

Concluded from p. 151.

they have the feelings of defeat before a blow is struck. The very multitudes in which reside their only chance would speedily add to the embarrassment and the panic. 'Napoleon,' said the Duke, 'should have waited for us at Paris.' 'Why, he would have had 800,000 men upon him.'— 'That is the very reason he should have waited,' was the reply, 'for where there are 800,000 men there is a terrible deal of justling.' If this is what happens with well-marched troops, it may readily be conceived how fatal would be the confusion in a motley mob, where unity of movement is mentally, morally and physically impossible. But chiefly let it be remembered that the leaders are almost invariably unprincipled and mercenary men. General Napier instantly discovered that there was 'a tendency to turn rebellion into money.' 'Pikes which cost a shilling were sold for three and sixpence, and those who persuaded their deluded followers of the necessity of the purchase exhorted them to come unarmed the moment they saw a contest impending, and feared they might be summoned to direct the weapons they sold. So again, when General Napier ascertained that there was a general correspondence between the Paris malecontents and our own, he pronounced that the design of each was to solicit money from the other. 'The French Republicans,' he says, 'are beggarly cut-throats, and neither will nor can help our knives; their object is pillage; the very essence of republicanism is pillage.— The moment a clever or industrious man gets more than his neighbors, they desire to pull him down. Our Chartists will obtain no money from the French Liberals.' He was not less confident that the English Liberals would not subsidise their French brethren, and truly predicted that a union which on both sides was founded on the hope of picking the pocket of their ally would be speedily dissolved. His knowledge of human nature was very keen and sure.

Of the troops General Napier formed the highest opinion. 'They are all,' he said, 'that their country could wish—humane, obedient, bold. The eight thousand men under my command would meet ten thousand, yea, more, of any nation on earth, for officers and men are full of intelligence, physical power and discipline.' The cavalry officers, indeed, could not be made to study their profession, because few of them designed to stay in the army; but even these he pronounced to be extremely clever and zealous, models of courage and honour, who would do their work with spirit whenever they were put to the test. Altogether he affirmed that our horse were superb, and if properly led, would go through anything. To this Sir William adds the expressive commentary 'Balaclava?'—one instance out of many which shows that, though an actor unsurpassed in gallantry throughout the most famous contest of modern times, his heart responds to every subsequent deed of British heroism, and loves to detect in the present generation the same qualities which in ceaseless fight forced the armies of Imperial France from Lisbon to Toulouse.

The military role of General Napier over the Northern District does not appear to have been a happy passage in his life. He was apprehensive of blindness, and the contemplation was terrible to him. 'My poor mother,' he wrote in his journal, 'how I think of her sufferings, and sometimes reproach myself for not remaining forever at her side, but I did all; things as she wished.

My own hour of darkness now comes upon me—I must bid adieu to reality for ever! All must be imagination except pain, but blessed death comes to send me to those who are gone? But there was one calamity he dreaded more than to be blind, I mean the impediment brought in its worst form which was sometimes protracted by the wound in his nose. 'O, to die, he said, I will not repine even at the loss of sight if spared that honor of honors!' This 'snuff-box of honors,' however he was destined to undergo, and well he venged in his season of suffering his own of seven men when contemplating the evil—'I shall die, I have much to do to look his trials in the face without flinching, and thank Heaven they are no worse.' His brother recalls how in his letters he had always sported with torture to save his mother and sister mental distress, and adds the astonishing circumstance that, until the approach of the most terrible of his toils than him has ever and only groan of his life for himself, he had not so much as allowed it to be known that he had a pain to endure. A groan it could hardly be called, for it was the silent description in a private journal of his secret feelings.

With these miseries impending in the future, his present employment was not agreeable to him. In Cepheina his toil produced works which were of service to mankind; here his exertions were far greater, but they were bestowed on 'drivelling correspondence,' and looking over piles of reports and returns. 'If Napoleon, Alexander, and Cæsar,' he said, 'were one man, he could not fill up one inspection return honestly, examining everything he signs, and I have eleven.' How admirably he brought his military genius to bear upon his duties has been seen already; and as the exercise of skill is always pleasurable, he would probably have derived some satisfaction from the employment if perpetual thwarting had not turned even this higher portion of his functions into vexation.— 'Two years of command over?' he wrote on the 1st of April, 1811. 'Command! No! it is not command, it is slavery under toolles; but Lord Hill has not his own way, and he is no muddle, he is a glorious soldier.' Therefore, when a few days later Lord FitzRoy Somerset called upon him, and offered him a place on the Indian Staff, he gladly accepted the post, though sorrowful to leave his relatives when he was touching upon sixty, and was far more worn by toil and wounds than by years. In June, 1839, he had gone to Court to be invested with the ribbon of the Bath, and on his return he made the following striking entry in his journal:—

'In the midst of embroidery, gold-lace, stars, orders, titles, and a crowd of soldiers, I met many an old comrade of the Peninsular war—worn, meagre, greyheaded, stooping old men, sinking fast! I too have one leg in the grave. When we had last been together we were young, active, full of high spirits, dark or auburn locks! Now all are changed, all are parents, all full of cares. Well, the world is chained hand to hand, for there were also young soldiers there, just felled, i.e. companions for their young Queen; they too will grow old, but will they have the memory of battles when like us they hurry to—

\* There is a remarkable passage in one of the volumes of the new edition which has just appeared of Lord Pougham's Speeches, descriptive of the penalties imposed by high place in consequence of the responsibility without power which attaches to it. More than one eminent statesman has, within our knowledge, referred to it as a true picture of his own experience, and it would equally serve for an eloquent summary of Sir Charles Napier's Northern command.

wands the 2nd. There was a pretty young Queen, too, 2nd, and out of 8 years bodies of grey hairs were bowed before her that she might see a resolution to be made by the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st, 32nd, 33rd, 34th, 35th, 36th, 37th, 38th, 39th, 40th, 41st, 42nd, 43rd, 44th, 45th, 46th, 47th, 48th, 49th, 50th, 51st, 52nd, 53rd, 54th, 55th, 56th, 57th, 58th, 59th, 60th, 61st, 62nd, 63rd, 64th, 65th, 66th, 67th, 68th, 69th, 70th, 71st, 72nd, 73rd, 74th, 75th, 76th, 77th, 78th, 79th, 80th, 81st, 82nd, 83rd, 84th, 85th, 86th, 87th, 88th, 89th, 90th, 91st, 92nd, 93rd, 94th, 95th, 96th, 97th, 98th, 99th, 100th.

These are the sentiments of a man who felt that his race was run, that whatever distinction belonged to him must be derived from the past, and be entirely borrowed from that immortality of time which Wellington, he said, had cast over his Peninsular warriors like a mantle of light. He did not dream, as he bowed "his shrivelled body and grey head before the throne," that the dazzling part of his career was still hid in the womb of time, that he was to shine by the blaze of his own actions instead of by the lustre reflected from his early chief, that he was destined, not indeed to parallel the deeds of his great master, for his part was performed on a more contracted stage, but to prove that his capacity was of the same order, and that he wanted nothing except equal opportunities to have been the rival in talent, as he was the rival in genius, of Marlborough and Wellington. But this portion of his career is only opened in the two volumes which are published at present, and we must reserve our narrative of his Indian story, and the summary of his character, until the entire work is before the world. Enough has been done already by the great soldier and writer who has presented to our admiration his brother's exploits and feelings to thrill every heart which can exult in the hard-won triumphs of intellect, can comprehend the moral dignity of duty discharged by prodigies of industry, can bound at feats of bravery, sympathize with affection, melt at tenderness, and be alternately roused and saddened by the stern self-control which made him a continuous victor, without one moment's intermission, through his life-long battle-pain of body and sorrow of mind.

THE PRESENT PARLIAMENT.—The present, which is the fourth Parliament of Queen Victoria, and the sixth of the "Reformed" Parliaments, was elected in July, 1832 under the auspices of the Earl of Derby, then at the head of the Tory administration. It would not, according to the Septennial Act, die a natural death until the 26th of August, 1839 (the day at which the writs for the new parliament were made returnable), but since the 1826 no parliament, according to Mr. Dod, has approached its extreme limit. The present parliament, if dissolved without any intercalary delay, will have failed to attain the age of five years by some four or five months. The Russell Parliament, elected in July and August, 1847, lasted four years seven months and 12 days, and the parliament which placed the late Sir R. Peel in office in the year 1841 lasted as long as five years and 11 months, or very nearly six years. This was the longest of the Reformed Parliaments, the shortest having been the first, elected at the end of the year 1832, the age of which was one year and 11 months only. It will be found that the average duration of the six Reformed Parliaments elected from 1832 to 1852 has been, as nearly as possible, four years, supposing the present parliament to be dissolved this spring.