

child ; come to me in the morning, and tell me what I can do for your wife and family if you do go back." "Ogh ! good luck to the wife and child, I'll not go near them, but off this minute !" He went back with his regiment to Spain, was more than once punished for drunkenness and theft, and "afterwards behaved well, for him, and on all occasions showed the greatest courage, until in the Pyrenees a cannon ball carried off his head."

Guibert—the gallant, humane Guibert—received the Cross of the Legion of Honour for his good conduct. "It was, alas ! a fatal reward for Guibert," says Sir W. Napier. "The result was thus told to the writer by a French sergeant-major who deserted to his regiment at the lines of Torres Vedras ; and from different quarters afterwards came confirmation. An officer, or *sous-officier*, disputed Guibert's right to the cross, saying himself, not the drummer, had rescued the English major. Falsehood or favour prevailed, and Guibert, stung to madness, attempted to desert, was taken and shot ! The saviour and the saved are now beyond human knowledge ; but if spirits are permitted to commune, they have met where it will not be asked under what colours a noble action was performed."

We left Napier a prisoner of war. His family mourned for him as dead, but nevertheless induced the Government after three months to send to ascertain his fate. Clouet received the flag and hastened to inform Ney, who replied, "Let him see his friends, and tell them he is well and well treated. Clouet looked earnestly but moved not, and Ney, smiling, asked why he waited. "He has an old mother, a widow, and blind." "Has he ? Let him go then, and tell her himself that he is alive !"¹

¹ Hennessy, Guibert, and C. Napier are dead and gone long ago ; but the poor little spur, after so many perils and an additional seventy years of travel and adventure, now rests quietly in the home of General Sir M. M'Murdo, K.C.B.

Charles Napier recovered his liberty on 20th March, his father's birthday—"one of many notable coincidences," says his brother, "attending him through life, and always accepted with a half-superstitious satisfaction." Wounds and sufferings were soon cured and forgotten; but he had not confronted death for nothing. "Up to this period his countenance had been very comely, yet grave and sedate; his dark lustrous eyes alone giving signs of the fiery spirit within. Previously he had been inclined to care for outward appearances, although without regard to fashion; but after Coruña dress was disregarded, and his manner became eager and restless, with sudden spasmodic movements, springing partly from his wounds, partly from previous ill-health." And again, "His countenance assumed a peculiarly vehement, earnest expression, and his resemblance to a chained eagle was universally remarked."

Ney, on releasing him, had exacted parole not to serve until exchanged. The English Government offered two midshipmen very improperly as an equivalent for the commander of a regiment. This occasioned some delay, and it was not until January 1810 that he rejoined his regiment, and renewed his letters to his mother. Almost the first recounts an addition to his chapter of accidents. "Got a devil of a tumble the day before yesterday, which makes me glad, because I could not do better than have my yearly accident without being really hurt; to run twelve months without some *petite chose pour passer le tems* is not for me." His poor mother, with three sons in the army and one in the navy, had a terrible load of anxiety to bear. "Are we cats that we live and bear such wounds?" said Charles of himself and his brothers. His two years of fighting in the Peninsula produced six wounds; and Marshal Beresford told him that Lord Wellington would not let him have a Caçadore regiment, "because the Napiers always get hit, and he will

he killed ; they have had enough of wounds.* By making light of their sufferings and by frequent letters the brothers did what they could to comfort their mother ; Charles even goes so far as to argue that the number of their wounds is a sort of insurance against being killed.

“ Last year’s occurrences should do anything but frighten you, and your supposing that misfortune must come is a fault ; riding out to meet evil is bad. Yet you bear it when it does come as you ought. My trust is that your fortitude won’t be tried now, and that all will be safe. I also am anxious about my brothers, but it is not an anxiety that gives me uneasiness, it only makes me eager for news ; predestinarianism is too strong in me to allow of my suffering from these things ; it is only what can be altered by ourselves that agitates me. Do not make arrangements as if something shocking was decidedly to happen ; no spirits can stand that. Your sons come home full of fighting and without clothes ; we shall be very merry ; and if George’s ardent wish to lose a *jin*¹ be granted, we shall dress his stump. I join him not in that desire, and hope to see him *statu quo ante bellum* as to legs and arms.”

In May 1810 he joined the Light Division as a volunteer, beyond the Coa, under Craufurd, “ who with less than four thousand men was braving the whole French army on a plain, having only a fordable river between them.” Great events had taken place in the Peninsula since Coruna. Wellington had committed his one serious blunder in advancing on Talavera, and had now retreated on Portugal, where he awaited Massena. He was very unpopular with the army, and was called, says Sir W. Napier, “ a mere favourite of power, rash and unskilful. The deep design, the strong resolution, the far-seeing sagacity, the sure judgment, destined to amaze the world, were then un-

¹ George Napier afterwards had his arm twice broken in fight, and finally lost it at Ciudad Rodrigo.

known. Wellington was pronounced a bad General!" Charles Napier criticises the operations of Talavera, which Wellington himself condemned, but by no means joined in the general mistrust of his commander's talents. On his way to headquarters he passed through scenes that recalled his sufferings of the former year; his reflections on that and the campaign of Talavera are the subjects of two interesting entries in his journal:—

"*Journal, 31st May 1810.*—Once more at Sacavem. On the 28th October 1808 I was here commanding the 50th Regiment. What are the pleasures of memory! I greet her 'as the fiend to whom' belong the vulture's ravening beak, the raven's funeral song.' Standing under an olive, my thoughts were of my friend; for under that very tree Charles Stanhope had then breakfasted with me, and hope of glory, and admiration for Moore, were our themes! Two short years, and lo! here am I again; but Moore! Stanhope! where are ye? Napoleon talks of peace; would to God he wished for it as sincerely as I do. Oh that I might pluck a branch and give peace to the world, as an offering to the manes of my friend! I feel low. Stanhope! Stanhope! every turn of this road, every stone brings you before my eyes, and often prevents my seeing them; and my dear brothers, how I long to reach you! Shall I see you even now? But what brings me here? honour! Damn honour! Falstaff is right, by Jove! Yet, can one be happy without honour? No, no; forward, then, and never reason while in low spirits. Of one thing I am sure, namely, that a man is a fool to live till he is old, for he loses the greatest comfort of life thereby, and gets cornuted probably into the bargain. Enough! old bachelors are fools notwithstanding!

"*Celorico, 15th June 1810.*—Waited yesterday on Lord Wellington, who was very civil, and signed my certificate of exchange. Dined with him. He told me the French made the most regular retreats he ever saw at Rorica and Talavera; query, did he follow their example? People say his march from Talavera to Alentejo was very bad; but those who

criticise Generals do not always know their motives of action, and often have motives of their own for criticising. Nevertheless we must think, and I think, Lord Wellington committed a great error in that campaign by trusting to the Spaniards after what Moore had experienced; and another in advancing too far, when his retreat might be cut off. He was wrong also, I think, in fighting, when victory did him no good, and defeat must have destroyed him; his information was bad, and he trusted it too implicitly. Again, why did he stay in the destructive marshes of the Alemtejo until nearly the whole of his army fell from sickness? It is not easy to comprehend all this, and I have heard no good answer to it. Every officer I have seen and spoken to about the matter has told me the same story—viz. that the battle of Talavera was lost if the French had made one more attack; and that the whole army expected to be beaten next day. Now Lord Wellington might have had ten battalions more in the fight—viz. the brigades of Lightbourne and the two Craufurds. Why were they in the rear? The thing is not easily explained to his advantage; he did not expect a battle, and yet, had the French delayed a few days, he must have laid down his arms or been cut to pieces. Altogether his general operations are difficult to be defended. But his conduct in the battle showed great coolness and the most perfect self-possession; and by what I observe since I came here, he seems to have gained a lesson from Talavera. Still the whole of that campaign is discreditable to him as a great captain, and he appears to have deserved the epithets of rash and imprudent; not that of fool though, as many say; his errors seem to be more those of inexperience and vanity than want of talent. England has paid dearly in men and money for his education indeed, yet if he has thereby been made a good general, the loss is less; we have very few capable of being made worth a straw, though all the blood and gold in Europe and India were lavishly expended on them."

After the capture of Ciudad Rodrigo Ney advanced upon Almeida on the Coa; Craufurd received orders to put

the river between himself and the French, but disobeyed them, and remained with about 5000 men to fight 30,000 of the enemy. His outposts were driven in, 21st July, and "our cavalry," says Charles Napier, "retreated through Val de Mula, skirmishing till near Almeida, about two and a half miles; we lost seven or eight horses and two men wounded, and made one charge with our skirmishers, neither able in conception nor bold in execution, doing no honour to General or men. After that a more ridiculous attempt was made with half a squadron. I saw that Craufurd's ignorance of cavalry disheartened the men; some of whom got near broken ground, whence the French could in safety fire on them at twenty yards' distance. They were afraid to regain their own ground when Craufurd ordered them, whereupon I galloped up and called them to follow, and they did so, and we drove the French back, receiving a sharp fire. English troops must always be led, but they will certainly follow their officers, who will generally be as certainly ready to lead. Altogether we had much firing to-day and little danger. Craufurd does not please me as a General." On the evening of the 23d Craufurd halted at Almeida in a most disadvantageous disposition: most of his cavalry in an open plain in front, in his rear a deep ravine, at the bottom of which was the Coa, with only one narrow bridge for a retreat. Of the "bitter fight" that ensued on the 24th Napier gives a graphic account in his journal the same day, with a very severe criticism upon General Craufurd, of whom Sir William says that "at one time he was all fire and intelligence—a master spirit in war; at another, as if possessed by the demon, he would madly rush from blunder to blunder, raging in folly." On this occasion the demon of folly was strong.

"24th July.—At daybreak our pickets were attacked.

The French threw forward some infantry among the rocks, and were met by two companies of the 95th Rifles. In about two hours the enemy increased in numbers, our cavalry retired, the riflemen and Captain Campbell's company of the 52d covering their retreat, till we reached the guns, when a cannonade opened on both sides; but the enemy soon pushed men down both flanks, and our guns fell back. At this time we could count fifteen strong squadrons of French cavalry in line, besides detached parties and skirmishers, which may be reckoned at five more—altogether about three thousand cavalry. Their infantry we estimated at ten thousand, and they had the power of bringing up thirty thousand if they pleased. When our guns retired the light troops kept firing until we got close to Almeida, and a gun was fired from near a tower, 800 yards from that town; a subaltern and some men of the 52d occupied the tower, and our cavalry and artillery were drawn up in line behind. At this time the enemy closed on our infantry, and the action then began by the dislodging of Campbell's company and the riflemen from the enclosures. I was ordered to tell Colonel Barclay to fall back from the plain and regain the enclosures behind him, which he did, and the fire became very heavy. Barclay's horse was killed, mine was wounded, and threw me, but I remounted and rejoined Craufurd, who then sent me to tell the 52d, 43d, and 95th, to maintain the enclosures until he got the cavalry and guns over the Coa, leaving two pieces to cover the retreat. I gave Barclay and Major MacLeod and Colonel Beckwith these orders, but they were all hotly engaged, and could no longer keep their ground, lest the enemy should turn their flanks and reach the bridge before them. I had great difficulty to return, and joined the 43d, where I found Campbell wounded, and, fearing he would be taken, gave him my mare, making the best of my own way on foot through the vineyards. The fire was hot, and the ground very difficult for us, but much easier for the enemy, because we made passages for ourselves, and thus made them for the French also; this caused the 43d and 95th to lose many men. I think we retired too fast in this part; it was

owing to the murderous position, which kept us in fear of being cut off from the bridge; but we were thus driven in among our cavalry, and the French cavalry got up to the 95th, and made some prisoners.

"Now we formed in rear of the cavalry on the main road and went down towards the bridge, firing the whole way. On arriving there Brigade-Major Rowan called to the Rifles and Portuguese Cazadores and part of the 43d to charge up a hill and to retain it; while I rode by order of Colonel Beckwith to draw off the 52d Regiment, then nearly a mile up the river on the right. The French were trying to push between them and us, and they would have done so had they been in force enough and that Rowan's charge had not checked them. I had little hope of reaching the 52d alive, but escaped, though a dragoon horse which I had caught and mounted was shot in the leg just as I reached Barclay, and at the same moment his cap was shot off. However, the 52d effected their junction, passed the bridge, and took the right of our position beyond the river, down to the edge of which my brother George's company was pushed, and from thence kept up a strong fire. The 52d were followed over the bridge by the 43d and 95th and Cazadores, covered by three companies of the 43d, Dalzel's, Lloyd's, and my brother William's; and then the French pushed down to the bridge, and a cannonade commenced from both sides of the river. The bridge was defended by the 43d and riflemen, with a long and murderous skirmish, destructive as it was useless, by which many men and officers lost their lives and many were wounded, amongst the latter my brother William. Finally this ceased, and the bloody business closed with as much honour for the officers and men as disgrace for Craufurd's generalship. His errors were conspicuous, and the most prominent shall be noticed for my own teaching:—

1st. He fought knowing he must retreat from an overwhelming force, and having no object in fighting.

2d. He occupied a position a mile in front of a bridge, thus voluntarily imposing on himself the most difficult operation in war—viz. passing a defile in face of a superior enemy

and in the confusion of a retreat! The result might have been destruction—it was great loss.

“3d. He detained the cavalry and guns in a position where they could not act till the infantry were beaten back on them; thus he risked the destruction of all three; for the defile became choked, and had the French charged down the road there would have been a bloody scene. This was so evident that I rode up to my brother William and asked him to form a square with his company to resist cavalry. The idea had already struck him, and Major MacLeod and Captain Patrickson also; it was general.

“4th. The position was amongst vineyards, with walls averaging nine feet high, and he ought to have thrown down enough to open communication to the rear. The want of this caused our chief loss, for while we were pulling down the enemy were firing, and followed our paths.

“5th. He sent no guns over to defend the passage and cover the retreat until after the troops had commenced retiring. Had one gun broken down, or the horses been killed on the bridge, the troops would have been delayed and exposed to a destructive fire from the heights around while in a mass of confusion.

“6th. He suffered the 52d to be nearly cut off, and never sent them an order to retire after having given them one to defend their post obstinately; his small division was therefore disjointed and nearly paralysed by extension.

“7th. His retreat over the bridge was confused, though every officer and soldier was cool and ready to execute any order, and there was no excuse for hurry.

“8th. When the passage of the bridge was made he left no men to defend it, and had I not halted some who were going up to join their colours, the bridge would have been for a quarter of an hour without being enfiladed or exposed to a single musket shot. This was afterwards rectified, but the 43d were placed in a most exposed position, when a few breastworks previously made would have covered them.

“9th. He made our guns fire at the enemy's guns instead of their men. In short, there seemed a kind of infatuation

upon him, and nothing but the excellence of his men and officers saved the division."

His journal in 1840 contains a picturesque description of the way he spent the night after the battle.

"This day thirty years I slept sound and happy on a rock, with my feet to a fire, on a Portuguese mountain. Having come away from the bridge about twelve at night with General Craufurd, Rowan, and others, I reached the 52d bivouac about one in the morning, wet to the skin, rain having fallen in torrents. George and his company were on an immense plate rock, the rain was over, they had a good fire, and a supper of beefsteaks with tea. I had not eaten that day, except a bit of bread George gave me during the fight, and was fairly done up, as the fancy say, being tired, starved, anxious about William's wound, and depressed at our having fought so uselessly, throwing away lives so recklessly. I stripped, and the soldiers, who were then dry and had supped, took—one my shirt, another my coat, and so on, to dry them. I sat, meanwhile, naked, like a wild Indian, on the warm rock. It was very pleasant, drinking warm tea and eating steaks half-raw, taken off the poor beast which had drawn our baggage all day. One cannot be sentimental about bullocks on such occasions. We regretted the poor fellows who were slain—there were a great many; but the excitement of battle does away with much regret; there is no time; it is idleness that makes people grieve long, or rather bitterly."

After the fall of Almeida the army retired. Massena followed along the line of the Mondego, and many skirmishes took place between his advanced guard and the Light Division, to which Charles Napier was attached. At last Wellington halted on the precipitous ridge of Busaco and confidently waited to be attacked.

"A very beautiful fight it was," wrote Charles Napier on a distant anniversary. "The French were in the valley, shrouded in mist when the morning broke, and the running

fire of the outposts began. Soon an irregular but very sharp musketry rang through the gradually dispersing fog, which, mingled with smoke, came up the mountain, and from it many wounded men broke out. The pickets then appeared, being driven back, but firing so hard that our line loudly cheered them from the crest above. Following fast came the enemy's columns, and eighty pieces of cannon opened with a roar from the summit of the mountain, sending shrapnels, shells, and round shot down on them. The battle was thus begun, and soon they reached us. The firing rolled loud and heavy, the shouts of our men were grand, and their charges in different parts of the line went fiercely home."

His own place was with Wellington, and he remained on horseback when the fire was so terrible that all the staff and all the volunteers, except his cousin, afterwards Admiral Sir Charles Napier, had dismounted. The sailor urged him to dismount, as he was the only man in a red coat. "No! This is the uniform of my regiment, and in it I will show or fall this day." He had hardly spoken when a bullet entered on the right of the nose, and lodged in the left jaw near the ear. As he was borne away Lord Wellington asked who he was; he could not answer, but took off his hat and waved it, muttering, "I could not die at a better moment." Apparently dying he was removed to the convent of Busaco. "Poor Napier!" he heard some one exclaim, "after all his wounds he is gone at last." "The observation," he says, "made me uneasy; for when a fellow has no life they are sometimes, on a field of battle, over quick in burying him; so with a slight twist I intimated, 'alive but not merry.'"

"I was carried into a small chapel of the convent of Busaco; it had a large arch in the wall, only partly built up from below, so that I heard people, officers high of rank, in the next room, eating and drinking though the battle was not

yet over! Some talked of my father and mother, praising them and their extraordinary beauty. I was so delighted at this as hardly to feel pain; but finally, disgust at these men for being out of the battle so excited me that I got up from the pallet on which I had been laid, walked clean out, and got to the convent door, looking for my horse. I was, however, seized instantly by Edward Pakenham, and led back with this expression, 'Damn it, Napier, are you mad to think you can go back in this state to the action? Be quiet, for God's sake.' I could not speak plain, as my jaw was broke, and blood flowed freely from my mouth, so my looks were worse than the reality.

"While these men were eating and drinking my two brothers were in the field, and sent me word they could not come to see me. How proud and happy this message made me! I gloried in them; yet, thinking I would not live long, I was very anxious to see them, especially as I heard George had been wounded. He was gallantly leading a charge, and while half turned, with his sword up, was shot by a Frenchman through one side of the antipodes to my wound. The muzzle was so close the fire scorched his clothes, and the wound, though not dangerous, was very severe indeed. William had been shot through the hip two months before, but did not go to the rear, and went into action here with his wound still open. Well, we are now (1849) all three still alive and old men. We were then young, strong, and as handy men as any in the army. We have had fifteen or sixteen wounds amongst us, and being very fond of each other, it made a talk amongst our comrades—noble, brave, and excellent comrades they were! Poor Edward Pakenham was wounded at Busaco, which was what brought him to the convent, and having been dressed, he was returning to the battle, when he caught me trying to do the same. We three brothers went into battle that day with sad hearts, for our cousin Lord March had told us our beloved sister Caroline, just twenty-two years of age, was dead! Our hearts sank with sorrow; we said nothing, but embraced each other and went to our posts; mine was with Lord Wellington."

In spite of his wound he was at Coimbra, a day's march, by next morning ; but, as the enemy were still advancing, he made his way to Lisbon, a ride of several days, under a burning sun. The 50th Regiment passed him on its way to the front, and gave him three cheers. At Lisbon he rested some months, in great suffering from his wound ; for, after the lapse of three months, he writes : " My jaws are crooked, and, the doctors say, will always be so ; my lip is very uneasy, and will always be so. My cheek is better, and the swelling may go away. My mouth opens but stiffly. My eye still stares, yet is stronger, more easily shut, and sees farther ; it is said that sight may be lost, but it is not dim, and if it goes—why, Hannibal had only one eye ; I have a mind to pluck it out." In 1849 he says, " Now, thirty-nine years after, the horrid suffocation of that wound is scarcely endurable. Oh, it shakes my very soul, the horror of this feeling does ! " Nevertheless, he made fun of it all to his mother, and did his best to comfort her in her many sorrows.

" 20th Oct.—Children and parents, dear mother, should be friends, and should speak openly to each other. Never had I a petty dispute with you, or heard others have one, without thanking God for giving me a mother, not a tyrant. Such as your children are, they are your work. We are a vain set of animals indeed, yet feel the gratitude you deserve, though we don't bow and ma'am you at every word, as some do. The Almighty has taken much from you, but has left much ; would that our profession allowed us to be more with you ; yet even that may happen, for none know what is to come, and peace—blessed peace !—may be given to the world sooner than we think. It is war now, and you must have fortitude, in common with thirty thousand English mothers whose anxious hearts are fixed on Portugal ; and who have not the pride of saying their three sons had been wounded and were all alive ! How this would have repaid my father for

all anxieties, and it must do so for you. Why, a Roman matron would not have let people touch her garment in such a case. In honest truth, though, my share of wounds satisfies me; not that I agree with those who exclaim, 'How unfortunate!' There is no shame for wounds, and no regret where no limb is lost, no faculty gone; and if there were, many lose them in less honest ways. The scars on my face will be as good as medals—better, for they were not gained—O meritorious actions!—by simply being a lieutenant-colonel, and hiding behind a wall!"

The process of getting well was as tedious and wanting in incident as usual. He amused himself, as well as he could, by his own humour, which was always strongest under adverse circumstances, and was now stimulated by the presence of his eccentric sailor cousin, Black Charles, as the future admiral was called, left him in the winter, having written the following remarkable epistle to the First Lord of the Admiralty, asking for employment:—

"SIR—My leave of absence is just out. I don't think it worth remaining here, for I expect you will give me a ship, as I am almost tired of campaigning, which is a damned rum concern.
C. N."

We have one comical glimpse of the wounded man's domestic economy at Lisbon. Having casually invited some friends to walk back to his lodgings and dine with him, he asked his servant if dinner was ready. "Quite, sir." "What is there?" "There's no soup." "Anything else?" "There's no sousingers." "What more?" "There's no pratees." "What next?" "There's no visibles—vegetables." "So it seems, go on." "There's no nothing." "Hum, a good negative dinner; you must borrow." "There's no time." "Buy." "There's no money." "Credit." "There's no tick." "Are there no rations?" "Yes, sir, I ate the beef."

During the winter of 1810-11 the British army had been resting securely in the lines of Torres Vedras ; but in March 1811, Massena, having exhausted his means of subsistence, retreated, says Sir W. Napier, "with a skill which balanced the errors of his advance, justifying Napoleon's remark that it was only in danger and difficulty he became a General. • On that retreat, day after day, Ney—the indomitable Ney—offered battle with the rear-guard, and a stream of fire ran along the wasted valleys of Portugal from the Tagus to the Mondego, from the Mondego to the Coa. Combat followed combat, the Light Division led in pursuit, and Charles Napier, with his wound still bandaged, rode above 90 miles on one horse, and in one course, to reach the army." His journal for 12th and 13th March contains the record of this ride:—"Rode all night, and having made 92 miles, reached the army between Redinha and Condeixa. This distance was done with only three hours' halt at Tom Napier's quarters, who gave me a positively bad, but comparatively good dinner. My poor horse had 2 lbs. of Indian corn, on which he performed this severe journey in twenty-two hours, including the three hours' halt!" On the 14th he advanced with his regiment, and hearing the sound of the Light Division's combats in front, he had "hourly to ask," says Sir William, "if his brothers were living. Thus advancing he met a litter of branches, borne by soldiers and covered with a blanket. 'What wounded officer is that?' 'Captain Napier of the 52d—a broken limb.' Another litter followed. 'Who is that?' 'Captain Napier, 43d—mortally wounded;' it was thought so then. Charles Napier looked at them and passed on to the fight in front."

* Massena retreated through a country which was already eaten up by his troops, and in consequence both pursued and pursuers were threatened with starvation. "I make

no apologies," says Charles to his mother, "for the dirt of this note; for flead, bugged, centipeded, beetled, lizarded and earwigged cleanliness is known to me only by name. Moreover, a furze bush makes a bad table for writing on, and a worse chair, when breeches are nearly worn out with glory—oh! oh!"

In May Wellington entered Spain, and, leaving a small force to besiege Almeida, which, with Ciudad Rodrigo, commands the northern road, he went himself to superintend Beresford's arrangements for the siege of Badajos, but was speedily recalled by the news that Massena was marching to the relief of Almeida. On his arrival the battle of Fuentes d'Onoro was fought, and the French evacuated Almeida after blowing it up. So little could Wellington trust his lieutenants that he had to hurry back at once to the south, but did not get there quite in time. The siege of Badajos had been raised, and the battle of Albuera fought, but "so hardly won that the master's hand was required to stamp it as success." Troops were called from the Northern Division to assist in renewing the siege; Charles Napier went with them, and soon found work for himself and his indefatigable steed, Blanco, in executing a confidential mission with which he was charged by Lord Wellington. "This mission displeases me," he tells his mother. "My duty will be to get information of the enemy; but I will not go near him to risk being taken, not being a spy. No danger, but great responsibility, which I don't like; be sure, however, of my keeping within safe bounds, not having the least desire to be taken in a ridiculous way, and my orders are not to risk anything. I have only a new coat and a greatcoat; the first was designed for smart days; but, lest the Spaniards should think me a spy, I wear my blazing uniform, and so wear it out. Blanco and I are like meteors; we cannot go near the French, and

so I send Spans. This, however, will only last the siege, and is because an active, intelligent officer was required. What a bore to be so clever!" The report which he made upon this mission was, says Sir William Napier, "adopted by Lord Wellington as ground of action."

Charles Napier complained much at this time that improper influences in high places were withholding his promotion. He seems to have had some reason to think so, for, although he had been a major throughout the war, and had seen much hard service, and received six wounds, he says, "In the latest *Gazette* I believe there has hardly been a major promoted who was not junior to me in standing; many younger as men, I believe—nearly all younger as soldiers. Several have been subalterns since I held the rank of major." However, about June 1811, he received official notice that he had been promoted to the lieutenant-colonelcy of the 102d Regiment; and the state of discipline in that corps required that he should join it without loss of time. The change was not exactly what he wished for; the glories and dangers of war under a chief whom he had now learnt to venerate were done with. He had to leave his brothers and the army, just entering on a career of victory, and take command of a regiment which had returned in a thoroughly bad state from Botany Bay to Guernsey. Nothing could be better than the spirit in which he accepts his altered position: "To get a regiment that is in bad order is agreeable; my fear was a good one, where no character could be gained and some might be lost. Caution is, however, necessary with these heroes; for, not making the regiment, I unmake myself. My way is clear enough, but my desire is not to see their faces for a year, staying quietly at home to recover my health. A little employment, however, with eagerness and anxiety, does good to body and mind; and it is my nature to have both about everything, to a certain degree."

He embarked for England on 25th August, with Blanco, who was doubtless glad of a change to plenty of forage and an easy life, instead of long marches and foodless halts, in which he "curls his nose into a thousand wrinkles, cursing Buonaparte," beside a master whose last biscuit has "run away on maggots' legs." Napier remained at home for some months, very happy in his mother's society, but suffering much from ague and the effects of his wounds and hardships. Lord Liverpool gave him the sinecure government of the Virgin Isles, an appointment which he resigned on the creation of pensions for wounds. He took the command of his new regiment in January 1812; and among the first letters which reached him in Guernsey, where he was quartered, was one conveying the news that his brother George had lost an arm while leading one of the storming parties at the assault of Ciudad Rodrigo. Two other letters conveying the news to other members of the family are a remarkable proof of the admiration excited by the gallantry of the Napier brothers.

Charles Stuart, afterwards Lord Londonderry, writing to Lady Louisa Conolly, says, "The gallant spirit of those Napiers leads them ever in the foremost ranks to danger, and honour is sure to be their just reward. George Napier, commanding three hundred as brave fellows as himself, stormed one of the breaches in the walls of Ciudad Rodrigo, and, sad to relate, received a wound in the right arm, which has been since amputated, and he is doing as well as possible. His conduct equalled that of his brother Charles, to surpass it would be hard; but the gallantry of the Napiers is as proverbial in the army as the fame of our chief."

The next letter is from the chief himself, and it is not the first occasion on which he had found time to give Lady Sarah the earliest news of the wounds, conduct, and safety of her sons.

"MY DEAR MADAM—I am sorry to tell you that your son George was again wounded in the right arm so badly last night, in the storm of Ciudad Rodrigo, as to make it necessary to amputate it above the elbow. He, however, bore the operation remarkably well, and I have seen him this morning quite well, free from pain and fever, and enjoying highly his success before he had received his wound. When he did receive it he only desired that I might be told he had led his men to the top of the breach before he had fallen. Having such sons I am aware that you expect to hear of these misfortunes, which I have had more than once to communicate to you ; and, notwithstanding your affection for them, you have so just a notion of the value of the distinction which they are daily acquiring for themselves by their gallantry and good conduct that their misfortunes do not make so great an impression upon you. Under these circumstances I perform the task I have taken on myself with less reluctance, hoping at the same time that this will be the last occasion on which I shall have to address you on such a subject, and that your brave sons will be spared to you. Although the last was the most serious, it was not the only wound which George received during the siege of Ciudad Rodrigo : he was hit by the splinter of a shell in the shoulder on the 16th.—Ever, my dear madam, yours most faithfully,

"WELLINGTON."

Charles Napier's hope of leading his new regiment to the Peninsula was soon extinguished by an order to embark for Bermuda. The only consolation he finds in this double banishment from glorious warfare and from his mother is "that not a day passes at Bermuda without opportunities of sending letters, and the ordinary run is but three weeks—two delightful things ; for to be far from you is hateful, and with all my ill-temper at the cross ways of London, never do I go to bed so happy as under your roof, if you are there. Take care of my other dear mother, Susan Frost, and make her go into the country." The regiment left Guernsey in July, and, owing to the roughness of the

weather, did not reach Bermuda till September. On 10th August he wrote in his journal: "This day, thirty years old. In 1808 my birthday was spent in Lisbon; 1810, in the valley of the Douro; 1811, again in Lisbon; and now, 1812, in the midst of the Atlantic. Where next? Perhaps at the bottom. Well, when not with those I love, no matter where."

He now found himself on an island about 35 miles long, and varying in width from a few yards to about 3 miles, with a population of 11,000, half being slaves. Idleness and rum were the main difficulties he had to contend with as a commander. "My greatest dread is that the idleness of others will corrupt my *gents*; they are, however, now good, and proud of their military knowledge, which keeps up the military spirit. But to what end is all this work? To be starved in Bermuda, and become pioneers when tools come from England; it is hateful to think of. Every officer of mine, except three young ones, can now exercise a battalion; in one year of working parties they will be only thinking of making money and gardens, and the men will be ditch-diggers! How can we pester men with drill for that end? I only do it to keep them from drink and myself from rust."

News of the battle of Salamanca reached him in October, and made him "turn with disgust to the dulness of drill." In such times of inaction hatred of soldier-life always added itself to the longing for home which never left him, even amid the triumph of victory. For he was one who

"Though thus endued as with a sense
And faculty for storm and turbulence,
Is yet a soul whose master-bias leans
To homefelt pleasures and to gentle scenes."

On the other hand, when the time for action came he could

not repress his inward sense of his capacity for command. Nor, indeed, even in Bermuda had he failed to make a deep impression on the minds and affections of those amongst whom he was thrown. Captain Robertson,¹ Royal Artillery, records that

“When the 102d landed in Bermuda even casual observers perceived it was commanded by no common man; while those of his acquaintances who enjoyed the edification of his conversation on professional subjects—and he delighted to dwell on them—could not but entertain something like prophetic views of future greatness. There was such earnestness of character, such a high estimate of his profession, such enthusiastic stern devotion, that he could not fail to influence all who had a spark of chivalry in their nature. He made soldiers of all under him, and had the rare quality of making the most familiar intercourse compatible with absolute authority. . . . The hills and cedar groves of Bermuda were his places of instruction, where men and officers were made to study ground and movements; and with infinite care, and a peculiar happy manner, he taught. Instead of condemning mistakes he would put questions, as if seeking for information, yet so framed as to bring conviction of error, where such existed, and to suggest improvement. His was no adjutant’s regiment; he was himself drill-master, and master also of every detail; with exception of beating a drum there was no part of a soldier’s duty, from the sentinel to the sergeant-major’s, which he could not teach, and do as smartly as the smartest non-commissioned officer. Nor was his knowledge restricted to his own arm; he was conversant with engineers’ duties, and with those of artillery, whose practice he generally attended.”

It is only by keeping in mind the perpetual conflict in Charles Napier’s breast between the promptings of his

¹ Father of the Rev. Fred. W. Robertson, who had a picture of Sir C. Napier hung in his study, and used to call it his household god. See his *Life and Letters*, vol. i. pp. 8-11.

genius and his affections that the foregoing account can be reconciled with his own letters to his mother, of which the following is a good specimen:—

“20th April 1813.—Now for your Christmas letter. A year’s pay to have seen aunt dance—the idea is delightful; God bless her! Oh, my wish is to be dapping with those I love, or beating them, or anything, so as to be living with you, and to pitch my sword where it ought to be—with the devil! Henry says if it were so the wish would come to have it back; but my craving for rest is such that twenty years would hardly serve to satisfy me, and that is probably ten more than I am likely to live—a soldier nowadays is old at forty. I could get on with a duck, a chicken, a turkey, a horse, a pig, a cat, a cow, and a wife, in a very contented way. Why, gardening has become so interesting to me here as to force me to give it up lest neglect of business should follow. It is a kind of madness with me. Gardening from morning to night should be my occupation, if there was any one to command the regiment; it won’t let me think of anything else. So hang the garden, and the sweet red and blue birds that swarm around; and hang Dame Nature for making me love such things, and women’s company, more than the sublime pleasure of cutting people’s throats and teaching young men to do so! Henry is wrong; I would not be tired of home. My fondness for a quiet life would never let me desire to roam in search of adventures. A few centuries back I should have been a hermit, making free, however, with the rules of the order by taking a wife instead of a staff: one cross-grained thing is as good as another. It is certain that a civil life would give me one thing which a military life would not—that is, I should never, my own blessed mother, get tired of the power of living with you; that would make up for all the affliction and regret of not murdering my neighbours, of living an exile, with the interesting anxiety of believing those I love suffer even to death, while imagination amuses itself with castles for months before it can be known what is their fate. How shocking to give

up such delights for the painfulness of peace and quiet and a beloved society! Be assured it will not be easy to persuade me of that; and quit the army with joy will I when the power to do so is mine; but my luck will not go so far."

Whatever the future might have in store, the charms of tranquillity were soon dismissed from his mind. Monotonous drill beneath the enervating skies of Bermuda was exchanged for the command of a brigade of marines, his own regiment, and a corps of Frenchmen enlisted from the war prisons. He was second in command to Sir Sydney Beckwith, and at once found himself "in most excellent tranquil spirits, having much to do." He was confident that his own regiment would do right, but for the marines he felt "all the anxiety of a lady sending her daughter to Court the first time; very anxious also I am to ascertain my own force in command of an awkward brigade, for the marines, being ever on board ship, are necessarily undrilled, and the foreigners under me are *dubious*. Fight these last shall; all men will fight when they begin, but delay enables rogues to evaporate. My self-confidence makes me wish for the chief command; yet am I fearful of estimating my powers too high, and much I dislike sacking and burning of towns; it is bad employment for British troops. . . . Nevertheless, a pair of breeches must be plundered, for mine are worn out."

General Beckwith's force was destined to take part in the desultory and not very creditable operations against the United States of America. The principal interest settled on the attack and defence of the Canadian frontier, but detachments of British troops made diversions at various points along the American seaboard.

The expedition with which we are now concerned chose Chesapeake Bay as the scene of its operations after some uncertainty, resulting from the naval and military authorities

having independent commands. "It was a council of war," says Napier, "and what council of war ever achieved a great exploit?"

The fleet anchored in Lynehaven Bay, with a view to attack Norfolk, but was driven by a storm to the mouth of Elizabeth River. Here Craney Island was seized, and, after some aimless night attacks, the town of Hampton was taken and disgracefully plundered. Napier was justly proud of the conduct of his own brigade, with the exception of the French war prisoners, who had to be sent away. He had some difficulty in keeping his own men in the ranks, but the marine artillery "behaved like soldiers; they had it in their power to join in the sack and refused." The following letter gives an account of the general character of the operations :—

"*Potomac.* — We have nasty sort of fighting here amongst creeks and bushes, and lose men without show —altogether above a hundred, with three officers. The Yankees, however, get their share, for at Hampton we killed on the spot above a hundred. It is an inglorious warfare. 7000 men are at Baltimore, and we have no such force; still my opinion is that if we tuck up our sleeves and lay our ears back we might thrash them—that is, if we caught them out of their trees, so as to slap at them with the bayonet. They will not stand that. But they fight unfairly, firing jagged pieces of iron and every sort of devilment—nails, broken pokers, old locks of guns, gun-barrels—everything that will do mischief. On board a 20-gun ship that we took I found this sort of ammunition regularly prepared. This is wrong. Man delights to be killed according to the law of nations, and nothing so pleasant or correct; but to be doused against all rule is offensive. We don't then kick like gentlemen. A 24-lb. shot in the stomach is fine—we die heroically; but a brass candlestick for stuffing, with a garnish of rusty twopenny nails, makes us die ungentlely and with the colic. . . . Nothing can be more interesting than our landings,

which have been always by moonlight. Numbers of boats filled with armed men gliding in silence over the smooth water, arms glittering in the moonshine, oars just breaking the stillness of night, the dark shade of the woods we are pushing for, combining with expectation of danger to affect the mind. Suddenly 'Cast off' is heard, and the rapid dash of oars begins, with the quick 'Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!' as the sailors pull to shore. Then the soldiers rush into and through the water. We have generally had two or three miles to row, the boats tied together and moving slowly; but when in reach of shot every boat casts loose and they pull furiously with shouts—the 102d excepted, which no shouting hath! I forbid all noise until they can rush on the enemy; then they have leave to give a deadly screech, and away! away!"

In August he was detached with Admiral Cockburn to the coast of North Carolina; but he was not allowed to have his own way, and the expedition was as fruitless as the rest. It provoked some bitter reflections in his journal on divided command: "I have seen enough to refuse a joint command if ever offered to me. It is certain disgrace and failure from the nature of things: the two services are incompatible. . . . A General in a blue coat, or an Admiral in a red one, is mischief." He was heartily glad when he was able to exchange back into the 50th. He received a sword of honour from the officers of the 102d, and sailed for England in September 1813.

The war in America had been a painful and inglorious experience. "It is quite shocking," he writes, "to have men who speak our own language brought in wounded; one feels as if they were English peasants, and that we are killing our own people." And again, "There are numbers of officers, of the navy in particular, whose families are American, and their fathers in one or two

instances are absolutely living in the very towns we are trying to burn." He had, in addition, the mortification of seeing confusion and mismanagement on every side, while he could obtain no hearing for his own suggestions and plans. One of these, which bolder men than Beckwith and the two admirals might well have shrunk from even discussing, was afterwards described by himself in connection with some remarks on the War of Independence in Greece.

"My proposal to Ali Pacha was the second great plan of war addressed by me to governing powers, both rejected with folly, though undoubtedly calculated for success. The other was made on my American expedition, where our landings on the coasts of Maryland, Virginia, and Carolina, made it soon manifest to me that we did no good to English fame, no real injury to America. I was then but thirty years old, but, having seen much of war, was confident of being able to execute whatever entered my imagination as feasible. My plan was as follows:—may it yet be executed!—Seeing a black population of slaves ruled by a thin population of whites, the blacks thinking the English demigods and their Yankee masters devils, I said to the authorities, 'Give me 200,000 stand of arms, and land me in Virginia with only the officers and non-commissioned officers of three black regiments—that is to say, about one hundred persons accustomed to drill black men. Let the ships with store of arms lay off while I strike into the woods with my drill men, my own regiment, and proclamations exciting the blacks to rise for freedom, forbidding them, however, to commit excesses under pain of being given up or hanged. The multitude of blacks who nightly come to our ships, and whom we drive back to death or renewed slavery, shows that we can in a week assemble a million—certainly 100,000 before any force can reach us—indeed before the American Government can be aware of our descent, as we shall lie hidden in the forests until the influx of blacks discovers us.

"All the blacks can use arms, and in twelve hours can be

organised in regiments and brigades, each commanded by an officer more experienced than American militiamen'—for the American regular forces were then in the north, and even they had but small experience at the time. 'When this vast mass shall be collected and armed we shall roll down to the coast, and our large fleet can pass us into the Delaware country, out of which we shall instantly chase the whole population. Then, with half our fleet in the Delaware River, with provisions in the Delaware country—and a handful of corn or rice is all a black slave will want for that occasion—we shall people the deserted space, set all the women and children to cultivate the ground, and with our enormous mass of males will have entrenched a position across the isthmus in twenty-four hours, for the fleet will supply us with tools, powder, cannon, engineers, and marines.' Such was my proposal. Nothing could have approached us, and in a month a drilled army of 200,000 men, well appointed, would have been formed, with 100,000 in reserve to supply losses. At the head of that army I would have sallied from our lines and taken Washington, while Sir George Prevost from Canada followed the American army, which must, perforce, have retired on the first alarm either to the Indian country or to the south; the British force from Canada could then have joined my black force at Washington, and we could have dictated peace. Had this plan been accepted two things must have happened: we should have dictated peace and abolished slavery in America."

The vastness, originality, and astounding audacity of this scheme cannot but excite admiration; but we can hardly join Napier in his indignation at the folly of the Government which refused to adopt it. Such a conception was a proof that he possessed the creative and imaginative faculty which distinguishes a soldier of genius from the very ablest tactician. But it also reveals a weak point in his judgment—a weakness excusable indeed in a man of thirty, and which, if it reappears now and again in later years, was

kept in check by experience of affairs; and the matured reason of a really statesmanlike mind. He could not always confine the promptings of his genius as a soldier within the limits of political possibility. It is hard to say whether the success or failure of his negro scheme would have most embarrassed the British Government. The struggle with Buonaparte was at its fiercest; England had already shown that she had neither the power nor the inclination to throw much vigour into the American War; yet, if he had failed, the terror and hatred which his threatened overthrow of slavery would have excited throughout the length and breadth of a land already more bitter against the mother-country than at the time of the War of Independence, would have recoiled with a force that might have driven the last British subject back over the Atlantic, to say nothing of the vengeance that would have awaited the unhappy blacks. If he had succeeded, and had dictated peace at Washington, it is impossible to believe that a high-spirited and angry people would have adhered to a treaty which, however generous, must have included the abolition of slavery without compensation; there would have been another War of Independence; or, if the slave question had been waived by England, the blacks, with arms in their hands and a powerful military organisation, would have maintained a servile war.

When Napier reached England the war with France was over, and he was reduced on half-pay. He seized the opportunity afforded by the peace to enter the Military College at Farnham, where he was joined by his brother William. But hardly had he begun his studies when Napoleon escaped from Elba, and the astonished nations had once more to rush to arms. Charles Napier went, as a volunteer, to Ghent; but, doubtless to his intense disgust, Waterloo was fought and won before he could join the

army. He took part in the storming of Cambrai, and marched into Paris, where he stayed only a few days, and then returned to Farnham. As usual he was not destined to escape from a campaign, however short, without an accident of some sort. As he was leaving Ostend the ship sank at the mouth of the harbour. He swam to some piles, but the beam was too slippery to climb, and each swelling wave overwhelmed him. While thus slowly drowning, he was luckily spied and picked up by a boat.

War was now over, and the prospects of a soldier on half-pay were not cheering. But it was not in Napier's nature to be easily discouraged. Fortune might come late, but he was resolved she should not find him unprepared. Thirty years later he writes to Ensign Campbell: "By reading you will be distinguished; without it, abilities are of little use. A man may talk and write, but he cannot learn his profession without constant study to prepare, especially for the higher rank, because he then wants knowledge and experience of others improved by his own. But when in a post of responsibility he has no time to read, and if he comes to such a post with an empty skull, it is then too late to fill it, and he makes no figure. Thus many people fail to distinguish themselves, and say they are unfortunate, which is untrue; their own previous idleness unfitted them to profit by fortune."

He remained at the Military College from 1815 to the end of 1817, deep in military and political history, but with many an excursion, as his note-books testify, into general literature, agriculture, commerce, building, especially structures for the poor, and political economy. The sufferings of his countrymen and the tyrannous incapacity of the Tory administrations in the first years of peace were fast making a Radical of him. At the end of 1816 he writes to his mother, in words that show a degree of political sense

and an independence of judgment rarely possessed by men of his profession :

"Tell Aunt Conolly I won't attack her friend Lord Castle-reagh to her ; but reformation advances at the *pas de charge*, and no earthly power can arrest the progress of freedom. The people are in motion, and those who oppose them will be crushed like pebbles under a rolling stone. That the said stone may not swerve from the gravel walks of petition and reform ought to be the prayer of every one, and especially of those who wish the cause well, for thus all will be gain and no reaction—that is to say, there will be no going beyond justice. If this does happen the glory of England will become brighter than the battles of the last twenty years have made it. The freedom of this country being rendered complete, Louis XVIII. and his brood will be lost, for our example will be followed all over Europe. That excessive suffering to individuals will result is certain, but everybody who takes physic has the colic. As to your seeking for an asylum against coming troubles, you shall have my reasons for being in no fear for you. No revolutionary spirit exists in England ; the starving people only seek bread. Those who have their confidence—and generally they place it justly tell them parliamentary reform and food will come together : it is this they seek. The reformers, Cobbett at the head, tell them not to riot, not to be personal, not to commit excesses ; but to petition daily, hourly, one and all, for in that is their safety, their remedy. They see this is true, and the great security against bloodshed and revolution is to tell the multitude truth. Show the real evils and the real remedy, and they will not be half so dangerous or so unjust as when suffering in ignorance of the cause, for it is then they go furiously ahead, and nothing can stop them.

"No power ever yet could stem popular vigour in action, and, as it is always just at bottom, it should be directed by timely information. Let a mob know that a minister is a villain, and give them to know him by sight, and they will not tear an innocent man to pieces by mistake ; but if you do not give them this knowledge, they will tear any man to

pieces that anybody points at; and they will as suddenly fall on his family—ay, even on the street where he lives! All such excesses arise from the infatuation of treating the lower orders as if they were fools, when they have really a greater number of great men amongst them than the higher orders, in proportion to their greater numbers. England is instructed, the people see their remedy, thanks to Cobbett, Burdett, and others; and though these men have their errors, it will be to them we shall owe personal safety, and constitutional instead of revolutionary reform. It is easy to laugh at Cobbett, and to call him all sorts of names, but it is not easy to disprove his great abilities. A reform will be effected, though to resist it Lord Castlereagh would risk civil war, I believe; but I do not believe he has power. Should it be so, with three sons soldiers, one a sailor, another a lawyer, it will be hard if you don't swim, for these are the three finest trades in such cases; so don't trouble yourself with anticipating evils."

This chapter shall be concluded with a few extracts from his note-book, interesting both for themselves and as examples of his method of studying war and government. They were not all written at the Military College, but are selected from the note-books he used from 1809 to 1824.

"*Popular Wars*, 1809.—It is generally found that wars arising from popular enthusiasm have been excited by oppression, bad government, or bad faith—in short, that the populace has good cause for anger. Those who wish to direct popular troops, and those also who are inclined to lend assistance, must be very cautious, or else resign caution entirely, risking all on chance. The heated imaginations of enthusiasts, who are generally weak men, see no reverses; each has victory in his own plan, and all will make mountains of mole-hills, and mole-hills of mountains. The last is indeed a minor evil, for a man may dare any danger successfully, but must never forget to estimate accurately his own powers. False estimates are the cause of failure in all such enterprises. Those who engage in them always exaggerate their numbers and resources, and to deceive yourself is

to fight for the enemy. Another cause of failure is that when coming to action every man is confident in his own particular plan, and will not give it up, or at most but coldly acts on his neighbour's plan; hence dissensions, the cry of traitors, and all the evils of jarring interests. Military plans require despotism. Great men may when shackled by control do much, but they would do more if unshackled.

"In popular wars you must not attempt to form armies or combine movements unless a powerful body of regular troops is already embodied; in which case, a despotic government must direct all the operations. Spain furnishes the proof of this. Instead of attempting to meet the disciplined warriors of France in battle, she should have made a partisan war. Small corps of foot should have acted in the mountains, fought in the defiles, and watched the fords; small parties of cavalry should have eternally harassed the enemy's marches, and beat up his quarters when halted. At first these parties could not be too small; but in the towns every house should have barricades, be pierced with loopholes, and turned into a redoubt which its master should defend or die. Ten towns like Zaragoza, or Gerona, would save Spain; one, if that were Madrid. In the plains forage might be destroyed, or collected in towns. Cavalry could not get it in the mountains occupied by active partisans, who, as they acquired experience, would gradually become formidable corps equal to combined movements. The armies of France could then only gain ground with loss of blood, and their system of concentration be unavailing. Armies in mass could not pursue a hundred men; the bodily endurance of the Spaniards would tell, and their losses be supplied by a present population, while those of France could only be repaired from a distance, and scantily in comparison."

"*Commanders*, 1810.—A commander should concentrate his own forces, divide his enemies, and never think himself strong enough when he can be stronger. Yet he should remember that additional numbers do not always give strength. He should never voluntarily attempt anything where failure would be ruin, whatever be the temptation;

he may, however, be forced to do so. Attempt anything, the more daring the better, if you can bear defeat. But always when you do attack, do it with all possible fury; be sudden and rapid, and if possible, unexpected. Always attack if you cannot avoid an action. And when you do attack, throw your whole power also upon one point, and let that point be a decisive one; the day is your own if it is carried; your other points are safe, because your enemy cannot maintain his ground, much less advance, if the key of his position be in your power, even though he should be successful anywhere else. If the key point can be turned it is still better, and there are many ways of attacking a position abstractedly.

“Let your guiding principles be first to form plans of campaign on the largest scale possible, then to have your army compact and your movements well combined, concentric, and rapid. If your enemy is strongest, fall on his weakest points and avoid his strong ones. If you are more powerful, fasten on his vitals and destroy him. If he is strong, provoke him to separate; if he is weak, drive him to a corner. Never separate your own force unless your detachments are equal to the enemy's, and even then it is bad, though sometimes it must be done—the fable of a bundle of sticks ought always to be in a General's mind. The place to strike at your enemy is not so much when you are sure of success in battle as where your blow will be decisive in the consequences. Suppose an army has only one road by which he receives supplies; if he preserves that the beating his left or right or centre may be glorious, yet will be unavailing—he remains in the field; but once gain that road and all is over. These things appear simple, but how few Generals do we find able to act on them!

“Is your army of cavalry or infantry chiefly? If the former take the open plains if you can; if the latter an inter-sected country should be generally preferred; but that depends more on your enemy's force than your own. Indeed on so many things that to say absolutely what should be done is folly; circumstances must direct. However, the first of all

objects is the commissariat. Your troops may wrest arms out of the enemy's hands, and if they fail they can run; but if they want food the game is up, they must surrender. The means of securing food must therefore be fixed—not left to chance or promises. The General should be sure, if it is in his power; if it is not he must give up all at once, unless the nature of affairs demands the risking the destruction of his army. Lord Wellington did so in Portugal, whether properly or not is for those who know how things stood to judge. I do not.

“Discipline should be enforced with rigour. Death is the only effectual punishment on service. The life of a criminal must not be thought of when it gains a point of far more importance than a post, in attacking which a hundred honourable men may fall. Discipline is necessary for health, for safety, for combinations, for keeping up numbers, seeing that the loss of men killed or taken singly in consequence of plundering and drink is inconceivable. Policy and humanity to the wretched inhabitants of the seat of war command that marauders should die without mercy. But the supply of food must be sufficient or discipline goes; no man will starve for fear of being shot. The commissary is the very life of an army; if his department goes wrong the General can do nothing; disorganisation and disease follow his neglect. A General should also watch the drill of his army, but that is the easiest part of his duty. Regiments must, however, take all means of perfecting and adapting it to the country acted in.

“With these precautions a General may take the field with confidence in himself, if he is also cautious, daring, active, deceitful, searching his enemy with spies in all directions, but giving little credit to their stories, save where corroborated by circumstances or on proved fidelity. He should acquire accurate personal knowledge of the country, and make his staff departments do the same. When in movement let him be careful to prevent his troops being kept standing long under arms—waiting either for quarters at the end or for orders at the beginning of a march; nothing is more harassing

to men and officers, nothing so likely to produce sickness in hot, cold, or wet climates. Seize all intoxicating liquors when they can be found, and let them be immediately distributed as far as may be without injury; if that can't be destroy them, for to guard them with English troops is impossible.

"Guard well against surprise. To be surprised is inexcusable in a General, if it happens from his neglect of proper posts; if his troops are surprised in good posts they must be in a dreadful state, which can hardly be the fault of any one but the General. Never call a council of war; a General is to command his officers, not to obey them. This need not prevent his receiving the opinion of any officer, or of every officer, in regard to their peculiar duties. Leave every officer power and responsibility in his own post, according to his worthiness. A General publicly avows his embarrassments when he tells inferior officers he does not know what to do, and that they do; his army loses confidence, magnifies every difficulty, and either becomes panic-stricken or despises the chief, or both. In council also each will believe he knows better than his neighbours, and be dissatisfied if his advice is not followed. The man who says, 'Do that because I order you,' is obeyed with confidence and decision. What would not Marlborough have done but for the councils of war which the Dutch deputies forced on him! Lord Wellington assembled one council of war in the Peninsula, but only to hear all that could be urged against a resolution he had taken; for it was said the Generals were unanimous, and in two hours after orders were issued for a march directly opposed to their opinion! As to fighting battles, Marshal Saxe said they were won by legs more than arms, and certainly battles are decided by rapid well-directed marches more than anything else; but I do not see much wisdom in the apophthegm, for it is the head, arms, and legs united that win battles, and not any one of them. The head has clearly the best share, for the best legs and arms with a bad head will rarely conquer, whereas bad legs and arms with a good head may."

"*Bermuda—Alexander the Great.*—He warred against the Persians 334 years before Christ, and it is remarkable that the

two most renowned warriors of history should have commenced their great enterprises with such small armies. Alexander invaded Persia with only 30,000 foot and 5000 horse; Hannibal entered Italy with but 20,000 foot and 6000 horse. How much more depends upon the chief than on the numbers of an army! Alexander's mode of warfare indicates that the vast plan he executed was pre-calculated, and did not spring merely from success. At first he moved along the coast of the Propontis, because Mount Ida was naturally strong, and Memnon was there, well fortified, and having also prepared obstacles on the coast of the *Ægean* Sea. By this march eastward, which, being much longer, was quite unexpected, Alexander turned all those obstacles.

"At the *Granicus*, being opposed, contrary to Memnon's advice, he concentrated his force on the right and defeated the Persians—that is, the Persian king's army, for the forces were chiefly Greek mercenaries, and Memnon was a Greek. After the victory he divided his forces, and with one half took Sardis and all the towns along the *Ægean* coast; but by that time the enemy had collected on the frontier of Syria under Darius, whereupon Alexander concentrated his scattered forces, marched upon Darius and defeated him at Issus. Two things are noticeable here. First, Alexander had grown careless from conquest and from deficiency of intelligence. Darius, displaying talent and activity, got in his rear, seized the *Armanic* gate, and nearly got the Syrian gate also. These were the only passes through the mountains by which Alexander could retreat. The danger was seen and the fault remedied by a rapid night march, which placed Alexander's army at the Syrian gate before Darius could get it. Alexander could then have declined a battle if he chose, but that was not his game, and he attacked.

"The second noticeable thing was the judgment with which he did attack. Darius drew up his forces with his right to the sea, his left resting on the mountains, his front covered by the Issus. Alexander fell on the Persians' left with the greatest part of his troops, leaving Parmenio on his own left, with the cavalry, to make the best fight he could.

If defeated Alexander could have gotten into the mountains, and by his right have reached the previously-conquered countries, or Greece by a detour; for his left being weak would have been first beaten, and its retreat have been protected by his right. Had he taken a different course his right would have first retired, and his whole army been thrown back on the sea, or into the plains of Mesopotamia, where it would have been destroyed. Victorious, he equally gained by this disposition; for he, as actually happened, threw the Persian army on to the sea and destroyed the greater part. Having won the battle, he marched along the coast of Phœnicia, gaining many ports and ships; then he took Egypt; and, thus getting the whole coast, formed a large fleet and cut Darius off from the Persian party in Greece, which, under Demosthenes and others, had been hitherto very dangerous; and it had been the able Memnon's plan to invade Macedonia.

"Few things more strongly mark Alexander's vast designs and genius than the way he treated the people of the conquered districts, always making them his warm friends. Pausanias says he never erected trophies, though usual then. The only difference to the conquered was that they changed an old king who made them pay heavy tribute and never saw them for a young one who was among them and exacted much less in tribute. He gave them great commands, and he was liberal, but withal very economical and anxious to prevent all expense that was not useful and just; very generous but not extravagant.

"Having secured his rear and all the sea communications with Greece, he pressed forward into the heart of Darius' empire, and beat him at Arbela by attacking, as usual, with his own force concentrated. Being much outnumbered he displayed two equal lines, so as to be able to form squares in case the Persians surrounded him; and with this formation first bore down on their centre, but so obliquely towards his own right as to compel them to make a flank movement to prevent his gaining their flank, and at that moment attacked them. The battle was well contested, but he won it. His motive for obliqueing when moving against them was, seem-

ingly, to avoid the ground they had cleared for their chariots. His subsequent movements were very rapid. After the battle he took Babylon, and pursued his conquests to India; and it is a proof of his wisdom that the towns he built have most of them remained to this day, showing that he foresaw the channels in which commerce would flow. The Egyptian and the Paropamisian Alexandrias were the, most noted; but the works begun and proposed at Babylon, just before his death, evinced his design to make that the capital of the world.

"The battle of Granicus was won by placing the greatest force on the right, so that his attack was made with troops more concentrated than those of the enemy. This seems to be the main point in all battles; for you thus overwhelm a certain portion of the enemy, and, being always compact, can meet his subsequent efforts to recover the day with an advantage difficult to withstand, as the enemy must come up in detail to reinforce his defeated troops."¹

"*Order of Battle.*—Jomini's method of forming three lines by dividing regiments into three grand divisions, one behind another, would sacrifice fire and be unhandy. For English troops the single line, two deep, has been found strong enough. If men have solid nerve that formation is sufficient; if they have not three lines will equally fail, and the rear line will be shooting the front lines. If you distrust your troops the column is best to break an adverse line, because disorder and flight from line is destruction; whereas the most frightened troops can keep in a body, and be able to make terms if not able to resist with effect, and in the attack they force each other forward; but no general rule can

¹ Marginal note written nearly forty years afterwards, when Commander-in-Chief in India:—

"It is curious that I should have written this in Bermuda, 1812, and be here in 1850, at Simla, having just returned from passing over Alexander's march from the Indus to the Hyphasis. I am at the head of an army larger than his; but I am more than double his age, having only half his strength, and none of his power. If I had his power I would, without a hundredth part of his genius, go near his glory, and would win all he won—and more; for I have a better army, and our Europeans amalgamate better with the natives than did his Greeks."

be given in these matters. Should I ever command an army it shall be kept, so far as the ground will admit, in a wedge-like form, which may, according to circumstances, be compressed to an oblong, or displayed as a line. When required to act it may be done by companies, regiments, or brigades, according to the need. Six regiments are in line; twelve may follow in straight column behind each flank, or divergent in *echelon*, thus offering the oblong or the wedge form as the ground dictates. Behind the centre should march the reserve."

"*Cavalry*.—In the British army we have not considered this arm much in a scientific point of view—that is to say, its use in the field and its equipment as suited to its duties and dependent on them. It appears to me that in battle infantry must have the greatest effect, but cavalry in the campaign. Infantry grow accustomed to cavalry, but the tendency of cavalry is to become fearful. This a good General should take great pains to obviate. The infantry soon learn that close formation and steadiness gives them safety. They take advantage of ground, and thus gain confidence; but the cavalry must lose it, because they find the foot-soldier grow firmer in resistance and delivering a closer fire. Thus attacks become more dangerous for man and horse, and both become faint-hearted. The dispute is finally decided by the complete superiority of the musket and bayonet over the sabre. One simple fact will account for this. The foot-soldier can kill his adversary at some hundred yards; the horseman cannot hurt his enemy until the latter is within reach of his sword, and then six foot-soldiers are opposed to each file of horsemen! Is it fair to expect they should cope with such odds for any length of time?

"I do not mean that cavalry are not to charge infantry; they must charge anything they are ordered to charge, and they will frequently break and annihilate infantry; moreover, it may be requisite to charge with the certainty of defeat. These are not points becoming for cavalry to consider; they wholly belong to the General. My aim is to show that infantry will have greater force in battle than cavalry. It may be said that artillery will break the infantry; but the latter

have artillery also, and my decided opinion is that infantry, even in line, may oppose cavalry, particularly when accidents of ground cover their flanks, in want of which a company wheeled back will answer the purpose. I will go further, and will, after a deal of personal service in the infantry, say that a line charged over by cavalry will, if the men do not endeavour to escape by flight, lose very few, and will finally beat the cavalry. Artillery therefore makes little difference, and solid formations are not essential, though preferable. Cavalry may, nevertheless, act with prodigious effect accidentally. Great conduct and great misconduct will not submit to principles.

“With regard to the equipment of cavalry, we could hardly alter for the worse. I will not enter into details, but the chief objects are to have two classes—viz. light dragoons and heavy dragoons; that is larger men, not heavier baggage. All should have straight cut-and-thrust swords, thirty-five inches in the blade, and light muskets for acting on foot, as the French do. No trappings; the horse must not be killed by useless weight. A dragoon should have no kit but a cloak, a pair of shoes, two flannel shirts, and a piece of soap. These, wrapped up in an oilskin, would go in the right holster pipe, and a pistol in the left. To make cavalry effective in the long run they must move rapidly, and for that they must be light; therefore good cavalry consists in the strong horse and light weight. This gives one beast fair play; and to give t’other beast fair play also, teach him to trust to his sword, by teaching him how to use it; then, when a rigid course of discipline has taught him to follow his commander in a charge, he will repay all trouble and expense at the enemy’s cost. The absolute force of cavalry is very little; for what becomes of the force of a horse when struck by a shot? What of a squadron when many horses are down? No! it is certainly not force but rapid movement that gives cavalry value, the application of which requires *gumption* in the commander; the power of obeying him depends on the weight the horse carries; the courage of the rider depends on rigid discipline, in a collective sense, and on a knowledge of his weapons individually.”

“Commander of a Regiment.—He should be steady in system, that which demands change must be bad : change is in itself an evil of magnitude. He should issue as few orders as possible ; there is scarcely a greater evil than long and frequent orders. He should enforce the orders he does issue, a habit of obedience is the great spring of military arrangements ; but when subject to constant orders men’s minds, especially young minds, become fatigued and heedless ; disobedience, or at best inattention follows, for no commanding officer can be a constant spy on his officers, nor would it become him if he could. How then can this natural weakness of men’s minds be met ? By not overloading them, by short, simple, and few orders, by seeing to their execution, and making severe examples of the disobedient in matters of consequence. Sharp reprimands for slight neglect are necessary, not because the matter signifies much in itself, but that a habit of disobedience grows, and steady checking makes men dread disobedience more than the trouble of duty. They reason thus : ‘The orders are few, but necessary ; I am bound in honour to obey them, and neglect subjects me to unpleasant treatment.’ When this feeling arises a lieutenant-colonel has little to do beyond admonishing the careless ; and on service he will find that while others are overwhelmed with exertion and yet disobeyed, he and those under him scarcely feel the difference.

“This is real subordination, real responsibility. It is not saying to a lieutenant-colonel ‘I hold you responsible,’ that succeeds ; the same speech goes through each gradation down to the drummer ; and when the thing is not done the lieutenant-colonel, being responsible to the General, cannot say, ‘The major disobeyed me,’ for that would bring the General and the drum-boy face to face to settle the matter, which would be the reverse of responsibility. The colonel should be able to say to the General, ‘I cannot see this order executed with my own eyes, but, having taught my officers the necessity of obedience, I will be responsible for its execution.’ Here is the true ‘chain of responsibility,’ which is not to be found by throwing your own duty on the shoulders of

your juniors. Let the commander do his own duty, that is the great secret; neither rewards nor punishments have so much effect as example. In battle a leader who cries 'Forward,' may see his men fly disgracefully; but he who, sword in hand, rushes on the enemy will generally be followed.

"The fewer reprimands the fewer punishments, and more effect; nothing more disagreeable to oneself, nothing more useless than scolding—it is weak and contemptible. The voice of a commander should seldom be heard in anger, and then it will be feared and heeded; if frequent it will excite ridicule, often indignation. Its course is first teasing, then impertinent, ungentlemanlike, finally unjust and insulting; then an apology is due to the misused person, and you are no longer respected. Such are the results of habitual *rowing*; but an occasional touch up is invigorating, only let it come out at once like the devil, hail, rain, thunder, and lightning. When this is justified by the matter it never creates enemies or discontent. British officers won't bear insult, but they know that duty must be done, and idle fellows are thus worked up."

"*Gibbon*.—He says, 'The principle of a free Government is irrecoverably lost when the legislative power is nominated by the executive.' What freedom can we boast of, then, when our members of Parliament hold places under Government? When our peers are placemen? When the power of voting at elections is restricted to a certain number of persons, instead of being the right of the people? When a seat in Parliament is so valuable as to make it worth while to expend £100,000 to carry one election? When the riches of the Treasury can be applied to the venal inclinations of a Parliament? When the higher offices of the executive are identified with those in whom the legislative authority is vested? And when the innumerable executive offices in the lower classes are held by voters who elect the legislative body—at least that part supposed to be the chief bulwark against tyranny? Our legislative is not only nominated by the executive, but

is in fact itself; the two powers exist in the same men, and the attempts made to assert freedom and the real spirit of the constitution are called treason—everything that is bad! Very natural however is this—we cannot expect thieves to condemn their own robberies. Ministers and opposition are alike interested to preserve this dreadful system, menacing destruction to the British Constitution; this system of aristocracy devised to make the crown a cypher and the people slaves. The remedy is to reform abuses by short parliaments, and an equal distribution of the right to elect members, having no placemen in the House. Able men have said that these things would be effectual, and I have heard no convincing argument against them.”

“*Nicholas Rienzi Gabrini*, 1824.—When at Rome and Naples I thought those towns might be reformed, but was assured it was quite impossible by Sir W. Gell, with whom I had an argument, and whose talents do not appear to me to be above the blue-stocking description; however, knowing so little of him, I may be wrong. The recollection of what had been accomplished by Rienzi was not then fresh in my memory, but reading history again convinces me I am right and Gell wrong. All that Rome requires is a free press, which would have indeed less vigour, less enterprise, than the tribune, but would be less corrupt, more persevering, and would not die; he cured by the actual cautery, the press would be only an alternative—both would be best. But the press would soon produce a Rienzi in a town full of men with high natural talent and well-cultivated minds; full of noble feelings also, though great blackguards because it is a moral impossibility they should be otherwise. If you were to keep the most delicate lady in London for a week in a stable, she would smell as strong as a postilion.

“Rienzi forced the nobles to retire to their estates. If this was done now, and none allowed to live more than three months in the capital, except those whose estates were in the most dangerous parts as to health, where would the robbers be? Would the rich people, now shut up in their palaces at Rome or Naples, then suffer gangs of robbers? Would the

peasantry prefer robbers to nobles who spent fortunes amongst them? In a year necessity and interest combined would find means to destroy robbers; and in a few years cultivation would begin to conquer malaria; even the Pontine Marshes would be rescued from agues and frogs. What has been done there proves what may be done. . . . Farms would require hands, and the 50,000 lazzaroni of Naples would with good management diminish. By good management I mean corrections through a thousand channels—no one measure could purify that stagnant mass. Amongst the most obvious would be colonising other parts of the kingdom, and recruiting the marine force and the army from them; vigorous execution of the laws, establishing schools of industry, and enforcing laws against vagrants and idlers; finally, a free press would soon let you know a thousand secrets for clearing away the pests.

“The more I see of the countries of the world, the more certain it appears to me that morality, private and public, is the *sine quâ non* for good government; and the *sine quâ non* of morality is a free press. The fear of exposure deters man and woman from crime; both will risk death, any punishment, to gratify the ruling passion; we risk death for trifling gratifications, but fear of exposure acts constantly, and no punishment is more just, being generally exactly suited to the crime. Sometimes it may be hard, being, like all things, liable to exceptions; but it would be difficult to show an unjust outcry raised by the press against an innocent person, which the same press has not sooner or later exerted itself to redress. It also holds the tribunals of justice to such correct principles that the injured find a redress there, even against the press, which thus corrects itself. What makes the higher classes of English society more moral than those of other countries but being the butt of the press? The English peasantry are not superior to that of other countries in proportion. The peasantry are in all countries the best classes. But English gentlemen and noblemen certainly far exceed in honourable feeling the same classes in other countries, whereas the Spanish and French peasants are as good fellows

as those in England ; not so independent, however, because no newspaper will expose the oppressor and report the poor man's sufferings.

"Whatever evils spring from a free press will, in the long run, be remedied by a free press. No other institution can say this, nor has any other so few evils to correct. In all things human there exists a perfect arrangement, a truth, because God creates not imperfections. I speak as a believer, not a sceptic. The universal search after this truth is best aided by a free press, which sifts and sifts till it reaches the desired point ; and it unites talent and dulness, bad passions and good passions, prejudice and sound judgment, in the pursuit. Whoever first hits the truth gains at once an ascendancy over his opponents, however feeble he may be, because a thousand pens of power start up to aid him. In a word, a free press is an emphatic term for unceasing inquiry, unceasing pursuit of truth and right, unceasing exposure of wrong. My opinion is that if the earth is to be regenerate and goodwill towards men to be universal, which I do not altogether believe, it is by a free press the Almighty means to work. War, indeed, it may put an end to, if it gains ground all over the earth, but that will require time sufficient to tranquillise the fears of all half-pay officers of the present day !"

CHAPTER III.

IONIAN ISLES AND GREECE.

SUCCESSFUL examinations at the Military College were held to give a claim for staff employment. But Napier, in spite of obtaining the first certificate in 1817, had to wait in enforced idleness until May 1819, when he was appointed an inspecting field-officer in the Ionian Islands.

He travelled across France to Geneva, and thence over the Simplon. "The vast precipices above and below, the overhanging rocks of stupendous magnitude, the wild savage appearance of nature, mingling with all that is beautiful, so far as wood, water, rocks, clouds, snow, ice, sunshine, rainbows, storms, in all their varieties, make beauty; in fine, all that imagination can paint as landscape is to be found between Geneva and Milan, until the eye and the mind alike grow weary of admiring."

His eye was as keen to observe the signs of moral and material welfare among the people, as to enjoy the solemn beauty of the Alps.

"Italy can be improved by forcing the gentry to live in the country; but to effect that it must be made their interest. A prince who would assist the agriculturist, and have the goodness of heart and nerve to grant a free press, would soon find himself the most powerful of Italian princes. The King of Naples thus acting would blow the Pope off and be King of Italy, despite of the Holy Alliance. A free press would tell him how to protect agriculture, would tell him also that

he would thus have rich farmers, that rich farmers would employ peasants, and so destroy brigands more than by all the executions. With rich farmers he could boldly attack the privileged nobles and equalise taxation. Then one step more! Let the people be represented in a Parliament, and the hearts of all Italians, if not their persons, would be devoted to him. . . . Very little feeds an Italian; the end of a tallow candle in a quart of hot water, with a tablespoonful of oil and some slices of bread, delights their insides. On twenty sous they can feast; and a halfpenny will purchase fruit enough to give a bowel-complaint for a week; hence the peasantry are not in want, and if they had but a very small share of freedom would be happy, become clean and industrious. Now they are idle, very! Perhaps climate has a share in this, but I doubt. No! it is the accursed government which lays a leaden hand on industry, and with privileges and monopolies crushes emulation; the spirit of enterprise is lowered, but the people have it in them, and strongly, though now down."

After a flying inspection of Rome, Naples, and Otranto, he reported himself at Corfu, the capital town and seat of government of the Ionian Islands. These islands, seven in number, had been placed under the protection of Great Britain by the Treaty of Paris (1815), and received a Constitution in 1818. England was represented at this time by a Chief Commissioner, Sir Thomas Maitland— a coarse, shrewd man, who did not allow the new constitution to interfere too much with the free exercise of a very despotic temper.¹ But even an absolute High Commissioner could not find much work for the new inspecting field-officer.

¹ On one occasion, the Senate having been assembled in the saloon of the palace, waiting in all'form for his Excellency's appearance, the door slowly opened and Sir Thomas walked in, attired in a shirt, a red nightcap, and a pair of slippers. In this state he walked into the middle of the room with his hands behind him, looked round at the assembled senators, and then said, addressing the secretary of the Senate, "Damn them, S—y, tell them all to go to hell!" and walked back to his room with a grunt.

"I have nothing to do," was Napier's constant cry, and in consequence he caught the island fever. "Too weak still to go out, say the doctors," he writes to his mother, "and as they only get trouble and no guineas by patients they may be right. My head was shaved, my beard is enormous, as big as Ali Pacha's, and very black, which, with my dark eyebrows, gives me a patriarchal look." On his recovery he visited Ioannina, where Ali Pacha had his court; and the following year, as Greek affairs were engaging the attention of Europe, he was sent on a confidential mission to the wily Pacha himself, who had revolted from the Porte, and was most anxious to obtain the help, or, at least, the countenance of England. Napier's conduct of his mission, and the impressions derived from what he saw, are described by him in his report, and in a sketch of his connection with Greek affairs, written in 1825, when the command of the Greek army was offered to him.

"He (Ali) was a strange fellow. Cunning, cruel, resolute, enterprising, and faithless, he was fitted for the day and for the wild race he ruled, if we can call fit what is not directed to improvement. . . . Love of money made and unmade him; first it made him hoard until his riches gave him power, which enabled him to increase those riches; but when the hour of danger came he would not expend his money, and so fell.

"I brought him stores in abundance, his magazines were full, he had quantities of cannon; and though Ioannina is in a plain, mountains and the sea surround Ali's territory. I proposed to form for him a complete artillery corps of fifty pieces, which were, with all appurtenances, in his magazine; and also to drill and organise his troops, which he called 30,000, but never showed me more than 5000; however, all he had could have been organised before the Turks came. To this was joined a plan for the immediate establishment of telegraphs at each pass, but he would not let me examine his country. With this plan of communication my advice was to push small corps to each defile, and as far beyond as possible, with orders to harass

the Turks in flank, and when the latter reached the pass which they designed to force, to close on their rear and cut off their communication. Every pass was to have men strongly entrenched for defence, while his main body assembled in the plain of Ioannina. All this I offered to do for him. No! Ali would not. He would not have a regular army, though it was his only safe ~~course~~, and might place him on the throne at Constantinople; he would not have his mountains entrenched, nor telegraphs; he would do nothing, it was too expensive, he was too poor! The Turkish army therefore passed the mountains unopposed, and Ali was besieged and taken, hoarding to the last!"

This bold but well-considered plan had a far nobler end in aim than the aggrandisement of Ali. Napier saw that the rebellious Pacha's only chance of success or safety lay in summoning to his aid the enthusiasm of the Greek nation, and, in advising Ali, he designed merely to use him as the humble instrument for the expulsion of every Turk from Greece. It is curious to note that his imagination as a soldier, once set free, bore him far beyond the limits his reason would have imposed, and presented to him the spectacle of a Christianised Ali at the head of a Greek crusade, which should storm Constantinople and be as fatal to the Turk as Marathon and Salamis to the Persian. His report to his own Government insists upon the importance of encouraging any insurrectionary movement in Greece in order to forestall Russia, whose blind tendency to expansion always seemed to him one of the gravest of political facts. If England did not encourage Greece, he argued, Russia would avail itself of the pretext to make a dependent province of it. "Russia must indeed go to war for this acquisition, but what legs has any system to stand on which depends upon peace between Russia and Turkey?"

England, on the contrary, would not be suspected of wishing to annex Greece, and might effect its liberation without actually joining in the struggle. She might then

compel Ali to accept a constitution favourable to the Greeks, and "form of those people a vigorous nation—strong from the nature of the country, strong in a fine race of men, and strong in self-opinion, because full of enthusiasm on getting free from foreign slavery."

When it was too late Ali sent for Colonel Napier, and offered him an unlimited command. He received the following answer: "Have you fortified the positions pointed out to you when I was at Ioannina? No! Then you have neglected to do that in time which would have saved you, and you must now abide your fate. You want to give my head to save your own, but you shall not." What astonished Ali a good deal more than this plain speaking was that the letter was accompanied by the sum of £6000, which had been given by him to Colonel Napier for recruiting purposes—an act of common honesty entirely inconceivable by the Oriental imagination.

Though this and two other visits to Ali had no direct results, Napier had seen much of the Greek character in all its strength and weakness. Of the latter he says, "Knowing that a man requires leading in the dark, and every Greek likes to be a leader, they all strive to keep a stranger in the dark, and tell him that all other Greeks whom he may seem to favour are the very rogues of God's earth. This is a natural result of their superior talent and abject slavery." But in spite of lies and roguery his heart was won to the cause: "On leaving Ioannina my mind was full of Greece, and how to serve her, and my feeling was that time, patience, and prudent conduct might so raise my character amongst the Greeks that they would call me to head their armies. Full of such thoughts, on approaching Arta I said to myself, 'Shall I succeed or not? Let chance decide! *Quo fata vocant.*' I always confided in it, and, seeing a large thistle, all gorgeous, prickly, and shooting up

high, said, 'If I can reach and cut off that thistle's head with my whip I shall command the Greek army some day; if not, my fate is to jog on my own sad worm-like life.' Striking at it then, and staggering my horse in the attempt, for it was far off, I cut it clean down, and from that hour have remained confident of going to Greece and succeeding. How weak is human nature! Why should this feeling influence my mind? Yet it has irresistibly done so." How far this most strange appeal to Chance was answered will shortly appear. Meanwhile he did not neglect less mysterious methods of preparing himself for the command which he felt to be his destiny, for in the spring of 1821 he obtained leave to travel in Greece. Making straight for Corinth he studied the military advantages of the isthmus with the enthusiasm of a genuine artist.

"*Corinth, 29th April.*—The isthmus is easy to defend. A steep ridge runs from the Acrocorinthus towards Cenchreæ; this ridge, the Acro itself, and some works between the latter and the sea, would present a position hardly to be forced. . . .

"*1st March.*—Rode along the ruins of the ancient walls, and traced the cut made by Cæsar, which is one-fourth of the way, and may be carried the whole length without difficulty. How it could be made to answer as a commercial communication I will not decide; but have little doubt of the utility in that way: in a military view it would present an immense ditch, which would be impassable. The rock in the hardest part seems of a rotten kind, generally a soft sandstone, and in some places shelly. Following the bend of a natural ravine would diminish the labour, and in one part the canal would be commanded by Mount Geranion; yet that part of the Mount admits of being strongly fortified as an advanced work, and would therefore strengthen the line. . . . A second line of great strength might be made by works either detached or connected from the north of Cenchreæ towards Hexamila, and north of it, turning down to the sea; these heights are strong, and in one or two places fortifications

were begun by the Venetians. A third line would be the great ridge of precipitous rocks extending from the tower towards the Acrocorinthus, and nearly perpendicular the whole way. These three lines, of such massive works, would be, no doubt, a vast undertaking, but the extent would be only six miles for one, and three-and-a-half miles for the other. And I am not looking for the execution to men hired by a Government, but to 200,000 Greeks in arms for liberty, labouring day and night to form a refuge for the whole nation, in which to defy the force of Turkey. A man who knows how to animate an army would make them work with enthusiasm, and they would cut the isthmus like magic!"

From Corinth he rode to Argos by the plain of Cicone, where, he thinks, "the Greek army should try one general action after losing the isthmus, because able, if beaten, to escape; and, if victorious, sure of destroying the enemy." After six days in the Morea his impression is that it "furnishes the strongest positions in abundance; the great difficulty would be to move guns, but industry and resolution would carry a 6-pounder wherever a goat could go: it is hard to say where guns cannot go. Mountain guns, 4-pounders, are very useful, notwithstanding the contempt with which some inexperienced officers of artillery treat them; this arises from forgetting that each arm must be an aid to the others, and all four united." Returning to Corinth he crossed over to the Piræus, where his attention was distracted between the means for strengthening the harbour and the "gentle pleasing manners" and unaffected conversation of the "Maid of Athens." Traversing Attica and Plataea he reached his northernmost point at Thermopylae. "It is not the pass it was, but is still a great point; the sea has receded, but the marsh would defy the passage of an army; the pass is only wider, and could still be defended by 3000, instead of 300." He returned by Delphi, Lepanto, and Patras; and, being shortly after sent to

England with despatches, he published a pamphlet entitled the *War in Greece*. He had hardly left Greece when the insurrection broke out at Patras. He remarks thereon, 1825: "This was, however, nothing to me; my task was to wait long and patiently ere mixing with a people too vain to admit foreigners until misfortune should show them their ignorance. Every Greek robber thought himself a perfect general; and yet to me it was clear that good or bad events would be accidental on either side. Wherefore I gave no heed to the war as it went on, knowing it must go on, and details would not influence general principles; defeat would lurk behind victory, and in the despair following an overthrow I could see the groundwork of success. My conviction was that Greece must finally be victorious, but that her hour of glory could not be tolled unless foreigners taught her how to war, and defeats made her hearken to the stranger."

Colonel Napier returned to Corfu in the beginning of 1822, and in March of the same year was appointed Military Resident of Cephalonia. This office, created by Maitland, conferred almost absolute power on the holder, and was designed to protect the people against feudal oppression. The island was distracted by private factions; much blood had been spilt, and justice had become such a mockery that it was not unusual for a seignor to sit in court and direct the judges. "I know what prejudices will rise up in fury," writes Napier, "when I say the free use of despotic power is far preferable to law; nay, that it is absolutely necessary in these Grecian islands: yet I do say it. Foster all institutions which educate the people, schools, a free press, etc.; they are good, and they are compatible with the despotism I mean; but we have to deal with an ignorant, demoralised people, whose occupation is to rob and injure each other,—one fact of a hundred shall be adduced in

illustration: sixty-five peasants perjured themselves in one day, to take the life of a prisoner, innocent, but belonging to another faction."

Napier's tenure of his new office was probably the happiest period of his whole life. Endowed with absolute power over a people possessed of rare natural gifts, bodily and mental, and living in a land that would amply repay any labour expended on it, he could look nowhere without seeing the pressing need for reforms—political, social, and commercial; lawless habits, corrupt justice, abominable prisons, agriculture in primitive rudeness, inland traffic unthought of, commerce and fisheries languishing uncared for. The people were indolent, ignorant, and oppressed by their feudal lords, who were, without exception, bitterly opposed to any step in the direction of reform or improvement, which they recognised, truly enough, as so many nails in the coffin of privilege. Until the civil courts could be reorganised the population of Cephalonia, 60,000 people, was placed under martial law, so that the Resident had five or six civil suits a day to attend to, besides all the financial, criminal, and military business of the island. The margin of time and energy that remained for reforms would, in the case of an ordinary man, have been small. "My predecessor," he writes to his mother, "is going home half dead from the labour; but to me it is health, spirit, everything! I live for some use now." At the end of a month he is able to tell her that, besides having his government well in hand, a new lazaretto is nearly finished and new quays are begun. "Now tell me all your goings on, dearest mother; every moment left me for thinking of you is so applied, and with regret that my otherwise pleasant life is passed far from you." Another month saw the civil courts established and martial law gladly put aside, and a great road begun across the range

of mountains that divides Cephalaria (5380 feet high). His next letter gives a lively account of his manner of life and work.

"10th June.—Health besets me. Up early and writing till eight; then feed and work in office till twelve, sometimes till three o'clock, swim, dine, and then horseback visiting the road-making. Sometimes on horseback at twelve o'clock; for having many public works in hand, other business must at times lie by for a day, but getting up at four o'clock brings up lost time. I take no rest myself, and give nobody else any: all were getting too fat, and my workmen must be watched or they would do nothing. I do watch and work. I have begun to dry up a portion of a large marsh near the town; this gives great satisfaction, as the summer-sickness comes from the marsh. Expect no letters from me save about roads. My head is so full of them that I think more of M'Adam than of anything else, save a pyramidal pedestal for Maitland's statue; that is very interesting because it pleases the people, who consider the statue itself a great effort of genius. Their pride is great on this subject, and my dislike of old Tom will not lead me to make war on his statue."

Every line written by him to his mother or in his journal breathes the same spirit—delight in the unsparing exercise of an overflowing and benevolent energy. In his public works he received invaluable assistance and counsel from Captain Kennedy of the Royal Engineers, a man of great capacity and taste as an architect, and well known in later years as secretary to the Devon Commission in Ireland, and as engineer of the Bombay and Baroda Railway. The relation of commander and subordinate was soon forgotten in the growth of a friendship which continued unclouded and ever-growing till Napier died.¹ But the Resident,

¹ "Never did we differ," writes Napier in 1843, "except in the slope of a road; but if he ever reads this journal he will learn that I