

though he gained much by his friend's science and powers of designing, was his own pioneer and clerk of the works. When he returned three years later from his holiday, and found that his works had suffered by the withdrawal of his ever-watchful eye, he exclaims: "How entirely all things depend on the mode of executing them, and how ridiculous mere theories are! My successor thought, as half the world always think, that a man in command has only to order and obedience will follow. Nothing is more easy than to order, consequently nothing so easy as to command. In this light nine-tenths of the world view the matter, never dreaming of the constant reflection, constant watchfulness, writing, reading, consultations, and other details, required to ensure obedience and give vigour of execution to the most common commands. Hence they are baffled, not from want of talent, but from inactivity, negligence; vainly thinking that while they spare themselves every one under them will work like horses." Works conducted on such principles and under such an eye went on apace. His letters to his mother mark their progress through the autumn. In October he is able to tell her not only that he has finished his lazaretto, but that it has given him the means of increasing the accommodation for his soldiers during the sickly season, and so no lives were lost, though forty had died at the same season of the previous year. There is also a bridge building, "which excites the people's curiosity; they never saw one before, having but one river, which is fordable, except in floods. . . . Meanwhile Cephalonia is

was right about the slope. He has it now all his own way in the north of Ireland; but, John Kennedy, a constant slope for 25 miles will not do. You have but one fault, you would keep a horse on the drag for 25 miles; and for that you will hereafter have to walk up a hot-iron slope, one in twelve, with bare feet!" Elsewhere he says: "If ever man or woman differs from John Kennedy they are wrong."

turned upside down with the quantity of my works begun, and gradually being completed. No going home for me now; it would be wrong to leave a place where so much good is being done until all is so advanced that it must go on. My market-place is roofed. My pedestal is a tremendous job, but two months more will finish that also. My roads will not be finished by me: four years are required with me, and six years without me won't do the job. The two months demanded by the pedestal will also suffice for laying the foundation of the prison, and raising it so high that it must be continued. It will not cost less than 80,000 dollars, but will be beautiful as well as useful. The courts of justice, of police, and the treasury, will all be included in the building; and the front will have a portico of eighty-seven columns, each of a single stone eighteen feet high."

This was very satisfactory progress for the first nine months of rule, and not the less so because his works appeared, by a comparison of accounts, to have been executed at a less cost than those in the island of Corfu, and owing to the remunerative character of some of them, such as the market-place, he found himself each year paying a handsome surplus into the Government Treasury.

Meanwhile pressure of work was not so great but that he found time to keep himself well informed of all that was passing in Greece. He received constant demands for advice from Prince Mavrocordato, whose brilliant defence of Missalonghi had lost much of its effect owing to the inaction of the Senate which controlled his operations. Napier sent the Greek Government a masterly memoir on the military situation, including a plan of operations and a strong recommendation to appoint Mavrocordato dictator; for "the first principle of war is unity, the concentration of moral and physical forces—that is, to unite in one man

much power, and as many men in one body as can be, to secure a favourable ending. All history teaches the necessity of confiding command to a single man, that he may direct the warlike energy of the nation with full effect."

In the summer of 1823 his interest in Greece was still further stimulated by the arrival in Cephalonia of Lord Byron. The letters to his mother during the following autumn contain many allusions to their pleasant intercourse. "Lord Byron is here, and I like him very much. He is going to Greece, but it is hard to get there, harder to get back; and if the Turks catch him off goes his poetical nob! He lives in his ship, but comes ashore to my house. . . . Lord Byron tells me he has touched up the Duke of Wellington in *Don Juan*; he means to write one hundred and fifty cantos, and he gets £2000 a canto! Good trade a poet's! . . . Lord Byron is still here (13th November)—a very good fellow, very pleasant, always laughing and joking. An American gave a very good account of him in the newspapers, but said his head was too large in proportion, which is not true. He dined with me the day before the paper arrived, and four or five of us tried to put on his hat, but none could; he had the smallest head of all, and one of the smallest I ever saw. He is very compassionate, and kind to every one in distress." Napier soon discovered that Byron, besides being a poet and a humorous, agreeable companion, was capable of proving himself a vigorous man of action; while the poet, in his turn, was not slow to see that Napier's great military abilities and resolute character marked him out as the very man to lead a nation in arms. Writing to the Greek Committee in London, Byron says:—"Colonel Napier will present to you this letter. Of his military character it were superfluous of me to speak; of his personal, I can say from my own knowledge, as well as from all rumour and private report, that it is excellent as

his military. In short, a better or a braver man is not easily to be found. He is our man to lead a regular force, or to organise a national one for the Greeks. Ask the army! ask anybody! He is, besides, the personal friend of Mavrocordato, Colonel Stanhope, and myself; and in such concord with all three that we should pull together—an indispensable as well as a rare point, especially in Greece at present."

The impression made by him on Byron was lasting. Mr. Trelawny (*Records of Shelley, Byron, etc.*, vol. ii. p. 158) says, "When Byron was on his deathbed, and wandering in his mind, Napier was uppermost in his thoughts; he cursed the mercenary and turbulent Zuliotes, exclaiming, 'When Napier comes I will have them all flayed alive.'" Shortly before he became insensible he remarked on a letter from Loriotti to the Prince, "This is their damned Greek policy; they are all rascals; but when Napier comes I will work them all." The bold vigour of Napier's advice must have been very refreshing after months of dawdling correspondence with the ignorant and impracticable enthusiasts on the London Committee. He warned him the Greeks would want to get hold of his money, and that if he wanted to do good he should take into his pay some foreign troops. "With this force seize Napoli, and open the gates to all the people of Greece, but exclude the warlike chiefs. Invite all the civil chiefs, whatever faction they belong to, but hold the sword and the purse yourself. A few enlightened men, like Tricoupi and Mavrocordato, will see that you are doing what alone can do good, and they will stick to you and support you, particularly while you hold sword and purse, which secures your power and the faith of the mass of men." Once established in that impregnable fortress of Napoli, and allied with Hydra, etc., use every means in your power to conciliate, short of giving up the purse, which in

your case I would not trust to my own brother." He was then to send out troops, both to put down anarchy and to fight the Turk; and when the government was consolidated the purse might be handed over. "Indeed, you would be obliged to do so, because you could only retain it as a sovereign, and I question whether the army would consent to that, unless you were your own General. Then, indeed, you might clearly possess yourself of all you conquered; but yourself, or your General, would perhaps find your fame and safety both increased by remaining simply members of a republican government." He was at the same time maturing his own plans, which were, says Sir W. Napier, "if he could obtain acknowledgment and support as a commander from the Greek Committee in London, first to fix himself at Napoli de Malvasia, or some other stronghold in the south of the Morea, where he could defy attack from the Turks. There he designed to gather men willing to be controlled and disciplined, having beforehand combined the means for collecting them, in number according to the pecuniary sources available; for, being resolved to command as well as lead, he would have no more soldiers than he could pay. With a regular force thus formed, he designed to force his way as a conqueror to Corinth, and there establish a great base, according to the plan laid down in his notes on that isthmus."

In the beginning of 1824 he returned to England and put himself in communication with the Greek Committee. But as that body was much occupied in sending out brass bands and boxes of Newman's water-colours to develop the martial and artistic talents of the people, he thought he could spend his time more profitably in writing a second pamphlet to enlighten the public as to the situation and its real needs. He also published a memoir on the roads of Cephalonia, with observations on the best sites for barracks.

Poor-law problems and the management of prisons also received a careful study, with a view to his own works in Cephalonia. In May 1825 he was back again in his own kingdom, and found Sir Frederick Adam High Commissioner in the place of Maitland, who was dead. He received a cheerful welcome in true Homeric style.

"My subjects of Luxuri have given me a magnificent dinner in my own market-house, the room being above a hundred feet long. There was also a boat-race. One boat was moored far at sea, while close under the window of the market-house a flag floated with my name on it, and from the flag a lane of several hundred yards towards the distant boat was formed by two rows of ships and small craft, chiefly filled with ladies. Four twelve-oared boats started, and came dashing in towards the goal in a beautiful and exciting manner, for there was a dead calm, and they strove to break each other's oars. On the other side of the room the windows looked on the market-square, where, from a large booth, six men threw provisions and handed wine to the mob for four hours; you see how handsomely the affair was conducted. About 8000 people received me with cheers on landing, and I could not help saying to a foreigner near me, 'How lucky it is not for my execution; these things are all accidental, and equally entertaining to the spectators.' We drank horrid Greek radical toasts, such as Prince Mavrocordato, Orlando, the cause of Greece. But to neutralise that we screeched for the King and Sir Frederick; and as to the Resident, his health was drunk every half-hour while we were sober, every half-minute when drunk, and my fear was they would take to kissing him. The Greek way of feeding the peasants while the gentlemen feast has a kind appearance, and belongs to old times; there were some six or eight pipes of wine given to the people."

The next letter alludes to his promotion and other pleasant matters:—

"6th July.—Not sorry to be a full colonel, but less pleased at my own than at George's promotion, as he wished it so

much. As to my works here, they go on: Twenty columns have been cut, in single stones, from my quarry; they shall be boiled in oil to hinder the sea-air injuring them, and when cooked they will be sausages for the giant who bobbed for whales. I have built eight bridges since my return, and made a road from the quay to the town of Luxuri—3 miles. My long quay, a mile long, is completed, and looks magnificent. Meanwhile, to bless us, we have got a bishop appointed—an excellent pious man, who formerly lived by sheep-stealing, which he now calls his pastoral life. His depth of learning and length of beard are both admirable; he piques himself on a thorough knowledge of the canon law of Justinian, which chiefly rules the Greek Church, and he assured me the said Justinian wrote the Code Napoleon out of friendship for Buonaparte, as they had been at the school of Brienne together. Disputing this fact, I asserted that Justinian was King of England in the reign of Solomon, and that an ancestor of mine had been sent to Jerusalem to teach logarithms to the architect who built the temple. This greatly disturbed my bishop's theory as to Brienne; but he is comforted by Adam giving him about twice my pay—an extravagance not to be accounted for. I am only fourth in salary here, though governors are generally the best paid. We Residents are, however, paid enough; it is the others who are overpaid."

About this time he made the acquaintance of another ecclesiastic, as singular in his way as the new bishop, but a man of real worth and even genius. The Rev. Joseph Wolff, afterwards so famous for his adventurous travels as a missionary through Persia, Bokhara, and Afghanistan, passed through the Ionian Isles in 1825, on his way to Palestine. His ship was dashed to pieces on a rock off Cephalonia, and he reached the harbour in an open boat, perfectly destitute. He was thus accidentally thrown across the man for whom he subsequently conceived such an extraordinary admiration that he believed him to be a prophet with a special divine mission. The following

account of their first meeting is taken from Dr. Wolff's own narrative (vol. i. pp. 401-405) :—

"Soon after their arrival the greatest man whom not only England but all nations have for centuries had—a man whose fame resounds from England to Bokhara and to the walls of China—made his appearance on the shore, with convulsive eyes and shoulders, with fire-flashing glances, and a pleasant countenance. The first thing that extraordinary man said was, 'I know your sister-in-law, Lady Catherine Long, very well. She is one of the prettiest women I ever saw.' This was spoken to Wolff through the iron grating of the lazzaretto, in which all new-comers are placed before being allowed to go on shore. He then added, 'Now, Wolff, I know you, too, very well. I know that you are going about preaching that the world is to come to an end in the year 1845. It serves them right!'"

Poor Wolff, thus abruptly challenged, hastens to explain that 1847 was the correct date, and that he foretold the renovation, not the destruction of the world, the coming of the Messiah, and the restoration of the Jews.

"Now, Wolff," he continued, "you are not allowed to land, but I and my friend Kennedy and Dr. Muir will often come to see you. I shall send you victuals from shore, and you can do just what you like. You must remain here twenty-six days, for we don't wish to catch the plague, though it's all a humbug. But we must submit to humbug. I shall come to-morrow, with the Jews and Greeks, to whom you may preach. You may tell them that there is no difference between Jew and Greek—for they are both rogues alike!"

"Next day he actually came with a great crowd of both Jews and Greeks, and said, 'Now! here I am come to stand by you. If you cannot convert them, they shall get a d—d licking!' Wolff reproved Napier for swearing,"

to which he answered, 'I deserve the reproof, for I swear like a trooper.'

After Wolff had been for some days in that horrible lazzaretto he wrote to Napier a long letter, giving six reasons why he should be let out sooner than the twenty-sixth day. His answer was, "You gave me six reasons for letting you out; I will give you seven reasons for keeping you in. One of the reasons is—that if I let you out the Lord High Commissioner of the Ionian Islands would cut off my head!" Having at last been liberated, Wolff became the guest of the Resident, and maintains that he never saw "a man who set a better example by having daily family prayers in his home." Wolff read the service and preached on the Sunday, under circumstances as strange and unconventional as any that befell him in Bokhara. Himself a converted Jew, his most strenuous efforts at this time were directed to the instruction of the rest of his race. The despotic Resident, in honour of his guest, summoned all the Jews to his house. The sensations of the unhappy Israelites must have closely resembled those of their brethren on Holy-Cross Day at Rome. To those who could read Napier gave the Bible. One of the Jews asked for one. "Do you know how to read?" "Yes," said the Jew. Napier then said "Read," and put a Bible into his hands. The man did not know how to read, upon which Napier exclaimed, "I have a good mind to give you a d—d licking!—the soundest licking you ever got." Neither preacher nor prophet relates how many souls were rescued from darkness by these singular efforts. Wolff went his way, and Napier probably felt unequal to such labours single-handed.

In September the event for which he had confidently waited since he cut down the thistle on the road to Arta came to pass. Barely twelve months had elapsed since the

London Committee had refused his proffered services. But the man whose masterful spirit and irrepressible energy frightened steady-going officialism in calm or prosperous times was destined more than once to be entreated to come to the rescue amid disaster and confusion. Ibrahim Pacha was now ravaging the Morea, and the Greeks turned to Napier for safety.

"From Mavrocordato and Tricoupis," says Sir W. Napier, "in Greece, from Orlando and Luriotis in London, and from others of the islands, came letters saying that his capacity and energy, his military knowledge and resolution, and, still more, the nice judgment with which he had performed his duty to a neutral Government without losing the goodwill of the Greeks, had attracted the attention of the Hellenes, and they expected their salvation from him. Greece wished for and expected him. Such were the phrases used, and they were enough to stimulate a great spirit to a rash course; but truly he said of himself that a wild enthusiasm was no part of his nature; he could grasp and appreciate all the calculable chances of a great enterprise, and dare anything; but he would not accept any uncertainty capable of being solved beforehand."

The following conditions were sent by him to his brother William, who, with Mr. Bickersteth, afterwards Lord Langdale, negotiated on his behalf:—

"1. £12,000 deposited in your hands for me, as remuneration for sacrificing thirty years' service, rank, and future prospects.

"2. £2000, to be paid in the proportion of £1000 to each of two scientific officers, who have agreed to accompany me, and who are masters of modern Greek.

"3. £150,000, or at least £100,000, to be secured to the satisfaction of Mr. Ricardo, for the exact payment of the soldiers during the first six months, or as long as that sum lasts.

"4. 10,000 muskets, bayonets, pouches, and belts, must be immediately sent to Napoli di Romania, each pouch to contain sixty rounds of ammunition.

"5. The £12,000 for myself is to be considered as definitive, and precluding any further demand on my part for pay, allowances, or remuneration; for that I bind myself to the Greek service, except in the event of a war with England.

"6. At least 500 Englishmen, or Irishmen, or Scotsmen, equipped and armed like British soldiers, are to be sent to this island to accompany me to Greece."

But it was not to be. The Greek Government allowed themselves to be persuaded by the London Committee to spend on a fleet, which could do nothing effectual, the money which might have furnished Napier with an army. They were still, however, so eager to secure his services that they offered him a larger amount of remuneration than he had stipulated for; but to be a hireling dependent on the mismanagement and intrigues of the Greek Government was not his aim, and there was nothing for it but to forget his disappointment in renewed exertions for the civilisation of Cephalonia.

There, with all his zeal for public works, he found himself obliged to preach moderation and economy to Sir F. Adam, who was desirous of raising a loan. The following is an extract from the Resident's memoir in remonstrance:—"Bacon, in his essay on Colonies, says, 'Speedy prosperity is not to be neglected, so far as it may stand with the good of the plantation, but no further.' In this view all money, above a small sum retained in the treasury to meet unforeseen expenses, should be employed; but to borrow money for increase of production when a large sum exists in the treasury seems absurd. The progress of improvement should be steady and vigorous; all projects should repay expenses, and follow, not precede, public wants. Improvements should be gradual; when

forced they cost too much, and generally fail. The exertions of a state under an energetic administration with good management are natural; those stimulated by foreign loans are unnatural and detrimental." He himself had lately been able to reduce his expenditure on public works by £100 a month, without impairing in any way the efficiency of that department. Indeed, he had further added to the list of his undertakings a model vegetable garden and the settlement of a colony of Maltese agriculturists, which were occupying his time very pleasantly, when he was suddenly called to England by the terrible news of Lady Sarah Napier's death. She was in her eighty-second year, but to those who have seen in his letters how passionate and ever-deepening was his affection for her, it will not seem strange that her loss almost crushed him.

In April 1827 he married a widow, much older than himself, and returned with her in July to Cephalonia. His chief correspondents henceforward are his sisters, to whom his accounts of good work accomplished are resumed, with occasional exclamations of joy at hearing that the Duke of Wellington was Premier at home. "The best chance for England is having the greatest man of Europe for her ruler. He has done all he ever had to do well, and we are too far gone to care about Whig or Tory; it is an affair of existence. 'But he is a fool!' Ay! but then how got he there? as Mrs. Siddons said of the French minister who died in his bureau, which she interpreted an *escritoire*." He dwells with much pleasure on the success of his agricultural experiments. "I feel proud of this colony; it is being of use to our kind—to have taken three hundred starving people and made them turn a desert into a garden." But his benevolent enjoyment of power was now suddenly turned to mortification and anger by the interference of the High Commissioner. For some time he had felt conscious of

having aroused the jealousy of his superior; he was constantly thwarted in slight matters, and a little incident occurred which boded ill for the continuance of friendship. Adam drew Napier's attention to a regulation of the Horse Guards forbidding officers to wear moustachios. Napier, who was working fourteen hours a day, and had not much time or inclination to peruse regulations of such a kind, was indignant at their application in such an out-of-the-way place, and at a time when a coolness between himself and Adam made the order look like an affront; so he cut off the offending appendages and despatched them with his compliments to Government House, Corfu. The ill-feeling was fomented by feudal proprietors, who complained of Napier's tyrannical conduct in making them accept the duties as well as the privileges of their position; and the affair assumed a very grave aspect, for him at least, when Adam passed an Act for taking the roads and other public works out of the control of the Resident without consulting him or giving him any notice, and declaring, so Napier was told, that he meant it to "tie up Napier's hands." Apart from all personal matters, Napier felt that the measure must be fatal to the progress of all his best schemes.

"Allowing the regent and municipal body to decide on works is a sure way to stop all improvement. They will never tax themselves. My mole^d and market-place, and other improvements of Argostoli, were effected in despite of that body, which moved heaven and earth to baffle me. Had this Act been passed seven years ago Argostoli would be now what it was then. And the mode of raising the funds by the new Act leaves the country gentlemen to value their own property; consequently the greatest liar is least taxed, for the municipal body will not swear him to facts, unless from some family feud, or because the lie is too outrageous. They do not want to call forth remarks on their own pro-

perty." Feeling that the time was over in which he could hope to effect real good for the island, he sums up what he had done in his six years of office for Cephalonia :—

"1. I have built two market-places, and established two markets. Before my time she had none.

"2. A mole from the bridge to the lazzaretto—one mile and a half. It was previously a dirty sea-beach.

"3. More than 100 miles of road—40 miles blasted out of the solid rock.

"4. Spacious streets constructed instead of dirty lanes.

"5, 6, 7. More town improvements.

"8. I established Dickson's school for girls at the expense of the convents.

"9. The Maltese colony at Prousos has been planted by me, and a barren waste without inhabitants, though naturally the most fertile district of Cephalonia, has thus been rendered the best cultivated of the island.

"10. My new prison, nearly completed, and the market-place at Luxuri, are magnificent structures."

Other points are enumerated, among them the introduction of spinning-wheels, and the list is closed with the remark that for all these things and some more his pay (four dollars a day) was good, "more than enough for my labour; for as to labouring for pay we are none of us better than we should be."

A summary account of his road-making shows what energy, audacity, and economy he brought to bear on his works. 134 miles of road had been constructed over a rugged mountain range more than 5000 feet high, and only 21 miles were incomplete when the control was taken out of his hands. 113 miles were fit for carriages, 96 miles having been cut or blasted through the living rock. Many bridges had been cast, milestones and guarding parapets raised. Much of the road led over ground where none but goats had been before, and yet the gradient was never

steeper than one in twelve. This stupendous work was executed by labour on the *corvée* system, and at the marvelously small cost of £150 a mile. The *corvée* system was established by the supreme Government; but the Resident was responsible for the details of its organisation. Every one was made to work or pay, he himself doing both.

"Had it admitted exemption for a privileged class it would have been an insufferable cruelty and injustice. Still this question remains, How far may forced labour be justly demanded by a Government? My conviction was that four days in a month was not too much for men who can in three months earn full subsistence for a year, the other nine months being spent in idleness or worse. The general Government decided that one day in a fortnight should be the rule, and so it was for six years." Of the moral effect of the system he says, "The Resident worked, the engineer worked, British sergeants and soldiers worked: who then could laugh at or condemn work? No one did. Having worked for Government, they now in numbers work for themselves; and the women of several districts praise the *corvée*, saying, 'Our men do not leave all the digging to us, and we have time at home to spin.'"

In spite of mortification and diminished power, he had grown too much attached to his work and his people not to struggle to make the best of things. The portraits he draws of himself for his sister are still those of a hard-worked man, though the extravagant style is, as usual with him, a sign that he is ill at ease.

"I am so thin, so sharp, so black, so Jewish, so rascally, so knavish a looking son of a gun, that mayhap Nature never turned such a one before out of her lathe. She could not have turned me, the tools would have been blunted. The north-east wind turns south-west when it meets me on the mountains; the thermometer falls to freezing-point under my

look, and while shaving I admire my courage in trusting a razor in the hands of such an ill-looking rascal as the glass reflects. Well, God send I may not be hanged, for unless more fat and less modesty comes, it will be impossible for me to assert my innocence at the gibbet. My horse kicked me yesterday for no apparent reason; he must have thought I was going to steal his shoes.

"I am glad you mean to live a hundred years. My wish is for all I love to outlive me; yet I think my life will last until unable to walk without treading on the tombstone of some one dear to me. One thing is, however, certain: I shall never waste away until mummies perspire and skeletons grow greasy. What makes you think I overwork myself? When I reflect how well England pays us, my feeling is that the account cannot be fairly balanced, much less that more has been done for it than there ought to be. If those who employ me are satisfied that my work is enough, well and good; at the same time I hope they won't ask my own opinion on the subject."

The judgment he passes, in his private journal, on the career of usefulness which he now felt to be over is still more severe.

"On a conscientious examination of my six years' government, four may be called lost from dawdling—or rather, two lost and two that a more decided, energetic man would have made more of. Yet I have seen others lose the whole six years! How idle men are! Two years ought to have sufficed for all my works, and yet I have a name for being active, and am so compared with the drones around, but not when conscience is called in to witness, and when the sense of what a man can do if all his energies are put forth is consulted. Man! man! thou art a beast in whose sides the spur should be ever plunged!"

Early in 1830 Mrs. Napier became so ill that her husband was forced to take her to England, and accordingly left Cephalonia, never to return. They touched at Corfu,

where the High Commissioner bade them good-bye, saying, "Stay as long as you please, but remember that the longer you stay the worse for us." Unhappily, his deeds did not correspond with his words. The works in Cephalonia were at once stopped; and five months after the departure of the Resident the High Commissioner visited Cephalonia, called there by a religious disturbance. This he attributed to Colonel Napier's oppressive and illegal conduct; and, in a report to the Home Government, brought seventy specific charges against him, publicly declared he could not allow him to return, and seized his public papers. Lord Goderich, being appealed to, called for a specification of the offences. Nineteen were selected, the rest acknowledged to be false. Those adopted hardly required an answer, the gravest being that he had suspended the Act abolishing the *corvée*, whereas he had left the island some time before the Act referred to had been promulgated. None of the charges had been made before his departure, although many Cephalonians held high office at Corfu; and Lord Goderich must have been fully satisfied with the answers given to the whole nineteen accusations, as he offered Colonel Napier the Residency of Zante, a higher post than that of Cephalonia, in amendment. But Napier considered his character would not have been vindicated unless he was restored to Cephalonia. This was refused; and he thus found himself driven into retirement in the prime of life and the full maturity of his powers.

That he had done much for the prosperity and civilisation of the island the foregoing pages will have shown. That, in his enthusiasm for public works, he had overstrained the resources of the people is sufficiently disproved by the following facts:—The annual revenue of Cephalonia, the means for raising which were devised by the general Government at Corfu, averaged from 1820 to 1827 £32,111. The

yearly expense of the local Government was £13,385; leaving a balance of £18,726 to be paid into the general Treasury at Corfu. Colonel Napier had further undertaken to reduce the expense of his government to £10,000, while the revenue was steadily growing. No doubt, in his hatred of feudal oppression, he had done many things which to the feudal chiefs must have seemed nothing short of the grossest tyranny; but the opinion of the bulk of the population was very different. One day a poor man bought a very fine fish in the market of Argostoli, but a great signor's steward came up and insisted on having it for his lord. The peasant and salesman hesitated, but at that moment Napier was seen on horseback at the farther end of the market, and the salesman instantly said to the poor man, "Take your fish; we have laws now, and here comes the man who will enforce them!" Finally, he could not have left behind him the reputation of a harsh and oppressive ruler, for, when he had left Cephalonia for ever, the Greek peasants voluntarily cultivated a small piece of land which he had left uncared for, and year by year they never failed to transmit to him the value of the produce, without disclosing their names. It is not thus that the memory of the oppressor is cherished by the oppressed.

CHAPTER IV.

RETIREMENT—NORTHERN DISTRICT.

Loss of employment and income under singularly mortifying circumstances; an invalid wife and two children to support; future employment rendered doubtful by the hostility of the official world—such were the disagreeable facts to be faced when Napier returned to England in his fiftieth year. The extreme simplicity of his habits made the reduction of income a small matter so long as his life was spared; but enforced idleness never failed to plunge him in melancholy and seriously affect his health.

After short sojourns in Berkshire and Hampshire, where he devoted himself to gardening and the care of the poor, he settled in Bath, and continued there until the autumn of 1833. The state of the country at that time was not calculated to soothe him. "I hate to think of our state altogether," he writes, "and, if my wife were young, would go to New South Wales to get out of the way, and rear young kangaroos to play with Susan and Emily." The composition of a book on his government of Cephalonia, and a severe attack of cholera, prevented his taking an active part in politics; and soon a most terrible shock almost upset his mind: on the 31st of July 1832 his wife died. The agony of his grief finds vent in a few sentences in his private journal. "O God! merciful, inscrutable Being, give me power to bear this thy behest! Hitherto I had life and light, but now all is as a dream,

and I am in darkness—the darkness of death, the loneliness of the desert! *I see life and movement and affection around me, but I am as marble. O God, defend me, for the spirit of evil has struck a terrible blow! I too can die, but thus my own deed may give the dreadful spirit power over me, and I may, in my haste to join my adored Elizabeth, divide myself from her for ever! My head, my head seems to burst. Oh, mercy! mercy! for this seems past endurance.”

He soon removed to Caen, in Normandy, and devoted himself to the education of his two girls. He considered the subject with his usual thoroughness and independence; and if his theories are sometimes singular—his daughters were to learn cooking in case a revolution should throw them on their own resources—it must be granted that he was ahead of his age in perceiving that the possession of accomplishments was not the sole or proper aim of education, even for young ladies. He sketches his plan in a letter to Miss Napier:—

“29th January 1834.—I will teach my girls only useful things. French, for example, because it will be of real use, and it would be painful to them not to know what so many fools know. But my object will be to teach only one thing at a time, and useful things first; you remember my father always said the advantage of Scotch education was that it taught but one thing at a time. By useful I mean:

“1. Religion as the foundation; to this I trust for steadiness.

“2. Accounts, to teach the value of money, and how to regulate a house.

“3. Work, that spare hours may not be lost if rich; and, if poor, that they may make their own things.

“4. Cooking to a certain extent, that they may not be at a loss if a revolution throws them on their own resources; and also to guard against servants' waste.

“5. French, that they may not be dumb in a foreign land,

which would kill them. These things I can teach them, it I live until they are fourteen; then they shall learn anything to which their tastes incline. They begin to make out French when they like. Walking in the street a French lady made an observation not intelligible to me, but Susan whispered, 'Papa, I know what that lady said.' 'What, my dear?' 'What two pretty children those are;' then after a while added, 'I think that was a very pretty woman'—she being very like an ourang-outang."

A little later he reports progress, and says :

"My children's next acquirement shall be arithmetic, one not sufficiently attended to in women's education. If they are taught French, dancing, needlework, and to be good accountants at twelve years old, they will have enough learning and accomplishment. Knowing two languages they can teach themselves any other, and be at home in any country. My object is to give them means to work, and then they may become as *blue* as burning brandy."

Time and an increasing interest in his children were now doing their work of consolation; and, meanwhile, his public reputation opened the prospect of a new career of usefulness. In August 1834 an Act was passed, declaring that certain parts of Australia were waste and unoccupied; the natives' existence being ignored, and a company received a charter to settle there, under certain conditions as to government. Amongst the chief parliamentary promoters of the enterprise was Mr. Charles Buller, who proposed that Charles Napier should ask for the governorship. Napier refused to ask anything from a Whig Government, but said he was ready to go if a great body of colonists thought him worth asking for, and so got him appointed. Though the colonists petitioned for his appointment many months of suspense elapsed, chiefly owing to changes at the Colonial Office. The time thus lost was employed by Napier in composing a work on Colonisation, in which he explicitly

declared his resolution to protect the rights of the Aborigines in property and life. But while he was still preparing himself thus an insurmountable bar to his colonial projects was interposed. He was in May officially informed that his nomination was ready, but his terms would not be complied with by the Commissioners: these were, the right to draw for £100,000 for the colonists, in case of distress, 200 soldiers, and a ship of war. He told the Commissioners that, while there was sufficient security for the supply of labour, there was none for supply of capital to employ that labour; and, if not employed, the consequences must be disastrous. That to provide against that, and other unforeseen but inevitable dangers, there must be a reserve of money and soldiers; for he would not attempt to govern a large population in a wilderness, where much inconvenience must be suffered, without a force to protect the good against the bad; the colony would be as an army without discipline; suffering privations, yet with plenty of liquor; danger might not arise, but he would only go prepared. Unmoved by this reasoning, the Committee designated their scheme as founded on a self-supporting principle—a fine phrase, which he instantly demolished by showing it to be a loan-supported principle. The Commissioners had their way, chose a new governor, expended actually more money than had been asked for as a reserve, and finally were compelled to send soldiers. Unforeseen difficulties abounded, and the colony floundered on amid debt and distress, until the discovery of gold changed the aspect of the whole community.

“Having refused this government,” says Sir William, “he was again cast adrift on the ocean of life. Sink he could not; but he was to struggle for a long time with an augmented family and diminished means; for, having placed the savings of his life in the Philadelphian funds,

he was temporarily, in common with so many others, made the victim of a national dishonesty which at once disgraced and bewildered civilisation."

While the negotiations with regard to the colony were still proceeding he married the widow of Captain Alcock, R.N. This lady, who survived Sir Charles Napier some years, was the devoted companion of his remaining life, and was loved by him, as their correspondence testifies, with the full strength of his ardent nature. With her and his children he once more settled in Bath at the end of 1836; and in the following January he and his brother George, who was soon to become Governor of the Cape, became major-generals by brevet.

At Bath, which was at that time one of the most vigorous reforming cities in the kingdom, Charles Napier entered warmly into the politics of the day and avowed himself a Radical. But his political opinions, though decided and well defined, were not of the kind to make it easy for him to co-operate heartily with any party. He had that aversion to party government, as an institution, which is not uncommonly met with in men who are conscious of a capacity for ruling their fellow-men, and have put it to the test. His views on the merits of Tories and Whigs are set forth in a letter to his brother William, who was taking a most active part as a reformer, and had been invited to stand for Bath, Nottingham, Birmingham, and Glasgow, among other places: "A Tory, well chastised and taught that he is like other people, is well enough; but Whigs have all the Tory faults, and their own besides. . . . Tories by birth are not to be hated, Tories from subserviency are. The institutions of the country make the first; he has no choice, unless he be a man of extraordinary talent and character. A high-born Whig, who has not courage or talent to be a Radical or Tory, is hateful." His

programme was unmistakably radical. All Members of Parliament were to be required to pledge themselves to the ballot, short parliaments, an extension of the suffrage far beyond what had just been granted by the Reform Bill of 1832, and protection for the factory children; he regarded with horror and alarm the evils, moral and physical, which were growing with the growth of the new manufacturing centres; but, with the keenest sympathy for the people and their sufferings, he combined the most fervent loyalty to the Crown and the principles of constitutional monarchy. "I was an ultra-radical," he said, "and not a republican." Republics, he thought, were contrary to nature. "God has created us of different sizes, both morally and physically; He has also ordained that we should walk upon our feet, and under the direction of our heads. Now, a republican form of government seems as if we were all to agree to be cut to an equal length, and that all who had heads and feet left should walk on the one or the other, according as the fashion should be decided by a general vote passed every four years! Now, this I do not like. I am very fond of my feet; I buy good worsted stockings and good boots for them; I keep them warm and dry with great care; but I have no idea of their pretending to wear my hat, and making my head do their work."

The question of home politics which interested him most continuously and most deeply was that of Ireland. He and his brothers bore through life a passionate affection for that unhappy country; its name brought back to them the recollection of the few years of home life that had preceded their early entrance into the army; of their mother, before age, and sorrow, and blindness had marred her beauty; of the noble presence and lofty character of the father under whose guidance they had first learnt to reflect

on the great principles of war and government. In Ireland they first donned their uniform, and had been something more than spectators in the dreadful troubles and misery that preceded the Union. Their sympathy with the people, first awakened by the stories of their nurse, Susan Frost, and old Molly Dunne, the witch of the village, was quickened by the example of their father, who many a time stood between a harsh government and a misguided people. Finally, when Charles Napier grew to be a man, and had practical experience of the effect of a just and vigorous policy on alien and misgoverned peoples, he could not repress his indignation at the injustice and want of statesmanship which had marked English rule in Ireland during his life.

"Oh the Whigs! Oh that Stanley! Oh that Lord Grey!" he exclaims in 1832 to his sister. "They are the men who are sending more bayonets and bullets to Ireland, justice halting a long way after military execution. God forgive me, but if one did not know the King is a good fellow himself, this is enough to shake loyalty! Reform tithes, establish poor-laws, and drive absentees home to do their duty to starving labourers; and then, if outrage continues, send your bayonets, and welcome; but then they would never go, for Ireland would be quiet and happy. I am of no party, but when I see people starving in the midst of abundance my blood first runs cold with horror, and then boils with indignation. It is said there is over-population. Mr. Nimmo, the Government engineer, affirms that he has surveyed five millions of acres, which he will engage to put into complete cultivation for nine guineas an acre, and the first crop shall sell for ten guineas an acre. Sir Humphrey Davy said every acre of this ground could be made a mass of manure! These five millions of acres could support fifteen millions of people, and all Ireland has but eight millions. Yet they are left barren, and the Almighty, who has sent such means, is accused of over-populating! I have had ten years' experience in

governing, which is something, and I would stake my life to make every sixpence of tithes be paid up to the parsons without the aid of a soldier or policeman ; and in six months not a man should starve. Stanley would make blood flow to produce love ! Coercion, damnable coercion ! What has been the ruin of Ireland but this accursed coercion, which those Whigs have been crying down for forty years, and now cry up, being in office ! Had Stanley said, 'Every parish that pays up its arrears to the parson shall be relieved from tithes,' he being at the same time prepared with another church establishment for the future, all would have paid at once. O'Connell is called a devil, but he is doing an angel's duty. Fools that the Whigs are ! Can they put down famine with bayonets ? Starve my wife and children, and see if bayonets will put me down, except by death."

In 1838 he made a short tour in Ireland, and visited with delight his friend Captain Kennedy's model farm at Glasnevin—the commencement of a scheme for combining useful education with an improved system of agriculture. One of the results of this visit was a pamphlet, entitled "An Essay addressed to Irish Absentees on the State of Ireland," in which he gave an interesting sketch of Captain Kennedy's scheme : "Under the auspices of the Education Board, to which he is attached, he proposes to divide Ireland into twenty-five districts of about 35 miles square, and attach to each a principal model farm of 40 acres ; another farm of 5 acres he gives to each secondary educational school ; and to each primary school a farm of 1 acre. For the instruction of the directors of these farms he has already formed a central school and model farm of 75 acres at Glasnevin, where many directors are in training for the subordinate farms. They are taught not only to be schoolmasters, but overseers of public works in aid of the new poor-laws, by preparing estimates and organising employment ; and they are also rendered capable

of becoming bailiffs to large estates, being instructed in draining, road-making, building, and farming scientifically." This remarkable plan did not receive the support it deserved, and went no farther than Glasnevin, though, with a little encouragement, it might have prevented or done much to mitigate the horrors of the potato famine. During that awful time, when the magnitude of the Irish problem seemed more than ever beyond the grasp of parliamentary government, the thought passed through many minds, What a blessing for all if Ireland could be put under the strong and benevolent hand of some great Indian administrator. "People write to me," says Napier in 1847, "that I should be made Dictator of Ireland; that would be worth living for. In one year it should be the quietest country of Europe, and one of the happiest in two; but sectarians in politics would crucify me for saving their lives and properties; for such is bigotry, and such the result of mixing Church and State together, against the Divine command! Were I Dictator, the whole of the bishops and deacons, as by 'law established,' should go to New Zealand, there to eat or to be eaten by the cannibals. The poor tenant should be secured, Kennedy's system of agriculture enforced, and all uncultivated land taxed; noisy editors of newspapers should hang, and their property be divided amongst their relations, who should also have places to make them bless my justice in execution. I would bestow grape on the first mob, and hang the leaders, especially if they were Catholic priests; and I would make the country keep the families of the slain in great luxury. These, and a few more steps of the kind, would make Paddy as tame as a house cat."

1838 found Napier in his fifty-sixth year, still unemployed and in bad health. His activity found vent, however inadequately, in literature; among the works published by

him at this time were, *A Dialogue on the Poor-Laws*, to which he was stimulated by a dispute with O'Connell; *An Essay on Military Law*; *Lights and Shadows of Military Life*, a volume containing translations of Count A. de Vigny's *Servitude et Grandeur Militaires*, and Elzéar Blasc's *Military Life in Bivouac, Camp, Garrison, etc.*, to which he added original essays combating the French author's notions of the military character, obligations, and feelings as false if applied to the British army. But his principal work was a military romance suggested, during his residence at Caen, by the many vestiges of William the Conqueror in that country. The book, entitled *Harold*, was sent to Mr. Colburn for publication; that gentleman was unwilling to publish it without the author's name, and this Napier would not consent to. Years after, when Napier was in India, Lytton's romance of the same title appeared; and Napier's manuscript, which remained hidden away until some time after his death, was finally published under the title of *William the Conqueror*.

In July 1838 he and his brother George received the rank of Knight-Commander of the Bath. "I do feel proud of this," he writes, "and wish my father had lived to see two of his sons Knights of the Bath, and to know that a third will also be one. Have I a right to supporters? If so, one shall be a French drummer for poor Guibert's sake."

But honours without work could not cure his melancholy; he writes the same month to his brother William, "All things in Ireland look threatening, but whether the storm will burst in our time God knows. Would to God I had been a farmer, thick-skinned and without a thought beyond my plough, and that always going in the same track; interests, habits, feelings, all in one furrow, going on. You and I and George are broken off like worms chopped by

the spade ; we twist about, heads and tails separated, and not knowing where to look for each other ; yet we are better off than many, and so must jog on till the hour of peace arrives. The anxieties of life press closer as we grow old, and we are less able to bear them ; but with me the strong conviction of a future state gives me a philosophy to bear that I should not possess without it ; this conviction is never shaken, though I confess we are so bepreached sometimes that it provokes me almost out of my opinions."

But early in 1839, to use his brother's words, "The road to fame was open again, and instantly, he strode along it with a giant's step."

The ten years which had passed since Charles Napier put off his harness had been years of exceptional suffering and misery to thousands of his fellow-countrymen. Steam-engines and power-looms had enormously increased production, stimulated population, and thoroughly disorganised the industrial world, without bringing any immediate compensation to the working-classes. Year after year, too, the fields were deluged with rain, until bad seasons and the iniquitous effects of the Corn Laws brought the people to the brink of starvation. It was not merely the idle, the improvident, the unskilful, who were starving. Thomas Cooper tells us in his autobiography how he was converted to Chartism by finding some of the best artisans in the Leicester stocking-trade working far into the night for wages at the rate of four and sixpence a week. "At this moment," writes Napier in 1839, "the best hand-loom weaver can only earn five shillings a week, the price of food being such that this will not give him bread, without firing, clothes, or lodging ; hence a good workman in full wages must starve !"

When such men saw their wives and children without bread, and their own redoubled efforts and lengthened

hours of toil of no avail, what wonder that they laid the blame on bad laws ! They thought they had been shuffled out of their share in the benefits of the Reform Bill by the selfishness of the Whigs. Consequently they were eager to follow those who told them that, until the people had gained effective control of the national counsels through the franchise, Parliament would govern in the interest of the governors—the landowners and the trading community, and never in the interests of the governed—the great mass of producers of the national wealth. Thus Chartism, which after all was but a reproduction of the programme of Charles Napier's uncle, the Duke of Richmond, offered a valuable means of organisation to many who, without being political enthusiasts, were bent upon finding some remedy for the misery and hunger in their homes ; and Chartism was a serious popular movement only until some better means of making existence tolerable could be found. The Chartist leaders saw this plainly enough, and therefore denounced the formation of the Anti-Corn-Law League. "Win the charter," they said, "and the Corn Laws are doomed ; desert the charter, and you are only repeating the sacrifice of yourselves for the benefit of the middle class that you made in 1832."

But until the famous league had fairly asserted itself there was real danger of an appeal to physical force. In the manufacturing districts of the north there were constant riots, and, owing to the utter inefficiency of the police force of that time, the military were in as constant request. There had been a few cases of shocking outrage. The Duke of Newcastle's house was burnt ; that of Mr. Musters was attacked by the same mob. "His wife—Byron's Miss Chaworth," says Sir Charles, "was very ill in bed ; her children and servants threw themselves on their knees, entreating the rioters to take everything but not to go into

their mother's room, as the fright would kill her. They drove the children into the woods on a dark night, locked up the servants, went into the sick woman's room, and set fire to her bed! A few—no one knows whether one, two, or three—rushed into the room, rolled her in a blanket, and got her out through a window!"

In 1839 the command of the troops in the northern district was vacated by Sir Richard Jackson, and was offered by Lord Hill to Sir Charles Napier. The month or so which intervened between his acceptance and taking over the command was spent by him in collecting trustworthy information, in maturing his own opinions and plans, and in preparing by anxious self-examination for the awful responsibility which would rest on him, when a single act of indiscretion, a moment's loss of self-control, might bring on himself the blood of his countrymen, or, as seemed possible, might plunge England into the horrors of civil war. He was in a peculiar position, in some respects, for he held, and had openly avowed, political opinions practically undistinguishable from Chartism; but he had also dwelt in his writings on "the folly of riotous assemblies assuming to represent the whole people of England and the right to change laws by violence." The conflicting emotions of commiseration for the people and military zeal find admirable expression in his journal:—

"Journal, March 1839.—The northern district embraces eleven counties, and it is said arms are being provided for insurrection: this is a result of bad government, which has produced want, and the people are rather to be pitied than blamed. They are indeed putting themselves in the wrong, but that does not make those right whose misgovernment has produced this terrible feeling, leading them to believe in every demagogue who preaches violence as a remedy for distress. Poor people! It is very painful to those who, like

my brother William and myself, have long foreseen the result of Whig and Tory policy, to find now what we feared come to a head; however, the Crown and the Constitution are not to be overset because a portion of the people follow the mad counsel of men like O'Connor, when by a juster course they could gain their rights without convulsion. My hope is that some better advisers will keep them quiet; for, though of all misfortunes of this nature the most terrible is to fire on our countrymen, there is no shrinking from duty, and mine shall be done at all hazards; but accursed be they who cause or begin civil war.

"I expect to have very few soldiers and many enemies; hence, if we deal with pikemen, my intent is to put cavalry on their flanks, making my infantry retire as the pikemen advance. If they halt to face the cavalry the infantry shall resume fire, for if cavalry charge pikemen in order the cavalry will be defeated; the pike must be opposed by the musket and bayonet, in which the soldiers must be taught to have confidence: it is the master weapon. I am inclined to use buckshot, which would seldom kill or wound dangerously; yet with mobs it would hurt so many that fright would cause dispersion. The great point is to defeat without killing. With a foreign foe, who recovers to fight you again, we must kill; but insurgents we should seek to save, not destroy, because the chances are that the rebellion will be over before the wounded can reassemble; having no hospitals they will fly to their homes. A General brings up his recovered men; an insurgent chief does not even know where they are, and they will not come back of their own accord; a brave enthusiastic man, here and there, may rejoin, but generally wounds will be an acquittance of further fight which men will profit from."

"27th March.—A summons from Lord John Russell.

"29th March.—In London twenty-four hours after receiving the summons! Well done steam! Smoke, thou art wonderful, and a reformer! The Government seem to be alarmed, and yet not vigorous. My hope is, if civil war begins, to moderate that monstrous spirit of inhumanity which

history and my own experience teaches me to have prevailed on such dreadful occasions."

"*Journal*.—Sir Richard Jackson, my predecessor, writes to Lord Fitzroy that in half an hour he can tell me all he knows; and for all the light got from the Home Office I am as blind as a new-born puppy. If insurrection is going to break out, Government is strangely ill-informed. However, nearly 4000 men are under me, and if May is to produce a rising they shall be gradually drawn together, lest the insurgents should begin by picking off small detachments—a danger that does not seem to have been considered here. These pikes are but six feet long, which shows their military advisers are not much up to their work."

The District under his command comprised the eleven northern counties. An outbreak was expected to take place in the month of May, and might occur at any point; consequently every place, and almost every magistrate, was nervously calling out for military protection. To deal with this wide area and these uncertain dangers he had a force of rather under 4000 men, but so dispersed that, on his arrival at Nottingham to take the command, he found they were in twenty-six detachments, spread over half England. Nor was this the worst: at Halifax there were forty-two troopers in twenty-one billets! Writing to the magistrates to remonstrate, he says, "Fifty resolute Chartists might disarm and destroy the whole in ten minutes; and believe me, gentlemen, that a mob which has gained such a momentary triumph is of all mobs the most ferocious and most dangerous to the inhabitants." Such a state of things arose from the anxieties of individual magistrates, whose nervousness, together with the danger of raising disputes between the civil and military authorities, and the strong party feelings which divided the magistrates one from another, demanded infinite tact, firmness, and patience on the part of the General. The wisdom of his plans was at

once recognised by the Home Secretary, Lord John Russell, who gave him his cordial support. The three points on which he insisted most strenuously were: the concentration of troops, and, where detachments had to be granted, proper quarters for them, so as to keep them together; that magistrates, instead of clamouring for troops, should rally loyal citizens round them for self-defence; that the army should be used as a reserve force, and that, therefore, it was the duty of Government to establish a strong police force throughout the country—a measure which was soon to be dealt with by Sir Robert Peel.

On the first two points he says, "I lay down as an axiom, and our first, greatest principle, that the Queen's troops must not be overthrown anywhere, because the effect in the three kingdoms would be fearful. If only a corporal's guard was cut off, it would be 'total defeat of the troops' ere it reached London, Edinburgh, and Dublin; and before the contradiction arrived the disaffected, in the moral exaltation of supposed victory, would be in arms."

On the third point, the necessity of a proper police, he writes fully his thoughts in his journal:—

"As matters stand, I am for a strong police; but the people should have universal suffrage—it is their right. The ballot—it is their security and their will, and therefore their right also—and the new poor-law should be reformed; but while doing these things, I would have a strong police to stand between the soldiers and the people. My reasons for this are as follows: Good government consists in having good laws well obeyed. England has abundance of bad laws; but is every man to arm against every law he thinks bad? No! Bad laws must be reformed by the concentrated reason of the nation gradually acting on the legislature, not by the pikes of individuals acting on the bodies of the executive. The law, good or bad, is to be obeyed, and the magistrate is to enforce obedience. How? By his con-

stables. But there are now so many people who think the law ought not to be obeyed, who have armed themselves for disobedience, and are, moreover, so well instructed in the quibbles of law, by which it may be safely broken under cover of its own protection, that the magistrate is frightened, morally and physically. How is he to be obeyed? Where are his constables? Two or three, perhaps two or three dozen shopkeepers, quailing under fears of all kinds—natural fears, fear of exclusive dealing, of private vengeance. Men as helpless as their magistrate are thus opposed to a rough set, who are perfectly aware that these constables are helpless, and are themselves, therefore, every man a hero in the crowd, ready to commit any crime his heart may devise. What is the result? Outrage! Call in the troops! But to that there are two objections.

“First, you must have an immense force, with its expenses, to give every magistrate a guard—all the troops in the northern district would not furnish a single county; and then the second objection arises: dispersion of troops, which destroys discipline. In a few years they would become amalgamated in opinion with the people; you would have a Chartist army, not a royal one, and one you had armed and drilled! What then would become of the throne and constitution? Lost! There would be no ‘kicking against the pricks,’ the bayonet would be master.¹ My principle is not to risk such danger. Correct bad laws, and do the people justice; this is indispensable, if we would have peace. But I am talking of supporting the laws as they are. To avoid danger to the throne, you must keep the army clear of the people, and fortify it in principle against treason. How then are you to support the magistrates? By an effective police force, constituted either on the principle of concentration or that of local election; or, if you please, a compound of both. Manufacturers have formed an artificial state of society—a dense polluted population, dependent for food on accidental variations of trade, one day in full work and high wages, the

¹ Talleyrand was of the same mind: “On peut s'appuyer sur les baïonnettes; il ne faut pas s'y asseoir.”

next, neither work nor wages, and all willing to break the laws. For these reasons we should, in our present state of bad government; public debt, manufacturing and general discontent, have stipendiary magistrates and an armed police.

"Let us suppose the whole people wanted, and could force, a republic. What would result? A desperate struggle between the manufacturing and landed interests, ending in a civil war, to be decided finally by a military chief, who would not be fool enough to wear a hat when a crown was in his hand. Nor such a rogue either; for what patriotic man would let his country be governed by dozens of squabbling republican fools, when his own good sense and single will could rule and guide her aright?"

In the beginning of April he entered on his command at Nottingham, feeling, as he said, "like a bull turned out for a fight after being kept in a dark stall."

However, by the end of a week he had formed his opinion of the general situation, as may be seen from the following letter to his brother William :—

"Colonel W. Napier, 9th April.—I have drawn a plan of the district, containing only the towns where detachments are, and marking the number of troops in each; thus, if suddenly turned out of bed by the Chartists, my hand can be laid on the soldiers without fumbling for half an hour through a brigade-major's returns, smothered in the details of his craft. The troops are in twenty-six detachments, spread over half England, some 200 miles from me! The magistrates are divided into Whigs, Tories, and personal enmities; and every mother's son of them ready to go any length for his sect and creed. The town magistrates are Liberal from fear of the populace; the country bucks are too old, and too far gone Tories, to have hopes of gaining popularity now by being Radical; so they labour to get troops near their own houses. *Funk* is the order of the day, and there is some excuse, for the people seem ferocious enough. But this fear has produced a foolish dispersion of the troops, these magistrates being powerful fellows. Jackson could not manage them,

and probably I shall be also obliged to give way, seeing that in their ranks are the Dukes of Portland, Newcastle, and so forth. Nevertheless, my efforts shall be to get my people together. Detachments of one hundred, well lodged, do not alarm me; but having only thirty-six dragoons amongst the ill-disposed populace of Halifax, with a man in billet here, and his horse there, that does. My intent is to talk to these magistrates thus: 'If there is danger, as some of you insist upon, instead of finding safety from soldiers, you will only get them killed like sheep. If there is no danger, a great expense is incurred, and discipline injured without reason.' This, and insisting on quarters which will make the troops very cosy, and be very troublesome to the magistrates, may produce a rational view of the subject, for no doubt there are many gentlemen and sensible men among them.

"The state of the country is bad enough, but in the distress of the people is the great danger; they make pikes, but it is doubtful if they could turn out 10,000 armed men, and not 1000 in any one place. There appears less fear of a rising than of the growth of a base, murderous, servile character, for these qualities were distinct in the mob here when they burned the Duke of Newcastle's house. Remember, however, that this is my first *coup d'œil*, and may be a very erroneous one; I would not give it to Lord Fitzroy, or Lord John, as that might commit me to views which may be reasonably changed."

Unlike the "bull turned out for a fight," he was by no means friendless. His predecessor, Sir Richard Jackson, whom he describes as "a very good and a very clever man," gave him the benefit of his experience; he was fortunate, too, in his subordinates, Sir Hew Ross, who lived to be a field-marshal, and Colonel Wemyss, and he cordially recognises their claim to his confidence. They were generally at some distance from headquarters, and the state of the country made it probable that they would have to act to a great extent on their own discretion. Sir Charles gives Colonel

Wemyss his views at once on the relations to exist between himself and his lieutenants.

“Colonel Wemyss, 22d April.—As to your writing freely, why, that is just what I wish beyond all things; I am not such a vain fool as to think a General has more brains than his neighbour because his head is under the dreadful plume they have stuck in his hat! No! I want both you and Ross to write to me just what you think; and heartily I rejoice at having two men so well known to me, and for whom I have such regard; but this will be of little use unless you write like old comrades, freely, and at your ease. I do not promise to be always guided by either, because we may differ in our views, and I must pay the piper if anything goes wrong; but I think we all three hold nearly the same views, and if we differed I should feel great mistrust of myself, being just come, and as yet ignorant.”

But the man most after his own heart was Colin Campbell, afterwards Lord Clyde, and at that time in command of the 98th Regiment. When things were at their worst the General writes, “Great anxiety about the collieries in the north. I have sent Campbell, 98th, there from Hull. The colliers had better be quiet, they will have a hardy soldier to deal with; yet he will be gentle and just, or he should not be there.” And later on he says, “If we have a war Campbell will be a first-rate leader of a brigade,”—a prediction nobly justified in the Punjab and the Crimea. “Campbell, on his side,” says General Shadwell in his *Life of Lord Clyde*, “conceived an esteem and respect for the noble soldier under whose command he had been so fortunate as to find himself placed, which speedily developed into a feeling of affectionate regard, well-nigh amounting to veneration; for Colin Campbell, the most sensitive of men in all matters affecting his professional reputation, was deeply moved and honoured by the confidence which Sir

Charles Napier, ever disposed to encourage zeal and military talent in a subordinate, forthwith extended to him."

The manner of their first meeting was so characteristic of the one, and so highly creditable to the other, that I cannot resist giving it in General Shadwell's words :—

"The 98th had been ordered from Hull to Newcastle-on-Tyne, and was marching in three divisions. The headquarters had reached York on a Saturday, and were halted for the Sunday, as is the custom of the service, in that town, where accommodation had been provided in billets. Sir Charles Napier, who happened to be returning from a tour of inspection in the northern part of his district, arrived by the coach at noon, and descended, in his ordinary travelling dress, at the inn, where dinner was provided for the passengers, and in which Colin Campbell was billeted. Seeing a bugler of the 98th at the door, he inquired if the commanding officer was inside, and, on being told he was, at once introduced himself. Looking at his watch, and remarking that the coach stopped so many minutes, the appointed time for dinner, he asked if it would be possible to collect the men under arms before the coach resumed its journey. Without any hesitation Colin Campbell replied in the affirmative, remarking that the billets were pretty handy, and that it was just the hour when the officers would be visiting the men at their dinners. The 'assembly' was sounded, and as the men were being collected and formed up in front of the inn Sir Charles Napier invited him to partake of the meal, cross-questioning Colin Campbell the while on various points connected with the interior economy of the regiment. He then inspected the troops, and on finishing the last company, just as the horses were put to, he mounted the box, remarking 'That's what I call inspecting a regiment.'"

Signs of disaffection were now visible in every direction ; a considerable number of firearms and pikes were being made and circulated ; small bodies of men were constantly

surprised at drill ; fragments of a letter were found showing that barricades were contemplated, and men were overheard planning the surprise of soldiers in billets, and the necessity of cutting the railroads between towns.

Under these circumstances Sir Charles wrote to Mr. Phillipps, the Under-Secretary at the Home Office, giving his plans in case of a general rising. After a summary of events and suspicious signs, he says :—

“With the foregoing general view of the subject I have constantly asked myself, What is to be done by me as a military man ? The answer is—Secure your detachments from surprise as far as practicable, seek for information, and abide events.

“As to positions for occupation, they must depend on the enemy’s operations, holding always as a general principle the maintaining of my communications with Ross or Wemyss, or both, rather than with London ; and, if requisite, calling for aid from Ireland, which I am authorised to do. My reason for abandoning the communication with London is, that the force which could be drawn round the capital is large enough to hold its ground, and if the insurgents moved in that direction the forces under my command would press their rear and flanks, and protect the country from being widely ravaged.”

In a subsequent letter to the same person he goes into the question of the proper way to act against towns when in the possession of the mob, and points out the necessity of concentrating the troops :—

“All detachments should be composed of infantry and cavalry, none ought to be less than two companies and a troop ; none should be in barracks situated amidst houses in the centre of a town, because fire applied to the houses would burn out the troops, who would probably be massacred while escaping the flames ; the cavalry horses would inevitably be destroyed. Shut up among houses, even if not fired, soldiers

could not profit from discipline, and attempts to issue forth would generally be destruction, as the enemy, being prepared to prevent escape, would oppose barricades and have marksmen in the opposite houses. If a detachment remained shut up, it would be useless as a protecting force, and its own danger great. Officers with small detachments are generally separated from their men, and in a night attack would be killed while seeking to rejoin their soldiers. Small detachments are easily shut up, and may be forced to surrender from hunger and thirst before they can be succoured, especially as their sixty rounds of ammunition would be quickly exhausted.

"A strong detachment quartered on the outskirts of a town is free. It can make head against an enemy, keeping him at gunshot distance; it can get out, if necessary, and attack; it can receive other detachments which strive to unite from the country. In case of arson the soldiers can issue and take possession of other buildings, or keep to the country. It can send a part to aid the inhabitants, or retreat if necessary to some other post; in short, a strong detachment lodged in the outskirts of a town commands that town, whereas, posted in the middle of a town, it is commanded."

Later on he answers some inquiries from Sir Hew Rose on the same subject :—

"In answer to your question, I think a mixed force is the best; because, if the Chartists take proper means of fighting in a town, we know cavalry can do little better than get out of it with all possible speed. Horsemen cannot charge people in garrets, and they cannot sit in their saddles while chests of drawers, bedsteads, stones, tiles, etc., to say nothing of musketry, are poured from the said garrets. Therefore cavalry are only useful to bully a mob and save the life of those who compose it, by chopping them a little instead of destroying them by firearms. A hundred fellows may get ugly-looking gashes that would frighten a thousand of their companions into the vigorous use of their legs; but ninety of the chopped hundred men would be as well as ever in a

week, and so proud of their wounds as to resolve to live all their lives on their past glory, and never again look a dragoon in the face. My own opinion is that, had a troop of horse alone been at Newport, the men would have been destroyed or defeated, and a pretty *flare-up* would have run like wildfire to Carlisle. I have been long preaching to the Government to unite both arms, but they will not, though they give me no refusal. I am shackled by 'Will be fully considered'—there is no such a pair of manacles in all Newgate as that sentence. I only hope that the full consideration may not be given in shape of a coroner's inquest over the bodies of thirty dragoons in billets. There are things which will not bear the future tense, and this is one. I am for joining horse and foot together on all excursions. If hard pressed the dragoons could take the infantry behind them for 10 miles, which would enable the latter to make 30 miles a day without any great fatigue. It would be well to practise them at this. I will do so here, and tell you how we get on. But though I have given you my opinion, let it not bind you. We are too far asunder for any interference, should we be turned out."

Although he was too good a soldier not to provide for every possible contingency that could suggest itself, one is glad to find that he thought a general rising highly improbable, and that his efforts to prevent it were as strenuous as his preparations to quell it if it could not be avoided. On 1st May he writes: "My command is better in hand now. At first all was darkness; I groped about like a mole. Will there be civil war? My opinion is that it will only be a row at Manchester and its vicinity, which will be put down; but that will not put down the sufferings of the people, nor their hatred of the rich, and winter is to be feared more than now, for they will then suffer more."

The Chartists were now making great preparations for a monster meeting on Kersall Moor, near Manchester, and talked confidently of mustering 300,000 men. The neigh-

bourhood was much alarmed at the prospect, and Sir Charles took the bold step of getting a secret introduction to a meeting of Chartist leaders, whom he addressed as follows :—"I understand you are to have a great meeting on Kersall Moor with a view to laying your grievances before Parliament. You are quite right to do so, and I will take care that neither soldier nor policeman shall be within sight to disturb you. But meet peaceably, for if there is the least disturbance I shall be amongst you, and, at the sacrifice of my life, if necessary, do my duty." The terrible day came and passed quietly enough. Not more than one-tenth of the expected numbers arrived, and the speakers expressed orderly political opinions, which Napier characterises as "very much like my own." There is an account of it in his journal a fortnight later :—

"Too busy to keep my journal for a month. From the 10th of May my time has been constantly employed, and the various reports which came in from all quarters, to the effect that the intended meeting would decide the fate of the country, were harassing. All the best informed of the rich people and the magistrates asserted that this district could easily turn out 300,000 people on Kersall Moor, and the Chartist newspapers asserted that they would turn out 500,000. I did not believe this, but secretly thought 100,000 might be assembled—quite enough to render my position very dangerous. My 2000 men and four guns were indeed enough if well handled, but not enough to afford mistakes. I had been long out of practice myself; my troops had been but lately brought together, were all young soldiers, and not a dozen of the officers had ever seen a shot fired: all this was awkward. But, allowing that no error occurred, what a slaughter! Good God, what work! to send grape-shot from four guns into a helpless mass of fellow-citizens, sweeping the streets with fire and charging with cavalry, destroying poor people whose only crime is that they have been ill-governed, and reduced to such straits that they seek redress by arms,

ignorant that of all ways that is the most certain to increase the evils they complain of.

"The redoubted 25th of May came, and not 300,000 but 30,000 assembled. At this meeting Wemyss addressed a few of the people in high Tory oratory, and argued with a drunken old pensioner, fiercely radical and devilish sharp. In ten minutes an eighth of the whole crowd collected round Wemyss and cheered him. These certainly were not Chartists. Some days before this I had a meeting with a gentleman intimate with the Chartist leaders, if not one himself, and begged him to show them how impossible it would be to feed and move 300,000 men; that armed, starving, and interspersed with villains, they must commit horrid excesses; that I would never allow them to charge me with their pikes, or even march 10 miles, without mauling them with cannon and musketry, and charging them with cavalry when they dispersed to seek food; finally, that the country would rise on them, and they would be destroyed in three days. He said peace had put us out of practice, and we could not use our artillery; but he was soon convinced that was nonsense, and reported my observations to the leaders. I offered him no abuse, said many Chartists who acted on principle were to be honoured, others to be pitied as acting from ignorance, and certain to bitterly repent when they saw the terrible mischief that would ensue. This, I believe, had a good effect, and, saying only what in my conviction was true, it is probable I spoke well, for he seemed struck with the evils pointed out as inevitably attending even a disciplined army. At all events, my meaning was good, urged by my dread of the havoc impending; for every one believed that 300,000 men would assemble. Such a force in one mass had never met my eyes, and I was resolved not to let them come near me, but to fight with my guns, keeping cavalry on their flanks to prevent small parties foraging.

"How small accidents affect men's minds and decide events! The 1st Dragoons and 10th Foot came from Ireland with the 79th, but the last, being in kilts, terrified the Chartists more than a brigade of other troops. Again, not

being sure if the first outbreak would not be at Birmingham, where the mulcibers are bolder than the weavers, the 10th were kept at Liverpool as a reserve. Birmingham was quiet, and the 10th came to Manchester by wings—one with the band, the other marching with drums and fifes: so I had ordered. The Chartists thought two regiments had joined, and Mr. B—— says this supposed increase of force decided them not to attack. Thus the kilt, which was no force at all, and the division of the 10th, which was weakness, contributed largely to our security."

The terrors of the 25th of May having been so happily dispelled, the district quieted down. The Government regarded Chartism as extinct, and those who had been loudest in proclaiming the peril of the State and in clamouring to have the mob chastised with grape-shot now spoke slightly of what real danger there had been, and of the man who had done so much to avert it. For, considering the character and size of the population he had to deal with—the "lambs" of Nottingham, the weavers of Lancashire, the miners of Durham and Northumberland—it was surely not wholly due to good luck that, while there had been serious riots outside his district, at Newport, Devizes, and Birmingham, on no occasion had a soldier under his command acted against his fellow-citizens.

His time was still much occupied with routine work, and especially the revision of the decisions of courts-martial, of which "four or five a day come, and some are very difficult. This is earning bread dearly, because unnecessary; it is doing badly what a regimental commanding officer would do well, and is, with my extensive command, oppressive, and not to be rightly done."

Another time, when rendered more desperate than usual by the piles of reports around him, he complains that, "if Napoleon, Alexander, and Cæsar were one man, he could not fill up one inspection return honestly, examin-

ing everything he signs, and I have eleven." In June he found some relief in making a tour of inspection, which led him through the Lake country; and the sight of its fresh summer beauty stirred up in his breast a longing for the quiet English home life, which had such attractions for him whenever his active benevolence was thwarted or unprovided with an adequate sphere.

"*Journal, 19th July.*—Lancaster delighted me, so far as a flying visit enabled me to judge. Westmoreland and its lakes are delightful. The beauty of all that scenery is great. Those gems of bright waters, in their rude mountain setting, bursting on one's sight in fresh changing forms, with all their lights and shadows, their mists and showers, exhilarate the spirits, and give a calmness and happiness to the aching mind which seems like the peace of heaven still lingering on earth, though driven from the usual haunts of man. My mind wants peace and quiet. I could live on the banks of one of those lakes and feel happy. I always am so when calm scenery and calm people are around me; but my lot is cast in trouble, or rather it has been so chosen. Nothing happens to man that is irksome but what he has himself chosen; all may be traced to his own folly: and yet, who made us foolish? Let that pass, suffice it that we are so, unless we take the only course that is left for wisdom: take things as they are, and make the best of them; there is no real wisdom but that."

The sight of York and its noble minster aroused similar reflections. "How many hypocrites have entered there to preach and blaspheme and oppress the poor; it almost makes me wish the burning had been complete; but it is so pretty! What a magnificent pile! I would like to live near it, and go in and pray and be calm, if but for an hour. Yet it is not God's palace! The border of the lake, the top of the mountain,—there, there is calmness, there is God's temple! There He may be worshipped, there one

can live in peace and die fearlessly, the soul unruffled ! My command is great. No, not command : responsibility, great and irksome, but no power. I see wrong, but dare not put it right, and that is called command. There is nothing to flatter ambition, absolutely nothing ; it is, indeed, better than a miserable lodging in Bath or Dublin, but it is not so good as the healthy and more noble one of a country life." In the matter of lodgings, it may be remarked, his command had wrought no great change for the better, as may be judged from his reply to an officer, who complained that one half of the accommodation for himself and his detachment was stone-floored. "My dear sir, I have been for nine months in a lodging with stone floors, and my wife and daughters bear them very well ; soldiers must not be so delicate ; my own room is just seven feet by ten, and stone-floored !" But, in spite, or perhaps in consequence, of his hardiness, he was suffering much from rheumatism, ague, and weakness in the eyes, which made him dread blindness, and "forced from him," says Sir William Napier, "the one and only groan of his life for himself."

In June he went to London to be invested with the insignia of the Bath. The picturesque account he gives of the scene shows how exhausted was his worn and battered frame, and how entirely he seemed to feel that his work was done, and that he already belonged to the past.

"In the midst of embroidery, gold lace, stars, orders, titles, and a crowd of soldiers, I met many an old comrade of the Peninsular war,—worn, meagre, gray-headed, stooping old men, sinking fast ! I, too, have one leg in the grave. When we had last been together we were young, active, full of high spirits, dark or auburn locks ! Now all are changed, all are parents, all full of cares. Well, the world is chained hand to hand, for there were also young soldiers there, just fledged,

meet companions for their young Queen ; they, too, will grow old, but will they have the memory of battles when, like us, they hurry towards the grave ?

“ There was our pretty young Queen receiving our homage, and our old shrivelled bodies and gray heads were bowed before her throne, intimating our resolution to stand by it as we had stood when it was less amiably filled : I wonder what she thought of us old soldiers ! We must have appeared to her like wild beasts, and I dare say she looked at us as she looks at the animals in the Zoological Gardens. Lord Hill is old, and has lost his teeth ; poor Sir John Jones looked like a ghost, and Sir Alexander Dickson is evidently breaking. Thinking how these men had directed the British thunders of war, I saw that Death was the master, the brilliance of the Court vanished, and the grim spectre stared me in the face ; his empire is creeping over all ! Yes, we are in the larder for worms, and apparently very indifferent venison ! ”

As the summer wore on his district was once more thrown into a panic by a resolution formed by the Chartist leaders of keeping August as a “ sacred month,” in which no one was to labour, in order that the ruling classes might be brought to discuss the Charter in a better frame of mind. “ Egregious folly,” said Napier ; but, nevertheless, it vastly increased his labours and his impatience at the magisterial terrors.

“ *Journal, 30th July.*—Alarm ! trumpets ! Magistrates in a fuss. Troops ! troops ! troops ! north, south, east, west. I screech at these applications like a gate swinging on rusty hinges, and swear ! Lord, how they make me swear ! ”

But, as for the idea that the “ physical force ” Chartists, as they were called, were really to be feared, he laughed it to scorn.

“ Poor people, they will suffer ! They have set all England against them and their physical force ; fools ! We have the physical force, not they. They talk of their hundred thousands

of men. Who is to move them when I am dancing round them with cavalry, and pelting them with cannon-shot? What would their 100,000 men do with my 100 rockets wriggling their fiery tails among them, roaring, scorching, tearing, smashing all they came near? And when, in desperation and despair, they broke to fly, how would they bear five regiments of cavalry careering through them? Poor men, poor men! How little they know of physical force!"

On the day he completed his first year of command, the remainder of which proved happily uneventful, his journal records a growing weariness of routine work and a longing to find a worthier field for his restless energy. "This day year my command of the Northern District began. My time has been one of labour and anxiety without reward, for nothing can be shown! I have ten times the pen-work that Cephalonia gave me, and nothing to show. There I protected the poor, regulated justice, and executed really great works. Forty miles of road hewn out of the living rock, and many fine buildings, and horses with carts introduced into a country previously without them, were things to make a man feel he had lived for some good. Here my time is lost in drivelling correspondence and reading courts-martial, with much additional gribble-grabble! I command 10,000 men, but never see them together. Well, patience! duty must be done. What have I to do with ambition?" How little his dislike of official drudgery interfered with the proper discharge of his duty may be judged from a letter written by his brother, Captain Henry Napier, R.N., to Sir W. Napier: "Charles works too much; he is often not in bed until one or two, and always up at five or a little after, and is eternally writing, at an average about fourteen or sixteen hours a day. He has a cough, complains of short breath and weakness, and is allowing his zeal to carry him too far for his own health. I doubt his being able to go on

thus. The fatigue of reading and writing is very great, for I see that, as corporal punishment has diminished, courts-martial have increased, and he reads every word of all. His purse, too, is pretty well pulled by these visits of inspection, for he receives a travelling allowance that will not cover the bare posting when forced to take four horses; and he and his aide-de-camp, all things included, cannot get out of an inn much under two pound a day, although he burns tallow candles, and left the best hotel in Manchester because they objected to give them to him."

1840 was occupied by continued quill-driving and manful struggles against his increasing infirmities, in the midst of which he makes a curiously exact prophecy: "My life has but twelve years to run." At times he seemed to feel that he had lived his life, and had done with ambition and glory; but the news of his cousin, the Admiral, fighting in the Levant, and rumours of wars in India, joined to the unsettled state of England and the mutterings of the coming storm on the Continent, rekindled his military ardour, and on his fifty-eighth birthday he exclaims, "I dare swear few men have had more adventures than myself, and yet, eventful as my life has been, my present high position and the threatening state of the country render it probable that the short portion which is left for me of life may be the most eventful of the whole!"

CHAPTER V.

INDIA, OCT. 1841—DEC. 1842.

HARDLY had the room "just seven feet by ten and stone-floored" been exchanged for more luxurious quarters at Calvelly Hall, near Chester, when the following entry occurs in the journal :—

"21st April 1841.—My scheme for passing some years here is already ended. Lord Fitzroy Somerset has called to offer me, from Lord Hill, a place on the Indian Staff, but he gives me leave to decline the offer, which is very honourable treatment ; it must be considered, but my wish is to go."

He consulted his brother William, who replied, "Go if you feel a call for such a service ; if not, remain at home." His mind was soon made up.

"The appointment is accepted. My hope is to get there safe, but to move my family is fearful ! I go overland, and shall insure my life for two years. If there is war in the Punjab, which seems likely, a good command may fall to me ; it will be sorrowful to leave you all, for it is late in life, and I am much worn."

A few days later, however, he writes again : "My spirits were very low until my mind was fixed for India, then they rose." And yet his prospects were not such as would tempt most men to elation. In his sixtieth year, with a body worn by wounds and toil, with two children unprovided for, he was going forth to expose himself to

fresh dangers and undertake arduous duties in a land where the climate alone, in the opinion of those who knew him, would be more than he could bear. He tried to get his life insured for two years, but no office would accept him: "My conviction that the objection is sound is just why I wish to insure." In after years he said, "When I look back to the desperation which made me come to India at sixty years of age, and on the dreadful journey to Marseilles with so many women, I feel how strong is my love for my girls. Had I then died, not a farthing was left for them. My passage to Suez was paid beforehand perforce, and my pockets were empty. It was one of those bold adventures which amount to rashness, but my resolution was to risk all for my girls. At Bombay the purser received my last money, a bill for £500, in payment of the voyage from Suez, and returned two pounds!"

He resigned his command of the Northern District in October, and assumed command at Poona on 28th December. Being new to Indian life the difficulty of getting settled was great, and drew from him the reflection that "a soldier should not have wife or daughters; his hat should cover his family." But private troubles were soon forgotten in the absorbing interest of public affairs. Never had our arms and statesmanship in India been so tarnished and disgraced. The folly and injustice of Lord Auckland's interference in Afghanistan had ended in the most terrible military disaster. Elphinstone's army had been massacred in retreating from Cabul. Sale was besieged in Jelalabad with the Khyber Pass between him and Peshawur; Colonel Palmer was shut up with 1000 men at Ghuznee; Nott was at Candahar, opposed by the main body of the enemy; and Brigadier England was at Quetta, in support of Nott, but with the Bolan Pass between him and the nearest British force, at Sukkur on the Indus. With the army thus dis-

membered and disheartened by disaster, with the central government paralysed by the greatness of the calamity, the new year (1842) dawned gloomily on British India. At the critical moment, however, Lord Ellenborough arrived to supersede Lord Auckland, and the first person to whom he turned for advice was Charles Napier. This was the starting-point of the best known and most brilliant portion of his career; and, as there are still men who remember him at this time, we may pause to view him more closely before he goes forth to battle.

Charles Napier was now sixty years old, and had been forty-eight years in the army; but although eight deep wounds, much sickness, and the hardships and exposure he had undergone, had burdened him with many infirmities, he could tire out many a younger man, and still did not know what it was to feel fatigue in the saddle. In appearance he was as unlike as possible the statue in Trafalgar Square—a short, lithe man, without an ounce of spare flesh, muscular and springy in his gait; a tendency to hollowness in the chest gave him the appearance of being a little bent when standing. He was quick and energetic in all his movements, and had a nervous habit of tightening his elbows into his sides. The spare frame was surmounted by a head which, without being regularly handsome, had a noble and strange appearance that caught the eye and awoke interest; quantities of dark hair standing well off a bold, expansive forehead; the nose “curved, cut, and coloured like the eagle’s claw”; a falcon’s eye, flashing with a brilliancy intensified by the spectacles which he could not do without; the mouth firm and regular, but with a smile of remarkable sweetness. His terrible wounds at Coruña and Busaco had left behind a spasmodic jerking of the head and jaws, so that the teeth would often snap together. He was scrupulously neat and orderly in his habits, but im-

patient of luxury and self-indulgence, and had a wardrobe probably of smaller dimensions than that of the poorest subaltern under his command. Temperate and abstemious by inclination and on principle, he rarely took wine, and would often go many days without meat. His powers of work were prodigious, he seldom gave more than five hours to sleep; to do his utmost in the service of the State and of the community in which he found himself was an imperative necessity of his nature; yet when fourteen, sixteen, or even eighteen hours had been given to the public service, there always remained a margin of time and energy for a large correspondence, a minute diary, professional study, and religious self-communings. Exercise, which could generally be combined with inspection and supervision of work, was taken in the saddle. The wilder the horse's spirit, the better he was pleased; rider and steed seemed one, and the only pace known was full gallop.

When at home and at leisure he loved to get young people round him, and keep them in roars of laughter at his odd stories and grotesque humour, though he sometimes flavoured both rather too strongly after the manner of Rabelais. Many of his young relations, however, had to thank his warm and affectionate nature for much more than laughter and fun. On one occasion he heard that one of his nephews, who was prevented by misfortune from earning his own living, had not the means to marry; he at once sent him £5000, at a time when he himself was sacrificing health and ease, and struggling against age and infirmities, in order to provide for his own children. In fact, though he practised the strictest economy as one of the duties of a good father and a good citizen, he never counted the cost when a kind or generous action was to be done. When one of his subordinates in Scinde wished to get home to see a dying and only sister, but had heavy financial

responsibilities which were an obstacle to his leave, Sir Charles, learning the difficulty, became his security for eleven lakhs of rupees.

In general society he was very gentle and courteous. He had not the brilliant conversational powers of his brother Sir Wilkam, yet if the talk turned upon questions of war, government, history, or kindred subjects, on which he had read much and thought deeply, he would join in readily; and the vehement earnestness of his voice and manner, the flashing eye, the vivid language, and quaint illustrations, gained him a ready hearing.

Endowed with keen practical insight and power of sustained thinking, he clothed his ideas with peculiarities of manner, and sometimes with a half-humorous exaggeration, that gave a colour to the vulgar charge of eccentricity. Impracticable he may have been. His independence, his fearless honesty, and passionate hatred of injustice, brought him frequently into conflict with the official world. That it should be so is one of the inevitable drawbacks of our political institutions. On the one hand, you have a man with a heroic sense of duty and patriotism, with talents vastly superior to those of ordinary men, of clear insight and indomitable will, driven by an irresistible instinct to do the work appointed him in the manner which seems to him best. On the other hand, you have a Government subject to the constant, and often factious, criticism of its opponents and of every section of the community whose interests are threatened by the action of the Government's servants—a Government brought into power by a bare majority, and depending for its existence very largely on its skill in conciliating opposing interests, and, in spite of patriotic aims, compelled to rest content with half measures and halting progress. Under such conditions Napiers and Gordons, even supposing them to be burdened with a less than ordinary share of the