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Содержание

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LATTER-DAY PAMPHLETS. [1]

It is nothing unusual, in this wayward world of ours, to find men denouncing, with apparent sincerity, that very fault which is most conspicuous in themselves. How often do we detect the most quarrelsome fellow of our acquaintance, the Hotspur of his immediate circle, uttering a grave homily against intemperance of speech, and rebuking for some casual testiness a friend, whose general demeanour and bearing give token of a lily-liver? What more common than to hear the habitual drunkard railing at the sin of inebriety, and delivering affecting testimony against the crying iniquity of the ginshop? We have listened to discourses on the comeliness of honesty, and the degrading tendencies of mammon-worship, from gentlemen who, a few hours before, had given private instructions to their brokers to rig the market, and who looked upon George Hudson as the greatest ornament of the age. Cobden mounts the platform to propose a motion in favour of universal peace and brotherhood, and, by way of argument, suggests the propriety of crumpling up the empire of the Russias, like the sheet of white paper which trembles in his omnipotent hand. He is seconded by a Quaker.

Mr Thomas Carlyle has, of late years, devoted a good deal of his leisure time to the denunciation of shams. The term, in his mouth, has a most extended significance indeed – he uses it with Catholic application. Loyalty, sovereignty, nobility, the church, the constitution, kings, nobles, priests, the House of Commons, ministers, Courts of Justice, laws, and lawgivers, are all alike, in the eyes of Mr Carlyle, shams. Nor does he consider the system as of purely modern growth. England, he thinks, has been shamming Isaac for several hundred years. Before the Commonwealth it was overridden by the frightful Incubus of Flunkeyism; since then, it has been suffering under Horsehair and Redtapism, two awful monsters that present themselves to Mr Carlyle's diseased imagination, chained at the entrances of Westminster Hall and Downing Street. Cromwell, perhaps, was not a sham, for in the burly regicide brewer Mr Carlyle discerns certain grand inarticulate strivings, which elevate him to the heroic rank. The gentlemen of the present age, however, are all either shams or shamming. The honourable Felix Parvulus, and the right honourable Felicissimus Zero, mounted respectively upon "desperate Sleswick thunder-horses" – M'Crowdy the political economist – Bobus – Flimnap, Sec. Foreign Department – the Right Honourable Minimus, and various other allegorical personages, intended, we presume, to typify carnal realities, are condemned as Solemn Shams, Supreme Quacks, Phantasm Captains, the Elixir of the Infatuated, and Able-Editor's Nobles.

It is natural to suppose that an individual who habitually deals in such wholesale denunciation, and whose avowed wish is to regenerate and reform society upon some entirely novel principle, must be a man of immense practical ability. The exposer of shams and quackeries should be, in his own person, very far indeed above suspicion of resembling those whom he describes, or tries to describe, in language more or less intelligible. If otherwise, he stands in imminent danger of being treated by the rest of the world as an impertinent and egregious impostor. Now, Mr Thomas Carlyle is anything but a man of practical ability. Setting aside his style for the present, let us see whether he has ever, in the course of his life, thrown out a single hint which could be useful to his own generation, or

[1] *Latter-Day Pamphlets*, edited by Thomas Carlyle. No. I. The Present Time. No. II. Model Prisons. No. III. Downing Street. No. IV. The New Downing Street. London: 1850.

profitable to those who may come after. If he could originate any such hint, he does not possess the power of embodying it in distinct language. He has written a history of the French Revolution, a pamphlet on Chartism, a work on Heroes and Hero-worship, and a sort of political treatise entitled *Past and Present*. Can any living man point to a single practical passage in any of these volumes? If not, what is the real value of Mr Carlyle's writings? What is Mr Carlyle himself but a Phantasm of the species which he is pleased to denounce?

We have known, ere now, in England, political writers who, single-handed, have waged war with Ministers, and denounced the methods of government. But they were men of strong masculine understanding, capable of comprehending principles, and of exhibiting them in detail. They never attempted to write upon subjects which they did not understand: consequently, what they did write was well worthy of perusal, more especially as their sentiments were conveyed in clear idiomatic English. Perhaps the most remarkable man of this class was the late William Cobbett. Shrewd and practical, a master of figures, and an utter scorner of generalisation, he went at once in whatever he undertook to the root of the matter, and, right or wrong, demonstrated what he thought to be the evil, and what he conceived to be the remedy. There was no slip-slop, burlesque, or indistinctness about William Cobbett. Mr Carlyle, on the other hand, can never stir one inch beyond the merest vague generality. If he were a doctor, and you came to him with a cut finger, he would regale you with a lecture on the heroical qualities of Avicenna, or commence proving that Dr Abernethy was simply a Phantasm-Leech, instead of whipping out his pocket-book, and applying a plaster to the wound. Put him into the House of Commons, and ask him to make a speech on the budget. No baby ever possessed a more indefinite idea of the difference between pounds, shillings, and pence. He would go on maundering about Teufelsdrökh, Sauerteig, and Dryasdust, Sir Jabez Windbag, Fire-horses, Marsh-jötuns, and vulturous Choctaws, until he was coughed down as remorselessly as ever was Sir Joshua Walmsley. And yet this is the gentleman who has the temerity to volunteer his services as a public instructor, and who is now issuing a series of monthly tracts, for the purpose of shedding a new light upon the most intricate and knotty points of the general policy of Great Britain!

Something of this kind we have already witnessed in a neighbouring country, but never in the like degree. France has had her Flocons and her Louis Blancs, small, pert, presumptuous animals, chalking out schemes of social regeneration, organised labour, industrial regiments, and the like. We do not intend to insinuate that either of these scribes is entitled to be ranked, for parity of intellect, with Mr Carlyle, because by doing so we might involve ourselves in a squabble with some of his benighted admirers. But we say, with perfect sincerity, that so far as regards political attainments and information, clear views, and we shall even add common sense, (distant as that attribute is from any of the parties above named,) MM. Flocon and Blanc are at least as capable guides as Mr Carlyle can pretend to be. Something tangible there is, however pernicious to society, in the propositions of the former – the latter does not favour us with propositions at all; he contents himself with abusing men and matters in a barbarous, conceited, uncouth, and mystical dialect.

One peculiarity there is about the *Latterday Pamphlets*, as contradistinguished from their author's previous lucubrations, which has amused us not a little. Mr Carlyle has hitherto been understood to favour the cause of self-styled Liberalism. His mania, or rather his maunderings, on the subject of the Protector gained him the applause of many who are little less than theoretical republicans, and who regard as a glorious deed the regicide of the unfortunate Charles. Moreover, certain passages in his *History of the French Revolution* tended to strengthen this idea; he had a kindly side for Danton, and saw evident marks of heroism in the loathsome miscreant whom, in his usual absurd jargon, he styles "the pale sea-green Incorruptible," Robespierre. On this ground, his works were received with approbation by a section of the public press; and we used to hear him lauded and commended as a writer of the profoundest stamp, as a deep original thinker, a thorough-paced philanthropist, the champion of genuine greatness, and the unflinching enemy of delusions. Now, however, things are altered. Mr Carlyle has got a new crochet into his head, and to the utter

discomfiture of his former admirers, he manifests a truculent and ultra-tyrannical spirit, abuses the political economists, wants to have a strong coercive government, indicates a decided leaning to the whip and the musket as effectual modes of reasoning, and, in short, abjures democracy! The sensation caused by this extraordinary change of sentiment has been as great as if Joe Hume had declared himself a spendthrift. Only think of such a document as the following, addressed to the sovereign people!

> "*Speech of the British Prime Minister to the floods of Irish and other Beggars, the able-bodied Lackalls, nomadic or stationary, and the general assembly, outdoor and indoor, of the Pauper Populations of these Realms.*
>
> "Vagrant Lackalls! foolish most of you, criminal many of you, miserable all; the sight of you fills me with astonishment and despair. What to do with you I know not; long have I been meditating, and it is hard to tell. Here are some three millions of you, as I count; so many of you fallen sheer over into the abysses of open Beggary; and, fearful to think, every new unit that falls is *loading* so much more the chain that drags the other over. On the edge of the precipice hang uncounted millions; increasing, I am told, at the rate of 1200 a-day. They hang there on the giddy edge, poor souls, crumping themselves down, holding on with all their strength, but falling, falling one after another; and the chain is getting *heavy*, so that ever more fall; and who at last will stand! What to do with you? The question, what to do with you? especially since the potato died, is like to break my heart!
>
> "One thing, after much meditating, I have at last discovered, and now know for some time back: That you cannot be left to roam abroad in this unguided manner, stumbling over the precipices, and loading ever heavier the fatal *chain* upon those who might be able to stand; that this of locking you up in temporary Idle Workhouses, when you stumble, and subsisting you on Indian meal, till you can sally forth again on fresh roamings, and fresh stumblings, and ultimate descent to the devil; – that this is *not* the plan; and that it never was, or could out of England have been supposed to be, much as I have prided myself upon it!
>
> "Vagrant Lackalls! I at last perceive, all this that has been sung and spoken, for a long while, about enfranchisement, emancipation, freedom, suffrage, civil and religious liberty over the world, is little other than sad temporary jargon, brought upon us by a stern necessity, – but now ordered by a sterner to take itself away again a little. Sad temporary jargon, I say; made up of sense and nonsense, – sense in small quantities, and nonsense in very large; – and, if taken for the whole or permanent truth of human things, it is no better than fatal infinite nonsense eternally *untrue*. All men, I think, will soon have to quit this, to consider this as a thing pretty well achieved; and to look out towards another thing much more needing achievement at the time that now is."

Flat burglary as ever was committed! O villain! thou wilt be condemned into everlasting redemption for this – so say the political Dogberrys to the gentleman whom they used to applaud. We are not surprised at their wrath. It *is* rather hard to be told at this time of day that ballot-boxes and extension of the suffrage are included in Mr Carlyle's catalogue of Shams, and that Messrs Thompson, Fox, and Co., must even submit to the charge of talking unveracities and owlism. Surely there is some mistake here. Not a whit of it. Mr Carlyle is in grim earnest, and lays about him like a man. He has not studied the records of the French Revolution for nothing; and he is not able to discern in the late Continental revolts any ground for general congratulation on the improved prospects of mankind. Such language as the following must sound as a strange rebuke in the ears of divers organs of the public press, who, not long ago, were flinging up their caps in ecstasies at the fall of constitutions, backing

up Garibaldi against the Pope, Charles Albert against Radetsky, the Sicilian insurgents against their Sovereign of Naples, Kossuth against the Emperor, Von Gagern against Federalism, Ledru Rollin against Civilisation, and Lamartine against Common-sense.

> "Certainly it is a drama full of action, event fast following event; in which curiosity finds endless scope, and there are interests at stake, enough to arrest the attention of all men simple and wise. Whereat the idle multitude lift up their voices, gratulating, celebrating sky-high; in rhyme and prose announcement, more than plentiful, that *now* the New Era, and long-expected Year One of Perfect Human Felicity has come. Glorious and immortal people, sublime French citizens, heroic barricades; triumph of civil and religious liberty – O Heaven! one of the inevitablest private miseries, to an earnest man in such circumstances, is this multitudinous efflux of oratory and psalmody from the universal human throat; drowning for the moment all reflection whatsoever, except the sorrowful one that you are fallen in an evil, heavy-laden, long-eared age, and must resignedly bear your part in the same. The front-wall of your wretched old crazy dwelling, long denounced by you to no purpose, having at last fairly folded itself over, and fallen prostrate into the street, the floors, as may happen, will still hang on by the mere beam-ends and coherency of old carpentry, though in a sloping direction, and depend there till certain poor rusty nails and wormeaten dovetailings give way: – but is it cheering, in such circumstances, that the whole household burst forth into celebrating the new joys of light and ventilation, liberty and picturesqueness of position, and thank God that now they have got a house to their mind?"

Sham-kings may and do exist, thinks Mr Carlyle, but the greatest unveracity of all is this same Democracy, which people were lately so very willing to applaud. It must be admitted that our author is perfectly impartial in the distribution of his strokes. He has no love for Kings, or Metternichs, or Redtape, or any other fiction or figure of speech whereby he typifies existing governments: he disposes of them in a wholesale manner of Impostors and Impostures. But no more does he regard with affection Chartist Parliament, Force of Public Opinion, or "M'Crowdy the Seraphic Doctor with his last evangel of Political Economy." M'Culloch is, in his eyes, as odious as the First Lord in Waiting, whoever that functionary may be. Clenching both his fists, he delivers a facer to the Trojan on the right, and to the Tyrian on the left. Big with the conviction that all Governments are wrong, as presently or lately constituted, he can see no merit, but the reverse, in any of the schemes of progress, or reform, or financial change, which have yet been devised. Here follow some of his notions with regard to the most popularly prescribed remedies: —

> "A divine message, or eternal regulation of the Universe, there verily is, in regard to every conceivable procedure and affair of man: faithfully following this, said procedure or affair will prosper, and have the whole universe to second it, and carry it, across the fluctuating contradictions, towards a victorious goal; not following this, mistaking this, disregarding this, destruction and wreck are certain for every affair. How find it? All the world answers me, 'Count heads'; ask Universal Suffrage by the ballot-boxes, and that will tell! Universal Suffrage, ballot-boxes, count of heads? Well, – I perceive we have got into strange spiritual latitudes indeed. Within the last half century or so, either the Universe or else the heads of men must have altered very much. Half a century ago, and down from Father Adam's time till then, the Universe, wherever I could hear tell of it, was wont to be of somewhat abstruse nature; by no means carrying its secret written on its face, legible to every passer-by; on the contrary, obstinately hiding its secret from all foolish, slavish, wicked, insincere persons, and partially disclosing it to the wise and noble-minded

> alone, whose number was not the majority in my time! – Or perhaps the chief end of man being now, in these improved epochs, to make money and spend it, his interests in the Universe have become amazingly simplified of late; capable of being voted on with effect by almost anybody? 'To buy in the cheapest market, and sell in the dearest:' truly if that is the summary of his social duties, and the final divine message he has to follow, we may trust him extensively to vote upon that. But if it is *not*, and never was, or can be? If the Universe will not carry on its divine bosom any commonwealth of mortals that have no higher aim, – being still 'a Temple and Hall of Doom! not a mere Weaving-shop and Cattle-pen? If the unfathomable Universe has decided to *reject* Human Beavers pretending to be Men; and will abolish, pretty rapidly perhaps, in hideous mud-deluges, their 'markets' and them, unless they think of it? – In that case, it were better to think of it; and the Democracies and Universal Suffrages, I can observe, will require to modify themselves a good deal!"

Now, reader, what do you think of all this? We doubt not you are a good deal puzzled: and an admission to that effect would be no impeachment of your intellect. Well then, let us try to extract from these pamphlets of Mr Carlyle some tendency, if not distinct meaning, which may at least indicate the current of his hopes and aspirations. Putting foreign governments altogether out of the question, we gather that Mr Carlyle considers this realm of Britain as most scandalously misgoverned; that he looks upon Downing Street as an absolute sewer; that he decidedly yields to Mr Hawes in reverence for Lord John Russell; that he regards the Protectionists as humbugs; that he laughs at ballot-boxes, despises extension of the suffrage, and repudiates, as a rule of conduct, the maxim about the markets, which indeed, by this time, stinks in every British nostril as yet unplugged with calico; that he detests the modern brood of political economists with a cordiality which does him credit; and that he is firmly convinced that democracy is a thing forever impossible. This is a tolerably extensive creed, though as yet entirely a negative one – is there no one point upon which Mr Carlyle will condescend to be positive?

Yes, one there is; not apparent perhaps to the casual reader, but detectible by him who studies closely those pages of oracular thought – a point very important at the present moment, for this it is – that there is ONE MAN existing in her Majesty's dominions who could put everything to rights, if he were only allowed to do so. Who that man is we may possibly discover hereafter. At present we are hardly entitled to venture beyond the boundaries of dim conjecture. Nor is it very clear in what way the Unknown, or rather the Undeveloped, is to set about his exalted mission. Is he to be minister – or something more? Perhaps Mr Carlyle did not like to be altogether explicit on such a topic as this; but we may possibly gain a little light from indirect and suggestive passages. Take this for example:

> "Alas, it is sad enough that anarchy is here; that we are not permitted to regret its being here, – for who that had, for this divine Universe, an eye which was human at all, could wish that shams of any kind, especially that Sham Kings should continue? No: at all costs, it is to be prayed by all men that Shams may *cease*. Good Heavens, to what depths have we got, when this to many a man seems strange! Yet strange to many a man it does seem; and to many a solid Englishman, wholesomely digesting his pudding among what are called the cultivated classes, it seems strange exceedingly, a mad ignorant notion, quite heterodox, and big with mere ruin. He has been used to decent forms long since empty of meaning, to plausible modes, solemnities grown ceremonial, – what you in your iconoclast humour call shams, – all his life long; never heard that there was any harm in them, that there was any getting on without them. Did not cotton spin itself, beef grow, and groceries and spiceries come in from the East and the West, quite comfortably by the side of shams? Kings reigned, what they were pleased to call reigning; lawyers pleaded, bishops preached,

> and honourable members perorated; and to crown the whole, as if it were all real and no sham there, did not scrip continue saleable, and the banker pay in bullion, or paper with a metallic basis? 'The greatest sham, I have always thought, is he that would destroy shams.'
>
> "Even so. To such depth have *I*, the poor knowing person of this epoch, got; – almost below the level of lowest humanity, and down towards the state of apehood and oxhood! For never till in quite recent generations was such a scandalous blasphemy quietly set forth among the sons of Adam; never before did the creature called man believe generally in his heart that this was the rule in this Earth; that in deliberate long-established lying could there be help or salvation for him, could there be at length other than hindrance and destruction for him."

We have been sorely tempted to mark with italics certain portions of the above extract, but on second thoughts we shall leave it intact. After applying ourselves most diligently to the text, with the view of eliciting its meaning, we have arrived at the conclusion, that it is either downright nonsense, or something a great deal worse. Observe what he says. It is to be prayed for by all men that Shams may cease – more especially Sham Kings. But certain solid Englishmen are not prepared for this. They have been "used to decent forms long since fallen empty of meaning, to plausible modes, solemnities grown ceremonial, – what you in your iconoclast humour call shams." They thought no harm of them. "Kings reigned, what they were pleased to call reigning; lawyers pleaded, bishops preached, and honourable members perorated," &c. And those who differ in their estimate of these things from Mr Carlyle are "almost below the level of lowest humanity, and down towards the state of apehood and oxhood: " – and their belief is a "scandalous blasphemy." So then, the Monarchy is a sham, and so are the laws, the Church, and the Constitution! They are all lies, and in deliberate long-established lying there can be no help or salvation for the subject! This may not be Mr Carlyle's meaning, and we are very willing to suppose so; but he has no title to be angry, were we to accept his words according to their evident sense. If men, through conceit or affectation, will write in this absurd and reckless fashion, they must be prepared to stand the consequences. The first impression on the mind of every one who peruses the above passage must be, that the author is opposed to the form of government which is unalterably established in these kingdoms. If this be so, we should like to know in what respect such doctrines differ from the pestilential revolutionary trash which has inundated France and Germany? What kind of overturn does Mr Carlyle contemplate, for overturn there must be, and that of the most extensive kind, if his views are ever destined to be realised? Is it not, perhaps, as melancholy a spectacle as may be, to find a man of some genius, and considerable learning, attempting to unsettle the minds of the young and enthusiastic, upon points distinctly identified with all that is great and glorious in our past history; and insinuating doctrines which are all the more dangerous on account of the oblique and uncertain language in which they are conveyed? Fear God and honour the King, are precepts not acknowledged by Mr Carlyle as the rudiment and foundation of his faith. He does not recognise them as inseparably linked together. He would set up instead some wretched phantom of his own imagination, framed out of the materials which he fondly supposes to be the attributes of the heroic character, and he would exalt that above all other authority, human and divine. He is, if we do not entirely misconstrue the tenor of these pamphlets, possessed at this moment with the notion of the advent of another Cromwell, the sole event which, as he thinks, can save England from being swallowed up by the evils which now beset her. What these evils are, we shall shortly endeavour to ascertain; in the mean time, let us keep our attention fixed on this primary matter of authority.

Cromwellism, then, if we may use the term, is Mr Carlyle's secret and theory. Cromwellism, is, we know, but another phrase for despotism; and we shall not put so harsh a construction on the term as to suppose that it necessarily involves extinguishment of the royal function. The example of Richelieu is sufficient to save us from such a violent interpretation, and therefore we may fairly assume that our author contemplates nothing more than the lodgment of the executive power in the

hands of some stern and inexorable minister. To this the whole of his multitudinous political ravings, when melted into intelligible speech, would seem to tend. He has little regard for Kings, despises Lords, contemns Bishops, scouts the House of Commons, sneers at Chartists, repudiates the political economists, spurns the mob, and laughs at the Ten-pounders. There is here a tolerably extensive range of scorn – we doubt whether it could have been equalled by the reflective philosopher of the tub. Now, lest we should be thought harsh in our judgment of Mr Carlyle, or uncharitable in our method of construing him, let us hear what he has to say with regard to popular representation. Let us suppose that monarchy is cleared away as a Sham, or at all events placed in respectable abeyance, and that there is no farther debate as to hereditary right or even constitutional sovereignty. Also that we have got rid of Peers and Bishops. Now, then, as to Congress: —

> "To examine this recipe of a Parliament, how fit it is for governing Nations, nay, how fit it may now be, in these new times, for governing England itself where we are used to it so long: this, too, is an alarming inquiry, to which all thinking men, and good citizens of their country, who have an ear for the small still voices and eternal intimations, across the temporary clamours and loud blaring proclamations, are now solemnly invited. Invited by the rigorous fact itself; which will one day, and that perhaps soon, demand practical decision, or redecision of it from us, – with enormous penalty if we decide it wrong. I think we shall all have to consider this question, one day; better perhaps now than later, when the leisure may be less. If a Parliament, with suffrages and universal or any conceivable kind of suffrages, *is* the method, then certainly let us set about discovering the kind of suffrages, and rest no moment till we have got them. But it is possible a Parliament may not be the method! Not the whole method; nor the method at all, if taken as the whole? If a Parliament with never such suffrages is *not* the method settled by this latter authority, then it will urgently behove us to become aware of that fact, and to quit such method; – we may depend upon it, however unanimous *we* be, every step taken in that direction will, by the Eternal Law of things, be a step from improvement, not towards it."

Was there ever so tantalising a fellow? We only know of one parallel instance. Sancho, after a judicial hearing at Barrataria, sits down to dinner, but every dish upon which he sets his fancy is whisked away at the command of a gaunt personage stationed on one side of his chair, having a wholesome rod in his hand. Fruit, meat, partridges, stewed rabbits, veal, and olla-podrida, vanish in succession, and for the removal of each some learned reason is assigned by the representative of Esculapius. We give the remainder of the anecdote in the words of Cervantes. "Sancho, hearing this, threw himself backward in his chair, and, looking at the doctor from head to foot, very seriously, asked him his name, and where he had studied. To which he answered: 'My Lord Governor, my name is Doctor Pedro Rezio de Aguero; I am a native of a place called Tirteafuera, lying between Caraquel and Almoddobar del Campo on the right hand, and I have taken my doctor's degree in the University of Ossuna.' 'Then hark you,' said Sancho in a rage, 'Signor Doctor Pedro Rezio de Aguero, native of Tirteafuera, lying on the right hand as we go from Caraquel to Almoddobar del Campo, graduate in Ossuna, get out of my sight this instant – or, by the light of heaven! I will take a cudgel, and, beginning with your carcase, will so belabour all the physic-mongers in the island, that not one of the tribe shall be left! – I mean of those like yourself, who are ignorant quacks; for those who are learned and wise I shall make much of, and honour, as so many angels. I say again, Signor Pedro Rezio, begone! or I shall take the chair I sat on, and comb your head with it, to some tune, and, if I am called to an account for it, when I give up my office, I will prove that I have done a good service, in ridding the world of a bad physician, who is a public executioner.'"

Mr Carlyle, though he may not be aware of it, is even such a political doctor. He despises De Lolme on the British Constitution, and peremptorily forbids his patient to have anything to do with

that exploded system. "I should like to have," says the pupil placed under his charge, "in the first place, a well-regulated constituted monarchy." "'Tis a sham!" cries Signor Doctor Thomas Carlyle – "Are solemnly constituted Impostors the proper kings of men? Do you think the life of man is a grimacing dance of apes? To be led always by the squeak of a paltry fiddle? Away with it!" The wand is waved, and constitutional monarchy disappears. "Well then," quoth the tyro, "suppose we have an established Church and a House of Peers?" "Avaunt, ye Unveracities – ye Unwisdoms," shrieks the infuriated graduate. "What are ye but iniquities of Horsehair? O my brother! above all, when thou findest Ignorance, Stupidity, Brute-mindedness, – yes, there, with or without Church-tithes and Shovelhat, or were it with mere dungeons, and gibbets, and crosses, attack it, I say; smite it wisely, unweariedly, and rest not while thou livest and it lives! Instead of heavenly or earthly Guidance for the souls of men, you have Black or White Surplice Controversies, stuffed Hair-and-leather Popes; – terrestrial Law-words, Lords, and Lawbringers organising Labour in these years, by passing Corn Laws. Take them away!" "What say you to the House of Commons, doctor?" "Owldom! off with it." "A Democracy?" "On this side of the Atlantic and on that, Democracy, we apprehend, is for ever impossible." "And why will none of these things do?" "Because," quoth the graduate with a solemn aspect, "you perceive we have actually got into the New Era there has been such prophesying of: here we all are, arrived at last; – and it is by no means the land flowing with milk and honey we were led to expect! very much the reverse. A terrible new country this: no neighbours in it yet, that I can see, but irrational flabby monsters (philanthropic and other) of the giant species; hyænas, laughing hyænas, predatory wolves; probably *devils*, blue (or perhaps blue-and-yellow) devils, as St Guthlac found in Croyland long ago. A huge untrodden haggard country, the chaotic battlefield of Frost and Fire, a country of savage glaciers, granite-mountains, of foul jungles, unhewed forests, quaking bogs; – which we shall have our own ados to make arable and habitable, I think!" What wonder if the pupil, hearing this pitiable tirade, should bethink him of certain modes of treatment prescribed by the faculty, in cases of evident delirium, as extremely suitable to the symptoms exhibited by his beloved preceptor?

Let us now see what sort of government Mr Carlyle would propose for our adoption, guidance, and regeneration. Some kind of shapes are traceable even in fog-banks, and the analogy encourages us to persevere in our Latter-day researches.

Mr Carlyle is decidedly of opinion that it is our business to find out the very Noblest possible man to undertake the whole job. What he means by Noblest is explicitly stated. "It is the Noblest, not the Sham-Noblest; it is God Almighty's Noble, not the Court-Tailor's Noble, nor the Able-Editor's Noble, that must in some approximate degree be raised to the supreme place; he and not a counterfeit – under penalties." This *Noblest*, it seems, is to have a select series or staff of *Noblers*, to whom shall be confided the divine everlasting duty of directing and controlling the Ignoble. The mysterious process by means of which "the Noblest" is to be elevated – when he is discovered – is not indicated, but the intervention of ballot-boxes is indignantly disclaimed. "The Real Captain, unless it be some Captain of mechanical Industry hired by Mammon, where is he in these days? Most likely, in silence, in sad isolation somewhere, in remote obscurity; trying if, in an evil ungoverned time, he cannot at least govern himself." There are limits to human endurance, and we maintain that we have a right to call upon Mr Carlyle either to produce this remarkable Captain, or to indicate his whereabouts. He tells us that time is pressing – that we are moving in the midst of goblins, and that everything is going to the mischief for want of this Noblest of his. Well, then, we say, where is this Captain of yours? Let us have a look at him – give us at least a guess as to his outward marks and locality – does he live in Chelsea or Whitehall Gardens; or has he been, since the general emigration of the Stags, trying to govern himself in sad isolation and remote obscurity at Boulogne? If you know anything about him, out with it – if not, why pester the public with these sheets of intolerable twaddle?

As to the Nobler gentry, who are to surround the Noblest, whenever that Cromwell Redivivus shall appear, there is, in Mr Carlyle's opinion, no such pitiable uncertainty. They may not, perhaps,

be altogether as plentiful as blackberries on an autumnal hedge, yet nevertheless they are to be found. "Who are available to your offices in Downing Street?" quoth he. "All the gifted souls, of every rank, who are born to you in this generation. These are appointed, by the true eternal 'divine right' which will never become obsolete, to be your governors and administrators; and precisely as you employ them, or neglect to employ them, will your State be favoured of Heaven or disfavoured. This noble young soul, you can have him on either of two conditions; and on one of them, since he is here in the world, you must have him. As your ally and coadjutor; or failing that, as your natural enemy: which shall it be?" Now, this we call speaking to the point. We are acquainted, more or less intimately, with some couple of dozen "noble young souls," all very clever fellows in their way, who have not the slightest objections to take permanent quarters in Downing Street, if anybody will make it worth their while; and we undertake to show that the dullest of them is infinitely superior, in point of intellect and education, to the present Secretary of the Board of Control. But are *all* the noble young souls, without exception, to be provided for at the public expense? Really, in these economical times, such a proposal sounds rather preposterous; yet even Mr Carlyle does not insinuate that the noble young souls will do any work without a respectable modicum of pay. On the contrary, he seems to admit that, without pay, they are likely to be found in the opposition. Various considerations crowd upon us. Would it have been a correct or a creditable thing for M. Guizot to have placed in office all the noble young souls of the *National*, simply by way of keeping them out of mischief? The young nobility connected with that creditable print certainly did contrive to scramble into office along the ridges of the barricades, and a very nice business they made of it when they came to try their hands at legislation. But perhaps Mr Carlyle would only secure talent of the very highest description. Well, then, what kind of talent? Are we to look out for the best poets, and make them Secretaries of State? The best Secretaries of State we have known in our day, were about as poor poets as could be imagined; and we are rather apprehensive that the converse of the proposition might likewise be found to hold good.

"How sweet an Ovid was in Melbourne lost!"

sighed a Whig critic, commenting with rapture on some of that nobleman's early lucubrations; and yet, after all, we have no reason to think that the roll of British bards has been impoverished by the accidental exclusion. Flesh and blood could not have endured a second tragedy from Lord John Russell, and yet the present Premier, despite of Don Carlos, is thought by some partial friends to cut a tolerably decent figure as a politician. As to that, we shall venture no opinion. Mr Carlyle, however, is clear for the poets. Listen to his instance.

> "From the lowest and broadest stratum of Society, where the births are by the million, there was born, almost in our own memory, a Robert Burns; son of one who 'had not capital for his poor moor-farm of twenty pounds a-year.' Robert Burns never had the smallest chance to get into Parliament, much as Robert Burns deserved, for all our sakes, to have been found there. For the man, – it was not known to men purblind, sunk in their poor dim vulgar element, but might have been known to men of insight who had any loyalty, or any royalty of their own, – was a born-king of men: full of valour, of intelligence and heroic nobleness; fit for far other work than to break his heart among poor mean mortals, gauging beer. Him no ten-pound Constituency chose, nor did any Reforming Premier."

Of course they did not, and why should they? If Burns was alive at the present moment, in the full glory of his intellect and strength, would any sensible constituency think of sending him to Parliament? Of all the trash that Mr Carlyle has ever written – and there is a good deal of it, – this about Robert Burns, whom he calls the "new Norse Thor," not being selected as a statesman, is perhaps the most insufferable. The vocation of a poet is, we presume, to sing; to pour forth his heart in noble, animating, or touching strains; not to discuss questions of policy, or to muddle his brains over Blue Books, or the interminable compilations of Mr Porter. Not so thinks Carlyle. He would

have shut up Burns in Downing Street, debarred him from the indulgence of verse, and clapped him at the head of a Board of Poor-law Commissioners. "And the meagre Pitt, and his Dundasses, and red-tape Phantasms (growing very ghastly now to think of) did not in the least know or understand, the impious god-forgetting mortals, that Heroic Intellects, if Heaven were pleased to send such, were the one salvation for the world and for them and all of us." Mr Carlyle seems to have most original notions on the subject of nature's gifts. It would be as reasonable to say that, because a nightingale sings more sweetly than its compeers, it ought to be taken to the house and trained as a regular falcon.

We are very far indeed from wishing to maintain that literary men may not be possessed of every quality which is most desirable in a statesman. But instances of this combination are rare, and on the whole we think that our "Heroic Intellects," and "noble young souls," will acquit themselves most creditably by following out the peculiar bent of their own genius. If they have any political tendency, it will develop itself in due season; but we protest, most strenuously, against a Parliament of men of genius, or a cabinet of literateurs. We have seen quite enough of that in other countries. A more laughable spectacle, if it had not also been painful, than the Frankfort chamber, composed very much of suchlike materials, was never given to public gaze. Old Ludwig Uhland, for all the appearance he made, had better have stuck to his ballads. In France, Victor Hugo, whose name is second in literature to none, cuts a most sorry figure. Even Lamartine is sadly out of his place, though a longer experience of the Chamber saves him from incurring that constant ridicule which is the reward of his dramatic brother. Eugene Sue, we observe, is another noble young soul, who is panting for political renown. Far be it from us to anticipate his final destiny: as to his deservings, there can be little difference of opinion.

It cannot be denied that exceptions, and very plausible ones, might be taken to the very best ministry ever formed, on the score of talent. Nay, even that ministry known by the distinguishing title of "all the Talents," could hardly have borne a searching scrutiny. But, upon the whole, we are by no means convinced that a Cabinet of uniform brilliancy is a thing to be desired. One light would be apt to burn emulously beside another. Moreover talent, though an excellent and admirable quality, is not the only requisite for a statesman. Barrington was one of the cleverest fellows of his day; yet it might have been somewhat hazardous to trust him with the keys of the Treasury. There have been in our own time in the House of Commons divers noble young souls, of great and undoubted talent, whose accession to office would by no means have increased the confidence of the public in Ministers. And there are men *now* in the House of Commons who, to a certain extent, agree with Mr Carlyle, and complain very bitterly that talent is not allowed to occupy its proper place. At a meeting of the National Reform Association held on 23d April last, Mr W. J. Fox, M.P. for Oldham, is reported to have said – "That the great object they had in view was a *social revolution*, not gained by blood, or disturbing the constitution, but raising *the aristocracy of intelligence* and morality to a place beside the cliques which had ruled the country merely by the influence of property and wealth… An open career to talent was a favourite maxim of Napoleon, who, so far as he had acted on it, gave the signal for a great change in the public mind. He hoped that responsibility would assume the place now held by the interests and privileges of family cliques, and that talent would thus be made true to its duties and instincts." Here is another Heroic Intellect quite ready to take office if he can get it, and ready, moreover, to put the ballot-box and all manner of extended suffrage into motion, in order that he may attain his object. We have no doubt that Mr Fox is a very clever person, and also that he is fully imbued with the same gratifying impression; nevertheless, we are free to confess that we would rather see him on the outside, than in the interior of the hen-roost of Downing Street. There may be persons within it who might as well, on public considerations, be out; but there are also many without, who, notwithstanding their vaunted breadth of intellect, should be kept from getting in. Will Mr Fox venture to aver that, in Britain, there is not an open career for talent? Now, as ever, talent will not fail in its aim, provided its possessor is endowed with other qualities and virtues which are requisite to command success by securing confidence and esteem.

Let us now suppose that Mr Carlyle has succeeded in his quest after capable men – that he has fairly bolted his Noblest, like an overgrown badger, from the hole in which he lies presently concealed, and has surrounded him with a staff of the Nobler, including, we presume, the author of the Latter-day Pamphlets. Noblest and Nobler must now go to work in serious earnest, taking some order with the flabby monsters, laughing hyænas, predatory wolves, and blue, or blue and yellow devils, which abound in this New Era. What is the first step to be adopted? We find it in No. I.

We have transcribed already the commencement of the speech to be made by the new British Minister to the assembled paupers – let us hear a few sentences —

> "But as for you, my indigent incompetent friends, I have to repeat, with sorrow but with perfect clearness, what is plainly undeniable, and is even clamorous to get itself admitted, that you are of the nature of *slaves*, – or if you prefer the word of *nomadic, and now even vagrant and vagabond servants that can find no master on those terms*; which seems to me a much uglier word. Emancipation? You have been emancipated with a vengeance! Foolish souls! I say the whole world cannot emancipate you. Fealty to ignorant unruliness, to gluttonous sluggish Improvidence, to the Beerpot and the Devil, who is there that can emancipate a man in that predicament? Not a whole Reform Bill, a whole French Revolution executed for his behoof alone."

In this style, Noblest proceeds for a page or two, haranguing the unlucky paupers upon the principle that poverty is crime; taunting them with previous doles of Indian meal and money, and informing them that the Workhouses are thenceforward inexorably shut. Finally, he announces that they are to be embodied into industrial regiments, with proper officers; and marched off "to the Irish Bogs, to the vacant desolations of Connaught now falling into Cannibalism, to mis-tilled Connaught, to ditto Munster, Leinster, Ulster, I will lead you; to the English fox covers, furze-grown Commons, New Forests, Salisbury Plains; likewise to the Scotch Hillsides, and bare rushy slopes which as yet feed only sheep." All these are to be tilled by the slave regiments under the following penalties for recusancy. "Refuse to strike into it; shirk the heavy labour, disobey the rules – I will admonish and endeavour to incite you; if in vain, I will flog you; if still in vain, I will at last shoot you, – and make God's Earth, and the forlorn-hope in God's Battle, free of you. Understand it, I advise you!" O rare Thomas Carlyle!

The language in which this significant and notable plan is conveyed, is more original than the plan itself. Other Liberals than Mr Carlyle have propounded the doctrine that the pauper is a slave of the state. A century and a half ago, Fletcher of Saltoun wrote a treatise to that effect, and probably a more determined republican than Fletcher never stepped in upper leathers. But somehow or other, although Scotland was then less scrupulous in matters of personal freedom than the sister kingdom, the scheme was by no means received with acclamation. Heritable jurisdictions were all very well in their way, but the idea of reducing the peasantry to the state of Russian serfdom, was rather more than the free parliament of the Scots Estates could contrive to stomach. It has been very shrewdly remarked that there is a wide circle in politics, whereof the connecting link lies between ultra-liberalism and absolute tyranny. Mr Carlyle, without meaning it, gives us a fair exemplification of this in the present pamphlets. Messrs Cobden and Bright afford us an unmistakeable exemplification of it, in their endeavours to frustrate the operation of the Ten Hours' Bill. M. Ledru Rollin demonstrated it in his circulars, on the occasion of the first French republican election. Liberty is a beautiful term, but its true signification is unknown to the thorough-paced demagogue.

According to the spirit of the British laws, labour can only be enforced as the penalty of crime. Mr Carlyle would change this, and would place the pauper upon precisely the same level as the convict. We are not prepared to say that some important improvements might not be made in the practical operation of the poor-laws. We have read various pamphlets, published in this city and elsewhere,

which strenuously recommend the employment of the able-bodied poor in the reclaiming of waste lands, and their immediate removal from the towns. There is, however, much more philanthropy than philosophy in these schemes. In order to discover a proper remedy, we ought in every case to direct our primary attention to the nature and origin of the disease; and this is precisely what our modern philanthropists neglect to do. People do not crowd into towns of their own choice. Give them their free will, and the means of subsistence, and one and all of them will prefer the fresh air, and the sights and sounds of nature, to the stifling atmosphere, the reeking filth, and the discordant cries of the city lanes and courts. But no such free will exists: the balance has not been kept between the country and the towns. No encouragement has been given to the small manufactures, which in former times were the support of villages now rapidly falling into decay. The gigantic power of machinery, set in motion by large capital, has nearly abolished the hand-loom. Worsted knitting, yarn-spinning, straw-plaiting, are now rendered almost profitless occupations. In order to live, the villagers have been forced to migrate to the towns. We need hardly refer to the earliest of the Free-trade measures, which, by substituting Spanish barilla for kelp, threw whole districts of the West Highlands at once into a state of pauperism. At this moment, a new cause is aggravating the evil. The stagnation of agricultural employment occasioned by the abolition of the corn duties, has given a new impetus to rural emigration; and those who cannot afford their passage to foreign parts naturally seek refuge in the towns. In another year – if the experiment should be continued so long – the effects of this last change will become more evident than they are now. The able-bodied ploughman is the last of the agricultural class who will suffer. Those who have already been compelled to change their homes, or to go upon the parish-list, are the cottars, who derived their subsistence from the employment given them by resident proprietors. So long as encouragement to agricultural improvement existed, these poor people never wanted work; but now the calamitous fall in the price of produce, and the prospect of a great diminution of rents, have compelled the landlords to discontinue their improvements, and to reduce the expenses of their establishments to the lowest possible limit. In this way, country labour is lessened, and town labour, by the increasing competition of hands, is cheapened. This is the true secret of all those startling revelations as to the misery, want, and positive oppression of the working classes which have lately appeared in the public journals, and which have engendered in the minds of many a natural despair as to the destiny of a state in which such things are suffered to exist. The remedy undoubtedly is neither an easy nor a speedy one; still, it is by no means to be included in the category of impossibilities. Machinery, which is the first great cause of British pauperism, cannot indeed be checked, *but it may very easily be taxed*. "An acre of land," says a late eminent writer, "if cultivated, must pay a tithe of its productions to support the religion of the state, and an equal contribution with any other property in respect of the poor, county, and church rates; but mechanical power may exercise its productive faculty *ad infinitum*, with but a trifling reference or liability to either the one or the other. The building may be rated at £200, £500, or £1000 a-year, but it has a power within it which, as compared with landed property rated at the same amount, will produce a hundredfold as great a return – a principle in legislation as deteriorating in its operation on the masses as it is unjust to individuals." That machinery, which has changed the whole character of our population, and which, in fact, has been the means of creating this stern reality of pauperism, is not taxed upon the principle of its productive power. That it should be so, seems evident upon the smallest reflection. Land is not taxed on the principle of acreage, but on that of value, which again depends entirely on production. Why should not the manufactory be rated in the same manner? It is true that, by such a measure as this, pauperism could not be removed, but it would be materially checked, for the fair proportion of the burden would thus be thrown on the shoulders of those who occasioned it. But nothing effectual can be done until the nation has finally determined what policy it is to pursue for the future, and in all time coming, with respect to native industry. If Free Trade is to go on, pauperism must continue like a Upas tree to spread and overshadow the land. It is not within the range of possibility that this can be otherwise. No church-extension, education, cheap literature,

ventilation, sewerage, public baths, or model lodging-houses, can avail to mitigate the evil. It is town competition – made triply worse by the operation of low tariffs – which is driving the working classes to the verge of the pit of despair; and that town competition is increasing, and will increase, so long as a fresh daily supply of hands is driven from country labour. The scheme of the philanthropists to whom we have referred, is to take the surplusage from the towns and to send them to the country. This, in the present state of matters, is about as feasible an undertaking as if we were to try to make a stream of water run up-hill. Why, the misery and indigence which they seek to relieve, is not the result of mere idleness, dissipation, or profligacy – it arises from over-competition in one department of industry, occasioned by the utter want of profitable employment in another. There would be no need of industrial regiments to cultivate the soil, if its cultivation were allowed to be remunerative. But to set our pauper population at work upon anything which will not repay private enterprise is mere delusion. We have said this much upon a topic of the greatest interest, and the utmost importance, because we are convinced that many persons, who are fully impressed with the magnitude of the evil, have mistaken the remedy from the want of a due consideration of the causes from whence that evil has arisen. It is, however, a subject too large for incidental discussion, and we shall probably return to it on a future occasion, when we can state our views without reference to the whimsical vagaries of Mr Carlyle.

So then, the Noblest having made his speech, and wound up with a significant hint of flogging and pistoling every one of the unfortunate serfs who shall fail to wield the hoe with becoming alacrity, what next? Nothing more, in so far as the interests of the working classes are concerned; at least nothing tangible. Perhaps it would be absurd to expect anything more. The man who can propound a scheme to rid us of pauperism, with all its concomitant misery, would be a greater benefactor to the commonwealth, and to the human race, than a thousand Howards in one. Mr Carlyle is perhaps the most strenuous advocate for work that we ever encountered. He would have made a first-rate taskmaster under the old Egyptian economy. He is, with great reason, indignant at the state to which our West Indian Colonies have been reduced by means of Exeter Hall emancipation, and he scouts emancipation itself as a gross delusion of the fiend. It is to be regretted that his views have been so late of ripening. Time was, when a fair and common-sense protest, advanced by a Liberal philosopher, against the absurdity of attempting to change the hue of the Ethiopian by a single momentary scrubbing, might have been of some actual use: now, it is in vain to recommend a protracted application of the tub. The Noblest, when Mr Carlyle has discovered him and put him forward, will hardly achieve his ends by using the following language, even supposing that he wielded the lightning, and were able to put his threats into execution.

> "Beautiful Black Peasantry, who have fallen idle, and have got the Devil at your elbow; interesting White Felonry, who are not idle, but have enlisted into the Devil's regiments of the line, – know that my benevolence for you is comparatively trifling! What I have of that divine feeling is due to others, not to you. A universal Sluggard-and-Scoundrel Protection Society is not the one I mean to institute in these times, where so much wants protection, and is sinking to sad issues for want of it! The scoundrel needs no protection. The scoundrel that *will* hasten to the gallows, why not rather clear the way for him? Better he reach *his* goal and outgate by the natural proclivity, than be so expensively dammed up and detained, poisoning everything as he stagnates and meanders along, to arrive at last a hundred times fouler, and swollen a hundred times bigger! Benevolent men should reflect on this. – And you Quashee, my pumpkin, – (not a bad fellow either, this poor Quashee, when tolerably guided!) – idle Quashee, I say you must get the Devil *sent away* from your elbow, my poor dark friend! In this world there will be no existence for you otherwise. No, not as the brother of your folly will I live beside you. Please to withdraw out of my way, if I am not to contradict your folly and amend it, and

> put it in the stocks if it will not amend. By the Eternal Maker! it is on that footing alone that you and I can live together. And if you had respectable traditions dated from beyond Magna Charta, or from beyond the Deluge, to the contrary, and written sheepskins that would thatch the face of the world, – behold I, for one individual, do not believe said respectable traditions, nor regard said written sheepskins, except as things which you, till you grow wiser, will believe. Adieu, Quashee; I will wish you better guidance than you have had of late."

The meaning of this passage is, that the black population of our colonies ought no longer to be permitted to dwell in perfect idleness in their provision grounds, rearing pumpkins for their own consumption, without regard to the cultivation of the sugar-cane. As we have already remarked, this view is somewhat of the latest; nevertheless truth, like repentance, can never come too late to be received. Divorced from the folly of his speech, Mr Carlyle's sentiment is sound. Twenty millions of British money, wrung from the hard-taxed labour of our people, were given – for what? Not only to emancipate the Negroes, but to place them in such a position that they could effectually control their former masters – our own colonists and countrymen, to whom our faith was solemnly plighted for the maintenance of their privileges and commerce. Let it be granted that slavery was a gross sin, was it incumbent upon us to elevate the emancipated Blacks so high, that they could control the labour market – to give them the status of untaxed yoemen, without any security for the slightest manifestation of their gratitude? It was more than preposterous that those whose freedom was purchased should be placed in a better position, and invested with more immunity from labour and want, than the great bulk of the people who made the sacrifice in order to secure that freedom; and the result has amply demonstrated the gross folly of the scheme. There are thousands, nay millions of men in Britain and Ireland, whose lot, compared with that of the emancipated Blacks of Jamaica, is one of speechless misery – and yet their cry to be relieved from a competition which is crushing them down to the dust, is unheard and uncared for amidst the din of contending politicians, and the perpetual hum of the busy proselytes of Mammon.

Here we cannot forbear from quoting a characteristic passage from Mr Carlyle's tracts. The idea is not original, but the handling is worthy of Astley's humourist; and we commend it to the special attention of all free-trading philanthropists.

> "Certainly Emancipation proceeds with rapid strides among us, this good while; and has got to such a length as might give rise to reflections in men of a serious turn. West Indian Blacks are emancipated, and it appears refuse to work. Irish Whites have long been entirely emancipated; and nobody asks them to work, or on condition of finding them potatoes (which, of course, is indispensable) permits them to work. Among speculative persons, a question has sometimes risen. In the progress of Emancipation, are we to look for a time when all the Horses also are to be emancipated, and brought to the supply-and-demand principle? Horses too have 'motives;' are acted on by hunger, fear, hope, love of oats, terror of platted leather; nay they have vanity, ambition, emulation, thankfulness, vindictiveness; some rude outline of all our human spiritualities, – a rude resemblance to us in mind and intelligence, even as they have in bodily frame. The Horse, poor dumb four-footed fellow, he too has his private feelings, his affections, gratitudes; and deserves good usage; no human master, without crime, shall treat him unjustly either, or recklessly lay on the whip where it is not needed: – I am sure if I could make him 'happy,' I should be willing to grant a small vote (in addition to the late twenty millions) for that object!
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> "Him, too, you occasionally tyrannise over; and with bad result to yourselves among others; using the leather in a tyrannous, unnecessary manner; withholding,

> or scantily furnishing, the oats and ventilated stabling that are due. Rugged horse-subduers, one fears they are a little tyrannous at times. 'Am I not a horse, and *half*-brother?' To remedy which, so far as remediable, fancy – the horses all 'emancipated;' restored to their primeval right of property in the grass of this Globe; turned out to graze in an independent supply-and-demand manner! So long as grass lasts, I daresay they are very happy, or think themselves so. And Farmer Hodge sallying forth, on a dry spring morning, with a sieve of oats in his hand, and agony of eager expectation in his heart, is he happy? Help me to plough this day, Black Dobbin; oats in full measure if thou wilt. 'Hlunh! No – thank!' snorts Black Dobbin; he prefers glorious liberty and the grass. Bay Darby, wilt not thou perhaps? 'Hlunh!' Gray Joan, then, my beautiful broad-bottomed mare, – O Heaven! she too answers Hlunh! Not a quadruped of them will plough a stroke for me. Corn-crops are ended in this world! – For the sake, if not of Hodge, then of Hodge's horses, one prays this benevolent practice might now cease, and a new and a better one try to begin. Small kindness to Hodge's horses to emancipate them! The fate of all emancipated horses is, sooner or later, inevitable. To have in this habitable earth no grass to eat, – in black Jamaica gradually none, as in White Connemara already none; – to roam aimless, wasting the seed-fields of the world; and be hunted home to Chaos, by the dire watch-dogs and dire hell-dogs, with such horrors of forsaken wretchedness as were never seen before! These things are not sport; they are terribly true, in this country at this hour."

One other sham, perhaps the greatest which our age has witnessed, Mr Carlyle accidentally denounces – we mean the late Colonial policy. If the Whigs have an official aptitude for anything, it is the coopering up of Constitutions. Is one colony indignant at some outrage or insult proceeding from headquarters – is another dissatisfied with the conduct of the Governor, and urgent for his recall – is a third aggrieved by the commercial vacillation and fiscal measures of a Parliament in which it has neither voice nor power – the universal panacea is, Give them a Constitution! We hope the present Ministry will profit by the following criticism – not volunteered by us, who neither look upon them with affection, nor entertain any sanguine hope of their conversion to a patriotic policy, – but penned by a writer who, not long ago, was considered by their organs as one of the deepest thinkers of the age.

> "Constitutions for the Colonies," says Mr Carlyle, "are now on the anvil; the discontented Colonies are all to be cured of their miseries by Constitutions. Whether that will cure their miseries, or only operate as a Godfrey's Cordial to stop their whimpering, and in the end worsen all their miseries, may be a sad doubt to us. One thing strikes a remote spectator in these Colonial questions: the singular placidity with which the British Statesman at this time, backed by M'Crowdy and the British moneyed classes, is prepared to surrender whatsoever interest Britain, as foundress of those establishments, might pretend to have in the decision. 'If you want to go from us, go; we by no means want you to stay: you cost us money yearly, which is scarce; desperate quantities of trouble too: why not go, if you wish it?' Such is the humour of the British Statesman at this time. – Men clear for rebellion, 'annexation' as they call it, walk openly abroad in our American Colonies; found newspapers, hold platform palaverings. From Canada there comes duly by each mail a regular statistic of Annexationism: increasing fast in this quarter, diminishing in that; – Majesty's Chief Governor seeming to take it as a perfectly open question; Majesty's Chief Governor, in fact, seldom appearing on the scene at all, except to receive the impact of a few rotten eggs on occasion, and then duck in again to his private contemplations. And yet one would think the Majesty's Chief Governor ought to

> have a kind of interest in the thing? Public liberty is carried to a great length in some portion of her Majesty's dominions. But the question, 'Are we to continue subjects of her Majesty, or start rebelling against her? So many as are here for rebelling, hold up your hands!' Here is a public discussion of a very extraordinary nature to be going on under the nose of a Governor of Canada? How the Governor of Canada, being a British piece of flesh and blood, and not a Canadian lumber-log of mere pine and rosin, can stand it, is not very conceivable at first view. He does it, seemingly, with the stoicism of a Zeno. It is a constitutional sight like few."

With Earl Grey at the head of the Colonial Department, backed and assisted by that pattern of candour, Mr Hawes – with Lord Elgin in Canada, and Lord Torrington in Ceylon – the integrity of the British empire is certainly exposed to peril. But a more dangerous symptom is the spirit which of late years has prevailed in the councils of the nation, and owes its origin to the false views and perverse unpatriotic doctrines of the political economists. They refuse to admit into their calculations any element which may not be reduced to the standard of money-value, and they consider that the worth of a colony is to be measured solely by the returns of its traffic. This is a leading dogma of Free Trade; and no doubt, were Free Trade capable of entire realisation, if the nations of the earth had no other ambition than to buy and sell, after the manner recommended by Mr Cobden, and if reciprocity were a thing universal, a good deal might be urged in its favour. If we apply the same test to Ireland, we shall find that it is greatly for the advantage of the people of Great Britain to pronounce in favour of Repeal, and to allow the young patriots of the Emerald Isle to enter into any kind of relationship which they may choose with the sympathising republicans of France. This is Free Trade in its plain, undisguised form; and to some such consummation as this we must come at last, by virtue of the grand experiment, should that, like Sir Robert Peel's temporary Income Tax, be extended to a limitless perpetuity. At present, in so far as regards the welfare of a great portion of the inhabitants of the country, it is difficult to perceive what advantage they derive from the boasted character of Britons, except the privilege of contributing to the heaviest load of taxation that was ever laid upon the industry of a people. We acknowledge that the Free-traders have planned their scheme with consummate adroitness and dexterity. If their object was, as we believe it was, to sap those principles of high morality, rectitude, honour, and patriotism, which carried Great Britain successfully through the dangers of wild European revolution, anarchy, and war, they could not have hit upon a better or a surer method. Many a disheartened agriculturist has lately asked himself, what is the nature of the ties which bind him imperatively to Britain, when a richer soil and a fairer climate can be found elsewhere, a home not daily harassed by the knock of the tax-gatherer, and the London market ever ready to receive the product of his industry? It is not good that these questions should arise in the minds of our yeomen, for they are calculated to engender a train of thoughts very hostile to the maintenance of that credit which England dare not lose, without forfeiting her reputation, her fame, her honour, and her sway. The thoughts of the colonies have long been bent in a similar direction; and we doubt not that many of them have been amazed to find that, so far from being checked in their preliminary mutterings of revolt, they have the hearty good wishes of the Manchester men in dissolving their connection with the mother country, whenever they may choose to do so. Thus do we stand at present in our home and colonial relations, the clank of the constitution hammer resounding from the cooperage, and dull-eyed Imbecility sitting lazily at the helm.

We must now take our leave of Mr Carlyle, sincerely regretting that we cannot, with any degree of truth, congratulate him either on the tone or the character of his late lucubrations. These pamphlets, take them altogether, are about the silliest productions of the day; and we could well wish, for his sake, that they had never been compiled. Very few people, we imagine, will be disposed to wait with confidence for the avatar of his Noblest and Noblers, such as he has depicted them. Our faith and hopes lie in a different direction; nor have we any wish to see a Cromwell at the head of affairs, supported by a staff of noble young souls, poetical or otherwise, who require to be bought over for

the purpose. Towards the close of his fourth pamphlet, our author lets drop a hint from which we gather that it is not impossible that his Noblest may hereafter appear embodied in the person of Sir Robert Peel. All we shall say on that score is, that Sir Robert has already had sufficient opportunity vouchsafed him to exhibit the extent of his qualifications. It is not likely that the Statesman who, in the eve of life, and enjoying the undiminished confidence of his Sovereign, finds himself in the House of Commons without the semblance of a party to support him, can ever make another desperate rally. It would be difficult to find in the annals of history any instance of a leading politician who has been so often trusted, and impossible to find one who has so often abused that trust. Even Mr Carlyle cannot deny the Unveracities of which Sir Robert stands convicted; and although he appears to think that lapses from truth are of so common occurrence as to be venial, we beg to assure him that his opinion is not the general one, nor is it altogether creditable to the morality of the man who ventures to express it. We are sorry to observe that, in the conclusion of this latter tract, Mr Carlyle has condescended to borrow some hints from that most eminent master of modern scurrility, the late Daniel O'Connell. This is, in every respect, to be deplored. Wit is not Mr Carlyle's forte, and this kind of wit, if wit it be, is, when served up at second hand, both nauseous and revolting. At a calmer moment, and on more mature reflection, we feel convinced that Mr Carlyle will blush for the terms which he has allowed himself to apply to so eminent a genius as Mr Disraeli; and that he will in future abstain from testifying his gratitude for a humiliating invitation to dinner in a shape so abject as that of casting personal and low abuse upon the political adversaries of his entertainer.

If Mr Carlyle feels that his vocation is political – if the true spirit of the prophet is stirring within him – he ought to endeavour in the first place to think clearly, and, in the second, to amend his style. At present his thoughts are anything but clear. The primary duty of an author is to have a distinct understanding of the matter which he proposes to enunciate, for unless he can arrive at that, his words must necessarily be mystical and undefined. If men are to be taught at all, let the teaching be simple, and level to the common capacity; and let the teacher be thoroughly conversant with the whole particulars of the lesson. We have a strong suspicion that Cassandra must have been a prophetess reared in the same school as Mr Carlyle. Her predictions seem to have been shrouded in such thorough mysticism, that no one gave her credit for inspiration; and in consequence the warnings which might have saved Troy, were spoken to the empty winds. Here, perhaps, we ought to guard ourselves against a similar charge of indistinctness. We by no means intend to certify that Mr Carlyle is a prophet, or that there is any peculiar Revelation in these Latter-day Pamphlets which can avert the fall of Britain, should that sad catastrophe be foredoomed. We simply wish to express our regret that Mr Carlyle, who may lay claim to the possession of some natural genius and ability, will not allow us the privilege of understanding the true nature of his thoughts, and therefore exposes himself to a suspicion that the indistinctness lies quite as much in the original conception of the ideas, as in the language by means of which they are conveyed.

As to his style, it can be defended on no principle whatever. Richter, who used to be his model, was in reality a first-rate master of language and of verbal music; and although in some of his works, he thought fit to adopt a quaint and abrupt manner of writing, in others he exhibited not only great power, but a harmony which is perhaps the rarest accomplishment of the rhetorical artist. His "Meditation on a Field of Battle," for example, is as perfect a strain of music as the best composition of Beethoven. But in Mr Carlyle's sentences and periods, there is no touch or sound of harmony. They are harsh, cramped, and often ungrammatical; totally devoid of all pretension to ease, delicacy, or grace. In short, we pass from the Latter-day Pamphlets with the sincere conviction that the author as a politician is shallow and unsound, obscure and fantastic in his philosophy, and very much to be reprehended for his obstinate attempt to inculcate a bad style, and to deteriorate the simple beauty and pure significancy of our language.

THE HUNGARIAN JOSEPH

The following poem is intended to commemorate a very interesting episode, which lately enlivened the deliberations of the National Reform Association. The usual knot of Parliamentary orators having somewhat cavalierly left the delegates to their own rhetorical resources, on the third day of conference, and the conversation having taken a doleful turn, owing to the paucity of subscriptions, the Chairman, Sir Joshua Walmsley, thought fit to enliven the spirits of the meeting by the introduction of an illustrious visitor. The following extract from the morning papers will explain the incident, as well as the commemorative verses: —

> "The Chairman (Sir J. Walmsley) here left the platform, and shortly afterwards returned, leading a short, stout, elderly, intelligent-looking gentleman, with a very formidable mustache and bushy beard of snowy whiteness, whose appearance created considerable excitement in the audience, and gave rise to great satisfaction in the minds of several delegates, who were under the impression that they beheld Mr Muntz, the hon. member for Birmingham, whose beard is so well known by report to the Liberal party.
>
> "The Chairman. – Gentlemen, you observed that I left the platform for a short time, and returned with a gentleman who is now near me. It is no other than the Joseph Hume of the Hungarians. (Loud cheers, followed by cries of 'Name, name.')
>
> "The chairman did not appear able to afford the desired information, and the venerable Hungarian financier wrote his name on a slip of paper, from which Sir Joshua Walmsley read aloud what sounded like 'Eugene Rioschy.' (Cheers; and voices, 'We don't know it now,' 'I can't tell my wife;' and laughter.)

I

No, no! 'tis false! it cannot be!
When saw a mortal eye
Two suns within the firmament,
Two glories in the sky?
Nay, Walmsley, nay! thy generous heart
Hath all too wide a room:
We'll not believe it, e'en on oath —
There's but one Joseph Hume!

II

Unsay the word so rashly said;
From hasty praise forbear!
Why bring a foreign Pompey here
Our Cæsar's fame to share?
The buzzard he is lord above,
And Hume is lord below,

So leave him peerless on his perch,
Our solitary Joe!

III

He may be known, that bearded wight,
In lands beyond the foam;
He may have fought the fiery fight
'Gainst taxes raised at home.
And hate of kings, and scorn of peers,
May rankle in his soul:
But surely never hath he reached
"The tottle of the whole."

IV

Yes, he may tell of doughty deeds,
Of battles lost and won,
Of Austrian imposts bravely spurned
By each reforming Hun.
But dare he say that he hath borne
The jeers of friend and foe,
Yet still prosed on for thirty years
Like our transcendant Joe?

V

Or hath he stood alone in arms
Against the guileful Greek,
Demanding back his purchase-coin
With oath, and howl, and shriek?
Deemed they to hold with vulgar bonds
That lion in the net?
One sweep of his tremendous paw
Could cancel all their debt.

VI

How could we tell our Spartan wives
That, in this sacred room,

We dared, with impious throats, proclaim
A rival to the Hume?
Our children, in their hour of need,
Might style us England's foes,
If other chief we owned than one,
The member for Montrose.

VII

O soft and sweet are Cobden's tones
As blackbird's in the brake;
And Oldham Fox and Quaker Bright
A merry music make;
And Thompson's voice is clear and strong,
And Kershaw's mild and low,
And nightingales would hush their trill
To list M'Gregor's flow;

VIII

But Orpheus' self, in mute despair,
Might drop his magic reed
When Hume vouchsafes, in dulcet strains,
The people's cause to plead.
All other sounds of earth and air
Are mute and lost the while;
The rasping of a thousand saws,
The screeching of the file.

IX

With him we'll live, with him we'll die,
Our lord, our light, our own;
We'll keep all foemen from his face,
All rivals from his throne.
Though Tory prigs, and selfish Whigs,
His onward course assail.
Here stand a hundred delegates,
All joints of Joseph's tail.

X

Ho, there! remove that hairy Hun
With beard as white as snow;
We need no rank reformers here
To cope with honest Joe.
Not Muntz, with all his bristly pride,
From him our hearts can wean:
We know his ancient battle-cry —
"Shave close, my friends, and clean!"

MY PENINSULAR MEDAL
BY AN OLD PENINSULAR
PART VII. – CHAPTER XVII

Although I have not specified every place at which we halted, or through which we passed, it may be proper to state that we arrived in due course at St Sever, which was distant only one day's march from the actual headquarters of the British army, Aire on the Adour. Here Pledget interposed his professional authority, and decided that neither Mr Chesterfield nor Jones must proceed farther. They both remained, therefore, under surgical treatment at St Sever. Pledget and Gingham, deeming the road now safe, pushed forward to Aire, leaving the cart to follow with the convoy. At the same time, our numbers experienced a still more considerable diminution. Our cavalry escort, also, received orders to push forward, and started before us in high spirits, with the prospect of immediate operations. The convoy was, accordingly, left with only the infantry as a guard, under Corporal Fraser.

Before starting for this our last day's march I saw both our wounded men, neither of them well pleased at being left behind. As to Jones, I was getting used to him, and could have better spared a better man. I found him confined to his bed, in a house full of sick and wounded; very much down in the mouth, fractious, a little feverish, and not at all satisfied with hospital diet. "Please, sir, the doctor don't not allow me a drop of sperrits, sir; no, nor wine nayther, sir; nothing whatsomdever to drink, only powders, sir."

"Powders to drink, Jones? What d'ye mean, man?"

"Please, sir, what I means is powders, sir. Hope no offence, sir. Doctor calls 'em everfizzing powders, sir."

From the Hon. Mr Chesterfield I parted with unfeigned regret. I believe he had won the respect of the whole party. His manner was a little stiff and aristocratical at first. But he mended on acquaintance; and, in everything connected with duty, he was both highly competent, and pleasant to act with. We got off in good time, and proceeded on our march as on former days, our road carrying us through two or three villages.

In passing one of these, I pulled up to make some trifling purchase; and, when I came out of the shop, found our whole convoy and escort halted. "How's this, Fraser? Why are we not getting on?"

"Orders for the whole party to halt have just arrived from headquarters, sir."

"Indeed! Who brought them?"

"A gentleman belonging to your department, sir."

I rode forward to the head of the column; and there, sure enough, at the entrance of the village inn, saw a uniform resembling my own. In fact, I recognised not only the coat, but the wearer of it, though he did not recognise me. He was a foreigner – Westphalian, Saxon, Bohemian, High Dutch, Low Dutch, or something of that sort; had served at Lisbon as clerk in a civil department attached to the British army; and, in some situation of trust and responsibility, had incurred suspicions of an awkward kind. He had in consequence been suspended. The matter was referred to the home authorities, and the result was his dismissal. This was what I knew of him. As to his having subsequently obtained employment in our department, of this I knew nothing. And it did appear rather curious that a person "disadvantageously known," as he was, should have gained a footing where trustiness was so indispensable. Yet there he stood in full fig, enormous staff-hat, and all the departmental toggery. He addressed me in French, with a tone of authority.

"Why have you come this road? You have followed the wrong route. Your way was by the left bank of the river."

"I came by the high road, of course. The maps show no route by the other side. All the troops take this way, and of course I followed their example."

"Nothing of the kind. They all take the other, which is shorter by nearly a league. Besides, you should not have come by St Sever at all. I am sent from headquarters, to show you the right direction."

"Very good. Of course, then, you bring written orders."

"No written orders are requisite. My directions are, to turn you into the other route. This, in fact, is not safe. You will therefore cross at the ford, and proceed to headquarters along the other bank of the river."

"If, as you say, the other is the usual route, of course they must suppose at headquarters that I have taken it. Very droll they should have sent you to turn me back from this, then."

"Such were my orders. You will proceed by the other road."

"Allow me to inquire," said I, "were your orders from our own department, or from the Quartermaster-General's?" That was a poser; for, if they came from our own, the question would at once arise, Could any such authority enjoin departure from a regular route, given in writing? If, on the other hand, it had been deemed expedient, from circumstances grave and unforeseen, to send me fresh instructions from the higher authority, the bearer of them would probably come direct from the same quarter. He hesitated – looked rather at a loss.

"The directions," said he at length, "come from your own department, of course. I was ordered to ride off, make you come by the other road, and accompany you to the end of the march."

"I had much rather march by the present route. Rather doubt whether I should be justified in leaving it."

"Oblige me," said he, in an altered tone, "by just stepping into the house with me. I am charged with a communication of some importance."

Leaving Sancho in care of an attendant, I followed him into the Auberge. "Have the goodness," said he, "to step into that apartment. Excuse me for one moment. I must just speak to the landlord."

I entered. It was an apartment on the ground floor, with a table laid for two – by no means a disagreeable surprise on a march. On the table were already placed the bread, and the bottle of wine uncorked – sure signs, in a French inn, that dinner will soon make its appearance. "Really, he seems a very good sort of a fellow, after all. This is just the way with the lads of our department. Suspicion be hanged! my first impressions were unjust."

He entered; and the garçon followed with the soup. "Ah," said my new acquaintance, "now be quick with the other things. Come, Mons. d'Y – , this is your longest day's march; you must be hungry, no doubt. Come, sit down; take some soup. We shall soon be better acquainted. Excuse this little *ruse*."

"Readily," said I; "and you must excuse my quitting you this instant."

A glance from the window had effected a second revolution in my sentiments. Looking out before I sat down, I discovered that the convoy and escort were off! Far down the street, I perceived the last of them disappearing along the road! – walked straight towards the door. He was too quick for me; locked it, and placed himself with his back to it, pocketing the key. "No, no, Mons. d'Y – ," said he; "you are my guest. You really must not depart till after dinner. It's absurd. For you I ordered it. Would you hurry away without taking a mouthful?"

Had I removed him by force, I must still have forced the door; and that might have brought upon me the whole establishment, and caused further delay. I therefore took three steps from the door to the window, threw it open, and soon found myself on the *pavé*, which was higher than the floor of the apartment. To my surprise, Sancho also had disappeared! My first impression was, that he had gone on with the convoy, and I was about to follow on foot; – thought it best, though, to look in the stables first. There he was, sure enough. The attendant had already taken off his saddle, and was about to remove his bridle. "What are you about there, my friend? I requested you to hold him at the door."

"Monsieur, the other English officer came out after you had entered, and desired me to bring him here, take off his saddle and bridle, and give him some *orge*."

I whipped on the saddle again in no time, mounted, and soon overtook the escort. "Corporal Fraser, why did you go on?"

"I understood that we went on by your orders, sir."

"My orders? Nothing of the sort."

"I am very sorry if I have done wrong, sir. The gentleman who joined just now came out from the inn, and directed us to proceed. Said you would follow immediately. As he wears the same uniform, I supposed a command from him was the same as one from yourself, sir. Indeed, he said it was your order."

"He received no order from me; and he had no business to send you on without."

"Shall I halt the party, sir?"

"No, no; keep on. It was a mistake our stopping at all."

As we passed out of the village, I began to ruminate upon what had just occurred. First of all, there was the character of this gentleman, well known at Lisbon, and, I supposed, at headquarters. Then there was the improbability of his story, to say nothing of one or two little contradictions. Then, it was clear, he had attempted to separate me from the convoy, and to prevent my following it. Then, too, his conduct was doubly incorrect; in taking upon himself, first, to halt the party, secondly, to send it on. Item, in the course of our short interview, he had, it appeared to me, told as many fibs as could well be got into the given time. Moreover, he had attempted to divert us from our route, which was just what Hookey did; and, what made it very remarkable, Hookey and he both wished us to turn aside in the same direction, namely, by the left bank of the river, when the regular route was by the right. Something was evidently not straight. For all that, though, the manner of this intelligent individual was so very easy and impudent, and he seemed so bent upon accomplishing his purpose, whatever it might be, that I felt a strong impression we had not seen the last of him, especially as he appeared utterly unconscious that I knew his previous history. – "Corporal Fraser!"

"What's your pleasure, sir?"

"If that person comes up, I wish you to keep near me. Take no notice; but be prepared, if I direct, to arrest him."

The corporal looked a little queer. "Very good, sir," said he; "upon receiving your *orders*," (he intoned the word *orders*,) "I shall be ready to do so."

"In case of my giving you an order to that effect, I, of course, am responsible, not you. If I turn round, give you a look, and say, 'Fraser,' you will consider that you have got your directions."

"Very good, sir; it shall be done."

My anticipations proved correct. Mounted on what had very much the appearance of a French post-horse, my would-be entertainer presently came up at a laborious canter. The moment he got alongside, he began to expostulate. Was profoundly grieved that I had declined his hospitality. It was a long day's march, the longest from Passages to headquarters. "A little refreshment would have recruited your forces, Mons. d'Y – ."

"I cannot separate from the convoy and escort. As you thought fit to send them on, I had no choice but to follow."

"Well, pardon me, if I have done wrong," said he. "My intentions were pure, at any rate. Positively, though, you must not follow this road. The way to the ford is now close at hand. Come, let me be your conductor."

"Were you not at Lisbon last autumn?" said I.

"Were you?" said he, in a tone of alarm.

"I was. And though you do not know me, I know you."

"Nothing to my prejudice, I feel convinced." (Still more uneasy.)

"Very well. All will be cleared up at headquarters. Of course, you will accompany us."

"At any rate," replied he, anxious to back out, "I hope to have the pleasure of meeting you there."

"No, no," said I; "you go with us."

By this time he was decidedly in a fidget, and began to hang behind. Just then we came suddenly to a lane, branching off to the right. This was probably the very direction he had wished me to take; though whether it really led to a ford over the Adour, or to what it led, was a different question. Before I was aware of his design, he turned sharp in that direction; and, when I looked after him, he was already some distance down the lane, digging his heels into the old poster's sides. This operation had put the gay old stager into something as much like a gallop as you can hope to get out of a French post-horse. He was off! Ah! our cavalry had left us too soon. I looked round, and shouted "Fraser!"

Fraser, prepared for my order, and anxious to have all ready for executing it, had three men marching at hand, with loaded firelocks. Three balls whistled down the lane. But it was a waste of his Majesty's powder and shot; the fugitive escaped unhurt. Not so, though, the lively old post-horse. His screwed tail, his stradding hind-legs, and his action – for a moment prancing, not progressive – gave evident indications that the luckless beast had not got off so easily as his rider. Then, in an agony of apprehension lest his scutcheon should receive a second totem, he plunged forward again at his previous rate, and soon disappeared down the lane. Pursuit was out of the question, for Sancho's best pace was an up-and-down; even a French horse was too fast for a French pony: so both horse and horseman got off.

My first care, on reaching headquarters, was to make inquiry respecting this new member of our department. You will hardly need to be informed, that there was no such person belonging to us. The only question was, how did he get the uniform coat? It certainly was not that of the corresponding department of the French service, which not only rejoiced in the appropriate embellishment of a key embroidered on the collar, but differed in other respects from ours. Some said he must have procured the coat at Lisbon. Some said he had got it made for the occasion. A gentleman of the Commissariat suggested that he had picked up a coat at headquarters, cast off when some of us had been promoted. But the worst of it was, our department couldn't recollect when any such cheering event had taken place.

As both Hookey, and this more recent adviser, strenuously insisted on our proceeding to headquarters by the country to the south-east of the Adour, and as Hookey particularly inculcated the duty and necessity of our passing through Hagetmau, which lies a few miles to the south of St Sever, it is curious to discover, at this interval of time, that the very neighbourhood indicated by these two talented individuals as offering us the best route, was precisely the most unsafe. I reached headquarters on the 17th of March. The next day the Commander-in-Chief (*vide* Gurwood) writes to Sir J. Hope, – "I use the cipher, because I understand the enemy were at Hagetmau *yesterday*." That's just where we should have been on the same day, had I followed Hookey's advice; so that we should have walked right into them; and that, no doubt, was what Hookey intended. But further, by a letter from the Commander-in-Chief to the Mayor of Hagetmau, dated 21st March, we learn that, on the 18th, there was in that place an affair of partisans. It was, therefore, a very eligible neighbourhood to which our two friends wished to introduce us.

When I reached headquarters at Aire with the convoy and escort, a forward movement of the troops appeared to have already commenced. Firing was heard at hand; and the operation was attended with rather more noise than those in which we were engaged the day before. A great army advancing upon the enemy, like the chariot of Jove, cannot move without thunder. I know not how far the arrival of the treasure which we brought up contributed to this movement. Suffice it to say, I find our Commander-in-Chief writing to Sir J. Hope, March 18 – "I waited quietly till all my means coming up were arrived, and I am now moving upon them in earnest." Ah, Hookey! you played great stakes, and a deep game, too. But it wouldn't do.

The hour of my arrival, though, was signalised by that event, of all others, which men chronicle as the most important of their lives – an interview with a great man. In my case, it was a *very* great man. To be sure, he didn't speak to me. But what does that signify? I spoke to him. On arriving with

the treasure at the office of our own department, I was directed to go forthwith and report myself at the office of the Quartermaster-General. I went, and found it in a very humble mansion. On entering the passage, found a door to the right, where I was desired to go in. Saw a long table by the window, with two or three officers writing. Before the fire stood ANOTHER. He was drenched with rain; all in a steam, like a hot potato; lost in thought; looked awful; a middle-aged and remarkably well-built man, with a striking – nay, more than striking – with a *particular* expression of countenance; such a face as I had never seen before; a very keen eye – the eagle's, that can look at the sun, would have quailed before his; and oh, what a beak! I felt rather at a loss. No one did me the honour to notice my *entrée*. No one took any notice; no one vouchsafed me a look! I stood, for a moment, in silence. As all the others were hard at work, and one was doing nothing, I of course concluded that he was the Head of the Department; and, with crude atrocity, addressed him – though with a queer kind of feeling, which I myself didn't exactly understand – "Are you the Quartermaster-General, sir?"

No reply on his part – no look, no movement of the head, no change of countenance! He merely raised his arm, and pointed to the table. By that act alone he indicated a consciousness of being spoken to; and had he, the next moment, been called upon to describe the speaker, why, I firmly believe he couldn't have done it. I then turned towards the table. One of the writers rose from his seat in silence, walked me out into the passage, made an inquiry or two, and walked in again.

The next day I was once more on the march, riding side by side with a brother clerk. "There he is!" said he. I now beheld, on horseback – a regular centaur, part of his horse – that same distinguished individual whom, the day before, I had so unceremoniously addressed, as he stood reeking before the fire, while great guns were banging right and left, the troops advancing, and he at the best of all possible points to direct and control the vast machinery that he had set in motion.

Life at headquarters proved to be much what I had anticipated. In attending the movements of the army, we officials had sometimes very little work; sometimes, especially when the troops remained a few days stationary, a great deal. While they moved from day to day, we seldom had much to do but to follow them, and make ourselves as comfortable as we could at the end of the day's march. The military movements from Aire to Toulouse were curious. From Aire we went right down to the south, as far as Tarbes and Vic Bigorre – a course which almost brought us back again to the Spanish frontier and the foot of the Pyrenees; then up again to the Garonne and Toulouse. A sailor would have called it tacking. Of course, one could not follow even an advancing and victorious army without undergoing some hardships. On one occasion, after much previous fatigue, in passing a wild and mountainous district, we were suddenly overtaken by a snow-storm. While nodding on Sancho's back from sheer exhaustion, I was caked on the left, from head to foot, with snow, which first began to melt with the warmth of the body, then froze hard with the keenness of the wind. The next moment the sun blazed forth, to the right, with scorching heat. Thus roasted on one side, and frozen on the other, I dozed and nodded on, with just sufficient consciousness to form virtuous resolutions of knocking off the snow, but without sufficient energy to carry them into effect. After all, though, a civilian following the army, supplied pretty regularly with rations for himself, pony, and servant – tolerably sure, too, of a good billet at night, and generally provided with a few dollars, easily convertible into francs – has no business to talk of hardships. The real hardships of a campaign fall on the marching officers and privates. What they endure is past conception. Gingham and I were much together, and carried out our plan of campaigning in company as far as circumstances would allow. At headquarters, also, I fell in again with my old acquaintance and fellow-voyager, Mr Commissary Capsicum, who gloried in giving good dinners. He was never better pleased than when I accepted his invitations, but always gave me a good blowing-up if I dined with Gingham in preference.

Amongst all my reminiscences of campaigning, none are more vividly impressed upon my mind, than the reminiscence of a campaigning appetite, which I am persuaded is altogether extraordinary, and a thing *per se*. Did you ever visit Cintra? Now there's the Cintra appetite, and a very good one it is, too. This, also, has its distinguishing feature – namely, that on the one hand, while

you are riding about (or, if a sensible person, going on foot, exploring, climbing, scrambling) amongst rocks, and peaks, and splendid scenery, the pleasing idea of the dinner that will be ready for you, on returning to your hotel, blends itself, by a gentle amalgamation, with every discovery, with every prospect; and while, on the other hand, the said dinner is actually on the table before you, and under discussion, the splendid scenes you have been witnessing, like dissolving views, pass in procession before your mind. Thus your dinners are romantic, while your rambles are appetising.

Then, again, there's the nautical appetite, which comes on you like a giant, when you have mastered the qualms of the first few days at sea. The nautical appetite, also, has its peculiar feature, which is this – that the intervals of time between one meal and another appear so awfully long. That's because you've nothing to do. But —

The campaigning appetite, I say, differing from both these, has also its characteristic proper to itself – namely, that there never is a moment when you are unprepared to eat; the instant you have done, you are ready to begin again. You sit down, at headquarters, to a breakfast where the table groans with various and abundant provender – tea, coffee, chocolate, bread, eggs, cold meat, ham, tongue, sausages sublimed with garlic, enormous rashers of bacon, beefsteaks, not to name knick-knackeries innumerable, and something short as a calker. You do ample justice – oh, haven't you made a famous breakfast? and in half-an-hour you are ready for another! If, having stowed away breakfast for two, you happen to pop in upon a friend who is taking his, you join him as a matter of course. And, my dear madam, what makes it so peculiar in my case is, I was always such a very small eater. The only exception to this perpetuity of a campaigning appetite, is when something extraordinary is going on in front – a battle, or what looks just like it, a skirmish. Then, for a while, you forget that you are hungry. The stomach is still equally in a state of preparation to receive and digest food. But, for the nonce, you ignore the fact; the wolf lies dormant. Oh, how savage he wakes up, though, when the fighting is over, and you all at once remember that you haven't dined. In short, with plenty always at command, with no real want unsupplied, I never suffered so much from hunger as when campaigning, and I never ate so often. Your only plan is this: Whenever the opportunity presents itself, *take in stock*. Breakfast, as if you had no prospect of a dinner; dine, as if you had not breakfasted.

Generally, then, at headquarters, I fared as Gingham fared; and to say that is to say enough. But it was not always so. His engagements, or my duties, sometimes made a separation; and then I learned my loss. Once, when I was so circumstanced, my servant came home with disconsolate looks and a melancholy report: "To day, no beefy, senhor." At that moment, I could have eaten my gloves! Went with him myself; was politely received by a gentleman in a blue apron with a steel dangling in front. "What, no beef to-day?"

"Oh yes, bless your heart. Plenty, sir."

"Well, here's the order. Let's have some, then. Where is it?"

"There it is, sir."

"Don't see any. Where?"

"Why, it's in that 'ere pen, sir. Only you jest look in through the gateway. Wherry find beastesses, I calls 'em. In two hours we shall begin to kill."

He pointed to a large stone enclosure, in which stood a captive herd of horned cattle. An anxious bullock rested his chin upon the wall, and, breathing a misty sigh, with melancholy countenance looked full in mine!

At another time I had been riding on in front, and was coming home at a rambling pace through lanes and by-paths, when suddenly the wolf returned – I was appallingly hungry – must eat or faint. Contrived to ride on to a lone cottage – tapped at the door. It was opened by a very respectable quiet-looking man; old gentleman, I ought to say, for such he was, both in aspect and manners. His garb, indeed, was homely; but his air was superior, his address manly and simple with a certain finish, and his carriage perfectly upright. He courteously invited me to enter; the door led at once into a large room, which was in fact the whole ground-floor of the cottage. A little preliminary chat sufficed to

inform him what I was, and me what he was – namely, an old soldier, who had got his discharge, and was living in retirement. No one came to attend on him; a regular old campaigner, he did for himself. I soon came to the point – was in a state of inanition – would pay with alacrity for anything eatable, even bread. "No, no," said he, "wait a while, *mon enfant*, I shall soon have the pleasure of setting before you a superb repast. It will diversify my existence! Ah! I shall experience an emotion!" He immediately unhooked from the wall an old iron frying-pan, as black inside as out – the only cooking utensil that graced his menage; poured in water, and set it on the fire to simmer. He then took down from the shelf a large brown bowl, and brought out from under the table a goodly loaf of coarse but excellent bread, part of which he cut into the bowl, and sprinkled with a little salt. Then, walking out into his garden, he pulled a leek, and collected two or three kinds of herbs, all which he added to the water, with something that resembled the fat of bacon, though not so solid. When all was scalding hot, he doused it into the bowl upon the bread, then handed me a pewter spoon, and begged me to use no ceremony. Hunger is indeed the best sauce; and, homely as was the fare, I never made a heartier meal.

Somewhat recruited in strength, I rose to take leave, having first requested my brave old entertainer to accept payment, which he declared impossible. However, I had now been long enough on Gallic ground to understand the *idiom*, so laid my "legal tender" on the table, and said farewell, with many thanks. He tottled with me to the door; then, suddenly stopped me, and looked earnestly in my face, as if he had something very particular to communicate. What was he going to say? He begged to assure me I had laid him under an infinite obligation. Again he arrested my progress, with the door in his hand. Hoped I would honour his menage with a second visit. Admired the brave English, and lamented that he had never had the pleasure of meeting them professionally. "*Peut-être encore! Mais hélas! nous sommes les f – s!*" Halted me a third time outside. "His cottage was mine, with all that it contained." He had marched through half Europe, and was a simple-hearted, civil, old Frenchman.

There was one circumstance, though, not a little to the advantage of those who dined with Gingham or Capsicum; and this was, that there arose between these two worthies an amicable rivalry on this very affair of giving dinners. The contest, in fact, had its origin a year before, on our voyage from Falmouth to Lisbon, when Capsicum brewed a bowl of punch, and Gingham brewed a better. Capsicum could not brook the idea that any man should brew punch, or give dinners, equal to his. The style of the two entertainers was different. Capsicum's dinners were more profuse, Gingham's more *recherchés*. Gingham, in fact, had all the appliances of the table in greater perfection. He had plate enough for a handsome dinner – mind, I don't mean to say a state dinner – of eight or ten. His whole dinner-service, too, was handsome, elegant; wines, the choicest that money could command; all the little etceteras excellent – coffee, for instance; such coffee as you could not get elsewhere in France, where they are too apt to make a mess of it. I don't think much of French coffee, except such as you get here and there at private houses. Gingham's coffee was a pure, genial, high-flavoured decoction. Ah! you tasted the berry. As summer came on, Gingham intended ices. And good fish, till we arrived at Bordeaux, being next to unattainable, he had organised a plan for procuring salmon in ice from England. Capsicum, on the other hand, had resources which Gingham had not. He could always command the best cut of the best commissariat beef; and this advantage told with stunning effect when he gave a spread. He had other advantages in foraging, and he knew how to turn them to account. In short, the characteristic of his dinners was abundance; and, with the guests who partook of them on actual service, this would generally secure the preference.

Many dinners might I describe – and, oh! describe *con amore*– both Capsicum's and Gingham's. But I select one in particular, which was signalised by a hoax. I abstain from entering into the general subject of hoaxes, as hoaxes were practised at headquarters. He that would do justice to it must also treat of shaves. Let us confine ourselves, for the present, to a particular branch of the subject – namely, the dinner hoax. The dinner hoax was twofold. Was it a time of scarcity, when ration beef was all that could be got? Then the hoax was, to create a persuasion in the mind of the unfortunate hoaxee that something else was coming. "Major, a little more *bouillie*?" "No, I thank you. I'm keeping a corner

for the turkey." Hoaxee hears that. He also will keep a corner for the turkey – plays with the beef. Next *entrée* is – the cheese! Was it, on the other hand, a season of abundance? Then the hoax, equally unfeeling, assumed an opposite character. "Sorry, gentlemen, we're so badly off now," says the host, with a wink seen by all at table, hoaxee excepted; "hope you'll contrive, for once, to make a dinner on soldier's fare." Hoaxee pitches into the beef – stows away a double ration – is pressed and helped, pressed and helped, till he positively declines another mouthful – then enter the roast pig. Unhappy hoaxee! He has dined!

The object of the hoax at Capsicum's was an individual of a particular class. You must know, the home authorities had got a notion, that, amongst the departments attached to the Peninsular army, abuses of all kinds were rife, and required to be looked after. For this purpose, they occasionally sent out some intelligent individual, whose business was to see and report. Sometimes he came for the avowed purpose. It was to a talented character of this kind that the greatest man amongst us – who was as good at a joke as he was at polishing the French – gave the name of "Argus." Sometimes the individual's object was merely suspected; partly betrayed, perhaps, by his own homebred simplicity, which was no proof against the penetration of old campaigners. In either case, as will easily be understood, such a person was no favourite, and was deemed a fair subject for a hoax.

I was walking down a lane towards Capsicum's quarters, when I was overtaken by a gentleman on horseback, who was evidently a fresh arrival from England. Everything about him looked new, a regular London outfit. You'd have said he came direct from Piccadilly in a bandbox. His manner, moreover, announced him to be somebody; he was evidently a very great man. "Pray, sir," said he, "can you inform me the way to Mr Capsicum's?"

"I am going that way myself, sir. I shall be happy to show you the road, as it has one or two turnings."

"Much obleeged, sir. I am going there by invitation to dinner."

"So am I, sir."

"Understand his dinners are capital, sir," said the newly-arrived, somewhat softening.

"Few equal to them at headquarters, sir. He is very great in that line; takes a pleasure in it."

"Really, sir, I'm not sorry to hear it," said he, still more mollified; "for, to tell you the truth, I'm not yet quite at home here; no more is my servant. I've been forced to rough it; and have sometimes come off with short commons."

Other conversation followed, and led to the mention of my own official rank, in the humble capacity of a departmental clerk. A great change took place when the gentleman heard this. He became dignified, absent, and monosyllabic. When we arrived at Capsicum's, as there was no one in attendance, I thought it devolved on me to perform the rites of hospitality, and stepped up to take charge of his horse. He handed me the bridle, and walked at once into the house, without waiting to look, or say, "Much obleeged to you."

The guests, including Pledget, Gingham, the new comer, and myself, amounted to seven. I saw at once that the recent arrival was not very affectionately viewed by Capsicum, who betrayed his feelings by his manner. This, amongst his particulars, was off-hand, easy, and jocular. But towards his newly arrived guest, he was all courtesy and high etiquette. In fact, that gentleman came out professedly to serve, but unfortunately was regarded as a spy. His Christian name was William; a surname was found to fit it; and, ere he left Capsicum's premises, he was dubbed "William Tell." Delighted with the prospect of a dinner such as he had not seen since he disembarked at Santander, with red face and red hair, large in form, and coarse-featured, a burly, bull-necked, bullet-headed man with goggling eyes, his air more confident than genteel; in manners, laboriously free and easy; ostentatiously dressed, and smiling with agreeable anticipations, at one time he twiddled with his forefinger an enormous bunch of seals, at another he complacently boxed his right fist into his open left. The hands then amalgamated, and the punch subsided in a bland and complacent rub.

The cloth was already laid – at headquarters you must manage as you can – in the room where the company met. Mr Barnacles glanced approvingly at the preparations. Ever see a man's eye glisten, when you told him of some generous deed? So glistened the eye of Barnacles, while it glanced at the plates, glasses, bottles, knives and forks, spoons, tumblers, and saltcellars, which in goodly order graced Capsicum's hospitable board.

We sat down; I, under a mandate growled by Capsicum, at the lower end of the table as Vice. Proposed mischief twinkled in the corner of Capsicum's eye. First, as a matter of course, came the soup and *bouillie*.

"Mr Capsicum," said a brother commissary, "I know it's not genteel to be helped twice to soup; but I'll trouble you for a little more." This was move the first, in the game of hoax.

"Quite right, quite right," said Capsicum. "No market in these country places. Sorry, gentlemen, there's so little variety just now." The speakers exchanged winks. The game was now fairly opened; a hoax had already commenced, and Barnacles was the destined victim.

"Well," said another commissary, "I can always make a good dinner off beef."

Barnacles, it was clear, had now received the desired impression. Beef, he fully understood, was to be the staple of our dinner; and he accordingly stowed with beef. In fact, he did wonders; cleared plate after plate of boiled beef. At length, having stowed till he could stow no more, he sat back in his chair pompously and complacently. A mild perspiration bedewed his forehead; and the damask of his cheeks had given place to a rosy suffusion of the whole countenance. The fingers of his two hands were interlaced over his stomach, while his thumbs stood erect, meeting in a point.

"Mr Barnacles, I beg ten thousand pardons. Pray give me leave to send you a little more beef."

"Much obleeged, sir; not a morsel more. Never made a better dinner in my life."

"Sure you won't, Mr Barnacles? Just a shave from this end, with a morsel of fat."

"Thank you, sir, kindly – I couldn't. Must beg you to excuse me. Much obleeged. Not a morsel more." – Table cleared.

Fresh plates! more knives and forks! Now it was, in reality, that the dinner began; – enormous sirloin, spitting with volcanic heat; roast fowls, that would have softened the hardest heart; elegant hind-quarter of mutton; pretty little fillet of veal; tongue, ham, boiled turkey, &c.

Behold, a new feature in the game! Barnacles wasn't beat yet. In the attempt to hoax Barnacles, allowance had not been made for his gastronomic powers, and previous privations. Never mind. The more sport.

"Mr Barnacles, a slice of the sirloin. Upper cut, or under cut?"

Barnacles, at the sight of the good things before him, contrary to all calculation sat up with renewed vigour, and paused ere he replied.

"Why, if I do take anything more, I think it must be a small slice of this mutton."

Barnacles helped himself. A small slice! Why, if he didn't cut away into the hind quarter, slice after slice, till he had sunk a regular well. Then spooned out the gravy.

"Give Mr Barnacles the currant jelly. Mr Gingham, we owe that to you."

"Plenty more at your service, sir," said Gingham; "got three or four dozen jars. Always bring some when I visit headquarters. Got it in Berkley Square."

Barnacles now sets to again, fresh as when he began. What powers! what capacity! what deglutition! In fact, it was not only the stomach of Barnacles that needed filling. And that's why you see carnivorous cadaverous men perform such extraordinary feats with knife and fork. Not their stomach merely, their system is hungry. So it was now with Barnacles; and his meal was on a commensurate scale. He was redressing the balance of his constitution – compensating previous inanition. When a man, accustomed to full feeding, has been a few days without it, it isn't the mere filling of his stomach that will satisfy his appetite.

Gingham caught the eye of one of the guests – slightly raised his glass – bowed.

"Oh yace," replied a squeaking voice; "now sall I trink you go t'hell!"

I started. When, when, had I heard that voice before? My eye, for the first time, took a particular view of the speaker. He was a diminutive personage, his complexion a sodden white, with unwholesome patches of red; forehead enormous and mis-shapen; bumps prominent and misplaced; large spectacles, no eyes, upper part of nose wanting, a notch where there should have been a bridge; lower limb of nose broad and sunken, as if squashed down between two puffy cheeks, which bagged on each side; between nose and mouth a space incredible; in fact, a huge upper lip was the most prominent feature of the face; for mustaches, a few detached and very coarse black bristles, pointing opposite ways like a cat's whiskers – each particular bristle standing alone, and individually discernible from its insertion to its extremity; mouth, long and sinuous; lips, viciously twisted out; chin, emaciated. Again he spoke, as Gingham drank to him: "You go t' hell!" Where *could* I have heard that voice? Why, wasn't it at the ferry, among the Frenchmen that opposed our passage? No, no, that can't be; it's impossible. – "Who's that?" I whispered Gingham.

"A man of science, sir; a Russian – Mr Wowski, an ardent botanist. Wished to examine the flora of the South of France; brought out letters of recommendation; joined the army, and follows its movements. You'll like his acquaintance vastly." Then louder – "Mr Wowski, my friend, Mr Y – ; your junior, but a promising naturalist. Hope at an early day you'll meet him to dinner at my quarters."

"Mr Barnacles, shall I have the pleasure? – some turkey, sir?"

By this time Mr Barnacles seemed again to feel that he had dined.

"The least possible shave," said Mr Barnacles. "I really have made a most capital dinner."

I helped him to a good plateful, which he cleared off. – All removed.

Next followed a few made dishes, light articles; and one real delicacy, which was first introduced to our acquaintance by Gingham. This was no other than a kid, baked whole. I take the liberty, my dear sir, of very particularly and pointedly calling your attention to the dish in question. I have, on previous occasions, ventured to offer gastronomic hints. But a kid thus dressed is a real delicacy, worthy of a place on any table. N. B. – If you bake, envelop in paste. Should you prefer roasting, cover with paper. Let the roasting be *gentle*, but *complete*. Of course you don't stretch out the legs. Double them up, and skewer to the sides. For sauce, chop up the pluck. Sauce should be piquant, with lots of cayenne, subacid. Or make a separate dish, with the pluck and heart.

Pensive regret was mingled, in the face of Barnacles, with intense curiosity, while he viewed this novel *entrée*, as it made its appearance in a case of dough. Capsicum asked no question; sent him a plateful; a great part of which he was forced to send away. It was clear Mr Barnacles was now beat to a standstill.

The dish, though, was rather rich; and what he had eaten took effect. His countenance changed. Suddenly he became pallid, with an effort to look *degagé*. This lasted about a minute, in which time he swallowed two successive bumpers of madeira. The dose so far kept him right, that Barnacles didn't leave the table: but he was evidently *hors de combat*.

Mr B. being now brought to a standstill, the *joke* was so far successful. Yet was not the *hoax* complete, unless there appeared something on table that he liked, and yet something of which he could not partake.

The sweets now made their appearance, and were viewed by Mr Barnacles with indifference. But when the table was wellnigh covered, and space remained for only a single dish —

Enter a splendid plum-pudding – yes, a regular English plum-pudding – its summit hoary with pounded sugar, its sides distilling brandy sauce.

The eyes of Barnacles lit up again – sparkled. He was alive in a moment. Once more his fist went bang into his hand; once more his hands embraced and rubbed, as in mutual congratulation. Forgetting all his previous performances, he accepted a substantial slice of the plum-pudding. Alas! he had kept no corner!

"You don't seem," said Capsicum, "to like your pudding, Mr Barnacles."

"Oh yes! Oh yes!" said Barnacles, with emotion. "Indeed I do, sir. It's what I never, never expected to see again till my return – till my return to the British metropolis. But" – It ended in a watering-pot scene – a regular boo-hoo. He put his handkerchief to his face. It was too much for his feelings. Plum-pudding before him as good as could be got in London, and he not able to eat a mouthful! The poor man cried.

He made up after dinner, though, by copious potations. After coffee, sat down to a rubber. One of the party proposed guinea points. But Capsicum saw how matters stood with Barnacles, and wouldn't stand it. "No, no, gentlemen," said he; "no stakes; no stakes." In the course of the evening Mr Barnacles disappeared. Alarmed by his prolonged absence, Capsicum sent a servant, who came back with the report that he was not very well. He returned – took a stiff glass of whisky-punch – again disappeared. I, by Capsicum's request, went this time in search. Found him at length in the stable. He was trying to saddle his horse; – couldn't. He wanted to steal away. I reported to Capsicum, who at once decided. "Mr Barnacles must not go home to-night. We must find him a shake-down on the premises." In one way only could this arrangement be effected. Mr Wowski consented to turn out, and accompanied me to my billet.

Amidst the din of war and the monotony of headquarters society, I was really glad to meet with a naturalist and man of science, and cultivated the acquaintance of Mr Wowski accordingly. When, however, I came to try him, he appeared to know about as much of botany as I did myself. Neither, I remarked, in search of specimens, did he visit the most out-of-the-way and likely places. He generally sought those points, in preference, where the troops were moving in masses; and apparently looked much more sharply after the movements of the army than after bulbs. Once, when we had halted at a village, which stood in a wide-spread plain, he invited me to ascend the turret of the church. We reached the summit just in time to behold a comical spectacle. From the church top we looked down vertically on the *Place*, or open area of the village, which was full, at the moment, of soldiers – British, Portuguese, and Spanish; muleteers, camp-followers – men, women, children – a motley multitude. Just at that moment a fellow rushed into the midst, shouting at the top of his voice, and bearing something aloft in his two hands. It was a bullock's bladder. The multitude gathered round him, eager for a promiscuous game of football, which he soon commenced by a kick that sent the bladder sky-high. Football, probably, you have seen played, or have played at. But did you ever see it played by four or five hundred persons at once, of four or five different nations, and you looking right down upon them from the top of a church? Each was eager to get a kick at the bladder; but a far greater number than succeeded got kicks on their shins. It was a stormy sea of heads. The shout came up to us. No one was more conspicuous in the throng than my Spanish Capataz, whose activity was equal to his bulk. Being stumpy as well as stout, he cut a droll figure viewed from above, as, with sprawling arms and legs, he flung himself forward with a flying leap, and a kick that, if it missed the bladder, was seldom expended on the air. At length the bladder was driven down a street; the rush followed it, shouting; the market-place again became quiet; and I turned to address Mr Wowski, who, like myself, I supposed, had been engaged in surveying the tumultuous scene beneath. Not he. Ensconced behind the parapet, where no one could see him from below, he was quietly looking in advance with a pocket-telescope, as if surveying the movements of the troops. On my approach he started, slapped together the joints of his glass, and hastily restored it to his pocket, where, till that moment, I never knew he carried one.

Mr Wowski, highly recommended by letters, received a good deal of attention. To Gingham he brought a letter from Warsaw. For my own part, I saw reason to doubt whether he was really what he professed himself. Two or three things about him struck me as strange; and, when he spoke, never could I forget the voice at the river.[2]

[2] Having described in this Chapter a dish introduced to our acquaintance by Gingham, I must here, though with an apology for discussing a matter of such importance in a note, beg leave to mention another dish, which I also partook of at Gingham's table while

residing at Bordeaux in the subsequent Autumn, a period not included in the present narrative. I believe the dish is French; a boiled turbot, cold, with jelly sauce. I mention it with a degree of hesitation, because it is not exactly a dish for our climate, nor would it harmonise with the general character of an English "spread." The turbot, when boiled, should be kept in the coolest place you have got, till brought to table. So should the jelly. It is a dish for a *bonâ fide* warm climate, and should come to table *bonâ fide* cold.The same *entrée* was part of a most splendid dinner given in one of the seaports of southern Europe, by some French to some British naval officers. This was at a more recent period, – my informant, the Rev. W. G. Tucker, Chaplain of the Royal Navy, who was one of the guests on the occasion, and whose approval may be safely deemed definitive, in all matters of taste. In the discharge of his professional duties, my Rev. friend is equally distinguished; and should the authorities think fit to appoint a nautical Bishop – that *prime desideratum* in the service – he is their man. – G. Y.

CHAPTER XVIII

Mr Wowski, during his short sojourn at headquarters, was one day placed in an awkward position. In the south of France, we often met with large fierce dogs, which in country places we sometimes found ugly customers; though, in reality, not one in ten of them possessed the pluck of an English pug. Early one morning, I had to ride a little distance on duty. It was a cross country road, and Gingham favoured me with his company. While ambling along, we overtook Mr Wowski, who had started for one of his peregrinations on foot; and slackened our pace, to secure the pleasure of his society. Presently we came to a hamlet of some ten or a dozen houses, in passing which we were savagely attacked by a gang of formidable-looking dogs. Had Gingham and I been by ourselves, we should soon have been rid of the annoyance, by the mere act of passing on. But the real danger was our pedestrian companion's, whom the whole barking angry pack seemed determined to assail. One shaggy, powerful ruffian led the van; he might have sat to Schneider. His mouth, yawning like a sepulchre, reuttered a deep, sonorous yow – yow; his fangs stood out, ready for action; his eyes flashed fire; while, in size somewhere between a wolf and a jackass, he rushed right up to the unfortunate Wowski, whose only defence was a walking-stick. Wowski cut one, two – one, two – with just sufficient energy to keep off the foe, who contrived to maintain his nose in position, just an inch beyond the range of the sapling. He was backed up by the rest of the curs, who, barking and snarling, formed a semicircle, that threatened to hem in the hapless Wowski. Gingham and I could do nothing. I had only a switch; Gingham hadn't even that. Still the chief assailant, his back bristling like a wild boar's, and his tail swollen and ruffled like an angry cat's, pressed the attack; it was yow – yow on one side, and cut – cut on the other. He jumped, he circled, he ramped, he flew up in the air, spun round, and flew up again; – every moment I expected to see him fly at Wowski's throat. I noticed a woman looking out from the door of one of the cottages – called to her, and made signs – on which she thought fit to disappear. Wowski was now becoming pale and exhausted. "Shorten your stick," said I. He did so. The foe came nearer. "Now give him the full length." Wowski took the hint, and the big beast of a cur caught a crack on his muzzle – a regular smasher; instantly turned tail, and cut away with dismal yowlings. The whole pack, like so many humans, turned against him, and pursued; the great powerful brute was half-a-dozen times knocked over and worried, ere he found refuge in an outhouse. The woman now reappeared, armed with a broomstick; and followed into the shed, where a fresh succession of howls and yells announced a needful though tardy process of castigation. Wowski walked along with us, flourishing his stick; only wished it had been a lion! There may be really courageous dogs among the big-limbed monsters of this part of France; but, from my own observation, I should say the most part are a pluckless race. Indeed, an officer of the Guards, who had got out dogs from England, complained to me that they lost their courage on a foreign soil.

Gingham himself, a few days after, had a much more serious adventure.

We were on the march together, after a wet and stormy night. The morning was unsettled, but soon became sultry. Then followed a shower of hail. Gingham began to philosophise; thought he could explain the phenomenon of hail better than any one else. "It has been remarked," said I, "that hail is never formed, except where there are two strata of clouds, one over the other."

"True," said Gingham; "and some meteorologists have imagined that the hail is generated by the alternate action of the two strata, which action they suppose to be electrical."

"Curious, if true."

"Yes," said Gingham; "but I question the theory altogether. According to the best views of the subject which I have been able to form, the hail is produced simply by a current of very cold air, passing rapidly through hot air charged with vapour. Were the current less rapid, or less cold, the effect would be merely condensation, and we should have rain; but, being both cold and rapid in a high degree, the effect is congelation, and we have hail. The noise which so often accompanies hail-

storms is the rush of this current of cold air. Currents of air, I admit, in the higher regions of the atmosphere, are usually mute. But, in this instance, the rush is rendered vocal by the hailstones. As to the two strata of clouds, they merely mark the superior and inferior limit of the intrusive current; and they are due to the action of the cold, there more modified, on the vapour. And as to electricity – "

Gingham's lecture was here interrupted by our reaching a river. The bridge having been destroyed by the enemy, we could cross only by fording; and just as we reached the ford, we saw some persons passing on mules and horses. Half way over appeared a small island, which was in fact only a bank of shingle, thrown up by some previous flood. We perceived, by those who preceded us, that the depth was sufficient to wet our boots, if we rode, as they did; and therefore it was resolved to pass in the cart. The river, though not at the moment swollen, was dark and rapid. It rushed sullenly on, with small whirlpools, but without a ripple; and murmurs were heard at intervals, hoarse and deep, which came not from its surface, but boomed up from the gloomiest and most profound recesses of its vexed channel and hollow banks. By the side, waiting for a passage, we found some slightly wounded soldiers, a party of four. These Gingham mounted at once into the cart; and I, calculating that with Joaquim the driver, Mr Wowski, and Gingham himself, there were now quite passengers enough by that conveyance, turned Sancho's head, and followed Coosey – who led the way across the stream, mounted on one horse, and leading another, while the cart brought up the rear. The cart, it appears, on reaching the island, stuck fast. Its wheels cut into the loose gravel; and there was no remedy, except for the passengers to alight. The wheels were then lifted by main force; and, time having been given for the whole party to remount, Joaquim drove on, and the remainder of the passage was effected. All those who had started from the opposite bank then got out, with one exception. Where was Gingham? My attention was first attracted by an angry shout from Coosey:

"You Joe King, you precious willain, vhy, if you han't a-been and left your master a-standin on the highland!"

To a geologist like Gingham, the loose stones of the bank of gravel, shoved up by the force of the water from the depths of the stream, presented an attraction which banished every other thought from his mind. He had commenced picking up specimens the moment he alighted from the cart; and was so intent upon this pursuit, that he suffered the party to proceed without him. How they came to leave him behind can only be explained by supposing that each, as soon as he remounted, was occupied by the portion of the passage – it was ticklish work – that remained to be effected, and therefore began looking out ahead.

The moment Coosey spoke, I looked toward the island, and there, sure enough, was Gingham, still intent on stone-picking, and, to all appearance, utterly unconscious that the cart had left. The river, meanwhile, had risen considerably. Its course was more turbid and violent, its murmur louder and more continuous, and the island already smaller. We shouted to Gingham – there was need to shout. He looked up, and at once became aware of his position, which was evidently far from eligible. He appeared perfectly cool, but hesitated.

Suddenly, the water came down, in a sort of bank. It was less than a foot high; but the rise left Gingham with much less ground to stand upon, in the midst of the boiling flood. Large trunks of trees, plunging and careering, were now brought rapidly down the current; while the rush of the waters was like the roar of receding billows on a storm-vexed strand. Coosey was about to dash into the flood, which swept by the bank, boiling like a mill-stream. Had I not stopped him, the plucky little Londoner would soon have been carried away, prone and struggling on the angry torrent. He then sprang into the cart; but Gingham made signs to prohibit the attempt, or both cart and Coosey would probably have been lost. In our agony we tore off the cords from the boxes, tied them together, and fastened the end to a large stone, which Coosey attempted to pitch towards Gingham. It fell near him; but out of his reach, in deep water. While we were cautiously hauling it in, down came another freshet. The island was now in great part submerged; and Gingham stood on a mere strip of shingle, with the flood roaring down on each side. The stone was pitched again; and this time went truer than

before, but was at once carried off into the deep water below. I again began to haul the line home. It had caught, and wouldn't come in. What could be done? Gingham, I really feared, was a lost man!

Down came another bank of water. Gingham had now scarcely standing-room. The water rushed rapidly by him, and I began to fear he might not long have a footing. At this critical moment, the trunk of a tree, with most of its branches broken off, but here and there a small bough still remaining, came right down towards Gingham, shearing, surging on the tumultuous waters, hung for a moment on the shallow, and then began moving on again with the current. Gingham stooped forward to seize it – he did well, it was his only hope – but lost his feet. He threw himself astride the timber, like Waterton on the crocodile's back, and was borne off from the island, still retaining his hold, though turned over and over by the violence of the current. I saw no hope. What could prevent his being carried away? Yet there was still a possibility of escape, though unforeseen. The trunk, carried a few yards down, was caught by an eddy, and swung round into the slack water below, where the current was broken by the bank on which Gingham had just been standing. There the huge log began slowly moving round in a circle, first ascending in a direction opposite to the stream, then descending again. On reaching the lowest point of the circle, the trunk, with Gingham upon it, was again caught by an eddy, and twirled round like a spindle; then, with solemn movement, began gradually to ascend again, describing the same circle as before. This second time, though, in going down, it reached a lower point ere it was again caught and twirled, by which law, it was clear, the third time it would go with the current. Manfully did Gingham still hold on, though so often under water; and now, for the third time, he and his log began slowly to move in an ascending orbit. A third time he reached the highest point; and a third time, to all appearance the last, he began – I often dream of it – to go down with the stream! We had given up all hope. Joaquim stood wringing his hands; Coosey was like a man distracted; even the crippled soldiers would gladly have given their aid, had any devisable expedient presented itself. There was no visible alternative; this time he must be carried away! – What's that? Something stirred at my feet! I looked down. There was again a little movement. The rope twitched, as if beginning to run out! My foot was on it, in an instant. The next, I and Coosey held it fast. The tree, in moving round and round, had fished hold, and disengaged it from the catch. "Pull away, pull away!" shouted the soldiers. – "Now run him up to the bank." – "Now's your time." – "Make haste!"

"Steady, Coosey, steady," said I. "Take time, or we shall loosen the hitch, perhaps break the rope."

We did not pull. We merely held on. The log and Gingham swung to the bank.

He was silent, almost exhausted. It was well there were hands to drag him ashore; for he was too far spent to land himself. Awhile he sat motionless on the bank. With eyes uplifted, and lips moving inaudibly, he was apparently returning fervent and heartfelt thanks to heaven, for his all but miraculous deliverance. Coosey, meanwhile, had rushed for some brandy, which he administered with great apparent benefit.

"Hadn't we better take you to the nearest cottage?" said I. "Here's one at hand."

"No, no," replied Gingham, gasping. "Get me into the cart."

We lifted him in. Coosey then let down the tarpaulin, and assisted his master in a thorough change of garments from head to foot. Presently, with solemn look, and an air of authority, Coosey got down from the cart.

"It's master's vishes," said he, "to be left, jist for a few minits, alone by his-self."

Gingham ere long made his appearance, shifted and dry; and, though still looking shakey and exhausted, remounted his horse. When I once saw him fairly across the saddle, and just as we were about to proceed, I turned with vindictive, with savage exultation, to take a parting view of the angry torrent. The island had disappeared. Where Gingham had stood there was now a small race of swift-following rollers, which subsided, below the ledge, in tumultuous undulations and foaming eddies, around a dark, deep fissure in the flood, which gaped like a grave. Ha! Is it so? The hungry waters

yawn for their rescued prey, and brawl forth their disappointment in a lengthened moan! We continued our march.

"And as to electricity," said Gingham, resuming where he broke off, "it may, when hail is generated, be disengaged by the process, I admit. But that it is in any way the medium of producing the hail, I strenuously deny. Hail is sufficiently accounted for by the supposition of a current of cold air passing rapidly through warm air charged with vapour; and the same theory will solve all the phenomena."

To which theory I, not being so deep in the subject as Gingham, urged no objections. I remarked, however, that Mr Wowski, professedly a man of science, manifested not the least interest in the question; did not appear to have even an idea on the subject, let alone an opinion. In the late critical scene at the ford, though, he was eminently conspicuous; and, as far as skipping about, shrieking, and getting in the way, his assistance was invaluable.

We lost the little botanist sooner than we expected. A mail – joyful event! – arrived from England; and I was sent to the "Post Office" for our departmental letters. This was not part of my regular duty; but on the occasion in question I received express directions, and went accordingly. Found the post office, a cottage with a front garden. I could but admire the diligent and active exertions to meet the general anxiety of the army, by sorting and delivering the contents of the mail with the least possible delay. The whole lot, say three or four bushels, had been shot out in the middle of the room on the earthen floor. Newspapers, love letters, officers' letters, soldiers' letters, there they lay, and there they were left to lie. In the apartment were two persons, perhaps I ought to say personages. One sat on each side of the hearth; each had torn open a newspaper; and both were conning the news from England. I never saw two people more comfortable in my life. When I entered, neither of them raised his eyes, or took the least notice. They read on. I waited. Still they read. I so far presumed as to announce my mission – had come for the departmental letters. Paused for a reply – stood expectant. At length one of the illustrious two favoured me with an utterance, in a tone somewhat querulous though, and without looking off from his reading – "Three o'clock."

"What, gentlemen!" thought I, "only four hours hence? Why, at this rate, hadn't you better say three o'clock to-morrow?"

So thinking, (not saying,) I walked off. Just as I was going, the one who had not spoken rose. He followed me out, and came on walking by my side down the path toward the garden gate. I really was green enough to fancy he was doing the polite —*seeing* me to the entrance; felt quite overwhelmed. Any approach, at headquarters to "the sweet courtesies of life" – it was something new! I began to deprecate – hoped he wouldn't. "Pray, sir, don't come a step farther. I can mount without assistance – can open the gate for myself." Without vouchsafing a reply, he began questioning.

"Know Mr Wowski?"

"Have known him for the last few days."

"What is he?"

"He professes himself a botanist, a man of science."

"What does he want at headquarters?"

"He states his object to be botanical research."

"*States*, you say; *professes*. Isn't he really a botanist?"

This was an awkward question, for I was beginning to have my doubts. I remained silent.

"You must answer."

"For the last two or three days I have felt it a question, I confess."

"Why?"

"He collects specimens, but doesn't preserve or arrange them. At dinner time he brings home a bundle of common herbs or grasses, which, next morning, he throws away. Then goes out again, and brings home another bundle like it. Don't think he knows much about botany."

"What's your opinion of him?"

"Have hardly known him long enough to form one. He seems decidedly, though, to have a military taste; takes great interest in the movements of the troops."

"Fond of going up steeples?"

"When we enter a place, I believe he makes that his first object; at least, whenever there is a steeple to the church."

"Ever see him making signals?"

"Never noticed anything of the kind."

"Know anything more about him?"

"He brought letters of introduction" —

"Oh, yes; I know all about that. Ever met him before you joined?"

"Can't say. First time we met at headquarters, thought I had heard his voice."

"Where?"

"On our way up with treasure, we were opposed by the peasantry in passing the ferry at – "

"Yes, yes; I know. See him with them?"

"No; I heard a voice, though, which I afterwards thought was very like his."

"Then you didn't see him with them next day, I suppose, when they wounded the officer of your escort?"

"I saw nothing of him then; wasn't near enough to distinguish individuals."

"Oh, I suppose you don't use spectacles. Very well. Say nothing about this."

My questioner then returned to the cottage. He didn't say good morning; and, till I missed him from my side, I wasn't aware of his departure. Then, looking round, I saw him quietly opening the door and going in. Mr Wowski didn't come back to dinner, and we saw him no more. Whether he was arrested, or merely advised to botanise elsewhere, I never knew.

Following the movements of the army from place to place, we approached at length the banks of the Garonne, and the neighbourhood of Toulouse. We now halted for some days at the village of Seysses, where, better off than many of my fellow-campaigners, I enjoyed the luxury of a most enviable bed. On the earthen floor of my apartment was arranged a small stack of faggots. This was the bedstead. On the faggots was spread a lot of worn-out sacking, old clothes, and equally ancient blankets, which, with a very clean pair of sheets, constituted my bed. The first night, I was settling off for a snooze, when a commotion, like a small earthquake, disturbed my *prima quies*. Something was stirring, immediately under me! What can it be? Why, I can feel it! It's in the bed! What's that again? A mixture of squeaking and scrambling! Oh, rats. They had burrowed through the floor, had established themselves in the faggots, had eaten into the bedding, and there held their midnight revels. There they lived and bred, squeaked and grunted, wriggled and fought, scurried and cuddled, close under the sheet, undulating the whole surface of the bed. Presuming that they would let me alone if I let them alone, I again composed myself to sleep; and, so well was the truce kept on both sides, I had them every night for my bed-fellows. If the tumblification became intolerable, I had only to move, and in a moment all was hushed. When I was still, they stirred; but when I stirred, they were still.

Our last halting place, before we fought the battle of Toulouse, was Grenade, a small town, or large village, a few leagues below the scene of combat, on the left bank of the Garonne. Come, I'll just give you a short account of my entertainment in one more billet, and then we'll rush into the thick of the fight. Approaching Grenade, with the mingled multitude that follow an army, I was met by a French gentleman, who immediately addressed me, and entered into conversation like an old acquaintance. That's the best of the French. In five minutes we were intimate. He was a tall, hearty fellow, in age about five-and-twenty, with rosy cheeks, curly hair, broad shoulders, and prodigious development of the *poitrine*

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.