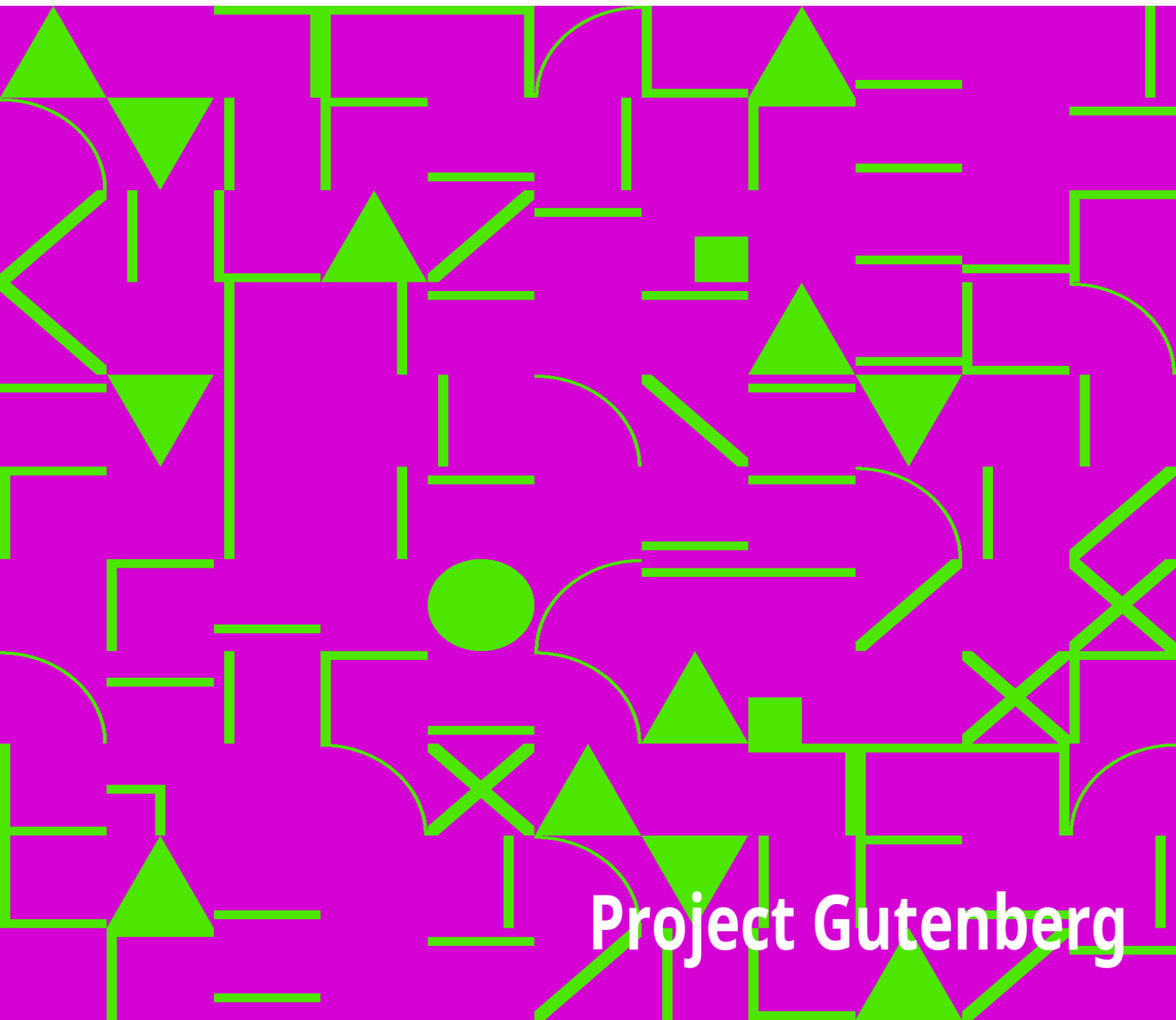


A Popular History of England, From the Earliest Times to the Reign of Queen Victoria; Vol. IV

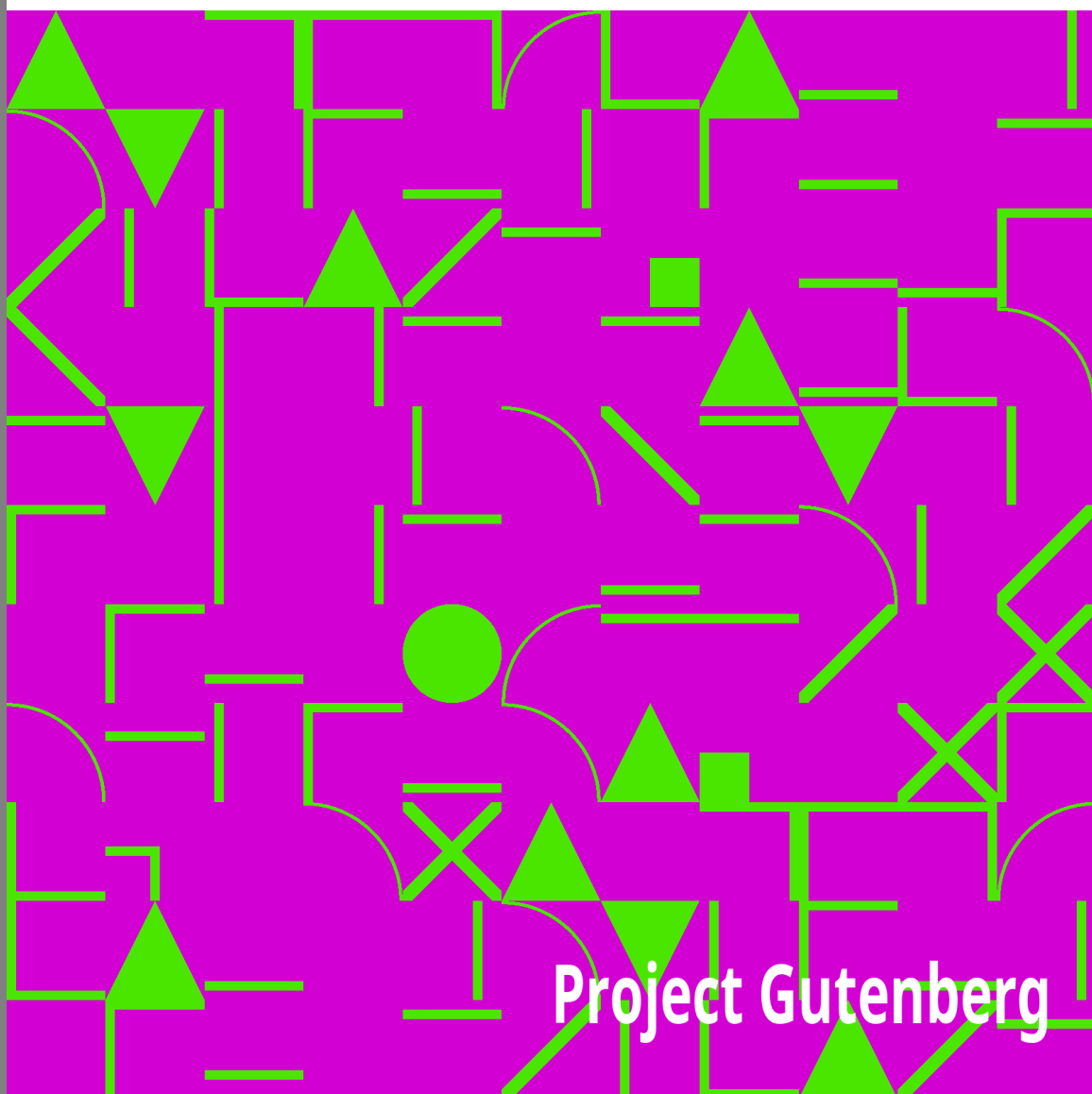
François Guizot and Madame de Witt



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Earliest Times to the Reign of Queen
Victoria; Vol. IV**

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Title: A Popular History of England, From the Earliest Times to the Reign of Queen Victoria; Vol. IV

Author: François Guizot

Editor: Madame de Witt

Release date: May 29, 2020 [eBook #62277]

Most recently updated: October 18, 2024

Language: English

Other information and formats: www.gutenberg.org/ebooks/62277

Credits: Produced by Don Kostuch

*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK A POPULAR
HISTORY OF ENGLAND, FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES TO THE
REIGN OF QUEEN VICTORIA; VOL. IV ***

[Transcriber's notes:

This work is derived from

<http://www.archive.org/details/popularhistoryeng04guiz>

This quote sums up this last volume:

"The bitter time of revolutions had ended for England."—pg. 16]



Napoleon Received On The Bellerophon.

**A Popular
History Of England
From the Earliest Times
*To The Reign Of Queen Victoria***

by
M. Guizot
Author OF "The Popular History of France," etc.

Authorized Edition

Illustrated

Vol. IV



New York
John W. Lovell Company
150 Worth Street, corner Mission Place

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Guizot's
History Of England,
Vol. IV.

**From the Accession of William and Mary
to the Reign of Queen Victoria,**

1688-1837.

History Of England.

Chapter XXXII.

William And Mary.

Establishment Of Parliamentary Government.

(1688-1702).

King James had abandoned England, fleeing from the storm which he had raised, obstinate in his ideas and holding persistently to the hope of a return, which his people was resolved to prevent at any price. William of Orange had entered London; but he had not established his quarters at Whitehall, and he refused to take the crown by right of conquest. Shrewd and far-seeing, he did not wish to belie the promises of his declaration, or, by parading its defeat, to irritate the English army, which he hoped soon to command. He had not conquered England, which had called him to her aid and had voluntarily submitted to him; and he desired to keep the supreme power with her free consent. A provisory assembly was formed of those lords who were in London, as well as of members of the House of Commons who had sat in Parliament under the reign of King Charles II.; and the aldermen of London and a deputation of the City Council were invited to participate in the proceedings. At his departure, King James had left a letter: some peers asked to be informed of its contents. "I have seen the missive," said Godolphin, "and can assure your Lordships that you would find nothing in it which could give you any satisfaction."

Aware of the blind obstinacy of the fugitive King, the peers of the realm presented their address to the prince on the 25th of December; some days later the Commons followed their example. "Your Highness, led by the hand of God and called by the voice of the people, has saved our dearest

interests," said the addresses—"the Protestant religion, which is Christianity in its primitive purity, our laws, which are the ancient titles on which rest our lives, liberties and possessions, and without which this world would be only a desert in our eyes. This divine mission has been respected by the nobility, the people, and the brave soldiers of England. They have laid down their arms at your approach." The same thanks and same requests were presented by the Scotch lords who happened to be in London; the Earl of Arran alone, son of the Duke of Hamilton, had proposed to treat with King James. "All cry, Hosanna! to-day," said the Prince of Orange to Dykvelt and his Dutch friends, who brought him the congratulations of his native country, and were delighted at the enthusiasm shown everywhere in England; "but in a day or two perhaps they will repeat quite as loudly: 'Crucify him! crucify him!'" Resolved as he was to govern England, William caught a glimpse, though he did not foresee their extent, of the difficulties and obstacles which the great enterprise he was asked to attempt would meet with in England itself. Nevertheless he accepted his mission without wavering.

On the 22nd of January, 1689, a Convention, which soon declared itself Parliament, assembled at Westminster, elected arbitrarily on circular letters sent forth in the name of the Prince of Orange. The parties were already beginning to divide; the great national unanimity which had willed and accomplished the revolution was yielding to different passions and opinions. In this supreme crisis of the government of England, the Tories, numerous in the House of Lords, weak in the House of Commons, hesitated, according to their political and religious complexions, between negotiations with King James, the establishment of a regency, leaving to the fugitive monarch the vain title of king, or the declaration that the throne was vacant, and the calling of the Princess Mary to the crown as its natural heiress. No one dared to assert the legitimacy of the Prince of Wales. Some of the Whigs, a party which included in its ranks a number of dissenters, proposed that Parliament should proclaim the nation's right to depose a prince guilty of bad government; the others, less involved in revolutionary schemes, though just as firmly resolved to deliver England from the misgovernment of King James, sought to cover the national will with a legal form. "It is said that kings have a divine right of their own," cried Sir Robert Howard; "nations also have *their* divine right."

On the 26th of January the House of Commons ended by passing a resolution couched as follows: "King James II., having undertaken to overthrow the Constitution of the realm by not fulfilling the original contract of King and people, has broken the fundamental laws of the Kingdom by the advice of Jesuits and other corrupt counsellors; by his voluntary retirement he has abdicated the government, in consequence of which the throne has become vacant." The form of the resolution was open to criticism; only its gist was important. The Commons soon added to their declaration of the vacancy of the throne a second equally grave resolution: "The reign of a Catholic monarch is incompatible with the security and welfare of this Protestant nation." The two resolutions were sent up to the Lords.

The Protestant declaration was unanimously voted. The King of England, head of the Anglican Church, should naturally belong to that Church. In regard to the vacancy of the throne, the Tories insisted on previously debating the question of a regency, proposed some time before by Bancroft, Archbishop of Canterbury, and now advocated by Lord Rochester and Lord Nottingham. Divided between their conviction of the dangers that King James caused the country to incur, and their sentiments of loyalty, the members of this fraction of the Tory party hoped to remain faithful to their oath of allegiance by treating the truant monarch like an invalid incapable of governing, and hence obliged to delegate his powers to the Prince of Orange. This course having been rejected, Lord Danby admitted the throne to be vacant, and demanded that the Princess Mary be declared queen, according to the principle that the throne could not remain unoccupied. The Whigs, with Halifax at their head, loudly maintained the right of the nation to choose its monarch. King James was alive, and the princess could not then be his heiress; the throne became elective, and the Prince of Orange alone was worthy of being called to it.

The discussion between the two houses, as well as that inside the House of Lords, was waxing hot; the crowd was pressing to the gates of the palace. Lord Lovelace informed the peers that he was charged with a petition demanding the immediate proclamation of the Prince and Princess of Orange as King and Queen of England. "By whom has the petition been signed?" was asked. "No man has yet put his hand to it," answered the

bold nobleman, the first to meet the Prince of Orange when he landed; "but when I shall bring it here, there will be signers enough." The same threats were made to the House of Commons. The princess was detained in Holland by the state of the sea, encumbered by ice. Danby was zealously pleading her cause before the Lords, without William, who remained faithful to his promise of committing to the Convention all grave political questions, interfering in any way in the debate. One of his friends, a Dutchman, probably Dykvelt, accidentally was present at the debate; he was pressed to say what he might know of the prince's sentiments. The Dutchman held out for a long time. "I can only guess his Highness's state of mind," he said at last; "but since you want to know what I fancy, I think he would scarcely care to be his wife's gentleman of the bedchamber; but I actually know nothing at all." "I know enough, and even a little too much," retorted Danby.

Finally Burnet made up his mind to reveal what the princess had lately confided to him. "I know, for a long time," he said, "that she had determined, even in case she should have mounted the throne in the regular order of succession, to hand over her power to her husband, with the sanction of Parliament." At the same time Mary wrote to Danby: "I am the prince's wife, and I have no other desire than to remain subjected to him; the greatest wrong that could be done me would be to put me forward as his rival; and I shall never hold as friends those who would follow such a course."

In a moment the impetuous Tories maintained the rights of Princess Anne, threatened by the elevation of William of Orange; the Churchills were enlisted in her cause, though the princess was making no objections to the exaltation of her brother-in-law, when the prince summoned the leaders of both parties to the House of Lords. He summed up in a few words the various alternatives agitated in Parliament. "I have kept silent hitherto," he added; "I have used neither solicitation nor threats; I have not even let my views or desires transpire. I have neither the right nor the inclination to impose anything on the Convention. I only reserve the privilege of refusing functions which I could not perform with honor to myself or advantage to the country. I am resolved never to be regent, and I shall not accept that fraction of administrative power which the princess, raised to

the throne, could entrust to me. I esteem her as much as a man can esteem a woman; but I am not so made that I can be tied to the apron-string of the best of wives. There is but one rôle which I can honorably fill: if the Houses offer me the crown for my life, I will accept it; if not, I will return without regret to my native land." The prince ended by saying that he thought it just to secure the succession to the Princess Anne and her children, in preference to the posterity which he might have by another wife than Princess Mary.

The question was decided: William and Mary were to reign together as sovereigns of England, and the government was entrusted to William. A conference between the two houses soon resulted in a vote. Lord Nottingham demanded a modification in the oaths of allegiance "I don't approve the acts of the Convention," he said, "but I want to be able to promise to obey the new sovereigns faithfully." The House of Commons had charged Somers with drawing up the Declaration of Rights. The jurist's name had for the first time resounded with éclat during the trial of the bishops, and already his rare abilities, the power and subtilty of his mind, as well as his masculine eloquence, had placed him in a high rank, destined soon to be the highest. After a firm and plain statement of the people's rights, Parliament declared William and Mary, Prince and Princess of Orange, King and Queen of England, during their lives. After them the crown devolved upon Princess Anne and her children; in their default, it reverted to the issue of William.

Princess Mary had just landed in England; she had hardly arrived at Whitehall, and already people criticised her attitude and the first indications of her character. Those who had seen her had found her in high spirits, determined to enjoy her new grandeur, forgetful of the catastrophe which hurled her father from the throne she was about to occupy. Burnet himself was shocked. "I had always noticed so much good feeling in her whole conduct," said he, "that my surprise was extreme to see her deficient in it on this occasion. Some days later I took the liberty of asking her, how it could be that the misfortunes of a father had made so little impression on her. She took my frankness in good part, as usual, and assured me that it was not for want of having felt them keenly, if she had had the air of not thinking of them; but because she had been directed in a

letter to affect much gayety. It was possible that she had overdone the rôle they had made for her, so strange was it to her true disposition." On the 13th of February, the two houses betook themselves formally to Whitehall, to offer the crown to the Prince and Princess of Orange. Halifax was spokesman. "We accept with gratitude what you offer us," said William. "For my own part, I can assure you that these laws of England which I have already defended, will be the rule of my conduct. I shall apply myself constantly to develop the prosperity of the realm; and, to aid me in the task, I count upon the counsel of the two Houses, which I am inclined to put before my own." The public proclamation before the great gate of the palace was hailed by the acclamations of the crowd. The revolution was consummated; a new reign was commencing.

With the new reign began a new era. The revolution of 1688 had been singularly moderate and reasonable; it had not claimed a new right, it had not added a liberty to the rights and liberties which England then enjoyed; it had not changed a custom; it did not renounce one of the forms or ceremonies observed in the old times, and dear to the veneration of the people; it had simply proclaimed in principle and established in fact that the nation regarded its rights and liberties as its most precious treasure, that it placed them above hereditary titles and the rights of the throne. Liberal as well as legal, it demanded from the prince a certain measure of good government and of respect for the national wishes, at the same time that it unrolled from the mists of the past those grand principles of the compact of sovereign and people, which England had known how to keep and guard through perils and through oppression. The work of liberty was not yet complete; all its seeds rested in the Declaration of Rights drawn up by Somers, and solemnly accepted by the new sovereigns. The bitter time of revolutions had ended for England.

Yet the day of rest had not come. The reign of William III. was to remain constantly troublesome, disputed, stormy. The reasons of this were various and complicated. In the first place stood his birth; he was a Dutchman in heart as in race, a stranger in his tastes as in his manners to England, which never forgot the fact. Both free and Protestant, the two countries were nevertheless separated by wide divergencies. In England the Whigs and Tories divided among them the upper classes; the tendencies toward

republicanism existed in the dark among a certain number of dissenters; the Anglican Church, the Presbyterians, the Catholics, were royalists by taste as by principle. In Holland, on the other hand, the mercantile patriciate remained nearly everywhere zealously attached to the republican form; the partisans of the stadtholdership of the house of Orange were counted in the army and among the great property-holders: and part of the provinces of Guelders and Friesland was equally devoted to it.

Brought up in Holland in the midst of parties which he understood and whose springs he had moved for a long time, sympathizing with the very persons there who hereditarily opposed his family and his policy, William III. found himself in England as much a stranger as he was generally considered. Cold and reserved, like a man surrounded by enemies or critics, he only had confidence in the Dutch; he lavished his personal favors on Dutchmen alone; he only opened his heart and unbent his countenance for Dutchmen. This marked preference for his native land and this eagerness to flee from the soil of his new country so soon as the summer could bring him back to Holland, were a constant reproach and source of weakness to the King of England. In Holland alone he breathed at ease; there, alone he freely spread the wings of his grand policy, more European than English, difficult to be imported by a foreign prince into a new kingdom still entirely peopled for him with secret or open enemies.

For a long time England had remained isolated from the combinations of continental politics; lowered in her own eyes and those of Europe, she had submitted, under Charles III. and James II., to the yoke of France, against which William III. proudly stood erect, demanding from England, as from Holland, the last sacrifices to sustain the cause of European independence. It was not without disquiet and a certain insular jealousy that the English saw themselves drawn into all the political complications on the continent; they had given themselves to William of Orange, but they preserved towards him a secret distrust, silently nursed by the persistent distrust of the Church of England. William was a Protestant; but, a Calvinist by conviction, accustomed to the widest toleration in his own country, which had become the refuge of all persons suffering persecution, he found himself in England confronted by the Anglican Church, which was divided in regard to him, and had partially remained faithful to the fugitive

monarch he had dethroned; obliged to struggle at once against the anti-Catholic spirit which had carried him to the throne and against the intolerance towards dissenters, which was contrary to all his principles. Dutchman, European statesman, tolerant Calvinist, he met throughout England distrust and impediments which all the success of the revolution of 1688 could not dispel, and which the personal superiority of the new king never wholly succeeded in repressing.

The Church silent and sombre, the army sad and humiliated, parties keenly exasperated—such was the domestic situation of William on the morrow of his triumph, when the uprising of Ireland menaced the peace of the kingdom, and the whole government still remained to be organized. Responsible and concordant ministers did not exist then: William called around him counsellors from different sides—Whigs, Tories, trimmers; Danby, Nottingham, Halifax, Shrewsbury, Herbert, Mordaunt. Disagreements were not slow to display themselves. The Tories had alone exercised power for some years. They were more experienced and skilful in public affairs than the Whigs; the latter were for the most part sincerely devoted to the new government, jealous and suspicious toward their adversaries, who had now become their colleagues. Traps and intrigues, sometimes violent scenes, succeeded one another without intermission, fettering and retarding the march of the government, sapping the popularity of the King, to whom all parties appealed, and who tried in vain to calm them all. An attack of John Hampden on Halifax appeared so violent that somebody cried in the House of Commons: "This is called a speech: it is a libel!"

William was weary of parliamentary struggles and eager to return to the camp life, which he always preferred to politics, when he pronounced, on the 27th of January, 1690, the dissolution of Parliament. The state of his affairs in Ireland imperatively demanded his presence.

Fleeing from England and the dangers which there threatened, as he thought, his liberty and life, King James had found in France, at the court of Louis XIV., the most generous and splendid hospitality. Lodged by the king at the castle of Saint-Germain, and in every respect treated as a sovereign and equal, James II. had asked and obtained from his royal host

the aid which he needed not only to exist in France, but to undertake the conquest of rebellious and Protestant England by means of Ireland, which remained Catholic and true. Civil war had already broken out in this little kingdom; the cession by James of all the civil power to the Catholics and indigenous inhabitants disquieted knots of Protestants, scattered as colonists over certain districts. The small town of Kenmore, the cities of Enniskillen and Londonderry, were filled with refugees of their religion and race, driven by the tyranny exercised upon them to that refuge which the Scotch Presbyterians had lately founded in Ulster. Tyrconnel had tried in vain to maintain an appearance of order; the Irish population, whose passions had been long aroused, would not yield to his influence. Ireland was in flames, when James II. landed at Kinsale on the 12th of March, 1689. He had embarked at Brest, accompanied by a small body of French officers under the orders of the Count de Rosen. With him Louis XIV. had sent Count d'Avaux, charged with the diplomatic part of the expedition, and with plans to be tried among the English malcontents. From the start, this clever politician, familiar with complicated continental intrigues, foresaw the trouble that the fallen monarch, whose cause he was to plead, would occasion him. "It will not be an easy thing to keep any secret with the King of England," wrote Count d'Avaux to Louis XIV.; "he has told before the sailors of the St. Michel, what he ought to have reserved for his most confidential friends. Another thing which will give us trouble is his irresolution, for he often changes his mind and does not always settle on the best course. He frequently dwells upon little things, on which he employs his whole time, and passes lightly over most essential matters. Moreover he listens to everybody, and one has to spend as much time in removing the impressions which bad advice has produced on him, as in inspiring him with correct ones." "All the troops Tyrconnel had been able to raise, were occupied with the Protestant rising in Ulster," says King James in his Memoirs; "the Catholics of the country had no arms, while the Protestants had an abundance, and the best horses in the kingdom; there were only eight small field-pieces in condition to accompany the army; no provisions or ammunition in the magazine, little powder or balls, no money in the chest, and all the officers gone to England."

To this gloomy picture of the condition of his forces in Ireland, James might have added the embarrassments about to be caused by an intractable

Parliament, and the pretensions, as immoderate as they were absurd, of partisans, who thought they had a right to lay down the law for the sovereign they persisted in serving. The indigenous Irish claimed the entire independence of their country, threatening, if James refused it, to appeal to France, and place themselves thenceforth under her protection. The English exiles who accompanied the king, despising Ireland and the Irish, only aspired to reseal their sovereign on the throne of England.

"My Lord Melford is neither a good Frenchman nor a good Irishman," said Count d'Avaux; "he only thinks of England." Despite a proclamation of toleration by James, there was a general understanding to re-establish the absolute supremacy of Catholicism in Ireland; the act of establishment of Charles II. was repealed; the lands of Catholics, lately confiscated to the benefit of Protestants, returned to their original owners; one law of proscription embraced all the fugitive or refugee Protestants in the northern counties; the endowments of the Anglican Church were taken from it. The fanatics triumphed; the King was anxious and disgusted. He estimated better than his advisers, the strength of Protestantism, even in Ireland; he glanced at the effect of his measures in England. After long hesitation, which still followed him after starting and made him turn back for a moment, James set out to besiege the town of Londonderry in person.

The place was small, badly fortified, and encumbered with refugees, who had brought no provisions there. Its governor, Lundy, proved a traitor to the garrison and citizens. Before flying pusillanimously, he attempted several times to betray them to the enemy. The religious and patriotic zeal of the inhabitants triumphed over all obstacles. An Anglican clergyman, George Walker, and Major Henry Baker, had taken command of the troops in the town by the natural and legitimate ascendancy of their characters. Determined to accept no capitulation, they were braving the repeated attacks of the Irish army, as well as the cruel assaults of famine, when Lord Strabane was instructed to offer the inhabitants the royal pardon. "The people of Londonderry have done nothing that requires a pardon," replied Major Murray; "they recognize no other sovereigns but King William and Queen Mary. Your lordship might not find yourself safe, if

you stayed here much longer, or if you repeated the same offers; allow me to accompany you outside our lines."

King James II. returned to Dublin. The town held out a hundred and five days, in spite of the cruelties of the Count de Rosen, who had roused the indignation of James himself, when, on the 30th of July, upon receipt of a formal order from London, Colonel Kirke, lately dispatched from England to the aid of Londonderry, made a last effort to force the barricade constructed by the enemy across the river. "If we don't deliver the brave citizens of Londonderry, the whole world will rise against us," cried Birch, in the House of Commons. "A barricade! well, let it be forced! Shall we let our brothers perish almost before our eyes?" The barricade was forced, and the population of Derry, decimated, dying, but still indomitable, at last saw the vessels, which brought the aid so long expected, advance majestically by the narrow channel which alone the drought had left navigable. Thanksgivings and cries of joy were still echoing in the town, when a line of flames already indicated the retreat of the Jacobite army. The siege of Londonderry was raised.

The same day the inhabitants of Enniskillen, who had spiritedly held their town in face of the enemy's troops, pursued the Irish in retreat to the village of Newtown Butler. There, at the foot of a hill, in front of a bog, the battle took place. "Advance or retreat?" their leader Wolseley, detailed by Kirke, had asked his improvised soldiers. "Advance! advance!" shouted the Protestants. The rout of King James's partisans was complete, and the massacre frightful. Nothing could check the violence of religious and political hatreds among a half civilized population. "The dragoons, who had fled in the morning, retreated with the rest of the cavalry without firing a pistol," wrote the Count d'Avaux, "and they all ran away in such a panic that they threw away muskets, pistols, and sabres, and most of them having run their horses to death, took off their clothes, to go quicker on foot."

While the arms of King James met with these severe checks in Ireland, he received news from England which for a moment disquieted his counsellors; but soon reanimated, by the very imminence of the danger, the natural courage of the Irish race. The illustrious Marshal Schomberg,

who was driven by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes from the adopted country he had gloriously served, the lieutenant of William III. when he first set foot in England, had just embarked for Ireland at the head of a numerous body of troops. Other alarming intelligence was added to this: the last efforts of the Scotch insurrection had miscarried; and all hope of a Jacobite restoration was dying out in the hereditary kingdom of the Stuarts.

A tyranny which England had never endured had long been pressing on Scotland: an oppressive and corrupt government had met little opposition in a timid or venal Parliament; a religion hateful to the nation had been imposed on it by law. The Revolution of 1688 lent to the condition of things and of feelings in Scotland a wholly different character from that which it had assumed in England. There King James had been dethroned in the name of violated law. All legal forms had been observed in the election of the Parliament which proclaimed William and Mary. At Edinburg the reaction was violent, and passions were destructive; the Anglican pastors were maltreated and insulted. The first act of the Convention convoked by the Prince of Orange was the abolition of episcopacy. Everywhere the Presbyterians recovered power as well as liberty; everywhere the Covenanters, long kept down with an iron hand, proudly held up their heads. At the same time, at the moment when the Parliament of Scotland, after a lively debate, decided to recognize the legitimacy of the revolution by proclaiming in its towns the new sovereigns of England, an insurrection broke out in the Scottish Highlands under the conduct of Viscount Dundee, lately celebrated under the name of Graham of Claverhouse. He was sustained in his campaign in favor of King James by the Earl of Balcarras. Both had visited the Prince of Orange at London, both had claimed the protection of the government. "Take care, my lord," William had said to Balcarras, who was excusing himself for not voting for the deposition of James. "Remain inside the limits of the law; if you violate it, expect to be given up to it." Balcarras and Dundee had received the last orders of James II. "I commit to you my affairs in Scotland," the monarch had said, as he made ready to fly; "Balcarras will take care of my civil affairs and Dundee will command my troops." It was with great difficulty that the latter had been able to escape from the Convention where he had had the audacity to present himself.

"Where do you purpose going?" Balcarras had asked him. "Where the shade of Montrose shall lead me," replied the intrepid partisan; and he disappeared at the head of fifty dragoons, the remnant of the famous regiments which had lately cut the Covenanters in pieces. The latter had not forgotten the fact.

The English Jacobites belonged almost entirely to the Anglican Church, being passionately and ancestrally devoted to its cause, as well as to the House of Stuart. The Irish Jacobites were Catholics and separatists, convinced that the greatness of their native country, like that of the Roman Church, depended on the restoration of King James. The Scotch Jacobites actively engaged in the struggle were Episcopalians, lately triumphant, but now oppressed in their religion, or Highlanders uniting against the power of the Clan Campbell and its chief, the Earl of Argyle, *Mac Callum More*, as he was called in the mountains. It was Argyle who, standing before the throne at Whitehall, had pronounced the words of the royal oath, repeated after him by the new sovereigns. At its last clause William had paused for a moment: its purport was that he should destroy all heretics and enemies of God. "I could not engage to become a persecutor," said the king aloud. "Neither the tenor of the oath nor the laws of Scotland impose this obligation on your majesty," replied one of the delegates. "It is on this condition that I swear," returned William; "and I beg you, my lords and gentlemen, to be witnesses of this."

So much moderation and prudence remained without effect upon the Highlanders. Argyle was employed in the new government. However unimportant his part in it was to be, from the capacity and character of the earl, the traditional foes of his clan, the Camerons, the Macleans, the Macgregors, naturally, went over to the other camp. When Dundee, threatened with arrest, left the little castle where he had quartered himself since fleeing from Edinburg, he found the Highlanders already risen under the command of Lochiel, chief of the Camerons, and Colin Keppoch, one of the Macdonalds. Bringing in his suite some Lowland gentlemen, capturing some Whigs, whom he carried with him as prisoners, sending the fiery cross before him, and accompanied everywhere by the terror of his name, Dundee soon found himself at the head of an army of five or six thousand men, all brave, hardy, inured to fatigue, undisciplined and

tumultuous, incapable of fighting according to the ordinary rules of war, and, consequently, of making a long resistance to regular troops. "We would not have time to learn your mode of fighting," said Lochiel, "and we would have time to forget our own."

Dundee was uneasy; he asked King James to send him considerable reinforcements. He waited through the month of June, encamped at Lochaber, until the forces of General Mackay, tired of pursuing him without coming up to him, retreated into the Lowlands. The castle of Edinburg, long held by the Duke of Gordon for King James, had just capitulated. The numerous dependents of the Marquis of Athole were waiting for him to declare himself; his eldest son, Lord Murray, had embraced King William's party; the confidential agent of the marquis, Stewart of Badenoch, served King James. Lord Murray had presented himself before Blair Castle. The garrison which occupied it, in behalf of his father, refused him admittance to the fortress. He had laid siege to it, when Dundee and all the Highland chiefs descended impetuously from the mountains to the relief of the garrison.

The siege was raised when they arrived. Murray's soldiers had abandoned it; filling their caps with the water of a spring, they had drunk to the health of King James, and dispersed. But Mackay and his troops already occupied the defile of Killiecrankie, which led to the fortress. Dundee resolved to attack them. The aged Lochiel moved to and fro among the ranks of the Highlanders, whose fierce cries the echoes repeated; while the tone of the enemy was feeble and faint. "We shall carry the day," said Lochiel; "that is not the cry of men about to conquer." He charged the enemy at the head of his clan with sword in hand, and bare feet, like his soldiers.

A first discharge had not checked the forward motion of the Highlanders, and Mackay's soldiers were reloading their pieces, when the torrent of mountaineers came down upon them. Reeling, overthrown, deafened by the shouts, dazzled by the sheen of swords, the men threw away their muskets and began to fly. Mackay, intrepid in defeat, called to his aid his cavalry, dreaded by the mountaineers. Only Dundee could have rallied his troops, carried away by their eagerness to plunder. Dundee was dead in his

glory, struck, it was told afterwards, by a silver button used as a ball and discharged at him by the superstition of the soldiers. "He is invulnerable to lead and iron," said the covenanters, who had not long ago seen him urging on his soldiers in the middle of a rain of balls. The intrepid soldier, the bold and skilful leader, the pitiless persecutor, had been mortally wounded while leading a small body of horse to the front. Falling from his charger, a soldier had received him in his arms. "How goes it?" asked Dundee. "Well for King James," answered the trooper, "but I grieve for your lordship." "Small matter about me, if things go well for him," murmured Dundee. These were his last words. His body, wrapped in the plaids of the Highlanders, was borne to Blair Castle.

The death of Dundee was in truth the end of the Scotch rising. Irregular and indecisive actions were continued for some time between the Highlanders and the Cameronian regiments, inflamed against each other by religious and political passions. Meantime the mountaineers returned gradually to their flocks. On separating, their chiefs declared that they remained the faithful subjects of King James, always ready to serve him.

They had ceased fighting for him when Marshal Schomberg landed at Antrim, on the 13th of August. Soon master of Carrick-Fergus, he had much difficulty in protecting the Irish regiments against the rage of the Protestant colonists. The courage of the Jacobites revived a little: twenty thousand men were assembled under the walls of Drogheda. After one day's march, Schomberg had entrenched himself in a strong position near Dundalk.

The inexperienced zeal of the Irish, as well as of the English recruits brought by Schomberg, led them to desire immediate battle; but Rosen and Schomberg were old commanders, accustomed to weigh the chances of war and the valor of armies; and neither was eager to give battle. In spite of the maladies which ravaged his army, of the bad quality of the provisions, and of the injurious rumors circulated against him in England as well as Ireland, Schomberg remained shut up in his camp at Dundalk without the enemy's daring to attack him. When he returned to the north, at the beginning of November, the Irish had taken up their winter quarters and did not disturb themselves about his retreat. "I declare," wrote the

marshal, from Lisburn to William III., "that if it were not for the profound obedience I have for your majesty's orders, I should prefer the honor of being inactive at your court to the command of an army in Ireland composed as was that of the past campaign; and if I had hazarded a battle, which would have been hard to do if the enemy wished to remain in his camp, I should perhaps have lost all that you possess in this kingdom, without speaking of the consequences which might have resulted from it in Scotland, and even in England."

Europe was again in flames when Schomberg wrote thus to King William; but the true chief of the coalition against Louis XIV. was not able to leave his kingdom or to place himself at the head of the forces which he had sent to the assistance of his allies; the difficulties of parliamentary government and the war in Ireland kept him in his own dominions. The new Parliament had met on the 20th of March, 1690. The Tories were numerous, energetic and confident in it. The king committed the direction of his affairs to Danby, whom he had just made Marquis of Caermarthen. He then announced formally to the Houses his intention of crossing into Ireland. The parties had for a short time thought of interfering with this resolution. "I find they are beginning to be much distressed at my journey to Ireland," wrote William to his friend Bentinck whom he had made Duke of Portland, and who was then in Holland; "especially the Whigs, who fear to lose me too soon, before they have made what they want of me; for, as for their friendship, you know one must not count upon that in this country. I have said nothing as yet of my design to Parliament, but I propose to do so next week. Meantime I have begun to make my preparations, and everybody speaks publicly of them."

The new Commons voted that they would sustain and maintain the government of their majesties, King William and Queen Mary, with all their power, as well by their counsels as by their assistance. "I thank you for your address, gentlemen," replied William. "I have already had occasion to expose my life for the nation; rest assured I shall continue to do so in future." Yet the two Houses had resolved to subject the royal revenues to the necessity of a repeated vote. William was hurt at this; the civil lists granted to Charles II. and James II. had been granted for their lives. "The gentry of England have had confidence in King James, who

was the enemy of their religion and laws," he observed to Burnet; "they distrust me, who have preserved their religion and laws." The discontent which he was quick to feel and bitter in expressing, never disturbed the justice and loftiness natural to the spirit of William III. When the Whigs proposed a bill of abjuration, intended to disquiet the consciences of a large number of moderate and honorable Tories, the king let his friends know that he had no desire to impose a painful test upon his subjects. The motion, much modified, was brought before the House of Lords. "I have taken many oaths," said old Lord Wharton, formerly colonel in the service of the Long Parliament, "and I have not kept them all: I ask God not to impute to me this sin; but I should not like to spread anew a snare into which my own soul or that of my neighbor might fall."

The Earl of Macclesfield, who had accompanied William of Orange at the time of his arrival in England, supported the words of Lord Wharton. "I am surprised," said Churchill, who had lately become Earl of Marlborough, "that your Lordship has any objection to the bill, after the part you have played in the revolution." "The noble earl exaggerates the part I have had in the deliverance of my country," retorted Macclesfield: "I have always been ready to risk my life in defence of her laws and liberties, but there are things that I should not have liked to do, even in this cause. I have been a rebel against a bad king; others have gone further than I."

Marlborough was silent; the King, who was present, became grave. Some days later, before bidding farewell to the Parliament, he transmitted to it by Lord Caermarthen an act of pardon, a free and spontaneous amnesty, to which the practice of preceding reigns had not accustomed England. The regicides who were still alive and a certain number of the most guilty satellites of King James, were alone excepted from the general pardon. These had, for the most part, sought safety upon the continent; those who were in England were informed that new crimes alone could expose them to the vengeance of the laws. The act of pardon was passed on the 20th of May; on the same date the king prorogued the Parliament, committing to the queen the cares of government. A council composed of nine persons was to assist in this important task. Four Whigs and five Tories sat in this confidential ministry. William had provided with far-seeing tenderness for

all the wants of his wife. "I put my trust in God," he said to Burnet, whom he had made Bishop of Salisbury, and to whom he unveiled the melancholy state of his soul, in presence of so many troubles and dangers. "I shall complete my task or fall in its performance. The poor queen alone distresses me. If you love me, see her often; give her all the aid you can. As for myself, separated from her, I shall be very glad to find myself on horseback and under canvas once more; I am fitter to command an army than to direct your Houses of Parliament. But though I know I am doing my duty, it is hard for my wife to feel that her father confronts me on the field of battle. God grant that no harm may befall him. Pray for me, doctor."

William embarked at Highlake on the 11th of June; three days later he landed at Carrick-Fergus. The same evening he reached Belfast. Schomberg had arrived before him. At the same time James left Dublin for his camp on the northern frontier of Leicester. He was accompanied by Lauzun, who had recently come from France with four Irish regiments, equipped and drilled at the expense of Louis XIV. "For the love of God," Louvois had said to Lauzun, of whom he had a rather poor opinion, "Don't let yourself be carried away by your desire to come to blows; endeavor to tire the English, and above all maintain discipline." Careless and venturesome as he was, Lauzun was astonished at the disorder which he found everywhere in Ireland. "It is a chaos like that described in Genesis," he wrote to Louvois; "I would not spend another month here for the whole world."

William III. urged on his preparations and hurried his advance, eagerly desiring to attack the enemy. Schomberg wanted to hold him back. "I have not come here to let the grass grow under my feet," said the King of England. "This country is worth making one's own," he added, as he gazed upon the beautiful, though semi-civilized places he was passing through. The valley of the Boyne, on the confines of the counties of Lowth and Meath, reminded him of the rich meadows of England. The tents of the enemy were pitched beneath Drogheda; the standards of the houses of Stuart and Bourbon floated over the walls of the town. "I am very glad to see you at last, gentlemen," said William of Orange, viewing the motions of the Jacobite army from afar; "if you escape me now, it will be my

fault." One part of the army of King James was concealed by the undulations of the ground. "Strong or weak," said William, "I shall soon know which they are."

The two armies were almost equal in numbers: twenty-five or thirty thousand were mustered on either side. "Although it is true that the soldiers seem determined to do their best and are exasperated against the rebels," wrote d'Avaux, who had just returned to France with Rosen, who was superseded by Lauzun, "yet that is not the only requisite for fighting a battle. The subaltern officers are bad; and, excepting a very few, there are none to take care of the soldiers, the arms and the discipline. More confidence is placed in the cavalry, the greater part of which is good enough." William had brought with him his veteran Dutch and German regiments; representatives of all the Protestant churches of Europe were there in arms against the enemies of their liberties. None were more impetuous than the Irish Protestants, burning to avenge their recent injuries, and the French Huguenots, who flocked from all quarters against the monarch whom Louis XIV. sustained. "I am sure," the Baron d'Avejon, lieutenant colonel in King William's service, had written to Geneva, "that you will not fail to have published in all the French churches of Switzerland the obligation which rests on all refugees to come and help us in this campaign, in which the glory of God, and, consequently, the reestablishment of his Church in our country are at stake." Vain hopes! which explain the zeal of the French Protestants against the Irish and King James. Two refugees—Marshal Schomberg, and M. de Caillemotte, younger brother of Ruvigny—led them at the battle of the Boyne, exclaiming: "Forward, my children, to glory! Forward! behold our persecutors!"

On the morning of the first of July, King William, who was wounded on the shoulder the evening before while making a reconnaissance, was on horseback from daybreak. The armies joined battle in the river. At first Schomberg had remained on the bank, directing the movement of his troops. He rallied around him the Huguenot regiments, shaken by the death of their leader Caillemotte. The moment the marshal stepped aground, after crossing the Boyne, a detachment of Irish cavalry surrounded him; he was dead when his friends succeeded in rejoining him.

The native infantry had promptly taken to flight; nevertheless the regiments from France and the Irish gentlemen fought furiously. King William had entered the river at the head of the left wing, with difficulty guiding his horse with his wounded arm. He drew his sword with his left hand, and, charging at the head of the Enniskillen Protestants, he dashed upon the enemy. "You will be my guards today," he had said to the brave settlers; "I have often heard of you, let us see what you can do." The heat of battle expanded the heart of the grave and silent prince, whose unconquerable reserve his best friends frequently deplored: he moved about in every direction, receiving bullets on his pistol-butt and the top of his boot, following up the victory which at every point declared itself for him. King James had taken no part in the action; he had remained afar, viewing the combat from the heights of Dunmore. When he was certain that fortune was against him, he turned bridle, accompanied by some horsemen. In the evening he reached Dublin, bearing the news of his own defeat. Irritated and humiliated, he bitterly reproached his partisans with the cowardice of their countrymen. "I shall never in my life command an Irish army," said he. "I must now think of my safety alone; let each man do the same." Next day at sunrise he left Dublin, and on the 3d of July he took ship at Waterford. He soon landed at Brest, and related the history of the battle in detail. "From the account of the battle that I have heard the king and several of his suite give," wrote one of his first hearers, "it does not seem to me that he was very well informed of what took place in the action, and that he only knows the rout of his troops." "Those who love the King of England ought to be glad to know of his safety," said the Marshal de Luxembourg, in Germany; "but those who love his glory have to deplore the part he has played."



King James at the Battle of Boyne.

Queen Mary was more pre-occupied about her father's safety than her own glory. She wrote to her husband on the 5th of July: "I was uneasy to know what had become of the king, my father; I only dared to ask Lord Nottingham, and I have had the satisfaction of learning that he was safe and sound. I know I have no need of asking you to spare him; but add this to your clemency—let the world know that for love of me you wish no harm to befall his person."

The joy in England was complete when it was known that King William had entered Dublin on the 6th. The rumor of his death had been spread for a short time in Paris, where it had given rise to popular rejoicings. The governor of the Bastille had even had cannon fired. King James set about undeceiving the court and city. His royal illusions were not yet dispelled. "My subjects love me still," he used to say; "they await me impatiently in England." When he arrived at Versailles, his first care was to press Louis

XIV. to send an army of invasion at once. "All the forces of England are in Ireland," said he; "my people will rise in my behalf." Tourville had just attempted a descent on the coasts of Devonshire, but the peasants had taken arms and the Cornish miners had emerged from the bowels of the earth to repel the invasion. The French sailors contented themselves with burning Teignmouth, and took to sea again more proud of the triumph they had lately gained (July 10) over the united English and Dutch fleets at Beachy Head, than humiliated at their check on the English coast. One cry re-echoed in all the southern countries: "God bless King William and Queen Mary!"

King William had felt deeply the disaster of his fleet. The news had reached him a few days after that of the battle of Fleurus, which had been won by the Marshal de Luxembourg from the Prince de Waldeck, commanding the allied forces. "I cannot express to you," wrote William to Heinsius, "how I am distressed at these two great great disasters which almost simultaneously have fallen upon the arms of the Republic. That of the fleet affects me the more deeply, because I have been informed that my vessels have not properly assisted those of the States, and left them in a critical position. I have ordered an inquiry to take place; the queen has given similar orders; no personal consideration shall prevent my rigorously punishing the guilty." William had a right to feel in the bottom of his soul a secret pride for his native country. The Dutch vessels had borne the whole weight of the contest at Beachy Head, while the Marshal de Luxembourg wrote after the battle of Fleurus: "Prince de Waldeck will never forget the French cavalry, and I shall remember the Dutch infantry. It has done still better than the Spaniards at Rocroi."

The indignation of England was great against Admiral Herbert, created Lord Torrington, who was wrongfully accused of treason. An inquiry was held upon his conduct, and many people were found to be compromised in a Jacobite plot. Lord Clarendon, the queen's uncle, was of the number. Before his departure to Ireland the king had already had proof of his intrigues. The queen interceded for him. William had summoned Lord Rochester. "Your brother has plotted against me," he had said, "I am assured. I have been advised to except him from the amnesty, but I have been unwilling to cause this grief to the queen. It is for her sake that I

forgive the past; but let Lord Clarendon take care in future; he will perceive that I am not jesting." This kind advice had not sufficed; Lord Clarendon's name was connected anew with Jacobite plots. The advisers of the queen hesitated to accuse him in her presence. "I know," said Mary, "and everybody knows as well as I, that Lord Clarendon is accused of things too grave to suffer him to be excepted from the precautionary measures." A warrant was signed for Clarendon's arrest. "I am more grieved for Lord Clarendon than people will believe," the queen wrote to her husband.

William returned to England, after meeting with a repulse before the walls of Limerick, defended by the Irish with the patriotic and sectarian zeal which had before animated the Protestant citizens of Londonderry. Lauzun and the auxiliary regiments, after withdrawing to Galway, had just embarked for France. King William bid Marlborough to make a descent upon Cork and Kinsale. The two places fell into the hands of that able general, and five weeks from his departure from Portsmouth he paid his respects to the king at Kensington. "There is not in Europe a general, having so little experience in war, who is worthier of great commands than the Earl of Marlborough," William said generously, for he did not like him. The return of the king, and his journey from Bristol to London, had been greeted with national transports of joy. He had left in Ireland the Dutch general Ginckel, a resolute and prudent man, at the head of an army, well disciplined, well equipped, and well victualled. Before the close of the following year, Ginckel had completed his task of pacifying Ireland. On the 20th of June, 1691, in spite of the presence and exertions of Saint-Ruth, who had come with reinforcements from France, he carried by storm the town of Athlone, the true key of Connaught, and the strongest place in Ireland. "His master should have him hanged for attempting to take Athlone," said the French general, "and my master can do the same to me, if I lose it." On the 12th of July Saint-Ruth was killed at the battle of Aghrim, and the Irish signally defeated. On the 26th of August, Ginckel laid siege to Limerick.

Tyrconnel had just breathed his last, old and prematurely worn out by fatigue and debauches. King James's troops were commanded by Lord Sarsfield, the most able and brilliant of the Irish officers. On the 1st of

August a capitulation was signed, and was soon followed by a treaty. The Irish regiments were permitted to choose between the service of William and that of Louis XIV. A large number of soldiers went over spontaneously to France, forming in the armies of Louis XIV. and Louis XV. that Irish brigade, whose name has become famous. "Has this last campaign altered your opinion of our military qualities?" asked Sarsfield of the English officers. "To tell the truth," answered they, "we think almost the same of them as we have always thought." "Well," replied Sarsfield, "whatever bad opinion you may have of us, only let us change our king and begin again, and you will see." Ginckel was raised to the dignity of Earl of Athlone and Aghrim. King William and Parliament had ratified the terms offered by the general to the Irish; the struggle was over, the conquest consummated; the Protestant colonists, lately oppressed, became the masters, and often the oppressors of the indigenous race, which was dejected and decimated. Scotland was absorbed with the triumph of the Presbyterians, who had just legally recovered the religious supremacy in their country, to the great detriment of Episcopalians and Cameronians. The English Parliament had voted supplies generously, the Jacobite plots were exploded; the trial of Lord Torrington had ended in an acquittal, which never succeeded in erasing from the king's mind a distrust, which was merited by the dissolute life and known intemperance of the admiral. William had not waited for this first interval of domestic peace to respond to the needs of his soul, and the imperious call of political necessity. On the 18th of January, 1691, in spite of the severity of the season, he had embarked at Gravesend for Holland. "I yearn for this moment more than I can express to you," he wrote six months before to Heinsius.

The English fleet had arrived in sight of the coasts of Holland. The voyage had been unpleasant; disembarkation seemed impossible: enormous blocks of ice encumbered the channel, while a thick fog hid the land. For eighteen hours the four little ships were obliged to keep to sea. The king was, as usual, weak and suffering, yet he had wished to put off in an open boat, to gain his natal soil the quicker. The whole night was spent before he could step on dry land; the cold was intense, and the danger serious. Some of the sailors were in despair. "Fie!" said William to them, "are you afraid to die with me?" Some great British noblemen, the Dukes of Ormond and Norfolk, the Earls of Devonshire, Dorset and Monmouth,

were with him; Portland and Zulestein were glad to accompany their beloved sovereign to Holland. It was only at daybreak, by the feeble light of a winter's morning, that they were able at last to land on the island of Goree. The king rested there some hours before taking the road to the Hague.

Joy beamed on the face which the English were accustomed to find stern and haughty. Heart was responding to heart; England had accepted its deliverance from the hand of William III., without affinity for him and through necessity. The Dutch loved the heir of the greatest name in their nation and of their race, the liberator of their country, the man who had carried to the throne of England the glory, the name and the manners of his Dutch fatherland. The people pressed upon his steps. "Let them alone," said the king; "let them come near me and all be my friends." A splendid reception had been prepared at the Hague: he was opposed to the pageant and the ceremonies, and murmured against this useless expenditure. "It is quite enough to have to bear the cost of the war," he observed. His countrymen spared him neither a speech nor a salvo of artillery; the joy of the population was at its height. "It would be quite another thing if Mary had accompanied me," said the king to those who congratulated him upon his triumph; "she is more popular than I."

The States-General were solemnly convened. William was more moved than he had been formerly on leaving his native country. "When I took leave of you," he said, "I informed you of my intention to cross over to England, to save, thanks to your aid, that kingdom from a deluge of evils present and to come. Providence has blessed my enterprise, and the nation has offered me the crown of the three kingdoms. I have accepted it, not from ambition, God is my witness, but to put the religion, the welfare, the peace of Great Britain beyond the power of any assault, and to be able to protect the allies, the republic in particular, against the supremacy of France. I have loved this country from my earliest youth, and, if anything could increase this love, it is the certainty that I have found a reciprocal attachment in the hearts of my countrymen. If it pleases God that I should become the instrument which Providence may deign to use in order to restore repose to Europe and re-establish security in your state, I shall have lived long enough and shall go down tranquilly to the grave."

It was at the Hague that the Congress of the Grand Alliance had met. Having become King of England, and controlling the forces of a great kingdom, William of Orange remained its chief, notwithstanding princely jealousies and rivalries, by that ascendancy of genius which had carried him to the first rank when he was as yet but the stadtholder of a petty republic. The assembled princes or their envoys were not used to hear such bold language employed against the all-powerful king of France as that of William at the opening of the Diet. "The states of Europe," said the king, "have been too long given up to a spirit of division, indolence, or attention to their private interests. We may rest assured that the interest of each is inseparable from the general interest of all. The King of France's forces are great; he will sweep away everything like a torrent. It will be vain to oppose him with murmurs and protests against injustice. It is not the resolutions of diets, or hopes founded on fanciful rumors, but powerful armies, and a firm union among the allies which can stay the common enemy in his triumphant career and in the effervescence of his power. It is with the sword that we must wrest from his hands the liberties of Europe which he aims at smothering, or we must endure the yoke of slavery forever. For my part I shall spare neither my credit, my forces nor my person, to attain this glorious result, and I shall come in the spring at the head of my troops to conquer or die with my allies."

The spring had not come yet, and Mons had been already invested on the 15th of March by a French army. Louis XIV. arrived there with the Dauphin on the 12th, and, despite the impetuous efforts of William to relieve the place in time, it capitulated almost in sight of the allied army. The vigilance of Marshal de Luxembourg baffled William's manoeuvres throughout the campaign.

When he returned to England in October, the advantage was with France everywhere on the Continent. The Duke of Savoy had adhered to the Grand Alliance, but Nice had fallen into the power of Catinat. Opening the session of Parliament, the King spoke complacently of the successful issue of the war in Ireland; at the same time he warned the representatives of the nation that a great effort would be necessary against the King of France, and in order to support the Grand Alliance. The subsidies had been voted without opposition, and the House was engaged with the affairs of

the East India Company, when a strange report was spread abroad: the Earl of Malborough, lately at the head of the English contingent to the allied army, while the king of England was absent, had been suddenly stripped of his employment and his dignities. The Princess Anne, who persisted in keeping her favorite with her, had to retire with her to the country. The causes of Malborough's disgrace remained a mystery, which occasioned the most diverse conjectures, and allowed the enemies of William and Mary to attribute unworthy or frivolous motives to them. The cause was grave, and the necessity absolute: the Earl of Marlborough was hatching a new treason. In the Parliament and the army all was ready to attempt a Jacobite restoration.

James II. himself wrote in November, 1692: "Last year my friends formed the design of recalling me by act of Parliament. The method was arranged, and Lord Churchill was to propose in Parliament to expel all foreigners, as well from the army and the council as from the kingdom. If the Prince of Orange had agreed to this measure, they would have had him in their hands; if he had resisted it, they would have made Parliament declare against him, and at the same time Lord Churchill with the army was to declare himself for the Parliament; the fleet was to do the same, and they were to recall me. They had commenced to move in the matter and had gained a large party, when some indiscreet subjects, thinking they were serving me, and that what Lord Churchill was doing was not for me, but for the Princess of Denmark, had the imprudence to discover the whole thing to Bentinck, and thus averted the blow."



DUKE AND DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

Duke And Duchess Of Marlborough.

The original manuscript of Burnet's Memoirs also contains the following: "Marlborough busied himself with decrying the conduct of the king and with depreciating him in all his conversations, seeking to rouse the dislike of the English for the Dutch, who, he said, enjoyed a larger share of the king's confidence and favor than they did. It was a point on which it was easy to excite the English, too much inclined, as they are, to despise all other nations and to esteem themselves immoderately. This was the subject of all the conversations at Marlborough's residence, where English officers met incessantly. The king had told me that he had good reasons for believing also that the earl had made his peace with King James, and had opened a correspondence with France."

William III. had learned clemency in his dealings with English statesmen: the treason of Lord Clarendon and of Lord Dartmouth had been treated with mildness; when Lord Preston's plot had been discovered, and Elliot, one of the accomplices, was multiplying denunciations, the king, who was present, had touched Caermarthen's shoulder. "There is enough of this, my lord," he had said; thus imposing silence upon useless revelations about an impotent discontent against which he did not wish to be severe. Yet he feared the Earl of Marlborough's perfidy: he knew at once his rare abilities and his profound baseness, and wished to secure himself against a treason which threatened his throne and life. Through excessive magnanimity or prudence he persistently concealed the motives of his determination; but Marlborough's disgrace was to be long-lived. The silence of William left a formidable foe to France and a superlatively able head to the coalition against her, who, had the details of his treason been generally known, would have been irrecoverably ruined in the public opinion of England.

William was about to leave England to take command of the allied forces on the continent. At his departure he wished to finish the pacification of Scotland. His late deputy, Lord Melville, had allowed the Presbyterians to assume a dominating position which seriously threatened the liberty of the Episcopalians. He was replaced by Sir John Dalrymple, known in history as the Master of Stair. Eloquent and able, he had conceived the idea of detaching a certain number of Highland chiefs from the Jacobite cause by

bribery. A considerable sum had been effectively spent among men proud and uncultured, but poor and exhausted by their warlike efforts and their domestic feuds. Numerous chiefs made their submission, notwithstanding the repugnance inspired by Lord Breadalbane, who was employed by the Master of Stair in these negotiations, and whom his connection with the Campbells rendered suspected by the mountaineers. On the 31st of December, 1691, Macdonald of Glencoe, or MacLean, as he was called in the Highlands, found himself almost the only one to refuse the oath of allegiance.

He made up his mind, at last, but too late. When he presented himself at Fort William, the fixed time had expired, and no magistrate was present. The old chief, alarmed at last, betook himself to Inverary; they refused for a long time to accept his submission. McLean returned to his mountains, whither an unjust and cruel vengeance was about to pursue him.

The Master of Stair had consented to become the instrument of the hereditary hate of the Campbells; it had been represented to him that this was the price of the pacification of Scotland. His orders had been issued in advance for the destruction of all the clans which should not have made their submission before the 1st of January, 1692. "Your troops will ravage all the district of Lochaber, the domains of Lochiel, Keppoch, Glengarry, and Glencoe. Your powers will be sufficient for the purpose. I hope your soldiers will not embarrass the government with prisoners." Lochiel, Keppoch and Glengarry had acted in time. All the hate of the Campbells and all the administrative zeal of the Master of Stair were turned upon Glencoe. King William signed his sentence without reading it, Burnet asserts, and amid the mass of papers which were presented to him every day. He did not, doubtless, understand its purport. "It is a charitable duty," wrote the Master of Stair, "to destroy this nest of robbers."

On the 1st of February, 1692, a detachment of Argyle's regiment entered the territory of Glencoe, peacefully, and as if animated by the most friendly intentions. "It would be better to do nothing in the matter than to do it unsuccessfully," the Master of Stair had said. "Since the thing is resolved on, it must be executed secretly and suddenly." The commander of the small body, Captain Campbell, commonly called Glenlyon from the

name of his estate, had a niece married to the second son of Glencoe. The soldiers were well received and housed among the cottages.

They passed twelve days there waiting for the time when Lieutenant-colonel Hamilton should have occupied the defiles of the mountains. The 13th of February had been fixed on as the fatal day; the Highlanders had felt some uneasiness, but their guests had reassured them, "If there was any danger," Glenlyon had said to the chiefs eldest son, "should I not have warned your brother and his wife?" At the appointed hour Hamilton had not yet arrived; nevertheless the massacre began. Under every roof, beside every hearth, Glenlyon's soldiers shot down their hosts, men, women and children; the Master of Stair's orders had allowed them to spare old men above seventy. In their bloody intoxication the troops gave no quarter; the aged Glencoe perished among the first. His wife, assassinated beside him, was stripped of her jewelry, and did not expire till the next day. At every door was seen a corpse. When Hamilton appeared at the head of his troops, they plundered all the houses, and long lines of cattle were driven down the mountain passes by the light of the flames which were consuming the villages.

God does not suffer crime, though cleverly conceived, to gain a complete triumph. The passes had not been guarded; the murderers had not all arrived in time, and a large number of the Macdonalds of Glencoe succeeded in escaping, at the cost of new sufferings—exposed to hunger, cold, and unceasing dangers. They repaired to the midst of their mountains, above their ruined houses and their blood stained hearths. The cry of their calamity mounted slowly to Heaven. The Jacobites assisted in spreading it abroad: they had eagerly seized this weapon against King William. When the latter, far away and imperfectly informed, wished to open an inquiry into the authors of the crime, so many and so important persons were compromised in it, that the Master of Stair alone was removed for a time from public life. The massacre of Glencoe has remained a dark stain on the reign of William III., a sad contrast to the leniency and humanity which usually characterized his government.

Hardly had the king left England before the nation, as well as Queen Mary, was a prey to serious uneasiness. Louvois had died suddenly on the

17th of July, 1691, without Louis XIV., with whom his influence had been decreasing, appearing particularly distressed at his loss. "Tell the King of England that I have lost a good minister," was the answer he had made to King James's condolences, "but that his affairs and mine will fare none the worse for it."

Louvois would not have consented to the schemes which James was urging Louis XIV. to execute. Still convinced of the attachment of his English subjects, especially of the navy, he was for some time in correspondence with Admiral Russell, a sincere Whig, and Protestant, but morose, discontented, unreasonable and easily led away by his temperament into guilty intrigues. A camp had lately been formed on the coasts of Normandy; all the Irish regiments were there, under command of Lord Sarsfield; French forces were to join them. James called on the English people to pronounce in his favor by a manifesto so arrogant, so obstinate in the errors and faults which had caused his downfall, that the ministers of William III. had it printed and widely circulated in the kingdom.

Some English Jacobites attempted to combat the disastrous effect of the manifesto by another paper, drawn up with care and with a full knowledge of the state of feeling in England; but nobody let himself be taken in by this manœuvre. A popular movement was displayed in favor of the government; the militia responded spiritedly to the call; the coasts were covered with troops; the fleet of the allies entered the Channel. Those of the British sailors who had given hopes to King James, recovered their fidelity in presence of the enemy. "I should like to serve King James," said Admiral Russell to the Bishop of St. Asaph. "It might be done, if he was willing to let us alone; but he does not know how to act with us. Let him forget the whole past, and grant a general amnesty, and I will see what I can do for him."

The bishop tried some hints about the personal favor reserved for the admiral. The latter interrupted him: "I am not uneasy about that, I only think of the public; and don't imagine I should ever let the French conquer us on our own seas. Be it well known that I shall fight them if I meet them, were His Majesty himself on board!"

This outburst of patriotism, in a malcontent, who had lately been on the point of becoming a traitor, did not suffice to open King James's eyes: at his request the formal orders of Louis XIV. forced the hand of Admiral de Tourville, who was hesitating, to fight. He had been instructed to protect the disembarkation of the invading forces upon the English coasts; but the wind retarded his sailing from Brest. The Dutch fleet had joined the English, and Tourville wished to await the squadrons of Estrées and Rochefort.

Pontchartrain was minister of Marine as well as of Finance since Seignelay, son of Colbert, had died, in 1690. He sent this answer from Versailles to the experienced sailor, who was used to fighting from the age of fourteen: "It is not for you to discuss the king's orders; it is your business to execute them and enter the Channel. If you don't wish to do so, the king will appoint in your place some one more obedient and less cautious than you." Tourville set out and met the hostile squadrons between the capes of La Hague and Barfleur. He had forty-four vessels against ninety-nine which the English and Dutch numbered. Tourville convened his council of war; all the officers advised him to retire; but the king's command was peremptory, and the admiral gave battle. After three days' desperate resistance, aided by the most skilful maneuvering, Tourville was forced to retreat under the forts of La Hogue in the hope of stranding his vessels. King James and Marshal de Bellefonds were opposed to this. The vessels were attacked and burned by the English in sight of the French and Irish camp. The dethroned king was divided between his desire for victory and his patriotic instincts. Seeing the sailors who fought against him gallantly scaling the French vessels, he could not help exclaiming: "Oh, my brave Englishmen!" Previously, on the occasion of a trifling advantage that Tourville had gained in the Bay of Bantry, while James II. was in Ireland, when they came to announce to the latter that the French had beaten the English, the king had said, not without bitterness: "Then it is the first time." Tourville had lost a dozen vessels. The conduct of the English officers and sailors had been heroic; the admiral had himself inspected all the vessels and addressed the crews. "If your commanders betray you," he had said, "throw them overboard, and me the first!" King James counted wrongly on Rear-Admiral Carter, who had made him promises, while at the same time he warned Queen Mary of

the fact. Severely wounded, Carter, who was the first to break the French lines, would not let go his sword. "Fight, fight," he said, dying, "until the ship sinks!"

The news of the victory of La Hogue caused great joy in England: it calmed the minds of the population, distracted by repeated rumors of conspiracies. The plot denounced by Fuller in February, and Young's plot in April, both invented, and the creations of false witnesses, worthy rivals of Titus Oates and Dangerfield, had disturbed men's spirits. Lord Huntingdon had been arrested; the Earl of Marlborough had been sent to the Tower for a short time: the Bishop of Rochester had been tried. Marlborough was guilty of intrigues more serious, and unknown to the public. The Bishop, rich and indolent, had nothing to do with any plot. He easily proved his innocence; the false witnesses were severely punished; and Marlborough was set at liberty, with a caution, after forty-eight hours. His accusers had done him the service of dispelling the vague suspicions that had brought his disgrace upon him.

At the close of the same year, the plot of Grandval, aimed at the King's life, was to wake again the public disquiet that was destined to be revived more than once in his reign. In Europe, as well as England, King William's courage and thoughtfulness stood in the way of many great designs, and disappointed many hopes. The sentence which condemned the criminal publicly compromised the Marquis de Barbezieux, son of Louvois, and secretary of state for war. Louis' ministers kept silence and did not refute the charge.

The fortune of war continued to favor France: Namur had capitulated on the 20th of June, and its citadel surrendered on the 30th. "The allies learned it by three salvos from the army of the Marshal de Luxembourg and that of the Marquis de Boufflers," wrote Louis XIV. in his Memoirs. "They fell into a consternation which rendered them immovable for three days; so much so that the Marshal de Luxembourg having resolved to repass the Sombre, they thought neither of annoying him on his march nor of attacking him in his retreat."

When William III. came up with Luxembourg on the 31st of August, between Enghien and Steinkerque, a new victory, due to the brilliant

gallantry of the French infantry, completed the uneasiness of the allies. At the end of the year, William, always clear-sighted and often a pessimist, in spite of his unbending determination, wrote to Heinsius "I have to tell you frankly that, if we could obtain peace just now—which certainly would not be on favorable terms—we should yet have to accept it; for, to my grief, I don't see that we have anything better to expect—far from it, for things go from bad to worse. It will not, for that reason, be less needful for one to do his best; and for my part, I will do everything in my power."

The war was to continue several years more, pressing heavily on England and Holland, which almost alone were in a condition to furnish pecuniary resources to the allies. The English Houses of Parliament, sometimes lavish and sometimes penurious, always extremely touchy about the position of foreigners in the King's service, often disputed with William the reinforcements of men and moneys which he demanded for the army; thus arousing the wrath and distrust with which parliamentary debates and dissensions inspired him. He had with great difficulty kept in power Lord Nottingham, who was vigorously attacked by the Whigs, and in whom he had a just confidence, in spite of the repugnance which the earl had at first shown to the revolution. On the other hand, Somers had been entrusted with the seals, and this partial return of power into the hands of the Whigs had momentarily calmed the dissensions of the parties. Yet the session had been much agitated: the land tax and a large loan had been voted on the motion of Charles Montague. The King was gloomy and pre-occupied with the campaign which was about to open. "At a juncture when we ought to be able to make an extraordinary effort on all sides to resist the enemy," wrote he to Heinsius at the beginning of 1693, "it tries me not to be able to contribute more to the general cause. It is distressing to see that this nation only thinks of indulging its private passions, without reflecting the least on the general interests. The funds which Parliament has allowed me will not cover the necessary expenses I have to incur, so that I find myself in a very embarrassing condition. I leave you to imagine how much this, joined to the critical state of our affairs, and my inability to supply a remedy therefor, must torment me."

France was much more exhausted than England; and the losses which Tourville, Jean Bart or Duguay-Trouin caused English commerce to

endure, did not prevent money flowing to London for the new loan. Yet the strong will of Louis XIV. and the effective action of a central power, had sufficed to continue the war during nearly the whole winter. On the 25th of July, 1693, the battle of Neerwinden was lost by King William in person to the Marshal de Luxembourg. Almost invariably unlucky in war, notwithstanding his conspicuous bravery, he charged sword in hand at the head of two regiments of English cavalry, which made the enemy give way, till they came to the household guard of the king. This select corps had remained motionless for four hours under the fire of the allies.

William believed at one time that his gunners were aiming badly, and hastened to the batteries; the French squadrons were moving only to close their ranks as the files were carried off. The King of England uttered an exclamation of rage and admiration: "Oh, the insolent nation!" he cried. The admiration was mutual. "The Prince of Orange was near being taken after having done wonders," wrote Racine to Boileau. "It is painful for me to tell you," William informed Heinsius, "that the enemy attacked us yesterday morning, and that, after an obstinate contest, we have been defeated. We march to-morrow to encamp between Vilvorde and Malines, to rally our forces there and impede the plans of the enemy as far as possible."

Luxembourg was ill and soon afterwards died. The victory of Neerwinden brought little advantage to France. The same was the case in Italy with the success of Catinat at Marsala: the Duke of Schomberg, eldest son of the Marshal, charged there at the head of the troops paid by England. "Things have come to such a pass that it is necessary to conquer or to die," he had said, as he threw himself into the *mêlée*. This was his master's advice. "The crisis has been terrible," wrote the latter to Heinsius and to Portland. "God has judged it right to send me great trials in succession: I try to accept His will without murmuring and to deserve his anger less. God be praised for the issue he has granted us, and may we be able by our gratitude worthily to requite his mercy!" The strife of parties in Parliament involved, as usual, the grant of the subsidies on which the military preparations depended. "The increase of the army meets with violent opposition here," wrote William on the 4th of December; "yet I am led to hope that finally everything will turn out as I desire. May God will it!"

Power was passing away from the Tories. Lord Sunderland, who had lately emerged from his retreat, still able and engaging after his treason and shame, advised William to recall the Whigs. The king had been wearied by their arrogance and tyranny; yet he agreed to place Admiral Russell at the head of the Admiralty and to make Lord Shrewsbury Secretary of State. The latter hesitated long before accepting. He began to excuse himself before the king, pleading his ill-health. "That is not your only reason," said William; "when have you seen Montgomery?" This clever and enterprising Scot, formerly leader of the Parliament in Edinburgh, had fallen into disfavor and was serving as agent in the Jacobite intrigues. Shrewsbury grew pale, and William repeated to him a part of his conversation with Montgomery. "Sire," said the earl, "since your Majesty is so well informed, you ought to know that I have not encouraged the attempts of this man to detach me from my allegiance."

The king smiled; he knew the strange weakness that weighed like an enchantment on Lord Shrewsbury's noblest qualities. "The best way to silence suspicions," he said, "is to take office. That will put me at my ease: I know that you are a man of honor, and that if you undertake to serve me, you will do so faithfully." Shrewsbury was soon made a duke, at the same time with the Earls of Bedford and Devonshire. Charles Montague, who had lately conceived the idea of a Bank of England, and helped to establish it, was named Chancellor of the Exchequer. Measures new, or renewed with persistency, were violently debated. The bill of procedure in trials for treason, the bill of disqualifications or of appointments, which interdicted the House of Commons to office-holders, and finally the often debated question of the length of Parliaments, which it was wished to limit to three years; such were the preliminary movements in parliamentary reform which delayed William's departure for the Continent. "It is a dreadful thing to be upon this island, as it were banished from the world," wrote the King of England. Some days later he arrived in Holland.

A great naval expedition was being secretly prepared at Portsmouth, intended to thwart the designs of Louis XIV. on the Mediterranean. Marlborough, always well informed, had warned King James of it. "Twelve regiments of infantry and two of marines are soon to embark,

under command of Talmash, to destroy the port of Brest and the squadron which is collected there. It would be a great success for England, but nothing shall ever prevent me from letting you know what may be useful to you. I have been trying for a long time to learn this from Russell, but he has always denied it, though he has been informed of it more than six weeks. This gives me a bad opinion of the man's intentions."

On the 16th of June, 1694, the English fleet was fifteen leagues west of Cape Finisterre. Talmash proposed to disembark in the Bay of Cadsant. Lord Caermarthen, eldest son of the statesman lately made Duke of Leeds, undertook to explore the bay in his yacht. He found the approaches well defended. Talmash was resolved to attack. Caermarthen advanced, first signalling to Admiral Berkeley the difficulties which he met. Batteries were suddenly unmasked and swept the decks. Talmash was convinced that the coast was defended by peasants who would fly at the sight of the English soldiers: a well sustained fire replied to their attempts to land. The general was severely wounded in the thigh as he was being carried to his launch; the troops re-entered their boats pell-mell. The enterprise was a failure; the fleet had to return to Portsmouth. Talmash died on his arrival, declaring aloud that he had been drawn into a trap by traitors. The outwork whence the fatal bullet came is called, to this day, *The Englishman's Death*.

The rage and uneasiness in England were great: people said aloud that English forces ought to be commanded by Englishmen. Talmash was dead, and Marlborough ought not to remain longer in disgrace with the king. All the manoeuvres and all the treacheries of the earl aimed at this. He had the audacity to present himself at Whitehall to offer his services to the queen. Lord Shrewsbury exerted himself to have the offer accepted; King William absolutely refused it. The English squadron was ravaging the coast of Normandy; Admiral Russell was keeping the fleets of Louis XIV. in check in the Mediterranean. The campaign in the Netherlands was passed in skilful marches and counter-marches, accompanied by some trifling advantages for King William, who captured Huy. When he returned to England, on the 9th of November, the queen was waiting for him at Margate, happy at meeting the man who was the only joy of her life. "Now that you have the king, don't let him go away again, madame," cried

the assembled women, as the royal couple passed. She was to be the first to go away, and death was threatening her already.

Before Queen Mary, Tillotson, archbishop of Canterbury, fell sick and died, towards the middle of November. He had rendered the Church of England the great service of throwing the weight of his character and eloquence on the side of submission to the new power, by frankly and simply accepting the oaths of allegiance. He had been strongly urged to do so by Lady Russell. "The time seems to me to have come," she had written to him, in 1691, "to put in practice anew that principle of submission which you have formerly asserted so much yourself and recommended so much to others. You will be a true public benefactor, I am convinced. Reflect how few capable and upright men the present time produces, I beg you, and do not turn your resolution over endlessly in your mind: when one has considered a question in all its aspects, one only succeeds, by returning incessantly to it, in throwing oneself into new difficulties without seeing any the clearer into the matter."

Sancroft having obstinately refused the oath, Tillotson had become Archbishop of Canterbury, in 1691, to the great disgust of Compton, Bishop of London, who had hoped for the primate's see. Henceforward, the nonjuring bishops and clergy loaded Tillotson with their wrath and contempt. Gentle, sensitive, used to the admiration aroused by his eloquence and the esteem for his irreproachable life, the new archbishop suffered cruelly from the injuries of which he was the object. When he died there was found among his papers a packet of pamphlets published against him, with this phrase in his handwriting: "I pray God to pardon them; I pardon them." "I have lost the best friend I have ever had, and the best man I have ever known," wrote William to Heinsius. He loaded the widow with favors. Such was the popularity of the archbishop as a preacher, that the publisher of his sermons bought their ownership at the price of; £2,500, a sum unheard of at that period. Milton had sold the manuscript of the "Paradise Lost" for five pounds sterling, and Dryden, at that time the most illustrious of English poets, had received £1300 for his translation of Virgil's complete works.

A more poignant grief was about to strike William. He had come to Whitehall to give his assent to the bill for Triennial Parliaments, which he had once objected to. The many members of the two Houses who pressed into the hall of sessions found the King's face changed and his mood gloomy. He hastened to return to Kensington. The report spread that the queen was ill, and it was soon known that she had the small-pox.

As soon as Mary had reason to think herself stricken by the scourge which desolated households every year, she had ordered that all persons of her retinue who had not yet had the disease should leave Kensington; then, shutting herself up in her study, she had put her papers in order, burning a portion of them herself. "I have not waited for this day to prepare myself for death," she said, when the disease left her no more hope. The grief of her husband exceeded all anticipations, astonishing even those who had been constant witnesses of the absolute devotion of the queen. He did not leave her for a single instant, sleeping beside her bed and rendering her the tenderest cares. Mary had triumphed over that stern heart which neither victories nor defeats had ever been able to disturb. He could not keep in his tears, when he looked at her. When Tenison, the new Archbishop of Canterbury, had undertaken to announce her approaching end to the queen, William drew Burnet into a corner of the room. "There is no more hope," he said; "I was the happiest of men—I am the most miserable. She had no faults, not one; you knew her well, but you do not know, no one can know, her worth." Twice the dying woman wished to bid good-bye to him whom she had loved alone, and twice her voice failed her: she now thought only of eternity. Several times William had been seized with convulsions: when they bore him from the queen's chamber just before she breathed her last sigh, he had almost lost consciousness.

Mary died at thirty-two, lamented by all who had known her. "So charitable," says Evelyn, "that in the midst of the most violent political strifes, she never inquired into the views of those who asked her aid;" gentle and kind to all, often attracting censure through the fullness of her wifely devotion, which seemed to have absorbed all other affections in her soul—the only sort of tenderness that could have satisfied the reserved and proud heart of the prince her husband. She had welcomed, during her illness, the advances of her sister. When she had shut her eyes, the

Princess Anne sent to ask her brother-in-law permission to see him. Somers offered to mediate between the princess and the king. He found William in his study, his head between his hands, absorbed in grief; he represented to him the necessity of putting an end to a family quarrel, of which the political consequences might become grave. "Do what you wish, my lord," replied the king; "I cannot think about anything." Yet the interview that was asked for took place. William assigned the palace of St. James to the princess for her residence. At the same time he sent her her sister's jewels; but he kept his resolution about the Earl of Marlborough. The princess's favorites were not admitted to the presence of the king, and the general remained excluded from every honorable or lucrative post. Yet Mary's death had changed all the views of Marlborough: a single life, precarious by nature, shaken by fatigues and cares, now stood in the way of the greatness of Princess Anne, and the supreme exaltation of her all-powerful adherents. The earl and his wife no longer retained their regard for the fallen monarch; they no longer admitted the legitimacy of the Prince of Wales. They patiently awaited the day of triumph; other more guilty hands were going to undertake to hasten it.

For some days William had seemed incapable of taking part in public affairs. "I thank you with all my heart for your kindness," he had replied to the condolences of the houses, "but still more for your so well appreciating our great loss: it exceeds everything that I could express, and I am not in a condition to think of anything else." He had written to Heinsius: "I tell you in confidence, I feel myself no longer capable of commanding the troops. Yet I shall try to do my duty, and I hope God will give me strength for it." The charges of corruption preferred before the houses against several prominent Tories, first roused him from his dejection. The great corporations of the city of London and the East India Company were convicted of having frequently bought the influence of the ministers. The Speaker of the House of Commons, Sir John Trevor, was the first condemned. The charges brought against the Duke of Leeds were grave. The witnesses had disappeared; the charge fell through; but public rage and indignation pronounced his sentence. He was forever lost to political life. When William set out for the Continent, on the 12th of May, 1695, the name of the Duke of Leeds had been erased from the roll of the Council entrusted henceforth with the government in the king's absence.

The intelligent, firm and devoted woman, who formerly governed wisely in his name, and willingly surrendered the power into his hands, was no more. William rejected all the hints that were given him to replace her by the Princess Anne.

The Marshal Luxembourg had died on the 4th of January, 1695, and Louis XIV. had put at the head of his armies Marshal Villeroi, a life-long friend of his, a clever courtier, a mediocre officer, who soon lost the prestige of victory which had been so long and resolutely maintained for France by so many triumphant hands.

The results of this change was soon apparent. In vain did Marshal Boufflers shut himself up in Namur and defend it heroically, till he finally retired into the citadel, where he held out more than a month longer; the place was not relieved in time by Villeroi, who was embarrassed in his movements by the presence and the cowardice of the Duke of Maine. William III. personally conducted the siege, and was constantly present at the trenches, giving his commands in a rain of bullets with a coolness which sometimes made the bystanders underrate the danger in which he was. Mr. Godfrey, an envoy from the Bank of England, had come to ask him for certain instructions. He ventured beneath the walls of Namur during an assault. "What are you doing here, Mr. Godfrey?" said the king roughly. "You are running great risk, and you cannot be of any use to us."—"I am not more in danger than your Majesty," replied the banker. "You are mistaken," answered William; "I am where my duty calls me; I can therefore, without presumption, put my life in the hands of God; but you"—As he spoke these words, a ball struck the unfortunate Godfrey, who fell dead at his feet. William never willingly permitted civilians in his army. The brave Walker, formerly the defender of Derry, and whom he had raised to the rank of bishop, was killed not far from him at the battle of the Boyne: "What took him there?" growled the king, on learning the news of his death. It was said among his soldiers that he had been obliged to use the rod to make curious persons withdraw out of range of the cannons.

At last Namur capitulated, the citadel as well as the town. All the honors of war were granted to Marshal Boufflers, whom Louis XIV. loaded with

his favors. "I am very unfortunate," said King William, "to have always to envy the lot of a monarch who rewards the loss of a place more liberally than I can reward my friends and followers who have conquered one." On the 10th of October he set sail for England, determined to dissolve Parliament. The new houses were convoked for the 22nd of November.

William's return to his kingdom was marked by a genuine triumph: the elections were favorable to him almost everywhere, and the difficulties that had been raised by a bill for the reminting of coins, which were then seriously depreciated, had just been surmounted. But a disagreement was already springing up between the king and Parliament in relation to the gifts with which he had loaded his Dutch friends. Following the example of Charles II. and James II., William had detached from the possessions of the crown certain rich domains with which he had recompensed his faithful servants, notably Bentwick. He had just assigned to him a considerable estate in Wales, over which the crown possessed sovereign rights, which were comprised in the cession made to Portland. The country and the House of Commons demanded the retrocession of these rights in a petition bitterly stamped with the jealousy with which the favors enjoyed by the Dutch inspired the English nation. William was hurt by it; but with that moderation and justice which counterbalanced the reserve of his character and his lack of ductility, he replied to the petitioners: "I have an affection for Lord Portland, which he has deserved by his long and faithful services. If I had believed that the house would have to be consulted in this gift, I should not have made it; I shall recall my letters patent and shall give him an equivalent elsewhere." The estates conferred upon Bentinck were scattered in distant parts of the country. "They shall not say that I want to create a principedom for Lord Portland," said the king.

Domestic quarrels, as well as the jealousies aroused in England by the formation of a Scotch commercial company, whose rivalry the English merchants feared, were soon to be stilled in presence of a great national commotion. Rumors of invasion began to circulate anew. With the hopes of foreign aid, the intrigues of the Jacobites had caught a fresh enthusiasm. The Duke of Berwick had been commissioned to excite the zeal of King James's friends, who had secretly arrived in England, and was visited mysteriously by the leaders of the Jacobite party. The Duke

was not ignorant of the more dangerous and less honorable mission that had been entrusted to Sir George Barclay. The latter had already united at London a certain number of partisans, ready for any enterprise; he was bearer of a commission written entirely in King James's hand, authorizing him to execute, at a proper time, against the Prince of Orange and his adherents, all acts of hostility which might be serviceable to his Majesty. The act of hostility which Sir George Barclay and his accomplices were preparing was none other than an attempt to assassinate. The 15th of February, 1696, had been fixed for its execution. Certain men, ruined by the revolution, recently converted to Catholicism by personal ambition, Charnock, Porter, Goodman, had long ago been admitted into the conspiracy; and Sir William Parkyn was not ignorant of it, though he had taken the oath of allegiance to William to save the office which he held in the Court of Chancery. Sir John Fenwick, an insolent Jacobite, who had once insulted Queen Mary in the park, had, it was said, refused to take part in the criminal attempt; yet he held the secret of the conspirators which was soon to cost him his life. A certain number of King James's guards had arrived successively in London to reinforce this little band of assassins. The Duke of Berwick had returned to France, anxious to avoid all appearance of complicity. The English Jacobites refused to attempt a rising without the aid of a foreign invasion. King Louis XIV. was beginning to grow weary of the ineffectual efforts he had so generously lavished in aid of King James. The latter had met Berwick at Clermont. "After having learned from him the state of things in England, and the reasons which had made him return so hastily, his Majesty sent him to the King of France and continued his route to Calais. He always hoped that some event would give him the opportunity of demanding that the troops should be embarked without further delay, and it was for this reason that he continued his journey to Calais; but he had no sooner arrived there than, with his usual luck, he found all his hopes blighted. He learned that several gentlemen had been arrested for an attempt against the life of the Prince of Orange, and that this had raised such an excitement throughout the kingdom that there was no possibility of the Jacobites thinking of a revolt, still less of the king's thinking of a landing, even had the French desired it."

This event, which King James awaited at Calais, and on which he counted for the success of his projects, had been delayed from day to day by a series of mischances usual in conspiracies, but which never opened the eyes of the conspirators. On the 15th, the king's hunt, during which the forty plotters were to throw themselves upon him, had been put off, under pretext that the weather was stormy and cold. On the 21st all the accomplices met again in a tavern: their posts were assigned, their rôles were distributed. Eight men were to be armed with fire-arms, the others had sharpened their swords. "Tomorrow," they cried, "we shall be masters of the situation." "Don't be afraid to break the windows of the carriage, Mr. Pendergrass," said King to one of the other conspirators, to whom a musket had been assigned. Suddenly a sentinel, who had been sent out to reconnoitre, appeared at the door, pale and alarmed. "The king does not hunt to-morrow," he said; "the carriages have been countermanded; the guards who were sent to Richmond have returned at a gallop—their horses are covered with foam." The conspirators dispersed, and the most enthusiastic were already projecting new ambushes. The next day before noon almost all of them were arrested; the population of London, suddenly moved, had lent the police thousands of eyes and ears, eager to discover the guilty. The remorse of three conspirators successively had revealed the plot to the Duke of Portland.

The first of all had been Pendergrass, an honorable and respected Catholic, but instinctively revolting at the idea of assassination. "My lord," he had said to Portland, "if you value the life of King William, don't let him go to the hunt to-morrow. He is the enemy of my religion, but it is my religion which obliges me to give you this warning. I am resolved to conceal the names of the conspirators." The revelations of the others were more complete. The king was unwilling to put confidence in them; he had Pendergrass summoned before him. "You are a man of honor," he said to him, "and I am grateful to you. But the integrity which has made you speak ought to oblige you to tell me something more. Your warning has sufficed to poison my existence by making me suspect all those who approach me; it will not be enough to protect me. Give me the names of the conspirators." Pendergrass yielded, on condition that they would make no use of his revelations against the persons named without his formal consent. On Sunday morning the guards and militia were under arms; the

lords-lieutenant of the coast had set out for their respective districts. Orders were given the Lord Mayor to watch over the safety of the capital. At Calais King James looked in vain in the direction of England; the flames that were to announce the success of the enterprise were not kindled.

The excitement was deep: people realized the danger that had menaced the state in threatening the life of the prince. The House suspended the habeas corpus act; they declared that Parliament would not be dissolved on the death of the king. At the same time it was proposed to form an association for the defence of the king and country. The agreement, drawn up by Montague, was soon laid upon the table of the house; a crowd of members pressed forward to sign it. A slight modification of the terms satisfied the scruples of some Tory peers. A great number of the House of Lords signed it. Throughout the country people followed their example. William had never been so popular, his throne had never rested on a more solid basis than on the morrow of the guilty project formed against his life. When Charnock, one of the conspirators, offered to reveal the names of those who had sent him to Saint Germain, "I want to know none of them," said the king to the overtures of the miserable man. The latter, with seven of his accomplices, perished by the hand of the executioner.

King William was soon constrained to receive the denunciations he had at first rejected. During his absence on the continent, while military operations remained nearly inactive, while the Duke of Savoy withdrew from the coalition, and while overtures of peace were coming to the king, he learned that Sir John Fenwick had been arrested. Some days later the Duke of Devonshire sent him the confession of the prisoner. Silent about the Jacobite plots in which he had taken part, Fenwick accused of treason Marlborough, Godolphin, Russell and Shrewsbury, all engaged in the service and interests of King James.

William III. had known this for a long time. Marlborough alone had gone beyond bounds, and the king had taken away all his offices, while keeping silent about the causes of his disgrace. Godolphin, Russell and Shrewsbury were still in power; the last two counted among the leaders of the Whigs. The stratagem of the accused was clever: he had purposed to throw

confusion into all camps and suspicion upon all the parties; but the masterly magnanimity of William upset his projects. William sent Fenwick's confession to Shrewsbury himself. "I am surprised," he wrote, "at the wretch's effrontery. You know me too well to suppose that such stories can affect me. Observe the sincerity of this honorable man: he has nothing to tell me of the schemes of his Jacobite friends, he only attacks my own friends."

Fenwick was soon brought before a jury. He was allied to powerful families: his wife, Lady Mary, was the Earl of Carlisle's sister. All means were employed to save him: the witnesses who could testify against him were bought and disappeared. He escaped at the ordinary trial. The Whigs demanded a bill of attainder against him. Admiral Russell rose in his place, boldly claiming justice for Lord Shrewsbury as well as for himself. "If we are innocent, acquit us; if we are guilty, punish us as we deserve. I surrender myself to the justice of my country, and am ready to live or die according to your sentence."

The discussion was long and violent; the terrible weapon of attainder was repugnant to many honest consciences, and political and personal passions were enlisted in the struggle. Fenwick's guilt was patent to all; the right of his judges to condemn him was more doubtful. Sentence was nevertheless pronounced, and Sir John was executed at Tower Hill, on the 28th of January, 1697.

Godolphin had sent in his verification as First Lord of the Treasury; all the kindness and the assurances of William had not availed to make Shrewsbury reappear at court. Sunderland had quietly resumed power, more despised by the nation than by the king. With few exceptions, William was wont to distrust all those who surrounded him, while acting as if they deserved his confidence. Clear-sighted and severe in his opinions, he was indulgent in his conduct; his magnanimity was somewhat mingled with contempt. Henceforth power was in the hands of the Whigs, strongly organized as a party and forming a firm and homogeneous ministry. The financial crisis was passing away; England was issuing triumphant from revolution, plots, and commercial embarrassments. She

was speedily about to enjoy the benefits of a transient peace, whose preliminaries were already being discussed at Ryswick.

France offered the restoration of Strasburg, Luxembourg, Mons, Charleroi and Dinant, and the re-establishment of the House of Lorraine, on the conditions proposed at Nimeguen and the recognition of the King of England. "We have no equivalent to claim," the French plenipotentiaries said, proudly; "your masters have never taken anything from ours."

The exhaustion of France drew from Louis XIV. conditions that were repugnant to his pride; the good sense and great judgment of William III. had made him desire peace for a long time. Private conferences took place between Marshal Boufflers and the Duke of Portland, full of expressions of regard from one plenipotentiary to the other, and not without mutual good will between the two sovereigns. The taking of Barcelona by the Duc de Vendôme, led Spain to think of peace; but the King of France withdrew his offer of Strasburg, offering in exchange Brisach and Fribourg in Briesgau. Louis had refused to dismiss King James from France; the latter was not even named in the treaty. "That would not be to my honor," the monarch had said; "I will recognize King William, and engage not to assist his enemies directly or indirectly." Portland had offered a clause of reciprocity. "All Europe has confidence enough in the obedience and submission of my people," proudly replied Louis, "and knows that when it pleases me to prevent my subjects from aiding King James, there is no reason to fear that he may find any support in my kingdom. The reciprocity cannot be; I have to fear neither sedition nor faction." The peace was signed on the night of the 20th of September, 1697, between France, England, the States-General, and Spain.

The Grand Pensioner at once wrote the news to William, who had retired to his castle of Loo. "May the Almighty bless the peace," answered the king, "and in his mercy permit us long to enjoy it! I do not deny that the way in which it has been concluded makes me uneasy for the future. You cannot be sufficiently thanked for the care and pains you have freely taken in connection with it." The work was not completed. The emperor aimed at settling in advance the question of the Spanish succession, ever ready to be opened by the feeble health of King Charles II., who had no children.

The Protestant princes refused to accept the maintenance of Catholic worship in all those places where Louis XIV. had re-established it "Your letter of yesterday has been sent me to-day," wrote William to Heinsius, on the 31st of October, "and I am extremely puzzled to give a positive answer to it in writing. It would certainly be our duty to continue the war rather than to make any concessions to the prejudice of the reformed religion; and if these gentlemen of Amsterdam, and consequently the republic, wish to remain firm, I should gladly do so likewise, in the hope that Parliament would aid me in fulfilling so pious a duty. On the other hand, I must admit that I do not see, humanly speaking, how the Protestant states and princes could actually oppose the Catholic powers, seeing that we would be acting without Sweden, Denmark and the Swiss Cantons, and that we are now deprived of Saxony. I am extremely uneasy at the idea that the ministers of the Protestant princes should be the only ones to refuse to sign; for that might seriously injure them later, considering that we might not be soon enough in a condition to assist them or to prevent the injury that France would certainly do them. I send by this courier orders to my ambassadors to act in entire unison with those of the republic. So, if you think you can show firmness, they will do so likewise."

These same Protestant princes, who did not wish to allow the practice of Catholic worship in their states, had formerly inserted in the compacts of the Grand Alliance that peace would never be concluded with France unless religious liberty should be restored to French Lutherans. The tolerant wisdom of William III. and the obstinacy of Louis XIV. finally secured the practice of their worship to the German Catholics, without assuring the same tolerance for the persecuted Huguenots. "These are things which concern me alone, and I cannot discuss them with anybody," said the absolute monarch. Peace was definitively signed on the 31st of October, 1697. The King of England had used strong pressure upon the emperor. "I want to hear," said William, "where any chance is visible of making France renounce a succession for which she would sustain, at need, a war of more than twenty years; and God knows we are not in a position to be able to pretend to dictate laws to France." William was soon to experience himself the futility of diplomatic negotiations in face of a complicated crisis; but he secured some moments' rest to Europe by using

his legitimate influence over the souls of men, in the interests of peace. "The Prince of Orange is the arbiter of Europe," Pope Innocent XII. had observed to Lord Perth, entrusted by King James with a mission to him; "kings and peoples are his slaves: they will do nothing that may displease him." And striking with his hand on the table, the Pope exclaimed: "If God, in His omnipotence, does not come to our aid, we are lost."

King James considered his cause desperate. "The confederates remained allied to the usurper they had aided to ascend the throne," he wrote in his Memoirs, "and his very Christian Majesty himself so desired peace that he forgot his first resolutions and recognized him as King of England, like the rest. His Majesty, then, had no longer aught to do, but to protest publicly and formally against every compact or agreement made to his disadvantage or without his participation, in whatever manner it might be made." James II. had not foreseen into what blunders royal pride and a mistaken generosity toward his son would lead King Louis, or what misfortunes this mistake would bring upon France.

The joy was great in England. When King William made his entry into London, on the 16th of November, an immense crowd blocked the streets, making the air resound with its shouts. "I have never seen so large a concourse of well-dressed people," wrote William, next day, to his friend Heinsius; "you cannot imagine the satisfaction which prevails here on account of the re-establishment of peace."

The public rest and prosperity, founded on the liberties of the nation, the defeat of domestic enemies and the check at last imposed upon the continual successes of the great foe of European peace, plots strangled, religious dissensions pacified, and the king, who had procured all these benefits for his adopted country, placed, by general consent, at the head of the great continental coalition—such were the legitimate causes of the satisfaction of England. William III. rejoiced with it, but not without fears and forebodings. "I trust to God," he had said, some months earlier, "that the news they have told you about the death of the King of Spain and the proclamation of his heir will not be confirmed; otherwise everything will relapse into the most inextricable confusion, and every hope of peace will

vanish." Charles II. was still living, but was on the brink of death, and the question of the succession remained unsettled.

This was not the first time that the King of England painfully experienced the inconveniences of a free government: the nation did not share the uneasiness with which the future inspired him, and the first care of Parliament was to propose the reduction of the army. The adroitness of the ministers secured the maintenance of more considerable forces than had been at first desired; but this was at the price of Lord Sunderland's resignation, whose courage did not rise to the height of the tempest excited against him.

The new elections introduced into Parliament a fluctuating set of men, numerous, ignorant, free from all party engagements, but deeply imbued with the popular prejudices against standing armies and foreigners. Assured of the continuation of peace by the apportioning treaty which had just been signed at Loo, on the 4th of September, the Commons replied to the speech from the throne which recommended the increase of the military forces by a vote reducing the army to seven thousand men, all of English birth and race. The motion had been made by Robert Harley, who, though still young, had already been placed at the head of the opposition by his Parliamentary talents. "We could have obtained ten thousand men," the minister had said, "but his Majesty replied that such a number would amount to disbanding the army."

"I apprehend trouble." William had written to Heinsius on the 4th of September, 1698, "for I cannot suffer them to disband the greater part of the army; and the members of Parliament are imbued with such mistaken opinions that one can hardly form an idea of them."

The king's anger and indignation were extreme. His foresight as a politician, his experience as a general, his pride as a Dutchman, were equally offended. A disarmament was forced upon him in presence of the European complications which he presaged; he was being deprived of countrymen whose faith he had tested, and of the valor of heroic Huguenot refugees to whom he had given a country. He was tired of struggling against prejudices which he had succeeded sometimes in lulling to sleep, never in subduing; he was wounded in his patriotism and in the

deep sense of the services he had rendered to the ungrateful nation which trampled upon his counsels and desires. He determined to lay down the burden that he had carried for so many years. A hope of rest among his devoted friends, in his native country, diminished in his eyes the charms of the great power and supreme rank which he had enjoyed. He wrote to Heinsius on the 30th of December: "I am so grieved at the conduct of the House of Commons in regard to the troops, that I cannot attend to anything else. I foresee that I shall have to come to an extreme resolution, and that I shall see you in Holland sooner than I had thought." And on the 6th of January, he wrote: "Affairs in Parliament are in a desperate state; so much so that I foresee that, in a short time, I shall be forced to a step which will create a great sensation in the world." When he was speaking thus confidentially to his most faithful friend, William III. had already written the draught of a speech which he purposed delivering before the two houses, announcing to them his intention of retiring to Holland for the future:

"My lords and gentlemen, I have come into this kingdom at the desire of this nation, to save it from ruin, to preserve your religion, your laws and liberties. To this end I have been obliged to undergo a war long and very burdensome to this kingdom, which war, by the grace of God and the valor of the nation, is now terminated by a favorable peace, in which you would be able to live in prosperity and rest if you were willing to contribute to your own safety, as I had recommended you at the opening of this session. But I see, on the contrary, that you have so little regard for my advice, and take so little care of your safety, and so expose yourselves to apparent ruin, depriving yourselves of the sole and only means which could serve for your defence, that it would not be fair that I should be a witness of your destruction, not being able on my part to do aught to avoid it, being helpless to defend and protect you, which was the only desire I had in coming to this country. Accordingly I have to request you to choose and name to me such persons as you may judge capable, to whom I can leave the administration of the government in my absence, assuring you that, though I am now constrained to retire from the kingdom, I shall always retain the same desire for its honor and prosperity. That, when I may judge my presence here necessary for your defence, and may

decide that I can undertake it with success, I shall then perforce return and risk my life for your safety, as I have done in the past, praying God to bless all your deliberations and to inspire you with all that is needful for the welfare and security of the kingdom."

The king communicated his design to Somers. The abdication, temporary or permanent, drew from the chancellor a cry of surprise and anger. "It is folly, sire," he said. "I entreat your Majesty, for the honor of your name, to repeat to no one what you have just said to me."

William listened patiently to the representations of his ministers, but persisted in his design. Somers soon learned that the speech was known to Marlborough, recently restored to the king's favor, thanks to the influence of a young Dutch favorite, Keppel, created Earl of Albemarle. "We shall not come to an understanding, my lord; my resolution is taken," said William of Orange. Somers rose. "Excuse me, your Majesty, if I do not consent to seal the fatal act that you meditate. I have received the seals from my king, and I beg him to take them back, while he still is my king."

The representations of Somers had had the effect of staying the first movement of the king's wrath. He reflected, and reflection triumphed, not over the discontent, but over the impetuosity of an obstinate character and over a proud soul justly irritated. The bill for the reduction of the army had been voted by the Lords with regret, and with the sole object of avoiding a conflict between the two Houses. It was presented for the royal assent. William went to Parliament on the 1st of February, 1699. "I am come to give my assent to the bill for the disbanding of the army," said he, and his aspect had never seemed calmer. "Although it seems to me very perilous, under existing circumstances, to disband so large a number of troops, and though I might find myself unfairly treated by the dismissal of the guards who accompanied me into this country, and have served me in all the actions in which I have been engaged, yet it is my fixed opinion that nothing can be so fatal to us as the disagreement or distrust that might creep in between me and my people. I should not have expected as much, after what I have undertaken, ventured, and accomplished to restore and secure your liberties to you. I have told you distinctly the only motive that decided me to accept the bill; but I think myself obliged to earn the

confidence you have shown in me, and for my own justification in the future, to inform you that I regard the protection which you leave the nation as very inadequate. It is for you to weigh this question seriously, and to provide effectively for the forces requisite to the security of the country and the preservation of the peace which God has granted to us."

William made another effort, more affecting than clever, to keep his Dutch guards. "I made a last attempt," he wrote to Heinsius, "in the hope that out of deference for my person they might have consented to retain my blue companies; but this step produced an entirely contrary effect, for they resolved to present to me a very impertinent address. These regiments, then, will embark in the course of this week." And some time after he wrote to Lord Galway, formerly Marquis de Ruvigny, chief of the Protestant refugees, but henceforth without any command: "I have not written to you this winter on account of the displeasure I experienced at what passed in Parliament, and at the incertitude in which I was. It is not possible to be more poignantly touched than I am at not being able to do more for the poor refugee officers, who have served me with so much zeal and fidelity. I fear that God may punish this nation for its ingratitude."

The day was already approaching when England was to regret an inconsiderate haste. The young son of the Elector of Bavaria, lately adopted by Charles II., King of Spain, had just died suddenly at Madrid. This death revived the question of the Spanish succession, formerly settled by a treaty of division negotiated at Versailles by the Duke of Portland. Bentinck had been sent to France at the beginning of 1698: he had entered Paris on the 27th of February, in the most magnificent style. For ten years England had not been officially represented at the court of France, and William was of opinion that he ought to abandon the simplicity of his habits. "Not being conversant with ceremony, I have supplemented the deficiency by bluster, which is not without its use here," wrote Portland to his sovereign. "Is it not the master of this ambassador that we have burnt on this same bridge, not long ago?" was said in a Parisian crowd, which was looking at Portland's cortège crossing the Pont-Neuf. The shrewd Dutchman, reserved and proud, had made a great success at the court of Louis XIV. "Portland appeared with a charm of person, a noble bearing, a politeness, an air of the world and the court, a gallantry and a grace which

were surprising. Add to that much dignity and even hauteur, but mingled with discernment and a judgment quick, without being at all rash. The French, who take to novelty, to a warm welcome, good cheer and magnificence, were charmed with him. He attracted all, but he selected only the noble and distinguished as his companions. It became the fashion to give fêtes in his honor, and to attend his entertainments. The astonishing fact is that the king, who at heart was more offended than ever, with William of Orange, treated this ambassador with more marked distinction than he had ever shown toward any other."

In 1699 Portland was again charged to negotiate a second Treaty of Partition. He was then profoundly jealous of the favor shown by William to Keppel, and in this humor had withdrawn from the court, to the great regret of the king. "I do not wish to enter into a discussion regarding your retirement," wrote William III., "but I cannot refrain from expressing to you my grief. It is greater than you can possibly imagine. I am sure that if you felt one half of it you would soon change your resolution. May God in his mercy inspire for your own good and my tranquillity. I beg to let me see you as often as possible. That will be a great mitigation of the distress which you have caused me; for, after all that has passed, I cannot help loving you tenderly."

Patriotism and loyalty prevailed over rancor and jealousy, and the king succeeded in obtaining the services of the duke for the difficult negotiations which were about to be undertaken. "I ought to say to you that the welfare and repose of Europe depend upon your negotiations with Tallard," said the king. "You cannot be ignorant of the fact that there is no one else in England whom I can employ. Finally, it is impossible and even prejudicial to my dignity that this negotiation between Tallard and myself should be delayed. I hope that after reflecting seriously you will come here prepared to terminate, if possible, this important business."

On the 13th and 15th of May, 1700, after long hesitation and obstinate resistance on the part of the city of Amsterdam, the second Treaty of Partition was signed at London and at the Hague. Spain angrily protested against the pretensions of the powers to regulate a succession which was not yet in abeyance; she recalled her ambassador from England. The emperor expected to obtain a will in favor of the Archduke Charles, his second son. King William regarded the maintenance of the equilibrium between the two houses of France and Austria, as indispensable to the repose of Europe. "The King of England acts with good faith in everything," wrote Tallard to Louis XIV.; "his way of dealing is upright and sincere. He is proud, one could not be more so; but he is at the same time modest, although no one could be more jealous of all that pertains to his rank."

The Treaty of Partition assured to the Dauphin all the possessions of Spain in Italy, save the Milanese territory, which was to indemnify the Duke of Lorraine, whose duchy passed to France. Spain, the Indies and the Low Countries were to go to the Archduke Charles. The anger was great at Vienna when the news arrived that the Treaty had been signed. "Behold our good friends," said the Count Harrach to Villars, the French ambassador; "is that the way they distribute other people's property? England and Holland think only of their own interests. What will they do with Flanders, and how will they preserve the Indies without a navy? The archduke may thank the King for Spain, but will be dependent upon England and Holland for the Indies."—"Fortunately," said Kaunitz, "there is one above who will interfere with these partitions."—"That one,"

replied Villars, "will approve of what is just."—"It is something new for a King of England and Holland to divide the monarchy of Spain," said the count.—"Permit me, Monsieur le Comte," replied Villars: "These two powers have recently carried on a war which has cost them much, but which has cost the emperor nothing; for in fact you have only borne the expense of the war against the Turks; you have a few troops in Italy, and in the empire there are only two regiments of hussars which are not in your service; England and Holland alone have borne all the burden."

The anger of the emperor subsided, but that of the German princes, the Elector of Bavaria at their head, was still to give much trouble to King William. On the 1st of November, 1700, it was suddenly announced, in Europe, that Charles II., delicate from his birth, and for many years on the point of death, had finally expired at Madrid, and that by a will of the 2nd of October, he had disposed of the crown in favor of the Duke of Anjou, grandson of Louis XIV.

This will was the work of the Spanish Council, at the head of which was the Cardinal of Porto-Carrero. "The National party detested the Austrians because they had been so long in Spain, and they loved the French because they were not yet there; the former had had time to weary them by their domination, while the latter had been served by their very absence." The integrity of the Spanish monarchy was the great pre-occupation of the dying king, as well as of his subjects. "We will go to the Dauphin; we will go to the devil, if necessary; but we will all go together," said the Spanish politicians. Pope Innocent XII. favored France. Louis XIV. alone, appeared able to defend himself against combined Europe. On the 16th of November, 1700, he solemnly accepted the will.

The surprise of William III. was equal to his anger. "I do not doubt," wrote he to Heinsius, "that this unheard of proceeding on the part of France, causes you as much surprise as it does myself. I have never had great confidence in any engagements contracted with France, but I must confess that I never imagined that that court would break so solemn a treaty, in the face of all Europe, even before it was fulfilled. Admit that we have been duped; but when, in advance, one is resolved not to keep faith, it is not difficult to deceive the other. I shall probably be blamed for having trusted

France; I, who ought to have known by the experience of the past, that no treaty is binding upon her. Please God that I may be acquitted from all blame, but I have too many reasons for fearing that the fatal consequences will soon be felt. It grieves me to the heart that almost every one rejoices that France has preferred the will to the Treaty, and also because the will is believed to be more advantageous to England and to Europe. This judgment is founded in part upon the youth of the Duke of Anjou. He is a child, it is said, and will be educated in Spain; the principles of that monarchy will be inculcated in him, and he will be governed by the Council of Spain; but these are anticipations which it is impossible to admit, and I fear that soon we will see how erroneous they are. Does it not seem that the profound indifference with which the people of this country regard all that which takes place beyond this island, may be a punishment from heaven? Nevertheless, are not our interests and our appreciations the same as those of the people of the continent?"

The Holland merchants, as well as the English statesmen, were deceived regarding the consequences of the event which had just been accomplished. "Public credit and stocks have risen in Amsterdam," wrote Heinsius to the King of England, "and although there is no valid reason for this, yet your Majesty well knows the influence of such a fact."

In this critical situation, with Europe on the eve of a new war, of which his foresight and prudence divined the duration and violence, William III. found himself, in England, confronted by an opposition growing each day more bold, and which during two years past had systematically obstructed his government. The Whigs were yet in power, but Russell, now become Duke of Orford, had retired, offended by a parliamentary inquiry; Montague had abdicated his offices for a rich sinecure. Assured of his fall by the implacable enmity of the Tories, and by the visible decline of his influence in the houses, the eloquent and esteemed Somers, although Lord Chancellor, was fatigued and sick—worn out by the constant struggle. A grave conflict threatened the union of the two houses, as well as the good understanding of Parliament with the monarch. A commission had been appointed by the Commons, to examine into the distribution of goods confiscated after the war in Ireland. "This commission will give us trouble next winter," said the king. On opening the session of Parliament, his

words were as dignified as conciliatory: "Since, then," said he, "our aims are only for the general good, let us act with confidence in one another, which will not fail, by God's blessing, to make me a happy king, and you a great and flourishing people."

Human passions envenom the best intentions, and corrupt the most sincere souls. William was accused of feeling intense distrust of his Parliament; his most intimate counsellors were personally attacked. Burnet, the preceptor of the little Duke of Gloucester, only surviving son of the Princess Anne, was insulted, as well as Somers. When the report concerning the confiscations was finally presented in Parliament, the gifts accorded to the Dutch favorites and to the Countess of Orkney (formerly, when Elizabeth Villiers, devotedly attached to the Prince of Orange), were violently attacked. "We were sent here to fly in the king's face," said the partisans of the report. William III. was at the same time reproached for the indulgence he had shown towards the Irish. A part of the property confiscated had been restored to the despoiled families. "All has been given to Dutch favorites, to French refugees and Irish papists," it was said. Carried away by leaders as violent as imprudent, the Commons annulled all the royal grants, and joined to this arbitrary and unjust bill, a law regulating the land tax for the following year. This move compelled the House of Lords either to pass both bills or to reject both, in defiance of the financial needs of the state. "Affairs are very bad in Parliament," wrote the king to Heinsius; "I say this to you with a deep feeling of grief, and filled with apprehension that this will end badly some day. You can have no idea what these men are; it is necessary to live in the midst of them and to be acquainted with every circumstance, in order to judge of them."

The wisdom of the House of Lords, and the prudence of the king, prevailed against the violence of party struggles in the Commons. The peers passed the bill, but not without protest and attempted amendments, which, however, were rejected; the king gave it his sanction, but the same day that the lower house voted that his Majesty be supplicated not to admit foreigners into his councils, Parliament was prorogued to the second of June. For the first time William did not close Parliament with an address. "Parliament was finally prorogued, yesterday," wrote he, to Holland: "I have never seen a session more vexatious. After having

committed many blunders and more extravagances, they separated amidst great confusion; their intrigues are incomprehensible to any one who is not in the midst of them; a description of them is quite impossible." The king had likewise wisely demanded the seals of Lord Somers. The Tories were triumphant, but they failed to seriously disturb the equilibrium of the Constitution; they had struck a blow against justice, as well as against the royal prerogatives, and the privileges of the House of Lords. "They have entered a dangerous path," says Mr. Hallam; "they will be arrested by that force which has always maintained among us the equilibrium of the powers, the reflective opinion of a free people opposed to flagrant innovations, and soon shocked by the violence of party passions."

The death of the little Duke of Gloucester, on the 30th of July, 1700, threw an additional obstacle in the path of King William. His health was much broken, and for some time past public opinion in Europe had been seriously concerned regarding him, even questioning his survival of the King of Spain. The hopes of the Jacobites began to revive. The question was raised regarding the advisability of bringing the Prince of Wales to England, in order to educate him there in the Protestant religion; this sentiment also weighed upon Parliament, when, at the opening of the session of 1701, the Houses declared that in order to maintain the inheritance of the crown of England in a Protestant family, the throne should descend, in default of issue of William or the Princess Anne, to the Princess Sophia, Electress of Hanover, granddaughter of King James I., and her Protestant descendants. The great principle of hereditary monarchy was thus protected, but it was subordinated to the superior principle of religious faith; a bond of union necessary between the prince and his people, and the lack of which rendered the succession of the last heir of the Stuarts impossible. In the midst of the stormy session of 1701, while the dissatisfaction of Parliament with the Treaty of Partition was still intense, and while the trials of Portland, Orford, Somers, and Halifax (formerly Edward Montague), were in progress. King William had the consolation of seeing assured for the future those liberties and that religion which he had defended at the price of so many efforts, often so poorly recompensed. The upper house boldly declared the innocence of the accused nobles William had retained upon the list of Privy Councillors. He was wearied of party strife, exposed as he was to the anger and the attacks

of all factions. "All the difference between them," said he, "is, that the Tories will cut my throat in the morning, while the Whigs will wait until afternoon."

The national sentiment of England, and the fears excited by the attitude of France, gained for him the strength and the popularity which the political complications and the unjust violence of parties had deprived him of.

Louis XIV. took possession in the name of his grandson of the seven barrier cities of the Spanish Netherlands, that the Holland troops had occupied in virtue of the peace of Ryswick. "The instructions that the Elector of Bavaria, governor of the Low Countries, had given to the different commandants of the places, were so well executed," says M. de Vault, in his report of the campaign of Flanders, "that we entered without opposition." The Dutch troops hastened to depart for their own country, and official relations between the States-General and France were broken off at once. King William realized the full importance of this first blow. "For twenty-eight years I have worked without relaxation, sparing neither trouble nor perils, in order to preserve this barrier to the republic," wrote he to Heinsius, on the 8th of February, 1701, "and behold all is lost in a single day, and without striking even a blow." And on the 31st of May: "I see that it is necessary to devote my entire attention to the war; and although, in the eyes of the entire world, I seem to desire war, yet there is no one perhaps who is more anxious to avoid it; but to live without security, and to only exist by the mercy of France, is the worst evil that could befall us."

The States-General made an appeal to England, and public opinion communicating its impulse to Parliament, induced the houses to vote considerable subsidies, increasing the naval forces to thirty thousand men, and deciding that ten thousand auxiliary troops should be sent to Holland immediately. William entrusted the command to the Duke of Marlborough, and he himself went to the continent in the beginning of July. The Count of Avaux was recalled from the Hague. "We flattered ourselves," said William III., "that we should see our States flourishing under the shadow of a long peace, but the affairs of Europe have changed their aspect. All

nations bordering upon France are menaced: our repose then would be, at the least, as fatal to our kingdoms as to our allies."

On the 7th of September, 1701, the Grand Alliance between England, the States-General, and the Empire, as signed, for the second time, at the Hague. The powers engaged not to lay down their arms until they had reduced the possessions of King Philip V. to Spain and the Indies, re-established the barrier of Holland, assured an indemnity to Austria, and accomplished the definitive separation of the two crowns of France and Spain.

Prince Eugene of Savoy—Carignan, son of the Count of Soissons and of Olympia Mancini, began hostilities in Italy at the head of Austrian troops. Catinat met with grave reverses; Marshal Villeroi was placed in command of the armies of Louis XIV. The Duke of Savoy bore the title of his Generalissimo. In less than one year, he in his turn joined the grand alliance, notwithstanding the union of his daughters with the Duke of Bourgoyne and the King of Spain. For the second time William aroused all Europe against the inordinate ambition of France.

Negotiations were nevertheless being carried on, and the armies which were silently forming yet awaited the results of diplomatic efforts. King Louis XIV. destroyed with his own hands the last hopes of peace. On Good Friday (1701), James II., the deposed King of England, suffered an attack of paralysis; the waters of Bourbon, for a time, revived him. On the 13th of September, 1701, he was attacked for the second time, and immediately demanded the sacraments. Notwithstanding the irregularities of his private life, he was sincerely and piously attached to the faith which had cost him so dear. He exhorted the courtiers who surrounded his dying bed, and he begged Lord Middleton, the only Protestant who had remained faithful to him, to become a convert to the Catholic faith. He bade his son farewell. "I am about to leave this world, which has been for me a sea of tempests and storms," said he; "the Almighty has judged well in visiting me with great afflictions. Serve him with your whole heart, and never put the crown of England in the balance with your eternal salvation." Amidst the errors and criminal faults of his life, the only redeeming trait of his character was that he himself practised, during his life, the principles

which he bequeathed his son. Philip II. once said: "I would sacrifice all my kingdoms to the defence of the Catholic faith": James II., more feeble and less shrewd, had risked and lost all in the struggle with a free people and an established religion.



VISIT OF LOUIS XIV. TO THE DEATH-BED OF JAMES II.

Visit Of Louis XIV. To The Death-bed Of James II.

James II. was dying at Saint Germain. Louis XIV. visited him twice, surrounding him, even to the last moment, with the most delicate attentions. On the 20th of September, the king, accompanied by a splendid retinue, entered the chamber of the invalid. James opened his eyes, and immediately closed them again. "Let no one withdraw," said the monarch. "I have something to say to your Majesty. Whenever it shall please God to take you from us, I will be to your son what I have been to you; and will acknowledge him as King of England, Scotland and Ireland."

The English exiles, who were standing around the couch, fell on their knees. Some burst into tears, some poured forth praises and blessings. "That evening, at Marley, there was only applause and praise," says St. Simon: "the act was applauded, but the reflections of some were not less prompt, although less public. The king still flattered himself that he could prevent Holland and England, upon whom the former was so absolutely dependent, from breaking with him in favor of the House of Austria. He counted upon an early termination of the Italian war, as well as the settlement of the Spanish succession, which the Emperor was unable to dispute with his own forces, or even with those of the empire. Nothing then could be more contradictory to this position, and to the recognition, which he had solemnly declared at the peace of Ryswick, of the Prince of Orange as King of England. It was to wound the Prince of Orange in the tenderest point; and all England as well as Holland with him, without this recognition being of any solid advantage to the Prince of Wales."

William III. was at table in his chateau at Dieren, in Holland, when he learned the news. Always master of himself, he said not a word, but his pale cheek flushed, and he pulled his hat over his eyes to conceal his countenance. Accurately informed of the state of affairs in France, and of the most secret intrigues of that court, he had foreseen the resolution of Louis XIV. Some days before he wrote to Heinsius on the subject of a projected mission to Versailles: "I find myself greatly inconvenienced

since the news has arrived from France, that it is resolved, in case King James dies, to recognize his pretended son as King of England. This obliges me to cut short all correspondence with France, and even to come to extremities with her." Lord Manchester, the ambassador of William III. in France, immediately received orders to depart without taking leave. In vain M. de Torcy, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, strongly opposed to the position Louis XIV. had assumed, attempted to offer some explanations. He received from the ambassador the following note:

"Monsieur: The king my master being informed that his most Christian Majesty has recognized another king of Great Britain, does not believe that his glory and service permit him to retain any longer an ambassador near the king your master; and he has sent me orders to retire immediately, of which I have the honor of informing you by this note."

Some days later the States-General sent the same order to their envoy M. de Heemskirk.

All England was roused; the Whigs and the Tories shared the same feeling of anger. "All the English," says Torcy, in his Memoirs, "unanimously regard it as a mortal offence, that France has pretended to arrogate to herself the right of giving them a king, to the prejudice of him whom they have themselves called and recognized these many years." When William arrived in England, on the 4th of November, 1701, addresses poured in from all parts of the country; he was too feeble to endure the fatigues of a reception, and in consequence went direct to Hampton Court, without stopping at London. Henceforth, well assured of the great change that had taken place in public opinion, he published, on the 11th of November, the order for the dissolution of Parliament "I pray God that he may bless the resolution which your Majesty has taken of convoking a new Parliament," wrote Heinsius, on the 15th.

When the houses re-assembled, on the 30th of December, 1701, the Tories had lost much ground in the Commons; they succeeded, however, in electing Robert Harley as speaker. On the 2nd of January, 1702, the king himself opened the session. The change in his appearance was very decided; he coughed much: "I have not a year to live," he said to Portland.

The vigor of his mind and of his soul, however, triumphed over his physical weaknesses. In his last great speech from the throne, he said that he was assured that they had assembled there, full of that just sentiment of the danger which threatened Europe, and of that resentment towards the King of France for the step that he had taken, which had been so generally manifested by the loyal addresses of the people. The recognition of the pretended Prince of Wales as King of England was not only the highest indignity that could be offered himself and the nation; but it so nearly concerned every man who had a regard for the Protestant religion, or the present and future quiet and happiness of his country, that he earnestly exhorted them to lay it seriously to heart, and to determine what effectual means might be employed to assure the Protestant succession, and to put an end to the hopes of all pretenders, as well as their secret and declared adherents. The king then announced that he had concluded several alliances, to protect the independence of Europe, the conditions of which had been communicated to them. "It is fit I should tell you," continued he, "that the eyes of all Europe are upon this Parliament; all matters are at a stand till your resolutions are known, and therefore no time ought to be lost. You have yet an opportunity, by God's blessing, to secure to you and your posterity the quiet enjoyment of your religion and liberties, if you are not wanting to yourselves, but will exert the ancient vigor of the English nation; but I tell you, plainly, my opinion is, if you do not lay hold on this occasion, you have no reason to hope for another." He called upon them to provide a great strength upon land and sea, that they lend to the allies all the assistance in their power, and show towards the enemies of England and the adversaries of her religion, her liberty, her government, and the king that she had chosen, all the hatred that they merited.

This speech, principally the work of Somers, more eloquent and more impassioned than were ordinarily the simple and grave words of King William, deeply aroused national sympathy. The addresses of the two houses no longer reflected the clouds which had so recently darkened the political horizon. The subsidies and army levies voted were equal to the public needs. "The courier this evening will inform you of the good resolutions which were taken yesterday and the day before in the two houses," wrote the king to Heinsius; "one could not desire a more

satisfactory result. May the Almighty vouchsafe his blessing to all that follows."

The death of William was sudden and premature. William of Orange was fifty-one years of age: for thirty years he had borne upon his shoulders the weight of the destinies of his native country, and for nearly twenty years he had been the only man in Europe, who had resisted, obstinately and with success, the encroachments of France. The supreme moment of the great struggle had arrived; the fruits of so many efforts and of so much perseverance, fell from the courageous hands which had so long labored for them. When the King of England felt himself dying, he, disguised as a priest, had consulted Fagon. When that celebrated physician of Louis XIV. bluntly replied to him, that the curé had better prepare for death, William threw aside his disguise; and the advice that Fagon then gave him, it is said, prolonged his life. An accident hastened the progress of his malady. On the 20th of February, 1702, William was riding in the park of Hampden Court, when his favorite horse Sorrel stumbled and fell. The king was thrown, and broke his collar-bone. He was carried to the palace; and now fully realized that his time was short. He sent to Parliament a message recommending the union of England and Scotland. He had thought much of it, he said, and he believed this measure necessary for the happiness and security of the two kingdoms, for the European equilibrium, and for the liberty of all Protestant states.

The houses received with uncovered heads the last act which William signed with his own hand. Many laws awaited his approval, and it became necessary to engrave a stamp to imitate the royal signature. After some days of convalescence, fatal symptoms appeared; the king recognized them, and was not deceived for a single instant. He had said before to Bentinck: "You know that I never feared death: there have been times when I should have wished it: but, now that this great new prospect is opening before me, I do wish to stay here a little longer." This indomitable soul had always known how to submit to the hand of God, and he accepted His will without a murmur. "I know that you have done all that skill and learning could do for me," said he to his physicians; "but the case is beyond your art, and I submit."

He had sent his favorite, Albemarle, to Holland, charged to arrange with Heinsius regarding the preparations for the war; and as though by a prophetic instinct, he had sent by his messenger a last token of affection to the friend and faithful servant who had so ably seconded him in his policy. "I am infinitely concerned to learn that your health is not yet quite re-established," wrote he to Heinsius; "May God be pleased to grant you a speedy recovery. I am unalterably your good friend, William."

Albemarle returned, bringing from Heinsius the most satisfactory assurances. When he appeared before his master, who had ordered him to take some repose after his long and rapid journey, the king calmly said to him: "I am fast drawing to my end." He received the exhortations and consolations of the Bishops; Tension and Burnet did not leave his pillow; he affirmed his constant faith in the Christian truths, and demanded the Communion. After the ceremony was finished, the dying man could scarcely speak a word. The Duke of Portland, twice summoned by letters which he had never received, finally entered the chamber. William took the hand of his friend and pressed it to his heart. An instant before he had said to his physicians, with a shadow of impatience: "Can this last long?" They shook their heads. He closed his eyes and gasped for breath. On the 16th of March, 1702, between the hours of seven and eight in the morning, William of Orange yielded his soul to God.

When his remains were laid out, it was found that he wore next to his heart a lock of Queen Mary's hair, and the wedding ring which he had taken from her dying hand. Europe lost her great leader, and England her great king. The supreme impulse had nevertheless been given in Europe as well as in England; the alliance against Louis XIV. was formed, and became each day stronger and more united. Amidst the bitterness of parliamentary struggles, and notwithstanding the culpable violence of parties, the parliamentary régime, political liberty, and the Protestant religion, were henceforth secured to England.

William of Orange might rest—his work was accomplished.

Chapter XXXIII.

Queen Anne War Of The Spanish Succession (1702-1714).

"The master workman was dead," says Burke, "but his work had been conceived according to the true principles of art, and it had been executed in his mind." William of Orange was dead; after a reign incessantly contested, unpopular and stormy, scarcely had he breathed his last, when all he had done, and desired, was attacked, censured and disputed on every side. The edifice, however, was too firmly constructed, was founded upon moral principles too true, and based upon political necessities too serious, for the storms of party passion to overthrow. The coalition of Europe was to survive the loss of its chief; the liberties of England were forever delivered from the yoke of the Stuarts.

Queen Anne was proclaimed without opposition, and but few even of the Jacobites affected any astonishment at seeing her ascend the unoccupied throne. Their prince was still a child, and the last act to which William III. had put his hand was a bill of attainder against the Pretender, as King James III. of the Court of St. Germain began to be called in England. The queen had successively lost her seventeen children; the hope of the Jacobites changed its nature, and henceforth they confidently awaited the future.

Anne was thirty-seven years old, her health was poor and her intelligence limited; she was honest, and sincerely attached to the Church of England. Although naturally good and universally popular, grand views or great political and moral considerations were foreign to her; she never comprehended them, and allowed herself constantly to be controlled by

some favorite that she frequently changed for frivolous reasons or caprices of management. These favorites were of both parties, but she showed a marked predilection for the Tories. The Whigs long governed during her reign, and to them belongs the honor of having continued the work begun by William III. Queen Anne, however, always regarded them with aversion and distrust. In the depths of her soul she had remained attached to the house of her father; her Protestant faith alone separated her from that brother whose birth she had stigmatized. She was timid, yet at the same time obstinate, indolent, and passionately attached to her royal prerogatives; unable to strike a great blow against public sentiment, but henceforth the mistress of England by the preponderant action of the House of Commons. Her favorites, all powerful while they were around her, had to learn the limit of their influence; their personal faults, and the grave errors of their conduct, were not the only reasons that led to the fall of the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough. Soon constrained to rely upon the Whigs, as they alone seriously desired the war, Marlborough, but recently Tory and half Jacobite, was to fall with them.



QUEEN ANNE.

Queen Anne.

Marlborough was still counted among the Tories, when Anne ascended the throne; he shared with Lord Godolphin the political confidence of the queen. The Duchess of Marlborough, haughty, violent and avaricious, naturally powerful and domineering, as well over her husband as over the queen, was the intimate friend of this little council. The influence of the Duke of Marlborough, as well as public sentiment, induced Anne to favor the war and fulfil England's engagements. The first speech from the throne clearly announced her resolution to continue, on this subject, the policy of King William III. "We cannot encourage our allies too much in their efforts to destroy the enormous power of France." Marlborough was sent as envoy extraordinary to the Hague, to assure the States-General of the intentions of the queen. As skilful a negotiator as he was great as a general, he knew from the first how to gain the confidence of Heinsius, and to give to the European powers a firm assurance of the maintenance of the Grand Alliance. On the 4th of May, 1702, a declaration of war was simultaneously promulgated at London, Vienna, and the Hague. Marlborough was appointed general-in-chief of the combined English and Dutch forces. After his first campaign upon the Meuse, although the successes were very insignificant, Anne raised him to the rank of Duke. She overwhelmed her favorite with the most lucrative offices. Finally, to perpetuate the splendor of his house, she demanded that parliament confer, with the title which she had given to the illustrious general, a pension of £5,000. The houses refused. The queen multiplied her personal favors; accepted with repugnance, or magnanimously refused at first, and subsequently reclaimed with avidity. When, in 1712, the Duchess of Marlborough had forever lost the favor of the queen, she demanded and obtained all the arrears of a pension of £2,000 that she had refused from the privy purse of the queen in 1702.

I have not endeavored to recount in detail the campaigns of the Duke of Marlborough, and the continual efforts that he made to obtain the assistance of the allied powers, as well as to control and harmonize their diverse and contradictory wills. Under an amiable and seductive exterior, Marlborough possessed by nature a character calm and impassive. He had

not only to struggle against the obstinacy and patriotic restlessness of the Dutch, which all the zeal and authority of Heinsius could not control, but also against the slowness of the emperor and the intestine quarrels of the empire. The campaign of 1703 was constantly hindered by these petty jealousies. At the beginning of the year 1704, the general wrote to Godolphin: "I augur so ill of this campaign that I am extremely discouraged. May God's will be done, but I have great reasons for anxiety. In all the other campaigns I saw something definite for the common cause; this year all that I am able to hope is that some fortunate accident may permit me to arrive at a good result." Nevertheless it was in the same year, 1704, that Marlborough, in the 54th year of his age, laid the foundations of his glory.

The French commander, Marshal Villars, a braggart and a boaster, but bold, ingenious and resolute, had gained some successes in the preceding campaign. In 1704 he was detained in France by the Camisard insurrection. Marshals Tallard and Marsin commanded the French armies in Germany, and these were reinforced by the Elector of Bavaria. The emperor, threatened by a new insurrection, recalled Prince Eugene from Italy, where the Duke of Savoy had abandoned Louis XIV. and joined the Grand Alliance; and Marlborough united his forces with those of the prince by a rapid march, that Marshal Villeroy endeavored in vain to intercept.

On the 13th of August the hostile armies encountered each other between Blenheim and Hochstardt, near the Danube. The opposing forces were nearly equal, but on the part of the French the command was divided, and the corps acted separately. It was to the honor of both the Prince Eugene and the Duke of Marlborough, that during this long war they always combined their operations without jealousy or personal intrigue. "We, the Prince Eugene and I, will never quarrel about our share of the laurels." The prince had with great difficulty succeeded in conducting his troops to their assigned post. While this movement was in progress, public prayers were begun in the allied army. "The English chaplains," says Lord Macaulay, "read the service at the head of the English regiments. The Calvinistic chaplains of the Dutch army, with heads on which hand of Bishop had never been laid, poured forth their supplications in front of

their countrymen. In the mean time, the Danes might listen to their Lutheran ministers, and capuchins might encourage the Austrian squadrons, and pray to the Virgin for a blessing on the arms of the Holy Roman Empire. The battle commences. These men, of various religions, all act like members of one body."

Marshal Tallard had sustained alone the attack of the English and Dutch under Marlborough; he was made prisoner; his son was killed at his side; the cavalry, deprived of their leader and driven by the enemy, fled in the direction of the Danube. Many officers and soldiers perished in the stream; the massacre was frightful. Marsin and the Elector repulsed five successive charges of Prince Eugene, and succeeded in securing their retreat; but the electorates of Bavaria and Cologne were lost. Landau was recaptured by the allies after a siege of two months. The French army recrossed the Rhine. Alsace was gained, and Germany was evacuated. "If the success of Prince Eugene had equalled his merit," said Marlborough, "we would have ended the war in this campaign."

The return of the Duke of Marlborough to England was a veritable triumph. Parliament and the queen vied with each other in generosity towards him. He received as a gift the estate of Woodstock, which took the name of Blenheim. The foundations of a magnificent palace were laid. In vain did the Tories, already envious of the duke, seek to rival his victorious campaign, by the maritime successes of Sir George Rooke; all eyes were fixed upon the general, all hope centered on him; his influence in England was equal to his power upon the continent. "If the duke gains the same successes in 1705 as he has gained in 1704," said the Tories, "the constitution of England will be lost." The discontented were reassured.

The brilliant results of the campaign of 1705, in Spain, under the Earl of Peterborough (formerly Lord Mordaunt), were counteracted, in Germany, by the internal discords of the Grand Alliance. Masters of Gibraltar since 1704, the English, in 1705, seized Barcelona. Bold, enterprising and peculiar, but of brilliant personal valor, Peterborough had taken possession of Barcelona in spite of his lieutenants and his soldiers. He rallied and led back to the assault the flying troops. Galloping to meet them and flourishing a half broken pike in his hand, he cried, "Return, and follow

me, if you do not want the eternal infamy of having deserted your post and abandoned your general."

"We have been the object of a miracle," wrote he to the Duchess of Marlborough. "I know what was the temper of our nation, especially during the month of November. I believe, however, that one ought not to complain, but we are as poor as church mice, without money, and miracles are not sufficient."

In 1706 alternate successes and reverses had successively delivered Madrid to the princely competitors who disputed the throne of Spain. Peterborough found at the head of the troops of King Philip V., his compatriot, the Duke of Berwick. This nobleman was often engaged, for the service of his party or his family, in enterprises which did not become his taciturn honesty. He was faithfully devoted to the service of King Louis XIV., although never a favorite with his grandson, and still less pleasing to the young Queen, Marie Gabrielle, second daughter of the Duke of Savoy.

Lord Peterborough shared in the same manner the dislike of the Archduke Charles. "I would not accept my safety from the hands of my Lord Peterborough," said the Austrian Prince.—"What fools we are to fight for such imbeciles!" bitterly replied the English General.

The defeat at Blenheim, in 1704, was a first and terrible blow to the power of Louis XIV., as well as to the military prestige of France. The defeat at Ramillies, on the 23rd of May, 1706, was a second step towards ruin. The personal attachment of the king had always blinded him regarding the military talents of Villeroy. Defeated in Italy by Prince Eugene, Villeroy, as presumptuous as unskilful, hoped to distinguish himself before Marlborough. "All the army long for battle. I know that it is the wish of your Majesty," wrote the marshal to Louis XIV., after his check. "How can I prevent exposing myself to an engagement which I believe expedient?" His lieutenants differed with him; they conjured him to change his order of battle. The troops engaged without confidence. The Bavarians fled within an hour; the French, heroic as at Blenheim, realizing the blunders of their commander, soon followed their example. The rout was complete, the disorder indescribable. Villeroy did not stop until he was under the

walls of Brussels. He was soon obliged to evacuate that place. The Duke of Marlborough entered it in the middle of October, master of two-thirds of Belgium. The emperor offered to the victorious general the government of the Low Countries. Marlborough greatly desired to accept it, but the visible opposition of the Hollanders prevented him. "Assure the States that I have no desire to give them any embarrassment," wrote he to Heinsius; "since they do not think it expedient, I willingly decline to accept this commission." Marshal Villeroi was recalled. "No more happiness at our age," said the king with great kindness. The Duke de Vendôme was charged with the command of the army in Flanders, "in the hope that he would infuse that spirit of strength and audacity natural to the French nation," said Louis XIV. "All the world here is ready to take off its hat when the name of the Duke of Marlborough is mentioned," wrote Vendôme; "if the soldiers and the cavaliers are of the same mind, then one might as well take leave at once; but I hope to find better material."

All the efforts of Vendôme were not able to prevent the loss of Ménin, of Ath, and of Dendermonde. Prince Eugene defeated the Duke of Orleans before Turin on the 7th of September. Marshal Marsin was killed. "It is impossible to express the joy that I feel," said Marlborough, in a letter to his wife, "for I more than esteem, I love the Prince Eugene. This brilliant action ought to place France low enough to permit us, if our friends consent to continue the war for another year, to conclude a peace which will give us repose to the end of our days. But for the present I do not comprehend the Dutch."

The States-General had, in fact, received overtures from Louis XIV., which inclined them towards peace. "It is said publicly at the Hague," wrote Godolphin, "that France is humbled as much as is desirable, and that if the war is prolonged, it will end in making England stronger than she ought to be. All that they have as yet proposed, is a treaty of partition, dishonorable to the allies and deplorable for the future." War made the glory, the fortune and the power of the Duke of Marlborough, as well as of Prince Eugene; both influenced Heinsius, who had remained faithful to the policy of William III., but without that grandeur and breadth of mind which knows how to measure advantages with justice and moderation. The disputes of the States finally ended in the republic remaining faithful to

the allies, and deciding not to accept any negotiation without their concurrence. Public opinion was nevertheless modified in Holland. "The Burgomasters of Amsterdam have passed two hours at my house this morning, endeavoring to convince me of the necessity of a prompt peace," wrote Marlborough, in 1708; "this, on the part of the most zealous Hollanders, has greatly disturbed me."

For a time the affairs of France, closely allied to those of Spain, appeared to improve in that kingdom; the victory at Almanza, won on the 13th of April, 1707, by Marshal Berwick over the Anglo-Portuguese army, and the taking of Lerida, which capitulated on the 11th of November, to the Duke of Orleans, revived the hopes of the partisans of Philip V., and turned popular sentiment in his favor. Lord Peterborough, dissatisfied and irritated, returned to England. Lord Galway, son of the old Marquis of Ruvigny, and like him a refugee in England, took command of the English troops. The campaigns of the Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene had not been brilliant. The Prince and the Duke of Savoy had been repulsed before Toulon, and the uprising of the peasants compelled them to precipitately evacuate Provence. Marshal Villars had driven back the Margrave of Bayreuth from the banks of the Rhine, and had advanced into Swabia; he also ravaged the Palatinate. All the negotiations of Marlborough in Sweden, at Vienna and at Berlin, had not been able to bring about, in time, a combined action of the allied forces; murmurs of dissatisfaction were heard in England as well as in Holland. The enemies of Marlborough accused him of designedly prolonging the war, by his insatiable avariciousness. The popularity of the duchess with the queen was visibly declining; all the audacity and cleverness of the great general were scarcely sufficient to turn aside parliamentary attacks. Godolphin was threatened in his power. "I am discouraged," wrote Marlborough to his wife, "and I am astonished at the courage of the Lord Treasurer. If I was treated as he is—and I probably will be—and was always upon the point of seeing myself abandoned by the Whigs, I would not remain at my post for all that the world might offer; I would not be the first to repent. When I say this I know well that while the war lasts, I ought to retain my command; but I do not wish to put my hand to another thing."

The campaign of 1708 opened badly. Ghent and Bruges opened their gates to the young prince, the Duke of Burgundy. "The States have used this country so ill," said Marlborough, "that all the towns are disposed to follow the example of Ghent when the opportunity offers."

Prince Eugene advanced to support Marlborough, but he set out too late; the Elector of Bavaria obstructed his march. "I do not wish to speak ill of Prince Eugene," said Marlborough, "but he will arrive at the rendezvous on the Moselle ten days too late." The English were unsupported when they encountered the French army in front of Kidenarde. The battle commenced without the presence of the Duke of Burgundy, who received the news too late. Vendôme, the commanding general, was defeated. Marlborough proposed to carry the war into France. Prince Eugene, and the deputies of the States-General, did not approve of the boldness of the project. The allies besieged Lille. Marshal Boufflers held the city until the 23rd of October, and the citadel until the 9th of December, without receiving any succor. When he surrendered. Prince Eugene permitted him to march out, with all the honors of war. Ghent and Bruges were delivered into the hands of the imperialists. "We have committed folly upon folly in this campaign," says Marshal Berwick, in his Memoirs, "but notwithstanding even this, if we had not abandoned Ghent and Bruges we would have had easy work the next year." The Low Countries were lost, and the French frontiers were encroached upon by the loss of Lille. The Duke of Orleans, weary of his forced inactivity in Spain, and suspected at the court of Philip V., resigned his command: he returned to France. The English Admiral Leake, and General Stanhope, took possession of Sardinia, the island of Minorca, and Port-Mahon. The archduke was master of the islands and of the Mediterranean sea. For a year past Philip V. had not possessed an inch of land in Italy. The exhaustion and misery of France were extreme, and Louis XIV. finally decided to negotiate for peace.

He first addressed himself to Holland, where there existed a general desire for peace; the war could bring the Dutch no other profit than a guarantee of security. The king offered this. "In the midst of the sufferings that hostilities had inflicted upon commerce, there was reason to hope," wrote the Marquis of Torcy, in his Memoirs, "that the grand pensionary,

regarding principally the interests of his country, would desire the end of a war, the burden of which fell upon his own country. Authorized by the republic, he had no reason to fear any secret intrigue, nor any cabal to displace him from a post which he occupied to the satisfaction of his masters, and in which he conducted himself with moderation. Although the united provinces bore the principal weight of the war, the emperor alone gathered the fruits. It is said that the Dutch guarded the Temple of Peace and held the keys in their hands."

Torcy had counted too much upon the moderation of Heinsius. In vain President Rouillé, charged with the secret negotiations, proposed to abandon Spain, provided Naples, Sardinia and Sicily were assured to Philip V.: Louis XIV. thereby came back to the second treaty of partition, but recently concluded with the United Provinces, as well as with England. Heinsius, faithful to the Grand Alliance, ardent to avenge the past injuries of the republic, and justly suspicious regarding France, did not comprehend that he was destroying the work of William III., and the European equilibrium, if he assured to the house of Austria the preponderance of which he deprived the house of Bourbon; the conditions that he exacted, through his delegates, were such that Rouillé scarcely dared transmit them to Versailles. Each of the allies desired a share of the spoils. England claimed Dunkirk, Germany desired Strasbourg and the re-establishment of the Peace of Westphalia; Victor Amadeus wanted to recover Nice and Savoy, and the Dutch demanded that to the barrier stipulated at Reyswick should be added, Lille, Condé and Tournay. "The king will break off the negotiations, sooner than accept such exorbitant conditions," said the deputy of the States-General to Marlborough.—"So much the worse for France," replied the English general; "for the campaign once begun, things will go further than the king thinks. The allies will never relax their first demands."

The Duke was assured of the fidelity of his allies—he had made a trip to England. When he returned to the Hague, the Marquis of Torcy himself had arrived to pursue the negotiations, and was the bearer of new concessions. The king offered to recognize Queen Anne, to cede Strasbourg and Lille, and to content himself with Naples for his grandson. Marlborough protested his pacific intentions: "You also ought to desire

peace for France," said he to the minister of Louis XIV.; "it is necessary to conclude it as soon as possible. But if you seriously desire it, be assured that it is necessary to renounce absolutely the Spanish monarchy; on this point my compatriots are unanimous. The English will never permit Naples and Sicily, or even one of those two kingdoms, to remain in the hands of a Bourbon. An English minister would not dare even to propose it."

The Duke insisted that the Pretender should be compelled to leave France. An attempted descent upon Scotland, assisted by Louis XIV., although unsuccessful, owing to the bad weather, had excited the anger of the Whig ministry, and they demanded, in the negotiations, that France should cease to give her support to the young prince. "I would like to serve him," said Marlborough to Torcy—who had not left him in ignorance of the intrigues that were taking place at the Court of St. Germain; "he is the son of a king for whom I would have given my life," and he added: "my colleague Lord Townshend is a Whig: in his presence I am obliged to speak as the most of the English; but I would like, with all my heart, to serve the Prince of Wales. I sincerely believe it would be to his advantage, at this time, to leave France. Is not the success of the allies a miracle of Providence? When has it happened before that eight nations have spoken and acted as one man?"

Torcy had gone to the last limits of concession; he had renounced Sicily as well as Naples. The allies claimed Alsace, certain towns in Dauphiné and Provence, and they exacted that the conditions of the peace were to be executed during the truce of two months, that they were about to accord; besides Louis XIV. was to deliver immediately, to Holland, in case Philip V. refused to abdicate, three fortified cities. To this dishonorable proposition, the young king replied: "God has given me the crown of Spain; and while there remains a drop of blood in my veins, I will defend it."

The demands of the allies passed all reasonable bounds; imprudent even for the interests of Europe as well as for the maintenance of a durable peace, their propositions deeply wounded royal honor and patriotic sentiment in France and Spain. The prudent sagacity of William III. would

have preserved the powers from this grave error, but the political obstinacy of Heinsius, the decided hatreds of Prince Eugene, and the avidity of the Duke of Marlborough for glory and fortune, served the cause that they at heart desired to ruin forever. Louis XIV. broke off negotiations and made a final effort. "If I must continue the war," said he, "I will contend against my enemies rather than against my own family." He wrote to all the governors of the provinces and cities:

"Gentlemen: The hope of an early peace has been so generally spread abroad in my kingdom, that I believe it due to the fidelity that my people have testified towards me, during the entire course of my reign, that I inform them of the reasons which still prevent their enjoying that repose which I had designed to procure for them. In order to re-establish peace, I would have accepted conditions strongly opposed to the safety of my frontier provinces; but the more readiness I have shown, and the more desire I have manifested to dissipate the fears of my power and of my designs that my enemies affect to entertain, the more they have multiplied their pretensions, refusing to make any other engagement than to discontinue all acts of hostility until the first of August, and reserving to themselves the liberty of then appealing to arms, if the King of Spain, my grandson, persists in his resolution to defend the crown which God has given him. Such a resolution is more dangerous to my people than war, for it assures to the enemy advantages more considerable than they would be able to gain by their armies. As I put my confidence in the protection of God, and as I hope the purity of my intentions will draw his benediction upon my arms, I wish my people to know that they would immediately enjoy peace if it depended only upon my will to procure for them a blessing that they so reasonably desire; but that it is necessary to acquire it by new efforts, since the enormous concessions that I would have accorded are useless for the re-establishment of the public peace.

Louis."

France might have reproached Louis XIV. for the arrogance which had drawn her, with him, to the borders of an abyss. Intoxicated as well as the monarch by an insensate ardor for glory, the French people had long

served the royal passions. They cruelly expiated their faults, without however allowing themselves to be overwhelmed by their misfortunes. In France, as well as in Spain, the people and the army nobly responded to the appeals of the sovereigns. "It is a miracle that the firmness and the virtue of the soldier survives the sufferings of hunger," said Marshal Villars, who took command of the French army in the Low Countries. He encountered near Malplaquet, on the 11th of September, 1709, Prince Eugene and Marlborough, who had just taken possession of Tournay. In vain did Villars, for many days, implore the king for permission to give battle. When finally, to his great joy, the orders were given to engage the enemy, his troops were so eager for the combat that they threw away the rations which had just been distributed to them. "Vive le Roi! Vive le marechal!" cried the soldiers. Villars intrenched himself outside of a woods. "So we have still to fight against moles," angrily said Prince Eugene.

During the action Marshal Villars was seriously wounded. "I had my wound dressed upon the field, and placed myself upon a chair to give my orders," wrote he in his Memoirs, "but the pain caused me a swoon, which lasted so long that I was borne unconsciously to Quesnoy." Prince Eugene, also wounded, while attacking the centre of the French army, refused all care. "There will be time enough for that this evening, if I survive," said he calmly. He remained on his horse. Marshal Boufflers, who had served thus far as a volunteer, took the command of the French army. Its defeat was complete, although glorious. The retreat was conducted like a parade. The allies lost twenty thousand men. "If God vouchsafe that we should lose such another battle," wrote Villars to Louis XIV., "your Majesty could count your enemies destroyed." The king was not deceived; but he sadly renewed the negotiations by sending Marshal Uxelles, and the Abbé Polignac to Gertruydenberg.

This new victory elated the allies. Heinsius, charged with the conduct of the conferences, maintained his propositions. "The States-General were then the arbitors of Europe," wrote Torcy, in his Memoirs, "but they were so dazzled by the excess of glory to which the allies had raised them that they would not suffer it to be said to them that they were working for the aggrandizement of Austria and England."—"It is evident that you are not

accustomed to conquer," bitterly remarked the Abbé Polignac to the Holland delegates. The king consented to give guarantees to engage his grandson to abdicate; he promised, in case of refusal, not only to sustain him no longer, but to furnish the allies a monthly subsidy of a million francs, and to grant a passage over French territory. He accepted the cession of Alsace and Lorraine, and the return of the three bishoprics to the empire. The abdication of Philip V. was to be assured, or else Louis XIV. was to aid, by force of arms, in dethroning him. The just pride of the king and of the father, revolted against this impudence, and severe ultimatum. The King of Spain absolutely refused all concessions.

"Whatever may be the misfortunes which await me," wrote he to his grandfather, "I prefer to submit myself to whatever God may decide for me in battle, to deciding for myself by consenting to an accommodation which would force me to abandon a people upon whom my reverses, up to this time, have produced no other effect than to augment their zeal and their affection for me." Louis XIV. withdrew his propositions; the conferences at Gertruydenberg were abandoned on the 25th of July, 1710. The king was no longer able to assist his grandson, but he sent Vendôme.

On the 10th of December, the French general, constantly defeated during the first part of the campaign, gained over the Austrian contingent of the archduke, a disputed victory, at Villa Viciosa. Count Staremberg, who commanded, spiked his cannon, and retired, while the young king slept upon the field of battle. The allies now held only Cattalona. In vain had General Stanhope recently led the archduke to Madrid. "I was ordered to conduct him there," said he; "when he is once there, may God, or the devil maintain him there, or drive him out—that is not my business."

Stanhope had judged well the sentiments of the Spanish people, more and more attached to Philip V., and faithful to his cause; neither was he deceived regarding the position that the military and political successes—that England owed, above all, to the Duke of Marlborough—had assured to her in Europe. Long charged with the burden of the war, England had become, by her close alliance with the Dutch, as well as by her proper predominance, the veritable mistress of peace or war in Europe. "Our Henry and our Edward have left behind them an immortal renown," said Stanhope to the House of Lords, "because they humiliated and conquered

the power of France. It is the glory of Queen Elizabeth to have humbled the pride of Spain. Turn by turn these two great monarchies have aspired to an universal domination in Europe; both have been upon the point of obtaining it, in spite of their mutual hostility, but no one had foreseen that an effectual resistance could be opposed to them in Europe, if the two monarchies were united. We have lived long enough to see these two formidable powers threatening, at the same time, all the liberties of Europe. Your Majesty was destined to struggle against these united forces. They have been attacked and compelled to ask for peace."

It was in fact from England that this peace, so desired by France and Spain, and now become indispensable to both powers, was to emanate. The great Whig ministry had been, for a long time, losing favor; the Queen was at length weary of the avidity and hauteur of the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough. New favorites cleverly alienated her and led her back to the friends of her youth. The Tories replaced the Whigs in power. I will soon tell by what manoeuvres this cause was served. I wish here only to indicate the political modifications which already made peace foreseen. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, Harley, subsequently Duke of Oxford, recently become a Tory, with no other passion than personal ambition; and the Secretary of State, St. John, known in history under the name of Bolingbroke, Jacobite to the depth of his soul, by restlessness of mind and taste for intrigue, equally urged England forward in the road to peace. The Abbé Gautier, but recently chaplain to Marshal Tallard, and now residing in England, was charged with a mission to Torcy at Versailles. "Do you wish for peace?" said the abbé to him. "I come to bring you the means of obtaining it, and of concluding it, independently of Holland—unworthy of the kindness of the king, and of the honor he has shown in addressing her regarding the pacification of Europe." "To ask a minister of his Majesty, if he desires peace," replied Torcy, "is to ask a dying man whether he would wish to be cured."

Negotiations were secretly opened with the English cabinet, and were often more confidential on the part of Harley and Bolingbroke than seemed compatible with the fidelity due to their sovereign, or with the engagements of England with her allies.

The end was as reasonable as just; but the means employed to arrive at it were not indisputable. The Emperor Joseph had just died, leaving only daughters; the elevation of the Archduke Charles thenceforth threatened Europe with the preponderance of the house of Austria. England had the honor of first comprehending the danger, and of playing that part of moderator, which Holland had so recently exercised, and which had given her so much grandeur. The natural taste of Harley for secret intrigues prolonged the mystery for some time; inferior agents went back and forth between London and Versailles. The poet Prior, and a deputy from Rouen, named Mesnager, had the honor of seeing the queen in person. The fatal effects of the war had often saddened her. "It is a good work," said she, to the modest French plenipotentiary; "I pray God to give you his assistance; I hold the shedding of blood in horror."

The war, nevertheless, continued, and Marlborough remained at the head of the allied forces, notwithstanding the disgrace of his friends, and the withdrawal of his wife, who had definitively left the court, not however without efforts, as audacious as violent, to regain the influence which she so recently exercised over the queen. The campaign of 1711 had been unimportant; conferences were opened at Utrecht, and preliminaries were signed with England: they assured to English commerce immense advantages, besides the cession of Newfoundland and the remainder of the French territory in Acadia. When the communication was made to Holland, the negotiators prudently withheld some articles. Public feeling at the Hague was nevertheless aroused; the States-General sent a delegate to officially protest. "England has borne the brunt of the war," bluntly replied St. John; "it is but just that she should be at the head of the parleys for peace." The Count of Gallas, ambassador of the emperor at London, was so incensed by the tone of the articles that he had them published immediately, in one of the daily journals. Queen Anne forbade his appearance at court. The preliminaries were unpopular, and the guarantees offered by France did not appear sufficient.

"On Friday the peace will be attacked in Parliament," wrote St. John, on the eve of the opening of the session. "I am very easy. I detest the remote dangers which threaten me; we will receive their fire and put them to rout

once for all." The speech from the throne announced the opening of the conferences, "in spite of the efforts of those who take pleasure in war."

The queen created twelve new peers, in order to assure, in the upper house, a pacific majority.

In less than one year, from the 14th of April, 1711, to the 8th of March, 1712, the royal house of France was overwhelmed by sad afflictions of Providence. Louis XIV. lost by violent and rapid sicknesses his son, the Grand Dauphin; and the Duke of Burgundy, his grandson. Six days later the Duchess of Burgundy, the charming Marie Adelaide of Savoy; and finally his great grandson, the Duke of Brittany, four years of age. The little Duke of Anjou, only an infant in the cradle, and feeble and sickly, now represented the eldest branch of the House of Bourbon, and was to become the King, Louis XV. The allies became troubled, and added to their diplomatic exactions the renunciation by Philip V. of the crown of France. The good offices of England were not lacking to the old king, now overwhelmed by the weight of so many misfortunes, and who attracted the admiration of even his enemies, by the courageous firmness of his attitude. Louis XIV. wrote to his grandson: "You will be informed of the proposals of England, that you renounce the rights of your birth to preserve the crown of Spain and the Indies, or renounce the monarchy of Spain to preserve your rights to the succession of France, and receive in exchange for the kingdom of Spain, the kingdoms of Sicily and Naples, the states of the Duke of Savoy, Mont Ferrat and Mantua, permitting the Duke of Savoy to succeed you in Spain. I avow that notwithstanding the disproportion of the states, I have been sensibly touched by thinking that you would continue to reign, and that I might always regard you as my successor; assured if the Dauphin lives, of a regent accustomed to command, capable of maintaining order in my kingdom, and of stifling cabals. If this child should die, as his feeble appearance gives me but too much reason to believe, you will receive the succession according to the order of your birth, and I would have this consolation of leaving to my people a virtuous king, capable of commanding them, and who, on succeeding me, would unite to the crown of France, states as considerable as Naples, Savoy, Piedmont and Mont Ferrat. If gratitude and tenderness for your subjects are powerful motives inducing you to remain with them,

I can say that you owe me the same sentiments. You owe them to your house, and to your country, before you owe them to Spain. All that I am able to do is to leave you the choice; the necessity of concluding the peace becomes each day more urgent."

The English negotiators were without doubt assured in advance of the choice of the King of Spain, when they allowed Louis XIV. to expect such enormous concessions. Philip V. did not hesitate an instant. He renounced all his rights to the succession of the throne of France, and the Cortes solemnly ratified his decision. "I will live and die a Spaniard," said the young king.

The English required that the Duke of Berry and the Duke of Orleans abandon their rights to the crown of Spain. The peace was the object of violent attacks in the English Parliament, above all in the House of Lords. Marlborough vigorously defended himself from having been hostile to it. "I can declare with a safe conscience," said he, "in the presence of her Majesty, of this illustrious assembly, and of the Supreme Being, who is infinitely above all the powers upon earth, and before whom, according to the ordinary course of nature, I must soon appear, to give an account of my actions, that I was ever desirous of a safe, honorable and lasting peace; and I was always very far from any design of prolonging the war for my own private advantage, as my enemies have most falsely insinuated. But at the same time, I must take the liberty to declare, that I can by no means give in to the measures that have lately been taken to enter into a negotiation of peace with France, upon the foot of the seven preliminary articles. I am of the same opinion with the rest of the allies, that the safety and liberties of Europe would be in imminent danger, if Spain and the West Indies were left to the House of Bourbon."

The enemies of Marlborough were powerful around the queen, and also in the House of Commons. His military successes had given him a strength that it was necessary to take from him, at all hazards; his pecuniary avidity and the malversations of which he was suspected furnished a ready arm against him. He was accused before Parliament, and was at the same time deprived of all his offices, "in order," said the official note, "that the inquiry might be impartial and free." The Duke of Ormond, honest but

feeble, and popular but without great military talents, was given the command of the army. The commotion was great among the allies. Prince Eugene himself came to England, eager to assist his companion-in-arms. The queen received him coldly, would accord him no private interview, excusing herself on the plea of ill-health, and sent him to her ministers. When the great Austrian general returned to the continent, recalled by the necessities of the war, which had recommenced in the spring of 1712, in spite of the negotiations, he soon learned that the Duke of Ormond had received orders to take no part in the military operations. St. John wrote to the duke, on the 10th of May: "Her Majesty has reason to believe that we shall come to an agreement upon the great article of the union of the two monarchies, as soon as a courier, sent from Versailles to Madrid, can return. It is therefore the queen's positive command to your grace, that you avoid engaging in any siege, or hazarding a battle, till you have further orders from her Majesty."

The duke was informed, at the same time, that these instructions were to be kept secret from Prince Eugene, but were nevertheless known to Marshal Villars.

It was virtually an armistice that England accorded to France, and this could not long be concealed. Prince Eugene began the siege of Quesnoy, and urged Ormond to take part; the latter finally consented. "My Lord Ormond was not authorized to risk a battle," said the Lord Treasurer Harley to the House of Commons, "but he could not refuse to sustain a siege." Marlborough arose: "I ask," said he, "how it is possible to reconcile the declaration of my Lord Treasurer with the laws of war, for it is impossible to undertake a siege without risking a battle; in case the enemy sought to succor the place, there would remain no other alternative than to shamefully raise the siege."

An armistice was signed with France. Orders were given to the Duke of Ormond to withdraw from the allied army, and to take possession of Dunkirk—placed as security in the hands of the English. The auxiliary regiments, recently in the pay of England, declared their intention of remaining in the service of the emperor. A certain discontent manifested itself among the English troops. The queen solemnly communicated to the

two houses the conditions upon which she hoped to conclude peace. "I will neglect nothing to bring the negotiations to a happy and prompt issue," said her Majesty, "and I count upon your entire confidence and loyal co-operation."

The clever manoeuvres of Harley and St. John, in Parliament, were crowned with success. Notwithstanding a protest from Marlborough, Godolphin, and some other peers, addresses favorable to the peace, were passed in both houses.

Louis XIV. had confided to Marshal Villars the last army and the last hopes of the French monarchy. When taking leave at Marley, the old king said: "You see my state. There are few examples such as mine, where one has lost in the same week, a grandson, a grand-daughter, and their child, all of very great promise and very tenderly loved. God punishes me, and I have well merited it. But I must suspend my griefs concerning my domestic misfortunes and see what can be done to prevent those which threaten the kingdom. If reverses happen to the army which you command, listen to what I propose; afterwards give me your opinion. I would go to Peronne or St. Quentin, mass there all my troops, and with you, make a last effort to save the state, or perish together. I will never consent to allow the enemy to approach my capital."

Louis XIV. was not deceived regarding the plans of his adversaries. Although enfeebled by the withdrawal of the English, Prince Eugene, who had taken Quesnoy on the 3rd of July, proposed to follow the former plan of the Duke of Marlborough, and to resolutely advance into the heart of France. Marshal Villars placed himself before him upon the road from Marchiennes to Landrecies, "the road to Paris," said the imperialists. He threw bridges over the Escaut, and on the 23rd of July, 1712, crossed the stream between Ponchain and Denain. The Duke of Albemarle, at the head of seventeen battalions of auxiliary troops, commanded this small town. Prince Eugene advanced by forced marches to relieve Denain. Villars lost no time in preparation: "We have only to make fascines," said he; "the first body of our men who shall fall in the trench, will hold the place for us."

Prince Eugene was unable to cross the Escaut, guarded by the French. Denain was taken under his very eyes. "I had not taken twenty steps in the town, when the Duke of Albemarle, and six or seven lieutenant-generals of the Emperor, halted my horse," says the Marshal in his Memoirs. The allies retreated. Marchiennes was invested by De Broglie, and Prince Eugene was unable to save it. His troops raised the siege of Landrecies. The Marshal seized Douai and recaptured Quesnoy and Ponchain. The imperialist, who had been unable to accomplish anything, retired towards Brussels. The fortune of war had once again inclined victory to the side of France; she profited by it to obtain an honorable peace. "The time to flatter the pride of the Dutch is past," wrote Louis XIV. to his plenipotentiaries at Utrecht; "but it is necessary, in treating with them, in good faith, that it be with a becoming dignity."

The delegates of the States-General themselves comprehended the necessities of the situation, and henceforth they also desired peace. "We take the position that the Dutch held at Gertruydenberg, and they take ours," said Cardinal Polignac: "it is a complete revenge."—"Gentlemen, we will treat for peace in your country, for you, and without you," said the French to the Dutch deputies. Heinsius had not known, in 1709, how to shake off the influence of Marlborough and of Prince Eugene, in order to take the initiative in a peace necessary to Europe; and in consequence of this ignorance he had delivered this power into the hands of Harley and St. John. Henceforth the history of Holland, as a great power, was ended. She owed her liberty, her independence, and her influence in Europe, to the superior men who had so long directed her destinies. William the Silent, John De Witt, and William III. were no more; able and faithful as Heinsius had been, he nevertheless was compelled to arrest the progress and glory of his country at that threshold of grandeur which God alone is able to pass. With the development of material resources, the day of small countries passes forever.

The peace which was signed at Utrecht on the 11th of April, 1713, and of which St. John—recently made Viscount Bolingbroke—determined the final conditions, in a journey which he made to Paris, has been often and bitterly attacked. It was concluded by France, England, the United Provinces, Portugal, the King of Prussia, and the Duke of Savoy. Louis

XIV. consented to recognize the Protestant succession in the House of Hanover, although the Elector still refused to separate himself from the Emperor, and the Pretender was to leave France. This was a great bitterness for the king; the difficulty was aggravated by the obstinacy of the Chevalier St. George, who desired to live at Fontainebleau. "Let M. de Torcy recall his journey to the Hague," said Bolingbroke, "and let him compare the plans of 1709 and 1712."

England kept Gibraltar and Minorca; the fortifications of Dunkirk were to be razed. Sicily was given to the Duke of Savoy. Louis XIV. regained Lille and some cities in Flanders, by fortifying the barriers of the Dutch. The King of Spain protested for some days, but finally signed. The Emperor and the Empire alone resisted; the taking of Speyer, of Kaiserlautern, of Laudan and of Friburg—seized one after the other by Villars, triumphed over the anger and pretensions of the Germans. Villars and Prince Eugene negotiated together at Radstadt. On the 6th of March, 1714, peace was finally signed. All Europe was once more at peace. The terms of the treaty were more favorable to France than had been expected, and were glorious and profitable for England, notwithstanding the attacks of the Whigs and their violent protestations against the Treaty of Commerce.

The peace assured for a time the equilibrium and liberties of Europe, as well as the preponderance of England in the councils of Europe. It had been concluded by a bold decision on the part of the English ministry, to the detriment and against the will of their allies. The dangers which were permitted to still remain, were more apparent than real, but the Treaty of Commerce was unmistakably favorable to France. French wines threatened to replace the Portuguese. The city of London was violently agitated, and the bill for the execution of the treaty was rejected, on the 18th of June, 1713, by a majority of nine.

The address of the Queen, on the dissolution of Parliament, showed great anger. Triumphant in war with the Whigs, and in politics with the Tories, Queen Anne nevertheless failed on a commercial question before her Parliament. It was the precursory symptom of a great disquietude and profound distrust.

The general elections took place in August, 1713. The country vaguely felt, without fully realizing the serious reasons, the danger concealed under the indolence of the Earl of Oxford and the intrigues of Lord Bolingbroke, which threatened one of the questions which had gravely occupied it for fifteen years.

I have desired to recount without interruption the events of the continental war, and that series of successes which carried England to the summit of power and influence in Europe. I have shown her powerful enough to sustain the struggle against Louis XIV., and wise enough to put an end, for a time, to the evils which her people endured, without exacting the ruin of her enemies. I have not wished to mix in this recital the complications of her internal policy: active and powerful regarding the military affairs of Europe, while the Whigs remained and Marlborough was at the head of the armies, but without serious effect upon the fate of Europe. The Tories gave peace to France; this was their supreme effort and triumph. The two great internal questions which agitated the reign of Queen Anne: the Protestant succession and the political union of Scotland with England, were regulated at the foundation, by a tacit accord between the moderates of both parties.

We have seen King William III., in concert with his Parliament, in 1701, decide the question of the succession to the throne of England, by an act of foresight and political sagacity worthy of the monarch who inspired it, and resolutely maintained by the nation, in spite of great obstacles, and notwithstanding serious objections. The intrigues of the Jacobites had never entirely ceased; they had lessened during the first part of Queen Anne's reign, while the war absorbed all thoughts, and seemed to widen the gulf between England and that young prince who aspired to govern her, even though fighting in the ranks of the enemy at Malplaquet. The gradual enfeeblement of the health of the queen, who had lost her husband on the 28th of October, 1708, the interest which she manifested regarding her brother, and the indifference that she felt towards the House of Hanover, all contributed to revive the hopes of the Jacobites, as well as the anxieties of those who remained attached to the great work of William III.

Of the two questions which had occupied the last days of William of Orange, the one still remaining was noisily disputed, but without real or serious danger; the other, involving the honor and happiness of England and Scotland, had been regulated after long negotiations and alternate difficulties. The union of the two kingdoms was the object of the last message of the dying king to parliament, and was the last thought which had pre-occupied that clear and far-seeing mind, even to the very gates of death.

Party violence in Scotland, the jealousy of the feebler kingdom against the predominance of her ancient rival, and the religious questions, always inflammable, had more than once disturbed the conferences. The order of the succession to the throne, regulated by the English parliament, had been contested. The Scotch commissioners had attempted to assimilate the projected measure to an act of federation and not of union. The firm resolution of some wise minds, the prudent and moderate management of Lord Somers, at the head of the English commissioners, finally triumphed over all obstacles. The financial questions were difficult to regulate in regard to a poor country whose products were not over abundant. A uniform system of taxes was established upon equitable bases; Scotland was at first exempted from certain taxes, and a considerable sum was fixed upon as an indemnity for the new charges which were to be levied upon her. The representation of Scotland in the united parliament of Great Britain was appropriate to her historic dignity as an independent kingdom, rather than in proportion to her population: forty-five commoners and sixteen Scotch peers were to sit in parliament. The national sentiment exacted an Act of Security for the Presbyterian Church, everywhere troubled and anxious. The opposing passions of the Jacobites as well as of the Cameronians, excited popular movements, and many disturbances took place in Edinburgh. Even to the last moment, the vote on the Act of Union remained doubtful in the Scotch Parliament.

On the 16th of January, 1707, its partisans finally triumphed, at Edinburgh. Early in March the English Parliament, in its turn, passed the bill. The queen desired to give her assent to this great measure of national interest in person. She came to Westminster.

"I consider this union," said she, "as a matter of the greatest importance to the wealth, strength, and safety of the whole island; and, at the same time, as a work of so much difficulty and nicety in its own nature, that till now all attempts which have been made towards it in the course of above a hundred years have proved ineffectual. I therefore make no doubt but it will be remembered and spoken of hereafter, to the honor of those who have been instrumental in bringing it to such a happy conclusion. I desire and expect from all my subjects, of both nations, that from henceforth they act with all possible respect and kindness to one another, that so it may appear to all the world they have hearts disposed to become one people. This will be a great pleasure to me, and will make us all quickly sensible of the good effects of this union."

On the 23rd of October, 1707, the Parliament of Great Britain met for the first time. The work was accomplished: there had been bitter and continued opposition, not without corruption and rancor, but finally wise and powerful reasons of patriotic policy and morality triumphed, to the great and increasing advantage of both countries. Without losing any of their distinctive and persistent qualities, the English and the Scotch have equally served, since then, the honor and prosperity of their common country, without ever becoming either confounded or separated. The primitive thought of the union was the last title of glory of King William III. It was to the honor of the councillors of Queen Anne, Lord Somers in particular, that they accomplished the work, and affixed the seal to the undertaking, in spite of all violence and all obstacles.

It was during the reign of Queen Anne, and in the full enjoyment of free institutions, without despotic or revolutionary interruptions, that the two great parties were formed, which have, since then, divided and disputed the government of Great Britain. The Tories, above all, attached to conservative principles and to the established Church, and the Whigs, on the other hand, partisans of progress and constant defenders of tolerant measures, succeeded each other in power, without violent shocks, under the authority of a queen personally favorable to the Tories and sincerely devoted to the Anglican Church. The intrigues of the court and the influence of the Duchess of Marlborough—long dominant, but finally supplanted in the favor of the queen, by Lady Masham, played their parts

in the ministerial revolutions. The state of the parties, in the country and in Parliament, changed more often and more completely than was generally conceded or believed. Four ministries succeeded to power during the twelve years of Anne's reign. The first cabinet, which remained Whig in principle and in majority, even when Godolphin became Lord Treasurer, was overthrown soon after the declaration of war, in 1702. The Duke of Marlborough, already powerful, inclining sometimes towards the Tories and sometimes towards the Whigs, and solely occupied with military interests and his personal grandeur, embarrassed the new Tory ministry, and the enthusiastic majority that the new elections had assured it in Parliament, by his demands for the subsidies necessary for the prolongation of hostilities. The animosity of the party opposed to the revolution of 1688, manifested itself in the first address from the House of Commons to Queen Anne, congratulating her Majesty on having, by the hands of the Duke of Marlborough, *raised up* with honor the ancient reputation and glory of England. At the same time, and in order to boldly testify their attachment to the Anglican Church, the Tories presented a bill against *Occasional Conformity*, ordering prosecutions against all those who habitually frequented dissenting worship, although *occasionally conforming* to the rites of the established Church, as exacted by law from all public functionaries. The queen was favorable to the bill, although Prince George of Denmark was among the delinquents. After having sustained numerous checks, the bill—as dangerous to the Church as it was unjust—was presented anew by the last Tory ministry of Queen Anne, and finally passed in 1711. During seven years it preserved the force of law. The queen, on her part, gave to the Church a touching testimony of sympathy, by renouncing the revenues from the "first fruits," recently given to the crown, in order to donate the same to the poor clergymen. The fund from which indigent curates are still to-day sustained bears the significant name of "Queen Anne's Bounty."

The Tories, with Lord Nottingham at their head, returned to their first principles; they were, in reality, hostile to the war. Violent and exacting, they wished to exclude from the council the Dukes of Somerset and Devonshire, the only Whig representatives. Upon the refusal of the queen, Nottingham retired, and the influence of Marlborough caused him to be replaced by Harley; the latter took with him St. John. That moderate

ministry soon underwent a grave transformation by the entrance into power of Lord Sunderland.

In 1708, the Whigs having a majority in the new house, and always the true partisans of the war, firmly seized the power. The five Lords of the Junta, Somers, Oxford, Wharton, Halifax and Sunderland, found themselves reunited in the same cabinet with the Duke of Marlborough and Lord Cowper. Robert Walpole, who had been a member of the house since 1700, but who had as yet occupied only insignificant positions, replaced St. John as secretary of state. This was the beginning of a rivalry which was to last throughout their lives.

During two years the Whig ministry governed with a power which seconded the victories of the Duke of Marlborough. It was nevertheless constantly threatened by the want of personal liking of the queen, as well as by the intrigues of the court, which secretly undermined the influence of the Duchess of Marlborough. Handsome, imperious and brilliant, as well as arrogant and ambitious, Sarah Jennings had for a long time maintained over Queen Anne an authority which increased as her favors multiplied. That domination which she exercised to the very last over her illustrious husband, was slowly declining with the queen. Marlborough had for some time succeeded in maintaining his power by changing from the Whigs to the Tories, and from the Tories to the Whigs. He was sustained at first by the Whigs, formerly his adversaries; a Tory ministry that was to cause his fall was preparing.

Weary of the violences and inequalities of the temper of her haughty favorite, the queen had found some consolation in the affection of a young and adroit woman, a relative of the Duchess of Marlborough. Abigail Hill was simply a waiting-maid to the queen, who had married her, at the suggestion of her protectress, to a Mr. Masham, a poor gentleman of the chamber. At first she was not even admitted to the royal dressing-room. It was little by little, and through chance indiscretions, that the Duchess of Marlborough recognized that she was being supplanted in the confidence of the queen, who was naturally capricious. Notwithstanding her long fidelity to the duchess, the queen could not endure restraint. Mrs. Masham secretly introduced Harley; the anger of the duchess was to serve the

ambition of the former Secretary of State, and the aspirations of the Tories towards power.

An unfortunate trial, begun against an insolent and declamatory clergyman. Dr. Sachevel, embittered religious passions. The High Church and the fashionable world were ardent and pronounced in favor of the accused. His sermon upon the "*False Brethren*," had not formally attacked the revolution of 1688, but had extolled the absolutism of the prerogative in sustaining the doctrine of non-resistance. His suspension for three years, by the House of Lords, was equivalent to an acquittal. "This fatal trial makes me sick," said Godolphin; "the life of a galley-slave would be a paradise for me." The Tories triumphed. "The ministers have a curate to roast," ironically said St. John, "and they have made so great a fire that they have roasted themselves."

On the 8th of August, 1710, after many significant changes in the cabinet. Lord Godolphin received by a messenger from the royal stables, a note from the queen, praying him to break the white rod—his insignia of office. The queen appeared before Parliament to dissolve it; the Chancellor, Lord Cowper, endeavored to speak, but Anne silenced him. The power passed from the powerful junta of the Whigs, and Harley was named Chancellor of the Exchequer; Lord Rochester became President of the Council, and St. John Secretary of State.

The Duchess of Marlborough, disgraced without being dismissed, no longer saw the queen. Anne, overwhelmed by reproaches and insults, left the chamber where the duchess insisted upon remaining. Some months later the humility and prayers of the great general were unavailing to maintain the duchess in her position at court; he was obliged to pick up from the floor the golden key—the sign of office of the mistress of the robes—that his wife had flung away in her anger.

"She has conducted herself strangely," avowed the duke, "but there is nothing to be done, and it is necessary to endure many things to obtain peace in the household."

The day of grandeur of the Duke of Marlborough had passed; his administration of the funds of the army was condemned by Parliament. He

defended himself ably, with that bold moderation which habitually characterized him. He was accused of having taken moneys from the contractors of supplies: he replied, declaring it was the custom in the Low Countries, and that although it was true, that no English general had ever before exercised this right, yet it had been for the simple reason, that no English general had ever before been commander-in-chief in the Low Countries. Walpole, unjustly included in the same condemnation, would not defend himself, and in consequence was confined in the Tower, as a prisoner, until the end of the session.

The elections of 1713 were not favorable to the ministry; the country was uneasy and suspicious; the cabinet was divided. The perfidious ability and moderation of the Earl of Oxford were opposed to the bold ambition of Bolingbroke, and that marvellous eloquence, the memory of which remained so powerful among his contemporaries and successors, that Pitt, when asked what he would prefer to recover from the shades of the past, replied: "One of the lost decades of Titus Livius, and a speech of Bolingbroke."

The secret rivalries suspected by public opinion, and the violence of party struggles, manifested themselves upon all sides, through the press, now almost absolutely free from restraint, and directed during the reign of Anne by men of great talents, nearly all of whom were engaged in the political contests. Addison and Steele were members of the House of Commons, and also at the same time, publishers of *The Spectator*. Addison had even occupied a place in the Whig ministry. Swift, the intimate friend of Harley and Bolingbroke, employed in the defence of their policy all his bitter and sarcastic wit, without, however, being able to obtain—owing to the legitimate repugnance of the queen—the ecclesiastical preferments which he desired.

Defoe arduously defended the principles of the revolution of 1688, in brilliant pamphlets whose renown, for a time, exceeded the popularity of his Robinson Crusoe. The poet Prior was actively employed in diplomatic negotiations by Bolingbroke. Isaac Newton alone withdrew from politics, after having taken an unimportant part, and thenceforth consecrated his

life to the study of the laws of nature. Pope, however, took no part in the struggles of the day, but devoted himself purely to literature.

The intrigues increased and multiplied in all directions. The Earl of Oxford hesitated between the Stuarts and the Protestant succession, but was disposed to rely upon the Duke of Marlborough, who courted his favor. Bolingbroke was resolved to supplant the prime minister, and was at the same time imprudently engaged in the Jacobite plots. The Queen was ill, and low-spirited; she may even have felt remorse and doubts. The ecclesiastical advancements had been of a character favorable to the fallen house. The Dean of Christ Church, Francis Atterbury, able, restless, and an enthusiastic Jacobite, was appointed Bishop of Rochester. It was in accord with him that Bolingbroke, the notorious sceptic and libertine, presented to Parliament an act of schism, forbidding the right to teach to all persons who had not accepted the test and furnished proof that they had partaken of the communion within a year. "I am agreeably surprised that some men of pleasure are, on a sudden, become so religious as to set up for patrons of the Church," said Lord Wharton. The bill was passed, but was never enforced.

The Church of England had for some time been urging the Pretender to return to her bosom, and had even flattered herself that she would succeed in the illustrious conquest. The illusions and imprudence of the Jacobites were increasing: they began to speak openly of a restoration. The majority in Parliament, as well as in the country, remained firmly attached, nevertheless, to the Protestant succession. The nation was anxious and disturbed. On the 12th of April, 1714, the Hanoverian minister, Baron Schutz, who had come to an understanding with the chief of the Whigs, called upon the Chancellor, Sir Simon, afterwards Lord Harcourt, and demanded of him, in the name of the Electress Sophia, the summons for her son, the elector, to the House of Lords, in his quality as Duke of Cambridge. The queen, being at once consulted, peremptorily and angrily refused. Schutz was obliged to leave London. Anne wrote personally to the electress absolutely forbidding the prince, her son, to set foot on English soil. Some days later, on the 28th of May, 1714, the prince became the heir presumptive to the crown of England by the death of his

mother. "I would die happy if there could be written upon my coffin: Here lies Sophia, Queen of England," said the electress.

Upon the advice of the House of Lords, alarmed at the ardor of the Jacobites, the queen consented to issue a proclamation offering a reward of £5,000 to any one who would arrest the Pretender if he should set foot upon the soil of England. The peers were preparing to vote an address of thanks, when Bolingbroke entered the house; he was taken unawares. "The best measure of defence for the Protestant succession," said he, "would be to arraign for high treason all who are enrolled in the service of the Pretender." They took him at his word, and the house placed him at the head of the committee appointed to draw up the bill. "Neither the proclamation nor the bill will do us any harm," said Bolingbroke to the French envoy, D'Iberville. He had undertaken, with the Duke of Ormond, to reorganize the army in the interests of Marlborough, with the ultimate view of delivering it into the hands of the Jacobites. By one of those deliberate calculations, which often resemble a ruse, the Lord Treasurer did not furnish the necessary funds in time. Oxford had lost the confidence of the queen; he had quarrelled with Lady Masham. "You have never rendered her Majesty a service, and you are not now in a position to render her one," angrily said the favorite. Oxford did not reply; he clung tenaciously to the remnants of his power. "The least indisposition of the queen causes us great alarm," wrote Swift; "when she recovers, we act as if she was immortal."

On the 27th of July, after a stormy interview with the queen, and surrounded by his most desperate enemies, Lord Oxford delivered the white rod into the hands of her Majesty. It was publicly rumored, and the Duke of Berwick affirms it in his Memoirs, that the Court of St. Germain had insisted upon the dismissal of the minister. "Come and see me," wrote Oxford to Swift, on the day following; "if I have not, at other times, wearied you, hasten to one who loves you. I believe that in the mass of souls ours were made for each other. I send you an imitation of Dryden, which occurred to me on my way to Kensington: To wear out with love, and to shed one's blood is approved of on high; but here below examples prove that to be an honest man, brings misfortune."

From the doubtful political honesty of Harley, Queen Anne passed, it was believed, to the imprudent and bold intrigues of Bolingbroke. From France there was suggested a bold and daring stroke: "The queen," said the Duke of Berwick, "should go to Westminster with her brother, and present him to the two houses as her successor." When dying, James II. had pardoned his daughter, charging Mary of Modena to say to her that he prayed God to convert her and to confirm her in the resolution to repair to his son the wrong which had been done to himself. It was upon this favor of the queen that the Jacobites counted, notwithstanding a letter of the Pretender declaring himself irrevocably attached to the Catholic faith. Bolingbroke had foreseen the value of the death of the queen. Scarcely had the power fallen into his hands when he assured the Abbé Gautier that he should hold the same sentiments regarding the prince, provided he took measures which were agreeable to the honest people of the country.

The day following the sudden death of Queen Anne, the French envoy D'Iberville, wrote to Louis XIV.: "My Lord Bolingbroke is overwhelmed with grief; he has assured me that all his precautions were so well taken, that in six weeks' time things would have been in such a state that we would have had nothing to fear from that which has just happened."

The Whigs, as well as Bolingbroke, had also taken their measures; they awaited the Duke of Marlborough, still in the Low Countries. On the 14th of July, Bolingbroke wrote to Lord Strafford: "The friends of Marlborough announce his arrival; I hold it for certain, without knowing whether it is owing to the bad figure which he makes abroad, or in the hope of making a good one among us. I have reason to believe that certain persons who would move heaven and earth sooner than renounce their power or make a good use of it, have recently made overtures to him, and are in some measure in accord with his creatures." Contrary winds detained the Duke at Ostend, but General Stanhope disembarked at the Tower of London.

The queen had been seriously disturbed by the altercation which had taken place in her presence at the time of the dismissal of the Earl of Oxford. "I shall never survive it," said she to her physicians. On the morning of the 30th of July, 1714, she had an attack of apoplexy. As a strong indication of public opinion, stocks rose at the news of her illness, and declined

when the physicians announced a gleam of hope. The privy council assembled at Kensington; the Dukes of Argyle and Somerset had not been called, but being secretly informed by their friends, they presented themselves. The Duke of Shrewsbury thanked them for their readiness and invited them to seats. Prudent, often hesitating, always reserved, the Duke of Shrewsbury had at last chosen his side, and had not forgotten the part he took in the revolution of 1688. The great Whig lord proposed to fill the office of lord treasurer, which remained vacant. In the pressing danger of her Majesty, they suggested the name of Shrewsbury. Bolingbroke, concealing his spite and anger, found himself constrained to enter the royal chamber with the two other secretaries of state, Bromley and Lord Mar, in order to propose to the dying queen the choice which was to destroy all his ambitious hopes. "Nothing could be more agreeable to me," murmured the queen; and extending to him the white rod, she said, "use this for the good of my people." Lord Shrewsbury wished to resign the important offices that he already held. "No, no," replied Anne; then she sank into a lethargy which prevented her from articulating a word.

On the 1st of August, 1714, an embargo was put upon all the ports; the order of embarkation was given to a fleet, and considerable forces were called to London. The Elector of Hanover had been requested to pass into Holland, and the entire privy council was convoked, when Queen Anne expired, without having regained her consciousness, and without having been able to receive the sacraments or to sign her will.

The regency was instantly established, and the fleet put to sea, to receive the new sovereign. Atterbury alone dared to propose to Bolingbroke the proclamation of James III. at Charing Cross. He desired to walk at the head of the heralds in his episcopal robes. Bolingbroke, as well as all the other ministers, had signed the measures taken in favor of the Protestant sovereign. "Behold the best cause in Europe lost for want of boldness," cried the Bishop. "The Earl of Oxford was dismissed on Tuesday," wrote Bolingbroke to Swift; "the queen died on Sunday. What a world this is, and how fortune mocks us!"



SHREWSBURY INVESTED WITH THE WHITE ROD.

Shrewsbury Invested With The White Rod.

Other blows were in reserve for this adroit and artful intriguer; imprudent and chimerical, always ready to attempt new adventures, and counting upon the resources of his fertile genius. "The Tories seem resolved not to be crushed," wrote he, on the 3rd of August, "and this suffices to prevent its being done. I have lost all by the death of the queen, except my energy of spirit; and I protest to you that I feel it expanding within me. If you wish, in a month, all the world shall say that the Whigs are a lot of Jacobites."

Chapter XXXIV.

George I. And The Protestant Succession. (1714-1727.)

It pleases God to confound the fears as well as the hopes of mankind. All moderate Englishmen were passionately attached to the Protestant succession. The great mass of the nation for some years looked forward to the death of Queen Anne with great anxiety, while the Jacobites awaited that event with ill-disguised confidence, believing it the hour of their triumph. The forebodings of the one, as well as the hopes of the other, were equally disappointed. King George I., although away from England, a foreigner, and unknown to all, was proclaimed without opposition, and his name was received with public acclamations as enthusiastic as though he was a well beloved son, ascending peaceably the throne of his father; a powerful and striking indication of that grave and firm resolution which caused the English nation to remain attached to its religious faith, as well as its political liberties; an indication, however, which was long unrecognized by the partisans of the fallen house of Stuart; faithful and blind, not only to the temper of the English people, but also to the disposition and intentions of the princes for whom they were to sacrifice from generation to generation, their estates and their lives.

King George I., although proclaimed, was still absent, remaining in his electorate, which he was loth to leave. He was naturally slow and deliberate, just and moderate, without any charm of mind or manner, and surrounded by favorites more foreign and more dissatisfactory even than himself to the English nation. A Council of Regency governed during his absence. It contained all the illustrious names of the Whig party, with the exception of the Duke of Marlborough, who was soon placed at the head of the army, and Lord Somers, who was old and an invalid. Louis XIV.

recognized the new sovereign. One of the first measures voted by Parliament, was the increase of the reward, from five thousand to one hundred thousand pounds sterling, to any one who should arrest the Pretender, if he dared to land upon English soil.

The prince protested immediately; he wrote from Plombières, where he had gone to take the waters, proclaiming his rights to the crown of England, as well as his grief at the death of the queen, his sister: "whose good intentions we could not doubt," added he. "And we have therefore remained inactive, awaiting the happy issue which has been, unfortunately, prevented by her death." Exiled princes, banished by revolutions, are sometimes ignorant even of the language of the people they hope to govern: in the face of popular indignation, the friends of the Pretender, and those of the last ministry of Queen Anne, were compelled to affirm that the proclamation of Plombières was an odious fabrication.



GEORGE I.

George I.

The king finally arrived, landing at Greenwich, on the 18th of September, 1714, accompanied by his son the Prince of Wales. A ministry was formed immediately, conferring all power upon the Whig party; Lord Nottingham alone belonged, in principle, to the Tories, but parliamentary intrigues had for some time past reconciled him to the triumphant party. William III. had endeavored to unite, in the same government, the chiefs of the two great political factions; but however powerful might be his intelligence and personal action, he was not calculated for internal struggles and jealousies. George I. delivered himself without reserve into the hands of the party that he believed the most faithful to his cause. Even before his arrival in England he ordered the dismissal of Bolingbroke. The seals were immediately taken from him. "I have been neither surprised nor grieved at my fall," wrote he to Atterbury. "The mode that they have used shocked me only for a moment. I am not in any way alarmed by the malice or the power of the Whigs, but that which distresses me is this: I see clearly that the Tory party is destroyed."

The new Parliament was more intensely Whig than the Commons of 1713. Lord Townshend, at the head of the cabinet, was honest and sincere, but as rude in his temper as in his actions. General Stanhope, second Secretary of State, shared his sentiments; both had received from their adversaries an example of violence. Walpole, although holding no prominent official position, but having more influence than any other member of the house, had answered for the Commons, provided the Whigs were allowed full liberty of action.

The peace of Utrecht was severely censured in the two houses. Seals had been placed upon the papers of Lord Strafford, the intimate friend of Bolingbroke, and Prior was recalled from Paris. The report spread that the poet had promised to reveal the secrets of the negotiations. The displaced ministers were in danger of arrest. Bolingbroke appeared at a play at Drury Lane, on the 25th of March, 1715. He applauded loudly, and,

according to the custom of the time, chose another play for the following evening. The same night, carefully disguised, he fled to Dover, and on the evening of the 27th embarked for Calais. Justly troubled, although his conscience was but rarely scrupulous, he did not dare to confront either the revelations of his agents, or the hatred of his enemies. Lord Anglesea, who was not a Whig, but a Hanoverian Tory, had said to him, the preceding year: "If I discover that there is perfidy, I will pursue the ministers from the foot of the throne to the Tower, and from the Tower to the scaffold."

On the 9th of June, 1715, Walpole's report upon the conduct of the deposed ministers was laid before the House of Commons. Bolingbroke was immediately indicted. Lord Coningsby rose: "The honorable president of your committee attacks the hand," said he, "but I accuse the head. He has denounced the clerk. I address myself to the judge; he has accused the servant; I demand that justice be done the master. I accuse Robert, Duke of Oxford, as guilty of high treason."

The adroit prudence of the duke served him better than the alarmed remorse of Bolingbroke; he remained at his house, quietly attending to his affairs, without seeming to avoid the threatened prosecution. He was taken to the Tower, where he remained two years before the passions of his accusers were sufficiently appeased to allow him an acquittal. The Dutchess of Marlborough vigorously opposed his release. While in prison, he received a visit from the Duke of Ormond, who was less compromised by the peace of Utrecht, as he had obeyed the orders of his superiors, but was more deeply engaged in the Jacobite intrigues. Ormond was preparing to fly, although at first he exhibited much disdain. He urged Oxford to follow his example, but the latter refused: "Farewell, Oxford without a head," said Ormond.—"Farewell duke without a duchy," responded Harley. Both recalled the adieu of the Prince of Orange and Count Egmont. The Duke of Ormond never saw England again. Like Bolingbroke, he entered the service of the Stuarts; less fortunate than Bolingbroke, he was not disgraced by his new master, but followed him from one attempt to another, and from retreat to retreat, even to that last gloomy residence at Avignon, where he died in 1745. The storm was preparing; less dangerous than was feared, but nevertheless severe, and

destined to leave deep traces. In their vengeance, the ministers employed a certain moderation, as the spirit of their party was more violent than their acts. Young Lord Stanhope, of Shelford, subsequently Lord Chesterfield, said in his first speech in the House of Commons: "I have no desire to shed the blood of my countrymen, still less that of a noble peer; but I am persuaded that the safety of the country requires that an example be made of those who have so unworthily betrayed it."

As soon as Bolingbroke reached Paris, he called upon Lord Stair, the English ambassador. "I promised him not to engage in any Jacobite undertaking," wrote he, after the interview, to Sir William Wyndham; "and I have kept my word. I have written a letter to Lord Stanhope, the Secretary of State, disclaiming all intention of offending the government, and I will retire into Dauphiné, in order to remove any objection that might be made against my residence near the court of France."

Bolingbroke nevertheless saw the Marshal of Berwick before departing for his retreat. When he learned that a bill of attainder had been brought in against him, he received at the same time an invitation from the Pretender to join him at Commercy. He departed immediately, wearied already of his inaction, and urged on by his anger and love of intrigue. He had scarcely reached Lorraine when he accepted the seals of secretary of state from King James III., although he fully comprehended the vanity of all the Pretender's expectations. "My first conversation with the chevalier," wrote he to Wyndham, "does not respond to my expectations, and I assure you, in all truth, that I have already begun to repent of my imprudence; at least, I am convinced of yours and mine. He spoke like a man who only awaited the moment of departure for some place in England or Scotland, without well knowing where."

The hesitation of the leaders of the Jacobite party was great. While the Duke of Ormond remained in England, he strenuously insisted upon the necessity of co-operation from France, affirming that they could not trust exclusively to a national uprising. Having arrived in France, leaving the conspirators at home without a leader, the duke, when urging the Chevalier St. George to embark with him for England, repeated his assertions and demands. "I have seen here," wrote Bolingbroke, "a crowd

of people, each one doing whatever seemed best to him, without subordination, without order, without concert; they no longer doubt the success of the enterprise; hope and anticipation are read in the animated eyes of all the Irish. Those who know how to read and write, are continually interchanging letters, and those who have not attained that degree of knowledge, whisper their secrets in the ear. The ministry is in the hands of both sexes."

Louis XIV. died on the 1st of September, 1715. "He was the best friend of the Chevalier," said Bolingbroke, "and my hopes sunk as he declined, and died when he expired." The most blind as well as the most ardent among the Jacobites could not be seriously deluded regarding the disposition of the regent; he was indifferent and careless, and naturally inclined to oppose any policy that the late king had followed, and was also reasonably sensible of the dangers of a new war with England. The vessels which, with the connivance of Louis XIV., had been armed at Havre, under false names, for the service of the projected expedition, were demanded by Lord Stair; their cargoes of arms were at once disembarked. Admiral Sir George Byng appeared in the channel with a squadron. Orders were sent to Lord Mar, who had charge of the Pretender's affairs in Scotland, not to give the signal for the rising, but to wait for new instructions. He had already left London.

On the 27th of August, a grand re-union of the chief Jacobites took place at Mar's castle, in the county of Aberdeen. On the 6th of September, the royal standard of the Stuarts was raised in the little village of Braemar. Sixty men only then surrounded it, but soon the contagion spread from village to village, from fortress to fortress. Some days later the country north of the Tay was almost entirely in the hands of the insurgents.

The time for hesitation and prudence on the part of the chevalier had passed; in fact he had already hesitated too long, in the opinion of those who generously risked, for him, all that they possessed. The inclemency of the weather, contradictory advice, snares and enticements held out to him by Lord Stair, the return of the Duke of Ormond, who had attempted, without success, to land upon the coast of Devonshire, all these had

retarded his movements. It was not until the middle of December that the Pretender, accompanied by six gentlemen, finally landed at Dunkirk.

The unfortunate fate of his partisans in England had already been decided. In Scotland it trembled in the balance; and the gloomy forebodings of the most faithful servants of the house of Stuart began to be realized. The Earl of Mar, restless and cunning, clever in court intrigues, but destitute of all military talent, as of all military knowledge, had lingered in the Highlands, remaining for some time at Perth, where his forces increased daily. The Duke of Argyle, placed by the government at the head of the royal troops, found himself at Stirling menaced on all sides by the Jacobites, who, however, did not advance. "When at last Lord Mar drew the sword, he did not know what to do with it," says the Duke of Berwick; "and thus was lost the most favorable opportunity which has presented itself since 1688."

The Scotch had their eyes fixed upon England; the general uprising in the south, anticipated by the Duke of Ormond, had failed, as the plot was discovered, and the chief Jacobites—the Duke of Powis, Lord Lansdowne, and Lord Duplin, were arrested. The ministry demanded of the House of Commons authority to impeach six of its members, compromised in the conspiracy. Sir William Wyndham was defended in vain by his father-in-law, the Duke of Somerset. After being concealed for several days he delivered himself up to justice. Sir Thomas Foster succeeded in escaping, and some days later headed an insurrection in Northumberland. Lord Derwentwater and Lord Widdington joined him, and "King James III." was proclaimed, at Warkworth, to the sound of trumpets. Being a Protestant, Sir Thomas was chosen General of the English insurgents. He counted upon combining his movements with those of Brigadier Macintosh, of Bordlase, who had just landed at Aberlady. The alarm extended to Edinburgh. A movement of the Duke of Argyle decided the Jacobites to throw themselves into the citadel of Leith. The Duke arrived under the walls of the fortress. "We do not know the meaning of the word surrender," replied the Highlanders to the demands of the detested chief of the Campbells; "and we have no desire to learn it. We are resolved neither to give nor to receive any quarter. If his grace is disposed to attempt the assault, we are determined to repulse him."

Noble boastings are sometimes the consolation of proud souls when their cause appears doubtful. The Duke of Argyle did not attempt the assault, but returned to Edinburgh, from where he soon advanced to Stirling, now threatened by the Earl of Mar. His presence destroyed the hope of surprising the capital. Macintosh marched to the south, and joined the English insurgents at Kelso. The Northumbrians wished to re-enter England, and endeavored to compel the Highlanders to follow them; they refused. "If we are to be sacrificed," said they, "we intend it shall be in our country." Foster led his troops as far as Preston. A great number of Catholic gentlemen there joined them, bringing in their train crowds of peasants without arms and without discipline. Generals Carpenter and Wills, both experienced officers, who had served with distinction in Spain, advanced against the rebels from the north and from the south. When the news of their approach reached the insurgents, their commander was in bed sleeping off the effects of a drunken debauch. Lord Kenmure had great difficulty in arousing him sufficiently to give intelligible orders.

On the 12th of November, 1715, the Jacobites were attacked at Preston by General Wills. The defence was feeble, although the insurgents, concealed in the houses, killed many of the soldiers. The leaders were divided. Foster lost courage and proposed a capitulation. "If the rebels wish to lay down their arms, and surrender at discretion," replied the English general, "I will prevent my soldiers from cutting them in pieces, until I have received orders from my government."

The Highlanders were furious; they brandished their weapons, and threatened to cut their way through the royal troops to gain their own country. But already Lord Derwentwater and Brigadier Macintosh had surrendered themselves as hostages, and the soldiers had no other resource than obedience. Prisoners of note abounded in the camp of General Wills; many were to pay with their lives for the part they had taken in an insurrection, inconsiderately undertaken and shamefully and sadly terminated. Only seventeen men had been killed when the little army of Jacobites surrendered at Preston. On the same day, the 12th of November, the Earl of Mar, who had at last shaken off his lethargy and left Perth, arrived at Ardoch, four leagues from Stirling: his forces amounted to about ten thousand men. The Highland chiefs led their clans. A body of

gentlemen, well mounted and well equipped, formed a striking contrast to a crowd of peasants badly armed and half naked; but nevertheless resolved to fight.

When Lord Mar learned that Argyle was advancing towards him, and that he occupied Dumblane, he assembled his principal officers, and offered them the alternative of battle or retreat. "Fight! Fight!" cried the Highland chiefs. Soon the same cry spread throughout the army; hats were waved and swords were brandished. When the troops of Argyle began the contest in the valley of Sheriffmuir, the line of battle of the insurgents was imposing. "I have never seen regular troops form a finer line of battle," subsequently said General Wightman, "and their officers conducted themselves with all the bravery imaginable."

Personal heroism and undisciplined fury were ineffectual when directed by a chief incapable and devoid of energy. The Highlanders forced the left wing of Argyle's army, while that general was pursuing their right, which he had quickly routed. The divisions of the army thus became separated, and had no communication with each other: but Argyle, returning from the pursuit, reformed his regiments upon the field of battle, while Mar, triumphant, at the head of his Highlanders, but anxious, uncertain, and fearing an ambushade, was slowly uniting his forces. When the enemy appeared, at the foot of the hill, the Scotch chiefs were impatiently awaiting his orders to charge. "Oh, for an hour of Dundee," already cried Gordon of Glenbucket. The bagpipes sounded the retreat, and Mar withdrew, without attempting a final effort "The battle is won," said he to his lieutenants, in the hope of calming their irritation. The Duke of Argyle retired to Dumblane. On the following day he re-appeared on the field of battle, but the Earl of Mar had not returned. "Your Grace has not gained a complete victory," said one of his officers. Argyle responded by singing two lines of an old Scotch song:

"If 'tis not weel wound, weel wound, weel wound,
If 'tis not weel wound, we'll wind it again."

The same ardor also animated some of the Scotch in the rebel army. "If we have not yet gained the victory," said General Hamilton, "we must fight every week until we do gain it." But uneasiness and lassitude already

pervaded the army and extended even to some of the leaders. Lord Sutherland advanced at the head of the Whig forces. The Highlanders were urged to conceal their booty. Many detachments had already left the army and returned to Perth, when the Chevalier St. George finally landed at Peterhead, on the 22nd of December, 1715. The forces of the Duke of Argyle were increased by the arrival of auxiliary Dutch troops, that had been demanded from the States-General by the English Government, and henceforth his army was larger than that of the rebels.

On the 8th of January, 1716, the Pretender established himself, without opposition, in the royal palace at Scone. The ceremony of the coronation was announced for the 23rd of the same month.

The joy of the insurgents upon learning of the arrival of "*the King*," was great. "We are now going to live like soldiers, and to measure ourselves with our enemies," they said, "in place of remaining here inactive, waiting the vain resolutions of a frightened council." On his part, James, upon landing, had written to Bolingbroke: "Behold me, thanks to God, in my ancient kingdom. I find things in good shape, and I think that all will go well if the friends of your side do their duty, as I will do mine. Show this note to the regent."

The illusions did not last long on either side. The Pretender found the army of his partisans diminished, disordered, and divided. He was not personally qualified to act upon such men, and his virtues were better suited to a monarch peacefully seated upon his throne than to an exiled prince, obliged to conquer his crown. "He was tall and thin," wrote one of the adherents, "pale and grave. He spoke but little; his conversation was vague, and his manners and character seemed measured. I do not know how he would have been in his pleasures; it was not the time for such thoughts. We had no opportunity of gayety, and I never saw him smile. I will not conceal that at the time when we saw him whom we called our king, we were not in any way reanimated by his presence, and that if he was disappointed in us, we were ten times more so in him. We saw nothing in him that looked like spirit. He never showed either animation or courage, in order to cheer us. Our men began to despise him and to ask if he could talk. His physiognomy was dull and heavy. He took no

pleasure in mingling with the soldiers, either to see them drill or exercise. It was said that our condition discouraged him: I say that the figure he made among us discouraged us also. If he had sent us five thousand good troops, instead of coming himself, the result would have been different."

James III. had nevertheless done an act of power. He issued proclamations to the army, and these were spread throughout the country. Two Presbyterian ministers only substituted his name for that of King George in their public prayers; the Episcopalians, *en masse*, rallied around the new monarch, who nevertheless refused a promise of tolerance to the Anglican Church of Ireland, and whose assurances were doubtful even in regard to the church of England. He affected great devotion to his friends and to his country. "Whatever happens," said he, in his address to his council, "I will not leave my faithful subjects any reason to reproach me for not having done all that they might have expected of me. Those who neglect their duty and their proper interest, will be responsible for the evil which may happen. Misfortune will be nothing new to me. From my cradle, all my life has been a series of misfortunes, and I am ready, if it pleases God, to endure the threats of your enemies and mine."

On the 31st of January, on the approach of the Duke of Argyle, urged and constrained to action by General Cadogan, recently arrived from London, the insurgent army began its retreat. The soldiers were discouraged, and the leaders uncertain or irritated. "What has the king come here for?" asked the soldiers: "is it to see his subjects killed by the executioner, without striking a blow in defence? Let us die like men, not as dogs."—"If his Majesty is disposed to die as a prince, he will find ten thousand Scotch gentlemen to die with him," said a rich country gentleman of Aberdeen. But the forces of the Duke of Argyle were overwhelming. The councillors of the Pretender, alarmed and trembling for his safety as well as their own, and hoping for better conditions in the absence of their prince, urged him to depart. On the evening of the 4th of February, secretly, and after having taken every precaution necessary to deceive the army, the Chevalier left the quarters of the Earl of Mar, whither he had gone on foot. Accompanied by that leader, he entered a small boat and was taken on board a French ship which awaited him. General Gordon was now at the head of an army which was disbanding, in the midst of a country devastated by fire. The

prince had ordered the burning of all villages as far as Stirling. He and all his adherents were now exposed to the vengeance of that government which they had so recently menaced. On departing, and as a compensation for so many evils, the Pretender wrote to the Duke of Argyle, sending him all the money he possessed: "I pray you," said he, "have this sum distributed among the inhabitants of the villages which have been burned, in order that I may at least have the satisfaction of not having caused the ruin of any one; I, who would have died for them all."

The honor of saving a people costs more dearly and necessitates more sacrifices than the Chevalier St. George was inclined to believe, in his indolent nature; he had failed personally, as well as in his political and military enterprises. But the Jacobite party was not destroyed; it was still to nourish long its hopes and to shed much blood for his cause. The insurrection of 1715 was at an end. The Highlanders sought refuge in their mountains, and the great lords and gentlemen either concealed themselves, or escaped from Scotland and increased the little exiled court. James arrived at Gravelines, and from there he went to St. Germain. Bolingbroke joined him immediately. The prince desired to remain a few days in France, but the regent would not permit it, and also refused to see him. He desired to find a refuge with the Duke of Lorraine, before the English government could interfere. The chevalier separated from his minister with feigned protestations of friendship. Three days later the Duke of Ormond presented himself before Bolingbroke, bearer of a letter from James, which thanked him for his services, of which he had no longer need, and ordered him to deliver all the state papers into the hands of Ormond. "The papers were held without difficulty in an envelope of ordinary size," ironically remarked Bolingbroke. "I delivered them solemnly to my Lord Ormond, as well as the seals. There were some letters of the chevalier which would have been inconvenient to show to the duke, and which he had without doubt forgotten. I subsequently sent them to him, by a sure hand, disdaining to play him false by executing his orders to the letter. I did not wish to appear annoyed, being far from angry."

Bolingbroke deceived himself: his anger against the Jacobites constantly displayed itself during the remainder of his agitated and restless life. With a disdainful thoughtlessness, many times too familiar to princes, James

measured the devotion of his secretary of state; but he had judged less justly the services which he had already rendered him, and which he might still render.

"It would seem that one must have lost his senses," wrote Marsna Berwick, "in order not to comprehend the arrant folly which induced King James to deprive himself of the only Englishman able to govern his affairs. Bolingbroke was endowed with brilliant talents, which had advanced him, at an early age, to the highest offices. He exercised a great influence upon the Tory party, of which he was the soul. Nothing could be more deplorable than to separate himself from such a man, at a time when he was most necessary, and when it was important not to make new enemies. I have been a witness of the conduct of Bolingbroke: he had done for King James all that he was able to do."

The entreaties of the queen mother were unable to appease Bolingbroke. "I am free," said he, "and may my hand wither if I ever take the sword or pen in the service of your son." From that time all the thoughts of the exile turned towards England, while the prince whom he had served, and who had not appreciated him, departed for Avignon, thus virtually abandoning his royal party by this retreat to a Papal country, the most odious and most suspected of all, by the English.

Scotland had suffered from the presence of armies, by the destruction of crops, by the flight or death of a great number of the gentry, and by the new animosities excited between the clans engaged on the different sides. The government had taken but few prisoners, and even those were unimportant. The English insurrection had delivered to justice, or to the vengeance of the Whigs, many important hostages. Lord Widdington, Lord Nairn, Lord Kenmure, the Earls of Nithisdale and of Derwentwater, were accused of high treason. All were condemned. The entreaties of their friends obtained the pardon of Lords Nairn, Carnwath and Widdington. Lord Wintoun, who alone had plead "not guilty," and in consequence had undergone a trial, succeeded in escaping from the Tower. Lady Nithisdale had the happiness of saving her husband, who escaped disguised in her clothing. Lord Derwentwater and Lord Kenmure alone remained. Many members of both houses were inclined towards clemency. "I am

indignant," said Walpole, with a severity foreign to his character, "to see members of this great body so unfaithful to their duty that they are able to open their mouths without blushing in favor of rebels and parricides." Lord Nottingham boldly declared for the condemned; he was dismissed from the ministry. On the 24th of February, 1716, the two lords perished upon the scaffold at Tower Hill, proclaiming to the last moment their faithful allegiance to King James. Condemnations were less numerous among the rebels of an inferior order. Justice had been severe, but it had not become vengeance. "The rebel who declares himself boldly, justly compromises his life," affirms Gibbon, with positive equity. New measures, purely repressive, were voted against the Catholics, among whom were naturally reckoned many Jacobites. Among the constant partisans of the fallen house, the devotion, the fidelity, the honest and sincere attachment, merit the respect of men and the sympathetic indulgence of history. Indignation and contempt belong to those who had nourished hopes, encouraged intrigues, even furnished resources secretly and perfidiously, like the Duke of Marlborough, the General-in-chief of the armies of King George, without risking a day of their lives nor an atom of their grandeur. The splendor of genius and the most brilliant successes can never efface such a stain. Slowly and noiselessly, Marlborough had lost in public opinion, and he was soon to fall into an intellectual and physical decadence: worthy chastisement of a life, a singular mixture of great power of mind and moral baseness, of cold calculation and violent passions, of glory and of ignominy. Attacked by paralysis, in May, 1716, Marlborough expired on the 16th of June, 1722, and was interred, with royal honors in Westminster Abbey. "I was a man then," said the invalid Duke, when contemplating his portrait in a picture which represented the battle of Blenheim. He left an immense fortune, the results of the great offices which both he and the Duchess had held, as well as the exactions that his extreme avidity for money had led him into. "I have heard his widow say," said Voltaire, "that after the division made to four children, there still remained to her, without thanks to the court, a revenue of £70,000."

National gratitude had contributed its share to this enormous accumulation of wealth. It is to the honor of England that she has always recompensed her great servants magnificently.

Parliament, on its own authority, and by a legitimate exercise of its power, now took an important step. The experience of the last twenty years of triennial legislative elections had convinced many sound thinkers that an agitation so frequently renewed was dangerous to the electors, as well as to the liberty of action of those elected. It was remembered that William III. had once refused his assent to the bill, which was subsequently imposed upon him. A new law decided that the duration of the parliaments should henceforth be seven years. Usage has often abridged this term by a year, but it has remained, notwithstanding frequent infractions, the regular limit for legislatures. About the same time, and in spite of serious obstacles, that clause of the act of Establishment which formerly forbade the sovereigns to leave the soil of Great Britain, was repealed by the houses. The desire of George I. to visit his hereditary states became irresistible; he had long been detained by the jealousy which he felt regarding his son. It was with regret and upon the formal advice of his ministers, that he decided to confide the government to the Prince of Wales during his absence. "This family has always been quarrelsome," said Lord Carteret, one day, to the full Council, "and it will quarrel always, from generation to generation."

The king left England on the 17th of July, 1716, accompanied by the Secretary of State, Stanhope. The latter profited by his presence upon the continent, and formed, with the States-General and the Emperor, a treaty of defensive alliance: the only guarantee which he was able to obtain from the jealous susceptibility of the court of Vienna, and the restless feebleness of the Dutch negotiators. Heinsius was no longer in power, and soon afterwards died. "Forced to rely upon many heads, the government no longer has a head," said Horace Walpole, brother of the leader of the House of Commons and minister to the Hague; "there are here as many masters as wills."

An understanding with France, regarding new enterprises of the Pretender, became necessary to England. The regent was not personally opposed to it; he was weary of the indolence and cowardly incapacity of the Chevalier St. George; he was besides urged by the Abbé Dubois, formerly his tutor, corrupt himself and a corruptor of others, and already secretly at the head

of foreign affairs, but waiting until he should be officially appointed, and aspiring to become prime minister.

Without respect for law, destitute of all religious convictions, and consequently inaccessible to the motive which led many good Catholics, in Europe, to desire the re-establishment of the Stuarts, Dubois was able, often far-seeing, and sometimes even bold; he had a mind active, clear, and moderately practical. The alliance of England seemed to him useful to his master and to France. He adroitly availed himself of his former relations with General Stanhope, when commander of the English troops in Spain, in order to begin secret negotiations, which soon extended to Holland. "The character of our regent," wrote Dubois, on the 10th of March, 1716, "leaves no room to fear that he prides himself upon perpetuating the prejudices and the policy of our ancient court; and as you can remark for yourself, he has too much spirit not to recognize his true interests."

Dubois carried to the Hague the propositions of the regent. King George was expected there; the clever diplomat concealed the object of his journey under the pretext of buying rare books. He went, he said, to redeem from the hands of the Jews the famous picture of the Seven Sacraments, by Poussin, recently stolen from Paris. The order of the succession to the crowns of France and England, conformably to the peace of Utrecht, was guaranteed in the treaty. It was the only decided advantage to the regent, who hoped thereby to confirm the renunciation of Philip V. Dubois had demanded that all the conditions of the treaty of 1713 should be recognized. Stanhope formally refused. "It has taken me three days to get out of this with the Abbé Dubois," wrote he to England: as to the remainder, all the concessions came from France; her territory was forbidden to the Jacobites, and the Pretender, who was established at Avignon, was to be invited to cross the Alps. The English demanded the abandonment of the works on the canal at Mardyke, destined to replace the port of Dunkirk. The Dutch claimed commercial advantages. Dubois yielded upon all these points, but defended to the last, with a vain tenacity, the title of King of France, that the English still disputed to our monarchs. Stanhope was urged to terminate the negotiations. Diplomatic complications that threatened to lead to war in the north gravely pre-

occupied George I., always absorbed in the interests of his patrimonial States. "The scope of his mind does not extend beyond the Electorate." said Lord Chesterfield; "England is too large a morsel for him."

Unfriendly relations had long existed between King George and the Czar, Peter the Great, that powerful and erratic genius, who by his personal merit laid the foundations of a great empire. He had made advances to France.

The Dutch were slow in deciding, but in October, 1716, the preliminaries of the treaty were signed by Stanhope and the Abbé Dubois only. On the 6th of January, 1717, the ratifications were finally exchanged at the Hague. "I signed at midnight," wrote Dubois, triumphantly, to the regent; "you are no longer a page, and I have no more fear." The treaty of the Triple Alliance gained for Dubois the office of secretary of foreign affairs. It disturbed the English ministry and disorganized momentarily the Whig party. Lord Townshend was hostile to the haste shown by Stanhope in concluding the treaty; his brother-in-law, Horace Walpole, had refused his signature. Court intrigues aggravated this discontent; the king, besides, was irritated against Lord Townshend and Robert Walpole, whom he regarded as favorable to his son. Always honest, often rude, and with but little tact, Lord Townshend believed he could obtain from George I. discretionary powers for the Prince of Wales. This rendered his fall inevitable. Even before his return to England, the king dismissed his minister, offering to him in exchange for his office, the vice-royalty of Ireland; but scarcely had the session opened, when the animosities became more aggravated, and the apparent reconciliations were broken off. Lord Townshend and Robert Walpole withdrew from public affairs. Lord Sunderland, as able, although not as corrupt as his father, became secretary of state; Addison, at the same time, was called to the ministry, and General Stanhope was appointed First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer. In spite of the ministerial modifications, the power remained in the hands of the Whigs. "While there remain Whigs disposed to serve him, the king is decided to be served by the Whigs," wrote Stanhope, while yet in Hanover, with George I., "and I will not be the one to turn his Majesty from this good resolution, by refusing to take some trouble, or to expose myself to whatever peril may arise."

The ministry and England were at this epoch greatly disturbed by a new intrigue, organized in Europe, in favor of the Pretender. Spain was

governed by Cardinal Alberoni, the crafty, ambitious, and bold Italian who had placed Elizabeth Farnese upon the throne with Philip V., and through her exercised the power. He had regulated the finances and industry, he had prepared a fleet and an army; "meditating," he said, "the peace of the world;" and he began this great enterprise, by manœuvres which could lead to nothing less than setting fire to the four corners of Europe, in the name of a feeble and dull king, and of a queen ambitious, artful, and unpopular, "whom he had locked up, carrying the key in his pocket," says St. Simon. He dreamed of establishing the empire of Spain in Italy, of disturbing the government of the regent in France, of overthrowing the Protestant king of England by re-establishing the Stuarts upon the throne, and of raising himself to the supreme power in Church and State. Already he had obtained from Pope Clement XI., the cardinal's hat, by concealing, under the pretext of war against the Turks, the preparations which he was making against Italy. Having remained neutral during the Jacobite insurrection of 1715, he entered into the projects of Görtz, a passionate intriguer, animated against King George by an ardent rancor, and using his influence upon the heroic madman who reigned in Sweden, in order to engage him also in the Jacobite plots. The alliance with the Czar, Peter the Great, was to advance the projects of the Chevalier. A first naval enterprise delivered Sardinia into the hands of Alberoni. The Spanish troops entered Sicily. The Emperor and Victor Amadeus were aroused; the Pope, overwhelmed by reproaches from these two princes, wept, according to his custom, saying that he had damned himself by raising Alberoni to the Roman purple. Dubois profited by the agitations created in Europe by the belligerent attitude of the all-powerful minister, to finally draw the emperor into the alliance with France and England. He renounced his pretensions to Spain and the Indies, and returned Sardinia to Savoy, receiving Sicily in return. The succession to the Duchies of Parma and of Tuscany was assured to the children of the Queen of Spain. The Quadruple Alliance seemed to promise peace to Europe; the Dutch and the Duke of Savoy reluctantly consented. France and England engaged to gain the consent of Spain by force of arms, if they were not able to obtain it peacefully within a certain time.

King George I. demanded from Parliament an increase of naval subsidies. A considerable fleet, under the orders of Admiral Bing, soon appeared in

Spanish waters. Lord Stanhope departed for Madrid in order to support by negotiations the salutary effect of the presence of the English fleet. Neither the persuasions of the minister, nor the long line of ships presented by the admiral, acted upon the spirit of Alberoni. He tore up the paper which the admiral presented. "Execute the orders of the king your master," said he, angrily. Upon learning of the departure of Lord Stanhope, he had immediately written: "If my Lord Stanhope comes as a legislator, he may dispense with his journey. If he comes as a mediator, I will receive him; but in any case I inform him that at the first attack of our vessels by an English squadron, Spain has not an inch of ground where I would be willing to answer for his person."

Lord Stanhope had scarcely left Spain, when Admiral Bing, in conjunction with General Daun, who commanded for the emperor, attacked the Spanish fleet off Cape Passero. The Spaniards had recently taken possession of Palermo; Messina opened its gates to them. The Piedmontese garrison had crowded into the citadel, when the victory of the English and the destruction of the growing Spanish fleet suddenly changed the face of affairs. Messina delivered, and Palermo blockaded, without hope of succor, were to Cardinal Alberoni a mortal blow. Furious, he seized the persons and the goods of English residents in Spain, and drove out the consuls. Trumpeters were sent through the streets of Madrid, with orders to the people, forbidding any discussion regarding the affairs of Sicily.

The hope of a diversion in the north, favorable to the projects of the Jacobites, as well as those of Alberoni, was destroyed by the death of the King of Sweden, Charles XII., killed on the 12th of December, 1718, before Frederickshall.

Alberoni summoned the Pretender to Madrid. The conspiracy of Cellamare, absurd and frivolous, organized in Paris against the power of the regent, by the Spanish ambassador and the Duchess of Maine, was discovered by Dubois early in December, 1718. The declarations of war from France and England succeeded each other rapidly (Dec. 17, 1718, Jan. 9, 1719). At the same time King Philip V., by a proclamation, on the 25th of December, 1718, pronounced all his renunciations null and void,

and claimed his rights to the crown of France upon the death of Louis XV. At the same time he made an appeal to the States-General against the tyranny of the Regent, who had allied himself, he said, to the enemies of both countries.

In England, as in France, Alberoni counted upon internal divisions and party animosities. The Pretender occupied the royal palace of Buen Retiro, at Madrid; the King and Queen of Spain visited him. A small squadron, secretly armed at Cadiz, put to sea, under the orders of the Duke of Ormond. Public anxiety in England was so great, that the government of King George accepted auxiliary forces sent by the emperor and the States-General. The regent offered troops, and sent to London all the information which he received. A reward was offered for the capture of the Duke of Ormond. Once more the sea protected the coast of England, and the king whom she had chosen. The Spanish flotilla was dispersed by a tempest; two frigates only, having on board Lord Keith, known in Europe under his hereditary title of Earl Marischal, Lord Seaforth, and the Marquis Tullibardine, landed upon the coast of Scotland, with three hundred Spanish soldiers. Some gentlemen joined them. The force of the rebels had increased to about two thousand men, when General Wightman marched against them. Some unimportant engagements were favorable to the rebels, but finally they were defeated. The Highlanders disappeared in the inaccessible recesses of their mountains; the Spaniards were taken prisoners and conducted to Edinburgh. The three leaders of the insurrection withdrew to the western isles, from where they soon embarked; the one to return some years later to Scotland (Lord Seaforth), another to die of grief in the Tower, after the insurrection of 1745 (Tullibardine), and the third to enter the service of the King of Prussia and to add his name to the diplomatic intrigues of Europe. Voltaire and Rousseau were in turn associated with Lord Marischal.

As usual, the humble partisans of the fallen house suffered bitterly for their blind fidelity. "I made a tour through the difficult passes of the country of Seaforth," wrote General Wightman, "and we terrified the rebels by burning the houses of the guilty, while we spared the peaceful subjects."

Alberoni, weary of the ill-fortune of the Stuarts, and of the useless burden that it imposed upon all those who desired to serve them, informed the Pretender that he should leave Madrid. His intended bride, the Princess Clementine Sobieski, recently arrested by order of the emperor, at the instigation of England, had escaped from her prison; James joined her at Rome, where their marriage was solemnized.

The war was brilliant, notwithstanding the deceptions with which Alberoni incessantly quieted his master. "The regent is able, whenever he desires, to send a French army," wrote the cardinal, on the 21st of November, 1718.

"Assure him publicly that he will not have a shot fired against him here, and that the king our master will have supplies ready for him." The army in fact entered Spain in March, 1719. The old Marshal Villars declined the honor of commanding against the grandson of Louis XIV. The Prince of Conti bore the title of general-in-chief. The Duke of Berwick, less scrupulous than Villars, accepted the effective functions; notwithstanding his former connection with Spain, the presence of his eldest son the Duke of Leria, in the Spanish ranks, and the services that Philip V. had just rendered to the head of the house of Stuart. Alberoni conducted the king, the queen, and the prince of Asturias to the camp. Philip V. expected the defection of the French army, en masse. No one moved; some refugees made an attempt with some officers; their messenger was hung.

Fuenterabra, St. Sebastian, and the castle of Urgel soon fell into the hands of the French. Another division burned six vessels which were upon the docks. Everywhere the English brought ruin upon the Spanish navy. Their fleets, separate or united to the French, destroyed the Spanish vessels at Santona, at Centera, and in the port of Vigo; everywhere the magazines were delivered to the flames. This cruel and disastrous war against an enemy whose best troops were fighting at a distance, usefully served the passions as well as the interests of England.

"It is very necessary," wrote Berwick, "that the government be able to make the next Parliament believe that they have spared nothing in order to decrease the Spanish navy." During this time the English fleet, and the troops of the emperor, under the orders of the Count of Mercy, attacked the Spanish army in Sicily; it defended itself heroically, but was without

resources, without reinforcements, and diminishing every day. After a momentary success at Franca Villa, the Marquis of Leyde held only Palermo and the environs of Etna.

An attempted insurrection, poorly seconded by some Spanish vessels, failed in Brittany. Three gentlemen and a priest perished upon the scaffold. "Never have I seen a plot more poorly organized," says Duclos, in his Memoirs; "many did not know what they were fighting for." The attempt of Alberoni to excite a revolt in England and France, did not succeed any better than the war in Spain or Sicily. The Spaniards were everywhere defeated, and the cardinal was vigorously attacked at home. He made overtures of peace at London and at Paris. Dubois wrote to Stanhope, who responded immediately: "We would commit a great error if we did not consolidate the peace by the overthrow of the minister who has caused the war. His insatiable ambition has been the only cause of hostilities; if he is compelled to accept the peace, he will yield momentarily to necessity, but with a confirmed resolution of seizing the first opportunity for vengeance. Thank God he does not know either what he can do or what he ought to attempt. He recognizes no other condition for peace than exhaustion and weakness; let us not leave him time to recover himself. Demand from the king that he be sent from Spain. No stipulation could be more advantageous for his Catholic Majesty and for his people. It is a good thing thus to give to Europe an example which may intimidate turbulent ministers, unfaithful to treaties, and who allow themselves to attack impudently the persons of princes."

Three months later, on the 4th of December, 1718, after a prolonged audience with Philip V., who had treated him with his usual kindness, Alberoni suddenly received an order to leave Madrid within eight days, and Spain within three weeks. No entreaty would induce the king or queen to see him. The cardinal retired at first to Genoa, and then to Rome, where he passed the remainder of his life, in the peaceful enjoyment of an immense fortune. The country which he had oppressed, but reanimated and served, soon fell into its former lethargy. "The queen is possessed with a devil," said he, in his retirement; "if she finds a soldier who has any resources of mind, and is a good general, she will cause an uproar in Europe." The queen did not find a general, and on the 17th of January,

1720, the preliminaries of peace were signed at the Hague. The definitive articles were not agreed upon until the 13th of June, 1721. In the interval, thanks to the union with France, England was enabled to put an end to the war with Sweden and Denmark. King George gained the Duchies of Bremen and of Verden, for which he had long entertained pretensions. Peter the Great alone remained in arms. Europe had at last gained the repose which she was to enjoy for many years.

The war had not suspended parliamentary struggles. In 1718, upon a sincerely liberal proposition of Lord Stanhope, the *Acts of Schism* and of *Occasional Conformity* were repealed by the Houses. The ministers desired to go further and amend the *Test Act*, in order to place the Dissenters upon a footing of legitimate religious equality with the members of the Anglican Church.

The bishops were divided upon the question. "We have already had much trouble," said Lord Sunderland; "but if we touch the Test, all will be lost." Lord Stanhope desired to include the Catholics; the day of liberty and justice for them had not yet arrived.

King George had just returned to London, after a recent voyage into Germany, when a bold proposition was made in the House of Lords. The peers had not yet forgotten the numerous creations hazarded by the Earl of Oxford in order to assure a majority to the court; the character of the Prince of Wales offered few guarantees, and the foreign favorites were eager for honors and distinctions. The thought was conceived of limiting the number of peers by restraining the royal prerogative. The king made no objection. "His Majesty has so strong a desire to establish the peerage of the realm upon a basis which will assure forever the constitutional liberty of Parliament," said Lord Stanhope, "that he consents not to hinder this great work by the exercise of his prerogative."

The discussion was long, animated, and many times resumed; the good judgment of the nation finally prevailed over the rancors of the past, and over the jealousies of the future. Adopted by the Lords, the bill was rejected in the House of Commons by a large majority. "The road to the temple of fame formerly passed through the temple of virtue," said Walpole; "this bill makes it necessary to arrive at honor through the

winding sheet of an old decrepid lord, or the grave of an extinct noble family." It is the sole happiness of England, and one of the sources of her grandeur, as well as of her security, to have maintained upon the ancient bases a force in the state constantly renewed and liberally recruited by personal merit.

This check to the ministry was important; but a greater shock, which was to overthrow it and overwhelm the country in ruin, was preparing. At the same time that Paris and France were a prey to the fever for wild speculations, excited by the system of Law, England, for other reasons and from other pretexts, suffered an analogous contagion, accompanied by the same fatal results. The South Sea Company had been founded in 1711, by Harley. In guarantee for the payment of the national debt, important privileges had then been accorded to him. In 1719 the directors of the company proposed to liquidate the public debt in twenty-six years, upon condition that the different claims were to be concentrated in their hands, and that they would be supplied with new privileges as well as great latitude in their negotiations. The Bank of England disputed with the South Sea Company the honor and supposed profit of this enterprise, which was put up at auction. A bill of Parliament assured the monopoly to the company, which had engaged to pay seven and a half million sterling. In order to sustain this enormous burden, the directors plunged into the wildest speculations. Walpole had predicted the fatal effects, but without measuring the criminal folly of the leaders, and the stupid avidity of the followers. The shares of the company increased from one hundred and thirty to a thousand pounds sterling; while new societies were formed for the working of the most insane industries. Raising the wrecks upon the coast of Ireland, the freshening of the waters of the sea, the fabrication of the oil of turnsole, the importation of donkeys from Spain, the fattening of pork, formed simultaneously the objects of fictitious speculations, suddenly arrested at the instigation of the South Sea Company, jealous and anxious to concentrate upon their enterprise all the energy of the stock-jobbers. Exchange Alley became the rival of Quincampoix street; the greatest lords, the most delicate ladies; ecclesiastics elbowed merchants and servants, all hurrying to secure for themselves the new stocks put in circulation, and the fabulous profits which were expected from them. The Prince of Wales himself consented to become a director of the company

for the working of copper mines in Wales. The intervention of the ministry was necessary to threaten the company with prosecution, before his royal highness would consent to withdraw with a profit of £40,000.

The edifice of Law, in France, began to totter; the ruin of the fictitious companies in England soon involved all reasonable and legitimate speculations. In a few weeks the stock of the South Sea Company fell below three hundred pounds sterling; the suddenness of the catastrophe seriously involved the English speculators. Everywhere families were ruined, fortunes the most solid were shaken, and character and reputations were lost. "The very name of the South Sea Company became odious," says a contemporary. In vain was Walpole, who had recently retired to his country house at Houghton, recalled to London to seek a remedy for the evils which he had foreseen; but the ruin was beyond his efforts and power. Public anger and indignation knew no bounds. The king, who was in Hanover, returned precipitately, and Parliament was convoked for the 8th of December. "I avow," said Lord Molesworth, to the House of Commons, "that the ordinary laws do not reach the directors of the South Sea Company, but extraordinary crimes call aloud for extraordinary remedies. The Roman lawgivers had not foreseen the possible existence of a parricide; but as soon as the first monster appeared, he was sewed in a sack and cast headlong into the Tiber; and I shall be content to inflict the same treatment on the authors of our present ruin."

The calm good sense of Walpole, as well as his prudent foresight, powerfully advanced his ascendancy in Parliament. He succeeded in controlling the unchained passions. "If London was on fire, wise men would endeavor to extinguish the flames before they sought the incendiaries. We have a matter of still greater urgency: to save the public credit." Able and wise measures had been presented to Parliament, but public vengeance was not satisfied; a thorough inquiry ended in the discovery of grave evidences of corruption and bribery. The discussions became so violent that the doors of the House were closed and the keys placed upon the table. The German favorites of the king, the Duchess of Kendal and the Countess of Platen, the Lord Treasurer, the Earl of Sunderland and Mr. Aislaby the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and many other inferior officers of the government, were found to be seriously

compromised. A parliamentary quarrel between Lords Wharton and Stanhope agitated the latter so violently that he had an apoplectic fit and died the next day, to the great regret of the public who had never doubted his honesty.

The Secretary of State, Craggs, justly accused of having received a bribe from the directors of the company, died of the small pox; his father, the Postmaster-General, took poison. Aislachie was sent to the Tower, and the greater part of his property was confiscated. All the property of the directors was seized, and they were declared forever incapable of holding any public office or of sitting in Parliament. Lord Sunderland had lost considerable sums: "He is a dupe, but not an accomplice," scornfully said even his enemies. He was acquitted, but nevertheless could not preserve his power. Walpole succeeded him as first Lord of the Treasury. Sunderland died on the 17th of April, 1721, some weeks after the general elections, and two months before his illustrious father-in-law, the Duke of Marlborough.

Robert Walpole had finally attained the power which he was to exercise during twenty years, for the repose, if not always for the honor and moral grandeur of his country. Jealous of his authority, to the extent of removing from the circle about the king all those not his friends, and even those of his friends whom he could not control absolutely, he encountered, at the outset, the intrigues of the Jacobites, re-awakened by the general discontent and by the new aspirations which the birth of a son awakened in the Pretender.

A new expedition was prepared under the orders of the Duke of Ormond, and matured and directed from England by a council of five members who conducted the affairs of "King James III." The soul of this little clique was the Bishop of Rochester, Francis Atterbury, indefatigable in his zeal as well as inexhaustible in his resources; sincerely attached to the Protestant faith, but sacrificing all to his political passions, and more occupied in preparing for the landing of the invaders and in fomenting an insurrection during the absence of the king in Hanover, than in the care of his diocese. When the plot was discovered, the inferior agents were promptly arrested, and the Duke of Norfolk, Lord Orrery, and Lord North, at first imprisoned

in the Tower, were soon released: the bishop remained gravely compromised. Walpole resolved to risk a trial. Among the accomplices a young barrister named Lyster alone suffered the extreme penalty; the property of some others was confiscated; but public interest concentrated itself upon the bishop, who was kept in close confinement in the Tower.

Atterbury was eloquent and convincing; when he appeared before the House of Lords, all his efforts tended to prove that the testimony against him was forged. Walpole was compelled to defend himself: "A finer passage at arms between two such antagonists was never seen," said Onslow, the speaker of the House of Commons; "one fighting for his reputation, the other for his life." The evidence was overwhelming against the bishop; he had evidently conspired against a sovereign to whom he had sworn allegiance. His address was as eloquent as able. "I have suffered so much," said he, "that the little strength which I enjoyed at the time of my arrest, in the month of August last, has completely disappeared, and I am not in a state to appear before your lordships, still less to defend myself in an affair of so extraordinary a nature. I am accused of having conspired. What could I gain, my lords, by going thus out of my way? No man in my order is less urged by ambition for higher dignities of the Church. I have always scorned money; too much so, perhaps, for I may now need it. Could I have been drawn by a secret attraction towards papacy? My lords, since I have known what papacy is, I have exposed it; and the better I have known it, the stronger I have opposed it. For the last thirty-seven years I have written in favor of Martin Luther. Whatever may happen to me, I am ready to suffer all, and by the grace of God to perish at the stake sooner than depart from the Protestant faith as set forth by the Church of England. I have awaited my sentence these eight months, my lords, separated from my children, who have not been able to write me or even send me a message without express authority. When the illustrious Earl of Clarendon, accused of treason, was compelled to retire into exile, he had passed the greater part of his life abroad, and was well known there; he understood the language, and he enjoyed a large fortune; all these consolations are wanting to me. I resemble him only in my innocence and my punishment. It is not in the power of any man to alter the first resemblance, but it is in the power of your lordships to profoundly modify the second; I hope for it and I expect

it from you." Atterbury was condemned; a majority of the prelates voted against him.

The English Catholics had ardently espoused the cause of the house of Stuart, and they were to pay once again for their illusive imprudence and folly. The attempt which had just cost the Bishop of Rochester his episcopal see and the freedom of his country, served as a pretext for Walpole to propose a tax of £100,000, to be collected from the estates of the Catholics. "Many of them are guilty," said the minister. This contempt for justice and liberty, which long pursued the Catholics in England, weighed upon the French Protestants still longer and more heavily. The bill which passed the Houses included all the gentry who had refused to take the oath of allegiance. Many who had resisted, up to this time, in consequence of a sincere repugnance, now hastened to take the oath to the established order of things.

"I have observed well," said the Speaker Onslow, who was opposed to the measure of Walpole, "and it was a strange and ridiculous spectacle to see the crowd which gathered at the quarterly Sessions in order to pledge their allegiance to the government, while, at the same time, cursing it for the trouble which it was giving them and for the fear which it inspired. I am convinced that the attachment for the king and his family has received a severe shock from all that happened at this time."

As the exiled bishop put his foot upon the soil of France, at Calais, he learned that Lord Bolingbroke had been pardoned by the king, and had arrived in that city on his way to England. "I am exchanged, then," said Atterbury, smiling. "Assuredly," wrote Pope, the intimate and faithful friend of the bishop, "this country fears an excess of talent, since it will not regain one genius without losing another."

It was to the venal protection of the Duchess of Kendal that Bolingbroke owed the royal pardon. Walpole had not received favorably the overtures which had been made to him in favor of the exile. "The attainder ought never to be abolished, and crimes ought never to be forgotten," said he, in the Council. The Marquise de Villette, niece of Madame Maintenon, at first the friend and subsequently the wife of Bolingbroke, had succeeded in interesting the favorite in his behalf. Eleven thousand pounds sterling

were paid, it was said, for permission to return to England. He had as yet recovered neither his title, his rights, nor his fortune. The offer of his services was refused by Walpole. It was not until 1725, and even then, through the intervention of Madame Villette and the Duchess of Kendal, that Bolingbroke, having returned to France, finally obtained permission to present to Parliament a petition that Walpole consented to support. More clear-sighted than he had often been during his public life, Bolingbroke while in France had served continually and to the utmost, the interests of the English minister, by sustaining his brother Horace and his brother-in-law Lord Townshend, in their rivalry against Lord Carteret, the Secretary of State. The amnesty voted by Parliament restored to Bolingbroke his personal fortune, and his rights to the heritage of his father, but without giving him the right of disposing of it. The king had promised Walpole, it was said, that Bolingbroke should never again hold any political position. "I am restored to two-thirds," wrote he to Swift, from his country house at Uxbridge. He received his friends, occupying or at least pretending to occupy himself exclusively with his estate and in literary pursuits. Voltaire was one of his visitors, when driven from France by his quarrel with the Chevalier Rohan, and passed two years in England. This event had a powerful effect upon Voltaire's mind, and many traces of the same may be found in his writings. The relations of the poet with Bolingbroke were of long standing; they had often met at the Chateau de la Source, near Orleans, where the exile lived for some time. "One thing which interests me," wrote Voltaire, "is the recall of milord Bolingbroke to England. He will be at Paris to-day, and I shall have the grief of bidding him farewell, perhaps forever." When Voltaire, in his turn, again reached his own country, he dedicated to Bolingbroke his tragedy of *Brutus*: "Permit me to present to you *Brutus*," wrote he, "although written in another language, *docte sermonis utriusque linguæ*, to you who have given me lessons in French as well as in English, to you who have taught me at least to give to my language that force and that energy which noble liberty of thought inspires: for vigorous sentiments of the soul always pass into the language, and he who thinks forcibly speaks likewise." Voltaire, on asking permission to visit England, had remarked: "it is a country where they think freely and nobly without being restrained by servile fear."

Troubles in Ireland, caused by the recoinage of money, and in Scotland, by a tax upon beer, which had been substituted for the malt tax, had for some time detained King George in England. Finally, in 1725, he departed for Hanover, accompanied, as usual, by Lord Townshend and the Duchess of Kendal. The state of affairs in Europe had become critical. In France the regent had died on the 2nd of December, 1723; the Duke of Bourbon, who had succeeded him, governed ostentatiously and violently, but without either true force or authority, and abandoned to the influence of his favorite, the corrupt and avaricious Marquise de Prie. Both desired to assure the duration of their power by giving to the young King Louis XV. a wife who would owe to them her elevation, and who would remain submissive to them.

The Infanta of Spain had been educated at the French Court, treated as queen, and was only waiting until her age would permit her to wed the young King Louis XV., according to a treaty solemnly negotiated with Philip V. She was sent back to Madrid, and Marie Leczinska, daughter of Stanislaus, the dethroned and ruined King of Poland, was chosen in her place for the sad honor of sharing the throne of Louis XV. "It is necessary that the Infanta depart immediately, in order that this may be done sooner," said the Count of Morvilliers, who was charged with the marriage negotiations.

The anger and indignation of Spain were extreme. "All the Bourbons are true demons," said the queen; then turning towards the king, whose origin she had forgotten, in her fury, she added: "Save your Majesty." The fragile edifice of the Quadruple Alliance succumbed beneath the imprudent insolence of the French government. Philip V. gave his daughter to the Prince of Brazil, the heir to the throne of Portugal. By this alliance, agreeable to England, the faithful friend of Portugal, the King of Spain hoped to gain the support of George I. "We will put confidence only in your master," said the queen to William Stanhope, the English minister at Madrid, "and we desire no other mediator but him in our negotiations." The English government nevertheless refused to break with France. Philip V. formed an alliance with the Emperor Charles VI., the most ancient, and even then, the most implacable of his enemies. The Archduke had no son, and wished to secure the succession to his eldest daughter, the

Archduchess Maria Theresa. The Pragmatic Sanction which declared this will, awaited the assent of Europe. That of Spain was of great value. She offered, besides, to open her ports to the company of Ostend, recently founded by the Emperor to compete with the Dutch commerce.

The house of Austria divided the house of Bourbon by opposing to each other the two branches of France and Spain. The treaty of Vienna was concluded on the 1st of May, 1725. The two sovereigns renounced all pretensions to their respective states, and proclaimed a full amnesty for their partisans. The emperor recognized the hereditary rights of Don Carlos to the Duchies of Tuscany, Parma and Plaisance; he promised, at the same time, his good offices, to obtain from England the restitution of Gibraltar and Port Mahon. In spite of negotiations already entered into with the Duke of Lorraine, the hands of the Archduchesses, the daughters of the emperor, were promised to the two sons of Elizabeth Farnese, Don Carlos and Don Philip.

King George was in Hanover when the secret articles of the treaty became known. "On this occasion, it was not the ministers of his Majesty who instructed him," subsequently said Walpole, "but it was his Majesty who gave his ministers the information. The information which the king had received in Hanover was so sure, that they could not be deceived." The Count de Broglie went to Germany to join George I. The King of Prussia, Frederick William I., was called to the conference; the Empress Catherine I., widow of Peter the Great, made advances to Spain in consequence of her antipathy towards England. The necessity for strong alliances was felt; the King of Prussia hesitated, realizing the danger he ran from his nearness to the emperor; he signed, nevertheless, but soon afterwards abandoned his allies. The Treaty of Hanover was concluded on the 8th of September, between England, France, Prussia, Denmark and Sweden. "Hanover advances itself triumphantly upon the shoulders of England," said Lord Chesterfield. George I. was accused of having defended his electorate at the expense of his kingdom; in Hanover the elector was reproached for having protected the commercial interests of England by exposing his native country to great perils. The Count de Broglie shared the English opinion: "His Majesty regards England as a temporary possession, by which it is necessary to profit while at his service, more

than as a durable heritage," wrote he, on the 20th of January, 1724, to Louis XV. The Duke of Bourbon had just been replaced at the head of the French government by Cardinal Fleury, moderate and prudent, favorable to the English alliance and sincerely desirous of preserving peace in Europe. Lord Townshend directed the negotiations of the treaty of Hanover. Walpole was secretly jealous and censured certain clauses. The secret articles, concluded at Vienna, greatly pre-occupied England. "I know, from a source, which cannot be doubted," said George I., in his address at the opening of Parliament, in 1727, "that the re-establishment of the Pretender upon the throne of this kingdom, was one of the secret articles signed at Vienna. If time proves that by abandoning the commerce of this nation to one power, and Gibraltar and Port Mahon to another, a market has been made of this kingdom, in order to impose upon it a papist Pretender, what will not be the indignation of all English and Protestant hearts."

The emperor protested boldly against the address from the throne, and appealed from the king to the nation. The Pretender, recently filled with hope, by the alliance of the empire and Spain, alienated these two powers by his cruel conduct towards his wife. The princess had left him on the 15th of November, 1725, to retire into the convent of St. Cecilia, at Rome. War, nevertheless, seemed inevitable; but the emperor realized his feebleness, and cared but little for the interests of Spain. On the 31st of May, 1727, the preliminaries of peace were signed at Paris, between England, France and Holland, on the one part, and the empire on the other. English commerce was satisfied by the suspension of the privileges of the company of Ostend for seven years. Philip V. voluntarily raised the siege of Gibraltar. The prudent moderation of Walpole and of Cardinal Fleury, once again succeeded in maintaining the peace of Europe.

Walpole was threatened, nevertheless; he governed with sagacity the nation so long and so cruelly agitated, and became rich and prosperous; but he governed without glory. "Little jealous," says De Rémusat, "of honoring men, provided he rules them." He was reserved and haughty, carefully withdrawing from even the shadow of a rivalry. Bolingbroke had never pardoned his hostility; he attacked him anonymously in a journal directed by Pulteney, who was detached from the Whigs by an ancient enmity against Walpole. He undertook to lower him in the estimation of

the king. The Duchess of Kendal, secretly hostile to the minister, placed in the king's hands a Memorial drawn up by Bolingbroke, in which the latter pointed out all the dangers to which the state was exposed in the hands of Walpole, and demanded an audience. George I. simply turned over the memorial to Walpole, who promptly divined from whom the blow came. "Join with me. Duchess, in praying the king to accord Lord Bolingbroke an audience;" boldly said Sir Robert. The king hesitated, as he did not speak English. "It is a great proof of the ability of Walpole that he governed the king in Latin," it was said. Bolingbroke understood French perfectly, and it was in that language that the interview was held. The Viscount claimed the restoration of his political privileges. "It is sufficient that your Majesty exacts it," said he. "Sir Robert is here, let him be called, and I will convince him before your Majesty that the thing can be done."—"No, no," replied the king, "do not call him." Then, as the Chancellor of the Duchy of Cornwall, Lechmere, who was at this time antagonistic to both Walpole and Bolingbroke, entered, the king could scarcely refrain from laughter. When his minister, somewhat disturbed, came to learn the result of the conversation with Bolingbroke, "Bagatelle, bagatelle!" repeated George I. Walpole never learned more.

[Transcriber's note:

Bagatelle: Something of little value or significance.]



The Mysterious Letter.

The king prepared for another journey to Hanover. Some months before, on the 12th of November, 1726, his wife, Sophia Dorothea of Zell, died. She was beautiful and amiable, but arbitrarily condemned by her husband during thirty-six years. The Count of Konigsmark, the man who had, it was said, gained her favors, disappeared mysteriously at the time when the princess was imprisoned, by the order of her father-in-law as well as her husband. The place where the Count was struck down is still shown. Many years later his bones were found under the marble slab before the chimney of the castle. The prince obtained a divorce, but never relaxed his severity towards his wife, who, on her part, never ceased protesting her innocence.

It is said that at the time when King George I. entered Germany, in June, 1727, an unknown person threw into his carriage a letter from the princess, written during her last illness, solemnly adjuring her husband to repent of the terrible injury which he had inflicted upon her, and calling upon him to appear within a year before the tribunal of God.

It was to this summons from the tomb that was attributed that unexpected blow which so suddenly fell upon King George. On the 10th of June, 1727, he departed from Delden in good health, but within a few hours was struck by apoplexy. His servants desired to stop, but the king repeated, in a stifled voice, "Osnabruch! Osnabruch!" When they gained that palace of the prince Bishop, his brother, the King of England was dead.

Chapter XXXV.

George II (1727-1760).

It is the honor and the good fortune of free countries to be often served, and at times gloriously governed, without display and without the personal grandeur of the sovereign called to the throne by the law of heredity. Already slowly undermined by the misdeeds and misfortunes of King Louis XIV.'s last years, absolute power was enfeebled and dishonored in France, in the indolent and corrupt hands of Louis XV. In Europe, in Asia, in America, war was about to deal it a mortal blow, by despoiling our country of that military glory which had for long been our appanage, despite the crimes and errors of our home government. Honest and well disposed toward his counsellors and his people, without cunning and without breadth of view, constantly pre-occupied with the German interests of his Electorate, George II. was about to assure to England a long period of security and prosperity, sometimes brilliant, always fatal to his enemies at home and to his rivals abroad, to the house of Stuart as to France.

It was to the natural development and to the regular play of parliamentary government that England owed this repose, often laborious and difficult, solidly founded on the firmest bases during the long reign of the second Hanoverian monarch. Four notable ministries were to succeed each other round the throne of George II., the first and the last in the hands of men eminent in various ways, Robert Walpole and Lord Chatham: 1727-1741-1756-1760; directed from 1742 till 1744 by Lord Carteret, soon afterwards Lord Granville, and from 1744 till 1756 by the Duke of Newcastle and his brother Henry Pelham.



GEORGE II.

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All called to face serious difficulties, great internal and external shocks, the ministers of George II., eloquent or commonplace, remained faithful to the king whom they served, and never afforded that example of treason and deplorable weaknesses which had shamefully marked the life of so many Statesmen during the last three reigns. There was conspiracy yet, but the conspirators no longer hid themselves in the royal palaces, at the head of armies or of public affairs. It was on the field of battle that the Stuarts were to play and lose their last game. At the death of George I. the fate of the new dynasty and of the protestant succession might, to superficial observation, have appeared uncertain and precarious. At the death of George II. the work had been accomplished; thenceforth revolutions were to be for England only a remembrance at once glorious and sad, without possible recurrence and without bitter traces. National victories would efface the last remnant of intestine strifes.

By the side of George II., on the throne still occupied by a half-foreign monarch, who spoke the language of his people with a pronounced accent, who was of slender appearance, and more brave in person than royal in tastes and habits, was seated a clever, moderate, wise and learned princess, with a semblance of pedantry, who was skilful, and very soon dominant in the government, without ever giving evidence of any presumption. Princess Caroline d'Anspach had often had to lament the infidelities of her husband; he remained attached to her, nevertheless, and her influence was constantly first with him. Robert Walpole had known how to anticipate this influence. He never omitted, for the benefit of the prince's favorite, the deference that he had displayed to the Princess of Wales. The queen did not forget it.

The first moment of the new reign had not been propitious to the powerful minister of George I. When he presented himself at the palace, in order to announce to the new monarch the death of the king his father, George II.,

scarcely awakened from his customary siesta, had brusquely replied to the minister's question, "Whom does your Majesty charge with the communications to the Privy Council?"—"Compton," said the king. In retiring to convey the royal command to his rival, thus designated as his successor, Walpole lost neither his coolness nor his firm resolution to govern his country for the longest possible period. "I am about to fall," he had just said to Sir William Young, "but I advise you not to throw yourself into a violent opposition, for I shall not be slow to rise again."

As a matter of fact, Walpole was not to fall. It was only the breath of royal disfavor that was to pass over him. Sir Spencer Compton, soon afterwards Lord Wilmington, an honest and capable man, but of dull wit and without facility of speech, as without ministerial experience, modestly requested Walpole to compose for him the communication with which the king had charged him. Walpole did so. The secret leaked out. At the same time the minister, momentarily superseded, proposed to the queen an increase of revenue for the king and a dowry for herself, which he believed himself sure of having voted by Parliament. Already well-disposed toward Walpole, Caroline knew how to cleverly prove to her husband the danger that he would find, at the commencement of his reign, in losing a powerful and popular minister by throwing him into opposition. Already the courtiers had abandoned Walpole, and crowded around Sir Spencer Compton. At the ceremony of hand-kissing, Lady Walpole "could scarcely force a passage between the disdainful backs and elbows of those who had flattered her the day before," writes her son Horace, in his *Souvenirs*. When the queen, perceiving her in the last ranks, exclaimed, "Ah! I see a friend down there," the crowd opened right and left. "In coming back," said Lady Walpole, "I might have walked over their heads, if I had desired." During thirteen years more Walpole was to exercise that authority of which he was secretly so jealous. "Sir Robert was moderate in the exercise of power," said Hume; "he was not just in seizing the whole of it." Walpole had already alienated Pulteney and Carteret; he was about to embroil himself with Townshend. The divisions of the Whig party were the work of his jealous contrivings. It had for long been draining its strength; its debility and downfall were one day to follow.

The attack especially directed against the foreign policy, soon began, and was hotly sustained in the House of Commons by Pulteney, for the time being at one with the Tories and with Sir William Wyndham; in the press and in the depths of parliamentary intrigues by Lord Bolingbroke, ever the implacable enemy of Walpole, who was obstinate in refusing him re-entrance into the House of Lords. The Treaty of Seville had just put an end to the dissensions with Spain (November, 1729). It was then, on the accomplishment of the Treaty of Utrecht, that the attacks of the *patriots*,—a name adopted by the Whigs who had gone into opposition—were brought to bear. The ministry was reproached with not having guarded against the demolition of Dunkerque, "I went the day before yesterday to Parliament," wrote Montesquieu in his "*Notes on England*," to the lower House.

"The Dunkerque affair was under discussion there. I have never seen such a blaze. The sitting lasting from one o'clock in the afternoon till three o'clock after midnight. There, the French were well abused. I noticed how far the frightful jealousy goes which exists between the two nations. M. Walpole attacked Bolingbroke in the most savage manner, and said that he had conducted the whole intrigue. Chevalier Wyndham defended him. M. Walpole related in reference to Bolingbroke, the story of a farmer, who, passing under a tree with his wife, found that a man who had been hanged there, still breathed. He cut him down and took him to his house and he revived. They discovered that this man had on the day before stolen their forks. So they said, 'The course of justice must not be opposed; he must be carried back whence we have taken him.'"

It was only in 1734, and under the threat which perhaps qualms of conscience made him fear, that Bolingbroke once again voluntarily exiled himself. Walpole had conceived a great financial scheme for the increase of indirect taxation or excise. The opposition violently pounced upon this unpopular project. The rumor spread that the excise would be general. "I declare," said Walpole, "that I never had the thought, and that no man to my knowledge has ever had the thought of proposing a general application of the excise. I have never dreamed of any duties except those on wines and tobacco, and that in consequence of the frequent complaints I have

received from merchants themselves about the frauds which are daily committed in these two branches of commerce."

Public discontent and irritation were too vehement to be calmed by the moderation of Walpole: the minister prudently let the discussion drop. The queen had constantly supported Walpole. She had summoned one of the king's personal friends, Lord Scarborough, in order to consult him. "I answer for my regiment against the Pretender," said he, "but not against those who insist upon the excise." Tears came into the eyes of the princess. "Then," said she, "it must be renounced."

Emboldened by this negative victory, the chiefs of the opposition took up the question of septennial Parliaments. The duration of the legislature was approaching its termination. The attack was directed by Wyndham, who was covertly backed and instructed by Bolingbroke. It was against this cloaked and absent foe that Walpole rose with all the eloquence, temperate in form, impressive and haughty in effect, with which, on occasion, he so well knew how to overwhelm his adversaries. "Much has been said here of ministers arrogantly hurling defiance, of ministers destitute of all sense of virtue and honor: it appears to me, gentlemen, that with equal right, and more justly, I think, we may speak of anti-ministers and mock patriots, who never had either virtue or honor, and who are actuated only by envy or resentment. Let me suppose an anti-minister who regards himself as a man of such consequence, and endowed with such extensive parts, that he alone in the State is equal to the conduct of public affairs; and who stigmatizes as blunderers all those who have the honor to be engaged therein. Suppose that this personage has been lucky enough to enrol among his party men truly distinguished, wealthy, and of ancient family, as well as others of extreme views, arising from disappointed and envenomed hearts. Suppose all these men to be moved by him solely in respect to their political behavior, without real attachment for this chief whom they so blindly follow, and who is detested by the rest of humanity. We see this anti-minister in a country where he ought not to be, where he could not be without the exercise of an excessive clemency, yet employing all his efforts to destroy the source whence this mercy flowed. Let us suppose him in that country, continually occupied in contracting intimacies with the ambassadors of princes who are most hostile to his own; and if

there should be a secret, the divulgence of which would be prejudicial to his country, disclosing it without hesitation to the foreign ministers who have applied to him to discover it. Finally, let us suppose that this anti-minister has travelled, and that at every court where he has been placed as minister, he has betrayed every confidence, as well as all the secrets of the countries through which he has passed; destitute as he is of faith and honor, and betraying every master whom he has served."

I have desired to give an idea of the violence of parliamentary discussion under George II., as well as of the deep-rooted animosity which existed between Walpole and Bolingbroke. The latter did not dare to face any revelations or more definite accusations. He soon quitted England, not to return as long as Walpole was in power. When he came back, in 1742, at the moment of his father's death, it was to establish himself in the country, in the house at Battersea, where he was born, and where he finally died, on the 17th of December, 1751, after the most stormy life, sadly devoted to unfortunate or disastrous enterprises, which were unscrupulously pursued with the resources of a rare and fruitful genius. "God, who has placed me here below," said he to Lord Chesterfield, in bidding him farewell, "will make of me what he will, after this; and he knows what is the best thing to do." All the irregularities of his life and all the inveterate doubts of his mind had never availed to snatch from the depths of the dying Bolingbroke's soul the hereditary faith in God which he had learned as a child at the knees of his mother, who had been piously attached to the principles of the old Dissenters.

The prolonged power of Walpole was menaced, and his authority seriously shaken. Troubles had broken out in Scotland. The escape of one smuggler and the punishment of another had aroused the populace of the capital, and caused that riot against Captain Porteous which forms one of the principal episodes of the Prison of Edinburgh.

Discord reigned in the royal family between King George II. and his eldest son, Frederick, Prince of Wales, as it had previously reigned between King George I. and his son. The queen shared the annoyance of her consort, and refused to see the prince, when, in the month of November, 1737, she was on her death-bed. "I hope that you will never

desert the king," said she to Walpole. "It is to you that I commend him. Continue to serve with your accustomed fidelity." Walpole's regrets were bitter and sincere. He was losing an ally as certain as she was efficacious, at the moment when the violence of the attacks against him was increasing.

The Convention of Madrid, which ended with the close of the year 1738, had excited great discontent among the English merchants. The wise endeavors of the minister for the maintenance of peace with Spain were regarded as cowardice. Sixty members of the opposition, with Wyndham at their head, had declared their resolve of no longer taking part in the deliberations of a corrupt Parliament. The government majority grew smaller daily. Walpole, always obstinately attached to power, determined to bend before the storm and to lend his aid to a war which he deplored, and the result of which he doubted. On the 19th of October, 1739, as the city bells were sounding with all their peals in honor of the declaration of war, "Ring the cords of all your bells to-day," muttered Walpole; "it will not be long before you are wringing your hands."

The prudent sagacity and experience of Walpole had not deceived him. England entered upon a restless and stormy period, the beginnings of which were not happy. The first expeditions had been directed against the Spanish colonies of South America. By dint of courage and address, Commodore Anson, who was charged with the attack on Peru, opposed by wind and tide, succeeded in saving only one of his ships, with which he accomplished the tour of the world, whilst Admiral Vernon, at first victorious before Porto-Bello, and lauded to the skies by the opposition, to which party he belonged, failed sadly before Cartagena and Santiago. The patriots attributed the checks suffered by English armies to Walpole. "For nearly twenty years he has demonstrated that he possesses neither wisdom nor prudence," exclaimed Lord Carteret; "there is still left him a little of the cunning common to Smithfield cattle-dealers or to French valets under indulgent masters; but his whole conduct proves that he has no true sagacity. Our allies know and deplore it; our foes know it and are glad of it." Yet once again, Walpole triumphed in the Houses; his strength was being spent in repeated struggles.

Parliament had just been dissolved; the electoral prospects were threatening. Europe was agitated by the gravest anxieties. The Emperor Charles VI. had just died, on the 20th of October, 1740. All the powers had agreed to the Pragmatic Sanction, which assured the rights of the Archduchess Maria-Theresa. Scarcely had her father been laid in the grave, than the majority of the great sovereigns were already dividing the spoils. The competitors were numerous and their titles were various. The young Queen of Hungary found opposed to her a rival and an enemy. The elector of Bavaria reclaimed the domains of the House of Austria by virtue of a will of Ferdinand I., father of Charles V. He was supported by France, despite the peaceful inclinations of Cardinal Fleury, grown old, and instigated by the Marshal Belle-Isle. Spain laid claim to the sovereignty of Hungary and of Bohemia, which had long been dependants of her crown. She united her forces with those of France and Bavaria against Maria-Theresa. The new King of Prussia, Frederick II., on obsolete or imaginary rights, marched boldly to the conquests of which he was ambitious. From the time when he came to the throne, in the month of August, 1740, preceded by the reputation for a cultivated and liberal mind, and amenable to generous sentiments, Frederick, who had long been kept away from state affairs by the brutal jealousy of his father, had been silently preparing his means of attack. On leaving a masqued ball, he had set out post haste for the Silesian frontier, where he had collected thirty thousand troops. Without preliminary notice, without a declaration of war, he entered the Austrian territory, which was inadequately or badly defended. Before the end of January, 1741, he was master of Silesia. At his departure, Frederick had said to the French ambassador: "I believe I am going to play your game; if the aces come to me we will divide."

England was excited by the war. King George II. was more excited than England. Hanover was menaced; he crossed to Germany to raise troops. A subsidy was voted in favor of the Queen of Hungary; certain English envoys arrived at the camp of the belligerents. Lord Hyndford sought to excite some generous scruples in the mind of Frederick. "Do not speak to me of magnanimity, my lord," exclaimed the king; "a prince should consult only his interest. I have no objection to peace, but I require four duchies, and I will have them." The proposals transmitted by Mr. Robinson in the name of the Queen of Hungary seemed hard to that

princess. "I hope, with all my heart, that he will reject them," she had said, with tears in her eyes. "Always subterfuges," exclaimed Frederick; "if you have nothing to say to me in regard to Silesia, negotiations are useless. My ancestors would rise out of their tombs to reproach me with the abandonment of their just rights."

France had concluded an alliance with the King of Prussia, assuring him the possession of lower Silesia. Marshal Maillebois was closely pressing Hanover; King George II. was alarmed, and signed a treaty of neutrality for one year, engaging not to furnish any assistance to the Queen of Hungary and to refrain from voting as elector for her husband, Francis of Lorraine, who aspired to the imperial dignity. On the 26th of November, 1741, the Elector of Bavaria was proclaimed King of Bohemia. On the 14th of February, 1742, he was crowned emperor, under the name of Charles VII. The allied armies had menaced Vienna, and Queen Maria-Theresa, flying from town to town before her triumphant enemies, had only found refuge and support in Hungary, amid the palatines and magnates assembled at Presbourg. *Moriamur pro rege nostro, Maria-Theresa!* they had shouted, with a unanimous voice, drawing their swords. All the horrors of war were desolating Germany. Everywhere irregular troops scoured the country, pillaging, massacring, burning. The hereditary domains of the new emperor were in turn menaced. "He remains at Frankfort," wrote the lawyer Barbier, in his journal, "and it would be difficult for him to go elsewhere safely."

The neutrality of Hanover had been received in England with anger; public feeling had been against the minister since the opening of the session, and a contested election brought the fact to light. The most devoted friends of Walpole pressed him to resign. He still hesitated, being passionately attached, after twenty years of its exercise, to that power which he had obstinately defended against so many enemies. He decided, at last, renouncing together with authority, the thorough dominance which he had so long maintained in the House of Commons. He received from the king every pledge of affection and of the most sincere regret, and the title of Earl of Orford. Some months later, Pulteney, in his turn, was elevated to the House of Lords, under the name of Lord Bath. Walpole, still influential with George II., had contributed with all his power to this

annihilatory elevation. He approached his ancient antagonist with a smile. "Well, my lord," said he, "behold us become the two most insignificant personages in England."

Walpole did not long survive his downfall. In spite of his withdrawal to Houghton, he never became, because he could not be, insignificant. He had governed for twenty years with consummate skill, employing indifferently good and evil means, oratorical eloquence as well as parliamentary corruption; anxious to serve his friends rather than to conciliate his enemies, without ever giving to his country the pleasure of glory or the spectacle of political and moral greatness; contributing nevertheless to the happiness and prosperity of England by assuring to her, in the midst of serious external and internal troubles, long years of peace. His great rival in the art of governance was already rising to view; and amid the ranks of the patriot Whigs observing foresight had distinguished young William Pitt, destined to rule, as a master, the country and the Parliament that Walpole, like a skilful pilot, had long guided. "Between Sir Robert Walpole and Lord Chatham," as Lord Macaulay has wittily remarked, "there was all the distance between success and glory."

The new cabinet had just been formed, under the direction of Lord Carteret, soon afterwards, in right of his mother, Lord Granville. Pulteney had declined all office. "I have too often protested my disinterestedness to occupy any place," he had said. When he perceived that influence as well as power had escaped him, it was too late to retrace his steps. The ministry as formed was already discussed in Parliament, as well as throughout the country, and was experiencing an opposition which would ere long become formidable. Carteret was intelligent, brilliant and amiable, unequal and uncertain. He allowed himself to be led, at times, even as far as debauchery: he always remained eloquent and adroit in diplomatic manoeuvres. He had concentrated all his efforts on the maintenance of the king's favor, often neglecting his partisans, and relying on corruption to rally his friends. "What do the judges and bishops matter to me?" said he, contemptuously; "my concern is to make kings and emperors, and to preserve the European balance." "Very well," replied the office-seeker, so cavalierly denied; "those who do care for judges and bishops will be appealed to."

Thus began already the power of the Pelhams, who were more careful than Carteret to use such means of influence as the exercise of high offices placed in the hands of ministers or their friends.

The war was still being waged in Germany. With the fall of Walpole, England's neutrality had ended. Already a body of troops had taken the road for Flanders. Women of distinction, with the Duchess of Marlborough at their head, had collected by subscription the sum of one hundred thousand pounds sterling, which they successfully offered to the haughty Maria-Theresa. The king had taken into his pay six thousand Hessian soldiers. The cabinet proposed to raise in Hanover a body of sixteen thousand at England's expense. The opposition violently inveighed against this measure. "It is too evident," said Pitt, "that this great kingdom, which is powerful and formidable, is regarded as a province of a pitiful Electorate, and that troops are only raised in pursuance of a design long matured, in order to swallow up all the resources of our unhappy country." The proposal passed, however, and the king put himself at the head of the forces he had collected in Germany. The States-General of Holland had united their troops with his. The fortune of war had changed. Charles VII., a fugitive in his turn, driven from his hereditary States, which Marshal Broglie had evacuated, had no longer any hope, save in the aid of France. She alone sustained all the burden of the war, which she had not yet officially declared. In England they laughed at the state of matters in Europe. "Our situation is absurd," said Horace Walpole, the intelligent son of the great minister, who was constantly dabbling in politics, as in literature. "We have declared war on Spain without making it, and we make war on France without having declared it."

King George II., as well as his second son, the Duke of Cumberland, gave proof of striking bravery on the 17th of July, 1743, at the battle Dettingen, which was disastrous to France, despite the able preparations of Marshal Noailles. An imprudence of his nephew, the Duke de Grammont, decided the fate of the day. But the jealousy which existed between the English and German generals hindered the course of operations. A treaty concluded at Worms, on the 13th of September, between England, Austria and Sardinia, was badly received by Parliament, which, with good reason, deemed it more favorable to the interests of Hanover than to those of

England. The name Hanoverian began to be used as an insult, and was applied at times to the king himself. All the influence that Walpole had preserved in Parliament, and his speech in the House of Lords, were necessary to obtain the maintenance of the foreign troops. Lord Wilmington had just died, and at this time it was by the advice of Walpole that Henry Pelham was called to fill his place at the head of the Treasury. One year later, in the month of November, 1744, a division occurred in the cabinet. In spite of the personal favor of the king, Carteret, then Lord Granville, yielded to the influence of Henry Pelham and his brother-in-law, the Duke of Newcastle. War was at length officially declared between France and England. The new ministers lately raised to power in the name of English interests, as against the German proclivities of the king, continued to hire Hanoverian troops. At the opening of the campaign of 1745, the Duke of Cumberland found himself at the head of the allies.

The Emperor Charles VII. had just died, and his son had treated with the Queen of Hungary. Already for two years Frederick II., being master of Silesia, had quitted the field of battle, and observed with curious and cool interest the struggles which were drenching Europe in blood, and serving to weaken his rivals. Uneasy at the progress which Maria Theresa was making, he re-entered the lists, however. King Louis XV. had taken the lead of his army. He had just arrived before Tournay, with the dauphin, who had recently been married to the daughter of the King of Spain. On the 9th of May, 1745, at the break of day, the hostile forces met near the little village of Fontenoy. The relation of this victory belongs to the history of France. Marshal Saxe, a foreigner, and a Protestant, was henceforth to maintain alone the glory and the high tradition of Louis Fourteenth's marshals. He was sick, and believed to be dying, but he caused himself to be borne on a litter at the head of the army. "The question is not to live, but to proceed," he had replied to Voltaire, who was astonished at sight of his preparations. The Austrians were few in number. The veteran general Königseck commanded a corps of eight thousand men. An attack directed by the English on the forest of Lane, which the French troops occupied, had been repulsed. General Ingoldsby had fallen back on the main body of the army, commanded by the Duke of Cumberland. "March straight before you, your highness," said Königseck to the prince. "The ravine in front of Fontenoy must be gained." The

movements of the Dutch were slow and undecisive; the English gave way. They formed a deep and serried column, preceded and flanked by cannons. The French batteries thundered right and left; entire ranks fell in their tracks; they were soon replaced; cannons, dragged by hand opposite Fontenoy, and redoubts answered the French artillery. It was in vain that the French guards sought to capture the enemy's cannon. The two armies were at last face to face.

Frequent mention has been made of the interchange of courtesies, which took place between French and English officers, on both sides of the ravine. The English officers had saluted; Count Chabannes and the Duke de Biron, who were in advance, uncovered in their turn. "Gentlemen of the French guard, withdraw," cried Lord Charles Hay. "Withdraw yourselves, gentlemen of England," retorted Count d'Auteroche; "we are never the first to retreat." The English fusillade was mortal to the French guard. Their colonel, the Duke de Grammont, had been slain at the beginning of the battle. The soldiers yielded. The English crossed the ravine which protected Fontenoy. They advanced as though on parade; the majors each having a small cane in his hand, rested it lightly on the muskets of the soldiers, in order to regulate their fire. One after another the French regiments broke against this immovable column. The Duke of Cumberland had ceased to advance, but, impassive and victorious, through the calm bravery of his soldiers, he occupied the field of battle. Königseck sent him his felicitations.

Marshal Saxe had begged Louis XV. to retreat. "I know that he will do what he ought," replied the monarch, "but I stay where I am." The marshal had just concentrated his troops, in order to make a final effort. The Irish brigade in the French service, which was almost entirely composed of Jacobite exiles, headed the regiments which charged at once on the English. The Dutch had effected their retreat. The English column found itself overwhelmed. It finally gave way without disorder, and preserved to the end its bold front. The Duke of Cumberland, the last to retreat, as he had been the first to attack, recalled to his soldiers the glorious memories of Blenheim and Ramillies; he blew out the brains of an officer who took to flight. The military skill of the English generals had not equalled their heroism. The battle of Fontenoy gave the result of the campaign to France,

but Queen Maria Theresa had just accomplished her great aim. Her husband had been raised to empire on the 13th of September, 1745. She had made a treaty with the King of Prussia. Louis XV. stood alone against Germany, which had become neutral, or which rallied round the reinstated empire. Great internal struggles henceforth absorbed the thoughts and efforts of England.

An attractive young man, bold and frivolous, Prince Charles Edward Stuart, the eldest son of the Chevalier St. George, had for a long time cherished the hope of recovering the throne of his fathers. Since the beginning of 1744, he had left Rome, where he was living with his father, attracted to Paris by the rumor of an invasion of England, which the ministers of Louis XV. desired to attempt. He was provided with letters patent, declaring him regent of the three kingdoms of England, Scotland and Ireland, the *alter ego* of the king, his father, charged, [in] his absence, with the exercise of royal authority. The projected attempt did not eventuate: the ships collected at Dunkirk were dispersed, as Prince Charles Edward had not been able to obtain an audience with Louis XV. For some time he maintained the strictest incognito. "I have taken a house a league from Paris, and I live there like a hermit," he wrote to his father. "This becomes however, the secret of the comedy." The repulse of the English at Fontenoy seemed a favorable opportunity to the young prince. "I have always had at heart," said he, "the re-establishment of my father's throne, but only with the aid of his own subjects." He was encouraged in his project by Cardinal de Tencin, who had lately obtained his hat by the influence of the dethroned monarch. "Why do you not try to cross in a ship to the north of Scotland?" he had said to the prince; "your presence can form a party and an army for you. France will be compelled to give you aid."

Charles Edward had kept his secret from the ministers of Louis XV. as he had kept it from King James. It was only on the 12th of June, 1745, that he wrote to his father, from the Chateau de Navarre, near Ivry: "Your Majesty would not desire me to have followed his example. You acted in 1715 as I do to-day, under very different circumstances; those which now present themselves are more encouraging. This will only transpire after the embarkation. The lot is cast. I have determined either to conquer or die,

resolved that I am not to yield a foot so long as I shall have a man with me."

The young prince's jewels had been pledged; he had purchased arms and supplies. On the 13th of July he set sail, accompanied by a freight vessel, the Elizabeth, which was soon followed by a French vessel. The little brig that carried him touched on the Scotch coast. A large eagle hovered over the Isle of Erisca, when the ship touched land. "Behold the king of the air come to salute your royal highness," exclaimed Lord Tullibardine. Gladdened by this happy augury, the bold exiles disembarked fearlessly. The prince was disguised, and the crew did not even yet know his name.

In Scotland they were better informed. The Jacobites had for some time been cognizant of the prince's intentions. They were uneasy, and secretly disturbed. The most eminent had even declared to Murray, the prince's agent, that it would be impossible for them to effect a rising without the landing of a body of regular troops. Charles Edward came alone. When he summoned the Macdonalds—the chiefs of the small cluster of islands where he landed—the old Macdonald of Boisdale presented himself in the name of his absent nephew, and refused to pledge his support to the undertaking. "A word will be sufficient to bring Sir Alexander Macdonald and McLeod of McLeod here," exclaimed the prince. "Your highness is mistaken," replied Boisdale; "I have seen them both a few days ago, and they have told me of their determination to risk nothing without external aid." The prince was silent, being more annoyed than dejected. When he cast his eyes on a young highlander who had come on board his ship with Boisdale, and who fixed his gleaming glance on him; "You, at least, you will come to my assistance," said he, quickly turning to the young man. "Even to death, if I should be alone to draw the sword," cried Ranald. "I did not know him yet, and I felt my heart in my mouth when I looked at him in his abbe's habit," said another witness of the first interview. Enthusiasm is a contagious power; the chiefs of the Macdonalds were conquered. They promised to sacrifice everything, life and property, in the cause of their legitimate sovereign.

Eight days had not elapsed before the greater part of the highland gentlemen had followed their example. Vainly had the chief of the

Camerons, young Lochiel, for a time resisted the contagion. "Do not go to see the prince," his brother had said to him; "when you are in his presence he will make you do what he wishes." Lochiel had followed this course. Charles Edward pressed him in vain. "I am resolved to run the chance of it," at last exclaimed the adventurous young man. "In a few days I shall raise the royal standard and proclaim to the people of Great Britain that Charles Stuart is come to reclaim the crown of his ancestors, prepared to perish if he should fail. Lochiel can remain at home. My father had often instanced him as the staunchest of our friends. He will learn from the papers the fate of his prince." It was too much. "No," replied the chief, "I shall share the fate of your highness, whatever it may be, and I shall involve in my fortune all those whom birth or chance has placed under my authority."

The Cameron clan was the first and most numerous at the rendezvous fixed by Charles Edward at Glennin. About fifteen hundred men assisted there at the unfurling of the royal banner of the Stuarts, so often and so cruelly disastrous to Scotland and the Scotch. Some weeks later, profiting by the uneasiness which the wild mountain defiles had inspired in Sir John Cope, who was commanding the troops of King George in Scotland, the young prince pressed quickly forward. Received everywhere with acclamations, he entered Perth on the 4th of September, where he organized his army, which was constantly enlarged by new recruits. He chose Lord George Murray, brother of the Duke of Athol, who had served with distinction on the continent, for lieutenant-general. Sterling, Falkirk, Linlithgow, either opened their gates to him or were obliged to surrender. On the 17th, Charles Edward, from the heights of Certespine, viewed the noble city of Edinburgh seated like a queen between the mountains and the sea. Already the young prince had put a price on the capture of "George, elector of Hanover." "If any harm happen to him," said the proclamation, "the blame will recoil on those who have first set this infamous example."

After having effected a movement in advance, which had eventuated in a retreat without fighting, General Cope was drawing near the rebels by sea. The weather was contrary. The guardianship of the capital was intrusted to a regiment of militia and a volunteer corps supported by two regiments.

The latter had been charged with the defence of the heights. The terror was extreme, and the feeling vainly concealed itself beneath a noisy display of courage. When they learned of the highlanders' approach, and that the troops were summoned to arms, a handful of volunteers, speedily diminished still farther by the entreaties of wives and mothers, appeared on parade. The militia corps was not any braver. The dragoons took flight, crossed the town at a gallop, and only paused at the borders of Berwick. The prince sent summons after summons to the provost. "My proclamation and the declarations of the king my father are a sufficient protection for the security of all the towns of the kingdom," said Charles Edward. "If I enter peaceably within your walls you will suffer no harm; if you resist, you will be placed under martial law."



CHARLES EDWARD.

Charles Edward.

The municipal magistrates still hesitated; the prince refused to receive their deputies, for the second time. As the carriages were re-entering the town, and as the gate opened to give them passage, eight hundred Camerons, commanded by Lochiel, flung themselves on the guards and easily effected an entrance into the city. In an instant they had command of every gate. At the break of day, Charles Edward, who had immediately been informed, set out with his little army. Avoiding the fusillade from the castle, which was occupied by Lord Guest, he entered the capital at midday, without striking a blow. The Scotch heralds, incontinently brought to the Square were forced to proclaim King James VIII., and to read in a loud voice the proclamations of the king and his son. The Jacobite ladies crowded to the windows, saluting the prince with their applause. James Hepburn, of Keith, carrying his drawn sword before the young regent, introduced him into the palace of his ancestors. Holyrood resounded with shouts of joy. A crowd of noble lords pressed round the young prince. "Tomorrow, gentlemen, we will march to meet General Cope," said he, as he parted from his guests. Acclamations from all sides answered him. On leaving the town, at daybreak, Charles Edward drew his sword and brandished it above his head, exclaiming, "Gentlemen, I have thrown away the scabbard."

General Cope, having landed at Dunbar, had rallied his fugitive dragoons, and was advancing with all speed on Edinburgh. On the 20th of September, the two armies found themselves face to face on the plain of Prestonpans. It was late: the prince was urged to make the attack, but marsh separated him from the foe. A council was held. Charles Edward lay down on a bundle of straw in the midst of his soldiers. In the night he was awakened by one of his aides-de-camp. The proprietor of the piece of ground occupied by the troops, Mr. Wilson, of Whitbough, had remembered an indirect passage which enabled them to avoid the dangerous parts of the marsh. He communicated his plan to the prince. At

sunrise the highlanders had surmounted the obstacle, and already threatened the royal troops. A moment of meditation, with uncovered head, on the part of all the soldiers, preceded the shrill summons of the bagpipes and the shouts of the mountaineers. Before the English soldiers could draw, the highlanders had turned aside, with blows of their daggers, the barrels of the muskets, striking with their claymores the foremost ranks, who fell back dying. The cannon had been discarded from the first.

Like the Vendean peasants, the Scotch mountaineers dreaded artillery, and their impetuous bravery was constantly bent on hindering its ravages. Like the former, also, they dragged after them an old field-piece, which they called 'the mother of muskets,'—a worthy predecessor of the illustrious *Marie Jeanne* of the army of Lescure and under Laroche-jacquelin.

The dragoons had, as on the day before, taken flight, in spite of the efforts of the brave and pious Colonel Gardener, slain soon afterward himself, as he was encouraging the resistance of a little platoon of troops. The infantry held its ground well, but every effort of the highlanders was now concentrated against it. The axes of Lochabar felled heads and lopped limbs. Before this savage valor the English soldiers at length gave way. James MacGregor, son of the celebrated Rob Roy, himself pierced with five wounds, shouted to his companions, "I am not dead, my men; I look to you to do your duty." Everywhere the chiefs were in the fray, at the head of their men. "Do you think that our men are fit to resist the regular troops?" the prince had asked of MacDonald of Keppoch, who had served long in France "I know nothing about it," replied the highlander; "it is long since our clans have been defeated; but what I know well is that the chieftains will be in front, and that the soldiers will not leave them long alone." The attack and the victory only lasted for some moments. General Cope followed his dragoons and brought the news of his defeat to Berwick. "You are the first general who has ever himself announced his own defeat," said Lord Mark Kerr, ironically to him. The fugitives had not been pursued: the highlanders were absorbed in the division of spoils. The prince had carefully protected the wounded. "If I had gained the victory over foreigners, my joy would be complete," he wrote on the morrow to the king his father, "but the idea that it is over the English has mingled in it more bitterness than I thought possible. I learn that six thousand Dutch

troops have arrived, and that ten battalions of English have been sent. I wish that they were all Dutch, so that I should not have the sorrow of shedding English blood. I hope I shall soon oblige the elector to send the rest, which at all events will be a service done to England, by making her renounce a foreign war, which is ruinous to her. Unhappily the victory brings embarrassments. I am charged with taking care of my friends and of my enemies; those who ought to bury the dead, as if that did not concern them. My highlanders consider themselves above doing it, and the peasants have withdrawn. I am equally much embarrassed on account of my wounded prisoners. If I make a hospital of a church, people will cry out against this great profanation, and will repeat what I said in my proclamation, by which I was pledged not to violate any propriety. Let come what may, I am resolved not to leave the poor wounded fellows in the street. If I cannot do better, I shall convert the palace into a hospital, and give it to them."

King George II. had just returned to England, recalled by the anxieties of his cabinet. The Marquis of Tweeddale, charged with Scotch affairs, being himself undecided and perplexed, complained of being neither seconded nor obeyed. The inhabitants of the Lowlands possessed no arms, the Whig clans of the Highlands delivered up their muskets after the rebellion of 1715 and 1719. Public spirit was not yet excited in England. Either the fears there were shameful, or the indifference excessive. "England will belong to the one who arrives first," wrote Henry Fox, afterwards Lord Holland, and himself a member of the government, to one of his friends. "If you can tell me which will be here most quickly, the six thousand Dutch and the ten English battalions that we are receiving from Flanders, or the five thousand French and Spanish that are announced, you would be made certain of our lot."

Patriotic sentiment, even when it is tardy of awakening, is more powerful than politicians are sometimes led to believe. The prudent indifference of Louis the XV.th's ministers was not deceived. In spite of the ardor of his warlike zeal, Charles Edward felt how precarious was success, and how necessary was external aid. He had several times renewed his representations to the Court of Versailles. Some convoys of arms and money had been sent him; it was even proposed to place the young Duke

of York at the head of the Irish brigade; but the ordinary slowness of a weak government interfered with its operations. The assistance so often promised by Spain, as by France, was, up till then, confined to the personal expeditions of some brave adventurers. The Duke of Rochelieu ought to place himself at the head, it was said. "As for the landing at Dunkirk which was spoken of," wrote the eminent Barbier, at the end of the year 1745, "there is much anxiety about it, for we are at the end of December and it is not yet accomplished, which permits every one to invent news according to his fancy. This uncertainty discourages the French, who publish that our expedition will not take place, or at least that it will not assemble."

The expedition did not sail. The prince was ardently desirous of marching upon London, being, like his predecessors in the Scottish insurrection, fatally drawn on to seek, in the very centre of Great Britain, that support and success which always failed them. The Scottish chiefs protested, being violently opposed to the abandonment of Scotland. The prince was ill-inclined to bear contradiction, and promptly flew into a passion in the council. "I perceive, gentlemen," he cried, "that you are determined to remain in Scotland and defend your country. I am not less determined to try my fortune in England. I will go, though I should be alone."

The highlanders yielded with reluctance, and without confidence. "We have undertaken to re-establish the kingdom as well as the King of Scotland," they had often said, and Charles Edward had solemnly announced that his father would never ratify the union. He had even thought of convoking a parliament at Edinburgh. The practical difficulties of the project had deterred him from it. Before turning his steps into England, the prince published an appeal to his subjects of the three kingdoms, as clever as it was impassioned. "It has been sought to frighten you concerning the dangers that your religion and liberty might run. You have been spoken to of arbitrary power; of the tyranny of France and Spain. Give ear to the simple truth. I have at my own expense hired a vessel. Provided but ill with money, arms, or friends, I have come to Scotland with seven persons. I have published the declaration of the king my father, and I have proclaimed his rights, with pardon in one hand and liberty of conscience in the other. As for the reproaches lately addressed to

the royal family, the wrongs which might have called them forth have been sufficiently expiated. During the fifty-seven years that our house has lived in exile, has the nation been more happy and more prosperous for it? Are you right, as fathers of Great Britain and Ireland, to love those who have governed you? Have you found more humanity among those whom their birth did not call to the throne than among my royal ancestors? Do you owe them other benefits than the crushing burden of an enormous debt? If it be not so, whence come so many complaints and such continual reproaches in your meetings? I have come here without the aid of France or Spain. But when I see my enemies rallying against me—Dutch, Danes, Hessians, Swiss—and that the Elector of Hanover summons his allies to protect him against the subjects of the king, it seems to me that the king my father is also, in his turn, warranted in accepting some assistance. I am ready, however. If my enemies desire to put it to the proof, let them send back their foreign mercenaries; let them trust to the lot of battles. I shall run my chance with the subjects of my father alone."

The prince's army amounted at most to six thousand men. Many of the great lords and Scotch gentlemen had remained neutral. Some, like Lord Lovat, the chief of the Fraser clan, being scandalously perfidious and corrupt, had secretly authorized their sons to join the prince, reserving to themselves the right of repudiating, if necessary. "There is a singular mixture of gray-beards and beardless boys," wrote a spy who had been sent from England about the middle of October. "There are old men ready to descend into their graves, and youngsters who are not much higher than their swords, and who have not strength to wield them. There are perhaps a good four or five thousand courageous and determined men. The remnant are ill-looking bands, more intent on pillage than on their prince, on a few shillings than on the crown."

It was with these forces, uncertain and irregular, in despite of their devotion, that Charles Edward crossed the frontier on the 8th of November, 1745. The soldiers, as well as the highland chiefs, left their country with regret. A certain number of desertions had already occurred. At the moment when they put their foot on English soil, the highlanders, uttering loud cries, drew their swords. Lochiel wounded himself in the hand with his weapon, and the sight of blood troubled his followers. It

was under the influence of this vexatious omen that the Scots laid siege to Carlisle. The direction of operations had been intrusted to the Duke of Perth. The prince, with Lord George Murray, had conceived a movement on Kelso which should deceive, and which in fact did deceive. General Wade, who found himself at Newcastle with the royal troops. When the English general perceived his error, Carlisle was in the hands of the Jacobites. Charles Edward made his entry there solemnly on the 17th of November, being anxious to appease the germs of discord which the success of the Duke of Perth had just planted among the chiefs of his little army. Lord George Murray was maintained in his important functions. From Carlisle to Preston, from Preston to Wigan and Manchester, the Scotch advanced without striking a blow, but uneasy, and suspicious of enemies who did not show themselves or give them occasion to display their valor on the field of battle, and discontented with the English Jacobites, who remained inert and did not in any way second their efforts. A little body of volunteers was formed at Manchester under the orders of Colonel Townley, who belonged to an old Catholic Lancashire family. On the banks of the Mersey, among the gentlemen assembled to receive him, the prince perceived a very old woman who had formerly assisted at Dover, in 1660, at the landing of King Charles II. Since the revolution of 1688, Mrs. Skyring had constantly divided her income into two parts, sending half of it to the royal exiles. At the news of Charles Edward's arrival, she had collected her plate and her jewels, in order to lay everything at the feet of the young prince. Her prayers were heard, she said, like Simeon of old: "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." Tradition relates that the old Jacobite did actually die some days after the departure of the adventurous young man whose success she so ardently desired.

The prince was advancing towards Derby, that fatal limit of Scotch expeditions into England. Three armies were formed around and against him. General Wade was at last moving across the county of York; the Duke of Cumberland, recalled from Germany, had gathered at Litchfield a body of from seven to eight thousand men. Considerable forces were assembled at Finchley for the defence of London. Charles Edward alone was still joyous. The road to the capital of Great Britain was open to him;

a quick march had left behind him the Duke of Cumberland as well as General Wade. When he established himself at Derby, on the 4th of December, his whole preoccupation was to know whether he should enter London on foot or on horseback; dressed simply as an English gentlemen, or in the highland costume which he had worn since his arrival in Scotland.

The views of his adherents were different and their preoccupations more serious. Scarcely had they arrived at Derby, when the chiefs repaired in a body to the prince, representing to him the extreme danger they ran, surrounded as they were by hostile armies, in a hostile or indifferent country, without assistance from the Jacobites, and far distant from the forces which had remained in Scotland under the command of Lord Strathallan. A victory at the gates of London, the only chance of glory and success, would leave them still isolated and exposed to the vengeance and anger of the Elector. The latter had thirty thousand men at his disposal; their army did not number more than five thousand fighting men. All counselled retreat, whilst there was yet time, while the roads were not cut off, and reinforcements awaited them in Scotland.

The prince bore himself violently. "I would rather be twenty feet under the ground than retreat," he exclaimed. He multiplied reasons, arguments, and hopes, both groundless and chimerical; promising a landing of French troops in the county of Kent, expatiating justly on the terror into which their approach had thrown London, where the day of entrance into Derby long bore the name of Black Friday. The Scots remained immovable. Their soldiers were preparing to march into the capital, sharpening their swords or piously prostrating themselves in the churches; but the chiefs were resolved not to run any new risk. On the evening of the 5th of December the prince finally yielded. "You desire it," he said to the members of his council; "I consent to the retreat; but henceforth I will consult no one. I am responsible for my actions only to God and to my father. I shall no longer ask nor accept your advice."

In spite of the liberal protestations of Charles Edward, he had sucked in with his milk the maxims and haughtiness of absolute power; but bad fortune had more than once compelled the Stuarts to bend before the firm

resolution of their faithful friends. The anger of the soldiers equalled that of the prince. "If we had been beaten, we would not have been more sad," said one of them. The discontent of the troops displayed itself by a new growth of irregularity. A long line of stragglers pillaged the cottages; some set fire to the villages which resisted them. The prince did not exercise any oversight. He no longer looked on himself as chief of the army, and he had abandoned his position in the advance guard. The Duke of Cumberland had raised his camp and was following the retreating army. Already at Clifton Moor, an advance detachment had thought to surprise Lord George Murray's corps. The lieutenant-general was on his guard. In the shade he perceived the dragoons who had descended from horseback, and who were gliding under the shelter of the walls. "Claymore!" cried the Scottish chief, and his soldiers instantly started in pursuit of the enemy, and soon put them to rout. Lord George had lost his cap and fought bareheaded.

The rebel army entered Scotland without another battle. Scarcely had it left Carlisle when the place was invested by the royal troops. The Manchester regiment which occupied it for the young Pretender was forced to capitulate "under the good pleasure of his Majesty." The good pleasure of George II. was to be, for the larger part of the officers, condemnation to death.

The royal authority had been re-established at Edinburgh since the prince had taken the road to England. General Hawley, who occupied it for George II., advanced towards Stirling. Charles Edward had just arrived there. He had blockaded the citadel, but on learning the movement of the English general he immediately marched to meet him. The prince had rallied all his forces; his army amounted to about eight or nine thousand men, a figure nearly equal to that of the royal troops. The English were encamped on the plain of Falkirk. On the 17th of January, 1746, when the rumor spread that the highlanders were approaching, the general was absent, being detained at Cullender House by the hospitality of the Countess of Kilmarnock, whose husband had taken part with the rebel army. The soldiers were preparing their dinner; confusion reigned among all the regiments. Hawley, who had come hatless in hot haste at a hard gallop, immediately hurried his dragoons along with him, ordering the

infantry to follow him, so as to cut off the road to the mountaineers. Rain was driving in the face of the soldiers. The highlanders already occupied the acclivity when the royal troops arrived to meet them. Hardly had they formed their lines when the mountaineers dashed on them, having dispersed the cavalry, who suffered the disadvantage of the position. Only three regiments of the right wing stood the impetuous attack of the highlanders. On this juncture the Scotch brigade that Sir John Drummond had brought from France belied the reputation that it had achieved at Fontenoy. According to custom, the mountaineers, certain of victory, no longer thought of anything but plunder, and did not pursue the fugitives. Hawley and his dragoons, drenched almost to the skin by torrents of rain, beaten by a furious wind, ashamed and humiliated, reentered Linlithgow at a gallop, in order to take refuge immediately after in Edinburgh. The fugitive foot-soldiers joined them there, and bore all the rage of their terrible chief. The gibbets that he had prepared for the punishment of the rebels were loaded with his coward soldiers. The Duke of Cumberland alone, who was coming by forced marches to measure himself with the Pretender, put an end to these punishments. On the 30th of January he slept at Holyrood, in the same room and in the same bed that his rival had lately occupied. Yet once more the future of Great Britain seemed destined to be played for on the field of battle between two princely adversaries, both representing the most opposite principles, both young and brave, having at command forces the same to outward view, but in reality very different. To clear-sighted observers, even though prejudiced, Charles Edward's cause was lost.

It was the opinion of his most faithful adherents, absolutely devoted, as before Derby, to a cause the weakness of which they appreciated, and which they were resolved to defend to the very end. After his victory at Falkirk, the prince wished to again undertake the siege of Stirling Castle, without other counsel than that of a French engineer, M. de Mirabelle, and some subordinates. The chiefs were gloomy; they presented a remonstrance to the prince; desertions were becoming every day more numerous in the face of foes who were each day more threatening. "We are humbly of opinion," said the highland chiefs, "that the only means of snatching the army from an imminent peril is to withdraw to the highlands, and we can easily occupy the winter in getting possession of

the northern fortresses. We are thus certain of retaining sufficient men to deter the enemy from following us into the mountains at this season of the year. In the spring a new army of ten thousand men will be ready to accompany your Royal Highness where it may seem good to you." On this occasion again the determined will of the men who had risked everything in his cause overcame the young prince's obstinacy. In his rage he dashed his head against the wall. "Good God! have I lived long enough to see this?" he cried. But the siege of Stirling Castle was abandoned, and the retreat toward the mountains began without any order or method. In his bad humor Charles Edward had neglected to give his orders. The rebels without difficulty invested Inverness, the castle of which yielded at the end of some days. The convoys of arms and supplies coming from France had almost all been intercepted by English cruisers. The coffers of the army needed money; the troops were receiving their pay in flour; dissatisfaction was on the increase; the French and Spanish adventurers were tired of the war; they ran no danger, and they reaped neither glory nor profit. The Duke of Cumberland pursued the retreating army. On the 2nd of February he had entered Stirling; on the 25th he took up quarters at Aberdeen, being himself irritated and gloomy. "All the inhabitants of the country are Jacobites," he wrote; "gentleness would be quite out of place; there would be no end if I should enumerate the villains and the villainies which abound here." The hour of vengeance was approaching, rendered more cruel by the natural harshness of the conqueror, as well as by the passionate obstinacy of those of the rebels who should become his victims. Already the march of the royal army was marked by gibbets. The duke's advance was for a time hindered by the departure of the Dutch troops. Scarcely had Lord John Drummond set foot in Scotland than he had communicated to the troops of the States-General his commission from Louis XV. As prisoners of war who had capitulated at Tournay and at Dendermonde, the Dutch regiments were pledged not to bear arms against France. They had just been replaced by Hessians, when the Duke of Cumberland, crossing the Spey in spite of the highlanders' efforts, advanced as far as Nairn, where he established his camp. About seven leagues separated the two armies; plenty reigned among the English. On the 15th of April, the Duke of Cumberland's birthday, an extraordinary distribution of provisions was made among the troops. When the highlanders were called to arms in the night they had scarcely had a

biscuit to appease their hunger. The prince and Lord George Murray had conceived the hope of effecting a surprise. The body of troops was inconsiderable, but the night was dark, the road bad, and the English made drowsy by copious drinking. The mountaineers set out on the march; they were enfeebled, and they advanced slowly. Day was beginning to break when they found themselves in sight of the English camp. Charles Edward was disposed to push forward. "A little light will be advantageous to us in wielding the two-edged sword," said Hepburn; but Lord George, ever prudent, and stationed at the head of the advance guard, had already ordered the retreat. The men, fatigued and discouraged, resumed their position in the plain of Culloden, at the foot of the castle which the prince occupied, and which belonged to the great Judge Duncan Forbes, one of his most decided as well as most intelligent and reasonable adversaries. It was there that the Duke of Cumberland came in his turn to offer battle to the Pretender. The army of the latter was small in number; several clans, disaffected on different points, did not respond to the call. Charles Edward refused to hear the wary counsels which his friends threw away on him, among others the Marquis d'Equilles, who had lately come from France with a letter from King Louis XV., and who pompously assumed the title of ambassador. The die was cast; the two armies drew up for battle in the plain. It was about eleven o'clock in the morning. On the 18th of April, 1746, before close of day, the Jacobite army had ceased to exist.

The courage of Charles Edward and his conduct at the battle of Culloden have often been questioned. Standing motionless on the hill at the head of a squadron of cavalry, he took no part in the action, and when he perceived the disorder of the troops he made no effort to rally them and to die in their midst. He was displeased and gloomy, affected perhaps by the fatalistic superstition that seemed to have impressed several of the clans. The Macdonalds had been placed at the left wing, whereas they had occupied the right at Prestonpans and at Falkirk. This change had seemed to them a bad augury. Lochiel had been severely wounded; two of his followers had carried him bleeding far from the field of battle. The courtiers who surrounded the prince took fright when they saw the fortune of battle declare itself against them, and withdrew, ignoring the fate reserved for them and what intellectual and moral degradation should attach to that man who had started in life by an undertaking so

adventurous and brilliant that it had for a time placed him in the estimation of Europe among heroes. The Duke of Cumberland was constantly borne to the front rank. "I have just given the orders of the day, that fugitives will be shot," he had said to his troops at the beginning of the battle. "I tell you this, that those who do not feel their courage very certain, should retire. I prefer to fight with one thousand resolute men behind me than to have ten thousand among whom are cowards." The regiments had responded by the cry of "Flanders! Flanders!" a just and noble souvenir of their attitude at Fontenoy. The battle was finished and the victory complete when the duke wrote to London, "I thank God for having been the instrument of this success, the glory of which belongs solely to the English troops, who have cleansed themselves of the little check at Falkirk without the help of the Hessians. They would have been well able to spare us the trouble, and have not been useless in spite of their inaction."

The highlanders had for the most part fought valiantly; their losses were great, and few of the prisoners were to see their families again. The rigors of triumphant vengeance already were commencing to spend themselves on them. The Duke of Cumberland and General Hawley did not feel the sentiments which had formerly affected Charles Edward after the battle of Prestonpans. The prisoners and the wounded suffered hunger and thirst. A certain number of the fugitives were burned in the cottages where they had concealed themselves. "It is necessary to draw a little of this country's blood," said the Duke of Cumberland. "We weaken this folly, but we do not cure it. Even if we have destroyed them, the soil is so impregnated by this rebellion that it will crop out again." Already the prince's agents were scouring the country seeking fugitives of note, searching houses, and leaving traces of their passage by fire and sword. "I think it will not be long before I lay my hand on old Lovat," wrote the duke. "I have several detachments on the way to search for him, and papers which suffice to convict him of high treason."

It was at the house of Lord Lovat, the most perfidious of all his secret adherents, that Charles Edward had sought refuge after leaving the battlefield of Culloden. The cruel old man, grown hoary in intrigues, had refused to join him personally, whilst sending him his son. He was

henceforward determined to sacrifice all his possessions in order to save his life. He coldly received the unfortunate prince, who would not sleep under his roof, and who pursued his way as far as the abandoned castle of Invergarry. A fisherman of the neighborhood brought two salmon that he had just caught in the little river. The prince and his companions were worn out with fatigue, discouraged, and convinced with reason that the check was definite and the cause lost. Lord George Murray had rallied twelve hundred men at Ruthven. Prudent in the moment of success, dauntless in the hour of reverse, he advised the prince to maintain the struggle at every risk. "We can hold out in the mountains so long as there is a cow and a measure of meal in Scotland," said he. A message from the prince thanked his faithful adherents for their zeal, asking of them, as a last favor, to think of their personal safety. All were gravely compromised; danger was imminent; they scattered, and the rebellion of 1745-1746 was over.

While the Duke of Cumberland established himself in Fort Augustus, exercising to the full all those cruelties which made him deserve the name of butcher, while the most fortunate of his enemies escaped with great difficulty, Prince Charles Edward, as his grand-uncle, King Charles II., had formerly done after the battle of Worcester, wandered from hiding-place to hiding-place, exhausted, dying of hunger, a hundred times recognized, forced to trust to the poorest people, to the most powerless of his friends, yet everywhere served, assisted, defended, with a devotion which was proof against everything. He had taken refuge in the little archipelago which bears the name of Long Island. The English vessels cruised along the coasts; houses were incessantly searched; peasants were arrested; the danger was increasing every day. A young girl, Miss Flora Macdonald, who was on a visit in the Isle of Wight succeeded in procuring herself a passport for the Isle of Skye. She disguised the prince, and, taking him in her suite as a lady's maid, went for refuge to the house of her cousin, Sir Alexander Macdonald, who had been constantly adverse to Charles Edward's attempt, and had ended by actively opposing it. His wife, Lady Margaret, seconded Flora's efforts. The castle was filled with militia officers, but she succeeded in effecting the prince's escape. Some days later he crossed to the Isle of Rosay, almost at the moment when his deliverer, Flora Macdonald, was arrested and conducted to London, where

her detention lasted about a year. Some people found fault with Lady Margaret's conduct, the Princess of Wales being of the number. "In such a case would you not have done as much?" said her husband, turning quickly upon her. "I hope so; I am sure of it." The persevering fidelity of the Jacobites endowed Flora Macdonald. After five months of perils and sufferings courageously endured, the fugitive prince at last set foot in France. He embarked on the 20th of September at Lochmanagh, almost at the same place where he had formerly landed full of the most joyous and brilliant hopes. "Nothing troubled him, neither fatigues nor privations," said one of the temporary companions of his flight. "He alone should suffer," he said; but when he thought of all those who were in peril for his sake, his heart was strained and on the verge of losing courage. His name long dwelt in the popular songs of the highlands, which remained persistently faithful to the remembrance of common efforts and dangers.

"I have had sons; I no longer have any. I have brought them up with difficulty, but I would be willing to bear them all again and to lose them for love of Charles."

Whilst the prince, the object of a devotion so passionately disinterested, was receiving at the court of Louis XV. a welcome as impressive as it was vain, his illustrious partisans thronged the prisons and scaffolds, while their lands were laid waste by the English soldiers. In vain did Duncan Forbes claim the application of laws. "Laws!" replied the conqueror; "I will make laws with a brigade." Colonel Townley and his companions had already endured their horrible sentence at Kennington Common in sight of an eager and terrified crowd. Lord Cromarty, Lord Kilmarnock, and Lord Balmerino were confined in the Tower. When they were brought before the Court of Peers the first two pleaded guilty. Lord Cromarty implored the compassion of his judges for his wife and eight children. Lord Balmerino pleaded not guilty. "I wish to be judged by God and my peers," said he proudly. All three were condemned to the punishment of traitors; Lord Cromarty alone obtained pardon. "I do not consider him worthy of life who is not ready to die," said Lord Balmerino when his sentence was confirmed. As the sheriff pronounced the customary formula, "God save King George," Kilmarnock uttered an "Amen." Balmerino raised his head. "So God save King James," exclaimed he; "if I had a thousand lives I

would give them all for this cause." He knelt down on the scaffold. "My God, reward my friends, forgive my enemies, bless King James, and receive my soul," he uttered in a loud voice. The agitated executioner had scarcely strength to cut his head off.

Last of all, Lord Lovat had suffered the punishment merited by his entire life rather than by his part in the Jacobite rebellion. A coward and a suppliant as long as he believed pardon possible, he recovered on the day before his death the theatrical pride of his best days, and even on the scaffold he murmured the line of Horace: "*Dulce et decorum est pro patriâ mori.*" Legal measures had followed these bloody executions; the highlanders were disarmed; hereditary jurisdictions were abolished; their national costume was forbidden to the mountaineers. Along with the power of the Jacobites the feudal spirit was slowly extinguished in Scotland. Keppoch had sorrowfully said on the battle-field of Culloden, when he saw the Macdonalds quietly retire without fighting, "Have I lived long enough to see myself deserted by the children of my people?" Death had seconded fatigue and private grudges. "It is to the Duke of Cumberland that we owe this peace," was what was written on the monument of Culloden battle-field.

The anger and harshness of the English government in regard to the Jacobites multiplied the checks that the coalition had encountered everywhere on the continent, with the exception of Italy. At the moment when the Duke of Cumberland was defeating Charles Edward at Culloden, Antwerp surrendered to Louis XV. in person. Mons, Namur, and Charleroi were not long in yielding. The victory of Raucoux in 1746, and that of Lawfelt in 1747, had carried the glory of Marshal Saxe to its height. Originally a foreigner like him, like him serving France gloriously, the Count Lowendall had pressed the Dutch, who were against their inclination engaged in the struggle. He had already taken Ecluse and Sas de Gand; Berg-op-Zoom was besieged. As in 1672, the French invasion had given rise to a political revolution in Holland. The aristocratic *bourgeoisie*, which had regained power, yielded to the efforts of the popular party, directed by the House of Nassau and sustained by England. "The republic needs a chief to oppose an ambitious and perfidious neighbor who makes game of the faith of treaties," said a deputy of the

States-General on the day when the stadtholdership was proclaimed, which was re-established in favor of William IV., grand-nephew of the great William III. and son-in-law of George II. King of England. The young prince immediately took command of the Dutch troops, but a good understanding did not long exist between him and the Duke of Cumberland. "Our two young heroes scarcely understand one another," wrote Mr. Pelham on the 14th of August, 1747. "Ours is open, frank, resolute, and a little hot-headed; the other is presumptuous, pedantic, argumentative, and obstinate; in what a situation do we find ourselves? We must ask God to come to our aid, for we can direct nothing. There is nothing to be done but appease quarrels and obtain time to breathe. Perhaps somebody will recover common sense."

Marshal Saxe had said to Louis XV., "Sire, peace is in Mæstricht." The place was invested on the 9th of April, 1748, before the thirty-five thousand Russians promised to England by the Czarina Elizabeth had time to arrive. The Dutch were alarmed, and vigorously insisted on peace. Philip V. was dead. His successor, Ferdinand VI., who was less faithful to the House of Bourbon, made overtures to England. For a long time the prime minister, Henry Pelham, was disposed to peace. His brother, the Duke of Newcastle, opposed it out of servile deference to the king. Lord Chesterfield, lately become a member of the cabinet, and who was intelligent and sagacious in spite of his worldly unconcern, being dissatisfied with the conduct of the court towards him, had just given in his resignation. Notwithstanding her successes, France was, like her adversaries, weary. Marshal Saxe himself made pacific proposals. The preliminaries of the peace were signed on the 30th of April. Austria and Spain were not slow in giving their adhesion to it. On the 18th of October the final treaty was concluded at Aix-la-Chapelle. After so much blood spilt and treasure squandered, France gained from the war no other advantage than the guarantee of the duchies of Parma and Plaisance to the infant Don Philip, son-in-law of Louis XV. England yielded to France Cape Breton and the colony of Louisburg, the only territory that she had preserved after her numerous expeditions against our colonies, and the immense injury she had done our commerce. This clause excited much ill-feeling among the English people. Hostages had been promised. Prince Charles Edward was in Paris when they arrived. He was seized with an

access of patriotic anger. "If ever I remount the throne of my fathers," he exclaimed, "Europe will witness my constant endeavors to oblige France in turn to send hostages to England."

Prince Charles Edward was himself an inconvenient and compromising hostage whom France engaged in expelling from her territory. Vainly, since his return from Scotland, the young Pretender had obstinately sought to rekindle a flame which was forever extinguished. "If I had received only half of the money that your Majesty sent me," he wrote to Louis XV. on the 10th of November, 1746, "I would have fought the Duke of Cumberland with equal numbers, and I would have certainly defeated him, since with four thousand men against twelve thousand I held victory in the balance for a long time. These disasters can yet be repaired if your Majesty is willing to intrust me with a body of from eighteen to twenty thousand men. The number of warlike subjects has never failed me in Scotland. I have needed at once money, provisions, and a handful of regular troops. With one of these three aids alone I would still be to-day master of Scotland, and probably of all England." Louis XV. had remained deaf to this appeal, which no longer found an echo in Spain. The Duke of York, second son of the Chevalier de St. George, had just taken orders. The Court of Rome had forthwith made him a cardinal, to the violent indignation of his brother. The treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle removed from the unfortunate Stuarts that asylum which France had with so much pomp lately offered them. Charles Edward refused to understand the notice which the ministers of Louis XV. had conveyed to him. "The king is bound to my cause by his honor, which is worth all treaties," said he. In vain had his father counselled him to yield to necessity and not to provoke a monarch who could be useful to him. The prince was determined to remain in France, and at Paris. On the 11th of December, as he arrived at the opera, his carriage was surrounded by police agents. M. de Vaudreuil, major in the guards, presented himself before the prince. "I arrest you in the name of the king, my master," said he. "The manner is a little cavalier," coolly replied the young man. When the major asked for his arms, "Let them take them," said he, freeing himself from the hands of the police officers. They bound his hands with silken cords, the last sign of respect accorded to the heir of a house forever fallen, and he was conducted from stage to stage as far as the frontier. He would never see

France again. Twice he reappeared secretly in England: in 1753, on the occasion of a projected surprise on the person of George II., which he himself deemed impossible; and in 1761, amid the festivities at the coronation of George III. Twice the kings of the House of Hanover were not ignorant of the presence of their enemy in the capital; they made no effort to seize him, and wisely allowed him to set out again for an exile, the long weariness of which had mortally affected his mind as well as his heart. Deprived by his faults of the pure joys of family life, he had lowered himself so far as to seek forgetfulness in drunkenness. He was old and almost forgotten when he died at Rome in 1788. Only the inscription on a tomb recalls the name of the last three Stuarts, and it was King George IV. who caused it to be engraved as a souvenir of extinct passions: "To James III., son of James II., King of England; to Charles Edward, and to Henry, Cardinal of York, last scion of the House of Stuart, 1819."





Arrest Of Charles Edward.

The peace of Aix-la-Chapelle had, with good reason, excited more discontent in France than in England. We alone had gained brilliant victories and made great conquests. We alone preserved no increase of territory. The great Frederick kept Silesia, and the King of Sardinia the domains already ceded by Austria. Humorous lampoons were sung in the streets of Paris, and "*Bête comme le paix*," was a customary expression.

The peace of Aix-la-Chapelle had a graver defect than that of barrenness; it was not and could not be lasting. England had proved her power on the sea. She had battled against our ruined navy, and against enfeebled Spain. Holland, her ally after having been her rival, could no longer dispute the sovereign empire with her. She became daily more eager for the conquest of the distant colonies that we did not know how to defend. The peace had left in suspense disputed points which would soon serve as a pretext for new aggressions. In proportion as the ancient influence of Richelieu and Louis XIV. on European politics grew weaker, English influence, based on the growing power of a free country and government, was strengthening. Without any other allies than Spain, who was herself shaken in her fidelity, we stood exposed to the enterprises of England, henceforth freed from the phantom of the Stuarts. "The peace concluded between England and France in 1748 was only a truce," said Lord Macaulay; "it was not even a truce on other parts of the globe." It was there that the two nations were about to measure themselves, and that the burden of its government's shortcomings would cause France to lose that empire of the Indies and those Canadian colonies which had been founded and so long sustained by eminent men, one after another, victims to their patriotic devotion which was as hopeless as it was without results.

Frederick, Prince of Wales, died on the 20th of March, 1751. Having caught a slight cold, without being alarmed at his illness, he soon felt seriously affected. "I feel death," he had said. The dispute which reigned in the royal family did not cease at the grave; the project of the Regency law had occasioned some bitter passages between the dowager princess, mother of the new Prince of Wales, and the Duke of Cumberland. The prince was not popular. "I do not know why," said King George II. "This nation is capricious. The Scotch and the Jacobites think ill of him; and the English do not like discipline." On the 6th of March, 1754, Henry Pelham unexpectedly died. His administration had been just and intelligent, without vigor, but without disturbance. "I shall have no more peace," exclaimed the old king when he learned of his minister's death. As clever in court finesse as he was incapable of directing with grandeur general policy, the Duke of Newcastle knew how to seize the high rank that escaped the dying hands of his brother. William Pitt bided his time.

It was in the midst of this administrative weakness and intellectual stagnation that a religious movement had begun, and was spreading, which was destined to reanimate moral life in England, to purify manners, and to give it strength to resist the fatal impulse of the French Revolution. Under the influence of examples which originated in the court of Charles II., and which since then had been fostered by numerous scandals, English society was gradually corrupted in high places, and the contagion of moral evil was beginning to make itself felt even in the most remote provinces. Religious faith, enfeebled by the indifference of the clergy as well as by the theories of philosophers, was struggling faintly against the depravity of manners. The Anglican Church had fallen into a respectable languor; the old dissenting sects, having escaped from the tight bonds of persecution, had lost their ancient fervor.



William Pitt—Lord Chatham.

The religious sentiment yet existed in a latent condition among the lower and middle classes. Here it was that it awakened with an unexpected ardor at the eloquent voice of John Wesley and George Whitefield. Both

students of Oxford, both destined to embrace the holy ministry, both consecrated in the Anglican Church, they undertook with enthusiasm a sacred crusade for the salvation of souls and the destruction of moral evil. Whitefield, who was more ardently eloquent, less contained, and of a less tolerant spirit than Wesley, now travelled over the country, preaching to the miners, who came out of their gloomy retreats in thousands in order to hear his fervent exhortations, and now assembled at the house of the Countess of Huntington the *élite* of the worldly society of London. Strong workingmen sobbed and groaned under his pathetic appeals; peasants fell to the earth as though stricken with inward convulsions; philosophers tranquilly admired an eloquence of which they recognized the power as well as the sincerity. "All appeared moved to some extent," said Whitefield in writing of a piously worldly assembly. "Lord Chesterfield thanked me, saying, 'Sir, I will not say to you, what I say of you to others, how much I commend you.' Lord Bolingbroke assisted at the meeting. He was seated like an archbishop, and did me the honor to say that in my discourse I had done justice to the divine attributes." Some years later the eloquence of Whitefield was to draw from the economical hands of Franklin the whole contents of his purse. But already the ardor of his zeal had closed to him the pulpits of the Anglican Church. He had sought sympathy for his cause even in America. On his return to England some difference of opinion had separated him from Wesley. Henceforth each worked for his reward in the vast field of unbelief, indifference, and moral corruption. Both, however, pursued the same work, following the bent of natural disposition, which was more ardent and dissenting with Whitefield and the Methodist sects born under his inspiration, more moderate and conservative with Wesley as with the innumerable adherents who yet do themselves the honor of bearing his name.

Never was the author of a great and lasting popular movement further removed than Wesley from all revolutionary tendency. The spirit of government and organization, attachment to ancient and venerated forms, a lofty and calm judgment united to an ascetic nature, a slight leaning towards mysticism—such were the characteristic and necessary traits of a reformer and religious founder in the eighteenth century. Wesley was tenderly attached to the Anglican Church; he only separated himself from it with regret, constrained by the ecclesiastical dislike which closed the

pulpits to him, and compelled, little by little, and against his inclination, to accept the vault of heaven for his temple, and the laity for his fellow laborers, as Whitefield had done since the beginning. During his long apostolate, which lasted from 1729 to 1791, from the prayer-meetings in his room at Oxford to the complete and strong organization of the sect he had founded, Wesley exercised an absolute authority over his numerous subjects. "If you mean by an arbitrary power, a power which I alone exercise," he said, with a tranquil simplicity, "it is certainly true; but I see no harm in it." However, in courageously accomplishing his work, Wesley did more than he intended; he had founded a religious society; he had not had the intention of founding a sect. A minister of the Anglican Church, and a witness of its shortcomings, he had felt that in order to awaken the parish clergy it was necessary to create a kind of regular clergy; that in order to announce the Gospel to those who did not go to church, or who only heard these cold exhortations, it was necessary to organize an army of ardent missionaries; that in order to touch the heart of the masses it was necessary to seek them in the fields, the markets, and the byways, and to address them in their own common language. Wesley was forced to separate himself from the Anglican Church, but his disciples have constantly remained respectful to her, and as an intermediate body between her and dissenters, they have, from without, rendered her most important services. Wesley and Whitefield have reawakened religious life in England, and no religious society has profited by it so much as the Anglican Church herself. Movements of various kinds, all serious and sincere, have manifested themselves in her wide bosom. She has sufficed to foster much warmth, to satisfy minds and hearts widely dissimilar, but all beset by veritable religious needs; she has united herself to the most noble attempts of modern philanthropy, the worthy fruits of awakened and revived Christian faith. It is to the great religious movement created in the eighteenth century by Wesley and Whitefield that England has owed the glorious efforts of Clarkson and Wilberforce for the emancipation of slaves, and the prison reform of John Howard.

England had need of all her forces, ancient and new, moral, religious, and patriotic, for she was approaching an era of blended glory and danger, agitated and tempestuous even in victory. The war with France, long sustained on distant seas without preliminary declaration, and with

enormous detriment to French commerce, which was everywhere interrupted and ruined, became at last patent and officially inevitable. In the Indies as well as in Canada, it had not ceased for a single day. In the month of March, 1755, the ministers asked Parliament for an increase of forces for the defence of the American possessions threatened by the French. The governor of Canada, the Marquis Duquesne, had erected a series of forts in the valley of the Ohio. M. de Contrecoeur, who commanded in that region, learned that a body of English troops was marching upon him under the orders of young Colonel Washington. He immediately detailed M. de Jumonville along with thirty men, to call upon the English to retire and evacuate the French territory. At break of day on the 18th of May, 1754, Washington's corps surprised De Jumonville's little encampment. The attack was unforeseen; the French envoy was killed along with nine of his troop. The irritation caused by this event precipitated the commencement of hostilities. A band of Canadians, reinforced by some savages, marched against Washington, who had intrenched himself in the plain. It was necessary to attack him with cannon shot. In spite of his bravery, the future conqueror of American independence was forced to capitulate. The colonies were keenly excited; they formed a sort of confederation against the French power in America. They especially raised militia. In January, 1755, General Braddock was already in Virginia with regular troops. In the early part of May, Admiral Boscawen, after a desperate combat, captured several vessels which had been separated by bad weather from the squadron of Admiral Dubois de la Motte. Three hundred merchant vessels fell into the hands of the English navy. War was finally declared, to the secret uneasiness of the two governments as well as of the two nations. "What is the use of having plenty of troops and money," wrote the lawyer Barbier, "if we only wage war with the English by sea? They will one after another take all our vessels, get hold of all our American settlements, and manage all the commerce. Some division in the English nation itself must be hoped for, because the king personally does not desire war."

King George II. was uneasy on account of Hanover—a point of attack naturally pointed out to the armies of King Louis XV. The English nation dreaded the landing so often and so vainly announced. "What I wish," exclaimed Pitt, "is to snatch this country from a state of enervation which

makes it tremble before twenty thousand Frenchmen." Being a member of the administration, as well as paymaster-general of the forces, he violently attacked the treaties of subsidies and alliance, which the king had just concluded with Prussia and Hesse. For the first time, his eloquence swayed the House. "He has surpassed himself," wrote Horace Walpole. "Do I need to tell you that he has surpassed Demosthenes and Cicero? What figure would their solemn, elaborate, studied harangues have cut beside this manly vivacity and this impetuous eloquence which, all at once, at one o'clock in the morning, after eleven hours' session, pierced the stifling atmosphere." Legge, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, had, like Pitt, refused his assent to the treaties. Both were replaced, and Pitt was thrown into the opposition, which rallied round the princess dowager and the young Prince of Wales. "This day will, I hope, give the key-note to my life," he had rightly said in his great speech.

The weakness of the English government became more apparent every day. "I say it with regret on account of my friend Fox," wrote Horace Walpole, "but the year 1756 was, perhaps, that of the worst government I have ever seen in England: the incapacity of Newcastle had fair play." In spite of their inadequate resources the Canadians defended themselves heroically and not unsuccessfully against the efforts of the American colonies backed by the mother-country. Acadia, a strip of neutral country between the English and French territories, the inhabitants of which had constantly refused to take the oath of allegiance to England, was invaded by the American troops, the population swept off, and the houses pillaged. General Braddock encountered more resistance in the valley of the Ohio. He proposed to surprise Fort Duquesne, and forced the march of his little corps. "I never saw a finer sight than that of the English troops on the 9th of July, 1755," wrote Colonel Washington, who was commanding under the orders of Braddock. But soon the English advance-guard was stopped by a heavy discharge of artillery; the enemy did not appear; the foremost ranks were disordered and recoiled on the body of the army. The confusion became extreme; the regular troops, little used to this sort of fighting, refused to rally round the general, who would have wished them to manœuvre as on the plains of Flanders. The Virginia militia alone, being scattered in the woods, answered the fire of the French or Indian sharpshooters without showing themselves. General Braddock soon

received a mortal wound; Colonel Washington, reserved by God for other destinies, sought in vain to rally the soldiers. "I have been protected by the all-powerful intervention of Providence," he wrote to his brother after the action; "I received four bullets in my coat, and I have had two horses killed under me; however, I have got out of it safe and sound, while death swept off all our comrades around me. We have been beaten, shamefully beaten, by a handful of Frenchmen, who only anticipated hindering our march. A few moments before action we believed our forces almost equal to all those of Canada, and now, contrary to all probability, we have been completely defeated, and have lost everything." The little French corps, sent out from Fort Duquesne under the command of M. de Beaujeu, numbered but two hundred Canadians and six hundred Indians. It was only three years later, when Canada, exhausted and dying, succumbed beneath the burden of a war which it had sustained almost without aid, that Fort Duquesne, destroyed by its defenders themselves, fell into the hands of the English. They gave it the name of Pittsburg, in honor of the great minister who was in power—a name which a prosperous city bears even to-day.

While the Marquis de Montcalm was successfully sustaining the war against the English in America, Marshal Richelieu, a clever, prodigal, and corrupt courtier, had the good luck to achieve the only happy stroke of the Seven Years' War, the remembrance of which should remain firm in the mind of posterity. On the 17th of April, 1756; a French squadron under the command of M. de la Galissonière attacked the Island of Minorca, an important military point in the Mediterranean to which the English attached a high Value. Chased from Ciudadela and Port Mahon, the garrisons had taken refuge in Fort St. Philip. They relied on the help of the English fleet. The Admiral who commanded it attacked M. de la Galissonière on the 10th of May. The English were repulsed and could not effect a landing. The ships had suffered a good deal, and the English forces were inferior to those of France. Byng feared defeat; he consulted his council of war and fell back on Gibraltar. General Blakeney, shut up in the fortress, sick, and without hope of aid, defended himself weakly against the impetuous assault of the French. Fort St. Philip was taken, and the Duke de Fronsac, eldest son of the Duke de Richelieu, hastened to Paris to convey the news to King Louis XV.

The rage and humiliation, like the joy and pride of France, exceeded the extent and importance of the success. Admiral Byng, peremptorily recalled, was with great difficulty brought safe and sound to London, so strong was the anger of the mob. The government made no effort to protect him. On the first representations being made to him against the admiral, who was honest and brave, but a blind slave of rule and badly provided alike with ships and sailors, the Duke of Newcastle hastily replied, "Oh! certainly, certainly; he will be judged immediately; he will be hanged immediately." In spite of the efforts made in his favor in the Houses, as well as by Marshal Richelieu and Voltaire, Byng expiated with his life the check he had sustained and the wounded pride of his country. The Duke of Newcastle was at last overcome by his notorious incapacity. William Pitt seized the reins of power for a short time, of which the aversion of the king was not long in depriving him. The great orator had refused to come to an understanding with Mr. Fox, who bitterly reproached him with afterwards sustaining the treaties of subsidies and alliances which he had lately attacked so passionately. France had just entered into an alliance with Maria Theresa; the houses of Bourbon and Austria were making common cause; all the available forces of England were engaged in the struggle, and Pitt did not hesitate to recruit in the highlands. "Men are never wanting to a good cause," he said afterwards. "I have lately employed the very rebels in the service and defence of the country. Being thus brought back to us, they have fought for us, and have gladly shed their blood to protect those liberties which in the past they wished to destroy."

It was in vain that George II. still strove against the minister, who imposed the national will on him as the favor of heaven. In vain, making use of the royal prerogative against him, did he force him to yield up the seals of office from the beginning of April, and involve in his disgrace Lord Temple, his brother-in-law. In vain did he seek to form a new cabinet, with the insatiable thirst of the Duke of Newcastle for the nominal side of power, and the desire which Fox felt to actually govern. Parliament as well as the people demanded the powerful hand which could guide them through the bursting storm. On the 29th of June, 1757, Pitt was named secretary of state, and rallied around him some illustrious names, but he was the sole efficient master of the government, and was resolved to bear

alone the whole burden of it. The most sagacious observers interchanged gloomy forebodings. "England has no longer any course but to cut her cables and set sail towards an unknown ocean," wrote Horace Walpole. "It matters little who may be in power," said Lord Chesterfield; "we are lost at home and abroad—at home by our debts and our growing expenses; abroad by our incapacity and bad luck. ... We are no longer even a nation."

It is sometimes the good fortune and glory of great men, under the hand of God, to baffle the doleful prognostications of their contemporaries. As a constitutional minister, the first William Pitt should occupy a lower position than the noble career of his son. He was overbearing, whimsical, personal, and theatrical. Abroad he could push national pride as far as the most impolitic insolence. He sacrificed his country's interests for the sake of humiliating her enemies. He made England feared, but he isolated her in Europe and in the world by a proud and obdurate policy, for which he was to pay cruelly later. At home he was unbalanced and violent, carried away by opposing and always extreme passions, without limit and without foresight. The greatness of his mind, ability, and character, however, overcame all his defects. He governed his country through a long and difficult war in stormy times which demanded painful sacrifices, making constant appeals to the most noble passions of the human soul by the prestige of eloquence, rectitude, patriotism, and glory. It is his honor to have re-established the fortune of England in the war; it is no less a service to have lifted hearts to the level of fortune in order to sustain a great cause.

Pitt's first warlike efforts were not happy. An expedition attempted against Rochefort was unsuccessful. The King of Prussia, lately victorious in Saxony, whence he had driven the elector, the King of Poland, found himself in turn closely pressed by the Austrian Marshal Daun, who had conquered him at Cologne. Marshal d'Estrées, slowly occupying Westphalia, had entrapped the Duke of Cumberland on the Weser. On the morning of the 23d of July, 1757, the marshal summoned his lieutenant-generals. "Gentlemen," said he, "I do not assemble you to-day to ask you whether we must fight M. de Cumberland and invest Hameln. The honor of the king's arms, his wish, his express orders, the interest of a common cause, bind us to take the firmest resolutions. I only seek, therefore, to profit by your light, and to concoct with you the best means of successful attack." The Duke of Cumberland's troops were of various races. He had not under his command any English regiment. His warlike spirit was not sufficient to compensate for the defects of his military organization. On the 26th of July Marshal d'Estrées forced him into the intrenchment at Hastenbeck. He retreated, without being pursued, to the marshes at the

mouth of the Elbe, under the protection of English vessels. Marshal d'Estrées was recalled by a court intrigue. Marshal Richelieu and the Duke de Soubise divided the command. Richelieu systematically pillaged Hanover, Hesse-Cassel, and Brunswick. He threatened the position of the Duke of Cumberland, and the latter asked to capitulate. On the 8th of September, by the intervention of the Count de Lynar, the minister of the King of Denmark, who remained neutral between the belligerents, the Duke of Cumberland and Marshal Richelieu signed, at the advance posts of the French army, the famous capitulation of Closter-Severn. The troops of King Louis XV. occupied all the conquered country; those of Hesse, Brunswick, and Saxe-Gotha were to return to their quarters. The great Frederick had already recalled the Prussians; the Hanoverians were to remain fortified in the neighborhood of Stade. In his presumptuous levity the marshal had not even thought of exacting their disarming.

However incomplete as was this convention, which was severely judged by the Emperor Napoleon I. in his memoirs, it excited great anger in England as well as in Prussia. When the Duke of Cumberland presented himself before his father, the old king greeted him with this startling sentence: "There is my son who has dishonored himself whilst ruining me." Wounded and discouraged, the duke officially renounced his command and handed in his resignation of all his offices, to linger yet some years in obscurity, and finally die in 1765, at the age of forty-six years. Pitt alone of the ministers had defended him. When the king repeated that he had never authorized his son's conduct, the prince's constant antagonist replied in an honest spirit of justice: "It is true, Sire; but his powers were extensive, very extensive!"

The King of Prussia remained alone opposing the allies. Every day his force diminished, affected by desertion as much as by death. The Russian army had invaded the Prussian provinces and beaten General Schouvaloff near Memel; twenty-five thousand Swedes had just landed in Pomerania. For a moment Frederick II. thought of killing himself, but the indomitable strength of his soul, a strange mingling of corruption and heroism, constantly drew him back to battle with fresh efforts of ability and resolve. The favor of Madame de Pompadour had reserved for the Prince Soubise the honor of crushing the King of Prussia. The two armies met on the 5th

of November, 1757, on the banks of the Saale, near Rosbach. That evening the French army, utterly defeated, fled to Erfurt. It left on the field of battle eight thousand prisoners and three thousand dead. A month later the Austrians were in turn vanquished at Lissa. The glory of the great Frederick, obscure for a time, shone forth anew in all its splendor; he became the national hero of Germany. The Protestant powers, lately engaged against him, made approaches to the conqueror. In England enthusiasm was at its height; Pitt concluded a new agreement with Prussia. Parliament, without difficulty, voted a subsidy of sixty-seven thousand pounds sterling. King George II., as Elector of Hanover, had refused to ratify the capitulation of Cloister-Severn, and his troops were already renewing the campaign under the command of Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick. Being clever and honest, he had soon gained possession of the country of Luneberg, of Zell, of a part of Brunswick and of Bremen. In order to maintain the struggle in Germany, King Louis XV. and Madame de Pompadour had just put the Count de Clermont at the head of the French troops.

The Zaporogue Cossacks inundated Prussia, and Frederick II. had scarcely beaten the Russians on the bloody day of Zorndorff when he was himself conquered at Hochkirch by Marshal Daun and forced to evacuate Saxony. Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick had just won the important victory of Crevelt over the new French general. The Count de Clermont had given evidence of the most distressing incapacity; his army escaped every day more and more from under the yoke of discipline. It was discontented, humiliated, and without confidence in the chiefs who successively headed it, being exalted to the command by court intrigues or manœuvres. The Marquis de Contades had succeeded M. de Clermont. At Versailles the Count de Stainville, created Duke de Choiseul, had become Minister of Foreign Affairs in place of Cardinal de Bernis, who was always inclined to pacific counsels. The second treaty of Versailles had united France to Maria Theresa more firmly than ever. The English had on two occasions unsuccessfully attempted an attack on the coasts of Normandy and Brittany. The Duke d'Aiguillon, governor of that province, had taken to himself the honor of having repulsed the invasion; a single unimportant battle had taken place, and this formed the pretext for a grand project of descent on the English coasts. The Prince de Soubise was recalled from

Germany in order to direct the invading army. The expedition was ready, and only awaited the signal to issue from the port, but Admiral Hawke was cruising in front of Brest, Admiral Rodney had just bombarded Havre, and it was only in the month of November, 1759, that the Marquis de Conflaus, who commanded the fleet, was able to put to sea with twenty-one vessels of the line and four frigates. The English forces were superior to his, and immediately set out in pursuit. M. de Conflaus thought he would find refuge in the tortuous passages at the mouth of the Vilaine.

The English penetrated there after him. Sir Edward Hawke engaged the *Soleil Royal*, which was commanded by the French admiral. His pilot represented to him the danger of navigating. The brave seaman let him talk. "Very well," he answered; "you have done your duty, now you have only to obey me; manage so as to place me alongside the *Soleil Royal*." The battle thus waged in the various narrow passages became disastrous to the French vessels. The commander of the rear guard, M. Saint-André du Verger, let it be raked by the enemy's cannon in order to cover the retreat. The admiral ran aground in the Bay of Croisic, and himself burned his vessel. Seven French and two English ships remained engaged in the Vilaine. M. de Conflaus' day, as the sailors named the episode, dealt a fatal blow to the unfortunate remnant of the French navy. The English triumphed everywhere on the sea, and even in our own waters.

They also triumphed at a distance in our colonies, entirely abandoned to their forces, which prolonged in a heroic struggle the throes of their agony. Pitt had determined to achieve the conquest of Canada. Already the outposts of Louisburg and Cape Breton had succumbed beneath the attacks of the English. The Anglo-American forces were increased during the campaign of 1758 to sixty thousand men. The entire population of Canada was not more numerous. In 1759, three armies invaded the French territory at once. On the 29th of June, a considerable fleet carried to the Island of Orleans, fronting Quebec, General Wolfe, a young officer of great promise who had distinguished himself at the siege of Louisburg. Pitt believed that he discerned in him the elements of superior merit. In spite of the blundering—sometimes presuming, and again depressed—of Wolfe, he had resolved to confide to him the direction of the great expedition he contemplated. "If the Marquis de Montcalm succeeds again

this year in deceiving our hopes," said the new general, "he can pass for a clever man: either the colony has resources that are unknown, or our generals are worse than ordinary."

Quebec occupied an advantageous position, but the fortifications were bad; the loss of the place involved that of Canada. "If the Marquis were shut up there," said Wolfe, "we should soon have triumphed; our artillery would have made short work of the walls." An intrenched camp stretched before Quebec. The Indian tribes, hitherto ardently attached to France by the habitual kindness of its commerce, were decimated by the war, or had silently withdrawn, gained over by the money as well as the success of England. The two great European nations did not hesitate to wage war by means of the cruel or perfidious proceedings of their Indian allies.

For more than a month the town had borne the enemy's fire. The churches and convents were in ruins, and the French had not stirred from their camp of *l'Ange-Gardien*. Skirmishes were frequent. "Old men of seventy and children of fifteen years fire on our detachments," wrote Wolfe. "Our men are wounded at every border of the forest." The anger of the English soldiers had little by little reduced to a desert both banks of the St. Lawrence. In every direction villages and scattered dwellings were given to the flames.

Generals Amherst and Johnson, who had been charged with distant expeditions against Niagara and Ticonderoga, had succeeded in their enterprises, but had not rejoined Wolfe according to Pitt's plan. The latter bore on his shoulders all the responsibility of final success. Being repulsed before the French camp on the 31st of July, Wolfe fell sick from vexation and spite. "There only remains to me the choice of difficulties," he wrote to the English cabinet. "I have regained sufficient health to do my work, but my constitution is destroyed without my having the consolation of having rendered, or being able to render, considerable service to the state." Three days after the date of this letter. General Wolfe suddenly advanced on the banks of the St. Lawrence. On the night of the 12th of September he landed on the creek of the Foulon. The officers had responded in French to the "*Qui vive?*" of the sentinels, who believed that they beheld a long expected convoy of provisions passing. Twice did the boats, which

were insufficient in number, silently cross the stream. Wolfe alone repeated in an undertone the poet Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard." He was touching land, when he turned to say to his lieutenants, "I would prefer to be the author of that poem than to take Quebec."

Day was scarcely breaking when the English army occupied the Heights of Abraham. A skirmish had sufficed to put to flight the French detachment charged with guarding them. The Marquis de Montcalm viewed his enemies from afar. "I see them plainly where they ought not to be," said he, "but if we fight with them I shall crush them." The English were already on the march; before the break of day the French were routed, Montcalm was dying, and Quebec was lost.

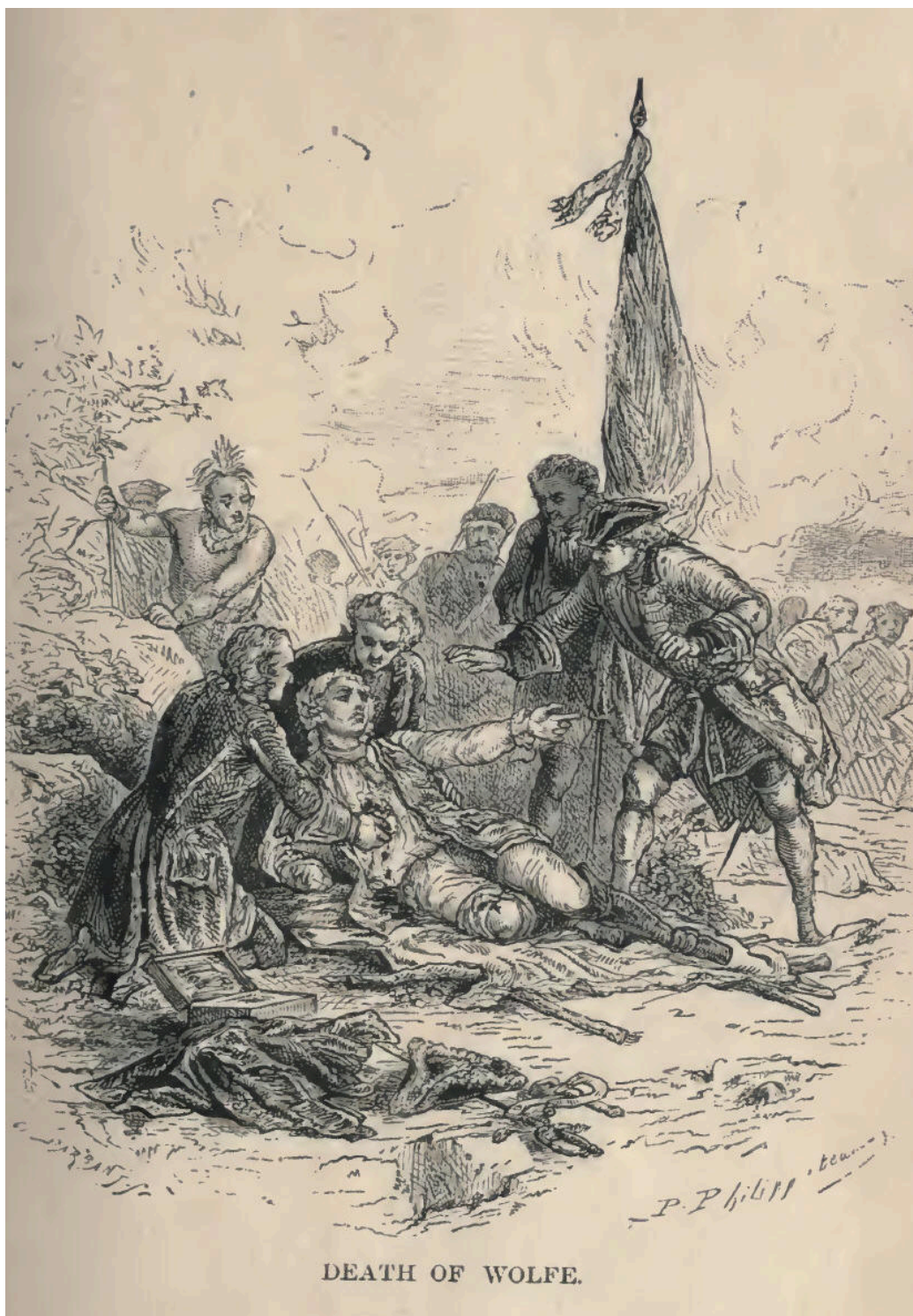
General Wolfe had murmured the last of Gray's lines—"The path of glory leads but to the grave." He had received three mortal wounds as he was encouraging his grenadiers to charge. Already his eyes were veiled by the eternal shadows, when an officer who was attending him exclaimed, "See, they fly!" "Who?" asked Wolfe, raising himself up painfully. "The enemy; they yield at all points." The hero let himself fall back on his couch. "God be praised," said he; "I die content." He was not yet thirty-four years of age.

Montcalm died also, eager even to the last moment to give his orders and arouse the courage of his soldiers. "All is not lost," he repeated. When the surgeons announced to him that he had only some hours to live, "So much the better," said he; "I shall not see the surrender of Quebec." He was buried in the hole scooped by a ball in the middle of the Ursuline church. It is there he still sleeps. On one of the squares of the town, which became English without the effacement of the tender memory of France, Lord Dalhousie had a marble obelisk erected bearing the names of Wolfe and Montcalm, with this inscription: "***Mortem virtus communem, famam historia, momentum posteritas dedit.***" Their courage has given them a common death; history, renown; posterity, a monument.

Parliament decreed a magnificent tomb in Westminster Abbey to the great conqueror of Quebec. The whole of England wore mourning. With Quebec France had lost Canada. The impotent despair of M. de Vaudreuil and the

Duke de Levis, who were incapable of defending Montreal, led them vainly to attempt to again seize the capital. For a second time the Heights of Abraham were witnesses of a bloody combat. The French troops blockaded the place. On both sides, the arrival of reinforcements asked from Europe was being awaited. The invincible hopefulness of our nation deluded the Canadians. The English vessels entered the river. On the night of the 16th to the 17th of May, the little French army raised the siege; on the 8th of September, Montreal, in its turn, fell into the hands of the conquerors.

At the same period, after long alternations of success and reverse, England achieved a conquest in India which assured to her forever the European empire of the East. An entire people, passionately attached to the mother-country, had struggled in Canada. In India, some eminent men had dreamed of establishing the French power on the most solid foundations. They had prosecuted their aims at the cost of all sacrifices, and one after another they had fallen victim to their devotion as well as to their reciprocal jealousy. Mahé de la Bourdonnais, governor of the Isle of France, a clever, enterprising, honest man, and the conqueror of Madras in 1746, had unfortunately engaged in a rivalry with Dupleix, then governor-general of Pondicherry, which had led both into grave errors.



DEATH OF WOLFE.

Death Of Wolfe.

The peace of Aix-la-Chapelle gave Madras to the English, but La Bourdonnais, destitute, suspected, and consigned to the Bastille, finally died of vexation, having used the last remnants of his energy to disseminate suspicions against Dupleix, which were soon to bear fruits fatal to that French greatness in India to which M. de la Bourdonnais had formerly consecrated his life.

Joseph Dupleix, born of a Gascon family, the son of the controller-general of Hainant, had settled in India from his youth. He had married there, and had learned to know all the tortuous policy of the Indian princes, whose language his wife, the princess Jeanne, as she was called, knew, and whose secrets she divined. Not over-scrupulous, ambitious and daring for his country's sake even more than his own, he had foreseen and prosecuted this European empire of India which was soon to fall into more fortunate if not more clever hands. In 1748 he had defended Pondicherry against Admiral Boscawen. The peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, while changing the name of the belligerents, had not put an end to hostilities. The two commercial companies, the French and the English, had continued the war hitherto sustained in the name of their sovereigns. Dupleix entered more and more into the internal intrigues of India. In the Dekhan he had supported Murzapha Jung against Nazir Jung, and in the Carnatic, Tchunda Sahib against Anaverdy Khan. His adroit patronage had brought good fortune to his proteges. In their solicitous gratitude they had conceded vast territories to France. A third of India was already obedient to Dupleix, and the Great Mogul, the invisible sovereign who silently granted degrees of investiture, had just recognized his supremacy. Dupleix thought that he had arrived at the goal of all his dreams. He had taken no account of the improvident weakness of the French government.

Already Dupleix's success had alarmed King Louis XV. and his ministers, who were more uneasy in respect of new embarrassments which might be created for them than solicitous for the greatness of France in India. England was irritated and perturbed. Her affairs had been for a long time badly managed in India, but she remained there vital, active, and sustained by the indomitable ardor of a free people. At Versailles Dupleix was refused the help he asked; the confirmation of his conquests was delayed. The man who was to establish for England the empire of India over the

ruins of Dupleix's work, had just arisen. Robert Clive, born in 1725, of a family of small Shropshire landholders, had been placed while very young in the offices of the India Company. His nature was turbulent. The assiduous work of a copying clerk did not admit of any title for him: he was a born general, and already his counsels were listened to by the chiefs of the company. In the peril which menaced it in consequence of Dupleix's triumphs, young Clive was placed at the head of an expedition which he had planned against Arcatan, the capital of the Carnatic. Having become master of the place by a bold stroke in the month of September, 1751, he was soon attacked there by Tchunda Sahib. During fifty days he withstood in the fortress the efforts of the Indians and the French. Provisions gave out, the rations became more insufficient every day; but Clive knew how to inspire in those who surrounded him the heroic resolution which animated himself. "Give the rice to the English," the sepoys came and said to him; "we will content ourselves with the water in which it has been boiled." A body of Mahrattas, allies of the English, caused the siege to be raised. Clive pursued the French in their retreat; he twice defeated Tchunda Sahib and razed the town and the monument that Dupleix had erected in remembrance of his victories. When he had effected his junction with Governor-General Lawrence he broke the blockades of Trichinapolis and delivered Mahomet Ali, the son and successor of Anaverdy Khan. Tchunda Sahib, for his part, being confined at Tcheringham, was given up to his rival by a chief of Tanjore to whom he had trusted himself. His throat was cut. The French commandant, a nephew of Law, gave himself up to the English. Clive had destroyed two French corps and was pressing the third army hard. Bussy-Castelnau, the faithful lieutenant of Dupleix, was fighting on the Dekhan and could not come to its aid. In vain did the indomitable energy of the governor-general triumph over all obstacles. Dupleix had found troops and money, and was resisting Clive, whose health was shaken when the news of his dismissal arrived from Europe. His temporary reverses of fortune had achieved the work begun by the suspicions which M. de la Bourdonnais had sown; the ministers of Louis XV. had taken fright. M. Godehen, one of the directors of the company, had been accused of treating with the English. Dupleix re-entered France, sad and irritated, but filled even yet with dreams and hopes. Since the time of his landing from the East he was hailed by the acclamations of the crowd, but the government was opposed to him. He had embarked his

entire personal fortune in the service of his great patriotic designs; his claims were not listened to; his wife died of vexation, and he finally, in poverty and despair, succumbed in 1763. "I have sacrificed my youth, my fortune, my life," he exclaimed, with just bitterness; "I have wished to load my nation with honors and riches in Asia. Unfortunate friends, too confiding relatives, virtuous citizens, have consecrated their wealth to make my projects succeed; they are now in misery. ... I demand what is due me as the last of the creditors. My services are fables; my demands are ridiculous; I am treated as the vilest of men. The little property that remains to me is seized. I have been obliged to apply for writs of suspension, so as not to be dragged to prison." History has avenged Dupleix by doing justice to his services. He was the most illustrious victim of those mighty French ambitions in India, without being the last or the most tragical of them.

After being detained some time in England by the care of his health. Clive returned to India in 1755, strong in his past glory and freed henceforth from the indomitable energy and clever intrigues of Dupleix. He cast his glances at Bengal, the sovereign of which, Surajah Dowlah, was hostile to the English rule. The Indian prince had just taken the initiative in hostilities by attacking Fort William, which formed the defence of the rising town of Calcutta. The governor took fright, and the place fell into the hands of Surajah Dowlah, who shut up the English prisoners in the dungeon of the garrison;—a terrible "black hole," scarcely sufficient to contain two or three delinquents. One hundred and forty-six unfortunates were crammed there in a stifling heat. In the morning when the door was opened, the cries of suffering, the rending appeals, had ceased. Twenty-three survivors, panting and dying, had scarcely strength to drag themselves out of the horrible place, the witness of their punishment. The nabob, indifferent and triumphant, gave Calcutta the name of Alinagore, or Port of God. He returned to his capital of Moorshedabad, occupied in torturing men, as in his childhood he had taken pleasure in torturing birds.

The anger of the English had placed Clive at the head of a little army. Surajah Dowlah called to his aid the French established at Chaudernagore. Dupleix was no longer there, busy to profit by all military or political complications. The French merchants refused to take part in the hostilities,

although the Seven Years' War had just broken out in Europe. Everywhere the arms of France were opposed to those of England. Chaudernagore did not escape the common lot. The English seized it after Clive had repaired Calcutta and Fort William. The decadence of France in India was marching with rapid steps; the treaty concluded by Godehen had dealt a death-blow to its empire, and all the conquests of Dupleix had been abandoned.

Upright and sincere in his relations with Europeans, Clive had contracted the fatal habit of different morality in regard to the Hindoos. Treaties concluded and violated, conspiracies encouraged in all directions, shameful and flagrant perfidies, mark with a black stain, in the life of the great general, his relations with the cruel nabob of Bengal. The victory of Plassey, which he finally gained on the 23d of June, 1757, terminated brilliantly a campaign of mingled heroism and crimes. Henceforth Bengal belonged to England. Bussy, summoned too late by Surajah Dowlah, had not been able to arrest Clive's success. He revenged himself for it by sweeping off all the English factories on the coast of Orissa, and closing to them the road between the coast of Coromandel and Bengal.

On the day after Clive's triumph in India, a bold and improvident soldier, of indomitable courage and will, passionately attached to France, which had received him and his cause—M. Lally-Tollendal, of Irish origin, and already known by his conduct, first in England and then in Scotland, during the expedition of Prince Charles Edward—proposed to the ministers of Louis XV. a new attempt to re-establish France's situation in the East. The directors of the India Company sustained his proposal. The king had promised troops. M. d'Argenson knew Lally's character, and hesitated. The representations of the company won him. When M. de Lally landed at Pondicherry in 1757, the treasury was empty, the arsenals unprovided with arms and munitions, and the English were pressing on the French possessions at all points. The ardor of the general sufficed to remove all obstacles. Lally marched on Gondalem, which he razed on the sixteenth day. Shortly afterward he invested Fort St. David, the most notable of the English fortresses in India. The first assault was repulsed. The count had neither cannons nor beasts of burden to bring them. He hastened to Pondicherry and attached the Hindoos to the trains of artillery,

taking indiscriminately the men who came to hand, without troubling himself as to rank or caste, thus imprudently wounding the dearest prejudices of the country that he came to govern. Fort St. David was taken and razed. Devicotch, hardly besieged, opened its gates. Lally had been scarcely a month in India, and already he had chased the English from the south coast of Coromandel. "My whole policy is contained in these five words, but they are sacramental: 'No English in the peninsula,'" wrote the general. He had sent orders to Bussy to rejoin him at Madras.

The ardent heroism of M. de Lally had for a time troubled the English by restoring courage to the remnants of the French colony. The grave defects of his character soon seconded the efforts of his adversaries by surrounding him with enemies, secret or declared, among his compatriots themselves. Being badly backed by M. d'Aché, who was in command of the French fleet, and who was twice beaten by the English, he attacked Madras in the month of September, 1758, with an undisciplined army, addicted to the most frightful debauchery, and commanded by chiefs who were either angry or discontented. Bussy could not console himself for having been obliged to abandon the Dekhan to the feeble hands of the Marquis de Conflans. The black town had been stormed; the white town resisted valiantly. On the 18th of February, 1759, Lally was obliged to raise the siege; Colonel Coote had just taken possession of the fortress of Wandewash. The general wished to regain it. The battle which was fought on the 22d of January, 1760, was fatal to the French; M. de Bussy was made prisoner and immediately sent to Europe. "To him alone did the capacity belong to have continued the war for ten years," said the Hindoos. Karikal was in the hands of the English. They were marching on Pondicherry.

M. de Lally was shut up there, resolved to hold out to the last in a place which was badly defended, and where he was generally hated. The siege commenced in the month of March, 1760; on the 27th of November it was changed to a blockade. It was only on the 16th of January, 1761, that the directors of the French Company at last forced the hand of the general, indomitable in the midst of ruins. "No person can have a higher opinion of General Lally than I," wrote Colonel Coote, who had just razed the ramparts and magazines of Pondicherry. "He has striven against obstacles

that I believed insurmountable, and he has triumphed over them. There is not in India another man who could have kept on foot so long an army without pay and without resources on any hand." No aid had come from France to the last general who still defended her power and glory in the Indies; the cause was forever lost, and no one would ever more attempt to revive it. The fate of M. de la Bourdonnais and that of Dupleix remained as a gloomy proof of the ingratitude of corrupt and feeble governments; that of M. de Lally frightened the most courageous hearts and disgusted the most far-sighted spirits. Shut up in the Bastille of his own will at the end of the year 1763, he remained there nineteen months without being examined. When his trial finally began, the animosities which he had imprudently engendered in India rose up against him with an irresistible violence. Accused of treason in regard to the interest of the king and the company, he was condemned to death on the 6th of May, 1766. Three days later he expired on the scaffold in the *Placede Greve*, being gagged like the worst of criminals. At the same moment. Lord Clive, rich, powerful, and a brilliant member of Parliament, was returning to the Indies as Governor-General of Bengal, charged with reforming its entire administration. The contrast is sorrowful, and explains the frequent checks received by France in distant enterprises, which, grandly conceived and courageously pursued by the patriotic devotion of citizens, were yet through laxity and cowardice abandoned by the government.

Success so great and so sustained beyond the bounds of Europe lent new force and zeal to the struggles of England on the continent. In Germany, the Duke de Broglie had successfully repulsed the attacks of Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick on his intrenchments at Bergher, on the 13th of April, 1759. The united armies under M. de Coutades had invaded Hesse and advanced on the Weser. They were occupying Minden when Prince Ferdinand attacked them on the 1st of August. The action of the two French generals was badly concerted, and the rout was complete. The English infantry played a glorious part in the victory. The cavalry was commanded by Lord George Sackville, son of the Duke, of Dorset. Prince Ferdinand gave him orders to advance. Some contradiction in the terms produced a momentary hesitation on the part of the English commander, and he resisted the representations of his aides-de-camp. "The orders are positive," said young Fitzroy; "the French are flying, and the opportunity

is glorious." Lord Granby put himself in motion; the voice of his superior officer compelled him to stop. When the scruples of Lord George were finally satisfied, the battle was won, the enemy in retreat, and the reputation of the English commander so seriously compromised that he was obliged to resign from his rank and ask to undergo a court-martial. The sentence was, like public opinion, severe. Lord George Sackville was declared unworthy to serve in his Majesty's armies. He already belonged to the court opposition which was thronging around the heir to the throne, the princess dowager, and the Marquis of Bute, the acknowledged favorite of mother and son. King George II. intimated to his grandson that he had prohibited Lord George from presenting himself before him. The day was not far from dawning in which the memories of Minden, despite their abiding bitterness, could not impede the proud career of Lord George Sackville.

Mr. Pitt was triumphant at home as abroad. In spite of the king's small predilection for his minister, the latter had obtained the garter for his brother-in-law, Lord Temple. Enormous subsidies were voted by the House without demur. "It is the wisest economy to spare nothing in the expenses of war," he had said, without circumlocution, when he was presenting the budget to Parliament. His animosity against France was on the increase. "Formerly I would have been content to see her on her knees," he said, in privacy; "to-day I wish to see her overturned in the dust." Notwithstanding the persistent bravery of the French nobles, who are always ready to die on the battle-field, the disorder of the troops and the inferiority of the generals who commanded in opposition to Frederick II. and Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, sadly subserved the hatred of the great English minister.

The victories of England in both worlds and the triumphant supremacy of Pitt in the Houses were not sufficient to assure the success of their allies on the continent. At one time the great Frederick thought he saw all Germany rallied round him. Now, defeated and fortified in Saxony during the winter of 1760, he sought alliances everywhere, and everywhere saw himself repelled. "There remain to me but two allies," said he; "valor and perseverance." Repeated victories, earned at the sword's point by dint of boldness and at extreme danger, could not even protect Berlin. The capital

of Prussia saw itself compelled to open its gates to the foe, on the sole condition that the Cossacks should not go beyond its precincts. When the regular troops withdrew, the generals had not been able to prevent the pillage of the town. The heroic efforts of the King of Prussia only ended in his keeping one foot still in Saxony. On the 10th of March he wrote to Count Algarotti, "It is certain that we have only experienced disasters during the last campaign, and that we have found ourselves nearly in the same situation as the Romans after Cannes. Unfortunately, toward the end I had an attack of gout. My left hand and my feet were disabled, and I could only let myself be carried from place to place, a witness to my own reverses. Happily, the speech of Barca to Hannibal can be applied to our enemies, 'You know how to conquer, but you do not know how to profit by victory.'" The cruel bombardment of Dresden in the month of August, 1760, was like an overflowing of the long pent-up rage of Frederick II. He had lately said, "Miserable fools that we are, we have only an instant to live, and we make that instant as sorrowful as we can. We take pleasure in destroying the masterpieces of art that time has spared us; we seemed resolved to leave behind us the odious memories of our ravages and of the calamities we have caused." The monuments and the palaces of Dresden fell beneath the fire of the Prussian cannon in the face of the flames which devoured the suburbs.

It is a relief in the midst of the horrors of war and the ferocious courage there displayed, to recall an act of disinterested bravery and a devotion which has no other recompense than glory. Marshall de Broglie, who had become general-in-chief of the French armies, had detailed M. de Castries to succor Wesel, which was besieged by the hereditary Prince of Brunswick. The French corps had just arrived, and was still in bivouac. On the night between the 15th and 16th of October, the Chevalier d'Assas, captain in the regiment of Auvergne, was sent to reconnoitre. He was marching in front of his men when he just fell into the midst of a body of the enemy. The Prince of Brunswick was preparing to attack. All the guns were levelled on the young captain. "If you stir, you are a dead man," muttered threatening voices. Without answering, M. d'Assas collected all his energies. "*A moi Auvergne; voila les ennemis*," he cried. He fell immediately, pierced by twenty bullets; but the action of Klosterkamp, thus begun, was glorious for France. The hereditary prince was obliged to

abandon the siege of Wesel and to recross the Rhine. The French corps maintained their positions.

The war still continued, bloody, monotonous, and fruitless; but a great event had just taken place, which was speedily to change the face of Europe. On the morning of the 25th of October, King George II. had risen as usual, being as regular and methodical at seventy-six as he had been in his youth. He asked for the foreign dispatches, when his servants heard the noise of a fall. They rushed in. The king was on the ground, and already breathing his last. When his daughter, the Princess Amelia, was summoned, she being deaf and very near-sighted bent towards her father in order to catch his last words. In alarm she started back. King George II. was dead.



GEORGE III.

George III.

Chapter XXXVI.

George III. The American War (1760-1783).

The House of Hanover reigned without further contest. The Stuarts had disappeared, borne forever by their misdeeds and misfortunes far from the throne of their ancestors, and the young King George III. peaceably succeeded his grandfather. Europe now, as well as England, understood the importance of the change which had just been accomplished. William III., called to the throne by the English nation, had delivered it from an odious yoke and had assured to it its religious and political liberties. He had constantly remained a foreigner in the England which he served gloriously and effectively without loving it. George I. and George II. were Germans, elevated to the throne by the national will, which was strong and wise, without sympathy and without pleasure. They had remained Germans in manners and in speech. England had grown under their rule; her institutions were strengthened and developed. At the death of George II., thanks to the illustrious man who, as an absolute master, had governed her in freedom, she had become the arbiter of Europe, predominant in America as well as in Asia. However, the English people's loyalty of feeling had never been satisfied since the downfall of the Stuarts, and the most obstinate of the Whigs, although passionately opposed to all the attempts of the Jacobite restoration, yet excused, in the depths of their heart, those who had sacrificed all to their attachment towards the hereditary monarch. George III. was at last reigning, loved and respected beforehand, and the painful trials of his life and his long reign never caused him to lose the confidence and sympathy of his people. It was the feeling of the whole nation as well as his own that the young monarch expressed when he spontaneously said, in his first speech from the throne:

"Born and brought up in this country, I glory in the name of Englishman, and it will be the pleasure of my life to give happiness to a people whose fidelity and attachment to myself I regard as the security and lasting honor of my throne."

New counsels already began to spread, less violent against France than those of Mr. Pitt. The young king had cordially received his grandfather's ministers, asking them to continue in their duties under him; but he had also admitted Lord Bute to the Privy Council, and the favorite's intrigues already came in contact with those of the Duke of Newcastle. Some weeks later, at the moment of the dissolution of Parliament, Bute succeeded Lord Holderness as secretary of state. Pitt, it is said, was not consulted.

The haughty displeasure of the great minister had its influence upon the tone of the negotiations then begun with France. The Duke de Choiseul, burning to serve his country, although active, restless, and courageous, still felt the necessity of peace. He had proposed a congress. While Pitt delayed his answer, an English squadron had blockaded Bellisle. A first assault, made on the 8th of April by General Hodgson, was repulsed. The governor, M. de St. Croix, had received no assistance, and, despite an heroic resistance, he was forced to capitulate on June 7th, 1761. It was almost at the same time that news was received of the check of De Broglie and De Soubise at Minden, and of the disastrous surrender of Pondicherry. England's answer to the proposals of peace at last arrived. The Duke de Choiseul had proposed to evacuate Hesse and Hanover, demanding the restoration of Guadaloupe and Marie Galante, and of Bellisle in exchange for Minorca. He accepted the conquest of Canada and of Cape Breton, but in return he laid claim to all the captures made at sea of the French merchant ships before the declaration of war, and required an engagement that the English troops, under the orders of Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, should not proceed to reinforce the Prussian army. The ultimatum was modest, and was a bitter trial to the patriotic pride of M. de Choiseul. Pitt's answer left no hope of peace. All the conquests, all the captures, full liberty to aid the King of Prussia—such was the language of the English minister. Dunkerque must be razed, as a lasting monument of the yoke imposed on France. "So long as I hold the reins of government,"

said Pitt, "another Peace of Utrecht shall never sully the annals of England."

Pitt had well estimated the exhaustion and the fatigue of France. He had not foreseen the influence which the accession of a new monarch to the throne of Spain would exert upon her alliances. Ferdinand VI. had died childless. His brother, Charles III. King of Naples, had succeeded him. He brought to his hereditary kingdom a quicker intelligence than that of the dead king, a great aversion to England (of which he had lately reason to complain), and the traditional attachment of his race for the interests and glory of France. The Duke de Choiseul was adroit enough to avail himself of these tendencies. In the distress in which the war had thrown King Louis XV., at the moment when Pitt rejected his ultimatum, insulting him by unacceptable proposals, Spain generously entered the list. The treaty, known under the name of the Family Compact, was signed at Paris on the 15th of April, 1761. Pitt immediately proposed to George III. to make sure of the Isthmus of Panama, and to attack immediately the Philippine Islands.

It was the last straw for the tottering empire of the minister who had been so long absolute in the council as well as in the Houses. The cabinet had hardly accepted the harshness of the conditions which he exacted from France. A declaration of war with Spain was rejected by a large majority. Pitt arose. "I thank you, gentlemen," said he, "for the support which you have often given me, but it is the voice of the people which has called me to public affairs. I have always considered myself as accountable to it for my conduct. I cannot then remain in a position where I shall be responsible for measures of which I have no longer the direction." Several days later Pitt placed in the king's hands the seals of office. George III. received him kindly. "Sad," he said, "to part from so illustrious a servant." The haughty minister burst into tears. "I confess, your Majesty," he said, "that I expected the signs of your displeasure. Your Majesty's kindness confounds and overwhelms me." Against the advice of his friends, Pitt accepted a pension of three thousand pounds sterling and a peerage for his wife, who became Lady Chatham. His popularity in consequence suffered a slight blow, yet it remained so great that at the annual lord mayor's dinner on the 9th of November, all looks were turned toward the fallen

minister, all the applause was reserved for him, at the expense of the king and of his young wife, Charlotte de Mecklenberg-Streglitz. This popular triumph became insulting to the royal personages. "At each step," said an eye-witness, "the crowd pressed around the simple carriage where were to be found Pitt and Lord Temple. They laid hold of the wheels; they embraced the servants, and even the horses."

"Mr. Pitt will not make peace because he cannot make that which he has given the nation reason to hope for," an acute observer of the court, Bubb Doddington, had already said. On succeeding to power, Lord Bute and the tories found themselves still driven by public opinion to measures more violent than their tastes or their intentions. France had made a supreme effort to reorganize its army. In the month of January, 1762, the English government declared war on Spain, striking from the first the most disastrous blows at our faithful ally. The year had not gone by before Cuba was already in the hands of the English, the Philippine Islands ravaged, and galleons laden with Spanish gold captured by British vessels. The campaign undertaken against Portugal, always friendly to England, was productive of no result. Martinique had followed the lot of Guadaloupe, which had already been conquered by the English after an heroic resistance. The war dragged on slowly in Germany. The death of the Czarina Elizabeth and the brief occupation of the throne by the young Czar Peter III., a passionate admirer of Frederick the Great, had freed the King of Prussia from a dangerous enemy, and promised him an ally faithful as well as powerful. The hope that the Family Compact had for a time given to France was deceived. The negotiations began again. On the 3d of November, 1762, the preliminaries of peace were signed at Fontainebleau. France abandoned all her possessions in America. Louisiana, which had taken no part in the war, was ceded to Spain in exchange for Florida, which was given over to the English. Only the small islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon were reserved for the French fisheries. A special stipulation guaranteed to the Canadians freedom in Catholic worship. In exchange for engaging not to introduce troops into Bengal, France recovered Chaudernagore and the ruins of Pondicherry. Guadaloupe and Martinique became again French. The English kept Tobago, Dominique, St. Vincent, and Grenada. In Germany the places and

country occupied by France were to be evacuated. Like his illustrious rival, Lord Bute insisted upon the demolition of Dunkerque.

England's success had been great, and France's humiliation profound, and yet it was not enough for the persistent hatred of Pitt, now freed from the shackles of power, and at liberty to allow full reign to his rancor against Lord Bute as well as to his animosity toward our nation. He was disabled by gout, the persistent scourge of his life; he had himself carried, wrapped in flannel, to the House of Commons. Two of his friends led him to his seat, and supported him during the first part of his speech. Exhausted, he ended by sitting down, contrary to all parliamentary usage. "I have come here at the risk of my life," he exclaimed, "to raise my voice, my hand, my arm against the preliminary articles of a peace which tarnishes the glory of the war, which betrays the dearest interests of the nation, and which sacrifices public faith while deserting our allies. France is chiefly, if not entirely, formidable to us as a maritime and commercial power. What we gain in this respect is doubly precious from the loss which results to her. America, gentlemen, has been conquered in Germany; to-day you leave to France the possibility of re-establishing her navy."

Peace was voted notwithstanding. Lord Bute had felt the need of support in the House of Commons against the thundering eloquence of Pitt. He had called Henry Fox, who lacked neither adroit eloquence nor insidious manipulations. His personal experience had taught him to judge men severely. The aged Lord Grey was asked in our time who was the last English minister susceptible of being corrupted. He unhesitatingly answered, "Lord Holland."

England had achieved a glorious peace. She was fatigued from her long efforts, and resolved henceforward to leave to the continental powers the care of settling their own quarrels. Austria and Prussia alone were left, the first to enter the lists, the only nations which retained a serious interest in the questions in dispute. Frederick the Great had based new hopes on the young czar, and a caprice of fortune had robbed him of his support. Catherine II., Princess of Anhalt-Zerbst, was on bad terms with her husband. She took advantage of the indiscretions of Peter III. to excite a military insurrection against him. He was deposed, and shortly after died

in his prison. Catherine was proclaimed sovereign in his place. The new sovereign was bold, ambitious, and as unscrupulous in her greed for power as in her private life. She remained neutral between Prussia and Austria. The states were at the end of their resources, the population decimated. In ten years Berlin had lost a tenth of her population, and thirty thousand of her inhabitants owed their subsistence to public charity. The two sovereigns agreed to an interchange of conquests. All this disturbance and all this suffering ended for Germany in the maintenance of the *statu quo*. France was exhausted, deprived of her most flourishing colonies, degraded in her own eyes as well as in those of Europe. She had dragged Spain along in her misfortune. England alone emerged triumphant and aggrandized with booty. She had gained forever the Empire of India, and for some years at least almost the whole of civilized America obeyed her laws. She had gained what we had lost, not by the superiority of her arms, nor even of her generals, but by the natural and innate force of a free people skillfully and nobly governed.

The peace had been accepted by the nation as well as by the Houses, but ill-will existed against Lord Bute, a Scotchman and favorite, who was attacked on all sides, both in pamphlets and in Parliament. More jealous of his influence with the royal family than he was of power, Lord Bute resolved to resign. He had written to one of his friends: "Isolated in a cabinet which I have formed, having no one to support me in the House of Lords but two peers, who are friends of mine, with my two secretaries of state maintaining silence, and the Lord Chancellor, whom I placed in his position, voting and speaking against me, I find myself upon ground which is undermined beneath me, and which makes me dread not only to fall myself, but to drag my royal master with me in my fall. It is time that I should retire." George Grenville succeeded him in power, and Fox passed to the House of Lords with the title of Lord Holland.

A brother-in-law of Pitt, who had never submitted to his domination, George Grenville was bold, presumptuous, and short-sighted, violent in his methods and methodical in his administration. The defects of his temper and character caused serious embarrassments to the government which he directed, and drew down great mishaps upon England. He pursued with

obstinacy John Wilkes, the pamphleteer, and proposed to apply the stamp tax to the American colonies.

John Wilkes, born in London in 1727, Member of Parliament for Aylesbury, blustering, ruined, corrupt, hideous in personal appearance, and given over to the most unbridled licentiousness of life, had sought a means of re-establishing his fortunes by founding a skillfully and audaciously edited journal, which he called *The North Briton*. Lord Bute had already been violently attacked by Wilkes, who was secretly encouraged, it is said, by Lord Temple; but no prosecution had been directed against him. In proroguing Parliament at the end of April, 1763, the king congratulated himself on the happy termination of the war; "so honorable," he said, "for my crown, and so happy for my people." Wilkes' journal attacked the speech in his forty-fifth number, dated April 23d. Eight days after, in spite of his parliamentary privilege, Wilkes was arrested at his own house and conducted to the Tower, where he remained some days in secret. In passing under the gloomy gate, Wilkes ironically asked to be lodged in the room which had formerly been occupied by the father of Lord Egremont, one of the ministers who had signed the order for his arrest. As soon as his friends received permission to visit him, Lord Temple and the Duke of Grafton hastened to see him. The public feeling overcame the dislike which the character of the accused generally inspired, and transports of joy broke out in the crowd when the Chief Justice, Sir Charles Pratt, firmly pronounced his acquittal. "We are all of the opinion," he said, "that a libel does not amount to a breach of the public peace. The most that can be said is that it tends to it, without being in consequence subject to the penalties of the law. I order that Mr. Wilkes be released."

For seven years to come, under different phases—sometimes in France, under pretext of obtaining cure for a wound received in a duel; sometimes in London as candidate for the House of Commons; outlawed by the Middlesex magistrates for his indecent pamphlets; chosen by the city as one of its representatives—John Wilkes was almost constantly before the public, sustained by the most diverse partisans, honest or corrupt; absorbed in those public liberties which they considered outraged in his person, or sympathetically interested in the audacious impiety which bore without blushing the banner of moral or political license. It was the error

and the fault of the government to have alienated public opinion by imprudent prosecutions, thus assuring to Wilkes a popularity in no way deserved. When at last he died, in 1797, the venal and debauched pamphleteer had for a long time fallen into the obscurity and contempt from which he should never have emerged.

The Stamp Act has left its date and its ineradicable trace on the history of England, and of the world. Already for a long time under the influence of the rapid development of their prosperity and resources, the American colonies proudly defended their privileges, resenting the offensive investigations of the revenue officers, while admitting the right of the mother-country to that monopoly of commerce which they succeeded in violating by an active contraband trade. Submitting without trouble to the external taxes intended to regulate the commerce, the Americans claimed entire independence as regarded other duties. In 1692 the General Court of Massachusetts resolved that no tax could be imposed upon his Majesty's colonial subjects without the consent of the governor, the council, and the representatives assembled in General Court. It was this fundamental principle of the liberties of Great Britain, as well as of her colonies—that an English subject could not be taxed without his consent—that was openly violated in 1765 by the proposition of Mr. George Grenville. This financial expedient had been previously suggested to Sir Robert Walpole, but he answered with his usual good sense, "I have Old England already on my hands; do you suppose I wish to encumber myself in addition with New England? He will be a bolder minister than I who will assume that."

Grenville was naturally bold, as Cardinal de Retz said of Anne of Austria, because he was neither prudent nor far-sighted. He was at once absolute and without tact. The extension to the colonies of the stamp tax had been voted almost without opposition. Mr. Pitt himself had not protested. Thoughtlessly, and in consequence of the financial embarrassment brought on by the war, the English government, without systematic scheme, and without *arrière pensée*, had committed itself to a fatal line of policy in which the national pride was to sustain it too long. The taxes were light and could not entail any suffering on the colonists. They were the first to recognize this themselves. "What is the matter, and what are we disputing about?" said Washington in 1766. "Is it about the payment of a tax of

threepence a pound on tea being too burdensome? No, it is the principle alone which we contest."

A general and speedily riotous protestation was made in 1765, in New England, in the name of the rights of the colonies, unjustly violated by the pretensions of the metropolis. At Boston the people arose and broke into the house of the distributors of stamped paper. The ships which happened to be in port lowered their flags to half-mast, in token of mourning, and the church bells sounded the funeral toll. At Philadelphia the inhabitants spiked the cannons on the ramparts. At Williamsburg the House of Burgesses of Virginia resounded with the most violent menaces, and in the midst of the discussion of the Stamp Act, Patrick Henry, who was still very young, uttered these words: "Caesar found his Brutus, Charles I. his Cromwell, and George III. ... !" "Treason! treason!" cried the royalists. "And George III. will doubtless profit from their example," retorted the young orator. The remonstrance which he had proposed was voted.

The attitude of the American people and the numerous petitions which revealed it had warned Pitt of the danger. He openly attacked the cabinet and called for the repeal of the Stamp Act. "The colonists," said he, "are subjects of this kingdom, entitled equally with yourselves to the special privileges of Englishmen. They are bound by English laws, and to the same extent as we. They have a right to the liberties of this country. The Americans are the sons, and not the bastards, of England. When we agree in this House to the subsidies to his Majesty, we dispose of that which belongs to ourselves; but when we impose a tax on the Americans, what are we doing? We, the Commons of England, give what to his Majesty? Our personal property? No. We give the property of the Commons of America. It is a contradiction of terms. I demand that the Stamp Act be repealed, absolutely, completely, immediately; that the reason of the repeal shall be proclaimed. The principle on which the act was based was false. At the same time let the supreme authority of this country over her colonies be clearly affirmed in the most decided terms that can be imagined. We can bind their commerce, restrain their manufactures, and exercise our power under every form. We cannot, we should not, take the money in their pockets without their consent."

The honor of obtaining from the English Parliament the repeal of an unjust measure was reserved for a new and more moderate minister. George Grenville, beaten and overthrown, remained obstinately attached to the cause on which he had entered. "If the tax were still to impose, I should impose it," said he; "the enormous expenses that were caused by the German war have made it necessary. The eloquence which the author of this proposal brings to bear to-day against the constitutional authority of Parliament renders it indispensable. I do not envy him his applause. I take pride in your hisses. If the thing were still to do, I should begin again."

Twice already since George Grenville had taken the reins of power, the king, soon wearied of his arrogant rule, had asked Pitt to free him from it. The new reason for disagreement had just increased the bitterness between George III. and his minister. The monarch, suffering and ill, had felt the first attacks of that malady which was at recurrent intervals to cloud his faculties, and which at last plunged him into an insanity that only ended with his life. Barely recovered, the young king, with touching firmness and resignation, himself proposed to his ministers the question of a regency. The Prince of Wales was not yet three years old. The act prepared by George Grenville and his colleagues excluded the princess dowager from the regency on the ground that she was not of the royal family. The hatred and jealousy inspired by Lord Bute, which always operated strongly upon both mother and son, had suggested the singular interpretation of the legal text. For a moment the king agreed with a melancholy sweetness; but the insult offered his mother soon wounded him, and he resolved to escape at last from the tyranny which weighed upon him. Formerly he feared the junta of the great Whig lords. It appeared to him less formidable than George Grenville and the Duke of Bedford. The Duke of Cumberland, in the king's name, visited Mr. Pitt, who was sick and detained in the country. Pitt refused to assume the direction of affairs without the assistance of Lord Temple. The latter was particularly hostile to Lord Bute, and personally compromised in relation to the king. George III. would not submit. Negotiations resulted finally in the formation of a Whig cabinet, which was really honest and dull. The Marquis of Rockingham was its chief. It was in his service and as his private secretary that Edmund Burke for the first time took part in public affairs and entered Parliament.

The only important act of Lord Rockingham's ministry was the repeal of the Stamp Act, accompanied by a contradictory declarative clause which proclaimed the right of Parliament to bind by its decrees the colonies under any circumstances whatever. This fruitful seed of new dissensions passed unperceived in the first outburst of American joy and of the triumph of the friends of liberty in England. Mr. Pitt was already on the threshold of power. Lord Rockingham, involved with a new party, which was known under the name of the king's friends, saw his authority rendered powerless and his honest intentions feebly fulfilled. The king desired to get rid of the Whigs at any price, without being obliged to submit again to George Grenville. Pitt once more agreed to become prime minister, but to the great astonishment and universal regret of his friends he abandoned at the same time the supreme empire which he had exercised in the House of Commons and entered the House of Lords with the title of Lord Chatham.

The cabinet which the new earl had formed was composed of diverse and contradictory elements. His powerful hand alone could preserve unity. "Lord Chatham," said Burke, "has composed a ministry so odd and hybrid, he has put together a checker-board so curiously divided and combined, he has constructed so strange a mosaic of patriots and conservatives, of the king's friends and of republicans, of Whigs and Tories, of perfidious friends and avowed enemies, that, strange as the sight may be, he is not sure of where he can put down his foot, and is unable to keep it there."

Lord Chatham found this out himself. In spite of the haughtiness of his character, he felt that the wind of popularity did not bear him as in the past upon its powerful wings. He was sick, defiant, and jealous of his colleagues, and ill at ease at the bottom of his heart in the new atmosphere of the House of Lords. He had conceived large projects for the reform of the administration in India. He caused an investigation to be proposed in the House of Commons, and the proposition came from Alderman Beckford, who did not form part of the administration. Soon after he withdrew to the country. Strange rumors spread abroad as to his state of mind. Lady Chatham refused absolutely to allow any of his colleagues to have access to him. The discords within the cabinet increased, and the feebleness and the hitches of the government became more striking.

Charles Townshend, a brilliant orator, witty and clever, had just died at the age of forty-three. Intrigues multiplied in the Houses and at court. The king renewed his entreaties to Lord Chatham. "I am ready," said he, "to go find you, if it is impossible for you to come to see me." Gout had again attacked the prime minister, replacing, we are assured, a more cruel malady. Lord Chatham finally consented to receive the Duke of Grafton. "I expected to find him very sick," writes the duke in his memoirs, "but his condition exceeded all that I had imagined. The sight of this great intellect, overwhelmed and weakened by suffering, would have profoundly affected me, even if I had not been for a long time sincerely attached to his person and his character." As a matter of fact and practically, the Duke of Grafton had become prime minister many months before Lord Chatham finally resolved, in October, 1768, to send in his resignation. Sir Charles Pratt, now Lord Camden, and the honor of the bench as well from the purity of his character as from his oratorical talent, still held up the tottering ministry. The importance of Lord North, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, continued to increase from day to day.

Melancholy is the spectacle of a great light which is going out, and of a power once supreme losing its influence over men. Lord Chatham had the good fortune to cast a final gleam before falling forever. After two years of a mysterious retreat, he reappeared in public life in 1769, and the Duke of Grafton's ministry could not withstand his attacks. Lord North, still young, and without high political ambition, of an amiable character, and personally agreeable to the king, had just accepted the heavy burden of power (January, 1770). Lord Chatham pretended to see in this new combination that persistent influence of Lord Bute which was a favorite theme for the attacks of the pamphleteers, whether it was a question of John Wilkes, or of that mysterious writer, still hidden after more than a hundred years, under the name of Junius. "Who does not know," he cried, "that Mazarin, though absent from France, was always there; and do we not know an analogous case? When I was recently called to public service, I hastened upon the wings of my zeal. I agreed to preserve a peace which I detested—a peace which I should not have made, but which I was resolved to maintain because it had been made. I was credulous, I admit, but I was taken in; I was deceived; the same mysterious influence still

existed. My cruel experience has at length painfully convinced me that behind the throne there is hidden something greater than the throne itself."

The situation of affairs in America became each day more serious. On his accession to office. Lord Chatham had consented to extract a revenue from the colonies. A customs law had established taxes upon tea, glass, and paper, creating a permanent administration for collecting external imposts. The distinction which the colonists had previously established was thus turned against them, and they abandoned it forever. The time for legal fictions was past. [Footnote 1]

[Footnote 1: Cornelis de Witt's History of Washington.]

In truth there was already between the government of George III. and the colonies something besides a constitutional and financial question. The Americans were no longer simple subjects of the metropolis, merely struggling against such an abuse of power or such a violation of right. It was one people aroused against the oppression of another people, whatever might be the form or the name of that oppression. Still attached to the mother country by the ties of a secular fidelity, and ardently refraining from all aspirations towards independence, they were still dominated by a supreme sentiment—love for the American country, for its grandeur, its liberty, its force. "You are taught to believe that the people of Massachusetts is a rebel people, uprisen for independence," wrote Washington as late as the 9th of October, 1774. "Permit me to tell you, my good friend, that you are deceived, grossly deceived. I can assure you, as a matter of fact, that independence is neither the desire nor the interest of that colony, nor of any other on the continent, separately or collectively. But at the same time you may be sure that not one of them will ever submit to the loss of those privileges, of those precious rights which are essential to every free state, and without which liberty, property, and life are deprived of all security."

America did not fall below her destiny. "From 1767 to 1774," says Cornelis de Witt, in his history of Washington, "there were formed everywhere patriotic leagues against the consumption of English merchandise and the exportation of American products. All exchange between the metropolis and the colonies ceased. In order to drain the

sources of England's riches in America, and to constrain it to open its eyes to its folly, the colonists recoiled before no privation and no sacrifice. Luxury had disappeared. Rich and poor accepted ruin rather than abandon their political rights." "I expect nothing more from the petitions to the king," said Washington, already one of the firmest champions of American liberties, "and I should oppose them if they were to suspend the non-importation agreement. As sure as I live, there is no alleviation to be expected for us except from the distress of Great Britain. I think, or at least I hope, that we retain sufficient public virtue to refuse everything except the necessities of life in order to obtain justice. That we have the right to do, and no power on earth can force us to alter our conduct before it has reduced us to the most abject slavery." ... And he added, with a stern sense of justice, "As to the non-importation agreement, that is another thing. I admit that I have my doubts as to its legitimacy. We owe considerable sums to Great Britain. We can only pay them with our products. In order to have the right to accuse others of injustice we must be just ourselves; and how could we be so while refusing Great Britain to pay our debts? That is beyond my conception."

All minds were not so firm, nor all souls so just as Washington's. Resistance still continued legal, and the national effort was still retained within the limits of respect. The excitement became more lively every day, irritation more profound and more passionate. Order still reigned in almost all the colonies. Only at some principal places, and especially at Boston, the popular enthusiasm offered a pretext to the violence of George III. and his ministers. Jefferson himself, upon the eve of the drafting of the Declaration of Independence, wrote to Mr. Randolph, "Believe me, my dear sir, there is not a man in the whole British Empire who cherishes the union with Great Britain more heartily than I; but, by the God that made me, I should cease to exist sooner than accept that union on the terms which Parliament proposes. We lack neither motives nor power to declare and sustain our separation. 'Tis the will alone that fails us, and that increases little by little under the hand of our king."

When he was still Sir Charles Pratt, Lord Camden had once said, in 1759, to Franklin, who was charged with the management of the colonies' affairs in London, "In spite of all that you say of your loyalty, you Americans, I

know that one day you will sever the bonds which unite you to us, and that you will raise the flag of independence." "No such idea exists, and it will never enter into the head of Americans," answered Franklin, "unless you maltreat them very scandalously." "That is true, and it is precisely one of the causes which I foresee, and which will bring about the consummation."

Lord Camden's prediction was sorrowfully fulfilled in England. Faults succeeded faults. The measures of the metropolitan government, whether indecisive or violent, increased the excitement of the colonies. All the new imposts had been abolished with the exception of the tax on tea, maintained from pride and for the purpose of sustaining a principle without hope of receiving from it a serious revenue. American resistance was immediately concentrated on the importation of tea. At the end of November, 1773, two vessels arrived from England and appeared before Boston. They were laden with tea. Their captains received orders to leave the harbor. They waited for a permit from the governor. The populace boarded them, pillaged the ships, and threw the chests of tea into the sea. George III. and his ministers had not understood the nature of the movement which was agitating America. They thought that they could chastise a riot by new rigors. The rights of the port of Boston were withdrawn, and the ancient charter of Massachusetts was rescinded. "I will tell you what the Americans have done," said Lord North; "they have maltreated the officers and subjects of Great Britain; they have despoiled our merchants, burnt our ships, refused all obedience to our laws and our authority. We have used a long patience in respect to them. It is time to adopt another line of conduct. Whatever may be the consequences, we must resign ourselves to running some risks, without which all is lost."

It was in the name of the eternal principles of justice and of liberty that Lord Chatham and his friends of the opposition protested against the measures adopted with reference to the colonies. "Liberty," said the great orator, passionately, employing in the struggle the remnant of his failing strength; "liberty is arrayed against liberty. They are indissolubly united in this great cause. It is the alliance of God and nature, immutable and eternal as the light in the firmament of heaven! Beware! Foreign war hangs over your heads by a light and fragile thread. Spain and France are

watching your conduct, waiting the result of your errors. Their eyes are turned upon America, and they are more occupied with the disposal of your colonies than with their own affairs, whatever they may be. I repeat to you, my lords, if his Majesty's ministers persevere in their fatal designs, I do not say that they can alienate from him the affections of his subjects, but I affirm that they are destroying the greatness of the crown. I do not say that the king is betrayed; I say that the country is lost."

Young Charles Fox, second son of Lord Holland, who held an inferior office in the administration, had embraced the cause of the American colonies. Lord North wrote to him, on the 22d of February, "Sir—His Majesty has judged it wise to revise the Treasury Commission. I do not see your name there. [Signed] NORTH." The opposition received him into its ranks with joy. He had already given proof of the faults of his character and of the licentiousness of his life, yet at the same time he had secured the attachment of numerous and faithful friends, by his frank and open good-nature and by the generosity and sweetness of his soul. He had inspired in his adversaries a great admiration for his oratorical ability and the inexhaustible fertility of his wit. The young rival who was soon to dispute the pre-eminence with him and to vanquish him had not yet appeared on the horizon, except to sustain the feeble footsteps of his infirm father. The last time that Lord Chatham appeared in Parliament he was supported on the arm of the second William Pitt. Debates followed one another in the English Houses of Parliament. The opposition and the government exchanged proposals, which were conciliatory or perfidious, liberal or arbitrary, sustained in turn by the most eloquent voices. No measure, no speech, availed or could henceforth avail, to calm the growing irritation of the colonies. New England and Virginia, the sons of the Puritans and the descendants of the Cavaliers, marched at the head of the national movement, animated by the same spirit, however different were its manifestations. It was from Virginia that the call to arms came. Washington had said, with his usual moderation, "I do not pretend to indicate exactly what line it will be necessary to draw between Great Britain and the colonies, but I am decidedly of opinion that it will be necessary to draw one and to secure our rights definitively." Patrick Henry, less scrupulous and more ardent, uttered the war-cry. "We must fight," said he loudly, at the opening of the year 1775, at the session of the Virginia

Convention; "an appeal to the sword and the God of armies is all that is left us." Already, in 1774, a general congress of all the provinces had met at Philadelphia, announcing a new session for the following year. Political resistance had henceforth found its centre. The day of armed resistance had come.

It was time for action. On the 18th of April, 1775, in the night, the choicest corps of the garrison of Boston went out of the town, by order of General Gage, governor of Massachusetts. The soldiers were as yet ignorant of their destination, but the "Sons of Liberty" had divined it. The governor had caused the gates of Boston to be shut. Some of the inhabitants, however, had found means of escape. They had spread the alarm in the country, and already the men were repairing to the posts designated beforehand. As the royal troops, approaching from Lexington, were confident of laying hands on two of the principal agitators, Samuel Adams and John Hancock, they stumbled in the night against a body of militia who guarded the way. The Americans remaining immovable before the command to withdraw, the English soldiers, led by their officers, fired. Some men fell. The war between England and America was entered on. The same evening Colonel Smith, in seeking to take possession of the supply depot formed at Concord, saw himself successively attacked by detachments hastily raised in all the villages. He retired in disorder, even as far as the shelter of the cannon of Boston. Some days later the town was besieged by an American army, and Congress, assembled at Philadelphia, appointed Washington general-in-chief of all the forces of the united colonies—"of all those which have been or which shall be raised there, and of all others which shall volunteer their services or shall join the army in order to defend American liberty and repulse every attack directed against her."

"There is a spectacle as fine as, and not less salutary than, that of a virtuous man struggling with adversity: it is the spectacle of a virtuous man at the head of a good cause and assuring its triumph. God reserved this good fortune for George Washington." [Footnote 2]

[Footnote 2: M. Guizot, *Etude sur Washington*.]

[Essay on the Character and Influence of Washington in the
Revolution of the United States of America; page 13;
<http://www.gutenberg.org/ebooks/60668>]

Born on the 22nd of February, on the banks of the Potomac, at Bridge's Creek in Virginia, the new general belonged to a good family of Virginia planters, descended from those country gentlemen who had formerly caused the English revolution. He lost his father at an early age, and was brought up by his mother, a distinguished woman, for whom he always preserved as much tenderness as respect. He had undergone in his youth a free and rough life as a land-surveyor. At the age of nineteen, during the war in Canada, he had taken his place in the militia of his country, and we have seen him fighting brilliantly by the side of General Braddock. When the war ended, his haughty discontent concerning a question of military rank brought him home again. His eldest brother was dead, and had left him the Mount Vernon estate. He settled there, became a great agriculturist and sportsman, was loved and esteemed of everybody, and was already the object of the confidence as well as the hopes of his fellow-citizens.

"Capable of raising himself to the highest destinies, he had been able to ignore himself without suffering from it, and to find in the cultivation of his land the satisfaction of those powerful faculties which were sufficient for the command of armies and the founding of a government. But when the occasion offered, when the necessity arrived, without effort on his part, without surprise on the part of others, the wise planter was a great man. He had in a high degree the two qualities which, in active life, render a man capable of great things. He knew how to believe firmly in his own idea, and to act resolutely according to what he thought, without fearing the responsibility of his action." [Footnote 3]

[Footnote 3: M Guizot, *Etude sur Washington.*]

[Essay on the Character and Influence of Washington in the
Revolution of the United States of America; page 60;
<http://www.gutenberg.org/ebooks/60668>]

He was moved and disquieted, however, at the beginning of the struggle, the burden of which was going to weigh on his shoulders. He did not

unhesitatingly accept the choice of Congress. He did not delude himself either in his own regard, or in relation to his country, and the resources which were at his disposal. "I know my unfortunate position," wrote he to one of his friends. "I know that much is expected of me; I know that, without troops, without arms, without supplies, without anything that a soldier needs, almost nothing can be done; and what is very mortifying, I know that I can only justify myself in the eyes of the world by declaring my needs, by disclosing my weakness, and by doing wrong to the cause which we serve. I am determined not to do it!" Washington had resolutely accepted the bitterness of power in the heart of a revolution. "Among great men, if there have been those who have shone with more dazzling splendor," said M. Guizot, "no one has been put to a more complete proof—that of resisting in war and in government, in the name of liberty and in the name of authority, king and people, of commencing a revolution and of finishing it."

When the new general arrived before Boston in order to take command of the confused and undisciplined masses which crowded into the American camp, he learned that an engagement had taken place on the 16th of June, on the height of Bunker's Hill, which overlooked the town. The Americans had seized the positions, and had so bravely defended themselves there that the English had lost more than a thousand men before removing their batteries. Some months later, Washington was master of all the surroundings, and General Howe, who had replaced General Gage, was obliged to evacuate Boston (17th of March, 1776).

On the day after the battle of Bunker's Hill, and as a last effort of fidelity towards the metropolis. Congress had voted (July 1, 1775) a second petition to the king, which was called the Olive Branch, and which Richard Penn was charged with conveying to England. A numerous and considerable faction in the American assemblies were strongly in favor of loyal union with the mother-country. "Gentlemen," Mr. Dickinson, deputy from Pennsylvania, had recently said, "in the reading of the project of a solemn declaration, justifying the taking up of arms, there is only a single word of which I disapprove, and it is that of *Congress*." "And for my part, Mr. President," said Mr. Harrison, rising, "there is in this paper only a single word of which I approve, and it is the word *Congress*."

The petition of the thirteen united colonies received no answer. At the opening of the session on the 25th of October, 1775, the king's speech was clearly menacing. The Duke of Grafton had tendered his resignation as keeper of the privy seal. "I ventured to communicate our apprehensions to the king," wrote he in his *Memoirs*. "I added that the ministers, themselves in error, were drawing his Majesty into it. The king deigned to expatiate on his projects, and informed me that a numerous body of German troops was going to be united to our forces. He appeared astonished when I replied that his Majesty would perceive too late that the doubling of these troops would only increase the humiliation without attaining the proposed end." Lord George Sackville, who had become Lord George Germaine, had been charged with the direction of American affairs. He was haughty and violent. Public sentiment, strongly excited by the taking up of arms by the Americans, began to express itself in addresses and loyal declarations. George III., his ministers and his people marched together against the rebellion of the colonies. Alone and for various reasons the Whig opposition in Parliament struggled against the rising tide of national irritation. The Prohibition bill had just been voted, interdicting all commerce with the thirteen revolted colonies, and authorizing the capture of vessels or merchandise which belonged to Americans, and should become the property of the conquerors. The arguments were as violent as the measures. The chancellor, Lord Mansfield, distinguished among all the judges, recalled the sentence of the great Gustavus to his troops during the German campaign: "My boys, you see those men down there: if you do not kill them, they will kill you."

The resolution was taken in America as well as in England. "If every one was of my opinion," wrote Washington in the month of February, 1775, "the English ministers would learn in a few words to what we wish to come. I would proclaim simply and without circumlocution our grievances and our resolve to obtain their redress. I would tell them that we have long and ardently desired an honorable reconciliation, and that it has been refused us. I would add that we have comported ourselves as faithful subjects, that the spirit of liberty is too powerful in our hearts to permit us ever to submit to slavery, and that we are firmly decided to break every bond with an unjust and unnatural government, if our serfdom alone can satisfy a tyrant and his devilish ministry; and I would say all that to them

in no covert terms, but with expressions as clear as the sun's light at full noon."

The hour of independence was at last come. Already as a termination of their proclamations, instead of "God save the King!" the Virginians had adopted this proudly significant phrase, "God save the liberties of America!" Congress resolved to give its true name to the war against the metropolis, sustained for three years by the colonies. After a discussion which lasted for three days, the proposition drawn up by Jefferson for the Declaration of Independence was adopted with unanimity—"unanimity unfortunately slightly factitious." [Footnote 4]

[Footnote 4: Cornelis de Witt, History of Washington.]

To the solemn preamble affirming the eternal rights of peoples to liberty as well as justice, followed an enumeration of the grievances which had forever alienated from the sovereign of Great Britain the obedience of his American subjects. "We, therefore, the representatives of the United States of America assembled in general congress, invoking the Supreme Judge to witness the rectitude of our intentions, do solemnly publish and declare in the name of the good people of these colonies that the united colonies are and have a right to be free and independent states, that they are disburdened of all allegiance to the crown of Great Britain, and that every political bond between them and Great Britain is and ought to be entirely dissolved. ... Full of a firm confidence in the protection of Divine Providence, we mutually devote to the maintenance of this Declaration our lives, our fortunes, and our most sacred possession, our honor."

In America the solemn Declaration of Independence did not cause a lively emotion; the lot had been cast for the Americans since the day when they had taken up arms. At the opening of Parliament on the 31st of October, King George III., while deploring the decisive act by which the rebels had broken all the bonds which attached them to the mother-country, and rejected attempts at conciliation, ended his appeal to the fidelity of the nation with these words: "A single and great advantage will flow from the frank declaration of their intentions by the rebels; we shall be henceforth united at home, and all will understand the justice and necessity of our measure. I have not, and I cannot have, in this cruel struggle, any other

desire than the true interest of all my subjects. Never has a people enjoyed a good fortune more complete or a government more lenient than have the revolted provinces. Their progress in all the arts of which they are proud, give them sufficient proof of it; their number, their wealth, their strength on land and sea, which they deem sufficient to resist all the power of the mother-country, are the unexceptionable proof of it. I have no other object than to deal them the benefits of the law in the liberty which all English subjects equally enjoy, and which they have fatally exchanged for the calamities of war and the arbitrary tyranny of their chiefs."

The calamities of war indeed were weighing on the United States of America. The attempt against Canada directed by Arnold had completely failed; oftentimes during the rough campaign of 1776 Washington had believed the cause lost. He had seen himself under the necessity of abandoning positions of which he was master, in order to fall back on Philadelphia. "What would you do if Philadelphia were taken?" he was asked. "We should retreat beyond the Susquehanna River; then, if necessary, beyond the Alleghany Mountains," replied the general, without hesitation. By an unhoped-for good luck for the future destinies of America, General Howe, in spite of the reinforcements constantly arriving from Europe, allowed the war to spin out, relying on time and the rigors of the season to weary the courage of the rebel troops. He had deceived himself as to the efficacy of the national feeling, still more as to the hardihood and indomitable perseverance of the general. At the end of the campaign, Washington, suddenly assuming the offensive, had in succession beaten the royal troops at Trenton and at Princeton. This brilliant action had reinstated the affairs of Americans, and prepared the formation of a new army. On the 30th of December, 1776, Washington was invested by Congress with the full powers of a dictator. He had claimed them for a long time, with that modest and proud authority which looked simply to the patriotic end without heed of popular clamors. "If the short time left us in which to prepare and execute important measures," he had written to the President of Congress, "is employed in consulting Congress about their opportunity, so evident to all; if we wait until it has caused its decisions to reach us at a distance of a hundred and forty miles, we will lose precious time and we will fail of our end. It may be objected that I claim powers which it is dangerous to confer; but for desperate evils

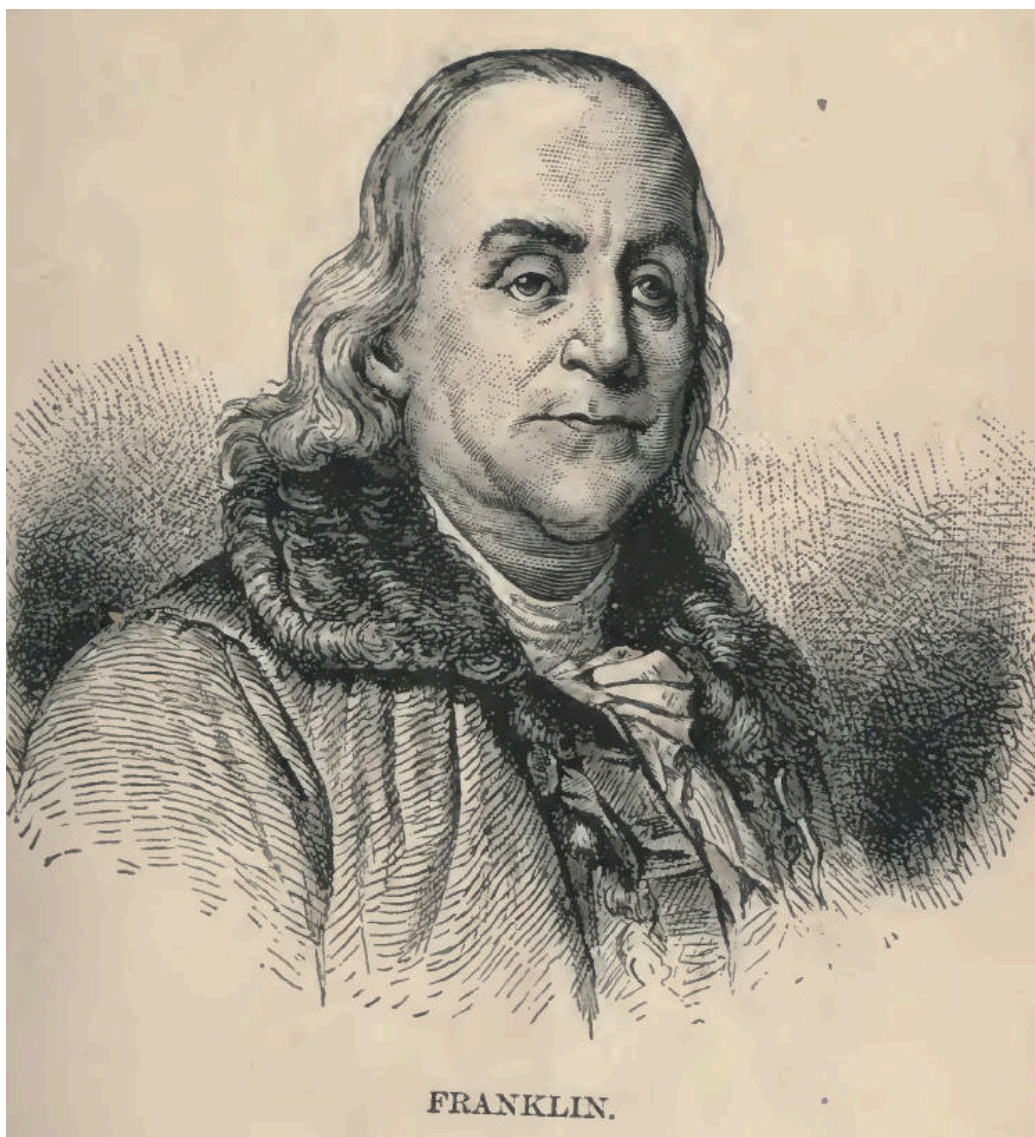
extreme remedies are necessary. No one, I am convinced, has ever encountered so many obstacles in his way as I."

America began to feel the need of external support in the terrible struggle she had just engaged in. Already agents had been sent to France to sound the intentions of the government in relation to the revolted colonies. M. de Vergennes leaned toward secret aid. M. Turgot advised the most strict neutrality. "Leave to the insurgents," said he, "full liberty to make their purchases in our ports, and to procure by means of commerce the supplies, even the money of which they have need. To furnish them secretly with these would be difficult of concealment, and this step would excite just complaint on the part of the English." The Minister of Foreign Affairs, under the influence of the Duke de Choiseul, had for a long time founded great hopes on the dissensions which should burst forth between England and her colonies. Faithful to tradition, the first clerk, M. de Ragneval, presented a remarkable memorandum which precluded hesitation. One million, speedily followed by other aid, was poured for the Americans into the hands of Beaumarchais, who was ardently engaged in the cause of American independence, in the service of which he had then put forth all the resources of the most fertile and busy mind. "I would never have been able to fulfill my mission here without the indefatigable, intelligent, and generous efforts of M. de Beaumarchais," wrote Silas Deane to the secret committee, whose agent he was. "The United States are more indebted to him in every respect than to any other person on this side of the ocean."

Franklin had come to join Silas Deane. Already well known in Europe, where he had fulfilled several missions, his great scientific reputation and his clever and wise devotion to his country's cause had prepared the way to a worldly success which the skillful negotiator was well able to make subserve the success of his enterprise. Soon the French government began to remit money directly to the agents of the United States. Everything tended to a recognition of their independence. In spite of the king's formal prohibition, numerous French volunteers set out to serve the cause of liberty in America. The most distinguished of all, M. de la Fayette, arrested by order of the court, had evaded the surveillance of his guards, leaving his young wife, who was on the point of her confinement, in order

to embark on a ship which he had secretly purchased. He landed in America in the month of July, 1777.

England was irritated and uneasy. Lord Chatham, quite recently sick and almost dying, more implacable than ever in pursuing everywhere the influence and intervention of France, exclaimed, with the customary exaggeration of his powerful and passionate talent, "Yesterday England could yet resist the world; to-day no one is insignificant enough to show his respect for her. I borrow the words of the poet, my lords, but what his lines express is no fiction. France has insulted you: she has encouraged and sustained America; and whether America be in the right or not, the dignity of this nation demands that we repulse with disdain the officious intervention of France. The ministers and ambassadors of those whom we call rebels and enemies are received at Paris; they treat there of the reciprocal interests of France and America. Their natives are sustained there, and supplied with military resources, and our ministers allow it and do not protest. Is this sustaining the honor of a great kingdom, which formerly imposed law on the House of Bourbon?"



Franklin.

The manifest favor of France had forever enrolled Lord Chatham among the opponents of the recognition of American independence. He carried to the House a proposal to cease hostilities and enter upon a negotiation with the revolted colonies, under one sole condition, that of submission to the mother-country. In the violent discussion raised on this subject, Lord Suffolk desired to defend the cruel practices of the Indian savages who were tolerated in the service of Great Britain. Lord Chatham rose in his place, forgetting that he had lately accepted the same auxiliaries during the

war against the French in Canada. "My lords," he exclaimed, "have we heard aright? Men, Christians, profane the royal majesty at the very side of the throne. God and nature have placed these arms in our hands, you are told. I do not know what ideas may be conceived of God and of nature, but I know that these abominable principles are equally contrary to religion and to humanity. What! shall the sanction of God and of nature be attributed to the cruelties of the Indian scalping-knife, to cannibal savages who torture, massacre, devour—yes, my lords, who devour the mutilated victims of their barbarous combats? And on whom have you let loose these infidel savages? On your brothers in faith, in order to devastate their country, in order to desolate their dwellings, in order to extirpate their race and their name!"

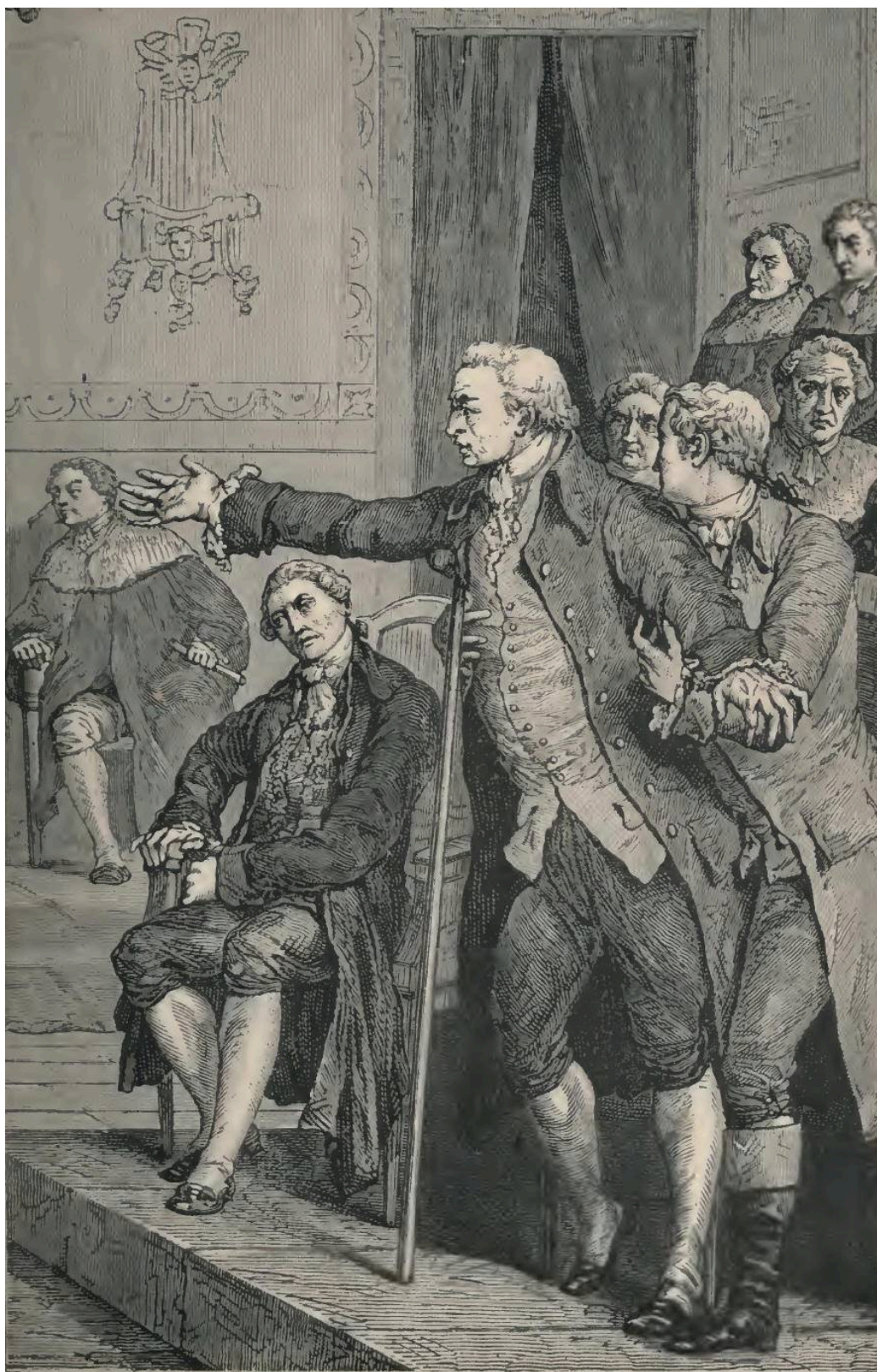
The proposals of Lord Chatham were rejected, but the situation had already changed. Shortly after the arrival of M. de la Fayette in America, the battle of Brandywine, in which he had taken part as major-general, had been disastrous to the Americans; the young volunteer had been wounded. At Germantown fate had been equally against the colonists, and they had been forced to evacuate Philadelphia, the aim of General Howe's operations. They had fallen back on Valley Forge. General Washington had cleverly established his camp there for the winter. Nevertheless, successes at other points counterbalanced and even outweighed the reverses. On the frontiers of Canada the English general Burgoyne, obstinate and presumptuous, had been defeated by General Gates. Being deceived in his hope of being succored by Howe or by Clinton, who was commanding at New York, he was left to be surrounded by the English troops. Deprived of provisions and supplies, without resources and without means of communication, Burgoyne, at the end of his strength, was, after an heroic resistance, forced to lay down arms and capitulate at Saratoga, on the 17th of October, 1777. He obtained honorable conditions, but the soldiers, while free to return to Europe, were bound not to serve any more against America. Gates was an Englishman; he did not wish to witness the humiliation of his countrymen, and he did not assist at the defile of General Burgoyne's troops. For the first time on American territory, European arms were given up. The echo was immense in Europe, and seconded Franklin's efforts at Paris. On the 6th of February, 1778, France officially recognized the independence of the United States; a treaty of

alliance was concluded with the new power, which thus took rank among nations. Two months later, on the 13th of April, a French squadron, under the command of Count d'Estaing, set sail towards America, and soon hostilities were being carried on in the British Channel between the French and English ships, without declaration of war, owing to the natural pressure of circumstances and the state of feeling in the two countries.

At the very moment when France was according to the American revolt that support which she had secretly afforded it for more than two years, Lord North, forcing the hand of King George III., proposed two bills to Parliament, by which England renounced the right to levy taxes in the American colonies and recognized the legal existence of Congress. Three commissioners were to be sent to the United States to treat concerning the conditions of peace. "The humiliation and sorrow were great and were legible on all countenances," said an ocular witness; "no one gave any sign of approbation, and silence succeeded the minister's speech." The propositions were, however, voted without serious opposition. Necessity pressed upon all spirits with sad bitterness.

Public sentiment in England, as well as in Parliament, blamed the weakness of the government. Lord North felt it, and on the 14th of March, 1778, on the receipt of the French letter ironically assuring King George III. of the continuation of Louis XVI.'s peaceful intentions, the minister had advised the king to recall his ambassador from Paris and to form a new cabinet at home. It was with profound repugnance that the monarch consented to make advances to Lord Chatham; the demands of the great orator were so haughty that the negotiations remained suspended. The king made a last appeal to Lord North. "Will you abandon me in the moment of danger, like the Duke of Grafton?" he asked. The Duke of Richmond had just made a proposition for the recall of the troops fighting on land and sea in America (7th April, 1778). He relied on the support of Lord Chatham, but anti-French passion in this unbalanced and proud soul surmounted all abstract considerations of right and justice. He had formerly said, "You will never conquer America. Your efforts will continue vain and powerless. If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, so long as foreign forces marched against my country, I would never lay down my arms—never! never!" The intervention of France in the struggle

had modified the views of the great minister who had so long followed her with his hatred. He desired her, above all things, to be humiliated and conquered. The recognition of American independence became impossible, encouraged as it was by the House of Bourbon. The Earl had himself carried to Westminster, supported on one side by his son William, on the other by his son-in-law, Lord Mahon. He was nothing more than the shadow of himself—pale, emaciated, and with difficulty drawn from his bed of suffering. He rose slowly, supported by his crutch and leaning heavily on his son's shoulder. His voice was hollow and failing, his words broken. The transient gleams of his genius alone animated the supreme effort. "I thank God," said he, "that I have been enabled to come here to-day to accomplish a duty and to say what has heavily weighed upon my heart. I have already one foot in the grave: I am going there soon. I have left my bed to sustain in this House the cause of my country, perhaps for the last time. I congratulate myself, my lords, that the grave has not yet closed over me, and that I yet live to raise my voice against the dismemberment of this ancient and noble monarchy. My lords, his Majesty has succeeded to an empire as vast in its extent as it is illustrious in its reputation. Shall we tarnish its lustre by the shameful abandonment of its rights and of its finest possessions? Shall the great kingdom which has survived in its entirety the descents by the Danes, the incursions of the Scots, the conquest of the Normans, which has stood firm before the threatened invasion of the Spanish army, fall to-day before the House of Bourbon? Truly, my lords, we are greater than we were. If it be absolutely necessary to choose between peace and war, if peace cannot be preserved with honor, why not declare war without hesitation? My lords, everything is better than despair; let us at least make an effort. If we are to yield, let us yield like men."



THE LAST SPEECH OF THE EARL OF CHATHAM.

The Last Speech Of The Earl Of Chatham.

He let himself fall back on his seat exhausted and fainting. Soon he tried to rise in order to answer the Duke of Richmond; his strength failed him; for the last time the wavering flame of this great torch had flung out its brilliancy. A weakness seized him. The House, silent and anxious, surrounded him. They carried out the great orator, the illustrious adversary of France who had lately conquered her, and who was about to succumb while yet following her "with his sad and inflexible looks." [Footnote 5]

[Footnote 5: Bossuet, *Sur le Cardinal de Retz*.]

Some days later he breathed his last in his country house at Hayes, encompassed by national regret and respect, and soon afterwards was buried at the expense of the state in Westminster Abbey. He was to await his son there only twenty-seven years—that son who was the enthusiastic witness of his glory, the emulator of his eloquence and political virtues; who was greater than he in the governance of his country, and who sleeps at his feet without other monument than a simple name, "William Pitt," without other epitaph than the funeral oration which his father, with outstretched arm, seems constantly to pronounce over his tomb.

The proposals of the Duke of Richmond had been rejected, but Lord North's bills had excited great uneasiness in Washington's mind. He knew better than any one else at what price the war had been hitherto sustained; he dreaded for his country those concessions which had no effect upon his own soul. He wrote immediately to his friends, "Accept nothing that is not independence. We can never forget the outrages which Great Britain has made us suffer; a peace on other conditions would be a source of perpetual broils. If Great Britain, impelled by her love of tyranny, sought anew to bend our foreheads beneath the yoke of iron—and she would do it, be certain, for her pride and ambition are indomitable—what nation would hereafter believe in our professions of faith and lend us her aid? It

is now to be feared that the proposals of England may have great effect in this country. Men are naturally friendly to peace; and more than one symptom leads me to believe that the American people are generally tired of war. If it is so, nothing is more politic than to inspire confidence in the country by putting the army on an imposing footing, and giving a greater activity to our negotiations with the European powers. I believe that at the present hour France ought to have recognized our independence, and that she is going to declare war immediately on Great Britain."

From natural taste and from English instinct, Washington did not care for France and had no confidence in her. M. de la Fayette alone had been able to make conquest of his affection and esteem. He raised himself, however, above his peculiar inclinations, and felt the need of an efficient alliance with the great continental powers which were enemies or rivals of England. Congress had just declined all negotiation with Great Britain as long as an English soldier remained on American soil. On all seas the English and French fleets obstinately engaged each other. In the naval combat in sight of Ouessant, on the 27th of July, 1778, success remained doubtful. The English were accustomed to be the conquerors, and Admiral Keppel was put on trial. The merchant shipping of France, however, suffered great loss. On all sides English vessels covered the sea.

Franklin had recently said, with penetrating foresight, "It is not General Howe who has taken Philadelphia; it is Philadelphia which has taken General Howe." The necessity of guarding this important place had obstructed the operations of the English. Upon the news of the alliance of France with the United States and of the departure of Count d'Estaing's squadron, orders had been given to evacuate the place and to fall back on New York. Howe had been actively pursued by Washington, who had gained a serious advantage over him at Monmouth. The victory would have been decisive but for a jealous disobedience on the part of General Lee. Sir Henry Clinton had taken the chief command of the English army, being more active than his predecessor, while himself insufficient to struggle against Washington. "I do not know whether they cause fear to the enemy," said Lord North, ironically; "what I do know is that they make me tremble whenever I think of them." Washington established his camp thirty miles from New York. "After two years of marches and

countermarches," he exclaimed; "after vicissitudes so strange that no war, perhaps, has ever presented their like since the commencement of the world, what a subject of satisfaction and astonishment it is for us to see the two armies returned to their starting-point and the assailants reduced, in order to their defence, to recur to shovel and pickaxe."

An expedition contrived by General Sullivan against Rhode Island, which was still occupied by an English corps, had just failed, by reason of a clever manœuvre of Admiral Howe. The weather was bad, and the French admiral put into Boston to repair his damages. The cry of treason was forthwith raised; a riot greeted the Count d'Estaing: all the violence of the democratic and revolutionary spirit seemed let loose against the allies, who had lately been hailed with such warmth. The efforts of Washington, seconded by the Marquis de la Fayette, were employed to re-establish harmony. Borne away by an ill-considered reaction, Congress conceived the idea of attempting, in conjunction with France, a great expedition on Canada. Washington, being tardily consulted, refused his assent; he preserved, in respect of French policy, a prudent mistrust. "Shall we allow," wrote he to the president of Congress, "shall we allow a considerable body of French troops to enter Canada and to take possession of the capital of a province which is attached to France by all the ties of blood, manners, and religion? I fear that this would be to expose that power to a temptation too strong for every government directed by ordinary political maxims. ... I believe I can read on the faces of some persons something besides the disinterested zeal of simple allies: I am willfully deceiving myself; perhaps I am too much given over to the fear of some misfortune; but above everything, sir, and putting aside every other consideration, I am averse to increasing the number of our national obligations."

The project against Canada was tacitly abandoned. The Marquis de la Fayette set out for France, ever ardently attached to the American cause, which he was soon to serve efficaciously in Paris, with the government of Louis XVI.

The English had just made a descent on Georgia, had taken possession of Savannah, and were threatening the Carolinas as well as Virginia. The

Count d'Estaing was fighting in the Antilles, and had seized St. Vincent and Grenada. The Marquis de Bouillé, Governor of the Windward Islands, had taken Dominique. The English had deprived us of St. Pierre and Miquelon. The French admiral, who had just been recalled, wished to venture a final effort in favor of the Americans. He laid siege to Savannah, and was repulsed after a desperate struggle. The only advantage of the expedition was the deliverance of Rhode Island. Sir Henry Clinton, fearing a surprise on New York, had called back the garrison. Washington had just gained Stony Point, which secured the navigation of the Hudson to the Americans. Spain had at last consented to take part in the war by virtue of the Family Compact, and in order to lend aid to France. Faithful to the monarchical traditions of his house and of his nation, Charles III. had refused to recognize the independence of the United States, or to ally himself with them.

England's situation was becoming grave, and she was inwardly and profoundly uneasy concerning it. The government was weak and unequal to the burden of a struggle which became each day more obstinate; formidable petitions, sustained by the most eloquent voices—by Fox as well as by Burke—demanded an economic reform, necessitated by the ever-increasing expenses of the war. Sudden riots excited in the name of the Protestant religion, which was said to be menaced all at once, stained England and Scotland with blood. In the preceding year a law intended to free the Catholics from some legal disabilities was passed in the Houses almost without opposition. That just measure had excited a certain feeling among the masses. Lord George Gordon, a sincere fanatic whose religious passions disturbed his judgment, had headed a network of Protestants which signed petitions against the modifications effected in the penal laws against Catholics. On the 2d of June, 1780, an immense crowd, assembled at St George's Fields for the presentation of the petition, was moved to the most violent outrages against the peers suspected of being favorable to the Papists. Lord Mansfield entered the House of Lords with his coat torn and his wig in disorder; the Bishop of Lincoln with difficulty saved his life. Soon the tumult spread over the entire town: particular houses were attacked and pillaged; the bank was assailed; moral terror reigned throughout all England, menaced from within and from without, trembling at the idea of a French and Spanish invasion, and incessantly agitated by

the howls of a furious populace—"No Popery!" It was a sad and ominous spectacle. "Sixty-six allied ships of line plowed the British Channel; fifty thousand men, assembled in Normandy, were preparing to pounce upon the midland counties. A simple American corsair, Paul Jones, was ravaging the Scotch coasts with impunity. The northern powers, united in Russia and Holland, threatened, arms in hand, to sustain the rights of the neutrals disregarded by the English admiralty courts. Ireland was only waiting a signal to rise; religious strife tore England and Scotland. The authority of Lord North's cabinet was shaken in Parliament as well as in the country. Popular passions carried the day in London, and this great city could be seen for nearly eight days given over to the populace, whose excesses nothing but its own weakness and shame was able to oppose." [Footnote 6]

[Footnote 6: Cornelis de Witt, History of Washington.]

The firmness of the king at length suppressed the riot: twenty-three culprits expiated their crimes with their lives. After long delays, the fruit of legal chicanery, Lord George Gordon was finally acquitted as not having been previously informed of the seditious projects. He pursued unshackled the course of his follies, and towards the end of his life embraced Judaism. The English Parliament had, however, the courage and honor to proudly maintain the principles of religious toleration, so brutally assailed by popular violence. Burke as well as Lord North had defended the bill of 1778. "I am the partisan of universal toleration," exclaimed Fox, "and the foe of that narrow-sightedness which brings so many people to Parliament, not that they may be freed from a burden which overwhelms them, but to entreat the Houses to chain and throttle their fellow-countrymen."

The imposing preparations of the allied powers against England had not effected other results than the Protestant riots fomented by Lord George Gordon. The two French and Spanish fleets had, from the month of August, 1779, effected a junction off the *Corogne*; they slowly re-entered the channel on the 31st of August. When near the Sorlingue Islands the English fleet, only thirty-seven strong, was caught sight of. The Count de Guichen, who commanded the advance guard, was already manœuvring

with the intention of cutting off the enemy's retreat. Admiral Hardy was too quick for him, and took refuge in the port of Plymouth. Some partial engagements took place; that of the *Surveillante* with the *Quebec* was glorious for the Chevalier du Couëdic, who commanded her, but without other result than this honor for the Breton sailor of having alone signalized his name in the great array of the maritime forces of France and Spain. After a hundred and four days of useless traversing of the British Channel, the immense fleet sadly returned to Brest and speedily dispersed. Admiral d'Orvilliers, who had lost his son in a skirmish, took to a religious life. The Count de Guichen upheld the honor of the French flag in a frequently successful series of battles against Admiral Rodney. The latter, crippled with debts, was detained at Paris, without being able to go back to England. "If I was free," said he one day before Marshal Biron, "I would soon have destroyed all the French and Spanish fleets." The marshal immediately paid his debts: "Go, sir," said he, with a boastful generosity to which the eighteenth century was a little subject; "the French wish to gain advantage over their enemies only by their bravery!" The first exploit of Rodney was to beat Admiral Zangara, near Cape St. Vincent, and to revictual Gibraltar, which the allied forces blockaded by land and sea.

However, the campaign of 1779 had been insignificant in America. The state of feeling there was humiliating and sad; Congress had lost its authority while decreasing in public esteem; moral strength appeared weakened; the great springs of national action were slackened in the heart of a war always hanging and dubious; a violent reaction led people's minds to indifference and their hearts towards light pleasures. Washington himself felt his influence growing less along with the heroic resolution of his fellow-citizens. "God alone can know what will result to us from the extravagance of parties and the general laxity of public virtue," wrote he. "If I were to paint the time and men from what I see and what I know, I would say that they are invaded by sloth, dissipation, and debauchery; that speculation, peculation, and an insatiable thirst for wealth rule all the thoughts of all classes; that party disputes and private quarrels are the great matter of the day, while the interests of an empire, a heavy and ever increasing debt, the ruin of our finances, the depreciation of our paper-money, the lack of credit, all vital questions in fine, scarcely attract

attention, and are set aside from day to day as if our affairs were in the most prosperous condition."

In a military sense as well as in a political, the affairs of America were drooping in sorrowful alternations. Sir Henry Clinton had known how to profit by the internal dissensions of the Union; he had rallied round him the royalists in Georgia and the Carolinas; the civil war reigned there in all its horrors, precursors and pledges of more cruel rancors yet which our days were to witness. General Lincoln had just been forced to capitulate at Charleston. Washington, all the time encamped before New York, beheld his army decimated by hunger and cold, without pay, without provisions, without shoes, obliged to live by despoiling the surrounding population. Discouragement was overtaking the firmest hearts, when, in the month of April, 1780, the Marquis de la Fayette landed anew in America. He brought the news that a French army corps was preparing to embark in order to sustain the failing strength of the Americans. By a prudent prevision of the disputes which might arise from questions of rank or nationality, the Count de Rochambeau, who commanded the French, was to be placed under the orders of General Washington, and the auxiliary corps entirely put at his disposal. The enthusiasm of M. de la Fayette for the cause of American liberty had gained over the French court and people. He had borne upon the government of King Louis XVI., which was as yet uncertain and naturally preoccupied with the difficulties and growing expenses which the war was imposing on France. The national ardor and the rash generosity common to our character had prevailed. The campaign of 1780 was tardy and without great results, but the year 1781 was going to be decisive in the annals of the War of Independence. France was to take a glorious part in it. Washington had just suffered a serious vexation and a sad disappointment. In spite of the glaring vices of General Arnold, and of the faults which were repugnant to the austerity of character of the general-in-chief, his signal bravery and military talents had maintained him in the foremost rank among Washington's lieutenants. Accused of malversations, and lately condemned by a council of war to suffer a severe reprimand, Arnold was yet in command of the fort at West Point, the key to the upper part of the State of New York. He had taken possession of it in the month of August, 1780, under the pretext of the rest which his wounds entailed; but he had already made overtures to Sir

Henry Clinton. "I am quite ready to yield myself," he had said, "in the way which can be most useful to the arms of his Majesty." The English general charged a young officer of staff to carry the acceptance of his final instructions to the perfidious general of the Union. Major André was arrested as a spy. Arnold learned of it and had time to escape, leaving behind him his young wife and his new-born infant. Washington was returning from an interview with Count de Rochambeau and had given a *rendezvous* to Arnold. The latter was not at the appointed place. He had been, it was said, called back to West Point. The general repaired thither. While he was crossing the river, contemplating the majesty of nature which surrounded him, he turned towards his officers. "At bottom," he said, "I am not vexed that Arnold should have preceded us; he will salute me, and the boom of the cannon will have a fine effect in the mountains." They landed, but the fort remained silent. Arnold had not appeared there for several days. Displeased but unsuspecting, Washington was beginning an inspection of the place when Colonel Hamilton brought him some important dispatches which had followed him. It was the news of the arrest of Major André and of the perfidy of Arnold. Always master of himself, the general did not betray his emotion by a change of countenance; only, turning to the Marquis de la Fayette, who was informed of the facts by Hamilton, "On whom can we depend now?" said he sadly.

The culprit was beyond reach; his ignorant and innocent wife had been seized by a despair which resembled madness. Major André was tried as a spy and condemned to suffer the fate of one. He was young, honest, and brave, brought up to another career, and driven into the army by a love disappointment. His tastes were elegant, his mind cultivated; he had not foreseen to what dangers his mission and the disguise that he had assumed, against the advice of Sir Henry Clinton, exposed him. "My mind is perfectly tranquil," he however wrote to his general when he was arrested, "and I am ready to suffer all that my faithful devotion to the king's cause can draw down on my head."

One thing alone troubled Major André's peace of mind. He dreaded the ignominy of the gibbet, and wished to die as a soldier. "Sir," wrote he to Washington, "sustained against the fear of death by the feeling that no

unworthy action has sullied a life consecrated to honor, I am confident that in this supreme hour your Excellency will not refuse a prayer the granting of which can sweeten my last moments. In sympathy for a soldier, your Excellency will consent, I am sure, to adapt the form of my punishment to the feelings of a man of honor. Permit me to hope, that if my character has inspired you with some esteem, and if I am in your eyes the victim of policy and not of vengeance, I shall prove the empire of those feelings over your heart by learning that I am not to die on a gibbet."

With a harshness unexampled in his life, and of which he seemed always to preserve the silent and painful remembrance, Washington remained deaf to the noble appeal of his prisoner. He did not even do Major André the honor of answering him. "Am I then to die thus?" said the unfortunate man when he perceived the gibbet. Then immediately recovering himself, "I pray you to bear witness that I die as a man of honor," said he to the American officer charged with seeing to his punishment. Washington himself paid homage to him. "André has suffered his penalty with that strength of mind which might be expected from a man of that merit and from so brave an officer," wrote he. "As for Arnold, he lacks pluck. The world will be surprised if it do not yet see him hanged on a gibbet."

A monument was erected in Westminster Abbey to the memory of Major André, "the victim of his devotion to his king and country." His remains repose there since the year 1821. The vengeance and anger of the Americans vainly pursued General Arnold, who was henceforth occupied in the war at the head of the English troops, with all the passion of a restless hatred. Spite and wounded vanity, linked with the shameful necessities of an irregular life, had drawn him into treason. He lived twenty years after, enriched and despised by the enemies of his country. "What would you have done to me if you had succeeded in taking me?" he asked one day of an American prisoner. "We would have separated from your body that one of your limbs which had been wounded in the service of the country," answered the militia-man calmly, "and we would have hanged the rest on a gibbet."

Fresh perplexities were assailing General Washington, scarcely recovered from the sad surprise which Arnold's treason had caused him. He had

pursued for almost a year the reorganization of his army, when the successive mutinies among the Pennsylvania troops threatened to reach those of New Jersey, and to extend by degrees into all the corps secretly tampered with by Sir Henry Clinton. Mr. Laurens, formerly president of Congress, and charged with negotiating a treaty of alliance and of loan with Holland, had been captured by an English ship. He was imprisoned in the Tower, when his son, an aide-de-camp of Washington, set out for France. "The country's own strength is exhausted," wrote the general-in-chief. "Alone we cannot raise the public credit and furnish the funds necessary to continue the war. The patience of the army is at an end. Without money we can make but a feeble effort, probably the last one."

As well as money, Colonel Laurens was charged to ask for a reinforcement of troops. France furnished all that her allies asked. M. Necker, clever and bold, was equal, by means of successive loans, to all the charges of the war. In a few months King Louis XVI. had lent or guaranteed more than sixteen million pounds for the United States. A French fleet, under the orders of the Count de Grasse, set out on the 21st of March, 1781. Arrived at Martinique on the 28th of April, the Count de Grasse, despite the efforts of Admiral Hood to block his passage, took the island of Tobago from the English. On the 3rd of September he brought Washington a reinforcement of three thousand five hundred men and twelve hundred thousand pounds in specie. The soldiers as well as the subsidies were intrusted to Washington personally. No dissension had ever arisen between the general and his foreign auxiliaries. By that natural authority which God had bestowed on him, Washington was always and naturally the superior and chief of all those who came near him.

After so many and so painful efforts the day of victory at last arrived for General Washington and for his country. Alternations of success and reverse had marked the commencement of the campaign of 1781. Lord Cornwallis, who commanded the English armies in the South, was occupying Virginia with considerable forces, when Washington, who had been able to conceal his designs from Sir Henry Clinton, while deceiving even his own lieutenants, passed through Philadelphia on the 4th of September, and advanced against the enemy by forced marches. The latter had been for a long time harassed by the little army of M. de la Fayette.

Lord Cornwallis hastened to Yorktown. On the 30th of September the place was invested.

It was insufficiently or badly fortified, and the English troops were fatigued by a rough campaign. "This place is not in a condition to defend itself," Lord Cornwallis had said to Sir Henry Clinton, before the blockade was complete; "if you cannot come to my aid soon, you must expect the worst news." The besiegers, on the contrary, were animated by a zeal which even increased to emulation. The French and the Americans rivaled each other in ardor; the soldiers refused to take any rest; the trench was open since the 6th of October. On the 10th the town was cannonaded; on the 14th an American column, commanded by M. de la Fayette and Colonel Hamilton, attacked one of the forts which protected the approaches. It was some time since Hamilton had ceased to form part of Washington's staff, in consequence of a momentary ill-temper of the general's which was keenly resented by his sensitive and fiery lieutenant. The reciprocal attachment which even to their last day united these two illustrious men had suffered nothing from their separation. The French attacked the second fort under the command of Baron de Viomesnil, the Viscount de Noailles, and the Marquis de St. Simon, who, being sick, was carried at the head of his regiment. The resistance of the English was heroic, but almost at the same instant the flag of the Union floated over the two outposts. When the attacking columns joined each other beyond the walls, the French had made five hundred prisoners. All defence became impossible. Lord Cornwallis vainly attempted to escape; he was reduced, on the 17th of October, to sign a capitulation more humiliating than that of Burgoyne at Saratoga. Eight thousand men laid down their arms, and the English vessels which were at Yorktown and Gloucester were given up to the conquerors. Lord Cornwallis was ill with regret and fatigue. General O'Hara, who took his place, tendered his sword to the Count de Rochambeau. The latter took a step back. "I am only an auxiliary," he said, in a loud voice. The hatred which sundered the ancient compatriots, now become enemies, was profound and bitter. "I remarked," said M. de Rochambeau's chaplain, "that the English officers in laying down their arms and in passing by our lines courteously saluted the lowest French officer, while they refused that mark of politeness to American officers of the highest rank."

"In receiving the sword of the English general, Washington had secured the pledge of his country's independence. England felt it. 'Lord North received the news of the capitulation like a bullet full in the chest,' related Lord George Germaine, colonial secretary of state. He stretched out his arms without being able to say anything but 'My God, all is lost!' and he repeated this several times while striding up and down the room."

At a quite recent date, and on receipt of a private letter from M. Necker, who proposed a truce which should leave the two belligerents on American soil in possession of the territories which they occupied, King George III. had exclaimed: "The independence of the colonies is inadmissible, under its true name or disguised under the appearance of a truce." The catastrophe which consternated his ministers and his people did not, however, shake the obstinate constancy and sincere resolve of the king. "None of the members of the cabinet," he immediately wrote, "will suppose, I take it for granted, that this event can modify in anything the principles which have hitherto guided me, and which shall continue to inspire my conduct in the struggle." Only one slight indication betrayed the monarch's agitation. Contrary to his habit, he had omitted to date his letter.

Repeated checks had overtaken the English arms at other points. Embroiled with Holland, where the Republican party had got the better of the stadtholder, who was devoted to them, the English had carried war into the Dutch colonies. Admiral Rodney had taken St. Eustache, the centre of an immense commerce; he had pillaged the warehouses and loaded his vessels with an enormous mass of merchandise. The convoy which was carrying a part of the spoils to England was captured by Admiral de la Motte-Piquet; M. de Bouillé surprised the English garrison left at St. Eustache and restored the island into the hands of the Dutch. The latter had just sustained, with brilliancy, near Dogger Bank, their ancient maritime reputation. "Officers and men all have fought like lions," said Admiral Zouthemann. The firing had not commenced until the moment that the two fleets found themselves within gunshot. "It is evident after this," said a contemporary, "that the nations which fight with the most ardor are those who have an interest in not fighting at all." The vessels on both sides had suffered severe damages; they were scarcely in a seaworthy

state. The glory and the losses were equal, but the English Admiral, Hyde Parker, was annoyed and discontented. King George III. came to visit on board his ship. "I wish your Majesty had younger sailors and younger ships," he said; "as for me, I am too old for the service," and he persisted in giving in his resignation. This was the only action of the Dutch during the war. [Having] Become insolent in their prosperity and riches, they justified the judgment passed on them some years later: "Holland could pay all the armies of Europe; she could not face any of them." They left to Admiral de Kersaint the care of recovering from the English their colonies of Demerara, Essequibo, and Berbice, on the coast of Guiana, as to the Bailiff de Suffren the duty of protecting the Cape of Good Hope. A little Franco-Spanish army at the same time besieged Minorca. The fleet was considerable. The English had neglected their preparations, and Colonel Murray was obliged to shut himself up in Fort St. Philip. In the mean time operations had miscarried, and the Duke de Crillon, who was in command of the besieging troops, wearied of the blockade and proposed to the commandant to deliver the place to him. The offers were magnificent; the Scotch officer answered indignantly, "M. le Duc, when the king his master ordered your brave ancestor to assassinate the Duke de Guise, he replied to Henry III., 'Honor forbids me.' You should have made the same reply to the King of Spain when he charged you to assassinate the honor of a man as well-born as the Duke de Guise or as yourself. I do not wish to have other relations with you than those of arms." Crillon understood the reproach. "Your letter," wrote he to the proud Scotchman, "has placed us both in the situation that suits us; it has increased my esteem for you. I accept your last proposition with pleasure." He himself directed the assaults, mounting the breach first. When Murray capitulated, on the 4th of February, 1782, the fortress contained only a handful of soldiers, so wasted by fatigues and privations that "the Spaniards and French shed tears on seeing them file between their ranks."

This was the last blow to the ministry of Lord North, which had long been tottering on its base. It had been sought to consolidate it by adding to it, as chancellor, Lord Thurlow, distinguished by his eloquence even at this era of great judges; already, however, less esteemed than several of his illustrious rivals. So many efforts and sacrifices eventuating in so many disasters wearied and irritated the nation. "Great God!" exclaimed Burke,

"is it still a time to speak to us of the rights that we sustain in this war? O excellent rights! Precious they should be, for they have cost us dear! O precious rights! which have cost Great Britain thirteen provinces, four islands, a hundred thousand men, and more than ten millions sterling! O admirable rights! which have cost Great Britain her empire on the ocean, and that superiority so vaunted which made all nations bow before her! O inestimable rights! which have taken away our rank in the world, our importance abroad, and our happiness at home; which have destroyed our commerce and our manufactures, which have reduced us from the most flourishing empire in the world to a state curtailed and without greatness! Precious rights! which will doubtless cost us what remains to us!" The discussion became more and more bitter. Sincerely concerned for the public weal. Lord North vainly sought to influence the king to change his ministry. George III., as sincere as his minister, and of a narrow and obstinate mind, was meditating withdrawing to Hanover if the concessions which Lord Rockingham exacted were repugnant to his conscience. Already the negotiation had several times been broken off. The chancellor poured forth a torrent of curses. "Lord Rockingham," said he, "carries things to that point that it would be necessary for the king's head or his own to remain there in order to decide which of the two shall govern the country."

The majority in the House of Commons had escaped the government. Nine voices only had rejected a vote of want of confidence. On the 20th of March, 1782, a new proposal of Fox excited a violent storm. Lord North entered the hall, and a great tumult arose; Lord Surrey disputed speech with the minister. "I propose," cried Fox, "that Surrey should speak first." "I demand to speak on this motion," said Lord North, eagerly, and as he arose, "I would have been able to spare the House much agitation and time, if it had been willing to grant me a moment's hearing. The object of the present discussion was the overturning of the actual ministry. This ministry no longer exists; the king has accepted the resignation of his cabinet." The surprise was extreme. A lengthy sitting had been expected; the greater part of the members had sent away their carriages. That of Lord North was waiting at the door: the fallen minister mounted it, always imperturbable in his witty good humor. "I assure you, gentlemen," said he, smiling, "that it is the first time I have taken part in a secret." The great

Whig coalition came into power. Lord Shelburne had refused to charge himself with it; he consented, however, to become secretary of state. The Marquis of Rockingham, the Duke of Richmond, and Mr. Fox occupied the most important posts. Like William Pitt and Henry Fox previously, Burke had been named paymaster-general of the forces by land and sea. In spite of political principles utterly opposed to those of his colleagues, Lord Thurlow remained chancellor.

The era of concessions was approaching. The first were granted to Ireland, which had violently risen up against the restriction placed upon its commerce, and against the act of George II., which attributed to the English Parliament, in conjunction with the king, the right of legislating on the condition of Ireland without the participation of the Irish Houses. The eloquence of Henry Grattan potently served the national cause; oppressive or arbitrary laws were abrogated. The king at the same time announced his intention of entering on the path of economic reforms. Already young and ardent spirits foresaw other reforms, but Burke, who was a passionate friend of the retrenchment of expenses and pensions, was beside himself with anger when parliamentary privileges appeared in question. Fox had with difficulty restrained him on the subject of a motion of young Pitt, who had recently entered the House, noticed and esteemed by all. He soon blazed forth with all the customary transport of his character and talent. "Burke has at last unburdened his heart with the most magnificent improvidence," wrote Sheridan to Fitzpatrick. "He attacked William Pitt with cries of rage, and swore that Parliament was and had always been what it ought to be, and that whoever thought to reform it wished to overturn the constitution."

In the midst of parliamentary discords and shocks of power, other preoccupations continued to weigh upon the nation, saddened and humiliated by the state of affairs in America, and daily more convinced that peace, however sorrowful, was indispensable. A brilliant success of Admirals Rodney and Hood against the Count de Grasse had for an instant reanimated the pride and the hopes of the English. Although a good sailor, and for a long time fortunate in war, the French admiral had at various times shown himself short-sighted and credulous. He let himself be driven away from St. Christopher, which he was besieging, and of which the

Marquis de Bouillé took possession some days later. He was embarrassed by his ships, which had suffered heavy damages. The two fleets met between St. Lucia and Jamaica; the combat lasted ten hours without stoppage of cannonading; the French squadron was cut up; one after another the captains were killed. "We passed near the *Glorieux*," wrote an eye-witness; "it was almost completely dismasted; but the white flag was nailed to one of the shattered masts, and seemed in its ruin to defy us still. Henceforth incapable of action, the enormous mass presented a spectacle which struck the imagination of our admiral. As he spends his life reading Homer, he exclaimed that he was now working to raise the body of Patrocles." The vessel of the French Admiral, the *Ville de Paris*, was attacked at once by seven hostile ships; his own could not succeed in approaching him. The Count de Grasse, full of sorrow and anger, still fought when all hope was long since lost. "The admiral is six feet every day," said the sailors, "but on days of battle he is six feet one inch." When the admiral's ship at last hauled down its flag, it had suffered such damage that it sank before arriving in England. Since Marshal de Taillard, the Count de Grasse was the first French commander-in-chief made prisoner during the combat. "In two years," wrote Rodney to his wife, "I have taken two Spanish admirals, one French, and one Dutch. It is Providence who has done all; without it would I have been able to escape the discharges of thirty-three ships of line, who were all set upon near me? But the *Formidable* has shown herself worthy of her name."

The Bailiff de Suffren was at the same time sustaining in the Indian seas that honor of the French navy so often heroically defended against the most formidable obstacles. He succeeded in landing at the Cape of Good Hope the French garrison promised to the Dutch, when he received command of the fleet from the dying hands of Admiral d'Orves. A clever and bold adventurer who had become a great prince, the Mussulman Hyder-Ali, was obstinately combating English power in the Carnatic. He had rallied around him the remnant of the French colonists, almost without asylum since the ruined Pondicherry had been retaken by the English in 1778. A treaty of alliance united the nabob to the French. On the 4th of July a serious battle was fought before Negapatam between the French and English fleets. The victory remained dubious, but Sir Edward Hughes withdrew under Negapatam without renewing hostilities. The Bailiff had

taken possession of Trincomalee. As had already happened several times, whether it were cowardice or treason, a part of the French forces yielded in the middle of the action. A combination was formed against the admiral; he fought alone against five or six assailants; the mainmast of the *Heros*, which he commanded, fell under the enemy's balls. Suffren, standing on the bridge, shouted, being beside himself, "The flags, let the white flags be put all round the *Heros*." The vessel, bristling with the glorious signs of its resistance, responded so valiantly to the attacks of the English that the squadron had time to form around it again. The English went to anchor before Madras. M. de Suffren freed Bussy-Castelnau, who had just arrived in India and who had let himself be closed up by the English in Gondelore. Hyder-Ali died on the 7th of December, 1782, leaving to his son, Tippoo Saib, a confused state of affairs, which was soon to become tragic. M. de Suffren alone defended the remnants of French power in India.

England had just gained in Europe a success most important for her policy as well as for her national pride. Twice revictualled, by Rodney and by Admiral Darby, Gibraltar had resisted for two or three years the united efforts of the French and Spaniards. Each morning, on awaking, King Charles III. asked his servants, "Have we Gibraltar?" And, at the negative answer, "We shall soon have it," the monarch would assure them. It was finally resolved to have satisfaction of the obstinate defenders of the place: the Duke de Crillon brought on a body of French troops. He was accompanied by the Count d'Artois, brother of the king, and by the Duke de Bourbon. Their first care, on arriving, was to send to General Eliot the letters addressed to him which had been delayed for some time at Madrid. The Duke de Crillon had added to the correspondence a present of game, fruit, and vegetables, asking at the same time the hostile general's permission to renew this gift. The distress in the besieged town was terrible, but General Eliot responded to the duke with thanks and a refusal. "I have made it a point of honor," said he, "in the matter of plenty and of dearth to make common cause with the last of my brave soldiers: this will be my excuse for begging your Excellency not to overwhelm me with favors in the future."

Some floating batteries, cleverly constructed by a French engineer, the Chevalier d'Arcon, threatened the ramparts of the place. On the 13th of September, at nine o'clock in the morning, the Spaniards opened fire; all the artillery of the fort replied: the surrounding mountains echoed the cannonade. The entire army, which covered the coast, anxiously awaited the result of the enterprise. The fortifications were already beginning to give way, and the batteries had been firing for five hours. All at once, the Prince of Nassau, who commanded a detachment, thought he perceived that the flames were reaching his heavy ship. The fire spread rapidly, and one after another the floating batteries were dismantled. "At seven o'clock we had lost all hope," said an Italian officer who had taken part in the assault; "we no longer fired, and our signals of distress remained without effect. The red balls of the besieged rained on us. The crews were threatened on all sides. Timidly and in weak detachments, the boats of the two fleets glided into the shadow of the batteries, in the hope of saving some of the unfortunates who were perishing. The flames which blazed

over the ships doomed to perish served to direct the fire of the English as surely as if it were full day. Captain Curtis, at the head of a little flotilla of gunboats, barred the passage of the rescuers up to the moment when, suddenly changing his character, he consecrated all his strength and the courage of his brave sailors to contend with the flames and waves for the life of the unfortunate Spaniards who were on the point of perishing. Four hundred men owed their existence to his generous efforts. One month after that day so disastrous for the allies, Lord Howe, favored by chance winds, revictualled, for the third time and almost without a fight, the fortress and the town, under the very eyes of the enemy. Gibraltar remained impregnable. The siege no longer continued except in form."

Negotiations were being carried on in Paris, secretly and in private between America and England by Messrs. Oswald and Franklin, and officially between Mr. Grenville and M. de Vergennes. Lord Rockingham had just died, at the age of fifty-two, and the cabinet was re-formed under the leadership of Lord Shelburne, deprived of the brilliancy which Charles Fox had brought to it. The latter seized a pretext to withdraw. He had demanded that the independence of the American colonies should be recognized at once and without relation to a treaty of peace. Lord Shelburne, while admitting the same basis, wished to pursue a more complete negotiation. Fox gave in his resignation, and William Pitt took his place in the cabinet. The first care of Lord Shelburne was to recall Sir Henry Clinton, who was too much compromised in the heat of the American war to be in a position to shape the peace. Party and territorial feuds were grafted on the fertile trunk of national enmities. Everywhere in Georgia and Carolina the ambushes and reprisals of loyalists and patriots fostered a state of irritation and cruel disorder to which Washington was resolved to put an end. The loyalists of Middletown captured a captain in the service of Congress, and he was hanged. The general-in-chief demanded that the English officer who commanded the detachment should be given up to him. On the refusal of Sir Henry Clinton, who had himself caused the delinquent to be arrested, Washington decided to employ the system of reprisals. Up till then he had studiously avoided it. "I know better than to think of the system of reprisals," he wrote to General Greene; "I am, however, perfectly convinced of this: when one has not the criminal himself at hand, it is the most difficult of

all laws to execute. It is impossible that humanity should not intervene in favor of the innocent condemned for the fault of others." The council of war and Congress had, however, adopted the principle and condemned to death Captain Asgill, son of Sir Charles Asgill, an amiable young man of nineteen. Washington seemed to have made up his mind and to have hardened his heart against the appeals of pity. "My resolve," said he, "is based on so long reflection that it will remain immovable. Whatever my feelings of sympathy for the unhappy victim may be, the satisfactory conduct of the enemy can alone cause a ray of hope to arise for him." He delayed, nevertheless, to have the sentence executed. Lady Asgill, in her maternal despair, addressed herself to Marie Antoinette. The latter charged M. de Vergennes to transmit to Congress and to Washington her pressing entreaties in favor of the unfortunate young man. "If I were called to give my opinion," said the general, "I would be of opinion that he should be released." On the 7th of November a vote of Congress pronounced the pardon of Captain Asgill. M. de Vergennes had provided against fresh acts of vengeance. "In seeking to deliver the unfortunate young man from the fate which threatens him," he wrote, "I am far from pledging you to choose another victim; for the pardon to be satisfactory, it is of importance that it should be complete."

Washington did not manifest any confidence in the pacific advances of Great Britain. In taking command of the English troops, Sir Guy Carleton had been charged with the most conciliatory proposals. He had tried to open negotiations with Congress. The latter voted a new resolution, confirming its first declarations of never treating without the concurrence of France. Washington wrote, in the month of May, 1782, "The new administration has caused overtures of peace to be made to the various belligerent nations, probably with the design of detaching some one from the coalition. The old infatuation, the duplicity, and the perfidious policy of England render me, I avow, quite suspicious, quite doubtful. Her disposition seems to me to be perfectly summed up in the laconic saying of Dr. Franklin—'They are said to be incapable of making war, and too proud to make peace.' Besides, whatever may be the intention of the enemy, our watchfulness and our efforts, far from languishing, should be more than ever on the alert. Defiance and prudence cannot harm us. Too much confidence and yielding will lose everything." He said at the same

time, with a bitter feeling of his impotence in view of the sufferings of his troops, "You can rely on it, the patriotism and courage of the army are at their limit; never has discontent been greater than at this moment; it is time to make peace."

Peace was on the point of being concluded at Paris, and without the French, between England and the United States. By a diplomatic calculation, or by the insinuations of the English agents, the American negotiators—Franklin, Jay, John Adams, and Laurens—pretended to have conceived some suspicions as to the disinterestedness of France. "Are you afraid of serving as tools to the European powers?" asked Mr. Oswald of John Adams. "Yes, truly." "And what powers?" "All." The suspicion, it is true, was unjust, and Washington felt so without ever expressing it frankly. The preliminary articles of the treaty, which formally reserved the rights of France in a general peace, were secretly signed on the 30th of November, 1782.

The independence of the United States was fully recognized, and conditions as equitable as liberal were granted to the subjects of the two nations. France remained exposed to the dangers of isolation, whether in negotiation or battle. "I altogether share your Excellency's feelings," wrote Washington to the French minister at Philadelphia, the Chevalier de la Luzerne. "The articles of treaty between Great Britain and America are so inconclusive in regard to what touches a general peace that it behooves us to preserve a hostile attitude, and to remain ready in any event for peace or for war." M. de Vergennes wrote to the same diplomatist: "You will assuredly be as satisfied as I am as to the advantages which our allies the Americans will derive from peace, but you will not be less astonished than I have been at the conduct of the commissioners. They have carefully avoided me, answering me evasively on every occasion when I have inquired as to the progress of the negotiations, in such a way as to make me believe that they were not advancing, and that they had no confidence in the sincerity of the English minister. Judge of my surprise when, on the 30th of November, Dr. Franklin apprised me that everything was signed! ... Things are not yet as far advanced with us as with the United States; however, if the king had employed as little delicacy as the commissioners, we would have been able to sign the peace with England a long time

before they did." It was only when the cessation of hostilities and the preliminaries of a general peace were signed at Paris, on the 20th of January, 1783, that Washington allowed his joy at peace to break forth freely. He had eagerly desired it. More than any other, and to a degree rarely granted by God to the personal action of one man, he had contributed to render it glorious and happy for his country. "I am greatly rejoiced," wrote he to Colonel Hamilton, "to see an end put to our state of war, and to see a career open before us, which, if we follow it wisely, will lead us to become a great people, equally happy and respectable; but we must have, in order to advance in this path, other means than a narrow political place; than jealousies or unreasoning prejudices. Otherwise one need not be a prophet to foresee that in the hands of our enemies, and of European powers jealous of our greatness in union, we will only be the instruments of dissolving the confederation."

Through many faults, through serious and dangerous errors, and in spite of shocks, the last and most cruel of which has failed to dissolve that union so dear to the patriotic thoughts of Washington, the American people has remained a great people, and its place among nations has in a century become more considerable than its founders had foreseen. Washington had not yet ended his work; he was to guide in the paths of government that generation of his compatriots which he had so painfully accustomed to the art of war. Scarcely was peace signed when Congress was disputing with the army as to the recompense for its sufferings and efforts. The newborn United States were threatened with a military insurrection. The influence of the general-in-chief preserved them from it, while sparing his country the shame of a cowardly ingratitude. "If this country denies the prayer of the troops," he exclaimed, at the end of one of his official letters to the president of Congress, "then I shall have learned what ingratitude is; I shall have assisted at a spectacle which for the remainder of my days will fill my soul with bitterness."

The wishes of the American army were heard, and peace obtained in America as well as in Europe, although precarious and doubtful in many respects, and threatened by inward fermentation or by outside dangers, which were but ill warded off by negotiations and treaties.

To the exchange of conquests between France and England was added the cession to France of the Island of Tobago, and of the Senegal River with its dependencies. The territory of Pondicherry and of Karikal received some increase. For the first time for more than a hundred years the English renounced the humiliating stipulations so often exacted on the subject of the port of Dunkerque. Spain saw how to confirm her conquest of Florida and the Island of Minorca. The Dutch recovered all their possessions with the exception of Negapatam.

At the opening of Parliament, on the 5th of December, 1782, King George III. announced in the speech from the throne that he had at last recognized the independence of the American colonies. The nation was not unaware of how he had long resisted this cruel necessity. "In thus accepting their separation from the crown of these kingdoms," said the monarch, "I have sacrificed all my personal wishes to the desires and opinions of my people. I humbly and earnestly ask the All-powerful God that Great Britain may not experience the evils which may result from so great a dismemberment of the empire, and that America may be preserved from the calamities which have lately proved in the mother-country that monarchy is necessary to the maintenance of constitutional liberties. Religion, language, interests, reciprocal affection, will serve, I hope, as a bond of union between the two countries: I shall spare neither my cares nor my attention in that direction." "I have been the last in England to consent to the independence of America," said George III. to John Adams, the first man charged with representing his country at the court of London; "I shall, however, be the last to sanction its violation." In the hot debates against the peace which speedily arose in Parliament, the king earnestly sustained his ministers. Lord North and Mr. Fox, of late so violently opposed, had united to attack the treaties. "It is not in my nature," said Fox, "to preserve my rancors long, nor to live on bad terms with any one; my friendships are eternal, my enmities will never be so. *Amicitiae sempiternae, inimicitiae placabiles.*" Lord Shelburne was defeated, and retired. During five weeks the young chancellor of the exchequer, William Pitt, who had borne the burden of the discussion with Fox in debate, remained charged with the administration. Then the king asked him to form a cabinet. Pitt declined, with that mixture of boldness and sensible moderation which constantly distinguished his political life; the coalition

ministry of North and Fox came to power on the 2nd of April, 1783. The first act of the new cabinet was to present an important bill in regard to the government of India. The affairs of that distant empire, where Great Britain was slowly coming to establish her power, engrossed all minds, excited many ambitions, and served to nourish numerous intrigues. Since the year 1765, after a violent struggle in the India Company's council, Lord Clive had been charged with remodeling the internal administration of Bengal. The prince whom he had placed on the throne was dead. To Meer Jaffier had succeeded a child, raised to the supreme dignity by the agents of the company, who had put the throne to auction. Corruption and violence obtained in all branches of the government. Clive's feelings had not been delicate, nor his conscience over-scrupulous. He was humiliated and shocked at the spectacle which met his eyes. "Alas!" wrote he to one of his friends, "how low the English name has fallen! I could not help paying the tribute of a few tears to the glory of the English nation, which is so irretrievably lost, I fear. However, I swear by the Great Being who sounds hearts and to whom we are all responsible, if there is anything after this life, I have come here, with a soul above all corruptions, determined to exterminate these terrible and ever-growing evils or to die hard."

It was with a resolute sincerity that Clive undertook and accomplished the difficult task with which he had been charged. In eighteen months he reformed all abuses and constructed a new administration on intelligent and sensible bases. Private commerce was denied to the agents of the company, whose salaries were at the same time increased. It was absolutely forbidden to receive any presents from natives. When the resistance of the Calcutta employés threatened for a time to nullify his plans, the inflexible governor announced that he would procure agents elsewhere, and he brought from Madras those whom he wanted. The most obstinate were left destitute; the others yielded. A military plot was discovered and baffled; the ringleaders were arrested, judged, and cashiered. Clive exhibited in regard to them a mingled kindness and severity. He was threatened with an attempt at assassination: he smiled disdainfully. "These officers," he said, "are Englishmen, not murderers." The sepoy remained faithful to him. The Hindoo princes who had recently sought to revolt asked for peace. The English power and the

company's authority in Bengal were forever established when Lord Clive, exhausted by fatigue and sickness, departed for England in 1767. He had refused all the presents which had been offered to him, making a gift to the company, in favor of the invalid officers and soldiers of the army, of a considerable legacy which Meer Jaffier had left him.

Lord Clive had laid his hand on bleeding wounds; he had dried up in them the source of much abuse; he had effectually hindered ambitious and evil projects. His enemies were numerous and determined, and they pursued him to England with their jealous hatred. The most honorable part of his life was calumniated. Past acts were recalled which did honor neither to his heart nor his conscience. By a very natural mistake of public opinion, Clive became to the mass of the nation the type of those functionaries enriched in India who were then called *nabobs*, a great number of whom had seen their malversations stopped by his firm government. A horrible famine which desolated Bengal in 1770, the origin of which was falsely attributed to his measures, cast trouble into the soul as well as confusion into the affairs of the company. Many of its agents were fiercely accused. Lord Clive was involved in their unpopularity. His adversaries presented a bill on the affairs of India to Parliament. Clive did not want to be personally attacked. He defended himself in a long and carefully prepared speech, which had a great and legitimate success. His enemies then directed their accusations against the first part of his life, which were more difficult to defend. Irritated, but not uneasy, Clive boldly maintained the necessity of the manœuvres he had employed, asserting that he would not hesitate to have recourse to the same means again, and when the gifts that he had received from Meer Jaffier were harped upon, "By God, Mr. President," exclaimed Clive, "when I think of the offers which have been made to me, of the caves full of ingots and precious stones which have been opened to me, what astonishes me at this moment is my moderation."

With wise justice the House of Commons had blamed, in regard to certain points, Clive's conduct while establishing legitimate principles of government; it had at the same time the justice to recognize the great services which the general had rendered his country. Clive was acquitted by the House and justified in the eyes of public opinion. He was rich and powerful. The American war, then commencing, was about to open a new

field for his military genius, and the ministry had already made proposals to him. On the 22d of November, 1774, Clive died by his own hand in the magnificent castle which he had built at Claremont. He was about to enter on his forty-ninth year. On several occasions ere this, in all the vigor of his youth, he had been attacked by that gloomy melancholy which was at last to cost him his life. Being sick and unemployed, he had recourse to the fatal solace of opium. An energetic spirit of most powerful faculties had foundered in shipwreck. England had lost the only general capable of struggling against Washington.

When Clive died thus sadly and gloomily, wearied of fortune and of glory, his successor in the Indian Empire, as potent in administration and policy as the general had been in war, Governor Warren Hastings was sustaining against his foes and his rivals that desperate struggle which the maintenance of his method was to render celebrated in England and in Europe. Born on the 6th of September, 1732, of an ancient but impoverished family, and sent to India, while very young in the civil service, Warren Hastings had already distinguished himself by intelligent services when he was appointed agent at the court of Meer Jaffier, at the moment when Clive, during his stay in India, was establishing the empire of England over Bengal. He afterwards became a member of the council at Calcutta, at the era when disorder and corruption reigned there unchecked, before the powerful hand of Clive had introduced into administration the first elements of order and probity. In 1764 he returned to England. His fortune was modest; he made liberal use of it towards his family, and heavy losses swallowed what remained. Hastings returned to India in 1769 as member of the council of Madras.

Being capable and sagacious, he was occupied in seeking advantageous investments for the funds of the company, the affairs of which prospered in his hands. The directors had at the same time got sight of the rare political faculties of their clever agent. They resolved to nominate him as governor of Bengal. The double government which Clive had founded still existed. It left the appearance of power to the nabob, but confided the reality to the hands of the English. The native ministry Clive had elevated still guided the affairs of the Hindoo prince. He was a Mussulman, and was called Mohammed Reza Khan. For ten years a clever and

unscrupulous Hindoo rival, the Brahmin Nuncomar, had pursued him with his jealous animosity. Shortly after the arrival of Hastings, and contrary to his advice, on orders come from London, the new governor was obliged to depose Mohammed Reza Khan. He knew Nuncomar, however, and was resolved not to satisfy his greedy ambition. When the Mussulman minister, a prisoner, but kindly treated, had set out for Madras under a strong guard, Hastings took from the infant *nabob* the remnants of his authority. The post of native minister was abolished. The administration of Bengal passed entirely into the hands of the English. The little prince, still surrounded by a court and provided with an ample revenue, was confided to the care of a woman who had formed part of his father's harem. The hatred of Nuncomar was transferred from Mohammed Reza Khan to the governor of Bengal, Warren Hastings.

Having become all-powerful, and being constantly pressed by the company to send it money, Hastings had used violent and irregular means to procure the sums demanded of him. He had reduced the pensions which the English had agreed to pay to the deposed princes; he had sold towns or territories to native sovereigns; he had, last of all, engaged the company's troops in a private war of the nabob vizier of Oude against the Rohillas, and he had for a sum of money enslaved on the prince's behalf a proud and independent population, henceforth given over to the most cruel oppression. The distant rumor of this iniquity reached as far as England. In 1773, under Lord North's ministry, a new law had seriously modified the government of India. Henceforth the presidency of Bengal was to exercise control over the other possessions of the company: a council composed of four members was charged with assisting the governor-general; a supreme court of justice, established at Calcutta, was to be independent of the governor and of the council. Among the members of this new administration was Sir Philip Francis, probably the author of the celebrated letters of Junius, who was endowed with a persistent, violent, and bitter spirit, and who was soon engaged against Hastings in a struggle which was to last as long as their lives.

Francis swayed the majority in the council. He took away the government from Hastings and put his hand on all branches of the administration. Disorder became extreme. The hate of Nuncomar led him to believe that

he had found a chance of destroying his enemy forever. He formulated the gravest charges against the governor-general, and Francis undertook to transmit his deposition to the council. Hastings treated Francis and Nuncomar with haughtiness. Public opinion in India was favorable to him, and he did not at that time consider himself seriously menaced. In appealing to the higher authority at London, he addressed his resignation to Colonel Maclean, his agent in England, instructing him only to hand it in in case the council of the company should show itself hostile to his interests.

His precaution being taken so far as England was concerned, Warren Hastings, bold as he was clever and calm, resolved to attempt a great stroke. He was master of the supreme court, which was absolutely independent in its scarcely limited jurisdiction. The president, Sir E. Impey, had been his schoolfellow, and willingly became his docile tool. Nuncomar was accused of forgery in a business letter—the most common and most venial of crimes in the Hindoo practice and morality. He was arrested and cast into prison. After a trial in which all the resources and intrigues of the council failed before the firm resolve of the judges, Nuncomar was declared guilty and condemned to death.

The entire population of Calcutta was in consternation. The members of the council, being furious, swore that they would save their *protégé*, were it at the foot of the gallows. Sir E. Impey refused the reprieve that Nuncomar's friends demanded in order that they might have time to appeal to justice or the royal clemency. The Brahmin suffered his fate with the cool courage peculiar to that Oriental race, so often weak and cowardly in battle, but impassive in the face of torture and death. The affrighted crowd which was present at his punishment fled, covering their faces; a multitude of Hindoos threw themselves into the sacred waters of the Hooghly, as if to purify themselves from the crime of which they had been the powerless spectators.

Hastings was triumphant at Calcutta. At London, in spite of the enmity of Lord North, who was closely leagued with that majority of the council in conflict with the governor-general, the shareholders summoned to vote at a general meeting inclined to the support of Warren Hastings. The finances

had never been more prosperous. If he had committed faults it was in the service of the company and to its profit. The governor-general's partisans upheld him with a hundred voices.

The discontent of the ministry was so great that Colonel Maclean dreaded a premature convocation of Parliament and the accusation of his employer. He remitted to the director of the company the resignation which had been intrusted to him. Delighted to get out of the embarrassment thus, the London council addressed to General Clavering, the senior of the Calcutta council, orders to exercise power until the arrival of Mr. Wheeler, who was charged with replacing Warren Hastings.

When the company's decisions reached their distant empire, the aspect of affairs was changed. The death of one of the members of the council had overthrown the majority, and the governor-general's voice prevailed. He had resumed all his legal authority, annulled the measures of his adversaries, and deposed their creatures. He boldly denied the instructions transmitted to Colonel Maclean, and declared his resignation invalid. After a conflict of some days between General Clavering and the governor-general, both put it to the decision of the court. It was favorable to Hastings. Public opinion sustained him in the colony; he became again the undisputed master of power, and his title was confirmed by the company. The English government, struggling with the American rebellion, and threatened by a European coalition, felt the need of maintaining in India a clever, experienced, and resolute governor.

Without scruples of conscience to hamper him in a policy which was as far-seeing as it was adroit, Hastings had disarmed the supreme court. The latter had shamefully abused its power; judicial extortions and violence had spread terror in Bengal. The governor-general did not hesitate to audaciously purchase the assistance of Sir E. Impey. Thanks to new charges added to his enormous appointments, the chief judge allowed those dangerous weapons which he had used towards a defenceless population to fall into the shade. Francis, who detested Impey, rose up, not without cause, against the means which Hastings had employed to deliver the country from legal abuses. Recriminations and quarrels began again between the two adversaries. "I cannot rely on Mr. Francis's promises of

good faith," wrote Hastings to London. "I am convinced that he will not hold to them. I judge of his public conduct by his private conduct, which I have always found destitute of honor and veracity." A duel took place. Hastings seriously wounded Francis. Scarcely recovered of his wound, the latter set out for England without his rancor and hatred of his fortunate rival having lost any of their bitterness. He bided his day of vengeance.

Meanwhile, Warren Hastings had attempted a futile enterprise against the Mahrattas. He was threatened in the Carnatic by the growing power of Hyder-Ali, the founder of the Mohammedan kingdom of Mysore, imprudently provoked by the English authorities of Madras, who found themselves defenceless against the most formidable enemy.

The regiments of Munro and Baillie had already been destroyed; the approach of De Suffren was announced; some fortified places alone were left to the English in the Carnatic. Madras, in terror, contemplating the flames which were devouring the villages of the plain, asked aid of the governor-general. Some weeks later Hastings dispatched Sir Eyre Coote, formerly conqueror of M. de Lally-Tollendal at Wandewash, against Hyder-Ali. Using without reserve the full extent of his authority, he raised troops, collected money, and energetically sustained the movements of his little army. The progress of Hyder-Ali was arrested. On the 1st of July, 1781, the victory of Porto Novo gave splendor and prestige to the English power, soon triumphant by reason of the death of its clever and intrepid rival.

The internal embarrassments of a disputed government had disappeared as far as Hastings was concerned. He had triumphed in military attacks, but financial difficulties, aggravated by the war which was just ended, remained heavy. It is a great proof of moral worth to resist the pressing need of money when the means of acquiring it for one's self, or for those whom one wishes to serve, present themselves at our door on every hand. Formerly, Warren Hastings had satisfied the needs of the company by despoiling the Great Mogul and reducing the Rohillas to slavery. Now he pillaged the rajah of Benares, Chey-ta-Sing, not without difficulty and at the risk of his life, which he was accustomed to expose with calm temerity. Ruined and conquered, the Hindoo prince fled from his country,

of which the governor-general forthwith took possession; his nephew, become rajah, was nothing more than a dependent of the India Company, which assured him an ample pension. More odious proceedings extorted from the princesses of Oude the immense fortune which their nabob husbands had left them. Banished to their palace and deprived of the necessities of life, the begums knew that their most trusted servants were abandoned at Lucknow to the vengeance and cool animosity of the English. In order to deliver these servants from the hands of their persecutors, they at last gave up their treasures. Sir E. Impey covered all these indignities with the cloak of legal justice. An inquiry which had just taken place in the House of Commons, under the direction of Dundas and Burke, disclosed some of these culpable actions. Sir E. Impey was immediately recalled. The shareholders of the India Company absolutely refused to depose Warren Hastings. It was only two years later that the governor-general himself resigned his functions. His wife, whom he had married under circumstances more romantic than honorable, and to whom he was passionately attached, had been obliged to return to England on account of her health. Warren Hastings joined her there in the month of June, 1785.

India was pacified. Tippoo-Saib had made a treaty with England, and his troops had evacuated the Carnatic. Alone among English possessions, the vast Oriental territories had not suffered any diminution during the war engendered by the American rebellion. The Hindoo princes had seen their power vanishing; they had become magnificent subjects while still enjoying the sovereign title. The supreme authority of the English was everywhere established; a regular administration, however imperfect and rude as yet, had on all hands succeeded anarchy. Incessantly fettered by unintelligent or contradictory orders coming to him from Europe, the governor-general had found in the resources of his fertile genius the means of government and control which his rivals and chiefs disputed with him. He had known how to attach the army to him, and the natives themselves, accustomed to the capricious exactions of their princes, blessed the prosperity and order which marked his government. He had unrestrictedly used his power with an ill-ordered zeal for the public weal. "The rules of justice, the sentiments of humanity, the sworn faith of treaties, were nothing in his eyes when they were opposed to the actual interests of the

state." He had enriched himself, and his wife even more, but he had above all, enriched and served the company and England without scruple and without remorse.

It was this delicate scruple and this honest remorse that the most ardent of Warren Hastings' adversaries, virtuous, passionate, and embittered by vexatious and severe disappointments, felt. Among the accusers of Warren Hastings many were animated by hatred or personal views. Edmund Burke solely stood up for the cause of the justice and right offended by the governor-general. His name has remained connected with the trial of Hastings as that of an avenger of public virtue, disinterested and sincere even in the violence of his patriotic transport.

The greeting that awaited Warren Hastings in London did not prepare him for the fate which threatened him. Treated by the king with a marked distinction, he was solemnly thanked by the India Company. "I see myself treated on all sides," wrote he three months after his arrival in England, "in a way that proves to me that I possess the good opinion of my country."

The attack was being prepared, however, and Burke had already announced it. The coalition ministry had fallen, precisely on the India bill. It had presented a violent address against Hastings; a vote of the House of Commons had condemned it.

What would be the attitude of the new cabinet, at the head of which William Pitt reigned as master, of which Dundas formed part, he who had lately proclaimed the faults of the governor-general, no one knew. The entire opposition was in arms against Warren Hastings. Francis had entered the House of Commons and pursued his enemy with his persistent hate. The accusation brought by Burke on the subject of the war against the Rohillas was rejected by a great majority. When Fox attacked the governor-general's conduct in the affair of Benares, Mr. Pitt, who had been deemed favorable to Warren Hastings, declared that the governor had had a right to impose a fine on the fugitive prince, but that the penalty had not been proportioned to the offense. To the general stupefaction he then supported Mr. Fox's proposition. "The affair is too bad; I cannot sustain him," he said to his intimate friend Wilberforce. An eloquent speech of

Sheridan ended in deciding the House. The Commons voted twenty heads of accusation, and the trial was carried before the House of Lords.

It began on the 13th of February, 1788, with extreme brilliancy. The reputation of the accused and that of the lawyers was effaced by that of his accusers, the most eloquent of their eloquent epoch. Pitt alone took no part in the discussion. Fox, Sheridan, Wyndham, and young Lord Grey had left to Burke the honor of making the first speech. He spoke at length. Chancellor Thurlow himself, although favorable to Warren Hastings, could not withhold a murmur of satisfaction. The impassioned tones of the great orator stirred all consciences, moved all hearts, when he cried at last, in a voice of thunder, "This is why the House of Commons of Great Britain has ordered me, in all assurance, to impeach Warren Hastings of crimes and grave offenses. I impeach him in the name of the House of Commons, whose confidence he has deceived; I impeach him in the name of the English nation, whose ancient honor he has soiled; I impeach him in the name of the Hindoo people, whose rights he has trodden under foot and whose country he has made a desert; finally, in the name of nature herself, in the name of men and women, in the name of all times, in the name of all ranks, I impeach the common enemy and oppressor of all."

It was with the same violence, excessive and unjust in the passion of its justice, that Burke pursued the public prosecution against Warren Hastings. The trial lasted ten years. Proclaimed from 1785 in the House of Commons, sometimes ardently, sometimes languidly, sustained before the House of Lords since 1788, it was only in 1795, and when national attention was directed elsewhere upon the actual and neighboring dramas of the French revolution, that Warren Hastings, old and almost ruined, was finally acquitted by the House of Lords, the greater portion of whose members had not assisted at the beginning of the trial. "The impeachment has taken place before one generation," said Hastings himself, "the sentence has been pronounced by its children." The accusers, like the judges, were scattered, drawn into various paths by political passion. Burke no longer fought with Fox, nor Wyndham with Lord Grey and Sheridan. Public opinion, formerly severe on the accused, had softened. The length of the trial had placed the crimes of Hastings among the facts belonging to history; it had brought to light the eminent services which he

had rendered to the country. When he entered the retreat from which he was only to emerge at rare intervals, Hastings was accompanied there by public favor. It remained faithful to him even to the end of his long life. After having struggled, governed and suffered with the same calmness and the same evenness of mind which he brought towards the end of his career to the peaceful study of literature, Warren Hastings died at Daylesford, the ancient manor of his fathers, which he had formerly bought and embellished, on the 22nd of August [1818], at the age of eighty-five years.

Warren Hastings was yet alive, and America had long become an independent and free nation. India was conquered and henceforth submissive to English law. Hereafter it was on the European scene exclusively that great dramas and great actors were to appear.

Chapter XXXVII.

George III. Pitt And The French Revolution. (1783-1801).

I have endeavored to analyze the far distant questions, which for a long time agitated the English nation, and I now return to the events more directly bearing on its internal life and policy. I encounter at the outset, with profound satisfaction, that wise, able, and powerful minister, who has ever remained the type of a great statesman in a free country. His history is that of his country, of her glory as well as of her misfortunes; he lived for her, and died when he believed her vanquished, without carrying into the tomb any presentiment of final victory and noble reward of his indefatigable efforts.

William Pitt was scarcely twenty-four years of age, when he refused to accept the power offered him by George III. He determined, upon the formation of the coalition ministry of North and Fox, that he would not ally himself with either party, but would hold himself in reserve and act with that party which appeared to him to be in the right. Before the end of the session, Pitt found himself at the head of the opposition by his own judgment, as well as by the spontaneous movement of public opinion, openly and justly adverse to the alliance of the Whigs and Tories,—the partisans and the adversaries of American independence.

The affairs of India were upon a hazardous and uncertain footing; the ministers of the coalition had nevertheless resolved to radically change the administration of that country, by the formation of a Council of seven persons, having authority to appoint and to dismiss all agents, and to administer the government at their will, regardless of the charters of the

East India Company and its established rights. It was in consequence of a necessity that each day became more and more urgent, that Mr. Fox employed his powerful arguments against the disorders and abuses which reigned in the administration of India. "What is a charter?" impudently asked Attorney-General Lee; "it is only a piece of parchment, with a seal of wax hanging from one of the corners." All English regard for acquired rights and precedents, revolted at this cynical remark. "Necessity is the argument of tyrants, and the law of slaves," said Pitt.

The members of the new Indian council were all intimate friends of the coalition. "The bill upon the Indian question which Fox has presented, will be decisive, one way or the other, for or against the ministry," wrote Pitt to his friend the Duke of Rutland. "I thoroughly believe that the measure is the boldest and most unconstitutional that has ever been attempted; since it throws, by a single blow, in spite of all charters and contracts, an immense influence and patronage in the East into the hands of Charles Fox,—in power or out of power. I believe that this bill will meet with much opposition. The ministry have risked all on a venture upon which they will probably be defeated."

All the efforts of the opposition in the House of Commons failed. The Indian bill passed by a large majority. Burke, eager already to pursue those crimes and abuses which he was one day to overwhelm with the thunders of his eloquence, gave his support to the bill. He delivered in the house a noble eulogy on that friend, from whom he was one day to separate himself with so much applause. Said he, "Fox is traduced and abused for his supposed motives. He will remember that obloquy is a necessary ingredient in the composition of all true glory: he will remember that it was not only in the Roman customs, but it is in the nature and constitution of things, that calumny and abuse are essential parts of triumph. He is now on a great eminence, where the eyes of mankind are turned to him. He may live long, he may do much; but here is the summit: he never can exceed what he does this day. He has faults, but they are faults that, though they may in a small degree tarnish the lustre, and sometimes impede the march of his abilities, have nothing in them to extinguish the fire of great virtues. In those faults there is no mixture of deceit, of hypocrisy, of pride, of ferocity, of complexional despotism, or want of

feeling for the distresses of mankind. His are faults, which might exist in a descendant of Henry IV. of France, as they did exist, in that Father of his country."

The House of Lords was less inclined to reject the bill than Pitt had believed. "As much as I abhor tyranny under any form," said Lord Thurlow, "I oppose energetically this strange attempt to destroy the equilibrium of our Constitution. I desire to see the crown respected and powerful; but if the present bill should pass, it will be no longer worthy of the support of a man of honor." The ex-chancellor, boldly facing the Prince of Wales, who at this time was Mr. Fox's personal friend and admirer, added: "In fact, the king will take the crown from his own head, and place it upon that of Mr. Fox."

George III. was more courageous than prudent, and more occupied with the rights of the crown than with parliamentary privileges. He charged Lord Temple to make it known in the house, that he "regarded all those who voted for the Indian bill, not only as unfriendly, but also as enemies." The mission had its effect; the adjournment of the measure was voted. The Commons, in their turn, offended by the royal intervention, censured openly those who had provoked it. The struggle between the two houses increased. On the night of the 18th of December, 1783, Mr. Fox and Lord North received orders to surrender their seals of office. The following day, as Parliament sat agitated and expectant, there entered the House of Commons a young member, Mr. Pepper Arden, who at once offered a resolution proposing to convoke the electors of the borough of Appleby, in order to elect a new representative in place of the very Hon. William Pitt, who had just accepted the post of First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer. The move was so bold that at first it excited only incredulity and pleasantry. The opposition supposed that the young minister, finding himself in a minority in the House of Commons, would call for a dissolution. "No one will admit," said Fox, "that such a prerogative ought to be used, solely to serve the purposes of an ambitious young man. As for me, I declare in the face of this house, if the dissolution takes place, and they do not give good and solid reasons for it, I will pledge myself, if I have the honor to sit in the new Parliament, to

propose a serious inquiry into this affair, and to compel those who have proposed it to render an account."

Pitt, however, was wiser and bolder than his adversaries anticipated; he resolved to allow the country time to gain confidence in his abilities; to the passions excited by the contest, time to betray their motives and their consequences. He had great difficulty in forming his cabinet. Lord Temple, who accepted the office of Secretary of State, soon resigned, through spite and personal caprice. The Dukes of Rutland and Richmond, Lord Gower, Lord Thurlow and Dundas had nevertheless consented to join the ministry. The young chief resolutely faced the struggle. The houses were to reassemble on the 12th of January, 1784. "Do not quit your house nor dismiss a single servant before you see the result of the 12th," wrote Fox to Lord Northington. "Mr. Pitt is able to do whatever he wishes during the recess," said the friends of Fox.

On the 30th of December, the new Premier wrote to his mother, that he trusted she believed that it was not from choice that he had so long kept silence; in general, he said, things were more satisfactory than they appeared; and when one was uncertain regarding a result, the conviction that one was not wrong, was sometimes sufficient, especially when there was nothing better; there was besides a certain satisfaction in hoping for something more.

The first effort of the opposition tended to prevent the dissolution. Fox boldly contested the right to dissolve, in the midst of a session. Pitt sustained the attack, with a lofty and courageous boldness; he had no intention, he said, to counsel the king to dissolve, but he was not able to pledge himself never to give an advice that might become necessary. Accused of having used secret influences, he responded with disdain, that he had not come there through back-stairs influences, but when sent for by the king, had simply obeyed orders; he had used no secret influences, and he trusted that his integrity would be sufficient to preserve him from this danger: "I have neither meanness enough," said he, fixing his eyes on the opposition, "to act under the concealed influence of others, nor hypocrisy to pretend, where the measures of an administration, in which I had share,

were blamed, that they were measures not of my advising; and this is the only answer I shall ever deign to make on the subject."

Pitt was beaten at the outset upon a parliamentary question, and again when he presented the bill which he had substituted, for the project planned by his adversaries for the government of India. The council which he proposed was to have no share of the patronage. "My intention is," said he, "to institute a council of political control, in place of a council of political influence." General Conway accused the cabinet of corrupt practices in the country. Pitt interrupted him: "I have the right," said he, "to summon the very honorable General to specify a case where the agents of the ministers have overrun the country, practising corruption. These are assertions that ought not to be made unless one is able to prove them. As for my honor, I intend to remain the only judge of that; I have at least the same advantage over the honorable general that the young Scipio had over the veteran Fabius: *Si nulla allia re, modestia certe et temperando linguæ adolescens senem vicerō.*"

A certain dissatisfaction began already to manifest itself among the opposing majority. The violence of Fox had surpassed all bounds; in the opinion of the country, it counterbalanced the recent violence of the king. The young minister gained ground; a proof of his rare disinterestedness had impressed the minds of the people most favorably. Sir Edward Walpole, youngest son of the great minister, had just died. He held the clerkship of Pells, a life sinecure, which was worth £3000 per year. Pitt had no fortune; his friends urged him to appropriate this revenue. The minister refused, and profited by this conjuncture to provide for Col. Barré, who previously had from the Rockingham Ministry a pension of £3,200. Barré renounced his pension and became clerk of the Pells. "I avow," said Lord Thurlow, some weeks later, in the House of Lords, "I had the baseness to counsel Mr. Pitt to appropriate this office, which had so honorably fallen to him, and I believe that it will not be to my discredit, since so many high in authority have done likewise." Some independent members made advances to Pitt; they had conceived vain projects of conciliation: they failed. A struggle to the death had begun. "The question was," said Dr. Johnson, "who should govern England: the

sceptre of George III. or the tongue of Charles Fox?" Two addresses, begging him to dismiss his ministers, were successively sent to the king.

Fox was vanquished in advance, and by his own fault; he had attacked that equilibrium of the Constitution, dear to all good citizens, and to honest men who are not irrevocably bound in the dangerous bonds of party spirit. He threatened to suspend the supplies, and proposed to limit to two months the duration of the mutiny act, usually voted for a year. In vain did he employ, in order to defend his conduct, all the marvellous resources of his eloquence. A great remonstrance to the king, that he had prepared with care, passed by the majority of a single voice. The supply and the mutiny bills were passed without difficulty. "The enemy seems to be upon its back," wrote Pitt to the Duke of Rutland, on the 10th of March, 1784; and to his mother on the 16th, he wrote, "I regard our actual situation as a triumph in comparison with what it was. My joy is doubled by the thought that it extends even to you, and gives you satisfaction."

The moment to make an appeal to the country had finally come. After three months of courageous and bold patience, Pitt counselled the king to dissolve parliament. When the writs of convocation were about to be issued, the great seal had disappeared; it has never been known by whom or for what purpose the theft was committed. In twenty-four hours the loss was repaired, as it had been after the flight of King James II., who had thrown his great seal into the Thames. On the 24th of March, 1784, the king presented himself at the House of Lords, and said: "After having well considered the present situation of affairs and the extraordinary circumstances which have produced it, I have decided to put an end to this session of Parliament. I feel that it is my duty towards the Constitution and the country, to make an appeal to the good sense of my people, as soon as possible, by convoking a new Parliament."

Never were elections more enthusiastic, never was success more complete than that of the cabinet. One hundred and sixty friends of Fox lost their seats. His own election at Westminster was for a long time uncertain. Neither his resolution nor his presence of mind deserted him. "The bad news spreads on all sides," wrote he to one of his friends; "but it seems to

me that misfortunes, when they crowd in upon us, should have the effect of increasing our courage instead of intimidating it."

The electoral contest was prolonged at Westminster for forty days. The Prince of Wales appeared on the hustings as a partisan of Fox, and the first ladies of the Whig party, the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire at their head, lavished their smiles upon the electors, for their votes. The majority for the great orator was left a matter of doubt; fraudulent practises had, it was charged, been employed, and the High Sheriff Corbet refused to make an official proclamation of the result, without a Parliamentary investigation. Fox was nevertheless assured of a seat. Sir Thomas Dundas had already named him for the borough of Kirkwell, of which he had the disposal.

Before the dissolution, the king had strengthened in the House of Lords the number of the partisans of Mr. Pitt, by three elevations to the peerage; following the elections, he manifested anew his firm resolution to support his minister by creating seven new peers. Henceforth the sovereign and the country were in accord; the opening of the session proved clearly the ascendancy of the minister.

The great financial measures which Pitt had prepared were voted by large majorities: they were new as well as daring. The imposts upon tea and alcohol were lowered, in the hope of destroying contraband trade. New imposts and a new loan, largely offered to the public, re-established the equilibrium of the budget. "However painful may be my task to-day," said the minister, "the necessity of the country forbidding all hesitation, I confide in the good sense and patriotism of the English people. As minister of the finances, I have adopted this motto: To conceal nothing from the public." The bill upon the administration in India passed without great effort, as well as the measure of Dundas for the restitution to the legitimate owners, of all the property confiscated during the rebellion of 1745. The proposition of Alderman Sawbridge for parliamentary reform was rejected. Pitt remained faithful to his convictions: he voted on that occasion with the minority, promising to renew the question himself during the next session.

Parliament met on the 25th of January, 1785. Its first business was to consider the alleged frauds in the election of Fox at Westminster. The constitutional authority was insufficient, and the two parties employed every resource of chicanery. The illustrious adversaries freely made use of reproaches and insults. Fox at this time was large and robust; his black hair always in disorder, yet profusely powdered; cordial and frank with his friends, greatly enjoying life, ever ready for all material or intellectual pleasures, brilliantly and powerfully eloquent, without care or preparation; attacking each adversary in his turn, and solely occupying himself in demolishing him. Pitt's health was delicate; he was tall and slim, a little lofty in his manners as well as in his mind; confiding with his intimate friends, but reserved and cold with most of his partisans. He had from infancy studied the art of eloquence; not that sweeping and impassioned eloquence that distinguished Lord Chatham, and that the illustrious father sought to impart to his young son, as when placing him before him on a table, he cried: "Do you see the scoundrels who are there before you, and who wish to hang you? Defend thyself, William, defend thyself!" The eloquence of Pitt was naturally powerful. Lucid, forcible, convincing, perfect in expression as well as in arrangement, it left in the minds of his contemporaries the impression of an incontestable superiority over the most brilliant orators of his time, over Burke himself as well as over Sheridan.

Pitt was beaten upon the question of the election at Westminster. Lord North and his friends gained an equal victory on the question of parliamentary reform. Moderate and restrained in its application, it attacked nevertheless the principle of close boroughs, and intended to increase the representation of the cities. Fox voted for the measure, although it did not meet his entire approval. The day had not yet arrived when the force of public opinion would compel the members of the House of Commons to vote against their own rights and titles. Pitt felt this, and did not pursue his project. After a brilliant and obstinate discussion, and in consequence of the national and parliamentary jealousies of Ireland, he was also compelled to withdraw the bill regarding commercial intercourse between the two countries.

Fox declared himself the irreconcilable enemy of free exchange. The Irish Parliament was unnecessarily alarmed regarding its legislative independence. "I do not wish to barter English commerce against the slavery of Ireland," said Mr. Grattan, "that is not the price I wish to pay; that is not the merchandise I wish to buy."

The defeat of his liberal measures in favor of Ireland, was a great disappointment to Mr. Pitt: he had just carried, with great success, his bill for the establishment of a sinking fund placed under control of Parliament. At the end of the session of 1786, which is memorable for the opening of the great and celebrated trial of Warren Hastings, the minister was engaged in negotiating a commercial treaty with France. Scarcely had Parliament re-assembled, when the measure was violently attacked. "I do not contend," said Fox, "that France is, and ought to remain, the irreconcilable enemy of England, and that it is impossible to experience a secret desire of living amicably with that kingdom. It is possible, but scarcely probable. I not only doubt her good intentions toward us, at this time, but I do not believe in them. France is naturally the political enemy of Great Britain; in concluding with us a commercial treaty, she wishes to tie our hands, and so prevent us from forming an alliance with any other power."

Pitt judged better and more accurately those international questions which were destined so soon to disturb the peace of the world. In advance, and protesting in the name of eternal justice against the violent struggle that the unloosing of human passions would compel him to sustain against revolutionary France, whether anarchical or absolute, he declared, with indignation, that his mind revolted against the idea that any nation could be the unalterable foe of another; it had no foundation in experience or history; it was a libel on the constitution of political society; and situated as England was, opposite France, it was highly important for the good of the two countries to put an end to that constant enmity that has falsely been said to be the foundation of the true sentiments of the two nations. The treaty, he insisted, tended to improve the facilities for prosecuting war and at the same time also retarded its approach. The treaty was signed, notwithstanding the bitter reproaches of Sir Philip Francis, who accused Pitt of destroying with his hands the work of his illustrious father. "The

glory of Lord Chatham is founded on the resistance he made to the united power of the House of Bourbon. The present minister has taken the opposite road to fame, and France, the object of every hostile principle in the policy Lord Chatham's, is the *gens amicissima* of his son."

To the difficulties which Mr. Pitt's financial measures encountered, were added the internal embarrassments of the country. The prince was passionately attached to the opposition. He had sustained Fox in his contest against the royal prerogative; with much more reason all his influence had been exerted against the cabinet of Mr. Pitt. The prince, nevertheless, needed the co-operation of the king as well as of the minister. Besides the serious annoyances which his debts cost him, he had aggravated his situation by his secret marriage (December 21st, 1783), with Mrs. Fitzherbert, a young Catholic widow, contrary to the law, which interdicted to princes any union not having the royal assent. The religion of Mrs. Fitzherbert added another difficulty to the situation.

Fox had sincerely and honestly disapproved of the conduct of the prince, and had also warned him that it would be impossible to keep the secret. When his apprehensions were realized, and when pamphlets as well parliamentary allusions, compelled the friends of the prince to speak out. Fox accepted the disagreeable duty of denying a fact of which he had grave doubts. "I deny absolutely that there is any truth in this marriage," said he. "It not only would be illegal, but it has never taken place. It is a monstrous calumny, a miserable calumny, a low, malicious falsehood." Do you speak with authority, [he] was asked? "Yes," responded Fox, "with direct authority." The pecuniary affairs of the prince were regulated by the House of Commons; his debts were paid, without discussion. Pitt had obtained, with great difficulty, a message from the king, recommending to the house the request of his son.

Everywhere the same firm and elevated principles, governmental as well as liberal, inspired the conduct of Mr. Pitt. He had voted against the abolition of the test act, demanded by the Dissenters, because he believed the time was not propitious; asserting, however, that he was favorable to the principles of the measure. Pre-occupied by the disgraceful state of the English prisons, he sent to New South Wales an expedition which laid the

foundation of the penal colony of Botany Bay. Finally, and above all, he joined his friend, Wilberforce, in his noble efforts for the abolition of the slave trade. Upon this question of humanity and justice, Burke and Fox joined with their illustrious adversary. "I have no scruple in declaring that the slave trade ought to be, not regulated, but abolished," said Mr. Fox. "I have thoroughly studied the question, and I had the intention of presenting some remarks thereupon, but I rejoice to see the matter in the hands of the honorable representative from the county of York, rather than in my own. I sincerely believe it will there have more weight, authority, and, chances of success." Mr. Fox was right in rendering this homage to the pure and disinterested virtue of Wilberforce. In the midst of the brilliant excitements of his life, Fox had neither the leisure nor the ardor of conviction, necessary to undertake and accomplish the charitable and holy work to which Wilberforce and his Christian friends had consecrated their lives.

External troubles for a moment threatened the uncertain peace; the grave dissatisfaction existing between the stadtholder William V., cousin of King George III., and the Dutch patricians, had come to an open rupture, and the Princess of Orange was publicly insulted. Her brother Frederick William II. of Prussia, marched troops upon the territory of the republic. The feeble government of Louis XVI. limited itself to a manifesto in favor of the States-General. England prepared to sustain the stadtholder, but the Prussian soldiers proved sufficient to intimidate the patriots in Holland. The Prince of Orange made a triumphant entry to the Hague; an offensive and defensive alliance was concluded by England with Holland and Prussia. The Czar and the Sultan had taken up arms. The King of Sweden, Gustavus III., invaded Russia. The internal embarrassments and troubles of France prevented her from interfering in any quarrels. England was strong and powerful; she had firmly established her alliances in Europe, and at home the power of Pitt seemed founded upon the strongest basis. Mr. Fox, discouraged, and awaiting better chances of success, departed for Italy. A sad and unexpected event suddenly overturned all hopes and all expectations. After a brief but severe illness, King George III. totally lost his reason.

Already, in his youth, a feeble attack of mental trouble had excited grave fears, and necessitated a project of a regency; the king himself

comprehended the import of the symptoms that he felt. On the 3d of November, 1788, during a ride on horseback, he encountered his son the Duke of York, and said to him, sadly: "Would to God that I might die, for I am going to be mad!"

Physicians attributed the malady of the king to an excess of work and royal pre-occupations; his habits had always been regular, his life had been almost patriarchal in its simplicity; his health, nevertheless, was profoundly shattered. Consternation reigned at Windsor. "That which is most to be feared," wrote Pitt to Dr. Tomline, his intimate friend, the Bishop of Lincoln, "is the effect upon his reason. If this lasts long it will lead to a crisis the most difficult and delicate that one can imagine, when it shall be necessary to provide for continuing the government. Some weeks will pass, nevertheless, before it becomes necessary to come to a decision, but the interval will be full of uneasiness." The direction of the royal house had already fallen into the hands of the Prince of Wales. The physicians could give no opinion upon the duration of the king's malady.

Parliament assembled on the 20th of November. Pitt, solely occupied with the interests of the country, desired to restrain the regency by legislative authority. Chancellor Thurlow, however, was intriguing secretly with the Prince of Wales and the opposition, to retain his position, recently promised by Fox to Lord Loughborough, who had suggested to the Prince the bold project of seizing the regency. Fox's return from Italy was anxiously awaited. When he arrived at London, on the 24th of November, the houses were prorogued to the 14th of December. Proudly silent upon the perfidious manoeuvres of his colleague, Pitt addressed no reproaches to Lord Thurlow, but he confided the direction of the House of Lords to the venerable Lord Camden. Fox energetically opposed the suggestions of Lord Loughborough, regretting that he was constrained to break his word. "I have swallowed the pill," wrote he to Sheridan; "it was very bitter, and I have written to Lord Loughborough, who will not naturally respond by consenting. What remains to be done? Is it the prince in person, or you, or I, who shall speak to the chancellor? I do not remember ever in all my life of having felt so ill at ease regarding a political affair."

The king had been taken to Kew, very much against his will. The chancellor and Mr. Pitt went there to see him. Miss Burney, the author, and one of the ladies of honor of the queen, reports that: "the chancellor came into the king's presence, with the same trepidation that he inspired in others; and when he quitted the king he was so overcome by the state of his royal master and patron, that tears ran down his cheeks, and he had great difficulty in supporting himself. Mr. Pitt was more calm, but expressed his grief with so much respect and affection that the universal admiration here felt towards him was increased."

When the houses re-assembled, Mr. Pitt presented the report of the physicians; a new doctor, Mr. Willis, gave more hope of a speedy cure than his associates; parliamentary manoeuvres extended even to the faculty, and the parties disputed with the doctors. Mr. Fox proposed, from the first, to place the reins of power, without contest, in the hands of the Prince of Wales. Without regard to the supreme authority of parliament in such a matter, he sustained the theory of hereditary right, with an energy so far removed from his ordinary habit, that Mr. Pitt jocosely remarked: "Now I'll *unwhig* this gentleman for the rest of his days."

"Imagine the lack of judgment Fox has shown by putting himself and his friends in such an embarrassing position," wrote Wilberforce; "he perceived that what he had said had offended so many people that he was obliged to seize the first favorable occasion to explain and extenuate his words. After this retraction, Sheridan terminated the day by a worse blunder than I have ever seen committed by a man of any intelligence. Since I have been in Parliament the battles have been warm enough, but I do not remember of ever having heard such a tumult as he raised by threatening us with the danger of exciting the Prince of Wales, and urging him to vindicate his rights: these are exactly the expressions used. You comprehend what an advantage all this gives us; above all, when there is joined thereto our great hope of the king's recovery."

The favorable progress in the malady of the King, decided the chancellor to renounce his treachery. When the Duke of York declared in the House of Lords that his eldest brother claimed no rights, but desired to place his authority entirely in the hands of Parliament, Lord Thurlow, quitting the

wool-sack, followed him, protesting his inviolable attachment and fidelity to the sovereign who had governed England for twenty-seven years with the most religious respect for its Constitution. He was moved by his own words, troubled perhaps, by the recollection of his secret perfidy, and finally concluded: "If ever I forget my king, may God forget me!" A murmur of disgust followed: the intrigues of the chancellor were well known. Pitt rushed precipitately from the hall, his heart bursting with contempt. "Oh the wretch! the wretch!" repeated he loudly.

The resolutions proposed by Pitt recognized the exclusive right of Parliament to confer the regency. In an ardent and eloquent address, Fox sustained the pretensions of the Prince of Wales, declaring that Pitt would never have thought of limiting his power if he had not felt that he did not merit the prince's confidence, and that he would never be minister. "With regard to my feeling myself unworthy of the confidence of the Prince," said Pitt, "all that I am able to say is that there is only one way for me, or any other, to merit it; that is to do what I have done by seeking constantly in the public service to do my duty towards the king, his father, and towards the entire country. If by seeking to merit thus the confidence of the prince, he finds that I have lost it, in fact; however painful and disagreeable this circumstance may be for me, I should regret it; but I say boldly that it would be impossible to repent of it."

The Regency Bill contained grave restrictions to the power of the Prince of Wales. The queen had charge of the person of the king, and the prince had no authority to dispose of the royal property. He was not permitted to grant the reversion of any office, nor any pension or place without the consent of his majesty. The prince was passionately irritated, and responded to the communication of the minister, by a letter, that Burke had dictated, as firm and clever as it was eloquent. Mr. Pitt remained firm. The public were aware of the animosity that existed between the minister, still powerful, the foolish king, and that parliamentary and princely opposition which appeared upon the point of seizing the power. The friends of Pitt, realizing the sad condition of his financial affairs, preoccupied themselves to relieve the same. A meeting of bankers and merchants offered to Mr. Pitt a gift of £100,000, raised by subscription, in the city London, within twenty-four hours. He refused, without hesitation.

The situation was prolonged. The minister sought occasion for delay; for each day the king's health improved. The five propositions of the Regency Bill had been voted by the House of Commons, and the third reading was announced in the House of Lords. Dr. Willis informed Mr. Pitt and the chancellor that the convalescence of the king might be announced. On the 17th of February 1789, the minister wrote to his mother: "You have seen that for several days the news from Kew improves; the public bulletin this morning says the king continues to improve in his convalescence. The particular news is that according to all appearances he looks perfectly well, and that if he continues to act sanely, they will at once declare him cured. It remains for us to wait and see how he will support the state in which he will find public affairs. But considering these circumstances, the Bill will probably be adjourned, in the House of Commons, until Monday; and if our hopes are then realized, the project of the regency will probably be modified so as to apply to an extremely short interval, or perhaps be entirely set aside. This news will afford you sufficient pleasure to pardon the brevity of my letter."

Four days later, the king renewed with Mr. Pitt that correspondence, somewhat formal, but nevertheless, cordial and kindly, which reflects so much honor on both the sovereign and the minister.

On the 23rd of February, 1789, George III. wrote to Mr. Pitt:

"It is with infinite satisfaction that I renew my correspondence with Mr. Pitt, by acquainting him with my having seen the Prince of Wales and my second son. Care was taken that the conversation should be general and cordial. They seemed perfectly satisfied. I chose the meeting should be in the queen's apartment, that all parties might have that caution, which, at the present hour, could but be judicious. I desire Mr. Pitt will confer with the Lord Chancellor, that any steps which may be necessary for raising the annual supplies, or any measures that the interests of the nation may require, should not be unnecessarily delayed; for I feel the warmest gratitude for the support and anxiety shown by the nation at large during my tedious illness, which I should ill requite if I did not wish to prevent any further delay in those public measures which it may be necessary to bring forward this year; though

I must decline entering into a pressure of business, and, indeed, for the rest of my life, shall expect others to fulfil the duties of their employments, and only keep that superintending eye which can be effected without labor or fatigue. "I am anxious to see Mr. Pitt any hour that may suit him to-morrow morning, as his constant attachment to my interest and that of the public, which are inseparable, must ever place him in the most advantageous light.

G. R."

The power now fell into the eager hands of the Prince of Wales and his friends. The people were as demonstrative in their joy as they had been in their anxiety for the king. The popularity and authority of Pitt were at their height: he was master of the entire country, as well as of the House of Commons; the elections of 1790 clearly proved this.

Only prudent and far-seeing statesmen turned their attention to the internal state of France. The mass of the English nation had not, as yet, felt that electric influence that our country has always exercised over her neighbors, for the happiness or misfortune of Europe. Already the diverging tendencies manifested themselves among minds which had up to this time felt powerfully the same impressions and followed the same direction. After the taking of the Bastille, Fox wrote with transport: "How much the greatest event it is that ever happened in the world, and how much the best!" Burke, on the contrary, wrote to one of his friends: "You hope that I hold the French worthy of liberty; assuredly, I believe that all men who desire it, merit it. It is not the recompense of our virtues nor the result of our labor. It is our heritage. We have a right to it from our birth; but when liberty is separated from justice, neither one nor the other appear to be safe."

Some weeks later, at the opening of Parliament, Burke allowed himself to be carried away by his prejudices to a gloomy and severe review of the beginning of the French Revolution. "Since the house has been prorogued," said he, "there has been much work done in France. The French have shown themselves the ablest architects of ruin that have appeared in the world: in one short summer they have completely pulled down their monarchy, their church, their nobility, their law, their army and

their revenue. They have done their business for us as rivals in a way in which twenty Ramillies and Blenheims could never have done. Were we absolute conquerors, with France prostrate at our feet, we should blush to impose on them terms so destructive to their national consequence as the duration they have imposed on themselves."

Pitt did not join in the joyous enthusiasm of Fox, regarding the first and tumultuous efforts of the National Assembly and the French people; still less did he abandon himself to the gloomy forebodings of Burke. "The convulsions which now agitate France," said he, "will lead one day or another to general harmony and regular order; and although this situation will render France more formidable, it will perhaps render her less dangerous as a neighbor. I desire the re-establishment of tranquillity in that country, although it seems to me as yet far removed. When her system shall be re-established, and that system proclaims liberty, well defined, the liberty proceeding from order and good government, France will become one of the most brilliant powers of the world. I am unable to regard with distrust, those tendencies in neighboring states that so closely resemble the sentiments which characterize the English people."

The excesses and disorders of revolutionary passions, which were soon to threaten Europe with a vast conflagration, turned Mr. Pitt from his benevolent views. He was reproached, when subsequently he was compelled to struggle against the revolution, both at home and abroad, for not being inclined to the violences of Burke. It was his glory always to choose that difficult path, alone worthy of men called by God to govern their fellow creatures, that path which remains equally distant from either extreme, and which resists the excesses of liberty as well as the arbitrary tendencies of absolutism. In England, Mr. Pitt repressed both the revolutionary passions and the tendencies to despotism; upon the Continent, in his efforts against the contagious violence of France, he branded as infamous the frenzy of the Reign of Terror, and he protected the threatened European governments, as he subsequently defended the national liberties, against the encroachments and ambitions of absolute power.

The disagreement existing between the two chiefs of the opposition first publicly manifested itself upon the presentation, by Mr. Pitt, of a bill regarding the internal administration of Canada. The state of France occupied all minds; allusions to France entered into all discussions. Some expressions used by Fox had wounded Burke: he resolved to publicly define his position. Fox was informed of this intention; he went to the house of Burke, praying him to delay, at least, before commencing hostilities. Burke, for the last time, entered the House of Commons arm in arm with Fox. The entire opposition were uneasy and excited; they attempted to prevent the discussion by recalling the orators to the affairs of Canada. Burke would not permit himself to be turned aside: he immediately attacked Mr. Fox for the fatal counsels he had given to England; and suppressing the title of friend that he was accustomed to give "that very honorable member," he said: "Certainly, it is indiscreet at any period, but especially at my time of life, to provoke enemies or give my friends occasion to desert me; yet if my firm and steady adherence to the British Constitution place me in such a dilemma, I am ready to risk all, and with my last words to exclaim—'Fly from the French Constitution!'" Fox here whispered that there was "no loss of friendship." "Yes," solemnly exclaimed Burke, "I regret to say there is. I know the value of my line of conduct. I have indeed made a great sacrifice. I have done my duty, though I have lost my friend. There is something in the accursed French Revolution, which envenoms everything it touches."

Burke seated himself. When Fox rose to respond, he remained, for some moments, standing, unable to speak. The tears ran down his cheeks. The whole house was moved like himself. When he found words to reply, it was with touching tenderness, that he spoke of "the very honorable member, but lately his most intimate friend." He declared that he had ever felt the highest veneration for the judgment of his honorable friend, by whom he had been instructed more than by all other men and books together; by whom he had been taught to love our Constitution; from whom he had acquired nearly all his political knowledge, certainly all that he most valued; and that the separation would be most grievous to him to the end of his life. He was nevertheless firm in his belief that "the new Constitution of France, considered altogether, was the most stupendous and glorious edifice of liberty which had been erected on the foundation of

human integrity in any time or country." The ancient despotism had disappeared, and the new system had for its object the happiness of the people. Upon this ground he would continue to stand.

Some hasty words of Burke confirmed the rupture. Fox did not continue the discussion; but a friendship of twenty-five years, cemented by their united efforts in behalf of American liberty, sank beneath the waves of the French Revolution, to the grief and amazement of the representatives of the English nation. Separated from his former friends, Burke formed no new ties: sometimes passionate and exalted, always loyal and sincere, he had sacrificed all to his conscience. With the progress of events in France, a certain number of Whigs embraced the opinions that Burke had proclaimed at the outset; when the phalanx formed behind him, he continued to march with a firm step at the head of the resistance. "We have made many enemies here, and no friends, by the part we have taken," wrote Burke, regarding himself and his son, to the agent of the French emigrants; "in order to serve you we have associated with those with whom we have no natural affiliations. We have left our business, we have broken our engagements. For one mortification that you have suffered, we have endured twenty. But the cause of humanity demands it."

The disturbances in Europe began to have some effect in England, and even in Parliament; a momentary disagreement with Spain was terminated in a satisfactory manner, but the persistent hostilities between Russia and the Porte appeared to necessitate an increase of the naval forces. Mr. Pitt presented a bill to this effect, which was coldly received by the house. He withdrew it in time to avoid a defeat, not however without a decrease of his renown at home and abroad. Notwithstanding the growing apprehensions of the friends of France, and the anxiety that the situation of King Louis XVI. inspired, Pitt resolutely maintained the neutrality of England. When the declaration of Pilnitz, signed by the Emperor of Austria and the King of Prussia, appealed to all the sovereigns of Europe to aid the King of France, by arms, if necessary, England remained deaf to the appeal. Pitt refused to lend to the emigre princes the funds necessary for their military operations.

In the address from the throne, on the 31st of January, 1792, George III. expressed the firm hope of seeing peace maintained; he even counselled a diminution of the land and naval forces. With an assurance more bold than prudent, Pitt announced in his Budget, a progressive reduction of the taxes. He said, that though he was aware of the many contingencies which, by disturbing the public tranquillity, might prevent such a design, yet there never was a time, in the history of this country, when, from the situation of Europe, fifteen years of peace might more reasonably be expected, than at the present moment. Still occupied exclusively with internal questions, Pitt sustained, energetically, the bill for the abolition of the slave trade, proposed anew by Wilberforce and his friends; he regulated the legislation regarding the press, henceforth relegated to the jurisdiction of a jury; finally, he presented a bill regarding loans.

Since the illness of the king, and the treachery he had meditated, Lord Thurlow had remained secretly hostile to Pitt. On the 15th of May, 1792, he vehemently and unexpectedly attacked the financial bill, declaring that it was absurd to pretend to dictate to future parliaments and to proscribe to future ministers a line of action.

"None," said his lordship, "but a novice, a sycophant, a mere reptile of a minister, would allow this act to prevent him doing what, in his own judgment, circumstances might require at the time; and a change in the situation of the country might render that which is proper at one time, inapplicable at another: in short, the scheme is nugatory and impracticable; the inaptness of the project is only equalled by the vanity of the attempt." Pitt finally lost all patience: he declared to the king that it was impossible for him to continue to sit in the same cabinet with Lord Thurlow. George III. did not hesitate; the chancellor was ordered to deliver up the great seal to his majesty. Some months later Lord Loughborough, who had become ardently favorable to the minister, since the fall of Thurlow, was made chancellor (January, 1793).

Mr. Pitt was appointed Warden of the Cinque Ports, a rich sinecure long held by Lord North, and now, upon the death of that nobleman, conferred upon the minister by the king. "I will not receive any recommendations for this office," wrote the king, "having resolved to confer it only upon Mr.

Pitt;" and when he sent his letter to Mr. Dundas, charged to forward it to Pitt, then absent, George III. added: "Mr. Dundas is to forward my letter to the West, and to accompany it with a few lines, expressing that I will not admit of this favor being denied. I desire Lord Chatham may also write, and that Mr. Dundas will take the first opportunity of acquainting Lord Grenville of the step I have taken." The office was worth £3,000 per year. For the first time Pitt consented to accept the favor which was thus imposed upon him by his sovereign.

Pitt was now seriously occupied with the state of Europe. The King of Sweden, Gustavus III., had been assassinated at a masked ball; the Emperor Leopold was dead; his son, the Emperor Francis, in concert with the King of Prussia, declared war against France. The position of Louis XVI. became each day more precarious. Tossed about without hope, at one time contemplating impossible resistance, at another, useless concessions, he had, on the 20th of June, 1792, endured the insults and outrages of the Parisian populace. The allied troops, under the Duke of Brunswick, had already entered French territory. The princes of the House of Bourbon, at the head of the emigré's, prepared themselves to sustain the operations of the foreigners; an ill-timed manifesto excited still further the passions of the French. On the 10th of August, 1792, the palace of the Tuilleries was attacked, and the Swiss guards massacred. The king, suspended from his royal functions, was confined in the Temple, with his family; the convention was convoked, and the prisoners in the dungeons of Paris were murdered.

Amidst the chaos which reigned in Paris, La Fayette, who commanded a French army upon the frontier, could not resolve to defend a state of things each day more contrary to his presumptuous expectations; he secretly quitted his command, intending to fly to America. He was arrested by the allies and put in prison at Olmutz. General Dumouriez fought the allied army at Jemappes, on the 6th of November, 1792. Kellerman had defeated them at Valmy on the 20th of September; the allied troops evacuated French territory, and the French army entered Belgium. Savoy was already in the hands of the French troops, and General Custine advanced into Germany. By its decree of the 19th of November, the

Convention declared, in the name of the French nation, that they would grant succor and fraternity to every people who desire to obtain liberty.

Before this supreme disregard of ancient rights and international conventions, Mr. Pitt, still favorable to preserving neutrality, was nevertheless alarmed at the threatened fate of Holland. He wrote to his colleague, the Marquis of Stafford, that the strange and unfortunate events which have succeeded each other so rapidly upon the continent, give us ample material for serious reflection. That which is most urgent is the situation of Holland. However painful it may be to see this country engaged, it seemed impossible to him, to hesitate upon the question of sustaining our ally in case of necessity; and the explicit declaration of our sentiments is the best way to avoid this situation at present. Perhaps some opening would present itself which would allow us to contribute to the termination of the war between the different powers of Europe, by leaving France to arrange her internal affairs as well as she could; which was, he thought, the best plan. The trial of Louis XVI. had already commenced.

Pitt yet clung to the hope of an impossible peace; already Lord Gower, the English Ambassador at Paris, had been recalled; Chauvelin and his clever secretary Talleyrand, were in London, but not as yet in any official capacity. Chauvelin was about to present his credentials in the name of the French Republic, when the condemnation and death of Louis XVI. abruptly terminated the relations which still existed between revolutionary France and monarchical countries.

On the day following (January 21st, 1793), almost all England went into mourning, and Chauvelin received his passports. An order of recall had already been sent him from Paris. On the 1st of February the Convention declared war against Holland. The terrible burden of the defence of Europe against the advance of the arms and doctrines of the French Revolution was to fall principally upon England, and the sagacious minister who directed her policy. The reverses which his country was to experience, and the obstacles which she was to overcome, saddened the latter part of the life of Mr. Pitt, and partly obscured his glory. The principles which he advocated were nevertheless true and eternal, and the services that he rendered to preserve the peace and equilibrium of Europe

were incomparable. He succumbed beneath the weight of a struggle, the obstinacy of which was not foreseen by Lord Chatham during his triumphs in 1760; by his courageous persistence he prepared the way for the victories of Wellington. His name, but recently reviled by so many tongues upon the continent, and even in his own country, has remained the foremost among those who have sustained the cause of independence and of the liberty of nations in Europe. He has alone had the signal honor to maintain England within the bounds of constitutional order during the midst of revolutionary tempests, and the still greater glory of leaving her free.

It was not without much effort and severe internal struggles, that the English government succeeded in preserving order and repressing the dangerous tendencies which manifested themselves upon divers occasions. During many years past, societies favorable to the principles of the French revolution, destined to spread its doctrines and create sympathies for its enthusiasts, had been formed. Two foreigners. Dr. Joseph Priestley, the chief of the English Unitarians, and Thomas Paine, the celebrated author of "The Rights of Man," had been elected members of the National Convention. The latter had taken his seat there. The license of the revolutionary press surpassed all bounds; the declarations and anarchical appeals engendered conspiracies as culpable as powerless. Mr. Pitt used severe measures to repress these. He was urged on by the chancellor, Lord Loughborough, himself a recent and zealous convert. The charges and trials against the press were numerous, and were more violent in Scotland than in England, where the revolutionary manoeuvres were less bold. The trials of Muir, and of Palmer, in 1793, and that of Hamilton Rowan in Ireland, in 1794, preceded that of Walker at Manchester, in April, 1794, and of Thomas Hardy, of Daniel Adams, and of John Horne-Tooke at London, in the month of May of the same year. The accused were at the head of the two principal revolutionary societies: "The Society for Constitutional Information" and "The London Corresponding Society." Mr. Pitt proposed to Parliament the suspension of the habeas corpus; in spite of the vigorous opposition of Fox and Sheridan, the bill was passed by a large majority. Public opinion was powerfully aroused against the excesses and crimes which deluged France with blood. The exaggerated fright which the intrigues of the English revolutionists caused, increased the

agitation, and in consequence the rigors of the government were approved by public opinion. In Parliament the Whigs were divided. The Duke of Portland and his friends openly sustained the minister.

General Dumouriez had vainly endeavored to resist the power of the Convention. He had formed culpable relations with the enemies of France. Obligated to quit his army, he had taken refuge in England at the moment when his friends the Girondins were overthrown and destroyed by the Jacobins, in Paris. The Committee of Public Safety reigned in France, and the Reign of Terror extended its sombre veil throughout that unhappy country. The allied forces took possession of Belgium; the French garrison at Mayence had just surrendered, after a brave resistance; the Austrians had seized Valenciennes and Condé, not in the name of the young captive king, but as personal conquests of the Emperor Francis. The national enthusiasm of France, violently excited by these reverses, sent to the frontiers troops barely disciplined, generals of various origin, servants of the ancient régime or new geniuses which rose suddenly from the ranks, but all equally animated by an ardent patriotism. The Duke of York was repulsed before Dunkirk by General Hoche, as the Prince of Orange at Hondschoote. The Prince of Coburg, whose name is always found united with that of Pitt, in revolutionary execrations, found himself constrained to raise the siege of Maubeuge, and to recross the Sambre. In the interior, civil war desolated Vendée; it ravished the city of Lyons. Toulon, held in the name of Louis XVII., had called to its aid the English fleet under Admiral Howe. The siege was eagerly pushed by the republican troops. The artillery was commanded by a young Corsican officer, who was soon to become General Bonaparte, and ten years later the Emperor Napoleon. On the 18th of December, 1793, the redoubts were taken, and the allied forces were compelled to put to sea. The English and Spanish vessels were crowded with provincial royalists who fled the vengeance of their compatriots. Toulon was delivered to fire and sword.

The National Convention voted, at the instigation of Barère, a decree ordaining that henceforth no quarter should be given to either English or Hanoverian soldiers. The Duke of York immediately published an order of the day—dignified and noble: "His Royal Highness foresees the indignation which will naturally be aroused in the minds of the brave

troops whom he addresses. He desires to remind them that mercy to the vanquished is the brightest gem in the soldier's character; and to exhort them not to suffer their resentment to lead them to any precipitate act of cruelty, which may sully the reputation they have acquired in the world. The English and Hanoverian armies are not willing to believe that the French nation, even in its present blindness, can so far forget its military instincts as to pay the least attention to a decree as injurious to the troops, as disgraceful to those who voted it." The French army justified this noble confidence. "Kill our prisoners!" said a sergeant, "no, no, not that! Send them all to the Convention, that the representatives may shoot them if they wish; the savages might also eat them, if they chose." Everywhere in Flanders the success of the French arms was brilliant; Brussels was retaken. Nevertheless Corsica revolted and was annexed to Great Britain.

Admiral Howe, on the 1st of June, 1794, gained a great victory over the French fleet off the harbor of Brest. The bloody fall of Robespierre and his friends, raised, for a moment, pacific hopes in Europe; but the "war spirit" of France was not yet appeased. General Jourdan drove back the Austrians beyond the Rhine. Pichegru threatened Holland. Mr. Pitt advised placing the entire military force of that country under a single commander; this position was offered to the Duke of Brunswick, who refused it. Upon the entreaties of Mr. Pitt, and much to his regret, George III. recalled the young and inexperienced Duke of York. Before the end of January, 1795, Holland was entirely in the hands of the French, who proclaimed the Republic. The stadtholder had fled to England.

The disquietude and agitation were great. Upon the question of war, Wilberforce and his friends had separated themselves from the Cabinet. The general distress in Europe was extreme. The public cry in London, as in Paris, was for Bread, Bread, Bread! Riots took place in many localities; the windows of Mr. Pitt, in Downing street, were broken, and the revolutionary intrigues redoubled their ardor. The Society for Constitutional Information raised its head, and claimed universal suffrage and annual parliaments. Mr. Pitt was troubled; his gloomy forebodings, at times, knew no bounds. "If I resign," said he, one day to Lord Mornington, "in less than six months I will not have a head upon my shoulders."

A congress assembled at Basle; the French Republic treated there with Tuscany, Prussia, and Sweden. England secretly prepared a descent upon the coast of Brittany, to second the royalist uprisings of the French noblemen and peasants designated by the name of *Chouans*. M. de Puisaye, who had negotiated this measure with Mr. Pitt, had charge of the Emigré's. The English fleet was successful at first. Lord Bridport captured two vessels from Admiral Villaret-Joyeuse. The French refugees disembarked in the Bay of Quiberon; but the command was divided, and the orders contradictory. Disorder caused inaction. The arrival of the Count d'Artois was anxiously awaited, but he did not appear. General Hoche successfully attacked the little body of Emigré's. The roughness of the sea rendered the succor of the English ineffectual. The massacre was horrible. A certain number of noblemen capitulated; the conditions of the surrender were not respected; the prisoners were executed. The last military hope of the royalists disappeared in this bloody and unfortunate enterprise. The war of the Vendéens and that of the Chouans terminated at the same time.

The Constitution of the third year of the republic had just been proclaimed in France, and the Directory had been constituted. An attempt of the ancient Jacobins had been crushed, on the 13th Vendémiaire (October 5th, 1795), by the prompt and energetic intervention of General Bonaparte.

Mr. Pitt now began to show a desire for peace. The opening of Parliament (October 29th, 1795), was signalized by unusual violence. Seditious cries were heard in the streets during the passage of the king; a window of the royal carriage was broken by a stone. Severe measures, like the Treason and Sedition Bills, were soon presented to the houses: all insults to the royal person, and all seditious assemblages, became liable to the gravest penalties. Notwithstanding the eloquent and persistent opposition of Mr. Fox and his friends in the House of Commons, and of Lord Lansdowne in the House of Lords, the two bills passed by a large majority. In the presence of the national and popular dangers, the minister remained master of parliament: his measures for the relief of public misery were received with the same eagerness, as his bold and courageous efforts for the protection of the public morals and the public peace.

While these great and important events were transpiring, at home and abroad, the Prince of Wales broke with Mrs. Fitzherbert, to the great joy of the king and queen, who had always refused to admit the legitimacy of the marriage. On the 8th of April, 1795, he espoused the Princess Caroline of Brunswick; a sad and dolorous union, the fatal consequences of which were not slow in developing themselves. On the 7th of January, 1796, the Princess Charlotte was born; some weeks later the prince left his wife, who then established herself, with her child, in a house at Blackheath. George III., justly wounded at the conduct of his son, promptly sustained the cause of the princess. The misunderstanding which had so long existed in the royal family was still further increased by this unfortunate incident.

Some indirect overtures for peace were made by Mr. Wickham, the English minister in Switzerland, to M. Barthélemy, who represented France at Basle. The disposition which had dictated them, excited the anger as well as the fears of the avowed enemies of the French Revolution. Burke, old and disheartened, published his last work: "Letters on a Regicide Peace." "The simple desire to treat," said he, "displays an internal weakness. For a people who have been great and proud, such a change of national sentiment is more terrible than any revolution."

Burke directed his last philippic against the powerful and pacific Pitt, as well as against Fox and the friends of the French Revolution. He had, nevertheless, conceived for Mr. Pitt a sincere admiration and a just gratitude. Since 1794, a pension of £1200 had been assigned upon the Civil List for the use of Mr. Burke and his family. In 1795, after his irremedial misfortune in the loss of his son, the solicitude of the king and his minister added a new pension of £2500 to the just tribute of the national estimate of a worthy man and great orator. Burke then wrote to Mr. Pitt that he had provided for the repose of a life that was now nearly extinguished. He (Burke) had only to wish him all the blessings that he might expect at the flower of his age, and in the great position that he occupied, a position full of severe labor, but having great glory as the reward of his efforts; he had the prospect of a long and laborious career; all was difficult and formidable, but he was called to this position, and his talents would render him successful. He (Burke) hoped that by the grace of God he would never doubt those talents, nor his cause, nor his country.

There was one thing that he prayed for, that the minister—England's last hope—would not fall into that great error from which there was no relief. He hoped that the Divine Mercy would convince both him and the nation that this war, in principle, and in all its bearings, was unlike any other war; and he also hoped that Pitt would not believe that what was called peace with these brigands of France, would be able, in the name of any policy whatever, to reconcile itself with the internal repose, the external peace, the power or the influence of this kingdom; this, to him, was as evident as the sun at mid-day; and this conviction had cost him, during the last five years, in the midst of many other profound griefs, many hours of anxiety, both night and day.

Influenced by the events which had taken place upon the continent, Mr. Pitt had gradually been led to the adoption of those very ideas, and that line of policy that Mr. Burke so much deprecated. The confederation of the great powers was broken up in 1795, by the Congress of Basle. On the 9th of February, 1795, the grand Duke of Tuscany signed articles of peace at Paris. Prussia consented to leave the French in undisturbed possession of their conquest upon the left bank of the Rhine. Sweden and Northern Germany acceded to the same conditions; the treaty of peace, concluded at Basle, with Spain (July 22nd, 1795), became, on the 19th of August, 1796, a compact of alliance. The King Charles III., exclusively controlled by the Queen, Louisa of Parma, and her favorite Manuel Godoy, Prince de la Paix, declared war with England on the 6th of October. The Bourbons of Naples joined Spain. The maritime attempts of England against distant French colonies were successful. The Antilles fell into the hands of Sir Ralph Abercromby and Col. John Moore. These victories gave a new life to the hopes of a happy issue to the pacific negotiations which Lord Malmsbury was about to undertake. At the opening of Parliament, on the 6th of October, 1796, the address from the throne announced the departure of the ambassador to Paris.

Negotiations were begun. At the same time, the Directory made great preparations for an invasion of England. Twenty times like enterprises had been projected and attempted; twenty times they miscarried or failed. Nevertheless, they still had the power of arousing and alarming the English people. When Pitt proposed his plans of defence, Fox had, as

usual, recourse to an insulting incredulity. "I do not believe," said he, "that the French have the least intention of making a descent upon us. Their government is too much under the control of the people, and the situation of the country, to hope for any success from such an enterprise. Supposing they make this desperate attempt, I have no fears for the result; but, in the interval, what are we to do? What is for the moment the duty of this house? To cultivate among the people the spirit of liberty, to render to them that which their fathers have acquired at the price of their blood; to render the ministers seriously responsible; not to intrust ourselves to the servants of the crown, but to maintain a vigilant jealousy over the exercise of their power. Then you will have no need to increase your military forces at home, for in that case, even an invasion would not be formidable."

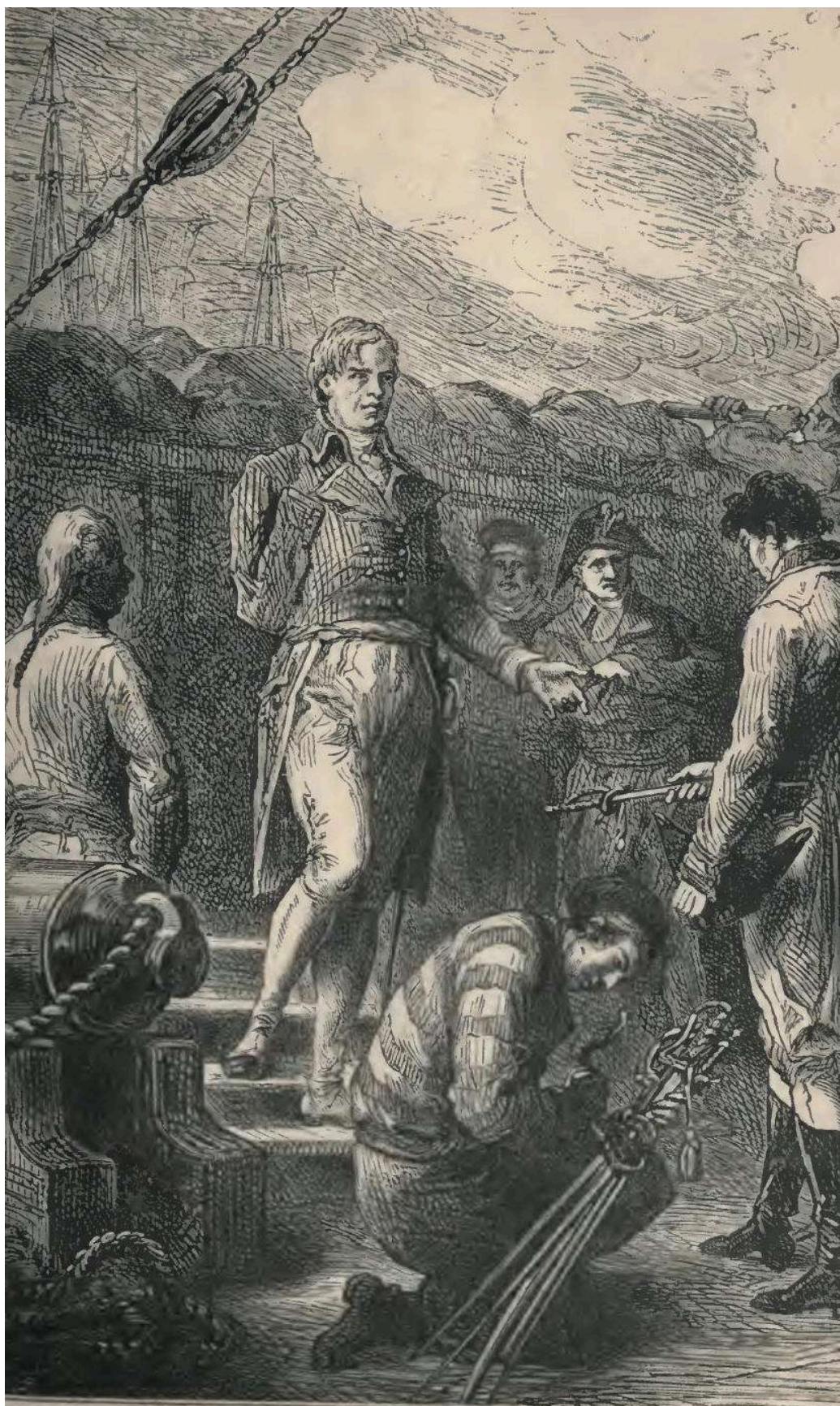
To these persistent hatreds and partisan animosities, public opinion proclaimed a determined and serious opposition. "I do not wish to accuse these gentlemen of desiring an invasion," said Mr. Wilberforce, "but I cannot help believing that they would rejoice to see their country suffer just enough to lead them into power."

When Pitt opened his great loan to public subscription, the sum required, amounting to £18,000,000, was taken within fifteen hours. When that figure was reached, the list was closed. Before it was opened to the general public, the Dukes of Bedford and Bridgewater subscribed, at sight, for £100,100. The method of subscription was new, and the conditions of the loan were not especially advantageous. The patriotic zeal of the nation responded to the confident appeal of the government. We have since seen a still greater example. The minister, Mr. Pitt, had the courage to attempt it; he had at the same time the courage to propose new taxes.

The devotion of Parliament was equal to any sacrifice. Considerable subsidies were also voted for the Emperor of Austria, notwithstanding the dissatisfaction that Mr. Pitt had caused, by giving assistance to that monarch, in the interval of the session, without the authority of the houses. Lord Malmesbury was dissatisfied and uneasy; the Directory insisted upon the annexation of the Low Countries to France; the refusal of England was peremptory. On the 19th of December, 1796, Delacroix, the Minister of

Foreign Affairs, requested the English Ambassador to quit Paris within forty-eight hours, with all his suite. The French government admitted of no proposition which tended to modify the limits of her territory, as they had been fixed by the decrees of the Convention. "If the English minister truly desires peace," added Delacroix, "France is ready to conclude it upon this basis: an exchange of couriers is all that is necessary."

It was impossible for the king and his government to hesitate: the documents relative to the negotiations were immediately communicated to Parliament. "In fact," said Mr. Pitt to the House of Commons, "the question is, not how much you will give for peace, but how much disgrace you will suffer at the outset; how much degradation you will submit to as a preliminary. Shall we then persevere in a war, with a spirit and energy worthy of the British name and character; or shall we, by sending couriers to Paris, prostrate ourselves at the feet of a stubborn, supercilious government?"



SURRENDER TO NELSON AT CAPE ST. VINCENT.

Surrender To Nelson At Cape St. Vincent.

The war, more than ever burdensome and perilous, continued. The Empress Catherine II. had just died of an attack of apoplexy; her son, the Emperor Paul, feeble and impetuous, with a mind uneven—tending to insanity, was ill disposed towards England. The brilliant successes of General Bonaparte in Italy, had worn out the energy of the Austrians; the French had invaded the hereditary states of the Emperor, heroically defended by the Archduke Charles. The preliminaries of peace, signed at Leoben, on the 18th of April, 1797, were ratified at Campo Formio on the 17th of October, 1797. Henceforth, in this great struggle, England found herself alone; she was confronted by the passionate ardor and success of the young French Republic, as well as the incomparable genius of her military chief.

The attempt of General Hoche upon Ireland, was a complete failure; a severe storm scattered the fleet, destroyed some of the vessels, and prevented any landing. On the 14th of February, 1797, near Cape St. Vincent, Sir John Jervis gained a signal victory over the Spanish squadron, commanded by Don Joseph de Cordova. Commodore Nelson and Captain Collingwood bore the brunt of the conflict. "*Westminster Abbey or Victory*," cried Nelson, as he boarded a Spanish ship of twenty-four guns. "He was standing upon the bridge," wrote Collingwood, "receiving the submission and the swords of the officers of the two ships that he had captured. One of his sailors, named William Fearney, tied the swords together as tranquilly as if they had been fagots, in spite of the fact that they were within the range of the cannon of the enemy's twenty-four ships of the line."

For a moment the maritime power of England seemed threatened by a greater danger, from the failure of supplies, owing to financial crises at

home, than from any attacks of the enemy. The state of the finances became each day more grave; orders were given to the Bank of England to make no payment of more than twenty shillings, in cash. The substitution of paper money, for a limited time, was voted by Parliament. Merchants and men of business courageously faced the necessity; others, ordinarily accustomed to brave all dangers, but for some time discontented and irritated, threatened the country, at this time, with a fatal blow. In the middle of April, 1797, a military insurrection broke out on board the ships of Lord Bridport, who commanded the channel fleet. The precautions of the conspirators were so well taken, that the officers were deposed, sent on shore, or guarded as hostages, without a drop of blood being spilled. The sailors demanded an increase of pay, equivalent to that which the army and militia had received. They complained of the unjust distribution of prizes, and of the harshness of certain officers.

The first demand had exaggerated nothing; it was not insolent, either in fact or in form. Admirals Gardner, Colpoys and Pole, were appointed to confer with delegates from the mutineers. They refused to act without the sanction of Parliament. Admiral Gardner, giving way to passion, seized, by the collar one of the negotiators, and swore that he would hang them all.

Some days later the fire which was smouldering under the ashes, broke forth anew; the officers were again deposed. As Admiral Colpoys, who had remained with two ships at Portsmouth, had refused to receive the delegates, the mutiny became more violent; The *Marlborough* and The *London* got under way for St. Helena, without orders. The intervention of the aged Lord Howe, always popular among the sailors, was necessary to finally suppress the revolt; and even then it was at the price of concessions so important that the contagion soon spread to other squadrons. A proclamation of the king, yielding in substance to the demands of the sailors, was read on board of all the ships. They returned to their duty, and the fleet at once set sail for St. Helena.

At Sheerness, under the inspiration of Richard Parker, an enlisted volunteer, intelligent, educated, ambitious, and corrupt, the insurgent sailors concentrated their forces and withdrew prudently from the coast; they sailed for the Nore. They soon attacked the vessels which had

remained faithful to the king, among others the *San Fiorenzo*, a noble frigate, which was intended to take the Princess Royal and her husband the Duke of Wurtemberg to Germany.

A greater part of the fleet of Lord Duncan joined the mutiny, thus abandoning the blockade of Holland. Two ships only remained faithful to the admiral. He continued his signals, as if the main part of his fleet was still in view; but his patriotism was profoundly wounded. "It has often been my pride to look with you into the Texel, and see a foe which dreaded coming out to meet us; my pride is now humbled indeed," said he.

The government also trembled for the army, now a prey to a fermentation that was augmented by seditious placards. Indications of a revolt manifested themselves at Woolwich.

The mutinous ships raised the red flag—that terrible pirates' signal; they blockaded the mouth of the Thames. The first Lord of the Admiralty, Lord Spencer, failed in his attempts at conciliation. Parliament passed two bills, inflicting the most severe penalties against any attempt to excite a mutiny, and interdicting all communication with the rebellious fleet. England, in fact, exiled the sailors who had revolted against her. This was a most serious blow to the mutineers. The sailors, still faithful to their duty, made an appeal to their comrades. The delegates, however, were hard and tyrannical. On the 4th of June, the king's birthday, all but one of the revolted ships hoisted the royal flag, and that one was the *Sandwich*, on board of which was Richard Parker; he himself sent to London new propositions. Lord Northesk, one of the imprisoned captains, charged with this message, was received by the king in person. Henceforward the monarch refused all negotiations with his rebellious subjects, and exacted from them submission without conditions. One by one, the crews cut their cables, and took refuge under the batteries of Sheerness; the ships of Lord Duncan sailed out to join them; only the delegates, who held the *Sandwich*, still resisted. Their crew deserted them, and Admiral Buchner sent a detachment to arrest Parker and his accomplices. Some weeks later Parker was hung at the yard arm of the Admiral's vessel, while the English

sailors, repentant and confused, swore they would make their faults forgotten by new efforts of valor.

During this serious crisis, Mr. Fox and Lord Grey declared their intention of taking no further part in parliamentary discussions, as they could neither influence nor approve the policy of the government. Burke had died on the 9th of July, 1797. As the illustrious rivals of Pitt were withdrawn from the field, the leadership of the opposition fell into younger hands; Sir Francis Burdett and Mr. Tierney were among the first. Mr. Erskine, more celebrated at the bar than in the house, also became prominent. New negotiations with France were begun: "I believe it is my duty," said Mr. Pitt, "both as English Minister and as a Christian, to do all that I can to put an end to this bloody and ruinous war." Lord Malmesbury was sent to Lisle to treat with the French plenipotentiaries. The *coup d'état* of the 18th Fructidor (September 4th, 1799), placed all power in the hands of Barras and the Jacobins, who were hostile to all pacific concessions. Lord Malmesbury was dismissed. Some secret and venal propositions of Barras miscarried. The war continued, but England was uniformly successful at sea. On the 11th of October, a battle took place at Camperdown, in view of the Texel, between Admiral Duncan and the Dutch Admiral De Winter. The action was desperate, but a brilliant victory remained to the English. The Dutch Admiral was made prisoner. The evening after the battle he played whist in the cabin of Admiral Duncan: he lost. "It is too much," said Winter, throwing down his cards, "to be beaten twice the same day, and by the same adversary."

On his return from St. Paul's, where a service of public thanksgiving had been held, Mr. Pitt was hooted at by the populace; and on his return to his home in the evening, he was escorted by a squadron of the Horse Guards.

The affairs of Ireland had for a long time been the subject of serious consideration on the part of Mr. Pitt. He had used every possible means of conciliation; seeking to satisfy the Catholics by the founding of the College of Maynooth, for the education of the clergy, and at the same time loyally faithful to the liberal principles which had constantly inspired his conduct, in regard to that portion of the United Kingdom; but Ireland was the point of attack of all the French and revolutionary invasions. The Irish

and democratic sentiments prevailed over their religious principles. Secret societies, everywhere existing, only awaited orders and assistance from France. The struggles which took place in the Irish Parliament were transformed into conspiracies. Lord Edward Fitzgerald, fifth son of the Duke of Leinster, put himself at the head of the United Irishmen. Acts of violence broke out in all sections. The Orangemen, as the Irish Protestants were called, were animated by passions no less violent. The habeas corpus was suspended.

Lord Camden, the Lord Lieutenant, ordered that all arms in the hands of private persons should be immediately delivered up. In reply to an address of Lord Moira, in the English Parliament, Lord Clare, the Irish Chancellor, said that a revolutionary government was completely organized, in opposition to the legal power. "What," said he, "has been the result of all our concessions during the past twenty years? The formation of seditious associations, a system of violence, and midnight robbery. Orders given by the Jacobin clubs of Dublin and Belfast to raise regiments of national guards with French uniforms and French tactics; the league of the United Irishmen; the resolution, frankly avowed, of accepting no overtures from Parliament; and the desire, scarcely dissimulated, of separation from England."

A dangerous outbreak was imminent; many of the leaders were arrested. Arthur O'Connor, with the Irish priest Coigley, on their way to Paris to hasten the promised supplies, were of the number. Lord Edward Fitzgerald was captured. He resisted, and was so seriously wounded that he died shortly afterwards.

The most severe measures against the conspirators followed the arrest of their chiefs. Stores of arms were found in many places, and it was necessary to take them by force; this naturally led to cruel reprisals. With the exception of Connaught, all Ireland was roused, and shortly became the theatre of the most frightful scenes of disorder, cruelty and desolation. The county of Wexford, above all, was delivered over to pillage and flames. Lord Cornwallis was appointed Lord Lieutenant, much against his will. "It is my idea of torture," wrote he to one of his friends. He nevertheless accepted the position. Sagacious to employ, in turn, severity

and clemency, he was actively seconded by the Chancellor, Lord Clare, and young Lord Castlereagh. The rebellion was crushed. A French invasion, under the order of General Humbert, gained a momentary success, in consequence of the weakness, or treachery, of the Irish militia; it was soon repulsed, and the ships of the Republic were captured by Commodore Warren. The famous Irish leader, Wolfe Tone, the instigator of all the intrigues in France, was taken with arms in his hands; and while in prison, committed suicide. Byrne, Coigley, and many others were tried, convicted, and sentenced to capital punishment; a certain number, however, were subsequently pardoned. The alien bill, authorizing the government to interdict English soil to foreigners, and the suspension of the habeas corpus act, were accorded by Parliament without difficulty.

Pitt now prepared an important measure, that he had been considering for many years. The growing disorders in Ireland convinced him of the necessity of a legislative and parliamentary union between the two countries. On the 31st of January, 1799, he proposed his bill; already badly received by the Irish Parliament. The royal prerogative for the creation of Irish peers was not limited, as it became in the definitive bill.

By a clever rotation of elections in the boroughs, none of them completely lost their franchise. The number of the Irish representatives in the House of Commons was fixed at one hundred. The speech of the prime minister was one of the most eloquent ever made. Three times only, in the course of his life, did he consent to revise his addresses; the speech on the union with Ireland, was one that had that honor. In it he declared that England was engaged in a struggle the most important and solemn that had ever been seen in the history of the world; in a struggle where Great Britain alone ought to resist resolutely and with success, the common enemy of civilized society. They saw, he said, the point upon which the enemy believed them assailable; and should not prudence compel them to fortify that vulnerable point, engaged, as they were, in the struggle of liberty against despotism, of property against rapine and pillage, of religion and order against impiety and anarchy? And, on the other hand, if a country should be unable to defend itself against the greatest of all dangers which might threaten its peace and security, without the assistance of another nation, and that nation should be a neighbor and an ally, if she spoke the

same language, if her laws, her customs, and her habits were the same in principle; if the commerce of that nation was more extended, and its means of acquiring and spreading abroad riches were more numerous; if that nation possessed a government, whose stability and admirable constitution excited more than ever the admiration of Europe, while the country in question possessed only an incomplete and imperfect imitation of that constitution; what, in such a case, would be the conduct demanded by all motives of equity, interest, and honor? "I ask you," said he, in conclusion, "if this is not a faithful exposition of the motives which ought to lead Ireland to desire union? I ask you, if Great Britain is not precisely the nation to which a country in the situation of Ireland, ought to desire to unite itself? Could a union contracted under such circumstances, with a free consent, and under equitable conditions, merit to be stigmatized as the submission of Ireland to a foreign yoke?"



THE BATTLE OF ABOUKIR.

The Battle Of Aboukir.

The bill passed in the English Parliament by a large majority; but all the eloquence of its defenders, together with the clever manoeuvres of Lords Cornwallis and Castlereagh, were not able to induce the Irish Parliament to pass similar resolutions, before the opening of the year 1800. Henry Grattan, long absent from the house, returned in order to oppose the union: "In all that he advances, the minister does not discuss—he predicts," said the Irish orator; "one cannot answer a prophet; all that one can do is not to believe. That which he wishes to buy of you, cannot be sold: it is liberty; in exchange he has nothing to offer you. All that possesses any value you have obtained under a free constitution; if you renounce it you are not only slaves, but madmen."

On the 10th of February, 1800, the bill presented by Lord Castlereagh and discussed with the most extreme violence, was finally passed by both houses of the Irish Parliament. On the 2nd of July it received the royal signature. Henceforth the union of Ireland and England was definitive, and useful and efficacious for both countries, notwithstanding the difficulties that it was still to encounter, and the bitterness that it left behind. This union was of the highest importance to the repose of Great Britain. Foreign invasions now ceased.

The expedition of General Bonaparte into Egypt diverted his attention from the projected invasion of England. It had led to the great naval battle of *Aboukir* (August 1st, 1799), where the French Admiral Brueys was killed and the English Admiral Nelson was severely wounded. The French fleet, after a heroic resistance, was conquered, and almost entirely destroyed. Bonaparte found himself shut up in Egypt, while war became again general in Europe. The Congress of Radstadt, intended to regulate the relations of France with the Germanic States, had not been successful, and was officially dissolved in August, 1799: a new coalition against the French Republic was formed, and henceforth England was supported by Austria, Russia, Naples, Portugal and Turkey. Hostilities broke out simultaneously in Switzerland, Italy, and Germany.

In this great struggle, sustained by France alone, against the European world, England took, from the commencement, an active and glorious part. An attempt upon Holland, under the direction of the Duke of York and Sir Ralph Abercromby, was unsuccessful. The finances and determined public opinion of Great Britain everywhere sustained the courage of her allies.

Bonaparte landed at Fréjus, leaving in Egypt his army under the command of General Kleber. Some days later he accomplished at Paris the Revolution of the 18th Brumaire (November 9th, 1799); the feeble government of the Directory was overturned, and General Bonaparte seized the power in his triumphant hands, inspiring in those rivals who were soon to become his lieutenants, the same ardor which animated himself. Before the end of the year the victories of Marengo (June 14th, 1800), of Hochstett (June 19th), and Hohenlinden (Dec. 3), changed the aspect of affairs. Conferences were opened at Luneville, between France, the Empire of Austria and the Germanic Confederation. On the 9th of February, 1801, peace was signed. The Rhine became the frontier of republican France, and the Adige that of the Cisalpine republic. At the same time the Emperor Paul I. was won over by the French, and at his instigation the armed neutrality against Great Britain was renewed by Russia, Sweden and Denmark. Once again England found herself alone against France, now governed by Bonaparte.

Almost immediately master of the situation in Paris, Bonaparte, at the beginning of his power, personally made overtures of peace to England, by a letter addressed directly to King George III. The ministry would not recognize this unusual proceeding, and Lord Grenville, the minister of Foreign Affairs, replied in the name of the king, refusing to treat alone without the co-operation of their allies.

When the question was brought before parliament, Mr. Pitt rose. "I am," said he, "too sincere a friend of peace, to content myself with possessing it only in name; I desire to follow that course that promises to assure definitively to this country and to Europe all its benefits. I am too sincere a friend of peace to lose it by seizing the shadow when the substance is really within my grasp: 'Cur igitur pacem nolo? quia infida est, quia

periculosa, quia esse non potest." The minister was all powerful upon foreign questions in both houses. Notwithstanding the weariness of the nation, national pride and the confidence in Mr. Pitt inspired yet greater efforts. Never were the friends of the ministry more encouraged. In vain did Mr. Fox re-appear in the house, ardently and cleverly sustained by Lord Grey. "The proud and monumental architecture" of his eloquence crushed by its weight the powerful charm of his adversaries. In his hands England resisted, with an audacious calmness, coalesced Europe. So much power and so many victorious efforts were to fall before a double question of conscience. Sincerely and honestly liberal, Mr. Pitt was favorable to the political emancipation of the Catholics, and he also held himself pledged to further their cause, in consequence of the assistance they had given to his measures for the union with Ireland. Perhaps he mistook the resolution of the king regarding this question, and judged incorrectly of the effect that a great moral agony would be able to exercise over an intelligence as limited, and a soul as sincerely conscientious as that of George III.

The project for the emancipation of the Catholics had during several months been discussed, in the Council, without the knowledge of the king; but political treachery or honest scruples finally made it known to his Majesty. When Lord Castlereagh came to London, in the month of January, 1801, desirous of assuring himself that the intentions of Mr. Pitt remained the same, George III. suddenly addressed Mr. Dundas, an intimate friend of Pitt's, and who shared his opinions on this subject: "What!" he exclaimed, in a loud voice, "what is *this*, that this young lord has brought over which they are going to throw at my head? I shall reckon any man my personal enemy who proposes any such measure—the most Jacobinical thing I ever heard of!"

"You'll find," replied Dundas, "among those who are friendly to that measure, some you never supposed your enemies."

The king was greatly troubled. He wrote to the speaker, Mr. Addington, a friend of Pitt's, but still more a personal friend of the sovereign: "I know we think alike on this great subject. I wish that he would, front himself, open Mr. Pitt's eyes on the danger arising from the agitating this improper

question, which may prevent his ever speaking to me on a subject on which I can scarcely keep my temper."

George III. believed himself solemnly bound by his coronation oath to refuse all liberal alterations of the Constitution, in favor of the Dissenters as well as of the Catholics. When he was questioned in regard to the abolition of the Test Act, he consulted Lord Kenyon and Sir John Scott upon that subject. Both were favorable to the maintenance of the measure; they nevertheless replied that it might be abrogated or modified, without violating his coronation oath or the act of union with Scotland. Less sincere, and less convinced, Lord Loughborough, with the complaisance of a courtier, and influenced by political ambition, had given his opinion to the contrary. His arguments strengthened the scruples of the king, who remained obstinately faithful. To the objections, addressed to him, in writing, by Mr. Pitt, he replied that he hoped the sentiment of duty would prevent Mr. Pitt from quitting, while he lived, the position which he occupied; he pledged himself to keep henceforth an absolute silence upon the great question on which they differed, on the condition that Mr. Pitt would absolutely refrain from presenting it—he could do no more.

The conscience of the minister was more enlightened and more firm than that of the monarch, and he also considered it engaged in the question. Political promises and parliamentary embarrassments prevailed in the mind of Pitt, over the grave danger of a ministerial crisis in the midst of a terrible war, and in the presence of financial difficulties, steadily increasing: he persisted in his resolution to retire. On the 5th of February, 1801. King George III. accepted sadly the resignation of his great minister. "I do not know how I could have acted otherwise," said Mr. Pitt to his friend Rose. "I have nothing to reproach myself for, unless it is not having sought sooner to reconcile the king with the idea of the measure in favor of the Catholics, or at least to persuade his Majesty not to take an active part in the question." "He was evidently painfully affected," added Rose; "tears were in his eyes, and he appeared much agitated."

In the presence of the pious and worthy scruples that troubled the conscience of his sovereign, it was without doubt a noble error on the part of Mr. Pitt to throw into the balance his own scruples and praiseworthy

engagements; a grave error, moreover, and which was to greatly imperil England, to disturb anew a tottering reason, and to retard, more than it served, the cause of religious and political liberty for which Mr. Pitt had sacrificed all.

Chapter XXXVIII.

George III. Addington And Pitt. (1801-1806).

Mr. Pitt, on retiring, urged Mr. Addington to accept the control of the government. "Addington," said he, "I see nothing but ruin, if you hesitate." He at the same time urged his friends to retain their places; he even consented to present the Budget which had been prepared, and which was unanimously passed. His support of the new cabinet was assured; nevertheless, Dundas, who had followed his friend into retirement, wrote to him from Wimbledon, on the 7th of February, at the time when Mr. Addington was still endeavoring to form his ministry, that he did not know what the speaker would attempt, but he was convinced that any administration of which Addington was chief, could not fail to break, up almost as soon as formed. The devoted friends of Mr. Pitt, who had remained in office at his solicitation, saw this with regret and chagrin; and among their mortifications was the feeling that they had joined a ministry under a chief absolutely incapable of directing them. This was the general sentiment. Discouraged and sad, even before the cabinet was formed, the king remained pre-occupied and deeply agitated. He read over his coronation oath, and exclaimed: "Where is that power on earth to absolve me from the due observance of every sentence of that oath, particularly the one requiring me to maintain the Protestant reformed religion? Was not my family seated on the throne for that express purpose, and shall I be the first to suffer it to be undermined, perhaps overturned? No! I had rather beg my bread from door to door throughout Europe, than consent to any such measure. If I violate it, I am no longer legal sovereign of this country, but it falls to the House of Savoy."

So much emotion and foreboding anxiety, shattered the tottering reason of the monarch; he had lost that faithful support, that sure guide on whom he had relied for more than seventeen years past. The conscience of the king was agitated and troubled. Upon recovering from a swoon, the old king repeated this verse from the Psalms: "Forty years long was I grieved with this generation, and said, it is a people that do err in their hearts, for they have not known my ways." He murmured afterwards, "I am better, I am better now, but I will remain true to the Church."

The malady had declared itself, and public prayers were ordered. The Prince of Wales sent for Mr. Pitt—still minister, in fact. "I will not hesitate," said Mr. Pitt, "to give to your Highness the best counsel that I am able; but with all the respect that I owe you, there is one thing that I demand of you permission to establish. It is this condition: that your Highness will interdict yourself from deliberating with those who have agitated so long in direct opposition to the government of his Majesty." The prince consented; not, however, without some show of temper.

Fox had quitted his pleasant retreat at St. Ann's Hill. He counselled the prince to accept the limited regency, that Mr. Pitt intended to propose. Already steps had been taken to form a Whig cabinet, when the rapid improvement of the king's health gave the hope of avoiding yet, for a time, that dreaded regency. On Friday, the 6th of March, George III. passed the day in the apartments of the Queen. He charged his physician to inform Mr. Pitt of it. "Tell him that I am now quite well, quite recovered from my illness; but what has he not to answer for, who is the cause of my having been ill at all."

The sentiments of loyalty and personal attachment for the old king were profound in the reserved and proud soul of Mr. Pitt. The reproach of the sovereign deeply affected him. "Say to his Majesty," replied he to Dr. Willis, "that I have authorized you to assure him, that during his reign, whether *in* or *out* of office, I will never again agitate the question of Catholic Emancipation." The king drew a deep sigh. "Now my mind will be at ease," he exclaimed; and upon the queen's coming in, he repeated the message, and made the same observation upon it.

A moment after the question of conscience was decided, Mr. Pitt had some desire of yielding to the wishes of the king, and returning to power. Mr. Addington turned a deaf ear to the insinuations which were made to him upon the subject. Mr. Pitt did not insist; he had seen the king and reconciled him to his resignation. The Catholics, fully informed regarding all affairs, rendered their homage to Mr. Pitt for his fidelity to his engagements with them; they awaited their day. Pitt had just established himself in a small furnished house in Park Place. Poor, and without leisure to look after household matters, he was overwhelmed with debts. He had refused the patriotic gifts, as well as the liberalities of the king. He was now, however, compelled to accept, with great regret, the offers of his friends, and he borrowed from them the money necessary to pay his creditors. He sold his small estate at Holwood, and now lived very modestly. "Each day," writes Lord Stanhope, "when he came to the House of Commons, he took his place at the right of the speaker's chair, in the third row of benches, near one of the iron columns. Many years later I saw old members point out that place, in the old house, with a sentiment of veneration." His friends remained steadily faithful to him. They either followed him into retirement, as Dundas and the young Canning—perhaps his favorite disciple, assuredly the most celebrated; or they occupied, at his request, posts of confidence. "I have taken the great seal, only upon the advice and pressing solicitation of Mr. Pitt," said Lord Eldon, "and I will only keep it as long as I shall be able to live in perfect concord with him."

Wellington, at this time the Marquis of Wellesly and Governor-General of India, wrote to the fallen minister, that he counted sufficiently upon the testimony of his own heart, not to doubt that Mr. Pitt had full confidence in his fidelity to his cause, whatever the circumstances might be; when that cause should cease to prevail in the councils of the nation, he would hasten to free himself from the disgrace of office, in order to join Mr. Pitt in the fortress which it should please him to defend, wherever it might be. His political relations with Mr. Pitt, confirmed by so many ties of friendship, and by intimate testimonies of affection and private consideration, were not only the pride, but also the joy of his life; and that he could not support the idea of seeing Mr. Pitt other than the guide of his political conduct, the guardian of all that is dear and precious in the

constitution and in the country; and the first object of his esteem, respect, and personal attachment.

That noble statesman, who had inspired such emotional and faithful respect in so many eminent men, was not insensible to the evidences of esteem and attachment lavished upon him; and, upon the other hand, the failure of many expectations, the forced abandonment of many cherished projects, caused him heartfelt regrets which he did not endeavor to conceal. The cabinet of Mr. Addington was being made up. Lord Grey attacked the conduct of the last government. Mr. Pitt arose, and avowed frankly the regret that he felt in quitting the power before concluding peace. He did not pretend, he said, to that indifference to the opinions of others, that certain persons affect; he was not indifferent to the situation of his country. He was not indifferent to the opinion that the public might have concerning the part, the too great part, that he had taken in it. He avowed, on the contrary, that those questions occupied him much. Events had happened which had deceived his most cherished desires, and baffled the favorite expectations of his heart. He would have desired to pursue, even to the end of the struggle, the object of these expectations and desires for the success of which he had labored with so much care and anxiety. He had not recoiled before obstacles. He had lived during the past seventeen years with very little effect, if it was necessary now to explain that he had not quitted his post because he feared the difficulties; he had always acted—good or evil; it did not pertain to him to decide which, but assuredly as a man who had not the air of fearing difficulties. He was able to say at least this: if he could efface from the record these seventeen years, and speak only of that which has taken place during the past two months, he would dare to affirm, that enough facts have been presented, in that interval, to efface the idea that he was disposed to recoil before any difficulty whatsoever, or that he desired to clear himself from any responsibility. That which had happened since that epoch, had given him the opportunity to prove, very positively, that he was ready to accept all the responsibility that the situation might be able to thrust upon him.

Even in his retirement, Pitt never avoided a responsibility, but was always ready to accept the weight of his past acts, and of his present counsels. An expedition, that he had planned, had just entered the Baltic. Sir Hyde

Parker, who commanded it, had been appointed commander-in-chief. He was old and feeble; the dangers of the expedition affected his courage; the weather was bad. "We must brace up," said Nelson, second in command, to Parker; "these are no times for nervous systems."

On the 2nd of April, 1801, a decisive naval battle was fought. Nelson attacked the batteries and the enemy's squadron before Copenhagen. The old admiral, who had not taken an active part in the battle, seeing Nelson in danger, ordered signal No. 39—the signal for discontinuing the action, to be hoisted. The signal lieutenant asked if he should repeat it. "No," replied Nelson, "acknowledge it." He then continued walking about in great emotion, and meeting Captain Foley, said: "What think you, Foley, the admiral has hung out No. 39. You know I have only one eye; I have a right to be blind sometimes." And then putting the glass to his blind eye, he exclaimed, "I really don't see the signal. Keep mine for closer battle still flying. That's the way I answer such signals. *Nail mine to the mast.*"

The victory was glorious. On landing, three days later, Nelson concluded an armistice with the crown Prince, by which Denmark abandoned the alliance of armed neutrality and the confederation against Great Britain. Some weeks later the Emperor Paul was assassinated, and the coalition of the powers of the north vanished. The first care of the new Russian Emperor was to restore liberty to English sailors.

To the joy which the success before Copenhagen aroused, was added the satisfaction inspired by the news from Egypt. Kleber was assassinated, by a fanatic; on the 14th of June, 1800, General Menou, who succeeded him, preserved the positions gained by the victory of Heliopolis. At the beginning of the year 1801, and during the ministerial crisis, a body of English troops landed in Egypt; a desperate engagement took place near Aboukir. Sir Ralph Abercromby was seriously wounded, and died some days later. The French were hemmed in near Alexandria: Cairo was invested, and General Belliard, who defended it, was obliged to surrender before the end of June. The English received reinforcements from India, and General Menou was obliged to capitulate on the 27th of August. The French obtained all the honors of war, and were permitted to withdraw,

with their arms and baggage, unconditionally, and were to be transported free, to their own coasts.

At London, negotiations were in progress. Mr. Pitt took an active part in them. Lord Hawksbury, who had charge of them, was one of his most intimate friends. On the 1st of October, 1801, Mr. Pitt personally announced the signature of preliminaries to Mr. Long, but recently a member of his cabinet: "I have only a moment to say to you, that the die is cast, and that the preliminaries have been signed. The conditions, without being precisely and in all respects, as one might desire, are certainly very honorable; and taken all in all, very advantageous. I do not expect that our friends will be entirely satisfied, but the great mass of the public will be, I believe, extremely satisfied, and I regard the event as very fortunate for the government and the country."

On the 25th of March, 1802, peace was signed at Amiens, between France, England and Spain. All the colonial conquests were restored to France and Holland, with the exception of the Island of Trinidad and the Dutch possessions in Ceylon. Malta was given back to its Knight Templars, and Egypt to the Sublime Porte. The French evacuated the kingdom of Naples and the States of the Church. "It is a peace," said Sir Philip Francis, "which everybody is glad of, though nobody is proud of." The outbursts of popular enthusiasm forced the opposition to accept the peace without a contest. Fox alone was partisan enough to boldly rejoice over the brilliant successes of France. "Some persons complain that we have not attained the end of the war," said he; "assuredly we have not attained it, but this fact only pleases me better than the peace itself." In a letter to Lord Grey, who had reproached him for his imprudence, he wrote: "For the truth is, I am gone something further in hate to the English government than perhaps you and the rest of my friends are, and certainly further than can with prudence be avowed. For the triumph of the French government over the English, does, in fact, afford me a degree of pleasure which it is very difficult to disguise."

The peace which had but just been concluded was already tottering. Bonaparte's ambition for conquest, encouraged by the weariness of Europe, increased each day the pretensions of the French government.

English travellers crowded to the continent, curious to visit that new France, so long closed to them. Fox was in Paris, and often saw the First Consul, for whom he had conceived the liveliest admiration. Bonaparte one day conducted his illustrious visitor to the Louvre; both stopped in front of a large globe. The General, putting his finger upon the spot occupied by England, sneeringly remarked: "See what a little place you occupy in the world."—Fox's English pride was awakened: "Yes," said he, approaching the globe and attempting to encircle it in his extended arms: "England is a small island, but with her power she girdles the world." The First Consul did not continue the conversation.

Some dissatisfaction had arisen between Pitt and Addington: the protégé had many times failed to defend his protector when violently attacked in the Houses; the counsels asked and given, were not always followed. Efforts had been made, more than once, to restore Pitt to power, but he felt that he could neither direct nor overthrow the cabinet that he had so long sustained, and for some time past he had absented himself from the House of Commons. "I am more and more persuaded," wrote he to his friend Mr. Rose, "after all that I see of affairs and of parties, that the role that I would play at present, if I were in town, would do more harm than good; it is therefore better, upon all accounts, that I remain, for the present, in the country." Pitt prolonged his stay at Walmer Castle some three months (February-May, 1803).

The general state of affairs was in fact disquieting and serious, and the execution of the treaty of Amiens seemed doubtful. New revolutionary movements agitated Holland; the Cis-alpine republic was recognized, under French influence. The mediation of Bonaparte in the affairs of Switzerland, assured to him a weighty and firm ascendancy. Piedmont was annexed to the French republic. An expedition of Col. Sebastiani into Egypt disturbed the English. The cabinets in London and in Paris exchanged complaints and recriminations regarding the delays in consummating the treaty. "We claim the treaty of Amiens, all of the treaty of Amiens, and nothing but the treaty of Amiens," said the French. England still retained Malta, under the pretext that the Knights had not yet re-established themselves there, and that Malta was for them the only guarantee of good faith on the part of the French. General Bonaparte made

complaints regarding this subject, to Lord Whitworth, the English Ambassador at Paris. "I would rather see you in possession of the Heights of Montmartre, than of Malta," said the First Consul. He subsequently complained of the libels which were circulated against him in England, and of the delays in the trial of Peltin, the French pamphleteer and refugee. At the same time the consul himself wounded the legitimate pride of England by the arrogant language of his message to the Corps Legislatif. "The government declares with just pride that Great Britain cannot contend alone against France."

Considerable armaments were in progress at various points on the French coast, provoking similar measures on the part of the British government. A message from the king to Parliament announced the same.

The anger of the First Consul regarding these events was natural and insolent, as well as premeditated. Lord Whitworth assisted at a court reception at the Tuilleries. Bonaparte advanced quickly towards him. "So you are determined to go to war," said he, roughly. "No," calmly replied the noble ambassador, "we are too sensible of the advantages of peace—we have already fought for fifteen years." After waiting a moment for a reply he continued, "And that is quite enough."—"But you will have to fight for fifteen years longer," replied Bonaparte; "you force me to it." He insisted upon the infractions of the treaty of which he had accused England. Turning abruptly, and intimidating, by his angry frown, the members of the diplomatic corps, already disquieted and troubled, he exclaimed: "Woe to those who do not respect treaties."

In the presence of this menacing attitude of France, and the alarmed state of Europe, England regarded with regret the loss of Pitt, and felt an ardent desire for his return to power. "It is a strange and sad fact," said Sir Philip Francis, in Parliament, "that at such a moment as this, all the eminent men of England are excluded from the councils and from the government of the country. When the sky is clear, an ordinary amount of ability is sufficient; but for the storm which is arising we need other pilots. If the vessel founders we shall all perish with her."

Addington felt this as well as the public. He made propositions to Pitt, through Mr. Dundas, recently become Lord Melville. This gentleman at

first believed that he could induce Mr. Pitt to consent to a division of the power, but he was soon convinced of his mistake. "Really," said Pitt, with ironical disdain, "I had not the curiosity to ask what I was to be."

Addington was both sincere and disquieted. He went further, and proposed to renounce his functions as Prime Minister. Some of the friends of Pitt urged him to accept, but the haughtiness of Lord Grenville, which had more than once badly served the minister when in power, now interfered with the negotiations.

Pitt refused the concessions that Addington demanded, and on the other hand, Addington would not consent to the admission of Lord Grenville and Mr. Wyndham to the new cabinet. The negotiations were broken off, to the grave displeasure of the king, who had been but imperfectly and tardily informed of the situation. "It is a foolish business, from one end to the other," said George III. to Lord Pelham; "it was begun ill, conducted ill, and terminated ill."—"Both parties were in the wrong," said the Duke of York to Lord Malmesbury; "so ill managed has been the recent negotiation, as to put Mr. Pitt's return to office, though more necessary than ever, at a greater distance than ever."



"SEE WHAT A LITTLE PLACE YOU OCCUPY IN THE WORLD."

"See What A Little Place You Occupy In The World."

The renewal of hostilities became imminent. The First Consul rejected the ultimatum of England; the declaration of war could not be deferred. The English ministers had committed some faults of detail in the negotiations, but already the dangers of a proud and insatiable ambition began to dawn. The repose and independence of Europe would be compromised if Bonaparte became, without resistance, master of the military and political situation. On the 18th of May, 1803, war was officially declared. Some days later, all English subjects travelling in France were violently seized and thrown into prisons, and were retained there until peace was declared.

Mr. Pitt left Walmer Castle, and re-appeared in the House of Commons. Although sad and melancholy at the recent loss of his mother, who died on the 3rd of April, 1803, he was, nevertheless, animated by an ardent patriotism, and decided to defend the declaration of war. When he arose to speak, the whole House cried—"Mr. Pitt! Mr. Pitt!" and the applause drowned the first accents of his voice. Fox himself was loud in praise of the brilliant success of his great rival, who had just re-appeared upon the scene. "It was a speech," he told the House, "which, if Demosthenes had been present, he must have admired, and might have envied."

Pitt ardently approved of the war measures. He sustained, nevertheless, against the advice of the government, a proposition from Fox, tending to accept the mediation of Russia. "Whether we are in peace or in war," said he, "whether we desire to give force to our arms or security to our repose, whether we wish to prevent war by negotiations, or to re-establish peace after the war shall have broken out, it is the duty of the ministers of this country to profit by the good offices of the powers with whom it is to our interest to become allied."

War became inevitable. The mediation of Russia was useless and ineffectual; no one abroad realized the energy or sagacity of the English

cabinet. "If that ministry lasts, Great Britain will not last," said Count Woronzow, the Russian Ambassador in England. Parliament rejected the resolutions of censure, indirectly sustained by Mr. Pitt; nevertheless the support of the great orator was necessary to the cabinet in order to carry its financial measures, and Mr. Addington accepted without resistance the modifications demanded by Mr. Pitt.

The First Consul had eagerly renewed his former project of a descent upon England. He established at Boulogne a camp and workshops for naval service; he personally superintended the same, inspecting the works and animating the men by his inexhaustible ardor. Thousands of flat-bottomed boats were to transport to England a hundred thousand soldiers, veterans of the great revolutionary struggles.

Bonaparte exacted from Spain a monthly tribute; he disposed of the resources of the Cisalpine Republic as well as those of Holland and Belgium. "By the end of autumn," he said, "I will march upon London."

Patriotic enthusiasm in England responded to the gravity of the peril. Thiers writes that "a shudder of terror ran through all classes of English society." The alarm, however, did not arrest the zeal. Three hundred thousand volunteers enrolled themselves at once. As lord warden of the Cinque Ports, Mr. Pitt powerfully contributed to the activity of preparation. He personally took command of a brigade, which occupied the most exposed position upon the coast. His health, always tottering, was at this time seriously influenced by so much fatigue. His niece, Lady Hester Stanhope, had charge of his house; she was young and beautiful, but capricious; without family or fortune. She was received by her uncle, towards whom she always manifested a sincere devotion. After his death, she was unable to content herself in England. She established herself in the East, where she long led the life of a queen of the desert. Strange destiny, and very contrary to the regular habits of the mind and life of Mr. Pitt. With the exception of a single journey to France, he had never quitted England.

At the opening of Parliament, on the 22nd of November, Pitt censured some of the measures adopted by the government for the national defence, but he refused to join in the systematic attack that Lord Grenville had

prepared, and for which he had allied himself with Mr. Fox. "In all simple and clear questions," said he, "I have decided to sustain the government; if it should omit anything that I believed the state of the country required, or when it shall show feebleness or want of efficiency, I will boldly announce my views; but even then not in a spirit of opposition, for I will only speak after being assured that the government persists in what I disapprove, and does not consent to what I believe necessary."

The king at this time passed through another crisis of his malady. Successive checks had disturbed the ministry decidedly, by the consent of all, unequal to the task before it. Mr. Addington resolved to send in his resignation. The king accepted it with regret; he felt himself, to a certain point, master of the situation, while the power was in the hands of Mr. Addington, and he often spoke of him as: "My Chancellor of the Exchequer." He was nevertheless compelled to consult Mr. Pitt immediately, concerning the formation of a cabinet. The sovereign was convalescent. Mr. Pitt, who had for some time been in correspondence with the Chancellor, Lord Eldon, proposed at once an alliance with Fox. "My opinion is founded," wrote he, "upon the profound conviction that the critical state of our country, at this moment, joined to that of Europe in general, and of political parties abroad, render it more essential, than at any other epoch, to give to the government of his Majesty the greatest possible energy and force, by seeking to unite in his service the talents and influences accounted eminent, without exception, from parties of all names, without care for divisions or past differences." The refusal of the king was peremptory. He sent for Mr. Pitt. "Your Majesty is looking much better than after your former illness," said he, upon entering.—"It is not to be wondered at," cordially replied George III. "I was then on the point of *parting* with an old friend, and I am now about to *regain* one."

Fox manifested neither astonishment nor anger upon learning of his exclusion by the king. "I am too old to care for office," said he to Lord Grenville Leveson; "but I have many friends who have been my followers for years. I shall counsel them to unite themselves to the government, and I hope that Mr. Pitt will be able to find places for them." Obstinate faithful to their chief, the friends of Fox refused all proposals of the minister. Lord Grenville, piqued at not having succeeded in his efforts at

coalition, declared that he would take no part in the cabinet. The long friendship which had united him to Mr. Pitt, and their family ties, rendered this refusal doubly painful, and deeply wounded the minister. "I will teach that proud man," said Pitt, "that in the service of, and with the confidence of the sovereign, I can do without him;" but he added, with a sad presentiment, "even though the effort may cost me my life."

Lord Harrowby replaced Lord Grenville as Minister of Foreign Affairs. The new cabinet was strengthened by the admission of Mr. Canning and Lord Castlereagh. The opposition was stronger than ever, but the state of affairs on the continent had changed. The execution of the Duke d'Enghien had irritated and exasperated the most decided partisans of the First Consul. He had also taken from his admirers all right of regarding him as the protector of liberty in Europe. On the 16th of May, 1804, General Bonaparte was proclaimed Emperor of the French, under the title of Napoleon I.

The secret discontent of the sovereigns of Europe lent some moral support to the resistance of England. Mr. Pitt did not, however, trust himself to this movement of public opinion. Notwithstanding the opposition of his adversaries, among whom Mr. Addington had ranged himself, he demanded an increase of the regular forces. The Emperor Napoleon was now ready to consummate his great project of landing in England. He had confided its direction to Admiral La Touche-Treville. "If we are masters of the Channel for six hours," said he, in a secret letter, "we will be masters of the world." Some days later. La Touche-Treville died, and the great plan of Napoleon, thus baffled by a hand more powerful than his own, terminated in a few insignificant combats between English and French sailors. The Emperor had departed for Paris, where he was crowned on the 2nd of December, 1804. Pope Pius VII. had come from Rome for the purpose of crowning the new Charlemagne. In the notes of Mr. Pitt, upon the means of defence and attack that England then had at her disposal, we find this passage regarding the Emperor Napoleon, inspired by patriotic bitterness, natural and pardonable, but which alters, in some measure, that equity of judgment which the great minister always preserved at home, even regarding his most violent adversaries:

"Napoleon.—I see various and contrary qualities, all the great and little passions fatal to public tranquillity, united in the bosom of a single man, and unfortunately of a man whose personal caprice is unable to change for a single hour without influencing the destinies of Europe. I see internal indications of fear struggling against pride in a mind, ardent, bold, and tumultuous. I see all the gloomy mistrust of a consecrated usurpation which is feared, detested and obeyed; the madness and intoxication of a marvellous but unmerited success; arrogance, presumption, the obstinacy of an unlimited and idolatrous power; and that which is more to be feared in the plenitude of authority, the incessant and indefatigable activity of a culpable but unsatiated ambition."

The Emperor Napoleon judged more liberally of his implacable adversary. When, during the Hundred Days, he accorded to France a parliamentary constitution, he said to his ministers: "We do not know how Parliaments are conducted. M. Fouché believes that by bribing some old corrupt members, and by flattering a few young enthusiasts, assemblies are ruled. He is mistaken; that is intrigue, and intrigue does not lead far. In England, without absolutely neglecting these means, they have others greater and more serious. Recall Mr. Pitt, and behold to-day Lord Castlereagh! By the same means Pitt directed the House of Commons, and Lord Castlereagh controls it still to-day. Ah! if I had such instruments, I would not fear; but have I anything like it?"

The ministry lost the support of Lord Harrowby, who was ill from a fall, and obliged to resign; but a reconciliation between Pitt and Addington was brought about. The anger of certain of Pitt's friends was very great. Canning spoke of quitting his office: "It is a little hard upon us in finding fault with our making it up again," said Mr. Pitt, "when we have been friends from our childhood, and our fathers were so before us; while they say nothing to Grenville for uniting with Fox, though they have been fighting all their lives."

Addington passed into the House of Lords with the title of Lord Sidmouth, and was sworn in as President of the Council. The Duke of Portland, who exercised that function, remained in the cabinet as minister, but without

the portfolio. The new alliance, as well as the growing sentiment of public confidence, had increased the majority for the ministry. After a most animated debate between Pitt, Fox and Sheridan, upon the subject of the war recently declared by Spain, the conduct of the government was approved by a majority of one hundred and forty. Mr. Pitt, however, did not think it prudent to risk at the same time the question of the abolition of the slave trade, to which he had constantly remained faithful.

Wilberforce persisted in presenting his motion. Pitt and Fox gave him their support, but a majority of their adherents abstained from voting. "I have never attempted anything during my whole parliamentary career which has cost me so much trouble," wrote Wilberforce, in his journal.

A bitter mortification awaited Mr. Pitt. As faithful in his friendships as in his political engagements, he had remained sincerely attached to Lord Melville, notwithstanding the coldness which had arisen between them during the Addington ministry. Upon returning to power, he had called his friend to the Ministry of the Marine, of which he had recently been treasurer. Naval construction had been much neglected by Lord St. Vincent. Melville pushed it forward with much zeal. The order and superintendence, however, were not equal to the activity. A paymaster appointed by Lord Melville was convicted of having appropriated public funds. Soon after his patron was accused of being implicated in these malversations. It was impossible, he said, to render an account of the sums which had passed through his hands, and of which a part had been used for secret service.

Justly convinced of the honesty of Lord Melville, but equally disturbed by his mismanagement and the bad intentions of the opposition towards him, Pitt resolved to defend his colleague at all hazards. Among his partisans, and even in the cabinet, the dissatisfaction was profound, and opinions were much divided. When it came to a vote, the independent members awaited the decision of Mr. Wilberforce; he rose slowly, avoiding the glance of Mr. Pitt, which still entreated him. "I am forced," said he, "to vote for Mr. Whitbread's resolution of censure. I am profoundly shocked at the guilty conduct of Lord Melville, and I am unable to refuse to satisfy the moral sense of England." The house was equally divided, and the speaker cast the deciding vote.

Abbott, the speaker, much troubled, voted for the resolution. "I sat wedged close to Pitt himself, the night we were left 216 to 216," writes Lord Fitzharris, son of Lord Malmesbury, "and the speaker, Abbot, after looking as white as a sheet, and pausing for ten minutes, gave the casting vote *against* us. Pitt immediately put on the little cocked hat that he was in the habit of wearing when dressed for the evening, and jammed it deeply over his forehead; and *I distinctly saw the tears trickling down his cheeks*. We had overheard one or two, such as Colonel Wardle (of notorious memory), say, they would see how Billy looked after it. A few young ardent followers of Pitt, with myself, locked their arms together, and formed a circle, in which he moved, I believe, unconsciously, out of the House; and neither the Colonel nor his friends could approach him."

Lord Melville had tendered his resignation as First Lord of the Admiralty. His enemies, however, were not satisfied, but demanded the erasure of his name from the list of privy councillors. The first impulse of Pitt was to haughtily refuse. Melville, as generous and disinterested toward others as he was imprudent and negligent in the administration of public affairs, as well as with his personal fortune, interposed. The majority was threatening. Melville prayed Pitt to yield to the storm. A sad allusion to the grief of his family alone betrayed the bitterness of his soul. "I will not conceal from you," wrote he, "that my opinion in this matter is not entirely free from all personal consideration. I hope that I have firmness enough to support all the trouble that they may cause me; but you know me well enough to comprehend how my domestic affections suffer from the grief and constant agitation that these debates, mingled with so much personal bitterness, naturally cause to those who are nearest to me."

When Pitt announced to the House that he had already requested the king to erase the name of Lord Melville from the list of privy councillors; he added, with great emotion, "I confess, and I am not ashamed to confess it, that whatever may be my deference to the House of Commons, and however anxious I may be to accede to their wishes, I certainly felt a deep and bitter *pang* in being compelled to be the instrument of rendering still more severe the punishment of the noble lord."—"As he uttered the word *pang*," says Lord Macaulay, "his lip quivered, his voice shook, he paused, and his hearers thought that he was about to burst into tears. He

suppressed his emotion, however, and proceeded with his usual majestic self-possession."

When Lord Melville appeared before the House of Lords, at that bar of the illustrious accused, that the friendship of Pitt had provided—in place of a criminal prosecution demanded by the opposition—the great minister was no longer there to sustain him by his faithful attachment and generous confidence. At the time of the acquittal of Lord Melville, Mr. Pitt was dead (1806).

In the cabinet Lord Sidmouth showed much animosity towards Melville. His enmity was increased by the nomination of his successor, Sir Charles Middleton. For a moment the dissatisfaction was calmed by the intervention of some mutual friends; but finally terminated in the withdrawal of Lord Sidmouth, and his faithful partisan Lord Buckinghamshire, from the cabinet. The king had frankly declared to Mr. Pitt that "he was much hurt by the virulence against Lord Melville, which is unbecoming the character of Englishmen, who naturally, when a man is fallen, are too noble to pursue their blows; besides," he added, "if any disunion should manifest itself, he would decidedly take the part of Mr. Pitt, having every reason to be satisfied with his conduct since the first hour of his entrance into his service."

When the old king, but lately insane, wrote these lines, he was on the point of becoming blind. At the end of the session of Parliament, July 12th, 1805, one of his eyes was already entirely useless, and the other was growing weaker and weaker. At the same time, to the profound grief of his friends and family, the health of Mr. Pitt was visibly declining; and notwithstanding the wonderful energy of his mind, it was no longer possible—according to the striking expression of Lord Harrowby—to appear before his adversaries "as a giant in repose."

The giant who governed France, and terrified Europe, however, seemed to have no need of repose. Crowned at Milan on the 26th of May, 1805, he had assumed there the title of King of Italy. This name grated harshly on Austrian ears. The new sovereign had annexed to France the republic of Genoa, and now began that system of aggrandizement of his own family by ceding the territory of Eliza Lucca, as an independent principality, to

his eldest sister. These acts of insolent domination served the designs of Mr. Pitt, then ardently occupied in forming a new coalition against absolute and revolutionary France. Russia, Austria and Sweden, acceded to his propositions. Scarcely was the European alliance concluded against him, when Napoleon arrived at Boulogne, resolved to strike the coalition to the heart, by attacking England. He was confident of the success of his expedition. "The English do not know what is impending. Let France be mistress of the passage for twelve hours, and England has lived," said he. The plan of the emperor was to distract the attention of the British government and scatter its fleets by dispatching his own squadrons, some to the West Indies and others to Spanish ports, then suddenly to return, and with all his forces occupy the channel. Admiral Villeneuve, charged with the supreme command, was sagacious and brave; nevertheless, sad and discouraged in advance, by the weight of the responsibility. He had cleared the Straits of Gibraltar when Nelson followed him. From Spain to the Antilles, and from the Antilles to the Channel, the two squadrons followed.

Villeneuve was ordered to break the blockade at Brest, to rally the fleet of Admiral Gantheaume, and to open a passage towards England. He hesitated, doubted, and disobeyed; and returned towards Cadiz, where he expected to find the allies. Nelson, apprised of this plan, started in pursuit. When Napoleon heard of the disobedience of Villeneuve, he flew into a terrible passion. He was at Boulogne, watching the horizon at all hours, for a glimpse of the sails of his coming fleet. Daru entered his cabinet one morning, and found Napoleon intensely agitated, talking to himself, and unconscious of his approach. Daru stood before him, silently awaiting orders. The emperor, on recognizing him, addressed him as if he knew all. "Do you know where Villeneuve is now?" cried he, vehemently. "He is at Cadiz,—at Cadiz!" His fury burst forth, and he declared himself betrayed. Some hours later, he conceived the plan of his German campaign. At the end of September, he was upon the Rhine, at the head of his troops, repulsing and driving back General Mack and the Austrian army at Ulm. That place was strongly fortified, and commanded the Danube; but the approaches were cut off. Communication was impossible, and Mack, abandoned by certain divisions of his army, was compelled to surrender

unconditionally. On the 20th of October, 1805, he evacuated the city, and 30,000 men laid down their arms.

When this news reached London, carried by one of those vague rumors which precede all couriers, Pitt refused to believe it. He was ill and suffering, and the weight of public perils overwhelmed, for the first time, that gigantic brain. He had made new attempts to enlarge the basis of his ministry. The king was at Weymouth; his minister went there to see him, and urge him to consent to the admission of Mr. Fox into the cabinet. George III. remained inflexible. The depression, which had seized Mr. Pitt, insensibly communicated itself to his friends. "He came to me, begging me to translate a Dutch newspaper which contained in full, the capitulation of Ulm," writes Lord Malmesbury in his Diaries. "I observed, but too clearly, the effect it had on him, though he did his utmost to conceal it. This was the last time I saw him. This visit left an indelible impression on my mind, as his manner and look were not his own, and gave me, in spite of myself, a foreboding of the loss with which we were threatened."



Death of Nelson.

The light of a great joy was once more to cross the obscure heaven of the last days of Mr. Pitt. The day following the surrender at Ulm, the 21st of October, 1805, the English and French fleets encountered each other before Trafalgar. Nelson and Collingwood commanded the two lines of English vessels. Villeneuve and Admiral Gravine had reunited thirty-three ships of the line and seven frigates. After prodigies of valor on the part of the French, the victory remained with the English. Standing upon the deck of the Victory,—his flagship, Nelson signalled to the entire fleet, those noble words, emblematic of austere Brittanian virtue:

"England Expects Every Man To Do His Duty."

Nelson wore all his decorations. "In honor I gained them, and in honor I will die with them," said he. He was shot and fatally wounded. He was carried below, where he died some three hours later. A moment before breathing his last, he murmured: "Thank God, I have done my duty."

The sublimest eulogy for such heroes is the public consternation caused by their death. The victory of Trafalgar was hailed in England with cries of joy and with tears. "Mr. Pitt observed to me," writes Lord Fitzharris, "that he had been called up at various hours in his eventful life by the arrival of news of various hues; but that, whether good or bad, he could always lay his head on his pillow, and sink into sound sleep. On this occasion, however, the great event announced, brought with it so much to weep over, as well as to rejoice at, that he could not calm his thoughts, but at length got up, though it was three o'clock in the morning."

England overwhelmed with honors and gifts the family of her hero. She gave him the most magnificent obsequies, and placed in one of the halls of the palace at Windsor, the mast against which he had leaned and the ball which had struck him. National gratitude did not stop at the illustrious

hero fallen in the very summit of his glory; it extended with the same generous ardor to the great minister who alone opposed the irresistible invader of empires and destroyer of European rights.

At the annual banquet of the city of London, on the 9th of March, 1805, after the crowd had detached the horses, in order to draw his carriage, the Lord Mayor proposed the health of Mr. Pitt, as already the savior of England, and soon to be the savior of Europe. Sir Arthur Wellesley, already celebrated by his victories in India, was present. Subsequently, under the title of the Duke of Wellington, he was placed at the head of the armed European coalition, and carried on the interrupted but henceforth victorious work of Mr. Pitt. "The minister arose," related the Duke in his old age, and waived the compliment, remarking: "England is saved by her own efforts, and the rest of Europe will be saved by her example."

The safety of Europe seemed more than ever distant and doubtful. On the 2nd of December, 1805, the battle of Austerlitz struck the last blow to the hopes of the allies in Germany. The peace of Presburg, signed by Austria, on the 26th of December, abandoned the Tyrol to the Elector of Bavaria, and Venice to the kingdom of Italy. Russia soon gave up the struggle. The third European coalition was destroyed.

Mr. Pitt was at Bath, seriously ill with an attack of gout, but full of hope, in consequence of false news of a victory in Moravia. When he learned of the battle at Austerlitz, the bitterness of the contrast surpassed the measure of his physical strength. He called for a map, and desired to be left alone. He weighed sadly the future chances of his country. The malady slowly exhausted his enfeebled body. He was taken back to his country house at Putney, emaciated and exhausted; grown old in a few days. A map of Europe hung upon the wall: pointing his finger towards it, he said to his niece, Lady Hester Stanhope: "Roll up that map—it will not be wanted these ten years."

For some time past, the native vigor of his mind had struggled against feeble bodily health, as well as excessive fatigues; and finally patriotic grief broke down the last rampart of his declining strength. Each day he became feebler. His countenance betrayed the intensity of his mental sufferings. "He has his Austerlitz look," said Wilberforce.

In defeating the Austrians on the 2nd of December, Napoleon had conquered a more formidable enemy than the Empire. Mr. Pitt had only a few days to live. He preserved to the last moment, his affectionate interest for his friends, and a serene pleasure in their society. The Marquis of Wellesley had just returned from India; he hastened to Putney. "I found him in his usual good spirits," writes he, "and his understanding appeared to be as vigorous and clear as ever. Amongst other topics, he told me, with great kindness and feeling, that since he had seen me he had been happy to become acquainted with my brother Arthur, of whom he spoke in the warmest terms of commendation. He said,—'I never met any military officer with whom it was so satisfactory to converse. He states every difficulty before he undertakes any service; but none after he has undertaken it.' Notwithstanding Mr. Pitt's kindness and cheerfulness, I saw that the hand of death was fixed upon him. This melancholy truth was not known nor believed by either his friends or opponents. I informed Lord Grenville that the death of Mr. Pitt was near, and he received this sad intelligence with the greatest emotion and an agony of tears; and he resolved immediately to suspend all hostilities in Parliament."

Mr. Pitt fainted away before Lord Wellesley left the room. After this he saw his friends only at rare intervals, and contrary to the advice of his physicians. The Bishop of Lincoln, his former preceptor, apprised him of his danger. "How long do you think I have to live?" asked Pitt, turning toward his friend and physician, Sir Walter Farquhar. Sir Walter answered that he was unable to say; that possibly he might yet recover. An incredulous smile passed over the face of the dying man. Then turning to the Bishop, he said, "I fear, I have, like too many other men, neglected prayer too much to allow me to hope that it can be very efficacious now; but," rising in his bed as he spoke, and clasping his hands with the utmost fervor and devotion, he added, emphatically: "I throw myself *entirely* upon the mercy of God, through the merits of Christ!" Some hours later he breathed his last.

Pitt lived and died poor. Parliament paid his debts, which amounted to £40,000; it provided for the support of his three nieces and defrayed the expenses of his funeral. Great consternation seized the entire nation upon hearing of his death. Within three months England had lost both Nelson

and Pitt, the hero of heroes, and the great pilot of her political government. In the presence of a growing peril and of an implacable enemy, by the premature death of two men, England found herself weakened and disarmed: she was not, however, to abandon all hope. Mr. Pitt had said, with great modesty, that it did not appertain to any single man to save Europe. Between the day of the death of the great minister and the definitive conclusion of peace, there were yet to be long years of resistance, as persevering and as desperate as the aggression.

Chapter XXXIX.

George III. And The Emperor Napoleon. (1806-1810.)

Lord Grenville succeeded Pitt, as Prime Minister. His alliance with Fox had brought forth fruits; the Cabinet now had the good fortune to contain only eminent men: Fox, Grey, Windham, Lord Sidmouth, Lord Henry Petty, second son of Lord Landsdowne, whose title he was one day to wear, and whose renown he was to sustain. Canning alone was excluded.

Fox had charge of foreign affairs. His physical strength already failing, had nevertheless triumphed over the health of his great rival. Years before, Lady Holland, in comparing the two in their early youth, had said to her husband that she had seen at the house of Lady Hester Pitt, the little William who was only eight years old, but was the most extraordinary child that she had ever seen: "he is so well educated," said she, "and has such good manners, that he will be all his life a thorn in the flesh, for Charles. Remember well what I say to you."

The thorn had fallen: after seventeen years of exclusion from power, amidst the alternatives of passionate struggles and of mildly indolent discouragements, Fox seized the rudder in an hour of dolorous and patriotic agony. His admiration for the Emperor Napoleon, and the sympathy which he had constantly shown for France, inclined him naturally towards peace. He immediately made overtures; his envoys were moderate in their demands as in their tendencies. A happy chance furnished the minister with the opportunity of rendering a signal service to the emperor. An adventurer had offered to assassinate the enemy of England. Mr. Fox at once notified Talleyrand. However they might differ in their methods, the emperor and his minister were equal adepts at

flattery. "Thank Mr. Fox," replied Napoleon, "and say to him, whether the policy of his sovereign causes us to continue much longer at war, or whether as speedy an end as the two nations can desire, is put to a quarrel useless for humanity, I rejoice at the new character which, from this proceeding, the war has already taken, and which is an omen of what may be expected from a cabinet, of the principles of which I am delighted to judge from those of Mr. Fox, who is one of the men most fitted to feel, in everything, what is excellent, what is truly great."

The conditions of peace proposed by England were moderate; for the first time, those of France indicated seriously the desire for peace. Only one stumbling-block hindered the success of the negotiations: England would not treat without Russia. Napoleon refused absolutely to admit Russia among the number of the contracting powers. "The obstacle is for us, insurmountable," wrote Fox to Talleyrand; "if the emperor could see, with the same eye that I behold it, the true glory which he would have a right to acquire, by a just and moderate peace, what happiness would not result from it for France and for all Europe!"

Nevertheless, negotiations continued. The emperor proposed to George III. to restore Hanover, but recently assigned to Prussia, and to cede to him, at the same time, the Hanseatic cities. He had just taken possession of the kingdom of Naples, and placed his brother Joseph upon the throne. He intended to join to it, Sicily, still in the hands of the Bourbons, and under the protection of the English. The Russian envoy, M. d'Oubril, who had arrived at Paris, complicated the negotiations. The long deferred hope of Fox began to fail. "The first wish of my heart," said he to the House of Commons, "is peace; but such a peace only as shall preserve our connections and influence on the continent, and not abate one jot of the national honor. That peace only, and no other." The pretensions of Napoleon were of a contrary nature. The treaty concluded by M. d'Oubril, at Paris, was not confirmed by the Emperor Alexander. Almost at the same moment, Prussia, offended by the arrogance and premeditated insults of Napoleon, officially declared war; too late, however, to be of any effectual service to England. On the 13th of October, 1806, the battle of Jena delivered that kingdom into the hands of the Conqueror, who devastated it. Napoleon entered Berlin in triumph. It was there that he signed his decree

of a continental blockade, interdicting throughout the whole extent of his dominions the importation of English merchandise.

The French armies were everywhere charged to enforce this decree. They began by the seizure of all English commodities in the port of Hamburg. Some months before, the invaders had arbitrarily arrested, at Nuremburg, a bookseller named Palm, accused of having written a libel against the emperor and king. Judged and condemned by a court-martial, the unfortunate man was shot on the 26th of August, 1806.

This flagrant violation of the rights of nations, as well as of common justice, powerfully contributed to convince Mr. Fox of the futility of his efforts to obtain for England and Europe a durable peace. He rendered his name honorable, however, by accomplishing finally the work which he had so long pursued in concert with Mr. Pitt, and at the instigation of Wilberforce and his Christian friends. A bill passed by the two Houses interdicted the slave trade to English vessels from the 1st of January, 1807. One of the bas-reliefs on the tomb of Fox, recalls this noble remembrance of his life. "If God spares the health of Fox, and his union with Grenville is preserved," said Wilberforce, "the next year we may end our labors." The health of Fox was failing. Before the battle of Jena came to break down the last rampart which opposed the irresistible waves of French conquest in Germany, Fox had died at Chiswick, September 13th, 1806. He had never admired the philosophy of the eighteenth century, and the disorders of his life had not destroyed in his soul certain noble aspirations towards a higher life. "Since God exists, the spirit exists," said he; "why should not the soul live in another life?" "I am happy;" said he to his wife, as death approached. "I am full of confidence, I might say of certainty." Born ten years earlier than his illustrious rival, he had survived him only eight months. Pitt died at the age of forty-seven, Fox was scarcely fifty-seven.

Exceedingly popular during the greater part of his life, and admired even by those who did not share his opinions, Mr. Fox's reputation has nevertheless declined, as the magic of his words and the supreme influence of his eloquence have ceased to act upon succeeding generations. History has judged him eminent in parliament and master of

political eloquence. An ardent and sincere patriot when not blinded by the hatreds or the enthusiasms of party, generous and charming in his private relations and personal intercourse, mediocre in his views of government; in turn feeble and violent, and imperfect as a writer, notwithstanding his pronounced taste for letters and the favor he showed toward literary men. His death deprived the ministry of great prestige; it enfeebled it in Parliament, and even in the eyes of Europe, long dazzled by the parliamentary glory of the great orator. It modified neither the direction nor the attitude of the government, already weak, in hands that were incapable of struggling against the overwhelming success of the Emperor Napoleon abroad, as well as against the attacks of its adversaries, and the growing difficulties of the situation at home.

Negotiations with France were broken off. Russia came to the assistance of Prussia. Both reckoned upon subsidies from England. The finances of that country were gravely embarrassed, and the courageous expedients of Mr. Pitt, to fill the treasury, were wanting. Canning forcibly attacked in parliament both the parsimonious subsidies accorded to the allies, and the feeble position assumed by the government, even after important victories. Sir John Stuart had defeated at Maida, in Calabria, a superior force of the enemy. Admiral Popham had retaken the Cape of Good Hope. "He who adds to the glory of his country," said the eloquent orator, "renders her a greater service than if he gained for her vast possessions. Time and subsequent events do not alter glory. The territory that England acquired in the glorious days of Crecy and Poitiers has long since passed from us, but the renown they added to the English name lives, and will ever remain immortal." A fatal torpor had affected all military operations since the death of Mr. Pitt.

"All the talents," united, were not sufficient to replace a chief naturally called to govern men, either in Parliament, or at the head of armies, in peace or in war. The cabinet tottered to its very foundation; the question of Catholic emancipation struck the final blow. The increase of the allowance accorded to the college at Maynooth, had already excited great resistance. Lord Howick proposed to substitute for the Test Act, an oath which would permit Irish Catholics to enter the service either in the army or navy. The

opinions of the king had not changed. In the House of Commons a considerable majority held the views of the king.

After the dissolution in the preceding year, the ministry made an appeal to the electors, and were beaten. They were dismissed and replaced by the Tories, who in their turn again appealed to the country. The new Parliament, ardently conservative, united itself with the friends and disciples of Mr. Pitt. Mr. Canning was placed at the head of Foreign Affairs, Lord Castlereagh became Minister of War, and the Duke of Portland First Lord of the Treasury. Lord Eldon was Chancellor, and Lord Hawkesbury was made Minister of the Interior.

Moderate in its political principles, and more pronounced in its ecclesiastical and protestant convictions, the new cabinet was in sympathy with the sovereign, and from the first Lord Harrowby indicated to Parliament the confidence the king felt in the counsellors that he had chosen. The maritime expeditions planned by the Grenville ministry had not succeeded either in South America or against Turkey. The victories of Eylau, of Dantzic, and of Friedland, had just terminated in the peace of Tilsit, concluded on the 7th and 9th of July, 1807, between France, Russia and Prussia. England remained alone, delivered from the prospect of invasion, but virtually isolated in consequence of the continental blockade, confirmed by the articles signed at Tilsit. The Emperor Alexander, young, ardent, and credulous, allowed himself to be seduced by the flattering advances and apparent generosity of Napoleon. He engaged to serve as mediator between France and England, and in case the latter refused to accept the conditions offered by the French Emperor, Russia was to join her forces to those of France, and immediately declare war against Great Britain. Louis Bonaparte was recognized as king of Holland. The kingdom of Westphalia, detached from the Prussian provinces, became the appenage of Prince Jerome.

England meanwhile did not remain idle, but prepared herself to strike an effective blow. Denmark had remained neutral, but was believed, in London, to be hostile to British interests; her feebleness, likewise, placed her at the mercy of her powerful neighbors, Holland, France or Russia. Lord Cathcart and Sir Arthur Wellesley were charged to prepare an

expedition against Copenhagen. Some negotiations preceded the armed demonstration. The Crown Prince smiled bitterly at the offers of assistance from Mr. Jackson, the English envoy: "You offer us your alliance," said he; "we know what it is worth. A year ago, when your allies waited in vain for your assistance, we learned to estimate at its just value the friendship of England."

The British fleet appeared before Copenhagen on the 17th of August, 1807. A proclamation invited the Danes to place themselves under the protection of England. Neutrality was no longer possible, and their arms were in danger of being turned against their natural allies. The Danish government responded by seizing the merchant vessels belonging to the English.

The bombardment of the capital began on the 2nd of September, 1807. All the advanced positions were occupied by the English troops, and on the 7th a capitulation was signed. The entire Danish navy fell into the hands of the English. It was the purpose of one of the secret articles of the treaty of Tilsit to place it at the service of Napoleon. The anger of the French was great, and the news of commercial reprisals, decreed at London, by order of the Council (November 11th, 1807), increased it. France, and the countries subject to her, were declared in a state of blockade, and all ships engaged in commerce with them, were subject to the right of seizure. A new decree of Napoleon, dated at Milan, the 17th of December, 1807, extended this imprudent and violent measure to all the English possessions upon the surface of the globe. The United States of America, the only maritime power remaining neutral, had the embargo also laid on her, and henceforward the commerce of the world was suddenly destroyed or condemned to the perilous condition of piracy. All rights and all interests were for a time disregarded.

It is sometimes the glory of a feeble and courageous people, to accept tyranny for a time. Charles IV., King of Spain, had bowed to the yoke of revolutionary and absolute France. The Spanish nation, however, was weary of bearing the burdens and fighting the battles of a foreign master, under the name of its legitimate sovereign. On the 17th of March, 1808, a popular insurrection dethroned the feeble monarch and his servile favorite,

Godoy, as they were preparing to flee to America. Prince Ferdinand, drawn to the opposition by his hatred of the Prince of Peace (Godoy), was proclaimed king, after the abdication of his father. The army of General Junot already occupied Portugal, and Murat had established himself at Burgos, as lieutenant of the emperor; he marched upon Madrid, of which he soon became master, deceiving and abusing, in turn, both the father and the son, the dethroned sovereign and the new monarch. General Savary came to second Murat in his diplomatic mission. His address and his promises drew Ferdinand to Bayonne. The emperor was already there. The Prince expected to be recognized as King of Spain, but instead found himself a prisoner, carefully guarded. The demands of Napoleon were peremptory: it was necessary, he said, to be assured of the co-operation of Spain, and in consequence he had decided to place upon the throne a prince of his own blood. Ferdinand's renunciation of the throne was the price of his liberty. He resisted. The intrigues of the Prince of Peace, who had been delivered from prison by order of Napoleon, brought to Bayonne the old King Charles IV. who protested against his own abdication and the coronation of his son; at the same time he ceded the crown of Spain and the Indies to his faithful ally, the emperor of the French, to be disposed of at his convenience, with the only conditions, that the same monarch should not reign at one time at both Paris and Madrid, and also that the Catholic religion should remain sovereign and supreme in Spain. The compensations offered by Napoleon to the princes that he had betrayed, were: the estates of Navarre and Chambord, the use of the palace at Compiègne, a civil list, the preservation of their personal treasures, and the society of the Prince Talleyrand at Valencay. "That which I have done here, is not politic from a certain point of view," said Napoleon himself, "but necessity demands that I do not leave in my rear, so near Paris, a dynasty hostile to me."

Riots and bloodshed took place at Madrid. A Spanish insurrection resisted the authority of Murat, whom Charles IV. had designated as his lieutenant. The Council of Spain hesitated, troubled by the prospect of war, and ashamed to proclaim the overthrow of the House of Bourbon. On the 6th of June, nevertheless, Joseph Bonaparte was declared King of Spain, to the great discontent of Murat, who had counted upon receiving the kingdom which he had secured for Napoleon. The crown of Naples was

soon to soften his regrets, without, however, removing all bitterness. On the 20th of July, the new sovereign entered Madrid.

A national Junta organized itself at Seville, renewing the oath of allegiance to Ferdinand VII. General Castanos, who commanded an army of 20,000 men in Andalusia, announced his resolution of remaining faithful to the exiled dynasty. He entered into negotiations with Sir Hugh Dalrymple, the English Governor of Gibraltar, and a subscription from English merchants furnished the first funds necessary. A tardy dispatch from Lord Castlereagh announced a succor of ten thousand English troops. Lord Collingwood took the command of the fleet that was to proceed to Cadiz. Some days after the proclamation of Joseph Bonaparte, even before he had placed a foot upon Spanish soil, the peninsula became the theatre of a war which was to become as sanguinary as desperate. Ninety-two thousand Spaniards, of whom one-third were militia, sustained the rights of the House of Bourbon, and the national independence. A French army of eighty thousand soldiers overran the kingdom. Junot occupied Portugal with thirty thousand men. At Bayonne, Druot, with a reserve of twenty thousand troops, was ready to march. On the 14th of June, 1808, the first serious engagement took place near Valladolid, between Marshal Bessières and the old General Cuesta. The Spaniards were defeated. The same day they avenged themselves at Cadiz, by seizing the French fleet in that port.

On the 19th of July, General Dumont, blockaded in Andalusia by the Spanish forces, was defeated at Baylen. On the 22nd he signed a disastrous capitulation, in the hope of saving his troops, who were to be sent back to France. The Spaniards, however, unscrupulously violated the conditions and retained the army as prisoners. The universal joy and the national hopes were excited, and alarmed Joseph Bonaparte, who hastened to leave Madrid. The siege of Saragossa was raised.

Notwithstanding the presence of Junot, a movement hostile to France manifested itself in Portugal. Sir Arthur Wellesley landed at Oporto, with ten thousand men. Junot advanced to meet him, but his forces were insufficient, and he was defeated at Vimeiro. The Convention of Cintra, on the 30th of August, 1808, decided the evacuation of Portugal by the French.

The unjust invasion of the peninsula already brought forth its fruits. King Joseph, in desperation, wrote to his brother, on the 9th of August: "I have an entire nation against me. The nobility themselves, at first uncertain, have ended by following the movement of the lower classes. I have not a single Spaniard left who is attached to my cause. As general, my part would be endurable, nay easy, for with a detachment of your veteran troops, I would conquer the Spaniards; but as king my part is insupportable, since I must slaughter one part of my subjects to make the other submit. I decline therefore to reign over a people who will not have me. If you wish it, I will restore Ferdinand VII. to them, in your name. I shall demand back from you the throne of Naples."

The will of Napoleon was more tenacious and his passions stronger than those of his brother. Joseph was obliged to remain King of Spain. The Convention of Cintra, definitively adjourned, after the surrender of Torres Vedras to the English, was not approved either by Sir Arthur Wellesley nor by the English Cabinet. The French armies had obtained in Spain numerous partial successes. Saragossa was again besieged. After a long campaign Sir John Moore was defeated and killed, at the battle of Corunna. His troops hastened to embark for England. They scarcely took time to bury him. "We left him alone with his glory," says Wolfe the poet. Marshal Soult took possession of the city. The negotiations between France and England, through the intervention of Russia, had failed. An interview between the two emperors, at Erfurt, had strengthened their alliance. Napoleon evacuated Prussia, and concentrated his efforts upon Spain. He reached there on the 29th of October, 1808. On the 4th of December he was at Madrid, ordering upon every side and in all directions, the movements of his lieutenants. When he returned to Paris, January 22nd, 1809, King Joseph was firmly established in his capital. Napoleon accorded to his troops a month of repose before completing the conquest of Spain. The threatening attitude of Europe, encouraged by the resistance of the Spaniards, compelled the emperor to leave to others the task of conquering enemies constantly defeated, but never subdued.

The heroic defence of Saragossa was the type and example of the war in Spain. General Palafox commanded there. To the demand to surrender, he replied with this laconic message: "War to the knife:" and this finally

became the watchword. The ramparts were taken only after a desperate resistance, in which even the women took part. Then began, perhaps, the most heroic contest the world ever saw. Street by street was obstinately defended; every house became a fortress, and every church and convent a citadel. "Never," wrote Marshal Lannes to the emperor, "have I seen so much desperation as our enemies have shown in the defence of this place. I have seen women bravely confronting death in the breach. This siege resembles nothing that we have had in war heretofore. It is a position where great prudence and great vigor is necessary. We are obliged to take with the mine or by assault, every house. Finally, sire, it is a horrible war." After twenty-nine days of siege and twenty-one days passed in conquering the streets, one by one, Saragossa finally capitulated, on the 21st of February, 1809. Of the one hundred thousand inhabitants enclosed in the city, fifty-four thousand had perished. Henceforth the name of Saragossa is added on the roll of those cities which have been made forever famous and glorious by their heroic defences, to that of Numantia and Jerusalem, of Leyden and Londonderry.

Parliament opened on the 19th of January, 1809. The Whigs at once attacked the ministry on the conduct of the war and predicted its fatal termination. The campaign had added nothing to the glory of the arms of the great belligerent powers; only the patriotic perseverance of the Spaniards encouraged their defenders. Mr. Canning concluded with the Junta of Seville a close treaty of alliance. The military and financial preparations necessitated great efforts. The command of the troops was given to Sir Arthur Wellesley. Marshal Soult again invaded Portugal. It was against this country that the English General at first directed attacks. Landing at Lisbon, on the 22nd of April, 1809, he left the capital on the 28th, to proceed to Coimbra. All his forces concentrated there, and on the 11th of May, he found himself on the banks of the rapid Douro. The river was crossed at midday, in the face of the French army. On the 12th, Oporto was taken. While Marshal Soult was retreating towards Spain, the English general published a proclamation in favor of the French wounded and prisoners left in the city. The Spaniards had often treated their conquered enemies with great barbarity. "I appeal to the mercy of the people of Oporto, in regard to the wounded and prisoners," said Sir Arthur

Wellesley. "By the laws of war they are under my protection, and I am resolved to give it to them."

On the 2nd of July the English entered Spain, at Placencia. On the 27th the victory of Talavera delivered to Wellesley a strong military position, but without the provisions or munitions of war that he much needed.

"They have no magazines," wrote Sir Arthur. "We have none, and are unable to form any. It is a positive fact that during the last eight days the English troops have not received a third of their rations, although they fought during forty-eight hours, and defeated an army twice their number. There are at this moment in the hospitals of this city nearly four thousand wounded soldiers, who are dying for the want of the commonest necessities of life, that any other European nation would provide for its enemies. Here I can obtain nothing, they will not even bury my dead." Without aid from the Spaniards, who were in fact secretly hostile to the English, the latter were compelled to fall back upon Portugal.

After the victory of Talavera, Sir Arthur was raised to the peerage, under the title of Baron Duro of Wellesley, and Viscount Wellington of Talavera. "We have at this time the entire cohort of French marshals in Estramadura," wrote Wellington: "Soult, Ney, Mortier, Kellerman, Victor and Sebastiani, without counting King Joseph and the five thousand men of Suchet." Wellington fixed his headquarters at Badajoz. Everywhere the Spanish generals were defeated by the French. "It is deplorable," said Wellington, "that affairs which were in such good condition a few weeks ago, have been ruined by the ignorance and presumption of those who have the charge of directing them. I declare that if they had preserved their two armies, or even one of them, the cause was safe. The French could have no reinforcements which could have been of any use; time would have been gained; the state of affairs would have improved daily: all the chances were in our favor. The French armies must have been driven out of Spain. But no, they must fight great battles on the plains, where the defeat of the Spanish troops was assured from the first. They have never been willing to believe what I have told them regarding the French forces. Up to the present time, when upon the field of battle, they have found them superior to themselves under all circumstances."

Austria re-opened hostilities. A great English expedition was directed, against the naval preparations of Napoleon in the Scheldt. The fleet invested and took Flushing. The troops occupied the Isle of Walcheren, the possession of which, however, was of no practical utility, and led to no important results, but was attended with great suffering and frightful mortality. Another English expedition, directed against the south of Italy, was equally unsuccessful, although Sir John Stuart took possession of the Ionian Islands.

Napoleon pursued his triumphant way in Germany, but his victories were more severely contested and more dearly bought. At Paris Prince Talleyrand had been disgraced, and the most violent councils prevailed. "It appears," said Napoleon to Prince Metternich, the Austrian ambassador, "that the waters of Lethe, and not those of the Danube flow by Vienna. New lessons are necessary, and they will be terrible, I promise you. Austria saved the English in 1805, when I was about to cross the Straits of Calais, and has just saved them once more, by hindering me from pursuing them at Corunna: she will pay dear for this new diversion. I have no desire to draw the sword except against Spain and England, but if Austria persists, the struggle will be immediate and decisive, and will be such, that in the future, England will find no allies upon the continent."

In this great struggle for the independence of European nations, against an insatiable conqueror, and a heroic people which he had intoxicated by his glory, the successive reverses of the Austrians finally delivered Vienna to the Emperor Napoleon. The battle of Essling lasted two days, and was more desperate and more bloody than all the battles which had preceded it. Fortified on the Island of Loban, in the middle of the Danube, General Mouton, with an army of forty thousand men, firmly withstood for six hours, the fire of the batteries of the Archduke Charles; always on horseback among the guns and the troops, with no other word of command as the files of soldiers fell under the fire, than these sinister words: "Close the ranks."

When Napoleon demanded of Massena if he was able to defend the heights of Aspern: "Say to the Emperor," replied he, "that I will hold it two—six—twenty-four hours, if he wishes; as many as may be necessary

for the safety of the army." In the council of war held on the evening of the first day at Loban, when Napoleon, now upon the borders of an abyss, developed the plan which was to lead to the victory of Wagram, the same Massena, often jealous, and always morose, exclaimed, with a passionate admiration for that superior genius that he recognized in spite of his envy: "Sire, you are a great man, and worthy to command such as me." The battle of Wagram led to the peace of Vienna, signed on the 14th of October, 1809.

When Pope Pius VII. protested against the occupation of his states by French troops, he was shut up in the Quirinal. The Emperor decided the question, in his usual manner, by uniting the Roman States to the Empire. The successor of Charlemagne withdrew the gift which that great conqueror had bestowed upon the Holy See. This violence was followed by the papal excommunication. The Pope was rudely taken from Rome and transported to Savona. The superior judgment of Napoleon was not long deceived regarding the fatal effects of this insult to the religious sentiments of Catholic Europe. He wrote from Schonbrunn on July 18th, 1809, that he regretted that the Pope had been arrested; that the arrest was a great piece of folly; that although it was necessary to arrest Cardinal Pacca, the Pope should have been left in peace at Rome; but nevertheless there was now no remedy for what was done. He did not, however, want the Pope in France, and if he would cease his mad opposition, his return to Rome would not be opposed.

Some days later new projects developed themselves in that brain constantly excited by the intoxication of absolute power. The Pope, who had been taken to Grenoble, was carried back to Savona by orders from the Emperor himself. Indomitable and patient, he was detained there for three years. "You have not grasped my intentions," wrote Napoleon, on the 15th of September, to the Minister of Police; "the movement from Grenoble to Savona, like all retrograde steps, has been fatal; it is that which has given hopes to this fanatic. You see that he wishes to make us reform the Napoleonic Code; to deprive us of our liberties, etc. Could anything be more insane? I have already given orders that all the Generals of the Order, and the Cardinals who have no Episcopal see, or do not reside at one, whether Italians, Tuscans, or Piedmontese, should report at

Paris; and probably I will end by summoning the Pope himself, whom I will place in the suburbs. It is just that he should be at the head of Christianity. This of course will create a sensation the first months, but will soon subside."

Napoleon desired to have heirs to the throne. He dissolved his marriage with the Empress Josephine by a decree of divorce. After an abortive negotiation with the Emperor Alexander on the subject of a union with the grand Duchess Anne, the peace of Vienna was confirmed by a contract of marriage, signed on the 7th of February, 1810, between the Emperor Napoleon and the Archduchess Marie Louise of Austria. The triumphant conqueror took by assault the sovereign families as well as their states; but he was not able to subdue either the conscience of the Pope nor the passionate resistance of the Spaniards, sustained by the policy and determined resolution of England.

Important changes took place in the government of Great Britain; a disagreement upon the subject of the conduct of the war, led to a duel between Lord Castlereagh and Mr. Canning. The latter was wounded, and immediately retired from the Cabinet, taking Mr. Huskisson with him. Mr. Perceval and Lord Liverpool, but lately Lord Hawkesbury, called to their aid the Marquis of Wellesley. Lord Palmerston took part, for the first time, in public affairs, as Under Secretary of War. The Spanish possession of San Domingo was delivered to the English, who also seized the French settlements in Senegal and Guadaloupe. Overwhelmed by his fatigues and patriotic efforts. Admiral Collingwood died at sea, on the 7th of March, 1810. He had asked to be retired: "I have deferred making this request until I am entirely unfitted for service," said he. "As long as I am good for anything, my life belongs to my country."

Some weeks after the dispersal of the French fleet at Toulon, Collingwood was lying very ill on board his flagship, the City of Paris, when the signal officer expressed fears of a coming tempest, which would be exhausting to the invalid: "Nothing in this world will now trouble me," said the veteran; "I am dying." He was not yet sixty years of age, but since his childhood he had constantly given to the English navy the noblest example of courage and virtue.

In England all eyes and all thoughts were directed towards Spain. The old king, George III., had finally become hopelessly insane. The grief caused by the death of his daughter, the Princess Amelia, had brought about that final relapse that the physicians declared incurable. The Prince of Wales accepted the Regency, with the conditions prescribed in 1788 by Mr. Pitt. Notwithstanding the constant opposition of Mr. Perceval and his friends, the Regent decided to retain the Tory Cabinet, without providing any places for his friends or Whig partisans. The haughty tone of Lord Grenville and of Lord Grey towards him, had, it was said, decided the Prince to this generally popular measure. Resolved, in common with the rest of the royal family, to obstinately pursue the war, but without military ardor or personal incentive, the Regent gave no direction to the national movement which sustained in England the terrible burden of that great European struggle, which became each day more violent against England. A decree of the Emperor, on the 27th of August, 1810, ordered that all English merchandise in any port, wherever smuggled since the declaration of the continental blockade, should be burned. Sweden, the last maritime power in Europe remaining neutral, after a revolution which had dethroned the foolish and incompetent King Gustavus IV., had formed an alliance with France and Russia. Swedish ports were henceforth closed to the English.

The King of Holland, Louis Bonaparte, soon wearied of that throne which he had accepted with regret, abdicated without consulting the Emperor, and immediately took refuge in Germany. Napoleon responded by a decree uniting the Low Countries to France. The Hanseatic cities had met the same fate. The Emperor confided to Massena the command of the French armies in Spain. The old Marshal accepted the task with dissatisfaction, and his lieutenants were still more displeased. Wellington had chosen for his base in Portugal, the fortified lines of Torres Védras, without allowing himself to be turned from his plan by the insults of the enemy or the inconsiderate ardor of his officers, who wished to march at once against the French. The first encounter took place at Alcola, on the 27th of September, 1810, but without brilliant results to either army. Massena saw the impossibility of forcing the English entrenchments, and demanded reinforcements. Napoleon was preparing for the fatal Russian campaign: he was unable to detach even a single army corps; his forces were

recruiting, but with difficulty and slowly. Soult refused to aid Massena, who was now reduced to the most extreme distress. "They have but few resources other than pillage," wrote Wellington; "they receive scarcely any money from France, and very few contributions are raised in Spain."

On the 4th of March, 1811, Massena began slowly to retreat. On the 10th of May the French had once again evacuated Portugal, and Marmont was ordered to replace Massena at the head of the armies in Spain. The campaigns of 1810 and 1811 had this sad result for the French: their victories were scarcely sufficient to preserve past conquests, while the national resistance lost none of its desperation; and at the same time Wellington had not been compelled to yield a single foot of ground in the Peninsula. In the West Indies the Isle of France had fallen into the hands of the English.

The campaign of 1812 was to be still more active and more fatal to France. Before Napoleon entered Russia, during the month of January, Wellington quitted his intrenchments and boldly took the offensive. On the 19th he recaptured Ciudad-Rodrigo, but recently taken under his very eyes, by the troops of Massena. On the 7th of April, he wrested from Marshal Soult his conquest of Badajoz, and on the 22nd of July, he defeated Marmont at the battle of Arapiles before Salamanca, where the Marshal was so grievously wounded that he was believed to be dying. On the 14th of August the English entered Madrid, without, however being able to remain there long. After having failed before Burgos, the English forces concentrated themselves near Salamanca. When the three French armies united themselves to pursue and crush him, Wellington was out of reach, and secured his retreat upon Ciudad-Rodrigo without difficulty.

While the prudent and sagacious English general slowly continued his work in Spain, the Emperor Napoleon had ventured, played, and lost his great stake against Russia. Moscow was set on fire through individual resolution, as patriotic as cruel. From victory to victory, the French army, destroyed by the climate, by the distances, by fatigue, and sufferings of all kinds, disappeared, little by little, in the snows; abandoned by the Emperor, who had secretly taken his departure for Paris on the 5th of December. Some lines inserted in the *Moniteur* had alone preceded him.

These announced that he had assembled his generals at Smorgoni, transmitted the command to King Murat for the time being, as the cold paralyzed military operations, and that he was coming to Paris to personally direct the affairs of the empire. Some months later he entered Germany, where a national movement, encouraged by the disasters of the Russian campaign, was becoming each day more determined against him. The King of Prussia finally took up arms. Everywhere the Emperor Alexander was hailed as the liberator of Germany. Only the terrible battles of Lützen and Bantzen slackened the zeal of the allies. The mediation of Austria obtained an armistice; more useful, however, to the allies than to Napoleon. He rejected all the conditions proposed by the Emperor Joseph. The terrible battles of Dresden and of Leipsic were the final struggles of the dying lion.

Mr. Perceval, the Prime Minister of England, a prudent, moderate, and determined statesman, was assassinated by a personal enemy, in the vestibule of the House of Commons. Lord Liverpool at once assumed the entire responsibility of affairs, recently complicated by a declaration of war from the United States. The English government had not revoked, in time, those decrees of the Council which were opposed to, and abused, the rights of nations, and which were particularly unfortunate in the present instance, as Napoleon had raised the continental blockade in their favor. When the English finally withdrew their prohibitions, it was too late, as hostilities had already begun on sea and land. An American army invaded Canada, and the English and American fleets fought with desperation. There, however, England did not expend her warlike efforts; for in 1813 the progress of Wellington in Spain absorbed all her thoughts and all her hopes.

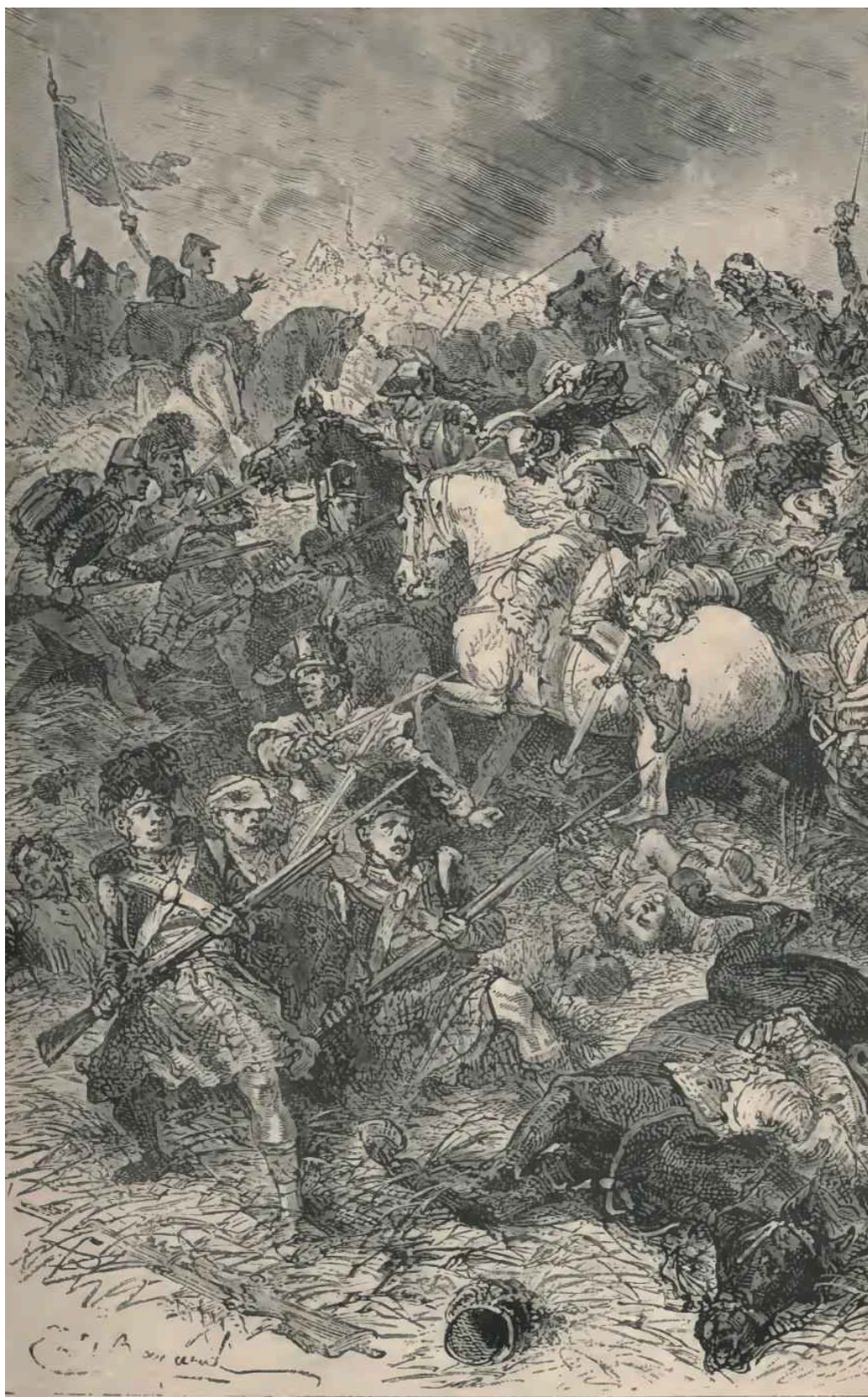
For a time Marshal Jourdan took command of the French army that supported King Joseph, in Spain. On the 21st of June he was defeated by the English at Vittoria. Joseph narrowly escaped being captured. Marshal Soult succeeded Jourdan. In a proclamation to his army, he attributed the defeats to the cowardice and incapacity of those who had preceded him in the command: a sad presumption which was soon to receive its chastisement. The conflicts of Roncesvalles, on the 28th and 31st of July, 1813, forced the Marshal to fall back upon the Bidassoa, without being

able to make even an effort for the relief of the besieged city of San Sebastian, which fell into the hands of the English, on the 8th of September. On the 7th of October Wellington, in his turn, crossed the Bidassoa, and while Pampeluna surrendered to the Anglo-Spanish forces, on the 31st of October, Marshal Soult was forced within his lines at St. Jean de Luz. French territory was invaded. Delivered in advance to the anger of its enemies, it was to suffer cruel reprisals of which France has not even yet ceased to bear the weight or pay the price.

Napoleon defended Champagne and Lorraine; calling to his aid the troops from Spain, as well as the remnants of the German army, and blaming Marshal Augereau, who was slow in joining him. More than ever master, and more than ever imperious, he continued indomitable and inexhaustible in the fecundity of his genius. "The Minister of War has shown me your letter of the 16th," wrote Napoleon to Augereau, his old comrade of the revolution: "that letter has grieved me deeply. What! six hours after receiving the first troops from Spain, and you are not already on the march! Were six hours of repose necessary? I gained the battle of Nangis with a brigade of dragoons from Spain, who had not been off their horses since they left Bayonne. The six battalions of Nîmes lack, you say, clothing and equipments, and are inexperienced. What an excuse to make me, Augereau! I have destroyed 80,000 of the enemy, with battalions composed of conscripts, having no cartridge boxes, and but half clothed. There is no money, you say; and where do you expect to find money? We will have that, only when we have torn our receipts from the hands of the enemy. You lack horses? Take them everywhere. You have no magazines? That is too ridiculous! I order you to take up your line of march within twelve hours, after you receive this letter. If you are still the Augereau of Castiglione, obey this order; but if your sixty years weigh too heavily upon you, turn over your command to the oldest of your general officers. The country is threatened, and in danger. It can only be saved by audacity and good-will, and not by vain temporizations. You ought to have a nucleus of more than six thousand veteran troops; I have not as many, and I have moreover destroyed three armies, made 40,000 prisoners, taken two hundred cannons, and three times saved the capital. The enemy fly in all directions toward Troyes; be the first at the ball. It is no longer a question of acting, as in the last days, but it is necessary to act with the spirit and

resolution of '93. When the French soldiers see your plume in the advance, and when they see you the first to expose yourself to the fire of the enemy, you will be able to do with them whatever you wish."

The blows of despair, although heroic, were not sufficient to destroy the consequences of a long series of faults and fatal errors. The empire succumbed beneath the efforts of combined Europe, driven to extremities, and finally resolved to shake off a yoke which England alone had never submitted to. During the month of February, 1814, the forces of Marshal Soult and those of Wellington were nearly equal. A series of minor conflicts compelled the marshal to leave his intrenched camp, under the walls of Bayonne. On the 27th of February, the battle of Orthez was lost by the French army, and General Foy was wounded. Soult was obliged to fight while retreating.



WATERLOO.

Waterloo.

Bordeaux already proclaimed the Bourbons. The army of Soult covered Toulouse, and there was fought, on the 10th of April, the last battle of that war, which had already lasted more than twenty years. The glory of the marshal was increased, although the disaster which menaced France was not lessened. Before the army of Wellington had again met their old adversaries of Spain before Toulouse, the Emperor Napoleon had abdicated at Fontainebleau (April 11th, 1814).

The Duke of Wellington returned to Spain, to bid adieu to his faithful army. He returned to France in the month of August, as the English ambassador to King Louis XVIII. Some months passed, and the throne of the Bourbons, scarcely raised again, was once more overthrown.

All Europe arose, for Napoleon had secretly quitted the Island of Elba, and had reappeared in France. At sight of him, the army forgot its oath. A breath of delirium passed over their souls. Napoleon himself was not deceived regarding the serious and definitive results of his enterprise. In descending from his carriage at the door of the Tuilleries, he said to the young Count Molé, but recently strong in his good graces: "Ah, well! This is a fine prank!"

Meanwhile the allies united their forces; all nations marched together against the insatiable ambition of that conqueror, who placed for a second time the fate of the world at the hazard of his destiny. Wellington was at Brussels, collecting his forces and awaiting those of the allies. Placed by public consent at the head of all the allied armies, he was prudent and moderate; careful to avoid violent sentiments and exaggerated resolutions; friendly to the Bourbons, but without ill-will either towards France or the Emperor Napoleon. The wise attitude which he imposed upon the English, by the ascendancy of his authority and character, was not imitated by all

the powers, Prussia, especially, having grievous injuries to avenge, acted with intense bitterness.

Napoleon entered Belgium. On the night of the 15th of June, 1814, the English officers were at a ball at the house of the Duchess of Richmond in Brussels. During the festivities they were informed, one after the other, of the approach of the French army; they quietly withdrew, and at once placed themselves at the head of their troops. On the 16th the two battles of Ligny and Quatre Bras were fought by the Prussian General Blücher and the Duke of Wellington, and cost the allies more than 15,000 men. On the 18th, at Waterloo, the English army alone left 15,000 dead upon the field of battle. The Emperor Napoleon there lost his crown, and France lost all the conquests she had so unjustly and imprudently acquired, and which had caused her so many tears and so much blood.

Yet once more, after a hundred days of agitation and of anguish, the French people, tossed from one master to the other, vacillating and thoughtless, wounded nevertheless by their reverses, to the depths of their souls, and sad notwithstanding their deliverance, saw returning to his palace their fugitive king; while Napoleon rendered to England, his persevering enemy, the involuntary homage of demanding an asylum upon her territory. Accompanied by General Becker to Rochefort, he entered into negotiations with Captain Maitland, commander of the *Bellerophon*. Maitland received him on board, refusing to make any engagement in the name of the English government, but resolved not to allow his illustrious guest to escape. That government promptly decided that the Emperor Napoleon, who was so dangerous to the repose of Europe, should be detained during the remainder of his life on the island of St. Helena.

He departed, while England, through the intervention of the Duke of Wellington, lent to the monarchical restoration, as well as to the French nation, the support of her wise counsels and prudent moderation, without any one, at that time, being able to divine the role that his name and the prestige of his glory was yet to play in the history of the French nation and in the history of Europe.

Chapter XL.

George IV. Regent And King. (1815-1830).

Peace was established in Europe. It had cost France great anguish and great grief. The Duke Richelieu, who had concluded it, and whose personal influence over the Emperor Alexander had powerfully contributed to soften its conditions, expressed the sentiment of all France when he wrote to his sister, Madame Montcalm, "All is consummated. More dead than alive, I have affixed my name to that fatal treaty. I had sworn not to do it, and I had said it to the king. The unhappy prince conjured me, breaking into tears, not to abandon him. I no longer hesitated. I have the confidence to believe that no one else could have obtained as much. France, expiring under the weight of the calamities which overwhelm her, claims imperiously a prompt deliverance."

England again breathed: triumphant, but weighed down by her long efforts. The state of the public finances and the monetary situation occupied all minds, and served as a theme for the attacks of the opposition against Lord Liverpool and Lord Castlereagh. A certain inquietude manifested itself also upon the subject of the secret conditions of the peace. Henry Brougham, a young advocate of great talent, in a speech upon this question, demanded the publication of the Treaty, half mystical, half absolute, known under the name of the Holy Alliance, and signed at Paris on the 20th of November, 1815, by the Emperors of Russia and Austria, as well as by the King of Prussia.

"In his capacity as constitutional sovereign, the Prince Regent was not competent to affix his signature to this treaty, concluded by the sovereigns

themselves," said Lord Castlereagh; "England has therefore no right to call for its publication." The Houses gave themselves the noble pleasure of rewarding the valor of their generals and their armies. Monuments were erected to the memory of those who had fallen in the war. The pensions formerly accorded to the Duke of Wellington were doubled; he received from the just gratitude of his country five hundred thousand pounds sterling. It is to the honor of the English nation that no absolute monarch was ever more liberal toward his favorites than it has shown itself in regard to its great servants.

England, as well as all Europe, had founded great expectations upon the re-establishment of peace. She had assured security to the commerce of the Mediterranean, by an expedition against the Dey of Algiers, nominal sovereign of the hordes of pirates constantly infesting that sea, to the great peril of merchant vessels. Lord Exmouth had bombarded Algiers, destroyed the vessels of the pirates, and obtained the liberation of all the Christian slaves. But this new achievement was not sufficient to re-awaken commerce, overwhelmed by numerous and repeated losses. The harvest had been bad; to the actual and pressing evils was added the bitterness of ignorant hopes cruelly deceived. Popular movements manifested themselves in many places; the Regent was insulted as he came from Westminster, after having opened Parliament (January 28th, 1817). The government was informed of a vast conspiracy that threatened "to fire the four corners," of Great Britain. Energetic measures were adopted; the suspension of the habeas corpus act was prolonged; a new law imposed the most severe penalties upon seditious re-unions. The forces intended for the maintenance of order in the interior, were increased to ten thousand men. The nation was still agitated and suffering, after the long trial of a war energetically carried on during twenty years, and was weary and overburdened, in spite of the victory.

Before the delights of peace had calmed the spirits and re-assured all minds, before all hearts had lost the habit of suffering and resisting suffering, it required an effort on the part of the nation, as of the individual, to enjoy the charms of repose.

An unforeseen event deeply moved public feeling. Princess Charlotte, heiress to the throne, loved and esteemed by all, and upon whom reposed those loyal sympathies (of which her father was justly deprived), had just died at Claremont, on the 6th of November, 1816, in giving birth to her first child.

All England shared in the grief of her young husband, Prince Leopold of Saxe-Cobourg. He was destined subsequently to be the first to ascend the throne of Belgium, assisted thereto by new family ties that he contracted in France, as well as by the affection still cherished for him in England. He was sagacious enough to make use of both these influences for the good of his adopted country, as well as a beneficial influence in the counsels of European politics. On the 29th of May, 1819, less than two years after the death of Princess Charlotte, the Princess Victoria, daughter of the Duke of Kent, was born at London. Some months later the old King George III. died (January 28th 1820); blind and insane during the last ten years of his life. Patient and quiet in his madness, he preserved in the hearts of his people a respectful and melancholy popularity which showed itself at the time of his death. Honest and obstinate, seriously and sincerely religious, observant of his duties both as man and as king, as he understood them, he had often served and often hindered the policy and the government of his country; he had always loved it, and had always believed himself obligated to consecrate to it his life and his strength, to the prejudice of his tastes or personal desires. During these ten years, in the long silence of his sad isolation, he had exhausted all anger and extinguished all hatred. The nation remembered only his simple and honest virtues, his immovable courage and his patriotic disinterestedness. No illusion regarding the abilities and faults of his successor was possible.



GEORGE IV

George IV.

For ten years already George IV. had satisfactorily occupied the throne, when he was officially proclaimed king on the 31st of January, 1820.

The fruits of evil are bitter even for those who plant them. Unhappily married, as he deserved to be, after the disorderly life he had led, the new monarch had for a long time cherished towards his wife an aversion amounting to hatred. He addressed to her the gravest reproaches. Upon his accession to the throne, the princess was upon the continent. Orders were given to erase her name from the liturgy of the established church, and to omit the public prayers for the Queen, as her husband had decided never to recognize her. The natural courage of the princess and the indignation of the woman, wounded in her honor, brought Queen Caroline immediately back to England, proudly resolved to submit her cause to public opinion.

"I wrote to Lord Liverpool and Lord Castlereagh, to demand the insertion of my name in the liturgy of the Church of England," declared the queen, "at the same time that the order was given to all the ambassadors, ministers and English consuls to recognize me and to treat me as Queen of England. After the address of Lord Castlereagh in reply to that of Mr. Brougham, I have no other insult to fear. I demand that a palace be prepared for my reception. I fly toward England, which is my true country."

All the generous sentiments of the English nation, as well as its contempt for the character and habits of its sovereign, were shown in the ardent and sympathetic reception which greeted the arrival of Queen Caroline on the sixth of June, 1820.

"They have erased her name from the liturgy," said her faithful and honest counsellor, Mr. Denham, "but all England prays for her in praying for those who are desolate and oppressed."

In the midst of her popular triumph, all attempts at compromise were rejected by the queen, notwithstanding the advice of her eminent advisors,

Brougham and Denham. The king demanded a divorce, which his ministers refused to second; public excitement was increasing; for a moment some regiments of infantry seemed to waver in their fidelity. Political manoeuvres increased the agitation; the leaders of the radical opposition espoused the cause of the queen; she addressed a petition to the House of Lords, demanding the authority to defend herself. The government finally took the initiative, with regret, and constrained by the violence of royal and popular passions, Lord Liverpool presented to Parliament his Bill of Pains and Penalties, formally accusing Queen Caroline of conjugal infidelity, and demanding a divorce, in the name of King George IV.

The venerable Lord Eldon remarked with judicious sagacity, before the arrival of Caroline: "Our queen threatens to come to England; if she ventures here, she is the most courageous woman I have ever heard of. The evil she will do by coming will be incalculable. At the outset she will be immensely popular with the multitude; I give her only a few weeks, or at the most, a few months, to lose the opinion of the entire world."

It was a sad and unheard of spectacle to see a sovereign publicly arraigning his wife before the supreme tribunal. A great multitude besieged the environs of Westminster, insulting those ministers and peers that they knew were opposed to the accused queen, and saluting her defenders with acclamations. Popular passion had judged well the doubts and uncertainties which enveloped the principal facts and the formal accusations; it closed its eyes, however, to the license of life and language which the corrupt and contradictory testimony of foreigners reluctantly revealed.

The burning eloquence and the wonderful management of Brougham carried the enthusiasm of the multitude to the highest pitch. In summing up the evidence, he said: "Such, my Lords, is the case now before you, and such is the evidence by which it is attempted to be upheld. It is evidence—inadequate, to prove any proposition; impotent, to deprive the lowest subject of any civil right; ridiculous, to establish the least offence; scandalous, to support a charge of the highest nature; monstrous, to ruin the honor of the Queen of England. My Lords, I call upon you to pause.

You stand on the brink of a precipice. If your judgment shall go out against your queen, it will be the only act that ever went out without effecting its purpose; it will return to you upon your own heads. Save the country—save yourselves. Rescue the country; save the people of whom you are the ornaments; but severed from whom, you can no more live than the blossom that is severed from the root and tree on which it grows. Save the country, therefore, that you may continue to adorn it—save the crown, which is threatened with irreparable injury—save the aristocracy, which is surrounded with danger—save the altar, which is no longer safe when its kindred throne is shaken. You see that when the Church and the throne would allow of no church solemnity in behalf of the queen, the heartfelt prayers of the people rose to Heaven for her protection. I pray Heaven for her; and I here pour forth my fervent supplications to the throne of mercy, that mercies may descend on the people of this country, richer than their rulers have deserved, and that your hearts may be turned to justice."

So much eloquence and oratorical passion, together with the intense earnestness of public opinion, had, as might be expected, a great effect upon the House of Lords. The majority in favor of the bill, which at first was quite considerable, diminished day by day. On the third reading, it was but nine. Lord Liverpool rose and said, that, in the presence of a majority so small, he did not think it advisable to continue the discussion. On the 10th of November, 1820, the bill was withdrawn, to the intense delight of the people. Catherine of Brunswick had gained her cause; she remained the wife of George IV. and Queen of England.

It was one of those triumphs, which cost so dear to the victors, and which accelerates their fall. In passing through the crowded streets about Westminster, Lord Mulgrave was threatened by the multitude, who demanded that he should join in the cry: "Long live the queen!" He turned towards the populace and said, "Very well, long live the queen, and all you women that resemble her." Something of this bitter sarcasm began to penetrate slowly into the minds of the people, but lately carried away, without reflection, in the defence of a wife outraged by him who had set her so fatal an example. The resolution shown by the ministers in the conduct of their painful task, and the perils they had braved, led to a sincere reaction in their favor. A diabolical plot that has been called "the

Cato street conspiracy"—after the name of the street where its principal author, Arthur Thistlewood, resided, had threatened the lives of all the members of the cabinet; they were to be assassinated *en masse*, in the dining-room of Lord Harrowby, in Grosvenor Square. The plot was discovered, and the conspirators suffered the penalty of their crime on the 1st of May, 1820.

Almost at the same moment grave disorders broke out in Scotland and the north of England. The energy of their repression equalled the violence of the attempts. The honest mass of the nation rose as one man against those misguided wretches that threatened to annihilate social order. "Among those who are here," said Sir Walter Scott, in a public meeting at Edinburgh, "there are persons who are able, by uniting their forces, to raise an army of fifty thousand men."

Notwithstanding that the government of George IV. had shared in the great unpopularity of the sovereign, it finally regained the favor of the nation. The majority which sustained it in Parliament became each day more decided and more united. "In six months the king will be the most popular man in the realm," said Lord Castlereagh, with a just and disdainful appreciation of the violence of popular reaction.

When on the 19th of July, 1821, Queen Caroline appeared at the doors of Westminster Abbey, in an open carriage drawn by six horses, claiming her right to witness the coronation of the king, admission into the church was peremptorily refused. Fearing an outbreak of the passions so recently excited in her favor, the display of military force was great; but few of the populace saluted her. She withdrew, wounded to the death in her pride and in her resentment. Fifteen days later she expired. She had directed that her body should be taken back to her native country and deposited in the tomb of her ancestors, with this inscription: "Here lies Caroline of Brunswick, the injured Queen of England." For a moment only public sentiment was re-awakened in favor of the queen. The funeral escort, which accompanied the remains to the port of embarkation, had been ordered to avoid the streets of London; a mob, however, compelled the procession to proceed through the city. Two men were killed. A distinguished officer, Sir Robert Wilson, severely reprimanded the soldiers for having fired upon the

people. He was cashiered, and the magistrate who had yielded to the demands of the mob, in changing the route, was dismissed.

Queen Caroline was forgotten, and her royal spouse was in Ireland receiving the enthusiastic homage of a people who had not for long years enjoyed the honor of a royal visit. "My heart has always been Irish," said George IV., addressing the multitude which crowded around the Viceroy's palace; "from the day it first beat, I have loved Ireland. Rank, station, honors are nothing; but to feel that I live in the hearts of my Irish subjects is to me the most exalted happiness." A similar reception awaited George IV. in his Electorate of Hanover.

In the midst of this triumph of their party, the ministers, more sincerely and more rigidly Tory than Pitt had ever been, yet realized the need of energetic and effectual support. Since his accession to office. Lord Sidmouth had cleverly and sagaciously directed internal affairs, but he now was old and worn out. Mr. Peel, Secretary for Ireland since 1812, brilliantly replaced him. A certain number of moderate Whigs allied themselves to the government, without however changing either its attitude or its complexion. Superficial minds are astonished at this long continued power of the Tories. Peace and pacific governments were established in Europe; the perils within and without which had threatened England no longer existed. The causes which had permitted them to hold the reins of power so firmly, were removed or greatly diminished: it seemed that that power ought to be relaxed; but the effects long survived the causes; if the Tory government was not indispensable at this time, the Tory party at least was the victorious and dominant party, everywhere possessing the preponderance, and powerfully organized to preserve it. The relations of England with the absolute monarchies of the continent, were of the most cordial character. Her counsellors had contracted during the severe trials of the coalition those lines of thought, of interest, and of habit which create common interests and common success; her external policy weighed upon her internal policy; and Lord Castlereagh was more inclined to assimilate with the Prince Metternich than to distinguish himself. Unhappily for the new-born spirit of liberty, the revolutionary spirit also reappeared, spreading its virus in public institutions as well as in individual hearts, alarming everywhere the governments. During the

first twelve years of the peace, England found her government more alarmed, more immovable, more inaccessible to all reform and all liberal innovation, than it had been in the midst of the war, during her greatest struggles and greatest dangers.

The contest between the government and the opposition had begun. The Whigs were ardent partisans of reform, in principle as well as from political ambition, always shrewd and sagacious to advance or to serve popular needs and desires. A famine in Ireland and the deplorable scenes which accompanied the sufferings of the people, drew universal attention to the violent relations which existed between the Catholics and the Protestants. In vain had the Marquis of Wellesly as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, exercised a prudent and energetic impartiality; he only succeeded in alienating the Orangemen without conciliating the Patriots.

Mr. Canning presented to the House a proposition for the admission of the Catholic Peers to Parliament; "but yesterday," said he, "at the august ceremony of the coronation, after being exhibited to the peers and people of England, to the representatives of princes and nations of the world, the Duke of Norfolk, highest in rank among the peers—the Lord Clifford, and others like him, representing a long line of illustrious and heroic ancestors,—appeared as if they had been called forth and furnished for the occasion, like the lustres and banners that flamed and glittered in the scene; and were to be, like them, thrown by as useless and temporary formalities; they might indeed bend the knee, and kiss the hand; they might bear the train, or rear the canopy; they might perform the offices assigned by Roman pride to their barbarian forefathers,—*Purpurea tollant aulæa Britanni*: but with the pageantry of the hour their importance faded away: as their distinction vanished, their humiliation returned; and he who headed the procession of peers to-day, could not sit among them, as their equal, on the morrow."

For some time past Mr. Peel had assumed the leadership of the opposition on the question of Catholic emancipation; he had conducted the same with a moderation for which Mr. Plunkett, one of the most eloquent and ardent partisans of the measure, thanked him in flattering terms: "I know no man in the state that will probably have more influence upon this question; and

there is no man whose adhesion to what I would call prejudices without foundation, would be able to do more evil to my country," said he.

Notwithstanding the lively opposition of Peel, the proposition of Mr. Canning was adopted by the House of Commons. The cabinet was divided. Lord Castlereagh, become Marquis of Londonderry since the death of his father, remained favorable to the liberal measures in favor of the Catholics; the House of Lords rejected the motion, not however without leaving to its partisans the legitimate hope of the approaching success of their just cause.

A first effort of Lord John Russell, in favor of Parliamentary reform, vigorously opposed by Mr. Canning, was rejected by the House of Commons, but by a smaller majority; and after a discussion more favorable than the ardent promoters of the measure had perhaps expected. The last words of the address of Mr. Canning already predicted that success that he so greatly feared. "I conjure the noble Lord," he said, "to pause, before he again presses his plan on the country: if, however, he shall persevere, and if his perseverance shall be successful, and if the results of that success be such as I cannot help apprehending;—his be the triumph to have precipitated those results; mine be the consolation that to the utmost and to the latest of my power, I have opposed them."

King George IV. returned to Edinburgh; he had journeyed through Scotland from castle to castle, charming all he met, by the grace of his manner and the agreeableness of his conversation, even those who had not attributed to him either political courage or private virtue. He was suddenly recalled to London by a tragic event; as Sir Samuel Romilly and Mr. Whitbread, some years before. Lord Londonderry had just succumbed under the weight of a burden too heavy for the equilibrium of his mind; he had cut his throat on the 12th of August, coldly resolved, even to the last day, as firmly to sustain peace as he had been to sustain war; too feeble nevertheless to resist the new embarrassments that he apprehended from the state of agitation in Europe, and precipitated by his patriotic agonies into a fit of insanity.

The battle of Austerlitz broke the heart of Mr. Pitt. After having victoriously concluded peace, and maintained order in England while all

the thrones of the continent were shaken. Lord Londonderry had become a madman.

Mr. Canning replaced him in power, not without intrigue nor without internal difficulty. He associated with himself Mr. Huskinson, an able and honest minister of the finances, liberal like himself, and disposed likewise to favor the popular movement, that they had neither the power nor the desire to repress. The first intimation of this new attitude of the government, was the recognition by England of the South American republics: ancient Spanish colonies revolted against the yoke of the mother country. Successive shocks had agitated Spain; the Bourbons had been overthrown and replaced by a provisory government. Recalled to the throne by a royalist insurrection, Ferdinand VII. had been seconded by France; the Duke of Angoulême, eldest son of King Louis XVIII., at the head of an army had re-established the monarchy in Spain, while Austria, in her turn, interfered in the affairs of the kingdom of Naples, as confused and troubled as those of Spain. Under Mr. Canning, England remained faithful to the principle of non-intervention; nevertheless without sympathy for the sovereigns attacked, without good will to their defenders. "We have exerted all our efforts to prevent the French from entering Spain," said Mr. Canning. "We have exhausted every means but war. I admit that the entrance of a French army into Spain was a measure of disparagement to Great Britain. Do you think that for this disparagement we have not been compensated? Do you think that for the blockade of Cadiz, England has not received a full recompense? I looked at Spain by another name than Spain; I looked on that power as Spain and the Indies; and so looking at the Indies, I have there called a new world into existence and regulated the balance of power."

While Mr. Canning pursued a foreign policy, boldly independent in regard to the powers and common interests of Europe, he remained preoccupied and sad. He had reached the summit of grandeur; admired and respected by all, still young and powerful, by reason of his personal merit, he nevertheless stood alone, having parted from all the friends who had fought at his side at the outset of his career, separated from them by the attitude he had taken at the head of the liberals; and also separated from the liberals, that he commanded by the resistance that he opposed to

parliamentary reform. His health was good, but the nervous state into which the trials and vexations of political life had thrown him, slowly undermined the forces that he sought in vain to repair by the pleasures and charms of society. He died on the 8th of August, 1827, at Chiswick, in the beautiful villa of the Duke of Devonshire, and in the same chamber where Mr. Fox breathed his last.

One after the other, young and old, death gathered the great actors of the long struggle sustained by England against the anarchical passions and absolute ambition from without and the contagion of fatal evils within. But few months after the death of Mr. Canning, Lord Liverpool, in his turn, old and worn out, already withdrawn from the world by an attack of paralysis, also died. It was necessary to provide for the needs of government. A cabinet of coalition slipped through the hands of Lord Goderich. The Duke of Wellington had directed victoriously the affairs of England in war, and the king now demanded of the great general that he should take charge of the political affairs of the government. The Duke, accustomed to obey the call of duty wherever it led, did not hesitate, confiding simply in the power of good sense and honest authority. The Whigs retired; the liberal Tories, Mr. Peel at their head, closed their ranks around the new chief whom fortune had sent them.

The young Lord Aberdeen, already distinguished, with Lord Castlereagh, in the most important diplomatic negotiations, now, for the first time, took part in the internal government of his country. He had the good fortune to be loved and honored by all, both at home and abroad, during his entire career. The ministry had, from the beginning, to confront a difficult and long contested question. It found itself constrained to support and defend a measure that it had previously ardently combatted. The situation in Ireland occupied all minds; the emancipation of the Catholics became, more than ever, in the eyes of some, the evident remedy for all evils; but to others, the object of lively inquietude and profound repugnance.

Commerce had developed in Ireland; industry had increased her exportations; the ministers hostile to the measures that were demanded to relieve the miseries of a neighboring and dependent kingdom, cited with pride the figures of the statistics: but the wealth was concentrated in a

small number of hands; the proprietors of the soil were, for the most part, strangers to Ireland; absent or indifferent to her sufferings. The common people were engaged in agricultural pursuits of the most primitive character, without other care than to draw from the earth, with the least possible effort, the subsistence necessary from day to day. The introduction of the potato, by giving the peasants a food more economical than wheat, had increased their idleness, their improvidence, and their misery. Without money, without resources, without education, habitually separated from the higher classes, the Irish peasantry lived in a state bordering on barbarism. "The last of the animals, does not support its kind," said, in 1822, the most illustrious of their advocates, Daniel O'Connell, often most useful but many times dangerous to their cause: "Their homes should not be called houses—they have no right to that title: they are huts, built in the earth, partly thatched over, partly exposed to the elements. No furniture garnishes the interior; it is a luxury to possess a trunk; and a table is rarely to be found. All the family live in one room; they have no beds, and sleep upon straw; in the mountainous districts they scarcely have sufficient covering. Their wages are not above eight cents per day, and even at that rate, farm hands cannot find work. Their land, therefore, is their only means of support, and this land is leased to them at a price far above its real value, owing to the numerous middlemen who come between the proprietors and the peasants."

So much suffering, so long endured without effectual relief, in a situation seemingly without issue, at last brought about a violent agitation, which was used to foment religious and political passions. The Test Act was repealed, and a simple oath of allegiance was substituted for the compulsory communion with the established Church. This was the first step leading to the emancipation of the Catholics; all felt it, even the protestant dissenters, who supported the measure, although it was of more benefit to their traditional enemies, the Catholics, than to themselves.

Public opinion was at the time violent but brilliantly directed. Under Mr. Canning the Irish Catholics were careful not to obtrude their claims, as they feared to embarrass, by public alarm, the good will of the government. When they saw the power fall into the hands of the Tories, they at once engaged passionately in the contest: the Catholic associations

commenced their popular assemblies, their harangues, their addresses, their pamphlets, their subscriptions, all their ardent and adroit work, as much to excite and to discipline the people in England as to encourage and recruit their partisans in Ireland. O'Connell and Moore, two men of very unequal powers, but both powerful at this time, by diverse means, marched at the head of this crusade for the emancipation of their faith and race. O'Connell, that robust and audacious wrestler, that inventive and strategic legislator, indefatigable in his eloquence, brilliant or vulgar, captivating or diverting, devoted with unscrupulous passion to the cause which made at the same time his glory and his fortune; Moore, patriotic and worldly poet, pathetic and satirical, as popular in the salons of London as O'Connell in the meetings of Ireland; singing his melodies while O'Connell breathed forth his invectives, both constant in their efforts, rallying to the service of the same cause the mass of the people and the elegant world, the impetuous passions and the elevated thoughts, the ambition of men, and the sympathy of women, the Celtic peasants and the Saxon nobles, the Catholic priests and the philosophic Whigs.

The grandeur of the purpose responded to the ardor of the effort. O'Connell was elected from the county of Clare, to that House of Commons from which he was excluded by law. Ireland was completely under his control; sometimes precipitating itself to the last limits of legal order, then again docile and prudent. In England, among the different classes of the laity, as well as in the bosom of the Anglican Church, public sentiment favorable to the Catholic Church gained ground day by day.

As obstinate in its alarms, as sincere in its faith, Protestant Toryism struggled against the tide, but that struggle became more and more feeble; the Orange societies of Ireland weakly opposed the meetings of the Catholic associations, and in the House of Lords, Lord Eldon himself lost confidence: "We will combat," said he, "but we will be in a miserable minority. That which is most disastrous is that many bishops will be against us."

Without being more sincere than Lord Eldon, the bishops favorable to the emancipation of the Catholics had judged better than he of their duty as Christian prelates, and the true interests of their religious faith; the

government also realized that the measure had become necessary. The Duke of Wellington, always ready to confront the truth, however disagreeable it might be, now became convinced that the present state of affairs in Ireland ought not to be prolonged, and that it was necessary to remove all cause and all legitimate pretext for the intrigues and manœuvres of the agitators. Religious liberty was not in question; thanks to the progress of public opinion in the midst of Christian civilization, the practical freedom of religious beliefs, and different worship, either Protestant or Catholic, was not affected: it was the equality of political rights, the separation of civil from religious society that they demanded; and it was from a government whose entire political establishment, royalty, parliament and legislation, was exclusively protestant, that this declaration was to emanate and become law. It was in consequence of the pressing necessity, and not from any general principles of truth and justice, that the Duke of Wellington and Mr. Peel decided to present to Parliament, a measure that they were unable any longer to resist, and for which they had with great difficulty obtained the consent of the king.

It was not from principle that George IV. resisted the demands of his ministers. Protestantism was a tradition of his house; he regarded it as the foundation of his throne; he wished besides to show his authority. He feigned an endeavor to form a new cabinet but did not succeed. "What am I to do?" said he to Lord Eldon, "my situation is miserable. If I give my consent I shall go to Hanover. I shall return no more to England." In order to guard against treachery or weakness, the ministers exacted a written authorization from him. On the 5th of March, 1829, Mr. Peel proposed to the House of Commons the abolition of the civil and political disabilities which weighed upon the Catholics. Violently attacked, and censured for his cowardice in renouncing his life-long opinion before servile terrors, the great minister replied: "I know of no motive of conduct more ignominious than fear; but there is a disposition more dangerous perhaps yet, although less base; it is the fear of being suspected of having feared. However vile a coward may be, the man who abandons himself to the fear of being treated as a coward, shows but little more courage. The ministers of his majesty have not been alarmed by the Catholic associations; they had stifled all attempts at intimidation; but there are fears which are not repugnant to the character of the firmest man, *constantis viri*. There are

things which cannot be seen without fear. One *ought* not to see without fear the disorganization and the disaffection which exists in Ireland, and that one that affects not to fear them, would show himself insensible to the happiness or misfortune of his country."



Windsor Castle.

It was in the same spirit of patriotic uneasiness that the Duke of Wellington said to the House of Lords: "It has been my fortune to have seen much of war, more than most men; I have been constantly engaged in the active duties of the military profession. From boyhood until I have grown gray my life has been passed in familiarity with scenes of death and human suffering. Circumstances have placed me in countries where the war was internal, between parties of the same nation; and rather than a country I loved should be visited with the calamities which I have seen, with the unutterable horrors of a civil war, I would run any risk; I would make any sacrifice; I would freely lay down my life."

The emancipation of the Catholics had not borne all the fruits of pacification and of conciliation that was expected; it left alive many germs of bitterness, destined more than once to produce cruel agitations. It was nevertheless legitimate, necessary and honorable to the government which proposed it, and the Parliament which passed it. Truth and justice are powerful in the souls of men, whatever be the passions which animate them or the prejudices which blind them. It was with the serene sentiment of a great task nobly accomplished that Mr. Peel said to the House of Commons, some months later, "I say without any feeling of hostility or bitterness, I fully knew, from the first day, the dolorous results that the emancipation of the Catholics would have for me, both personally and in my public character; but if the same circumstances should occur again, if I had to take my resolution anew on this subject, and with still more knowledge of the sacrifice, I would announce this evening to the House, a motion to propose that measure."

Some months after the ratification of the emancipation bill. King George IV. died at Windsor (June 26th, 1830). Great events, both at home and abroad took place under his regency or during his reign. Peace was concluded in Europe after the last efforts of a supreme struggle; the great injustice so long endured by the English Catholics, was removed by the free action of the Protestants. This glory belonged to others rather than to him: he left the Duke of Wellington to conquer at Waterloo—he had so many times recounted the part he had taken in the combat that he finally forgot that he had not left England during that epoch. He left the Duke of Wellington and Mr. Peel to bear alone the burden of a measure to which he was opposed from habit of mind, as well as from personal repugnance, without any conscientious scruples. Brilliant, highly educated and refined, he spread about him, in the intimacy of his court, a baneful influence; corrupt himself and a corrupter of others. The burdens of the foreign wars and the great Parliamentary struggles, left only as their results, demoralization and lasting evil to the country.

Chapter. XLI.

William IV. Parliamentary Reform. (1830-1837).

A grand and consoling spectacle to contemplate, is that throughout the whole course of English history, the great lords and the landed gentry, the masters of the soil and of the national wealth, are always to be found in the front rank in political contests as well as in the army; in Parliament as well as on the field of battle. The English barons had wrested Magna Charta from John Lackland; in the government which was to accomplish a parliamentary reform, useful and legitimate in some respects, doubtful and bold in others, thirteen members of the House of Lords headed the popular movement, resolved to raise high the standard of a reform fatal to their influence and their natural domination. Courageously faithful in its task of moderating the outbursts of the inconsiderate passions of the nation, the English aristocracy has never yielded its right to be the first to brave all dangers, and the first to advance all progress: it has lessened the encroachments of the rising wave of democracy; it has opened its ranks to all signal merit; it has given up its children to common life and common labor, prompt to bear the burden of the national destiny, in all its directions, and ardent to maintain England in that glorious position in the vanguard of liberty, that she has occupied with honor in Europe for many centuries.

Following the emancipation of the Catholics, the parliamentary reform proposed and sustained by Lord John Russell and Lord Grey, was a new and shining example. Confusedly, and without fully comprehending the import of their acts and of their hopes, the Whigs began to see that a new spirit was now animating the world, and that the breath of the French

Revolution had not passed in vain over a generation that was slowly disappearing, leaving to its success, a work begun. It was again that the agitation and excitement of the popular passions came from France. The revolution of July, 1830, had substituted upon the throne the younger branch of the House of Bourbon, in place of the elder, which had been induced by fatal counsels to violate its engagements with the nation.

At the first report of the cannon of King Charles X., some one asked the Duke of Wellington what he thought of the result? "It is a new dynasty," answered the Duke. "And what course shall you take?" "First, a long silence, and then we will concert with our allies what we shall say." The national sympathy of England did not permit so much prudence and reserve. From the month of August it solemnly recognized Louis Philippe—"in the name of the new King of England." William IV. but recently Duke of Clarence, had succeeded his brother George IV. Educated for the navy, he had never shown much talent in his profession: he was an honest prince, of moderate intelligence, without any children living. His wife Adelaide of Saxe-Meiningen, was a virtuous and agreeable person, who exercised over the king her husband an influence, often exaggerated by public rumor.

The new Parliament which assembled on the 2nd of November, 1830, had been elected amidst extreme agitation. Disturbances and riots had succeeded the electoral ferment, at many places; the ministry were disturbed during the first day of the session. The day following the address from the throne, the Reformers threw the gauntlet to the cabinet. Lord Grey solemnly announced his views and the end he desired; clever and sensible even in his boldness, and placing in advance the limits which he had resolved not to pass. "That which takes place under our own eyes ought to teach us sagacity; when the spirit of liberty shines around us, it is our first duty to guarantee our institutions by introducing moderate reforms. I have been all my life favorable to reform, but never have I been disposed to go further than to-day, if the occasion should present itself. But I do not rest upon abstract right, my reasons for claiming them. Some say that all men who pay taxes, that all men who have attained their majority, have the right to the electoral suffrage. I deny absolutely this right. The right of the people is to be well governed, in a way to assure its

repose and its privileges; if this is incompatible with universal suffrage, or even with an extension of the suffrage, then the restriction, and not the extension of the suffrage becomes the true duty of the people."

Wise maxims, ignored or unrecognized by the popular passions and the absolute egotism of France, too often forgotten even in England, by reformers more adventurous and less enlightened than Lord Grey. The door that he wished to open, the way that he traced for the future destinies of his country, excited immediately a lively opposition on the part of the Duke of Wellington. He responded without hesitation to Lord Grey: "As for me, I recognize no system of representation to be better and more satisfactory than that which England enjoys; this system possesses and merits the full confidence of the country. I will go further: if, at this moment, the duty were imposed upon me to form a legislature for any country whatever, above all for a country like ours, with great interests of all kinds, I do not think that I would ever be able to form a legislature comparable to this; for human sagacity does not attain at once so excellent an institution. I am not prepared to propose the measure alluded to by the noble lord. Not only am I not prepared to bring forward any measure of this nature, but I will at once declare, that as far as I am concerned, as long as I hold any station in the government of the country, I shall always feel it my duty to resist such measures when proposed by others."

The refusal was more peremptory than the public and even members of the cabinet themselves expected; the external agitation became so great that the king declined to visit London to attend the Lord Mayor's banquet. Seditious movements were feared. On the 15th of November, a motion by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, regarding the Civil List, was voted down; on the 16th the Cabinet resigned: Sir Robert Peel as well as the Duke of Wellington. Lord Grey and his friends, Lord John Russell, Lord Brougham, Lord Palmerston, Lord Melbourne and Lord Althorpe, arrived at power. From the first day they boldly raised the flag of Reform. "That which I proposed when against the government, I have now the power to accomplish," said Lord Grey; "and I engage myself to present immediately to Parliament, a proposition for the reform of our system of representation." Popular agitation was extreme; the counties surrounding London were in a state of open insurrection. After the declaration of Lord

Grey, the situation in Ireland became more alarming; the crops had failed, and the sufferings of the people were excessive. O'Connell and his friends, deprived of their weapons by the emancipation of the Catholics, raised anew the question of the union of the two kingdoms: they boldly demanded its repeal. O'Connell overran the counties, haranguing the people and exciting their religious and political passions; careful, however, to recommend that order which he was constantly seeking to disturb, and violating frequently the laws, feeling safe from all prosecution, inasmuch as the government needed his support for the success of its great enterprise. One measure alone occupied the thoughts of the ministers: defeated in Parliament on the Budget, they called to their aid all shades of liberals, modifying the first tenor of their intentions, in order to assure themselves of victory. "My first intention," said Lord Grey to the House of Lords, on the 28th of March, 1831, "was to reduce the reform to limits much more circumscribed. After mature reflection, I am nevertheless convinced that the measure, as actually presented, would alone be able to satisfy the views of all classes, and assure to the government security and respect."

Two questions occupied the reformers: the suppression of existing abuses and the lawful extension of the political suffrage. I borrow from May's Constitutional History the resumé of the bold measures proposed by Lord John Russell in order to reach this double result:

"The main evil had been the number of nominations, or rotten boroughs enjoying the franchise. Fifty-six of these, having less than two thousand inhabitants, and returning one hundred and eleven members, were swept away. Thirty boroughs, having less than four thousand inhabitants, lost each a member. Weymouth and Welcome Regis lost two. This disfranchisement extended to one hundred and forty-three members. The next evil had been, that large populations were unrepresented; and this was now redressed. Twenty-two large towns, including metropolitan districts, received the privilege of returning two members; and twenty more of returning one. The large county populations were also regarded in the distribution of seats, the number of county members being increased from ninety-four to one hundred and fifty-nine. The larger counties were divided; and the

number of members adjusted with reference to the importance of the constituencies. By this distribution of the franchise, the House of Commons was reduced in number from six hundred and fifty-eight to five hundred and ninety-six, or by sixty-two members. The number of electors was more than doubled: it attained in the united kingdom to the number of nine hundred thousand. All narrow rights of election were set aside in boroughs, and a ten pound household franchise was established."

The secret resolutions of the government had been strictly kept; the joyous astonishment of the Reformers equalled the anger of the Conservatives, a new name which the Tories had adopted, in consequence of the attacks of their adversaries upon the Constitution.

Astonishment and anger were followed by anxiety. Determined resolution on the part of the Conservatives would be able, at the outset, to defeat the bill and overthrow the cabinet. The ministers were not ignorant of this fact. "We often sought to divine the probable conduct of the opposition," subsequently remarked Lord Brougham, then chancellor; "I said; If I was in Peel's place I would not attempt to discuss the question; as soon as Lord John Russell should sit down, I would declare that I was decided not to discuss a measure so revolutionary, so insane, and I would demand an immediate vote. If he does that we are lost." The members of the cabinet who were not in the House of Commons were at table at the house of the chancellor, anxiously waiting for news of the discussion, when the last bulletin finally arrived: "Peel has been speaking for twenty minutes," Lord Brougham shouted for joy. "Hurrah!" cried he, "they discuss—we are saved."

The shrewd instinct of the Reformers had not been deceived; no matter however powerful and reasonable was the discussion, however forcible the arguments against a reform more radical in principle than in its practical application, time and debate were necessarily favorable to a cause growing more and more popular, notwithstanding the commotion and uneasiness of a great part of the nation. Sir Robert Peel had not correctly judged the passions which secretly agitated the masses. "Our judgment is troubled," said he, "by what has just taken place in France. I admit that the resistance

of our neighbors to an illegal exercise of authority has been legitimate; but consider what effects popular resistance, even when legitimate, have upon national property, upon industry, and upon the happiness of families. All that I ask of you is that you take time to deliberate upon so grave a question. When the people of England shall recover their strong good sense, they will reproach you for having sacrificed the Constitution of the country in your desire to take advantage of an outburst of popular sentiment."

"I shall combat this bill to the end, because I believe it fatal to our favored form of mixed government, fatal to the authority of the House of Lords, fatal to that spirit of rest and prudence which has gained for England the confidence of the world, fatal to those habits and to those practices of government which, in protecting efficaciously the property and the liberty of the individual, have given to the executive power of this state, a vigor unknown in any other time and in any other country. If the bill proposed by the ministry is passed, it will introduce amongst us the worst, and the vilest sort of despotism, the despotism of demagogues, the despotism of the press; that despotism which has driven neighboring countries, but recently happy and flourishing, to the very borders of the abyss."

The good sense of the English nation, its wise respect for its traditions, and that political instinct which has always warned it on the eve of extreme peril, protected England again in this instance from those grievous and terrible consequences, predicted in 1831 by Sir Robert Peel, as the inevitable result of the Reform bill. He had, nevertheless, put his finger upon the wound, and justly indicated its effect: the equilibrium of the powers was altered, and henceforth the will of the House of Commons weighed in the balance to regulate the affairs and dispose of the destinies of England, both at home and abroad.

At the second reading of the bill, it passed by a single vote. An amendment by General Gascoigne against the reduction of the total number of the House of Commons passed by a majority of eight. The cabinet felt its measure threatened, and resolved to dissolve Parliament and appeal to the electors. The chancellor undertook to obtain the consent of the king. He went with Lord Grey to the palace. William IV. resisted.

"How can I," said he, "after such a fashion, repay the kindness of Parliament; in granting me a most liberal civil list, and giving to the queen a splendid annuity in case she survives me?" And as Lord Brougham explained the political reasons for an immediate dissolution, the King objected: "The great officers of State are not summoned."—"Pardon me, sire," and the Chancellor bowed humbly: "we have taken the great liberty of informing them that your Majesty would have need of their services."—"But the crown, and the royal robes, and the other insignia of ceremony are not prepared."—"I beg your Majesty to pardon my audacity—all is ready."—"But, my Lords, it is impossible; my guards—the troops have not received their orders; they cannot be ready to-day."—"Pardon me, sir; I know how great my presumption has been, but we have counted upon the goodness of your Majesty, upon your desire to save the kingdom and to assure the happiness of your people. I have given the orders—the troops are under arms."—The King, flushed with anger, demanded, "How dare you go so far, my Lord; you know well it is an act of treason—high treason!"—"Yes sir, I know it," replied the chancellor, humbly, though firmly looking the monarch in the face. "I am ready to submit personally to all the punishments that it may please your Majesty to inflict upon me, but I conjure your Majesty anew to hear us and to follow our counsel."

Some hours later, after a violent agitation in the two Houses, that preceded his coming, William IV. read to the assembled Parliament the address which Lord Brougham had previously prepared. The murmurs of surprise and disaffection rendered the voice of the king scarcely audible; they listened only to the first words: "My Lords and Gentlemen, I have come to meet you for the purpose of proroguing this Parliament, with a view to its immediate dissolution."

Thus prepared and ordered, the elections led, as might have been expected, to scenes of sad disorder. The Reformers, intoxicated with triumph and expectation, indulged in excesses that their more prudent friends were not able to repress. The city of London was illuminated on the night following the dissolution of Parliament. At Edinburgh, the windows not illuminated were broken. The Tory candidates were injured, at many places, and sometimes were in great danger. The populace of Jedburgh insulted the dying Sir Walter Scott. "*Troja fuit*," wrote he, the

same day, in his journal. The popular illusions and ignorances alarmed the more enlightened supporters of the measure.

"In the months of March and April," writes the celebrated Miss Harriet Martineau, passionately engaged all her life in the radical cause, "the great middle class, upon the intelligence of which they counted to pass the bill, expected to see the time come, when it would be necessary to refuse to pay their taxes, and to march upon London to sustain the king, the ministry and the mass of the nation, against a little group of selfish and obstinate demagogues."

The political associations took an account of the number of their disposable adherents; the president of the "Union of Birmingham" declared that he would be able to furnish two armies each of which was as good as the victors of Waterloo. Upon the coast of Sussex ten thousand men declared themselves ready to march at the first signal.

Northumberland was ready, Yorkshire was aroused; it might be said that the nation believed itself called upon to march upon London. The opponents of reform trembled at the thought that the cities would be at the mercy of the multitude. "This measure," they said, "will owe its success only to intimidation."

The Reformers, as well as their opponents, were anxious; after the opening of the new Parliament on the 21st of June, 1831, the king called the attention of the Houses to the disorders which had taken place, as well as to the distress which existed in Ireland, and begged of the legislature energetic remedies for these evils.

On the 21st of September the reform bill passed the House of Commons, by one hundred and nine majority. It was immediately carried by Lord Grey to the House of Lords.

The debate lasted twenty-five days, and was powerful and grave; sustained by men who knew their influence in the state was menaced. They were, nevertheless, more occupied with the safety of the country than with their personal authority. "I know the courage of your Lordships," said Lord Grey, "and your proud susceptibility to anything that looks like a menace; and I repudiate all thought of intimidation, but I conjure you, if you attach

any value to your rights and privileges, if you hope to transmit them intact to your posterity, to lend an ear to the wishes of the people. Do not assume an attitude which would show you deaf to the voice of nine-tenths of the nation, which appeals to your wisdom in an accent too clear not to be heard, too decisive not to be comprehended. I do not say, as was said on a previous occasion by a noble Duke (Wellington), that the rejection of this measure would lead to civil war: I have confidence that such would not be the effect; but I foresee consequences which cause me to tremble for the security of this House, and for this nation. It is in the name of the tranquillity and prosperity of your country that I conjure your Lordships to reflect well, before rejecting this measure."

For a moment events seemed to justify the dolorous predictions of the Duke of Wellington. During the discussion upon Catholic emancipation and after the rejection of the reform bill in the House of Lords (by forty-five majority), civil war seemed imminent. At Derby, at Nottingham, and above all at Bristol, violent disturbances took place, but were immediately repressed, without great effort on the part of the government. Riots and tumults were constantly fomented by political associations; these however were definitely suppressed by that reaction which always follows great disorders, as well as by the severe chastisement of the leaders, three of whom suffered capital punishment during the month of December, 1831.

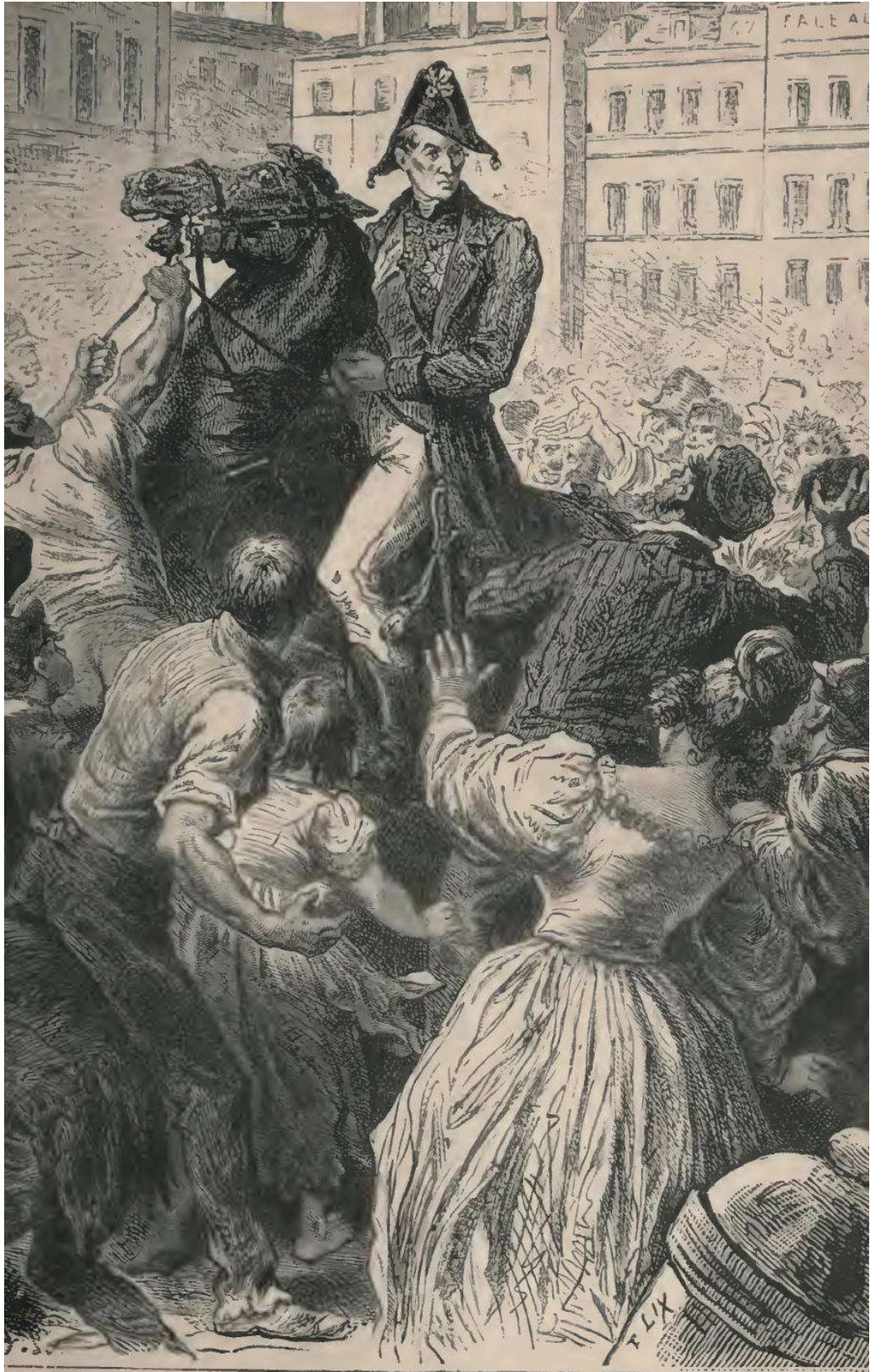
A new reform bill was now presented to the House of Commons, by Lord John Russell. Some reasonable modifications had been introduced. One important change was to leave intact the total number of members of the House.

This bill, like the first, passed the House by a large majority, notwithstanding the efforts of Sir Robert Peel. Lord John Russell indicated the importance of the measure, with the same anxious solicitude which had recently characterized the efforts of Lord Grey in the House of Lords. He claimed that the government had weighty and serious reasons for proposing this measure. It had been convinced, for some time past, that a law was necessary to obviate abuses that it desires to correct, and to escape convulsions that it wishes to avoid. If Parliament refused to sanction this measure, it would lead to an inevitable collision between that

party which opposes all parliamentary reform, and that other party which is only satisfied with universal suffrage. "In consequence, torrents of blood would flow," said he, "and I am perfectly convinced that the English Constitution would perish in the conflict."

Secret negotiations were carried on in the House of Lords. The ministry demanded the creation of new peers, destined to modify the majority; the king hesitated for a long time, convinced of the necessity of reform, but seriously opposed to the means suggested. When he finally consented to make use of his prerogative, the cabinet had resolved to attempt one more venture. The second reading was voted by a majority of nine. Some hostile peers were absent; most of the bishops voted for the bill. But an amendment by Lord Lyndhurst made trouble for the Reformers. He proposed, and the House of Lords voted by a majority of thirty-five, that the new privileges accorded to the towns and counties should be put in force before the abrogation of the old rights of the boroughs. Upon this decision, which gravely modified the law, and upon the refusal of the king to create immediately sixty new peers, the whole ministry resigned.

It is in vain that timid prudence and sagacity attempt to stem the irresistible tide of popular passions; those who have excited them invariably fail to restrain them. The king called upon the Duke of Wellington—always ready to brave danger. "I would not dare to show myself in the street," said he, "if I refused to aid my sovereign in the difficult position in which he is now placed." All the efforts of the illustrious hero failed, nevertheless, before the impossibility of forming a cabinet. Sir Robert Peel refused a place in it. William IV. demanded that his new councillors should themselves present a bill, more in conformity with the desires and opinions of a great number of conservatives, than that of Lord John Russell.



WELLINGTON IN THE MOB.

Wellington In The Mob.

"I have obstinately opposed the bill on principle," said Peel, "and I do not know how I could rise and recommend, as minister, the adoption of a similar measure. No authority, the example of no man, nor any union of men, would tempt me to accept power under such circumstances and with such conditions."

An address of the House of Commons called the attention of the king to the critical state of affairs. William IV., wounded and irritated, yielded with bitter regret. He recalled the Whig cabinet and authorized it, in writing, to create the number of peers necessary to assure the triumph of the reform bill. It was unnecessary to have recourse to this extreme measure. The Duke of Wellington, as well as the king, comprehended that the time had come for the House of Lords to yield to the external pressure. William IV. wrote to his friends to absent themselves. Upon the renewal of the discussion, the duke arose, and followed by one hundred peers, left the House and did not return until after the passage of the reform bill. "If the lords of the opposition had remained firm," subsequently said Lord Grey, as well as Lord Brougham, "we would probably have been beaten, and the bill would have failed, for we would not have exacted the fulfillment of the king's promise." When William IV. and his intimate advisers bowed their heads before the violence of public opinion, they judged more accurately the irresistible force of the current let loose by the Reformers; the time for resistance, as well as the time for moderation, was past.

The new elections soon demonstrated this, as everywhere throughout the country, the populace manifested great violence toward the adversaries of the triumphant Reform. In London, on the 18th of June, 1832, the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo, while riding through the streets, the Duke of Wellington was assailed by an indignant mob that literally covered him with dirt and insults. He pursued tranquilly his route, walking his horse. A furious rioter seized the bridle and attempted to drag him

from his saddle; he was obliged to take refuge in the house of a friend, protected by a number of young lawyers of Lincoln's Inn, who came to his assistance. The next day the king, while in attendance at the races at Ascot, was grievously wounded by a stone. His self-possession and courage equalled the composure of the duke—as imperturbable among the rioters, as indifferent to the applause of the populace. All the windows of Apsley House were broken in a moment of public frenzy. Wellington forbade the replacing of those of the second story. At the return of popular favor, as the people followed the duke with acclamations, he advanced without turning his head, without giving a sign, to the very door of his house; there dismounting from his horse, he pointed with his hand toward the broken windows, shrugged his shoulders and entered the house without uttering a single word.

The condition of the finances was serious; the monetary crises had long weighed upon commerce, and political agitation had alarmed and diminished the same. In order to meet the deficit in the public revenue, the ministry proposed important retrenchments in the war and navy departments—measures always favorably received by the people, who see in them a guarantee of peace, without realizing that they may become fatal to peace, as well as to the national power. Ireland was aroused more violently than ever; the Catholics, re-established in their political and civil rights, demanded, by the voice of their agitators, the abolition of the tithes with which they were burdened for the benefit of the Church of England.

The first care of the Irish leaders, was to counsel the peasants to refuse to pay these tithes. Scenes of disorder recommenced; everywhere crimes against individuals increased tenfold. Scarcely had the Reform Parliament reassembled, when it was called upon to consider a bill of repression, energetically practical, which would moderate for a time at least these outrages. At the same time, and in order to appease the Catholic Irish party, who were everywhere allied to the radicals, Lord Althorpe presented a bill for the reduction of the Protestant ecclesiastical establishment in Ireland: feeble precursor of the work that we have seen accomplished in our day, and already at that time so vigorously attacked by the conservatives, that the ministry was obliged to mitigate its tenor before obtaining a majority in the House of Lords.

Parliament, at this time, was also obliged to sanction an issue of bills of exchequer in favor of the clergy in Ireland, impoverished by the loss of the tithes. The tithes were imposed upon the protestant landholders, who, however, added them to their rents.

The excitement and irritation in Ireland appeared for a moment subdued; but already, from all parts of the kingdom, arose a cry of anger and of disappointment: reform ought to have a remedy for all evils; parliamentary reform ought to relieve all misery.

"Of what use is the new parliament," asked Ashwood, on the 21st of March, 1833, "if actual distress is not relieved? What will the people say of a reform parliament which has already sat so many weeks without having undertaken a single measure in favor of those who are suffering? A general, an extreme, an extraordinary distress weighs upon the whole country. Large numbers of the agricultural laborers are worn out by excessive toil; many others have nothing to do and die of hunger; labor is poorly remunerated; manufacturers realize scarcely any profit; many work at a loss; commerce declines in the same proportion, and a hundred thousand men wander about the streets of London, seeking work but finding none."

At this time, and in this agitated and difficult situation, it is to the credit of the Whig cabinet that it did not allow itself to be carried away by the uneasiness and discontent of its partisans, nor by the ardor that animated its own members; it was also to the credit of the Tories, a small number of whom were returned to the new House, that they maintained a firm attitude, resolved and candid, never descending to a fatal alliance with the radicals.

Sir Robert Peel, at the opening of the session, said, with honest pride: "As long as I shall see the government disposed to defend, against all rash innovation, the rights of property, the authority of law, the order of things established and regular, I shall believe it my duty, without taking account of the sentiments of party, to range myself on its side. I avow frankly that my fears regarding this House are not that it will be too ready to believe that all is evil which is established and old; I do not doubt the good intentions of the majority, but I fear that the greater part of its members

have come here with the impression that the institutions under which they live are full of abuses that should be reformed, and that they have too great confidence in our means of providing a remedy. Three months will not have passed, I am convinced, before they will find themselves disappointed in their expectations; it is absolutely impossible that they should be satisfied. I have learned with satisfaction that the ministers of his Majesty, although disposed to reform all real abuses, are at the same time resolved to stand by the Constitution as it now is, and to reject all experiments that might cause anxiety in the public mind; I am decided to sustain them in that resolution."

It was not only questions actual and pressing that the Reform Parliament had to deal with, such as the financial measures, the re-chartering of the Bank of England, and the modification of the system of government in both the East and West Indies, but also greater questions of humanity and policy; the abolition of slavery, and the repeal of the Union with Ireland, equally importunate and urgent, and ardently sustained or opposed by their respective partisans.

The resistance of the colonies to the projected measures in favor of the blacks, had become violent; a natural alarm had taken possession of the slaveholders, disgusted by the disposition to revolt that they saw day by day developing itself among the negroes, and threatened by a ruin that they feared would be complete. Already the local legislatures had refused to accede to the orders of the Council, relative to the treatment of the slaves; but Parliamentary reform had given a new impetus to the generous zeal of the abolitionists. The government took the question boldly in hand, justly weighing in the balance the interests of the colonists, and the legitimate impatience of the faithful partisans of the blacks. It was an effort requiring courage and equity, at a time of such great financial embarrassment, to present to a Parliament ardently favorable to the abolition of slavery, a measure tending to the purchase of the blacks, and requiring an indemnity to the planters of twenty million pounds sterling.

The commerce of the West Indies had suffered severely; the value of property had diminished, and the colonists accepted this new and considerable reduction of their fortunes, not without profound sadness, but

without violence and without revolt. The abolitionists protested against the liberality of the government; national equity, however, recognized the good will and sagacity which had inspired the report presented by Mr. Stanley; the bill was finally passed by a large majority. Slavery was thus abolished practically, as well as in principle; and England obtained the honor of having first, without political obligation, without revolutionary shock, in the name of the most elevated sentiments of Christian philanthropy, given liberty to eight hundred thousand slaves, thereby affording a noble example of justice and virtue to all Christian nations.

The struggle for the abolition of slavery had been long and difficult; persistently sustained in the face of frequent disappointments and serious obstacles, it was finally brought to a successful termination, to the great joy of its promoters. The sincere and prudent friends of Ireland, were met by a problem more grave still; a problem which seemed insoluble; that of the repose and prosperity of that unhappy country, rent asunder anew by insane agitators. The first motion for the "Repeal of the Union" was presented to Parliament on the 22nd of April, 1834, by the celebrated Daniel O'Connell. It was seriously opposed by Mr. Spring Rice, and when put to vote, was defeated by a majority of five hundred and twenty-three against thirty-eight in the House of Commons, and unanimously by the Lords. But immediately the ecclesiastical question was raised. Mr. Ward proposed another reduction in the legal establishment of the Anglican Church in Ireland. The Cabinet was divided upon the question; the most conservative members of the ministry, "the leaven" of Mr. Canning, Mr. Stanley, Sir John Graham, and the Duke of Richmond, gave in their resignations. The Bishops of Ireland addressed an appeal to the king: they were ready, they said, to co-operate for the redress of all serious abuses, but they begged that the government would not imprudently disturb the discipline and the services of the Church. The response of William was thoroughly Protestant and English; it betrayed the widening of the breach that already existed between the monarch and his Cabinet. The ministry had lost much ground in public confidence; a difference which arose between Lords Grey and Althorp, upon the subject of the renewal of the Irish coercion bill, soon deprived the Cabinet of its chief. Lord Grey tendered his resignation, and announced it himself in the House of Lords with an emotion that twice overpowered him. Finally, for the third time,

he began: "My lords, I feel quite ashamed of the sort of weakness I show on this occasion, a weakness which arises from my deep sense of the personal kindness which, during my having been in his service, I have received from my sovereign. However, my lords, I have a duty to perform, which, painful as it may be, I must discharge: I no longer address you as a minister of the crown, but as an individual member of Parliament. In retiring during the course of the administration of which I was chief, I feel confident of having acted in the spirit of the time, without having ever preceded or retarded its march."

The efforts of the ministry thus mutilated and lessened, to govern powerfully were vain. The bill regarding the Irish Church, proposed by Lord Melbourne, was rejected by the House of Lords. The violence of the attacks of the press redoubled; disorder in Ireland increased: the king declared frankly to Lord Melbourne that he had no confidence in his cabinet, and that he intended to recall the Duke of Wellington (November, 1834).

It was under the weight of its own efforts, and of the movement that it had itself inaugurated, that the great Whig ministry, so wisely and ably directed by Lord Grey, succumbed. It had opened the way to wild hopes and infinite illusions, without the power to satisfy the one, or moderate the other; it was swept away by a rising wave which it vainly endeavored to resist. It is to its honor and lasting glory, that it used prudently and courageously the immense power, still new and confused, that parliamentary reform had placed in its hand, without exceeding the limits which it had itself imposed. Its measures were moderate and wise, its resistance to the desires and insensate passions of the masses were honest and firm. Lord Grey remained popular, even after the fall of his ministry. The internal affairs of the nation had been so important, and the interests involved so pressing, that the foreign policy of the cabinet had received but little attention in either house, and was almost lost sight of by the general public. It had nevertheless touched upon weighty matters, essential to the repose of Europe; the relations of England with the French government after the revolution of 1830, the formation of the kingdom of Belgium, and the Spanish question. These last two European complications had put to the test the good feeling which existed between

the French and English governments: they had definitively served to confirm and strengthen the alliance of the two nations. The recognition of Louis Philippe by England had been cordial and prompt; very different from the ill-humor and repugnance manifested by Prussia and Russia. It had its origin in a spontaneous and sincere national sentiment, the adhesion of the country to the liberal and conservative policy which had succeeded the revolutionary movement in France. The new union and the good understanding which naturally resulted from this attitude of England, contributed powerfully to the happy issue of the Belgium question. The smouldering dissatisfaction which had existed throughout several centuries, between the Flemish Low Countries and Holland, had finally burst forth; the union was abruptly broken. Immediately following the separation, the new state demanded of the King Louis Philippe, one of his sons for the throne of Belgium. He refused. "The Low Countries have always been a stumbling block to the peace of Europe," said he to Guizot. "None of the great powers can see them in the hands of another, without great inquietude and jealousy. Let them become by general consent an independent and neutral state, and that state will become the keystone of the arch of European order." These wise and prudent views were approved by both the English and French cabinets. The King Louis Philippe had sent Talleyrand to London, and Lord Granville was the English ambassador at Paris. Both were well qualified for the work they had undertaken; the efficacious union of France and England for the maintenance of the peace of Europe.

The first result of their efforts was the accession of the Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg to the throne of Belgium. But lately the adored husband of the Princess Charlotte of England, and still popular in his adopted country, the new sovereign bound himself to France by espousing the Princess Louise, eldest daughter of Louis Philippe.

The two powers testified their satisfaction and good-will by delivering his country from the presence of the Holland forces. After an agreement signed at London on the 22nd of October, 1832, not without a certain distrust on the part of Lord Palmerston, charged with the administration of foreign affairs in the cabinet of Lord Grey, the Belgian fortresses still occupied by the Holland troops were evacuated. A French army under

Marshal Gérard, accompanied by the young Duke of Orleans, laid siege to Anvers. This place, already the scene of so many bloody conflicts, and so many diplomatic negotiations, during centuries past, was obliged to capitulate, on the 23rd of December, 1832. The kingdom of Belgium was now definitively constituted, and destined to prosper rapidly under its wise and prudent sovereign, who constantly endeavored to maintain around him that equilibrium so essential to the preservation of peace in Europe, and so indispensable to the development as well as the security of his little state.

Spain had been for a long time the object of profound anxiety to the astute statesmen of Europe. King Ferdinand VII. had just died (September, 1833), leaving the succession to the throne contested, notwithstanding the definitive act, sanctioned by the Cortes, which had assured the crown to his eldest daughter Isabella. Hesitating for a long time between family affection and those absolute tendencies which had exiled into France all the intelligent liberals of Spain, the monarch who had just breathed his last, had scattered the seeds of the Carlist insurrection, which broke out immediately after his death. A numerous and obstinate party sustained the right of the infant Don Carlos to the throne, in the name of the Salic law established in Spain by the pragmatic sanction of Philip V., and recognized for some time by Ferdinand VII. himself. The English and French cabinets did not hesitate; by common consent they recognized the titles of the young Queen Isabella II., as conformable to the ancient Spanish law accepted by the nation. Civil war broke out in Spain. It had already begun in Portugal, where the usurper Don Miguel, contended in the name of the same principles for the exclusion of the young Queen Donna Maria. Already the new governments of the two kingdoms were compelled to ask assistance of the great constitutional and liberal powers.

On the 15th of April, 1834, the triple alliance was concluded at London between England, Spain and Portugal. A month later, and upon the objection of the French government to the presumptions, exclusively English, of Lord Palmerston, France in her turn joined the alliance already known and powerful in Europe, although no armed intervention had seconded the popular movement. Civil war did not cease in Spain; it lasted for a long time, breaking out anew at irregular intervals, yet always ardent and obstinate. Meanwhile Don Carlos had embarked for England, and Don

Miguel had finally quitted Portugal, and retired into Italy. Everywhere French and English diplomacy had been moderately but firmly exerted in the service of the public welfare, and had everywhere brought forth good fruit.

Wearied by the yoke that the Whigs had imposed upon him, and by the violence he had done to his own views and inclinations, the king called upon the Duke of Wellington. For the first time that noble hero refused to serve his sovereign. "No sir," said he, "in the new order of things the difficulties lie in the House of Commons; and as that House now has the preponderance, its chief ought to direct the government. Address yourself to Sir Robert Peel; I will serve under him in any position that it shall please your majesty to place me." Sir Robert Peel was in Italy—so also was Fox, when called upon to succeed Pitt. While awaiting his return, the Duke of Wellington, in concert with Lord Lyndhurst, appointed chancellor, conducted alone the affairs of the government, and taking charge of three ministerial departments, without other solicitude than the prompt expedition of the work, he cared but little for the objections which were raised against this irregular administration. Sir Robert Peel accepted the burden which was imposed upon him and upon his friends, without either co-operation or support from without. Lord Stanley and Sir James Graham refused to enter the cabinet. The Tories found themselves alone in the face of a House of Commons profoundly hostile. Parliament was immediately dissolved.

Sir Robert Peel, in expounding his principles in a long address to his constituents at Tamworth, said: "I will repeat the declaration which I made when I entered the House of Commons as a member of the Reformed Parliament;—I consider the reform bill as a final and irrevocable settlement of a great constitutional question—a settlement which no friend to the peace and welfare of his country would attempt to disturb, either by direct or indirect means. If by the adoption of the spirit of the reform bill, it becomes necessary to live in a perpetual vortex of agitation, that public men can only sustain themselves in public opinion by yielding to popular demands of each day, by promising to redress immediately all abuses that may be pointed out, by abandoning that great support of the government, more efficacious than law or reason itself—the respect for ancient rights

and authorities consecrated by time; if that is the spirit of the reform bill, I will not support it. If the spirit of the bill implies merely a careful review of institutions, civil and ecclesiastical, undertaken in a friendly temper; combining, with the firm maintenance of established rights, the correction of proved abuses and the redress of real grievances;—in that case I can for myself and my colleagues undertake to act with such a spirit and with such intentions."

And some weeks later, after his first check in the new Parliament, upon the election of speaker, he continued: "I make you great offers, which ought not to be inconsiderately rejected. I offer you the prospect of a durable peace, the return of the confidence of powerful states who are disposed to seize this occasion to reduce their armies and remove the danger of hostile collisions. I offer you reduced estimates, improvements in civil jurisprudence, reform of ecclesiastical laws, the settlement of the tithe question in Ireland, the commutation of tithes in England, the removal of any real abuse in the Church, and the redress of those grievances of which the dissenters have any just ground to complain. I offer also the best chance that these things can be effected, in willing concert with the other authorities of the state—thus restoring harmony, insuring the maintenance, but not excluding the reform, where reform is really requisite, of ancient institutions. You may reject my offers, you may refuse to hear them, but if you do so, the time is approaching when you will perceive that the popular sentiment upon which you have relied has abandoned you."

Party passion was at this time too violent and party animosity too intense, for the newly elected house to lend an ear to this wise and patriotic language. O'Connell had sold the support of the Irish Catholics to the Whigs, and his price was the "Repeal of the Union." "I belong to the Repeal," said he to the electors, "dead or alive, saved or lost, I belong to the Repeal; and I make a solemn engagement with those who are the most opposed to me, to serve them in all things, in a way to render the transition not only without danger, but perfectly easy."

The deputies of the counties were for the most part Conservatives, but the towns and boroughs gave a majority for the Whigs. Sir Robert Peel

accepted many checks without recoiling before the danger, presenting day after day to Parliament the measures which he believed to be useful to the public service; determined to defy the opposition as long as it did not touch upon points that he regarded as vital questions. Lord John Russell was not tardy in responding to this defiance. On the 30th of March, 1835, he renewed the attack but lately directed against the Irish Church: "Missionary Church," he said, "instituted with a view of leading the Irish population to the Protestant faith, adapted to future wants that had been foreseen but had never yet manifested themselves." He proposed then to revise the ecclesiastical establishment by applying to public instruction the sums and endowments which were now found necessary for the religious maintenance of the curates and their flocks. With Sir Robert Peel it was now a question of conscience as well as of absolute conviction. Seconded by Lord Stanley, he maintained that the ecclesiastical property proceeded from endowments made to the Church, and properly belonged to it, and that no one had the right to divert the same from its primitive and religious destination. The motion of Lord John Russell was carried, however, by a vote of three hundred and twenty-two against two hundred and eighty-nine. The majority was in the hands of the Irish Catholics.

Sir Robert Peel and his friends resolved to retire. They had risen in the contest which they had so courageously sustained for four months; their adversaries, as well as the entire country, felt this, and they hastened to seize again the reins of power.

"No indifference for public life, no distaste for the fatigues and weariness that it imposes, no consideration of personal comfort, no grief of private life, would authorize a public man, in my estimation, to desert without imperative reason the post to which his sovereign has called him," said Sir Robert Peel, in the House of Commons, on the 8th of April, 1835. "But at the same time, it is a great misfortune to present to the country the spectacle of a government which does not find in the House of Commons the support necessary to safely conduct the affairs of the country, nor exercise upon the acts of that House an influence which confidence alone can give; to such a spectacle of feebleness there are limits, which one ought not to pass."

During six years of alternate languor and energy, the cabinet of Lord Melbourne governed England; master of the House of Commons, and for a long time powerful in the country, losing however little by little its popularity as well as its resources, and slowly conquered by that adversary which had but recently predicted its fall. "You will have no other alternative than to invoke our aid and replace the government in the hands from which you wish to wrest it to-day," said Sir Robert Peel, in the month of December, 1834, "or have recourse to that pressure from without, to those methods of compulsion and of violence which will render your reforms vain, and will seal the death warrant of the British Constitution."

Lord Grey had never renounced power; "susceptible and proud, with a mind more elevated than discerning, he was unskilful in defending himself from small intrigues that he was incapable of plotting." Worn out by a long life devoted to politics, he was sad in his noble retirement, notwithstanding the affection of his wife and numerous children, and the profound respect always shown him by those who had served under his banners. Lord Althorpe, now become Earl Spencer, as well as Lord Brougham, took no part in the new cabinet. Lord Melbourne, Lord John Russell and Lord Palmerston, sagacious in different degrees, undertook to continue the work of reform, but lately victoriously begun, and more difficult to accomplish, with prudent moderation, than its ardent defenders had at first foreseen. Many changes, but recently loudly demanded, were silently abandoned; they compromised upon the Irish Church question, agreeing to the conditions proposed by Sir Robert Peel; only the reform of the municipal corporations was accomplished slowly and with difficulty in Ireland, useful nevertheless and everywhere accepted. The struggle was severe, and bold hands were raised against the foundations of the English Constitution, and against the hereditary rights of the House of Lords. But at the same time that the audacity of the Reformers increased and developed a spirit of resistance, a reaction, sober and moderate, firmly resolved to defend those ancient institutions which have been the grandeur as well as the security of England. It was in support of these principles that Sir Robert Peel, on the 11th of January, 1836, addressed his friends and adherents assembled at Glasgow to elect a rector for the university. A great number of the persons present had but recently been warm

supporters of the reform movement. "If you adhere to the principles which you professed in 1830, it is here you ought to come," said Sir Robert Peel. "You consented to a reform, invited by a speech from the throne, expressly on the condition that it should be according to the acknowledged principles of the Constitution. I see the necessity of widening the foundations on which the defence of our Constitution and religious establishment must rest, but I do not wish to conciliate your confidence by hoisting false colors. My object is to support our national establishments which connect Protestantism with the State, in the three realms. I avow to you that I mean to support in its full integrity the House of Lords, as an essential, indispensable condition for maintaining the Constitution under which we live. If you assent to this opinion, the hour is arrived when we must all be prepared to act on the declaration of it. The disturbing force of foreign example has diminished; the dazzling illusions of the glorious days have passed away, and the affections of the people are visibly gravitating again to their old centre, full of a respect for property, a love for national freedom, and an attachment to long established institutions."

"From these walls I trust a spirit will go forth to animate the desponding and encourage the timid. I look to the moral influence of that opinion, which constitutes the chief defence of nations. I look to it for the maintenance of that system of government which protects the rich from spoliation, and the poor from oppression. I look to that spirit which will range itself under no tawdry banner of revolution, but will unfurl and rally round the flag which has braved for a thousand years the battle and the breeze. I do not doubt that it will continue to float triumphantly, and that our Constitution, tried as it has been in the storms of adversity, will come forth purified and fortified in the rooted convictions, feelings and affections of a religious, moral and patriotic people."

It was against his personal inclinations, but in conformity to constitutional principles sincerely accepted and practised, that King William IV. had successively sanctioned the important reforms which were accomplished under his reign. His royal task was soon to terminate; from day to day his health became more feeble, and on the 20th of June, 1837, he expired at Windsor. The supreme power fell into the hands of his young niece, the Princess Victoria, daughter of the Duke of Kent, who, on the same day,

was proclaimed Queen, at Kensington. The new sovereign of the three kingdoms, England, Scotland, and Ireland, whose laws extend over so many distant colonies and diverse peoples, was only eighteen years of age.

We have momentarily closed the History of France with the death of the ancient Régime, at the confused and menacing beginning of a terrible revolution, continued through many years, the memory of which still profoundly agitates that country; we will close the History of England at the death of King William IV., at the beginning of a new reign, tenderly greeted by the nation, destined to a long prosperity, rarely interrupted by wars—always gloriously terminated.

Reforms have continued: bold and moderate, wise and prudent, without ever altering the fundamental character of the Constitution, yet profound enough to maintain England in the first rank among liberal and free countries. The first to march to battle for the great political rights of humanity; she has gained them not without errors, not without crimes; she has preserved and protected them after having definitively closed the fatal era of revolutions. A noble spectacle and fortifying example, which fills us with admiration and with a generous envy, without however discouraging us, nor disturbing us in our fond hope for our well beloved country; she has long sought repose in order, and security in liberty; she has often caught sight of these, and she will assuredly find them one day.

While awaiting that supreme hour, the constant aim of our efforts, it is our duty and our honor to seek everywhere in the experience of history, as in the lessons of the present, the power of sustaining without wavering the flag of noble hopes, that flag which has been bequeathed to us by dying hands, with the watchword of the old Roman Emperor: "Laboremus—Laboremus."

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