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ESSAYS

FROM

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BEING A SELECTION FROM THE LITERARY PAPERS WHICH HAVE APPEARED IN THAT JOURNAL.

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ESSAYS.

LIFE OF LORD COKE.

In inscribing "*the Lives of the Chief Justices*" to his son, Lord Campbell expresses the hope that his offspring may live to rescue the father from oblivion, and to do credit to their common name. The prayer is unnecessary. The remembrance of Lord Campbell will not pass away with his mortal career. Like many notable legal functionaries who have gone before him, he has worked his arduous way from the ranks to eminence, and won for himself the rich rewards of honest industry, patient perseverance, and forensic skill. Entering the world with the multitude, he owes it to no man that he quits it with the few who have reached the goal of their early ambition, and bravely scaled life's professional ladder. Future biographers of the distinguished lawyers of this age can hardly omit the achievements of the present Lord Chief Justice, and in registering his public services it will be impossible to refer without praise to the enlightened uses to which Lord Campbell has devoted

his dignified leisure. Under any circumstances it would have been our duty to accord to the literary labours of Lord Campbell a hearty welcome. The example shown to his professional brethren in their publication is most salutary. It is not often that the lawyer in his maturity quits his narrow way to find amusement and instruction for his fellows in the broader and more common path of pleasant literature. More seldom does the public servant upon half-pay justify his pension by his pen. But the *Lives of the Chief Justices* has claims to consideration upon its own merits. Like the former work of its author, it is a laborious and valuable contribution to the general store. In purely literary hands it might have presented a more brilliant style, but its substantial worth the best of our living writers could scarcely have heightened.

Lord Campbell has devoted a considerable portion of his first volume to the biography of Sir Edward Coke. The theme is worthy of the space afforded it. Independently of the professional renown of this great man, there are circumstances connected with his career that render it perhaps more deeply interesting than that of any other legal functionary. He began the world with the immortal Bacon; the two were rivals during life; they fought together for distinction, and were even competitors in love. Both were devoured by a raging desire for wealth and honours, both gained the objects of their fiery ambition, and neither found happiness when these were acquired. If Bacon was more unscrupulous than Coke in the ignoble race, his fall also was more fatal and ignominious. Both represent to our minds distinct forms of undoubted

greatness. *The Body of the Common Law of England* is the type that speaks for Coke. The glory of human wisdom shines for ever around the drooping head of Bacon. Both teach posterity how much intellectual grandeur may coexist with the most glaring moral turpitude; both pay homage to virtue by seeking in their disgrace refuge in the tranquil pursuits that have since immortalised them. Bacon, with a genius only less than angelic, condescends to paltry crime, and dies branded. Coke, with a profound contempt for the arts that Bacon loved, enraged by disappointment, takes revenge for neglect, and dies a patriot. In the days of Coke there would seem to have been a general understanding on the part of Royal sycophants to mislead the Monarch, and all became his sycophants who received his favours. Coke is no exception to the rule. It is true enough that to him we are mainly indebted for the movement which, beginning on the 30th of January, 1621, ended that very day eight-and-twenty years with the decapitation of the King; but it is likewise undeniable that the nation's difficulties would have waited some time longer for solution, had not the defender of the people's rights been inoculated with a love of liberty by the sudden application of the Royal lancet, whose sharp edge his judicious self-love would never have provoked.

Coke was born in what a Royalist of the days of Charles the First might well have called "the good old times," when Queens were gentle despots and Parliaments the most devoted of self-constituted slaves; when Mr. Speaker "upon his allegiance was commanded, if a certain bill be exhibited, not to read

it," and when "Mr. Vice-Chamberlain, to the great comfort of the Speaker and the House, brought answer of Her Majesty's acceptance of the submission" of legislators who had presumed to speak of matters "not proper and pertinent for the house to deal in." Elizabeth was on her splendid throne when Coke, having quitted the University of Cambridge, without a degree, was working like a horse at Clifford's-inn. Stony-hearted and stony-minded, he loved neither poetry nor pleasure. From the moment he began the appointed task of his life, he dreamt of nothing but fame, and of that only for the sake of the sterling recompense it brings. Friendships not convertible to cash, Coke resolutely forswore at the commencement of his career, and he was blessed with none at the close of it. Spenser yielded him no delight, Shakspeare no seduction. The study of law began at three in the morning, and, with short intervals of rest, ceased at nine in the evening, at which hour the indefatigable student at last took repose. Fortified by such discipline, and brim-full of law, Coke was called to the bar in the year 1578, being then twenty-seven years of age, and he rose in his profession as rapidly as he had all along resolved to rise.

In pursuance of his design Coke married well in 1582; the lady was young, beautiful, and accomplished; virtues thrown as it were into the bargain, since the lawyer had been well satisfied with the simple fortune by which they were accompanied. Before he was thirty years old the desperate money-seeker had made himself master of manor upon manor, and laid the foundation of the enormous possessions which at length alarmed the Crown, lest they should

prove too magnificent for a subject. In 1585 he was elected Recorder of Coventry, in 1586 of Norwich, and in 1592 of London itself. In the last-named year he was also appointed Reader in the Inner Temple by the Benchers, and in 1592, being in his forty-first year, by the influence of Burleigh, he was made Solicitor-General to the Queen. The solicitorship secured the Speakership of the House of Commons, according to custom. Coke in his address to the Queen upon his appointment compared himself to a star in the heavens, "which is but *opacum corpus* until it receiveth light from the sun." Her Majesty in answer graciously condescended to allow the propriety of the metaphor, for she informed her humble Speaker that liberty of speech was granted him, "but you must know what privilege you have; not to speak every one what he listeth, or what cometh in his brain to utter, but your privilege is aye or no; wherefore, Mr. Speaker, Her Majesty's pleasure is, that if you perceive any idle heads which will meddle with reforming the church and transforming the commonwealth, and do exhibit bills to such purpose, you receive them not until they be viewed and considered by those who it is fitter should consider of such things, and can better judge of them." The times were sweetly Arcadian. Elizabeth should be painted a shepherdess, and her faithful Parliament a meek and timid flock about her.

The obsequiousness of Coke to his Royal mistress was in perfect keeping with his character. Nothing exceeds his abject servility whilst in the sunshine, save his fixed malignity when dismissed to the shade. In 1594 the office of Attorney-General became vacant; Coke regarded the prize as his own until he

found one ready to dispute it with him. Bacon, eager to outstrip his rival, had made interest at Court, and had his age been as ripe as his genius, Coke might have been thrust aside in the encounter. Intrigue however failed, because "one precedent of so raw youth being promoted to so great a place" it was impossible to find. Coke was left master of the field, but neither combatant forgot the result of the contest. The new Attorney-General declined his marvellous opponent for Solicitor-General, and Bacon resolved to take unmeasured revenge both for the disappointment and the insult.

A fitter tool for its melancholy work prerogative never found than in Attorney-General Coke, who, for his punishment, lived to destroy the foul abuses he had been paid to nourish. The liberty of the subject is identified with the name of the individual who, as much as any of his time, sought to crush it. The perversions of criminal law to which this man condescended, as prosecutor for the Crown, are familiar to the readers of history. His cruel arrogance and atrocious bearing towards the unfortunate (we do not speak of the guilty) can never be forgotten. Lord Campbell tells us that Coke, in his age, "made noble amends" for the licentious and unscrupulous dealings of his earlier life. We cannot admit the term; for repentance to be noble, the motive must be pure. The gain to society by the stand made by Coke, in the name of the people, against the encroachments of the Crown is not to be over-estimated; but respect does not attach to the soiled instrument by which our blessings were secured. A singular instance of the brutality of the Attorney-General, and

of his overstrained duty to the Crown, occurred at the trial of the unfortunate and gallant Essex. Well may the present biographer exclaim, "This was a humiliating day for our *order!*" Essex had striven hard to obtain for Bacon the office then held by his accuser. The insurrection in the city might sooner be pardoned than that offence, which, indeed, received no mercy. For once, Bacon and Coke ceased to be rivals, but only that they might be copartners in inexpiable guilt. Divines may preach even to the infidel of the inherent rottenness of our fallen nature, when they can point to Bacon, the pride of humanity, the wonder of the civilised world, imploring to be counsel *against* his best friend and benefactor, and leaving no base means untried to bring that high and chivalrous spirit to the scaffold. Prerogative never boasted so rare a sacrifice; the might of kings never extorted so signal an acknowledgment.

On the 27th of June, 1598, Coke lost his wife, who had borne him ten children. His memorandum-book feelingly describes the virtues of the departed; but within four months of her burial the disconsolate widower had taken unto himself a second mate, whose beauty, though extraordinary, was still surpassed, as before, by the brilliancy of the marriage portion. Lady Hatton, daughter of Thomas Cecil, was the widow of the nephew of Lord Chancellor Hatton, and but twenty years of age when she agreed to become the wife of a man whom she disliked on her wedding day and hated ever afterwards. Bacon, her cousin, had preferred his suit, to be rejected, although Lord Essex, then powerful enough, had declared to the lady, that "if he had a daughter of his own he would rather

match her with the accomplished lawyer than with a man of far greater titles." To spite Bacon, and to add to his heaps, Coke consented to a private marriage, to break the law, and to listen complacently to the openly declared aversion of his bride. He enjoyed all the happiness he had earned. The lady refused to adopt her husband's name, spurned his company and dry pursuits, took her pleasure abroad, and, giving birth to a daughter, flatly refused to live with him any longer; and greater punishment came hereafter.

Upon the death of Elizabeth, James I. conferred upon Coke the dignity of knighthood, and continued him in his office. The first appearance of the Attorney-General as public prosecutor in the new reign was at the trial of the adventurous Raleigh, the judge upon the occasion being the reformed highway robber Popham, who made amends for the delinquencies of his youth by hanging every criminal within his reach. Raleigh laid down the law as Coke himself years afterwards knew how to define it; but the legal tools of the Court were neither to be shamed nor argued from their purpose. Coke disgracefully bullied the high-souled prisoner. Popham shrunk from his calm and unanswerable defence; but both contrived to prove him guilty. The instance is one of a hundred. So long as Coke could find payment for unclean work, he betrayed no uneasy desire to wash his fingers. It was not until all hope of turning sycophancy to further account was gone that he took up with patriotism.

Coke's last prosecution as Attorney-General was a famous one; for the objects of his malevolence were no other than Guy Faux and his accomplices. It would

have been sufficient to dismiss in silence to the scaffold men upon whom the brand of guilt was so deeply fixed. Justice required no more than their death; much more hardly satisfied the officious love of the King's devoted servant. Whilst the Attorney-General was hurling insult at the heads of the culprits, one of them, Sir Everard Digby, interrupted him, confessing "that he deserved the vilest death, and the most severe punishment that might be," but humbly petitioned "for mercy and some moderation of justice." Coke, overflowing with mercy, promised him such moderation as he might discover in the Psalms, where it is written, "Let his wife be a widow and his children vagabonds, let his posterity be destroyed, and in the next generation let his name be quite put out." Digby's pathetic appeal upon the rising of the court may well stand side by side with this brutality. "If I may but hear any of your Lordships," exclaimed the doomed man, "say you forgive me, I shall go more cheerfully to the gallows." The Lords answered in Coke's presence, "The Lord forgive you, and we do."

The gunpowder plot disposed of, Coke, in the year 1606, became Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, "fatigued," as Lord Campbell has it, "if not satiated, with amassing money at the bar." The new judge was as fully alive to the rights of his office as he had been before to the prerogatives of the king. The pedantic presumption of James was safe till it rubbed against the more stubborn pride of Coke. The monarch was of opinion that the constitution and the law allowed him personally to try causes between his loyal subjects. "By my soul," he said pettishly to Coke, who begged leave to differ, "I have often

heard the boast that your English law was founded upon reason. If that be so, why have not I and others reason as well as you the judges?" Coke explained why, and by the manner of his explanation compelled the King to think no more of his folly. Unfortunately for all parties His Majesty at the same time remembered the affront.

Had he been disposed to forget it there was one at his side eager enough to jog his memory. Bacon's advancement depended upon the downfal of Coke, and the sublimest yet meanest of men gave his whole heart to the accomplishment of either work. By the elevation of the Attorney-General, Bacon had become Solicitor-General, and a more servile spirit never filled the office. The first triumph of Coke over the King encouraged him to more open war against despotism and abuse. The Monarchs before the Revolution loved to repair laws by Royal proclamation, and none were busier at that trade than the silly James. Again Coke asserted his authority, and again defeated his master. To console His Majesty and to help himself, Bacon recommended the *promotion* of the incorrigible assailant. Coke was made, accordingly, Chief Justice of the King's Bench. The profits of the office were much less than those of the Justice of the Common Pleas, although the rank was higher. Hence Coke's disgust at the bettering of his condition, which also helped Bacon on a step by furnishing Attorney-General Hobart with the chiefship of the Common Pleas.

Coke continued to display his independence during the three years that he presided in the Court of King's Bench, but he had stopped short of committing

an act that might deprive him of the reversion of the Chancellorship, to which his great acquirements and reputation well entitled him. Bacon, always alive to his master's interests, long before the vacancy occurred urged upon the King the danger of elevating the Chief Justice to the woolsack. "If you take my Lord Coke," said he, "this will follow: first, your Majesty shall put an overruling nature into an overruling place, which may breed an extreme; next, you shall blunt his industries in the matter of your finances, which seemeth to aim at another place (the office of Lord Treasurer); and, lastly, popular men are no sure mounters for your Majesty's saddle." His Majesty, easily frightened, cherished the warning, whilst Coke took no pains to disarm suspicion. His triumphs gave him courage, and he went on from bad to worse. A question arose as to the power of the King to grant ecclesiastical preferments to be held along with a bishopric. A learned counsel at the bar denied the power. Bacon, the Attorney-General, not caring to defend it, mentioned another power of the King's—viz., his right to prohibit the hearing of any cause in which his prerogative is concerned until he should intimate his pleasure on the matter to his judges; and advised such a prohibition to be issued in the case in question. Coke treated the advice with disdain, proceeded as with an ordinary cause, heard it, and judicially determined it. Bacon could have wished for nothing more suicidal.

Coke was summoned before the Privy Council. It was suddenly discovered that he had been guilty of a breach of duty whilst Attorney-General, in concealing a bond given to the Crown by Sir Christopher

Hatton. He had also misconducted himself in a dispute with the Lord Chancellor respecting injunctions; moreover, he had insulted the King when called before him in the case of *commendams*. In addition, many extravagant and exorbitant opinions had been set down and published in his reports for positive and good law. So heinous an offender could not go unpunished. By royal mandate the delinquent was suspended from his office of Chief Justice. Simple suspension, however, brought no consolation to Bacon, who goaded the King to downright persecution. On the 16th of November 1616, the Chief Justice received his dismissal. Lord Campbell pleads for the fallen man, who heard his sentence with "dejection and tears." We must, nevertheless, not forget the weakness when we reflect upon his abject submission to Royalty during his days of dependence, and as we approach the more stormy times when the spirit of vengeance incited him to grapple with Royalty in the temper of a rebel. Magnanimity is wanting throughout.

As Coke tumbled down Bacon rose to his zenith. Whilst the former was shedding tears for his dismissal, the latter was intoxicated with joy by his elevation to the Chancellorship. The defeated judge, however, was not the man to submit without a struggle to his fate. By his second wife he had a daughter: she had reached a marriageable age and was heiress to a princely fortune. Coke resolved that she should marry Sir John Villiers, the Duke of Buckingham's eldest brother. Sir John was very poor, and the Duke of Buckingham all powerful. The union effected, what should hinder his return to

favour? Bacon, terrified at the plot, encouraged mother and daughter to resist the will of the father; but Sir John and the Duke were more than a match for the counter-conspirators. After a gallant opposition the ladies yielded, and the marriage was celebrated at Hampton Court "in the presence of the King and Queen and all the chief nobility of England." Sir John was old enough to be his wife's father, but that was a trifle. The results of the match were such as might be expected. Coke was restored to the Privy Council, but received no judicial promotion. Sir John Villiers and his wife never passed a happy day together, and before long the lady eloped with Sir John Howard. "After travelling abroad in man's attire she died young, leaving a son, who, on the ground of illegitimacy, was not allowed to inherit the estate and honours of her husband."

The last blow decided the ex-Chief-Justice. Rejected as a friend, he gave himself up to the warfare of relentless enmity. The fame and glory, acquired at this juncture by his rival in consequence of the publication of the *Novum Organum*, gave venom to his hate. A Parliament was called in 1620. Coke, then in his seventieth year, was elected for the borough of Liskeard. Just after his election the office of Lord Treasurer fell vacant. Coke had looked for it, but it was given elsewhere. All things served to fan the fire of his indignation. The Puritans were returned to the House in great numbers. Coke, hitherto a high churchman, placed himself at their head, and prepared for deadly opposition. Opportunities came to him as thick as summer leaves upon a tree. The nation had rare cause for discontent, and no man knew

better than he how to turn popular grievances to personal account.

He set to work at once. A motion was made by Mr. Secretary Calvert for a supply. Sir Edward Coke moved as an amendment, "That supply and *grievances* should be referred together to a committee of the whole House." The amendment was carried, and business forthwith commenced with an attack upon the monopolists. A report was drawn up directed against the King's prerogative, in virtue of which monopolies flourished, and Coke himself carried it to the bar of the Upper House, where Bacon, as Chancellor, received him. The second effort must have been a labour of love indeed. The Lord Chancellor himself had been accused of taking bribes. A committee of the House was appointed to investigate the charges, and Coke, with a willing heart, guided its proceedings. The King sent a message to the Commons with a view of saving Bacon from the odium of an inquiry thus vindictively pursued, but Coke had fastened on his prey and was not to be cajoled or frightened off. He besought the Commons not to stand between justice and a huge delinquent, and he procured Bacon's impeachment. The impeachment being voted, Coke, to his intense delight, was ordered to conduct it. Bacon, conscious of the spirit with which his rival would settle to his task, disappointed his vengeance by pleading guilty to the charge. But it was the deep humiliation of the Chancellor, in the presence of his foe, to hear in one breath both judgment and destruction pronounced. The battle was over. Bacon made restitution to society by withdrawing from public life and devoting

himself to the dignified occupations which have since induced his countrymen to forget the failings that compelled the fortunate seclusion. Coke, having brought his victim to the dust, left him there to linger. He never visited his fallen enemy. The two never met again.

Revenge called for further sacrifice. Coke's fierceness against the Court increased rather than abated with Bacon's removal. The Chancellorship, which might have made him a Royalist and high churchman again, was bestowed upon another. The shortsightedness of monarchs is even more unpardonable than their crimes. After a struggle against adjournment, led on by Coke, Parliament was adjourned in May to meet again in November. In a letter to the Speaker the King desired it to be made known in his name unto the House, "that none therein shall presume henceforth to meddle with anything concerning our Government or deep matters of state." Coke, leading the opposition, moved "a protestation," which was carried and entered on the journals. The King, with his own hand, tore the protestation out of the Journal Book, and declaring it "an usurpation which the majesty of a King can by no means endure" at once dissolved the Parliament.

Coke for his pains was committed to the Tower, but after a few months' imprisonment was released at the intercession of the Prince of Wales. Before the popular leader was fairly in harness again that Prince was on the throne. Charles's first Parliament was called in 1625, and Coke was returned for Coventry. A motion for supply being submitted, Coke moved as an amendment for a committee to

inquire into the expenditure of the Crown. The amendment was carried, and His Majesty, according to custom in such cases, dissolved the Parliament. Supply being, however, indispensable to monarchs as to meaner men, a new Parliament was summoned, and Coke, now seventy-five years old, was returned without solicitation for Norfolk. This Parliament fared no better than its predecessor, and upon another attempt being made the King suffered the extreme mortification of seeing his unappeasable pursuer returned for two counties. His Majesty opened the session with a stern rebuke. He did not call it a threatening, "for he scorned to threaten any but his equals, but an admonition from him who by nature and duty has most care of his people's preservation and prosperity." Whatever it might be, whether menace or reproof, it had no effect upon the sturdy veteran. "What a word," exclaimed Coke in his speech upon the usual motion for supply," is that *franchise!* The lord may tax his villein, high or low; but it is against the franchise of the land for freemen to be taxed but by their consent in Parliament;" and the speaker implored his listeners to withhold that consent whilst there remained one legitimate grievance for the King to remedy. Having made his speech he brought forward and carried resolutions that are memorable in the annals of our constitutional history, and which, indeed, were made the foundation of the Habeas Corpus Act fifty years afterwards. His next step was his greatest. He formed the famous *Petition of Right,* the second *Magna Charta,* as it has been aptly called, of the nation's liberties. The petition enumerated all the abuses of prerogative under which the

country groaned, and after declaring them all to be contrary to law, "assumed the form of an act of the Legislature, and in the most express and stringent terms protected the people in all time to come from similar oppressions." The King attempted to evade the obligation about to be forced upon him, but his adversary was as inflexible as iron, "not that he distrusted the King, but that he could not take his trust save in a Parliamentary way." The Lords passed the bill, but loyally introduced a proviso that completely nullified its operation. "This," exclaimed Coke, "turns all about again," and at his instigation the accommodating proviso was at once rejected. The Lords agreed "not to insist upon it," and nothing was left for His Majesty but to resort, under the direction of Buckingham, to fraudulent dealing. The trick did not answer. Buckingham was denounced, the Petition of Right, in spite of the King, received the Royal assent in due form, and bonfires throughout London testified to the happiness of the people at the restoration of their liberty. King Charles would never have died on the scaffold had he not violated in later years the solemn pledge he gave on this occasion to his trusting subjects.

With this achievement ended Coke's political career. The *Petition of Right* was carried in 1628. He was absent from Parliament during the short and violent session of 1629, and before another Parliament was called he had quitted life. He died in 1634, in the eighty-third year of his age and in the full possession of his faculties. What he performed for public liberty is seen; his claims to esteem as a lawyer were recognised in his own time, and are still acknowledged.

His publications are the hand-books of our legal men. His general character may be gathered from our short record. It is further to be noted that he had a sublime contempt for science and literature of every kind. Upon the title-page of his copy of the *Novum Organum,* presented to him by the author, he wrote,

> "It deserves not to be read in schooles,
> "But to be freighted in the *Ship of Fools.*"

Shakspeare and Ben Jonson were *vagrants,* deserving of the stocks; poetry was foolishness; law, politics, and money-making the sole occupations worthy of a masculine and vigorous mind. "For a profound knowledge of the common law of England," says his biographer, "he stands unrivalled. As a judge he was above all suspicion of corruption; yet most men," adds Lord Campbell, "I am afraid, would rather have been Bacon than Coke." We participate in his Lordship's fear. Aware of the lax period in which both flourished, we are willing to attribute many of the faults of both to the age in which their lot was cast. Their virtues and intellectual prowess were all their own; and let us once enter upon a comparison of these, and the lofty, universal genius of Bacon will shine as the noonday sun in the firmament where the duller orb of Coke shall cease to be visible.

May 21, 1851.

LAYARD'S LAST DISCOVERIES.

THE veil is gradually falling from one of the sublimest pictures that have been vouchsafed to the inquiring mind of man since he first addressed himself to the investigation of truth in the spirit of daring and heroic importunity. Upon the earth, and above it, proofs of the wisdom and power of Omnipotent God have long been accumulating upon us with a force and swiftness that might well challenge the respect of the sceptic, and put to shame the audacious folly of the atheist. It has been left for our own time to deliver up from the very bowels of the earth evidence equally overwhelming and conclusive of the value and truth of those writings in which the doings of God's chosen people from the earliest times find their only record. It is difficult to speak or to write without emotion of the significant and extraordinary discoveries that have been made upon the site of ancient Nineveh. We have read as children of the devastating wars of Sennacherib, and been subjected to the awe arising from the perusal of events occurring at a period of time which it fatigued even the imagination to reach. We have listened, as children still, to the prophetic denunciations of Ezekiel, and trembled as we reflected upon the dismal fate of the gorgeous city he had doomed—once a city, a

barren desert now. We have grown older, and acquired at school some knowledge of those classic times, in which, first Greece, then Italy, stamped the impress of civilisation upon the world,—times so remote as to be themselves buried in antiquity, yet not so near to the still far-off Assyrian epoch as to be conscious of the least remains of its once surpassing glory. As children, as youths, as men, we have thought of Nineveh and Babylon as of the world before the flood,—with interest,—with belief,—with amazement, and with dread; but, knowing nothing of their history beyond the intimations afforded in the Bible, how could we entertain the hope that their hidden story, kept back from the conquerors of the world two thousand years ago, should be revealed silently, but absolutely, and in all its fulness now? Yet, so it is! What the Greeks knew not we clearly apprehend. Three thousand years have passed over the Assyrian mounds—three thousand years of storm, of passion, of darkness, and of light, and at length the grave gives up its dead. Athens has breathed her beauty upon the world, and expired. Rome has lived to prove the triumph of its institutions and the hollowness of its strength. Yea, the Son of Man has appeared among the nations to teach a heaven-born creed, which, happily for human progress, is taking root in every quarter of the globe. Dynasties have risen and been extinguished. Great countries have dwindled into molehills, and specks of earth have grown into the mightiest empires: and, at the end of all, the crusted earth, beneath which Nineveh has for so many ages been inhumed, cracks, bursts asunder, and reveals, not a miracle, but a

petrified verity,—the monumental history of its greatness, the imperishable witness of its once incomparable renown, the marble commentary of an inspired text. It is all there! The other day we had but a glimpse of the treasure,—to-day we discern more, and every hour is adding to the richness and the marvel of the unexpected sight.

The connected history of these Assyrian discoveries is scarcely less interesting than the revelation itself. But for the concurrence of many fortunate incidents, the mounds of Assyria would still have held exclusive possession of their booty; and, but for the combination of a second series of such accidents, the precious acquisitions, even won, would have been all but worthless for want of an interpreter skilful enough to decipher their meaning. Let the reader accompany us for a moment as we endeavour hastily to trace the current of events which has made us heirs to one of the noblest legacies ever bequeathed to man. Knowledge of the subject, though general, is somewhat indistinct. Men have heard that palaces have been dug up at Nineveh, and they have seen sculptured giants in the halls of the British Museum. But it is time to know more. That we may be prepared for discoveries greater than any that have yet been brought to light —and such disclosures most assuredly await us—it is well for us to have an exact conception of the wealth of which we already stand possessed.

France shares with England in the glory of these acquisitions. The two nations are coheirs in this startling bequest from hoary antiquity. France, never slow to recognise the claims of her citizens upon her gratitude and affection, will know how to

apportion the credit that attaches to any of her sons for services rendered on the Assyrian plains. England acknowledges one renowned name in connexion with her portion of the gains, and is proud, as well she may be, of her chivalrous Layard. It is easy to see that from no ordinary traveller could such results have been obtained as those which Austen Layard has collected together for our wonder and instruction. Passionate enthusiasm in discovery and research; intense labour and perseverance; a cheerful, patient mind; a strong frame; great knowledge of men, of books, and of Eastern countries and habits; perfect self-command; a resolute will; a modest and conciliating demeanour; the faculty of ruling others as well as of controlling himself,—all these conditions were essential to the success achieved by the young Englishman, and all were possessed in a degree that cannot fail to win our admiration and regard. Mr. Layard was but twenty-two years of age when, in 1839, after having wandered through Asia Minor and Syria, "scarcely leaving untrod one spot hallowed by tradition, or unvisited one ruin consecrated by history," he experienced the irresistible desire to penetrate to those regions beyond the Euphrates which for all time to come must be identified with his name. In his first published work he informed us how his wanderings in Asia Minor had been conducted. One adventurous spirit only was his travelling companion. The pair rode unattended: their arms were their sole protection; a valise behind their saddles was their wardrobe; they mixed freely among the people, acquired their language and their habits, and partook gratefully of their hospitality.

"No experienced dragoman," he wrote at the time, "measured our distances and appointed our stations. We were honoured with no conversations by Pashas, nor did we seek any civilities from governors. We neither drew tears nor curses from villagers by seizing their horses or searching their houses for provisions. Their welcome was sincere; their scanty fare was placed before us, we ate, and came, and went in peace." This early training had an incalculable effect upon the subsequent operations. The influence exercised by Layard over his miscellaneous workmen, and among his Arab shiekhs, is not that of a powerful stranger, but rather of a beneficent chief, ruling by affection and justice in the midst of his own people. It is without the smallest feeling of surprise that we learn, for instance, how that none but Mussulmans are admitted within the holy precincts of a certain tomb at Nebbi Yunus, though this privileged Englishman has "more than once visited the shrine, with the sanction of his good friend Mullah Sultan, a guardian of the Mosque." How could it be otherwise when tribes at deadly war with each other agree to suspend their feuds at his bidding, and afflicted races, persecuted by the Turk, and by each other, implored his mediation in the spirit of brotherhood and with confidence unbounded? In tracing the history, therefore, of the Assyrian discoveries, let us never be unmindful of what we owe to the especial character of the discoverer—a guileless man, as he appears from his books—frank in his utterance—with no envy or unworthy jealousies at his heart—plain-spoken and conscientious—learned and laborious—venerating the traditions of the past,

yet, by his activity and intelligence, becoming a living embodiment of the advancing spirit of the present.

In the month of April, 1840, Layard first caught sight of the ruins of Nineveh, near the city of Mosul —rude heaps without form, deposited in a scene as desolate as the remains themselves. He tells us that the huge mounds of Assyria then made a deeper impression upon him, and gave rise to more serious thoughts and more earnest reflection, than the temples of Balbec and the theatres of Ionia. His curiosity was excited, and from that time he formed the design "of thoroughly examining, whenever it might be in his power, these singular remains." In the summer of 1842 Mr. Layard was in Mosul again. Since his former visit M. Botta had been appointed French Consul at that place, and had found means to prosecute the work which Layard himself was eager to begin. Opposite to Mosul was the great mound of Kouyunjik, and here the enterprising Frenchman had first commenced excavations. But his success on this spot was small. He had obtained but a very few fragments of brick and alabaster, when his attention was called to Khorsabad, a village some five hours distant from Mosul, where he was informed sculptured stones had from time to time been thrown up by natives digging for foundations for new houses. M. Botta quitted Kouyunjik upon the intimation, and formed a trench in the mound at Khorsabad. His reward, so to speak, was instantaneous. To his astonishment he found that he had entered a chamber, connected with others, which was "surrounded by slabs of gypsum covered with sculptured representations of battles, sieges, and similar events." The

style of the sculptures was new, and no clue was present to guide him to the history of the men who had placed them there. Moreover, the slabs were accompanied by inscriptions which it was impossible to decipher, for the character was no longer in use among men, and seemed to defy all scholarship. It is true that this character, being cuneiform or arrow-headed, must necessarily have belonged to an age preceding that of Alexander; but, beyond this knowledge, the fortunate discoverer had no power to travel. It was clear at the very first glance that the monuments were the work of a very ancient and a very civilised people. It was not until a later period that it became equally certain "that M. Botta had discovered an Assyrian edifice, the first probably which had been exposed to the view of man since the fall of the Assyrian empire." The mighty city of Nineveh could not be far off.

M. Botta communicated his discovery at once to the French Academy of Fine Arts, and the French Government, with an enlightened munificence which it knows how to exercise at all times—whether it be the Government of a republic or an empire—sent to the Consul sufficient means to proceed with his excavations to the fullest possible extent. M. Botta lost no time. The work went forward, and by the beginning of 1845 the monument of Khorsabad had been to a large extent uncovered. The Consul, laden with fine specimens of Assyrian sculpture, many of them containing the most valuable, though as yet undeciphered inscriptions, returned to his country a notability of his time.

Mr. Layard was at Constantinople during the

progress of this singular labour. Drawings of the monuments came into his hands, and he publicly announced his conviction that the ruined palace brought to light by M. Botta owed its origin to the old Assyrian kings, and belonged to an age preceding the Persian conquest of Assyria. His anxiety to be upon the spot was now intense: for, although M. Botta had lighted upon an Assyrian palace, he was satisfied that Nineveh itself had yet to be discovered; and that the mounds of Nimroud below Mosul, as well as the ruins of Kouyunjik, over against it, had treasures to give up exceeding in interest and value even the important memorials rescued from Khorsabad. Sir Stratford Canning came to the help of the eager Englishman. He liberally advanced Mr. Layard, from his own resources, sufficient money to carry on excavations for a limited period, and enabled him, in fact, to do all that he has since accomplished. Thus fortified, Mr. Layard quitted Constantinople in the middle of October, 1845, without acquainting any one with the object of his journey. He "crossed the mountains of Pontus and the great steppes of the Usun Yilak as fast as post-horses could carry him, descended the high lands into the valley of the Tigris, gallopped over the vast plains of Assyria, and reached Mosul in twelve days."

On the 8th of November Mr. Layard descended the Tigris, and in five hours reached Nimroud. He proceeded with his excavations in one of the mounds without delay; and at the close of a day's work found himself in possession of a chamber the sides of which were marked by ten large slabs, all in good

preservation, and all containing cuneiform inscriptions, similar to those on M. Botta's bas-reliefs. A quantity of charcoal and other evidences satisfied the explorer that the building into which he had penetrated had been destroyed by fire. At the end of three days more inscriptions were uncovered, but no sculptures; later, some bas-relief sculptures were dug out; then came to light several gigantic figures, a human figure nine feet high, a pair of winged lions without heads, and more arrow-headed writings. Digging went on, and there seemed no end to the treasures. Before the end of March two works of Assyrian art were unearthed, which threw all former discoveries into the shade—a pair of winged human-headed lions in perfect preservation and most elaborately carved; "the most minute lines in the details of the wings and in the ornaments had been retained with their original freshness;" and the remains of colour might still be detected in the eyes. For hours, Mr. Layard tells us, he used to contemplate and muse over these mysterious emblems, the works of instructed races who had flourished three thousand years ago.

"What more noble forms," he exclaims, "could have ushered the people into the temple of their gods? What more sublime images could have been borrowed from nature by men, who sought, unaided by the light of revealed religion, to borrow their conception of the wisdom, power, and ubiquity of a Supreme Being? They could find no better type of intellect and knowledge than the head of the man; of strength than the body of the lion; of rapidity of motion than the wing of the bird. These winged human-headed lions were not idle creations, the

offspring of mere fancy; their meaning was written upon them."

The entrance formed by the human-headed lions led into a chamber, round which were sculptured winged figures. Other chambers were dug out, and by degrees Mr. Layard was enabled, not only to collect the long-hidden sculptures of the Assyrian Kings, but also to trace out the form and character of the mighty structure of which they had formed so conspicuous and beautiful a part. He was master of the north-west palace of Nimroud.

The heat of the weather and the state of Mr. Layard's health compelled him to suspend for a time his operations at Nimroud. He quitted the neighbourhood for the hot season, and proceeded on a visit to the Tiyari Mountains inhabited by the Nestorian Christians. Before he set out, however, he took care to transmit to England the first result of his labours, and to satisfy himself, to a certain extent, of the relative antiquity of the ruins of Kouyunjik. Opening trenches in the great mound of this village he discovered sculptures and inscriptions that convinced him that the most ancient palace of Assyria was the one he had excavated at Nimroud, that Kouyunjik and Khorsabad belonged to a more recent epoch, and that in all probability the two latter were contemporary structures.

Upon his return to Mosul in September, Mr. Layard received letters from England informing him, that the Government had granted to the British Museum funds for the continuation of the researches commenced at Nimroud, and that he might proceed with his excavations. The grant was miserably small

and insufficient, and significantly contrasted with the liberal sum placed by the French authorities at the disposal of M. Botta: but Mr. Layard cheerfully accepted his commission, and determined to go forward. In October he was again at Nimroud. His success was greater than he could have expected from the scantiness of his means. Some admirably executed bas-reliefs representing the wars of the King of Assyria were found, and in the centre of the mound was discovered a black marble obelisk, about six feet six inches high, having on each side five small bas-reliefs, and above, below, and between the sculptures a carved inscription 210 lines in length. The monument was well preserved, the figures were well defined, and the cuneiform inscriptions perfect. In the south-west corner of the mound discoveries scarcely less important were made at the same time. The southern entrance to the palace was formed by a pair of winged lions, and between them were a pair of crouching sphinxes. The sphinxes, when entire, were five feet in length, but it would appear that the fire which had consumed the building had raged severely in this direction, for the whole entrance was buried in charcoal, and the sphinxes were almost reduced to lime. One had been nearly destroyed; but the other, though cracked in a thousand pieces, was still standing when uncovered. Mr. Layard had scarcely time to make a drawing of the riven monument before it fell into useless fragments at his feet. On Christmas-day twenty-three cases more, all filled with Nineveh monuments, and one of them containing the obelisk, floated down the Tigris on their way to the British Museum.

After Christmas Mr. Layard resumed his labours. By the end of April, 1847, he had opened twenty-eight rooms in the north-west palace of Nimroud, which had not been destroyed by fire, and had exhumed a variety of bas-reliefs, figures, and ornaments, all affording remarkable evidence of the period to which they belonged. One specimen, consisting of two slabs, forming an entrance to a small chamber, contained the name of the King who built the Khorsabad Palace, and proved the greater antiquity of the building at Nimroud. So long as his money held out the indefatigable explorer went on; but, for want of means, Mr. Layard was at length compelled to desist from further digging at Nimroud. "There were too many tangible objects in view," he writes in his first publication, "to warrant an outlay in excavations promising no immediate results; and a great part of the mount of Nimroud was left to be explored when the ruins of Assyria should be further examined." We shall see hereafter, when Mr. Layard returns to his labours at Nimroud, how much he had still left himself to accomplish in these parts.

From Nimroud Mr. Layard proceeded to the mounds of Kalah Sherghat, a village on the Tigris, a few miles below Nimroud, and by some travellers supposed to be the Ur of the Chaldees. Here a sitting figure in black basalt was uncovered, of the size of life, but much mutilated; on three sides of the block on which the figure sat were cuneiform inscriptions. The writing was in part defaced, but enough remained to enable him to fix the comparative epoch of the ruins. The same reason that induced Mr. Layard to suspend operations at Nimroud would

seem to have influenced him at Kalah Sherghat, and he accordingly returned to Mosul after having spent only two days on the spot. Having reached the city he dispatched to England, under somewhat exciting circumstances, the largest and most important monuments he had yet secured. Such sculptures as he was unable to forward he restored to their former graves until more favourable circumstances should enable him to add sensibly to the interesting collection.

A small sum of money, however, still remaining in his hands, Mr. Layard resolved, before returning home, to make some inroad into the mound of Kouyunjik, into which, it will be remembered, M. Botta had originally dug without waiting long enough to reap the fruit of his attempt. According to Mr. Layard's theory, Nimroud, Kouyunjik, and Khorsabad at one time formed part of the same great city, although each of the palace temples was probably the centre of a separate quarter. In his first work he distinctly states that the city was originally founded on the spot now occupied by the ruins of Nimroud—that the north-west palace was first built, and that successive monarchs added the centre palace and other edifices which rose by its side. As the population increased, and conquered nations were brought to settle round the Assyrian capital, the dimensions of the city increased also. A king, founding a new dynasty, chose a new site for the erection of a palace. The city, gradually spreading, at length embraced all these buildings.

"Thus Nimroud represents the original site of Nineveh. At a much later period, subsequent

monarchs erected their temple palaces at Khorsabad and Kouyunjik. Their descendants returned to Nimroud. The city had now attained the dimensions assigned to it by the Greek geographers, and by the sacred writings. The numerous royal residences, surrounded by gardens and parks, and enclosed by fortified walls, each being a distinct quarter known by a different name, formed together the great city of Nineveh."

A month's work at Kouyunjik was not thrown away. By the end of that time nine chambers were explored (of the same character as those at Khorsabad and Nimroud), the largest of which was 130 feet long and 30 feet wide, and many bas-reliefs were uncovered. "The ruins," writes the explorer, "were evidently those of a palace of great magnificence. The sculptures portrayed the battles, conquests, and triumphs of the Assyrian King, whom one of the inscriptions pointed out to be the son of the builder of Khorsabad." By the month of June the sum furnished by the liberality of the British Government was expended, and Mr. Layard brought, for the present, his worthy labours to a close. He covered up the ruins, and the Assyrian palaces were once more hidden from the eye. It was time to return to England, and to urge upon the authorities the necessity of further exploration. The sculptures, attesting to the value of what had already been accomplished, were already on their homeward road. The inscriptions, which promised to reveal the history and civilisation of one of the most ancient and illustrious nations of the earth, had been carefully copied. A year before not one Assyrian monument

had been known beyond those which had been so fortunately discovered by M. Botta at Khorsabad. The time of disinterment had been most opportune. Had the palaces been exposed to view some years previously, Mr. Layard contends that no European could have preserved them from complete destruction. Had they been discovered a little later, he adds, there would have been insurmountable objections to their removal. How can we sufficiently rejoice at having secured in our city the most convincing and lasting evidence of the magnificence and power which made Nineveh the wonder of the ancient world!

On the 24th June, 1847, Mr. Layard quitted Mosul for England. Having reached his own country he prepared, but did not as yet publish, the memorable work from which we have, in order to bring the whole subject clearly before the reader's eye, hastily collected the few preceding facts. "After a few months' residence in England during the year 1848, to recruit," as he tells us, "a constitution worn by long exposure to the extremes of an Eastern climate," he received orders to proceed to his post at Her Majesty's Embassy in Turkey. It was after his departure for the East that his admirable book was given to the world. It was welcomed as it deserved to be, and noticed in these columns at the time. Among its other effects was a request from the British Museum to Mr. Layard to undertake the superintendence of a second expedition into Assyria. That gentleman responded cheerfully to the summons. On the 28th of August, 1849, he left the Bosphorus by an English steamer bound for

Trebizonde. On the 28th of April, 1851, he again bade farewell to Nineveh. What he had accomplished in the meanwhile is contained in the charming and most instructive volumes which have since issued from his pen. We shall proceed to dwell with more minuteness upon their contents than we have thought it necessary to extend to the earlier production. During the first expedition Mr. Layard, so to speak, laboured in the dark, as a student busy with the mere alphabet of his science, or as a clerk patiently and humbly transcribing rare documents which he was not as yet privileged to decipher. He has derived knowledge and experience from his pursuit, and every fresh discovery has given him new confidence and additional strength. He is now a man where he was formerly a child—a free master, where he was once the laborious apprentice. The other day he had enough to do to collect and arrange his scanty materials; at this hour he generalises upon the accumulated results of his work, and proudly points to the connected and marvellous history he has built up from the broken but splendid fragments conveyed by his industry and zeal from the mounds of Assyria to the Museum of our own London city.

Before we trace, however, the latest discoveries of this intelligent man, it is due to another name, as well as to Mr. Layard and our readers, to advert briefly to other discoveries no less extraordinary and interesting than those with which we are immediately concerned, and of which, indeed, they form a most important feature. We have spoken of inscriptions found on the bas-reliefs. These inscriptions, written in characters no longer in use among

men, and utterly unintelligible to the common eye, are freely rendered in Mr. Layard's volumes, and are made to interpret events and to indicate facts of the most momentous kind. But for such rendering, all the excavations must have been to no purpose, and the sculptured monuments would have been worthless as the dust from which they have been torn. By what splendid accident, then, has it happened that illumination has been thrown into the heaps, and that art, interred for 3000 years, becomes, when brought to light, in an instant as familiar to us all as though it were but the dainty work of yesterday? How comes it that these arrow-headed, or, as they are more generally styled, cuneiform characters, which bear no analogy whatever to modern writing of any kind, and which have been lost to the world since the Macedonian conquest, are read by our countrymen with a facility that commands astonishment, and a correctness that admits of no dispute? The history is very plain, but certainly as remarkable as it is simple. Fifty years ago the key that has finally opened the treasure-house was picked up, unawares, by Professor Grotefend, of Göttingen. In the year 1802, this scholar took it into his head to decipher some inscriptions which were, and still are, to be found on the walls of Persepolis, in Persia. These inscriptions, written in three different languages, are all in the cuneiform (or wedge-like) character, and were addressed, as it now appears, to the three distinct races acknowledging in the time of Darius the Persian sway—viz., to the Persians proper, to the Scythians, and to the Assyrians. It is worthy of remark, that, although the cuneiform character is

extinct, the practice of addressing these races in the language peculiar to each still prevails on the spot. The modern Governor of Bagdad, when he issues his edicts, must, like the great Persian King, note down his behests in three distinct forms of language, or the Persian, the Turk, and the Arab who submit to his rule will find it difficult to possess themselves of his wishes. When Grotefend first saw the three kinds of inscription he concluded the first to be Persian, and proceeded to his task with this conviction. He had not studied the writing long, before he discerned that all the words of all the inscriptions were separated from each other by a wedge, placed diagonally at the beginning or end of each word.

With this slight knowledge for his guide, he went on a little further. He next observed that in the Persian inscription one word occurred three or four times over, with a slight terminal difference. This word he concluded to be a title. Further investigation and comparison of words induced him to guess that the inscription recorded a genealogy. The assumption was a happy one. But to whom did the titles belong? With no clue whatever to help him, how should he decide? By an examination of all the authorities, ancient and modern, he satisfied himself at least of the dynasty that had founded Persepolis, and then he tried all the names of the dynasty in succession, in the hope that some would fit. He was not disappointed. The names were Hystaspes, Darius, and Xerxes. Although the actual pronunciation of these names had to be discovered, yet by the aid of the Zend (the language of the ancient Persians), and of the Greek, the true method

of spelling was so nearly arrived at that no doubt of the accuracy of the guess could reasonably be entertained. The achievement had been worth the pains, for twelve characters of the Persian cuneiform inscription were now well secured. Twenty-eight characters remained to be deciphered before the inscriptions could be mastered. Grotefend here rested.

The next step was taken by M. Bournouf, a scholar intimately acquainted with the Zend language. In 1836 he added considerably to the Persian cuneiform alphabet by reading twenty-four names on one of the inscriptions at Persepolis; but a more rapid stride was made subsequently by Professor Lassen, of Bonn, who, between the years 1836 and 1844, to use the words of Mr. Fergusson, the learned and ingenious restorer of the palaces of Nineveh and Persepolis, "all but completed the task of alphabetical discovery."

While progress was thus making in Europe, Colonel Rawlinson, stationed at Kermanshah, in Persia, and ignorant of what had already been done in the west, was arriving at similar results by a process of his own. He too had begun to read the Persian cuneiform character on two inscriptions at Hamadan, the ancient Ecbatana. This was in 1835. In 1837 he had been able to decipher the most extensive Persian cuneiform inscription in the world. On the high road from Babylonia to the East stands the celebrated rock of Behistun. It is almost perpendicular, and rises abruptly to the height of 1700 feet. A portion of the rock, about 300 feet from the plain, and still very perfect, is sculptured, and contains inscriptions in the three languages

already spoken of. The sculpture represents King Darius and the vanquished chiefs before him—the inscriptions detail the victories obtained over the latter by the Persian monarch. This monument, at least 2350 years old, deciphered for the first time by Major Rawlinson, gave to that distinguished Orientalist more than 80 proper names to deal with. It enabled him to form an alphabet. Between the Major and Professor Lassen no communications whatever had taken place, yet when their alphabets were compared they were found to differ only in one single character. The proof of the value of their discoveries was perfect.

Thus far the *Persian* cuneiform character! To decipher it was to take the first essential step towards reading the cuneiform inscriptions on the walls at Nineveh. But for the Persepolis walls, the Behistun rock, and Colonel Rawlinson, it would have been a physical impossibility to decipher one line of the Assyrian remains. In the Persian text only forty distinct characters had to be arrived at; and when once they were ascertained the light afforded by the Zend, the Greek, and other aids rendered translation not only possible but certain to the patient and laborious student. The Assyrian alphabet, on the other hand, has no fewer than 150 letters; many of the characters are ideographs or hieroglyphics representing a thing by a non-phonetic sign, and no collateral aids whatever exist to help the student to their interpretation. The reader will at once apprehend, however, that the moment the Persian cuneiform character on the Behistun rock was overcome, it must have been a comparatively easy task for the conqueror to break

the mystery of the Assyrian cuneiform inscription, which, following the Persian writing on the rock, only repeated the same short history. Darius, who carved the monument in order to impress his victories upon his Assyrian subjects, was compelled to place before their eye the cuneiform character which they alone could comprehend. The Assyrian characters on the rock are the same as those on the bas-reliefs in the Assyrian palaces. Rawlinson, who first read the Persian inscriptions at Behistun, and then by their aid made out the adjacent Assyrian inscriptions, has handed over to Layard the first fruits of his fortunate and splendid discovery, and enabled him for himself to ascertain and fix the value of the treasures he has so unexpectedly rescued from annihilation. As yet, as may readily be imagined, the knowledge of the Assyrian writing is not perfect; but the discovery has already survived its infancy. Another year or two of scholastic investigation, another practical visit to the ancient mounds, and the decipherment will be complete! Fortunate Englishmen! Enviable day labourers in the noblest vocation that can engage the immortal faculties of man! What glory shall surpass that of the enterprising, painstaking, and heroic men who shall have restored to us, after the lapse of thousands of years, the history and actual stony presence of the world-renowned Nineveh, and enabled us to read with our own eyes, as if it were our mother tongue, the language suspended on the lips of men for ages, though written to record events in which the prophets of Almighty God took a living interest!

When Mr. Layard returned to the scene of operations in 1848 he lost no time in proceeding

with his excavations. During his absence a small number of men had been employed at Kouyunjik by Mr. Rassam, the English Vice-Consul, who, as the agent of the British Museum, had carried on the works suspended by Mr. Layard, though rather with the view of preventing interference on the part of others than of prosecuting excavations to any great extent. Mr. Rassam's labours, limited as they were, had not been fruitless. He had dug his way to new chambers, and had exposed additional sculptures. The latter were of great interest, and portrayed more completely than any yet discovered the history of an Assyrian conquest, from the going out of the monarch to battle to his triumphal return after a complete victory. The opinion formerly entertained by Mr. Layard with respect to this palace was now confirmed. He was convinced that the ruins at Kouyunjik constituted one great building, built by one and the same King. He was still further satisfied that Kouyunjik and Khorsabad were contemporary structures, and that the north-west palace at Nimroud had a much higher antiquity than either.

Having given orders to a hundred workmen to remove as rapidly as they might the earth and rubbish at Kouyunjik, the active explorer made his way to the old ruins at Nimroud. The north-west palace, which had yielded so many valuable remains, had still much to give up. Moreover, at the extreme north-west corner of Nimroud there existed a high conical mound, into which no opening as yet had been made, and from which the most interesting monuments might be expected. Into this mound Layard at once dipped; and, having fairly set all

his hands to work, he himself passed the months of October and November in superintending the operations both at Nimroud and Kouyunjik, and in the examination of the precious acquisitions of which, from day to day, his indefatigable labourers at both places put him in possession.

By the end of November several entire chambers were excavated at Kouyunjik; and from one of these chambers was collected one of the most remarkable series of bas-reliefs yet obtained from the mounds. The sculptures were for the most part nearly whole, though much cracked and affected by fire, and represented the process—from the first to last—of transporting the great human-headed bulls from the quarry to the palaces which they were designed to ornament. It is impossible to exaggerate the singular interest of these remains. Nothing is wanting to tell the tale. We may remark that it is the peculiar character of the Assyrian bas-reliefs to bring whatever subjects they illustrate directly and completely before the eye. The prime object of the artists would seem to have been not to charm the fancy by cunning effects, but to instruct the understanding by the communication of plain facts. The absence of all idea of perspective indicates at the first glance the very infancy of art; but the admirable composition of some of the groups and the perfect execution of many of the details dissipate at once the notion that we are contemplating the works of a rude and uncultivated people. The Assyrian sculptors composed histories on the bas-reliefs, and took the shortest way to the reader's mind. Hence, in the very smallest space we learn that a King warred

with his enemies in a marshy country, and that his army had to reach the foe through forests and rivers. Not one incident is omitted in the narrative. There is the King—there the river, well supplied with fish—there the soldiery floating on skins—there the castle to be attacked—there the instruments of warfare to be employed—there the foe to be conquered, and the spoil to be gained—all presented in one view, and with a minuteness that leaves nothing for the imagination to supply. Had the sculptors been more obedient to the laws of perspective they would have been less faithful chroniclers of their time; and we, regarding their handiwork after an interval of three thousand years, might have had the pleasure of applauding their plastic skill without the more lasting satisfaction of learning their habits and customs. The value of this exactness in dealing with details is strikingly manifest in the case of the bas-reliefs, which illustrate the moving of the bulls into their appropriate sites in the palaces. In one of these bas-reliefs a man is sculptured giving instructions to his workmen through a speaking-trumpet, a mode of conveying sound supposed to be of modern invention, now ascertained to be familiar to the subjects of Sennacherib. In another stone we find the Assyrian workmen as well acquainted with the use of the lever and the roller as ourselves; in truth, so very little have we advanced in our knowledge of these instruments that it appears from Mr. Layard's account of his removal of the bulls and lions from the shores of the Tigris to the British Museum that he actually employed the very same means to effect their transmission as the Assyrians used themselves,

ages upon ages since, when they first deposited the beasts before the palace-gates. The King of Assyria himself is represented superintending the building of the mounds upon which the palace with its bulls is to be built. This King, as the cuneiform inscription shows, is Sennacherib; and the sculptures, as Rawlinson and the initiated are permitted to read, celebrate the building at Nineveh of the great palace and its adjacent temples—the work of this great King. The inscriptions on the bulls at Kouyunjik record most minutely the manner in which the edifice was built, its general plan, and the various materials employed in decorating the halls, chambers, and roofs. Some of the inscriptions have a thrilling interest. They indicate that the Jews, taken into captivity by the Assyrian King, were compelled to assist in the erection of the palaces of their conquerors, and that wood for the building was brought from Mount Lebanon, precisely as Solomon had conveyed its cedars for the choice woodwork of the temple of the Lord. There is an awful strangeness in being thus brought face to face, as it were, with the solemn mysteries of the Bible and with our own earliest sacred recollections.

During the month of December the treasure-seekers were rewarded with a rare harvest. A façade of the south-east side of the palace at Kouyunjik, forming apparently the chief entrance to the building, was discovered. It was 180 feet long, and presented no fewer than ten colossal bulls, with six human figures of gigantic proportions. The bulls were more or less injured; some of them were even shattered to pieces, but fortunately the lower part of all remained

untouched, and consequently the inscriptions were preserved. Two of these inscriptions contained the annals of six years of the reign of Sennacherib, "besides numerous particulars connected with the religion of the Assyrians, their gods, their temples, and the erection of their palaces." There can be no reasonable doubt of the accuracy of the translation made of these writings, and now given in Mr. Layard's volume. The very differences and variations that occur when the cuneiform character is submitted to more than one translator attest to the correctness of the general interpretation. Colonel Rawlinson has translated into English the particular inscriptions of which we speak; and Dr. Hincks, an equally competent scholar, has done the same—both independently of each other; and there is no material discrepancy in their views. The inscription informs us that in the first year of his reign Sennacherib defeated Merodach Baladan, King of Kar-Duniyas, a city and country frequently mentioned in the Assyrian inscriptions. It is not for the first time that the reader hears of this King, for he will remember how, when Hezekiah was sick, "*at that time Merodach Baladan, the son of Baladan, King of Babylon, sent letters and a present unto Hezekiah,*" who boastfully showed to the messengers all the treasures of his house. The Assyrian monument and holy writ thus begin to reflect light upon each other. But this is only a gleam of the illumination that follows. In the third year of his reign, according to the inscriptions, Sennacherib overran with his armies the whole of Syria. "Hezekiah," so runs the cuneiform writing, "King of Judah, who had not submitted to my

authority, 46 of his principal cities, and fortresses and villages depending upon them of which I took no account, I captured and carried away their spoil. I shut up himself within Jerusalem, his capital city." The next passage, says Mr. Layard, is somewhat defaced, but enough remains to show that he took from Hezekiah the treasure he had collected in Jerusalem—30 talents of gold and 800 talents of silver, besides his sons, his daughters, and his slaves. The reader has not waited for us to remind him that in the 2nd Book of Kings it is written how "*in the fourteenth year of King Hezekiah did Sennacherib, King of Assyria, come up against all the fenced cities of Judah and took them.* * * * *And the King of Assyria appointed unto Hezekiah, King of Judah, three hundred talents of silver and* THIRTY TALENTS OF GOLD. *And Hezekiah gave him all the silver that was found in the house of the Lord, and in the treasures of the King's house.*" It is something to have won from the earth such testimony on behalf of inspired Scripture. It is also something to have obtained from holy writ such evidence in favour of the monumental records of long-buried Nineveh.

At a later period a chamber was discovered in which the sculptures were in better preservation than any before found at Kouyunjik. The slabs were almost entire, and the inscription was complete. The bas-reliefs represented the siege and capture, by the Assyrians, of a city of great extent and importance. "In no other sculptures were so many armed warriors seen drawn up in array before a besieged city." The sculptures occupied thirteen slabs, and told the whole narrative of the attack, the

conquest, and the destruction of the enemy. The captives, as they appear in the bas-reliefs, have been stripped of their ornaments and fine raiment, are barefooted, and half-clothed. But it is impossible to mistake the race to which they belong. They are Jews; for the stamp is on the countenance as it is impressed upon the features of their descendants at this very hour. The Assyrian sculptor has noted the characteristic lines and drawn them with surprising truth. To what city they belong we likewise know, for, above the figure of the King, who commands in person, it is declared, that, "Sennacherib, the mighty king, king of the country of Assyria, sitting on the throne of judgment before the city of Lachish, gives permission for its slaughter." That it was slaughtered we have good reason to believe, for, is it not written in the Bible that Sennacherib had quitted Lachish, having vanquished it, before his generals returned with the tribute extorted from Hezekiah?

If evidence were still wanting to prove the identity of the king who built Kouyunjik with the Sennacherib of the Old Testament, it would be sufficient to call attention to one other most remarkable discovery that has been made in these mysterious mounds. In a passage in the south-west corner of the Kouyunjik palace Mr. Layard stumbled upon a large number of pieces of fine clay, bearing the impression of seals, which there can be no doubt had been affixed, like modern official seals of wax, to documents written on leather or parchment. The writings themselves have, of course, decayed, but, curiously enough, the holes for the string by which

the seal was fastened are still visible; and in some instances the ashes of the string itself may be seen, together with the unmistakeable marks of the finger and thumb. Four of these seals are purely Egyptian. Two of them are impressions of a Royal signet. "It is," says Mr. Layard, "one well-known to Egyptian scholars, as that of the second Sabaco, the Æthiopian, of the 25th dynasty. On the same piece of clay is impressed an Assyrian seal, with a device representing a priest ministering before the King, probably a royal signet." We entreat the reader's attention to what follows. Sabaco reigned in Egypt at the end of the seventh century before Christ, the very time at which Sennacherib ascended the throne.

"He is probably the So mentioned in the Second Book of Kings (xvii. 4) as having received ambassadors from Hoshea, King of Israel, who, by entering into a league with the Egyptians, called down the vengeance of Shalmaneser, whose tributary he was, which led to the first great captivity of the people of Samaria. Shalmaneser we know to have been an immediate predecessor of Sennacherib, and Tirakhah, the Egyptian king, who was defeated by the Assyrians near Lachish, was the immediate successor of Sabaco II. It would seem, that a peace having been concluded between the Egyptians and one of the Assyrian monarchs, probably Sennacherib, the royal signets of the two kings, thus found together, were attached to the treaty, which was deposited among the archives of the kingdom."

The document itself has perished, but the proof of the alliance between the two kings remains, and is actually reproduced from the archive chamber of the

old Assyrian king. The illustration of Scripture-history is complete, and the testimony in favour of the correct interpretation of the cuneiform character perfect.

A new chamber, opened in the north-west palace at Nimroud, had, in the meanwhile, exhibited remains of a totally different character. Here were discovered bronzes of various kinds, caldrons, bells, rods, cups, and dishes, besides several hundred studs and buttons in mother of pearl and ivory, with many small rosettes in metal. The caldrons were full of the smaller relics, which had, no doubt, served as ornaments of horse and chariot furniture—the caldrons themselves being constantly represented as part of the spoil and tribute of conquered nations in the bas-reliefs of Nimroud and Kouyunjik. Some of the cups and bowls are elaborately ornamented with the figures of men and animals, and the execution as well as the design of the subjects argue well for the taste and skill of the ancient artist. The execution, it may be remarked, is purely Assyrian; the inside, and not the outside of these vessels, is ornamented, and the embossed figures "have been raised in the metal by a blunt instrument, three or four strokes of which, in many instances, very ingeniously produce the image of an animal." Many of these bronzes are already in the British Museum, undergoing the process of restoration. When first obtained by Mr. Layard their embossed designs could not be made out through the rotting crust with which the lapse of ages had covered them. By dint of the greatest ingenuity and skill on the part of the workmen at the Museum the restoration is in many instances complete; but, in

too many cases, no possible effort can prevent destruction. Bronze specimens, sealed up, and jealously excluded from the atmosphere, daily decay and rot. The relics which, for thousands of years, resisted the influences of time in the Assyrian mounds, perish in the course of a few months, in spite of every care, under our English sky. Mr. Layard indulges in a pleasing fancy when contemplating these bronze remains. The tin used in their formation was probably obtained from Phœnicia. The seamen of the Syrian coast sought this metal on the distant shores of the Atlantic, and disposed of it to the Babylonians and Assyrians. Who shall say, he asks, that the bronzes now brought from Nineveh to the British Museum were not exported nearly three thousand years ago from the British Isles?

We regret that our limits do not permit us to follow Mr. Layard step by step in his fascinating pursuit—that we cannot linger with him at the rock sculptures at Bavian, which were executed, as he ascertained beyond a doubt, either at the end of the first or at the beginning of the second year of the reign of Sennacherib, and where he was enabled to prove that at that remote period the Assyrians kept an exact computation of time. We are still more sorry that we cannot dwell for a season with him among the Arab tribes with whom he is so familiar, and who ever welcome his approach with signs of heartiest rejoicing. Happier moments can hardly be spent than in his good company, whether he be inciting his labourers to their unaccustomed work at the mounds, or standing at the entrance of his own tent about to slay the sheep in honour of some wandering guest,

We must simply indicate the nature of his successes and proceed rapidly to the end.

On the 10th of May, after a rapid journey, most graphically described, to the Khabour, Mr. Layard returned once more to Mosul. During his absence the excavations at Kouyunjik, as usual, had been proceeded with, and fresh discoveries, as usual also, had rewarded the treasure-seekers. The mounds were now like productive rivers. The fishermen had but to cast their nets to be certain of a haul. Another chamber had been explored, ninety-six feet long, and panelled with sculptured slabs about six feet high. On the north side of this chamber were found two colossal bas-reliefs of Dagon, or the fish-god—he may be seen at the British Museum—and the doorway, guarded by this deity, led into small chambers opening into each other, and once panelled with bas-reliefs, the greater part of which had been destroyed. These small chambers were nothing less than the chambers of records of the Assyrian kings. The public documents of the Assyrians were kept on tablets or cylinders of baked clay. "Many specimens," writes Mr. Layard, "have been brought to this country. On a large hexagonal cylinder presented by me to the British Museum are the chronicles of Esarhaddon; on a similar cylinder discovered in the mound of Nebbi Yunus, opposite Mosul, and formerly in the possession of the late Colonel Taylor, are eight years of the annals of Sennacherib; and on a barrel-shaped cylinder, long since placed in the British Museum, and known as Bellino's, we have part of the records of the same king." The chambers in the palace of Nineveh were

literally filled with these documents. They were of different sizes; the largest tablets were flat, and measured about 9 inches by 6½ inches; the smaller were slightly convex, and some were not more than an inch long, with but one or two lines of writing. They were likewise of various kinds. Many are historical records of wars and expeditions; some are Royal decrees, stamped with the name of a king, the son of Esarhaddon; others contain lists of the gods, and a register of offerings made in the temples. One presents a table of the value of certain cuneiform letters, expressed by different alphabetical signs; another gives a list of the sacred days in each month; a third is a calendar. Many are sealed with seals, and will turn out to be, as Layard conjectures, legal contracts, or conveyances of land. Fortunately for the world, these most extraordinary relics have been secured, and are already in the British Museum. Their value, as Mr. Layard justly asserts, cannot be over-rated. They supply materials for the complete decipherment of the cuneiform character, for restoring the language and history of Assyria, and for arriving at a satisfactory knowledge of the customs, sciences, and literature of the Assyrian people. Mr. Layard appeals to the authorities of the British Museum, and entreats them to undertake, without delay, the publication of these important documents. We sincerely trust that his words may not be uttered in vain, although addressed, we lament to say, to the least public-spirited and energetic body in the kingdom. Years must elapse, as Mr. Layard freely admits, before, under the most advantageous circumstances, these inscriptions can be deciphered and thoroughly under-

stood. But it is of the highest consequence that the materials should be placed, without one hour's unnecessary delay, in the hands of all—and they number but a few—who, whether in England or elsewhere, are engaged in the difficult study of the cuneiform character.

The guardians of our national museum may justly remember with some gratitude and pride that their country is indebted to the working men of this world, to the practical minds of a progressive age, for all that we see, read, and know, of ancient Nineveh. Rawlinson was a cadet in the East India Company's service, and when he first traced the cuneiform inscriptions upon the Behistun rock he sent his tracings home, that they might, before publication, be submitted to the intelligent eye of—whom? The professors of Oriental Literature in the great universities?—Not at all! A greater authority still was to be found in a *ci-devant* clerk of the East India-house, London—a modest man of the name of Norris, of whom nobody knew anything, yet whose great knowledge actually enabled him to discover, though he had never seen the Behistun rock, that Rawlinson, who had been in constant communication with the monument, had not copied the puzzling inscriptions with proper exactness. Rawlinson, at the instigation of the East India-house clerk, compared his copy again with the original, and found that Mr. Norris was right. To make the learning of these two self-taught men of any avail, it was necessary that a third should supply material for the exercise of their ingenuity and persevering skill. A lawyer's clerk came to their help. Austen Layard, if he ever studied Oriental

antiquities at all in his youth, must surely have pursued the knowledge under difficulties in the office of his uncle, a solicitor in the city of London.

Shortly after Mr. Layard's return to Mosul, in May, he floated down the river on a raft to Nimroud. The workmen had been also very busy here in his absence. A pavement of large square bricks, bearing the usual superscription of the early Nimroud king, was uncovered, leading to a wall of sun-dried bricks coated with plaster, which proved to be part of a small temple. Outside the temple was discovered one of the finest specimens of Assyrian sculpture yet produced from the mounds. It represents the early Nimroud king in high relief, carved on a solid block of limestone. The monarch wears his sacrificial robes; above his head are the mythic symbols of Assyrian worship—the winged globe, the crescent, the star, the bident, and the horned cap; and in front of him is an altar of stone, supported on lion's feet. The king and the altar are both at the British Museum with the other monuments. An inscription, as usual, accompanies the sculpture. It commences with an invocation to the god Ashur, then gives the name of the founder of the north-west palace, and proceeds to narrate his various campaigns and wars. Not far from this entrance to the temple the explorers came to a recess paved with one enormous alabaster slab, covered with cuneiform writing. When the slab was raised it was found that its very back was covered in a similar manner, and that the latter not only gave the details which appeared on the other side, but added, in fact, the records of two or three additional years. It is worthy of remark that the facts recorded

on the two sides of the monolith correspond with those narrated on the sculpture of the king in his sacrificial robes. The minuteness with which the Assyrian kings chronicled every event of their reign is as noteworthy as their anxiety to perpetuate the memory of their deeds has been productive of good to ourselves. Standing one day on a distant part of the mound in which this monolith was found, Mr. Layard tells us that he smelt the sweet smell of burning cedar. His Arab workmen had dug out a beam, and had made a fire of it to warm themselves. The inscriptions spoke of cedars brought from the forests of Lebanon to build the palace by the great king who had erected it. After three thousand years the precious wood had retained its original fragrance.

We are warned by our limits to proceed more rapidly with our descriptions—but it is difficult to advance, so strewn with beautiful objects is the ground on which we tread. During the summer months new rooms were explored at Kouyunjik. They exposed bas-reliefs of the most instructive description. One room, curiously enough, displayed bas-reliefs that had been carved by a later king, for the chamber itself, like the rest of the edifice, was built by Sennacherib, whose name and titles were inscribed at the back of each slab. The slabs would seem to have been originally plain, and to have been decorated by the son of Esarhaddon and grandson of Sennacherib. These bas-reliefs, sculptured at a later period, have a surpassing interest, inasmuch as they show the progress and changes that had been made in the interval by the Assyrian people. The

later sculptures have a more minute finish than the earlier specimens; the outline is sharper, the animals are more correctly delineated. Mr. Layard warns us that we are now approaching the period of the fall of the Assyrian empire, and of the rise of the kingdoms of Babylon and Persia. The arts passed from Assyria to the sister nations and to Ionia. The later Assyrian bas-reliefs already have a smack of early Greek art as it developed itself immediately after the Persian war.

Winter drawing on, Mr. Layard made his way to Babylon, but his excavations did not afford him a large return in this quarter. His discoveries, he says, were less numerous than he expected; but he can never have forgotten that he had quitted a highly-favoured region for one that held out small prospect of reward to the excavator. The ruins of Babylon yield nothing but dull and uninstructive bricks; and those of Nineveh would have been as unfruitful but for the fortunate vicinity of quarries, which enabled the first builders to perpetuate their art and to transmit their history to the latest posterity. What Babylon may have been we may conjecture from what we find Nineveh to be now. "He that is comely when old and decrepit," says South, "surely was very beautiful when he was young." The present glory of Nineveh in its utter ruin and decay may well inspire us at Babylon with awe and wonder, though we gaze upon rubbish, and are conscious of nothing but the work of the destroying angel around us.

South of Mesopotamia there were important ruins to inspect, and accordingly, on the 15th of January,

1850, the indefatigable traveller commenced his southward journey. We must refer the reader to Mr. Layard's volume for an account of this excursion, more profitable in its results than the visit to Babylon. Excavations, as before, went on at Kouyunjik during his absence, and were prosecuted still further on his return. The same good fortune attended the labourers. Fresh rooms in the palace were dug out, additional sculptures, illustrative and explanatory of Assyrian history, were added to the already extended list. By the time Mr. Layard was prepared to return to England again he had opened in the magnificent palace of Sennacherib no fewer than seventy-one halls, chambers, and passages, "the walls of which, almost without an exception, had been panelled with slabs of sculptured alabaster, recording the wars, the triumphs, and the great deeds of the Assyrian king. By a rough calculation," Mr. Layard continues, "about two miles of bas-reliefs, with twenty-seven portals, formed by colossal winged bulls and lion sphinxes, were uncovered in that part alone of the building explored during my researches." To form an adequate conception of the work done, and the information communicated, the reader must turn to Mr. Layard's charming volume,—to the noble book of finely-executed illustrations that forms the *Second Series of Layard's Monuments of Nineveh* —and to the trophies of his great conquest, which will bear testimony for ever to the importance of his labours in the halls of the British Museum.

Mr. Layard refers slightly in his volume to other discoveries that have been made at Kouyunjik since his return to Europe. But since his book has issued

from the press, and since we ourselves commenced this notice, intelligence of further restorations reaches us from France—restorations that certainly are not surpassed by any that have preceded them. M. Place, who has succeeded M. Botta as French Consul at Mosul, having received instructions from his Government to prosecute at Khorsabad the work suspended by his predecessor, has been for some time past diligently employed in excavating that ruin, and within these few weeks has transmitted to Paris a detailed account of his successes. This account, as we are informed, is accompanied by photographs of all the exhumed objects; the photographs are jealously kept from the stranger's eye; but an account of the discoveries has been already published. The reader will form some notion of the nature of these last excavations and of what may be expected hereafter from further diggings on the site of ancient Nineveh, when we tell him that in one of the chambers penetrated by M. Place that gentleman found a large quantity of jars about five feet high, all standing in rows, between each of which a passage was purposely left open. The jars were not resting upon the ground, but were placed upon stages constructed of lime, these stages being themselves attached with the greatest care to a floor of the same material. At first M. Place conceived that he had lighted upon an establishment hitherto hidden from every other explorer—viz., a receptacle for the Assyrian dead; for it is to be observed that up to this moment neither Mr. Layard nor any other traveller had the remotest idea of the method by which the inhabitants of Nineveh disposed of each other's mortal remains. A closer investigation convinced

M. Place that he had discovered something hardly less interesting. At the bottom of the jars, or upon the lime which supported them, a violet-coloured sediment was yet visible, indicating the nature of the liquid which the vessels once contained. He had actually dropped into the wine-cellar of Sennacherib's father.

Whatever the future may yield, Mr Layard's share in the acquisitions of the past is not to be mistaken. Ten years have scarcely elapsed since the first discovery of ruins on the site of Nineveh was made, and already there lies before us an amount of information, having regard to the history of the old Assyrian people, of which we had previously not the most distant conception. When Mr. Layard published, in 1849, the account of his first Assyrian researches, the monuments recovered were comparatively scanty, and the inscriptions impressed upon them could not be deciphered. Now, a connected history can be traced in the sculptured remains, and the inscriptions may be followed with the same facility as the Greek or any other character. That they may be read with immense profit and instruction is evident from the startling facts which they have hitherto revealed. Some of these facts we venture briefly to place before the reader. We have previously hinted that the earliest king of whose reign we have any detailed account is the builder of the north-west palace at Nimroud, the most ancient edifice yet beheld in Assyria. His records, however, furnish the names of five, if not seven, of his predecessors, some of whom it is believed founded palaces, afterwards erected by their successors. The son of this king, it

is certain, built the centre palace of Nimroud, and raised the obelisk, now in the British Museum, upon which the principal events of his reign are inscribed. Upon that obelisk are names corresponding to names that are found in the Old Testament. The fortunate coincidence furnishes at once the means of fixing specific dates, and enables Mr. Layard to place the accession of the Assyrian monarch who built the oldest Nimroud palace at the latter part of the tenth century before Christ. The builder of the palace of Khorsabad is proved to have been the Sargon mentioned by Isaiah. The ruins of his palace supply the most complete details of his reign; and from the reign of Sargon a complete list has been obtained of all the kings down to the fall of the empire. The son of Sargon was Sennacherib, who ascended the throne in the year 703 B.C. We know from the Bible that Sennacherib was succeeded by his son Esarhaddon, and we now ascertain from the monuments that one of the palaces at Nimroud was the work of his reign. The son of Esarhaddon built the south-east palace on the mound of Nimroud; and, although no part of his history has been as yet recovered, there is good reason for concluding him to have been the Sardanapalus who, conquered (B.C. 606) by the Medes and Babylonians under Cyaxares, made one funeral pile of his palace, his wealth, and his wives.

While it is certain that there is no mention of Nineveh before the twelfth century B.C., Mr. Layard is still of opinion that the city and empire existed long before that period. Egyptian remains found at Karnak refer to a country called Assyria, and the enterprising explorer is not without hope that further

investigation will supply him with still more ancient records than any he now possesses. The monuments of Nineveh, as far as they go, corroborate all extant history in describing the monarch as a thorough Eastern despot, "unchecked by popular opinion, and having complete power over the lives and property of his subjects; rather adored as a god than feared as a man, and yet himself claiming that authority and general obedience in virtue of his reverence for the national deities and the national religion." The dominion of the king, according to the inscriptions, extended to the central provinces of Asia Minor and Armenia northward; to the western provinces of Persia eastward; to the west as far as Lydia and Syria; and to the south to Babylonia and the northern part of Arabia. "The empire appears to have been at all times a kind of confederation formed by many tributary States, whose kings were so far independent that they were only bound to furnish troops to the supreme lord in time of war, and to pay him yearly a certain tribute." The Jewish tribes, it is now proved, held their dependent position upon the Assyrian king from a very early period; and it is curious to observe that, wherever an expedition against the kings of Israel is mentioned in the Assyrian inscriptions, it is invariably stated to have been undertaken on the ground that they had not paid their customary tribute.

At every step sacred history is illustrated, illuminated, and explained by the speaking stones of Nineveh; and in this regard alone the Assyrian discoveries have a significance beyond any revelation that has been made in modern times. Even the architecture of the

sacred people may be rendered visible to the eye by comparing it with that of the Assyrian structures; and certainly not the least instructive result of all Mr. Layard's labours is the ingenious analogy drawn by Mr. Fergusson in his "*Palaces of Nineveh and Persepolis Restored,*" between the Temple of Solomon and the palace of the Assyrian king.

It is with the utmost interest that we await the issue of further excavations. We sincerely trust that men and means may not be wanting in this country in order to enable our constituted authorities to proceed, at least side by side with France, in the disinterment of the most glorious monuments hitherto vouchsafed to the enterprising skill and curiosity of man.

May 19, 1853.

LORD MANSFIELD.

We are not surprised that a considerable portion of one of the two volumes comprising the "*Lives of the Chief Justices*" is devoted to the career of Chief Justice Mansfield. Lord Campbell has learned to take a broad and manly view of the profession which his own erudition adorns. In his temporary retirement he paid homage to literature; and literature, as is her wont, rewards her worshipper by extending his vision, and emancipating his mind. A more intimate acquaintance with the transactions and passions of the past, a disinterested and unbiassed survey of the lives and triumphs of his illustrious predecessors, has prepared our present Chief Justice for his eminence by teaching him, above all things, that judicial fame does not arise from a dull though perfect knowledge of the technicalities of law, and that there is all the difference in the world between a splendid ambition and the grovelling prosecution of an ignoble trade.

It is certainly not extraordinary that the life of the great Earl of Mansfield has been contemplated by his biographer until a sense of humility has been engendered, and eloquent admiration for transcendent intelligence evoked. From amongst a host this luminary stands forth. Faultless he was not, as we shall presently see; but his failings, whatever they may have been, in no way obscured the lustre of a genius

that gave sublimity to the most prosaic of pursuits, and, in the teeth of prejudice, rescued the profession of law against the toils of the narrow-minded and the opprobrium of ages. What Bacon proved to philosophy, Mansfield in his day became, in a measure, to his own cherished science; and, as Coke affected commiseration for the author of the *Novum Organum*, so the fettered slaves of forms and rules in later times pitied and reproached Lord Mansfield for his declared unconquerable preference for the spirit of justice to the unilluminated letter of the law.

Nature and education prepared William Murray for the very highest forensic distinction, and his career is chiefly remarkable for the certain, though gradual steps, by which he reached it. His success was the legitimate and logical result of the means sedulously taken to obtain it. Had William Murray failed to win his race, it would have been because he had dropped down dead on the course, or violent hands had forbidden his progress. The conditions of victory were secured at starting in his own person, let the competitors be whom they might. The spirit of the boy was as ambitious of worldly glory as the spirit of the man looked for undying fame; from first to last, from the beginning of the century until the close of it, the same application, the same aptitude, the same self-devotion, and the same clear, unruffled, penetrating judgment, were visible in Mansfield's useful and protracted life.

The younger son of a poor Scotch lord, whose family favoured the Stuart cause, William Murray quitted his school at Perth on the 15th of March, 1718, being then thirteen years of age, and started

on the back of a pony for the city of London. His destination was the house of an apothecary, who, emigrating from Perth, had settled in London, and was now commissioned to see the son of his former patron safely deposited at Westminster School, where it was hoped the young student would win, in due time, his Oxford scholarship. Upon the 8th of May, just two months after the journey was commenced, the pony completed his task, and the rider resolutely began his own. He soon distinguished himself by his classical attainments, and, according to Mr. Welsby, "his superiority was more manifest in the declamations than in any of the other exercises prescribed by the regulations of the school." In May, 1723, after a severe examination, William Murray took his place as first on the list of King's scholars who were to proceed to Christ Church.

At Oxford the student determined to go to the bar, and through the generosity of the first Lord Foley, who supplied him with funds, he was enabled to follow a profession for which, as he himself said, he felt "a calling." He had not been at Oxford a year before he became a member of the Hon. Society of Lincoln's-inn, although he did not begin to keep his terms there until he had taken his bachelor's degree. At college William Murray was as diligent as he had been at school, and, intent upon renown, he took care to make all study subservient to the one great object of his life. He read whatever had been written on the subject of oratory,—translated into English every oration of Cicero, and retranslated it into Latin, until every thought and expression of the illustrious example was familiar to

his mind. He applied himself vigorously to original composition, and strengthened his intellect by the perusal of works which do not ordinarily fall within the college course. He was still at Oxford in 1727, the year of George the First's death, and became the successful competitor for a prize when the students of the University were called upon, in the name of the Muses, to mourn over the urn of the departed Cæsar,—"of that Cæsar," as Mr. Macaulay has it, "who could not read a line of Pope, and who loved nothing but punch and fat women." A rival poet upon this occasion was a lad from Eton. Disappointment and vexation at defeat, it is said, rankled in this boy's bosom, and opened a wound which closed only with life. Be this as it may, the classic rivalry begun at school between Pitt and Murray became fiery strife between Chatham and Mansfield, fit for a civilised world to witness and to profit by.

From Christ Church to Lincoln's-inn was a transfer of abode, scarcely a change of habits or of life. Murray was four years nearer to his goal, but that goal had still to be reached, and could only be won by untiring, patient, and ceaseless endeavour. At Oxford he had attended lectures on the *Pandects of Justinian*, "which gave him a permanent taste for that noble system of jurisprudence." In his chambers he made himself thoroughly acquainted with ancient and modern history, applied himself diligently to ethics, to the study of Roman civil law, the foundation of jurisprudence, of international law, and of English municipal law. No drudgery was too laborious, no toil too dull. Expecting, from his

northern connexions, to be employed in appeals from Scotland, he made himself master of the law of that country, and when he was not engaged in these and similar pursuits, or at the Courts of Westminster listening to judgments, he would take his chief of all delights in the company of the juridical writers of France, "that he might see how the Roman and feudal laws had been blended in the different provinces of that kingdom." Not a moment was lost in making preparations for the victory, which it was the purpose of his life to win.

Technical knowledge, however, came to enlighten and inform, not to burden and oppress. The mind of Murray rejoiced in freedom and exercised itself in light. Text-books were his handmaidens, he was not their slave. The exclusive labours of the great masters of his craft occupied his hours, but he still found time for other more interesting lore common to mankind. Craig, Bracton, Littleton, and Coke, all in their turns were trusty counsellors and dear companions, but as welcome as any to his studious hearth was the living presence of Alexander Pope. Murray, whilst at Westminster, had been introduced to the great poet, and had been charmed by his exquisite powers of conversation. Pope was no less struck by the accomplished genius of the young Scot, "the silvery tones of whose voice," it is said, fell like a charm upon every ear. Pope, anxious for the success of the youth, visited him at his chambers in order to teach him elocution. Once, says Lord Campbell, the young lawyer "was surprised by a gay Templar in the act of practising the graces of a speaker at a glass, whilst Pope sat by in the character

of preceptor." Teacher and pupil would spend hours together thus occupied. Mr. Pope, writes Bishop Warburton, "had all the warmth of affection for the great lawyer, and indeed no man ever more deserved to have a poet for his friend."

In 1730 Murray paid a short visit to the continent and on the 23rd of November in that year he was called to the bar in Lincoln's-inn hall. Never was lawyer better armed for the battle of life. How he had qualified himself for the practice of his profession we have attempted in our narrow space to show. With a rooted attachment to that profession, with a lofty ambition and noble desire to serve his country, and a consciousness of strength equal to the bravest undertaking; with a mind thoroughly imbued with the literature of Greece and Rome as well as of his own country; with a perfect understanding of the codes of every civilised nation, ancient and modern; with an intimate knowledge and an accurate appreciation of the peculiarities of our mixed constitution; with a natural dignity of manner that commanded instant respect; with a clear persuasive power of oratory that never failed to win the sympathy of all to whom it was addressed; with a voice that in earlier days had been compared to the note of the nightingale; with almost every intellectual and physical gift which nature could confer, and with every gift gratefully received and assiduously improved, William Murray stood at the threshold of his career and waited calmly for his opportunity. It is sufficient to say that the opportunity came. Twelve years after Murray was called to the bar he was appointed Solicitor-General by the government which had risen

upon the downfal of Sir Robert Walpole, and which knew how to estimate the value of so rare an acquisition.

The success of Murray in the House of Commons justified the reputation which the New Solicitor-General had already attained at the bar. His first speech, as member for Boroughbridge, fixed his position. He maintained it for fourteen years, when he quitted the lower house upon his elevation to the bench. When Murray accepted office under the Pelhams, another much more ardent and unscrupulous politician already in the House of Commons was writhing under the vexation of neglect. The Solicitor-General had met the ambitious youth before, and the recollection of their last parting was hardly likely to insure a cordial or a friendly recognition. Murray's first task in Parliament was to defend the employment of Hanoverian troops, 16,000 of whom had recently been taken into British pay. Pitt, at the head of "the Boys," as Walpole called the burning patriots whose services he had himself respectfully declined, and hounded on by the Jacobites and Tories, denounced the step as "illegal, unconstitutional, a sacrifice of British to electoral interests, and a prelude to the introduction of despotism into this country." Pitt was created to denounce, Murray to defend. Overwhelming as the torrent of declamation and invective might be which Pitt knew so well how and when to pour forth, the barrier set up against it by the calm dignity, the perfect reasoning, the marvellous self-government, the exquisite tones, and conciliatory manner of Murray, was more than sufficient to protect him against

submersion. A division taking place upon the Hanoverian question, Government found themselves in a large majority. Murray was pronounced to be a match for his rival, and George II. became suddenly as attached to the one as he had long hated and feared the other.

On the 3rd of March, 1754, Mr. Pelham, the Prime Minister, died, and, had Murray's ambition soared in that direction, he might at once have stepped into the vacant office. He had long been the prop of the Ministry in the House of Commons, and was by far the most sagacious member of the Government. Throughout his Parliamentary career, what has happily been called his "clear, placid, mellow splendour," had suffered no tarnish, and had not been obscured by a single cloud. Always ready, well informed, lucid in argument, and convincing in manner, he had virtually assumed the leadership in the House of Commons, and his elevation would in no way have altered the aspect or proceedings of that assembly. The nation respected him, and the monarch regarded him with more than common favour. Murray, however, coveted not the prize. Mr. Macaulay, referring to this period in one of his masterly essays, attributes the conduct of the Solicitor-General to moral infirmity. "The object of Murray's wishes," he says, "was the judicial bench. The situation of Chief Justice might not be so splendid as that of First Lord of the Treasury, but it was dignified, it was quiet, it was secure; and therefore it was the favourite situation of Murray." Lord Campbell states the case more creditably, and, as we think, more fairly to Lord Mansfield. "From

a high feeling," says the biographer, "that his destiny called him to reform the jurisprudence of his country, he sincerely and ardently desired to be placed on the bench, and the special object of his ambition was to be Chief Justice of England." We remember that, whilst a lad, and destined by his parents for the church, Murray, of his own motion, dedicated himself to the study of the law, feeling a "calling" for that profession. Why Lord Mansfield had resisted every temptation in order to secure the eminence for which, it is not too much to say, he was in all respects better fitted than any who have won it, became evident enough within a year of his appointment to the bench. Moral courage William Murray lacked; it was something nobler than the want of it that induced him to renounce the Premiership.

What Murray rejected the less capable and not over-nice Duke of Newcastle greedily seized. The Attorney-General, Sir Dudley Ryder, was elevated to the bench, and Murray, gaining a step in professional rank, was by so much nearer to the consummation of his hopes. Never was Ministry so thoroughly weak and so wretchedly unfortunate. The whole burden of defending it rested in the House of Commons upon the shoulders of the Attorney-General, and the feebleness of the Government was all the more painful from the manifest strength of the great master of sarcasm and invective, their unflinching opponent, growing in favour throughout the country, merciless in his attack at all times, but terrific in his onslaughts upon a foe worthy of his hatred, and capable of defence.

Imagination cannot linger upon a finer picture than is presented in the persons of these mighty combatants; nor is the effect diminished by the fact that of their great achievements little remains beyond the bare tradition. We know that by a word, a gesture, a glance of his eagle eye, Pitt awed the house of Commons, and chilled it into death-like silence. We have heard how like a torrent his unpremeditated and impassioned oratory rushed into the hearts of men, expelling rooted convictions, and whatever else possessed them at the moment; how readily he spoke on all emergencies, how daring were his strange digressions, how apposite his illustrations, how magnificent and chivalric the form and structure of his thoughts—how madly spirit-stirring his high and stern appeals. We have read of the proud bearing of the austere yet gentle commoner, to whom it was a matter of sublime indifference whether in a debate he rose late or early, first or last, and who ever contented himself with simply following the current, and obeying the fine instinct of his own rapt mind, regardless of the speakers who had gone before, or were about to follow him. We have pictured to ourselves the commanding countenance, the characteristic action, the patrician manner that belonged to William Pitt as exclusively as his own wild and wayward genius; but records are wanting to establish all that we feel and know. Fragments of Pitt's oratory only have reached us, and of these but few can be pronounced wholly authentic. What that oratory must have been we learn from its effects. More is not vouchsafed us. What remains to us of Murray's speeches in Parliament is equally meagre

and unsatisfactory, but we may judge of his power by reflecting upon the character of the assailant with whom he successfully wrestled. There must surely have been wonderful capability of argument, vast knowledge, a faculty of persuasion irresistible in its winning grace, all combined in the man able, by the mere force of quiet, intellectual skill, to bear the brunt of an assault which threatened demolition in its furious advance, and to turn aside blows intended for annihilation. Lord Chesterfield, addressing his son, points to Pitt and Murray as to two great models for imitation. Contemporary history assigns to them the highest place amongst their fellows.

In 1756 Sir Dudley Ryder died, and Murray immediately claimed the vacant Chief Justiceship. The Duke of Newcastle was panic-stricken by the announcement. It has been said that from the beginning the Attorney-General had been the mainstay of the Government; but at this particular crisis his adherence was essential to its life. The nation was discontented and sullen, as well it might be. War, carried on in almost every part of the world, had resulted in lasting disgrace to England. Minorca had been lost to her through the folly or cowardice of an English admiral, and elsewhere ignominious defeat had attended her arms. Addresses from the Throne poured in, intimations of stopping the supplies were thrown out, and unmistakeable references made to the conduct of the chiefs of the Government. Fox, the only capable Minister, resigned his office in fear and disgust, and, at the very moment when Newcastle turned to Murray as to his last hope and refuge in the coming

storm, that cautious and resolute official respectfully demanded the promotion to which he had a right. Alarmed for his place and his head, the Duke promised the Attorney-General enough to make the fortunes of six if he would but forego his purpose. He should have the Duchy of Lancaster for life, tellerships and reversions without end for himself and his nephew, Lord Stormont; if he would only stay in the House of Commons until the address was carried he should have a pension of 6000*l.* a-year; offers rose as Murray showed himself more firm. Temptation came in vain. Murray averred that he "would on no terms agree to remain in the House of Commons for one session longer, or one month, or one day, even to support the address;" he "never again would enter that assembly." If he could not be Chief Justice he would not be Attorney-General. That peremptory avowal was enough. To keep Murray from opposition, Newcastle conferred upon the country the only great boon he ever bestowed upon it, and made the Attorney-General Chief Justice of the King's Bench. The poor Duke gained little by the move. Forced in his naked helplessness to resign, he was succeeded by the Duke of Devonshire, who took care to appoint Pitt Secretary of State, and to give him the lead in the House of Commons.

Upon the 8th day of November, 1756, Murray was sworn in before Lord Chancellor Hardwicke, and created a peer by the title of Baron Mansfield, of Mansfield, in the county of Nottingham, and three days afterwards he sat for the first time in the Court of King's Bench. "Over that great court," says

Lord Brougham, "he presided for thirty years, and his administration of its functions during that long period shed a lustre alike upon the tribunal and the judge." During that period, too, but two cases occurred in which his opinion was not unanimously adopted by his brethren; and of the many thousand judgments which he pronounced but two were reversed. In all his time no bill of exceptions was ever tendered to his direction, and "all suitors sanguine in their belief of being entitled to succeed" were eager to bring their causes to be tried before him. There were drawbacks to Murray's complete success in the House of Commons; there were qualities which he lacked whilst practising at the bar. Mansfield wanted nothing to make up the perfect portrait of a British judge. In the Legislature he was helpless in attack; and both in the House of Commons and in the House of Lords he exhibited on more than one occasion a want of moral courage as humiliating to his friends as it proved profitable to his foes; at the bar, learned and able though he always was, yet wary circumspection even there cramped his powers and deprived him of the transcendant reputation which other advocates have earned. On the bench there was neither fear nor hesitation, neither undue caution nor lack of energy, to impede his great intelligence. There he sat, as above the common passions of humanity, surveying its doings with a mind unobscured by prejudice, as wide in its grasp as it was masculine in capability. His clearness of apprehension, his perspicuity of statement, his perfect self-command, his vast knowledge of every kind, were amongst the least of his

qualifications for his high station. More pre-eminently than all were his heroic and almost chivalric devotion to the judicial office; his stern and unflinching love of justice, as distinguished from "the puny technicalities of an obscure walk;" his superiority to the favours of the great or to the clamours of the many, and his unquestioned spotless integrity. During a portion of his lengthened judicial career Lord Mansfield held a seat in the Cabinet, but nobody thought of questioning the purity of his judgments on that account. Towards the close of his judicial life, Lord George Gordon was tried for inciting the rioters who set fire to Lord Mansfield's house and destroyed his property. Lord Mansfield was the presiding judge on that memorable occasion, and it was upon his exposition of the law of high treason to the jury, and after his summing up, that Lord George Gordon was acquitted.

"The benefits conferred by this accomplished judge upon the Court and upon its suitors," says one of his biographers, "were manifold and substantial. He began by at once so regulating the distribution of the business, as to remove all uncertainty of the matters which should be taken up each day, and to diminish both the expense, and the delay, and the confusion of former times. He restored to the whole bar the privilege of moving in turn, instead of confining this to the last day of the term. He almost abolished the tedious and costly practice of having the same case argued several times over, restricting such rehearings to questions of real difficulty and adequate importance." The benefits conferred upon the

country were far greater. Burke, once quoting an argument of Solicitor-General Murray, said that "the ideas of Murray go to the growing melioration of the law by making its liberality keep pace with the demands of justice and the actual concerns of the world—not restricting the infinitely diversified occasions of men and the rules of natural justice within artificial circumscriptions, but conforming our jurisprudence to the growth of our commerce and of our empire."

The statement is just, and a finer panegyric it were impossible to write. Our limits, unfortunately, enable us only to indicate the achievements of Chief Justice Mansfield; but such indications must be given, however briefly. He found the common law of England a reproach, and, according to Professor Story, "he put England, America, and the whole civilised world under the deepest obligations" by the permanent improvement which he effected in the system. During the reign of George II. England had become the greatest manufacturing and commercial country in the world, but her jurisprudence had, in the meanwhile, made no provision whatever for the regulation of commercial dealings. When questions arose affecting purchases and sales, the affreightment of ships, marine insurances, bills of exchange, and promissory notes, it was impossible to decide them; there were no cases to refer to, no treatises to consult. Lord Mansfield grappled with the difficulty and overcame it. His judicial decisions supplied the deficiencies of law and became themselves law. His mode of procedure was as philosophical as it was bold. From every case that came

before him he extracted a general principle of universal application, and availed himself of it not only to rule the particular case under consideration, but to serve as a guide in all similar cases hereafter; and he would enlarge upon the principle thus brought out until, as his contemporaries declare, all listeners were lost in admiration at the strength and stretch of his understanding. Lord Campbell tells us that the common law of England which Lord Mansfield had to administer upon his elevation to the bench, "was a system admirably adapted to the condition of England in the Norman and early Plantagenet reigns, whence it sprang up." As high an authority in America declares that,

"Wherever commerce shall extend its social influences, wherever justice shall be administered by enlightened and liberal rules, wherever contracts shall be expounded upon the eternal principles of right and wrong, wherever moral delicacy and judicial refinement shall be infused into the municipal code, at once to persuade men to be honest and to keep them so; wherever the intercourse of mankind shall aim at something more elevating than that grovelling spirit of barter in which meanness, and avarice, and fraud strive for the mastery over ignorance, credulity, and folly, the name of Lord Mansfield will be reverenced, not only for adapting the inefficient system which he found to the exigencies of his own age in his own country, but for furnishing for ever great laws founded upon everlasting truth and justice to the whole family of man."

In 1760 George III. ascended the throne, and Mansfield became a member of the Cabinet, of which

Bute was at the head. Ten years afterwards the Chief Justice prudently withdrew from the intimate connexion with the Government, into which he ought never to have entered, and seven years before his retirement, the brief, though magnificent authority of Bute, had been shattered to pieces, and the Minister himself disgraced. But, although Cabinet Councils were henceforward held without the Chief Justice, Lord Mansfield in his place in Parliament stood by the Government, and vigorously defended them against a virulent Opposition. Pitt, "blasting his character," according to Horace Walpole, "for the sake of a paltry annuity and a long-necked peeress," had followed his ancient rival into the House of Lords, and by this suicidal act given Mansfield an immense advantage. Chatham, eager enough to tie his victim to the stake, was doomed to bitter disappointment in an arena utterly unfitted for the exercise of his peculiar powers. The atmosphere of the House of Peers, admirably suited to the calm dignity and sublime moderation of Mansfield, proved too often nipping frost to the burning declamation of the man whose very look could rouse a more popular assembly, and whose words oftener than once had inspired it with the noblest sentiments. It was not in the House of Lords that at this period of his history Lord Mansfield found his most dangerous opponent. A secret enemy had arisen in the outside world amongst the people, one even more unscrupulous than Chatham in his animosity; one who revelled in his questionable privilege of striking in the dark, and who justified abuse that knew no mercy, and acknowledged no

law, by reiterated and fervid appeals to God and his country. The moral courage of Murray had once given way in the House of Commons, when Pitt, speaking daggers to him, and suddenly exclaiming, "Judge Festus trembles, he shall hear me another day," quietly sat down. But the suffering was nothing compared with the torture his weakness underwent beneath the repeated inflictions of the unsparing Junius.

Towards the close of the year 1769 Junius sent forth his celebrated letter to the King, for the publication of which criminal informations were laid against Woodfall, as well as against Almon and Miller, who immediately reprinted the libel. "Rex v. Almon" was the first case brought to trial, and the jury found a general verdict of guilty. The defence set up in the trial against Woodfall was, that the letter was not libellous. The part which Lord Mansfield took is well known. He contended that "all the jury had to consider was, whether the defendant had published the letter set out in the information, and whether the inuendos imputing a particular meaning to particular words, as that 'the K—' meant His Majesty King George III., but that they were not to consider whether the publication was 'false and malicious,' these being mere formal words, and that whether the letter was libellous or innocent was a pure question of law, upon which the opinion of the Court might be taken by a demurrer, or a motion in arrest of judgment." The jury retired, and after some hours' deliberation returned a verdict of "Guilty of the printing and publishing only." The attempt of Lord Mansfield to withdraw the cognizance

of the question of libel from the jury to vest it in the Court, contrary, as it unquestionably was, both to liberty and law, had high authorities for its justification, and was supported by the unanimous opinion of the judges who sat at his side. Posterity will acquit the otherwise upright judge of the moral obliquity of which his living enemies, with regard to this proceeding, pronounced him guilty, and for which Junius would have crushed the Chief Justice, had his ability been equal to his will.

It behoves the present generation to approach the lucubrations of the redoubted Junius in a spirit of enlightened discrimination. We must bear in mind that the poisoned arrows of the unseen combatant were discharged at a period peculiarly favourable for the exercise of his destructive skill; when startling invective was in fashion; when the mercenary acts of the foremost public man excused, if they did not justify, wholesale and unreflecting chastisement; when the public press was in its earliest infancy, and public writers had not yet educated the audience whose good sense now holds the libertinism of even the public censor in check, and provides its own best remedy against the crimes or follies of the pen. Junius but imitated the example of his betters when he fastened upon a foe, guilty or innocent, and heaped upon his head every opprobrious term a heated imagination could supply. A statesman's policy had but to be inconvenient to his adversary in order to prove the Minister "hateful," "execrable," "abominable," "wicked," a traitor to his country, and a conspirator against the liberties of the people. Pitt honoured Walpole with such vituperation, and when

Walpole went out, and Carteret came in without Pitt, the same expressive language was transferred by the illustrious commoner from Minister to Minister as though no virtue could possibly be found in any Government without his presence. When Junius affected to regard Lord Mansfield as the incarnation of all that is odious in humanity, his praise of Lord Chatham knew no bounds; yet it is well known that under another disguise Junius dealt far severer blows against the patriot than he ever inflicted upon a man born, as he says, to abet despotism in its hateful attempts to trample upon the people's rights. Nothing can be more inconsistent than the accusations brought by Junius against Lord Mansfield. In one and the same breath he charges him with assuming an arbitrary power of doing right, so that if he does wrong it lies only between him and his conscience, and with condescending to evasive, indirect courses, in the temper of a quibbler. Now the Chief Justice is something more than a lawyer, now considerably less. At one moment he is setting common law at defiance, at another time he is twisting the law to the purposes of corruption, and taking refuge behind the forms which he is expressly charged with heroically setting at defiance. Had Lord Mansfield been less timorous, Junius might have been less daring. At the close of one of his letters, the reckless assailant writes, "Beware how you indulge the first emotions of your resentment. The paper is delivered to the world, and cannot be re-called. The prosecution of an innocent printer cannot alter facts or refute arguments. Do not furnish me with further materials against yourself." Another venomous diatribe ends

with a similar threat. Dare "to represent this charge as a contempt of the authority of the House of Peers, and move their Lordships to censure the publisher of this paper, and I affirm that you support injustice by violence; that you are guilty of a heinous aggravation of your offence; and that you contribute your utmost influence to promote, on the part of the highest court of judicature, a positive denial of justice to the nation!" Junius traded upon the invincible infirmity of a judge, who might have been destroyed by his weakness had he not been upheld by his unsullied purity and fame.

The attacks of Junius were not without effect on Parliament. A motion was made in the House of Commons for a "committee to inquire into the proceedings of the judges in Westminster Hall, particularly in cases relating to the liberty of the press." In the House of Lords, Lord Chatham and Lord Camden re-echoed the charges of the House of Commons, and while the latter warned noble lords how they received the opinions in that House of the "most experienced lawyers" upon questions of law, the former, in his accustomed style, threatened to ring again and again the "alarm-bell of liberty," until he "could rouse the people to a proper sense of their injuries." Stung by persecution, Lord Mansfield suffered himself to be betrayed into unaccountable error. Intimating one day that he had something of importance to bring to the notice of the House, he moved that their Lordships should be summoned to receive the communication. The appointed day arrived, and the attendance of peers was unusually large. Lord Mansfield rose amidst profound and anxious silence. Lord

Chatham and Lord Camden had calumniated the judges, and they were now no doubt to be the objects of a vote of censure. Nothing of the kind. Lord Mansfield simply informed the House that he had left a paper with the clerk-assistant, containing the judgment of the Court of King's Bench in the case of "the King against Woodfall," and then, to the astonishment of every one, resumed his seat. Lord Camden rose and inquired whether the noble lord intended hereafter to found any motion on his paper? Lord Mansfield answered "No," and the House proceeded to other business. The very next day Lord Camden resumed the subject. He regarded the conduct of the Chief Justice as a challenge against himself, and he at once accepted it. In direct contradiction to Lord Mansfield he maintained that his doctrine was not the law of England. He had considered the noble lord's "paper" and had not found it very intelligible. He begged to propose four questions to the noble and learned lord, to which he required categorical answers, that their Lordships might know precisely the points they had to discuss. The questions were submitted, and Lord Mansfield, instead of meeting them, "with most abject soothings," as Horace Walpole gleefully says, "paid the highest compliments to Lord Camden." He had the highest esteem for the noble and learned lord who thus attacked him, and had ever courted his esteem in return. He had not expected this treatment from his candour. It was unfair: he would not answer interrogatories. The reply was a signal for relentless torment. Not a peer interposed on his behalf. Distressed by his misery, Lord Mansfield sat down,

remained still, and in sheer pity for their prey, the dogs were called off.

In 1778 Lord Chatham died, and from the departure of the great commoner until his own decease Lord Mansfield occupied a more conspicuous place as a judge than as a politician in the public eye. He continued to display upon the bench, as heretofore, the keenest perception, a resolute obedience to the dictates of justice, high incorruptibility, great learning, and thorough self-devotion to his beloved and chosen occupation. He has been largely accused of favouring, in his early manhood, the designs of the Pretender, yet, from the beginning to the close of his public life, his fidelity to the reigning family could not be called in question. He has been charged with gratifying prerogative at the expense of law, yet the liberty of the law was never more perfect, the rights of the subject were never more secure, than during his long tenure of the judicial office. He has been stigmatised by Junius as an oppressor of men's consciences, yet no man of his time regulated his conduct with a stricter regard to the humanising principle of religious toleration. Had Lord Mansfield been faithless to the people, his death would never have been regarded as an irreparable loss by the whole country; had he been a bigot, the world would never have lost the treasures which it is said were consumed in the house burnt to the ground by zealous Protestants eager to take the life as well as to destroy the goods of Lord Mansfield, for no other reason than that he chose to hold the scales of justice fairly and steadily between Protestant and Catholic.

In his eighty-second year, having been absent scarcely a day from court, Lord Mansfield retired to Tunbridge Wells for the benefit of his health. The year following he resigned his office. For six years longer he lived in dignified retirement, occupying himself in his garden, or refreshing his mind with the works that had charmed and instructed his youth. To the last he retained his memory, and, dying without a pain at the close of the century, the man who had spent his happiest evenings with Pope was destined to listen to all the horrors of the French Revolution, in common with thousands living at the present hour. Lord Mansfield's death was mourned as a national calamity; his remains were deposited in Westminster Abbey, and they lie close to those of the Earl of Chatham. After the stormy conflict of a glorious life the schoolboy rivals lie side by side in silent and everlasting repose.

We have freely stated the one great deformity of Lord Mansfield's character; his quailing before Lord Camden is but a solitary instance of the fault that tarnished his otherwise brilliant career. When we have said that the Chief Justice acted unconstitutionally in continuing in the Cabinet whilst he held the judicial office, and that, admitted to the friendship and confidence of his Sovereign, he did not scruple to exercise power without official responsibility, we have confessed to the most serious offences with which he is chargeable. It is not, however, to dwell upon these blemishes of true greatness, or to indulge in idle panegyric, that we have now taken up the pen, and intermixed with the living doings of to-day one striking record of

the buried past. The life of Lord Mansfield is nothing to us if it yields no profitable instruction and contains no element of usefulness for the generation to whom our labours are addressed. Is it wholly unnecessary to place at this moment before the bar of England so noble a model for imitation—so sublime an ideal for serious contemplation as that offered in the person of the Earl of Mansfield? Is it impertinent to warn our lawyers that, without confirmed habits of industry, temperance, self-subjugation, unsullied honour, vast knowledge, enlightened and lofty views of their difficult yet fascinating profession, and a love of the eternal principles of truth and justice, incompatible with meanness and degrading practice, true eminence is impossible, and imperishable renown not to be obtained? Never, at any other period of our history, has it been so necessary to urge upon the students of the law the example of their worthiest predecessors. The tendency of the age is to lower, not to elevate, the standard set up by our ancestors for the attainment of pre-eminence. That our giants may not be stunted in their growth—that the legal stock may not hopelessly degenerate—Chief Justice Campbell does well to impress upon his brethren the patient and laborious course—the high and admirable qualities—by which Chief Justice Mansfield secured his greatness and his fame.

August 22, 1850.

LION HUNTING IN AFRICA.

JOHN BRIGHT should be in ecstasies! Roualeyn Gordon Cumming, after five years' absence from his native land, returns to help the member for Manchester to abolish the game laws. What will be the use of laws for the preservation of game when the game itself is repudiated? *Five Years of a Hunter's Life* has already reached a second edition. Two editions more will about exhaust the sporting readers of the United Kingdom; and what sportsman then, what individual with a blush of shame in his fallen nature, will survey a poor partridge with a nobler sentiment than he regards the barndoor fowl? We dare the British lion to spend his magnificent energies in running a timid unresisting hare off his agitated legs the instant he ascertains how the unaided pluck of one man has extinguished the supremacy of his African prototype. As easily imagine that England's admired aristocracy will pass their holidays in catching flys and flaying earwigs as suppose that they will condescend to cowardly battues, having learnt how the uncaged lion himself may be met on equal terms, and vanquished bravely as a king should be. It is time to enlarge the sphere of our recreations. In all that concerns our daily occupations we have been marching of late in seven-leagued boots. With respect to our manly pleasures

we are still in swaddling clothes. In the days of railroads and electric telegraphs, marine and earthly, it is really too derogatory to human dignity to gallop after a harmless puss with the view of giving fire to the blood of the undignified pursuer. We have never awakened to the fact before, so complacently does wonder sleep upon the neck of custom. Roualeyn the First opens our eyes with his rifle, and it will not be that potentate's fault if we lazily close them again.

It is not, however, without an alarming sense of inability that we presume to deal with the adventures of Roualeyn Gordon Cumming, prince of hunters, conqueror and autocrat of all the beasts. We are conscious of our great audacity in venturing even to quote the achievements of a hero, now, for the first time in his life, weeping because there are no more animals to vanquish, and desolate because the megatherium was disposed of before he took to shooting. What can the feeble quill say of a gentleman who quitted Great Britain that he might take part in a war against savages, and bade adieu to civilisation and the Cape because warring with mere men yielded no relish to his splendid and bloody ambition? With what spirit shall we address ourselves to the labours of a fellow Christian who seriously informs us, that "the sweetest and most natural sounds" he ever heard were the bellowings of a whole troop of hungry lions, to which he listened in the depths of a forest at the dead hour of midnight, "unaccompanied by any attendant, and ensconced within twenty yards of the fountain" which the said lions were awfully approaching: that it was a "joyful moment" to him

when, on another occasion, he found himself face to face with a maddened lioness, and he "at once made up his mind that she or he must die"—the chances being twenty to one at the moment in favour of the brute? How can we assimilate our notions of things in general with those of an individual who gravely assures us that "lion hunting may be followed to a certain extent with comparative safety," and that nothing more is required of "him who would shine in the overpoweringly exciting pastime of hunting this justly celebrated king of beasts," than "a tolerable knowledge of the use of the rifle, an acquaintance with the disposition and manner of lions (!), perfect calmness and self-possession (!!), and a recklessness of death (!!!)"? To speak the plain truth, Mr. Roualeyn Gordon Cumming's ideas of enjoyment are so very peculiar, and the coolness with which he talks of things unpleasant is so absolutely frightful, that a flesh and blood reviewer is about as much at home with him as the adventurous editor of a weekly newspaper found himself the other day deciding, with bludgeons on either side of him, between the respective merits of the amiable Tipton Slasher and the not less redoubtable Bendigo.

We are not too proud to acknowledge our utter incapacity in the presence of a personage who cannot close his eyes o' nights for the intense amusement he derives from a mad chorus of leopards, elephants, and hyænas, all screaming within a few yards of his dormitory; who mourns for a gun that bursts in his hands "as David mourned for Absalom"; who "takes coffee" and then "rides for a leopard";

who closes a chapter of his journal and tumbles into his hole with a memorandum that "lions roar about the camp all the evening" jotted down in the temper of an elderly gentleman closing his diary with the unexciting remark, "thermometer 53 in the shade"; who discovers to his horror the corpse of a faithful follower half eaten up by a lion, and endeavours "to divert his mind" by starting at once "in quest of elephants"; who takes to crocodile shooting as a recreation after sterner sport, as a man inclines to a rubber after chess; who "ends a grim lion's career with a single ball behind the shoulder, cutting the main arteries close to the heart," and then affectingly "plucks a lock of hair" from the beloved one's mane, that he may wear it close to his bosom in everlasting and tender remembrance; who, struggling with a hippopotamus in the water, expresses "his great astonishment," as he might have done had he been struggling with a newborn babe, that "he could not guide the monster in the slightest; but she continued to splash, and plunge, and blow, and make her circular course, carrying him along with her as if he were a fly on her tail;" who "could not die happy" until he had slaughtered an elephant, and who positively describes as "pleasant work" an encounter with one of the giants of the forest, in the course of which the mighty beast received "thirty-five balls, all about and behind his shoulders," and receiving them was fain to reduce his furious pace "to a very slow walk," for "blood flowed from his trunk and all his wounds, leaving the ground behind him a mass of gore; his frame shuddered violently, his mouth opened and shut, his lips

quivered, his eyes were filled with tears;" who chases rhinoceros as boys run after butterflies, and who cannot for the life of him conceive that "the coward exists not prepared to die," any moment for a lovely and glorious land uninhabited by any but savage beast and equally wild and less governable men.

Travellers tell strange tales, especially just now, of Africa. The last accounts furnished by the explorers into the far interior make known the startling fact, that the country, instead of being, as supposed, a worthless desert, is a land of snowy mountains, great rivers, and inhabited not by negroes, but by people as white as ourselves. According to Mr. Cumming, the portion of Africa to which he confined his exploits is quite as remarkable as himself—and that is saying much. A bite of a dog, as everybody knows, is nothing to laugh at in England; in Africa a snake may "spit his poison into the eye of a marksman, and yet never interfere with his skill in drawing his bow." One night, whilst Roualeyn was occupied "bagging buffaloes, rhinoceros, koodoos, zebras, and other game, a horrid snake," writes the hunter, "flew up at my eye and spat poison into it. Immediately I washed it well out at the fountain. I endured great pain all night, but the next day the eye came all right." In Africa you may live in the water and take no harm, suffer acute rheumatism and experience no inconvenience, lose all your strength and yet not be in the slightest degree feeble. "On the 15th," it is written in Roualeyn's diary, "I felt very ill, but in the forenoon I went down to the river, where I shot two sea-cows. In the evening, feeling

worse I bled myself, but strong fever was on me all night." Three days afterwards the writer's state of health was no better:—

"On the 18th I felt extremely weak and nervous from the fever and the quantity of blood which I had lost, insomuch that I started at my own shadow, and several times sprang to one side when the leaves rustled in the bushes. I walked along the bank of the river with my gun loaded with small shot, intending to shoot a partridge for my breakfast. Presently I came upon the fresh dung of bull elephants; at the same moment my people at the waggons saw two old bulls within two hundred yards of them; and the wind being favourable they walked unsuspiciously. *After a very short chase I succeeded in killing both.*"

In Africa, too, horses fall upon the top of the rider and hurt him as much as the horse at Astley's hurts Mr. Widdicomb, when, at the word of command, the trained Arab steed quietly lets himself down and dies for a feed of corn in the arena. Guns burst in the African hunter's hand and lead to no unsatisfactory results; disease visits him only to strengthen, and suffering comes really to add to his physical and moral enjoyment.

External nature keeps up the African standard. African "peals of thunder are the most appalling, the most fearful" Mr. Cumming ever heard; "the forked lightning" is to match; "the terrific hail-storms" are "such as I had never before witnessed"; the size of the stones rendering the boasted "large as an egg" of our oldest rural inhabitant simply ridiculous. We have rained ladybirds and frogs in

Kent and Surrey before now, but the first flight of locusts beheld by our hunter makes us blush for the national vermin. "On they came like a snow-storm, flying slow, and steady, about a hundred yards from the ground. I stood looking at them until the air was darkened with their masses, while the plain on which we stood became densely covered with them. Far as my eye could reach—east, west, north, and south—they stretched in one unbroken cloud, and more than an hour elapsed before their devastating legions had swept by." On the earth, or in the air—birds, beasts, or insects—it is all the same. "The most extraordinary and striking scene as connected with beasts of the chase" that Mr. Cumming had ever beheld, was a herd of *springboks* covering miles of ground. "To endeavour to form any idea of the amount of antelopes which he that day beheld were vain; but he has, nevertheless, no hesitation in stating that some hundreds of thousands of springboks were that morning within the compass of his vision."

It was on the 23rd of October, 1843, that Mr. Cumming quitted Grahamstown on his first sporting tour. Instead of a dog-cart he drove a waggon drawn by many oxen; his ordnance consisted of three double-barrelled rifles by Purday, William Moore, and Dickson, of Edinburgh: three stout double-barrelled guns for rough work; much lead; many bullet moulds, powder flasks, and shooting belts; hundreds of pounds of gunpowder; thousands of gun-flints, and tens of thousands of percussion caps. The waggon was laden with baggage, provisions, and general stores; the saddlery was made

up of two English hunting saddles, common saddles for servants, and one pack saddle to convey venison to camp. Of horses at starting the hunter had but two; of servants and attendants but four; and of cash in hand exactly 200*l*. Equipped as he was, Mr. Cumming "considered himself prepared to undertake a journey of at least twelve months among Boers or Bushmans, independent of either."

As Mr. Cumming receded from the Cape his sport became more exciting and his dangers greater. Proceeding northward from the abode of civilisation through the haunts of semi-barbarous tribes, he worked his way up to the unvisited and dreaded domains of the fraternity whose representatives in England are contemplated with greatest advantage and pleasure through iron bars and in trebly-locked dens. Beginning with harmless and timid deer, he closes his marvellous career with foot to foot conflicts with the wildest and bloodiest of beasts. Van Amburgh was a poor apprentice compared with our hero. The American drew the teeth of innocent cubs and lashed them into fear of man. The Briton presented himself alone in the primæval forest as champion of human kind, and dared any ten of its horrid inhabitants to contest the belt with him. What battles he fought we tremble to think of. What victories he won the native rulers in those distant parts will never cease to remember. We trust they will remember them with gratitude and love. Whatever slaughter may have been committed in their ranks none was inflicted in vengeance. Izaak Walton himself never fondled a worm, or gazed upon the hysteric breathings of a gasping fish, with half the tenderness felt by

Gordon Cumming, as often as he raised his faithful "Purday" and unerring "Dickson of Edinburgh." "On the 23rd," we find it written in his diary, "I stood up in my hole at dawn of day. After I had proceeded a short distance, I perceived the head of an old bull looking at me over a small rise on the bushy plain. The head disappeared. On gaining the rise, I again saw the handsome head, with its strangely hooked, fair set horns, gazing at me from the long grass some hundred yards in advance. He had lain down. I held as though I had intended to go past him; but before I neared him he sprang to his feet, and endeavoured to make off from me." The heart of the hunter was pierced. Hear how he proceeds! "*Poor old bull! I at once perceived that it was all over with him.*" Yes, there was little doubt of it. "I walked up to within eighty yards of him, and sent a bullet through his heart." Another case of bull occurs. Gazing one morning from his hole the anxious hunter perceives a fine brindled bull gnoo dashing into the waters of a fountain within forty yards of him, followed by four tearing, fierce-looking wild dogs. "All the four had their heads and shoulders covered with blood, and looked savage in the extreme; their eyes glistened with ferocious glee. My anxiety," Mr. Cumming goes on, "to possess this fine old bull, and also a specimen of the wild dog, prevented my waiting to see more of the fun." Much against the promptings of his nature, for "he could not help feeling very reluctant to fire at the jolly hounds," the sportsman fired at the gnoo and at the largest hound right and left. His aim was good in all respects—too good for the distressed

and mourning hunter. As to the hounds, "he could not divest himself of the idea that they deserved a better recompense for the masterly manner in which they had pursued their desperate game;" and for the unhappy gnoo—but here are Mr. Cumming's admirable reflections on his end at full:—

"Poor old bull! I could not help commiserating his fate. It is melancholy to reflect that in accordance with the laws of nature such scenes of pain must ever be occurring; one species, whether inhabiting earth, air, or ocean, being produced to become the prey of another. At night I watched the water, with fairish moonlight, and shot a large spotted hyæna." We listen to a martyr philosopher!

We cannot drag ourselves away from the constantly recurring instances of Mr. Cumming's morbid, yet most becoming sensibility. Chasing a herd of giraffes, he contrives to turn the finest cow out of the herd. Note the animated and considerate pursuit:—

"Finding herself driven from her comrades and hotly pursued, she increased her pace, and cantered along with tremendous strides. In a few minutes I was riding within five yards of her stern, and firing at the gallop, I sent a bullet into her back. Increasing my pace, I next rode alongside, and placing the muzzle of my rifle within a few feet of her I fired my second shot behind the shoulder. Dismounting, I hastily loaded both barrels, putting in double charges of powder. In a short time I brought her to a stand in the dry bed of a watercourse, where I fired at fifteen yards, aiming where I thought the heart lay, upon which she again made off. Having loaded, I followed.

Once more I brought her to a stand, and dismounted from my horse."

The reader will conclude that when the giraffe and Mr. Cumming are face to face, and there is no escape for the beautiful runaway, that the hunter's first thought and act tend to destruction. Not in the least. His soul is overflowing with emotion at the instant. The spotted creature has one shot in her back, another behind her shoulder, a double charge from two barrels as close to her heart as circumstances will permit; but the uppermost sentiment in the mind of the pursuer is one of almost unutterable affection. The giraffe drops at last, a sacrifice to affection. "There," exclaims Nimrod, with the outburst of a lover, "there we stood together, alone in the wild wood. I gazed in wonder at her extreme beauty, while her soft dark eye, with its silky fringe, looked down imploringly at me, and I felt a pang of sorrow, in this moment of triumph, for the blood I was shedding. Pointing my rifle towards the skies, I sent a bullet through her neck." This it is to be "sacrificers, not butchers, Caius Cassius!"

There are drawbacks to all sublunary enjoyments—even to a hunter's life in the far interior. "It often happened," quietly writes Mr. Cumming—"when I had lain down for the night with no other roof above me than the vaulted canopy of heaven, that my placid slumbers were rudely disturbed by rain falling like a waterspout on my face. Such events as these were extremely disagreeable,"—we entreat the reader's attention to the profound humility of the word,—"*extremely disagreeable*, more especially when it came down so heavily as to

preclude the possibility of maintaining our usual watchfires. In weather like this the prowling tyrant of the forest is ever most active in his search for prey, and our ears were occasionally greeted with the deep-toned voice of troops of lions, as attracted by the smell of our beef they prowled around our encampments."

Can it be possible that Mr. Cumming regards it as a special providence and a reward of merit that he was permitted "to leave the red-deer, which he loved to follow in his native land," in order to enjoy recreation such as this? Altogether "a nicht wi' Cumming" must have been about as dismal a pastime as the mere pleasure-seeker can conceive. Shortly after the hunter had taken to his *al fresco* couch on the 12th of March he states that—"Two porcupines came grunting up to him, and stood within six feet of where he lay. About midnight," he proceeds, "an old wildebeest came and stood within ten yards of me, but I was too lazy to fire at him. All night I heard some creature moving in the cracked earth beneath my pillow, but, believing it to be a mouse, I did not feel much concerned about the matter. I could not, however, divest myself of a painful feeling that it might be a snake." And, therefore, by way of forgetting the incident entirely, our admirable friend wrapped his blanket round his body and lulled himself to sleep. While taking his breakfast next morning, Mr. Cumming, who awoke much refreshed from invigorating slumbers, observed his men carrying a very large serpent. On approaching their master's bedding "they had discovered the

horrid reptile sunning itself on the edge of the blanket, until on perceiving them it glided in beneath it." All that Mr. Cumming has further to say on the subject is to describe its character for the benefit of any comparative anatomist to whom the information may be interesting. "It was a large specimen of the black variety of the puff adder, one of the most poisonous serpents of Africa, death ensuing within an hour after its bite."

Serpents have no chance at any time with the hero of Altyre. His encounter with a boa shows what may be done in a case of extremity. One day, following the track of one of his monsters, he suddenly detected an enormous old rock snake stealing in beneath a mass of rock beside him. This would not do at all. The hunter was desirous to preserve the skin, and for the reptile to sneak away in so uncivil and inhospitable a fashion was a breach of good manners not to be forgiven. To shoot the boa would have been to spoil the cuticle. Our hunter proceeded with more discretion. He cut a tough stick about eight feet long, lightened himself of his shooting belt, and then went to work. Our readers will appreciate the delicacy with which we request Mr. Cumming to finish the story in his own words:—"Seizing him by the tail (!)" so runs the account—

"I tried to get him out of his place of refuge; but I hauled in vain, he only drew his large folds firmer together; I could not move him. At length I got a strip of hide round one of his folds, about the middle of his body, and Kleinboy [his attendant] and I commenced hauling in good earnest." We

stop for a moment to inform the reader that an engraving in volume 2, page 128, represents Mr. Cumming and the boa at this critical period of their playful controversy, and that too much praise cannot be given to the boa, all Mr. Cumming's explanations notwithstanding, for his evident self-denial and devotion to the cause of manly sport throughout the whole proceeding.

"The snake," proceeds the journal, "finding the ground too hot for him, relaxed his coils, and suddenly bringing round his head to the front he sprang out at us like an arrow, with his immense and hideous mouth opened to its largest dimensions, and before I could get out of his way, he was clean out of his hole, and made a second spring, throwing himself forward about eight or ten feet, and snapping his horrid fangs *within a foot of my naked legs;* I sprang out of his way, and getting a hold of the green bough I had cut I returned to the charge. The snake now glided along at top speed; he knew the ground well, and was making for a mass of broken rocks, where he would have been beyond my reach, but before he could gain this place of refuge I caught him two or three tremendous whacks on his head. He, however, held on, and gained a pool of muddy water, which he was rapidly crossing, when I again belaboured him, and at length reduced his pace to a stand. We then hanged him by the neck to a bough of a tree, and in about fifteen minutes he seemed dead, but he again became very troublesome during the operation of skinning, twisting his body in all manner of ways. This serpent measured fourteen feet."

We cannot pretend to accompany Mr. Cumming

through all his sublime and unparalleled achievements. It is sufficient to state that the combat just recorded is but an insignificant episode in the fearful history of adventure and bloodshed in which the author of the volumes before us found himself engaged during the space of five years. The Knight of Altyre entered the dark forests of Africa, there planted his standard, and gaily proclaimed battle *à l'outrance* against all comers. No tournament of old ever witnessed such foes, such fights, such spoils, —antelopes, lions, crocodiles, elephants, leopards, giraffes, wild dogs, big buffaloes, overgrown hippopotami, in tens, in twenties,—yea, in fifties, answered the Scotchman's challenge, and united to attest the strength of his heart and the stony firmness of his brave right hand. What the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals will think of the business we will not venture to guess. Might we advise the members of that gentle institution, we would humbly suggest to them to regard it as a dream and a fable. The hunter himself tells us that one night his sleep was harassed by distressing dreams. He dreamt that lions were scouring the world in search of him. Starting in the hole which served him for a bed, he uttered a loud shriek and could not recollect in what part of the world he stood. He heard the rushing of light feet, as of a pack of wolves, close on every side of him, accompanied by the most unearthly sounds. In the next moment, to his horror, he saw himself surrounded by savage wild dogs, chattering and growling. They might be counted by scores. There was not a moment for consideration. Eternity

yawned before the hunter, but his presence of mind came when the frightful dream had passed away. He knew that a human voice had power over the beasts of the earth, that a resolute bearing could appal the fiercest. Drawing himself up to his full height, he waved his large blanket with both hands, and addressed his savage assembly, as Demosthenes before him had overtopped the raging waters of the sea. The effect was electrical and decisive. The dogs acknowledged the supremacy of man, and retired to a respectful distance. Under the peculiar circumstances of a hunter almost alone in African forests it is easy to believe that dreamland and the land of reality very often lie in close proximity—that the confines of both cease to be discriminated and are not unfrequently interchangeable. Let the Society aforesaid, then, be comforted. For our part we know not scepticism. They of weaker faith may do homage to their incredulity and still exhibit no want of charity towards Roualeyn Gordon Cumming, by accepting one half of his work as gospel, and attributing the rest to the suppers of underdone lions, which are clearly as inimical to quiet repose as Welch rabbits and pork.

May 19, 1850.

LIFE OF JEREMY TAYLOR.

FOREMOST amongst the Christian worthies of England stands the admirable and renowned Jeremy Taylor, the gentle, the learned, the eloquent and pious. Free from the blemishes and faults of the majority of his brethren—who, born in the season of battle, may have displayed somewhat too much of the fierceness of combatants, he possessed in an eminent degree their masculine virtues, their fervent piety, their holy zeal. He is the prince of preachers, the father of the school in which Chalmers and Melvill are to-day disciples, and in which hundreds of feeble-mouthed but bold intruders seek in vain to acquire a standing and to claim a hearing. If we would learn the value of the man we must gather his panegyric from the lips of those whose privilege it was to attend his ministry, and to dwell beneath the light of his benign and gracious influence. One who saw him to his tomb has left a memorial of his worth in which the tones of affection strive with the accents of the pastor to do justice to the absent object of their love and adoration. "Had he lived," exclaims the Dean of Connor from the pulpit, "amongst the ancient Pagans, he had been ushered into the world with a miracle, and swans must have danced and sung at his birth; and he must have been a great hero, and no less than the son of Apollo, the God of wisdom and eloquence."

Wise and eloquent in truth he was, but he was something more. We may admire him for his erudition, and stand amazed at the glorious imagery, the noble illustration, and dazzling metaphor of his rich style; but these are of the least of Taylor's claims upon our gratitude and reverence, and certainly not the brightest of the many jewels that centered in his crown. To have been the pupil and protected child of Laud, and yet to have maintained pure and undefiled a tenderness of spirit towards the Christian brethren of every school and class,—to have been the friend of Charles, and the stanch upholder of the rights of monarchy, and yet to have viewed all things with an enlightened and Catholic spirit of toleration, to have known persecution, and still to have been indulgent,—to have suffered fire, only to be melted to charity and love;—these are testimonies to excellence, than which we can ask none higher,—than which we can conceive none more convincing. "He considered," touchingly says the Dean of Connor, "that it is not likely any one party should wholly engross truth to themselves; that obedience is the only way to true knowledge; that God always and only teaches docible and ingenuous minds that are willing to hear and ready to obey according to their light; that it is impossible a pure, humble, resigned, godlike soul, should be kept out of Heaven, whatever mistakes it might be subject to in this state of mortality; that the design of Heaven is not to fill men's heads and feed their curiosities, but to better their hearts and mend their lives."

A resemblance has been traced oftener than once in the minds of Bishop Taylor and John Milton.

Coleridge has delighted in dwelling upon the genius, the learning, the piety, the blameless purity of life, "the benevolent aspirations and purposes for the moral and temporal improvement of their fellow-creatures," which characterised the career of the two great men. "Both of them," says the author of *Genevieve*, in the preface to his poems, "wrote a Latin Accidence to render education less painful to children; both of them composed hymns and psalms proportioned to the capacity of common congregations; both, nearly at the same time, set the glorious example of publicly recommending and supporting general toleration, and the liberty both of the pulpit and the press." The points of difference are far more numerous and striking than the accidental instances of concord and agreement. The stern rebuker of our incomparable Liturgy, and the opponent of all set forms of prayer, has nothing in common with the reverential spirit that busied itself in proving to the world the efficacy and needfulness of both. The uncompromising follower of Cromwell, the Latin secretary of the Usurpation, the advocate of that fiery government miscalled Republicanism (being, as it is justly said, "even more than Royalism itself, the direct antipode of modern Jacobinism,") is of another clay to him who meekly saw in his anointed King and Master, Heaven's vicegerent, and the power for which all other powers must be forsaken,—all earthly hopes of profit and advancement given up. The iron phrase, the awful menace, the severe enunciation, the direct and bitter onslaught upon untruth, or that which looked like falsehood to the jealous and uncorrupted eye of the

stanch friend of freedom, look harsh and terrible by the side of the gorgeous rhetoric, the lovely illustration, the flashing passages of beauty, the sweet appeals, the winning arguments, that captivate and chain the listener in the pages of the preacher, unrivalled for the organ-music of his words and for the grandeur of his solemn march. In the depth and earnestness of their true piety, the poet and the preacher were identical. He who spake as never man spake in verse, "to vindicate the ways of God to man," prosecuted in his blind old age the work which, in his earliest school exercises, the boy began already. Jeremy Taylor knew no season in his life in which holiness did not constitute the integrity of his being, to which all learning came but as a diminishing of purest light and lustre. "He was a man," says George Rust, with the affection of a disciple, "before he was of age, and knew little more of the state of childhood than its innocency and pleasantness." When he preached as a youth before the great Primate at Lambeth, and amazed the Archbishop by the power and scope of his discourse, Laud, acknowledging the sermon to be "beyond exception and beyond imitation," and comparing the words and the speaker together, could "only say, that he deemed the latter too young;" "the great youth humbly begged his Grace to pardon that fault, and promised, *if he lived, he would amend it.*"

Jeremy Taylor was born at Cambridge, in the parish of the Holy Trinity, in the year 1613. His father was a barber in the town. His ancestor was that Rowland Taylor who was burned for truth's sake in the third year of Mary.

When three years of age Taylor became a pupil in the free school of Cambridge, which had been founded in the year 1615, by Dr. Stephen Perse, Senior Fellow of Caius. When thirteen years old he was transferred from this seminary to Caius College, which he entered in the humble rank of sizar. Of his school-boy days nothing is known. In 1631 he took his Bachelor's degree, and as soon as he had graduated he was elected a Fellow of his college. Proceeding to his degree of Master of Arts he was ordained, and became a minister even before he became of age. He came to London to preach for a college friend at St. Paul's, and, winning the hearts of the congregation, soon found himself beneath the sheltering wing of a great and pious prelate, but an unwise man. The obligations of Taylor and the world to Archbishop Laud cannot be passed by without a word of gratitude. The Archbishop withdrew the eloquent and then beauteous youth from the excitement of a London life to the calm repose afforded by the less turbulent atmosphere of All Souls, Oxford, where Laud continued to furnish him with leisure, books, and money, so that he might "complete himself in those several parts of learning into which he had made so fair an entrance." On the fourteenth of January, by the influence of his patron, Taylor was elected actual Fellow of the college, but of his Oxford career, as of his boyish doings, no memorials remain. In 1637 Laud presented the still youthful priest to the rectory of Uppingham, in Rutlandshire, and soon after preferred him to be chaplain to King Charles I. In the May of 1639, two years after his presentation to Uppingham, Taylor married Phœbe Langsdale, of

whom industrious biographers have failed to obtain any intelligence. Up to this moment the day had been fair to the traveller, and life had not assumed for him the sad and checkered garb which she is wont to wear. The clouds begin to lower. A child died in the year 1642; the mother quickly followed it; and even before this double blow had fallen at his hearth, his friend and protector Laud had been committed a prisoner to the Tower. On the twenty-second of August, 1642, the Royal standard was hoisted at Nottingham; Taylor was with the army. The fact proclaims his previous history, and is a sufficient index to misfortune. The chaplain of the King had already printed and published his *"Episcopacy Asserted,"* and had been rewarded by his master with the degree of Doctor of Divinity; the price of the elevation being a house plundered, an estate seized, and a family driven out of doors.

"The footsteps of Taylor during the civil war," says the Rev. R. Willmot, "cannot be tracked with a constant eye." He appears, however, to have shared in some of the perilous marches of his Royal master. That he followed the army in the capacity of chaplain there seems no doubt, and the frequent martial allusions and reflections that occur in his sermons indicate a familiarity with scenes of warfare not otherwise attainable. In 1644 the chaplain was made prisoner at Cardigan Castle; but a year or two afterwards he ceased to participate personally in the Royal struggles, and married for a second time. Joanna Bridges, the second wife of Taylor, was said to be a natural daughter of Charles I., to whom she bore a strong resemblance. During the

King's first visit to Wales, Taylor beheld and became attached to her, and, after his union, retired with her to a property which she possessed in Llangadock, in Carmarthenshire. Here the secluded minister kept a school, having for his assistants famous men then suffering for conscience sake, but who were destined to become dignitaries of the church for which they mourned. In this retirement appeared the grammar to which Coleridge refers, and the *Liberty of Prophesying*, in which the same philosopher beheld "all the confluent powers of the author swelling the majestic stream of genius as it rolled onward in its diversified and winding course."

A new protector was found in Wales. Lord Carbery, residing at Golden-grove, close to the school, became the affectionate friend of the minister, relieving the necessities which the bitter times created, and in many ways removing the sharp edges from his adversity. At Golden-grove "the genius of Taylor expanded into its full beauty and flower." Here he composed his *Holy Living and Dying*, beautifully described by Mr. Willmot as "a divine pastoral, in which the solemnities of piety and wisdom, like the painter's tomb in Arcadia, breathe a tenderer seriousness over all the scenery of fancy, of eloquence, and of learning." The *Great Exemplar* was produced in the same blissful region of loveliness and tranquillity; and there, too, dropped from his inspired pen those marvellous discourses in which beauty, grandeur, wisdom, and grace, combined to win men's souls to God, and to ravish them with the promised joys of eternity. In the year 1650 Lady Carbery died. Her funeral sermon, preached by her

friend, remains. *Golden Grove*, a collection of prayers, afterwards published at the seat of Lord Carbery, led to the imprisonment of their author, but they gave occasion also to a friendship which forms one of the brightest episodes in the career of the Bishop. The good and gentle Evelyn came to London "to hear the famous Doctor Jeremy Taylor, at St. Greg., on 6 Matt. 48, concerning evangelical perfection," and from that hour attached himself to the preacher with a zealousness and love that knew no slacking until the fortunes of the one needed no longer the generous aid of the other, and the philosopher, changed into the courtier, contented himself with hearing of the prosperity of the divine, elevated to the dignity of a bishop. Amongst the many admirable and striking passages of Mr. Willmot's Life of Jeremy Taylor, there is none perhaps more vigorous and able than that which presents to us, in a few lines, the character of one of the most remarkable, if not one of the showiest men of his time. Speaking of Evelyn, with reference to his friendship for Taylor, Mr. Willmot thus eloquently sums up his own reflections :—

"Of a man who spent eighty-six years in a course of research, study, curiosity, instruction, and benevolence, it is not possible to speak without regard. His name quickened the fastidious languor of Walpole. He lived in times that heightened the expression of the intellectual features, and his figure occupies a place in the most picturesque and eventful scenes of our history. We behold him among the fiery Cavaliers of Charles, and the dark Puritans of Cromwell: in the brilliant festival of the Restoration; in the gloom of returning Romanism under James; and in the

bloodless Revolution of William. The life of Evelyn is an episode in the annals of five reigns. Known by men of all parties, and beloved by whomsoever he was known, he exerted the authority of his character to protect the oppressed, and prevailed upon the friend of a regicide to assist the chaplain of a martyr. Few eyes have beheld more mournful or brighter visions of persecution and bravery. He witnessed the ruin of the church and the plunder of the priesthood; and, as in his manhood he saw Taylor driven from his parsonage into a village school, and Laud from his palace to a block, so, in his age, he watched the departure of Ken from his cathedral, and Sancroft, gray with years and sanctity, retiring from Lambeth to a cottage garden at Fresingfield.

"In his protracted pilgrimage of four score years and six, the changes in literary taste were no less remarkable than the fluctuations of public opinion. The magnificent system of eloquence which Taylor constructed, after passing through the fiery compression of Barrow, flowed with diminished richness into the smooth good sense of Tillotson. Beginning with Vandyck's august representations of knights, and Taylor's criticisms on Lucretius, he ended with requesting Burnet to sit for his portrait to Kneller, and talking over the supper table to Dryden about his translation of Virgil.

"The splendid rhetoric and various imagery of the 'House of Feasting,' and the seraphic ardour of the author, had grown dim in his recollection, when, in 1695, he described Stanhope as one of the most accomplished preachers he ever heard for matter, eloquence, action, and voice, and hailed the elevation

to the primacy of his 'dear and worthy friend, Dr. Tenison.' The age of heroic character was gone; the Apostolic crown emitted a fainter lustre, and the bustle of Burnet introduced the political school of theology.

"Evelyn owes the prominence of his literary position not so much to his taste and attainments, as to his virtues and his friends. The benefactor of Taylor, the correspondent of Cowley, and the companion of Boyle, he inspired the muses of eloquence, poetry, and science. Without genius, or the dazzling reflection of it, which may be called the highest talent, he ranks among the most distinguished persons of the seventeenth century. He turned his face to the light of knowledge in every direction, and examined, with equal interest, the travels of Chardin, the instruments of Flamsted, or the drawings of Wren. His classical scholarship was small; but he could read Plutarch, and enjoy Virgil; with the French, Italian, and Spanish lauguages he was sufficiently familiar. His love of art was lively, and his perception of its beauties not languid; whether gazing on the mild solemnity of Raffaelle, the lustrous youth of Titian, or the crowded magnificence of Tintoretto! What he did for the embellishment of our homes, who can walk in the melancholy gardens of old houses without remembering? But the pre-eminent charm of his character—that which has recommended it to every gentle and reflective heart—is its natural and earnest piety; sincere and affectionate as it is compassionate and tolerant; not rejecting any decoration of literature, vapour though it be, which the ray of religious thought might warm and colour; nor regarding the

refinements of taste and the curiosity of intellect as unfavourable to the reverential preservation, or the invigorating action, of that holy faith, which conducted him through the trials of earth into his mansion of glory."

Taylor, it is supposed, relinquished the patronage of Lord Carbery, upon his release from imprisonment, in order to take upon himself the pastoral charge of a small congregation of episcopalians in London. On the 9th of May, 1657, we find the good-hearted Evelyn announcing to his friend his intention of contributing an annual sum towards his necessities, and presenting a substantial token of his regard, in the shape of a sum of money, "the product of what he had employed for this purpose." On the 12th of the following May, Taylor accepted from my Lord Conway the lectureship of Lisburn, in the province of Ulster, whose stipend was so inconsiderable that it did not pay the charge of removing the minister and his family, and which, poor as it was, was wholly arbitrary, "for the triers may overthrow it, or the vicar may forbid it, or the subscribers may die, or grow weary, or poor, or be absent." At his residence at Portmore, about nine miles distant from Lisburn, Taylor passed many happy days; not wholly unmixed, however, with the bitter draught. He was again doomed to imprisonment. An infuriated Presbyterian informed against him as a dangerous man, for using the sign of the cross in baptism, and the Irish Privy Council issued a warrant to the Governor of Carrickfergus, commanding him forthwith to "cause the body of Dr. Jeremy Taylor to be sent up to Dublin under safe custody,"

that he might answer all charges on behalf of the Commonwealth. The warrant was dated August, 1659. In 1660 Charles the Second was upon the throne of England, and the famous *Ductor Dubitantium*, the labour of a life, welcomed the head of the church, and was inscribed to the Sovereign by one of his faithfullest and most deserving subjects. Admirably is it said by Mr. Wilmot that whilst the great work of Taylor appeared in the triumph, that of Milton saw the light in the overthrow of his party.

"The temper of the age was alike unfavourable to both. Sprat was to become the model of our prose, and Waller the critic of our poetry. Where could Taylor or Milton look for immediate sympathy and applause? Or was Bacon reading his essays on the Boulevards, or Raffaelle exhibiting the Transfiguration in Alsatia?"

Peaceful the rise, troubled the noon, but serene and glorious the decline of Taylor's brief day of life! The services and sufferings of the faithful minister and subject could not be forgotten even by the thoughtless and too neglectful Charles. One year after the Restoration finds one of the most loyal and deserving children of the kingdom raised to the dignity and office of a Bishop. On the 27th of January, 1661, Taylor was consecrated Bishop of Down and Connor, to which diocese was shortly afterwards added that of the adjacent, Dromore. He was already a member of the Irish Privy Council, and Vice-Chancellor of the University of Dublin. Six years of holiness and affectionate Christian care, and the scene is closed. A fever put an end to the Bishop's life on the 13th day of August, 1667, when

he had but reached the fifty-fifth year of his age. How the few years of prosperity had been passed by the man who had been nurtured in affliction may be gathered from the words of one who knew his worth and had beheld his charity. "But," exclaims the Dean of Connor in his funeral sermon, "the hungry that he fed, and the naked that he clothed, and the distress that he supplied, and the fatherless that he provided for; the poor children that he put to apprentice, and brought up at school, and maintained at the university, will ever sound a trumpet to that charity which he dispensed with his right hand, but would not suffer his left to have any knowledge of it."

The gentleman, the orator, the poet, and the Christian! Such are the titles of Bishop Taylor to the regard of posterity; consummate in every character, unapproachable in many of the qualities that go to form the instructor of the people, and the enunciator of the holy messages of Heaven. In the pulpit he captivated and enravished his listeners by the richness of a fancy which found food in all that nature could supply or erudition bring. In his works the acuteness of the schoolman, the depth of the philosopher, the piety of a saint, meet you at every turn. "He had devotion enough for a cloister," says Rust, "learning enough for an university, and wit enough for a college of virtuosi; and, had his parts and endowments been parcelled out amongst his poor clergy that he left behind him, it would perhaps have made one of the best dioceses in the world." But these, high claims though they be, are still not the highest which the enlightened Bishop of Dromore presents to our veneration and regard.

Learning may co-exist with bigotry; the most honey-tongued may be the most vindictive; Piety has before now been twin brother to Hate. Jeremy Taylor concludes his apology for Christian toleration with an eastern apologue. It is here. Reader, note it well!

"When Abraham sat at his tent door, according to his custom, waiting to entertain strangers, he espied an old man stooping and leaning on his staff, weary with age and travail, coming towards him, who was 100 years of age; he received him kindly, washed his feet, provided supper, caused him to sit down; but, observing that the old man eat and prayed not, nor begged for a blessing on his meat, he asked him why he did not worship the God of Heaven. The old man told him that he worshipped the fire only, and acknowledged no other God. At which answer Abraham grew so zealously angry, that he threw the old man out of his tent, and exposed him to all the evils of the night, and an unguarded condition. When the old man was gone, God called to Abraham, and asked him where the stranger was? He replied, 'I thrust him away, because he did not worship Thee.' God answered him, 'I have suffered him these 100 years, though he dishonoured me, and wouldest thou not endure him one night, when he gave thee no trouble?' Upon which, saith the story, Abraham fetched him back again, and gave him hospitable entertainment and wise instruction."

"Go then," adds Taylor, "and do likewise, and thy charity will be rewarded by the God of Abraham."

We have left ourselves scant space to speak of the remarkable ability with which the small volume

before us is prepared and written. Those who have read *The Lives of the English Sacred Poets*, by the Rev. Mr. Willmot, will be prepared for the beautiful diction and vigorous understanding that characterise the books proceeding from the same highly gifted author. "*Bishop Jeremy Taylor*" is not merely a biography. It presents us with a rapid history—too rapid and too brief—of the rise and progress of English prose composition, and forms, in one masterly and picturesque group, those who, like Taylor, helped to build up the religious edifice of the 17th century, and to constitute England a Christian nation worthy of the spiritual freedom which she enjoys to-day, and of which she never can be robbed whilst her ministers are faithful and the teachers pure. In a day of puerile and fantastic notions, of a debasing and unwholesome literature, we hail so fresh and manly a contribution as the present to our intellectual stores. The writer of *Jeremy Taylor, a Biography*, is capable of even higher flights than he has taken. He has condensed great knowledge and been sparing of his treasures. We shall be glad to see the masculine terseness of his style, the clearness of his arrangement, his happy illustration, and charming faculty of narration, bestowed upon a work of greater bulk than the one we have read with real pleasure and delight: of greater interest and value it can hardly be, since the life of Jeremy Taylor is the life of one of the best and purest of the species.

Feb. 1, 1847.

LORD CLARENDON AND HIS FRIENDS.

DURING the few years that intervened between the return of Charles the Second and the banishment of his great Chancellor it was the delight and constant occupation of the latter to collect under his splendid roof the portraits of the many famous men with whom he had come in contact during his agitated life, or who had taken part, at least, whether with him or against him, in the singular vicissitudes of that unhappy time. It has been hinted that the eager collector was more solicitous for the effigies than scrupulous as to the method of acquiring them. Indeed, one accusation is on record which openly charges Lord Clarendon with having received his pictures directly as bribes from the Puritans, who had themselves obtained many of the portraits by violent seizure during the civil wars, for promotion and advancement when Puritan principles were no longer in the ascendant. The accusation, it is true, rests solely upon the credibility of a man of whom Mr. Hallam asserts that "his splenetic humour makes him no good witness against any one;" but there is nothing, either in the temper of the times or in the character and fate of the noble collector himself, to render the suspicion wholly unworthy of belief. Another modern historian tells us that it is chiefly to the general profligacy of the times that Clarendon owes

his high reputation; but he by no means wishes us to conclude that the Chancellor himself altogether escapcd contamination. We know, even from his own utterance, that he did not, and it is certain that the bitter animosity created in the minds of the Royal party by the preference so frequently shown to Puritan applicants for place led as much as any other cause to the downfall which released Lord Clarendon from the temptations and responsibilities of office, and enabled him to devote his extraordinary powers to the literary works that have secured his renown.

Whether, however, Lord Clarendon obtained his paintings by honest payment or by dishonest patronage, two circumstances in connection with the gallery are worthy of remembrance. The accomplished Evelyn helped Lord Clarendon to the collection, and the immortal Pepys was fired by the example to make a collection of his own equally magnificent. Poor Pepys would inevitably have ruined his family but for the sagacious counsel of Evelyn, who recommended the little man to content his ambitious soul with a collection of engravings; and Lord Clarendon would, no doubt, have vastly improved his gallery had he continued long enough in power to avail himself of all the suggestions of the same competent adviser. On the 18th of March, 1667, Evelyn sent to Lord Clarendon a list of worthies whose portraits the collector would do well to add to his treasures. On the 30th of November in the same year the great earl himself was crawling to France unperceived by the men who were plotting his overthrow.

Lady Theresa Lewis, the sister of the present Earl

of Clarendon—the owner of at least a portion of the great collection — has undertaken the task of giving life to the canvas that adorns her brother's walls. The three volumes before us contain the memoirs of three men who were partakers with the great earl of the anxieties and varied fortunes of the civil wars, whose deeds formed the subject of his own vigorous and minute pen, and whose portraits were among the memorials he had gathered for his consolation when he vainly deemed his hour of conflict to have ended. There is a singular appropriateness in the selection made. Lord Hertford, Lord Capell, and Lord Falkland are representatives of an heroic class. In treating of the civil wars which tore this kingdom asunder and defiled the soil with native blood, it has been too much the custom to divide the combatants into two contending parties, the one allied to Royalty and despotism, the other sworn to maintain the just or unjust claims of the people against the divine rights of the Monarch and the priest. In modern times, especially, we have taken our cue from the novelist, and pictured Cavaliers and Roundheads in the forms bequeathed to us by the cunning and ever welcome pen of genius. Generation upon generation has preferred the volume of Shakspeare to the drier and less fascinating chronicle of the historian, and our children will as certainly have recourse to the free painting of Scott when they desire to judge of the character and events around which the magician has left his imperishable halo. It is perilous, however, to rely solely upon such seductive teaching. It is very certain that, between the two classes which represent to us the opposing parties in the civil war,

there rose up a third division, much more enlightened than either, though far less calculated to stamp its features on the agitated time, or to settle the lamentable conflict whose issue was to be found only in one of two extremes. The period of the war was one of great constitutional change. It formed a mighty epoch in the history of our people. Up to that time the country had been governed professedly by King and Council, actually by the Monarch alone. The people were now about to govern themselves. Charles I., with antiquated notions of prerogative, suddenly found himself face to face with a nation inoculated with the most advanced ideas of popular freedom. King and Parliament were both to blame in the struggle that ensued for preeminence, for both demanded as their inalienable right infinitely more than either had the slightest title to assume. The middle party that sprang up, intent only upon doing justice by both combatants, and spurning the unauthorised pretensions of either, were the true constitutionalists of the time, and might have steered the State vessel, without accident or mutiny, through the terrible sea in which it laboured for so many years, had the King been honest or the multitude free from the influence of ambitious counsel and malignant passion. Failing in their patriotic and noble endeavour, they became the victims rather than the heroes of the hour, and their humble efforts are still suffered to look pale at the side of the fiery but ferocious achievements of a Rupert or of the successful usurpation of a Cromwell.

We may surely search long and industriously through the histories of the world before we come to

a counterpart of that character which has rendered the name of Falkland immortal on the soil that gave him birth. Poet, philosopher, statesman, patriot, soldier—he seems to have combined in his own person all the noble qualities which distinguished every one of the contending parties of his day. He fell fighting at the age of thirty-four, but long before that miserable moment he had endeared himself to his country by the highest virtues that elevate humanity. He followed his King with a steadiness and fidelity that knew no flaw, but he followed as much to counsel and instruct as to battle for and protect. In the House of Commons he had never ceased to upbraid episcopal aggressions and Regal usurpations; and when forced at last to defend the monarch against the ambitious spirits that struggled, as he thought, to build their own eminence upon the ruins of the throne, and cared not by what means the personal object was acquired, he still reminded his master that his soul could neither be the slave of priestcraft nor the minister to an overweening and ridiculous sense of prerogative. From the outbreak of the civil war until he fell sword in hand, Falkland's heart was bent upon peace and upon restoring the King to the confidence of his Parliament. Had he thought less of peace he would have cared more for his own precious life, since it was always the manly fear of being suspected of wishing for a suspension of hostilities on his own account that led him to the very thick of danger. We have ever been of opinion that Mr. Macaulay does scant justice to the fame of this great man when he pronounces him "infinitely too fastidious for public life." There was no squeamishness or false delicacy in his composition.

He continued firm to the cause of civil and religious liberty while his voice might be heard in Parliament, and it was solely with the object of advancing that cause—the one that lay nearest his heart—that he placed himself at the side of a King unworthy of such companionship. No one will doubt for a moment that had Charles I. listened to the counsels of this wise Minister, he would not only have saved his own head but have stopped the general effusion of blood, and spared the nation the lasting disgrace and shame that attended the tumultuous reaction of the Restoration. Three courses were open to Lord Falkland when he followed the King to York. He might have continued in the House of Commons and abetted the gigantic aspiration of Cromwell; he might have joined the standard of Charles I. with the questionable devotion and in the furious temper of a Rupert; he might, lastly, have resolved upon the self-denying course of mediation—upon healing the wounds and softening the asperities of either party—upon using every exertion of his mind and body with King and Parliament for stopping the scandal which could bring honour to no party concerned in sustaining it. Upon the last-named course Falkland deliberately and nobly decided, and if his success did not correspond either with his expectations or deserts, the duplicity of his monarch whom he had served was alone to blame for the miscarriage, and painfully did that monarch pay for his double-dealing. Clarendon asserts that "if there were no other brand upon this odious civil war than the single loss of such a man, it must be most infamous and execrable to all posterity." Whitelock is fain to confess that

wherever the name of Falkland was heard or known there was honest lamentation for his violent and early death.

In truth, the gentleness, nobility, and delicacy of Falkland's mind constitute a study for the poet, the historian, and the artist. It is certain beyond the possibility of doubt that Falkland, in every step that he took, aimed at nothing but the tranquillity and welfare of his native land, and the strict performance of his duty. His sympathies were all with the Parliament—his spirit was created for liberty—his aspirations were for the advancement of his kind and for the freedom and instruction of the human soul. There was no personal attachment between the Monarch and himself. Yet he followed the King meekly when fidelity carried with it neither satisfaction nor reward, and strove for peace with the passionate enthusiasm of a child heart-broken by the quarrels of a discordant household. The consequences of a protracted civil war took a monstrous and appalling shape in his mind, and the vision haunted him night and day like a ghost. But his very eagerness to put an end to conflict shocked his susceptible spirit, and rendered him suspicious even of his own unspotted and unimpeachable motives. Hence it was, though he continually implored the King to be reconciled to his Parliament, and at times remonstrated with such bluntness against the proceedings of Charles that the Monarch "cared little to confer with him in private," that he was ever among the foremost in the fight, and always madly eager to prove how little personal considerations were involved in his absorbing passion for national unity and repose. At the battle of Edge Hill

Clarendon states that "Falkland forgot that he was Secretary of State, and desired to be where there would be probably most to do." And yet so chary was he of sacrificing any life but his own to the melancholy cause in which all were engaged, that it is added, "any man might think he came into the field chiefly out of curiosity to see the face of danger, and charity to prevent the shedding of blood." Shortly before the battle of Newbury, where he fell, he received a strong entreaty from Clarendon, for the sake of the King and his own friends, "not to engage his person to those dangers which were not incumbent to him;" but his only reply was a melancholy answer, which was scarcely given before he took his place, as usual, where the fight was hottest, and fell, sword in hand, a veritable martyr. He had not reached his prime when he died, but, writes his inconsolable friend, "he had so much despatched the true business of life, that the eldest rarely attain to that immense knowledge, and the youngest enter not into the world with more innocency. Whosoever leads such a life need be the less anxious upon how short warning it is taken from him."

Lord Capell was of sterner metal and more direct of purpose. In 1640 Mr. Capell was chosen one of the representatives for Hertfordshire, and was "the first member that stood up at this time to represent the grievances of his country." A week after the opening of Parliament he was member of a committee appointed to draw up the *Remonstrance on the State of the Kingdom*, and so long as he continued in the House of Commons he took as active a part as any in defending liberty and law against the unwarrantable

and suicidal pretensions of the Court. When raised to the Peerage he was introduced to the House of Lords by a nobleman identified with the popular party, and he still co-operated with those who had taken their stand against the aggressions of the King. A time came, however, when Lord Capell believed that the positions of King and Parliament were reversed; that offence came from below and not from above; and as resolutely as he had argued for public rights he defended the King's prerogatives, illegally assailed. His loyalty was as unimpeachable as his vindication of the law had been unequivocal. He followed the sad fortunes of the King with unflinching zeal; he gave of his substance with an open hand; he advised, he laboured, and he endured, but he was visited with no pangs of pity and remorse, such as afflicted the gentler soul of Falkland, for his self-devotion was as chivalrous and cheerful as his previous efforts in the cause of Parliament had been sincere and steadfast. Capell's defence of Colchester is among the marvels of that extraordinary time; the horrors of the siege among the most painful of its many shocking incidents. Capell's surrender, as all men know, was followed by his trial and speedy execution; and a braver death was never suffered. One solitary request he made before he ascended the scaffold. He prayed his chaplain, if "there were nothing of vanity or of vain ostentation in it," that he would give order that his heart should be taken out of his body and kept in a silver box until the son of the murdered King should come home, "as he doubted not he would," and then that it might be presented to him "with his

humble desire that when the King, his father, was interred it might be buried at his feet, in testimony of the zeal he had for his service, and the affection he had for his person while he lived." When Charles II. returned from his travels the faithful heart was duly presented to him; but the Stuarts had little respect for faithful hearts, whether throbbing or silent, and the loyal bequest was given back to Lord Capell's representatives. In 1703 it turned up in the charter-room of Hadham-hall, and the Earl of Essex of that time desired that it might be deposited in the family vault at Little Hadham. Lest some one more eager than Charles II. might be disposed to steal the heart for the sake of the silver casket, an iron box was substituted, and the piece of silver sold for the benefit of the poor. The iron box is still in the vault. It is said that a learned doctor of physic, being present at the opening of Lord Capell's body, after his execution, "delivered it at a public lecture that the Lord Capell's was the *least heart* he had ever beheld." The learned doctor had not seen the heart of the King for whom the brave Capell suffered, and he died before the martyr's son.

Lord Hertford owed to the House of Stuart still less than Falkland and Capell; but his fidelity and devotion were as perfect as those of either. His grandfather had married Lady Catharine Grey, the cousin of Queen Elizabeth, without that Sovereign's consent, and for his temerity suffered years of imprisonment, from which he was released only after the miserable death of his forcibly divorced wife. The grandson, not alarmed by the example, contracted a secret marriage with Arabella Stuart, the cousin

of James the First, and the persecution of the half savage King far surpassed in its cold-blooded cruelty the previous malignant oppression of the virgin Queen. The unhappy tale of Arabella Stuart need not be repeated here. It is sufficient for our purpose to state that, so long as the incarcerated victim lived, Lord Hertford was a banished man, and after her death continued under the marked displeasure of King James and King Charles, from both of whom, according to Lord Clarendon, "he received many and continued disobligations," every possible care being taken "to discountenance and lessen his interest." It is not to be wondered that, when in the fiftieth year of his age, Lord Hertford quitted his retirement to take part in public affairs, he should side at once with the men who had combined to restrain the tyranny of the Crown; but it is worthy of note that his high soul shrunk from revenging personal affronts, and from the first resolved to abet no attempt against the King's established and prescriptive rights. When he was appointed Governor to the Prince of Wales, it was a joy to the whole kingdom, but he fulfilled his office as one scorning to avail himself of popular favour in order to carry out the nation's wishes in opposition to a father's natural claims. He protected Strafford, whom he was known not to love, and he remonstrated fearlessly with his master, for whom at any time he would cheerfully have laid down his life. Lord Hertford followed the King to York, and in his fifty-fourth year raised cavalry for the Royal service. He was soon appointed Lieutenant-General of all the western parts of the kingdom; but too

quickly was superseded in his command by Prince Maurice the King's nephew, and one of the two great curses that afflicted the cause of King Charles from the first hour of his rupture with the British Parliament. To say that King Charles was unworthy of the heroic devotion of his brave adherents, is to repeat a truism; but to know that the mad endeavour was made to coerce the people of England, burning under a sense of injury and wrong, into obedience and duty by the swords of foreign Princes, whose greed of slaughter was equalled only by their indifference to the cause for which they took up arms, is to be conscious of a fault than which none greater is to be met with in the universal history of kings. Englishmen, commanding for their sovereign, might still have fought mercifully enough, to prove to the people their paramount desire for peace. The foreign hirelings knew no higher duty than to burn and slay; and Charles in his wisdom preferred the slayers to the pacificators, and insisted upon self-destruction the wider the door opened for honourable escape.

Lord Hertford, recalled from his command in order to make room for the King's nephew, retired from military service, but still kept near the person of the King to render such other service as his means afforded. The time was rapidly advancing when fidelity could do nothing and duty must be dumb. The Parliament was at the mercy of the army—the army at the bidding of one man. The mock trial and the dreadful expiation over, Lord Hertford proffered to the dead the respect which had been forbidden during the last hours of the living. A

more affecting or instructive scene than that in which Lord Hertford performed his final act of loyal service is not to be found. After the execution of Charles leave was given to Lord Hertford and three others to attend the funeral of their master; but they were not permitted to accompany the corpse out of town —for it must be privately conveyed to Windsor— and Church prayers at the grave were strictly forbidden. In silence and in secresy the body was deposited in its tomb. No words were uttered, no unmeaning and hollow Court ceremonial was performed, and nothing but the tears of the few true-hearted mourners consecrated the earth which was thrown over the coffin and the black pall that constituted the sole funeral decoration. Singular that the King, who suffered so much in life, and quitted it more ignominiously than any other British monarch, should have been privileged so far beyond his fellows as to receive the unbought homage of true affection at his tomb— to have his grave moistened with real human sorrow, and gently covered over by the hand of actual human love!

After the death of Charles, and during the exile of his son, Lord Hertford contributed liberally to the necessities of the latter, and steadily resisted every attempt made by Cromwell to wean him from his allegiance. When Charles the Second landed at Dover the old lord hastened to meet him at Canterbury, and he who had been persecuted by James and ungenerously treated by the first Charles, was among the first to pay homage to their descendant, whose disgraceful reign, happily for him, he did not live to witness. Before his death, Lord

Hertford was created Duke of Somerset—a title of which his family had been unfairly deprived in the time of Edward VI., but he did not long enjoy it. On the 24th of October, 1660, in his seventy-third year, the Duke breathed his last, and transmitted his dignities and his fortune to a child—his grandson.

The histories of the three great men whose characters we have briefly given—members of "that band of enlightened reformers who earliest expressed their sentiments on the overgrown power of the Crown, and were among the last to uphold its dignity and just prerogative" are told with simplicity and truthfulness by Lady Theresa Lewis, who states the case between the Parliament and the Crown both fairly and intelligently. Lives more instructive cannot be perused; for deep interest they are not to be surpassed, inasmuch as they contain matter that will never cease to have freshness and flavour for the English reader, and for all who would learn how constitutional liberty has been won in England, and how a practical people work their certain way to the full enjoyment of their rights. It is to be hoped that the success of the present adventure will be sufficient to induce the authoress to pay another visit to Grove-park, and to remove from a few more of the pictures the dust which time has left upon them.

July 23, 1852.

JOHN STERLING.

WEAK minds will be sorely distressed by the last production of the redoubtable Thomas Carlyle. That angry gentleman is more indignant than ever. His wrath has got to its height. There are but two things for it. We must either scramble out of his way as fast as we can, or submit to be belaboured within an inch of our lives. Every page is a knock on the head or a thrust in the eye. Nobody escapes! Like the congregation to whom Mawworm preaches his last sermon before retiring from the stage, we are "all going to the devil," and, like Mawworm himself, Mr. Thomas Carlyle derives infinite "consolation" from that melancholy and startling fact. Such is the gist of his *Life of Sterling*.

We doubt whether the life would have been written at all but for the matchless opportunity it affords for the pugilistic efforts of the author. Thomas Carlyle, it is true, puts on the gloves with the ostensible and single purpose of covering the fair fame of a friend; but his foot once in the ring, his arm once fairly raised, and he thinks of nothing but punishing the foe. And what a foe! We may doubt the prudence of the undertaking, but who shall question the valour of the man who, single-handed, takes upon himself to thrash the whole world?

A memoir of John Sterling has already been written.

The reading public, which did not call for that, hardly required another almost upon its heels. Mr. Carlyle himself feels the force of the remark, for he apologises at starting for his apparent intrusion. The author of the first biography, he alleges, being a clergyman, could not allow himself that broad and comprehensive view of his subject which it behoved him to take. It was essential for him, above all things, to vindicate the Christian profession, and such first duty was altogether incompatible with that other duty of faithfully delineating the character of Sterling. Thomas Carlyle is vassal to no power but his own liberal and indulgent mind. He is free to speak of his hero as of a man, not as of "a pale, sickly shadow in torn surplice, weltering bewildered amid heaps of what you call Hebrew old clothes;" and on the first page of his book he announces his laudable intention of proving what his departed friend John Sterling was *not*, and of further showing clearly and truly for our edification and example—for "a true delineation of the smallest man and his scene of pilgrimage through life is capable of interesting the greatest man"—all that in life he actually was. How far Mr. Carlyle has fulfilled his promise and satisfied raised expectation we shall not fail to inform the reader before we close. For the moment our business is less with the biography than with the biographer; with him on whose account, indeed, a volume will be eagerly read which otherwise could never have attracted a moment's attention.

The great object of the author of the *Latter Day Pamphlets* in this his last work seems to be—as far as we can gather it—to prove the utter impossibility of an honest man's making way in life, and the abso-

lute rottenness of all existing things. The world, according to Mr. Carlyle, has never been so bad as it is. It is "overhung with falsities and foul cobwebs as world never was before; overloaded, overclouded, to the zenith and nadir of it, by incredible, uncredited traditions, solemnly sordid hypocrisies, and beggarly deliriums old and new;" it is an "untrue, unblessed world;" "a world all rocking and plunging, like that old Roman one when the measure of its iniquities was full;" as "mad a world as you could wish;" "a world of rotten straw; thrashed all into powder, filling the universe and blotting out the stars and worlds." The professions of the world—the means whereby industrious men gain their daily bread—are just as corrupt. They are "built largely on speciosity instead of performance; so clogged, in this bad epoch, and defaced under such suspicions of fatal imposture, that they are hateful, not lovable to the young radical soul, scornful of gross profit, and intent on ideals and human nobleness." Of the three learned professions there is not one which does not "require you at the threshold to constitute yourself an impostor;" and of all the professions that is by far the most detestable and hopeless which finds a temporal home for "those legions of 'black dragoons,' of all varieties and purposes, who patrol with horse-meat and man's-meat this afflicted earth, so hugely to the detriment of it."

Before we venture to call in question the justice of so sweeping and fearful a condemnation, we may be pardoned for inquiring of this shameless exposer of our enumerated wounds and sores whether he has any remedy himself for the recovery of the putrescent

body politic. Mr. Carlyle is not a lunatic. He tells us loudly and often enough that the world itself is "mad;" but he is surely more sane than to make unmeaning grimaces at the contortions of disease, and to gibe at the ailings of infirm humanity. The world may be hopelessly gone in wretchedness and vice, the "professions" may be lying impostures, the teachers of religion may be locusts on the land; but since the world is doing its best; since many professional men flatter themselves into the conviction that they are honestly, creditably, and usefully pursuing their callings: since ministers of every creed do visit the abodes of their fellow-creatures with the humble hope and desire of not being detrimental to human happiness on earth, it is not enough for Mr. Carlyle—and most assuredly it shall not be allowed him—to stand afar off, mouthing at the workers from the convenient sanctuary of his well-warmed study, helping no man with his advice, irritating all men by his scoffs, and hindering practical and serviceable labour—as the world goes—by the intrusion of violent and all but unintelligible gibberish.

There is throughout this book no cessation of abuse; but we have searched through it in vain, though most carefully and anxiously, for a single line of wholesome counsel. Mr. Carlyle keeps a school in which scolding goes on from morning till night, but certainly no teaching. If his boys move, they are lashed; if they sit still, they are lashed. They can do nothing right; and, what is worse, they shall never have an inkling of what their cruelly exacting pedagogue thinks right or necessary to be done. To instruct is no part of his office; instruction is the

gift of Heaven—the rod the whole and sole duty of the master. At one page—and at one only—we fondly hoped that we had escaped from the noise of this indiscriminate flagellation to receive a crumb or two of comfort in the shape of rational advice that might put us at least on the road to amendment. Vain expectation! Mr. Carlyle can only tell us to do what he himself so ineffectually attempts. If we would reform ourselves, and, afterwards, our equally darkened fellow creatures, we must forthwith enlist into a "fighting regiment," or, "failing this," undertake "the solitary battle, such as each man for himself can wage while he has life." Battle again! Nothing but fighting suits Mr. Carlyle or lies within his scope to recommend. But, if we are to fight, let us at least know against whom and what for. This "solitary battle" Thomas Carlyle is pleased to call "an indubitable and infinitely comfortable fact for every man." So it may be when every man shall ascertain the name of his adversary and the spoils that are to be won. But these last "comfortable facts" are jealously and unpardonably withheld. If the pupil fights, he must fight like his master—in the dark, and beating the air; or more terrible than that, fight like the only men in the world for whom Mr. Carlyle's heart seems to beat with congenial sympathy—like the anarchists of Europe, who destroy everything within their reach, by way of putting everything in order.

But we altogether deny the wild and incoherent yet very grave accusations which Mr. Carlyle brings against society—accusations which he finds much easier to make than to justify. The age in which we live is *not* the very worst since the fall of man. Would Mr.

Carlyle, who asserts that it is, willingly exchange it for any age that has preceded it? Would he deliberately go back? He has taken great pains to exhibit the rottenness of our present state, but does he believe in his heart that, if he had given himself half the trouble to detect some of its virtues, he would not in that detection have been rewarded for his industry? In heaven's name, let us do justice in this serious matter. It will answer no profitable purpose to stalk into the market-place, and to point the finger at every busy man that passes you, declaring him an impostor, a madman, and a fool. He knows that he is not. He is conscious of good desires, of daily service rendered to man and God, of obligations undertaken, of duties adequately performed. It is true enough that we are stumblers in the world—that we have but dim perceptions of the goal towards which we are journeying—that the current of our daily thoughts, actions, and impulses is still brackish with the taint of our original decline—that we are in the midst of suffering that has to be alleviated, of neglect that has to be remedied, of sin that has to be purged away. But when has it ever been otherwise? The worst that can be alleged is that we are answerable for evils for which those who went before us were responsible in a still larger degree. It is not too much to assert that the spirit of humanity was never before so actively engaged in England, or more thoroughly alive to its work. Look around you, Mr. Thomas Carlyle! Are the high born as indifferent to the condition of the lowly as they may have been a hundred years ago? Is there no movement abroad indicating a healthy resolution, if with inadequate or not yet discovered

means, to improve the physical, moral, social, and spiritual position of all who need amelioration in the land? Can you tell us of sorrow, anguish, or pain, which once detected is allowed for a single hour to linger unrelieved? Is charity in all things less abundant than it has been in times towards which your sickly fancy yearns, when men suffered in the body for freedom of thought, and when independence of soul brought with it social degradation? We are conscious enough of imperfection, but being satisfied also of the existence on every side of actual good—of the presence of productive activity—of the evidences of marvellous progress—of the increase of genuine goodwill, we ask any rational and well-governed mind whether this of all eras of the world is the one which an Englishman is called upon to select for his unmitigated condemnation, his wholesale abuse, and his bitterest invective?

But "the professions," one and all, are "impostures." There is no exception. They "all require you at the threshold to constitute yourself an impostor," to that extent, indeed, that no honest man can enter them with safety. Is this rhodomontade, or spoken in sober earnest? An impostor is one who cheats by a fictitious character. Do the physicians and surgeons who charitably visit the hospitals of this metropolis impose in this wise upon the objects of their solicitude and care? When Thomas Carlyle is weary with croaking he may find it worth his while to ask the question at St. George's for himself. Does the Christian minister, be he of the Church of England, or be he not, take needful food to the cottage hearth and attend the dying bed of the

humblest Christian man, ministering consolation in life's extremest hour, with no object but to cheat? If Mr. Carlyle does not mean what he says, for our instruction let him at least say what he does mean. His views respecting the professions are certainly obscure to himself. In one page he tells us that this world was no world for John Sterling to be busy in, because its occupations are adapted only to those who "*want to make sudden fortunes,* and achieve the temporary hallelujah of flunkeys;" yet, in the very next breath, he adds, that "the desultory ways" of the youth utterly unfitted him for the ordinary callings of life, which "*require slow, steady-pulling diligence,* indispensable in all important pursuits and strenuous human competitions whatsoever." We need not dwell upon these contradictions, or stay to prove that a profession, be it what it may, which demands at the outset, "slow, steady-pulling diligence" in order to achieve success—that is to say, some self-denial, patience, and virtuous doing on the part of the professor, can hardly be the flagrant imposition which Mr. Carlyle so energetically tries to prove it.

But of all professions that of a minister of Christianity is by far the most barefacedly hypocritical and degraded. Mr. Carlyle makes no exceptions. He affects dissenters no better than churchmen. They are swindlers in gangs. In the aggregate they constitute an army of "black dragoons, of all varieties and purposes, patrolling with horse-meat and man's-meat this afflicted earth, so hugely to the detriment of it." It is not always easy, as our readers may have discovered, to have the full benefit

of Mr. Carlyle's thoughts, so strangely are they garbed in that gentleman's most peculiar diction; but his great ground of complaint here indicated against the "black dragoons" would seem to be that they receive "man's-meat" or a solid return for their labours. Ministers do their work, and are paid for it. There is no denying the position. Most inadequately are some remunerated for work as hard as that of breaking stones, and most extravagantly are others rewarded for doing nothing at all. The anomaly is a scandal, and redistribution of pious funds is loudly called for. The world, bad as it is, will be grateful to Mr. Carlyle if he will put his shoulder to the wheel and help it to repair a crying evil. But putting a shoulder or even a finger to the wheel is just what this writer will not do. It suits him better to make mouths at a machine temporarily imbedded in the mud, and to swear that it is dropping to pieces every time it bravely struggles to get out of the rut. Is it, after all, so disgraceful a matter to swallow "man's-meat" with a heavy day's work done, though it be merely the work of carrying consolation to an afflicted soul? Does Mr. Carlyle himself refuse such meat? Railing against everybody and everything may possibly indicate a deeper sense of true religion than weekly prayers and daily parish ministrations, but the railer at all events looks as sharply as any for a substantial return for his disagreeable services. As far as we can learn, infidels do not part with their wares for nothing any more than true believers. Till they do, let Mr. Carlyle get as much of "man's-meat" as a judicious public will afford him, and not grumble

that other men have stomachs and appetites to attend to as well as himself.

We must further protest against the unseemly assaults which Mr. Carlyle makes, not upon professors of religion, but upon religion itself. It is competent to this gentleman to prove Christianity the most palpable "sham" and "cobweb" that ever superstition and hypocrisy invented; but it is most unbecoming in any man to assert and reiterate so terrible a fact without attempting *any* proof. "What the light of your mind," he tells us in one page, "which is the direct inspiration of the Almighty, pronounces incredible, that, in God's name, leave uncredited; at your peril do not try believing that." And lest the light of our own minds should fail of sufficient illumination, he further on informs us that "the old spiritual highways and recognised paths to the Eternal are now all torn up and flung in heaps, *submerged in unutterable boiling mud oceans of Hypocrisy and Unbelievability, of brutal living Atheism and damnable dead putrescent Cant;* darkness, and the mere shadow of death, enveloping all things from pole to pole; and in the raging gulf currents offering us will-o'-the-wisps for load-stars—intimating that there are no stars, nor ever were, *except certain old-Jew ones which have now gone out.*" More to the same effect is scattered throughout the volume. There is nothing veracious that remains of religion, according to this denouncing apostle; but in what manner existing churches are "weltering" in falsehood Thomas Carlyle has no mission to say. The fact is there; to be made the best of by the weak, the timid, the unreflecting, the sceptical, and

the vicious. It is enough for this man to pull down. Let others, if they will, build up. "*There is no fixed highway more,*" he tauntingly exclaims in one place, rejoicing that it is not for him to say in which direction to seek it. "Religion," he broadly avers in another, "is not a doubt," though his one unvarying object is to make it nothing but doubt—the most dismal, distressing, and hopelessly perplexing.

One human model is for an instant set up for our veneration and regard. Coleridge is presented to us in glowing colours, sitting "on the brow of Highgate-hill, looking down on London and its smoke tumult, like a sage escaped from the inanity of life's battle." This is a "good man;" the only "good" man of whom especial mention is made in the volume; a pattern man offered to us for imitation in the midst of "cobwebs and worn-out symbolisms," by Thomas Carlyle. Now, mark! we are all going wrong, and, though doing our best in the state of life to which it has pleased God to call us, struggling for ourselves, helping and encouraging one another, yet weltering in beggarly deliriums; but Coleridge, coolly leaving Robert Southey to take care of his children, retires to a snug retreat opened for him by his friends at Highgate—a refuge which he had not the chivalry and manly courage to decline; and he, in that very epoch of his life, assumes in Carlyle's eye the form of perfect human grandeur. Shall we follow Coleridge's ignoble example, then? Is this the solution of the whole question? We must discuss the point as men, and not as children or dreamers. If we imitate this model man, shall we then, we ask, be upon the right tack, and out of

the "cobwebs," and restored from "our deliriums?" We must needs answer in the affirmative, for of no other personage do we get an inkling who, according to Thomas Carlyle, fairly encountered and overcame the "idols and popular dignitaries"—whatever they may have been—of his day.

But it is only when Coleridge is sitting on Highgate-hill as "a sage" that his patron will smile even upon *him*. The moment the philosopher creeps to his chamber and there humbly falls on his knees as a Christian, he is scornfully left to his own devices. The fact is most instructive. It is sufficient to confess dependence upon Almighty God according to any established or recognised formula to be immediately sneered at, pitied, and rudely attacked by Mr. Carlyle. Poor Coleridge, in spite of all his metaphysical entanglements, took shelter in his latter days from his many bodily and mental troubles under cover of those simple truths which give peace to the tempest-tossed, hope to the despairing, resignation to the sorely-afflicted; and, for this obvious outrage to philosophy, Carlyle deserts him. He would have had Coleridge daring to infidelity, and because "the sage" stopped short of the violence he brands him as a coward. This is the very worst feature of the whole book. Even Sterling, held up as he is as the fairest specimen of ingenuous man with whom it was the biographer's good fortune ever to come in contact, finds nothing but pity from that biographer as often as he dares to look for mercy and support from his Maker. When in the midst of sorrow, misfortune, and ill-health the young man, in stark helplessness, appeals to Heaven for aid that no

man gives himself—for light which no human soul has ever yet kindled for itself—then is he at once seeking "bottled moonshine," following "illusions till they burst," and inquiring of fate "without lamp or authentic finger-post." We doubt not the cleverness of Mr. Carlyle, we admit his acuteness, but men great, clever, and acute have lived before Carlyle, and to them the Christian religion has been no "sham," for they had no occasion for "shams"—to them benevolence based on piety has been no "cobweb" —to them duty to one's neighbour, flowing from recognised duty to God, has been no "moonshine;" and that which the illustrious of every age have been content to accept in meekness of soul as truth from the skies cannot be flung away in a moment as lies from the depths, because it suits the humour of Mr. Carlyle to mock every faith but his own, and to render his own wholly unintelligible even to his disciples.

It is unnecessary to dwell upon more than the main features of the life of John Sterling. Neither the career of that amiable man nor his productions present matter of public interest or justify the importance which two memoirs have given to his name. Archdeacon Hare fulfilled the duty of a friend in collecting Sterling's scattered literary papers after his decease, and laboured to show, that although at one period of his life John Sterling had been vexed with religious doubts, he died a Christian believer and a member of the church. Mr. Carlyle, who cannot allow that Sterling did anything so foolish, writes a volume to prove the conclusions of the Archdeacon unsound and false. Whatever the true

state of the case may be, we are bound to say that Carlyle's evidence is wholly against his assertions. He may have kept back documents sufficient to establish his theory, but those he has produced are triumphantly in favour of the Archdeacon.

John Sterling must have been a man of genius, as he certainly was of the greatest promise. His friends remember him as a marvellous talker, and his gentle disposition endeared him to all who knew him. The writings which he published in his lifetime, and those which have been given to the world since, indicate rather what the author might have done with good health and a settled purpose, than the finished compositions of a writer in full vigour of understanding, enjoying tranquillity of mind and body. Sterling possessed neither. He was delicate from his boyhood, and for many years of his life, as Mr. Carlyle beautifully describes it—for nothing, we are bound to say, can surpass the exquisite manner of the narrative portion of this book—wholly occupied in eluding the resolute pursuit of disease and death. Repose of spirit was unknown to the man whose "continual fault," according to his indulgent biographer, was "over-haste," and "want of the due strength." The short career of Sterling is in perfect accordance with his physical and intellectual constitution. He is never at rest; he is always seeking a haven on earth for body and soul, but never finds it. No soil or climate saves him from the gripe of his deadly pursuer; no occupation in which his fellow-men find their reward can, for any reasonable time, secure his steady and loyal devotion. His intellect is very clear, but he discerns nothing fixedly or usefully; his

purpose at all times is of the noblest and the purest; his accomplishment at no time satisfactory.

Thomas Carlyle's theory, built upon his observation of his friend's life, is very characteristic. At an early period Sterling was a thorough Radical, and took active part with the Spanish Revolutionists. The chief of these revolutionists, a dear and personal friend of Stirling's, was taken in arms and shot, and the instant effect of this catastrophe, according to Carlyle, was to burn up Radicalism in Sterling's bosom, and to compel him to look elsewhere for his vocation. "Old Radicalism and mutinous audacious ethnicism having thus fallen to wreck, and a mere black world of misery and remorse now disclosing itself, whatsoever of natural piety to God and man, whatsoever of pity and reverence, of awe and devout hope was in Sterling's heart, now awoke into new activity." The effect of this awakening was to send John Sterling into the church. He took orders, became curate of Hurstmonceux, in Sussex, and, at the end of eight months—much to Mr. Carlyle's satisfaction—threw up that duty. "Concerning this attempt of Sterling," writes the biographer, "to find sanctuary in the old church, and desperately grasp the hem of her garment in such a manner, there will at present be many opinions; and mine must be recorded here in flat reproval of it, as a rash, false, unwise, and unpermitted step." Sterling resigned the curacy on the score of ill-health; but Mr. Carlyle hints, not very darkly, at more potent reasons for defection. We have already stated that Mr. Carlyle fails to give us any valid reason for trusting to his inuendoes. In 1834 Sterling quitted

Hurstmonceux. In 1839, writing to his son, he tells him that if he tries to be better for all he reads, as well as wiser, he will "find books a great help towards goodness as well as knowledge; and, above all other books, the Bible, which tells us of the will of God, and of the love of Jesus Christ towards God and man." In 1843, addressing his mother, then on her death-bed, Sterling reminds her that it was from her he first learnt "to believe," and affectionately suggests the sources of consolation to which, when he was a child, she had piously bid him look. "If I am taken from you," he said to his six children that very same year, upon the sad night of his wife's funeral, and when he himself was tottering at the grave's brink, "God will take care of you." Later still, in 1844, three months before his death, "he read a good deal—earnest books; the Bible, most earnest of books, his chief favourite." Infidelity may have been here, but we cannot detect it.

Having sounded Radicalism and found it hollow —having taken counsel of the church, and received stones for bread—Sterling finally discovered a resting-place for his feet, but, unhappily, when it was too late. His mission blazed before him—the true aim and end of life—the great secret hidden from his fellows —were all revealed to him when he could but dimly gaze upon the revelation, sigh and depart. So saith Thomas Carlyle. "Not till after trying all manner of sublimely illuminated places, and finding that the basis of them was putridity, artificial gas, and quaking bog, did he, when his strength was all done, discover his true sacred hill, and passionately

climb thither while life was fast ebbing!" Reader, we see you straining your neck to get sight of this hill, and we hear your heart beating with joy at the thought of deliverance! Stay your eagerness and waste not those pulsations. Thomas Carlyle shows you no hill. He promised you, indeed, much instruction, but he leaves you with none. Whatever, wherever that hill may be, between you and it all is darkness. You must jog on in the plains as before, for any aid this book will afford you. But take courage, nevertheless. Heaven and good fortune have never deserted the workers yet!

Nov. 1, 1851.

AMERICANS IN ENGLAND.

ARE we really an incomprehensible and indescribable people? Is John Bull so restless or so sulky a brute that he will *not* sit still whenever the foreigner volunteers to draw his respectable and highly characteristic portrait? Is the animal so thoroughly dense that it is impossible to penetrate deeper than his skin? Nothing is more puzzling than that the Englishman should continue a puzzle to any who have time to look the individual for five minutes in the face. Every feature is marked, every expression is decided; the man makes no attempt at concealment; his ideas are not very complex and his language is much to the purpose. His habits are prosaic to a fault; his vices as strongly defined and coarse as his virtues are palpable and sterling. One would really think that, with such a subject before him, no painter could go very far wrong. The truth is, however, that an artist, bringing his canvas and his tools across the Channel or the sea to our shores, seldom goes right. How has M. Ledru Rollin within this month or two described the manners and customs of the people whom he professes to have sounded to their heart's core? How, to this hour, is the Englishman represented on the Parisian stage, or in M. Dumas' entertaining romances? Thirty years' peace and

constant intercourse with Britain have enabled French dramatists to portray Sir Wilson, Lord Mayor of London, selling his wife for half-a-crown in Smithfield to Lord Jenkins, who, dressed as a jockey —his daily suit—celebrates his purchase with a "Goddam" and a carouse in an adjacent public-house. Twenty years' further experience will enable French novelists to describe minutely the great events of the civil war, and to show how, whilst Cromwell and Charles II. were struggling for supremacy, Shakspeare and Milton were contending for public favour, and Edmund Kean was outstripping all by the fascinations of his person and the enchantments of his art. Ungarnished England has evidently too insipid a flavour for our continental friends. To please their intellectual palates we must be served up like their own highly-seasoned dishes. That the *sauce piquant* bears an undue proportion to the meat is indisputable; but it is equally certain that but for the sauce we should not be swallowed at all.

Do Americans understand us a whit better than the French? We doubt it. If they do, it is a pity that their knowledge is studiously concealed as often as they attempt to describe us. With the exception of Washington Irving, what American writer has drawn a true picture of our country, or imparted to his fellow-citizens just notions of any one portion of English society? They who have lived longest amongst us, and affect to know us best, differ only from the flying tourist who knows us not at all, in the admirable circumstantiality of their perversions and the protracted display of their ignorance. Two books before us are models of true American criticism

of English life and manners. Both are written by gentlemen who have passed a considerable time in England, who pretend to have their subject at their fingers' ends, and who make frequent boast of their intimacy with the aristocratic circles in which Republicans delight to find their recreation. Both profess veracity, for whilst Mr. Willis announces his pictures as "drawn under a thin veil of fiction," he begs to assure us in his preface that "there is more or less of truth in all the stories he has written," and that he forbears to supply actual names only because he has suffered on previous occasions by a superabundant exhibition of his native ingenuousness; and both, no doubt, command the diligent attention of the Transatlantic public for whose especial instruction they are written.

Mr. Colman arrived in England as far back as the year 1843 in the capacity of a practical agriculturist. His object was to make himself thoroughly acquainted with English farming; and, in order to render his studies easy, he came armed with introductions to all the great dukes, earls, and barons famous in England for their agricultural achievements. During his stay of three years and upwards Mr. Colman wrote frequently to friends at home; and when he himself returned to Salem, Massachusetts, in 1849, he contrived to collect his numerous epistles, that he might make the general public familiar with the secrets hitherto confided exclusively to the bosoms of his private correspondents. A more unnecessary step Mr. Colman could not have taken. We can honestly declare that never before were 750 pages doomed to bear so large a quantity of nothing at all.

There is absolutely no more reason for the publication of these letters than for the communication of the private correspondence of a London tailor with his customers. We could have spared professional disquisitions, which indeed are never offered, but from an intelligent traveller with extraordinary means of observation at his command we might reasonably expect, in the course of two bulky volumes, a gleam here and there of shrewd remark and philosophical acumen. Throughout the dreary waste there is hardly one green spot. Leaving England at the end of 1846, Mr. Colman travelled through France into Italy, and found himself on his backward journey again in Paris at the beginning of 1848. Letters are despatched to Massachusetts from France and Italy as from England. In 1844 this American beheld the passionate and terrible excitement of our railway madness; in 1845 he was eye-witness of the Anti-Corn Law agitation, and of the indomitable progress of the League; in 1846 he saw the great battle fought in the House of Commons, and heard the eloquent voices that now justified, and now as vehemently opposed, the free trade policy of the Tory chief. In 1847 he set foot in Italy, and came in presence of seething anarchy waiting only for a spark to convert it into flaming fire. In 1848 he saw the universal conflagration. What a period for contemplation and instruction. What an opportunity for a New-World traveller with intellect enough to comprehend the singular phenomena, and skill to impart the living lessons to his distant and less-favoured brethren! Some men would have given half their lives for

the advantages utterly disregarded by the most inveterate twaddler ever produced on either side of the Atlantic. Amsterdam is struck off in two pages; Switzerland in one; Milan has a page and a half; Florence and Rome as much; and Naples has no notice whatever. For one line having reference to "European life and manners," there are a hundred devoted to lugubrious discourses intended for moral sermons, and as specimens of the author's superior style of composition. The necessity for letter-writing seems to weigh like lead upon poor Mr. Colman's spirit; yet why he writes at all must remain for ever a mystery to his readers. "It is not possible, in a hurried letter," he says, on one occasion, "for out of a hurry I now despair of ever escaping, to give you anything like an account of my residence in England;" and thereupon the gentleman writes a long homily upon animal nature, moral nature, idolatry, and domestic felicity. At another time he finds himself making purchases in a shop in Regent-street. He calls for pen, ink, and paper. "I have," writes this unnecessarily-agitated man to his dear A., "a few spare moments in a shop in Regent-street, and those shall be given to you." Surely there must be something to communicate in a letter thus singularly commenced. The gist of the momentous epistle is, that Mr. Colman has been "at the Opera four times this winter, by invitation, for he has no guineas to throw away, and last went with Lady Molesworth, whose daughter holds a very high place in his regard, for her agreeable manners and her bright mind." We strongly suspect that the letters to

Mr. Colman's friends were written quietly in Massachusetts for his book, and that his book is anything but the honest and legitimate consequence of his letter-writing.

Whenever our American traveller does condescend to reveal a fact it is ten to one that the fact is no fact at all. The druggists' shops of London according to this accurate observer, "are open all night." Kensal-green Cemetery is "seven miles from London," and the Court dress in which gentlemen are presented at Queen Victoria's levees "is the same that was worn in the days of Queen Elizabeth." English ladies "never wear a pair of white satin shoes or gloves more than once, and if they find, on going into society, another person of inferior rank wearing the same dress as themselves, the dress, upon being taken off, is at once thrown aside, and the lady's maid perfectly understands the perquisite." The servants of the aristocracy are generally a very sensitive and sentimental class. There are servants in all the great houses to attend upon the guests, "one of whom is sure to attach himself to you, rendering the most constant service." The anecdotes have all the exactness of the original remarks. "The other day, when the Queen was *embarking at Brighton,*" writes the careful Mr. Colman again to his dear A., "the usual carpet was not laid *upon the wharf,* and *the mayor and aldermen pulled off their scarlet robes of office,* and laid them down for the royal lady to walk upon. The caricaturists now have them drawn up in full array with asses' ears." In London we are told "Nobody knows nobody, nor anybody. *There are never any salutations in the*

street, unless here and there a couple of washer-women, old cronies, happen to meet to drink a glass of gin together." In the smallest, as well as in the greatest matters, Mr. Colman is invariably at fault. The boys of Christ's Hospital are dressed in "a long blue single-breasted coat reaching down to their feet, *yellow buckskin breeches,* yellow woollen stockings, and shoes with buckles." So strong is the passion for flowers in London, "that you see persons *of all conditions* sticking flowers in their button-holes, or *wearing them in their hats,* or carrying them in their hands." Any man in London "who goes abroad to make a call on business or pleasure must calculate generally to lose a day and spend a sovereign." The following account of a journey from London to Croydon will surprise our readers quite as much as the foregoing announcement:—"On Wednesday last I went to Croydon to see a farm cultivated in a peculiar manner, about which much has been said and written. I was amused when I got home, late in the evening, in recalling the different conveyances by which I had accomplished my journey. I went four miles in a steamboat, five miles in an omnibus, *twenty-two miles by railroad,* and *I walked fourteen miles,* besides walking over the farm." Of the medical profession Mr. Colman gives a very distinct and accurate account. "The medical profession in London," he says, "is divided into three classes—that of surgeon, physician, and *apothecary;* there are, *likewise,* what are called general practitioners, which implies surgeon, physician, and apothecary. A surgeon must keep his carriage and pair, and go always attended by his servant; an apothecary or

general practitioner may go on foot. The physician or surgeon *always* expects his fee of a guinea for a visit before he leaves the house, *let his visits be ever so often.* The fee for a surgeon or physician in consultation with your regular attendant is *never less than two guineas,* to be paid at the time, and sometimes much more." It would appear that not only the doctors but the ladies of England also made an exception in favour of Mr. Colman, when he unfortunately fell sick in the metropolis. "It is impossible for me to say," writes our highly favoured friend to Dear M., "what I feel at the kindness of my English friends. Lady —— wrote saying she would come at once and take care of me, if she could be of any service; Lady —— also wrote to me as kind a note as possible, proffering her services to come and stay and do anything and everything in her power for me." The physician's bill was ridiculously small (notwithstanding what has been said before), and was "not more than enough to pay for the medicine," which we were told, five minutes ago, physicians on no account ever send to their patients.

Mr. Colman finds it impossible not to be amused with the idolatry of the English people towards the Royal family. We find it equally difficult not to be entertained with Mr. Colman's ridiculous admiration of fine titles and high rank. Aristocracy avenges itself upon Republican institutions by compelling Republicans to drop on their knees and to worship in secret the divinity they pretend to despise. The glee with which Mr. Colman relates his intimacy with English dukes and earls, the

overpowering sense of obligation which he feels on being admitted into the private dwellings of our nobility, the amazement with which he records their princely mode of living, and the continual attempts he makes to impress upon his friends an adequate notion of his importance by minutely describing the more than affectionate attentions of the great, would be inexplicable but for the circumstance that the writer is an American, and on that account the very man to betray the weakness peculiar to a class taught by the institutions of their land to affect contempt for the vanities which the frail and erring heart cannot choose but adore. It is a literal fact that there is scarcely one of the precious epistles through which we have taken the trouble to wade which does not contain one or more references to Mr. Colman's intimate and delightful communion with the British peerage. Debrett combined to do him honour. He can discourse of nothing else. What he communicates to "Dear A." is repeated to "Dear M." and dished up again for "Dear S." He hardly arrives before he receives 'a letter from Earl Fitzwilliam particularly inviting me to pass a few days at Wentworth-house. After that I go to Lord Hatherton's;" then "I must pass some days with the Duke of Richmond," and by no means forget Lord Morpeth. Lord Braybrooke, envious of the dukes and earls, sends an invitation which Mr. Colman "hesitates to accept" because he does not know his Lordship, but goes at length; and "most happy was I that I went. I met a large party of gentlemen and ladies in the house, several of whom I know, *and almost all persons of rank and distinction.*

I never had a more pleasant visit. This is among the oldest families of the kingdom, and goes back to the beginning of the 16th century." The ladies vie with the gentlemen in their tender regard. "Lord Hatherton urges me to go to his country house, and to stay as long as I choose. *He says he should really like it.* This is very kind, and I believe he means what he says." Then again at Goodwood, "I was to have left to-day, but the Duke kindly invited me to stay until Saturday. He was obliged to attend his court, but the Duchess expressed her wish that I would remain, and I was happy to stay." The Colman *furor* attacks the court itself. "Lord Bathurst and several others"—evidently set on by the Queen,—"wish me to be presented, *and has offered me his sword and knee and shoe buckles, and bag wig, &c.*, but for several reasons I must decline the honour." Alas, poor Queen!

Seven hundred pages of such trash adorn the Colman letters. "If time admits," this darling of the peerage promises a visit to the Duke of Sutherland; "of this, however, I am doubtful;" but he cannot fail to go to Gordon Castle, for he receives a letter from the noble owner, "kindly informing me that an engraving of the Duchess waited my acceptance in London; a full-length portrait and beautifully done." Lord Wallscourt is fortunate enough to secure Mr. Colman for a brief space. "A fortnight, it seems, would not have satisfied him, but I could stay only three nights." The Marquis of Downshire fares no better. "To-morrow I go to the Marquis of Downshire's at Hillsborough, where I do not mean to be persuaded

to stay, though he has been very kind in his attentions to me." Mr. Colman goes to the House of Lords. Of course he takes his seat upon the throne or very near it. "I seldom go to Parliament," he writes, "but the night before last I attended the debates, having, by the kindness of some friends, *a seat in the Peers' gallery.*" But we must economise our space.

The most ridiculous feature of Mr. Colman's affectionate intercourse with the English aristocracy is his profound astonishment at matters of course and everyday occurrence, which one would suppose a native of Timbuctoo—provided he washed his face and wore Christian clothing—might instinctively take for granted. Nothing astonished Mr. Colman more at the Duke of Portland's than "after using his basin" to find on his return to his bedroom that the servant had "cleaned" it, and "replenished the pitcher with water. Indeed, you cannot take your clothes off, but they are taken away, brushed, folded, pressed, and placed in the bureau." At another great house, to Mr. Colman's intense surprise, "a woman came in every morning to make my fire, and the servant to bring my clothes neatly brushed." It is quite instructive to listen to our traveller discoursing upon these and similar topics. We recommend especially the following passage to all ambitious readers:—

"If you perchance meet a servant in the halls or passages of any great house, they will be sure to get out of your way, unless you want them: and if anything is required you have only to touch your bell, and it is immediately responded to. At table no

one helps himself to anything, but a servant always interferes. Even the person sitting at your side does not hand his own plate to be helped. Water cups are placed by your side, and oftentimes with perfumed water to wash your hands and lips after dinner, and these are taken away and others are put on with the dessert. Each guest is furnished with a *clean* napkin, which, after dinner, is never left on the table, but either thrown into your chair or upon the floor under the table. The ladies leave soon after the wine has passed twice round. After the gentlemen have drawn together and finished their confab, in half-an-hour coffee is announced in the drawing-room, when the gentlemen go in to meet the ladies. * * * At eleven the servants bring in the decanters of wine, seltzer-water, and whisky, with sugar and hot water, for every one to help himself, and the bed candles are placed upon the sideboard or in the outer hall."

Some arrangements at Woburn Abbey are peculiar to that establishment; from which, by the way, our friend departed "with many expressions of regard from the Duke and Duchess, and a hope that I should see them again and they should see me in London when they came for the session of Parliament." The most remarkable of the peculiar "arrangements" is the Duchess's page, "a lad who constantly attends on her, dressed in green, trimmed with gold lace, with Suwarrow boots and tassels, gold epaulettes, and a sword by his side."

For a red-hot Republican, Mr. Colman is sufficiently exclusive. Miss Cushman finds favour with her countryman in London only because "she comes with excellent letters;" and even these do not secure

his good opinion after her representation of the character of Romeo. "Her appearance in a *male* character will cause her to lose *caste*, and exclude her from the intercourse of the truly refined, or at least prevent her being received on the same footing as before." Clergymen, "without title," find as little consideration as ladies in breeches. "I am staying with a clergyman," writes the Republican on the 8th of October, 1843: "he is a gentleman of fortune, and, though without title himself, he married a lady of rank, and his family are allied by blood or marriage to some of the highest aristocracy in the kingdom. He specially invited me to come and pass a few days with him. I came by appointment yesterday, and shall leave to-morrow." Of course, the visitor "is urged to remain," but he is not to be persuaded. An apology for visiting a man "without title" is always forthcoming. "On Friday afternoon Mr. Pym took me in his carriage to pass the night with Mr. Adeane, a large proprietor, whose estate consists of about 2,500 acres. *He has no title, but is a highly educated gentleman.*" Can it be possible? As a set off against Mr. Adeane, it is comforting to think that "on Thursday evening I went to dine at Lady Bassett's,"—*a peeress in her own right!*—"whose invitation I had received some time before in London."

Criticism does not abound in Mr. Colman's volumes. Dashes here and there are somewhat startling. Take the following for instance, on the exhibition of the Royal Academy:—"The exhibition is now open, but the pictures, amounting to many hundreds, are so numerous as absolutely to confound you. *As a portrait painter, Healy, a Bostonian, is greatly esteemed*

for the truth of his likenessess; *but* Landseer seems acknowledged by all to bear the palm." Sir Edwin will be gratified by the compliment. Again, hear Mr. Colman at the Opera. "The music, excepting the choruses, which are not to my taste, is, I suppose, as good as the world affords. The singing, however, exquisite as it is, does not equal that which I hear *whenever I go to the Finsbury Unitarian chapel.*" In 1845 there are only three great objects of interest in the British metropolis, the chief being "the marble statue of the Greek slave, by Mr. Powers, the sculptor, formerly of Cincinnati," and the great "talk *in the fashionable world*" at the same period, is the American stars, Miss Cushman and Mr. Edwin Forrest. What Mr. Colman understands by "the fashionable world" we begin to guess when he afterwards speaks of taking lodgings in Islington, with the view of enjoying the quiet and beauty of a country life "after the distracting bustle and din of London."

One glance at Mr. Colman in his character of political philosopher, and we must quit the interesting subject. In October, 1847, writing to Dear M. from Paris, our traveller informs his correspondent that "his English friends invite him to London, and promise him a hearty welcome;" but Mr. Colman is timid and will not budge. "The situation of England," he says, "is critical and the result is uncertain." Indeed, upon the very eve of the French Revolution nothing is clearer to Mr. Colman than that England is about to be consumed by Social incendiarism, except that France is in a condition of fixed and permanent security. His letters at this period evince the American's sagacity to a remarkable degree. "I

am curious to know," he writes to a London acquaintance, "what you are all to do in England. My advice to my dear friends there, is to quit a sinking ship and flee to America." His solicitude increases as time wears on. "I do not wonder," he exclaims to Dear M., "at your concern for John Bull. England is dreadfully diseased, and seems under the care of a set of practitioners who either have not the sagacity or the courage to apply the only effectual remedies." The eventful February arrives; Mr. Colman is still in Paris, walking over gunpowder, which he does not even smell, but he can see fire blazing from one end of London to the other. "Some persons say," he writes in his despair, "that it would be a great blessing if England could become a complete *tabula rasa*, and begin again; she is so full of anomalies and corruptions. Patch her up as you will, and the new cloth only makes the rent worse. Close up one sore, and a half-a-dozen new ones break out. Her arrogance and insolence, they say, are insufferable. She has yet to understand, as Cobden recently said, 'that England is not the whole world.'" As late as the twenty-second of February, 1848, Mr. Colman ventured to point out to his American friends the great advantages possessed by France over England in all that constitutes a nation's greatness, and contributes to the comfort, quiet, contentment, and happiness of a people. "In sobriety, industry, and frugality the French seem to me to excel all others. I make no exception. I never knew a people where there was so much charity to the poor. As to domestic attachments in France I believe there is a full share of fidelity and domestic comfort. * *

The best French society is a picture of what is most charming in domestic life. I was told in England before I came to Paris that I should be constantly cheated, but I have never been cheated at all. In some cases where the shopkeepers have had opportunities of taking advantage of me they have shown no inclination to do so; and would, I believe, have indignantly spurned the thought. The French have distinguished themselves by their philanthropic efforts and institutions." The very streets remind the traveller of the vast difference between a country doomed to anarchy and speedy destruction, like our own, and a land blessed with the elements of stability like that of France. "The streets are crowded with people, all well dressed, all evidently well fed; only a single beggar, and that a cripple, solicited alms, and not a ragged person or vagabond was to be seen, in these respects presenting a contrast to the country we had left, where in London, hunger and squalor, and drunkenness, and filth and wretchedness, crowd upon you at every corner." The revolution breaks out in France, much to Mr. Colman's delight, who prophecies a social millennium in less than a month, and the lost Britishers resolve to have no revolution at all, much to the disgust of the same gentleman, who makes mouths at Issachar for resting quietly under his burdens. We are bound to say that, as a politician, an observer of manners, critic, and reporter of facts, we never met Mr. Colman's equal.

In one respect only is Mr. N. P. Willis his decided superior, but in that respect Mr. Willis surpasses every man that ever wrote. The audacity of the author of *People I have Met* is towering and

magnificent. He paints monsters, and then, with the greatest gravity imaginable, assures us that the creatures are every day samples of walking humanity. We are warned not to be astonished at the people whom Mr. Willis has met, inasmuch as truth is stranger than fiction, and then we are introduced to individuals whom nature disowns, and no novelist but himself would have the courage to father. It is true enough that real life presents us often with pictures too startling for romance itself to deal with, but neither in real life nor in the realms of fiction do people walk on their heads, or drive about the streets in a state of nudity, or sing comic songs at church, or perform any other similar absurdity peculiar to the heroes of Bedlam and of Mr. Willis's ridiculous tales. We decline to fatigue our readers with a description of the arrant nonsense which this American gentleman has condescended to write. It is equally unnecessary to show that the assertion made by Mr. Willis, to the effect that he has drawn his pictures from decent society, into which he says he has found admittance, is a gross calumny upon mankind at large. It is sufficient to express our unaffected regret that the literature of America should be dishonoured, and the good sense of Englishmen offended, by the publication of three such volumes as those to which our attention has been directed.

August 27th, 1850.

FRANCIS CHANTREY.

It is rather more than a year since we held it our duty to remonstrate against the insult which had been offered to the memory of Chantrey by the publication of a work that ought to have brought to the cheek of the Royal Academy the deepest vermillion at its disposal. "Jones on Chantrey" was about the weakest attempt at biography with which a friend has ever contrived to damage departed worth. As we took occasion to show at the time, the volume added very little to the knowledge we already possessed of the sculptor's history. It is now our painful office to state that even that little is nearly all wrong. In the smallest incidents connected with the life of Chantrey, Jones bungled; his *Recollections*, it appears, were as muddled as his philosophical disquisitions. The latter, of course, spoke for themselves; the former were not to be impeached except upon authority. That authority is now before us. Mr. Holland, born in the same county as Chantrey, if not in the same village, and thoroughly familiar, from personal observation as well as minute inquiry, with the sculptor's early doings, pronounces all that part of Mr. Jones's unfortunate book, which we innocently and charitably took for granted, "meagre, vague, and erroneous in a remarkable degree;" utterly useless for history, and certainly of

small value as a romance. It is really startling to note the carelessness of a writer, and executor to boot, who, with R.A. attached to his name, came before the world in his biography as the Representative of that important body who, with tens of thousands of Chantrey's money bequeathed to them, had some interest in maintaining the good name of their deceased benefactor. In the date of his hero's birth, Jones is at fault; in describing his father's occupation, he is incorrect; in stating Chantrey's age at the time of his father's decease, Jones is out by four years; in speaking of his first views with regard to his profession, Jones misstates them; in defining the occupation of the master to whom Chantrey was apprenticed, in explaining the manner in which the latter threw up his indentures, in fixing the period of the sculptor's marriage, in naming the sum which he received as his wife's dowry, in we know not how many other matters besides, Jones puts down, not that which he knows to be false, but that which, according to Mr. Holland, is the very opposite to truth. In fact the *Recollections* of the Royal Academician are dear at any price, and not worth much as a gift, except indeed to elicit such corrections as Mr. Holland has furnished to the future biographer, whose place, whatever Mr. Holland's merits may be in other respects, that gentleman has by no means forestalled.

One chapter in Chantrey's life may be pronounced finished in the volume at our side, but only one. Nothing more is to be said of Chantrey's career up to the moment of his settling in London and making his great successful start, than Mr. Holland

has supplied. The history of Chantrey in the country and struggling for his position is complete. His further history in the metropolis and with that position well secured has yet to be told. For such concluding chapters there must surely exist good available materials. A few months before his death Chantrey placed in the hands of Allan Cunningham all the letters he had preserved of that old and faithful fellow labourer and serviceable ally, with the remark that "they might be useful to him hereafter," language which Cunningham had reason to interpret into a request that at the fitting time he should write his friend's life. Allan Cunningham, it is well known, survived his patron only a very few months, but had he lived, no memoir of Chantrey would have appeared from his hand. "Honest Allan" according to his own account, knew too much to become Chantrey's biographer. He had lived for many years with the sculptor in the closest intimacy, and from his pen, as he feared, the public would probably look for more than he had the consent of his own heart to give. Public duty clashed with private affection, and the poet held his peace. But the letters above spoken of and other memoranda are not lost, and since the considerations that influenced the determination of Allan Cunningham can have no weight with his survivors, we trust that an opportunity will speedily be taken to finish a labour which Mr. Holland has certainly most conscientiously and industriously commenced.

Francis Chantrey was a poor boy. His father rented a small farm at Jordanthorpe, near Sheffield, and died when his son was only twelve years of age.

The widow, in the first year of her bereavement, married again, taking unto herself as husband—much to the disgust of her son, who would never call his mother by the name she had acquired on her second marriage—a farm servant of her own, by name Job Hall. Francis, after the manner of step-sons, was quickly placed in a grocer's shop in Sheffield, but after a few weeks' misery behind the counter he was removed, at his own earnest request, and apprenticed to "Robert Ramsay, of Sheffield, in the county of York, carver and gilder," the contents of whose shopwindow had caught the eye of the grocer's boy and communicated, as is the wont of such instruments, potently and mysteriously with his genius. Ten pounds were paid at the binding, and the apprenticeship was for a long seven years. The date of the indenture is Sept. 19, 1797, when Chantrey was sixteen years old.

Mr. Ramsey, besides being a carver in wood, was also a dealer in prints and plaster models. Chantrey at once set about imitating both. He began to work the moment he set foot in the carver's shop, and he ceased his labours only when he died. In a former brief notice of his character we have called attention to the thoroughly English qualities in virtue of which Chantrey won his way to renown. His example is valuable chiefly in this regard. His patience, industry, and steady perseverance achieved everything for him that he subsequently won. His biographers (Mr. Holland as well as Mr. Jones) place Chantrey upon a pedestal somewhat too high for his deserts. We presume the amiable fault is inevitable in all biographical attempts.

The hero must transcend all former heroes, or the scribe is at fault. But in truth there is no occasion to demand for Chantrey more than he may lawfully aspire to. His countrymen are not slow to recognise claims so valid and so well understood. Chantrey's genius was not overwhelming or astonishing; his compositions had nothing in them of high imagination and of strictly called poetic elevation. But for simplicity, beauty, and truth his works are not to be surpassed; and they evoke admiration and applause as the undoubted, though unpretending, triumphs of a gifted mind, well disciplined in the school from which no genius, however lofty, can skulk without peril of misadventure. In Ramsay's shop Chantrey copied the prints, worked at the carvings, cleaned pictures, and tried his 'prentice hand as a modeller upon the face of a fellow workman. He did more. At a trifling expense he hired a small room, to which he retired to spend every hour he could call his own in modelling and drawing. "It was often midnight," writes Mr. Holland, "before he came home; but neither master nor servant ever suspected he had been anywhere but in his obscure studio, drawing, modelling, or poring over anatomical plates. He was still an apprentice when he made the acquaintance of Jonathan Wilson, the medal engraver. In the old High-street of Sheffield was a low gloomy shop, called "Woollen's Circulating Library." "In a back chamber of these premises," Mr. Holland informs us, "night by night, towards the close of his apprenticeship, did young Chantrey and his friend Wilson devote themselves to the pencil, their principal exercise being to copy the drapery of a series

of French prints of statuary." Subsequently, meeting Mr. Raphael Smith, "the distinguished draughtsman in crayons," at his master's house, and growing impatient of wood-carving, Chantrey induced Mr. Ramsay to cancel his indenture two years before his term of apprenticeship expired. A friend advanced 50*l.* to effect his release, and freedom being obtained, Chantrey, then in his twenty-first year, made the best of his way to London. Reaching that scene of his future greatness, he called immediately upon an uncle and aunt, both living in the service of Mrs. D'Oyley, in Curzon-street, Mayfair, and that lady, much to her credit, gave the young artist a room over her stable to work in, and requested his uncle to see him daily supplied with a necessary knife and fork.

At Mrs. D'Oyley's Chantrey was still a man of all work, cleaning the pictures in that lady's house, and occupying himself now with painting and now with sculpture, yet doubtful as to which pursuit he should finally and exclusively devote his powers. A very few months after taking up his residence in Mayfair we find the active youth back in Sheffield upon a flying professional visit, making the most of his advantages at this as at every later period of his life. Mr. Holland has fished from the *Sheffield Iris* of April 22, 1802, a characteristic advertisement referring to this artistic speculation, much too good to be lost:—

"F. Chantrey, with all due deference, begs permission to inform the ladies and gentlemen of Sheffield and its vicinity, that during his stay here he wishes to employ his time in taking of portraits

in crayons and miniatures, at the pleasure of the person who shall do him the honour to sit. F. C., though a young artist, has had the opportunity of acquiring improvement from a strict attention to the works and productions of Messrs. Smith, Arnold, and Co., gentlemen of eminence. He trusts in being happy to produce good and satisfactory likenesses; and no exertion shall be wanting on his part to render his humble efforts deserving some small share of public patronage. Terms—from two to three guineas. 24, Paradise-square."

The advertiser was not without custom. Indeed, Sheffield had patronised his exertions in this direction before, and Mr. Holland enumerates as many as seventy-two portraits still to be found in Sheffield and the neighbourhood, all painted by Chantrey before he forsook the brush for the chisel. Among the seventy-two are portraits of Chantrey's old schoolmaster; of James Montgomery, the poet; of an old man, whose canvas announces that the work is "done by Francis Chantrey, a self-taught youth, of Norton parish;" of a cutler, who paid Chantrey the first guinea he received for the exercise of his pencil; and of an ambitious confectioner, who gave the artist 5*l.* and *a pair of top boots!* for a likeness "in oil, of the brownish tint rather tamely executed."

Two years elapsed from the first visit to Sheffield, and Chantrey had made sufficient progress in sculpture to justify a more ambitious appeal to the patronage of his fellow townsmen. The *Sheffield Iris* of October 18, 1804, is again the vehicle of his humble petition for work. Thus runs the advertisement:—

"SCULPTURE AND PORTRAIT PAINTING.—F.

Chantrey respectfully solicits the patronage of the ladies and gentlemen of Sheffield and its environs in the above arts, during the recess of the Royal Academy, which he hopes to merit from the specimen he has to offer to their attention at his apartments, No. 14, Norfolk-street. As models from life are not generally attempted in the country, F. C. hopes to meet the liberal sentiments of an impartial public."

There were Sheffield gentlemen ready to be done in plaster, as there had been cutlers and confectioners willing to be immortalized in oils. Moreover there was a laudable desire to push native talent, and Chantrey was fairly taken by the hand by the men of Sheffield. A correspondent of a local journal called attention to the genius which Providence had unexpectedly raised in the land of hardware, and the first opportunity was seized to bring its capability publicly to the test. A monument was to be raised to the memory of the late vicar of Sheffield in 1805, and Chantrey, then 24 years old, was selected for the work. So successful was the artist on this occasion, that Montgomery in alluding to his achievement prophesied that "his genius would not only confer celebrity on the little village of Norton, the place of his birth, but reflect glory on his native country itself." Three years after this performance Chantrey sent for exhibition to Sheffield a "gigantic head of Satan," modelled in the room over the stable in May-fair, and remarkable not only as an indication of the sculptor's powers, but as the harbinger of all his subsequent success. Flaxman, who had seen and admired this head at the Exhibition of the Royal Academy, recommended Chantrey

for the execution of the busts of four admirals required for the Naval Asylum at Greenwich. This commission led immediately to others. Painting was given up. The professional visits to Sheffield were also abandoned; no further advertisements were inserted in the *Sheffield Iris*. Chantrey married and received substantial coin with his wife. Mrs. D'Oyley's butler was comfortably warm in respect to the things of this life, and when he gave his daughter to his nephew he added a sum sufficient to enable the latter to build himself a studio, and to take a position worthy of his prospects. From first to last Chantrey received of his wife's money considerably more than 10,000*l*.; and of all artists that ever lived Chantrey knew best how to turn such gifts of fortune to good account.

Francis Chantrey, like Byron, rose one morning and found himself famous. In the year 1811 he had six busts in the Exhibition; and one of these was the head of Horne Took, which brought commissions, according to Chantrey's own account, amounting to 12,000*l*. It is very likely that with this enormous success, acquired through the instrumentality of the radical philologer, Chantrey's own radicalism began to decline. The sculptor was a furious democrat in his early struggles, sneered at the reigning family, and roared for Sir Francis Burdett. As he invested his thousands in the Three per Cents. the respectability of existing institutions visibly increased. A more gentlemanly old Tory never lived than Chantrey at the age of sixty.

In 1811, over fifteen competitors Chantrey was selected to execute a statue of George III. for the

city of London. From that year until 1817 he commanded in his profession. By universal consent he was allowed to be unequalled in his time as a modeller of busts, and nothing indeed can surpass the force, the truthfulness and simplicity of these works. In 1817 he was elected an associate of the Royal Academy and executed the exquisite monument of "The Sleeping Children," now in Lichfield cathedral. Mr. Holland is very much distressed because it has been contended that the sole merit of the *design* of this monument does not rest with Francis Chantrey; and he takes infinite pains to prove the contrary. Mr. Holland, however, might have spared his indignation and his trouble. There is no doubt that Stothard's pencil gave Chantrey the original sketch for this lovely work of art; the sketch is in existence, and will, we believe, be shortly published in Stothard's life. It is equally certain that the snowdrops placed in the hands of the younger sister were a poetic and affecting suggestion of Allan Cunningham. But what then? Look at Stothard's drawing, and compare it with the grace, feeling, and irresistible beauty of the sculptured monument. It matters little who designed the sketch, while the marble remains to attest to the power, perception, and matchless skill of the mind that gave it glowing life. No eye that has ever gazed upon those artless forms has cared to look beyond them or to inquire too curiously into their origin. They speak, silently sleeping, sufficiently for their creator. What sculptor of Chantrey's day could have wrought such work had the whole Academy combined to furnish him with a subject.

From 1817, until his sudden death in 1841 Chantrey's career was one of wonderfully profitable occupation and accumulating triumphs. Four monarchs sat to him, and the list of remarkable persons whose faces he perpetuated in marble is much too long to be enumerated here. The last bust on which Chantrey wrought with his old spirit, and the last which he touched with the chisel, was that of Queen Victoria, now at Windsor, justly regarded by Prince Albert as the best existing bust of Her Majesty. The last bust modelled by Chantrey was that of Lord Melbourne, but upon this the sculptor laboured with his own hand very little indeed. His strength was failing him at the time, and the noble sitter was himself suffering from ill health. Indeed we have reason to know that while Lord Melbourne would invariably quit the studio in Eccleston-street with a sad conviction of the sculptor's waning faculties, Chantrey himself would at the same time commiseratingly deplore to his friends the visible decline of a statesman's once clear and active intellect. Neither suspected his own trouble, but both regarded the other as passing rapidly into a state of hopeless mental decrepitude.

Chantrey had a dread of modelling horses, and made more of one horse than Ducrow ever made out of his whole stud. The first "horse commission" was the George IV. for the marble arch; the second, Sir Thomas Munro, for Madras; the third, the Duke of Wellington, for the city. Of these, unquestionably the finest is the Munro; but all the horses are from the same model. In the first two no difference whatever is made in the animals; in the Duke

of Wellington's case the head of the horse is altered, but in other respects the steed is that mounted by Sir Thomas and the King, and no other. For George IV. Chantrey received 9000*l.*, and profited 3000*l.*; for Munro, he was paid 7000*l.*, and profited as much; for the Duke of Wellington his charge was 10,000*l.*, and by this he must have gained at least 5000*l.* In his later years the sculptor became greedy of commissions and money and anxious to secure everything. He was eager for the Wilkie statue, and eagerer still for the Glasgow Wellington statue; but the Glasgow people having a laudable fear of the old horse, took refuge in Marochetti.

These, and other points to which no reference is made in Mr. Holland's book, are of interest in estimating the character and claims of Francis Chantrey. It is worthy to be noted—for, certainly, the discovery would never be made by an inspection of his works—that Chantrey's vision was very imperfect. Of the right eye he had no use whatever; yet he was an excellent shot. Of reading he had none. His education had been of the very humblest; yet no one would have accused him of ignorance on any matter. He had surprising tact, a singular faculty of observation, admirable facility of acquiring knowledge in his daily walks, and perfect skill in concealing his poverty. He was brought up, the son of a working man, first in a poor cottage, then in a carver's shop; but he was at ease in the society of princes, and his manner was as far removed from obsequious flattery as from vulgar rudeness. He had a fine and frank independence which endeared him to his inferiors, and gave dignity to his professional character in the eyes of

those above him. It will hardly be said that Chantrey during the whole of his professional and highly "respectable" life was disposed to disturb the many useful institutions of his country; but one very important institution he failed to support by any extensive personal co-operation. It is a fact, that except to be married, or to put up a monument, Chantrey never was inside a church in his life. Mr. Holland complains that Mr. Jones in his Recollections has made no mention of Chantrey's visits to a place of worship; but we confess that this is somewhat hard upon Jones, who has made mistakes enough, as we all know, without being forced into others against his will. If any one is to be blamed for Jones' silence in this respect it is certainly not the biographer; and Mr. Holland would seem to be of that opinion when he very properly vindicates the character of Bacon, the sculptor, and shows how a man may humbly fulfil the not very irksome public duties of a Christian without the smallest sacrifice of his pretensions to eminence in art.

In his will Chantrey provided that the whole of his large fortune, amounting, we believe, to 90,000*l.*, should at the decease of his widow, become the property of the Royal Academy, for the purpose of purchasing "works of fine art of the highest merit in painting and sculpture," but only such as shall have been entirely executed "within the shores of Great Britain;" the "wish and intention" of the artist being "that the works of art so purchased shall be collected for the purpose of forming and establishing a public national collection of British art in painting and sculpture." One or two minor bequests are of a

curious nature. As a mark of his regard for the long services of his old lieutenant, Allan Cunningham, Chantrey stipulated in his will that the latter should be entitled to receive a legacy of 2,000*l.*, upon his superintending the completion of the Wellington statue. Allan attended to the important work up to the day of his death, but he died before the statue was completed, and—whatever may have been the intentions of the testator—his family lost the money. Another bequest was a gift of 50*l.* per annum, "to be paid to a schoolmaster, under the direction of the vicar or resident clergyman, to instruct 10 poor boys of the parish of Norton without expense to their parents;" but the condition of the legacy was the perpetuation of the donor's tomb. Mr. Holland gives no explanation of this somewhat unusual proviso; but the explanation is worth recording nevertheless. Many years before his decease Chantrey attended at St. Martin's in the Fields, with a friend, the funeral of Scott, who was shot in the duel with Christie. The graveyard was strewed with human bones, and the gravedigger was adding indiscriminately and irreverently to the heaps. Chantrey inquired of the sexton what eventually became of those last remains of mortality. The sexton replied with a smile that when they grew too plentiful they were carted off in loads to the Thames. The friend described the effect of this answer upon the frame of Chantrey as painful in the extreme. His cheeks grew sickly white and perspiration poured down them. At the moment he looked himself a corpse newly risen from the grave before him. "I will take care," he said with a shudder, "that they do not cart *my* bones to the Thames. They shall be

undisturbed under my native sod." And, accordingly, there are five pounds per annum each for 10 poor boys of the village of Norton so long as they will remember industriously to pluck the weeds and to remove the nettles that deface the gravestone of Francis Chantrey. The sculptor subsequently paid a formal visit to Norton and carefully selected the spot for his last resting-place. While looking for it he encountered the gravedigger who approached him mattock on shoulder; "I am looking out a place for a grave," said Chantrey, "but I don't mean you to dig it." "I hope I shall," replied the gravedigger quietly and civilly: and it is likely enough that he did, for within a year the renowned sculptor was deposited near the humbler family dust that had mingled with the earth before him.

November 8, 1851.

CAREER OF LORD LANGDALE.

A BIOGRAPHER, as described by Mr. Macaulay, is "a literary vassal," bound by "the immemorial law of his tenure, to render homage, aids, reliefs, and all other customary services to his lord." But a biographer, according to modern practice, is a literary plasterer and bricklayer, working with a hod on his shoulder, and a trowel in his hand, most industriously engaged in the disposal of bricks and mortar. Nothing, it will be admitted is easier than to pile up in a waggon a whole warehouse of papers, and to shoot the contents bodily into Mr. Bentley's printing-rooms; but the labour is surely that of a carter, not of a *littérateur*. It is not very difficult, we know, to arrange a deceased gentleman's correspondence in the order of time, but a counting-house clerk is not a biographer when he has performed the mere mechanical service. Since the immortal Bozzy slept—having achieved biographical fame that Plutarch might have envied—men's lives for the most part have been written in water, and that of the muddiest. We have gone on from bad to worse. At this moment the biographical art is extinct in England; it has gone out with pugilism and the drama. We need not be ashamed of our historians, for Macaulay, Grote, Hallam, and Mahon are among us. Scott is dead, but we will not blush

for the novelists while Dickens and Thackeray are here, and the author of *Coningsby* is Chancellor of the Exchequer and leader of the House of Commons. Poetry is not lost, for Tennyson still lives. Science is upheld in the three kingdoms by the most illustrious representatives; but where are the biographers? Southey died the other day, and we know not how many monthly volumes appeared to give account of his most interesting life, yet no one denies that the memoir of the virtuous laureate has still to be written. Wordsworth soon followed his friend, and a literary chronicle of his career was put forth which we are bound to pronounce discreditable to all parties concerned in the publication. The survivors of great men are, in fact, not to be trusted with the records of the dead; they attend to their own personal needs rather than to the public requirements, absurdly magnifying points respecting which the world at large is utterly careless, and jealously withholding information which, if a memoir is to be written at all, it is of the very first consequence to supply. We do not pine for every epistle—good or bad, dull or clever, frivolous or important—that a hero has written, neither do we call for every memorandum that may be found after death in his drawers; but, when heroism is vindicated, we demand all the evidence essential to uphold the vindication. The exact measurement of a departed worthy is not a matter on which we are oversolicitous; but we do claim all the particulars—and genius knows how to give them, briefly as well as vigorously—without which it is impossible to know wherein consists the excellence, or what constitutes

the worth. Dryden tells us that, "as the sunbeams, united in a burning-glass to a point, have greater force than when they are darted from a plane superficies, so the virtues and actions of one man, drawn together into a single story, strike upon our minds a stronger and more lively impression than the scattered relations of many men and many actions." There is no disputing the fact, but the "single stories" with which we have been favoured of late years are themselves "scattered relations" altogether without point, without force, and without fire. A man's memory has been suffocated by the very means taken to perpetuate it. The world has asked for an embalmed heart, and it has secured a lumbering carcase. We care not to name exceptions to the rule, for they are too few to be admitted against the argument. It is lamentable to think that one of the most interesting branches of literature has been thus suffered to decay either from the insufficiency of men to do the work or from the folly and perverseness of those who have refused to place the work in proper hands. It was with a feeling of positive relief that we heard upon the death of Tom Moore that the poet had left behind him, written with his own hand, an account of his life sufficiently elaborate to save his editor all the anxious pains of composition. Great as our faith may be in the fearlessness of Lord John Russell, whether in politics or literature, on land or at sea, we should unquestionably have had to enrol him in the daily increasing list of dreary biographers. How is it possible that the gay, sparkling, exuberant spirit of Moore could find adequate interpretation from the

pen of our constitutional statesman? No doubt we should have had from Lord John an admirably lucid description of the long struggles that preceded the passing of the Relief Bill of 1829, *àpropos* of Thomas Moore's religious opinions, just as we had from Dr. Wordsworth a whole chapter upon the long pedigree of his uncle, whose "respectability" was of much greater consequence to the Canon of Westminster than his finest poetical labour; but with such accidents the lovers of Tom Moore and his brilliant muse have no concern. We shall hear from the fullness of his own soul all that the world are eager to learn in connexion with the daily doings of their jocund poet; and great will be our disappointment if, by means of this precious legacy, biography does not win back a portion of the respect of which our modern writers of memoirs have taken such desperate pains to rob her.*

Mr. Thomas Duffus Hardy the author of Lord Langdale's Life, must go down in the old category. We have no doubt that gentleman is a most efficient public servant; but he has no better pretensions to the biographical chair than we have to the Mastership of the Rolls. He too is a carrier not an artist. Attached to the Record-office, he has carefully labelled all the letters, reports, and other documents belonging to the late Lord Langdale upon which he could lay his hands, and given an account of his treasures with all the scrupulous conscientiousness becoming his office. Light and shade, studied effect, the subordination of parts to a whole, are

* It is said to think that the publication of Moore's Diary has destroyed the hope here entertained.

matters for painters, not for keepers of records, and therefore, Mr. Hardy, with great dignity, eschews them. To Wordsworth's potter—

> "A primrose by a river's brim,
> A yellow primrose was to him,
> And it was nothing more."

To Mr. Hardy, a letter is a letter, let it be long or short, heavy or sparkling, to the point, or foreign to the purpose. It is enough for him that Lord Langdale's correspondents have saved his epistles from the fire. That is the best argument with the Record-officer for preserving them for ever. There are letters printed in these volumes respecting which we should be much puzzled, but for this official explanation. Writing to his father, in his twentieth year, Lord Langdale, then Mr. Bickersteth, says, "I am sorry to hear that the gout still keeps lingering about you. I hope, however, that it keeps moving off by degrees, and that it will soon be quite gone. From your silence I conclude that my mother continues quite well. At what time do you think you shall set off for town? Your last was written on Mary Anne's birthday. Tell my little girl I do not forget her: I wish her many many happy years. Mrs. Lawson was very unwell at the time she set out from Edinburgh. I hope she was not worse from her journey, and that she is now recovered. I have not heard a word of Dr. Garret, except what you told me in your last. I will be obliged to you to tell me how he goes on if you hear soon." It is just as easy to decide upon what grounds this interesting letter—and there are twenty to match—is submitted to the reader's admiration, as it is to discover the claims of the organ-boy

who kills you with his discord, and then asks remuneration for his crime. When those interesting sentences were printed, what peculiar feature in Lord Langdale's character did his biographer wish to illustrate? As a specimen of style the record is worse than valueless. Filial affection is certainly manifested by the query touching his father's gout, but that virtue might have been taken for granted, if no better evidence were at hand to prove its existence. Friendship shines in the references to Mrs. Lawson and Dr. Garret, but if every good man's inquiry after his neighbour's health is to be handed down to posterity, twenty British Museums will soon not hold a quarter of our printed books.

Lord Langdale did not distinguish himself in the House of Lords. On the contrary, he sadly disappointed expectation, and, as a politician, was a cypher; yet nearly every speech uttered by Lord Langdale in that illustrious assembly is reprinted by Mr. Hardy. Lord Langdale, when a youth, made a walking tour in Cumberland, and visited the lakes. He kept a commonplace diary of a commonplace walk, and Mr. Hardy, of course, publishes it *verbatim*. Lord Langdale was one of a commission appointed to inquire into the management of the British Museum. Suggestions relative to a report were drawn up by his Lordship, and every syllable is reproduced here to give bulk to the book, and to complete the reader's weariness. There never was so scrupulous a keeper of records and so dull a biographer.

It has been said of Montaigne that when he strikes a little out of the common road his readers are sure to be the better for his wandering. "The best

quarry lies not always in the open field, and it is worth while to follow a good huntsman over a few hedges and ditches to be well rewarded with sport in the end." Mr. Hardy is eternally striking out of the common road, but his digressions are even more tedious than his main discourse. Mr. Bickersteth performed a slight service for Sir Francis Burdett; the mention of the fact dooms us to a Parliamentary history of the period, and to a memoir of the eccentric baronet. Lord Langdale was a friend of Mr. Bell, the Chancery barrister, and an admirer of the labours of Jeremy Bentham, and the reader must stop to listen to a thesis upon the utilitarian philosophy and to a legal biography illustrating the successful pursuit of fortune under difficulties of every kind. When Mr. Hardy strikes out of the common road he always leaves the scent behind him, tires us with his hedges and ditches, but gives us no sport.

And yet had he been willing or able to write Lord Langdale's life plainly and simply, comprehending the subject in a hundred and fifty pages instead of nine hundred, how interesting a tale he might have told, and how greatly he would have rendered society his debtor. It is, we think, the author of *The Vanity and Glory of Literature* who warns us that it is only the quintessence of things written that will reach that posterity upon whose approval authors build, and for whose unwitnessed smiles they are content in life heroically to suffer. A solitary thought shall occupy men's minds when whole libraries will plead in vain for consideration. If authors are sagacious they will give posterity as little trouble as need be. Their jewels may be transmitted

without the encumbrance of setting, and their needles will not be the less welcome without the accompaniment of a bottle of hay. A duodecimo, we know, does not fetch as much money in the market as two volumes quarto, but it may possibly float down the river of time, while the bulkier voyagers are quietly sinking to the bottom. The life of Lord Langdale, as written by Mr. Hardy, is doomed to speedy oblivion. The life of the same man, narrated by a spirited pen like that which in a few pages told the tale of our gallant Nelson, might have proved a fine and wholesome lesson for generations to come.

For what, in fact, is that life truly narrated but an admirable history of patience, perseverance, self-denial, and unflinching industry, crowned finally with the most perfect success—such a history as all men read with delight, since none can read it without faith in human capability, without hope of personal triumph. The life of Lord Langdale is the life of a man who never threw a legitimate opportunity away, and never condescended to avail himself of one that was unlawful. What he had to do at any period of his career was done with his whole heart and soul—was done well, conscientiously, and therefore to his own satisfaction, as well as to that of the lookers-on. If failure should result from his labours, self-reproach could not afflict him, for he had tried his best. If he should find reward, the same exertions which had won the prize were still ready to be put forward in order to retain and prove deserving of it. The memoirs of men who "have thrown their chances away" would constitute a painful but a memorable volume for the world's instruction. The story of a

man who made the utmost of his resources is equally interesting and far more valuable.

Henry Bickersteth was born at Kirkby Lonsdale in Westmoreland, on the eighteenth of June, 1783, and was the third son of Mr. Henry Bickersteth, a surgeon practising in that town. At the age of fourteen the boy was removed from a local school and sent to London, that he might learn his father's business in the surgery of an uncle. In 1801 he proceeded to Edinburgh to complete his professional education, and there he worked with the steadiness and self-command which characterised his pursuits ever afterwards. In 1802 he returned to Kirkby Lonsdale and took an active part in his father's practice; but he soon grew discontented with the obscurity of a country town, and he had already conceived a great dislike to the details of the medical profession. At this period he proposed to Dr. Henderson, a physician of his own age, whose friendship he had acquired in Edinburgh, an interchange of letters upon scientific topics, and he himself commenced the correspondence by forwarding an essay upon *The Vital Principle.* Henry Bickersteth was but nineteen years old when he devoted himself to these exercises, with the laudable object of improving his mind, and although the letters contain many crudities and unsatisfactory hypotheses, which in later years would have been digested and rejected, it is impossible not to be struck with the vigorous understanding, the amount of actual thought, and the singular power of analysis which were brought to bear upon abstruse and metaphysical points by a boy not yet out of his teens. One or two specimens of these compositions would

have been sufficient to establish the intellectual acumen of the young medical student. But, as we have hinted, Mr. Hardy is no culler of sweets, and in his hands the youthful philosopher becomes a bore.

In 1802 Henry Bickersteth persuaded his father to send him to Cambridge; and it would appear that the permission involved sacrifices at home. The lad had been offered a lion's share of the practice at Kirkby Lonsdale, but contemplation and study had made him ambitious; and, since he must needs pursue medicine, he set his heart upon taking a medical degree at the university, with a view to practising in the metropolis. As was his wont, the undergraduate took to his new work in earnest. Mathematics was the essential study of the place, and "he thought it right to make use of it." Close confinement to work at Cambridge, however, led to serious illness in the course of a few months; and the ardent scholar was compelled to retire from the field. Upon his recovery, deeming it imprudent to return immediately to the conflict, he accepted an appointment as travelling physician to Lord Oxford, and, in March, 1803, set out for Italy to join his patient, then residing at Florence. We are informed that in the course of a few weeks he mastered the Italian language, and quickly grew into a passionate admirer of Italian literature. Lord Oxford, in consequence of the declaration of war, returned to England in 1804, and with him came the young physician, by this time thoroughly disgusted with medicine, and resolved to attach himself to the practice of it no longer. Reluctant to go back to Cambridge, Bickersteth implored

his father to let him enter the army, but, receiving no encouragement in this direction, he re-entered the university in his twenty-second year, determined as ever to work steadily on, although considerably behind the men with whom he must contend for academical distinction. In 1808 he took his degree; that he had laboured diligently may be inferred from the fact that he was senior wrangler of his year.

His thoughts now turned to the bar, and in April, 1808, he entered himself as student of the Inner Temple. He had wrought diligently in Edinburgh when his father had intended him for the surgery at Kirkby Lonsdale; he had not lost an hour at Cambridge when he was intent upon the studies of the university; his devotion was as marked as a student of the law. His letters at this period indicate how little the prospect of future success had to do with the duty, ever present to his mind, of constant perseverance. He knows that it is incumbent on all men to work, but the sure hope of ultimate reward never bribes him to labour. "I rarely miss a day," he writes to his father, "going to Mr. Bell, who is very communicative when I catch him alone and disengaged, which is not often, for he has much more business than he can possibly get through. . . . Everybody says to me, 'you are certain of success in the end—only persevere;' and, though I don't well understand how this is to happen, I try to believe it as much as I can, and I shall not fail to do everything in my power." In 1811 Bickersteth was called to the bar. He was 28 years of age and every step in life had yet to be made. His means were straitened, and he depended for his subsistence

upon the contributions of his friends. He still works on. "My whole time," he writes to his parents at this juncture, "will be passed either in chambers or court, and if being always in the way and always attentive to my business will give success, I shall be successful." He offers at the same time apologies for causing his father expense on his account, and sends home the unnecessary assurance that "in clothes and living" he has been "as economical as he could, consistently with keeping up a decent appearance." A year or two elapse, and business does not flow in. But the student is more indefatigable than ever, struggles, endures privation, denies himself every recreation that can at all interfere with the severe rule he has laid down for his self-government, and waits calmly for the issue. Temptations, sublimely overcome, are not confined to the priestly cell. In every epistle homeward the steadfast man "confesses that he hardly knows how he shall be able to struggle on till he has had fair time and opportunity to establish himself;" but he still strives, and as fixedly and resolutely pursues his way, as though he saw the reward of all his pains awaiting him at the goal. In 1814, and when Henry Bickersteth had reached his thirty-first year, the worker was still under the dark cloud, and success had yet to be achieved. In that year the barrister writes home that "it distresses him more than he can express to ask again for assistance," and that he is content, if his father so wills it, "to give the matter up without delay and return to Cambridge, where he is sure of support and some profit." He will do anything but fall back on the profession that he abhors. "After the discipline I have undergone," he says, "it

will be a very slight mortification to me to give up my professional expectations for the smallest certainty which will enable me to live, and in time repay you the large money debt I have contracted. If therefore you think that I cannot, or ought not, to continue my trial here for a few years longer, I will cheerfully abandon it and return to Cambridge, where I certainly shall be no expense to you." The answer from home was a remittance of 30*l.*, and an intimation to go on. A few months afterwards business had slowly advanced; so much so that the student was "almost content to be shut up among his books for ever." A year or two more, and the cloud is burst—the struggler is emancipated—sunshine is before him—fortune is secured. Can the life of Henry Bickersteth, if it tell no more than this, be written in vain?

Great caution and singular prudence seem to have entered largely into the moral nature of Lord Langdale; and it is somewhat surprising to find him at the turning point of life, when, after years of laborious patience, the tardy harvest was growing ripe for gathering, deprived for a moment of weapons so very serviceable in all worldly warfare. In 1818 Mr. Bickersteth took an active part in Sir Francis Burdett's election, identifying himself with the extreme opinions of the then Radical baronet. The effect of his support was a sensible loss of professional business, and Mr. Bickersteth took care never to commit the fault again. The liberal agents and others who made Mr. Bickersteth's acquaintance in Sir Frances Burdett's committee-room could not understand the timidity with which that gentleman ever afterwards shrunk from contact with political agitation. Mr. Bickersteth

was offered a seat in Parliament in 1819, which he refused on account of his inadequate means. In 1834 the Liberal party, remembering his antecedents, undertook to return him for Marylebone; and then he declined in a long letter, which ended without furnishing any reason at all for the refusal. When Lord Melbourne appointed him Master of the Rolls, and conferred upon him a peerage, the dainty Lord would accept the honour, great as it was, only upon the condition that the Liberal Minister should require no political allegiance from the judge. Lord Melbourne's serious respect for such fastidiousness may readily be conceived; not so easily the indignation and disgust of Lord Melbourne's thick and thin adherents, who could hardly discern the particular advantage of making a man a judge either for his own comfort or for the benefit of the community at large.

In one branch of reform Mr. Bickersteth proved himself no lukewarm labourer or timid advocate. To his exertions in favour of the reform of the Court of Chancery is the country indebted for much of the progress that has been made since his time in this direction, as it is certain that Mr. Bickersteth himself owed his reputation and elevation to the bench to the same unflinching and most serviceable zeal. In 1824 he was examined by the commission appointed to inquire into the whole subject of Chancery; and the report published by the commission, based for the most part upon his lucid evidence, rendered it incumbent upon the Government of the time to suggest a remedy for glaring abuses not yet wholly removed. In 1827 Lord Chancellor Lyndhurst recommended Mr. Bickersteth to the King for a silk gown, and the favour was

received with a better grace than attended subsequent offers of promotion proceeding from Lord Chancellor Brougham. Liberal as he was, Mr Bickersteth had little or no sympathy with the Whig Lord Chancellor, while on more than one occasion, according to his biographer, he was ostentatious in doing honour to his Tory rival. Lord Brougham offered Mr. Bickersteth a barony of the Exchequer in 1834, but the dignity was haughtily declined. The same Chancellor, a few months later, placed the Solicitor-Generalship within his reach, but the rejection was still more decided. Lord Melbourne condescended to entreat Mr Bickersteth's acceptance of the last-named honour, but the man was immoveable. His own account of his last interview with Lord Melbourne on the subject is sufficiently explicit:—"The first thing I said to him was, that I had come only to show my respect for him, and wished it to be understood at once that I had declined the office of Solicitor-General, but without any feeling of disrespect to *him*, or any dislike to the general policy of his Administration; that on the contrary, I thought *he* ought to be supported, and that if I knew a way in which I could properly render him service, I should be glad. He expressed his regret at my determination, and rather in manner, than in words, showed a wish to know my reasons. I said that I really hardly thought myself qualified for the office, and that I had a dislike to it, and probably could not have been induced to accept it under any circumstances, but that certainly *the offer had not been made to me by the proper person.*" We have already stated that the offer came from Lord Brougham.

In 1835, being fifty-two years old, Mr. Bickersteth married Lady Jane Harley, the daughter of that Lord Oxford with whom he had travelled as physician thirty-two years before; and three months afterwards Lord Melbourne, who was bent upon Chancery reform, and whose unaffected, simple, but admirably expressed and business-like letters, be it said, by the way, form not the least interesting portion of the *Life of Lord Langdale*, expressed to Mr. Bickersteth his great desire to name him to the King as the successor of Sir C. Pepys at the Rolls. The offer this time, "made by the proper person," was accepted under the stipulations already spoken of. Unlike his successor, the present Master of the Rolls, for whom political excitement has charms beyond the calmer enjoyments of the bench, Mr. Bickersteth was of opinion that the Master of the Rolls should not be a member of the House of Commons, and he consented to take a seat in the Lords upon the express understanding that the judicial office should in no way be sullied by political partisanship, even in that less feverish and heated arena. "There is nothing more hateful or more mischievous," he said to Lord Melbourne, "than a political judge, influenced by party feeling," and Lord Melbourne, agreeing in the propriety of the sentiment, consented that Mr. Bickersteth, raised to the peerage by the title of Lord Langdale, should take his seat in the House of Lords to aid the cause of law reform, dear to the heart of both, wholly free from any political and party tie.

Lord Cottenham resigned the Chancellorship in 1850, and Lord John Russell, with the Queen's

sanction, made Lord Langdale the offer of the vacant office. Lord Langdale has left behind him six written reasons for his refusal of that last and choicest prize of the ambitious lawyer. Two certainly influenced him in his decision. He had "no reason to think that the extensive reform which he thought necessary would meet with any support;" and, secondly, his health was visibly declining. Lord Truro will probably leave behind him as many valid reasons for clutching at the good fortune which the more abstemious Master of the Rolls suffered to pass by him. Be this as it may, Lord Langdale continued at his old post until he resigned on account of ill health, and retired upon a pension in March, 1851. The indefatigable and painstaking man had not withdrawn too soon. On the 18th of the following month he died,—not a very old man, but literally worn out by the incessant toil of years.

Lord Langdale was not a genius. He was not a great lawyer; but his was an accomplished mind, and both at the bar and on the bench he had remarkable skill in lucidly stating complicated facts. His general character partook of the nature of his intellect. There was nothing brilliant or startling in his career, but much that was noble, manly, and worthy of imitation. What he once said in the House of Lords with reference to his office, viz., "that long habit had attached even his affections to the discharge of his duties in the place in which he now was," might be said with truth of his whole life. "The discharge of his duties" was at all times a labour of love to

him. It was the result of his self-government and the cause of his success. It is stated that Shakspeare and the Italian poets were the constant companions of his hours of relaxation, but imagination and sensibility did certainly not enter largely into his composition. His mind was essentially calm, cold, analytical, and judicial. In boyhood he wrote to his dearest friends often with the formality of a stranger, and discussed topics with a fellow-student in the tone and spirit of a pedant. Mr. Hardy dwells frequently upon "the true dignity" of his departed master. No doubt dignity was there; but it did not always fit its owner gracefully, like a garment that yields to the natural movements of the wearer. Occasionally the folds were stiff, unbending, and looked angular to the observer's eye. The same remark applies to a Spartan virtue, which the biographer very properly extols, but which may, nevertheless, be, and certainly was, in Lord Langdale's case carried to a vicious extent. Excessive nepotism is a fault, but we have yet to learn that a studied neglect of the claims of kindred and dependants is to be held up as a virtue. A gentleman, Mr. Hardy tells us, was once pressed upon Lord Langdale for an appointment by two of the Vice-Chancellors; his qualifications were admitted, "but his chance was small," proudly adds the writer, "for he was a connexion of Lord Langdale by marriage." It is a fact, that Lord Langdale only assented to this appointment at last because no fitter person could be thought of. A more unpardonable instance was that of his Lordship's secretary, for whom, upon his own retirement, Lord Langdale refused to ask for a place, although a single word from his lips would

have secured it, and notwithstanding it was well known to Lord Langdale that the secretary had some time before given up everything, in order that he might devote himself entirely to the interests of his over sensitive master. In truth, if we dare hazard the expression, Lord Langdale was too scrupulously good, and a dash of human infirmity would have given interest to his proceedings—would have constituted in fact, "the river and cascade on the cultivated plain;" which, in one part of the present work, Mr. Hardy himself confesses were wanting to give force to a character too level to be thoroughly heroic.

But heroism is of various kinds, and we must hesitate before we assert that it was not present in the man who fought so bravely, and suffered so meekly, before he won his way to eminence,—who when eminent was remarkable for his fine sense of honour, his love of truth, his assertion of right and justice, and who laboured with every faculty he could command—and that not unsuccessfully—to reform the Court of Chancery, and to preserve to the nation its valuable and long-neglected records.

August 14th, 1852.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A CHARTIST.

A CHARTIST novel! And why not? We have novels to illustrate the magnificence of the well-born. Why should fiction not vindicate the pre-eminence of the lowly? Nobility finds its panegyrist in three volumes octavo. Democracy is more than modest in preferring its claims to consideration in two. Mr. Samuel Warren exhibits his model aristocrat practising on velvet every virtue under Heaven. Who can begrudge a humbler pen the happiness of delineating Adam before his fall in the shape of a pattern tailor on his board? Romance is now your only teacher. Tractarianism condescends to accept her aid; Exeter-hall is not above it. Statesmen with eloquence enough to thrill a Legislature are grateful for her pleasant offices, and theories as crude and bitter as apples in June are swallowed with relish, made palatable and sweet by her magic touch. Why were pills first wrapped in tin-foil, but that mortals love to be improved and instructed, whilst taking pains only to be gratified and amused?

But let there be fair dealing! We will not allow the Chartist or any other man to portray the evil passions of humanity, to lay bare the ineradicable selfishness of an impure condition, and then most illogically to charge political institutions with the vices that would be in full play to-morrow were all

such institutions extinguished,—that are, in truth, in visible and melancholy operation throughout the world at this moment under all forms of Government and in all stages of civilisation. Because the whole family of man have lost sight of the commandment and example of God, we cannot permit a blind and general onslaught to be made upon legislative enactments, which seek, as far as they are able, to regulate the imperfect mass and to reconcile conflicting interests and desires. If Chartism complain that the minority have wrested power from the majority, and are using their ill-gotten gain to oppress, and not to help, the whole community, let proofs of the allegation be given. If liberty to the meanest be denied, let instances be noted; if the path of advancement be impeded, show us the clogs that stand in the way. If "society" have the ability to elevate the physical, moral, and spiritual character of the needy, who cannot help themselves, and fail to exercise its blessed strength, expose the high neglect of duty, and without loss of time correct it. But beware of confounding the shortcomings of a nation's governors with the faults and crimes of the governed! Chartists demand the education of the people; they do not stand alone in the request. All classes join in the righteous clamour, and the universal demand constitutes the healthiest indication of the time. But whose fault is it that education is not at work throughout the kingdom? Who is to blame that the poor are given over, in the midst of luxury and wealth, to brutal ignorance and crime? Do not raise your finger and point to this or that Administration. The poor would long since have ascertained their

duties towards God and man, have been won from darkness to light, had charity, and not bigotry, possessed the public mind—had people been more intent upon the deliverance of the unenlightened than upon chaining all down to their own peculiar prejudices and acquired views.

Let the Chartist, we say, be reasonable in his statement, and we are ready to listen to it. Let him distinctly prove the miscarriages of society and of the laws—and both have much to answer for—and he shall have our aid to set things right. We will read his pamphlet, his speech, his sermon, or his novel, and take to heart every syllable that bears upon his case. With this laudable wish, we sat down to the perusal of the volumes before us; we rise from that perusal indignant and disappointed. *Alton Locke* is the composition of any one but a Chartist. The favourite author of the writer, whoever he be, is Thomas Carlyle, and his production is precisely what Thomas Carlyle would call a "wind-bag" and "a sham." We are free to confess that great power, strong feeling, and masculine language are visible throughout the work, but in allowing so much we have stated all that can be admitted in the way of commendation. *Alton Locke* is not the labour of a working man with a smattering of learning, but of a scholar with an inkling of Chartism. Not another word need be said to prove its utter worthlessness as a handbook for our guidance. The unreality of the tale is fearful. It displays Chartism contemplated by an enthusiast from some country nook, not the flesh and blood business with which the memorable tenth of April brought us into bodily acquaintance. Had all

Chartists as few troubles as Alton Locke, notwithstanding his querulous conceit and never-failing impertinence, they would positively be the chosen of the earth, the most enviable of happy men. We have taken especial pains to discover the grievances which Mr. Locke can lay at the door of "society," against which he rails from the beginning to the end of his book, and, with the exception of the complaint which he prefers very properly against an unnatural employer for compelling him to work too long in an unhealthy atmosphere, we can find him in no relation of life in which he does not figure under happier auspices than attend the career of the majority of our acquaintance. Alton Locke entertains an opinion not peculiar to himself, that it is much more agreeable to be born with a silver fork in your hand than with no such implement at all. We agree with the ingenious tailor. So will every man who has to work for his daily bread, and to improve his position by the vigilance of his spirit and the energy of his limbs. But which of us dreams of upbraiding universal nature because inequality is her abiding law? Society can no more level distinctions than it can smooth the surface of the globe. We may whine through our threescore years and ten, or grumble through them, or bawl and fret; but the fact remains. We may do more. We may on the 10th of April, 1851, become a nation of Chartists, not of special constables, and in our vocation destroy the Monarchy, uproot the Church, annihilate the Peerage; but having done all, the race will still be to the swift, the place of power for the strong. Alton Locke is filled with amazement that men will consent to become

butlers—"not for love but money." Why should he be? Mr. Locke is both tailor and poet. Does he imagine that Stultz's coats are so many pledges of affection, and that Alfred Tennyson has no annual settlement with his publisher? Mr. Locke insists upon the right of every labouring man to the intellectual culture and the refined society enjoyed by any other citizen. We are all to be aristocrats and scholars, for "the superior passionate artisan nature" is growing daily more impatient of restraint. Working women are to be bedizened in my lady's fine dresses; for "how many lovely and lovable faces there are among the working classes, which, if they had but the advantages which ladies possess, might create delight, respect, chivalrous worship in the beholder?" Such are a few of the recommendations propounded to practical Englishmen by this would-be Chartist on behalf of his so-called fellow workmen. We had thought and hoped that honest Chartism seeks to *reconcile* opposing classes. *Alton Locke* will settle all our differences by thoroughly confounding them.

We beg the reader's serious attention to the following brief account of Mr. Locke's history. The poetical tailor is introduced to us as a type of his class. We look at him, and behold the working man of the present era. We have therefore only to note his career from his cradle to the grave in order to make ourselves acquainted with the hardships, the persecutions, the oppressions to which labour is subject in unrighteous England. The two volumes constitute an incessant invective against the institutions and well-to-do people of the country; and of course

the treatment received by Mr. Locke during his progress through life will justify the powerful abuse. If it should do the very contrary, and if in his attempt to blacken his picture Mr. Locke should condescend to delineate incidents and scenes that have no higher authority than may be found in his own excited brain, Chartism may possibly suspect that its profit has been small from the poet-tailor's exercise of his needle and pen. We are sincerely of that way of thinking.

Alton Locke describes his position in life at starting:—"My mother was a widow. My father, whom I cannot recollect, was a small retail tradesman in the city. He was unfortunate: and when he died my mother came down, and lived penuriously enough, I knew not how, till I grew older, down in that same suburban street." Mrs. Locke was a baptist, a fierce Calvinist, and a dismal destroyer of children's happiness for God's great honour. As a boy, the only books which Alton was permitted to read were *The Pilgrim's Progress* and the *Bible*. His sole companions and friends were two ministers, who "often drank tea with his mother" and preached high doctrine. He was, however, not without relations. He had an uncle—his father's brother—who by dint of hard work had made a fortune, and was the owner of a "first-rate grocery establishment in the city and a pleasant villa near Herne-hill." Alton Locke is rather hard upon the grocer. No opportunity is lost of sneering at his success and satirising him for his laubable prudence and industry. That a Chartist, of all men in the world, should snarl at a man of the

people for elevating himself in the social scale, and rail at society for enabling the son of an artisan to take his place at the university with the noblest in the land, is not the least singular of the puzzles presented in the history of our uncomfortable and very disagreeable hero. Mr. Locke, grocer, having allowed his brother's widow 25*l.* per annum since his brother's death, proposes at a proper time to make a tailor of her son—"a pale, consumptive, ricketty, weakly boy," as the lad cheerfully describes himself to have been. Had Alton been our nephew, we should possibly have hit upon a better trade for him—at all events, whilst workshops are close ovens and sanitary warnings unheeded—but the grocer did his best, and deserved thanks. Had he, however, apprenticed his nephew to Rundell and Bridge, and secured him a share in the business, we fear he would have received more kicks than gratitude from his misshapen nephew. That aspiring youth, before descending to tailoring, had already taken his own measure and found it immense. "A weakly frame," he remarks, "is generally compensated by a proportionably increased activity of brain." It is not his fault that Providence will arrange matters in this fashion; but, "my dear society," the modest youth goes on, "it is you that suffer for the mistake after all more than we. If you do tether your cleverest artisans on tailors' shopboards and cobblers' benches, and they—as sedentary folk will—fall a thinking and come to strange conclusions thereby, they really ought to be much more thankful to you than you are to them." Locke *épicier* could hardly be expected to understand psychological or physiological arrangements, so to the

shop went Alton, in spite of his genius and of the danger thereby accruing to "my dear society."

The workshop was a fetid hole filled with unhappy discontented occupants. The workmen were not geniuses, but, it would appear, confirmed blackguards. Their degraded condition Alton Locke attributes to the polluted atmosphere of the room in which they had passed so large a portion of their lives; for in respect of employment they were well paid and free from the crushing effects of the sweating system introduced into the establishment at a later period. If the filth of the garret be indeed so hurtful to morals, how much need, whether we be writers or readers, of helping on the godlike cause of cleanliness with all our might; how much wiser to give soap, light, and air to the poor than to irritate spirits sufficiently depressed by dirt with dreams of political equality never to be realised, and certainly not enjoyed, until the pores be opened and the pulses of the heart throb in healthy motion. Disgusted with what he saw and alarmed by what he heard, Alton Locke pined for knowledge and instruction. Forbidden to read by his mother, his only resource was a bookseller's shop "piled and fringed outside and in with books of every age, size, and colour," at which he contrived to stop on his homeward road and to take in learning piecemeal. Acquaintance is made with the bookseller, the bookseller lends the student books, and "in the little lean-to garret at the back of the house, some ten feet long by six feet wide," without fireplace or means of ventilation, in which Alton Locke slept, the youth would spend half his night devouring the food rendered so precious by

the difficulty of obtaining it. So he grew and became wise in the knowledge of good and evil. He adored the books which inspired him with "fierce present rage, with wounded vanity, with bitter grudgings against those more favoured than himself;" in a word, with the vindictive passions of the demagogue and the towering conceit of the infidel.

A theological discussion with his mother renders the boy homeless. Dismissed by his parent, Alton Locke takes refuge with the bookseller, who offers him a bed, the use of a sitting room, and the run of his capacious library. The grievances of the hero are literally at an end. So far from society being chargeable with neglecting his interests in any way whatever, that much abused aggregate cannot be sufficiently praised and admired for all the efforts made to put him comfortably upon his legs and in the way of a decent livelihood. The rest of our tale is a continued series of generous endeavours on the part of the world, and of obstinate ill-conditioned resistance on the side of the hero. The bookseller searches out Alton's uncle and arranges an interview between the cousins. Nothing can be more manly and commendable than the behaviour of the grocer's son; he at once proposes a walk with his relative, and accompanies him to Dulwich College that he may see the pictures there—the crooked and unthankful Chartist growling all the way. The scene at the college would be ludicrous enough if painted by a disciple of the Rosa Matilda school of fiction. In the pages of Alton Locke it reveals at once the untruthfulness of the entire manufactured history. The tailor is smitten with Guido's St. Sebastian. In the height of his ravishment he

looks round to answer a voice that has addressed him: it is that of a young lady who is pleased to remark his admiration. "Two beauties are before him—one dark, the speaker; one fair, somewhat younger, her companion." A tall stately clergyman is with them. They all fall into conversation; the old gentleman questions Locke "as to his name, his mother, his business, his studies," but Alton has eyes and ears only for the fair beauty. The Dean, his niece, and his daughter (Alton's charmer), depart, and the tailor, with his face burning scarlet, is riveted to the spot. His heart is no longer his own, it is wedded to the Venus of whom he had but a glimpse; and considering that the heart had belonged to a Chartist, to a lover of equality, and a man of the people, the reader will allow that it did not make a very indiscriminate selection.

Alton Locke availed himself of a confidant not very likely to betray his secret. This was a picture in the National Gallery resembling his mistress, and before it he used to spend all his spare hours, "feeling the happier for staring and staring, and whispering to the dead canvas the extravagances of his idolatry." We are wrong. A few of the spare hours were lost in Hyde-park, into which the youth ever and anon rushed to search for his mistress in the midst of the gay riders, and to pour out his venom upon the more fortunate aristocratic gentlemen "who might sit face to face with ladies," and enjoy the feast forbidden to meaner men. They might see his Juliet, though he was denied the gratification; and what right had they to look upon her, "who could not adore, appreciate that beauty as he did?" At least they had not

suffered for her as he had done; they had not stood in "rain and frost, fatigue, and blank despair—watching—watching—month after month; *and he was making coats for them!* The very garment he was stitching at might in a day's time be in her presence—touching her dress; and its wearer bowing and smiling and whispering; he had not bought that bliss by watching in the rain. It made him mad to think of it." Now, we really must appeal to the good sense of this author, for we presume he is not as mad as his hero, and ask him what he thinks would happen if we were all to conduct ourselves in this fashion, to fall in love with the first bishop's daughter we met, to dive into all the parks, one after the other, in search of our flame, and to curse every man we encountered on the road who might chance to have a better coat on his back than our means enabled us to buy? What is good for the goose is good for the gander. What a tailor may do with impunity a lawyer's clerk may attempt without fear. Fancy the foreman and journeymen builders now setting up like magic the enormous structure in Hyde-park, dropping their tools every half-hour in the day, and capering wildly into Rotten-row to "feast their eyes" upon the ladies, to make faces at the gentlemen, and to vow eternal vengeance against society for not providing a beauty and a fortune for every humble genius in the country! Is it likely that the building would be up in time for the Exhibition? Can business go on if it is not attended to? Can we live without business? Is there any country under the moon where bread and cheese are obtained by the multitude without untiring labour? If so, let us know its latitude,

that we may emigrate forthwith, and so relieve ourselves of the curse inflicted upon man when he fell.

It was during his love-dream that the tailor grew into a poet. He fancied himself the Corsair, an intimate of Leonidas, and a familiar of "the Maccabee who stabbed the Sultan's elephant, and saw him crushed beneath its falling bulk." It is perhaps not fair to be too critical in the case of a confessed lunatic, and we shall therefore not inquire into the propriety of Alton Locke's anathemas against society, at this period, for not selecting all the geniuses from all the workshops, and sending them in batches to the University—for "not comparing foreheads" at a workman's meeting, and for suffering the artisan to undergo day after day, "the soulless routine of mechanical labour." Heaven knows few are spared that same "soulless routine," from the Prime Minister to the poorest intellectual spider that spins his brains for bread, and that society just now has much more serious work to do than to hunt after poets on shopboards. Inspired tailors, says Mr. Locke, unless they are caught and carefully provided for, "must either dream or agitate." They had much better keep their eyes open and their spirits quiet—at all events, if the relations between their master and themselves are to be improved; and from all accounts, they need mending.

Alton's master dying, his son took to business in the "show trade." The effect of this movement was a strike in the workshop. Amongst those who refused to submit to the "sweating" system was our hero. Government is of course soundly rated for not compelling master tailors to do their duty by their

men—that is to say, for not insuring regular employment, short hours, and high wages. Alas, poor Government! Let it attempt the Herculean feat! No time fitter for the experiment than the era which has seen the State deliberately withdrawing from all interference between labour and capital, and leaving the field of industry clear of all protective laws. Alton Locke, thrown out of employment, is offered a situation with the bookseller, with the certainty of succeeding to the stock and business. No bad offer for a beggared tailor; but the bilious gentleman refuses it, and persists in gnashing his teeth at society. He resolves to walk to Cambridge, where his cousin is studying (we had been told before that he was an Oxford undergraduate—but let that pass), and to obtain his aid in the publication of certain verses to which the tailor had given birth. On the road to Cambridge a characteristic incident occurs. Alton Locke reaches a wood which is entered from the road by a gate. Through the gate comes a gentleman, the owner of the property, with an air of superiority which, "please God!" he shall not have "for ever." Curiosity conquering pride, as the writer has it, Locke begs permission to stray into the copse, and receives it. He is astonished that it should be necessary to ask leave to inspect "the fresh, clean face of God's earth." It never occurs to this unbiassed reasoner that the rich man's castle is as sacred as the poor man's hut. Pray, are Chartist gardens open to every passer-by? Is there no such thing as intrusion on the poor man's privacy? Will your leveller never keep his line and plummet straight?

He arrives at the University. His cousin receives

him well, and promises to advance his interests. The return is unceasing abuse of the educated classes, and an imperative demand why the working classes are not to have University bringing up as well as their betters. To show his earnestness, the cousin introduces Locke to a young nobleman, who at once gives the man employment, although the latter steadily refuses to say "My Lord" to an individual who is clearly "no lord of his." Walking one day in the College gardens, Locke meets that nobleman with a lady on his arm. She is the dark beauty of the Dulwich Gallery. The Dean is staying at Cambridge with his niece and daughter. Lord Lynedale is about to be married to the dark lady, and he requests the poet-tailor to call upon the Dean the following day with his poems. Not so badly treated after all, Master Alton Locke! The poet takes his verses to the hotel, and sees his "Lilian," once again, "the child of sixteen, blossomed into the woman of twenty." The Dean is all kindness; he is about to return to his residence within a few miles of Cambridge, and he invites his humble visitor to spend a few days there with his cousin. All this, no doubt, is deserving of great reprobation, and shows utter heartlessness and the contempt of the higher classes for obscure merit, and deserves to be written in print for the exacerbation of all working people; but, for the life of us, we cannot but respect the old Dean for his urbanity, and heartily wish that all men were like him.

The visit was paid. The dark lady proved dogmatic and disagreeable; the fair one grew fairer, and Mr. Alton Locke now entertained serious intentions of

calling Mr. Dean "father." The latter had applied to his publisher with the view of bringing into the world the productions of Mr. Locke's muse, and the matter was arranged upon condition that the poet would consent to expunge certain political passages which jarred with the main current of the verse. Locke consented to the proposition, and took leave of the Deanery more intoxicated with his consuming passion than ever. Reaching London, the poet attached himself to a Republican journal, but soon gave offence to its conductor by refusing to write in the spirit of the paper. The very day that he received his dismissal, he passed a church door towards which many carriages were tending. He stopped and saw a bride and bridegroom descend; they were the dark lady and Lord Lynedale. Lilian was there too; her eye caught that of the poet, who, in gratitude for one smile of recognition, and to prove his sympathy with the people, rushed wildly from the church door and did not stop till he reached Regent-circus, where "he shook hands earnestly with the crossing sweeper, and gave him his last twopence."

There is no limit to the good fortune of this incorrigible growler. The good Dean invites the poet, whose verses have appeared and been favourably received, to meet the chief literary celebrities of the day at his house in town. Amongst the company is the renowned —— Ambassador. The great man expresses a desire to know the youth. He approaches him with intense benignity, and hopes his influential friends will consent to part with him, that he, the Ambassador, may have the happiness of sending him to a German University. Why, this journeyman

tailor, this ninth part of a man, this stunted sickly piece of irritable humanity, has the luck of twenty aristocrats, as times go; yet he must, forsooth, write two whole volumes of spleen and rancour to prove the hardship of his lot and the oppression of the great. Where, we ask, is the hardship—where the oppression?

Suddenly a libel against him appears in the democratic journal which he has quitted, and Alton Locke loses his popularity amongst the fraternity of Chartists. In his attempt to recover their good opinion the excited man commits himself in an agricultural riot, is seized as a ringleader, and tried for his life. The evidence of a witness saves him from the gallows, but he is sentenced to imprisonment for the term of three years. During the whole of his imprisonment Alton Locke is allowed to devote his time to study, and to such other occupations as he himself selects; and when he quits the gaol, at the period of the last French revolution, he has so far profited by his reading and reflection as to determine to head the memorable Chartist movement of the 10th of April. The ridiculous upshot of that terrible business is surpassed by the absurdity of Mr. Locke's conduct immediately afterwards. Alton's cousin, it would appear, was a special constable on the day in question, and after the ignoble dispersion of the valiant mob, Alton, walking much disgusted and mortified, stumbled upon his belted relative in the neighbourhood of Cavendish-square, "the very part where Lilian lived." The Chartist followed the special until the latter actually "stopped at the Dean's house, knocked, and entered without

parley." The Chartist knocked also, was admitted, and requested to "sit down in the hall." A moment afterwards and he heard the maids below giggling about "the young couple" up-stairs. Another minute and he heard voices in an adjoining room. He rises, opens the dining-room door noiselessly, and creeps in like a cat. Horror! His cousin is there; so is Lilian. "Their arms were round each other. Her head lay upon his breast. . . .their lips met and clung together . . . ." Alton rushed from the room. It was time. Faint, giddy, and blind, he clung to the staircase. His cousin followed him. Alton struck out with his right, which the special parried cleverly with his left, and sent the Chartist reeling, drawing first blood. "Sneering footmen" then removed the intruder from the hall to the street, which no sooner had he reached than "he strode and staggered on, through street after street, running blindly against passengers, dashing under horses' heads heedless of warnings and execrations, till he found himself, he knew not how, on Waterloo-bridge." About to make the fatal plunge, his attention was drawn to a drunken tailor—a fellow workman—who was already on the parapet and in the act of leaping too. Alton dragged down the brother criminal, who started as fast as his legs would carry him for "the wilderness of Bermondsey," Locke dashing after him. The pestilent abode of the drunkard was reached. Beneath the flooring a melancholy rushlight revealed a filthy sewer. Upon the floor *covered by a coat,* were three dead bodies—wife and children. What need to dwell upon this picture? That night the rescued tailor tried a second and more successful leap into a foul and poisonous ditch behind

his wretched home; and the next morning Alton Locke woke with his brain on fire and his body in possession of a raging fever.

Now comes our moral! By degrees the fever relaxes its fierce hold and the liberated man recovers. But who is at his side? The dark lady—the dogmatic and disagreeable beauty—Lord Lynedale's wife—the Earl of Ellerton's widow! Yes, much has happened. Lynedale has succeeded to his father's title—has died a violent death, and left his widow very poor, but chastened and corrected. As strong medicines carry off the impurities of the body, so the fever has removed all the former violence and vindictiveness of the Chartist. He is fit for instruction and ready to receive it; and he does receive it with a vengeance from the highly gifted and well informed Lady Ellerton, who assures him that Christ was "*a great Reformer and true Conservative*"—"*a true demagogue and a perfect artist*"—was tempted "*like every genius!* to use his creative powers for selfish ends"—had borne "the sorrows of genius"—had "fought with bigotry and stupidity"—had wept over Jerusalem "*in the bitterness of disappointed patriotism,*" — that Camille Desmoulins revealed "an Almighty truth," when he spoke of the "*bon sans-culotte Jesus,*" and that property qualification may be opposed, universal suffrage and annual Parliaments claimed rightfully and successfully, if Chartism will but undertake its crusade in the name of Him who of all "heroes, poets, and philosophers," is the only "real demagogue, the speaker to man simply as man, the friend of publicans and sinners, the stern foe of the Scribe and the Pharisee." The effect of this

singular revelation is as miraculous as the revelation itself. The Chartist is redeemed; "he hid his face in the coverlet, and burst out into a long, low, and yet most happy weeping." A brother Chartist is at his side with his face buried in his hands. Suddenly this one jumps up with brimming eyes, and cries out, "I see it, I see it all now. Oh my God! my God! what infidels we have been."

But the moral is not ended yet. Poetical justice requires the punishment of the tailor's cousin, who had cozened the tailor out of his bride. After his conversion, Alton Locke inquires of Lady Ellerton how the young gentleman finds himself. She shakes her head. "He is no more!" "Dead?" "Yes, of typhus fever; and not only he, but his servant who brushed his clothes, and the shopman who had a few days before brought him a new coat home." Ah, the new coat! The reader remembers the coat with which the three corpses were covered in Bermondsey. Perfect and most professional contrivance! The tailor's rival falls a victim to the "sweating system." The "emporium of fashion" is Nemesis disguised in a paletot, and the united cause of betrayed affection and high prices is fully avenged.

And this is Chartism! And this is the book of a man of the people, addressed to those who are answerable for the workman's wrongs and bound to repair them! This is the life-history of a tailor—the charge of democracy against aristocracy—the plea of labour against capital! Reader, do not believe it! Be more faithful to your brother labourer, and refuse to accept these perverted utterances for the plain unvarnished story which we shall be the first to welcome at the

hands of honest industry. There is much to be done for poverty and labour. The world has already roused itself to a consciousness of the momentous fact. Society strengthens every hour the hands of Government, and every hour shall find us more clearly ascertaining duty, more anxious to fulfil it. The bodily health of the masses—their moral and intellectual culture—their spiritual well-being—their social and political rights, have more interest to-day for every class in the State than any other subject. The necessity of solving the difficulties of the many-sided question of the claims of labour is on all sides acknowledged to be paramount. The fate of England for the future no doubt largely depends upon her wisdom and intelligence to-day. We have no fear of her ultimate happiness and triumph. There is no danger to be dreaded from the generous activity of the well-disposed. Even such wild and wanton teaching as that with which we have been dealing can operate but as a feather against the wholesome living tide that pours steadily and surely on towards the abiding shores of blessed civilisation.

October 18*th*, 1850.

THE WAR IN AFFGHANISTAN.

"Heu! heu! cicatricum et sceleris pudet
Fratrumque."

For two centuries the history of the British possessions in India was the history of accumulated successes. Dangers there had been, and difficulties, but each onward movement, with here and there a fluctuation, ended in a triumph, which that fluctuation enhanced. There is no record of so many and such prosperous struggles leading to such a supremacy in the previous annals of any people, save of the Romans alone. Here, too, as there, the empire seemed to grow by the very necessity of the case. New contacts brought new collisions. The sagacity of the civilised race, the steadfastness of the disciplined host, here by negociation, there by the shock of armies, widened the circle of a conquest. There was nothing which could be called a reverse to shade the bright outline except that one instance which invested with horror the name of Sooraj-ud-Dowlah. The memory of disasters is lost in the keener recollection of disgrace. We boast no longer that the flag of Britain in India is free from the soil of dishonour. Rome had her *Furcæ Caudinæ*. On the page of the English historian will stand out for ever a blot unerased,—the tale of the Khyber Pass.

Where the peninsula of Hindostan bends south-

ward from the old Gedrosia, the embouchures of the Indus, struggling through the lowlands of Scinde, invite for a thousand miles the upland passage of the soldier or the merchant. For three-fourths of that distance it is navigable for vessels of two hundred tons. As a channel of trade it might have usurped the place of the Ganges, had not the cure of Shah Jehan's daughter by an English physician determined the point of the fulcrum to Calcutta. If not, like its sister flood, a sacred stream, the Indus was none the less characterised by some romantic attributes. Like the Nile, it had concealed its fountains from the hydrographer; to the archæologist its sources were classic soil, pressed by the footstep of the Macedonian. It had other attractions. The presages alike and the hopes of the Indo-Europeans regarded it as France, monarchy, republic, empire, regarded the Rhine,—a frontier at once glorious and secure. The sober and practical aspirations of commerce, "*parum locuples continente ripâ*," coincided with the love of enterprise and the lust of rule. Till the year 1831 the course of the Indus was very partially known, its capacity as a highway undetermined.—*Then* William IV. would send horses to Runjeet Singh—the shortest and easiest route must be sought. It is an opportunity for surveying the commercial landscape. The charge of this expedition shall be given to Alexander Burnes.

The Indian service makes a man or mars him. If the oppressiveness of the climate and the habits of ostentatious luxury relax the energies of some men, the scope offered for talent to display itself and the keen relish of responsible action string the nerves of others. Nor is there any region on earth where the

civil and military instincts are found so readily in combination, nor where promptitude of action is so often united with variety of accomplishments and tastes. Of the Anglo-Indian type Burnes was no indifferent specimen. The physical obstacles to be encountered in the journey to Lahore were no light ones. Besides, the Ameers of Scinde were proverbially jealous; and the influence of England was a cloud that had not yet gathered shape. There was only a tradition, now of twenty years' standing, and dating from Elphinstone's mission, which attributed to the Feringhee inexhaustible wealth, and good faith as inexhaustible. The charge had been zealously undertaken; it was ably performed. Rendering account of his tour to Lord William Bentinck at Simlah, Burnes received authority to extend his travels north and west: nominally as a private gentleman, virtually as the pioneer of a trans-Indian policy some day to be developed, he started afresh. A long circuit from the Indus to the Oxus, from the firm ridges of the Koosh over Cabul to their outlying volcano over Teheran, the fabled throne of Zohak, brought him back to Bombay after an absence of two years. He came—he saw—he spoke no word of conquest. But we are told that a holy Syud, lifting up his hands and his voice, as Burnes first sailed up the Indus, proclaimed the downfal of Scinde as no doubtful or distant event, and, had the Ameer of Cabul possessed the gift of prescience, he would have divined in the aspect of his guest a future for his country such as that which lurked in the unconscious features of Hazael.

The travels were published and praised; the

traveller petted and promoted; and in 1835 he was sent to negotiate with the Ameers of Scinde the opening of the Indus for traffic. His address prevailed; and a year later he was despatched northward to effect with the masters of the upper stream what he had effected with the chieftains below. In September, 1837, he arrived for the second time at Cabul.

Of the five streams which give its name to the Punjab, the westernmost retains its original title of Indus. In latitude thirty-four degrees runs into it from the west the Adozzye, or river of Cabul. Three towns, Peshawur, Jellalabad, and Cabul stand on the south side, upon or near this river, in a line from east to west, about a geographical degree each from the other. Between Peshawur and Jellalabad are the defiles of the Khyber; between Jellalabad and the capital are the passes of Khoord Cabul. Where the sources of the Adozzye lie south of Cabul is the fortress of Ghuznee. South-west, perhaps 200 miles by the crow, is Candahar. Draw a line south from Cabul five hundred miles, and it will cut the Indus near Shikarpoor. Between Candahar and Shikarpoor is the Bolan Pass. Dost Mahomed of the Barukzye clan holds the sceptre now in what was the capital of the Ouranee monarchy,—Cabul. His is not an unlimited monarchy. One of his brothers rules at Candahar by a feudal tenure, and with feudal inconstancy. Another brother, by favour of and in the interests of Runjeet Singh, maintains no brotherly attitude at Peshawur. It is the vantage ground of the Sikhs west of the Indus. Ten years have not sufficed to consolidate the power

of Dost Mahomed. The mountaineers of Kohistan are not docile. The Ghiljies remember that half a century ago they were the sovereign race. The Kuzzilbash, a Persian by sentiment as by descent, musters strong in Cabul. The Khans of Affghanistan generally append some condition to their obedience; like the Cyclopes in *Homer*, each is to some extent his own lawgiver. There is a flaw, too, as some count flaws, in the Ameer's title. Himself, a Barukzye, he holds a throne which the Suddozyes did not delegate, but lost. The first Suddozye ruled by conquest. The Barukzyes were a powerful and a rival family, and for two generations, as Viziers, they held the actual authority, though not the nominal. For ostracism, despots substitute the dagger. The King murdered the Vizier; the Vizier had brothers, who exacted blood for blood. Of these Dost Mahomed was one, and the ablest. By the right of revenge, a sacred right in the Affghan code, and by the right of force, he attained the "musnud." It is not too much to say, that he kept it by the right of a moral and intellectual supremacy. On the occasion of Burnes's first visit to Cabul, the Ameer received him with affability and kindness. He appeared to be just in intention and vigorous in execution, to hold enlightened views, and to be favourably disposed towards the British power. When, five years later, the traveller re-appeared as an envoy, he found again a ready welcome, and held to his first estimate of the man; saw that "his knowledge of character was great; that his patience and delays bespoke ambition; that his limited revenues alone stood in the way of his popularity."

Of this, Burnes' second expedition, the nominal footing was commercial; but he was also "to superintend surveys, to examine passes of mountains, and *to see into affairs.*"

The general complexion of affairs at the time when Burnes wrote thus to a friend was as follows:—Lord Auckland, now these two years Governor-General of India, was prosecuting domestic measures with conscientious ardour and as much method as a man new to Indian matters could display, when news arrived that the Schah of Persia was marching an army on Herat. Originally a part of the Affghan empire, now an independent State, ruled by Kamram, a Suddozye, nephew of Shah Soojah, the exile of Cabul, it had offered some faint pretexts for Persian aggression; but self-aggrandisement or self-exaltation was the main object of the Schah of Schahs, and there was a prompter in the back-ground, giving advice, money, and skill. That prompter was Nicholas of Russia. Herat lies west of Cabul from three to four hundred miles; upon it are concentrated the great roads from Persia, which diverge, one to the south and the other to the north, round the salt desert of Khorassan; it is therefore one of the outposts of India. In the autumn of 1837 the Persian crossed his own frontier. Colonel Stoddart was in his camp, hoping, but hoping vainly, to be instrumental to an armistice. There was another Englishman also of the Indian army within the walls, when, on the 22nd of November, the Schah's forces broke ground before Herat,—Eldred Pottinger, Lieutenant of Artillery. He had been travelling through Affghanistan, and, arriving in happy season, set him-

self to direct and encourage the labours of the besieged. In the Persian army were Russian officers and a regiment of Russian deserters; by and by came Mr. M'Neill, the English Envoy in Persia, from Teheran to the scene of conflict; after him, with opposite purpose, Count Simonich, the representative of the Czar. There was also a Russian agent making his way in those autumn months to the Court of Dost Mahomed, a commercial agent,—nothing more, —"Le Lieutenant Vilkievich, Polonias."

The siege of Herat, from no inherent strength of the defences, but from the activity of Eldred Pottinger and the incapacity of the Persian generals, wore on until the Indian Government had time to hear, to consider, and to act. A small force from Bombay was landed in the Persian gulf; before it reached its destination, and before its despatch was known, the English Minister had been compelled by various insults to come to a rupture with Persia, and had set out on his return to England. Colonel Stoddart was now sent back to Herat to give the Schah of Schahs his choice of retreat or war. There was not much hesitation, for all the tongues of rumour trumpeted the speedy fall of Shiraz. The grooms were ordered to bring round "Ameerj" for his Majesty. It was nine months since he had dismounted before the well-defended walls.

The independence of Herat thus vindicated, was an independence which the character of its ruler ill-deserved at any man's hand. But for England, the advance of hostile influences to a point of so much importance was a compulsion to act with promptitude and vigour. Along all the mountain chain of

the Hindoo Koosh, down all the streams they feed, had run the story of that lingering siege, tinged variously with the feelings of each tribe it passed through, affording to some prospect of war, to some opportunity of intrigue. The old Lion of Lahore was disquieted in his lair on the Sutlej; the eye of the Barukzye glanced watchfully from the Bala Hissar of Cabul. He knew that, even from the valley of Teheran, the Persian and the Russian had been tampering with his trustiest subjects of Candahar. To him the investment of Herat involved diverse feelings. Persia, by destroying the last stronghold of a rival dynasty, might do him service; but, if he sought the alliance of an opposite creed, he risked the allegiance of his more fanatical supporters. On the other hand, with Herat Persia might bribe the chiefs of Candahar. Generally speaking, the advance of a compensating power was not disagreeable to the Sikhs or the Affghans. The Asiatic is never at a loss to avail himself of any competition which entails rival gifts, rival concessions, rival promises. "Fierce, hardy, proud," as becomes their climate and their land, they unite to the courage and hardihood of a colder region not a little of the subtlety which characterises the Hindoo. The Affghans, indeed, suspect themselves the sons of Abraham; but, if they are so, they have neglected the Mosaic in favour of the Mussulman code. They appreciate the purse and the sword. In dealing with them you must be all straightforward or all duplicity; middle way there is none. They were to be bought, but not by a single purchase. They were to be intimidated, but not by an intermittent display of force. They were

to be attached, but not by unequal sacrifices. It was time that their fears or their affections should be secured. In the restless policy of the Muscovite Emperor, in the temper of those barbarian or semi-barbarian tribes which lay beyond the English frontier towards the Caspian, there were real anxieties for England. It was a misfortune that emergencies arose before the agencies and intentions of the Indian Government had taken a definite and intelligible shape. The intentions were now to be defined precipitately, and the means selected without much regard of right.

Alexander Burnes had arrived at Cabul to discuss with Dost Mahomed in the first instance the traffic of the Indus and its tributaries. He has at first no discretionary powers; after a time he is intrusted with a discretion as to topics, not as to acts. He has his own opinion of matters in hand, an opinion as much in advance of his instructions as Cabul is in advance of Calcutta. He understands that India wants a security against the tribes of the Koosh identifying themselves with the aims of Russia. It is no illegitimate object, but it is not yet an avowed one. The Ameer of Cabul has also objects not illegitimate; he wishes to consolidate his power, to have such an appearance of British support or such practical aid as may defend his eastern frontier against the Sikh, his southern from the Ameers of Scinde, his western from the underhand dealing of Persia. He wishes, in a word, to erect the provinces of Affghanistan into something like a stable monarchy. The British authorities were at variance as to England's interest in the matter. One thought that

the divided sway of rival chiefs would be most advantageous; another, that a single sovereignty was better with power to control the Khans. The former opinion was little consistent with the proposed expansion of commerce: the latter demanded the devotion of the ruler to the cause of England; possibly English subsidies to keep up that devotion, but it was not a chimerical scheme, and our envoy in Persia judged it to be the right one.

Dost Mahomed, then, and Alexander Burnes entered upon the question of mutual interests with a regard for each other, and a tolerably clear understanding of the case. The chief had definite views, and was ready to make definite engagements. The envoy had definite views, but no definite engagements to offer. Government had converted him from a commercial into a political agent, but it had given no commensurate powers—had at that time no commensurate notions of reciprocity. It empowered Burnes to express displeasure at the Persian sympathies of Candahar. It censured him, and censured him severely, for promising assistance contingent upon attack from Persia. So the chiefs of that district concluded a treaty with Persia, which the Russian Ambassador at Teheran civilly guaranteed. It expressed a hope that Dost Mahomed would abstain from collision with Runjeet-Singh, but it declined taking any steps to avert the machinations of the Sikh Vicegerent at Peshawur.

The Lieutenant of Cossacks had ridden up to Cabul, in December, 1837, a month after the investment of Herat. By his own confession, up to the 20th of February he had made no progress with the

Ameer. The Candahar chiefs, indeed, hoping some day to appropriate Herat, had entered into friendly relations with Russia. The Ameer of Cabul, with more foresight, clung as long as he could to the idea of an English alliance. He was not so very impatient. Over a period of six months was extended his diplomatic intercourse with a powerless ambassador. It was the end of April before, hopeless of this resource, he looked for aid to the west, and, letting Burnes depart, heard the propositions of Vilkievich. By that time the Indian Government had bestirred itself to scare the Persians from Herat. A petty demonstration in the Persian gulf, by the help of native hyperbole, proved large enough to divert the Schah from his purpose. Two accidents, the personal animosity of the Heratee Vizier to Persia, and the presence of Eldred Pottinger, had the one given and the other prolonged the opportunity of interference. The stars did not yet look sinister.

As the successor of Darius in *Aristophanes* goes with an army to repose himself at the Golden Mountain, a Governor-General of India retires with his Court to recruit his energies and his health within view of the Himalayah snow-line. There, in the autumn of 1837, was Lord Auckland; there were aides-de-camp, military and civil, with other appendages of vice-royalty; Mr. M'Naghten, chief secretary to Government, was there; Mr. Torrens, his assistant, was there; necessarily, Lord Auckland's private secretary, Mr. Colvin, was there. Clever men all they were, as the Indian service demands and creates by early responsibility, independent, by various occupations versatile, by taste and opportunity adven-

turous—men to mount the Cordilleras with Pizarro, translate the Vedas with Wilson, or sketch outline maps of Central Asia and fill them up at discretion. There was a less restricted intercourse in that small and brilliant society, less reserve on public topics, than at the seat of Government. With these gentlemen for his advisers, a thousand miles from his Council, Lord Auckland found himself face to face with a real emergency. By preference a strong advocate of peace, his instructions to Burnes had been the essence of over-caution; but the advance of Persia on Herat furnished a case for interference and a necessity for decision. Signs everywhere of Russian activity were being reported. Finally, encouragement came from Lord Palmerston to assume an attitude of vigour; a word from head-quarters, as Navarino showed, helps much to a definite issue. Something, at all events, was to be done. The particular measure remained to be thought out. There were some authorities at Calcutta who would willingly have had a voice in the consultation; but four are a quorum, and there were three secretaries on the spot. For general knowledge of the country and of Indian policy they were fitter, perhaps, to judge than Lord Auckland. They had the common appetite of *employés* for stirring incidents, they had ambition at least as largely as discretion, and they had not responsibility. The consequence was that they arrived at a very great conclusion indeed,—in their own language, "a grand game."

Lord Auckland had drawn up a list of two or three conceivable plans, in which the advance of a British army in force did not form any part; direct

action against Persia by the line which the Schah had taken did not, therefore, form one of those plans. Of these three conceptions, the first was to do nothing, the second to support Dost Mahomed, the third to overthrow him and set up in his place Shah Soojah, the exiled Suddozye, a man of many misfortunes, some faults, no striking abilities or virtues, now these several years a pensioner of the Indian Government.

The Governor-General thought that the Maharajah of the Sikhs, being an enemy of Dost Mahomed, would be inclined to help Shah Soojah to his throne again. If the thing could be achieved without any great expenditure of men or treasure, Russia might be snubbed, Persia confounded, Affghanistan united and happy, and commerce secure of growth. M'Naghten was accordingly dispatched to Lahore to lay the proposition before Runjeet Singh. He arrived there in May, 1838, and, representing that Dost Mahomed had shown himself altogether an impracticable person, suggested the restoration of Shah Soojah. Runjeet Singh had no objection to lend a hand in such a scheme, provided he received good interest for the loan. His enmity to the present Ameer of Cabul was by no means so considerable as his self-love. He declined so gratuitous an effort as replacing Shah Soojah with his own forces alone. He saw with one eye, and he had but one, that the Feringhees had objects of their own. However, by the end of June the terms were settled; a treaty was drawn up to which there were three consenting parties, Runjeet Singh, Shah Soojah, and the English Government. This last, however, though it had originated the covenant, was set down as a disin-

terested spectator. Thus ran the heading, "Treaty of alliance and friendship between Maharajah Runjeet Singh and Shah Soojah-ool-Moolk, with the approbation of and in concert with the British Government."

This decision was come to, this treaty devised, before Burnes had the opportunity of signifying his dissent from it, or showing, as he might have shown, the entire absence of a necessity for such injustice.

The league now made between the three contracting parties was offensive and defensive. Shah Soojah was to have his old possessions, *minus* Peshawur, which was to be confirmed to Runjeet Singh. The Maharajah was to receive a subsidy, and furnish certain troops in return. One article provided that the two Asiatics should address each other in terms of equality; another that the Shah should annually supply his neighbour with fifty-three high-bred horses of pleasant paces, eleven Persian scimitars, seven ditto poniards, musk-melons of a sweet and delicate flavour all the year through, besides other fruits, fresh and dried, and one-hundred-and-one miscellaneous articles, chiefly woollen and silk stuffs of high price. The Maharajah was annually to return the obligation in kind, with shawls, muslins, and rice; and, in acknowledgment of 20,000*l.* a-year from Shah Soojah, was to maintain 5000 men as an auxiliary force on the right bank of the Indus, men, too, of "the Mahomedan persuasion." These were the terms; but Runjeet Singh had evidently no heart in the matter. He had no particular regard for Shah Soojah; he was not likely himself to live long, the chances of tranquillity after his death were but small;

what he looked for was some immediate advantage, such as he gained by the cession of Peshawur, the continued alliance of England, and some money down on the nail. He even seems to have been influenced by an assurance which he drew from Burnes, whom he liked, that the adoption of the Auckland plot would be advantageous to his (Burnes's) interest.

It is not far from Lahore to Loodiana. Shah Soojah ere long appended his name to the document. He premised, however, that once enthroned, he should have such liberty of action as became a King, and he attempted another stipulation or two, implying habits as a governor not entirely consistent with European ideas. He insisted on the necessity of regaining his throne by the instrumentality as much as possible of native forces, dependent, however, upon English skill and English rupees. By the time, however, this tripartite alliance was concluded Lord Auckland's irresponsible advisers had expanded their own conceptions, and very much modified his Lordship's. Gradually, the combination of a British force with the army of Shah Soojah had become an appendix to the plan. When Burnes arrived at Simlah, with his knowledge of the country, to say what was best under the circumstances, which a series of blunders had produced; when Sir Henry Fane, the Commander-in-Chief, appeared on the scene, to show that a large and well-organised army could alone insure success; then at last the true dimensions of the undertaking made themselves apparent. In August, 1838, an order was promulgated for the concentration of an army in the north on Kurnaul. A second column

was to be detached from the Bombay Presidency. Shah Soojah was to collect an army of his own, from such materials as he could find. Mr. M'Naghten was selected to superintend the expedition as chief political officer, with Burnes as his second in command; all was in train, and on the 1st of October Lord Auckland put forth a manifesto which was to be at once the intimation and the apology of the coming campaign. The key-note was of course the siege of Herat and the offensive attitude of Persia; but it also stated that "the interests of the Indian empire could not be preserved inviolate so long as Dost Mahomed reigned at Cabul." It added to much that was false in the indictment of the Ameer a declaration of Shah Soojah's popularity in Affghanistan, as "proved, by the unanimous testimony of the best authorities." This was far from being true. Shah Soojah was not popular *throughout* Affghanistan, but the reverse, and the authorities were not unanimous in saying so, much less the best authorities.

With the end of the summer ended the siege of Herat. A second notification was therefore required to withdraw the major part of the argument, but confirm the original conclusion. The hostility of a man who had been driven to negotiate with Russia by Persia's proximity to his capital—who had treated with distinction and familiarity every English traveller and envoy—who had in vain, not once but often, asked for the positive friendship of England—was exhibited as the one defence of a questionable policy and an expensive war. Lord Auckland dreamt, perhaps, of easy submission and a peaceful future—certainly he had not, either fiscally or morally, counted the cost.

At Ferozepore, on the banks of the Hyphasis, at the end of November, the Governor-General held conference with Runjeet Singh. A scene of all imaginable splendour, civilised and barbaric, inaugurated the march of the invading forces. The allied armies displayed various manœuvres, each in their respective kind. Lord Auckland introduced Runjeet Singh to his family. Runjeet Singh introduced Lord Auckland to his *corps* of dancing girls. After that a change in the arrangements was made. A moiety of the Indian force was despatched homewards, and Sir Henry Fane relinquished his command, to be succeeded by Sir John Keane. In the beginning of December, preceded by Shah Soojah's new levies, the army of the Indus directed its course to the southern and western side of Affghanistan, taking its way through Scinde, and crossing the main river at Bukkur. It was a long route, but Runjeet Singh had abandoned his claim to Shikarpoor, in consideration of replenishing his treasury at the cost of the Scindian Ameers. The Ameers, indeed, brought out two releases written on the Koran, but these receipts in full were quashed by the Simlah court of justice; there was a treaty, too, which, while opening the Lower Indus to traffic, excepted the conveyance of military stores. Lord Auckland *suspended* the operation of the treaty. Burnes meanwhile, now Sir Alexander, was negotiating, or rather was enforcing, the surrender of Bukkur, a fortress strongly planted on a flint rock in the middle of the Indus. The prediction of the Syud already bade fair to be realised. It was not possible that the Ameers should fail to show their indignation, and nurse their hatred for an

opportunity; but the strength was all on one side, and they submitted to the violation of their territory, treaty, and exchequer.

The march of an Indian army is ever a tedious process; but on this occasion the tedium, and with it the suffering, was aggravated by an imperfect commissariat, an ill-informed or undecided general, and the most enormous supplement of men, animals, and baggage that Indian luxury or imprudence could collect together. Before the army had cleared the Bolan Pass want of provisions began to tell; twenty thousand camels are said to have perished between Ferozepore and Candahar. Here, too, and there flashed out some symptom of feeling, which told that the Khans of Affghanistan must either be subsidised or decimated. Dost Mahomed, however, had not yet brought his forces to bear, and the Sirdars of Candahar made no stand. In the third week of April (1839) Shah Soojah rode, a restored monarch, into Candahar, was acclaimed by the multitude, and said a prayer at the tomb of his ancestor, Timour.

After two months' delay for stores to come up, Keane marched on to Ghuznee. It had fame as a fortress, but fell speedily, less, however, by the leader's foresight than the enemy's unskilfulness. The heavy guns, dragged up with pain and difficulty to Candahar, had been left there, but a gate was blown in by a bag of gunpowder. Colonel Dennie rushed in with a storming party, and the place was taken by *coup de main*. One of Dost Mahomed's sons defended it; he was captured: another was on the look-out near at hand; he fled: the troops

having disposed of this obstacle, moved on. Dost Mahomed came out of Cabul with a disheartened army. Some deserted, for the chances were inclining against him: all were wavering, for the fate of Ghuznee had appalled them. The Ameer gave up hope, and turned his horse's head to the mountains; not unpursued, for Outram was soon on his trail; but with Outram was associated an Affghan chief, who took care that the pursuers should be baffled. The Barukzye, however, was a fugitive, and the Suddozye made a triumphal entry into his old capital. So far the object of the expedition was accomplished. A fiction was established where there had been a man.

> "Est curvo anfractu vallis, accommoda fraudi
> Armorumque dolis."

Shah Soojah sat on the throne of his forefathers. Lord Auckland's first intention had been that he should regain it by the joint efforts of himself and Runjeet Singh, with a few British officers to marshal their forces or direct their operations, and some of the Company's rupees to smooth the way. But the well-known astuteness of the Maharajah made the conspirators of Simlah fear to intrust him with their own catspaw. Lord Auckland's second intention had been to combine a small auxiliary force from India with the armies of the Maharajah and the Shah; but it was by no auxiliary force that Dost Mahomed was driven from his throne. Events do not accommodate themselves to imperfect foresight and ill-developed schemes. The Governor-General had mistaken the temper of the nation with which he had to deal; he

mistook also the capacity of the tool he was about to employ, and the nature of the operations in which it was to be employed. It was no long looked-for exile returning amid the acclamations of his people that now once more occupied the Bala Hissar of Cabul. It was, at best, the almost forgotten head of one faction in the State—a faction itself disunited, and retaining no attachment which its cupidity did not encourage. Whatever little strength the new monarch might have possessed in the feelings of his people, he had effectually endangered by the means which brought about his return. It was to the bayonets of the stranger and the infidel that a Mahomedan nation had succumbed. Even so, had the objects of the expedition been plainly defined, and all minor considerations sacrificed to those objects, it was not impossible to combine with the elevation of Shah Soojah the maintenance of the English interests and the honour of the English name. They might have strengthened him to rule after his own fashion; they might have made him entirely a nominal king, and kept the rule in their own hands. What they tried was a compromise. An Anglo-Indian army had effected military occupation of Affghanistan. That fact itself, however questionable in point of justice, was intelligible to a number of warlike and predatory tribes, to a number of avaricious and revengeful chiefs. But in the councils of Lord Auckland and in the necessities of the case two opposite ideas clashed together. To the councils of Lord Auckland, and not to the necessities of the case, the future conduct of affairs was adapted. The original misconception was persisted in. It was to be an alliance, not a

conquest; a diplomatic, not a military *régime*, was to be established; accordingly, so soon as the reunion of the forces took place under the walls of Cabul, the activity of the sword was suspended for the activity of the pen; a host of political agencies were sprinkled broadcast over the country—some were sent on distant missions to watch the state of affairs and work on the hopes or the alarms of the Toorkoman Khans, to Herat, to Khiva, to Bokhara, to Khundooz, to Khokund; and in the lately conquered country at the side of every military officer, whether general in charge of a district, or lieutenant in command of a fort, was placed an envoy, without whose sanction such officer was not to act. The majority of the "politicals" were indisputably men of ability, but the majority were also men detached from the army at different periods of service, and very much the juniors of those to whom they gave law. Nowhere could this have answered except in a tranquillised country, where disturbance was the exception and not the rule. Nearly thirty of these "politicals" were placed at the disposal of the British Envoy at the Court of Shah Soojah, Mr. William (subsequently Sir William) M'Naghten. The system here put in execution presupposed the acquiescence, if not the goodwill, of a hardy and independent people, who added to the enmity of religion the enmity of race. It was a fatal assumption. Shah Soojah, before resigning the tranquillity of his existence as a pensioner for the cares and dangers of royalty, had stipulated for the exercise of regal authority, and received a promise that the Indian Government would not interfere in the internal regulation of his kingdom. It was not

possible to perform the promise. If the power of life and death, of reward and punishment, according to the principles of Affghan polity and morality, were to be maintained by the presence of British forces, British authority could become the direct instrument of injustice and wrong. Yet, while breaking the promise, it was not possible to establish the monarchy, for the partisans of the Shah could not be retained, much less could their number be increased, except by the depression of their opponents, and their own admission to influence; so, in the very hour of triumph sprang up the seeds of difficulty and danger to come. At present, however, men's minds were occupied with the gratification and the repose which triumph brought with it. They had toiled through deserts and defiles for nearly 2,000 miles—they had emerged into a valley as fertile as the hills are rugged and bleak. Some had suffered from heats which struck men dead in their tents, some had been all the way in the battle front either at skirmish or siege. Now they pitched their tents undisturbed in an autumnal climate, healthful and invigorating. It was the season when nature is most prolific of her gifts. The walnut and the mulberry were drooping from the bough, the vines were growing purple on all the terraces of the hills. The musk-melon, which the soul of Runjeet Singh longed for, stood for sale in the bazaar; beside it snow and ice from the mountain tops which shut in the view. From the dangers and privations of a tedious march it was no ordinary change for man and beast to the ample forage and the unequalled fruits of Cabul. Yet Cabul was for some of them what Capua was to Hannibal.

Not long could India be drained with safety of so large a number of troops as now were encamped on the plains or holding the fortresses of Affghanistan. The political agents received, therefore, pressing instructions to consolidate the Shah's power as quickly as possible, to organise his army and his finances, that so the subsidiary forces and the subsidiary funds of Great Britain might be, the one retrenched and the other withheld. But it was a difficult task to create a revenue, and, though an easy, a perilous one, to raise an army in a country unsettled and half-subdued. Still the experiment must be made. A part of the British army was ordered home at once, and a further portion commanded to follow in the ensuing spring. Rumours of a rising contemplated by the northern tribes in favour of Dost Mahomed led to some increase in the portion to be retained. Three infantry brigades, a cavalry regiment, and some artillery, were the amount of force detached for service in Affghanistan. In the middle of September General Willshire broke up from Cabul with the Bombay column and commenced his retreat on Hindostan by Candahar and the Bolan Pass; bnt he arrested his march for awhile to storm and to capture the fortress of Khelat-i-Ghilzie, whose chieftain had fallen under some suspicion of bad faith. Mehrab Khan had aided the army on its upward march, when he might have crippled or destroyed it; he had discussed in a friendly manner with Burnes the merits of the expedition, and had foretold truly its ultimate issue. He had in former days befriended Shah Soojah in an hour of need, he now fell in the vain defence of his stronghold with a bullet through his breast, and his territories

were annexed by Lord Auckland to the kingdom of the Shah. His prediction and the vengeance of his clan survived him. A month after Willshire's departure, Keane, who had not so much won as been presented with a peerage, with that part of the Bengal army which was to return to the provinces, took his route by the eastern passes to Peshawur. At the same time M'Naghten, leaving Burnes to "drive the coach" at Cabul, accompanied the King to his winter quarters at Jellalabad, and secure of the future, wrote for his wife to join him. The administration of the country had been previously set going by the Shah, who had selected as his vizier a brainless "moollah," competent and willing only to oppress. The cold months, always inclement in the high table-land of Cabul, were that season unusually severe, and Dennie, who was shut up with his brigade in the citadel, saw the available force of his one European regiment dwindle to 200 men. Originally sick and weakly when paraded at Ferozepore, it had been one of those selected by ballot! for active service. He could not help commenting on the wisdom of that arrangement, when the news came that winter of the Russian advance upon Khiva, with 30,000 men and a large park of artillery. This expedition despatched nominally to chastise the insolence of a powerless Khan, was really a counter-demonstration provoked by the onward stride of England; but cold and famine gave Lord Palmerston a sterner guarantee than Nesselrode's assurances of amity or his references to the "map of Asia." The Russian army was well-nigh annihilated in the snow. The fear of such remote dangers, however, subsided only to make room for alarms nearer

at hand. Ere the spring was far advanced, every district which was not overawed by an occupying force began to show symptoms of disquiet. At Syghan, beyond the Hindoo Koosh, the power of the mountaineers was broken in battle, and for a time Dost Mahomed's activity was quenched in the dungeons of the treacherous Khan of Bokhara. In the south Nott found himself in the centre of a series of outbreaks, some the mere casual onslaught of marauders, some the planned resistance of confederate chiefs; many of both descriptions caused by the tyrannies of the Shah's vizier and his subordinate agents. The anxieties which disorders involved to the envoy were aggravated by the disgust which half measures entailed to the generals. Nott chafed under the anomalous position he held, rather as a policeman lent to a neighbouring Power than the military occupant of an enemy's soil, and was glad enough when he found an opportunity of enacting the soldier in good earnest; he was prompt, though irritable, and though he grumbled he struck; he had invariably denied that the country was or would be reduced to submission; he had invariably maintained a defiant attitude, which gave annoyance to M'Naghten; he had a contempt for the Shah and all his family; he entirely distrusted the Shah's native forces; for this want of pliability he was on the point of being superseded at a later period, when the sudden change of affairs confirmed the truth of his views and demanded the exercise of his vigour. Now, while the envoy at the seat of government was devising late remedies for the exactions of Shah Soojah's officials, garrisons were being attacked,

detachments with convoys cut off, officers killed, the fortress of Khelat-i-Ghilzie was falling again into the hands of Mehrab Khan's family; and, even when Nott had administered a severe chastisement to the Ghilzies, it required the free expenditure of money to keep the communications open between Candahar and Cabul.

Putting a restraint, as the English authorities were obliged to do, on the operations of Shah Soojah, and reaping the odium of the chiefs on the one hand for their interference, of the people on the other for many undiscovered cruelties, they endeavoured by an attitude of confidence, by giving and receiving hospitalities, to soothe the feelings which they had excited; and, if a reckless disbursement of public money could have purchased a lasting popularity, they could not have failed to achieve it. On the other hand, as they failed in procuring popularity for themselves, they failed also in procuring it for Shah Soojah. He was not respected, for he was not independent; neither was he liked, for he was childishly attached to etiquette, offensively haughty to his chiefs, and parsimonious to a degree. He had made promises, too, when entering upon the struggle, which he neither cared nor was able to perform; but the people charged upon the army of occupation much of the disappointment which they owed to the King. If the people were discontented, so was the Shah himself. The weakest men are generally the most jealous of their dignity. He was conscious that he occupied an unworthy and despicable position; he remonstrated not unfrequently, and it was deemed necessary now and then to conciliate him by acceding to his less

reasonable wishes. Now, among other things, the presence of British troops in the Bala Hissar was distasteful to him; even his palace, which was within the citadel, seemed thus to require a foreign garrison. The English engineers would not willingly have abandoned so commanding a post, but M'Naghten gave the order. In the summer (1840) the army was placed in cantonments beyond the outskirts of the town, and on the further side of the river which surrounded it. There, on a piece of low level ground, surrounded by forts, enclosures and trees, was thrown up a slight earthwork, three fourths of a mile long and a third of a mile wide. Within this soldiers and camp followers took up their abode—within this were erected the houses of the envoy and other officers whose families had come up to Cabul. The appearance of security and the deference to the Shah's wishes were carried still further. Large stores of grain had been accumulated in the citadel; they were removed to a number of sheds outside the town.

Towards the end of that summer it became known that Dost Mahomed had escaped from the claws of the ruthless Khan of Bokhara, and was drawing forces to his standard; by the beginning of September he had collected an army of 6000 men. Some of the smaller posts on the frontier were hastily abandoned. Some of the Shah's regiments went over to the enemy. Cabul itself was full of disaffected chiefs, and it began to be a question whether all the available troops should not be concentrated on the capital, and a stand made there until reinforcements should come to the rescue. But there was in this contingency a brave man between England and dis-

comfiture,—a brave man and a badly used one. On the 18th of that month Dennie, with a mere handful of troops, a few companies of various regiments, came unexpectedly upon the Ameer's forces, which outnumbered him ten to one; he attacked them on the instant, threw them into disorder, routed them, captured their camp, ammunition, and baggage. The region of disaffection was not limited to the presence of Dost Mahomed. Further to the west, at this same time, Sale was occupied in putting down insurrectionary movements and destroying rebel forts, and manœuvring to intercept the Ameer's advance on Cabul. Once more, on the 2nd of November, the Ameer made his appearance in force. This time the tables were turned, and the Indian cavalry, in spite of the heroism of their officers, fled before the Affghan horse. The Ameer made a chivalrous use of his temporary success. The next day M'Naghten, who had heard of the repulse, was returning, in no hopeful mood, from an evening ride, when a horseman rode up and accosted him, a second appeared, and tendered his sword—it was Dost Mahomed in person. A short intercourse convinced the envoy that his captive was a man of no common abilities. The absence of alarm opened his eyes on other points, and while, a week before, exasperated at his resolute struggles, he had talked of consigning Dost Mahomed to the gallows, he now wrote to Lord Auckland to ask a liberal treatment for one "who had never offended us, and who had been the victim of our policy." The Ameer and his family were sent state prisoners to Hindostan. The Ameer's policy, the policy which he originally avowed to Burnes, had,

together with his position, been appropriated by his self-elected foes. He had declared that Affghanistan must be insecure so long as intrigues were kept up between the rulers of Herat and the chiefs of Candahar, and so long as the Sikhs maintained their western outpost at Peshawur. The British army had begun by deposing the Sirdahs of Candahar. M'Naghten himself, alive now to the restlessness and infidelity of the Sikhs—questionable allies even while Runjeet Singh was alive—was urging upon Lord Auckland the macadamisation of the Punjab to keep up the communication with India through Peshawur. Even the cession of Peshawur was proposed, for the Sikhs were at one moment irritating the Khyberees, at another supplying the Ghilzies with harbourage and with money. The envoy had found out, also, that it was advisable to coerce, if not to capture Herat, which was another thorn in his side. In July he had written to the Governor-General, "Herat should now be taken possession of in the name of Shah Soojah." He had tried to buy the Heratee vizier, and had been foully cajoled. Yar Mahomed had greedily absorbed the money and accepted the treaty with England. When 120,000*l.* had been advanced, he was discovered exciting insurrection among the Douranees, and promising the co-operation of his troops with the rebels in Western Affghanistan. But Lord Auckland, frightened already at the demon he had raised, and not even encouraged by the hints of the Foreign Secretary to authorise the further advance of the Indian armies, replied that a military demonstration against Herat was out of the question. The

statesman who had inaugurated the trans-Indian policy before he understood its real bearings now shrank from acknowledging to himself the natural liabilities which he had contracted, and advised the continuance of amicable relations. Amicable relations were no longer possible. Yar Mahomed, while doing his utmost to overthrow the authority of England, had presumed to demand either the continuance of supplies, or the departure of the mission from Herat. Major Todd, who was in charge of that mission, rightly deeming his further presence or further advances incompatible either with the honour or the interests of this country, perceiving also that the lives of himself and his followers were in danger, left the place. Lord Auckland, as he had been in error, was also indignant and unjust. Major Todd was never employed as a diplomatic agent again.

In the cold season the activity of the Affghan tribes subsided into torpor once more. The winter of 1840-1 saw M'Naghten and the King again at Jellalabad, saw the English officers astonishing the Cabulees with their prowess on the ice, or with such dramatic spectacles as they could accommodate to their tastes and ideas. The chiefs were amused, the merchants profited by the public and private expenditure of the army, but the rise in the price of provisions did not tend to secure the affections of the peasant and the workman. Individual friendships had sprung up. There were also individual animosities. There were animosities too, not confined to individuals, in a nation susceptible on the subject of female honour; but on the outside all went smoothly for a while. With the spring, as in the

former year, came again outbreaks among the Douranees on the river Helmund, among the Ghilzies, east and west. The political agents could not remove all the causes of offence which arose under the Shah's administration, much less could they obviate the deeper feelings which sprung from the detestation of a foreign yoke. In their hands was the real power; the obloquy must be theirs, if that power was the screen of faithlessness or oppression in the Shah and his officers. M'Naghten tried to find reason enough for these recurring disquietudes in the natural temperament of the clans. From May till August, Nott was busy sending out detachments and winning unequal conflicts. The envoy had deemed the general perverse. The general probably thought that the envoy was infatuated. He knew too well that "the wild Affghan song was echoing upon the mountain—the forerunner of massacre and blood." In May, Pottinger, who had charge in Kohistan, sent word that the country was disaffected, and required a larger force to maintain order intact. In the same month Rawlinson, from Candahar, reported to his chief a fresh embroilment with the Ghilzies, and adduced as the only safe parallels the position of the French in Algeria, and the Russians in Circassia. M'Naghten wrote back a severe comment on "the idle statements which were made in so many quarters about the tranquillity of the country." He was averse to acknowledge that the peaceful tract of his belief and his representations was only a slumbering volcano. "We Europeans," he said, "wherever we go are received with respect, attention, and welcome;" but he should have known,

too, that while showing and receiving courtesies in their separate capacity, the Affghans did not hesitate to declare their hatred of the foreign invaders as a whole; and he should have known too, by what accumulated grievances, both political and personal, much of that hatred had been challenged. He was, in part at least, wilfully blind. His credit as an administrator depended on the abeyance of his judgment. He wished to leave a fair picture of his policy behind him when removed from Cabul. That autumn he had been gazetted to the government of Bombay.

The Indian revenues were suffering under the enormous burden which the maintenance of Shah Soojah's Royalty and the occupation of his country involved: a million and a quarter per annum of additional expenditure was the financial result of the expedition. Lord Auckland was obliged to have recourse to a loan. Before M'Naghten returned to Hindostan he must carry out the views of Government in the way of retrenchment. There were two methods of keeping Affghanistan in subjection—by the strong arm or the open hand. By the latter he had for two years thrown around the English occupation a false security; now, at last, it was to be cut up by the roots. Many of the clans had been exasperated by the failure of Shah Soojah's promises; but the payments made to the tribes of the eastern passes dated from time immemorial, and were the necessary condition of their abstinence from rapine and war. In an evil hour their allowances were cut down.

In the autumn of 1840, M'Naghten had represented at head-quarters the inefficient condition of

the troops in Cabul, and requested that they might be superseded by fresh draughts from the provinces. The corps which accompanied Dost Mahomed to Loodianah passed on its way the advancing regiments under Shelton and Elphinstone. In the beginning of the present October, Sale was to march homewards with the returning regiments. The Ghilzies stopped the pass. Macgregor, who was known personally to the chiefs, and who had won universal regard from the mountaineers, was sent to treat with them. It was agreed that the subsidies should be raised to their original figure; but it was already too late to avert all the consequences of the reduction; the tribes were out, and the chiefs were not competent to control them. The first regiment which marched out of Cabul was attacked, and suffered some loss; a second was abruptly ordered to reinforce them; it was plain that Sale must fight his way through the defile. He was equal to the emergency. He had an immense convoy in charge—he was determined to secure it; but his march was necessarily a slow one. Some facilities which he might have had were denied him; he had asked for eight hundred percussion muskets which were lying idle in store at Cabul, to replace the worn and ineffective firearms of his infantry. It was the very time when M'Naghten was proposing that a corps of Affghan mountaineers should be levied to protect the English troops with their far-carrying jezails; those eight hundred muskets became finally the property of Akbar Khan. In forcing a pass on the twelfth, Sale was wounded, but Dennie was happily there to take the active command. When the second halting-place was reached, the first which had been

kept in hand, was reoccupied as well. The communications were thus kept open from the capital to Khoord-Cabul till some additional strength both of men and animals came in. On the 22nd, the brigade achieved a march of seventeen miles through deep ravines, emerging in the Valley of Tizeen. The march was unmolested, but there was a sharp contest before the camp could be pitched in tranquillity. Again there was a regiment to be waited for; again the means of transport had fallen short. Only by patience and good discipline could he accomplish the journey without loss of stores or of men. In the Valley of Gundamuck, where the Shah's troops had a cantonment, where forage and provisions were plentiful, he halted again. Here, on the 7th of November, he received a report of some disturbances in Cabul. The mountaineers assumed a new audacity. The Shah's troops were evidently being tampered with. Sale determined to push on for Jellalabad, leaving the private baggage behind, and taking with him only what was necessary for the efficiency of his force. Hardly had he disappeared when the Shah's soldiers plundered the baggage and went over to the enemy. The next day, not without more fighting, he entered the dismantled fortifications of Jellalabad. Here, until some definite intelligence came from the capital, they resolved to make a stand. The only question was, whether they should occupy the town with an insufficient force or shut themselves up in the citadel. Mainly by the advocacy of the man who had stormed Ghuznee, and won the day at Bameean, the bolder counsel prevailed. The fortifications

were to be made tenable; they fought a battle in order to procure some repose for the work, and henceforth it is difficult to say whether in their industry on the walls or in their sallies against the foe they exhibited most method, coolness, and courage. Through the months of November and December went on the alternate labours of the pickaxe and the sword, and every now and then a "cossid" stole in with news of the insurrection that was raging through the land from Candahar to the furthest frontier of Kohistan; but on the 9th of January, to the dismay, the astonishment, and the indignation of all, with a flag of truce came a messenger to the gates, displaying an order from Elphinstone, the commander at Cabul, for the immediate evacuation of Jellalabad. There was a loop-hole yet; the order was dated eleven days back, so Sale and his officers refused to act upon it. Four days of suspense passed by, and then, when they had now been exactly two months in the town, as the soldiers were hard at work one afternoon on their defences, there was discerned in the far distance the figure of a man apparently mounted, coming slowly on the road from Cabul. The telescopes were put into requisition to discover who it might be that came so leisurely alone. It was evidently an European, holding himself with difficulty on a miserable hack. Some horsemen were sent out, and soon brought in, half dead with exhaustion and wounds, the bearer of an awful history. The corpses of Elphinstone's army lined the pass through which he had come, and for all that he knew, he only had escaped to tell the tale. The tale was as

hard to credit as it was awful to tell—for there had been left in Cabul of regular troops and camp followers together 16,000 men. In vain the garrison of Jellalabad hung lights above the rampart by night, and by day patrolled the road towards the mountain; out of the dark gorges of the granite rock no other relic of the host struggled to answer the greeting.

During the two years which had passed since Shah Soojah's throne was established Burnes had been living chiefly in Cabul, in the winter exercising authority as M'Naghten's substitute, in the summer acting as his shadow; he was now to succeed him as envoy at the court of the monarch. He had had a good deal of time for investigation; he knew a great deal of the people; he had shared more than his chief in the apprehensions of Pottinger and Rawlinson. But he was not more than usually disturbed. On the night of the 1st of November warnings came to him from two or three sources of a conspiracy maturing among the chiefs. Being naturally brave, and thinking, probably, that any appearance of alarm would tend to precipitate a rebellion, he refused to leave his residence in the city for the protection of the Bala Hissar. He had a small guard in his house, and in the next house, which was occupied by Johnson, the paymaster of the Shah's forces, was also a handful of Sepoys. However in the early morning he sent to M'Naghten for some troops. It was two miles to send, for the cantonments were beyond the suburbs and across the river. Ere the message had well arrived, Alexander Burnes, with his brother, was cut to pieces. The paymaster's house was then sacked by the gathering

mob, and the Sepoys killed in the defence of it. Seventeen thousand pounds rewarded the murderers, and stimulated the growth of the insurrection. It was at half-past seven o'clock of that fatal morning that General Elphinstone received from Burnes, through M'Naghten, the intelligence of the outbreak. No movement of any kind was made until the middle of the day, when a force was despatched to occupy the citadel. It was three hours past noon on the following day before a detachment marched against the city, and that detachment returned without effecting anything. Already, in a large army competent (properly handled) to have withstood all Affganistan, signs of alarm were beginning to manifest themselves. While the soldiers were set to work to put the defences in order, the envoy, with the countenance of the general, was writing letters to Sale to return to Cabul, and other letters to request assistance from Candahar. At this moment, to have challenged, or rather to have forced a battle, would have been the first act of a competent general; but Elphinstone was an old man, in a wretched state of health, and equally incapable of decision or of action. The position did not admit of a long and desultory struggle. They were encamped in an open plain surrounded by inclosures which offered shelter to the enemy. Their provisions were in a small fort a quarter of a mile distant from the cantonment; in that fort was a small garrison. In the other commissariat station, nearer the town, there was also a small garrison. The officers in both made a gallant stand in hope of reinforcements, but no reinforcements came; and, when resistance became hopeless,

the garrisons forced their way, under cover of night, to the camp. Then, within sight of the British army, their only certain supplies were distributed and carried away by the enemy. The second of these two catastrophes occurred on the 5th of November. On that 5th day of November General Elphinstone introduced to Sir William M'Naghten the idea of coming to terms with his antagonists. The next day he repeated the proposition as one that was becoming familiar to himself. But not yet had M'Naghten, who was a man of courage, brought down his soul to that degradation; if he could not instil confidence into Elphinstone, he could at least make use of such weapons as belonged to his own profession. He set to work to induce disunion among the chiefs by bribes and promises. One, at least, of his subordinates went still further. In the handwriting of a British officer has been preserved the offer of reward for the heads of certain chiefs. When this state of incertitude had lasted a week, Brigadier Shelton was summoned back from the Bala Hissar to cantonments: the troops were already dispirited; he was a man of energy, and might have roused them, but he was also, unhappily, a man of awkward and violent temper. Elphinstone and he would not work together. Shelton had no power to act; Elphinstone no vigour to act. No wonder that on that same day M'Naghten wrote again to Sale imploring him to return, and saying that their situation was desperate. No wonder that he kept on writing day after day, until it became too plain that Sale could not return. Meanwhile, the inferior officers did what they could to strengthen their position and procure

themselves supplies. Thus three weeks passed over before the forces were marched out to seek an encounter with the enemy. The conflict was long and fluctuating; that it ended in the triumph of the Affghans was only the necessary result of the gross military errors that were committed. Shelton went out with a single piece of artillery, and that, eventually, was left behind. There now only remained, in the general's opinion, two courses,—to fight his way to the Bala Hissar, where there was already a garrison, and there hold out through the winter, or to come to terms with the enemy. The former was resigned, because it offered some not insuperable difficulties; the latter was adopted, though it involved disgrace, and offered small security against ruin; the first demands of the Affghans were too high for M'Naghten to think of submitting to them yet, for not yet were they driven to extremity; but there came now a new negotiator into the field—Akbar Khan, Dost Mahomed's favourite and fighting son. To his hatred he added power and activity; for the first time an effectual stop was put to the supplies. December came; M'Naghten delayed the capitulation. It was a terrible commentary upon his previous views, and a terrible conclusion to his cherished scheme. Against hope he kept hoping for aid; in the catalogue of accidents something, he thought, might be written in his favour. Shah Soojah's party might be reunited; the dissensions which still he tried to sow might shatter the power of the chiefs; or the assistance which he had summoned might make its appearance from Candahar. From the despondency of the

beleaguered army, and the incapacity of their chiefs, there was evidently nothing to hope. On the 5th of December the Affghans burnt down before their eyes the bridge, not a quarter of a mile from the camp, which kept up their communications with the town. If there was any more shame to be endured the measure was filled up by the abandonment, in panic, of a retaken fort, close to the cantonment walls. There were English soldiers inside, but an Affghan appeared at an upper window, and they ran away. The news now arrived of Sale's brilliant action before the walls of Jellalabad, but it awoke no similar enthusiasm; starvation or surrender had become the only alternative; M'Naghten drew up the outline of a convention, and met the chiefs in conference; Lord Auckland's tripartite treaty had its corollary written now. The British army was to evacuate its position within three days, and march by the route of Peshawur to India, and all the troops in Affghanistan were to be withdrawn in the spring. In fulfilment of this agreement the detachment in the citadel marched out on the 13th; three days later the forts which commanded the cantonments were given up to the enemy, and already the inability or the unwillingness of the chiefs to control their followers gave evidence of no easy or unopposed retreat. The delay which still ensued, and which sprung on both sides from mutual distrusts, brought a new antagonist—the snow. The day after it set in went forth those letters to Ghuznee, Jellalabad, and Candahar, which the commandants treated with deserved neglect. On that same day arrived the intelligence that the reinforcements advancing under Maclaren had retraced

their steps to Candahar. The game was now fairly up; but M'Naghten, still clinging to fallacious promises, still trusting to the avidity of individual chiefs, or the mutual suspicions of rival clans, thought he might even now find an outlet from his difficulties by negotiations not thoroughly consistent with English good faith. The last overture of this nature came from Akbar Khan: they proposed the secret union of the British forces with that chief and the Ghilzies; they concealed a plot for securing the person of the envoy. On the morning of the 23rd, harassed and depressed, rejecting all cautions, M'Naghten rode out with three officers to his last conference. Hardly had the conversation begun when all four were suddenly seized; the envoy made some resistance, and Akbar Khan shot him with a pistol for which he had returned him his thanks a moment before.

Neither on that day nor on the next was any attempt made to ascertain accurately the fate of the deputation, much less to avenge the treachery. On Christmas-day negotiations were renewed, Pottinger, after M'Naghten's death, taking the direction of affairs. On that day messages came in from Macgregor at Jellalabad, and from Mackeson at Peshawur, saying that reinforcements were coming up from India, and urging Elphinstone to stand out. It seemed at the same time that the Shah's party in Cabul was gaining strength. Pottinger energetically advocated the seizure of the Bala Hissar; the senior officers met in council, and met to reject the advice; and now fourteen lacs of rupees, 140,000*l.*, were to be paid to the chiefs before the army should start. The sword of Brennus was in the scale; they sub-

mitted to that degradation. It was possible, even now, to destroy camp baggage and encumbrances, and fight their way down to Jellalabad. In preference to that risk, they saw their guns, treasure, and ammunition become the property of a treacherous foe, along with six English officers, given as hostages for their departure: and now, at this last moment, the indefatigable chief of the commissariat records there came some of his friends from Cabul, who, attributing the whole progress of the insurrection to the weakness displayed at its outbreak, told him also that the chiefs were utterly trustless, and their followers thirsting for the blood of the Feringhees.

On the 6th of January, 1842, without any of the safeguards promised by the chiefs, without hostages for the performance of the stipulations, without wood, money, or provisions, the British army left its cantonments on the plain of Cabul, and, with ladies and children among its files, started on a march of ninety miles, through passes covered with snow. It was evening before the last of the rear-guard quitted the intrenchment, and no sooner were they clear of the spot than the conflagration of their houses and huts threw a light like that of Moscow upon their path. It took two days of disorder, suffering, and death to carry the army, now an army no more, to the jaws of the Khoord Cabul Pass. Akbar Khan, who appeared like the Greeks' dread marshal from the spirit-land at intervals upon the route, here demanded four fresh hostages for the evacuation of Jellalabad. The demand was acquiesced in. Madly along the narrow defile crowded the undistinguishable host, whose diminished numbers were still too numerous for speed;

on every side rang the jezail of the Ghilzie, on every side plundered and butchered the fanatic Ghazee; on every side, palsied with fatigue, terror, and cold, the Sepoy dropped down, to rise no more. The next day, in spite of all remonstrance, Elphinstone halted his army, expecting in vain provisions from Akbar Khan. That day the ladies, the children, and the married officers were given up. The march was resumed. By the following night not more than one fourth of the original number survived. Even the haste which might once have saved now added nothing to the chances of life. A forced march by night was attempted to head the pursuers, but the confused throng of camp followers still impeded the road, and rendered organisation impossible. Once more, at Jugdulluck, the diminished force halted awhile. Akbar Khan invited Elphinstone, Shelton and Johnson to a conference, and detained them. Still there were 2000 left of the mass. For these, in the mid pass of Jugdulluck, a barrier was prepared. There twelve officers died sword in hand. A handful of the bravest or the strongest only reached the further side alive; as men hurry for life, they hurried on their way, but at Gundamuck were surrounded and cut to pieces—all, save a few that had yet escaped. Six officers, better mounted or more fortunate than others, reached a spot within sixteen miles of the goal; but into Jellalabad rode painfully on a jaded steed, with the stump of a broken sword in his hand, but one.

Comment upon a tale which carries its inferences with it, unless it is skilful, is weak; and the lesson here written is one which every man's judgment anticipates, and every man's conscience enforces. Of

the facts as they are recorded by the hand of Mr. Kaye we have given a faithful summary, but there need be no summary of a conclusion drawn in language at once precise and powerful. We quote the pregnant paragraph:—

"It would be unprofitable to enter into an inquiry regarding all the minute details of misdirection and mismanagement, making up the great sum of human folly, which was the permitted means of our overthrow. In the pages of a heathen writer over such a story would be cast the shadow of a tremendous Nemesis. The Christian historian uses other words, but the same prevailing idea runs like a great river through this narrative, and the reader recognizes the one great truth, that the wisdom of our statesmen is but foolishness, and the might of our armies is but weakness, when the curse of God is sitting heavily upon an unholy cause; 'for the Lord God of recompenses shall surely requite.'"

> "Obsessique gerunt, tanta est constantia mentis,
> Offensoris opus."

Those who have watched from some lofty point of shore a well-known vessel making hasty preparations against a storm too lately seen, who have waited almost breathless for the moment when some drifting fringe of cloud should open once more to their view the spot where she may or may not be still, should best conceive the suspense with which in that winter of 1841-2 the Anglo-Indian community, their fears preponderating over their hopes, expected tidings from Cabul. When at last their doubtful anticipations gave way to a dreadful certainty, you might hardly

trace a distinction between the sense of national calamity and the poignancy of private grief. And of the public despondency no better parallel could be found than the dismay which fell upon Rome when the news came of defeat at the hands of the Cherusci in the defiles of the German forests. It was Lord Auckland's fate to experience the anguish and display the alarm which made Rome's master tear his Imperial robes, and cry, "Varus! give me my legions."

There had been an invasion of an enemy's soil without any secure basis of operations; there had been the practical isolation of a great army separated from its frontier and its resources by tremendous "ghauts" and arid deserts; there had been the gloss of peace thrown over the smouldering embers of conflict; there had been a fatal unwillingness on the part of the chief civil officer to acknowledge any symptoms of disquiet; there had been an equally fatal selection of incompetent men and incompatible tempers to conduct the military operations. A British force had been exposed to a harassing siege in an indefensible post, just so near to a large city as to give opportunity of daily aggression to an enemy, not near enough to derive any strength from the contiguity. There had been finally a stupid vacillation and a dastardly despair, ending in the total annihilation of the host. The policy of the Simlah Secret Council had been overthrown once and for ever. Of England's late supremacy in Affghanistan there remained only two military outposts, at Candahar and Jellalabad, and two detached garrisons, in Ghuznee and Khilat. Of the vast horde which had thronged the chill passes of Khoord Cabul

there were now left in existence a few disabled and frostbitten Sepoys, whom Akbar Khan distributed among his chiefs; a few wretched camp followers who were offered in the streets of Cabul at one rupee a-head; a few stragglers who begged their daily dole at the gate of some Affghan more merciful than the rest; a few English officers out of the hundred and fifty; a few English ladies and children who, with a handful of European privates, were marched from fort to fort among the snow-covered hills, and whose lot it was more than once to traverse the narrow track where the bodies of the slaughtered soldiers lay scattered and strewn like the plague-smitten host of Sennacherib.

The original conception had been bold, though unjust. The after support given to the discomfited project was not even bold. Indecision marked the bearing, the language, and the acts of the Governor-General. In the words of Mohun Lal, "hesitation approached and embarrassed his sound judgment." When it appeared that the great verdict of disaster was likely to be pronounced against the trans-Indian policy, Lord Auckland, while acknowledging his error to himself, seems to have lost for a time the comprehension and the energy which were demanded by his position. Not to him, when the first news of disturbance at Cabul reached Hindostan, but to the local authorities in the north-western provinces, acting on their own responsibility, was due the first vigorous attempt to reinforce the army in Affghanistan. Lord Auckland confirmed the measure, though he did not encourage it; and already, by the end of November, a brigade, under Wild, crossed the Sutlej,

and directed its march to Peshawur, where it was to seek assistance from our Sikh allies under the tripartite treaty, and force, if it might, the passage of the defiles. As the nature and amount of the loss became known, additional troops were ordered up to the frontier, and in January—guided this time solely by the fitness of the person for the office—he appointed to the command of the forces in Affghanistan General George Pollock, a sedate undemonstrative man, whose deeds never required much assistance from words. The news of Elphinstone's destruction, which arrived shortly after this at Calcutta, roused him from a too manifest depression, the result partly of natural anxieties, partly of a consciousness that the public feeling in England, as in India, had been unfavourable to his measures, and (as testified in the selection of his successor) was becoming still more so. A proclamation was issued, in which the Governor-General said that he regarded this "*partial* reverse only as a new occasion for displaying the stability and vigour of the British power." But this language did not find a proportionate realisation in acts, and, with the exception of allowing a force to be despatched towards Peshawur, the official correspondence of Lord Auckland was mainly occupied by vain regrets and fluctuating propositions, and the instructions of one day often contradicted the orders of the preceding one. When Sir Robert Peel came into power in the autumn of 1841, the Court of Directors, whose knowledge of the hostile preparations of Lord Auckland had first been derived from the daily journals, were only too willing to sanction the nomination as Governor-General of a nobleman

who had made Indian affairs his study and had twice presided over the Board of Control. It was on the third day of the revolt at Cabul, when Elphinstone was already beginning to distrust his army and talking to M'Naghten of a compromise, that a dinner was given by the directors at the London Tavern to celebrate an appointment which promised relief to the finances of India and abstinence from future aggression. To the complimentary language then addressed to him by the great captain and the great statesman of the day, Lord Ellenborough responded by a slight sketch of his intended policy. This was, first, "to give peace to Asia and a sense of security to its people;" secondly, "by that peace to create a surplus revenue;" thirdly, "by means of a surplus revenue to emulate the magnificent benevolence of the Mahommedan Emperors." These were, however, generalities on which the subsequent history of India did not set the stamp of a precise veracity. But it was understood throughout Hindostan that the new Governor-General came out to undo as far as possible the mischiefs which an unwarrantable invasion had done to the finances and the character of the East India Company; and Lord Auckland was now more anxious to withdraw his lowered reputation from the scene of his unpopularity than to redeem by any striking exhibition of energy the faults into which he had been seduced. He had begun to look upon himself as an *ad interim* functionary, and desired honestly, if not wisely, to place matters, so far as he could, in a position which would leave the action of his successor unfettered. The plan which he avowed early in February was to recall Sale to Peshawur as

the nearest point of safety, and leave the question of future operations against the soil of Affghanistan to be decided by Lord Ellenborough at his arrival. Nott, indeed, had written before the end of December, from Candahar, to say that he was ready and willing to march upon Cabul as soon as he could receive stores and the means of transport from Scinde. But the indignant warrior received no encouraging reply to his proposal, and of the reparatory measures which had been adopted the first issue tended to throw an additional gloom upon the last days of the Auckland Administration. Wild's brigade, owing partly to defective *matériel*, partly to the wavering courage of the Sepoys, which the Sikh soldiery had sedulously undermined, met with repulse and loss in an attempt to force the entrance of the Khyber Pass, and the fortress of Ali Musjid, twenty miles within the gorge, fell into the hands of the mountaineers. Such was the state of affairs when Lord Ellenborough, on the last day of February, landed at Calcutta and took upon himself the "responsible despotism." The field was open for the elucidation of whatever views he might entertain.

Meanwhile the two English commanders in Affghanistan were spending the winter months amid dangers of which courage and discipline alone could make light. It was on Christmas-day that the news of the Cabul insurrection reached Candahar, and the same night some hostile gatherings in the immediate vicinity gave notice of a spreading infection. The force under Nott was at that moment larger than had been contemplated, for a brigade which was on its way to the provinces had, in

consequence of a previous outbreak towards the north, been recalled after a few days' march. Nott now called in his detachments, made efforts to secure forage and provisions, and prepared to maintain tranquillity in and around his fortifications. Retreat was his last idea—advance upon Cabul in the spring his first proposition to Government—and the return of victory to the British arms was inaugurated on the 12th of January in the "battle of Urgandah." Nott's settled distrust of Shah Soojah's native forces was very early confirmed by the mutiny and desertion of a cavalry corps. The attempts of Rawlinson to secure the attachment of the Douranee tribes, though apparently successful for a time, were baffled as soon as the uncertain tenure of the British power in Affghanistan became known. There was a large force of them with a son of Shah Soojah's in their ranks, hovering in the vicinity, when the order from Elphinstone arrived at Candahar. There was no hesitation about the neglect, under such circumstances, of a command which was then of two months' date. To the various overtures made by the enemy the non-compromising old general replied that he could enter into no engagements of any kind in the absence of instructions from the Supreme Government. An order opportunely arrived from head quarters to confirm his intention of standing fast. But the want of money, medical stores, and provisions had begun by this time to press heavily upon the troops. As a matter of necessary precaution, the Affghan inhabitants to the number of 5000 were now expelled from the town, and Candahar became a secure entrenched position from which

operations could safely be extended into the neighbouring districts. These measures taken, Nott marched out with a considerable force, hoping to provoke the Douranees to a battle, but the enemy skilfully evading a collision moved back suddenly upon the town and made a desperate night attack, in which, after burning one of the gates, and calling out all the energies of the garrison for the defence, they were repulsed with great slaughter. Notwithstanding this check, the fall of Ghuznee, whose inhabitants had admitted the Affghans by undermining the walls from the inside, gave fresh impulse to their audacity, and while the news of this fresh disaster came in from one quarter to try the patience of Nott's army, in another direction there came other bad tidings. Brigadier England, who was on his way from Queteah with reinforcements and stores, had met with some obstruction at the mouth of the Kojuck Pass, and had returned to his previous station. From that place he now sent a letter to Nott, saying that he would be ready to make a diversion in his favour whenever the Candahar general was inclined to fall back upon Scinde. He received a scornful answer commanding him to move upwards once more, and promising that a part of the beleaguered force should march out to clear a way for him through the defile. This time the obstructions were overcome with "great facility," but the honour of clearing the road was reserved for the soldiers of Nott. It was the second week in May when the long expected relief thus arrived at Candahar, and then Nott wrote to Pollock, who had at that moment just reached Jellalabad, to say that he contemplated

moving on to Cabul as soon as he had sufficient carriage for his magazines.

On the eastern side of Affghanistan the course pursued by Sale had been not less consistent with the national honour, or less creditable to the upholders of it, than that which his brother general had maintained so successfully in the west. The destruction of Elphinstone's force, as learnt from the arrival of that single messenger, appeared to the garrison of Jellalabad only another reason for defending their post against all odds. They made forays in search of cattle through the surrounding country; they went down and stored all the wood that was near enough to be brought in; they perfected their long line of intrenchment; they organised the camp followers into useful auxiliaries, armed with such rude or casual weapons as they could pick up or devise. Even the bullets which rained into the town were collected and treasured up for a new use, and the lay figure of an officer, paraded along the ramparts, at once attracted the fire of the enemy and administered amusement to the besieged. When on the 19th of February a violent earthquake overthrew their fortifications, they redoubled their efforts until their defences were again tenable against assault. Akbar Khan was at hand with his forces, but their attitude of unflinching resolution kept him at arm's length, and showed how completely it was the want of resolution elsewhere which had alone encouraged the treachery and ferocity of the Affghans. No serious attack was made against the town, and the enemy perceiving no change in the conduct of the garrison, and no

practicable breaches in their walls, attributed to witchcraft what was but the joint result of industry and valour. Another month of anxiety and privation wore on, during which Sale communicated to Pollock at Peshawur the gradual failure of his resources, and the threatening demonstration of his antagonists, but promised that he would, "by God's blessing," hold out till the end of March. April, however, came before the *morale* of the Sepoys had so far recovered as to make the forcing of the Khyber Pass otherwise than a precarious adventure, and that delay, bringing matters to a crisis, brought also fresh triumph to the stout-hearted garrison. On the 7th, Sale sallied out of Jellalabad and defeated the army of the besiegers, commanded by Akbar Khan, and outnumbering his scanty columns four to one. With a loss almost inappreciable, but for the fall of Dennie, the camp, the ammunition, and the stores of the Affghans fell into their hands. Easily, then, they endured one other week before the arrival of the promised succour. It was on the 16th of April that the band of the 13th Regiment, marching out to meet Pollock's army, escorted the relieving brigade into the town to the Jacobite air, "Oh, but ye've been lang a-coming."

At Cabul for a time Shah Soojah was by the jealousies and the fears which the chiefs entertained of Akbar Khan maintained a king, but his sovereignty was, as it had been before, a nominal one, though the Moollahs could now with safe conscience put up their Khutbah or prayer for the ruler, which they had omitted from their liturgy while he was dependent on the sword of the infidels. If he

had either in intention or overtly lent any encouragement to the rebellions, he found now little advantage to himself from its unexpected success. If before, in his anomalous and humiliating position, he had had some temptations to duplicity, he was now driven to it as his one and only means of safety. In the autumn of 1841 he had upbraided his chiefs with cowardice, and declared to them that he was only a titular monarch, but it was surmised that he had done this by way of tempting them to their ruin. Now he wrote lengthy and incoherent letters to the Governor-General and to several of the English officers, asserting his fidelity; which might in some sense have been true; and asserting his inability to act from want of money; which was absolutely false. At the same time he agreed with the insurgents to deport himself as the leader of Islam, and to prosecute the holy war against the enemies of the faith. Had he possessed in this conjuncture either liberality or force of character, he might have attracted to his cause no contemptible faction; but his avarice and his imbecility alike impelled him to play fast and loose; his death, therefore, or his downfall, had become a mere question of time; his hoarded wealth in jewels and specie had long made him a prominent object to the universal cupidity of his countrymen. An attempt made upon the life of Akbar Khan, or an accident which was construed into an attempt, and charged upon his animosity, urged the individual outrage. An ambuscade was planted on his path as he was proceeding from the citadel to the camp to assume the command of the army; a bullet entered his brain and his corpse was cast into a ditch. Partisan fights

and cabals ensued after his death, which ended in the elevation of one of his sons as a concession to the principle of Douranee legitimacy, and a screen for the cruelties and exactions of Akbar Khan, who arrogated to himself the post of Vizier, and with it all practical power. It was in the first week of April that Lord Auckland's supposititious king shared the fate of the English agents who had enthroned him at Cabul.

Lord Ellenborough's first administrative acts referring to the occupation of Affghanistan were to issue an unimpassioned and rather indefinite proclamation, abandoning the cause of Shah Soojah, and to place the whole local authority, both civil and military, in the hands of Pollock and Nott. This last step, though adapted well enough to the actual emergency, was intended also to signify the Governor-General's distrust of the political officers as a body, and to foreshadow as part of his policy the exaltation of the soldier at the expense of the civilian. Having given this intimation of his general views, and startled the subordinate functionaries by his promptitude and inquisitiveness, Lord Ellenborough, anxious to get nearer to the scene of operations, hastened to Allahabad. The news of England's brigade having fallen back to Queteah met him on his road and modified the forward sentiments which he had entertained at Calcutta. In this third week of April he sent orders to the commanding officers in Affghanistan to withdraw their forces to the Indian frontier. The sensations with which Nott, who was burning to avenge the treacheries of Cabul, received this notification were perhaps rivalled by those which

Sale experienced at the prospect of returning to Hindostan without his wife, his daughter, and the other captives. But these were not irrevocable orders; in a communication addressed to Pollock at the end of April Lord Ellenborough alluded to his advance upon Cabul as already no improbable event. On the 6th of May he wrote again, confirming his former instructions to retire. On the 1st of June another letter intimated the propriety of a parting blow at the Affghans. Finally, on the 4th of July, while reiterating his orders for ultimate withdrawal, the Governor-General gave both to Pollock and Nott the option of withdrawing by the route of Cabul. Why he did not then substitute for the term "retire" the more legitimate and intelligible word "proceed" was and remains a mystery to be solved by the judgment of impartial critics. Yet even as the guardian of India's interests he would scarcely have performed his duty had any portion of an Indian army lingered unredeemed in the fastnesses of the Affghan hills, and it need not have been for him too rash or too costly an action to assume in his own person the whole responsibility of their recovery. It stands upon record that the only measure of vigour which Lord Ellenborough in the first instance urged upon Pollock was not that he should seek an encounter wherever he could find one, but that he should seduce the enemy if he could within reach of a castigation. If we attribute to Lord Auckland a hasty decision made in ignorance of many important facts, and without due consultations of conjoint authorities, it is but just to extend to his successor the blame which belongs in a great exigency to

variable opinions, indefinite measures, and inconsistent commands.

Both for Pollock and Nott return to the provinces was not possible before the autumn, and their soldier spirit was not averse to a delay which promised some chance of reprisal. An immense supply of baggage, animals, and a vast preparation of all material resources was necessary before the one army could make its way through the Bolan Pass to the Indus, or the other descend again from Jellalabad to Peshawur. In the mid heat of the now approaching summer neither of these retrograde movements could be effected without great hardship, if not a great sacrifice of life. Circumstances therefore offered themselves conveniently to bear the brunt of a second Affghan campaign, and Lord Ellenborough thrusting upon the back of circumstances one large portion of his own load, authorised the two generals, as they must remain until October, to employ their time to good purposes, provided they did not compromise him. Pollock and Nott in their singleness of purpose did not quarrel with the terms—the remaining portion of the load they took willingly upon themselves, and the reply which Nott addressed to the Governor-General announcing his intention to *retreat* by the route of Cabul, presented a striking contrast to the "absolutely secret" letter in which the option was given. Having despatched his sick, his heavier stores, and his ineffective force under Brigadier England to Queteah, on the 9th of August the Candahar general commenced his retributive march. On the 20th of the same month Pollock, leaving all incumbrances that could be dispensed with at Jellalabad,

moved upwards through the narrow defile, where the remains of Elphinstone's force still lay tainting the air and waking unutterable feelings in the avenging columns. Not for ever should "the keen wind blowing on the bleached bones of their comrades whistle the imbecility of English rulers over Asia." Neither march was accomplished without opposition—16,000 Affghans under two of their chiefs resisted in vain the progress of Nott; 12,000 under Akbar Khan stood guard at the entrance of the Tezeen Pass, and went down after a stout contest before the soldiers of Pollock, whom the sight of their slaughtered fellows had not inclined to hold their hand. Within a few days of each other the two generals encamped under the walls of Cabul. Nott had brought off with him the garrison of Khelat-i-Ghilzie, had re-taken Ghuznee, and destroyed its boasted fortifications, had also performed a private commission for Lord Ellenborough, which was given in the "absolutely secret" letter. A few of the captives who had been detained in the town were shortly restored to their friends. But Akbar Khan had consigned the majority who were in his possession to the safe keeping of the Hindoo Koosh. A detachment of horse was sent off in pursuit, and a corps under Sale advanced more slowly to support the detachment: both, however, might have been ineffectual had not Akbar Khan appointed as the temporary gaoler of his prisoners an adventurous renegade and braggadocio, who was not proof against golden temptations. The promise of a solid *douceur* and a handsome pension induced Shah Mohammed to raise the standard of revolt against his master,

and escort the captive band to the south instead of handing them over to the tender mercies of an Uzbeg Khan. On their way they fell in with the hastening squadron of Shakespear; and three days later, Sale's brigade making its appearance, the veteran received again his wife and widowed daughter, and conducted the whole party to the camp at Cabul. One officer who was still left in his power Akbar Khan voluntarily sent in.

It remained only to leave some mark of reprisal upon the face of the land. The fair city of Istaliff—the scene, like Cabul, of treacherous deeds, and where the Affghans were now endeavouring to recruit their discomfited forces—was surprised by a sudden march, taken, and destroyed, the loaded fruit trees of its fertile valley were cut down, and what the steel spared the fire consumed. On Cabul fell, also, the hand of the avenger. In its bazaar the body of M'Naghten had been exposed to the insults of the populace, and the general commanded his engineers to level the bazaar with the ground. It was done. But in so large a city there were temptations too numerous for the common soldiers and the camp followers to resist, and also opportunities of evading discovery and punishment. A larger portion of the town fell victim to the ruder passions of a host naturally infuriated, and not thoroughly amenable to control. The quarter of the Kuzzilbashes, however, was saved; and to preclude further devastation, Pollock gave orders for the simultaneous departure of both the armies. On the 12th of October began the return march to the provinces, no evidence now of self-distrust, no omen to India's millions of an

exhausted sway. Yet when they finally emerged from the jaws of the Khyber Pass, a triumphant host, it was impossible not to reflect that four years of peaceful development for Hindostan and 20,000 lives of English or Hindoos had been sacrificed to a chimera; so much had been expended to discover that Affghanistan, "in that state in which God and nature had left it, presented the strongest, the firmest, and the best material barrier against Russia's intrigue, influence, and aggression."

It is another just subject of regret that Lord Ellenborough, amid the manifold gratifications of that hour, conducted himself rather as an actor seeking for effect than as a ruler who had discharged his duty, and challenged the application of the stage parallel by improvising a farce to succeed no pictured tragedy. In October, 1842, he issued from Simlah a proclamation, composed in the very room where Lord Auckland and his advisers had concocted their futile stratagem; it spoke of the invincibility of the British arms, though the recovery of the captives was not then ascertained, and to give it greater *éclat* he antedated it on the first day of the same month on which, four years before, Lord Auckland's policy was announced to the world. But this was not all; he had commissioned Nott to bring from the tomb of Mahmoud Shah, near Ghuznee, the gates which that first Moslem conqueror of Hindostan was said to have carried off from the temple of Somnauth as the trophy of his victorious creed. He had added a request for the club which was suspended over the tomb, and with which tradition said the great monarch had broken the

heads of his foemen in battle. The injunction had been duly carried out, amid the tears of the attendant priests and the indifference of the Affghan people. But in order that the Hindoos might appreciate the compliment and esteem the boon, Lord Ellenborough drew up a second manifesto to his "brothers and friends, the Chiefs and Princes of Hindostan." The "power of expression" was one of the merits for which he had been applauded at the farewell dinner. This specimen said, "that the tomb of Sultan Mahmoud looked upon the ruins of Ghuznee; that the insult of 800 years was avenged; that the British Government proved itself worthy of their love when, regarding their honour as its own, it exerted the power of its arms to restore to them the gates of the Temple of Somnauth, so long a memorial of their subjection to the Affghan." He did not say that the disasters which England had met with in Affghanistan was the accidental cause of this benevolent consideration; and, apart from the truth of the document, it may be questioned whether, in any quarter, much more than ridicule was gained by a style of language for which the inflated bulletins of Napoleon, the talkee-talkee of a North-American Indian, and the Song of Deborah, might each have stood as the model. Still more; as Lord Auckland's Simlah proclamation of October the 1st, 1838, had received its counterpart in a new proclamation of the same date and the same place, so the military pageant on the banks of the Hyphasis which preceded the original campaign was now renewed at Ferozepore. There was indeed some reason now for a national "Panegyris." There were some men to be honoured

who had fulfilled their mission with honour. But the reflections which were cast upon Lord Auckland's Indian career by the dramatic ostentation of his successor had less weight than the more complete reversal of his policy which events in Affghanistan soon proclaimed and might as well have been left to proclaim.

It was not long after the retreat of the English armies before the family of the Suddozzyes was driven from the throne by the artifices and the rapacity of Akbar Khan. The chiefs of Candahar found their way back from Persia to the seat of their former dominion. The faithless Vizier of Herat became a tributary to the Persian Shah. By-and-by Dost Mohammed, released by the British Government, possessed again the authority which had been so unjustifiably wrested from him. Affghanistan, originally not so averse to English influences, had been desolated, and its people had become permanently hostile to the authors of that desolation; even among that less bigoted or more far-seeing section of the Affghans who had aided the arms of England all reliance on English character had been extinguished. Mohun Lal, after relating how Akbar Khan robbed and tortured those friendly chiefs who were left by the final evacuation a prey to his brutality, truly, though quaintly, observed, "I shall consider it, indeed, a great miracle and a divine favour if hereafter any trust ever be placed in the word and promise of the authorities of the British Government in Affghanistan and Toorkistan." The loss did not end there. A demonstration, undertaken with the view of counteracting Russian influences, was found to

have doubled in two years the commercial traffic of Russia with Central Asia. The Indian finances, buoyant enough at the commencement of the war, had been burdened at its close to the extent of eight millions. The Sikhs, always jealous of the British power, and only irritated by the closer contact, gave tokens of those hostile feelings which were one day to find a vent upon the field of Ferozeshah and behind the intrenchments of Sobraon. The Ameers of the lower Indus had learnt to cherish no unprovoked hatred, which would some day call for the unresting energies of a Napier and the annexation of Scinde; while, if there is in the extension of a thinly guarded territory or a straggling frontier any incentive to external invasions or internal disorder, that result also, by a vast sacrifice of blood and treasure, had been safely ensured. Upon the revenues of India was charged the expenditure of a war not chiefly undertaken for the sake of Indian interests, and it is not the least source of shame for this country that the cabals of party rather than the needs of an empire or the instincts of justice determined both the original aggression and the final arrangement of our trans-Indian difficulties.

We have not space to speak at length of those less honourable or more grateful incidents to which a time of alarms and privations, of alternating dangers and successes, gave rise. But apart from the grander outlines of the war, there were not wanting some personal episodes which in a detailed narrative raise to the height every feeling of sympathy or repulsion, esteem or disgust. It is not agreeable to own that there were in Nott's ranks at Candahar British

officers whose lives and honours he threatened to save in spite of themselves; or that there were others in the army of Pollock at Peshawur who required to be shamed out of conduct "unbecoming, unmilitary, and dangerous;" that there were not a few whose frailties or vices helped to inspire the unquenchable hatred of Affghan fathers and husbands; that there should have been but one man in the last councils of that fated force before Cabul, and he the youngest there, found to maintain the bolder course and the risks they need not blush for. We have happily to set on the other side the stedfast gallantry of Sale's isolated garrison; the prompt decisions and laconic despatches of Nott; the staid and wise perseverance with which Pollock reanimated the failing spirits of his men. We might tell, too, of individual achievements or sufferings in the field which the mantle of oblivion ought never to veil; how Dennie, waiving his rank, volunteered to lead the band of stormers through the shattered gates of Ghuznee, and what was the meed he found; how Anderson slew with his own hand four Affghan chiefs in one day; how Wyndham, though wounded, gave up his horse to a private soldier whose need was the greater, and so was himself overtaken and slain; how Mein dragged poor Sturt on a blanket through the jumbled throng amidst the hail of the Affghan jezails, only to die before the morning came. We might tell, too, how a native regiment sent their small provision of meat to their English comrades, saying that their own habits of life less required that sustenance; how when Codrington received his mortal wound all his Sepoys burst into tears, and how three brothers of

one family perished in that northern expedition—one at a petty fortress with a bullet through his heart, one in the day of his captivity of a malignant disease, the third more tragically still by the hand of the Bokhara headsman. But there is left still to tell one other portion of the history—perhaps the saddest of all—though a portion nearly eclipsed by the more exciting record of the actual conflict. With what feelings did the authorities in this country first prompt the exposure of those lives? What feelings, in other words, predominated when the issue had made itself plain? On the 23rd of June, 1842, upon Mr. Baillie's motion, the then Sir J. Hobhouse and Lord Palmerston asserted in the House of Commons that Lord Auckland had adopted, and could not have done otherwise than adopt, the views of Alexander Burnes. To support this theory and throw their own blame upon the memory of a man who was no longer alive, and who was not then known to have left behind him duplicates, and even triplicates, of all his official letters, a blue-book was presented to Parliament in which every portion of every document was diligently cut out which could implicate the really responsible persons. Even the first few lines of one letter were expunged, leaving just enough of the commencing clause to convey the impression that Burnes was speaking of his own opinions, when he was in reality replying to ideas thrown out by Lord Auckland. Lord Palmerston, at the moment when he received from Nesselrode a complete disclaimer of Russian interference in Central Asia had in his possession the instructions with which Vilkievich went to Affghan-

istan. To maintain a good understanding with the Court of St. Petersburg the British Government consented to overlook this discrepancy, and bartering lie for lie cemented the bond of union by disowning the proceedings and blackening the character of its own subordinate agents. As diplomatists the Russian and the English Minister rivalled each other, but the conduct of both may be best estimated, according to laws of honour and morality, by the act of him who was less scrupulous only because he was more powerful. We quote Mr. Kaye :—

"When the Lieutenant of Cossacks returned to Persia in 1839, after giving a full report of his mission to M. Duhamel, the new Minister at Teheran, he was instructed to proceed direct to St. Petersburg. On his arrival there, full of hope, for he had discharged the duty entrusted to him with admirable address, he reported himself after the customary formality to Count Nesselrode, but the Minister refused to see him. Instead of a flattering welcome the unhappy envoy was received with a crushing message to the effect that Count Nesselrode 'knew no Captain Vilkievich, except an adventurer of that name who it was reported had been lately engaged in some unauthorised intrigues at Cabul and Candahar.' Vilkievich understood at once the portent of this message. He knew the character of his Government, he was aware of the recent expostulations of Great Britain, and he saw clearly that he was to be sacrificed. He went back to his hotel, wrote a few bitter reproachful lines, burnt all his other papers, and blew out his brains."

Such is the story of the Affghan war, mainly as

told in the work whose title is appended. We may say of a period of history unsurpassed in variety of action and inconstancy of fortune, that the language in which it is here related enhances the natural interest of the tale.

Sept. 25[illegible].

THE GREEK REVOLUTION.

MANY a one who has been a steady peruser of the "fourth estate" must be aware of a certain class of subjects which he has never understood himself or found any one else who could understand, but which have haunted the daily papers time out of mind like unlaid ghosts. Such are the Rajah of Sattara, the Baron de Bode, the affairs of the River Plate, the Ameers of Scinde—headings from which many of our readers recoil with horror. Those youthful members of the community who have during the last few months occasionally stolen an hour from *Virgil* and quadratic equations, to commence their first essay in newspaper reading, will probably, for years to come, look upon the "Eastern question" as an awful spectre, which has from their earliest recollections intruded itself at their intellectual feast, asserting its right to a couple of columns, shortening the speeches of their favourite M.P., or totally suppressing the exciting details of a horrid murder. For, let not those who towards the close of August fled from politics to Germany or Scotland consider that on their return from the imbibing of chalybeates or the slaughter of grouse they will find *The Times* free from the details of its correspondent at Constantinople, or the translated speculations of the Viennese press. Though the Porte may withdraw its modifications, or

the Czar his troops—though the success of diplomatists may be better than their French, and Cossacks and Kurds be kept for the present from each other's throats, yet Englishmen may be certain that they are in for the subject for many years to come; in short, until the matter is settled on a just foundation, either with their concurrence or without it. As it is well to understand what we shall have forced on our attention, any information less superficial than we have been accustomed to ought not to be neglected.

Opportunely comes M. Tricoupi, the distinguished Greek Minister in London, and, in a work addressed indeed only to his countrymen, but worthy the attention of all, relates the story of independent Greece and her dearly won freedom; nor does the narrative fail to show, that as the independence of King Otho's dominion was not the first wound inflicted on Turkish power, so, in his opinion, it will be by no means the last. We naturally receive with a due allowance for national prejudice the work of a writer who is old enough to remember and to have been concerned in the events which he relates; in whose recollection the slaughter of the Patriarch and the desolation of the Morea must yet be fresh: yet it must be admitted that, as the narratives of Thucydides and Xenophon, detailing their own actions or their own misfortunes, are models of impartiality, so in the present case the patriotic feelings of the author, and his hereditary hatred towards hereditary foes, have not led him into any distortion or suppression of the truth. In short, there is an evident imitation of the ancient models in the quiet impartiality with which he relates the excesses of either party, their outbreaks of ferocity, or

their fits of cowardice, their supineness when action was necessary, their mad schemes when nothing was practicable. Those who are willing to form an idea of that Christian population of which a part has obtained, and a part still pants after freedom, will do well to consult the work before us. This, of course, leads us to speak of the language in which it is written, which is the modern Greek, as used by the most educated class; a language closely resembling the later Attic, differing from it only in its inflections, and entirely purged from the corruptions which had infected it during a slavery of four hundred years. There are many among us who consider the modern Greek as a tongue differing from the ancient as much as Italian from Latin, and even scholars are not aware that there is no real difference; that many of the forms considered new are as old as the most esteemed classics, or at least as the time of the Septuagint. There are, indeed, authors among the Greeks themselves who have endeavoured to return, at least in writing, to the identical dialect of Demosthenes; but these find no favour with M. Tricoupi, who urges, with great truth, that the Doric forms of the modern Hellenic language are as worthy of respect as the Attic, which is the standard of the ancient tongue. "It would," he says, "be a great calamity if men of education, led away by a too ardent admiration for the past, were to desert the common forms of speech, and raise up a literature to which only a few scholars should possess the key, so that as in Egypt, there should be two modes of writing, the pedantic and the popular." This is most just—for it is certain that literature can only have strength and

vigour when it derives its inspiration from the heart of the people, when it expresses the common feelings of mankind in common words. The author, therefore, on principle, preserves the inflections and constructions in use among his contemporaries; but with regard to words the case is different. Only a quarter of a century has elapsed since the Greek was a slave, and his language a patois. Since then light has shone on the race, and many a new idea has required a new word to express it. Fortunately, there was a great storehouse of these at hand, and no man of education scruples to consider all that is to be found in *Thucydides* or *Plato* as forming part of his own tongue. A new construction involves a violence done to the modes of popular expression, and even of popular thought; but a word has only to be learnt and remembered; it grates against no habit; it displaces nothing, and only supplies a void. Thus the scholar will find in the work before us the ancient language of the Hellenes with a plainer order and a less complex etymology; and may gain some idea of the people who have preserved it, who use it, and who are extending it daily.

So much concerning the work; now with regard to its subject; and here the author, writing for his countrymen, presupposes an amount of information which is not to be found in Englishmen generally. He commences with the year 1814 and the establishment of the secret society of the "Philikoi," of which we shall have to say much. But, as those who have written of our revolution of 1688 have felt it necessary to trace back the train of causes to the days

when mailed barons hot from Towton or Bosworth debated as to the limits of the kingly power; as the historian of American independence or French democracy commences with the voyage of the Mayflower and the policy of Richelieu; so to understand the Greek revolt we must go back to the hour when the last blow was given to the decaying empire of the Byzantine Cæsars, and Ottoman fanaticism burst like a torrent on Europe.

A modern democratic French writer has drawn a parallel between Europe in the sixteenth century and Europe in the nineteenth. Then, says he, two Powers threatened that Central Europe, which is the focus of civilisation and the home of art—the one barbarous and warlike, the other semi-barbarous, commercial, and maritime. Their names were, "Turkey" and "Spain." Again, in the present day, two Powers threaten the same civilisation; as before the one barbarous and warlike, the other semi-barbarous, commercial, and maritime. Their names are "Russia" and "England." Though the comparison is by no means flattering to ourselves, it is clever, and, as regards the two Eastern Powers, by no means inapplicable. The Muscovite has taken the place of the Ottoman in the hopes or fears of mankind. Their power rose in Europe almost simultaneously. In 1453 the crescent was planted on the spires of St. Sophia; in 1462, within ten years after, the cross was raised aloft at Moscow over the throne of Ivan, who united the Russias into a single monarchy, and laid the foundations of a power which from that hour has never ceased to aspire to the dominion of the East. In all researches regarding the Christian

subjects of the Porte the influence of the Northern Autocrat must be borne in mind. It is a mistake to consider that influence as of recent growth. It commenced with the first hour of Christian slavery. To the unhappy rayah it seemed little less than a miracle that, in the first blush of Ottoman triumph, in the first frenzy of Ottoman cruelty, Providence should have raised up for him, in the light-haired children of the north, the ξανθοι of his legends, a race of avengers having the same faith, the same fiery zeal, the same sympathies, and the same aversions. Russian wars with Turkey followed, elating the Greeks at every success—depressing them to despair at every failure. Conspicuous among the latter was the disaster of Peter the Great on the Pruth, when he purchased his escape by the cession of conquests not to be recovered until two more generations had passed away. Conspicuous among the former were the victories which illustrated the long reign of Catherine, the triumphant campaigns of Suwarrow, and the bloody day of Ismail. It was this great Empress who first drew close the bonds which had always united the Greek Christians to her throne. Under Anne the scheme of totally destroying the Turkish power by raising against it the whole body of its Christian subjects was first conceived, but by Catherine it was brought into action, and with great though not decisive success. A Greek, the celebrated Pappas Oglou, was the prime mover in the events which were terminated by the often quoted treaty of Kainardji; one of the murderers of Peter III. and a friend of the Orloffs; he stood high in the favour of the Czarina, and, with a skill and diplomatic power

beyond belief, he engaged her in a war with the Porte, representing to her the enthusiasm of the Greeks for freedom, while, on the other hand, he encouraged his countrymen by assuring them of the countenance and protection of Russia. The events of the war are of course too long for detail; but it may suffice to say that its conclusion established for ever the influence of the Muscovite power over the Porte, and more than ever endeared that Power to the suffering subjects of the Sultan.

This is a great era in the history of the modern Greeks; for about this time intellectual light began to dawn again, after a long and dreary darkness. It has been said that nations generally meet their deserts, and that the Polands and Irelands are commonly as much in fault as their vilified oppressors; and indeed there can be no doubt that when a race fits itself for the enjoyment of a higher condition it soon finds its level of freedom and independence. First among these means, it is almost trite to say, is the possession of a literature, or something approaching to it. Not merely that it extends the knowledge of each individual, and inspires a wholesome discontent with his lot. Its office is not merely the giving of information. It is rather beneficial as a common possession of the nation, as joining them in the admiration of something which is their own, as affording a bond of union of a higher kind than a common hatred; and about this time something more of enlightenment began to prevail; not, indeed, what we should call general education; a few superior intellects only were as yet influenced. The sun shone only on the mountain tops, but still it shone. The Greeks had never wholly

forgotten their laws, or wholly unlearned their language. The intolerant spirit of Turkish rule here defeated its own ends. The Mussulman was raised so high above his slave that all intercourse between the races was out of the question. It was beneath him to study their laws as the English have studied those of Hindostan. It was impossible for him to supply laws of his own invention. Much of the administration of justice between the Christians was therefore left with supercilious neglect to Christian officials, and especially to the clergy. The Patriarch enjoyed great authority. An idea of the influence which, in the opinion of the Mussulmans, he possessed over his people, may be formed from the command of an ignorant Sultan to the head of the church that he should order all the Greeks to turn Mahomedans; a command which the more sensible Vizier aided the Patriarch in eluding without the loss of his head. The Patriarch was a judge both of civil and criminal causes. He used the code of Justinian, as under the Byzantine rule; he condemned to hard labour, and even to banishment. When he went abroad Janissaries composed his guard of honour. A still more powerful organ of Christian nationality was to be found in the assembly to which was intrusted the election of the Patriarch. This was composed of the Metropolitans and Archbishops, the Phanariot nobles and others. It formed a representative body of all the Greek Christians, and did much to keep alive the flame of patriotism. In the provinces as well the ignorance and indolence of the Turks necessitated the employment of Christian officials. The Greeks were looked

upon by their masters merely as subjects for taxation. But, to pay taxes, men must have some means of livelihood, and to earn a livelihood they must have laws and government. But the Turks knew nothing of Christian law, and they found it easier to recognise the old institution of the Greek "Dêmos," by which each little community regulated its own affairs, subject to the everlasting capitation-tax; as well as to tolerate the more powerful "Proestotes" of the provinces, who performed both executive and judicial offices, and, by their intimate acquaintance and great influence with both Mussulman and Greek, were enabled to render the greatest services to their countrymen; deluding the slow-witted Turks, and, with a demure show of outward loyalty, lending secret assistance to Klepts and conspirators. Thus the arrogance of Turkish oppression had the effect of preserving the nationality of their subjects. The two mixed no more than oil and water. Beyond giving a few Turkish words to their vocabulary, and a few Turkish dishes to their *cuisine*, the influence of the conquerors on the conquered was nothing. The Greek was left to his own inspirations, and in the fulness of time those inspirations directed him to the recovery of his lost nationality and the regeneration of his corrupted language. The latter part of the 18th century beheld all the Hellenes making great strides both in material and moral progress. No sooner had Russian intervention loosened the bonds which before repressed them, than their marine rapidly extended into every part of the Euxine and the Levant. Catherine had some years previously settled thousands of them in her newly-acquired

territories; and now Odessa, Taganrog, and other ports rose into importance through the enterprise of the expatriated rayahs. Most mercantile transactions were carried on by them, and the islands of the Ægean furnished a race of seamen unsurpassed by any in vigour and hardihood. But still greater was the influence of intellectual culture. Civilised Europe now paid back its debt. The fall of Constantinople had scattered Greek learning over the benighted West. Lascares had introduced into Italy the masterpieces of antiquity; Chalcocondyles had lectured on *Homer*, and Bessarion on the Fathers; light dawned on the Latin and Teutonic races as darkness was overclouding the East; and the age of the Medici was the result of the sack of St. Sophia. Now Greece relearned her own literature. The children of the wealthy were to be found in all the universities of Southern Europe, particularly in those seaport towns where mercantile colonies of Hellenes had settled. At Venice and Leghorn numbers received the influence of western culture, and at Vienna a whole community of scholars did honour to their nation and language. The names of these, though they may be little known in Europe, are reverenced by their countrymen as those of men who united in an eminent degree the learning of the student with the fiery zeal of the patriot, and who looked on their own acquirements as valuable only so far as they tended to raise the character of their people and to prepare them for a nobler lot. Pre-eminent among them was the celebrated Rhegas Belestinos, the Tyrtæus of modern Greece. The mercantile pursuits which drew him in

youth from his Thessalian valley did not afford lasting attraction to an intellect singularly powerful, and a soul which burned with rage at the wrongs of his race. He left the counting-house and devoted himself to literature. His learning soon equalled that of a German professor. He constructed the best map of ancient Greece. His researches embraced the whole ancient literature of his country. But the immortality conferred by learning excites only the admiration of a few, and the reputation of Rhegas would be confined to the universities of his native land, were it not for his war-songs, which stirred all hearts like a trumpet, and the establishment of his Heteria, or secret society, which, renewed at a subsequent period, was the prime mover in the liberation of Greece. As to his songs, written in the common dialect of the country, with no unseemly aping of ancient models, their merit is best proved by their effect. The best known is the "Δεῦτε παῖδες τῶν Ἑλλήνων," translated by Byron, —a noble lay in imitation of the French *Marseillaise*. The unhappy fate of Rhegas is well known. Embarking too incautiously in his crusade, he was seized by the Turkish authorities and beheaded. But his memory was reverenced as that of a martyr; and his death did as much as his life to forward the dearest wish of his heart.

A modern writer has spoken of the Scotch in the reign of James VI. as a people living in hovels in no way superior to the abodes of Icelanders at the present day, yet cultivating learning and science with a success unsurpassed by the most refined communities. A still more singular spectacle is that of a

people equally gifted, equally successful in the pursuit of learning, equally distinguished by aptitude for commerce and active life, yet living under an oppression which has no parallel in the history of Europe; not even in the sufferings of the mediæval Jews. From what we have said of their Government, some might suppose their condition pretty tolerable. Surely Mussulman rule could not have been so bad when it left authority to Patriarchs and Bishops, Proestotes and Demogeronts. But such an opinion would be erroneous. The Christians were allowed to govern themselves only because their masters were too idle to attend to them. Whenever the matter lay between Turk and Christian all laws gave way. The taxes were enormous. In the level country, where there was no defence against the oppressor, as much as four-fifths of the produce was sometimes exacted from the peasant, not to mention minor plunderings, the presents expected by each in-coming Pasha, or the endless extortions of his satellites. It is well known that, at the present day, the oath of a Christian is not taken against a Turk; and we may thence form a judgment as to what prevailed forty years ago. Neither life, honour, nor property had a moment's security. For three hundred and fifty years the Turk had ruled; in all that time no approach had been made to a milder sway. The life of the Greek in his own country was a burden, and there was not a ray of hope but in voluntary exile. Existence itself was a disgrace if it were not devoted to the attainment of what alone could render it supportable. In such a state of things the irregular warfare of the Klept received

new life. It has been said that mountainous countries may preserve their independence against the most powerful armies; and Greece is a mountainous country. Therefore it was never wholly subdued. The hill districts of the Peloponnese afforded shelter to all who preferred savage liberty to contented servitude. There were whole tribes which had never for a single day submitted to the Turks. To these the name of Klepts was given, a name which was no more a term of reproach than "pirate" in Homer's time. The Mainotes especially distinguished themselves by this wild independence. They were the terror of the Turk and in an equal degree the pride of their countrymen. It was impossible for the suffering Christian to withhold his admiration from those whose life was one hot war against the crescent, who bore on their standards the image of St. George and St. Demetrius, nay, sometimes the Labaron itself, the "ἐν τούτῳ νίκα" of the Great Constantine. They became the heroes of modern Greece—their most distinguished chiefs were to the peasants of the Morea what Jason or Achilles was to an earlier age. The heroic songs which celebrated their exploits were a literature in themselves. They detailed how one leader drove before him thrice his number of cowardly Turks —how another was taken captive by treachery, and met his doom unmoved, leaving his vengeance to his youthful son. The Kleptic "Tragœdia,"—so were these songs called,—equalled the songs of Rhegas in the awakening of warlike zeal.

We are now at the period when the history of M. Tricoupi opens. A people ground down by oppres-

sion in their own land, yet with countrymen possessed of wealth and power in every seaport of the Mediterranean,—a people exposed to all that lawless caprice could do, yet possessing an organisation of their own, derived from remote antiquity,—a people the slaves of misbelievers, yet dwelling in the neighbourhood of a great empire fanatical for their faith—such a people could not long be tranquil. Their deliverance was at hand: it came; but in a manner so singular, and by instruments apparently so inadequate, that history here is stranger than the wildest fable. We are accustomed in this country to look with no great respect on secret societies. We are reminded too much of the foolish combinations of German students, with their mysterious passwords, their paraphernalia of skulls, daggers, and midnight oaths, and their high resolves, destined only to end in a squabble with the police after some prolonged beer-drinking. Or we call to mind the more hideous conclaves of Parisian democracy, with their schemes of pillage and assassination, their hatred of the prosperous, their impatience of labour, and their thirst for blood. Some, therefore, will be surprised to learn that it was a secret society which effected the liberation of Greece—a secret society, with its organised grades of initiation, its passwords, its oaths, its mystic cypher for the purposes of correspondence, and all the machinery which we are accustomed to associate with juvenile folly or Communistic desperation. But far more singular is it that the society which accomplished this great work was a gigantic fraud, by which a few obscure men deceived an entire people—by which a race

quick-witted as any were led to take up arms in reliance on a protection which had no existence, and were cheated into the struggle for liberty and honour. In 1814 there lived in Odessa a Greek from Arta, one Nicholas Scoufa; he had been in business, was a man of good character, but of no education, and of humble birth. This man was accustomed to converse much with two friends of his on the unhappy state of the country they had left behind. Scoufa was one of those men in whom an idea once conceived soon ferments into action. He laid before his friends a scheme for a patriotic conspiracy. It was wild and absurd. They laughed; but he persevered, and at length one of them was converted. The assent of the other soon followed, and the three combined to invent something more reasonable. Their small amount of education is indicated by the name of "Philikoi," which they gave to the members of their proposed society. The character of the society may be guessed from the mention of its various grades. There were the Vlamides, the lowest grade, the associated, the priests, the shepherds, the arch-shepherds, the consecrated, and the Archegos. Their various oaths, their elaborate ceremonies, their means of recognition, the badges of the different grades, whether the simple cross of the lowest rank, or the cross standing erect on the inverted crescent, the sleepless eye, the serpent and the bee, emblematic of heaven knows what, which distinguished the shepherd, were all settled with a minute accuracy worthy of Harrington's *Oceana* or the Constitutions of the Abbe Sieyes. The different grades were supposed to represent various

degrees of initiation. And, indeed, there might be an ascending scale of illumination as to the mysteries of signs and passwords, and an increased awfulness in each successive oath. But on the one important subject the neophyte knew as much as the Archegos. The youth who entered the lowest rank was told that he must have his arms ready at the command of his superior. The "Systemenos," or member of the penultimate rank, was commanded "to fight for faith and country, to hate, pursue, and destroy their enemies." It is plain, therefore, that these knew all that was to be known. With regard to the higher ranks, the great secret was that there was no secret at all. Apparently, this was not an institution likely to effect much. Yet it liberated a nation, through the incomparable boldness and dexterity of one man. Scoufa knew himself to be a person of no importance. It was not likely that a nation would take up arms at his bidding. Had he placed himself forward at the head of the Hetæria it would have been powerless. He had no vulgar ambition, and he chose his course. It soon began to be whispered that the founders of the society were only instruments of a certain great power, residing none knew where, and usually spoken of as the Supreme Government. To this Supreme Government Scoufa always pretended to refer affairs of importance. Members were admitted in its name; answers to applications were delayed that it might be consulted. Men began to ask what this power was. John Capodistrias, Minister of the Emperor Alexander, was president of the Philomousos Hetæria, a society professedly literary. It was now given out that he was the head of the Philikoi.

Scoufa never made any assertion, and never contradicted the assertions of others; so that in no long time, throughout the entire Greek world, a report, darkly whispered, spread abroad, that the Great Czar was forming a union of all good Greeks to destroy the Ottoman oppressor. This was enough; members could not be admitted fast enough, and the Philikoi waxed stronger every day.

The history of ancient Rome is more thoroughly understood and remembered than that of Greece; not that it is more attractive, for the Persian and Peloponnesian wars yield to none in interest; nor that it presents higher examples of patriotism and virtue, for, noble as the old Roman was, the little states of Greece shone with a still brighter heroism; nor that it is more fruitful in lessons of political wisdom; for the fall of the Pisistratids is at least as instructive as that of the Tarquins, and the demagogy of Cleon is an evil more likely to affect mankind in our own day than the sedition of Catiline. Nor is it a relic of the middle ages and their almost exclusive culture of the Latin language and history; for that neglect has long been remedied, and the productions of Hellenic genius are now examined with a skill and success unknown to the scholars of Alexandria and Byzantium. But the chronicle of Rome possesses unity. From the exposure of the twins by Amulius to the sack of the Capitol by Alaric, the story is of the rise, the greatness, the degeneracy, and the fall of a single city. Amid the twilight of Pelasgic and Oscan fable the foundations of the Roman forum are laid. Then the narrative begins. First are seen kings warring with petty tribes within sight of the walls. A

dominion gained by the last and most powerful of these is lost by the revolution which makes the city free, is once more regained, extended, carried by a long line of consuls, a long series of triumphs, to the Alps on the north, to the Sicilian Sea on the south. War follows war, province is added to province; an ever-increasing circle owns the great city's sway; until, at last, fire-worshippers of the East receive their monarchs from the Roman Senate, and Druidical chieftains from Gaul and Britain are led in triumph up the Sacred Way. Then decay begins; unchecked success, unbounded luxury, have done their work. The valour which kept foes at a distance exists no longer and the deluge of barbarism sweeps over the fated city. But the history of Greece presents no such unity. There national life had a hundred centres. Each little State had something peculiar to itself—something in which it differed even from neighbours whose walls and temples might be discerned from its own citadel. Even the colonies sent out by a parent city were hardly settled before they began to present a genius and an individuality of their own. No two leaves on the tree of Grecian freedom were precisely similar, so instinct with life was that civilisation. But this many-centered existence, though favourable to the development of genius, as may be observed in the Italy of the middle ages and the Germany of to-day, yet tends to lessen the interest of what is commonly called history, the relation of battles and sieges, of treaties of peace, and political intrigues. The conflicts of small armies of 2000 or 3000 men, the alternate successes and reverses of the same State, the endless combinations of alliance

which the fickleness of popular assemblies produced, weary the reader, and contrast strongly with the steady and solemn march of the Roman power. The fact is, that the narrative of events is not the history of Greece. In the case of Rome the extension of its power by war forms the essence of its history, the carrying out of the purpose of its existence, which was, as far as we may presume to judge, to link the nations together, and prepare the way for a heaven-sent faith. But the history of Greece is the history of its genius, and in contemplating that we discover a unity which is not to be found in the movements of Athenian squadrons against revolted colonies, or the yearly inroads of Spartan bands to burn cornfields and cut down fruit trees. Something of the kind marks the character of the Greeks during the revolutionary struggle. There is a Greece with a genius of its own, but it is made up of many communities, independent in their action, and often thwarting each other. There was in 1820 no central government, there was no sudden rising of the whole population under a single leader and with a common aim. Little communities, distant from each other only a day's journey, differed as much in character as Athens and Thebes of old. Some were peaceful and money-making, some were fierce and intractable. Some furnished bankers to Constantinople and cornfactors to Odessa; others reinforced the Klepts of the Thessalian and Macedonian mountains, or were draughted into the armies with which Ali Pasha was about to withstand the Sultan. Thus the history of the struggle presents a series of isolated efforts, which perplex the reader. Any detailed narrative of events

would be out of place here, but some account of the various races of Greece, and the manner in which each in its own way joined in the common struggle, may not be useless. The volume of M. Tricoupi's work already published is little more than a narrative of the first outbreak, and to that we shall confine ourselves.

The great divisions of the Grecian world were four. The first, beyond the limits even of ancient Greece, comprised provinces which the Porte still retains. A Greek population was spread through Moldavia and Wallachia, Bulgaria, and Roumelia, mingled in larger or smaller proportions with Dacians, Slavonians, and Turks; but every one showing by their success in life their superiority to their neighbours, and losing no opportunity of stirring up their more enduring fellow-Christians, and initiating neophytes into the secrets of the mysterious Philikoi. Continental Greece, so small a part of which has become independent, formed a second division. Here every man was a soldier. Here was the chief seat of the Kleptic struggle. After these irregular warriors had been exterminated in the Peloponnese, early in the century, their brethren beyond the Isthmus seemed to grow fiercer than ever. Ali Pasha in vain endeavoured to destroy them. Year after year did he continue a relentless war against the mountaineers, but with no better success than the occasional capture and torturing of some unhappy chief. He armed the submitted Greeks against them, but with no other effect than to give these more dangerous, because secret enemies a knowledge of arms and a taste for blood. At last he sought in his most deadly enemies a defence against

deposition and death. He had reigned so long, and with such unchecked power, that he at length forgot that he was a vassal. The recital of the intrigue of Oriental despotism is a dreary task; the spectacle of a feeble Sultan, and of bold intractable Pashas, has been seen in our own time. The Porte sent an army to crush the rebellious Ali, who prepared to defend himself; and his first application was to a tribe who felt towards him as the remnant of the Macdonalds may have felt towards William of Orange. The Suliotes were in character among the noblest of the tribes of Greece. These, by incessant wars, by unheard of treacheries, by a great expenditure, and a deluge of blood, he had driven from their homes. He now invited them to return and use their arms in his defence. They refused, for the other side were also bidding for their services, and their hereditary hatred to the Porte was cold in comparison with their thirst for vengeance against Ali. They agreed to fight for the Sultan, and, encouraged by this, the Turkish authorities issued a proclamation calling the Christians to arms in support of order. But the Turks knew no Greek, and the actual author of the address was one of the Philikoi; for the Philikoi were now every where. By a few well-chosen expressions he let his countrymen see in the document the finger of the Hetæria, and gave it quite another meaning. The whole population flew to arms. The Porte was alarmed; the new Pasha was recalled, and lost his head; but the Greeks could not be disarmed, and they were accordingly enrolled among the Sultan's troops. Thus was continental Greece prepared by the Hetæria for the final struggle. The third division

of Greece was the Peloponnese. This was more civilised and apparently more tranquil. Surrounded by the sea, it was more easily subdued and governed; its Klepts had been slaughtered, and its people disarmed; but its spirit was unbroken, and it was by no means unfit to become a battle field of liberty. Nowhere else on the mainland did the Turks form so small a part of the population; nowhere else was the self-government of the Christians more complete. Both high and low showed the same patriotic feelings, and the clergy were even more zealous than their flocks. The inhabitants were far beyond their brethren of continental Greece in the pursuits of commerce and the refinements of life. Their city of Patras carried on the largest trade of any in Greece, was the centre of much intellectual activity, and was distinguished for the European tone of its society, the result of the large number of foreigners who resorted thither for the purposes of commerce. But far beyond the continent or the Peninsula, the spirit of heroïc Greece lived and breathed in the islands of the Ægean. Here the race was purest, the customs most primitive, the institutions most long descended, the pride of birth and faith most intolerant, the patriotism most fierce, the courage most enduring. The Hellenes of Thessaly and Attica, and in a less degree of Argolis and Achaia, were mingled with men of many races. Turks, indeed, were separated from them by a difference of religion and the action of a mutual hatred. But for centuries before the Ottoman conquest a stream of barbarian blood from the north had been pouring in on the autochthons of the ancient land. There was no obstacle to their intermarriage,

and they intermarried. Whether the influence of such a mixture is likely to be favourable or not we may leave to ethnologists; certain it is that the Greek element retained its superiority, and still marked the character of the people, but it was modified, and in some parts greatly so. The language also was more corrupted than in the islands, not merely as to construction and inflections, but by the admixture of foreign words. Of course, a Turkish population introduced much of their own, and in the north there was the influence of the Sclavonic provinces, while throughout the country Italian was a second mother tongue to the educated class, who were not always careful to avoid Italian words and phrases when speaking Greek. But in the islands national life was strongest. Here, where the genius of the race had first budded, whence epic, elegy, and satire had gone forth to the world—here was the ancient people preserved in a hundred rocky citadels till the day of liberation came. Three of them have gained renown by deeds during this struggle, three of the most insignificant, but rendered memorable by a devotion unsurpassed in history. Their names are Hydra, Spezzia, and 'Psara. Their condition is well described by M. Tricoupi, and seems like a relic of the ancient world. They may be taken as specimens of Ægean communities, the freest and happiest of the Greeks under Turkish rule. Small islets, rocky and barren, presented nothing to tempt the cupidity of Pasha or Aga, and they were left to themselves. There were no Turkish inhabitants, no Turkish officials. More favoured districts might rear the raisin and the olive, and the fatal gift bring down a deadlier

slavery on the unhappy tiller of the soil. But Hydra and her sister islands produced nothing but men, and a tribute of sailors to the Ottoman Porte was the only token of subjection. They were under the rule of the Capitan Pasha, or Admiral of the Archipelago, who seldom came near them. They were all sailors or traders. The constitution of Hydra may be taken as a specimen of a modern Greek polity. It was aristocratic, and the island was governed by its nobles. These consisted of such as were rich and did not go to sea, and in their hands was lodged the power of the little State. The next rank were the shipmasters; and when a shipmaster became old and left off business he was admitted to the sittings of the governing class. When any affair of weight was discussed the opinions of the shipmasters, as a class, were asked. The ships were the property of the aristocrats, who, if they had their rights, had also their duties, for they were bound to make good all deficiencies in the public revenue. This constitution was subsequently somewhat changed, and the number of nobles reduced to twenty-four, of whom twelve acted every alternate year; and these twelve were subdivided into three sets of four each, each set conducting business through a period of four months. Each of the four possessed the fourth part of a seal which was necessary to the validity of all public acts; so that each possessed a veto on the proceedings of the other three. Their maritime system resembled the theories which so many have advocated in this country and in France. Every man had an interest in the success of the good ship. The produce of the voyage was divided into shares; so many shares were for the ship,

so many for the capital embarked, so many for the captain, so many for each mariner. A sum was then set apart for the captain to recompense those of his crew who had shown the greatest skill and courage. Such was the social system of a little community whose devotion and courage have been the praise of Europe; such were the merchants who sacrificed their all in a struggle against a rule which pressed but lightly on themselves. Such were the sailors who drove their fireships into the centre of powerful fleets, and who laid their little brigs, accustomed only to cargoes of wine and currants, alongside the largest frigates of the Turkish navy.

We have now seen the state of Greece in 1821. What was the disposition of Europe towards a people about to commence a revolutionary conflict? The answer may be divined from the date itself. The tide of French victory had been rolled back, and Napoleon overthrown. Popular liberties, so strangely associated in men's minds with the French despot, were looked on with a sinister eye. Castlereagh reigned supreme in England; Louis XVIII. dozed, and read Horace in Paris. The Holy Alliance was in full vigour, and its principles were promulgated from Laybach in this very year. They expressed unqualified disapproval of all popular movements on any ground whatever. It was held by the three potentates that all change should originate with the sovereign, whoever he might be; that no circumstances could justify a subject in seeking more than his monarch might be willing to give; and it was not obscurely intimated that these principles, declared to be those of the Gospel, would be supported by the three

largest armies in Europe. Therefore Greece could expect no countenance from the Great Powers, and certainly none from the successor of Anne and Catherine.

We are now at the time when the Hetæria judged it right to commence operations. They sent a messenger to Capo d'Istrias offering him the leadership of the society. He refused it. The messenger had full powers, and resolved to lose no time. There was a young noble, Alexander Ypsilanti, whose father had been successively Hospodar of Moldavia and Wallachia, from the government of which latter province he had been unjustly deposed. The son was brave, had served in the Russian army, and lost his right hand at Dresden. He cherished deep animosity against the Porte, and had zeal and courage, if not experience. Him, the emissary of the Hetæria initiated and appointed Archegos. His sympathies were with Greece, but more particularly with the inhabitants of the Danubian provinces. He crossed the Pruth with a few followers, and was soon at the head of a considerable force. It is painful to relate the events of an expedition commenced with rashness and conducted throughout with no military quality but courage. The proclamation he issued, declaring his designs to have received the sanction of the Czar, was quickly disavowed by Alexander. His army fell off every day, as that of the enemy increased. Treachery did its work. Ypsilanti had organised a small body of devoted youths under the name of the "Sacred Band." They belonged to the highest class of their countrymen, and had flocked from all quarters at his call. The

motto on their standard was the command of the Spartan mother to her son when she presented him with his shield—"With it, or upon it." These alone remained faithful, and after four-fifths of their number had fallen, Ypsilanti bade them separate, took leave of them, and fled for his life. He crossed the Austrian frontier, was seized, and for years lingered in a Bohemian fortress. He was at last liberated; but the rigour of his imprisonment and the disappointment of his hopes were too much, and he died in 1827, having survived just long enough to see the Great Powers of Europe unite to crush the Ottoman fleet at Navarino. Such was the fate of the Moldavian expedition—a mournful beginning, which might have chilled hearts warmed with a less burning zeal. The Patriots were daunted for a moment; but they were soon roused to madness by the most fearful of modern atrocities.

It often happens with those who exert a despotic power that long periods of apathy and blindness to growing discontent are succeeded by fits of suspicion and corresponding cruelty; and the frenzy of coercion by which they attempt to crush sedition is generally as ill-timed as their former negligence was dangerous. This was the case with the Ottoman Government. For seven years the Hetæria had been in existence. It numbered tens of thousands of members. It had its branches not only in every city of the Sultan's dominions, but in all the sea-ports of the Mediterranean where there were Greeks, throughout the empires of Austria and Russia, in Vienna and Pesth, in St. Petersburg and Novgorod. Its object was scarcely concealed, and as its members were chiefly

young men, we may judge that the secrecy to which they were enjoined was not seldom violated. Yet no steps were taken for its suppression. The Porte dozed in tranquillity until news was brought of the acts of Ypsilanti, and of some slight movements in the Peloponnese. The Patriarch Gregory was commanded to excommunicate and anathematise those who were disobedient to the paternal government of the Sultan. Gregory was a man of mild temper, and complied. He also released the Philikoi from their oath, as impious. But this was not enough; the Turks became alarmed, and cowardice rushed distracted into cruelty. It was reported that the Greeks were about to murder the Ottomans, and, accordingly, the Ottomans began to murder the Greeks. A few rich Phanariots suspected what was coming, and fled. Odessa was the only place of refuge open, and it was soon full of Greek families; but the great body of the people had no such means of escape. A firman was at length issued, calling all true Mahomedans to the defence of the capital. Asiatic soldiers, half savage brigands from Anatolia and Kurdistan, were brought across the Bosphorus, and the massacre commenced. Every Christian seen in the street was butchered. Houses were broken open, and the inmates torn from their hiding places for slaughter. The European ships in the harbour and the houses of the consuls were thronged by the unhappy Christians; but their asylum was disregarded, and the decks of British and French merchantmen were stained with the blood of those whom their captains had vainly endeavoured to protect. In a few days ten thousand Christians perished in that one city. The remnant of

the population were dispersed to the four winds of heaven; they wandered as beggars through the streets of Odessa, or starved in the ditches of the Byzantine suburbs.

But singularly enough, the destruction of a multitude often affects us less than the death of a single man; and the massacre of Constantinople is chiefly associated with the martyrdom of the Patriarch. Gregory had done all that could be expected of him; he had excommunicated his countrymen, and remained quietly in his house while all around him fled. But the Porte had resolved on his destruction. At midnight, on Easter-eve, he celebrated the service, unmoved by the terror which reigned around. On his return he was seized, the assembly was summoned, a firman was read, deposing him as privy to the designs of the Philikoi, and commanding the election of a new Patriarch. The command was obeyed. The Patriarch was then led away. He knew that his hour was come, and calmly awaited death. He was placed in a boat, and carried to the Phanar. Thinking this to be the place of his execution he made the sign of the cross and bent his head to receive the fatal stroke. But he was told that he was reserved for a more ignominious death on a more sacred spot. He was carried to the front of the church where a few hours before he had officiated, and was there hanged. The body remained suspended for three days, to be pelted at by Turkish boys, and was then dragged to the shore. Carried to the middle of the stream, it was sunk by a stone; but some days after it rose by the side of an Ionian vessel. The crew fell on their knees, the corpse was taken up, identified, and

carried to Odessa, where it was interred with due respect. With the Patriarch three of his suffragan archbishops perished. They were placed in a boat with a black executioner, who hanged them at three different points of the city. The number of the clergy who were massacred by the populace is not known. And now throughout every part of the empire the populace rose against the Christians. In Adrianople and Smyrna the streets swam with blood, and from the Danube to the Cataracts of the Nile no Christian could count on an hour's life. The number who perished in a few weeks is estimated at forty thousand. When we consider the destruction effected by other memorable proscriptions we form an idea of the atrocity of this. Jeffreys has brought on his name an immortality of infamy by hanging three hundred peasants. The Reign of Terror in France is computed to have slain four thousand victims in eighteen months. But here ten times that number perished in a few weeks. And even this destruction is surpassed by the massacre at Scio, a year after, when, of eighty thousand inhabitants, the fourth part were slaughtered in cold blood. The number of Christians who were assassinated during the six years' struggle cannot fall short of one hundred thousand.

And now the whole of Greece was in a flame. The Peloponnese rose in arms, an archbishop raising the standard of revolt. Attica, Bœotia, and Phocis came next; Thessaly, destined to be excluded from Grecian independence, was not slow to follow. The details of the conflict must be sought in the works of historians; in showing the causes which united various tribes in a common struggle we have fulfilled our task.

What is the feature in Turkish rule which most strikes our notice? It is the insensibility of the savage conquerors to all impressions from the more gifted people whom they had subdued. They remained separated from their subjects by a barrier of ignorance and contempt. They were not like other barbarians who have gained a sway over more cultivated peoples. Commonly the law is, that the arms of the conqueror are vanquished by the arts of the conquered, and thus is culture handed on from race to race; and of all races the Greeks were the most adapted to radiate civilisation. The most diverse nations of antiquity had felt their influence. Their first great conflict was against the empire of Persia. Cyrus and his successors were no gentle masters, no chivalrous foes. The ruthless satraps who sacked the Lycian cities and goaded on the Ionian revolt were not likely to be docile pupils in philosophy and art. The magnificent despots who carved their boastings on the face of the solid rock, and gave whole cities to supply a single luxury to their favourites, were hardly men to respect the divided tribes of a little peninsula and a few rocky islets. Yet the Persian monarchs had a sense of merit both in their subjects and in their foes. They set the Hebrew Daniel high in the province of Babylon, and cried out for joy that they had gotten Themistocles. Dorian generals disciplined their Asiatic hordes, and the masters of Ionian art decorated their palaces of Persepolis. But a conquest over barbarism is easier than a conquest over prejudice. On the banks of the Nile, Greece was brought in contact with the most ancient of nations, and the

most mysterious of creeds. A superstition is generally dear in proportion to its absurdity, and those whose Pantheon contained the onion and the cat were little likely to consider others as more intellectual than themselves. Yet Alexandria became a second Athens under the fostering care of the Egyptian monarchs. Here arose a literature profound, though pedantic; and a philosophy ingenious, though mystical, which are a possession for ever. Here, also, another people confessed the power of the Greek. The proud and exclusive Jew—he who, according to the satirist, would not show the way or point out the fountain to a man of a different creed—was subdued by the charms of a new philosophy. The Mosaic records received an allegorical explanation, derived from the schools of Athens. The name of Solomon was appended to the moralisings of a Hellenistic sage. At Jerusalem the questions which had divided the Academy were discussed while the Saviour walked the earth. A quotation from a poet of Greece is imbedded in a discourse of Paul, and the influence of her most sublime philosopher may be found tinging the narrative of the beloved disciple. Of Rome it is needless to speak. Though Corinth might be sacked by Mummius, and Athens made a heap by Sulla, yet the most bigotted of Romans gave his last days to the study of Greek, and the mistress of the world could be sneered at as "the Greek city." Roman power waned, and a fiercer race swept over the earth under the successors of Mahomet. Now it seemed that the end was come. Christianity and civilisation were at their last gasp. Down went the three Patriarchates of Asia. The Library, which was the pride

of the ancient world, heated the baths of Alexandria. Yet the unconquerable genius of Greece again triumphed. In astronomy, in mathematics, in philosophy, in medicine, the Arab became her humble disciple. The hostile Caliphates of Bagdad and Cordova rivalled each other in their favour for those who best illustrated her writers. The Arabs were only commentators, but they were great ones: and Avicenna lingered in the universities of France long after Molière had ridiculed the doctors, while Aristotle was interpreted through Averroes for years after Bacon was in the grave.

The Turks alone, of all races, have learnt nothing from the Grecian people. Poetry and art have recoiled powerless from those brains of lead and those hearts of stone. Let those who hope for Ottoman regeneration consider this. We speak not to the orators of the platform. Loud-voiced assertion, and that fluency which ignorance seems to give, will always drown the voice of the reasoner, and the borough demagogue has a further advantage in the coarseness which makes more refined natures shrink from a contest with him. But, happily, there is a higher public than these; and to thinking men it will appear that the race, which in its youth received no benefit from a civilisation which has vanquished and elevated so many hearts, can hardly in its decrepit old age be persuaded, though one rose from the dead.

Oct. 18, 1853.

DICKENS AND THACKERAY.

WHAT the epic was to the old world—a continuous narration of stirring events, with linked sweetness long drawn out—that is the romance to the modern world. With the change of matter there has been a change of form; it is no longer the story of "physical force" that absorbs and delights mankind, it is the battle of life,—not the encounter of flesh and blood, but the clash of principles and the conflict of passions. The decease of the three-volume fiction has often been foretold, but has never come to pass, because it exists as the supply of a want, and a very complex want. All men want amusement; but, more than this, mankind, however civilised, require some stimulus of the simpler emotions; overlaid as these may be by habit, perverted by selfishness or dilapidated by overwear, they are still the chief source of pleasure. That, therefore, must be welcome which awakes them. The novel has, for the unimaginative, incidents,—for the student of human nature, character,—for the critical ear, vigour or beauty of language,—for the theorist, an ample store of cobwebs. It offers love and children to the spinster, red coats and glory to the legal or the literary drudge; and, if it does harm by exhausting the sympathies of some, it does good by exalting and keeping them fresh in sluggish and mechanical natures. The romance, we

say, occupies the place of the epic; it is more various, because the forms of society are more manifold, and men's knowledge and their requirements alike more diverse.

It is not long since two of our best-known epopœists, or, to use the more common term, of our novel-writers, have concluded each a work published by instalments, and sent them forth in their perfect form from the presses of Bradbury and Evans. Little matter to us whether it was the lust of scribbling, the desire of fame, or the appetite for what university statutes still term "solids" which prompted them to utterance. We need not, with Mr. Wickfield, decipher the motives which induced Mr. Dickens and Mr. Thackeray to compile respectively the lives of David Copperfield and Arthur Pendennis; enough for us that each of them has produced something neither devoid of interest nor unworthy of his fame.

There is one virtue in the autobiographical form in which Mr. Dickens has cast his tale, namely, that it imparts in this case an additional reality; there cannot but be some idea when an author is speaking under an author's mask, and in the first person, that he is retailing, if not circumstances of his own career, at least fancies and feelings which have been present to him in that capacity. We should not, however, expect this reality to extend itself over all the abundance of personages who throng the stage in Mr. Dickens's narrative; if at all so, rather to those who stand in most immediate connection with the central figure and form, as it were, a part of him. In other words, we might expect that there should be a division manifest in the story, and that one portion

should be assimilated to former works of the writer, another portion bear a different impress; nor will such expectation be belied.

It is not unreasonably with a view to the final result that the life of *David Copperfield* is made somewhat eventful at the outset, more eventful, indeed, than the summary heading of the earlier chapters, "I am born; I observe; I have a change," would lead us to believe. David's mamma is a widow, widowed before the boy is born. She is also, in the opinion of strong-minded Betsy Trotwood, a wax doll, whom David senior was a fool to marry. The waxen widow, a weak, amiable creature, marries again one Murdstone, black-whiskered and shallow-eyed, who, by the aid of a sister, likewise black-haired, bullies the poor lady to death. The child in this case is, happily, not so fragile a creature as was Paul Dombey, and we have less of mystical precociousness revealed. Natural enough is the detail of that one particular cock, whose voice and gesture had in them something terrible; of that one particular closet, redolent of jam and ghosts; of the dial which was conjectured to feel glad when the morning sun shone out again, and of the nurse with the forefinger like a nutmeg-grater, whose buttons would fly off with a bang under any casual excitement, starting reflections in the child's mind just as the buttons of Munchausen's dogskin jacket used to spring a covey of birds. There are ladies, we do not doubt, who would willingly bear testimony to these occasional misunderstandings between dresses and emotions. With the advent of Murdstone a cloud comes over the child's existence. His education commences

under one Creakle, at an establishment after the Dotheboys type, where he acquires an affection for James Steerforth, a hero with curls and pocket-money, and Tommy Traddles, a youth with rebellious hair, inexhaustible good nature, and a passion for designing skeleton faces. Ere this, however, he has been introduced by Peggotty, the nurse, to her Yarmouth friends, and dwelt, while by the sea-shore, with Mr. Peggotty, fisherman, Ham, his orphan nephew, Emily, his orphan niece, and lachrymose Mrs. Gummidge, his housekeeper. The mother dead, Murdstone consigns the child to his partner, Quinion, and bottle-washing at a warehouse by the river at Blackfriars. Here he has a taste of life in the streets, and puts up under the roof of Wilkins Micawber, Esq., a general waiter upon Providence, with a weakness for drawing upon the future by means of "acceptances," and more than a viceroy's zest for writing diplomatic and confidential letters. Mr. Micawber, with his wife and family, are a part of portion No. 2, as above described. They live better on nothing than most people do on a little; they fluctuate between tears and smiles; they pass from despair to hot punch, and from the immediate prospect of starvation to a sanguine gaiety. Alnaschar is a joke to them; in a forlorn tenement, beyond the City-road, they calculate the expense of putting out a bow-window from their house in Piccadilly. As to exterior, Mr. Micawber is stout and bald, he wears shabby clothes, an enormous shirt-collar, and an eyeglass, dangling "for ornament, not use." A daring design upon the Custom-house, and visions of assistance from Mrs. M.'s family, carry

them to Plymouth; on their departure, David determines to seek his sole relative, the Betsy Trotwood, whom he unconsciously alienated at his birth. Robbed at the outset by an ingenious costermonger, he accomplishes the journey to Dover on foot, subsisting on the produce of his jacket and waistcoat, and arrives at the cottage in rags. Miss Trotwood lives on an eminence in the suburbs, overlooking the sea. With her on the first floor is Mr. Richard Batley, a harmless, gentlemanly monomaniac, whom she has rescued from the less pleasant seclusion his friends designed for him. The boy is housed, and after an interview with Murdstone and sister, the nephew becomes the exclusive property of his aunt, who is eccentric and determined, but kind. She sends David to school at Canterbury, to one Dr. Strong, pedagogue and lexicographer, an old, abstracted, kindly sort of man, with a very young and pretty wife; but he is to lodge with Mr. Wickfield, Miss Trotwood's solicitor, in an old house, low browed and wainscoated, fit shrine for a daughter Agnes, "a quiet, good, calm spirit," the heroine of the tale. By way of contrast there is Heep, articled clerk, articled out of charity, whom to describe description fails; he is a sinister, crouching, fawning imp of humility; viperous in soul and body; long-fingered and splay-footed and red-eyed, with damp exudations of the cuticle, a froglike hand; altogether "a moist unwholesome body;" him, too, we are inclined to put in the category of the hypernaturals. Schooldays over, Miss Trotwood will have David to see a little of the world before he decides on a profession. In London he falls in with the hero of the curly hair,

and, after being introduced at Highgate to that Oxonian's mother, and her familiar, Miss Dartle, and feeling inextinguishably young in the presence of Littimer, most respectable of servants, is accompanied by Steerforth to Yarmouth. Miss Dartle is powerfully drawn. "She had black hair and eager black eyes, and was thin, and had a scar upon her lip. I concluded in my own mind that she was thirty, and wished to be married. She was a little dilapidated—like a house—with having been so long to let: her thinness seemed to be the effect of some wasting fire within her, which found a vent in her gaunt eyes." The scar was the work of Steerforth when a child. It is the index of Miss Dartle's susceptibilities, and owns some allegiance to the hand that caused it. From this point commences the tragic portion of the tale. Little Em'ly, Mr. Peggotty's niece, a beautiful girl, with only too much refinement and intelligence, is now the promised wife of her cousin, Ham. Steerforth, who makes himself universally agreeable, takes to the sea as his native element, wins the affection of the boatmen, and ends by purchasing "a clipper," which he leaves Littimer behind him to superintend. Ham's peace of mind is evidently threatened. The world of London, Highgate, and Yarmouth thus scrutinised, Doctors' Commons is suggested, and accepted as the immediate sphere of David's labours. The aunt finds a thousand pounds for Messrs. Spenlow and Jorkins, and places her boy in lodgings with Mrs. Crupp, Buckingham-street, Adelphi. The portrait of Mr. Spenlow's accurate exterior, and of the monkish place with its heterogeneous monopolies, is only equalled by the strange tenacity of the unseen

Mr. Jorkins, a figure who may be supposed to illustrate the silent influences of a good many "sleeping partners," male and female. At this point Agnes appears as his good angel, and, warning him against Steerforth as his bad angel, is but imperfectly credited. Uriah Heep, whose humility has exalted him to a partnership with Wickfield, has a design upon the affections of Agnes, who moves, however, too serenely above him, lavishing her tenderness on her father alone. Meanwhile, another angel appears to David in Dora Spenlow, the accurate Spenlow's only child. She has acquired in Paris some graces, but has neither intellect nor education. There is a sentimental *confidante*, Julia Mills, a spaniel *Jip*, and a duenna, who by the law of recurring uniformities, which Mr. Dickens faithfully observes, turns out to be no other than Miss Murdstone. The innocent intrigue, abetted by the poetic Julia, is brought to light by that black-haired inquisitress, and Mr. Spenlow "pooh poohs" the thing, but behaves quite as a member of a genteel corporation should behave, Miss Trotwood's inexplicable loss of property being, of course, an element in the consideration. Troubles are thickening, for Steerforth has succeeded too well in detaching little Em'ly from the ruder, but more faithful suitor, and carried her off to the continent. Mr. Peggotty makes it the business of his life to find, rescue, and forgive her. Ham, who is also a gentleman in feeling, though heart-broken, is calm and magnanimous. Than these two Mr. Dickens has conceived nothing more exalted or more touching. David's love, less noble, but more fortunate, prospers again after the sudden decease of Mr. Spenlow, who leaves

the scene in a fit of apoplexy, the result, it would seem, of comfortable living and uncomfortable neck-cloths. Dora falls into the hands of two spinster aunts, who enjoy the engagement very much, and make a pet of it until the heroic David has attained a sufficiency by reporting and other various labour; the melodrama then explodes in a matrimonial scene; there is some baby housekeeping, during which the intense silliness of the child-wife is only half redeemed by some touches of pathos, and in a year or two Dora does exactly that she had best do—retires upon a narrow property near the church and an annuity of regrets. Henceforth Agnes occupies the scene which Dora has quitted,—her firmness, faith, and purity coming out in contrast to the debility, mental and bodily, of Mr. Wickfield, now hopelessly entangled in the meshes of Heep, and to the villanous subtlety and cunning of that humble young man. By the by, Mr. Micawber, whose die has been cast, whose flower has been cankered, and whose longevity has been extremely problematical a number of times, is now law writer to Heep. Versatile creature as he is, though, and charged full with shifts and contrivances, he has all the dignity of a more successful man, and by a patient process of counter-machination exposes the rascality of his master. Heep is compelled to compromise matters and bolt. Mr. Wickfield resigns business, Agnes keeping school in the old house, and Miss Trotwood is restored to comfort and the old cottage at Dover. Mr. Peggotty's wanderings in search of the lost one have been rewarded at last. He sails with Emily for the antipodes; but ere they sail Copperfield goes down to Yarmouth to carry the

last messages for Ham. When he arrives a hurricane rages; a Spanish vessel is wrecked close in shore, and her crew swept overboard, until one alone remains. Ham, in a second desperate endeavour to reach the vessel, is buffetted to death by the waves, and when the ship goes to pieces it is the lifeless body of Steerforth that lies among the ruins of the home he had made desolate. Doubly depressed, Copperfield goes abroad for some years, returning more famous, for he has been writing among the mountains. He accomplishes the destiny long foreshadowed by marrying Agnes—

> "A perfect woman, nobly planned,
> To warn, and comfort, and command,
> And yet a spirit still and bright,
> With something of angelic light."

The story thus represents to us two lives subject to vicissitudes, and moving parallel with one another in patient self-reliance until they unite in one. The antecedent marriage of David and Dora is an episode thrown in to demonstrate the simplicity and truth which may coexist with weakness before they overcome it. Nor is there anything unnatural in the idea of a foolish passion or a foolish match, though there is in the impersonation of it. Dora Spenlow is a caricature—one of those caricatures into which Mr. Dickens allows himself to be seduced by his habit of working up figures in detail, and his desire to make every stroke tell; a decent amount of folly and childishness might have been united to a great deal of tenderness, without so far violating probability as to make the reader impatient for the drop-scene. Skill enough, however, is shown in the half-un-

conscious reference to Agnes of all higher feelings and interests, and in the gradual awakening to a sense of error—"the first mistaken impulse of an undisciplined heart," unaccompanied as it is by any cessation of affection for Dora; and so also in the obtuseness so long displayed as to Agnes's real feeling, a trait obviously masculine.

We have something of a similar outline in the second tale, the course of which, however, is sooner told, for Mr. Thackeray does not fill his canvas with such a variety of portraits and incidents. Near a small country town in the west of England there are two detached houses, one large, the other small. Clavering Park is vacant, for Sir Francis, of that ilk, is abroad. In the other, Fairoaks, lives a retired medical practitioner, John Pendennis, Esq., late of the city of Bath. He has a wife—Helen, gentle, sweet, but a little uninteresting, and a son, Arthur. The wife cherishes also a little girl, Laura, daughter of her cousin, the Rev. T. Bell, deceased. John Pendennis has a brother, a Major, who has retired from the service on half-pay, and a large stock of fashionable friends, who becomes guardian to Arthur on his father's decease. The boy, though only sixteen at the time of that event, is allowed to leave school, for the mother is fond and weak—Smirke, the curate, making him an apology for a tutor. Being a youth of parts and already a poet, his heart is set on fire by the star of a dramatic company,—the Fotheringay, a large dark-eyed ignorant woman, with a genial but drunken sire, Captain Costigan, once of Costigans-town. The intercourse has commenced under the auspices of Harry Foker, son of Foker's Entire, an

old schoolfellow, a short, stout, empty, good-natured, and over-dressed—in other words, a "fastish" young man. The Major is startled by a letter from Helen announcing the not improbable marriage of her son: his promptitude and tact avert this calamity, and the youth goes to an university which Mr. Thackeray has denominated Oxbridge. Here he becomes popular, runs in debt, and is plucked; but finally accomplishes a degree, and, subsiding into the country, finds a remedy for *ennui* in a new flirtation. Clavering Park is occupied at last, for the present baronet has married a Begum. The Begum has a daughter by her first husband, Blanche (or by baptism Betsy) Amory, a blonde, who had begun to gush into sentiment at a very early age. After wearing out this passion, in order to please the widow, he proposes to Laura, who has strength of mind enough to refuse him. He next gets to town, enters at the bar, is pushed in society by the Major, and takes to the literary line by aid of Warrington, a sort of Hercules in mind and body, and uncommonly well drawn. Fanny Bolton, daughter of the porter at Shepherd's-inn, diverts his attention, but he conquers himself, and has a bad fever; after which there is a tour on the continent. During this tour Helen, who has misunderstood the Bolton affair, dies of heart disease in the transport of renewed confidence. Laura goes to live with Lady Rockminster, a rigorous old woman of the world, with as much kindness as character, and Arthur, by the machinations of the Major, becomes engaged to Miss Amory, who is to bring him a fortune and a seat in Parliament. Neither cares much for the other, and the lady, attracted by

the superior wealth of Foker, breaks with Pendennis. The conclusion is a marriage with Laura, and the attainment of the borough by the legitimate course of things.

It will be seen from this outline that the incidents of Mr. Thackeray's story are not of an exciting kind. It is intended to represent simply the way of the world, and it does so. Its merits consist in the truth of that representation. The interest given to Mr. Dickens's work by its biographical form was here impossible, for the centre figure is not meant to be a hero at all, and Laura only a heroine in the sense in which all good young women are such. Carrying out the proposition which he announced in *Vanity Fair*, Mr. Thackeray has once more depicted the average features of the people one meets, neither ascending to any great heights nor descending to any extraordinary depths. The whole story is consistent with this intention. We have drawing-rooms before us, never cottages; fashion rather than nature; in other words, that second nature which custom creates. We have a style which harmonises with the topics, and a philosophy which, whether intended to do so or not, never rises above the obvious and the common-place. Perhaps no greater distinction can be drawn between the two works than this, that the one confines itself to the artificial phase of society, the other to the real. Allowing this, the wider scope of Mr. Dickens's novel is at once explained. There is room for more range of character —for more diversity of adventure—for a more thoughtful and suggestive tone. Mr. Thackeray tells us in his preface that he could willingly have

treated us to squalor and crime—St. Giles's and a gallows' scene, but that he mistrusted his powers. The resolve was judicious, for what he has done he has done well, catching not a little of the force and spirit with which his favourite models, Smollett, Fielding, and Sterne illustrated the realities of a century ago. Pendennis is not exactly a Tom Jones, but he is conceived from the same point of view. The only question is whether Mr. Thackeray has done wisely in applying the doctrine of limits to character so unvaryingly, and we are inclined to believe that, while he has observed keenly enough the peculiarities of the world which he depicts, he has not gauged universal humanity so skilfully as Mr. Dickens. In *David Copperfield* there are more contrasts of character, more varieties of intellect, a more diverse scenery, and more picturesqueness of detail. It is the whole world rather than a bit of it which you see before you. There is first the childhood, vividly painted, happy and unsuspicious, with its ideas and feelings not at all overdone; in *Pendennis*, on the contrary, you have rather the fact that he was once a child than childhood described. There are, secondly—and it is an artifice of which Mr. Dickens is somewhat too fond,—some people without wits in his tale. With Mr. Batley we find no fault, for he is a pendant to Miss Trotwood, who could ill be spared; but Dora is an infliction. The effect, however, of these portraits is to throw the intellect of others into relief, and also to give a colouring such as the harmless enjoyments and simple affection of crazed people alone can give. There is no satire in the description of their ex-

travagances; on the contrary, there is something at once joyous and tender, something mysterious and impressive, in the history of a lunatic, which makes the Swiss and the Oriental revere him, and which made Wordsworth put him into verse. As he goes lower in the scale of intellect and manners, so also Mr. Dickens rises higher than Mr. Thackeray—his hero is greater than Pendennis, and his heroine than Laura, while "my Aunt" might alike, on the score of eccentricities and kindliness, take the shine out of Lady Rockminster. The Yarmouth group, again, is no exaggeration, and, while introducing another of Mr. Dickens's merits, the power of description gives at once the effect of a general contrast running through the tale, and absorbs as much interest as the central figures by the force and dignity of the delineation; the depth of feeling revealed in Mr. Peggotty and in Ham, the energetic patience of one, the passive endurance of the other, not less than Mrs. Gummidge's sudden conversion from querulousness to activity and self-forgetfulness, are the evidence at once of knowledge and of imagination. Nor is the mute Mr. Barkis's expressive gesture or the leg-rubbing and strong vernacular of the boatmen, less true to the life. What we cannot allow to Mr. Dickens is the invariable fidelity which accompanies Mr. Thackeray's characters. There are cases where his facts are not so true as his ideas. It might be quite true, for instance, that Miss Dartle would hate Steerforth's victim with all the rancour of jealousy · but it is very unlikely that she should seek her out in order to reproach her with her shame, and gloat over her misery with the fiendish violence ascribed to her.

The thing is altogether overstrained. We have already said that Dora is not a fact, and we must extend the censure to a frequent want of truth in language, not that the dialect of Mr. Peggotty is less racy than the brogue of Captain Costigan, but that in any passage of sentiment Mr. Dickens lets the sentiment run away with him. Who ever heard of one young man saying gravely to another, "You are always equally loved and cherished in my heart," or of a bride who has just entered the travelling carriage coming out with so Tennysonian a decasyllabic as—

"It grows out of the night when Dora died"?

—a fault this, which grows out of the over-poetical tendencies of the author, tendencies discoverable enough in all his works, and evidenced as much, perhaps, in the characters of Barnaby Rudge and Paul Dombey as in any discursiveness of mere expression. It is Mr. Thackeray's merit that his prose is downright prose; he does not seem, indeed, to have the faculty of committing such mistakes as these; but compare the fidelity of the greeting between Pendennis and Warrington, and the remarks thereon, with the conversation of David and Steerforth; or compare the rage of Miss Dartle with anything said or accomplished by Becky, in *Vanity Fair*, and you will not hesitate to say which way the balance inclines. It may be said, however, that Mr. Thackeray was preserved in some degree from such faults by casting all his characters within a narrow sphere, and that sphere one in which language is easily caught, and all of one pattern. Yet we are inclined to take exception against the profusion of "egads"

and "begads," with which that most gentlemanly old man the Major interlards his discourse, even if not against their Irish first cousin "bedad," which emphasises the rich brogue of "the *pore* old man who was dthriven to dthrinking by ingratitude." As in language, so in exterior and manners, Mr. Thackeray's people are less marked. He does not wish to individualise. Mr Dickens has a perfect passion for being particular, as if the portrait might be wanted in the *Hue and Cry*. We must suppose either that people in the best society have not their little tricks —tricks of the body, that is—or else that Mr. Dickens has an unnatural faculty of detecting them. All the accessory characters in his books gesticulate. They have a hundred little ways of identifying themselves. Like the gentleman in *Lavengro* who must for the life of him touch something, they are always popping out with some peculiarity, which might make us think that Mr. Dickens, with the doctor quoted the other day by Lord Campbell, believed in universal monomania. Uriah Heep, for instance, is first introduced to us as trying to put a spell upon the pony—his sinuous contortions and shadowless eyes are for ever before us as illustrative of his wily wickedness. Mrs. Steerforth is to be the quintessence of pride, Miss Trotwood of firmness and eccentric good-nature, the Murdstones of firmness and ill-nature. Mrs. Steerforth therefore is tall and rigid, Miss Trotwood rigid and tall. So is Mr. Murdstone, so is Miss Murdstone, so was Mr. Dombey. Mr. Spenlow's sisters are to be like a pair of canaries, neat, dapper, twittering sort of females; accordingly they have a curious appetite for lumps of sugar and seedcake.

Again, Mr. Dickens is as deep in nasology as the learned Slawkenbergius; his people are perpetually wagging their noses, or flattening them against windows, or rubbing them, or evincing some restlessness or other in connection with them. He is not much less scientific in eyes, and ought by this time to have a regular classification of them. The effect of all this is that you trace something genuine in Mr. Thackeray's figures more easily than you do in Mr. Dickens's. You have not such a series of peculiarities to separate before you can regard the nature by itself. Fokers, Pendennises, Helens, and Lauras abound everywhere. You can't go out without meeting them, nor do they, the first especially, deny the portraiture; if there is any desire to deny it, that arises, not from Mr. Thackeray's allowing them too little goodness, but from his not allowing them enough wits. The ladies, however, ought to be propitiated by something of additional beauty and force assigned to them in *Pendennis*. Compare the tone of the two books, and one will be found, as a whole, light-hearted and hopeful, the other dolorous and depressing. Both books are comic in much of their expression, for both writers are humorists, but the humour of one is more gloomy than that of the other, as if from a shadow fallen upon a life. While in *David Copperfield* the tragedy is consummated in a single chapter, in *Pendennis* it is spread over the whole surface of the story. In the former case a man is slain; in the latter case human aspirations and complacencies are demolished. Rising from the perusal of Mr. Dickens's work, you forget that there is evil in the world, and remember only the good.

The distinction drawn between the bad and good is a broad one. Rising from Mr. Thackeray's, you are doubtful of yourself and of humanity at large, for nobody is very bad or very good, and everybody seems pretty well contented. The *morale* might almost be summed up into the American's creed, "There's nothing new, there's nothing true, and it don't signify." One might almost fancy that Mr. Thackeray had reduced his own theory of life to that average which he strikes from the practice of all around him. We are brought into a mess and left there, woman's love and purity being the only light upon our path. Mr. Dickens touches a higher key; his villains, Heep and Littimer, stand out as villains; his women—and we may take my Aunt and Agnes as equally faithful pictures,—hold an eminence which women may and do reach in this world, and which mere purity and love do not suffice to attain.

We do not wish, however, to be hard on Mr. Thackeray's selection of his scene. As forms of sensual existence, varied only by circumstance and taste, his characters are as true as the velvet of Mr. Hunt's Mariana, so lately a topic of discussion, or the topers of Teniers—only do not let the picture be taken as expressing the whole truth of the matter; there is a large suppression. We must grant, by way of counterpoise, that Mr. Dickens frequently sins in excess. He contemplates human nature in its strength, and on its unsophisticated side;—Mr. Thackeray in its weakness and on its most artificial basis. The consequence is, that the former verges on the sentimental, the latter on the cynical, one being the reaction of the other; only while the first

is no unmanly weapon in Mr. Dickens's hand, the last is a sufficiently temperate one in the hand of Mr. Thackeray. As to actual influence, we should, for the reasons aforesaid, assign the higher place to Mr. Dickens, partly because the expressed morality comes forth as something definite, the fruit of personal experience, yet conveyed through a personage of the tale, partly because the highest lessons inculcated, such as those of faith in Mr. Peggotty and resignation in Ham, are some of the highest that can be inculcated, and partly, also, because the world which Mr. Thackeray experiments on is a world of salamanders, fireproof, inclined to disbelieve that the lesson they can criticise may possibly increase their condemnation. Each rejoices to be what he is. Foker and Major Pendennis rejoice in their portraits, save that the latter don't think he is so "doosedly" made up after all. You may as well write at them as preach at them; and did not the Major go to church? Perfect as *Pendennis* is, then, in execution, we are bound, when weighing it with *Copperfield*, to adjudge the chief merit where the most universal interest is conciliated and the most exalted teaching hidden beneath the tale. The epic is greater than the satire.