

have indulged in the merry practice of slitting people's noses. Other gangs of upper-class scamps practised the same thing under different names. But of all the ferocities of the time, the worst was the incessant duelling, which would have clouded with fear the lives of the class who were bound by honour to fight, if they had not been as reckless as they were. The Duke of Hamilton and Lord Mohun are opposing parties in a lawsuit. They meet in the chambers of a Master in Chancery, and the Duke remarks of a witness: "There is no truth or justice in him." Lord Mohun replies: "I know Mr. Whitworth; he is an honest man, and has as much truth as your Grace." This is enough: two days afterward His Grace and My Lord go to Hyde Park and fight; their seconds fighting also, or as they expressed it, "taking their share in the dance." Lord Mohun falls dead, and the Duke on the top of him mortally wounded. It was averred that Lord Mohun's second treacherously stabbed the Duke, but this seems clearly to have been a calumny bred by the fury of the Jacobites at the loss of the head of their party in Scotland.

Amid all the savagery and brutality of these people, however, there shine forth unmistakably immense vigour and fortitude. The army was recruited, as Mr. Ashton shows, from the loose and even from the criminal population; but it would be a mistake to fancy that it was a blackguard army. There were in larger numbers two centuries ago than now men out of whom perhaps the nomad had not been thoroughly worked, who were out of place in a state of regular industry, yet had their qualities, and made good soldiers, though bad citizens. These men service in an army, under a great commander, not only restrains and disciplines, but purifies and exalts. Marlborough seems to have felt perfect confidence in his

men: no misgiving as to their discipline, any more than as to their courage, made him hesitate in undertaking the most daring and critical operations. He found them trustworthy in the deadly mines of Tournai as well as on the blood-stained slope of the Schellenberg and in the terrible passes of Malplaquet. Uncle Toby and Corporal Trim were rough people, but they had strong hearts in strong bodies, and they did their duty without a word. It was all the more to their credit, because their officers had no title to their confidence but valour, being generally destitute of military education; Marlborough, the grand exception, having been trained in the French school. The simplicity with which the victories of Marlborough and his soldiers over the veteran troops of the Great King were announced and celebrated is thrown into strong relief by the inordinate jubilation which has followed a triumph over the wretched mercenaries of Arabi, who fired one random volley and ran away. The seamen were even rougher than the soldiers. Benbow and Coudesley Shovel were, no doubt, as coarse as the salt-junk and grog on which they lived. But they were heroes, if by perfect fearlessness united with single-hearted devotion to professional duty a man can deserve that name. It was a French officer who said of them to the Prince de Condé, that they rode the sea in all seasons and in the worst weather with as much tranquillity as the swans floated on the lake at Chantilly. Nor had they, to sustain them, much hope of reward or honours. These old sea-lions could not exist now; they would be interviewed, feasted, photographed, decorated, harangued, and shown about till they had lost the rough simplicity of their nature. However, in paying them due honour, no Englishman would wish to return to their days, or to have a seaman's life made again