

experiment were tried with a nation skilled in the arts of modern warfare. Daring may prevail against want of science, but the precedent is worthless unless the cases are similar. Accident, too, may occasionally reward uncalculating rashness with momentary success. 'Luck,' remarks Charles Napier, 'is a good thing, but it will very quickly play a chief a trick that will ruin him, if he trusts to it without providing for its ceasing.' Even in the services it seems sometimes to intrude into our affairs department with a presumption worthy of civilians themselves. Admiral Cockburn, the second in command to Sir John Warren, and a capital seaman, had not an idea of military arrangements. 'Yet he thinks himself a Wellington,' wrote Charles Napier, 'and General Beekwith is sure the navy never produced such an Admiral as himself.'

The career of Colonel Napier in the West terminated in September, 1813. He exchanged into his old regiment the 50th to get back to nobler scenes of warfare, but when he reached home, found the contest at an end. In December, 1814, he was put on half-pay, but, with that provident energy which was innate in his disposition, he went, in company with his brother William, to study at the Military College at Farnham. The reappearance of Napoleon in France carried Colonel Napier to Ghent, with the intention of joining in the coming battle as a volunteer. The rapid movements of Napoleon frustrated his design, but he assisted at the storming of Cambray and had a share in a combat at Paris. This was merely an episode in his Farnham life, where he remained till the close of 1817. He was thirty-two when he entered, had seen glorious service, and was a constant sufferer from his wounds. It required a mind which looked far into futurity, a strong resistance to the suggestions of self-indulgence, a modest consciousness of the much which remained to be done, to induce an officer of his years, who had commanded with distinction under Wellington and Moore, to put himself to school on the return of peace; but he knew that genius, to be available, must be informed by industry, and as if prescient of what was to come, he went into training for Meane and Dabba.

'By reading, you will be distinguished,' he wrote to Ensign Campbell thirty years afterwards; 'without it, abilities are of little use. A man may talk and write, but he cannot learn his profession without constant study to prepare, especially for the higher rank, because he then wants knowledge and experience of others improved by his own. But, when in a post of responsibility he has no time to read, and if he comes to such a post with an empty skull, it is then too late to fill it, and he makes no figure. Thus, many people fail to distinguish themselves, and say they are unfortunate, which is untrue; their own previous idleness unfitted them to profit by fortune.'

Fortune came late to Charles Napier, and found him ready. Time had not rusted out his knowledge, because he always continued a learner, and, even after his famous victories were won, he carried about with him the instructions of Frederick the Great, and consulted them constantly. "A man," he said, "at the head of troops wants to refer to such things and keep them fresh in memory;" and his frequent experience of their utility made him urge his brother to draw up a compendium of the maxims of celebrated commanders, with the addition of his own. The request, we trust, will yet bear fruit, and military science owe this father obligation to Sir William Napier.

In 1819 Charles Napier obtained the appointment of Inspecting Field Officer in the

Ionian Islands. In this capacity he had, he said, nothing to do, and to him inaction was misery. He was twice sent, in 1820, on secret missions to Ali Pacha at Ioannina, and in the early part of 1821 he got permission to travel in Greece. Surveying, with the eye of a great general, its mountains and passes, he filled his journal with plans for its defence, and hoped that he might be destined to add a modern glory to their ancient renown. His military genius, however, was doomed to remain in abeyance for twenty years to come, but his capacity for civil government was now to be tried. After a visit to England in 1821, he returned to his post in January, 1822, and was appointed military resident of Cephalonia, or, in other words, was the "despotic lieutenant" of the Lord High Commissioner of the Ionian Islands. "Besides being king," he says, "I am bishop also, and all the convents and churches are under me; the priests cannot call a town without my written order." The work was excessive. "My predecessor," he tells his mother, "is going home half dead from the labour; but to me it is health, spirit, everything. I live for some use now. I take no rest myself, and give nobody else any." He constructed magnificent roads, more than a hundred miles in length, through rocky steep slopes where scarce a path existed before; he built markets, places, spacious streets, and prisons fit for human beings in the room of disgusting dungeons which were hardly good enough to be the nesting-places of vermin. These and many other things he accomplished by incessant toil, and, having gone back to England in 1824, and finding nothing proceeding as it ought on his return to Cephalonia, in 1825, he thus records the secret of his success:—

"How entirely all things depend on the mode of executing them, and how ridiculous were theories are! My successor thought, as half the world always thinks, that a man in command has only to order, and obedience will follow.—Hence they are baffled, not from want of talent, but from inactivity, vainly thinking that while they spare themselves every one under them will work like horses."

All, he said a little later, was owing to his limbs and eyes. "I ride, I see, and don't take things for granted because they are said to exist." Fourteen hours a-day was the least he devoted to public business. Yet so sternly did this man, who seemed to be energy personified, judge himself, that he could use such language as the following in reviewing his proceedings in 1828:—

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

His patriotic and spirited rule, which left a monument in every hill and valley of the island, was cut short in 1830 by the intrigues of Sir F. Adam, the then Lord High Commissioner. He got up some charges against the rule of Colonel Napier during his absence in England, and the Home Minister, Lord Goderich, must have been satisfied of their untruth, since he offered the accused the Residency of Zante, which was a higher command; but he considered that his character required that he should be sent back to Cephalonia, and, as this was refused, he was once more consigned,

in the plenitude of his powers, to private life.

His residence at Cephalonia had been an eventful period in his domestic history. In August, 1826, his mother died. She had arrived at an age when he could no longer look for much comfort from the prolongation of her days, for she was eighty-one.—Her death, notwithstanding, "bowed him to the dust." He loved her rather with the affection of a little child before it has known any other object in life, than that of a hardy soldier plunged in different scenes of war and immersed in the distractions of Colonial government. The void she left was never filled, and after the lapse of twenty-one years he could still write "that in losing a mother he had lost that which nothing could replace." An affectionate nature like his could not exist without some one on whom to expend its sympathies, and in April, 1827, he married a widow much older than himself. She also died in July, 1833, and the happiness of their union may be discovered in his fearful grief when she was gone:—

"Hitherto," he wrote, "I had life and light, but now all is as a dream, and I am in darkness—the darkness of death, the loneliness of the desert. Oh God, defend me, for the spirit of evil has struck a terrible blow! I, too, can die, but then my own deed may give the dreadful spirit power over me, and I may, in my haste to join my adored Elizabeth, divide myself for ever from her. My head, my head seems to burst. Oh mercy! mercy! for this seems past endurance!"

These were the first terrible paroxysms of despair. His grief in growing calmer was little less acute. On seeing the bullet with which he was shot at Busaco, he exclaimed, "how little can we judge for ourselves! then I rejoice at my escape, and now regret it." His desire for many months was to die. In this agony of distress he presented, according to his custom, the same brave and placid countenance to the world, and nothing denoted that his whole being was absorbed in poignant grief. "I am cheerful with others," he says to his sister six months after the event; "my grief breaks out when alone; at no other time do I let it have its way; but when tears are too much checked there comes a terrible feeling on the top of my head which distracts me, and my lowness then seems past endurance." He removed from Bath, where he was residing at the death of his wife, to Caen, in Normandy, and did his best to perform the part of a mother to his girls. His aim was to make them religious, as the foundation of all excellence,—to teach them accounts that they might learn the value of money,—work, that they might not waste their time if they were rich, nor be helpless if they were poor,—cooking, that they might guard against the waste of servants, and be able to do for themselves in the event of a revolution! Time, the great comforter, calmed his sorrows, but the recollections of the past long continued to enter like an iron into his soul, as may be seen from the entry in his journal in 1840, on the birthday of his departed wife. "Memory! Oh thou racker of the heart, thou tearer up of times past, thou picturer of things never more to be seen, of faces no more to be greeted, voices no more to be heard! Yet but for that remembrance how terrible would be death! This makes man fearless." When the day returned, seven years later, time had still further tempered his regrets, and he could look back to the felicity, so rudely cut short, with a pleasing sadness. "For years the anniversary was one of pleasure to me; and now that the dreams of life, now that all life's dramatic scenes have