battle of Waterloo. He frankly acknowledges—what we all know, though the French in general do not choose to believe it—that our official returns are of the most scrupulous accuracy—the name of each individual man present, killed, wounded, or missing, in any British *regiment* or *ship*, is as scrupulously reported as it would be in a parish register. M. Maurel has therefore, with perfect confidence, abstracted the detailed official return given in the Dispatches, and which gives the British army, as present in the field on the morning of the 18th June, 1815:—

Artillery and engineers . . .	7,310	
Cavalry	9,403	
Infantry (including the German Legion 3,845)	20,159	
		36,872

So far is certain; but we know not on what authority he carries the Duke's auxiliary troops to the following numbers:—

Brunswickers	8,000	
Hanoverians	9,000	
Dutch or Belgians	17,000	
		34,000*

We have no official evidence to test this statement by, but we find that General Guillaume (who latterly chose to call himself *de Vaudoncourt*), a violent Buonapartist, and who is most unscrupulously anxious to inflame the Duke of Wellington's numbers, reckons these auxiliaries at only 25,000, which we are still inclined to think an exaggeration of at least 5000 men. We

* By some error in his *addition* M. Maurel's *total* is 37,890. We cannot discover how this discrepancy between his own figures arises, unless he reckoned the *German Legion* twice over.

have

have already seen the Duke of Wellington's own opinion on this point (*ante*, p. 512). The whole difference, however, is as to the numbers of the auxiliaries, and it is enough to repeat M. Maurel's former remark on the Campaigns in Spain, that, even when the numbers appeared equal, the unity of Buonaparte's army, as against the diversity of Wellington's, was already a vast superiority—how immense was it on this occasion, when, against 75,000, or, as the Duke thought, little short of 80,000, of the best soldiers of France, he had the disadvantage of having to manage, as M. Maurel says, 'five or six different nations'—some of whom, for want of discipline, would hardly obey his orders, and for want of experience hardly knew how! It is very natural that M. Maurel, who has found, we understand, a hospitable asylum in Belgium, should wish to speak delicately on this delicate subject, and he does it with a mixture of address and truth which has somewhat amused us:—

'These auxiliary armies may be ranged in two classes—the one, a great number of recruits and young soldiers who had never seen fire; and the other, old soldiers—Belgians, Dutch, and Germans—who had served long under Buonaparte, and were now suspected of serving reluctantly against him. These suspicions were profoundly unjust. The Belgians, Dutch, and Germans conducted themselves with the *most brilliant courage and the greatest loyalty*. But *the fact is*, that the Duke of Wellington, knowing how superior in every way the French cavalry and artillery were, placed all his reliance on this 20,000 British infantry which he had drawn up in front of Waterloo.'

We have no inclination to revive any of those delicate questions to which M. Maurel alludes; we are quite satisfied with his candid confession that the Duke of Wellington, who knew pretty well how to handle troops, was reduced 'to place all his reliance on the 16,000 British and 4000 Hanoverian infantry which he had drawn up in front of Waterloo!' We quite agree with M. Maurel, that any suspicion of the auxiliaries being *disaffected* to the general cause and inclined to desert to Buonaparte would be unjust. Some of the Dutch corps behaved well, and three of them are mentioned in the Duke's great Despatch; but some of them were under a delusion as to the invincibility of Napoleon, which produced unlucky accidents. We find in the *MS. Notes* an interesting anecdote that will illustrate this part of the subject in the Duke's own characteristic style of telling the truth, while he good-naturedly suggests what may be urged in palliation:—

'*The* prestige *of Buonaparte had an enormous influence on his troops. I'll give you an instance. There was a Dutch corps in the French army in the Peninsula—which* I knew very well, *for I had followed*

followed them from the Tagus to the Bidassoa—and they were always in the French rear-guard, and no men could behave better. On the counter-revolution in Holland they came over to us, and I sent them home by sea. The next time I saw my Dutch friends was on the field of Waterloo, where they were with the Dutch army under my orders; and, knowing them to be steady, good soldiers, I placed them in the garden of Hougoumont; but no sooner did they see the great French columns moving down upon them, but they took fright and ran away, and I was obliged myself to go down to try and rally them, *but I could not. The Austrian General Vincent was with me, and I said to him, "There are the troops with which I am to win this battle." He shrugged up his shoulders, and said, "*C'est bien malheureux." *But luckily I had my own people at hand, and we kept Hougoumont and won the battle without the help of my old acquaintance, who were still possessed with the opinion of the invincibility of Buonaparte. This idea, which was even stronger amongst the officers of the continental armies than the soldiers, had a most powerful influence over everybody—even emperors and kings; and you may judge what it must have had with his own troops.'—MS. Note.*

This anecdote exhibits another trait of the Duke's character, which ought not to be unnoticed. He knew very well that it was not his proper duty on such a day to mix himself in the partial skirmishes that might occur on so extensive a field, and we have no doubt that if he had seen that a *British* regiment had given way he would have left to its own officers and the general commanding the corps the care of rallying them, but on this occasion he *went himself*, because *He* '*knew these men very well*,' because they had '*come over to him* in Spain,' and *He* '*had sent them home*,' and he naturally concluded that *He* was like to have a personal influence over them which no one else could have. Hence that risk—*dignus vindice nodus!*

When this great victory had opened to the allies, who had abundant cause for exasperation, the fields of France and the gates of Paris, there was, says M. Maurel,

'Nothing that more honourably distinguished the Duke of Wellington amongst the many illustrious figures of the period than his deep disdain of anything that could look like vengeance, of any feeling of jealousy or of rancour. The same perfect calm—the complete self-possession which he had preserved in the most difficult and painful circumstances of his career, he still preserves in the midst of his triumph. . . . His first thought on escaping from the terrible tumult of the battle was the peace and integrity of France.'—p. 127.

M. Maurel shows his own real patriotism and his intelligent affection for his country in dwelling with gratitude on the generous influence which the Duke was always prompt to exercise in her favour. 'We had been making war,' said the Duke, 'on Buonaparte, not on France:' and, whether advancing from the South

South in 1814, or from the North in 1815, he was desirous of being thought of, not as a conqueror, but as a deliverer from an odious military tyranny; and he was equally anxious to avoid doing injury to individual interests as offending public feeling. It is remarkable how identical in substance, and almost in terms, was the Duke's proclamation on entering France to that which Shakspeare attributes to Henry V. on a like occasion:—

'And we give express charge that, in our marches through the country, there be nothing compelled from the villages—nothing taken but paid for; none of the French upbraided, or abused in disdainful language; for when lenity and cruelty play for a kingdom, the gentler gamester is the soonest winner.'—*Henry V.*, act iii. scene 5.

Such was the principle that before the battle dictated the prospective measures he had taken for the invasion of France. Such was the able letter to Prince Metternich, in which, on the 14th of June, the Duke details the reasons for a convention which he proposed should be entered into between Louis XVIII. and the Allied Powers, by which on their entrance into France the most important as well as the most delicate of all questions—the subsistence of these immense and independent armies—was to be conducted by French authorities, and under the King's government. Nothing could be at once so conciliatory and so effective as this arrangement, by which the subsistence of the armies would be secured without bringing them into vexatious contact with the population, and by which a duty, unpopular in itself, might be adroitly made to conduce to the weight of the King's authority, and strength to the Royalist party.

Such precisely is the tone of a letter of the 11th of August to Lord Castlereagh, in which he develops the principle on which the war was really made, and which ought to reconcile the French people to the result, even at the cost of their military reverses, which, he often says, are not those of the French nation, but of Napoleon Buonaparte. He sees and he laments that France has a dangerous preponderance in Europe, but he will not consent to diminish it by any breach of good faith:—

'The French people submitted to Buonaparte, but it would be ridiculous to suppose that the allies would be in possession of Paris in a fortnight after one battle fought, if the French people in general had not been favourably disposed to the cause which the allies were supposed to favour.'—p. 129.

The whole of that letter, written in confidence to his colleague, ought—*sua si bona norint*—to have made the Duke of Wellington with the French nation the most popular of statesmen after having been the most modest of conquerors. But, as M. Maurel remarks in the outset, Buonaparte was the symbol of Revolution, and the

Duke

Duke was the symbol of Order; and for sixty years, revolution—no matter in what direction—backwards, forwards, up or down—Louis Philippe—Louis Blanc—Louis Napoleon—anything—any one—that is *not* legal and legitimate—has been the principle of all those noisy classes who arrogate to themselves the claim of conferring popularity. Bacon said that knowledge is power. This is true in the abstract, and was still more so when *knowledge was reason;* but we have unhappily too much evidence that in modern times *noise is power;* and if we were driven to select the most commanding trait of the Duke of Wellington's career, it would be that he had made his way indifferent, though not deaf, to mere popular noise, till it at length died away, soon to revive into a pealing anthem of national gratitude, admiration, and affection.

M. Maurel commences some very judicious observations on the Duke's personal disposition and temper, by a protest against the false idea that might be raised by the surname of the *Iron Duke.* His remarks are perfectly just, but he mistakes, as a foreigner might naturally do, the date and cause of that appellation. He says—

'the horror the Duke had of pillage, and of every kind of disorder or excess, and his inflexible severity in maintaining discipline, have gained for him the surname of the *Iron Duke.*'—p. 137.

Now, if our recollection be correct, this epithet—though it would, no doubt, have been applicable enough to the Duke's rigid sense of duty on all occasions—had no relation to his military character, and, in fact, was never heard of till the *last very few years;* and, we believe, it was occasioned thus:—The eminence of the Duke, and his known sense of justice, exposed him to a vast number of applications from a variety of persons, a few of whom might have had some, but the great majority had not the slightest, claim on his interposition. Yet he had always the courtesy to answer the applicants, and was often too ready to credit the appeals made to his charity. When this habit of his came to be known, it is, we have been informed, almost incredible what a waste of his time and patience those applications inflicted upon him. Faithful to his principle of considering himself a public servant, he would not give up answering these importunities and impertinences; but at last, finding that his correspondents not only increased, but were proud of showing his letters, he fell into the habit of making his answers as concise as possible; and to persons who he thought had no right to address him, he would throw in some expression which, without being uncivil, would at least not flatter the impertinent correspondent, nor encourage a continuance of so inconvenient and annoying a practice.

practice. Some of these answers got into the newspapers, and amused the public by their dry epigrammatism. The hundreds of *benevolent*, *instructive*, and *affectionate* letters that he wrote to those who had some claim to his advice, were known but to him and them, while the public saw only the hard, dry specimens with which the newspapers amused them—and which, after all, are admirable specimens of their kind.

The same observation may be made as to his manners. In private, nothing could be easier, more cheerful, more social, more entirely unaffected, more personally obliging; but, when it came to matters of business, he was staid, attentive, cold—above all things, scrupulous of not exciting hopes or incurring liabilities beyond his precise intentions. In political differences of opinion, when they were candid, he was indulgent and accommodating. It was only when he suspected something of trick or intrigue that his nature suddenly hardened against it; and two or three remarkable instances of this kind which became public made of course more impression than the much more numerous but less known occasions in which he appeared in the character which he loved best of all—both in public and private—that of a peace-maker. About twelve or fourteen years ago, when iron roads, and iron ships, and iron everything were in fashion, some one, in reference to the general opinion of the Duke's inflexibility, called him the *Iron Duke;* and as the phrase had enough of compliment to please his admirers and of criticism to gratify those who were not, and of truth to satisfy both, it has obtained a kind of trivial vogue, of which, *when it is rightly understood*, we have no inclination to deprive it.

After this explanation, we pursue with pleasure M. Maurel's qualification of the term *Iron Duke*, which would be very just if it had been (as he supposed) applied to him in his campaigns :—

'There may be something of truth in this expression, but we must not take it too literally. It would give a very false idea of the character of the man. It was only true when applied to a graver class of offences or errors which were likely to compromise the interests of the State or the safety of the Army.

'But, moreover,' adds M. Maurel, 'there never was a general more sparing of the blood of his soldiers, or who endeavoured to lighten their labours, their privations, and their fatigue, with a more paternal affection. Never did a commander-in-chief take more care, or give himself more trouble, to secure the individual and general comfort of his army. When some minor fault occurred, that did not seem to compromise higher interests, he was not only placable, but even indulgent, and *good-natured* in the full and honest vulgarity of the term!'

M. Maurel proceeds to illustrate this feeling by instances from the

the Dispatches, and especially one remarkable letter, in which he deprecates what might do honour to himself at the risk of giving pain to others. One of his friends (whose name is left blank in the Dispatches, and M. Maurel designates as 'Mr. A.,' but who, we believe, was Mr. Croker) had some idea of writing an account of the battle of Waterloo, and had mentioned it to the Duke, who, however, dissuaded him from what he feared might be an invidious undertaking. M. Maurel truly calls it 'a very original letter:'—

'The history of a *battle* is not unlike the history of a *ball*. Some individuals may recollect all the little events of which the great result is the battle won or lost; but no individual can recollect the order in which or the exact moment at which they occurred, which makes all the difference as to their value and importance.

'Then the faults or the misbehaviour of some gave occasion for the distinction of others, and perhaps were the cause of material losses; and you cannot write a true history of a battle without including the faults and misbehaviour of part at least of those engaged.

'Believe me, every man that you see in a military uniform is not a hero; and that, although in an account of a general action, such as that of Waterloo, many instances of individual heroism must be passed over unnoticed, it is better for the general interest to leave those parts of the story untold than to tell the whole truth.'—*Maurel*, p. 138; *Disp.* xii. 590.

But, besides this gentlemanlike reserve and consideration for the feelings and characters of those of whom he could not honestly record his public approbation, there are scattered through the Dispatches numerous instances, the most minute as well as the most elevated, of the natural benevolence and humanity of his heart, and of its unaffected tenderness towards his private friends. Though such details might not fall within the scope of M. Maurel's general essay, and though every one who has read the Dispatches must be familiar with them, we cannot refrain from improving our own humble sketch by one or two instances picked up, as it were, on the field of Waterloo.

Sir Alexander Gordon, brother of Lord Aberdeen, had long been one of the Duke's aides-de-camp. About the middle of the day, whilst endeavouring to rally one of the Brunswick battalions, he received a mortal wound, and died that night. The very next day, besides writing his great dispatch and arranging the infinite business that such a situation required, the Duke found, or we should rather say *made*, time for announcing, with his own hand, to Lord Aberdeen their double loss:—

'Your gallant brother,' wrote the Duke, 'lived long enough to be informed *by myself* of the glorious result of our actions, to which he had so much contributed by his active and zealous assistance.

'I cannot

'I cannot express to you the regret and sorrow with which I look round me, and contemplate the loss which I have sustained, particularly in your brother. The glory resulting from such actions, *so dearly bought, is no consolation to me, and I cannot suggest it as any to you and his friends;* but I hope that it may be expected that this last one has been so decisive, as that no doubt remains that our exertions and our individual losses will be rewarded by the early attainment of our just object. *It is then that the glory of the actions in which our friends and relations have fallen will be some consolation for their loss.*

'*Your brother had a black horse, given to him, I believe, by Lord Ashburnham,* which I will keep till I hear from you what you wish should be done with it.'—*Disp.* xii. 488.

The moral sentiment of this letter, which affords war its only excuse, and the loss of friends its best consolation, is of the highest order; but the remembrance and identification, at such a moment, of the *black horse*, which poor Gordon's friends would naturally prize so much, creates in us something of the same impression that filled a hundred thousand eyes when the Duke's *own horse* was seen, as it followed, with empty saddle and drooping head, the hearse of its illustrious master!

On the same day, and in the same peculiar circumstances, he wrote to the Duke of Beaufort to announce the severe wound of his brother, Lord Fitzroy Somerset, another of his aides-de-camp. Indeed, we believe that hardly one of his staff escaped unhurt—so arduous was the conflict, and so prominent his position.

'I am very sorry to have to acquaint you that your brother FitzRoy is very severely wounded, and has lost his right arm. I have just seen him, and he is perfectly free from fever, and as well as anybody could be under such circumstances. You are aware how useful he has always been to me, and how much I shall feel the want of his assistance, and what a regard and affection I feel for him; and you will readily believe how much concerned I am for his misfortune. *Indeed, the losses I have sustained have quite broken me down; and I have no feeling for the advantages we have acquired.* I hope, however, that your brother will soon be able to join me again; and that he will long live to be, as he is likely to become, an honour to his country, as he is a satisfaction to his family and friends.'

These hopes were happily fulfilled; but it is due to the constancy of the Duke's friendships, and the importance of Lord Fitzroy's services to him and to the country, to observe the singular, and to both most honourable, circumstance, that from July, 1808, when the young Lord joined—as an extra aide-de-camp—the young General then about to sail for his first expedition to Portugal, they never were separated except during the short interval

interval in which the former was sent home with the Talavera despatch, and again when recovering from his wound at Waterloo —Lord Fitzroy following his illustrious friend's career *gradatim*, we may say, for above forty-four years, in the progressive characters of aide-de-camp, private secretary, secretary of embassy at Paris, minister plenipotentiary there during the Duke's absence at Vienna, secretary to the Master-General of the Ordnance, and, finally, as military secretary at the Horse Guards, till the fatal 14th September, 1852. He has been, during his whole life, so close to the great luminary, that he has been as it were absorbed in its splendour; but such a proximity is of itself fame, and closer observers saw that the pupil was personally worthy of the master; and during the long and difficult years of his service at the Ordnance and at the Horse Guards we have never happened to hear so much as a murmur of complaint of Lord Fitzroy Somerset. On the death of the Duke his eminent services received what we should have called a *tardy* reward, if he had not considered his connexion with his illustrious friend as its own reward. He was created a peer, and the country enjoys, at a moment when they seem peculiarly needed, the services of Lord Raglan as Master-General of the Ordnance. No one, we hope, will think that we have, in a review of the Duke of Wellington's life, misplaced this tribute to his oldest and closest military follower and friend and nearest witness and, in his proper measure, the companion of his glory.

These, it may be said, are instances of friendship for high-born men connected with him by peculiar ties. Let us take two others which we find in the Dispatches, where there were no such influences. On the 30th September, 1803, General Wellesley writes to General Lake, the Commander-in-Chief in India, to solicit a favour for one Lieutenant Campbell:—

'From the conduct of Lieutenant Campbell at the attack of the pettah of Ahmednuggur, I was induced to appoint him my Brigade-Major; and since that time, and particularly in the battle of the 23rd (Assaye), he has conducted himself much to my satisfaction. He had two horses killed under him, and was struck himself, and had a brother and a cousin killed in that action. I therefore take the liberty of recommending him to your favour.'—*Disp.*, i. 414.

The application was not successful! and when Sir Arthur Wellesley returned home eighteen months later, he could not, of course, take his *protégé* from his regiment; but one of the very last letters he wrote on his departure was to recapitulate Lieutenant Campbell's services, and to ask as a personal favour that his brother, the Governor-General, would show him some countenance, and he accordingly became aide-de-camp to Lord

Wellesley. The remarkable details of the circumstances that first created this peculiar interest have been already told in a former article in this journal, which we must now venture to reproduce:—

'The important fort of Ahmednuggur was taken by a most gallant escalade; in the thick of the assault General Wellesley saw a young officer who had reached the top of the "*very lofty* wall" thrust off by the enemy, and falling through the air from a great height. General Wellesley had little doubt that he must have been severely wounded, if not killed, by the fall; but hastened to inquire the name and fate of the gallant young fellow, and had the satisfaction of seeing him in a moment after, comparatively little injured, again mounting to the assault. Next morning the General sent for him—offered to attach him to his staff as brigade-major—and from that hour, through all his fields and fortunes, even down to the conquest of Paris—continued him in his personal family and friendship, and used sometimes to observe that the first time he had ever seen him was *in the air*: that young officer is now Sir Colin Campbell, Knight Commander of the Bath, Major-General in the army, and Governor of Nova Scotia!'—*Q.* vol. li. p. 423.

We have now to add an important circumstance omitted in this statement. We do so on the authority of a gentleman than whom few enjoyed more of the Duke's society. As his Grace repeatedly told the details in his hearing, young Colin not only mounted the ladder at the Indian fort a second time, but, getting within the place, forthwith contrived to arrange his own company into perfect order, so as to hold in check the still numerous garrison;—General Wellesley, on himself entering the town, recognized him by the bloody handkerchief round his head, and observed his steady conduct till all was over.

Another similar instance is that of Colonel Gurwood, immortalized, we may venture to say, as the editor of the Dispatches, in a note to which his gallant exploit at Badajoz, and consequent introduction to the Duke's notice, is briefly and modestly stated.

Many such instances could be repeated, and some too that, from being of a far humbler class, were not the less amiable—such as the poor old Irishwoman Judy, who, having been accidentally employed to make his bed early in the Peninsular campaigns, he would never permit to be displaced. She was for the rest of her life provided with a cottage adjoining the offices at Strathfieldsaye, and her *fervent blessings* on her benefactor, uttered with the genuine accent and feeling of her country, in return for his constant recognition of her, used to amuse, and better than amuse, the visitors at Strathfieldsaye.

We may add that the two last times he left Walmer Castle were to visit an old friend who, he happened to hear, was in ill health,

health, and within fifteen miles of him; and on one of these occasions, as he was returning through Dover, he stopped at the corner of a bye street to make some inquiry, which turned out to be after the health of one of the pilots, or some other subordinate person, whom he desired to be told to take care of himself, and not to return to his duties until he should be quite well. These were, we believe, his last appearances beyond his own threshold! The incidents themselves are trivial, but they tend to show that it was not in his private and social intercourse that this not more illustrious than kind-hearted man could be called the *Iron Duke.*

We now return to M. Maurel. In our general testimony to his candour, we must not be supposed to subscribe to all his views. There are points—though we admit very few—on which we think he is not quite above national prejudices. We do not complain of them. On the contrary, they are the stamp of the writer's sincerity in the main and more important portions of his essay. If he were not *a good Frenchman*, we should not have so much respect for his opinion. There is but one of these points which we see any occasion to notice, and we wish to treat it with M. Maurel *à l'aimable* as matter of history. After doing justice to the success of the Duke's administration of affairs and to that of his diplomatic exertions in the negociations at Paris, he adds—

> 'This success is quite enough to console him for the checks which afterwards to suffer in this line. In *expiation of his triumphs on the field* of battle, he had the pleasure of *being beaten by M. de Chateaubriand and by M. de Montmorency and by M. de Villele in the field of diplomacy.*'—p. 141.

And this he attributes to the Duke's having been in a false position at the Congress (we suppose) of Verona—where, he says, England being on one hand the enemy of all revolutions, but, on the other hand, an enemy to putting them down by foreign intervention, he had in fact nothing left but to protest against everybody on all sides.

We wonder that a person of M. Maurel's logic does not see that his statement, instead of extenuating, as he kindly intends, the Duke's diplomatic defeat, does much better, for it contradicts the *fact* itself, since, if his position was originally and essentially hostile to all the contending parties, he could hardly be said to have been 'beaten' by the *diplomacy* of one of them. No one better understands, and no one has more lucidly shown, than M. Maurel himself, that the Duke of Wellington's mind was not to be baffled by the tricks and intrigues of mere diplomacy, and we can assure him that, if a supplementary publication of 'Dispatches' should come to complete the history of the Duke's public

life, it will be made very clear that he was no more beaten in the cabinet by Châteaubriand, Montmorency, and Villèle, than in the field by Marmont, Massena, or Soult.

That France did invade Spain, contrary to the *advice* given by the Duke of Wellington from his Government, and corroborated by his own private opinion, is true, but there was no room for any trial of diplomatic skill or struggle in the affair; he gave his advice, but only advice, and advice so disinterested and so rational, that it is said to have had a great effect on the mind of the ablest and wisest of the French ministers whom M. Maurel has named—M. de Villèle—though he was subsequently overborne by his rasher colleagues. Nay, it happens by a singular coincidence that, on the Duke of Wellington's return through Paris from this very mission in which M. Maurel thinks he was defeated by the French diplomatists, he had an audience of Louis XVIII. to repeat the advice he had given at Verona, and the King, says M. Lamartine, 'who had long before discerned that the Duke was *a statesman* as well as a soldier, was, like M. de Villèle, much affected by his opinion.'* Whatever of diplomatic struggle there was in the affair was in the French Ministry itself, and fatal were its results. M. de Montmorency was dismissed, and replaced by M. de Châteaubriand, who (we say it with personal regret) giddily and selfishly separated himself from M. de Villèle, thwarted him in all his measures, and finally, by a series of party intrigues, led to the overthrow of the wisest, the most moderate, and, till these unhappy dissensions, the strongest government that the Restoration had had. Thus those three diplomatists whom M. Maurel describes as 'beating the Duke of Wellington in statesmanship,' showed their boasted abilities only in defeating and ruining each other, dethroning their sovereign, and plunging their country in a series of revolutions of which who can foresee the end?

We must now conclude. We have, we are aware, given an imperfect idea of the *entraînant*, though somewhat discursive style of the original, but we hope that we have added not inconsiderably to its value and authority by the elucidations and corroborations of the author's reasoning afforded by our extracts from the Duke's conversations, and we wish we saw any reason to expect that a work at once so amusing and instructive, so attractive and so convincing, was likely to exercise in France the salutary influence which it certainly would have if it could be read there; but we are informed that it is expressly prohibited in France, and we can ourselves say, in confirmation of the truth of this strange exercise of despotism, that we have

* Hist. de la Rest. vol. vii. p. 79.

been

been unable to procure a copy at any shop in Paris, and that persons high in the literary and political circles of that centre—as they love to call it—of liberality and civilisation—of literature and of light—had not—when we last heard from Paris—been able to obtain a sight of it. We can scarcely believe such monstrous tyranny, but, if it be true, our regret at the impediment thus arbitrarily interposed to personal justice and to historical truth is considerably alleviated by the consideration that such an impediment is already a testimony, odious, indeed, but decisive, to the truth and justice which it attempts to smother. It is also a wholesome and instructive lesson to see that the grand constitutional principles which France boasts of having conquered and consecrated in 1789—that the expansive liberties of the Republic, which they tell us have survived and excused its horrors—that the ineffaceable and immortal glories of the old Empire, and finally the stupendous agency of universal suffrage—or, in plainer terms, the omnipotent *gendarmerie* of the new order—are all together afraid to face a shilling pamphlet, in which there is not a fact, and hardly a word, that is not forty years old—of European notoriety—of the most unquestionable authenticity and veracity, and of which the sole offence can be that a Frenchman ventures to lay before his countrymen *in their own tongue* a review of historical facts which have been for almost half a century inscribed in the annals of all the other nations of the world.

For our parts we confess that it is chiefly for the sake of France herself that we care that M. Maurel's estimate of the Duke of Wellington should make proselytes amongst his countrymen. She is now expiating in a *strait-waistcoat* her former extravagances, and her prospects are worse than dark; but we still hope and believe that there is in France, under that fear-frozen surface, a depth of good feeling and good sense which must eventually awaken a degree of *moral and political courage* sufficient to deliver her from the monstrous anomaly that she has during such a rapid succession of revolutions and usurpations exhibited, of being at once the wonder, the contempt, and the terror of the rest of the world, and—we really believe—of herself. M. Maurel's work is marked with that moral courage, and we heartily wish that we could extend its influence. Happy will it be for France and the world if she can be taught that the true glory of soldiers and statesmen, and the real safety and dignity of nations, is to be found in those eternal principles of justice and truth, of which the Duke of Wellington was while living, and has bequeathed to us in his works, the most perfect model. '*Those*,' to borrow M. Maurel's eloquent expressions, '*were*

'*were the qualities by which this man won step by step the admiration and respect of those who began by envying, fearing, and even hating him: and this is the reason* THAT HIS NAME—ILLUSTRIOUS AS IT ALREADY IS—WILL GO DOWN WITH STILL INCREASING GRANDEUR TO THE LATEST POSTERITY.'

Erratum to last Number, p. 248, for '*eighteen full-manned* pilot *boats*,' read '*eighteen* PILOTS.' The Act does not prescribe the number of *boats*, but only of the *pilots*, eighteen of whom must be always at sea.

INDEX.