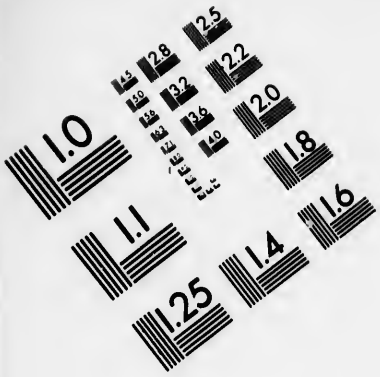

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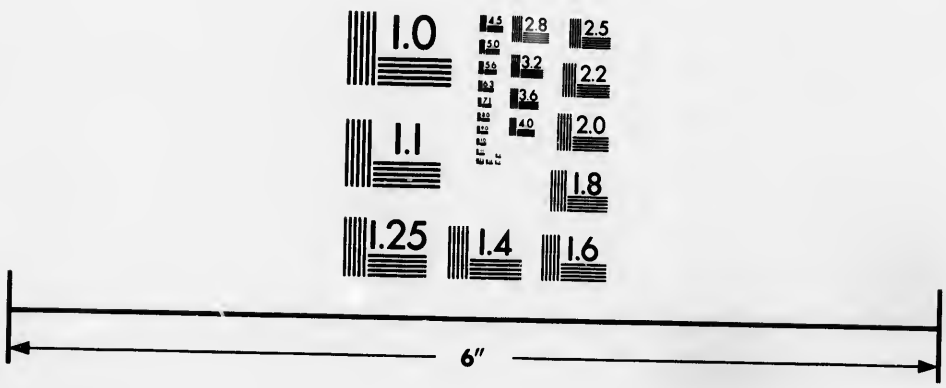

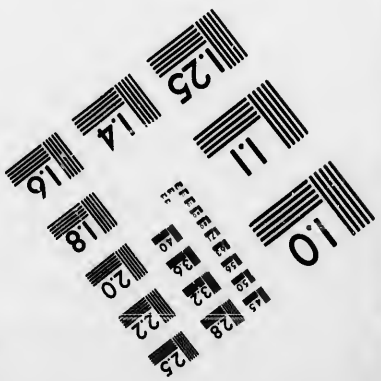

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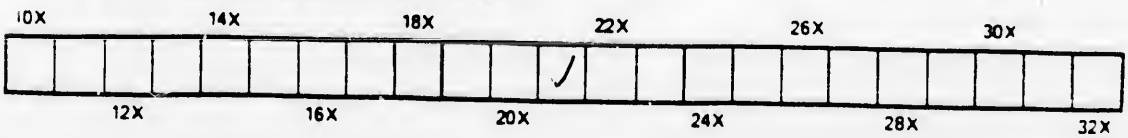

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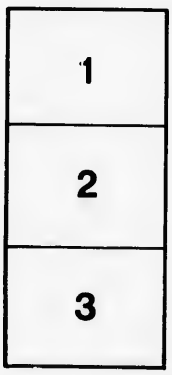

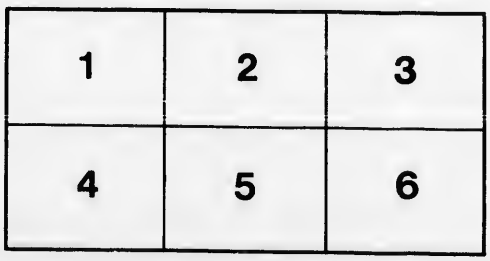

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HEROES

OF

ROMANTIC + ADVENTURE

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CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH
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NO. 13 NOTRE DAME ST. WEST,
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LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

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HEROES
OF
ROMANTIC ADVENTURE.

LORD CLIVE.

ROBERT CLIVE, the founder of British supremacy in India, was born on the 29th of September 1725, at a place called Styche, in the parish of Moreton-Say, near Market-Drayton, Shropshire. His father, Mr Richard Clive, was an attorney in indifferent practice; his mother, a high-minded,

superior woman, to whom her distinguished son frequently declared he was indebted for almost all of beneficial instruction his youth received, was, previous to her marriage with Mr Richard Clive, a Miss Gaskell of Manchester.

Robert, the eldest of a family of thirteen children, was sent, when little more than two years old, to reside with a Mr Bayley, Mrs Clive's brother-in-law, at Hope Hall, near Manchester, where he appears to have been treated with much monitory kindness, which, however, availed nothing, Mr Bayley sorrowfully confessed, to subdue the fierce, audacious spirit of the boy, 'to the more valuable qualities of meekness, benevolence, and patience.' Before he had completed his seventh year he was described as 'out of measure addicted to fighting.' When a little dam broke, which his playmates had made across the gutter in the street, for the purpose of overflowing a small shop, with the owner of which they had quarrelled, Clive at once threw his body into the gutter, and there remained until the mischief had been repaired. A mischievous, intractable urchin, the authorities of the various schools through which he was rapidly shifted pronounced him to be; but in all his absurd and riotous pranks, evincing a fearless intrepidity, a love of peril for the peril's sake, which, after he had become illustrious as a soldier, was held to have been prophetic of his military fame.

One of his juvenile exploits will sufficiently illustrate the temperament of the reckless boy: he ascended the lofty church-tower at Market-Drayton, and let himself down several feet over the parapet upon a stone spout shaped at the top like a dragon's

head, for the mere pleasure of bestriding it, and jerking from that position two or three stones that had lodged upon the spout! Mr Clive had intended to make a lawyer of him, but the lad's unconquerable dislike of the profession compelled the abandonment of that purpose, and a writership in the East India Company's service—an appointment of slight *immediate* value in those days—was procured for him; his father, notwithstanding, remaining constant to his frequently expressed opinion, that, except in the fighting line, 'the brainless booby' would have no chance of getting forward in the world. He sailed in the spring of 1743 for Madras, encountered a long and dangerous voyage, the unseaworthy ship in which he embarked having been compelled to put in at Brazil for repairs, where it remained nine months; and another delay occurring at the Cape, it was not till the autumn of 1744 that he reached his destination. During his compulsory sojourn at Brazil, he so far mastered his dislike of such studies as to acquire a tolerable knowledge of the Portuguese language—a solitary instance on his part of that kind of application, it being no less true than strange, that this remarkable person was never able to hold five minutes' conversation with the inhabitants of the country whose future he so powerfully shaped and controlled.

The only person in Madras to whom Robert Clive had a letter of introduction had sailed for England previous to his arrival there; and the friendless young man—he was barely nineteen—was, moreover, already in a state of pecuniary embarrassment, the unusual length of the voyage having not

only exhausted his slender purse, but compelled him to borrow money of the captain of the ship, upon the security of his salary as a writer. That salary, even if unencumbered, was a miserably inadequate one, and he could only hope to better his fortunes after many years of drudging clerk-work, which he detested, by availing himself of the fraudulent facilities offered to the practised grasp of the elder servants of the Company, by the system of 'private trade,' the nature of which we shall have presently to explain. Under these circumstances, shunning society, upon which he had no claim, and for which he felt slight aptitude, straitened in present means, and almost despairing of the future, it is not surprising that the irritable, restless spirit of the misplaced clerk darkened into a morbid gloominess of mind, from which he was never afterwards wholly free except during the excitement of gaming, of war, or of political strife and antagonism—an unnatural state of being that ultimately grew to be a condition of existence. He was found one day in his private room, Writer's Buildings, by a fellow-clerk, whilst suffering under one of these accesses of gloom and wretchedness, with a pistol on the table before him. 'Fire that pistol out of the window,' said Clive abruptly. The clerk did so; and as the report rang through the apartment, Robert Clive, who had a sort of dreamy faith in Destiny, leaped exultingly to his feet, and exclaimed: 'There *is* something reserved for me to do then. . . . . Twice I vainly snapped that pistol at my own head!' He was not only, it is clear, exceedingly reckless in his general habits, but likewise grossly imprudent in his

demeanour towards his official superiors, and, as a necessary consequence, always involved in debt and personal disputes. Upon one occasion, the governor of Madras ordered him to apologise for some injurious language he had used towards a secretary. As a refusal would have been followed by immediate dismissal from the service, Clive sullenly obeyed the distasteful mandate, whereupon the placable, good-natured official asked him to dine and take part of a bottle of wine with him. 'No, sir,' was Clive's fierce reply; 'I have not been ordered to dine with you.'

Another anecdote, strongly illustrative of the unflinching resolution which characterised him through life, may be related here, although the incident itself occurred some months later, after he had taken refuge at Fort St David, subsequently to the capture of Madras by the French. Having nothing to occupy his time even in the way of clerkship, he one day sought to while away the lingering hours by gaming, and speedily lost a considerable sum at cards to two officers, whom he not long afterwards detected in the act of cheating. Clive immediately declared he would never pay what he was now convinced he had unfairly lost; a violent quarrel ensued, and one of the officers demanded immediate 'satisfaction.' As Clive had not the slightest objection to that mode of liquidating his debt, the duel came off at once; and each combatant being armed with a loaded pistol, it was agreed that they should slowly advance towards each other, either to fire when he pleased. Clive fired first, missed, and was at the mercy of his adversary, who stepped close up,

held his pistol to Clive's head, and bade him ask his life. Clive did so; an apology was next demanded, and flatly refused.

'Then I will shoot you,' savagely exclaimed the triumphant swindler.

'Shoot!' replied Clive. 'I said you cheated, and I say so still.'

The astonished officer lowered his pistol, muttering as he did so that the fellow was mad, and the affair terminated. This has been made the subject of a powerful poem by Robert Browning, in his *Dramatic Idylls* (second series).

Robert Clive's wearying and unprofitable clerk-life was fortunately not of very long duration; there *was* work to which few men would have been equal, appointed for him to do; and the signal announcing that the hour was at hand when he must commence that life-task, was the clash of hostilities between France and England, who had ranged themselves on opposite sides in the Austrian war of succession, which, breaking out in 1745, soon afterwards extended to every part of the globe where the rival nations were within reach of each other. But in order to render this sketch of Robert Clive's bold deeds and astute high-reaching policy intelligible to the general reader, it is necessary that we should first briefly review the actual and precedent condition of the country in which he was destined to achieve so great a reputation.

The Mogul-Mussulman dynasty, founded upon the ruins of many native sovereignties, which had so long ruled by force, fraud, and policy, over the vast and variously peopled countries of India, showed

unmistakable symptoms of decay as early as the middle of the seventeenth century; and Aurungzebe, who died in 1707, was the last of the princes of the House of Tamerlane in whose hands the imperial sceptre of the Moguls was wielded with vigour and authority. But the tradition of imperial sway long survived the practical extinction of the rule of the

Aurungzebe.—From a Native Drawing.

Moguls, and the subahdars, nizams, nabobs, rajahs, amongst whom the territory of India was divided and subdivided, continued to profess allegiance to the powerless puppets enthroned at Delhi, who, sunk in luxurious effeminacy, were content to barter the reality for the shadow of authority, and such grudgingly-paid tribute as enabled them to pass their degraded lives in idleness and sensuality.

The fatal consequences of this breaking up of the Mogul's dominions into practically independent and

mutually jealous and hostile principalities, were not slow in developing themselves. Kouli-Khan, better known as Nadir-Shah, crossed the Indus with his Persians, smote Delhi with fire and sword, and carried off treasures of fabulous value, amongst which, by the way, was the famous diamond 'Mountain of Light,' which now glitters in the diadem of Queen Victoria; the Afghan mountaineers repeatedly swept the districts within reach of their terrible incursions; the warlike rajputs of North-western India shook off the Moslem yoke. Most formidable of all internal enemies, the fierce Mahratta clans, inhabiting the vast mountain-range or ghats extending along the western coast from about Surat to Cape Comorin, descended in multitudes from their hill-fastnesses to overrun and ravage Hindustan; finally succeeded in establishing themselves in unchallenged dominion at Poona, Sattara, Gwalior, Gujerat, Berar, and Tanjore; and their power remained essentially intact until after the fall of Tipu Sultan, when it was irretrievably shattered by the sword of Wellington at Assaye. The Mahrattas themselves acknowledged no allegiance to the Delhi emperors; but the countries in which they had erected their strongholds were, nevertheless, presumed to be under the jurisdiction of the imperial lieutenants. For instance, the viceroyalty of the Deccan—literally, the south—nominally comprised the whole of the country south of the Nerbudda River, and was supposed to be governed by the Nizam, who held his court at Hydrabad. But precisely as the Nizam strove to render himself *de facto* independent of the emperor, so did the nabobs

and rajahs, between whom the Deccan was subdivided, in their turn resist and defy, whenever it was possible to do so, his authority.

Such was the state of chronic anarchy to which India was reduced about a century after the English, timidly following in the bolder footsteps of the Portuguese, Dutch, and French adventurers, obtained, in 1612, by the contemptuous favour of the Great Mogul, permission to erect their warehouses at Surat. Their after progress was slow, feeble, and irresolute. In 1640, Mr Broughton, a surgeon who had gained the favour of the Emperor Shah Jehan by saving the life of a favourite daughter, procured them—for a consideration—leave to establish themselves in Bengal, on the Hoogly branch of the Ganges, a settlement transferred in 1686 to Calcutta. In 1656, the Madras establishment on the Coromandel coast was formed; and in 1686, Bombay, part of the dower brought to Charles II. by his Portuguese queen, Catherine, was taken possession of by the Company. In 1702, the rival English companies were united, and the new charter conferred upon the Court of Directors the right to raise troops and make war and peace in India. This privilege the Directors were extremely loath to avail themselves of, the idea of a great central power, enthroned at Delhi, continuing to haunt and scare them long after the authority of the emperors had dwindled to little better than an effete and fast-fading superstition.

The result of this policy of fear, or of prudential wisdom, as the reader pleases, was, that when Robert Clive landed at Madras, the Company's

settlements were still limited to those just enumerated, with the exception of Cuddalore, on the Coromandel coast, and Vizagapatam, at about the centre of the seaboard of the Northern Circars, which separate the province of Bengal from the Carnatic. The entire offensive and defensive forces attached to the Company's establishments, so far as Eastern India was concerned, consisted at the same period of a few score English soldiers; a not much greater number of badly armed and worse disciplined sepoys; and three forts of no great strength—Fort William at Calcutta, Fort George at Madras, and Fort St David at Cuddalore; whilst the possibility of effective resistance to a serious attack by the native princes was not dreamed of by the superior officials of the Company.

Both the Dutch and French companies appear to have taken a far juster measure of the actual condition of India, and the field it presented to the enterprise of a bold, aggressive ambition, than their English rivals. The Dutch, in 1744, were firmly established in Batavia and Ceylon, and possessed, besides, a flourishing establishment, strongly garrisoned, at Chinsura, considerably higher up the Hoogly than Calcutta. France, since the organisation of the French East India Company in 1664, under the inspiration and guidance of Colbert, had gradually acquired a very formidable position in the Indian seas, and now possessed all the Spice Islands and the Mauritius, together with Pondicherry on the Coromandel coast, between Madras and Cuddalore, and Chandernagore on the Hoogly, between Chinsura and Calcutta. Dupleix, the

governor of Pondicherry, a capable, ambitious man, of great political power if not personal daring, had, moreover, lately obtained a large reinforcement of French regular troops, and disciplined great numbers of sepoys after the European model.

The relative positions of the rival Indian companies were in this unsatisfactory state, in an English point of view, when Admiral Labourdonnais, the able governor of the Mauritius, having, not long after the commencement of hostilities between France and England, achieved a temporary maritime superiority in the Indian seas, made a descent (1745) upon the Coromandel coast, and after a feeble resistance, captured Madras and Fort George. The English were treated as prisoners of war on parole, and Labourdonnais pledged himself to restore the city upon payment of a moderate ransom. These terms of capitulation were, however, contemptuously set aside by Dupleix, under the pretext that he alone was authorised to represent France upon the continent of India. He sent an officer to assume the permanent government of Madras, and required the English to renew their parole unconditionally. This scandalous breach of faith of course absolved the English from the obligation of the conditional promise first required of them; and all who could, escaped to Fort St David. Amongst them was Clive, who fled in the disguise of a Mussulman, accompanied by his friend and future brother-in-law, Mr Maskelyne. In the hope of deriving a greater and more decisive success than the capture of Madras, from the consternation which that event produced in the English settle-

ments, Dupleix, as speedily as possible, concentrated a large force, and laid siege to Fort St David.

The French troops had no sooner commenced operations, than Robert Clive found his true vocation; and the cloud that was fast settling upon his intellect fled for a time, like mist before the morning light. He appears to have acted throughout the siege as a sort of volunteer, unattached, sharpshooter; and wherever an attack was to be repulsed, a daring sortie to be hazarded, there, foremost of all, glittered young Clive's bayonet, quickest, deadliest, rang out his musket-fire. Dupleix raised the siege with precipitation upon the appearance of Admiral Griffin off the coast; and the zeal and valour by which Clive had distinguished himself procured him an ensigncy in the Company's service —a commission that did not, however, remove him from the civil service, except during actual hostilities, which terminated, he returned, as of course, to the duties of the counting-house. In 1748, Admiral Boscawen, after failing in his attack upon the Mauritius, disembarked his forces in the Carnatic, and laid unsuccessful siege to Pondicherry, in which by no means brilliant enterprise Ensign Clive displayed his characteristic energy and daring, and that so strikingly as to incur the jealous enmity of several 'regular' officers, who were indignant that a 'mere clerk' should presume to exhibit a military skill and audacity to which themselves could make no pretension; and several quarrels, all tending by their results to increase the 'mere clerk's' reputation for unquailing bravery, were the consequence. One

officer who insulted him, and afterwards declined to fight a duel, was compelled to leave the service.

Soon after Boscawen's abortive attempt upon Pondicherry, news that peace had been concluded between France and England arrived in India; active warfare immediately ceased, Madras was restored to the English, and Robert Clive returned to Writer's Buildings and his hated clerk drudgery. The slight preliminary collision just sketched had, however, sufficed to convince the shrewder men on both sides that permanent peace in India between the rival companies was thenceforth impossible, and that if one was to establish itself firmly there, the other must be driven from its shores. Both parties acted forthwith upon this conviction, and strenuously exerted themselves to gain partisans amongst the native princes, with whom the ultimate decision was supposed to rest; and the result was, that in that unproclaimed but not the less venomous and deadly war of conspiracy and circumvention, the English, who, says a contemporary historian, 'acted throughout with great indiscretion, and the French with the utmost ambition,' were thoroughly overreached and worsted.

The death of Ul Mulk, Nizam of the Deccan, in 1748, emboldened Dupleix to substitute the sword for the pen, the open assault for the secret and far deadlier mine—a disastrous exchange, as events ultimately fell out, thanks to the yet unguessed-at military and governmental genius of the youthful clerk, plodding through the doleful days at Writer's Buildings amidst ledgers, invoices, and bills of lading. Comprised in the vast extent of country

known as the Deccan, is the Carnatic, a strip of territory about six hundred miles in length, but from fifty to a hundred in width only, because bounded inland by the Eastern Ghats, which separate it from the Mysore and Hydrabad territories, and extending along the Coromandel or eastern coast of India, from Cape Comorin to the Northern Circars; which Circars, as before stated, reach northward to the province of Bengal. Now, a glance at the map will show that the settlements of the rival companies in South-eastern India—Madras, Pondicherry, Fort St David, &c.—were all situated in menacing proximity to each other on the coast of the Lower Carnatic, which part of India, formerly ruled by a triad of Hindu rajahs who held their respective courts at Trichinopoly, Vellore, and Arcot, had of late fallen under the paramount rule of the Nabob of Arcot, himself theoretically, and in a considerable degree actually, the vassal of the Nizam. The friendship of this potentate was therefore of the first consequence to the competing nationalities encamped upon the seaboard of his dominions; and the distracted state of affairs at Hydrabad following upon the decease of Nizam ul Mulk, the discontent and agitation everywhere visible amongst the populations of the Carnatic, afforded an opening for the exercise of the vulpine sagacity of Dupleix, which he promptly took advantage of.

A few words will place the reader in possession of the leading facts connected with this critical conjuncture in Indian politics. Nazir Jung, the eldest son of Nizam ul Mulk, had been proclaimed Nizam at Hydrabad, but his right to the throne

was disputed by his nephew Mirzapha Jung, supported by a powerful section of the Mohammedan and Hindu aristocracy. The reigning Nabob of Arcot was Anwar-ud-din, a soldier of fortune, who had attained power by treacherous connivance in the murder of the legitimate heir, a child whose guardian he had been appointed by Nizam ul Mulk. For this cause, and others of more recent occurrence, Anwar-ud-din was exceedingly unpopular throughout the Carnatic, and it was clear that if a pretender at the head of a respectable force were to appear in the field, the smouldering discontent would break into open revolt. Dupleix, founding his calculations upon this view of affairs, and suspecting, moreover, that Nazir Jung and Anwar-ud-din were secretly inclined towards the English, ventured upon the bold game of attempting to fill the thrones of Hydrabad and Arcot with two princes who, owing their elevation to the French arms, would necessarily be mere puppets, through whom he, Dupleix, would become the virtual ruler of thirty millions of people, and be enabled, at his own good time and pleasure, to drive the English out of India. This daring policy succeeded for a time to admiration. Dupleix made proposals of an alliance, offensive and defensive, with Mirzapha Jung, the claimant of the Subahdarship of the Deccan, which were, of course, eagerly closed with; and casting about for a formidable rival to Anwar-ud-din, he decided upon Chanda Sahib, a relative of the murdered heir. This Chanda Sahib was at the time a prisoner of the Mahrattas at Sattara; but a ransom of seven lacs of rupees (£70,000) got him out of their hands,

and the struggle for power in the Deccan and the Carnatic, thanks to their European auxiliaries, was urged by both pretenders with vigour and success.

It is unnecessary to enter into the details of the protracted struggle—the battles, such as they were, lost and won—the princes and pretenders slain or set aside—the timid, ineffective action of the English forces: it is enough to state that, by the spring of 1751, Dupleix could boast with truth that he had given a nizam to the Deccan and a nabob to the Carnatic. Salabut Jung, the youngest son of Nizam ul Mulk—Nazir Jung and Mirzapha Jung had both been slain—reigned at Hydrabad by the protection of Colonel Bussy and a French army, and Chanda Sahib ruled under the same tutelage at Arcot. Anwar-ud-din had perished in battle, and his son Mohammed Ali was besieged by greatly superior forces in Trichinopoly, the only place of strength remaining to him. The exultation of Dupleix was unbounded: he was declared governor under the Subahdar of the whole of the Deccan, and the accumulated hoards of the vanquished Subahdar and Nabob were poured without stint into the French treasury, Dupleix receiving for his private share £200,000; whilst the jewels, silks, stuffs, &c., presented to his wife were estimated at even a larger sum. He was, in truth, intoxicated with pride and triumph, and in the excitement of success had the insolence to plant the Bourbon banners of France around Madras and Fort St David, as an intimation that all beyond those confines already belonged to France, and that those standards would erelong

wave over the settlements they mocked and typically beleaguered.

This significant act awoke the English authorities to a true perception of the imminence and magnitude of the peril by which they were menaced, and more vigorous action was, too late it seemed, resolved upon. They could not remonstrate *upon principle* against the course of policy which had resulted so advantageously to the French, for they themselves had played the same game in 1748—the year in which the aged Nizam ul Mulk died—but unskilfully, because under circumstances which rendered success of no avail in determining the main result; though it added the town and harbour of Devikota, on the Coleroon, to their precarious possessions. Clive, now Lieutenant Clive, had distinguished himself in that slight episode to the main struggle, and at the time of Dupleix's insulting challenge, was acting as military commissary—an appointment for which he was indebted to the high opinion Major Lawrence, with whom he had served at Devikota, entertained of his capacity and zeal.

It was now determined to make a strenuous effort to succour the only and sorely-beset native ally of the English—Mohammed Ali; and 500 European infantry and 1000 sepoys took the field in May 1751, under Captain Ginger, with the avowed object of raising the siege of Trichinopoly. The choice of a commander was an unfortunate one—Captain Ginger and his daily councils of war acted like men bereft of their senses, and the English force suffered a shameful defeat under the walls of Valkonda. Captain Ginger, nevertheless, contrived to reach and

throw himself with his mob of fugitives into Trichinopoly; but Lieutenant Clive, who held no command in the force, though accompanying it as commissary, broke away from the rabble rout, and pursued his way alone to Fort St David. Arrived there, he urged the governor, Mr Saunders, to lose no time in despatching men and stores to the aid of Captain Ginger, and the instant a convoy was ready, volunteered to conduct it to Trichinopoly, which he did with entire success; but on his return, narrowly escaped death at the hands of a swarm of Polygars, after sustaining a running-fight which cost the lives of seven out of his escort of twelve sepoys. His gallant bearing upon this occasion was rewarded by immediate promotion; and, as Captain Clive, he led a second party to the aid of Captain Ginger, encountering on his way a large French detachment, which he unhesitatingly attacked, overthrew, and dispersed. During this visit to the beleaguered fortress, Captain Clive thoroughly informed himself of the state of affairs there, and soon came to the conclusion that Trichinopoly must speedily fall into the power of Chanda Sahib or rather of his allies and masters the French, unless some more decisive means than had hitherto been resorted to could be devised to avert a catastrophe which involved the immediate destruction of the English establishments in the Carnatic, and, ultimately, those of Calcutta and Bombay.

He at last made up his mind for a rapid dash from Fort St David upon Arcot, the wealthy capital of Chanda Sahib, from which he derived his chief resources, and thereby to force him to raise the

siege of Trichinopoly, or to detach so largely from the forces employed before it, that the defence might be successfully maintained by Captain Ginger and Mohammed Ali. He had no sooner mentally matured this scheme, than he hastened back to Fort St David to urge its adoption upon Mr Saunders, who, one can readily believe, was greatly startled by the daring novelty of the young officer's project. The population of Arcot was estimated at 100,000, and its citadel was garrisoned by from 1200 to 1500 of Chanda Sahib's best troops, well provided with artillery. With what probability of success could such a place be assailed, or, if successfully assailed, be kept by a mere handful of men?—200 English infantry and 300 sepoys being the entire force available for the enterprise, after reducing the garrisons of Fort St David and Madras, the first to 100, the latter to 50 men! Clive, nothing shaken by the governor's reasoning, persisted in the practicability of his plan, if vigorously carried out; and his unquailing confidence, reinforced by the utterly desperate state of the Company's affairs, wrung a hesitating consent from the governor and his council; and on the 26th of August 1751, the expedition left Fort St David under the command of its projector.

The enthusiasm of the commander communicated itself to his soldiers, who marched as if to an assured victory; on the 28th, they had reached Conjeveram, and the 31st saw them before Arcot, after encountering a terrific tempest of lightning, thunder, rain, and wind—terrific even for those latitudes—through which they held their way with unchecked, unflagging speed; a display of resolution so remarkable and

ominous in the estimation of Chanda Sahib's lieutenant commanding in Arcot, to whom his spies had reported the circumstance, that he refused to await the attack of such assailants, and hastily withdrew his troops from the citadel, which Clive took unmolested possession of, after marching through the thronging population of the city, who gazed with mingled admiration and astonishment at the little band of strangers whom a Moslem general and 1200 men had not ventured to encounter, though cuirassed by a strong citadel, mounting eighteen pieces of cannon! Captain Clive took care to maintain the strictest discipline; and the inhabitants, finding themselves protected both in their persons and property, willingly aided the English commander to repair the dilapidated walls of the fortress, and to accumulate a sufficient stock of provisions to enable him to sustain the perhaps lengthened siege that would be sure to follow the recovery of the enemy from the panic-terror his daring advance had caused, and the arrival of reinforcements from Chanda Sahib.

He had lost no time in sending to Madras for two 18-pounders; and to confirm and deepen in the meanwhile the impression he had made, he marched out of the citadel on the 4th of September, and attacked the fugitive garrison posted near Fort Timery, routed and drove them into the mountains. He assailed them again on the 6th with the same result; but their numbers he perceived were by this time increased to between 3000 and 4000 men, and it behoved him to hasten his defensive preparations, to which duty he for the following ten days

confined himself. This apparent inactivity so emboldened the Nabob's troops, that they gradually crept to within three miles of Arcot, with the loudly proclaimed purpose of investing the citadel, and preventing the contemplated escape of the English garrison—an illusion of which they were disabused soon after midnight on the 16th, when Clive suddenly fell upon and dispersed them, fired their camp, and returned with trifling loss to the fortress. He also very easily beat off an attempt to storm the citadel during the absence of the greater part of his force, sent to escort the 18-pounders on their way from Madras; and the confidence of his soldiers being greatly strengthened by these trifling successes, he awaited with tranquillity the onslaught of the numerous forces which, as he had foreseen would be the case, Chanda Sahib had detached from before Trichinopoly, for the recovery at any sacrifice of his capital.

Those forces were not long waited for; and on the 24th of September, Rajah Sahib, Chanda Sahib's eldest son, entered the town and laid siege to the citadel, at the head of something more than 10,000 troops, including a corps of 200 French soldiers. The space at our disposal forbids us to so much as catalogue the numerous incidents of this memorable seven weeks' siege, during which a handful of men—500 only in number when they left Madras, and gradually reduced by death and sickness to 80 English infantry and 120 sepoys, the effective strength of the garrison on the morning of the final assault—baffled the furious efforts of 10,000 men, supported by a heavy well-served battering train,

to force their way into an Asiatic fortress, of no very formidable strength in the estimation of the natives themselves, as shown by the precipitate retreat of Chanda Sahib's general upon the approach of Clive. The commander's example made heroes of the soldiers; the sepoys vied with their European comrades in the active duties pertaining to the defence, and surpassed them in passive endurance of the hardships incident to the situation. The stock of rice began to fail, and those faithful Indian soldiers requested Captain Clive to limit his issues to their English comrades. 'For us,' said they, 'all we require is the water in which the grain has been boiled;' and upon that poor nutriment they did, in fact, subsist for upwards of a fortnight. As to Clive himself, there is no doubt that those fifty incessantly busy days were amongst the happiest of his life. 'The fame of England,' he exclaims, 'the honour and interests of the Company, which all seemed, in an especial manner, intrusted to my safe-keeping, so lifted and sustained me, that the constant exertion required of me was scarcely felt. I had a presentiment of success from the moment the dash at Arcot was determined upon, which never wavered.'

Notwithstanding the confidence of the commander and the devotion of his men, matters wore a very unpromising look towards about the fifth week of the siege. Lieutenant Innis, who attempted to relieve the garrison from Madras, was intercepted, and driven back with much loss; and a body of 6000 Mahratta horse, commanded by Morari Row, who had been subsidised to strike in on behalf of

Mohammed Ali, remained warily inactive on the Carnatic frontier, evidently desirous of ascertaining a little more clearly which party was likely to be finally uppermost, before he committed himself to decided hostilities. The protracted defence of Arcot at last convinced the shrewd robber-chieftain that victory must ultimately rest with the leader who commanded there, for upon a pressing message from Clive reaching him, he wrote in reply that he would not delay a moment in sending a detachment to the assistance of the brave defenders of Arcot, 'whose behaviour had now first convinced him that the English could fight.' He kept his word; and the advance of the Mahratta horse, as well as the approach of a battalion of English infantry from Madras, under the command of Captain Kilpatrick, becoming known to Rajah Sahib, that prince sent in a flag of truce, with proposals for the surrender of the citadel, Captain Clive to dictate his own terms, and name his own reward, which would be immediately paid him; but should this magnanimous offer be refused, or surrender be delayed, Rajah Sahib was determined to storm the fortress forthwith, and put the garrison to the sword without mercy. Clive laughed at both his menaces and bribes, and Rajah Sahib made his final dispositions for the assault of the citadel on all sides, under the direction of French officers, without delay.

The day fixed upon for this decisive attack was the 14th of November—a sacred day with Mohammedans, who believe that he who dies in battle on that day, passes, however great his previous sins, immediately to paradise. A plentiful distribution of

bang added the excitement of intoxication to that of religious fanaticism, and at dawn of light the discharge of three bombs heralded the headlong advance of the besieging army, in four divisions, to the assault. It lasted for about an hour, by which time the attacking columns were driven back at all points by the close, rapid, well-sustained musket and cannon fire of the besieged. Clive seemed present everywhere—now snatching a musket from a soldier, and bringing down some conspicuous assailant; the next moment hurrying to correct the aim of the artillery pointed at the breaches, and at a raft which, on the south-western side where the fosse was not choked up with rubbish, had been devised to float the assailants over. This was the last effort of the besiegers, who, after burying their dead, abandoned both the city and the camp outside during the night, and with such precipitation as to leave a large booty in stores and treasure behind; immediately, of course, taken joyful possession of by the victorious garrison. As an irrefragable proof of the intuitive military genius of Clive—'a heaven-born general,' Chatham called him—it is stated by a competent authority, 'that although at the time he had neither read books nor conversed with men capable of giving him instruction in the military art, all the resources which he employed in the defence of Arcot were such as are dictated by the best masters in the science of war.'

The prestige of the English arms in India dates from the siege of Arcot, and the immediate moral effect of so remarkable a triumph was immense. To Captain Clive it operated as a spur to renewed

and vigorous action; and it was not till after the achievement of numerous and, in the aggregate, important successes, that he returned to Fort St David, flushed with the glory of a triumph which, three months previously, he alone had dared to hope for. Malleson calls the defence of Arcot 'the turning-point in the career of the English.'

But it was only where Clive commanded that the impetuous tide of French success was arrested and driven back. Captain Ginger and Mohammed Ali remained shut up in Trichinopoly without making a serious effort to liberate themselves, greatly to the disgust of the Mahrattas, who, impatient for action, reproached the English garrison with their inactivity, telling them that they were not made of the same stuff as the men they had seen fight at Arcot. Early, too, in January of the following year (1752), Rajah Sahib was at the head of a fresh army, which Dupleix formidably reinforced with 500 excellent French infantry. With this force Rajah Sahib destroyed Poonamelee, and devastated whole districts, of which the inhabitants were favourable to Mohammed Ali, for some time with impunity. Before long, however, a force—380 English infantry, 1300 sepoys, and six field-pieces—sufficient to enable Clive to quench that mischief, was drawn together, and immediately led by that officer against Rajah Sahib. So great was the terror which the name of Clive already inspired, that the greatly superior force he was in quest of abandoned several strong positions as he advanced without fighting, and it was with great difficulty he forced them to accept of battle at the village of Kaveripak, where they were totally

defeated, with great loss in men; the French especially, who fought with remarkable bravery, suffered greatly, and lost the whole of their artillery, nine 6-pounders.

Returning with his victorious troops, Clive passed a newly-erected city, founded by Dupleix in commemoration of his early successes, and named by him, 'Dupleix Fatihabad' (the Dupleix City of Victory). A lofty column was also in process of erection, on which it was intended to inscribe in grandiloquent phrases, and in four languages, laudations of the genius, wisdom, and valour of the founder of the French power in India. Clive razed 'that monument of pride' to the ground—wisely, it is said, with reference to the 'impressionability of the Indian temperament;' although one cannot help thinking that, if left standing, the contrast between the vainglorious boast and the disastrous failure would have read a more significant lesson, even to Indian understandings, upon the wisdom of slaying the bear before you sell his skin, than its soon-to-be-forgotten destruction.

Trichinopoly was withal still besieged by Chanda Sahib and M. Law, who commanded the French contingent; and it was now proposed by the governor and council that Captain Clive should, without delay, lead a sufficient force thither, and thoroughly trample out that danger. Before, however, the requisite number of troops could be assembled, Major Lawrence returned from England, and assumed the command as of right—Captain Clive readily consenting to serve as second to his old general and friend. The main object of the expedi-

tion was speedily attained: Clive, at the head of the vanguard, broke impetuously through the besieging forces, and established a communication with the garrison; and Chanda Sahib and M. Law, apprehensive of a still greater disaster, withdrew to the island of Seringham, formed by the division of the Coleroon into two branches, at not a great distance from Trichinopoly, and its regliding into one channel nearer that city. Clive immediately proposed, and Major Lawrence acquiesced in the suggestion, that he should post himself, with about half the English force, at Samiaveran, directly on the enemy's line of communication with Pondicherry, whilst the major, with the remainder of the force, held Chanda Sahib and M. Law in check on the side of Trichinopoly; a movement decisive of the fate of the campaign, for unless aid could reach them from Pondicherry, the unconditional surrender of the army, sheltered and isolated by its island-position, could not be long delayed.

Dupleix lost no time in despatching a large reinforcement under Colonel Anteuil, which was to reach Seringham by a circuitous route. Clive heard of the march of this detachment, and immediately put himself in motion with almost the whole of his force to intercept it. Both Law and Anteuil obtained advice of this movement of their indefatigable adversary; Anteuil in consequence fell back at once to Uttalore; and M. Law resolved upon an enterprise which resulted in one of the most extraordinary night-conflicts that perhaps ever occurred, and more resembling scenes in a military melodrama than those of actual warfare. Clive had not been

many hours on his march, when his spies informed him of Anteuil's hasty retreat; he at once countermarched, and regained Samiaveran, where he occupied a large pagoda and a choultry, or caravanserai for travellers, about two hours after nightfall. Law, who had heard of his departure, but not of his return, sent 700 sepoys and 100 Europeans, of whom 40 were English deserters, commanded by an Irish officer, across the Coleroon in boats soon after midnight, with orders to fall upon Clive's feebly guarded encampment, and give it to the flames. This body of men reached the English position about one o'clock in the morning; the deserters, who were in front, answered the challenge of the sepoy sentinels in English, and were allowed to pass on, which they did as far as the choultry, where they fired a close and deadly volley.

Clive had lain down to rest in the choultry, with a deal box for a pillow, which was shattered to pieces by the bullets. Thoroughly awakened by so rude a summons, he leaped to his feet, partially dressed himself, hurried out of the back entrance to the choultry, and made the best of his way to the pagoda, where his English infantry were barracked; his confused impression being that the firing was that of his own sepoys, alarmed by some attack at the outposts. The English soldiers at the pagoda were, he found, hastily getting under arms, and as bewildered and mystified by the astounding uproar as himself. Presently he marched with 200 of them towards the choultry, near which he saw, by the glitter of their arms, and the dropping, purposeless fusilade they kept up, a large body of sepoys, whom

he mistook for his own. Halting his Englishmen, therefore, he ran alone towards the supposed English sepoys, upbraided, remonstrated, and even struck several of them, for giving way to a senseless panic. At last one of the sepoys, who understood French, discovering that he was an Englishman, struck at and wounded him in two places, but finding himself overmatched, ran off towards the gate of the choultry, where Clive, who, furious at being assaulted by one of his own men, had followed to make an instant example of the mutineer, suddenly found himself in the presence of six French soldiers! Instantly divining what had occurred, Clive, with astonishing presence of mind, commanded the French soldiers, without pause or hesitation of manner or speech, to surrender, and, pointing to his distant troops, added that any delay on their part or of their companions to do so would be followed by their immediate and inevitable destruction. The gate-guard were so cowed by this announcement, that three of them surrendered their swords forthwith, and the others ran to inform their comrades within the choultry of what had happened. Clive lost not a moment in marching off with his prisoners, whom he gave into the custody of a sergeant's guard; and they, so utterly confounded does everybody appear to have been, marched the three men back to the choultry, where they, of course, discovered their error; but the French, sharing to the full in the general bewilderment, made no attempt to detain the sergeant and his party, who returned unmolested, still retaining their three prisoners. Captain Clive wisely kept his English soldiers quiet and well in

hand till daybreak, and the conflict was then brief and decisive. He himself narrowly escaped death at the hands of the Irish officer commanding the deserters, who, whilst feigning to parley for terms of surrender, suddenly discharged a musket at him, and killed a soldier upon whose arm he was leaning, in a stooping posture, from loss of blood.

The French sepoys were overtaken, whilst fleeing towards the Coleroon, by a body of Mahratta horse, and mercilessly slain, in defiance of Clive's orders to spare their lives. Not long after this occurrence, Captain Clive was recalled to Madras, and to a more active warlike enterprise, of which presently; and it is only necessary to state, with reference to the blockade of Seringham, that it resulted in the capitulation of M. Law's army, and the death of Chanda Sahib, who was treacherously murdered by the Rajah of Tanjore's general, with whom he had sought refuge in the hour of misfortune, in preference to yielding himself prisoner to Major Lawrence.

The duty which Captain Clive was hastily called to the performance of, was the reduction of the two strong forts of Kovilan and Chingalpat. Kovilan, twenty miles south of Madras, mounted thirty pieces of cannon, and had a garrison of 350 Europeans and sepoys; and Chingalpat, forty miles south-west of Kovilan, defended upon one side by a lake, and upon another by an impassable swamp, was yet more efficiently fortified and garrisoned. Perhaps no other man in the world would have engaged in such an enterprise with the force placed at his disposal, consisting, as it did, of four pieces of heavy ordnance (24-pounders), 500 raw sepoys, and 200 English

vagabonds, sweepings of the London jails, who had just been pitched out of the hold of a transport-ship upon the quays of Madras. The energies of these men had been so debased and weakened by vicious habits, that they appeared to be entirely destitute of the natural courage of their race, and looked as frightened as women at the mere sound of cannon. Clive, remembering 'that, after all, they were made of the true soldier-stuff,' had them well scrubbed, clothed, fed, and drilled for a few days under his own eye, and then led them confidently against Fort Kovilan. His exhortations and example excited their latent courage, and shamed them into exertion, and, spite of a brave resistance, Kovilan was captured. On the following day, Clive marched his renovated and exultant vagabonds to the encounter of a considerable body of troops, too late detached from Chingalpat to the assistance of the garrison of Kovilan. Clive placed his men in ambuscade, and so coolly did they reserve their fire, so well and steadily, at a wave of their commander's hand, deliver it, that upwards of 100 of the enemy fell at the first volley; the survivors fled in confusion; and their commanding-officer, 25 French soldiers, 250 sepoys, and two pieces of cannon, were captured during the pursuit.

Captain Clive reached Chingalpat almost as quickly as the news of this disaster, and, after a brief survey of its defences, determined upon an immediate assault by escalade. The order to form columns for the attack was received with loud shouts by the men, and the upraised hands of the attentive drummers awaited only the commander's gesture to

roll out the advance, when the French commandant hung out a flag of truce, and stipulating only for the honours of war—that is, that he should be permitted to march out with drums beating and colours flying—surrendered the fort to Captain Clive's motley brigade: a striking illustration of what a true leader can effect with men, however previously demoralised and abject, who feel that he still believes them capable of following and emulating a brave example.

Captain Clive's work in the Carnatic was accomplished; but the incessant strain upon his physical and mental energies during the crowded months that had elapsed since his advance upon Arcot, had so overtasked him, that repose was absolutely necessary; and finding, after his return to Madras, that there was no further prospect of active service, he married Miss Margaret Maskelyne, sister to the astronomer, and daughter of Edmund Maskelyne, of Purton, Wiltshire, a young, handsome, and amiable lady, to whom he throughout life remained tenderly attached, and in February 1753 embarked with his bride for Europe.

The reception of 'the hero of Arcot' in England by all classes of the people was a highly flattering one. The Court of Directors of the East India Company gave a magnificent entertainment in his honour, and presented him with a diamond-hilted sword, worth 500 guineas, which, much to his credit, he refused to accept till a similar gift had been awarded to Major Lawrence. To his own family, his arrival was a burst of sunshine upon a dull wintry existence. The news of 'Bobby's' earlier exploits had sufficed to convince his father that 'the booby

had some sense in him after all;' and now that his fame had reached so high a pitch, and obtained such distinguished recognition, Mr Richard Clive's ecstatic admiration of his son was almost ludicrous in its exaggeration. The welcome of the young soldier by his mother was a more touching one; especially in its womanly appreciation of the greatly honouring fact, 'that her son's laurels were unstained by cruelty or a drop of blood wantonly shed.'

Captain Clive's first care was to clear off the mortgage upon the Styche property; pay his father's debts, amounting to £9000; and place the future of his parents beyond the reach of pecuniary embarrassment. Captain Clive next determined to enter parliament, and succeeded, by dint of a large money outlay, in defeating one of the Duke of Newcastle's nominees for the very rotten borough of St Michael's, Cornwall; but a committee having ousted him upon petition, there was no path to distinction left open for him, but by returning to the arena where he had before reaped fortune and fame, and for which he was, in sooth, much better fitted than for the floor of the House of Commons. The lowering aspect of European politics foreshadowing the renewal of hostilities between France and England—that once chronic plague of humanity—and the still critical state of India, where, although the English were all-powerful in the Carnatic, M. Bussy and his Frenchmen still virtually ruled at Hydrabad, rendered the Court of Directors extremely anxious that the ablest of their officers should proceed forthwith to India Clive consenting, a lieutenant-colonel's commission from the Crown

was obtained for him, in order to place him above the petty jealousies existing between the king's and Company's services; and in February 1755, just two years after he left Madras, Colonel Clive embarked for Bombay, taking with him three companies of Royal Artillery and 300 infantry.

Bombay at that period was the general rendezvous of the British navy in the Indian seas, and Colonel Clive found a considerable force assembled there under the command of Admiral Watson. As before remarked, it was Clive's unalterable conviction that there could be no peace or security for the English in India as long as any other European power existed there, and he had proposed to march forthwith to Hydrabad, and try conclusions there with M. Bussy. A convention recently signed between the new governor of Pondicherry, M. Godehu, restraining both companies from interfering in the quarrels of the native princes, prevented the execution of that project; and for the present there was nothing to do in the military line but to attack a locally celebrated Mahratta pirate, in whose stronghold of Gheriah plunder of immense value was said to be accumulated.

The proportions in which the expected booty should be divided having been, after much unseemly wrangling, first settled, the expedition sailed; Gheriah and other fortified dens occupied by the outlaws were captured and destroyed; the booty, about ten lacs of rupees (£100,000) only, was distributed as agreed; and Colonel Clive continued his voyage to Fort St David, which he entered on the 20th of June 1756, the very day of the disgrace-

ful fall of Calcutta and Fort William, immediately followed, as every reader is aware, by the frightful Black Hole tragedy. Surajah Dowlah, a youth of eighteen years, of an ungovernable temper, had soon quarrelled with the English. While in pursuit of one of his own family, he marched upon Calcutta with an army. Most of the English had fled down the river in ships; those that remained surrendered after a brave resistance, and were thrust for the night into the 'Black Hole' or military jail of Fort William, a room about eighteen feet square, with only two small windows barred with iron. When the prison doors were opened next morning, only 23 persons out of 146 were alive. Intelligence of the catastrophe reached Madras on the 16th of August. Colonel Clive, to whom all eyes were instinctively turned for vengeance, was immediately summoned by express; and when he arrived, and accepted the command of the expedition hurriedly preparing to sail for Calcutta, the doom of Surajah Dowlah was sealed.

That part of the Mogul's nominal dominions in North-eastern India comprised in the provinces of Bengal, Orissa, and Bahar, had been for the last fifteen years, it is necessary to premise, creditably governed by Alverdy Khan, Nabob of Bengal, as he was usually styled; but at his death at Murshedabad, his capital, in April 1756, his grandson Mirza Mohammed—or to give him the name which he in common with other Indian princes assumed, and by which he is best known to the English reader, Surajah Dowlah, literally, 'Sun of the State'—succeeded to power. This young man's hatred of the English was

only surpassed by his ignorance of the extent of their resources, he being seriously of opinion that 'there were not more than about 10,000 men in all Europe.' He was no sooner seated on the throne than he determined to root them out of the country; and the march upon Calcutta, consummated by the Black Hole catastrophe, quickly followed. Surajah Dowlah had treated with contemptuous scorn the frantic threats of future vengeance with which some of the victims had been heard to menace their murderers; but his dream of fancied impunity was rudely dispelled towards the end of December, when the English ships arrived in the Hoogly, and Clive promptly disembarking, swept through the jungle upon Budgebudge; scattered, as the tempest lifts and drives the summer dust, the troops sent to arrest his progress; compelled, on the 2d of January, the unconditional surrender of Fort William and Calcutta; and on the 7th, gave the Nabob's rich town and fort of Hoogly to plunder and the flames!

Thus suddenly awakened to the reality of his position, Surajah Dowlah hastened to concentrate an army, approaching to 50,000 men, and marched, though not with the same confident step as before, towards Calcutta. His slow and hesitating advance, however, changed gradually to one of boldness and celerity, as it became evident that the redoubtable Clive was more anxious to negotiate than to fight, and persistently declined to avail himself of several opportunities which presented themselves for assailing the Indian host with advantage. Mr Drake, the Governor, who had crept back to Fort William with the troops, was indignant at the

colonel's lack of hardihood and enterprise; and Admiral Watson, a rough, fearless seaman of the Benbow school, exhibited much angry astonishment at Clive's inactivity. Clive remained quite unmoved by the prayers and reproaches addressed to him; encamped his little army at such a distance from Calcutta as to enable him to act freely in the field, and at the same time be ready to interpose immediately for the protection of Fort William, should it be necessary to do so; and reiterated his proposals for peace with the Nabob. That personage thought to amuse and deceive Clive by an apparent willingness to negotiate, whilst his army pushed on and recaptured Calcutta. Colonel Clive opposed no obstacle to this ruse till the Nabob's troops had actually interposed themselves between the English army and the city, and pushed their advanced posts into its streets. He then sent a message to Surajah Dowlah, requesting him to order his soldiers to retire from the vicinity of Calcutta, as otherwise the negotiations for peace must necessarily, and much to his, Colonel Clive's regret, be broken off. The Nabob treated Clive's implied menace with the haughtiest scorn, and it was with difficulty he was persuaded to allow the bearer of the message to depart with life.

The Nabob did not yet know the man with whom an adverse fate had matched him. By daybreak on the following morning, Clive had formed a column of 2200 men, whose steady, continuous unchecked advance clove a bloody path for themselves through the midst of the Nabob's army to Calcutta, chased away the intrusive soldiers posted there, and re-established the communication of the

English army with Fort William. This fiery and destructive promenade induced Surajah Dowlah to accept, without further delay, of Colonel Clive's offer of peace, which was finally signed on the following principal conditions: The Nabob to confirm all former privileges enjoyed by the Company; to restore their villages; make compensation for all the losses, public and private, incurred during the war; pass the Company's merchandise through his territories duty-free; sanction the establishment of a mint in Calcutta; and each high contracting party to consider the other's enemies, wherever situated, as its own. As soon as this treaty was signed, Surajah Dowlah withdrew with his army to Murshedabad, and Colonel Clive's 'policy of peace' began forthwith to develop itself. The leading motives and objects of that policy may be briefly enumerated.

News had reached India not only of the breaking out of the war, subsequently known as the Seven Years' War, between France and England, but that a powerful military force under the command of Count Lally, a distinguished officer of the Irish brigade in the service of Louis XV., and remarkable for his deadly hatred of the English, was preparing for service in the Carnatic, and that a French fleet would in all probability appear at about the same time in the Bay of Bengal. In addition to all this, M. Bussy, earlier apprised of the warlike preparations of France than Colonel Clive, was already in motion towards the Northern Circars, and extremely desirous of concluding a treaty, offensive and defensive, with Surajah Dowlah against the English. The

Nabob, Clive also well knew, had received Bussy's overtures favourably, and hesitated only from distrust of the power of the French commander to effectually shield him from the enmity of the English. Both the Nabob and Clive, in signing the treaty of peace, had in fact done so only with a view to future war, and to gain time; but time to the English commander was victory; to the Nabob, destruction, ruin, as Clive proposed to employ it. 'Surajah Dowlah,' must have reasoned Colonel Clive—'Surajah Dowlah may be hereafter effectually dealt with, if I can first strike a decisive blow at the French in Bengal, whose numerous garrison at Chandernagore, united with the Nabob's army, and such help as Bussy could send, might prove too many for us. By making peace with Surajah Dowlah, I, at all events, tie his hands for a while; and Chandernagore once destroyed, I shall be able to detach such a force to the Northern Circars as will give Bussy plenty of employment there, whilst I finally settle with the Nabob in such manner as policy and circumstance may dictate.' The maturely meditated plan of operations outlined by the foregoing sentences, no reproaches, no taunts of admirals or governors, no temptation of flashy successes, could divert Clive from steadily pursuing. 'It was a game of life and death we were engaged in,' he afterwards remarked, 'which a rash or timid player must have lost. I *won*, and therein is my justification.'

Colonel Clive's preparations for the attack of Chandernagore were now zealously urged forward; and as soon as both himself and the admiral were

quite ready, he coolly forwarded a request to the Nabob, through Mr Watts, an Englishman, whom Surajah Dowlah kept at Murshedabad in a sort of honourable captivity—with Clive's connivance, by the way—for his assistance against the French, in virtue of the last article of the recently concluded treaty. The Nabob was utterly confounded by the audacious requisition; he was in active negotiation with M. Renault, the governor of Chandernagore, and was himself, moreover, menaced with an Afghan invasion. In his perplexity, he bethought him of a counter-request for Clive's assistance against the Afghans, which would at least, he imagined, be productive of delay, if of nothing else. He was again at fault. Clive complied with his demand with the utmost promptitude; got his army in motion without an hour's unnecessary delay, and at the same time forwarded a missive to Surajah Dowlah, pointing out that it would be impossible, whilst hastening to the Nabob's assistance against the Afghans, that he could leave an enemy's garrison between his army and Calcutta, and that he should, consequently, be delayed somewhat in reaching Murshedabad by the necessity of attacking, on his way, the French fort and settlement of Chandernagore! This intimation was vigorously carried out, and on the 23d of March, Chandernagore capitulated.

The consternation which this decisive blow caused at Murshedabad may be gathered from the following extracts of letters from the Nabob—who had, by the by, in the meanwhile, bought off the Afghan invasion—addressed to M. Bussy: 'What can I

write of the perfidy of the English? They have, without ground, picked a quarrel with M. Renault, and taken by force his factory. They want now to quarrel with M. Law, your chief at Cossimbazar; but I will take care to oppose and overthrow all their proceedings. . . . Those disturbers of my country (the admiral and Colonel Clive, or Sabat Jung, 'the Daring in War'), who bad fortune attend, have warred against the governor of Chandernagore. I hope in God these English, who are unfortunate, will be punished for the disturbances they have raised. Be confident; look on my forces as your own. I wrote to you before for 2000 soldiers and musqueteers under the command of two trusty chiefs. I persuade myself you have already sent them as I desired; should you not, I desire you will do me the pleasure to send them immediately. Further particulars you will learn from M. Renault. Oblige me with frequent news of your health.'

Beside the evidence of hostility disclosed by these letters, copies of which Mr Watts had succeeded in obtaining, the Nabob peremptorily forbade Colonel Clive to ascend farther up the river, and despatched the advanced-guard of his own army to Plassey. It was necessary, therefore, in Colonel Clive's opinion, to finish with Surajah Dowlah as speedily as might be; and he was meditating how best to proceed, when overtures from certain influential personages at Murshedabad reached him through Mr Watts, and he instantly bent the whole force of his astute intellect to forward and consummate the conspiracy which those overtures suggested. The origin and

motives of this may be stated as follows: Surajah Dowlah, a Mussulman prince, had put on the screw very severely, under the pretext of the cost of the war, and the indemnities arising out of it, upon certain of his rich Hindu subjects, who, as was and is their wont, conspired, now that he was about to be assailed by a powerful foe, to dethrone him, and transfer the supreme power, not to a Hindu prince—that seems never to cross the minds of the subject race—but to substitute one Moslem master for another; in this case to elevate Mir Jaffier, one of the Nabob's generals, to the vacant throne. This could only be effected with the help of the English general, and Mir Jaffier was prodigal of magnificent promises to him and to the Company, to be realised as soon as he should be put in possession of the deposed Nabob's treasury, which Mr Watts was persuaded to believe contained gold, silver, and jewels of the fabulous value of four millions sterling.

The chief confidant, go-between, and, in a manner, secretary of the plotters, was a Hindu merchant, of the name of Omichand, formerly of Calcutta, but now of Murshedabad, and a close favourite of the Nabob, one of the most worthless characters to be met with even in Indian court-annals; and he, as soon as Colonel Clive's adhesion was secured, arranged the mode of proceeding finally agreed to. This in substance was, that Colonel Clive should declare openly against Surajah Dowlah, and march directly upon Murshedabad. The Nabob would then, of course, take the field with his whole power, and, just as the hostile forces were about to engage,

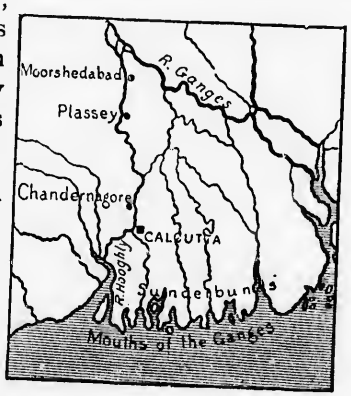
Mir Jaffier was to pass suddenly over with his division to the English, who, aided by the consternation such a movement must necessarily excite in the Nabob's ranks, would be certain of obtaining an easy and decisive victory. Matters were thus settled, and Clive was about to put his troops in motion, when word was brought him that Omichand had waited upon Mr Watts at the last moment, and bluntly announced, 'that if he, Omichand, were not secured, under a sealed treaty, thirty lacs of rupees (£300,000), he would inform the Nabob of the plot for his destruction, and have all the plotters put to death.' This seemed the climax of Colonel Clive's well-nigh insuperable difficulties. Already the Committee of Council at Calcutta, and especially Admiral Watson, had demurred to his proceedings, not from any hesitation as to the morality thereof, but because they believed success to be almost impossible; and now Omichand, in the very crisis of the enterprise, was playing him false!

Clive was not, however, to be turned from his purpose. He could play traitor, if that was to be the game, as well—perhaps better—than Omichand; and he immediately hit upon the device of preparing *two* treaties—one upon white paper for Mir Jaffier, to be binding upon all parties; another upon red paper for Omichand, containing the stipulation he insisted upon, and *not* to be acted upon when the division of the spoil should take place. The Committee of Council hung back a little at first when asked to sign *both* documents; but, ultimately, the colonel's reasoning overcame their scruples. Not so with Admiral Watson: he positively refused to

sign; and as such an omission would be immediately detected by Omichand, Colonel Clive either signed the admiral's name himself, or had it signed by another person, and immediately despatched both treaties by a sure hand to Mr Watts. This breach of faith, and his after-acceptance of sums of money from a native prince, were questionable actions, and afterwards formed the subject of damaging charges against him. Clive's next proceeding was to write to the Nabob, reproaching him with his intrigues with the French, and other breaches of the late treaty, but offering to submit all matters in dispute to the arbitration of Mir Jaffier, Roydullub, and Jugget Seit—that is, the conspirators; and if they decided in his, Colonel Clive's, favour, he should then demand satisfaction for all the losses sustained by the English, and all the charges of their army and navy; the audacious epistle concluding with an intimation, 'that the rains being so near, and it requiring many days to receive an answer, he, Colonel Clive, found it necessary to wait upon the Nabob immediately.'

The mask and scabbard thus thrown away together, Surajah Dowlah had no alternative but to accept the appeal to the sword, and on the 23d of June the hostile armies confronted each other at Plassey. The Nabob's force consisted of 35,000 foot-soldiers, 15,000 of the finest cavalry in India—Rajputs and Patans chiefly—and fifty-three pieces of cannon. Clive's army amounted to 3000 men only, of all arms, with nine pieces of artillery; but the English force, though comparatively contemptible in numbers, constituted a perfectly organised machine, all the

parts of which supported and gave force to each other, whilst the Indian array was the loose aggregation of an armed mob, individually brave enough, perhaps, but powerless as a whole from their incapability of combined action. Yet so great withal was the disparity of numbers, that Colonel Clive looked very anxiously, during the furious cannonade with which the battle of Plassey commenced and was for several hours continued, for the promised movement of his friend and ally, Mir Jaffier—and looked in vain! Mir Jaffier's heart failed him now that he was called upon to redeem his brave promises, or rather, perhaps, he waited to ascertain upon which side victory was likely to pronounce before he irretrievably committed himself.



He had not very long to wait. The English cannon made frightful gaps in the dense glittering masses against which they were pointed, whilst the Nabob's numerous artillery effected little or nothing against Clive's force, which was shielded and partly concealed by a thick grove of trees. By twelve o'clock, many officers of distinction had fallen upon the Nabob's side, and symptoms of discouragement began to show themselves, which the passing of

some rain-clouds over the Indian portion of the field, wetting and rendering useless the powder of the Nabob's cannoneers, whilst that of the English gunners remained untouched by the partial shower, increased to a panic; the elements, to the superstitious minds of the natives, seemed to fight against them; and instinctively perceiving that the crisis of the struggle had arrived, Clive promptly exclaimed: 'Forward! Let the whole line advance with the bayonet: the artillery on each flank!' The officers of his staff galloped swiftly along the ranks with this decisive order, and in a few minutes the English force debouched upon the plain—the gallant 39th, whose motto, 'Primus in Indis,' was won that day, in front—and marched with the rapid and confident step of disciplined valour towards the multitudinous host opposed to them.

Only the French corps—a remnant of the garrison of Chandernagore—intrenched by a redoubt mounting four pieces of cannon, waited for them. They, spite of their resolute bravery, were easily swept away, and the vast Indian army immediately broke and fled in utter confusion and discomfiture, throwing away their arms, and abandoning camp, cannon, and stores to the victors in the most important battle in its consequences ever fought in India. One considerable body of the Nabob's troops had been observed, just after the French were overthrown, and victory was no longer doubtful, to detach itself from the Indian left, and move obliquely on the English right. The English artillery fired repeatedly at this suspicious body of men, till Mir Jaffier, whose corps it was, detached some horsemen

to announce himself, and congratulate Colonel Clive upon his triumph. It was not the English commander's policy to quarrel with Mir Jaffier; he was therefore received with apparent cordiality, and

Battle of Plassey.

directed to push on towards Murshedabad with his cavalry, Clive himself marching with 500 infantry, after arranging that the main body of his army should follow by easy marches. Surajah Dowlah fled from the field upon a swift dromedary, reached his capital in safety, secreted a casket of rich gems, and immediately took boat in disguise for Patna.

Three days afterwards, he was overtaken, brought back to Murshedabad, and beheaded by order of Mir Jaffier.

The new Nabob was conducted to his throne in full durbar by Colonel Clive—a portentous spectacle, the significance of which does not appear to have been at all appreciated by the Mussulman and Hindu aristocracy that witnessed it. Mir Jaffier's gratitude for his elevation was unbounded: he presented Colonel Clive in all with between £200,000 and £300,000; and the treasury of the fallen Nabob, about a million and a half sterling only, proved utterly inadequate to the discharge of the claims for which he bound himself. These were—100 lacs of rupees to the Company; 100 lacs to the army and navy; and 79 lacs to the sufferers by the plunder of Calcutta: in all, about £2,700,000, without reckoning the present to Clive, or the sums —£24,000 each—subsequently agreed to be paid to the members of the Committee of Council, Colonel Clive, as president of that board, to receive £28,000. Ultimately, by the assistance of his co-conspirators, Roydullub the finance-minister, and the rich banker Jugget Seit, Mir Jaffier managed to pay one-half of those enormous sums down; and it was agreed that the remaining moiety should be discharged in two years by equal quarterly instalments. The treaty with the Nabob stipulated in other respects for all former privileges; the confiscation to the Company's use of the French factories and effects, and that no individual of that nation should be permitted to settle in Bengal; the Company to have the absolute lordship of the district, subject

to the payment of a quit-rent to the granter of the country, to the south of Calcutta lying between the lake and the river, and the cost of the English troops, whenever their services were required, to be paid by the Nabob.

All that now remained to be dealt with was the claim of Omichand, who must have listened with apprehension to the recital of the just quoted grants, lest peradventure there should not remain wherewithal to liquidate his own modest claim of £300,000 secured by a sealed treaty. At last, the seemingly interminable list was finished, and his turn came with a vengeance. 'It is time,' said Colonel Clive in English, and as coolly as if giving the word to fire a magazine—'it is time to undeceive Omichand. Mr Scrafton, you will please to do so.' 'Omichand,' said the interpreter, addressing him in his own tongue, 'the red treaty is nothing: you will not have a rupee.' Omichand reeled as if struck by lightning, and would have fallen to the ground but for the bystanders. Colonel Clive, it is said, spoke kindly to the unfortunate man at the time, and advised him to make a pilgrimage to some holy shrine. According to some authorities, he lost his reason and died in a few months. Other writers do not confirm this. We must not forget to mention that the large amount of booty which fell to Admiral Watson's share thoroughly reconciled that gallant officer to the forging of his name to the red treaty by Colonel Clive. 'The admiral,' wrote Captain Latham, his private secretary, to the colonel, 'says you are the finest fellow in existence, and drinks your health in a bumper

every day.' His action in securing the fictitious treaty, to which he had forged his colleague Watson's signature, and the acceptance of about £200,000 from Mir Jaffier, have both been condemned by Macaulay and Malleson, though defended by Malcolm.

It was not very long before a cry for help from Mir Jaffier compelled Colonel Clive, who had returned to Calcutta and effected some useful reforms there, again to take the field. The Nabob, in order to meet his engagements with the Company, and quiet the ravenous clamours of his own troops, had recourse to the old expedient of squeezing his wealthy Hindus; and so unmercifully, that a rebellion was the consequence, which, aided by the viceroy of Oudh, assumed formidable proportions. Clive, however, with 500 infantry, speedily quelled it—a service which it was but reasonable his highness should pay handsomely for: he did so. Clive obtained an assignment of the revenues of certain districts as collateral security for the sums due to the Company, and a monopoly of the saltpetre mines of Bahar.

This troublesome phase in Mir Jaffier's affairs was, before many months had passed, succeeded by a new danger, and from an unexpected quarter. Shah Alum, the eldest son of Ahmuzeer II., emperor of Delhi, had been driven into exile by the enmity of his father's vizier; and his name soon gathering a host of adventurers about him, he bethought him of displacing Mir Jaffier, and seating himself upon the vacant throne—a project which he would probably have succeeded in, with the viceroy of Oudh's assist-

ance, but for the Nabob's unfailing friend at a pinch, Colonel Clive, who marched at once to his assistance, and sent Shah Alum's army, which was besieging Patna, to the right-about by the mere sight of his advanced guard.

Clive himself received a munificent reward for this timely intervention. The quit-rent which the Company had agreed to pay for the zemindary or landholders' rights ceded to them, was £30,000 a year; and this revenue, or jaghire, the grateful Nabob transferred to Colonel Clive, who derived from it, after all fees and agencies were paid, £26,000 per annum, according to his own statement. The suppression of Shah Alum's unlicensed warfare also obtained for Colonel Clive the favour of the Great Mogul himself, who was graciously pleased to confer upon 'The Most High and Mighty Potentate, Colonel Sabat Jung,' the high dignity of an Omrah, and the command—titular, of course—of 5000 horse and 7000 foot. An imperial missive further assured the honoured colonel that he was under the shadow of the favour of the Magnificent Emperor, who would, moreover condescend to see him at Delhi—an invitation which was respectfully declined.

Whilst these events were passing in Bengal, a fierce, but, in Clive's opinion, not for a moment doubtful contest was going on in the Carnatic and the Northern Circars. M. Bussy, aided by the Subahdar of the Deccan, captured the English settlement of Vizagapatam, and swept the Circars with fire and sword, for a brief time unchecked. Count Lally had arrived out with a large force, captured Fort St David after a shamefully feeble

defence, and was besieging Madras, the authorities whereof clamoured vociferously for Clive's presence there with his army. Clive was deaf alike to their entreaties and commands. Major Lawrence, with 5000 disciplined soldiers, could, he wrote, easily defend Madras against Count Lally; besides, Colonel Coote was known to be on his way out to the Carnatic with the 84th Regiment, which disembarked, 'Lally would have nothing to do but to hang himself.' Still Clive held himself ready to interpose, should it be necessary to do so; and at once despatched Colonel Forde, a young and daring officer, to the Circars, with 300 English, 2000 sepoy infantry, and a train of artillery. Forde's march was a triumphal one throughout. He retook Vizagapatam; overthrew the Marquis of Conflans, who had succeeded to Bussy's command, at Rajahmundry; drove him into Masulipatam, which he stormed at midnight, and with such audacity and success, that when daylight broke, it was found that 3037 men, of whom 500 were Europeans, had laid down their arms to 900! The Subahdar of the Deccan was so astounded by these events, that he hastened to propose a treaty of peace, by which the French were expelled the Deccan; and Masulipatam, with a large tract of surrounding country, was ceded to the English. Clive's anticipations relative to the Carnatic were also fully and speedily realised. Count Lally, compelled to retire from before Madras, shut himself up in Pondicherry, which ultimately capitulated to Colonel Coote, and the French power in India had passed away. Count Lally, upon returning to France, was accused of having *sold*

Pondicherry to the English, passed through a mock-trial, was condemned, and executed! 'A murder,' Voltaire truly remarked, 'committed by the sword of Justice.'

Colonel Clive now thought of returning to England: he was immensely rich—to the extent of £40,000 a year by his own admission, half as much again in the opinion of others—when an unlooked for and menacing complication in the political affairs of Bengal compelled the postponement of his departure, and in the end enabled him to consummate the chief aim and purpose of his Indian policy—that of permitting no European nation, save England, to hold dominion or even locate itself in India.

The Dutch factory at Chinsura, considerably higher up the Hoogly than Calcutta, remained unmolested during the internecine strife so long raging in Bengal; but now that tranquillity was restored, the Dutch suddenly bethought themselves that they too might as well essay what could be done in the way of profitable speculation by a few thousand European bayonets in the rich country, whose wealth the unmilitary spirit of the inhabitants placed at the disposal of whoever was strong and unscrupulous enough to take it. They had not yet recognised the new Nabob of Bengal, whose grant of the saltpetre monopoly to the English had especially annoyed them; and in order to a full redress of grievances, a force of about 2000 Dutch troops, well supplied with artillery, assembled in Batavia, and embarked in five ships of war, which, in October 1758, made their appearance in the Hoogly, with the avowed intention of sailing up to Chinsura, and

causing the Dutch power to be respected. Clive, it was plain, had no legal right to decide how many troops the Dutch should maintain at Chinsura; and England and Holland being at peace, it was hardly to be supposed that he would, of his own motion, declare war upon a European and friendly power. Those who thus argued knew little of Colonel Clive. Without a moment's hesitation, he sent word to the Dutch commodore, that if he advanced farther up the river, he would instantly attack him; and the rapid arming of the only three English ships in the Hoogly—the *Calcutta*, the *Duke of Dorset*, and the *Hardwicke*—and the manning of the river-forts, showed that he meant what he said.

The Dutch, of course, fiercely remonstrated, appealed to international law, the comity of nations, &c.: they might as well have appealed to the Vedas: Clive was fully resolved to settle with the Dutch as he had with the French; and fearing that they would disembark their troops, and march them overland to Chinsura, he sent Colonel Forde across the river with 1200 men to intercept them, should they attempt to do so. His military prescience, as usual, anticipated the event. The Dutch troops landed, and he was playing at whist one evening, when a note was brought him from Colonel Forde to the effect, 'that if he had only an order in council, he would attack the Dutch, and had a fair prospect of destroying them.' Clive, with ready calmness, immediately wrote upon the back of the note: 'Dear Forde—Fight them immediately, and I will send you the order in council to-morrow!' Forde obeyed; the battle was 'brief, bloody, and

decisive;' and amongst the prisoners were the Dutch commander-in-chief and fourteen superior officers. Forde next invested Chinsura, whilst Clive fought a naval battle with the Dutch squadron, and gained a complete victory. This last blow was decisive: the Dutch prayed for peace; 'acknowledged themselves to be the transgressors,' and agreed to pay all costs, damages, &c., upon which their ships were restored to them, and Colonel Clive interposed to save their property at Chinsura from being pillaged by the Nabob, who, now that the Dutch force was destroyed, had come valiantly down upon the factory with 5000 horse.

The Dutch power on the Indian continent, like that of the French, was now a thing of the past, and Colonel Clive no longer delayed his return to England. He sailed from Calcutta on the 25th of February 1760, 'and it seemed,' wrote an eye-witness, 'as if the soul was departing from the body of the government of Bengal.' He remained in his native country about three years only—a comparatively unimportant period of his life, which may be briefly passed over. The king and his ministers received him with distinction: Pitt in a speech on the Mutiny Bill, described Clive as 'a heaven-born general.' A statue of him had been placed in the India House, and a medal was struck in his honour. He was created an Irish peer, Baron of Plassey in Ireland; and the princely state he affected was at once the wonder, admiration, and envy of the great and little world by which he was surrounded, courted, flattered, reviled, and slandered. His generosity equalled his love of display. All his

relatives, both by blood and marriage, were enriched; and he bestowed £500 a year upon his old commander, Major Lawrence, who was in indifferent circumstances. It was not long before he became involved in quarrels with the Court of Directors; but by the end of 1763, the financial and political state of Bengal had come to such a pass, that nothing but the resolute will and commanding authority of Lord Clive, exercised on the spot, could, in the opinion of the Directors most adverse to him, efficiently remedy.

The causes which had chiefly led to so disastrous a state of affairs were upon the surface, and may be summed up in a few words. 'Private trade,' as it was called, one of the prime sources of mischief, originated in the following circumstances. The duties on the transit of goods from one district or province of India to another, furnished the chief revenues of its princes, and of course occasioned much inconvenience and delay by the necessary unpacking and examination of all merchandise crossing the numerous custom-house frontier-lines. One of the privileges obtained by the English Company was, that their goods, which consisted either of foreign articles for consumption in India, or of Indian produce for exportation, none of which were liable to transit duties, should be protected from examination by their flag, or by a *dustuck* (permit) signed by one of their clerks. By a gross abuse of this privilege, clerks and others entered into commercial speculations in the home trade with a certainty of enormous gain, and, moreover, sold *dustucks* to native traders, thereby shielding them

from the payment of any duties whatever. The consequence of these constantly increasing frauds was, that Mir Jaffier was incapable of liquidating the sums in which he was indebted to the Company; whereupon Mr Vansittart, the governor, and his council, opened negotiations with Cossim Ali, Mir Jaffier's son-in-law, which resulted in the deposition of the defaulting Nabob, and the placing Cossim Ali on his throne, upon the latter agreeing to cede certain districts to the English, and to present the members of the council with the sum of £200,000, of which the governor's share was £28,000, and to pay Mir Jaffier such a pension as would enable him to live respectably in Calcutta as a private citizen.

The 'private trade' frauds continuing, it was as impossible for Cossim Ali to raise a sufficient revenue as it had been for his father-in-law; and the issue of the violent disputes that ensued between him and the Calcutta council was, a furious outbreak at Patna, resulting in the massacre of 150 British subjects, of whom forty were officers of the Company, and the flight of Cossim Ali into the territory of the viceroy of Oudh. Mir Jaffier was again a bidder for the throne, and his offers being considered sufficiently liberal, he was reinstated. He did not long survive his restoration; and one of his last acts was to bequeath the sum of £70,000 to Lord Clive, which large amount his lordship transferred to the Court of Directors, under trust for the creation of a fund from which the disabled servants of the Company might be pensioned. The death of Mir Jaffier made way for the elevation of his son to the

musnud, under favour of the council, for which he, Najam ud Dowlah, agreed to pay them the orthodox sum of £200,000.

Whilst the servants of the Company were thus shamelessly enriching themselves, the public treasury of Calcutta was dwindling to a state of absolute bankruptcy; and Lord Clive was at last prevailed upon to proceed to Bengal, armed with such powers as would, it was hoped, enable him to crush effectually the iniquitous system which was desolating the richest provinces of India, and dishonouring the English name. He arrived in India at the end of April 1765, and immediately, and with a will, applied himself to the work of reform. 'If I were to paint to you,' wrote Lord Clive, 'the anarchy and confusion which reigned in these rich provinces, you would be astonished. The Company's affairs were at their last gasp, not from our enemies, but from the universal licentiousness which had overrun the whole settlement of Calcutta.' The 'private trade' fraud Lord Clive at once put down with the strong hand, dismissing without mercy and shipping off for England all who dared oppose themselves actively or passively to his measures. He further abolished the extravagant allowances claimed by the army, under the name of 'double batta,' which double batta increased a captain's pay, when in active service, to about £1000 a year—a decisive step, which led to a mutiny of the officers of the Bengal army, who entered into a conspiracy to resign their commissions on a given day, a Mahratta invasion being imminent, unless double batta was restored. They had not taken the true measure

of the man they ventured to defy. Mr Mills, who will not be accused of partiality for Lord Clive, remarks: 'This was one of those occasions in which he was admirably calculated to act with success. Resolute and daring, fear never turned him aside from his purpose, or deprived him of the most collected exertions of his mind in the greatest emergencies. To submit to the violent demands of a body of armed men, was to resign the government.'

Lord Clive would much more readily have resigned his life than the trust which he had accepted, and he encountered the military rebellion firmly as prudently: the timid and misguided amongst the conspirators were awed or shamed into submission; the ringleaders, amongst whom was General Sir Robert Fletcher, were arrested, brought to trial, and dismissed the service with ignominy. In less than eighteen months this extraordinary man had restored perfect order and discipline in both the civil and military services, and brought back prosperity to the well-nigh ruined finances of the Company. As to the young Nabob, Najum ud Dowlah, Lord Clive decided that it would be best even for himself to transfer openly his nominal revenues to the Company, thereby relieving him of obligations he could never fulfil, and obtaining an assured income, sufficient to defray the cost of his court and guards. Subsequently, Lord Clive obtained the formal consent of the emperor of Delhi to this arrangement, which so delighted the young Nabob, thus pensioned into insignificance, that he joyfully exclaimed upon its final settlement: 'Thank God! I shall now have as many nautches as I please!' Clive

quitted India for the third and last time in 1767.

The work which he had undertaken well accomplished, Lord Clive returned home, only to meet with insult and persecution from the Company he had served so well, and never so well or so ably as upon this last occasion. The numerous military and civil officers he had been compelled to dismiss and send home, helped to swell the rancorous clamour raised against him on all sides. There was no fable too gross, no iniquity too atrocious for his enemies to invent and accuse him of, for the credulous multitude to swallow and believe; and the public mind was gradually worked up to a frenzy of fear and hatred of the rich nabobs, as the men who had made fortunes in India began to be called, which a few years later gave evanescent vitality to the ornate oratory of Burke, and barbed the slight, glittering arrows of Sheridan's rhetoric, at the trial of Warren Hastings. The clamour of the streets and newspapers found, of course, its echo in parliament.

A secret committee, and a select committee of the House of Commons, were appointed 'to examine the condition of British affairs in India,' before whom Lord Clive was examined, 'as if he had been a sheep-stealer.' The accusations finally relied upon by General Burgoyne, who thereupon moved criminatory resolutions against Lord Clive, were the presents he had received from Mir Jaffier after the battle of Plassey, and the signing Admiral Watson's name to the red treaty. Lord Clive acknowledged the facts, and boldly defended his conduct in both

Lord Clive leaving India.

instances. The presents he received he had made no secret of, and *then* it was perfectly legal to receive such presents: 'And, sir,' said Lord Clive, rising in his place and addressing the Speaker, 'when I recollect entering the Nabob's treasury at Murshedabad, with heaps of gold and silver to the right and left, and these crowned with jewels' —striking his hand violently upon his forehead —'I stand astonished at my own moderation!' Finally, General Burgoyne's criminating resolutions were rejected, and the following innocuous ones adopted in their stead: 'That it appears to this House that the Right Honourable Robert Clive, Baron of Plassey in the kingdom of Ireland, about the time of the deposition of Surajah Dowlah and the establishment of Mir Jaffier on the musnud, did obtain and possess himself of two lacs of rupees, as commander-in-chief; a further sum of two lacs and 80,000 rupees as member of the select committee; and a further sum of sixteen lacs, or more, under the denomination of a private donation, which sums were of the value of £230,000; and that Lord Clive did, at the same time, render great and meritorious services to his country.'

During the remainder of the session of parliament, Lord Clive remained in town at his princely mansion in Berkeley Square; but the Houses were no sooner up, and all antagonism at an end, than he hurried from place to place as if afraid of rest, of silence, of himself. First he went to his house at Bath, next to his palace of Claremont; the walls of which, we are told, the peasantry whispered to each other, the great, wicked lord had built so thick to keep

out the devil, to whom he had sold himself. The fits of depression to which he had all along been subject became more frequent; his health had suffered in India, and he took to opium to deaden bodily pain. He next betook himself to his house at Walcot, Shropshire, and was sitting alone in the drawing-room, oppressed with one of those gloomy fits which encompassed him as with a pall, when, as the story goes, a lady on a visit there entered the room, and asked him to mend a pen for her. He instantly complied, and the lady retired, leaving him with the open penknife in his hand, and we may be sure the Hamlet-thought flashing in upon his darkened brain, that he might his quietus make with that poor weapon! A few minutes afterwards, Robert, Lord Clive, Baron of Plassey, was a corpse. This was on the 22d November 1774. The instrument of death, tiny as it was, had not this time failed him—his work was done! There are many conflicting accounts of the manner of Clive's death, some say by penknife as related, others say by razor, pistol, or poison. One account says he died at his mansion in Berkeley Square, another at his Shropshire seat, Walcot Park.

When Lord Clive died, he was member of parliament for Shrewsbury, and lord-lieutenant of Salop and Montgomeryshire. His eldest son Edward, was created Earl of Powis. Lady Clive survived her husband for many years.

Mr W. P. Beach, who visited the village of Moreton-Say, near Market-Drayton, about 1878, says, in *Notes and Queries* (1888), that 'it is but a short distance

from Styche, the birthplace of Clive, and the church of Moreton-Say has Clive's grave within its walls. His body lies under the pavement of the aisle and near to the south door. Although there are several mural monuments in memory of different members of the Clive family, I was surprised that there was no indication of the burial-place of the hero of Plassey, except a pair of rusty spurs and gauntlets on the wall near the grave, but no tablet or inscription of any kind. On the occasion of this and subsequent visits I so strongly expressed my surprise that I think it led to something being done. At anyrate there is now an unpretentious but neat mural brass plate over his grave.

'The rector of that time was an old man named Upton, since dead. He told me that he had been in the parish as curate, vicar, and (after it was turned into a rectory) as rector for more than half a century; that he had seen the coffin of Clive and the inscription-plate on the occasion of putting some heating apparatus in the church and the consequent removing of the pavement, &c. of the aisle. He also told me that on his coming to the parish fifty years ago (sixty now or more) he found a very old man there as sexton and bell-ringer. This sexton stated that he himself tolled the bell on the occasion of Clive's funeral, and that the funeral took place in the dead of night. Clive died (by his own hand) at his South Shropshire residence.

'The present rector of Moreton-Say kindly showed me the register and the entry of Clive's baptism, and also the one of his funeral. Strange to say, the officiating curate of Moreton-Say at the time

of Clive's death was also a Robert Clive, a relative. In the churchyard is the grave of General Sir Percy Herbert, brother of the present Earl of Powis and great-grandson of Robert, Lord Clive.'

Lord Macaulay has left it on record that 'Clive, like most men who are born with strong passions and tried by strong temptations, committed great faults,' but that 'our island has scarcely ever produced a man more truly great either in arms or in council.' The main authorities for his career are Sir John Malcolm's *Life of Lord Clive* (1836); Macaulay's famous essay on Clive; Mill's and Marshman's Histories of India; and Malleson's *History of the French in India* (1868); *Final Struggles of the French in India* (1878); and *Founders of the Indian Empire* (1882).

Clive it was gave England India . . .
. . . He fought Plassey, spoiled the clever foreign game,
Conquered, and annexed, and Englished!—BROWNING.

Captain John Smith.

CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH,

FOUNDER OF THE COLONY OF VIRGINIA.

FEW men in any age or country were ever engaged in more surprising adventures, or exhibited greater fertility of resources, or bore up against evil fortune with a braver spirit than Captain John Smith. The incidents in his story are so extraordinary and startling, that the boldest fiction would scarcely dare to imitate it. What happened to him would suffice to impart interest to the lives of a hundred romantic adventurers. It seems likely, however, that he embellished and magnified many of his adventures, and this must be kept in mind while reading the account of his exploits. Fortune seemed to lavish all her choicest caprices in her dealings with him. By land and sea, in war and peace, in freedom and captivity, in the decaying civilisation of the Old World, in the fresh and fierce savagery of the New, in the depths of poverty, in the elevation of honour and power—he gave proof of being equal to all conditions. He was an Englishman in the finest sense of the word. Nothing could subdue his intrepid courage; nothing could corrupt

his principles. In every situation he seems to have had the glory of his country at heart; and contrived at length, through many dangers and difficulties, to connect his name with the history of the United States—a history which, in proportion as it is studied and understood, will be found, in some of its earliest pages, to derive lustre from this humble plebeian name.

John Smith was born at Willoughby, in Lincolnshire, in the year 1580. He was the eldest son of George and Alice Smith, tenants of Lord Willoughby d'Eresby, at Willoughby, near Alford, Lincolnshire. He became a scholar in the two free schools of Alford and Louth. He is careful, in his autobiography, to inform us that his father was descended from the ancient Smiths of Crudley, in Lancashire, and his mother from the Rickards of Great Heck, in Yorkshire. To this circumstance Bob Brathwait, one of the minor poets of those times, alludes in a copy of verses addressed to the great adventurer:

> Two greatest shires of England did thee bear—
> Renowned Yorkshire, Gaunt styled Lancashire.

His parents died when he was about fifteen years of age, leaving him in comparatively affluent circumstances, but under the care of guardians, who would appear to have neglected his education, made away with his property, and inspired him with disgust for the tranquillity of a domestic life. The love of roaming, however, and a thirst for the excitement of war, seemed to have pervaded the whole British population. Swarms of restless spirits constantly quitted their homes in search of fortune or glory,

and too frequently found obscure graves in distant lands. Recent discoveries appeared to have enlarged the limits of the universe—golden visions of power and fortune dazzled the imagination of the whole civilised world—men thought of nothing but the planting of colonies and the founding of empires—everything seemed possible to a strong hand and a sharp sword—and it was not until age and experience had taught their saddening lessons, that the intrepid visionaries relinquished their hopes, and returned, perhaps to end their days in dreary obscurity by their paternal firesides.

Defoe had, in all likelihood, carefully studied the history of John Smith before he planned his romance of *Robinson Crusoe*. At all events, the descendant of the Smiths and the Rickards bore a strong resemblance to that renowned personage, and at a very early age formed the design of running away from home, and going, as the phrase is, to sea. In order to check this disposition, he was, at the age of fifteen, apprenticed to Mr Thomas Sendall, a merchant of Lynn; but not finding a tall stool and a desk at all suited to his taste, John took French-leave of his master, and accompanied the second son of Lord Willoughby to Orléans. His youth, probably, stood somewhat in his way on this occasion. His patrons soon found out, it seems, that they could make no use of him, and therefore, in the course of a month or six weeks, dismissed him, very much chop-fallen; but the indefatigable John was not to be discouraged. He had evidently made his guardians uncomfortable; and in order to rid themselves of what, no doubt, they considered a

nuisance, they had given him at parting, out of his own estate, the magnificent sum of ten shillings, with which he resolved to carve his fortunes in the world. He returned to Paris, went to Havre, and his money being spent, he learned to be a soldier under Henry IV. of France. He repaired afterwards to the Low Countries, where, during the space of four years, he served under the command of Captain Joseph Duxbury, and hacked and hewed, and performed numerous deeds of gallantry, which history has perversely passed over in silence.

Before entering upon this service, Smith had met in Paris one David Hume, who gave him letters to his friends in Scotland, with a design of recommending the young adventurer to King James. During his first warlike fit, this epistolary wealth lay neglected; but growing weary of hard knocks, with little corresponding profit, our hero took his leave of the Low Countries, and proceeded to Scotland, suffering shipwreck and a severe fit of sickness on the journey. Here he met with much hospitality, indeed, but found the way to court closed against him. He returned, therefore, to Willoughby, in Lincolnshire, where he gave the neighbourhood a taste of his humour, not at all calculated to augment his reputation for prudence. England, to be sure, was in those days a half-savage country, abounding with woods, morasses, and fells, so that things now impossible were then of daily occurrence. John hit upon a scheme of life which, at the present day perhaps, would be thought Quixotic even in the most outlandish places.

On first arriving at his native place, the good

folks made a lion of him, and glutted him with too much company, in which, he says, he took small delight. He therefore yielded to his solitary instincts, and instead of taking lodgings at a milliner's, in a first floor at Willoughby, he retired to a little woody pasture, a good way from any town, environed with many hundred acres of forest. Here, by a fair brook, he built a pavilion of boughs, where, to avoid all dealings with upholsterers, he slept in his clothes. His grand object at this time was to make progress in two studies—war and morals; things extremely little inclined to go together. He therefore pored incessantly over Machiavelli and Marcus Aurelius; and thus probably laid the foundation of that brilliant success in the field, and that stoical integrity in all situations, for which John Smith deserves to be remembered for ever. At the same time, it must not be concealed that his notion of ethics belonged rather to the savage than to the civilised state. He looked upon the earth as a large domain, bestowed indifferently upon all Adam's children, who might, without blame, make use freely of what they found in their way. In other words, John indulged a little in poaching—not personally, but by proxy; for he had a man with him, who, while he was deep in Marcus Aurelius's ethics, or Machiavelli's art of war, strolled with bag and fowling-piece about the country, brought home venison, and made him savoury meats, such as John delighted in.

We should do him great injustice, however, if we imagined that, in this retirement, he was satisfied with books and venison. He had along with him a fine horse, and when tired of turning over the pages

of the Florentine secretary, he mounted this fiery animal, and amused himself with lance and ring. His strange manner of life soon rendered him an object of great interest to the whole neighbourhood. The portly squires and fair dames spoke by their firesides of the wild soldier who had come hither, surrounded by an atmosphere of romance, from beyond sea; and through their intervention a companion was found for him, from whom he probably derived much advantage. This was Teodoro Polaloga, a noble Italian gentleman, and excellent horseman—rider, as he was called, to the Earl of Lincoln. With this foreigner Smith was pleased to converse; and in order to enjoy his society, he abandoned his pavilion of boughs, and went to reside at Tattersall.

But so peaceful a course of life soon ceased to have any charms. He longed to be engaged in some great theatre of war, in which he could display his knowledge and valour; and as the Turks were at that time ravaging Hungary, he formed the design of joining the Christian army, and rising to distinction by exhibiting his prowess against the infidels. In the prosecution of this plan, however, he soon showed how little he had profited by the study of Machiavelli. He might, indeed, have learned how to draw out a squadron in the field; but in the far more difficult art of divining the characters of men, and defending himself from their villainy, he was still a child. On board a ship bound for France, he fell in with four adventurers, who, seeing him elegantly attired, immediately formed a scheme for enriching themselves by his plunder. One, there-

fore, pretended to be a nobleman of high distinction, while the other three agreed to act the part of his attendants. They undertook to introduce Smith to a French duchess, whose husband was at the time commander for the emperor in Hungary. Our unsuspecting countryman fell easily into the snare: while his mind was filled with gorgeous visions of military success, to be achieved through the patronage of the French duke aforesaid, the vessel which bore this new Cæsar and his fortunes, arrived through dark and blustering weather in the roads of St Valery-sur-Somme. Here the pretended nobleman undertook, with his attendants, and the captain of the vessel, who was in league with him, to convey ashore Smith's baggage, with which, as might have been foreseen, they instantly decamped. On board were several soldiers, who, to their credit, resented the injury which had been done the Englishman; and one of them, a gallant and generous fellow, offered to conduct him, at his own expense, to Mortagne, in Normandy, where the relatives of the robbers resided.

In all this part of France, Smith was received with great hospitality, and might probably have spent half his life in wandering from chateau to chateau, entertained by one nobleman after another, had he not longed for the excitement of travel and war. With such funds as were supplied to him, therefore, he returned towards the sea-coast, and, travelling from port to port, exhausted all his resources in the attempt to find some ship that might convey him to any field of action, he apparently cared not whither. When he had seen the end of his purse, weariness

and hunger overtook him while travelling through a forest. Exhaustion would not permit him to proceed any further. He laid himself down, therefore, under a tree, beside a fountain, apparently intending to remain there and die in peace: but a good Samaritan came up, in the shape of a rich farmer, who bore him to his dwelling, treated him kindly, and placed him in a position to pursue his adventures with renewed vigour.

Smith's study of Marcus Aurelius had not made him a stoic. While yet smarting with the remembrance of his injuries, he met in a forest one of the four villains who a short time before had robbed him at St Valery-sur-Somme. The wretch had been reduced to the greatest poverty, though, partly for his own protection, partly for the purpose of replenishing his purse at intervals, he still wore a sword. Our fiery countryman, being equally well armed, drew upon him immediately; and while the inhabitants of the neighbourhood rushed to the top of an old ruined tower to behold the conflict, the two adventurers exhibited all the resources of their skill and courage in defence of their lives. Fortune does not always declare on the side of justice, though, in the present case, she showed herself to be in an equitable humour. The robber fell; and Smith had the satisfaction of hearing him confess before several witnesses, that he had been engaged in the transaction at St Valery, though he denied having in any degree profited by the theft.

Smith now travelled through the western and southern provinces of France; visited the kingdoms of Bearn and Navarre, and at length arrived at

Marseilles, where he embarked for Italy on board a vessel filled with pilgrims proceeding to the shrine of our Lady of Loretto. Being a sturdy Protestant, he soon found himself engaged in fierce disputes. Elizabeth was at that time carrying on with fire and sword the work of the Reformation in England, which inspired the continental papists with a bitter hatred of her and her subjects. Smith therefore exposed himself to the greatest danger by assailing the Church of Rome in such company. He was regarded as a sort of Jonah, with whom it was unsafe to traverse the deep; so the pilgrims forced the captain to throw him overboard. Providence, however, still watched over him, and he made his way by swimming to the little island of St Mary, which, though stocked with goats and cattle, contained no inhabitants.

Next day, he got on board a ship which had been driven into the island by a storm, and finding the captain, La Roche, to be an acquaintance of some of his friends in Brittany, he told his story and was most hospitably entertained. The gallant Breton, his host, seems to have been half-merchant, half-pirate. Smith, without hesitation, joined himself to his fortunes; and sweeping down along the shores of Corsica, Sardinia, and Sicily, they passed over into the Gulf of Tunis, sailed along the coast of Africa, touched at Alexandria, visited Scanderoon, and then returning through the Grecian Archipelago, they arrived in the mouth of the Adriatic. Here they fell in with a Venetian argosy, and France being then at war with the Republic, they attacked, and after a long and

bloody engagement, took the vessel, and plundered it. After this adventure, on which, following the advice of 'honest Iago,' they put money in their purses, Smith and his friend La Roche retraced their course, and after making the circuit of Sicily, proceeded northwards till they reached the Roads of Antibes, where, apparently at his own request, our hero was put on shore.

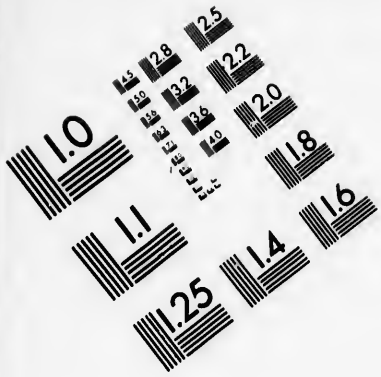
John Smith now found himself master of 500 zechins, together with a box containing as many more, which, as he quaintly and mysteriously expresses it—God sent him. With 1000 zechins in his possession, he considered himself equal to any fortune, and determined to see the world like a gentleman. It would require far too much space to follow him minutely through all his subsequent adventures. The most we can do is to pick him up here and there where the character of his narrative appears most interesting. When a man is fortunate and at his ease, there is little more to do than simply to state the fact. Good-fortune is extremely pleasant to enjoy, but equally insipid in description. Storms, tempests, massacres, hair-breadth escapes, sanguinary battles, shipwrecks, starvation, violent deaths—these are the materials of history and biography that quicken the reader's pulse, and make his heart beat with interest and sympathy.

Let us, however, allow John Smith to describe in his own way one of the sights he beheld at Rome, 'where it was his chance to see Pope Clement VIII., with many cardinals, creep up the holy stairs, which they say are those our Saviour Christ went up to Pontius Pilate, where, blood falling from his head,

being pricked with the crown of thorns, the drops are marked with nails of steel. Upon them none dare go but in that manner; saying so many ave-maries and paternosters as is their devotion, and to kiss the nails of steel. But on each side is a pair of such like stairs, up which you may go, stand, or kneel, but divided from the holy stairs by two walls. Right against them is a chapel, where hangs a great silver lamp, which burneth continually, yet they say the oil neither increaseth nor diminisheth.'

Having gratified his curiosity in Italy, he embarked at Venice, and sailing down the Adriatic to Ragusa, proceeded thence to Grätz, in Styria, where he entered into the service of Ferdinand, Duke of Austria, afterwards emperor. It would be tedious to follow him through all his military career. He distinguished himself by great personal gallantry, by the invention of stratagems and telegraphs, and was by degrees promoted to the rank of captain. Had he kept a journal at this period of his life, and afterwards published it, we should doubtless now have read it with extraordinary interest. But all we have left us is a brief outline of facts, curious enough in itself, but very far from satisfactory. The Christians were at that time engaged in checking the progress westward of the Mohammedan arms; and Hungary formed the great battle-field on which the adherents of both creeds exhibited their valour.

Some of the incidents of this war belonged properly to chivalrous times. While the armies lay in sight of each other, intrenching themselves, and making preparations for war in due form, the more



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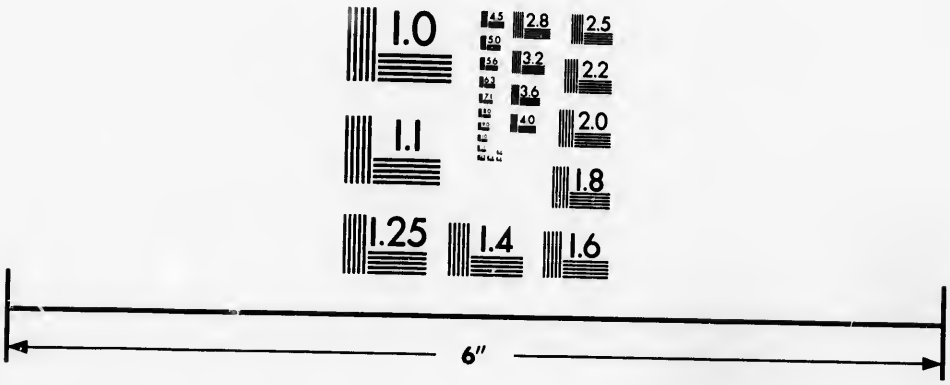

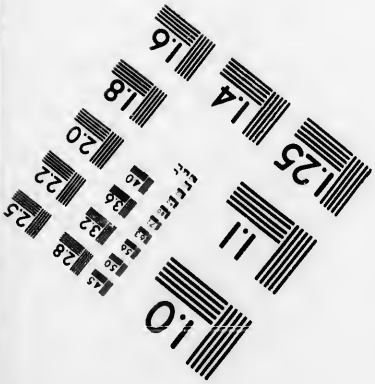

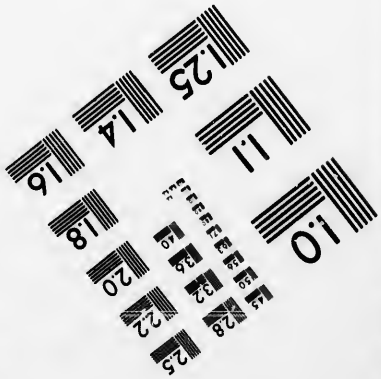

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impatient spirits amused themselves with sending challenges to each other, in order to bring about single combats, for the recreation, as they expressed it, of the ladies. A Turkish officer, who is called Turbisha in the narrative, invited some persons of corresponding rank to engage with him in a passage

Captain Smith victorious over the Turk.

of arms before Regal. The Christian officers cast lots, and the chance fell upon Smith, who, mounted on a powerful charger, proceeded, lance in hand, and accompanied by a page, to encounter the Moslem hero. The ramparts of Regal (Stuhlweissenburg, in Hungary) were lined, he says, with ladies, while the Christian host stood in battalions on the plain, to observe the conduct of their own champion. The appearance of the Turk was extraordinary. 'With a noise of hautboys, he entered the field well mounted

and armed; on his shoulders were fixed a pair of great wings, compacted of eagles' feathers within a ridge of silver, richly garnished with gold and precious stones.' The combat was not of long duration. With that impetuosity which characterised the soldiers of the West, Smith, making a sudden rush against the Osmanli, pierced him through the head at the first charge. The body then tumbled to the earth, and Smith descending, decapitated it, and then bore the bloody trophy to his general, who received it with praise and admiration.

Instead, however, of being discouraged, the Osmanlis were only excited to emulation by this catastrophe. A second challenge was on the day following sent to the Christian camp, but this time not addressed to the officers in general, but in particular to Smith. The challenger staked his head, with his horse and armour, in the hope of avenging the death of his friend. Our countryman readily consented to meet the enraged Moslem; and on the appearance of the combatants on the field, the trumpets sounded, and they rushed impetuously against each other. Their lances, which would appear to have been made of extremely brittle wood, were soon shivered, upon which they drew their pistols, and discharged them at each other. The Turk's ball hit Smith on that part of the armour called the placard. At the very next shot, he himself, however, was wounded through the arm, and tumbled from his horse, upon which the gallant Christian descended, again decapitated his foe, and returned in triumph with horse and armour to his friends.

Smith now began, apparently, to hold the Osmanlis cheap, and sent a challenge to Regal, couched in the fantastic language of the times. He told the Turkish ladies, that he was not so enamoured of their servants, or of their servants' heads, as to refuse to return the two he had taken, provided a third champion would come out and undertake to carry them back with his own. The gage thus thrown down was taken up by an Osmanli, on whom he bestows the comic name of Bonamalgro. This worthy believer in the Koran proved a far tougher adversary than either of the former two. He declined the use of lances, and referred the decision of his fate to pistol, battle-axe, and sword. They had in those days no revolvers, or even double barrels; so, after the first shot, the combatants took to their battle-axes, and struck for some time fiercely at each other. At length Smith lost his weapon, and appeared to be at the mercy of the foe. Upon this, a shout was raised from the ramparts of Re and in both armies it was thought to be all over with the valiant Christian. But his good sword yet remained to him; and after a prolonged and desperate conflict, he returned to his own host, bearing along with him the head of the third Turk. In acknowledgment of this distinguished service, Sigismund, Duke of Transylvania, gave him permission to wear three Turks' heads quartered on his shield, and swore ever after to bear them in his own colours. He besides bestowed on him his portrait set in gold, and a pension for life of 300 ducats a year.

The war with the Turks proceeding, Smith

was afforded many opportunities of distinguishing himself—sometimes by his courage, sometimes by his ingenuity: for example, a little before the battle of Rottenton, he conceived a stratagem for alarming the enemy's cavalry, which seems greatly to have recommended him to the Austrian general. Having filled two or three hundred trunks with wild-fire, and fixed them on the heads of lances, they were kindled during a night-attack, and threw around them such flames and sparkles as the Christians rushed to the encounter, that the Turkish horse took fright, and charging hither and thither among their own ranks, threw them into inextricable confusion, and occasioned a precipitate retreat.

While relating the events of this war, Smith seems to have been betrayed into a very sanguinary humour. All his pages savour of death and slaughter, and he occasionally becomes eloquent in his description of battle-fields. At length, however, fortune utterly deserted him, and he was left stretched among the dead and dying, where the pillagers found him when they came to rifle the field. Conceiving, by his armour and appearance, that a considerable sum might be obtained for his ransom, they spared his life, and carried him away prisoner. But their hopes, as well as his own, were disappointed. No ransom came. He was therefore sold for a slave, and, chained to his companion in misery, was marched with an immense file of other captives to Adrianople.

Here he found himself in the service of a lady, young and beautiful, on whom he bestows the name of Charatza Tragabigzanda. Her husband, who

desired to pass with her as a hero, had boasted in his letters that Smith was a great Bohemian lord, whom he had taken with his own hand in the field, and by whose ransom she might hope to be enriched. Tragabigzanda would appear to have had no great idea of her husband's prowess, and therefore questioned her captive narrowly on the subject. He confessed frankly that he had never seen her husband, who had caused him to be purchased in the slave-market; that he was not a Bohemian, but an Englishman; and instead of being a great lord, was merely a soldier of fortune. The Turkish lady, like a second Desdemona, seems to have loved him for the dangers he had passed, and in part also perhaps for his candour and honesty. Fearing that her mother might form the plan of selling him, if she got the slightest hint of her inclinations, and also finding considerable difficulty in holding communication with him, she put in practice her woman's ingenuity, and sent him to her brother Timor, pasha of Nalbrits, on the Don, in Crim-Tartary, where he might learn the Turkish language, acquire also the manners of the country, and render himself in other respects a fit man to figure in the position she designed for him.

But her brother's character and views no way resembled hers. No sooner, therefore, did Smith arrive at his house, than he determined he should feel all the weight of servitude, and expiate, as far as possible by suffering, the crime of having inspired a Moslem woman with affection. He had his head shaved, put a heavy iron collar about his neck, dressed him in haircloth, and set him to do all the

meanest drudgery for the other slaves. Among his hardships, he enumerates eating soup made with the entrails of horses. He talks also of coffee and sherbet, and sneers contemptuously at the Turks for eating pillaus with their fingers, which he calls 'raking the dishes with their foul fists.' Slavery produced upon our countryman its natural effects: it inspired him with rage and ferocity, especially when he reflected, as he often did, that instead of being treated with the kindness which Tragabigzanda meant should be shown him, he was every day insulted and degraded by her inhuman brother. Among his other labours, he was set, in the season succeeding harvest, to thrash out the corn on a field at a distance from his master's house. Impatience of servitude, and the passion for wandering and fighting, in which he had all his life indulged, here came upon him with redoubled force. He was naturally enough inclined, therefore, to look upon his tyrant with an evil eye; and while he was brooding over his wrongs and miseries, his master unfortunately arrived at the thrashing-floor. Being by nature savage and brutal, he began to beat, spurn, and revile the captive, who, in a moment of ungovernable fury, struck him with the thrashing-bat, and killed him. He then stripped him, and put on his clothes; after which, hiding the body under the straw, he filled his knapsack with corn, shut the door, mounted the tyrant's horse, and rode forth boldly at random into the desert.

During two or three days he wandered about, not knowing whither he went; but coming to one of those picturesque finger-posts, he discovered the

road leading towards Russia, and immediately struck into it. Captain Smith's words are: 'In every crossing of this great way is planted a post; and in it so many bobs with broad ends as there be ways; and every bob the figure painted on it, that demonstrateth to what part that way leadeth, as that which pointeth towards the Crims country, as marked with a halfe-moon; if towards the Georgians and Persia, a black man, full of white spots; if towards China, the picture of the sun; if towards Moscovia, the sign of a cross; if towards the habitation of any other prince, the figure whereby his standard is known.'

The progress of Captain Smith during sixteen days across the waste which in those times extended between Crim-Tartary and the Russian frontier, reminds us strongly of a passage in *Hudibras*. Speaking of the knights-errant, he says:

> And when through deserts vast,
> Or regions desolate they passed,
> Where belly-timber above ground
> Or under, was not to be found,
> Unless they grazed, there 's not one word
> Of their provisions on record,
> Which made some confidently write
> They had no stomachs, but to fight.

Having accomplished this feat, he arrived at Æcopolis, a Christian garrison on the Don, where his chains were struck off, and he found himself suddenly in favour of a great lady, on whom he bestows the name of Callamata. As he probably made known his desire of returning to the scene of his former military achievements, he was passed

from garrison to garrison, and from town to town, with singular humanity and kindness, till he reached the city of Hermannstadt in Transylvania. His notions of geography were rather confused, so that he imagined himself to have traversed a part of Siberia, when his whole course from the Don tended evidently towards the north and west. We are tempted to extract from his memoirs a short passage, describing quaintly the state of Southern Russia in those days. 'The villages are only here and there a few houses of straight fir-trees laid heads and points above one another, made fast by notches at the ends, more than a man's height, and with broad split boards, pinned together with wooden pins as thatched for coverture. In ten villages you shall scarce find ten iron nails, except it be in some extraordinary man's house. You shall find pavements, over bogs only, of young fir-trees laid across one over another, for two or three hours' journey, or as the passage requires, and yet in two days' travel you shall scarce see six habitations.' But, he says, 'in all his life, he seldom met with more respect, mirth, content, and entertainment, and not any governor where he came, but gave him somewhat as a present, beside his charges.'

Having reached Hermannstadt, he was received and treated with extraordinary hospitality, which accompanied him through Hungary and Bohemia, till he fell in with Duke Sigismund at Leipzig, who generously bestowed on him 500 ducats of gold, with a sort of military diploma stating his rank and services. After this, he travelled at his ease through Germany, France, and Spain; the wandering impulse

still carrying him forward without intermission. He then crossed over into Morocco, visited the capital city, and after picking up a large quantity of undigested information, returned to the coast. Here he went on board the ship of one Captain Merham, probably a buccaneer, and a man of indomitable valour. Having put out to sea, and been driven by a storm to the Canary Islands, he fell in with two Spanish men-of-war, and engaged in a desperate fight, in which Smith took an active part. Few encounters at sea, between forces so inadequate, ever lasted so long or were so sanguinary. Merham's ship was more than once on fire, and in danger of being blown up; but with a courage bordering on desperation, he poured broadside after broadside into the enemy, until their decks were covered with dead. He then sheered off; and effecting his escape, which they also on their part were rejoiced to accomplish, he returned to England about the year 1604 with 1000 ducats in his pockets.

Here terminates what may be denominated the first cycle of the acts of Captain John Smith, who seems to have settled down quietly in his own country to enjoy some repose after the innumerable adventures and mischances through which he had passed. It seems impossible to throw any particular light on the life he now led. He does not inform us whether or not he applied himself to the recovery of the property bequeathed him by his parents, whether he engaged in any profitable speculation, or merely subsisted on the remainder of the money bestowed on him by Duke Sigismund.

About the year 1605, however, he became ac-

quainted with Captain Bartholomew Gosnold, who had formed the project of carrying out a large body of colonists to Virginia. Smith, with his usual promptitude, seems to have entered at once into Gosnold's views, and to have seconded them vigorously; but it was fully two years before the expedition was organised, and the authority of government obtained. Into the history of the previous attempts which had been made to settle in Virginia, it is not necessary to enter: they belong properly to the general history of the United States. We shall merely observe, that all the endeavours of the English to found a colony in that part of America had hitherto failed, so that it was left for the friends and companions of Gosnold to carry into execution the designs of Raleigh.

James I. contrived systematically to mar whatever he undertook. His theory of political wisdom led him to place it exclusively in craft and cunning, in subtle contrivances and small mysteries; and he appears to have been invariably surprised when plans commenced in folly terminated in discomfiture. In the present instance, he granted the adventurers letters-patent, conferring on them great powers and an extensive jurisdiction; but with that propensity for playing at statesmanship to which we have already alluded, he inclosed a list of the names of the future governors of the colony in a box, the seals of which were not to be broken till the arrival of the whole party in Virginia. Smith says: 'When I went first to these desperate designs, it cost me many a forgotten pound to hire men to go, and procrastination caused more to run away than went.

I have spared neither pains or money according to my ability, first to procure His Majesty's letters-patents, and a company here, to be the means to raise a company to go with me to Virginia, which beginning here and there cost me nearly five years' [1604–09] work, and more than five hundred pounds of my own estate, besides all the dangers, miseries, and incumbrances I endured gratis.' There were two colonising associations formed, the London Company for South Virginia, and the Western Company for North Virginia. Smith was among the founders of the London Company.

No one, therefore, at the outset possessed any authority whatsoever, except such as may have been based on his own private arrangements. The conveyance of the colonists to the shores of the New World was intrusted to Captain Christopher Newport, whom experience had rendered intimately acquainted with the eastern shores of America. On the 19th December 1606, the expedition, consisting of three vessels and 105 men, set sail from Blackwall, but, by unfavourable winds, were kept six weeks in sight of England. During this period, dissensions broke out on board, arising out of a very peculiar cause.

Mr Hunt, who was what we should now call the chaplain to the expedition, was a man of strong religious feelings, conscientious, energetic, and devoted to his duty. In health, however, he was weakly and delicate, and seemed on the point of falling a victim to his zeal even before leaving his native land. He belonged no doubt to the Puritan party, which may probably explain the offence he

gave to some of the principal leaders of the colony, whom Captain Smith stigmatises as 'little better than atheists.' To the utmost of their power, these men annoyed and persecuted the preacher; but though, while the vessels lay in the Downs, he was within twenty miles of his own house, nothing could induce him to desert his post for a moment. We allude to this circumstance, because it may in some sort be said to supply a key to many of the disasters that followed. The colonists consisted of a heterogeneous multitude, differing in faith, in tastes, in habits, in character, and therefore prepared, at the first opportunity, to fly asunder, desert each other, and shipwreck altogether the designs of the projectors. Smith in his *General History* says that he was accused of intending to usurp the government, murder the council, and make himself king. He was kept a prisoner for the rest of the voyage after they reached the Canaries.

Touching at the Canaries for water, they traversed the Atlantic in the latitude of the West Indies; put in for provisions and trade at Dominica; and afterwards landing at Guadeloupe, they discovered a hot spring, in which they boiled pork as well as in a kettle over a kitchen fire. In Nevis, Mona, and the Virgin Isles, they spent some time; where, with a loathsome beast like a crocodile, called an iguana, with tortoises, pelicans, parrots, and fish, they daily had a luxurious feast. Leaving these islands, they sailed northward in search of Virginia, which was to them all an unknown land. The sailors were three days out of their reckoning; and so much discouragement arose among the different masters

and crews, that it was scarcely to be suppressed. One of them, Ratcliffe, a commander of the pinnace, was only prevented by the occurrence of a storm from putting about the helm and sailing for England. The tempest, however, accomplished what they seemed incapable of achieving for themselves; so that, going at random before the gale, they were fortunately driven into the very harbour of which they were in search. They were driven into the mouth of Chesapeake Bay, and discovered land, 26th April 1607.

Upon the first land they made, they bestowed, in honour of the Prince of Wales, the name of Cape Henry. Here thirty of the colonists disembarked; and while amusing themselves, and thinking, apparently, of nothing but peaceful enjoyments, they were attacked by a party of five savages, who inflicted dangerous wounds on two of their number. This induced them to proceed in future with greater caution. The northern point at the entrance of Chesapeake Bay they named Point Comfort. The Indians Smith thus describes: 'As goodly men as any I have seen of savages or Christians, the Werowance (chief) coming before them, playing on a flute made of a reed, with a crown of deer's hair, coloured red, in fashion of a rose, fastened about his knot of hair, and a great plate of copper on the other side of his head, with two long feathers in fashion of a pair of horns placed in the midst of his crown. His body was painted all with crimson, with a chain of beads about his neck; his face painted blue, besprinkled with silver ore, as we thought; his ears all behung with bracelets of

pearl, and in either ear a bird's claw through it, beset with fine copper or gold. He entertained us in so modest a proud fashion, as though he had been a prince of civil government, holding his countenance without laughter or any such ill behaviour. He caused his mat to be spread on the ground, where he sat down with a great majesty, taking a pipe of tobacco, the rest of his company standing about him. After he had rested a while, he rose and made signs to us to come to his town. He went foremost, and all the rest of his people and ourselves followed him up a steep hill, where his palace was settled. We passed through the woods in fine paths, having most pleasant springs which issued from the mountains. We also went through the goodliest cornfields that ever were seen in any country. When we came to Rappahanna town, he entertained us in good humanity.'

Here they opened King James's mysterious box, 26th April 1607, and learned that the council—invested with power to elect presidents for a year—was to consist of Bartholomew Gosnold, Captain John Smith, Edward M. Wingfield, Christopher Newport, John Ratcliffe, John Martin, and George Kendall. Smith, though named a councillor, being under arrest, was not sworn at first; later, on 20th June, he was admitted. Affairs of importance were to be examined by a jury, but determined by the decision of the majority of the council, in which the president had two votes.

They were engaged till the 13th of May 1607, in selecting a spot eligible for the site of the town which they designed to be the capital of the new

settlement. The members of council were then sworn, and Mr Wingfield was elected to be first president. An oration was delivered—by whom it is not stated—detailing the reasons why Captain John Smith was to be excluded from their body. It is fair, however, to infer, that they arose out of paltry personal jealousies excited by Smith's superior talents and energy, of which the more ignorant and incompetent members of government stood in awe. As soon as this matter had been brought to a conclusion, they commenced the extraordinary process of founding a city in the wilderness. All was now noise, bustle, and activity. The authorities laid out the plan of the fort at Jamestown, while the colonists betook themselves to the felling of trees, in order to produce a clear space on which to pitch their tents. It cannot be doubted, that to their mind's eye a regular city, with streets, churches, and a market-place, with esplanades and terraces, with docks and arsenals, with shops and warehouses, and inns and taverns, and a crowded population, even then presented itself. Meanwhile, some were engaged in laying out gardens, others in fabricating fishing-nets, others in making preparations for reloading their ships. The natives, struck by the strangeness of these operations, and not foreseeing what endless calamities were to arise out of what they saw to themselves and to their posterity, came with much kindness to visit the English settlers. The president's overweening jealousy would admit of no exercise at arms, and no other fortification except the branches of trees, thrown rudely together in the form of a half-moon by the extraordinary pains and

diligence of Captain Kendall. Smith writes of this period: 'There were never Englishmen left in a foreign country in such misery as we were in this new discovered Virginia. We watched every three nights lying on the bare cold ground, what weather soever came, and warded all the next day, which brought our men to be most feeble wretches. Our food was but a small can of barley sodden in water to five men a day. Our drink, cold water taken out of the river, which was at a flood very salt, at a low tide full of slime and filth, which was the destruction of many of our men.' Sixty-seven of the colonists died within six months.

Newport and Smith, with twenty others, were now despatched to discover the source of the river on which they had commenced the building of the fort. They proceeded up the stream for six days, passing on their way numerous habitations of the natives, and being everywhere allowed to proceed unmolested, until they reached a small aboriginal hamlet, consisting of some ten or twelve wigwams, pleasantly situated on the slope of a hill, and surrounded by cornfields. In the river opposite were three fertile islands. On this place, Smith bestows the name of Powhatan, which, according to him, was at once the appellation of the tribe, and the name of its actual chief.

Up to this point, the river is navigable; but a mile farther on commences a series of rocks and small islands, scarcely affording passage for a boat. Upon this part of the river they bestowed the name of the Falls. The behaviour of the natives was kind and hospitable until they had returned within

twenty miles of Jamestown, when their conduct began to excite apprehension. This arose, no doubt, out of the events which had meanwhile taken place at the settlement, where everything had been put in jeopardy, either through the well-founded jealousy of the natives or the overbearing insolence of the colonists. In whatever way they originated, those hostilities had commenced, which, after long generations, were to terminate in the extinction of the native race. The imprudence of Governor Wingfield's policy soon appeared. Observing the settlers to be intent on the building of the city, without police or discipline, the natives collected in force, and made an impetuous attack on them. Being totally unprepared, they were easily thrown into confusion; and seventeen of their number were wounded. Perceiving the advantage they had gained, the natives pressed forward with the evident intention of exterminating their enemies; but a cross-bar discharged from one of the ships flying among the trees, brought down an immense bough among their ranks, which excited so much alarm that they retreated, and allowed the colonists time to rally, and provide effectually for their defence.

The governor now endeavoured to repair his negligence, consenting that the fort should be surrounded with palisades, the guns mounted, and the men exercised in the use of arms. Considering the small number of the settlers, we may imagine the difficulties to which they were exposed, having to labour all day and watch all night, to guard the workmen, resist the enemy, reload the ships, and prepare the ground for the cultivation of corn.

We now come to the charges against Captain Smith, forming the ground on which he was excluded from the council. It appears that, as early as when the ships were still in the Canary Islands, a plan had been formed for his destruction, or, at least, for the annihilation of his prospects and fame. Inspired by we know not what jealousies, there were those among the leaders of the colony who affirmed, as we have said, that he had entered into a conspiracy to murder the council, to usurp the government, and establish his own authority as king.

It was said that his partisans were dispersed through all the three ships, and that some of them, repenting of their intentions, had revealed the truth. For these reasons he was seized, and kept in confinement during thirteen weeks, while his enemies were debating whether he should be put to death, or simply sent back to England with disgrace. They affected, through charity, to prefer the latter course; but Smith, confident in his innocence, laughed at their suspicions and machinations, not doubting that he should be able to clear himself to the satisfaction of the whole world. Public opinion in the colony soon veered round to his side; and the matter having been brought under the cognisance of the authorities, Governor Wingfield, apparently his chief accuser, was condemned to pay him the sum of £200, which Smith, with his habitual generosity, immediately threw into the general fund. Through the mediation of Mr Hunt, the preacher, a reconciliation was affected between Governor Wingfield and Captain Smith; afterwards, like religious Englishmen, they all received the communion

together. Next day, and evidently, as Smith thinks, in consequence of this pious act, the savages sued for peace; upon which, Captain Newport sailed for England, leaving behind him 100 men as the nucleus of the population of Virginia. This happened on the 15th of June 1607.

Within ten days after the departure of the ships for England, nearly all the settlers were seized with sickness, so that very few among them could walk or stand. In explaining the causes of this malady, Smith throws a startling light on the wretched system of colonisation adopted in those times by our ancestors. In the main, no doubt we have succeeded, and planted prosperous settlements in various parts of the world; but in Virginia, at least, it might be very fairly questioned whether we merited the good fortune that attended us. Neglect, ignorance, improvidence, characterised the proceedings of government and colonists; and it would be difficult, in the history of European settlements, to discover a more touching picture of mismanagement and distress than that which Smith draws of the condition of the founders of the British power in Virginia; and thereat, he says, none need marvel, if they consider the cause, which was this: While the ships stayed, their allowance was somewhat improved by a daily proportion of biscuit, which the sailors pilfered to give in exchange for money, sassafras, furs, &c. 'Had we been as free from all sins as from gluttony and drunkenness,' adds the simple historian, 'we might have been canonised for saints; but our president would never have been admitted, for engrossing to his private use oatmeal,

sack, oil, aquavitæ, beef, and eggs.' The common food was of the most loathsome description, and distributed, moreover, in scanty rations. It consisted of half a pint of wheat, and as much barley, boiled with water, for each man every day; and this, having lain some twenty-six weeks in the ship's hold, contained as many worms as grains, so that it might rather be described as bran than corn. Their drink was water, their lodgings 'castles in the air'—that is to say, we suppose they slept where they could. They were constantly engaged either in carrying or setting up palisades.

Up to the month of September, those of the colonists who had escaped the destructive effects of such a diet lived upon sturgeon and sea-crabs. One half of their number, however, had died. The remainder, disgusted by the luxurious negligence of the president, who was discovered to be meditating his escape in the pinnace, deposed him, and elected Captain Ratcliffe in his place—Gosnold, who might have been presumed to possess a superior claim, being now dead. The surviving settlers attributed their recovery to the skilful treatment of their surgeon, Wolton.

The condition of the small garrison of Jamestown was, at length, all but desperate. No more sturgeon could be caught, their other provisions were exhausted, and they every moment expected to fall a prey to the violence of the natives. But the policy of barbarians is always fluctuating. From motives which it would be difficult to comprehend, unless we suppose them to have been mere generosity and humanity, the savages took pity on the wretched

settlers, and supplied them with so great an abundance of the fruits of the soil, that they all lived once more in affluence. The new governor, meanwhile, with Martin, who would appear to have formed his whole council, proved to be no abler than his predecessor. Every public duty devolved on Captain Smith, who, by his energy, activity, and sagacity, imparted life and hope to the colony. By his own example, good words, and fair promises, he encouraged some to mow, others to find thatch; some to build houses, others to roof them; so that, in a short time, he provided nearly all but himself with lodgings.

Observing the natives to grow more remiss in bringing in provisions, chiefly because they had little more to spare, he went with a number of men on board the shallop, and sailed away in search of trade. Dropping down the river to a place called Kecoughtan, he endeavoured to barter with the natives, but they, believing him and his companions to be driven thither by famine, treated them at first with contempt, offering them a piece of bread or a handful of corn in exchange for their arms. Finding that nothing was to be obtained of them by fair means, Smith, urged and excused by necessity, was fain to employ force. Discharging their pieces, therefore, and running their boat suddenly on shore, they so alarmed the natives, that they took rapidly to flight, and concealed themselves in the neighbouring woods. Marching to their village, they found in all the houses large heaps of corn, upon which his companions wished to seize at once; but he restrained them, hoping the natives might return

and parley, and consent to supply them with what they needed on friendly terms. In this expectation he was disappointed. They returned, indeed, to the number of sixty or seventy, bearing their idol before them, and flourishing their clubs and other weapons in the most hostile manner. The English, going forth to meet them, were instantly assailed, so that they were compelled, in self-defence, to make use of their firearms. Several of the assailants immediately lay stretched upon the ground; and the remainder, painted of all colours, red, black, white, and blue, at once took to flight, leaving their god behind them. This was evidently regarded as the palladium of the tribe, without which they would have believed it impossible to exist as a people. They accordingly sent an embassy to the conqueror, to demand back their divinity, and conclude a peace, consenting, at his request, to furnish provisions in abundance. Smith replied to these dusky diplomatists, that if six men of the tribe would come, unarmed, and aid him in loading his boat, he would not only restore to them their okee or idol, but make them large presents, besides, of beads, copper, and hatchets. This was agreed to, and the natives soon returned, bringing also with them venison, common fowls, turkeys, and bread. The English faithfully performed their part, and the savages went away singing and dancing.

Smith was no doubt hailed, on his return to Jamestown, with much joy; but observing in the authorities a willingness to profit by his labours, though they would themselves do nothing for the public good, he determined to set out once more

in the pinnace, with a supply of articles, to barter with the natives for such provisions as would be wanting for the ensuing year. In the interval, he made several journeys into the interior, to discover new tribes and lands, and to collect provisions. But what he carefully gathered together, the others carelessly squandered. During his absence, moreover, Wingfield and Kendall, who for some time had been living in disgrace, determined either to regain their power or return to England. Supposing the latter project to be the more practicable, they formed a plot for seizing the pinnace, with all the merchandise laid up by Smith on board to exchange for provisions with the natives. They had already in part executed their design when Smith returned from one of his expeditions, for they were actually on board, and the pinnace was preparing to descend the stream. With his usual promptitude, decision, and courage, he immediately determined what course to take. Bringing up his men to the beach, after vainly inviting the deserters to return to their duty, he poured a volley into the pinnace, whose crew returned the fire, and the action was continued for some time. At length, Captain Kendall fell, and the rest surrendered at discretion. Smith had soon afterwards to counteract another project, formed by the actual governor and Captain Archer, to abandon the colony. But the difficulty still was to obtain provisions, and all Smith's ingenuity was exhausted in the endeavour to secure a supply. Corn, however, he at length obtained from the natives; and on the setting in of winter, the rivers were so crowded with swans, geese, ducks, and cranes, that they every

day feasted with good bread, Virginia peas, pumpkins, fish and fowl, and the flesh of various wild animals, as fat as they could eat them.

On his next voyage, Smith, leaving his pinnace in a bay, proceeded up the Chickahominy River, in a canoe, with two Englishmen and two natives. His adventurous spirit rendered him incapable of fear. Taking along with him a single savage as a guide, he went forth in search of game, but was suddenly attacked by about two hundred natives, who, discharging their arrows, sought to cut him off in a distant skirmish. Observing, apparently, that they endeavoured to spare the guide, as their countryman, he bound him to his arm with his garters, and used his body, as he says, as a buckler. After killing two of the enemy, and receiving several wounds, he was surrounded and taken prisoner. His three men, George Cassen, Jehu Robinson, and Thomas Emry, seem to have been slain in this expedition.

As the colony depended chiefly upon Smith for its preservation, the news of his capture spread dismay through Jamestown, every one there giving him up entirely for lost. He contrived, however, to inspire his savage captors with respect. Immediately after he had been taken prisoner, they tied him to a tree, intending to shoot him; but the chief, to whom he had made the present of a compass, together with a long speech on the use and value of it, which the savages probably admired because they did not understand, came forward and released him.

This, however, was a mere temporary deliverance. The design of the natives evidently was to fatten

and eat him, which they relinquished and resumed several times during his captivity. First, however, the queen brought him water to wash with, and another woman a bunch of feathers, to be used instead of a napkin, to dry his hands, while the rest prepared him a banquet in their most sumptuous manner. At the *dénouement* of the piece, they placed his head upon a flat stone, while two or three chiefs, with heavy clubs in their hands, drew near, with many fearful exhibitions of ferocity, to dash out his brains. At this moment, Pocahontas, the favourite daughter of the great chief, rushed forward, and seizing his head in her arms, uttered many entreaties that his life might be spared; but when she found that these were all unavailing, she placed her own head upon that of the prisoner, intimating that they should kill her before they touched him. Upon this, Powhatan, her father, granted him his pardon; and shortly afterwards it was agreed that he should be sent to Jamestown, upon his promise to give them two great guns and a grindstone; the chief adding that he would bestow on him a large tract of country, and regard him as his son.

The natives kept their word, and Smith was restored to his countrymen. By way of impressing the persons who accompanied him with a high idea of the English power, they loaded two or three pieces of cannon with stones, and discharged them at some immense trees covered with icicles, which, coming down with a crash, mingled with boughs and branches, so terrified the savages, that they ran away. Coming back, however, when their fear was over, they received numerous presents for the chiefs

and the women, and returned to their tribe, extremely pleased, and impressed with strong gratitude to Smith.

The principal authorities at Jamestown, who in character and manners were little better than freebooters, now once more formed a plan for making their escape in the pinnace, in which they were again foiled by Smith. In revenge for this disappointment, they laid their heads together, and sought to put him to death, in conformity with the Levitical law, because, as they affirmed, he had occasioned the loss of the two men who accompanied him when he was taken prisoner. Smith soon proved, however, that he understood both law and lawyers. By calling in adroitly the assistance of the latter, he caught his enemies in a net, and sent them home for trial to England.

Great difficulties were meanwhile experienced in obtaining subsistence, and the efforts of the colonists would, to all appearance, have failed without the aid of the beautiful young savage, Pocahontas, who seems to have conceived a distaste for the society of her countrymen, and a strong passion for Europeans. Attended by a number of other women, she brought them an abundance of provisions, remained some time at Jamestown, and then returned to her tribe.

Shortly after (8th January 1608), Captain Newport arrived from England, bringing with him large quantities of merchandise, and a considerable accession to the colonists. It was now determined to fit out the pinnace for a trading voyage among the natives; and the two captains, Smith and Newport,

with a guard of forty men, proceeded on a visit to Powhatan, the father of Pocahontas, with whom and another great chief they carried on a profitable trade; after which, they returned laden with provisions to Jamestown.

Scarcely had they arrived before a great fire broke forth in the fort, which consumed whatever was combustible—houses, arms, provisions, palisades—leaving them almost at the mercy of the savages. It would be more agreeable could we, consistently with truth, describe our countrymen engaged in those adventures as upright and romantic men, charitably disposed towards each other, and remarkable for their integrity in their general dealings with mankind. Unfortunately, the reverse of all this was the case. They were selfish, mean, and plotting, eager for gain and for present enjoyment, regardless of the contrivances by which they enriched themselves. The same thing is true of nearly all the founders of new settlements. Good, therefore, in all such instances, may truly be said to come out of evil. Newport and his comrades, converting their ship into a floating tavern, practised every kind of extortion upon the colonists, many of whom, disciplined by adversity, would seem already to have acquired a superior theory of human duties. Then Hunt, the preacher, a stern Puritan, when he lost all his books and property in the fire, never uttered a murmur, but set himself patiently about repairing the damage, and enduring, with true Christian stoicism, the evils he found to be unavoidable. He would appear to have succeeded in imparting the same virtue of fortitude to many others, especially

to his friend Smith, who, on all occasions, gave proof of great qualities, which fitted him to become the founder of a new state.

He was still, however, without much recognised authority; indeed, the general body of the settlers acted in an extremely independent manner, yielding obedience to this or that person, just as it suited their own views and predilections. At one time they seemed to have anticipated our gold discoveries in California, Australasia, or South Africa, and exhibited all the impassioned eagerness shown by those who rush to the gold-mines. An auriferous sand, or rather a sand of a gold colour, having been discovered in Virginia, the colonists would for some time hear of nothing but collecting it and shipping it for England, where it was found to be worthless.

Meanwhile the neglect of other kinds of industry had left them in so miserable a condition, that half their number perished in the severe winter of 1607. Fresh causes of quarrel arose continually between them and the natives, who strove, by every sort of device, to obtain possession of European arms. Powhatan and his tribe particularly distinguished themselves in this contest; and had it not been for the influence of Pocahontas, a war of extermination would even then have been commenced. No one can doubt that, in dealing with savages, the most humane policy is the best; but it is not always humane to wink at their delinquencies—to suffer them to acquire the belief that they are regarded with apprehension. Reflection and experience had taught Captain Smith that the contrary course was

the most prudent; and he constantly endeavoured, therefore, to inspire the natives with the belief that he possessed the power to cut them off in an instant from the face of the earth, but abstained from using it through kindness and good-will.

On the arrival of the *Phœnix* (20th April 1608), under Captain Wilson, the colonists enjoyed many advantages. The merchandise from England was disposed of in a liberal manner, and the greatest harmony prevailed among the mariners and the settlers. A cargo of cedar was shipped for England; and this, it has been said, was the only profitable return sent home for many years from Virginia. With the *Phœnix*, Captain Martin, who had been active in collecting the gold, returned home in broken health, leaving the colonists to their own devices.

Captain Smith now fitted up the pinnace, and set out on a trading voyage, during which he explored the Bay of Chesapeake (June and July 1608). Had he been accompanied by a man capable of writing the history of that voyage, it would alone have formed a charming volume: as it is, we find nothing but a repetition of similar small adventures, insignificant encounters with savages, transparent stratagems, and hasty examination of unknown islands. On one of these Captain Smith was nearly slain by accident. Their provisions running short, he observed in very shallow water an immense number of fishes, which could be pierced with a sword. He therefore set his crew the example, and made in this way a great addition to their stock of provisions. While plunging into a sort of

skate, a bony projection on the back ran into his wrist, and wounded him deeply. No blood flowed; but immediately his arm began to swell, and the pain became so intense, that it was believed by all present that death must speedily ensue. Smith himself was of this opinion, and gave orders that his grave should be dug on an isle, which obtained from this circumstance the name of Stingray Isle. It was not, however, decreed that his career should then come to a close. There happened to be among the crew a certain Dr Russell, who, applying oil to the wound, assuaged the pain, and effected a cure.

After this, they returned to Jamestown, where they found the affairs of the settlement in the greatest confusion. Ratcliffe, the president, appears to have been a mere vulgar epicurean, who aimed at nothing but to insure his own personal enjoyment, wasting the means and provisions of the colonists, and uselessly exhausting their energies by erecting for himself pleasure-houses in the woods, and pursuing other fantastical undertakings. Smith was a man swift to resolve and bold to act. In conjunction with the other settlers, he deposed Ratcliffe, and having set up his friend Scrivener in his place, departed on a second voyage, to complete his discovery of the Bay of Chesapeake.

Their adventures on this second expedition exactly resembled those they had previously encountered. The natives were sometimes hostile, sometimes friendly—now deceived by a strange display of power on the part of the Europeans, now overreached by their stratagems, and now aiming at

subduing them in their turn by savage treachery. On the whole, however, they conducted themselves towards our countrymen much better than these deserved. One gigantic tribe offered them every kind of advantage, if they would join them in exterminating their enemies; but, for various reasons, Smith declined all their offers, although he conducted himself towards them with much civility. On this occasion one of their companions died, and was buried on a sweep of the shore, upon which, after him, they bestowed the name of Fetherstone Bay. Xenophon, in the *Retreat of the Ten Thousand*, speaking of two distinguished generals, his companions, says they were 'blameless in war and friendship.' The historian of Virginia pronounces a like encomium upon Fetherstone. All the time, he says, he had been in this country, he behaved himself honestly, valiantly, and industriously. They buried him with a volley of shot, as became a brave man, and handed down his name to posterity.

Having, to the utmost of their power, surveyed Chesapeake Bay, and entered, as far as practicable, into friendly relations with the natives, they returned to Jamestown in the month of September 1608. Here they found the affairs of the colony in great confusion. Ratcliffe, the former president, having endeavoured to recover his authority, had been apprehended and put in prison for mutiny. Scrivener, and many others, whom Smith had left sick at his departure, were now recovered; but many, likewise, were dead. The new governor had performed his duties well; and among other things, had carefully gathered in the harvest, though a portion of their

stock of provisions, apparently through the negligence of the superintendents, had been spoiled by the rain. In Captain Smith's apprehension, nearly the whole summer had been wasted through the misgovernment of Ratcliffe, nothing whatever having been effected for the public good, save the discovery of the Bay of Chesapeake, for which no credit was due to the president.

On the 10th of September 1608, three days after his return, Captain Smith was himself elected president, and received the letters-patent from the British government appointing him to that honour. He had frequently before this been importuned to take the management of the colony upon him, but had hitherto declined, not seeing his way clearly, and apparently wishing to deserve his promotion before he received it. One of his first acts was to restrain the building of Ratcliffe's palace, which he regarded as a needless thing. The church, however, was repaired; a new storehouse constructed; and other buildings were set on foot for the reception of the supplies they expected. The greatest activity now pervaded every branch of the public service. Smith's energy seemed to have been imparted to all around him. The fort, hitherto irregular, was now reduced to a square form; the order of the watch renewed; the squadrons at each setting of the watch were trained. The whole company was exercised every Saturday on the plain by the western bulwark, prepared for that purpose, and called Smithfield. Here more than a hundred savages would sometimes stand in amazement, to behold the exercise of the troops

in gunnery, &c. These simple people were now so thoroughly subdued to fear of the strangers, that from their newly-gathered harvests they were easily induced to supply them with abundance of provisions. Nevertheless, even in their intercourse with them, the English continued to make mistakes —now treating the chiefs with all the honours due to power, then slighting them, and irritating their feelings by contempt and neglect. Smith was well aware of the imprudence of the course thus adopted; and had his authority been allowed to prevail, a policy wiser by far would have influenced the proceedings. But although he had been chosen president, men divided in opinions from him were elected to the council; and when a new 'supply' arrived from Europe, these new members actually formed a majority.

While some of the colonists were preparing for an expedition of discovery in search of gold and other riches, Smith undertook a journey to Powhatan, to persuade the prince to come to Jamestown to receive the presents of the English. The others feared to march, unless with a strong armed force, but the president took only four companions. With them he passed through the wild country to the river Pawmanhec. This he crossed in an Indian canoe, and reaching the opposite side, entered upon a fertile and beautiful plain. Here they made a fire, spread some mats around it, and sat down; but they had not reposed long before there was heard among the woods on all sides a hideous concert of shouts and yells, long shrill cries and whoops, that seemed as though some

savage king, with all his nation, was coming down upon them. They seized their arms, and prepared to fight; but presently Pocahontas came running through the grass, and, with several companions, approached the little camp. She assured Captain Smith that no harm was intended, and that she pledged her life for his safety. It was not long before he saw the unreasonableness of his fears. Thirty young women, girdled with green leaves, and their bodies painted in variegated colours, came out of the forests, dancing towards them. Their leader had a pair of buck's horns on her head, an otter's skin hanging from her waist, and another over her arm. On her back was a quiver full of arrows, and in her hand a bow. Some of them had clubs, which they flourished with surprising energy, until reaching the fire, they ranged themselves in a circle round it, and sang and danced with the wildest melody, and in the most fantastic measure, for upwards of an hour. Then suddenly the whole troop filed off, and plunged into the woods.

Presently, however, some of them returned with an invitation for Captain Smith to visit Powhatan. He went forward, arrived at the town, and was entertained in a glade by torchlight. The young women of the village pressed round him, crowding, and hanging over him, and continually crying, 'Love you not me? Love you not me?' which the Englishman understood to be their mode of welcome. Their feast, however, was very delicate, and Smith enjoyed it much; especially as the young ladies were in attendance, some singing, some dancing, others waiting on him. They then took their

flambeaux, and conducted him to the spacious wigwams, where, with his companions, he was to lodge that night.

Next morning, Powhatan came to the hut. Smith delivered his message, and requested him to come to Jamestown, and receive the gifts which had been sent to him from England, so that peace might be concluded with the Monacans. The savage, having learned his own consequence from the imprudent servility of the colonists, refused to go, and accordingly the gifts were sent to him by water. The scene at his coronation was curious. The Indians and the white men met on the plain near Powhatan. A basin and ewer, a bed and its furniture, were presented to the king; then a suit of clothes, with a scarlet cloak, was put upon him, and he was desired to kneel, that a crown might be placed on his head. This, for a long while, he could not be persuaded to do, since he neither understood the ceremony of kneeling nor the use of a crown; but at last he stooped, and the gilded hoop was laid upon his brow, while simultaneously a volley was fired from the boats, which made his majesty start and tremble with fear. At length the show was concluded, and the English flattered themselves that they had come to amicable terms with the barbarians. Returning to Jamestown, however, they found that all their devices were in vain, for the tribes were still suspicious, if not hostile, and that nothing but hard exertions on their own part could secure them either safety or abundance.

These exertions Captain Smith stimulated by every possible means. He was perpetually active.

Some of the men he sent about to collect pitch, tar, and soap-ashes, and some to hew timber in the woods. They who were discontented, says the quaint historian, drowned the noise of every third blow by a curse, which induced the president to make a rule against swearing. Every man's oaths uttered during the day were to be counted, and for each offence he was to have a gallon of water poured down his sleeve. So effectual was this punishment, that in future there was scarcely one profane expression heard in a week. While employed in this manner, nevertheless, Smith was resolved not to permit the hostility of the Indians to be triumphant. He saw that it was Powhatan's policy to starve the invaders of his soil away. A small expedition was therefore sent up the river, and a supply of corn extorted by threats of force. With such a leader, and such capacities as the country possessed, a rapid prosperity might no doubt have been enjoyed, had not the sordid passions of the colonists neutralised every endeavour. Each man cared more to carry on a traffic surreptitiously on his own account, than to labour for the general welfare of the settlement. The public stores were robbed; axes, chisels, pikeheads, powder, shot, and muskets were stolen, to exchange with the savages for furs and other commodities, or with the sailors for provisions. About this time, a ship returned to England, and although the Virginian colony itself sent back but little tokens of its future wealth, several private consignments of large value were made to traders in London.

There now remained about 200 persons in Virginia,

kept miserable by the selfishness of individuals, and perpetually in danger of being starved, either on account of the poverty or the hostile feeling of the savages. Several parties were sent up the rivers to search for corn, and frighten the tribes; and the adventures they met with, and the privations they endured, were of a singular kind. But little grain was collected, though the Indians, on condition of being spared that season, promised to plant a full harvest for the next year. It was in the month of December 1607, that the first marriage with Christian rites took place in Virginia. Anne Burras was married to John Laydon, and the link was riveted between the races of the Old World and the soil of the New.

Captain Smith was resolved that, as every negotiation with Powhatan had failed, he should be brought to reason by the fear, if not the actual force of arms. Some of the council, who were plotting the ruin of his character in England, did their best to impede the execution of this bold project, the success of which would blow their insinuations to the winds; but the president was not to be deterred. Powhatan, indeed, had sent a message, that if the English would build him a house, give him a grindstone, fifty swords, some guns, a cock and hen, some copper, and some beads, he would load their ship with corn. His habitual duplicity was well known; yet it was determined, without risking the effect of his treachery, to give him the opportunity to redeem this promise. Accordingly, Captain Smith, with forty-six men in the pinnace, and two barges, set out upon the adventure. They took provisions for

three or four days, but found as they went along plenty of good oysters, fish, flesh, and fowl, with good bread, and fuel to make fires, which reminded them most cheerfully of the Christmas hearths of England. Everywhere they heard warnings of Powhatan's treachery; but they proceeded to his town, and sent him a very friendly message. Then, as had been suspected, he told them that they came uninvited; that his subjects had no corn; and that he could give only forty baskets of grain in exchange for forty swords. In the end, a collision took place between the English and the Indians, for the king endeavoured to cut them off by surprise, which was only prevented by the faithful conduct of Pocahontas his daughter.

From Powhatan, Smith proceeded to another Indian town, Pamamckee, where the chief, affecting great friendship for his visitors, conceived a cunning plot to murder them. Being in one of the native houses, Smith saw a great concourse of savages without, and their chief near the door, asking him to come forth and receive a present. His military eye, however, detected an ambush, and he desired his companions to guard every entrance. Then watching his opportunity, he darted out, seized the old chief by the beard, levelled a pistol against his breast, and led him trembling into the midst of his assembled tribe. This daring act struck terror into the whole multitude. They gave up their leader's arms, and cast down their own; while Smith, still holding his captive by the hair, addressed him in a speech—half of conciliation, half of threats—which had the desired result, for a quantity of

provisions were brought, and the assembly dispersed in apparent amity.

It may, perhaps, be as well to introduce here a sketch of the story of Pocahontas. She was twelve or thirteen years of age when she first became known to Smith, by her compassionate interference on his behalf. After his release, he was conducted, as we have said, to Jamestown, whose few occupants were reduced to a miserable condition by want of food. It was only through the charity of the beautiful young savage that relief was obtained. She caused supplies to be sent; she appeased the bitter strife which arose among the settlers; she warned them of treachery when it was meditated by her countrymen. Alone and in the night she travelled through the woods, to give Smith notice of an intended attack; and to her he ascribes the preservation of the colony from famine, confusion, and utter ruin. After he sailed for England, there was a struggle between the white men and the Indians, which was prolonged throughout two years. During that period Pocahontas was never heard of. At the end of it she was accidentally made prisoner, and detained by Captain Argall in 1612, a circumstance owing to which peace was afterwards concluded. She lived contentedly among the English for two years, gradually laying aside her barbarous habits, and softening her manners into those of civilisation.

Among the settlers was John Rolfe, an English gentleman, who felt a strong interest in the kind-hearted young captive, who had been like a Providence to the colony. He assiduously laboured

to instruct her in Christianity, and with so much success, that she at length renounced the Red Indian idolatry, and embraced the religion of her new friends. Rolfe then felt that his solicitude was not of a common kind, but the sign of a powerful affection. In April 1614 he married Pocahontas, who now assumed the name of Rebecca. She soon afterwards accompanied her husband to England.

Rolfe, though a gentleman, was too poor to appear at court with his Red Indian bride; Smith therefore presented a memorial to the queen, praying that a pension might be bestowed on her suitable to her rank and great services to the English. She appeared to feel that she was ungratefully neglected at the palace, where it was not the habit in those days to patronise any one who deserved it. When Smith, with some of his friends, went to see her at Brentford, she modestly welcomed him, but hid her face, and said nothing; upon which he began to fear he was wrong to tell the queen she could speak English. Presently, however, she began to talk, and spoke of her services to the settlers in New England. 'You did promise Powhatan,' she said, 'that what was yours should be his, and he the like to you; you called him father, as being a stranger in his land, and for the same reason I must call you so.' Smith politely excused himself from so great an honour, 'because she was a king's daughter.' But she added: 'Were you not afraid to come into my father's country, and cause fear in him and all his people (except in me), and do you here fear that I should call you father? I tell you, then, that I will; and you shall call me

child; and so I will be, for ever and ever, your countrywoman.' Smith, after her arrival in England on 12th June 1616, addressed the following letter to Queen Anne, wife of James I.:

To the most high and virtuous Princess, Queen Anne of Great Britain.

MOST ADMIRED QUEEN—The love I bear my God, my king, and country, hath so oft emboldened me in the worst of extreme dangers, that now honesty doth constrain me to presume thus far beyond myself, to present your majesty this short discourse. If ingratitude be a deadly poison to all honest virtues, I must be guilty of that crime, if I should omit any means to be thankful. So it is, that some ten years ago, being in Virginia, and taken prisoner by the power of Powhatan, their chief king, I received from this great savage exceeding great courtesy, especially from his son Nantequas, the most manliest, comeliest, boldest spirit, I ever saw in a savage, and his sister Pocahontas, the king's most dear and well-beloved daughter, being but a child of twelve or thirteen years of age, whose compassionate, pitiful heart, of desperate estate, gave me much cause to respect her; I being the first Christian this proud king and his grim attendants ever saw; and thus enthralled in their barbarous power, I cannot say I felt the least occasion of want that was in the power of those my mortal foes to prevent, notwithstanding all their threats.

After some six weeks fatting amongst those savage courtiers, at the minute of my execution, she hazarded the beating out of her own brains to save mine; and not only that, but so prevailed with her father, that I was safely conducted to Jamestown, where I found about eight and thirty miserable, poor, and sick creatures, to keep possession of all those large territories of Virginia;

such was the weakness of this poor commonwealth, as, had the savages not fed us, we directly had starved.

And this relief, most gracious queen, was commonly brought us by this lady, Pocahontas. Notwithstanding all these passages when inconstant fortune turned our peace to war, this tender virgin would still not spare to dare to visit us; and by her our jars have been oft appeased, and our wants still supplied. Were it the policy of her father thus to employ her, or the ordinance of God thus to make her his instrument, or her extraordinary affection to our nation, I know not. But of this I am sure; when her father, with the utmost of his policy and power, sought to surprise me, having but eighteen with me, the dark night could not affright her from coming through the irksome woods, and with watered eyes gave me intelligence, with her best advice to escape his fury; which had he known, he had surely slain her. Jamestown, with her wild train, she as freely frequented as her father's habitation; and, during the time of two or three years, she next under God was still the instrument to preserve this colony from death, famine, and utter confusion, which if in those times had once been dissolved, Virginia might have lain as it was at our first arrival to this day.

Since then, this business having been turned and varied by many accidents from that I left it at, it is most certain, after a long and troublesome war after my departure betwixt her father and our colony, all which time she was not heard of, about two years after she herself was taken prisoner; being so detained near two years longer, the colony by that means was relieved, peace concluded, and at last rejecting her barbarous condition, was married to an English gentleman, with whom at present she is in England; the first Christian ever of that nation, the first Virginian ever spake English, or had a child in

marriage by an Englishman, a matter surely, if my meaning be truly considered and well understood, worthy a prince's understanding.

Many persons of great opulence and rank partly atoned to her by their kindness for the cold neglect of the court, until at length the king and queen were shamed into their duty, received her at the palace, and affected to hold her in high esteem. Lady Delawarre and her husband made her their companion throughout a whole season of festivals, masques, and entertainments; and she was the most remarkable person in London at that time. Her appearance and behaviour were so engaging, that all classes of people were anxious to receive her at their houses; and she was dragged through such a series of excitements and dissipation, that it probably destroyed her constitution, and hastened her death. Certain it is, that when, about February 1617, she was preparing to accompany her husband on a new expedition to Virginia in the *George*, Captain S. Argall, her old captor, she fell a victim at Gravesend to the climate, or the habits of the country. She would appear to have been a thorough convert to Christianity, to have felt its influence, and to have understood its spirit far better than could have been expected from her savage education. Her little son, Thomas Rolfe, was educated by his uncle, a London merchant, and afterwards went to Virginia, where he became a person of note and influence.

The poor princess shared with her father a belief that the English were great liars. Imagining that she had been deceived by their reports respecting

the population of their country, he sent over one of his tribe to number the people. This sage began at Plymouth, walking about with a stick in his hand, making a notch for every man he saw. 'But quickly,' says Smith, 'was he weary of that task,' especially when he stood on London Bridge, where he saw more people in an hour than he ever before beheld in his life. Among his duties were those of seeing 'the Christian God, the king, the queen, and prince.' On the first point, Smith satisfied him as well as he could; and with regard to the others, said they were indescribable, and his friend must wait till he saw them.

In view of those who have tried to dismiss the Pocahontas episode to the realm of legend, Professor Edward Arber writes: 'The truth of this story was never doubted till 1866, when the eminent antiquary, Dr Charles Deane of Cambridge, Massachusetts, in reprinting Smith's first book, the *True Relation* of 1609, pointed out that it contains no reference to this hairbreadth escape. Since then many American historians and scholars have concluded that it never happened at all; and, in order to be consistent they have tried to prove that Smith was a blustering braggadocio, which is the very last thing that could in truth be said of him. The rescue of a captive doomed to death by a woman is not such an unheard-of thing in Indian stories. If the truth of this deliverance be denied, how then did Smith come back to Jamestown loaded with presents, when the other three men were killed, George Cassen in particular, in a most horrible manner? And how is it, supposing Smith's account

to be false, that Pocahontas afterwards frequently came to Jamestown, and was next to Smith himself the salvation of the colony? The fact is, nobody doubted the story in Smith's lifetime, and he had enemies enough.

Meanwhile, at Jamestown, a disaster happened—the deputy-president, and ten others, were drowned off the coast. A messenger was sent to find Captain Smith; and after many dangers encountered while travelling alone through a wild country swarming with savages, he succeeded in overtaking him. Smith, hearing the unhappy news, resolved to conceal it from the company, and hastened his return down the river. But Powhatan having threatened to kill all his fighting-men, if they failed by some means or other to compass the death of the whites, this journey was one of no ordinary danger. Every stratagem was used to obstruct their progress, and lure them into an unguarded position. At sunrise, the fields along both banks 'appeared covered with baskets and men,' to tempt them on shore. The king himself once came down to the stream with a train of people bearing baskets full of grain; but whenever the English approached, the savages were observed, though with hesitation and timidity, to fit their arrows in the string. All this ended in bravado, and the adventurers reached Jamestown without receiving a single injury or shedding one drop of blood. From this time, however, continual hostilities, harmless but irritating, took place with the Indians. Among the adventures of Smith, one was so curious, and is told by the historian with such comical quaintness, that we must quote the

original account. The reader will perceive what a ludicrous style of spelling is used.

'By the way, he incountred the king of Paspahegh, a most strong stout salvage, whose perswasions not being able to persuade him to his ambush, seeing him only armed but with a faucheon, attempted to have shot him; but the president prevented his shooting by grappling with him, and the salvage so well prevented him for drawing his faucheon, and perforce bore him into the river to have drowned him. Long they struggled in the water, till the president got such a hold of his throat, he had neare strangled the king; but having drawne his faucheon to cut off his head, seeing how pitifully he begged for his life, he led him prisoner to Jamestown, and put him in chaynes.' On the other hand, an Englishman, named Parker, fell into the hands of the Indian prince Powhatan, who, however, so far from taking away his life, appears to have used him sufficiently well, although he effectually prevented his escape. Three years after, when Smith was encamping on the hunting-grounds of this chief, Parker came to the tents, but in complexion and general appearance so completely like a Red Indian, that he could only be recognised by his language. He desired to be ransomed, but the king refused to accede, observing: 'You have one of my daughters, and I am content; yet you cannot see one of your men with me but you must have him away.' He went to his dwelling in a passion, but at midnight came and waked Smith, saying that Parker should be released on condition of some presents being sent him, which was accordingly done.

The progress of the settlement itself now became more cheering. Quantities of tar, pitch, and soap-ashes were collected; a successful experiment was made in the manufacture of glass; twenty new houses were built, with a more convenient church; and nets for fishing were manufactured. To defend themselves, the colonists also erected two or three wooden forts or blockhouses; and to provide for the next year, planted nearly forty acres with vegetables and grain. Their three swine, within eighteen months, multiplied to more than sixty; while numbers of common fowl were bred without cost or trouble. All this, however, was only provision for a more fortunate season to come, and the actual state of the settlers was greatly depressed. Half their corn had rotted, or been eaten by the rats; and although the savages brought large supplies of turkeys, squirrels, and other food, they were glad to pick up acorns in the forest. However, when necessity had forced them to greater exertions, their fisheries yielded an abundance of food. They caught more sturgeons than they or their dogs could consume; and this, with roots and herbs, and a little bread, enabled them to live, without adding to their misfortunes and dangers the last sufferings of privation. Sometimes a small party went up the country to search for corn. Everywhere, in the unmeasured solitude, they saw plains and valleys, where man might thrive and multiply; where the rivers were full, the soil rich, the materials of trade abundant; where fields could be ploughed and cities built; where ships could ride at anchor, and a great state be erected, stored with all the treasures, graced by

all the arts, and defended by all the strength of civilisation. For three months they lived in this manner on fish and wild herbs, roots and fruits.

In 1609, a new supply came out from England, consisting, when it sailed, of nine ships, with 500 people; but these, by storms and other accidents, were much reduced before they reached Virginia. Smith, when they came, was engaged in defending the settlement from attacks made on it from all sides by the savages. The term of his presidency had expired; but so brave, so virtuous, so patriotic was he considered, that no man dared to succeed him, and he was unanimously called a second time to fill that honourable position. Whether engaged in quieting the turbulence and soothing the dissensions of his own people, or driving back the Indians, he exhibited invariably the same disinterestedness, prudence, and valour. In spite of all this, his administration was not acceptable to the London Company, which only desired a sudden accumulation of wealth, the discovery of mines and metals, and the opening of a passage to the South Seas. In May 1609, therefore, they obtained a second charter, which entirely deranged the rights of the old colonists who had emigrated under the privileges of the former one. This was granted to twenty-one peers, ninety-eight knights, and a multitude of esquires, doctors, and others, who named Lord Delawarre as governor, with authority to supersede the existing administration. When, therefore, a new disembarkation took place, new officers were appointed, or rather usurped authority; the old flatterers of Captain Smith deserted him to fawn

on them, and he was compelled to allow them their way. They called on him to resign his commission; but this he refused to do, although preparing to leave the colony at once, and proceed to England. An accident he met with, from an explosion of gunpowder, which there was no medical skill at hand to cure, was the principal reason of his wish to depart.

The little settlement had been raised by Smith into a condition of comparative prosperity. There were three ships, seven boats, commodities ready for trade, the harvest nearly gathered in, ten weeks' provisions in the stores, and nearly 500 persons able and bound by their duty to labour together for the general good. There were twenty pieces of artillery —rude indeed, but formidable to the savages—300 muskets and firelocks, plenty of powder, match and shot, pikes, swords, and other arms, with all the miscellaneous instruments of war. The languages, the habits, the manners, and the haunts of the native tribes, were well known, and more than a hundred trained men were ready to repel their assaults. There had been collected nets for fishing, tools for all sorts of work, clothes for summer and winter. Six mares and a horse, nearly 600 swine, as many hens and chickens, some goats and some sheep, formed the live-stock of the colony. The town itself consisted of from fifty to sixty houses, and was strongly fortified with palisaded lines. Besides these, five or six forts had been erected as outposts on commanding sites in the vicinity. All this was the work of a very mixed collection of individuals; for the first settlers in Virginia were

not of that hardy character which the founders of a colony should be. There was only one carpenter, with two blacksmiths and two sailors; the rest were poor gentlemen, tradesmen, footmen, and adventurers, by no means of the proper description to form the fathers of a new commonwealth. A few Dutchmen and a few Poles were among the number; but these, though accustomed to activity, neither contributed by their peaceful conduct nor by the purity of their morals to the welfare of the young community.

Confusion in the colony followed the departure of Captain Smith. Large parties were cut off by the savages; a division of authority produced entire disorganisation; improvidence wasted the stores which had been accumulated; and the settlers fell into the last stage of abasement and misery. Within six months after the loss of their virtuous president, the number at Jamestown was not more than sixty, including women and children. They had to feed on roots, herbs, acorns, walnuts, and berries, with now and then a scanty supply of fish. They ate their starch, and at last even the skins of their horses.

'If then,' writes Edward Arber, 'this James River colony had failed before August 1609, when the third supply arrived, the colony at Bermuda would never have been attempted, and the Pilgrim Fathers would not have gone to New England; but, if anywhere, to Guiana, to perish among its forests and swamps. So that, for about a couple of years, all the glorious possibilities that are still wrapped up in the words, *United States of America*, hung,

as on a slight thread, upon the hardened strength and powers of endurance, the self-forgetfulness and public spirit of this enthusiastic young English captain. He has therein given us a noble example, not to flinch from duty or sacrifice; for we never know the great results that may come through our doing the one, or making the other.'

They had now reached that state of destitution, that in ten days more not one would probably have survived. In this extremity, how great must their happiness have been when the sail of a ship was descried, and Sir Thomas Gates and Sir George Somers, with 150 men, arrived to the succour of the colony. In this voyage out the *Sea Venture* was wrecked on the Bermudas: this incident furnished Shakespeare, it is said, with suggestions for his play *The Tempest*. The new commission which would have deposed Smith was lost in this vessel. At the expiration of his year he resigned, and Captain Martin was elected, but held the office for only three hours, when Smith again became president.

Meanwhile, Captain John Smith became so famous in England, that his adventures were dramatised, and represented on the stage. This annoyed him much, although the applause of his countrymen was no doubt grateful to his ears. The newcomers refused to acknowledge Smith, and all authority came to an end, and the Indians were robbed and ill-treated. While on the river 'sleeping in his boat, accidentally one fired his powder bag, which tore his flesh from his body and thighs, nine or ten inches square, in a most pitiful manner; but to quench the

tormenting fire frying him in his clothes, he leaped overboard into the deep river, where, ere they could recover him, he was nearly drowned.' On returning to his fort, Ratcliffe, Archer, and others refused to acknowledge Smith, and he might have been murdered had he not promised to return to England. On 4th October 1609 he left Virginia, never to return. The clerk of the council at Jamestown wrote: 'What shall I say? but thus we lost him that, in all his proceedings, made justice his first guide, and experience his second: ever hating baseness, sloth, pride, and indignity, more than any dangers; that never allowed more for himself than his soldiers with him; that upon no danger would send them where he would not lead them himself; that would never see us want what he either had or could by any means get us; that would rather want than borrow, or starve than not pay; that loved action more than words, and hated falsehood and cozenage worse than death; whose adventures were our lives, and whose loss our deaths.'

In 1614 he took part in a private sailing venture to the coast of New England, examined the shore from Penobscot to Cape Cod, and made a map of such portions as he saw. In 1615 he was employed by many of his friends, and some wealthy knights of the city of London, to undertake another adventure to New England, there to try the experiment of a fresh plantation. After many delays, he sailed from Plymouth with two small ships and a very scanty company. Compelled to return, he again set out in a small vessel. His encounters with Algerine pirates and French privateers, with a

mutinous crew, and when at length he was captured by a French vessel, were extraordinary, as indeed the whole tenor of his life had been. His captors were in strong force, and cruised from sea to sea in search of prizes, keeping him a close prisoner in the cabin of one of their small ships. First they took an English vessel from Newfoundland, then a boat's load of marmalade and sugar from a Scotchman trading to Bristol, then a Brazilian caravel with a valuable cargo and 30,000 pieces of silver; a Dutch merchantman and a West India man-of-war were their next prizes, so that their booty must have been very considerable. However, Smith was not a man to remain in confinement with docility. He continually meditated escape; and one night, when near the French coast, crept into a boat, paddled away by the aid of a half-pike, and after tossing and driving in the midst of a heavy rain for twelve hours, was fortunate enough to reach Rochelle. Thence he returned to England.

In his new voyage to the countries of the Western World Smith added largely to our geographical knowledge of America. He wandered through the regions to the north of Virginia, explored their rivers, conversed with their wild tribes, collected specimens of their natural wealth, opened a profitable traffic with the Indians, noted down all his observations, and employed a part of his crew to make a map of his surveys. Next he sailed to Massachusetts Bay, searched it from horn to horn, travelled through the broad provinces which spread their waste fertility around, and gathered everywhere knowledge of the wealth, the salubrity, and

the magnificence of that new continent, then rising as though from between two oceans to the commerce and population of the ancient world. He gave the first good general idea of the contour of the New England coast, and at his request Prince Charles gave this name to the country he had explored. Virginia, even before its founder died, flourished in great prosperity, being covered with plantations, and freighting annually with its produce nearly 200 ships.

Captain Smith, however, after so much toil, so many dangers, so many changes of fortune, felt inclined at length to enjoy a short repose. Therefore, when he had explored the shores of the Bay of Massachusetts, he resolved to extend his researches no farther, but returned to England, where probably he expected to be blessed with the honours and the peace of a ripe old age. Between 1618 and 1631 Smith devoted himself chiefly to authorship. He applied in vain to Lord Bacon to be numbered amongst his servants. An application to lead out the Pilgrim Fathers to North Virginia was also refused. But his many labours had worn out his constitution; perhaps, too, the ingratitude of those whom he had served preyed upon his mind. Whether this was so or not, he was prematurely cut off, dying on the 21st of June 1631, at the age of only fifty-two years, and was buried in St Sepulchre's Church, London.

He summarised his exploits in 1631 as follows: 'Having been a slave to the Turks; prisoner among the most barbarous savages; after my deliverance commonly discovering and ranging those large rivers

and unknown nations with such a handful of ignorant companions that the wiser sort often gave me up for lost; always in mutinies, wants, and miseries; blown up with gunpowder; a long time prisoner among the French pirates, from whom escaping in a little boat by myself, and adrift all such a stormy winter night, when their ships were split, more than £100,000 lost which they had taken at sea, and most of them drowned upon the Isle of Rhé—not far from whence I was driven on shore in my little boat. And many a score of the worst winter months have I lived in the fields; yet to have lived near thirty-seven years [1593–1630] in the midst of wars, pestilence, and famine, by which many a hundred thousand have died about me, and scarce five living of them that went first with me to Virginia, and yet to see the fruits of my labours thus well begin to prosper (though I have but my labour for my pains), have I not much reason, both privately and publicly, to acknowledge it, and give God thanks.'

Even in his own time, however, the public was forward to recognise his merits. Among the literary and scientific men of his age he enjoyed the friendship of many; and a whole host of poets, good, bad, and indifferent, eagerly undertook to celebrate his name. But from a historical point of view he has not been fortunate, for although his merits and discoveries are acknowledged, they have not until recently been properly described, or even enumerated, so as to be rendered familiar to the world. Smith's most eloquent editor, champion, and apologist in England has been Professor Edward Arber, who in 1884 published a carefully edited edition

of his works in one volume. We have ourselves attempted nothing but a slight sketch; yet even from what we have said, the reader will, we trust, have formed no mean idea of the courage, fortitude, and enterprising spirit of Captain John Smith, who, considering the extent of his labours, the benefits he conferred on the colonists, and the rough but effectual diplomacy [illegible]hich he sought to impress the natives with a [illegible]ty opinion of the English settlers, will be acknowledged to deserve the name we have bestowed, as being the true Founder of the Colony of Virginia.

His works include: *A True Relation* (1608); *A Map of Virginia* (1612); *A Description of New England* (1616); *New England's Trials* (1620); *The Generall Historie of Virginia, New England, and the Summer Isles* (1624); *True Travels* (1630); *Advertisements for the Inexperienced Planters of New England* (1631). There is a reprint of his works in one volume in Edward Arber's 'English Scholar's Library' (1884), and many of the separate works have been reprinted in the United States.* There

* We have already alluded to the scepticism expressed by some as to the story of Pocahontas. Writing to the editor of this volume on 24th April 1889, Professor Edward Arber says: 'The story of Pocahontas is absolutely true. Nobody doubted it till 1866, when Charles Deane started the present scepticism on the point.

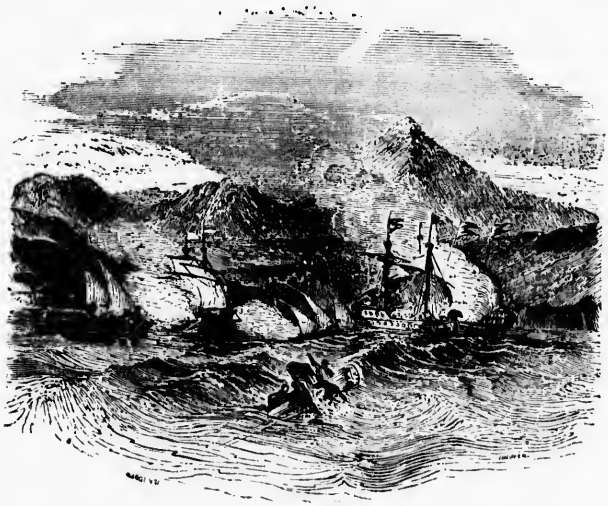
'Henry Stevens believed Smith implicitly, and he is the greatest authority of our age. Before I edited Smith's works I knew of all this doubt; and I went coolly and warily into the matter, determined to find out the truth. Bit by bit the evidence accumulated, until the honesty of statement and high character of the Lincolnshire captain came out refulgently.

'Of Pocahontas's existence and services to the English colony no man doubts. The question is, did she render this peculiar service to

are many different accounts of his life: by Mrs Robinson (1845), W. G. Simms (1846), Deane (1859), G. C. Hill (1858), G. S. Hilliard (1851), Charles Dudley Warner (1881), C. K. True (1882).

Smith? No one was present there but himself. Did he invent it afterwards? Was he a liar generally? Certainly not. In my reprint, many greater hairbreadth escapes than that are recorded in his life; and in later Indian stories captive men have often been saved from death by Indian squaws. Such an incident is almost commonplace.

'So after a most rigorous test, I was happy to believe that the Pocahontas story is not a myth like the William Tell one, but a solid historical fact.'



THE GOOD KNIGHT BAYARD.

THE chivalry of the middle ages may be said to represent the spirit of self-devotion to high and commanding interests; and inasmuch as every exemplification of this spirit is an encouragement to noble enterprise, it is presumable that some delineation of the life and conduct of one of its last and greatest champions will be acceptable to many of our readers. We therefore present a brief account of the adventures and achievements of the Good Knight Bayard—the

famous chevalier 'without fear and without reproach;' whose history, though it reads like that of some fabulous or mythic personage, is, nevertheless, in all substantial points a thing of actual and authentic fact. The study of human nobleness, under any manifestation, can hardly fail to be attractive; and if we can faithfully portray the lineaments of a hero of the fifteenth century, some serviceable reflections may possibly be suggested to an intelligent inquirer of the nineteenth. At any-rate, we can promise the reader a pleasant and entertaining narrative; a story of so much adventure, courage, hardihood, and generosity, that it can hardly fail to excite a measure of sympathy and admiration, both for the extraordinary feats of bravery to be related, and also for the lofty qualities of character which they severally serve to illustrate.

Pierre du Terrail, commonly called the Chevalier de Bayard, was born in or about the year 1476, at the Château Bayard, a few leagues from Grenoble (where a statue was erected to his memory in 1823), in the province of Dauphiné. The castle is a short distance from Pontcharra. Entering a dilapidated gateway, there may be seen two ruined structures. One of them, once a chapel, is now a stable. The principal tower had three stories, of which the first only remains. The reputed chamber of Bayard is still shown: when the Archbishop of Embrun came into possession of the estate, he gave orders that it should be kept untouched as a memorial of him. The château has been restored at the expense of the parish.

Pierre's ancestors, for many generations, appear to

have been the feudal lords of the territory whence they took their name, and some of them were distinguished for their military prowess during the wars of the English in France. Almost all his immediate progenitors died on the field of battle: one of them fell at Poitiers, and another at Crécy; his grandfather was killed at Montlhéry; and his father was so severely wounded in the wars of Louis XI. as to be thereafter incapacitated for further service. He retired to the family mansion about the year 1479, and there, after some years' nursing of his battered constitution, he appears to have died at the age of eighty.

Shortly before his death, and when he believed that the end of his earthly sojourning was drawing nigh, he called for his four children, and in the presence of his wife, inquired of them respecting the professions or ways of life which they severally wished to follow. The eldest, on being asked what he would like to be, replied that it was his wish never to leave the family house, but to stay and wait upon his father to the termination of his days. To this the good father answered, 'Well, George, since thou lovest the old house, thou shalt remain here to fight the bears.' Then turning to the second, who was our good knight without fear and without reproach, he asked him, as next in order, what profession he was most inclined to; and, as the chronicler reports, received this dignified and courteous answer: 'My lord and father, much as filial love constrains me to forget everything in order to wait on you to the end of your life, yet having rooted in my heart the fine traits which

you daily recite of the noble men of days past, particularly of those of our own house, I will be, if it pleases you, of the same profession as yourself and your predecessors—that of arms; for it is the thing of all others I most desire; and I hope, with the aid of God's grace, not to dishonour you.'

This speech the youth, though little more than thirteen years of age, delivered with a wakeful and beaming countenance; and thereto the good old man replied with tears: 'My child, may God's grace be with thee; already thou dost resemble in face and figure thy grandfather, who was in his time one of the most accomplished knights in Christendom. I will do my best to further thy wishes.' The two other sons expressed a desire to devote themselves to the calling of the priesthood; and we learn that, in after-life, they both attained to high distinctions—the one becoming 'Abbot of Josaphat in the suburbs of Chartres,' and the other a canon of Notre Dame, and subsequently a bishop in Provence.

The day after the conversation with his sons, the old Lord de Bayard despatched a letter to his brother-in-law, the Bishop of Grenoble, desiring him to come to the château, as he had something of consequence to say to him. The bishop immediately set forth, and on his arrival found his kinsman 'seated in his arm-chair by the fire, as old men are wont.' After a cheerful evening spent together, in company with several other gentlemen of Dauphiné, they retired to rest till morning, when they rose and heard mass, which was chanted by the bishop, 'for,' observes the chronicler, 'he daily

said mass unless prevented by illness; and would to God that the prelates of the present day were all as good servants of God, and as charitable to the poor as he was!' Mass being over, they washed their hands, and partook of a hearty breakfast, at which our incipient good knight waited on them so gracefully and discreetly as to gain the general approbation. The meal over and grace said, the Lord de Bayard began to explain why he had called the bishop and the rest of his friends together. He stated that, his son Pierre being desirous of becoming a soldier, he had sent for them to advise him as to whither he should send the lad for his preliminary training. One recommended his being sent to the king of France; another, to the family of Bourbon; and in like manner every one tendered his advice, according to his individual judgment and prepossessions. But at length the bishop spoke, and counselled his being sent to the Duke Charles of Savoy; and this advice being presently approved by all the company, it was decided by the father that Pierre should go with his uncle to Chambéry, and there be introduced to the duke the next day.

Being sufficiently equipped at the expense of the good bishop, young Bayard rode forth with him on the morrow, having first galloped his charger round the courtyard to the admiration of all present. On going, he took leave of his father and all his visitors, one by one; and last of all, presented himself to receive the counsel and blessing of his mother. The poor lady was in a tower of the castle, shedding tears of tenderness, for glad as she was

at her son's prospects, her motherly love constrained her nevertheless to weep. However, when they came to tell her that her son was ready to depart, the gentle lady went out at the back of the tower, and having sent for him, addressed him in these words: 'Pierre, my friend, you are going to serve a noble prince. I charge you to observe three things, which, if you do, be assured you will prosper. The first is, that before all things you love, fear, and serve God, never offending him if possible; for it is He who created us, in whom we live, and who will save us; and without him and his grace we can do no good thing in this world. Every morning and every evening commit yourself to him, and He will aid you. The second is, that you be gentle and courteous to all, putting away all pride. Eschew evil speaking and falsehood. Be sober and temperate. Flee envy, for it is an odious vice. Be neither a flatterer nor an informer, for such people seldom come to good. Be true and loyal in word and deed. Keep your promise. Succour poor widows and orphans, and God will recompense it to you. The third thing is, that of the goods which God shall give you, be charitable to the poor and needy, for to give for his sake makes no man poor; and take this from me, my child, that the alms you give will profit you in body and soul. This is all I have to charge you; I am persuaded that your father and I shall not long survive; God grant that while we live we may always have a good report of you.'

Thus counselled, and supplied by the good mother with a little purse, which she 'drew out of her

sleeve,' containing 'only six crowns in gold and one in silver,' the young knight straightway took his leave, and proceeded with the bishop towards Chambéry, where the Duke Charles of Savoy was at that time staying. Through good speed they reached the town the same evening; and next day, being Sunday, the bishop rose early and went to pay his respects to the duke, who, we are informed, 'received him in a manner which showed how delighted he was at his coming.' They went together to the church, and after mass the duke took the bishop to dine with him, on which occasion his young nephew served him as his cupbearer so gracefully that the duke observed it, and asked the bishop who he was. The bishop told him in substance what the reader already knows; and after dinner, the young man proceeded to his lodging, and had his charger saddled, upon which, when he had fully caparisoned him, he mounted, and 'rode featly into the courtyard of the duke's house.' The duke beheld him from a gallery as he entered, and noticed that he made his horse curvet as though he were a man of thirty, who had seen war all his life. 'My lord of Grenoble,' said he, 'I think that is your little protégé that manages his horse so well.' 'My lord,' replied the bishop, 'he is my nephew—of a good race which has sent forth gentle knights. His father, whose health is so much undermined by wounds received in battle that he cannot come to pay his respects to you, very humbly commends himself to your good grace, and makes you a present of him.' 'And in good faith,' replied the duke, 'I accept it gladly. 'Tis a good and fair

present. God make him a true man.' So he commanded one of his most trusty squires to look to this young Bayard, expressing his opinion that he would be one day a man of some renown.

So the youth was made one of the duke's pages; and for his excellent and manly qualities he was soon beloved by great and small. He strove to perfect himself in all required discipline and exercises; and, in truth, 'there was neither page nor lord who could in anything compare with him; for he leaped, wrestled, threw the bar (considering his size), and put his horse through all his paces, so as none could excel him.' And his good master loved him as a son.

When he had been about half a year in the service of the duke, the latter one day determined to visit the king of France; for in those olden times kings and princes had pleasant ways of intercourse, and often went to see each other with less ceremony than is now the fashion among very common people in villages and market-towns. The king of France was then at Lyons, where, with his princes and nobles, he was leading a joyous life, 'holding jousts and tournaments daily, and in the evening dancing with the fair and gracious ladies of the neighbourhood.' And a jovial fellow, to say the truth, was this young King Charles VIII. —one of the best, most courteous, liberal, and charitable princes that were ever seen or heard of, except in fairy tales. 'He loved and feared God,' says the chronicler, 'and never swore but *by the faith of his body*, or some such little oath. And great pity was it that death so soon carried

him off, as it did before the age of eight-and-twenty; for had he lived long, he would have achieved great things.' On this occasion, when he heard that the Duke of Savoy was coming to see him, he sent the Lord de Ligny and other gentlemen, and some archers of his guard, to meet him; and as they rode back altogether into Lyons, his lordship was pleased to notice young Bayard and his charger, and being 'charmed with them,' he recommended the duke to make a present of both to the king, which the duke resolved to do accordingly.

The king received his visitor very graciously; and during dinner the next day, they had 'much discourse of dogs, hawks, arms, and amours;' and, amongst other things, the Lord de Ligny mentioned to the king the page and his gallant charger, which the duke desired to present to him; whereat his majesty, swearing lightly, as was his wont, returned: 'By the faith of my body, I should like to see him.' Young Bayard was therefore sent for, and commanded to appear on horseback in the meadow of Ainay, whither, shortly, the king and a large company proceeded to witness the appearance which he made. As soon as the king beheld the youth upon his charger, he cried out: 'Friend page, give your horse the spur,' which he did forthwith; and you would have thought, to see him start, that he had been at the practice all his life. 'At the end of the course, he made his horse give two or three bounds, and then returned full gallop towards the king, and stopped short before him, making his horse passage, so that not only the king but all the company were delighted.' Then the king said

to the duke: 'Truly, cousin, it is impossible to manage a horse better; I shall not wait till you give me your page and his horse, but beg them of you.' So both page and horse were committed to the Lord de Ligny, who humbly thanked his majesty, for he conceived that he could make such a man of the youth as would do him honour; 'an expectation,' says mine author, 'which was well fulfilled in divers places.'

For the next three years young Bayard was a page in the family of the Lord de Ligny; and when he had reached the age of seventeen, he was discharged from pagehood, and was considered qualified to bear arms as one of his lordship's company; being, however, still retained as a gentleman of the household.

About this time there came to Lyons a gentleman of Burgundy, named Master Claude de Vaudray, a man skilled in the science of arms, and professionally devoted to it. He prayed the king, who, after making a progress through his kingdom, was now again at Lyons, that to keep all the young gentlemen from idleness, he would permit him to proclaim a passage-of-arms, as well on horseback as on foot, with lance and battle-axe, which request was granted him; for indeed the king, having a good deal of useless time on his hands, desired nothing better than such joyous pastime. Master Claude, accordingly, arranged matters to the best of his ability, and, as the custom was, hung up his shields; which all gentlemen who desired to display their skill came to touch, and had their names inscribed by the king-at-arms, who presided.

One day—it being but three days after he ceased to be a page—Bayard was passing by the shields, when the thought struck him: 'If I knew how to equip myself, I would gladly touch the shields, to have a lesson in the use of arms.' And he stopped short to think more intently on the matter. Just at this time a companion of his, one Bellabre, who had also been educated by De Ligny, came up and asked him what he was thinking of. 'By my faith, friend,' replied the other, 'it has pleased my lord to dismiss me from my pagehood, and by his favour to appoint me in all things appertaining to a gentleman; but a desire has seized me to touch Master Claude's shields, and I know not, when I shall have done so, who will furnish me with armour and horses.' Bellabre, who was older than he, and reckoned rather a fast gentleman, replied: 'My excellent companion, are these your thoughts? Have you not your uncle, the fat Abbot of Ainay? Let us go to him, and if he will not supply the money, we'll take his cross and mitre; but I think when he knows your wish, he will give it willingly.' And at this suggestion, the good knight, without further hesitation, went and touched the shields.

When he had done so, Mountjoy, king-at-arms, who was there to inscribe the names, began to say to him: 'How, my friend Bayard! your beard is but three years old, and do you undertake to fight with Master Claude, who is one of the roughest knights known?' But the young man replied, that what he did was not from pride or overboldness, but only from a desire to learn the science of arms from those who were competent to teach him, and

perchance also 'to do something which might gratify the ladies.' Hearing this, Mountjoy laughed, and was well pleased, as was also the Lord de Ligny when the report of it had reached him. He went directly to tell the king, who was pleased to say: 'By the faith of my body, cousin, your pupil will do you honour some day, to judge from his beginnings.'—'We shall see what will come of it,' said De Ligny; 'he is young yet to stand the blows of Master Claude.'

To touch the shields was an easy matter; but it was not quite so easy to find the money needed for horses and accoutrements. However, early the next morning, young Bayard and Bellabre got into one of the Lyons boats, and rowed across to Ainay, to see what could be done with the corpulent old abbot. When they disembarked, the first person they met in the meadow was no other than his lordship, who was just then reciting his breviary with a monk. The two gentlemen went to salute him, but he—having already heard the story of the shields, and having also some presentiment that he would be expected to come down with the money—received them but coolly, and addressing his nephew, said: 'Well, Master Scapegrace, what has made you so bold as to touch Master Claude de Vaudray's shields? It is but three days since you were a page, and you are but seventeen or eighteen, and should be whipped for your presumption.' Nothing daunted, however, the young man answered that it was not pride which had urged him to such boldness, but 'the desire to attain, by deeds of virtue,' to the honour which his ancestors had acquired;

and that, as he had no relative or friend except the abbot to whom he could at the moment have recourse, he trusted his lordship would have the kindness to assist him. But the abbot was by no means so ready to part with his cash for the young man's purposes. 'By my faith,' said he, 'you may go seek elsewhere some one to lend you money; the alms given by the founders of this abbey were for the service of God, and not to be spent in jousts and tournaments.' These words of the abbot were instantly taken up by Bellabre, who, being a man of the world somewhat, observed: 'My lord, had it not been for the virtue and achievements of your ancestors, you would not have been the Abbot of Ainay;' and he went on to say that it was proper for men to evince gratitude for favours they had received, that so they might hope to experience it for those they could confer; adding further, that as his nephew desired to distinguish himself, the abbot ought reasonably to rejoice, and ended by saying: 'You must needs assist him, for it can cost you but two hundred crowns to equip him well, and he may do you honour that may be worth ten thousand.' Being thus appealed to on the score of personal interest, the abbot, after some discussion, consented to assist his nephew, and gave him thereupon a purse of one hundred crowns to buy a couple of horses, providing him also with a letter to his agent Laurençin, in which the latter was instructed to supply the youth with clothes and accoutrements. The abbot afterwards discovered that his nephew had drawn upon his liberality to the extent of eight hundred francs. The abbot

sent to recover part of this sum, but was too late.

Meanwhile, the good knight and his companion, having got what they wanted from Laurençin, hastened away, and ordered three suits of accoutrements for each to wear over his armour. Then they went to a gentleman, who, having lately broken his leg, was desirous of selling a charger and a roadster which he had. The horses were tried, and purchased for 110 crowns, and taken to their stables, where they were well groomed. And so now the young gentlemen were both in a condition to appear handsomely in the lists.

As it chanced, they had not to wait long; for three days after, Master Claude de Vaudray opened his passage-of-arms, at which he was encountered by many gallant gentlemen of the household of King Charles. The honest old chronicler mentions some of them, and states that they severally 'did their best.' Young Bayard, being scarcely eighteen, and thus much younger than the rest, entered the lists among them, and there made his first essay. 'And a pretty rough commencement it was,' says the chronicler; 'for he had to do with one of the most skilful and doughty warriors in the world. Yet I know not how it was, whether it were the will of God to give him favour, or whether Master Claude de Vaudray took pleasure in him, but there was no man during the whole contest who surpassed him either on horseback or on foot. And he won the praises of the ladies of Lyons; for as he passed along the lists, after having done his devoir, with his visor up, and blushing, the ladies honoured him

by saying: "Look at this bashful stripling, he has done better than all the others!"' And he acquired so much favour with all the company, that at supper the good King Charles said to the Lord de Ligny: 'By the faith of my body, cousin, Bayard has made a good beginning.' His lordship agreed in thinking with the king; but he slyly remarked that the young man's uncle the abbot was not particularly well pleased, as his bounty had been too freely drawn upon in the matter of the accoutrements. But it seems the king had already heard the story, and on the mention of it now he laughed heartily, as also did all the company.

After this tourney the Lord de Ligny sent for Bayard, and told him that, since his commencement in arms had been successful, it would be well for him to go into garrison in Picardy, and there endeavour to perfect himself by further practice. Accordingly, in the course of a few days, we find him in the pleasant town of Aire, proclaiming a tourney in his own behoof, at which prizes were to be given to the best doers—namely, a bracelet of gold and a handsome diamond, which might serve the winners 'as a present for their ladies.'

When the day of the tournament arrived, some six-and-forty gentlemen appeared in the lists; being divided by fair lot into two parties of three-and-twenty on each side. The trumpet sounded, and the rules of the contest were proclaimed. Bayard was first called on to present himself, and against him came a neighbour of his from Dauphiné, named Tartarin, a very stout and sufficient man-at-arms. The two ran their course at one another, and the

good knight broke three lances handsomely in the fray. Then came the sword-fight, and, as before, he appears to have excelled all his confederates and competitors, and was acknowledged to have conducted himself in a manner that could not be surpassed. Upon the whole, it was agreed by all the spectators, as well as by the two judges present, that there was never seen a day of better tilting with the lance, or of more admirable fighting with the sword. And though each did well, and many better than was customary, it was universally considered that Bayard had acquitted himself more gallantly than any.

In the evening all retired to his quarters; he having 'prepared a magnificent supper, at which were throngs of ladies, for all the ladies of Picardy, for ten leagues round, came to see this splendid tourney, and made great and sumptuous cheer.' And after supper there were 'dances and divers other entertainments,' which were gracefully kept up until an hour after midnight. Then the gentlemen retired to their quarters, one after another, conducting the ladies to their several places of repose; where, during the still night, they rested softly, dreaming, perchance, of gay knights in glittering and stately armour. Anyhow, it was late enough next morning before the fair dames were well awake; and they ceased not to extol marvellously the gallant youth who called the tourney, as well for his prowess as his courtesy, and seemed to think that 'a more gracious and courteous gentleman could not be found in the world.'

The tourney of yesterday had been pro[illegible]

on horseback; but now, on the second day, there was to be a display of arms on foot, whereby all who despaired of having obtained the first day's prize might hope, and have a chance, to win that of the second. On this occasion the good knight encountered a gentleman of Hainault, of much repute, called Henotin de Sucker. The manner of the contest was on this wise: 'They thrust with all their strength at one another over the barrier, till their lances were broken in pieces; after which they seized their battle-axes, and dealt each other such stout and furious blows that the combat seemed mortal. At length, the good knight struck his adversary such a blow over the ear as made him reel, and what was worse, fall on both knees, and then following up his attack over the barrier, he made him kiss the ground;' whereupon the judges interfered, and decided that the adversary had got enough. After these two came others, who, it seems, 'performed wonders with their lances,' and dealt each other heavy blows with battle-axes, until they were severally parted by the judges. 'And for a little tourney,' says the narrator, 'those who were there saw as good performance as they ever beheld in all their lives.'

When all was over, the combatants retired to their several quarters to disarm, and then betook themselves to those of the good knight, where a banquet was prepared; and the two judges and the ladies were already arrived. After supper, came the awarding of the prizes. 'The gentlemen experienced in arms were appealed to upon their faith, and then the ladies upon their conscience, and

without favour shown to one more than another, to declare their opinions. The result was, that ladies and gentlemen agreed that, though each had done his devoir as well as it was possible, yet, in their judgment, the good knight was best in both days; wherefore they referred it to him, as having gained the prizes, to bestow his presents where he thought fit.'

Bayard assigned the prize of the first day to his trusty friend Bellabre, and that of the second to a certain 'Captain David of Scotland,' who may, perhaps, in this nineteenth century, have some descendants not unjustly proud of the distinction. On the delivery of the prizes, neither men nor women murmured; and when they had been handed over, dancing and other graceful pastimes closed the entertainments of the day. And the ladies, it seems, never ceased praising the good knight, who was beloved in Picardy as never man was before him. 'He was there two years,' says our authority abruptly, 'during which there were many tourneys and sports; in which, for the most part, he carried off the prize. And the greatest cause of his being universally beloved was that there was not on earth a more liberal and gracious person: for, if any of his companions lost a horse, he remounted him; if he had a crown in his purse, every one shared it. Young as he was, the first thing he did when he rose was to say his prayers. He was very charitable; and no man could say he had been refused by him any request it was in his power to grant.'

Some two years after the incidents just related,

the young king of France set out for the conquest of Naples, accompanied by the Lord de Ligny, who, knowing the high qualities of Bayard, took care to secure his services for the expedition. After a successful campaign, in which, we understand, Charles 'brought the pope to reason,' and conquered the kingdom of Naples, he was intercepted in his return by '60,000 fighting-men, belonging to different Italian potentates,' who thought to make him prisoner. But the king, though he had with him only about 10,000 soldiers, manfully withstood the adversary, and gained 'a glorious victory.' In this enterprise the good knight bore himself triumphantly. He had two horses killed under him, on which account the king presented him with five hundred crowns; but in return, the knight presented him with a standard of horse he had taken in the pursuit, so, it will be seen, his majesty was no loser by his generosity.

Three years after this event, the king was suddenly taken ill, and died; whereupon Louis, Duke of Orleans, as his nearest heir, came to the crown of France, by the title of Louis XII. Soon after his accession, the new king attempted the recovery of the duchy of Milan, in which enterprise he succeeded; and afterwards, it seems, the French garrisons remained in Lombardy, amusing themselves with jousts, tourneys, and other knightly pastimes.

Having some time upon his hands, the good knight took occasion to visit a noble lady who had been married to his former master, the Duke Charles of Savoy. She was dwelling at Carignano, in Piedmont; and, being 'full of courtesy,' she

received him hospitably, and treated him as a member of her family. While here, he fell in with Madame de Fluxas, an honourable lady, who had been governess of the house ever since her younger days; her husband being a respectable gentleman, who superintended the duchess's household. 'You must know,' says our authority, 'that when the good knight was page to the Duke of Savoy, this Madame de Fluxas was a young lady-in-waiting on the duchess; and as young people seek each other's company, there sprang up such a love between them, in all honour, that had they followed their inclinations, without regarding consequences, they had married.' After Bayard left the duke's service, the young lady wedded the Lord de Fluxas, 'who was rich, and took her for her good qualities,' she having, indeed, no other fortune to recommend her. She had now become celebrated for her great beauty and powers of conversation, and received the good knight most welcomely and courteously. They discoursed much of the days of their youth; and she reminded him of the credit he had acquired in the lists with Claude de Vaudray, of the tourney in which he conquered at Aire, and of divers other honours; and altogether lauded him so highly as to put him to the blush. After a good deal of pleasant flattery, she at length requested him to give a tourney in Carignano, in honour of the duchess; a request to which he readily acceded, saying: 'Truly, since you wish it, it shall be done.'

As we have already described one tourney, and shall not have space to depict a tenth part of the others in which the good knight was engaged, we

must refrain from entering into the particulars of this, and will say only that he so distinguished himself as to get the prize he had offered restored to him, but that he modestly declined it, and it was eventually bestowed upon a gentleman who was considered second to himself. After five or six days spent in feasting at Carignano, the French gentlemen returned to their respective garrisons. The good knight also took leave of the duchess, who expressed herself extremely proud that he had been educated in her family. A more interesting leave-taking yet remained with the Lady de Fluxas, who had been his first love; and we learn that 'their parting was not without tears on her part, and a sad heart on his.' The Lord de Fluxas was not a jealous gentleman, nor indeed had he any occasion for evil thoughts, so far as concerned the knight without reproach; even though the 'mutual honourable love' between Bayard and the lady 'lasted until death, and no year passed without their sending presents to each other.'

Up to this point, the pursuit of arms has been with Bayard little else than a fine chivalrous exercise; but now we are approaching some of his more dangerous adventures, and shall presently behold him as he appeared amid the 'pomp and circumstance of war.' When the king of France got possession of Milan, Ludovic Sforza, the former governor, had fled for refuge into Germany; but not long after his flight, 'by dint of money, with which he was well provided,' he collected a considerable army, and returning with it into Italy, succeeded in retaking the city from the French.

At the time when this occurred, Bayard was in garrison about twenty miles from Milan, with other youthful gentlemen, enjoying daily 'wondrous beautiful jousts with one another' Having one day heard that there was somewhere in the neighbourhood a company of 300 horsemen belonging to the enemy, he prevailed on forty or fifty of his companions to go with him to beat up their quarters. The Lombard captain, hearing of their approach, drew out his men to receive them, about two or three bow-shots from the barriers of his position. As the French came up, the two parties charged each other stoutly, and several on both sides were unhorsed. But after an hour's fighting, neither party had the advantage; on which account the good knight was somewhat disturbed in temper. However, he urged his companions to make a more animated effort; and then his party charged the Lombards so furiously, that they began to give ground, and retreated, fighting for four or five miles, in the direction of Milan. The French pursued them till they came close to the city, and then one of the oldest cavaliers called upon the rest to halt and turn back; which accordingly they did, with the exception of the good knight, who, heedless of all considerations about his safety, in hot pursuit of the enemy, entered right into Milan. Of course he was instantly taken prisoner; and the Lord Ludovic, having heard the noise thereby occasioned, inquired what it was. And on being told what had happened, desired that the knight should be brought before him.

The prince, having heard a great deal of his

prowess, was surprised to find him such a stripling; however, addressing him, he inquired what had brought him into the town. 'By my faith, my lord,' replied Bayard, unabashed, 'I did not think to have entered alone, but reckoned on my companions following me; but they understood war better than I, for had they done so, they would all have been prisoners like me. However, saving my mishap, I thank fortune that I have fallen into the hands of so brave and worthy a gentleman as this whose prisoner I am.' Thus propitiated, the Lord Ludovic treated the good knight with courtesy; and having asked him certain questions respecting the strength of the French forces, set him at liberty, with his horse and arms, and sent him under safe-conduct to his garrison.

The town and duchy of Milan being both recovered, King Louis next undertook to reconquer Naples—that city having likewise revolted; but after two or three years' fighting, with varied success, the French were driven out at all points, and were thus unable to make good their enterprise. While the war was in progress, it would seem there were occasional cessations of hostility, whereby the soldiery experienced the ordinary discomforts of ennui and uncertainty. Bayard was in garrison at Minervino, and growing tired of being cooped up so long, he one evening said to his companions: 'Gentlemen, we stagnate here, seeing nothing of our enemies. Either we shall grow effeminate for want of exercising our weapons, or our enemies will grow bold, thinking we dare not for fear quit our fortress. Wherefore I propose to-morrow to

ride between this and Andria or Barletta. Perchance we may meet with some foragers of theirs, which I should like marvellously; for we may have a skirmish, and then let *them* have the honour to whom God shall give it.' All approved the proposal; and next morning about thirty of them sallied out, and rode towards the garrison of the enemy.

It chanced that the same day a Spanish knight, named Don Alonzo de Sotomajor, having with him some forty or fifty Spanish gentlemen, all picked cavaliers, made a sortie from the town of Andria for a like inroad on the French. Such was the fortune of the two captains, that on descending a little hill, they came in sight of each other within the distance of a cannon-shot; and, as you may guess, were not long in coming to blows. The French charged the Spaniards at full gallop, who, in their turn received them gallantly on the points of their lances. At the first shock some were borne to the earth on both sides, and with difficulty remounted by their companions. The fight lasted half-an-hour, without its being possible to say which side had the best of it; but in the last charge it was the good knight's fortune to break the Spaniard's ranks. There remained on the field seven of them dead, and as many prisoners. The rest took to flight, and amongst them the captain, Don Alonzo. He, however, was closely pursued by Bayard, who called on him to turn, as 'it were great shame to be slain fleeing;' and being a brave man, and preferring an honourable death to a shameful flight, he at length stood up against the knight 'like a

lion at bay; and they exchanged fifty sword-blows without breathing.' Meanwhile, the other Spaniards had left their captain; and being thus forsaken, he was presently overmastered, and finally yielded up his sword to the good knight. The party then rode back to the French garrison, where Bayard assigned to his prisoner 'one of the best rooms in the castle, and supplied him with a dress;' telling him at the same time, that if he would give his word not to leave the castle without permission, he should remain there, with no further restraints upon his liberty, until he had paid his ransom. Don Alonzo, in return, thanked him for his courtesy, and pledged his faith not to depart without the good knight's leave.

But Don Alonzo was not a man to keep his promise. He stayed within his bounds for two or three weeks, 'making great cheer, and having the run of the castle, no one interfering with him;' but growing weary of his confinement, and none of his people coming to ransom him, he was induced to violate his honour by bribing an Albanian of the garrison to provide him with a horse, and flee with him to Andria. Bayard, on discovering his escape, was naturally incensed, and forthwith sent a party of soldiers in pursuit of him, ordering them, if they found him, to bring him back alive or dead; and if it should appear that 'that rascally Albanian had a hand in it,' they were to bring him also; for the good knight declared he 'would hang him from the battlements, as an example' to all who were disposed to imitate his treachery.

Don Alonzo was overtaken, and carried back in

custody to Minervino, whither he had no sooner arrived, than the good knight exclaimed: 'How! Signor Don Alonzo, you pledged me your faith not to leave this without my permission. I will trust you no longer, for it is not honourable in a gentleman to escape when he has given his parole.' The Don pretended that he had only gone off to fetch his ransom-money, intending to send it to Bayard within the next two days. But the good knight was not at all disposed to accept his excuses by way of payment. On the contrary, he confined Don Alonzo in a tower for fifteen days, though without putting him in irons or subjecting him to other hardships; 'and as to eating and drinking,' says the chronicler, 'he might be well content with his good treatment.' At the end of this time a trumpeter arrived with his ransom, and he was released. He took leave of Bayard and his companions courteously enough, and at the same time witnessed how the good knight generously gave away the whole of his ransom-money among the soldiers.

Don Alonzo had no sooner got back to his friends at Andria, than he began to complain to them that, although in some respects the Lord de Bayard was a generous and noble knight, yet the treatment he himself had received from him was anything but such as was becoming from one gentleman to another. As there is always somebody ready to report unpleasant observations, his complaints were not long in reaching the good knight, who, on his part, was in no small degree surprised at them. He immediately assembled his people, and after telling them the purport of what he had heard, he asked

them whether they had seen anything of which he himself was not aware, that could justify the accusation. They all assured him that, had Don Alonzo been the greatest prince of Spain, he could not have been treated better. 'By my faith, then,' said the good knight, 'I will write to tell him, that if he says I have ill-treated him, I will prove the contrary in personal combat with him, on foot or on horseback, as he pleases.'

He therefore called a clerk, and dictated a letter in these terms: 'Signor Alonzo, I hear that, after your return from being my prisoner, you have spread complaints among your people that I did not treat you like a gentleman. You know the contrary. But since, if it were true it were great dishonour to me, I have written to you this letter, by which I pray you to recall your words in presence of those who have heard them, confessing, as truth is, the good and honourable treatment I showed you; and so doing, you will consult your own honour, and redress mine, which you have unjustly aspersed. But if you refuse, I am determined to make you unsay your words by mortal combat, your person against mine, whether on foot or horseback, and leaving you the choice of your weapons; and so adieu.' This letter was forwarded by a herald; and when Don Alonzo had read it, he wrote in answer: 'Lord de Bayard, I would have you know that I never unsay what I have said; nor are you the man to compel me. Wherefore I accept the combat you propose, within fifteen days from this, at two miles from the town of Andria, or wherever else you please.'

Bayard was at this time ill of a quartan fever; but when the day of combat arrived, he went forth on horseback, with 200 men-at-arms, to meet Alonzo, according to arrangement. The latter then objected to fight on horseback, and chose to fight on foot, thinking that as the good knight was enfeebled by his sickness, he should have the better chance to conquer. Bayard allowed him to have his choice; and after fitting preparations, the two began the contest. Bayard walked up to his enemy 'as confidently as if he were going to dance with a lady;' and Don Alonzo, on his part, advanced with as little fear. Going straight towards the good knight, he said: 'Signor Bayard, what is your quarrel with me?' And the good knight answered: 'I would defend my honour.' Then without further words they closed, and dealt each other a furious blow; the rapier of the good knight wounding Don Alonzo in the face, whence the blood began to flow. 'Never was seen two more doughty champions; each was sure of foot and eye, and would not strike at random.' However, in the end Bayard killed his man—not, it seems, intentionally, 'for he would have given a hundred thousand crowns, had he had them, to have spared his life.' But the deed being done, it only remained for him to show his generosity to the fallen. 'You know,' said he to Alonzo's friends, 'that it is for me to do as I will with the body. I restore it to you. And truly I would, my honour being safe, that it were otherwise.' The Spaniards then bore off their champion's body with piteous lamentations; and the French escorted Bayard with trumpets and clarions to the garrison, where the

first thing he did was to repair to the church, and return thanks for his victory. 'They then,' says the chronicler, 'had great rejoicings; and he was accounted, both by the French and Spaniards, to be one of the most accomplished knights that could be found.'

Shortly after this event (the truce continuing), there occurred a famous combat of thirteen Spaniards against thirteen of the French, in which affray the good knight 'performed surpassing feats of arms,' whereof, however, no more minute account can here be given, owing to lack of space. About the same time it was his fortune 'to take a treasurer and his man, who were carrying 15,000 ducats to the great Captain Gonzalvo;' all of which, it appears, he distributed very liberally, without reserving a single denier for himself. His next exploit was one so remarkable as to deserve describing more at length; so we now proceed to tell you 'how the good knight kept a bridge over the river Garillan for the space of half-an-hour, single-handed, against 200 Spaniards.'

Towards the close of the war in which the French and Spaniards were engaged for the possession of Naples, the two parties were for some time encamped on opposite banks of the Garigliano. And as there were brave men before Agamemnon, so there were brave men in those days besides the Lord de Bayard. The good knight's biographer admits that there were even brave men among the Spaniards; in particular, the 'great Captain Gonzalvo Ferrande, a wise and wary man;' and also another who bore the name of Pedro de Pas, a gentleman of extraordinary

figure. 'He was but two cubits in height, though a bolder creature could not be found; and he was so humpbacked and so short, that when he was on horseback, one could only see his head above the saddle.'

Well, such as he was, this Pedro de Pas resolved one day to give the French an alarm, and for that purpose crossed the river at a ford he was acquainted with, with about 120 horse, having placed behind each horseman a foot-soldier armed with an arquebuse, or firearm with a bent stock. His object was to draw the French upon him, and induce them to abandon the bridge; while the Spaniards should attack it in force to gain it. He so far succeeded in his enterprise as to induce the French to throng in a body to that quarter. Bayard was quartered near the bridge, with a brave gentleman named Le Basco, squire of the stables to the king of France. When he heard the noise, the two lost no time in arming and getting to horse, proposing to go to the spot where the affair was going on. 'But the good knight, looking over the river, perceived about 200 Spanish horse making straight for the bridge, which they would have gained with little resistance, and that would have been the total destruction of the French army. He desired his companion to go and collect some men as quickly as possible, to defend the bridge, or they would all be lost, and promised to do his best to keep them in play till his return. He then went, lance in hand, to the bridge, on the other side of which were the Spaniards, already prepared to pass; but, like a furious lion, he put his lance in rest, and charged the troop who were

already on the bridge, so that three or four of them were overthrown, of whom two fell into the water, and never rose again, for the river was wide and deep. This done, they cut him out plenty of work, for he was so fiercely assailed, that but for his excellent chivalry he could not have kept them at bay; but he backed his horse against the barrier of the bridge, that they might not get in his rear, and, like a chafed tiger, defended himself so well with his sword, that the Spaniards knew not what to say, and thought he was no man, but a fiend. In short, he maintained his post long and well till Le Basco arrived with about 100 men-at-arms, who made the Spaniards abandon the bridge, and were pursuing them a good mile beyond, when they perceived a large body of 700 or 800 horse coming to the enemy's support. The good knight said to his companions: "Gentlemen, we have done enough to-day in having saved the bridge; let us retreat in as compact a body as possible." This they did at a good rapid pace, the good knight bringing up the rear, and receiving every charge of the enemy.'

Being sore pressed, however, from his horse failing him through weariness, Bayard was taken prisoner, and carried off by the Spaniards. This accident occurred in the course of a fresh charge, made by a large body of the enemy while the French were in retreat. The captors, confident in their numbers, did not condescend to disarm their prisoner, otherwise than by depriving him of a battle-axe which he carried in his hand. But as they went along, they kept asking him who he was; and he, knowing well that if he told his name he would never escape

alive, replied merely that he was a gentleman. Meanwhile, his comrades having missed him, and concluding that he was taken prisoner, were very much distressed; and as soon as they could get together in sufficient number, they rode after the Spaniards, determined that the 'flower of chivalry'

should not be lost without a contest. As they came up, they raised the cry of 'France! France!' and fiercely assailed the Spaniards, some of whom were presently overthrown. Seeing this, the good knight, who needed nothing but a horse to put him in fighting-trim, leaped from his own, and, without

putting foot into the stirrup, bounded upon a noble steed, whose rider, a Spanish gentleman, was lying prostrate on the ground. Being mounted, he 'commenced wondrous feats of arms,' crying with the others: 'France! France!' and adding, ''Tis Bayard! Bayard! you have let escape.' When the Spaniards heard the name, their hearts failed them, and wheeling about, they retreated at a gallop to their camp; and the French, overjoyed by the delivery of their champion, returned merrily to the quarters, 'where,' it is said, 'they talked of nothing for a week but their brilliant adventure and the feats of the good knight.'

The next time we hear of Bayard, he was lying at Lyons ill of a fever—the same which, from time to time, had harassed him for more than seven years. He was also suffering from an old pike-wound in the arm, which, through ill-treatment, had produced a painful ulcer. But he was not deterred from following the king his master, when he went with an army to quell the revolt of the Genoese, about the year 1506; an enterprise which was effected mainly through the skill and valour of the good knight and his companions. He was afterwards engaged in various other wars, always being distinguished for his valour, success, and generosity. Some of his minor exploits must be omitted, that we may have the more space for representing his more important ones. The next which seems to demand description is a brilliant and memorable achievement, by which he acquired exceeding honour, during the siege of Padua. But first it will be as well to state how the siege of Padua came about.

It appears to have been in this wise. About the year 1509, a treaty of alliance, offensive and defensive, was formed between Pope Julius II., the Emperor Maximilian of Germany, and the kings of France and Spain, having for its object the destruction of the state of Venice, 'with which,' says the chronicler, 'it seemed that the Lord was wroth for their great pomp and little acknowledgment of God, their luxurious living, and haughty contempt for all the other princes of Christendom.' In compliance with this treaty, the king of France marched an army from the duchy of Milan, and conquered several Venetian towns and castles: among others, the castle of Cavatas, which we mention for the sake of bringing in a curiosity of facetiousness, on the part of Bayard's secretary, or 'loyal serviteur,' who wrote the original memoirs. He says that the castle was carried in two hours, and some rustics found in it 'were made to try whether their necks were strong enough to carry away a battlement.' That is to say, the poor fellows were hanged; and this so terrified the people of other places, that, with one exception, there was no town or fortress which thereafter offered any resistance. All the towns and places which the king of France claimed were yielded to him; some of them being restored to the pope, some to the king of Spain, and, in particular, the keys of Verona, Vicenza, and Padua were delivered to the French king, who subsequently gave them to the emperor. But inasmuch as Padua was very insufficiently garrisoned by the latter, certain Venetian captains made an effort to recover it, and, after a sharp contest, obtained possession. With the help of the

king of France, the emperor now laid siege to it; and it was during this siege that the good knight performed the exploit which is next to be described.

While the emperor's forces lay encamped before the place, they were frequently disturbed by sallies from the enemy, and particularly by soldiers of the garrison of Treviso, a strong town about five-and-twenty miles from Padua. Here, among other captains, was stationed Master Luke Malleveche, an able and enterprising officer. Two or three times a week, he would be rousing up the emperor's camp; and if he saw any opportunity of doing his adversary a mischief, he never spared himself in the attempt; but if not, he prudently retired, and never lost a man. This proceeding annoyed the good knight exceedingly; and having by his spies obtained good intelligence of the movements of Malleveche, he determined to go and seek him in the open country.

Communicating his project to certain of his comrades, who approved of it, they got to horse one morning in September, between two and three o'clock, with about 100 men-at-arms, and without sound of trumpet, or any noise, they set forth, with a guide before them well guarded by four archers; promising him good payment if he were faithful, and threatening him with death if he betrayed them. About ten miles off, as day was breaking, they came to a large palace with a long walled inclosure. The spy informed them, that if Malleveche made a sortie from Treviso to visit their camp that day, he must needs pass in front of it; and as the place was deserted, they might there conceal themselves, and see him pass without being discovered. They accordingly

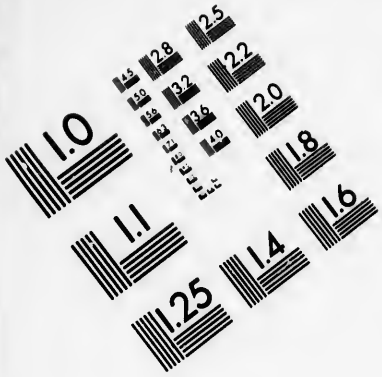
entered, and after waiting a couple of hours, heard a great trampling of horses.

The good knight had made an old archer of his company get up into a pigeon-house, that he might observe who passed, and ascertain their number. From this position the man descried Malleveche approaching with about 100 men-at-arms, all helmeted, and not less than 200 Albanians, under the command of a Captain Scanderberg, all well mounted, and apparently effective men. They passed the place of ambush; and the archer descended in high spirits to report what he had seen. All were well pleased; and the good knight, desiring them to regirth their horses, exclaimed: 'Gentlemen, it is ten years since we had such an adventure. They are double our number; but if we are gentle gallants, that is nothing. Let us after them.'

The gate was opened, and they went off at a smart trot; and having proceeded about a mile, perceived those they were in quest of a little way before them on a fine wide road, bounded on both sides by broad ditches, 'which a man-at-arms, unless he were very well mounted, would scarcely venture to leap for fear of sticking there.' Trumpets were ordered to be sounded. The Venetian captains, who never dreamed of having an enemy behind them, thought it was some of their own people wishing to join the foray, and therefore pulled up as though waiting for a further reinforcement. They were not a little surprised to find themselves presently inclosed between the emperor's camp and the party which they now discovered. Malleveche, however, exhorted his men to do their duty, as they must needs conquer or be lost.

Trumpets were sounded on both sides, and when the two parties were about a bow-shot apart, they charged each other vehemently, shouting out their respective battle-cries. At the first charge, many were struck to the ground. Every one was put upon his mettle. After some time, the Albanians before spoken of left the high-road, and abandoned their heavy troops, to attack the French in the rear. But at the good knight's suggestion, one of his captains turned round with his followers to engage with them; 'and the Albanians were so roughly handled, that a dozen of them fell, and the rest fled across the country.' Eventually, the Venetians were completely routed; and the French took a great many prisoners. Malleveche, with twenty or thirty of the best-mounted, leaped their horses out of the road, and fled towards Treviso. They were allowed to escape, as it was considered that it would be lost labour to pursue them. The prisoners were more numerous than the conquerors; there being not less than 180 of them, all of whom were disarmed of their swords and maces, and marched triumphantly to the French camp.

The emperor was walking in the outskirts of the camp when they arrived; and seeing a cloud of dust, sent a French gentleman of his household to ascertain what occasioned it. The messenger presently returned, saying: 'Sire, it is the Good Knight Bayard;' and went on to say, that he and his companions had 'had the finest skirmish that has taken place these hundred years; for they have more prisoners than they are men, and have taken two standards.' Of course the emperor was glad to hear



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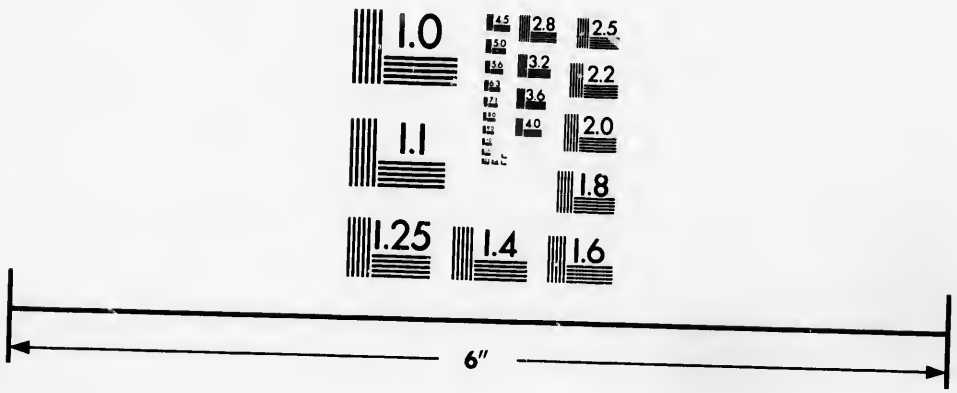

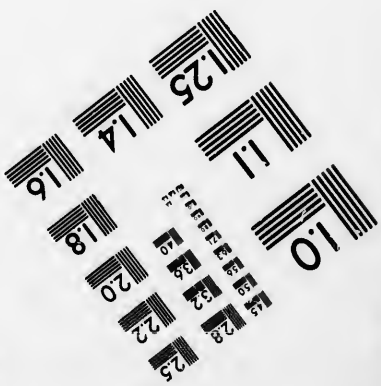

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it; and as the French approached, he graciously saluted them, they returning his salutation 'with the reverence due to so high a prince.' He complimented each captain as he passed, and when the good knight came up he said: 'My Lord de Bayard, my brother, your master, is very fortunate to have such a servant as you; I would give a hundred thousand florins a year to have a dozen like you.' Whereto the good knight replied: 'Sire, I very humbly thank you for the praise you are pleased to bestow on me. One thing I assure you, that so long as my master is your ally, you will have no more zealous servant than myself.' Then all the men-at-arms retired to their quarters; and there was never anything so noised in the camp as this splendid enterprise, of which the good knight bore off the greatest share of honour, though, with characteristic modesty, he always gave the merit of it to two of his companions.

After another dashing foray on the part of the good knight, the emperor determined on storming the town of Padua, and so putting an end to that part of the business. But on communicating his intentions to the noblemen and officers of his army, a strange murmur arose among them, they declaring 'that it was not their business to dismount or to storm a breach, but to fight like gentlemen on horseback; and with one or two exceptions, they all positively refused to have any hand in such an enterprise.' The emperor seems to have been disgusted by their conduct, and he, in consequence, retired that very night forty miles from the camp, and thence sent orders to raise the siege.

Upon the retreat of the imperial army, the good knight was left in garrison at Verona, with about 400 men-at-arms, whom the king of France had lent to the emperor; and thence he had many skirmishes with the Venetians, commanded by Captain John Paul Monfrone. In one of these he fell into an ambuscade, and was twice taken and rescued in the same day; but, by way of compensation, he that very night surprised and cut to pieces several hundred Venetian infantry. But space would fail us to tell of all the skirmishes between the French and the Venetians, and of many other things which Bayard's 'loyal serviteur' has recorded of his master.

After some time, these Italian wars took a new direction: hostilities broke out between the pope and the Duke of Ferrara, wherein, on the side of the latter, the good knight acquired further honour. It seems Pope Julius was very desirous of getting possession of the duchy of Ferrara, which, with characteristic presumption, he pretended belonged to the states of the Church; and with this view he withdrew from the alliance with the king of France, and prepared a large army in Bologna to march into the duchy. The duke applied to the French king for assistance, and in return the good knight and other officers were sent to him; together with 3000 or 4000 infantry, and 800 Swiss, 'all of whom were well received at Ferrara by the duke and duchess, and the rest of the inhabitants.'

The pope, meanwhile, marching by slow stages, arrived at the village of St Felix, between Concordia and Mirandola, and thence sent to the Countess of

Mirandola, requesting her to deliver up her town to him; a request which she, being a courageous woman, and devoted to the French interests, decisively refused to comply with. The pope was very angry at this answer, 'and swore by St Peter and St Paul,' that he would have the town by fair means or by force; and accordingly he ordered his nephew and captain-general, the Duke d'Urbino, to go and lay siege to it. While the preparations were going on, the good knight formed a plan 'for seizing the pope and all his cardinals,' and was very near succeeding in his project. Being informed by his spies that his holiness would leave St Felix on such a day, accompanied by his 'cardinals, bishops, and prothonotaries, escorted by 100 horse, to join his camp before Mirandola,' he set forth with 100 picked men to waylay him at a place on the road which it was expected he would pass. The pope, being an early riser, got into his litter at daybreak to go straight to his camp, and was preceded by his prothonotaries, clerks, and officers of all sorts, who were sent on to prepare his quarters. When Bayard heard them approaching, he quitted his ambush and charged them; whereupon, in great terror, they turned round and fled at full gallop. But notwithstanding the alarm they raised, the pope would not have escaped but for another accident, which perchance his holiness would be likely to consider providential. He had hardly proceeded more than a cannon-shot from his quarters at St Felix, 'when there fell such a snowstorm as had not been seen for a century, so thick that they could not see one another;' and in consequence, the pope's prime-minister came and

said to him: 'Holy father, it is impossible to cross the country while this lasts; it is necessary, and also your duty, to return.' The pope accordingly assented; 'and, as ill-luck would have it,' says our author quaintly, 'as the fugitives were returning, and the good knight spurring in pursuit, just as he arrived at St Felix, the pope was entering the castle, and hearing the cry, was so frightened, that he leaped from his litter without assistance, and himself helped to raise the drawbridge, which was done like a man who had his senses about him; for, had he tarried the saying of a paternoster, he had certainly been caught!' Pope Julius, it would seem, knew when to act; and, by virtue of this knowledge, he escaped the present peril.

Mirandola was subsequently taken by the pope's forces, though it is stated that it never would have been taken but for the accident of another snow-storm. 'It snowed so fast for six days and nights without ceasing, that the snow was five feet deep; and it then froze so hard, that the moats of Mirandola were two feet thick of ice, and a cannon, with its carriage, falling from the edge of the moat on ice, did not break it.' There were evidently hard frosts in those days. After two wide breaches had been made in the walls, the garrison, 'seeing no prospect of relief, surrendered upon terms.' When the place was captured, the Duke of Ferrara retired to his capital, resolved to defend it to the last day of his life.

From Mirandola, the pope despatched an army to attack the town of La Bastide, about five-and-twenty miles from Ferrara. 'He had been advised, that if

this place were once taken, Ferrara would be deprived of supplies, and would be reduced by famine in the course of two months.' The prowess of the good knight, however, prevented that catastrophe. To save the place, it was necessary to relieve the commandant within four-and-twenty hours; and this duty, in the face of great difficulties, Bayard undertook. We have no space to state particulars; but the pope's forces were surprised; and the result was, that between 4000 and 5000 foot were slain, and above sixty men-at-arms, and 'more than 300 horses were taken, together with all their baggage and artillery; so that every one had difficulty in carrying off his booty.' The chronicler affirms that there had not been a battle for a hundred years better fought, or gained at so great hazard.

We pass over various smaller exploits, simply noting by the way, that, in an assault upon the town of Brescia, the good knight was severely wounded, and for some time considered himself as next to dead; though by skilful surgery and good-fortune he eventually recovered. Brescia was taken by the French; but it is said to have been the ruin of their cause in Italy, for the men got so much plunder, that the greater part of them returned to France, and left the war to take its chance. After being several times repulsed with considerable loss, and losing their commander, the Duke de Némours (nephew of Louis XII.), in the 'cruel and furious battle of Ravenna,' those that remained returned in a state of great discomfiture to Milan, and were finally driven out of Lombardy.

When wounded before Brescia, Bayard was carried, after the citadel was taken, by a couple of archers to a respectable-looking house hard by, that he might be laid somewhere to rest until his wound could be attended to. The house was the abode of a very rich gentleman, who had fled from the town and taken refuge in a monastery; his wife being meanwhile left without protection, with two lovely daughters, who were concealed in a loft under some hay. You may judge that, in such circumstances, she was not without alarm: nevertheless, when the archers knocked at the door, she opened it in person, and saw the good knight brought in wounded. From the first, his bearing was gentle and considerate towards the household. He made them shut the door, and placed the two archers at it, charging them on their lives to suffer none to enter but his own people, and promising that they should lose nothing by not joining in the pillage. The story goes on to say: 'The lady of the house conducted him into a handsome chamber, and throwing herself on her knees before him, besought him to save the lives of herself and her two young girls. The good knight replied: "Madam, I know not whether I shall recover from my wound; but whilst I live, no insult shall be offered to you or your daughters—only keep them out of sight. And I assure you, that you have here a gentleman who will not plunder you, but show you any courtesy in his power." He then prayed her to send for a surgeon quickly, to dress his wound. She went herself with one of the archers to seek him, for he lived but two doors off. When he came, he examined the wound, which was

deep and wide; and having extracted the iron, which was a most painful operation, he assured the good knight that it was not dangerous. At the second dressing, came the surgeon of the Duke de Némours, who afterwards attended him, and treated him so skilfully, that in less than a month he was ready to mount on horseback.'

While confined to his bed, he was much chagrined at his prolonged inaction; for every day news came from the French camp, how they were approaching the Spaniards, and daily expecting to have a battle. At length, one morning, he got up, and walked about the room, to see if he could support himself; and though still weakly, he sent for the surgeon, and asked him if there would be any danger in his travelling. The surgeon, knowing how impatient he was to be at the approaching battle, told him that though the wound was not closed, it was healed within, and if his barber would, every morning and night, apply a bandage, with a plaster he would give him, there would be no danger. The good knight hearing this was overjoyed, and thereupon ordered his servants to be ready for starting in two days.

On the morning of his departure, the lady of the house entered his room with a casket containing 2500 ducats, which, with many compliments, she begged him to accept, as a trifling consideration for the great kindness which she and her family had received from him. Bayard, with a pleasant laugh, declined the present, and proceeded, in return, to thank the lady for the good cheer and many attentions which he had enjoyed at her expense. Much astonished at his refusal, she persisted that she

should be a very unhappy woman if he would not receive her little offering, which she declared to be a quite inadequate acknowledgment of his exceeding courtesy. Seeing her so resolute, he at length replied: 'Well, madam, I accept it for love of you; but seek me your two daughters, for I must bid them adieu.' When they appeared, Bayard had divided the ducats into three portions; and now, addressing the girls, he presented each with 1000 ducats as a wedding present; saying to the mother: 'I will take these five hundred for myself, to apportion them amongst the poor religious houses which have been pillaged, and request you to undertake the charge, as you will best know where the need is greatest; and so I take my leave of you.' He then took their hands in the Italian fashion; and having accepted from the damsels a pair of 'bracelets of hair, beautifully worked with gold and silver,' and 'a purse of crimson satin, curiously embroidered,' he mounted his horse about noon, and rode to the French camp, where, on his arrival, it is said, the men-at-arms 'displayed such joy that it seemed as if his coming had reinforced the army by 10,000 men.'

In the battle of Ravenna, which soon followed, the Duke de Némours, as already said, lost his life; and not long afterwards the French sustained some further severe reverses. The pope, in fact, had induced the emperor to withdraw from the French alliance; and a numerous army of the Venetians, Swiss, and Papal troops coming down upon their reduced and enfeebled force, obliged them to retire to the town of Pavia; from which place also they

were subsequently driven, and had to abandon nearly the whole of their possessions in the country. The reader will be concerned to hear that, in the retreat from Pavia, the good knight was 'wounded between the neck and shoulder by a ball, which carried away the flesh and laid bare the bone.' Some thought he was killed; but he, nowise frightened, assured his companions that there was no great harm done. The surgery in this case was rather of a rude description. 'They stanched the wound, as best they could, with moss from the trees, and bound it with linen which the soldiers tore from their shirts; for they had no surgeon with them by reason of the bad weather.' However, through good-fortune, he was soon in a condition fit for travelling; and having now no further work in Italy, he seems to have journeyed back to his native country.

On returning to France, the good knight went to Grenoble, to visit his uncle the bishop, whom he had not seen for a long time. Here he was attacked by a violent fever, and was so ill that his life was despaired of. During his sickness, he manifested a considerable deal of piety, sadly bewailing himself on account of his sins, and thereby melting the by-standers to tears. The good bishop was continually in prayer for him, as were likewise all the 'nobles, citizens, merchants, monks, and nuns' that were resident in the neighbourhood. 'And it could not be,' says the chronicler, 'but amongst so many people there must have been some person whose prayer the Lord would hear; as was sufficiently apparent, for by degrees the fever left him, he began to sleep and recover his appetite, and in a fortnight

or three weeks was quite recovered, and as lusty as ever, taking his pleasure in visiting his friends and the ladies, and banqueting from house to house.' But it would scarcely be charitable for the reader to conclude from this that the good knight's piety did not survive his sickness, for, as piety went in those days, he would seem to have been ordinarily as pious as any man of his generation.

After remaining some time in Dauphiné, Bayard was despatched by the king, his master, to assist in the recovery of the kingdom of Navarre, which the king of Aragon had usurped, on no other reason than that the rightful ruler was in friendship with the king of France. In this expedition, siege was laid to Pampeluna; from which, however, after a good deal of hard fighting, the French were finally repulsed.

The course of events has now brought us down to the year 1513, when Henry VIII. of England, having allied himself with the Emperor Maximilian, disembarked at Calais with a powerful army to invade Picardy. The English, under the command of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, and Captain Talbot, laid siege to Touraine, and were shortly afterwards joined by the king in person. On his way thither, he was attacked by the good knight, who captured from him a piece of cannon, forming one of the twelve pieces which his majesty called the 'Twelve Apostles.' But in the battle which shortly followed, and which was called the 'Battle of the Spurs,' the French suffered a desperate defeat; and the good knight, for once in his life (being over-powered by numbers), had to surrender to the

enemy. He was conducted to the English camp, where he remained for three or four days, and was treated by his captor with marked distinction. The emperor, moreover, sent for him to his quarters, and after some gracious observations, remarked jestingly: 'We were formerly at the wars together, and I remember it was then said that the Captain Bayard never fled.'

'Sire,' replied the knight, 'I was never in that school where I learned to flee: had I fled, I should not have been here.' The English monarch gave him a more courteous reception, saying: 'Truly, my Lord Bayard, if all resembled you, I should soon be compelled to raise the siege.' After a brief detention, he was liberated on his parole not to bear arms for six weeks; and in compliance with that arrangement, he went to spend the time in visiting certain towns in Flanders.

In less than two years after the Battle of the Spurs, so called because of the speed which the French made in retreat, the good king, Louis XII., fell sick and died, and was buried at St Denis with his ancestors. His successor, as is not unknown to readers of French history, was Francis I., at that time a handsome prince of twenty, and but lately married to the Lady Claude of France, eldest daughter of the late king, and Duchess of Brittany in her own right. Soon after his coronation, the new king made preparations for reconquering the duchy of Milan; in which enterprise the good knight was sent forward with a detachment, and 'rendered the king good service, by surprising the Lord Prosper Colonna in the town of Villafranca, and

making him and several captains prisoners, capturing an immense booty in money, horses, gold and silver vessels, and other movables, which the Lord Prosper himself declared was a loss to him of 50,000 crowns.' This capture was considered a great affair; 'for had not the Lord Prosper been taken, he would have been at the subsequent battle, and by his means the Spaniards and the remainder of the pope's army would have been there too, mustering together one thousand men-at-arms; which would have given the French such troublesome work as they could well dispense with.'

The passes of the country were in possession of Swiss soldiers, who, however, on hearing of the capture of Lord Prosper, abandoned them, and retreated to Milan. Thence they subsequently sallied forth, and made a sudden irruption on the French camp at Marignano. The king was on the point of going to supper, but he left it untasted, and went straight with his forces to meet the enemy. After a sharp skirmish, the Swiss were broken by his cavalry. During the combat, the good knight had a narrow escape. 'In the last charge upon the Swiss, in the dusk of the evening, he was mounted on a gallant steed, his second horse, for the first had been killed under him in the first charge. The pikes bristled so thick about him, that his horse's bridle was torn off. When the animal felt himself without rein, he rushed, in spite of the Swiss, right through their ranks, and was carrying his rider straight into another body of them, when he was fortunately arrested by some vines festooned from tree to tree.' Not

losing his presence of mind, he quickly dismounted, threw off his helmet and crosses, and crawled along the ditches to the French camp without being discovered. The loss of the French was very great, but they, nevertheless, gained the victory, and the town of Milan surrendered. The king on this occasion desired to confer the honour of knighthood on certain of his officers; but as, by the rules of chivalry, only a knight could confer the honour, he sent for the Lord de Bayard, and informed him first of all that he himself wished to be knighted by him, as being 'the knight of greatest renown for his feats of arms on foot and on horseback in divers battles.' Bayard urged that a crowned king, like Francis, was already a knight above all other knights. But the king said: 'Come, Bayard, despatch. Allege me not laws and canons; but obey my will and command, if you would be of the number of my good servants and subjects.' The good knight then replied: 'Certes, sire, I will do it not once, but a hundred times at your command.' And, thereupon, taking his sword, and laying it on the king's shoulder, he said: 'Sire, may you be as renowned as Roland or Oliver, Godfrey or Baldwin his brother; and God grant you may never turn your back in war!' And thereafter the good knight kept the sword 'as a sacred relic,' in honour of the event.

The Emperor Maximilian, incensed at the king of France for having thus conquered the duchy of Milan, came into the country with new forces, for the purpose of regaining it. He was obliged, however, to retreat; and after some suspension

of hostilities, he died in the year 1519, and his grandson Charles, the king of Spain, was elected emperor in his stead. Not long after—namely, in 1522—the new emperor assembled an army of 40,000 men, and having taken several nearer towns, suddenly besieged and took Mouzon, belonging to the king of France, and thence threatened the town of Mezières, a frontier town lying on the Netherlands. Francis despatched Bayard to defend it until he could collect an army, declaring that there was no man in his kingdom in whom he had greater confidence. The good knight found the town in a very poor plight for standing a siege; but, setting every one of his soldiers to work upon the ramparts, he soon brought it into tolerable condition. Being besieged on two sides, however, he had great difficulty in sustaining the place; yet, by a stratagem, he succeeded in inducing one of the two attacking camps to remove from its position and join the other, whereby the two commanders got into a serious misunderstanding, and forthwith raised the siege. The good knight, with only one thousand men, had kept them at bay for three weeks, and, meanwhile, the king of France levied an army powerful enough to drive them out of the country. Bayard's services were graciously acknowledged and amply recompensed by his master. He was created a knight of the order of St Michael, and received the command of a hundred men-at-arms.

Whatever might be the value of these distinctions, the good knight was not destined to enjoy them long. That inevitable Nemesis which attends the

steps of every man favoured by fortune throughout many hazards, was now on the point of overtaking him. At the commencement of the year 1524, the king of France had a large army encamped at Abbiategrasso, in Italy, under the command of his admiral, the Lord de Bonnivet. In this army Bayard held an office of command, and was sent by the admiral with some 200 men-at-arms, to watch the motions of the Spaniards near Milan, and to defend the village of Rebec against them. The place was assailable on all sides, and there were no means of fortifying it except by barricading the entrances of the streets. For the purposes of defence, the good knight considered the forces intrusted to him as utterly insufficient, and he appears to have several times represented the danger of the enterprise to his superior, the admiral. The latter, however, paid next to no attention to his representations. The Spaniards, who were 15,000 strong in Milan, learning from their spies that he was in Rebec with so small a party, determined one night to surprise him. The night selected for the purpose happened to be rainy, and the officers on guard at Rebec, suspecting no danger, had left their posts, and there remained nobody on watch but three or four archers. When the Spaniards approached within a bowshot of the village, they were astonished at finding no one in the outskirts, and thought the good knight must have heard of their enterprise, and retired to Abbiategrasso. But, on advancing about a hundred paces further, they encountered the few archers who were on guard; and these, on being charged, instantly fled in great alarm, and hurriedly gave notice of the

assault. The good knight—who, in such danger, never slept without his clothes and his armour lying by him—immediately started up, and mounting his charger, hastened, with five or six of his own men-at-arms, and a small number of infantry under a certain Captain Lorges, to the barrier, to see what was going on. The enemy were surrounding the village, intent on finding the quarters of the Good Knight Bayard; and, indeed, if they had taken him, there would have been but little left to do. As yet, however, they could not get him. Whilst the fight was going on at the barrier, he heard the drums of their infantry beating to the attack; and straightway he desired Captain Lorges to withdraw his men, whilst he himself and the cavalry protected them in the rear. They found it necessary to abandon their baggage to the enemy, and to endeavour simply to save their lives. This eventually was done, the French making so gallant a retreat that they lost only ten or eleven men.

On reaching Abbiategrasso, the good knight had high words with the admiral, which the chronicler has not thought it proper to repeat. A short time after this affair, the said admiral, perceiving his camp to be diminishing daily through want and sickness, called together a council of war, and it was then determined to withdraw the army. In the retreat, the good knight, as usual, remained with the rear-guard. The Spaniards followed them from day to day, and had frequent skirmishes with them on the way; but whenever they came to charge, they were gallantly driven back by Bayard and his men-at-arms. On one occasion, the Spaniards threw

out on each side of the road a large body of hackbutters and harquebusiers, whose pieces carried large stones, and with these they did the French considerable injury. Various gallant noblemen were slain; and, worse than all, the good knight himself was one among the number. He was steadily retiring before the Spaniards, and frequently turning back to face them, maintaining the greatest calmness and resolution amidst the peril, when suddenly 'a stone from a harquebuse struck him on the loins, and broke the great bone of the spine.' He was on the point of falling from his horse, but still had strength enough to support himself by holding on to the saddle, till a young gentleman helped him to dismount. He was now pressed to withdraw from the field, but his answer was that he had never yet turned his back upon an enemy. He was placed against a tree, with his face towards the Spaniards, who, on hearing he was wounded, became instantly impressed with great concern on his account: 'for,' says his biographer, 'he had always been very kind to his prisoners, and liberal in respect of their ransom; and they knew that, by his death, nobility itself was impaired, for, without disparaging others, he was the most perfect knight in this world.'

The Marquis of Pescara, and other noble Spaniards, who came to see him before he died, expressed the greatest commiseration at his fate, and spoke loudly in praise of his honour, daring, and magnanimity. Amongst others came the Duke of Bourbon, who had been formerly engaged in a conspiracy against the king of France, and having fled the kingdom, was now in command of the Spanish army. He

came with the intent of endeavouring to console the noble knight, telling him how distressed he was at the accident which had befallen him, and offering to send him the best surgeons in the country, by whose assistance, timely rendered, he thought he might possibly be cured. But when the good knight recognised him, he answered: 'My lord, I have no longer need of physicians for the body, but of those of the soul. I am not to be pitied, who die with my honour unsullied; but pity is rather due to you, who are in arms against your prince, your country, and your oath.' He continued to live for two or three hours, the enemy having stretched a handsome tent over him, and laid him on a bed. A priest was brought, to whom he devoutly confessed himself; and then, with a final prayer for mercy at the hands of the Eternal, he calmly yielded up his breath.

Being dead, the Spanish chiefs appointed some gentlemen to carry him to a church, where solemn service was chanted over him for two days. His followers then carried his body into his native country of Dauphiné; the highest military honours being paid to his remains as they passed through the duchy of Savoy. We are told that in Dauphiné the mourning which took place at the announcement of his death exceeded the powers of description; and it was confidently said, that for a thousand years before there had not died a gentleman so lamented by all ranks and orders of the people. The body was escorted from church to church along the road by a numerous procession, and was at length interred in the church of the Minorites'

monastery, about half a league from Grenoble, amidst the tears and lamentations of the entire population of the neighbourhood; and so great and passionate was their grief, that 'all fêtes, dances, banquets, and other pastimes ceased.' Good reason, thinks the chronicler, they had for their regret, 'for a heavier loss could not have happened to that country.'

By way of conclusion, we will cite some sentences from the eulogy of Bayard's loyal serviteur. 'To enumerate the virtues of the good knight,' says he, 'would be superfluous. All things pass away but the love of God. Suffice it, then, to say that he loved and feared God above all things; he never swore or blasphemed; and in all his affairs and necessities he ever had recourse to Him. . . . . He loved his neighbour as himself, and never possessed a crown but it was at the service of the first who needed it. He was a great almsgiver, and gave his alms in secret; he succoured widows in distress; and during his life, had given in marriage a hundred poor orphan-girls, gentlefolks, and others. If a gentleman under his command was dismounted, he remounted him, and in a manner not to offend his delicacy, often exchanging a Spanish charger worth 200 or 300 crowns for a nag worth but six, and giving the gentleman to understand that the latter was just the horse to suit himself; so graciously did he confer his gifts. He was a sorry flatterer, and never swerved from speaking truth, were it to the greatest of princes. He looked with contempt upon this world's wealth, and was at his death no richer than at his birth. In war, none excelled him; in conduct, he was a Fabius Maximus; in enter-

prise, a Coriolanus; and in courage and magnanimity, a second Hector; dreadful to the enemy, gentle and courteous to his friends. Three qualities marked him for a perfect soldier: he was a greyhound in attack, a wild boar in defence, and a wolf in retreat. In short, it would take a good orator his life to recount his virtues.'

This, then, is the 'pleasant and refreshing history' of Bayard, the 'good knight without fear and without reproach,' as complete as we are able to relate it within the present limits. It is the history of a life of brave and magnanimous activity, under a form now obsolete, but which is, nevertheless, in the spirit of it still true and beautiful. Courage, heroic daring, and self-devotion to ends extraneous to himself, are emphatically exemplified from the beginning to the end of his career. His story, likewise, affords us some interesting glimpses of the 'image and body' of a time which ordinary history has but indifferently represented. We see in it, in some sort, how a man of noble instincts was furthered, straightened, and circumstantially equipped for living and acting in a way that was then considered noble. A soldier of fortune, fighting and skirmishing for his pay, Bayard was yet a man of chivalrous and lofty spirit; and in the wild element in which he acted and endured, he performed the work before him in a manner worthy of admiration.

GIUSEPPE GARIBALDI.

GIUSEPPE GARIBALDI, the Italian patriot, had a marvellous and adventurous career, and went through more actual perils by flood and field than any hero of romance. He was born at Nice, 4th July 1807. His father was a simple God-fearing fisherman, seldom in prosperous circumstances; but he continued nevertheless to give the boy a tolerable education, possibly with the object of making him a priest. He seems to have been a bright brave lad, concerned in all sorts of adventures, played truant when he could get the loan of a gun, or

coax one of the fishermen to take him in a boat. He went oyster-trawling, was often silent and thoughtful, and would read under the olive-trees for hours, when he got a book that interested him. He could sing most of the songs of the sailors and peasants. He seems also to have been a splendid swimmer, as he saved a washerwoman from drowning when in his eighth year, and several boys, whose boat had been capsized, when in his twelfth year. Long afterwards Garibaldi wrote of his mother that 'she was a model for mothers,' and that any good he possessed he owed to her.

Being, as he very frankly owns, much fonder of play than of work, the boy learned but little, nor that little long. Becoming weary of his school-life, he proposed to some of his companions that they should make their escape, and seek their fortunes, and actually contrived, as he often did in later days, to inoculate them with his own enthusiasm.

'We got possession of a boat, put some provisions on board, with fishing-tackle, and sailed for the Levant. But we had not gone as far as Monaco, when we were pursued and overtaken by a "corsair," commanded by my good father. We were captured without bloodshed, and taken back to our homes, exceedingly mortified by the failure of our enterprise, and disgusted with an abbé who had betrayed our flight. When I recur to the principles which were inculcated at school, and the motives used to encourage us to study, I am now able to understand their unsoundness and their evil tendency. We were in danger of growing up with only selfish

and mercenary views; nothing was offered as a reward for anything we could do but money.'

Giuseppe was determined upon becoming a sailor, and, rising rapidly in the merchant service, he was appointed in 1828 second in command of the brig *Cortese*. The next few years were passed in trading-voyages either to the Levant and Black Sea, or to the various Italian seaports. Once, while his ship was loading at Civita Vecchia, the young sailor obtained leave to visit Rome. The sight of the Eternal City, her monuments of past glory, and evidences of present abasement, left an indelible impression upon his heart, and, joined to his frequent intercourse with Greece—then in all the fervour of her dear-bought freedom—decided the bent of his principles. His letters and rude snatches of verse, written about this period, show the kindling of a passion for national liberty, to which, whatever may be or may have been the exaggeration of his views, not even Garibaldi's worst detractors can deny him the praise of having unselfishly and consistently adhered.

Until he attained the age of twenty-six, however, his political sentiments exercised no influence over his fortunes. Quietly following his profession, with a good reputation for seamanship and commercial knowledge—both requisites in Italian masters of trading-vessels—we find up to that period but one other characteristic incident to record. Falling dangerously ill at Constantinople, he was kindly received and carefully nursed in the family of an Italian exile. On his recovery, unwilling to encroach on his friend's scanty resources, he gave lessons in writing, French, and Italian, and thus earned suffi-

cient to support himself, and defray the expenses of his long illness, until able to resume his original employment.

But with the dawn of the year 1834 came a great change for Garibaldi. Implicated in one of the Young Italy conspiracies against the then existing form of government in Sardinia, he was forced to seek safety in flight. Disguised as a peasant, and taking the most circuitous mountain-paths, he succeeded in reaching the French territory, and, hastening to Marseilles, soon found occupation on board a French merchantman. Here, under circumstances of great daring, he saved the life of a drowning youth, rejecting every proffer of reward and service made by the family, who were one of the first in the place.

In 1836, reluctantly yielding to the conviction that for the moment all hope of a change in the affairs of Italy was groundless, he went for the first time to South America. At Rio Janeiro he found many of his countrymen, exiles like himself, and was enabled, with their assistance, to purchase a small vessel, in which for nine months he carried on a coasting-trade between that port and Cabo Frio. He is said to have conducted this humble traffic with his usual intelligence and activity.

Soon after this, in the harbour of Rio, at considerable personal risk, he saved the life of a negro who had fallen overboard. The wind was high, and drove the ships against each other, rendering any attempt at rescue dangerous; but Garibaldi was no sooner apprised of the accident, than he plunged into the raging waves, and brought the poor black

off in safety. Early in the year following his arrival in South America, the persuasions of some Italians, brought prisoners to the Brazilian capital, as leaders of a republican movement in the province of Rio Grande, induced their countryman to volunteer to join the insurgents with his ship and crew.

Under the flag of the republic of Rio Grande, he embarked with his friend Rosetti on board their hired cruiser, the *Mazzini*, manned by twenty hands, to wage war against the empire of Brazil. Some of his crew were lovers of Liberty in the unrestricted sense of License, rather than that lofty one which he himself entertained of her; and having captured a prize, would have behaved to their prisoners in a privateering, not to say a piratical manner.

'I found them affecting ferocity to intimidate the poor Brazilian sailors whom we had made prisoners. I took immediate steps to repress all such conduct, and to tranquillise the fears which they had excited, assuring the crew that they should be uninjured, and kindly treated, and set on shore at the first convenient landing-place, with all their own personal property. A Brazilian, a passenger in the *Sumaca*, took the first opportunity, after coming on board, to offer me a casket containing three valuable diamonds, in a supplicating manner, as if afraid for his life; but I refused to receive it, and gave peremptory orders that none of the effects of the crew or passengers should be taken from them under any pretext whatever; and this course I pursued on all subsequent occasions, whenever I took any prizes from the enemy; and my orders were always strictly obeyed.' On the River Plata,

their provisions failed them, and they had no boat to land with, and thereby procure any. A house, however, being visible about four miles from shore, Garibaldi determined to arrive at it, and at any cost obtain some bullock's flesh; he therefore *embarked upon the cabin dining-table*, accompanied by one of his sailors, and moved on towards the land, not navigating, but rolling through the breakers of that dangerous shore, which at last he reached in safety. It was still more difficult to return with the necessary cargo.

'Maurizio and I fastened the meat to the legs of the table, which were in the air, the table itself being placed upside down on the water, and then we launched out into the river to make our way to the vessel. But the weight of the cargo and crew proved entirely too great, and we immediately began to sink, until we stood in the water; and on reaching the breakers, the agitation caused so much rocking, that it was almost impossible to proceed, or even to keep our footing. Indeed, we were in actual danger of drowning; but after great exertions, we reached the *Luisa* with our load of provisions, and were hailed by the shouts of our companions, whose only hope for subsistence depended on our success.'

Never, we imagine, was piece of beef beheld on that side of a dining-table before, nor ever hero, since the days of Peter Bell, saved by such a contrivance. In the Plata he fought his first battle against two armed launches of the Brazilian government, which were beaten off after a sharp action, wherein he was very severely wounded. His dear

friend Florentino perished in this engagement. His wound presently compelled him to seek surgical aid at Gualaguay, which place he was not permitted to leave without the permission of Rosas, 'the traitor of Buenos Ayres, who never acted with a good reason.' As soon, therefore, as he recovered his health, he determined to escape, and provided for that purpose horses and a guide.

'I had fifty-four miles to travel, and that distance I devoured in less than half a night, going almost the whole way on the gallop. When day broke, we were at an *estancia* within about half a mile of the town. My guide then told me to wait in the bushes where we were while he went to inquire the news at the house. I complied, and he left me. I dismounted, and tied my horse to a tree with the bridle, and waited a long time. At length, not seeing him return, I walked to the edge of the bushes, and looked about in search of him, when I heard behind me a trampling of horses, and, on turning round, discovered a band of horsemen, who were rushing upon me with their sabres drawn. They were already between me and my horse; and any attempt to escape would have been fruitless—still more any effort at resistance. I was immediately seized and bound with my hands behind me, and then placed upon a miserable horse, and had my feet tied under him. In that condition I was taken back to Gualaguay, where still worse treatment awaited me. Such were the impressions made upon my feelings by the barbarous usage which I received at that time, that I have never since been able to recall the circumstances without

a peculiar agitation of mind; and I regard that period as the most painful of my life. When brought into the presence of Milau (the governor), who was waiting for me at the door of the prison, he asked me who had furnished me with the means of escape. When he found that he could draw no information from me on that subject, he began to beat me most brutally with a club which he held in his hand. He then put a rope over a beam in the prison, and hung me up in the air by my hands, bound together as they were. For two hours the wretch kept me suspended in that manner. My whole body was thrown into a high feverish heat. I felt as if burning in a furnace. I frequently swallowed water which was allowed me, but without being able to quench my raging thirst. The sufferings which I endured after being unbound were indescribable, yet I did not complain. I lay like a dead man; and it is easy to believe that I must have suffered extremely. I had first travelled fifty-four miles through a marshy country where the insects are insufferable at that season of the year; and then I had returned the same distance with my hands and feet bound, and entirely exposed to the terrible stings of the mosquito, which assailed me with vigour; and after all this, I had to undergo the tortures of Milau, who had the heart of an assassin.'

Through the generous conduct of a lady, however, Garibaldi at length obtained his liberty; and indeed throughout his hazardous career, he appears to have been especially indebted to the fair sex, in whose bosom his bravery and enthusiasm always excited

a powerful interest. While in command of a couple of launches of the Republic, and when on shore with only thirteen of his men engaged in making charcoal, he was surprised in the wood-house by the Imperialist commander, Maringue, and fought a hundred and fifty enemies, from nine in the morning until three in the afternoon, killing and wounding many of them, and finally forcing them to retreat.

The entrance of the Lagoon dos Tatos was commanded by two towns in the hands of the Imperialists, so that it was judged impossible that the Republicans should show face in its waters; but our hero caused his launches to be transported in carts drawn by two hundred oxen, over the intermediate country, and with vast labour set them afloat in Lake Tramandai. This part of the lagoon was very shallow, having only about four feet of water at high tide; besides, 'on that coast, which is very open and all alluvial, the sea is never tranquil, even in the most favourable weather, but the numerous breakers stun the ear, and from the distance of many miles their roar sounds like peals of thunder.' Here, with his usual ill-fortune, Garibaldi's own launch was wrecked.

'I was at that time on the top of the mast, hoping to discover some point of the coast less dangerous to approach. By a sudden turn, the vessel was rolled violently to starboard, and I was thrown some distance overboard. Although in such a perilous situation, I did not even think of death; but knowing I had many companions who were not seamen, and were suffering from sea-sickness, I endeavoured to collect as many oars and other

buoyant objects as possible, and brought them near the vessel, advising each man to take one to assist him in reaching the shore. The first one who came near to me, holding to a shroud, was Eduardo Mutru, and to him I gave a dead-light, recommending him not to let it go off on any account. Carniglia, the courageous man who was at the helm at the moment of the catastrophe, remained confined to the vessel on the windward side, being held down in such a manner by a Calmuc jacket which confined his limbs that he could not move himself. He made me a sign that he wanted my assistance, and I sprang forward to relieve my dear friend. I had, in the pocket of my trousers, a small knife with a handle; this I took, and with all the strength I was master of, began to cut the collar, which was made of velvet. I had just divided it, when the miserable instrument broke; a surge came over us, and sunk the vessel and all that it contained. I struck the bottom of the sea like a shot; and the water which washed violently around me like whirlpools, half-suffocated me. I rose again, but my unfortunate friend was gone for ever. A portion of the crew I found dispersed, and making every exertion to gain the coast by swimming. I succeeded among the first; and the next thing after setting my feet upon the land, was to turn and discover the situation of my comrades. Eduardo appeared at a short distance. He had left the dead-light which I had given him, or, as is more probable, the violence of the waves had torn it from his grasp, and was struggling alone with an appearance that indicated that he was reduced to

an extremity. I loved Eduardo like a brother, and was affected beyond measure at his condition. Ah, I was sensitive in those days! My heart had never been hardened, and I was generous. I rushed towards my dear friend, reaching out to him the piece of wood which had saved me on my way to the shore. I had got very near him, and excited by the importance of the undertaking, should have saved him, but a surge rolled over us both, and I was under water for a moment. I rallied, and called out, not seeing him appear; I called in desperation, but in vain. The friend dear to my heart was sunk in the waves of that ocean which he had not feared in his desire to join with me in serving the cause of mankind. Another martyr to Italian liberty without a stone in a foreign land! The bodies of sixteen of my companions, drowned in the sea, were transported a distance of thirty miles to the northern coast, and buried in its immense sands. Several of the remainder were brought to land. There were seven Italians. I can mention Luigi Carniglia, Eduardo Mutru, Luigi Stadirini, Giovanni D.; but three other names I do not remember. Some were good swimmers. In vain I looked among those who were saved to discover any Italian faces. All my countrymen were dead. My feelings overpowered me. The world appeared to me like a desert. Many of the company who were neither seamen nor swimmers were saved.

At Rio Grande, for whose cause he had already suffered so much, Garibaldi found himself warmly received, and was speedily invested with the com-

mand of the scanty naval force—if such a term can at all be applied to two or three miserable coasting-craft, mounted with a few small guns—which constituted the marine resources of the infant republic.

Many incidents are related of the constant skirmishes by sea and land in which he now found himself engaged against the Brazilians, that have already furnished materials for the pen of the romancist. To do more, however, than glance at a few of the most singular would lead us far beyond our prescribed limits.

Chased one day by the Brazilian cruisers into a lagoon, whither he had not calculated upon their venturing to follow him, Garibaldi, as a last expedient, ran his vessel aground; then, transporting two swivels to an overhanging eminence, he kept up so galling a fire, that the enemy, apparently unwilling to risk their boats' crews by coming to closer quarters, retired to a safe distance for the night; convinced that, however his resistance might be prolonged, he could not ultimately escape them. But when morning dawned, Garibaldi and the stranded ship had both disappeared. By indefatigable activity he had got her off the sand, and, gliding past the unsuspecting Brazilians, anchored at the mouth of the lagoon, had made good his retreat; while, to mask his design, had they been more watchful of his movements, he had collected a quantity of brushwood and loose timber, which, set on fire, might induce them to believe he had destroyed his ship, and sought safety in flight by land.

On a subsequent occasion he was not so fortunate. The Brazilians forced the entrance of the Lagao

dos Patos, where the lilliputian fleet of Rio Grande was stationed; and, confident in their vastly superior numbers and weight of metal, anticipated an easy capture. But Garibaldi had no notion of surrender. For a while he replied with spirit to their heavy cannonade—his newly-married wife, a native of that country, standing unmoved by his side; then, convinced that further resistance would have been madness, he ordered his crews to land, blew up the powder-magazines, and swam to shore.

We next find him at the head of his sailors, whom he had organised as a land-force, laying the foundation of his future fame in the *guerilla* system of warfare. In the dangerous expeditions, the toilsome marches, the unceasing alarms, the frequent hand-to-hand encounters which are its inseparable accompaniments, his wife was never absent from him. It is related of her that once, during the confusion of an unexpected engagement, she was taken prisoner by the Brazilians. Worked to frenzy by a rumour that her husband was slain, she contrived during the night to elude the vigilance of her captors, and hurrying to the field of battle, sought amongst the dead and dying for his remains. Satisfied at length that her fears were groundless, she pursued her flight, and after two days had the happiness of being reunited to the object of an affection whose constancy and devotedness have invested the name of Anita Garibaldi and her mournful fate with an interest denied to many a loftier heroine. Even the claims of maternity had no power to withdraw her from his side; bearing their new-born son in her arms, she continued to face

death, exposure, and privation, light-hearted and unflinching, so long as anything seemed to threaten their separation.

It was not long after the birth of this child that Garibaldi determined to leave Rio Grande. A war of principle had degenerated into a conflict of individual ambition, no longer suited to his ideal of republicanism. Setting sail for Monte-Video in a state of poverty consistent with the disinterestedness of his character, no sooner had he arrived at his destination, than it became necessary to seek some means of earning bread for his family.

For a short time he gave lessons in algebra and geometry in one of the principal schools of the city; but the solicitations of the government, involved in a protracted war with Rosas, the obnoxious dictator of Buenos Ayres, induced him, ere long, to relinquish these peaceful vocations.

His first naval expedition was honourable to his reputation, though disastrous in its results. Invested with the command of a corvette, a brig, and a cutter, he forced the entrance of the Paranà, defended by considerable batteries. Elated with this success, he proceeded up the river; but, unpractised in its navigation, found himself entangled in sand-banks and, at the same time, confronted by the Buenos Ayrean fleet of ten sail. It does not say much for the prowess of the assailants that for three days Garibaldi was enabled to keep them at bay. His ammunition failing at last, he cut up the chain-cables, and every iron implement he could lay hands on, till, seeing even these resources were exhausted, he ordered his ships' companies to take to the boats,

and remaining himself to the last, followed his usual system of explosion. As on the Lagao dos Patos, he reached the shore in safety, hastily formed his men and, fighting his way through a body of troops sent to oppose his progress, succeeded in effecting a retreat.

Returning to Monte-Video by a circuitous land-route, Garibaldi found himself, notwithstanding the ill success of his expedition, anxiously expected, and warmly greeted. The city was menaced by a siege from the redoubted Oribe, and the general consternation was excessive. By the government he was charged to fit out some ships to replace their recent losses; and by the Italian residents, who were very numerous at Monte-Video, was appointed to the command of a body of 800 volunteers, raised amongst themselves, to assist in the defence.

His subsequent naval operations, owing to his crippled resources, were limited to watching the movements of the blockading squadron, facilitating the entrance of ships carrying supplies to the beleaguered city, and the occasional capture of some laden with stores for the army of Oribe. So great, however, was his eagerness to strike some decisive blow, that he once deliberately advanced to the mouth of the harbour with his insignificant flotilla, only numbering eight guns, and offered battle to the ships of Rosas, which carried forty-four. The roofs and balconies of Monte-Video were crowded with spectators; the masts and rigging of the neutral vessels in the port swarmed with French, English, and American sailors, all breathlessly awaiting the

issue of this daring challenge. But the Buenos Ayreans, probably apprised that he founded his hopes of success on speedily grappling with and boarding them, did not judge it expedient to accept the combat.

Of the exploits of the Italian Legion, speedily organised under his active superintendence, Italians are justifiably proud, although a detail of the sorties, desperate charges, and desultory skirmishing in which it was constantly engaged, would prove wearying to the English reader. One brilliant feat of arms, nevertheless, selected amongst several other incidents, almost equally striking, we cannot permit ourselves to pass over.

Despatched on a distant expedition to dislodge the enemy from a province on the confines of Brazil —a service he performed with eventual success—with 184 Italian legionaries and a handful of cavalry, for eight hours Garibaldi once kept his ground against 1500 men. Night closing in found the little band reduced to nearly half its original number: thirty-five were killed, fifty seriously wounded. The survivors, exhausted with fatigue and want of food, seemed hardly capable of dragging themselves to Salto, a fortified town, where Garibaldi had fixed his headquarters, about a league distant. But to leave his wounded to the mercy of the Buenos Ayreans, irritated by the check they had sustained, was repugnant to the feelings of their commander. Placing them by twos and threes upon such horses as he could collect, supported on each side by their weary comrades, alternately sympathising, applauding, reproving, he was able, after a tedious retreat

of three hours' duration, to muster his followers within the welcome shelter of the walls of Salto.

The news of this action, where the enemy was said to have lost 500 between killed and wounded, produced great enthusiasm at Monte-Video. The government ordered that the date of the battle—the 8th of February 1846—should be inscribed in letters of gold on the banner of the legion; and the French admiral commanding the station of Rio de la Plata, addressed a complimentary letter to Garibaldi, declaring that such achievements would even have conferred additional lustre on the soldiers of the Grand Army of Napoleon.

On his return to the capital in the autumn of that same year, having satisfactorily fulfilled the duty with which he had been intrusted, the title of general was conferred upon him—a distinction he at first declined, but was at length induced by general entreaty to accept. His refusal, however, for himself and his legionaries of a grant of lands and cattle was not to be shaken; protesting 'that in obedience to the call of liberty alone had the Italians of Monte-Video taken up arms, and not with any views of gain or advancement'—a declaration which may claim the rare distinction of sincerity, since it is positively known that at this period so frugal was the expenditure, and so limited the resources of his household, no lights were ever burned at night under his roof, candles not being included in the rations, which, with his scanty pay, furnished his only means of subsistence. When this fact became known to General Pacheco y Obes, then minister of war, he himself relates that he sent

his aide-de-camp with a sum equal to £20 to Garibaldi. Accepting half of this for the most pressing necessities of his fast-increasing family, he begged that the remainder might be given to a widow whom he designated as being more in want than himself.

Leaving South America he landed at Nice, in the month of June 1848, after an absence of fourteen years. The returning exile must have been well-nigh bewildered by the recital of all that the three past months comprised. In the concluding days of March and commencement of April were crowded events on which hung the destinies of Europe: the establishment of the French republic; insurrectionary movements at Berlin; Vienna in revolt, and almost simultaneously the Austrians driven from Milan; Charles Albert, king of Sardinia, answering to the call of Lombardy, and believing the long-cherished aspirations of his house about to be fulfilled, crossing the Ticino with his troops; Tuscany and Rome sending forth thousands of volunteers; and even Ferdinand of Naples yielding to the pressure of popular feeling, despatched a contingent to co-operate in the national war.

The 'Red Shirt' of Garibaldi had already become famous when in 1847 the reforming Pope Pius IX. ascended the throne of St Peter. Garibaldi promptly offered to enlist under his banner, but received an ambiguous reply, and Charles Albert of Sardinia, whom on his arrival in Italy he found besieging the Austrians in Mantua, coldly referred him to his ministers. Garibaldi, however, after the collapse of the Italian army, at the head of a body of volunteers, performed some notable feats against the Austrians

on the Swiss frontier. In 1849 he threw in his lot with the revolutionary government of Rome against Pius IX., who had retracted his liberal concessions and fled the city. Garibaldi aided in the proclamation of the republic in February, drove the French expeditionary force under Oudinot from Rome in April, and routed the Neapolitans at Palestrina and Velletri in May, sending them pellmell over the frontier.

These events are so important that we describe them more minutely. On the morning of the 30th of April, the great bells of the Capitol gave the signal of alarm, and the roar of cannon from the walls, and discharge of musketry in the plain, announced that the battle had commenced. Instantly the streets were filled with eager crowds, who, issuing forth from lanes and workshops, armed with weapons of every age and construction, while the women at the windows animated them by their gestures, hurried tumultuously towards the Porta Cavalleggieri, which, from its situation, was exposed to the first brunt of the attack. Encountered with unlooked-for intrepidity, the French, to their amazement, found themselves obliged to give way, and concentrating their forces—which amounted to 7000 men, with twelve pieces of artillery—directed their movements upon the Porta San Pancrazio, where Garibaldi was stationed. Not contented to remain upon the defensive, he charged them with his usual impetuosity; and although they resisted bravely for several hours, the close of the day witnessed the French in full retreat, having lost 300 between killed and wounded, besides leaving upwards of 500 prisoners in the hands of the Romans.

The transport of rejoicing with which this success was hailed in Rome, may be deemed pardonable when it is considered under what disadvantages and over what troops—troops reputed well-nigh invincible—it had been achieved. Of men trained to bear arms, but 4000 or 5000 at the utmost—and these for the most part volunteers of only a few months' experience—had been brought together for the hastily-organised defence; a force totally inadequate in a city of so wide a circuit of defective fortifications. But the courage of the population had supplied the deficiency, and it was to them and Garibaldi that the laurels of that day were unanimously assigned.

Mortified and disheartened, the French had retired to Palo, on the road to Civita Vecchia, whither Garibaldi, barely allowing his men a few hours' repose, set out in their pursuit. It seems beyond a doubt that, had he not been thwarted in the execution of this daring project, a complete victory would have been its result, so demoralised—to use a term lately introduced—were the enemy at their unexpected repulse. But his progress was arrested by orders from the triumvirate who were at the head of the Roman Republic. Deluded by the expectation of a change in the foreign policy of the French Assembly, unwilling to incur the enmity of the nation by humiliating their arms, and thus indispose them to withdraw from a convention so incompatible with the institutions of republicanism —Mazzini and his colleagues recalled the disappointed Garibaldi, and insisted that no aggressive movement should be undertaken for the present.

His easy victory over the Neapolitans at Palestrina is chiefly ascribed to the terror with which the name of Garibaldi inspired them. From the confessions of the prisoners, it was learned that he was universally denounced as more devil than man—the scarlet tunics worn by himself and his legionaries being regarded as an emblem of his affinity to the powers of evil.

The following details bring this dreaded commander and his camp-life familiarly before us: 'Of middle stature, deep-chested and wide-shouldered, Garibaldi's frame is cast in an iron mould, combining agility with strength. There is something statuesque in the appearance of his head, with its broad brow, straight features, and long flowing hair blending with the beard of the same golden hue—the expression of the deep-set eyes, thoughtful and yet piercing, completing the characteristics of a countenance which inspires mingled respect and trust in the beholder.' Would you see him amongst his companions in adventure? 'Picture to yourself an incongruous assemblage of individuals of all descriptions: boys of twelve or fourteen; veteran soldiers attracted by the fame of the celebrated chieftain of Monte-Video; some stimulated by noble ambition; others anxious to find impunity and license in the confusion of war, yet so restrained by the inflexible severity of their leader, that courage and daring alone could find a vent, while more lawless passions were curbed beneath his will. The general and his staff all rode on American saddles; wore scarlet blouses, with hats of every possible form, without distinctions of any kind, or pretension

to military ornament; and seemed to pride themselves on their disregard of the observances enjoined on regular troops. Followed by their orderlies, most of whom had come from America, they might be seen hurrying to and fro, now dispersing, then again collecting—active, rapid, and indefatigable. Whenever the men halted to encamp, the officers, the general himself included, would leap from their horses, and attend to the wants of their own steeds. When these operations were concluded, they opened their saddles, which were made so as to be unrolled, and to form a small kind of tent; and their personal arrangements were then completed. If they failed in procuring provisions from the neighbouring villages, three or four colonels and majors threw themselves on the bare backs of their horses, and, armed with long *lazzos*, set off at full speed through the Campagna in search of sheep or oxen.

'Garibaldi, in the meanwhile, if the encampment was far from the scene of danger, lay stretched out under his tent; if, on the contrary, the enemy were near at hand, he remained constantly on horseback, giving orders and visiting the outposts. Often, disguised as a peasant, he risked his own safety in daring reconnaissances; but most frequently, seated on some commanding elevation, he passed whole hours examining the environs with the aid of a telescope. When the general's trumpet gave the signal to prepare for departure, the lazzos served to catch the horses, which had been left to graze at liberty in the meadows. The order of march was always arranged on the preceding day, and the corps set out without ever knowing where they

might arrive the day after. Owing to this patriarchal simplicity, pushed perhaps somewhat too far, Garibaldi appeared more like the chief of a tribe of Indians than a general; but at the approach of danger, and in the heat of combat, his presence of mind and courage were admirable; and then, by the astonishing rapidity of his movements, he made up, in a great measure, for his deficiency in those qualities which are generally supposed to be absolutely essential in a good general.'

Meantime, however, Mazzini had been inveigled by Oudinot into an armistice, and the French, being abundantly reinforced, proceeded to lay siege to Rome. Garibaldi was recalled, and on June 30 was elected dictator; but on July 3, after a brilliant defence, he was forced to abandon his post. He retreated, pursued by the Austrians to the Adriatic, where poor Anita died, worn out by suffering and anxiety. Garibaldi was arrested at Chiavari by order of the Sardinian government, and requested to leave Italy, much to the indignation of the people. He betook himself to Staten Island, where he worked for eighteen months as a candle-maker, then became captain of various merchantmen, paying a visit to Newcastle where he declined a popular demonstration. He returned to Italy in 1854, and had settled down as a farmer in the island of Caprera, when, in 1859, the outbreak of the war of Italian liberation called him to arms once more. Though frequently thwarted by the Sardinian generals, Garibaldi rendered valuable service to the allies. After the peace of Villafranca, Garibaldi, with the permission of Victor Emmanuel, went into central Italy as second in

command, and helped to consummate the annexation of the territories to Sardinia; but was not allowed, as he desired, to march on Rome. He was cut to the quick when his native Nice was handed over to France, and declaimed against Cavour in the Chamber at Turin. Meanwhile the Mazzinists had been busily conspiring against the Bourbon tyranny in the two Sicilies, and Garibaldi, in spite of Cavour's efforts to prevent him, prepared to come to the rescue. Within three months Sicily was free. Crossing the straits, Garibaldi began his military promenade through Naples, and entered the capital on September 7, amid the cheers of King Francis' troops. After a last stand on the Volturno on October 1, the royalists were driven back to Capua in disorder, and Garibaldi was able to announce, 'Complete victory along the entire line.' Victor Emmanuel having been elected sovereign of the two Sicilies, arrived at Naples, and Garibaldi, refusing all reward, resigned his dictatorship and retired to Caprera.

During the ensuing year Rome was the centre of his thoughts, and in 1862 he embarked on a rash expedition against the capital. Garibaldi was taken prisoner at Aspromonte, and badly wounded in the foot. He was detained prisoner at Spezzia for two months, and was then allowed to return to Caprera. He next paid a visit to England to induce the English government to espouse the cause of Denmark, and was received with the wildest enthusiasm, but failing to effect the object of his journey he returned abruptly at the request of the British government. In the war of 1866 he once more commanded the Red Shirts in the Tyrol, but,

though his sons Menotti and Ricciotti proved worthy of their father, the campaign as a whole was not marked by any brilliant affairs. Venice was now ceded to Italy, but Rome remained unredeemed, and untaught by his previous adventures, Garibaldi in the following year made his last attempt on the Holy City. Arrested by the Italian government, he escaped from Caprera in a boat, and placing himself at the head of the volunteers, defeated the Papal troops on October 25, at Monte Rotondo. On November 3, however, the Zouaves, reinforced by a body of French, armed with the deadly chassepot, utterly routed him at Mentana.

The only other military event in his career was his acceptance of the command of the volunteers of the Vosges, in assistance of the French, during the Franco-German war. During the remainder of his life he remained a helpless invalid at Caprera, of which island, owing to the generosity of his English friends, he had become entire proprietor. Here he died June 2, 1882. His wish that his body be cremated was not at the time given effect to. An English translation of his *Autobiography*, with a supplement by J. W. Mario, appeared in 1889.

THE END.

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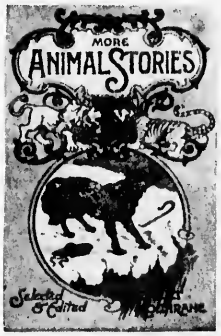

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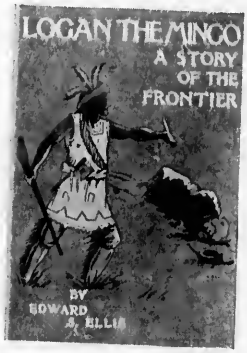

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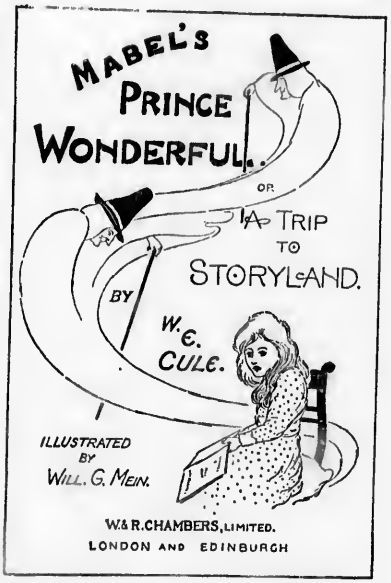

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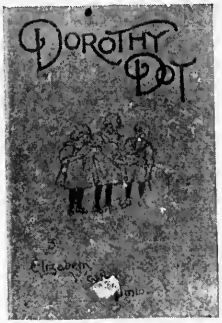

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