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THE

MEN OF THE WAR.

BY

OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

James Oscar Noyes.

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Contents.

THE MEN OF THE WAR.

I.

EMPEROR FRANCIS JOSEPH.

DARK and lowering clouds hung over the House of Hapsburg towards the close of 1848. Italy was in open insurrection; all Hungary was in arms for independence; the population of Vienna had just been reduced to subjection by the shot and shell of Windischgraetz, and the savage Croats of Jellachich; the fidelity of all the provinces of the empire was more than doubtful; the Emperor and the Imperial and Royal family were skulking in dismay at Olmutz; everything, indeed, seemed to indicate that mighty Austria, which had been built up in the course of centuries by the labours of sagacious rulers and statesmen—by intrigues, treasons, and crimes of all kinds—by fortunate marriages and bloody wars—was about to fall to pieces like a tempest-tossed wreck on a rocky shore; and that the ancient and haughty families in whom her destinies were concentrated and personified were as the Stewarts and the Bourbons, about to be stripped ignominiously of all their wealth, power,

and glory, and be driven forth as exiles and wanderers on the earth. At that fearful moment an energetic man and an energetic woman resolved to make a grand effort to save the trembling and sinking imperial house. The woman was the Archduchess Sophia, and the man the Prince of Schwarzenberg; and what they did was to wrest the sceptre from the feeble grasp of the Emperor Ferdinand, who was weak in mind and diseased in body—little better than a veritable *crétin*, in fact; to make the next heir, the Archduke Francis Charles, the Emperor's brother, sign his renunciation of it; and to place it in the hands of Francis Joseph, a boy only eighteen, son of that Archduke and of the said Sophia.

Of this young Prince the Vienna people knew little, and what they did know was not of a nature to make him beloved. For they had been told that he was haughty and imperious, and scorned the kindly good feeling and homely simplicity which Austrian princes had always displayed towards their subjects, and especially to the Viennese. They knew that exaggerated notions of his "right divine to govern wrong" had been carefully instilled into his mind by M. de Bombelles, a stupid old French *emigré*, to whom the superintendence of his education had been confided, and by "Madame Sophy," as they called his mother, who, in their opinion, is one of the most intriguing, crafty, hard-hearted, and

spiteful princesses of all Germany, and whom, therefore, they bitterly hate. Then they were told that the young Emperor had descended to the baseness of falsehood to secure the crown; for that the Emperor Ferdinand having hesitated to sign his abdication, Schwarzenberg and the Archduchess, to terrify him, had told him that the people were clamouring for it; whereupon the poor Sovereign, believing that the people, in spite of his intellectual infirmity, had always loved him well, and that it was not against him personally that they had risen in insurrection, but against the system of bad government which he had been unable to alter or control—the poor Sovereign, believing this, turned to his nephew, who was standing by his side, and asked him in a tone of poignant sorrow, "Is it really true, Francis, that the people wish me to abdicate?" To which the young man boldly replied, "It is, sire!" though he knew well that not a single wish of the kind had been expressed by anyone except by his mother and Schwarzenberg. Moreover, the manner in which he caused his accession to the throne to be announced gave dissatisfaction and disgust---dissatisfaction, because he took the designation of "Emperor, by the grace of God," whereas, in virtue of the liberal Constitution promised to the Austrians, it had been expected that that old formula would have been laid aside, and that the sove-

reigns would base their right solely on the Constitution and the popular will—disgust, deep and profound, because he made Schwarzenberg, the moment his uncle's signature to the abdication was extorted, hurry to the Diet, then sitting at Kremsier, and proclaim him in the sesemi-blasphemous, semi-grotesque terms: "In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, I have the honour to announce to the Diet that Ferdinand has ceased to reign, and that Francis Joseph is Emperor!"

It was, then, under no favourable auspices that the youthful Sovereign commenced his sway. Nor did the events which subsequently occurred lessen the bad impression against him: *au contraire.* In the first place, he, in a solemn proclamation, declared that "he was convinced of the high value of liberal institutions;" was "ready to admit the representatives of the nation to a share in his rights;" knew that it was only "on the basis of true liberty that anything durable could be founded;" and that "he solicited the co-operation of the representatives of the people in making the laws;" together with many other fine things of the same kind. Yet no very long time elapsed before he abolished the Constitution, blotted out every vestige of liberty, and re-established the most absolute power. In the second place, he caused the most ruthless severity to be dis-

played in quelling the insurrectionary movement in his Italian provinces; and he prosecuted the war against Piedmont with what he called vigour, but which, perhaps, might have as fitly been designated atrocity. In the war in Hungary, he allowed, if he did not actually order, his generals to act with barbarity not one whit inferior to that which the hideous Russians exercise in Moldavia and Wallachia; and finding himself, in spite of it, unable to subdue the insurrection, he descended to the disgrace and humiliation of accepting the aid of an army of the Czar. Then he established the state of siege in nearly all the provinces of the empire, and by means of it oppression was exercised which made the people groan. He kept up an immense army, and for its maintenance burdened the nation with enormous taxes. He not only did not amend, but positively aggravated, the scandalous abuses which had grown up under the corrupt government of his ancestors for centuries. What was worse than all, he on all occasions displayed a callousness to human sufferings which would have been disgusting to any man, and which was absolutely abominable in one so very young. Thus, when Italy was "pacified," executions became the order of the day; and the insurgents who by flight escaped his clutches were deprived of every farthing of their property, and thereby reduced to beggary in a foreign

land; nay, persecuted even there. In Hungary, scenes scarcely less horrible than those which frighted Europe in 1687, when, for nine long months, a scaffold was erected in the town of Eperies, and daily—daily!—was occupied in slaying victims; a massacre which, for length of duration, was unexampled—scenes scarcely less atrocious than these were witnessed. Not a day passed for weeks together without scores of unfortunate wretches being hanged by the neck or shot down like dogs, and amongst them were some of the noblest in the land; Batthyany, to wit. Nay, even women were scourged, and the little properties of small farmers and poor people were wantonly laid waste. To such an extent was the ferocious persecution carried, that even the hard heart of Nicholas the Czar was moved, and he, in the name of humanity and policy, intreated for mercy for the victims; but Francis Joseph, either from pride of his power, or pleasure in the exercise of it, returned a stern negative; and the bloody work went bravely on. Nor was this all. Most tyrants have their melting moods, but Francis Joseph was never known to have one. Not a single pardon for any condemned or exiled victim could ever be extorted from him; and when weeping wives, and mothers, and sisters have thrown themselves on their knees before him, in his own palace, in the public streets, wherever they could

gain access to him, and have implored, in heart-rending accents, pity for them and theirs, he has always sternly refused, and not unfrequently spurned the suppliants with his foot! Another fact which shows his character is, that when all Europe was crying out with indignation against the atrocities of Haynau in Hungary, he could not understand what the outcry meant; but declared that all that that bad man had done was simply just severity, and accordingly extended to him his warmest friendship. Indeed, so stern, persecuting, and pitiless is his heart, that an eminent Austrian statesman has declared that, supposing no wonderful change take place, which is perhaps hardly to be expected, history, at the end of his career, will have to brand him with the epithet of "Cruel," as it has done to Pedro of Arragon, or "Ferocious," as Ivan of Russia.

But let us be just. What we have said shows but the dark side of the juvenile Cæsar's character; and that character has its fairer side like that of other men. And first, there is no denying that, for his years, he is possessed of extraordinary energy and decision. This was proved by the part, discreditable though it was, which he played in causing his uncle's abdication; proved again by the haughty manner in which, shortly after, he threw off the leading-strings which his mother,

for ambitious purposes of her own, wished to keep him, and told her plainly, "Madam! I am the Emperor, and the Emperor I will be!"—proved likewise when, on being asked on the death of Schwartzenberg to whom he would confide the government, he replied in nearly the same terms as were employed by Louis XIV. on a similar occasion, "I will govern myself!"—and it is proved more strongly still by the manner in which he has crushed the spirit of revolt in his empire, and moulded everything to his will---a difficult task! In foreign policy, too, his energetic spirit has manifested itself, as well as in personal or domestic matters. For example, when his own empire was only just beginning to recover from the mighty convulsions which threatened it with destruction, he positively ordered the King of Prussia not to accept the crown of the German empire, offered by the Parliament of Frankfort, and prepared to support his order, arms in hand; on a later occasion, he bullied the same King into compliance with his views on the Zollverein question; having, as he thought, cause to complain of the conduct of Lord Palmerston in Italy, he made no hesitation at flying in the face of England---and being unable to do anything more serious, he tormented by all manner of means Englishmen travelling in his dominions, put slights on our ambassador, refused to do the Queen the honour

of sending an archduke to announce his accession, as he did to the Sovereigns of other great countries, and rudely declined to allow a deputation from his army to attend the funeral of Wellington; and all this display of undoubted "pluck," as we call it in England, he has just crowned by turning against his quondam saviour and ally, the Czar, and by preparing to take an active part in drubbing him. Doubtless the violation of his solemn promise to give his people constitutional liberty is deserving of censure; but impartiality requires the admission that it was very probable that this liberty would have loosened the bonds which bind the numerous and divergent provinces of the empire into one great whole, and that that was a result which a person in his position could hardly contemplate with patience. Even his stern cruelty may, perhaps, to a certain extent, be considered as not without some excuse, when it is called to mind that both the spirit of vengeance and the spirit of fear---vengeance on a revolt that nearly rent the empire asunder, fear that the revolt might be renewed---combined to make him think it necessary.

In other respects our youthful Majesty is not undeserving of admiration. He cares little for the pomp, and parade, and gewgaw splendour of the imperial state; is remarkably simple in his personal tastes and dress; is sparing of the pleasures of the table; contents

himself with a couch as hard as was that of Wellington; is an early riser; and is passionately fond of hard work. Like other young men, he has not been indifferent to the charms of female beauty, but has never made devotion to the sex an excuse for vice. Without being a *savant*, he is remarkably well informed, and speaks several languages with fluency and grace. No *roi faineant* is he, and all the more important business of his government passes through his hands. He pays great attention to military matters; indeed, he is a thorough soldier, and loves the soldier's calling. He is never so happy as when passing reviews or inspecting barracks; and it is no unusual thing for him to appear at the early morning parades when quite unexpected, and to rebuke, and even place under arrest, officers who may be guilty of the slightest neglect. In manner and bearing he affects soldierly bluffness, and smokes cigars all day long like a trooper. All this makes him a great favourite in his army. Whether, however, he possesses the qualities of a general, he has thus far had no opportunity of showing; but he possesses the true soldier's disregard of personal luxury, and the true soldier's bravery. Of his courage, indeed, he has given striking proofs. At the battles of Santa Lucia and Custozza he rushed headlong into danger; and at the latter was so rashly brave that old Marshal Radetzky

deemed it necessary to punish him by placing him under arrest for twelve hours. On another occasion he had arranged to go from Venice to Trieste in a small vessel. Just as he was about to set out, a violent tempest arose, and he was earnestly intreated to wait until it had subsided; but remembering (it may be) that Cæsar had bravely defied a storm when going from Apollonia to Brundusium, he put to sea, and, after a frightful voyage, arrived safe, though the vessel which accompanied him was wrecked. What, however, will perhaps be considered one of the most pleasing traits in his character, at least by the fair sex, is that, regardless of the cold etiquette and colder reasons of state which generally accompany the marriages of Sovereigns, he fell head over ears in love with a young princess whom he met for the first time at a family party; flatly declared to the Archduchess his mother, "I will marry her, and nobody else!" put an end at once to negotiations which he had opened for a marriage with another princess; paid his suit to his fair charmer, and, being accepted, was in due time wedded to her.

And now to conclude. Carefully weighing the good and bad points in the Emperor's character, we should say that, under present circumstances, he is admirably qualified for restoring the tottering empire of Austria to her former power and glory; but that he will never

render his people contented and happy, and will always rule them with a rod of iron; that it is by no means impossible that he may gain the admiration of Europe, but that he has not the slightest prospect of ever enjoying her esteem; that, in a word, he may turn out to be one of those princes who are not without claims to be called great, or at least eminent, but whom it would be a cruel derision to designate as good.

II.

PRINCE OF PRUSSIA.

"SOME men are born great," without being able to achieve the greatness their birth opens to them. Of this class is the Prince of Prussia. No grander or nobler career of usefulness, renown, or glory was ever chalked out for mortal man than that which presented itself to him.

All the world knows that there are two things which the bulk of the great German people have long ardently desired — which the wisest statesmen of Germany think absolutely necessary—and which, according to all accounts, cannot long be withheld without producing sanguinary convulsions: those things are constitutional liberty, and some sort of unity which

shall make Germany, not a thing of shreds and patches, but a great whole—a living nation. All the world knows, too, that under pain of seeing the country fall under the atrocious domination of presumptuous demagogues, and social reformers, fiercer, viler, and more lunatic than those of France—it is absolutely indispensable that Prussia, as the largest and most intelligent of the German nations, should take the lead in, and be the instrument by which the transformation of the political constitution of Germany should be accomplished; and moderate, well-defined liberty---as nearly as possible like that which we enjoy in England—be gradually established. It consequently follows that it is the bounden and sacred duty of the illustrious family whom God has placed at the head of the Prussian people to labour incessantly by all peaceable and lawful means to work out these great ends. And of all the royal family, the one who should take the most active part therein is the prince who stands nearest the throne; for he enjoys all the *éclat* of royalty without the inconveniences, and is therefore admirably fitted to be the leader of a national movement; and he possesses much of the real power of sovereignty without its responsibility, and is therefore free to act according to circumstances.

But this "great mission," as it would be called on the

Continent, the Prince has never understood. Although he is old enough to remember the noble uprising of the German people to drive Napoleon and his armies from their territory---an uprising caused mainly by the solemn promise of the reigning kings and princes to grant constitutions the moment the invader should be expelled; and although all the subsequent history of Prussia clearly shows that the tendency of events was such as imperatively to require the establishment of a constitution for the preservation of domestic quiet, and the extension of Prussian influence in Germany, he was an implacable absolutist: the sword---the sword---he could conceive no other system of government; and the very idea of allowing the nobles of Prussia and the commons of Prussia to have, by their representatives, some voice in public affairs, almost drove him mad. The King his brother, who, in spite of his silly crotchets and his wretched indecision, is not without political sagacity, saw in 1847 that the time had arrived at which liberal concessions of some kind could no longer be withheld with safety to the throne; but though what he proposed was little enough in all conscience, the Prince vehemently opposed it, and many angry scenes took place between him and his brother in consequence. The revolutionary tempest of 1848, which, beginning in France, soon swept over Germany,

would, one would have thought, have opened his eyes to what the people wanted, and what they were determined to have; but all the counsel that he could give was, Resist---shoot them down---dragoon them. Resistance, though less sanguinary than he had advised, was made; and the consequence was, at Berlin, that they rose against the royal troops, filled the streets with barricades, almost besieged the King in his palace, and ---triumphed! At that moment, the throne of Prussia had nearly been demolished for ever; but the insurgents spared it: though, in the insolence of their victory, they made the King come forth from his palace, and stand bareheaded as their dead and wounded were borne proudly past. The result of the rising was, that the King had to promise a constitution, to convoke a Constituent Assembly---to submit, in a word, to all that the victorious people thought fit to impose. Thus, then, the line of policy which the Prince had always advocated, ended for his family and himself in disaster and disgrace.

In connexion with the disturbances at Berlin, the Prince was accused of having given orders to the soldiery in the palace to fire on the people, whereby a fearful sacrifice of human life was occasioned. This charge subjected him to great obloquy; so much so, that it became unsafe for him to remain in the capital, or

even the country. (It may be said, *par parenthèse*, that the partizans of the Prince have since made great efforts to prove that this odious accusation was unfounded: they may be right, but it still clings to him as a "damning spot" in his reputation.) He accordingly, without drum or trumpet, without even saying, "My native land, good night!" came to seek refuge in England, and was hospitably received by the Queen. When he was missed, great curiosity was manifested to know what had become of him, and the Ministers were questioned in the Assembly about him. "Oh!" said they, "he has gone to England to study the constitution!" This drew forth shouts of laughter, and the fun it created out of doors was great indeed. But it afterwards turned out to be quite true—the Prince did occupy his leisure in this country in constitutional studies. He yawned over Blackstone, skimmed through Delolme, went to the Museum to look at Magna Charta, and bought a copy of the Bill of Rights; and, besides, he had many long confabulations with Prince Albert as to the art and mystery, the advantages and disadvantages, of the constitutional system of government. What could man do more? The result was that his eyes became opened to the fact that a constitution, after all, is not such a very fearful thing, and that, at all events, it was infinitely preferable for the

Hohenzollerns to remain in possession of the throne of Prussia with a constitution, than, by refusing one, to run the risk of being ejected and exiled.

No sooner had this new light dawned on his princely mind than he hastened to cause his conversion to be made known from one end of Prussia to the other. "The Prince a constitutionalist!" cried the good people. "Thank heaven! It will save his house, himself, and us from many calamities!" To enable him to prove the sincerity of his new convictions, they elected him a member of the Constituent Assembly for the small town of Wirsitz. Great was the curiosity to see him make his *débût* as an M.P., and no wonder; for it was to decide the question whether or not the Prussian nation could with confidence look up to him, the heir of the throne, if not as the champion of what they conceived their rights, at least as one who would faithfully respect the liberties they might gain. Alas! the expectations they had formed were disappointed. In the first place, the Prince shocked them and their representatives by going to the Chamber in grand military uniform, with a huge sword clanking by his side, as if, like another Cromwell or Bonaparte, he were about to drive the members away, instead of taking part in the deliberations as one of their body. He, however, took the usual oaths plainly and simply, and

then he requested to be allowed to speak. "Silence for the honourable member for Wirsitz!" cried the President. Profound was the stillness which immediately prevailed—earnest the attention given to the royal speaker. He said, in a loud voice, and with great apparent frankness, that he was grateful for the confidence that had been placed in him by his election, and that, as the constitutional system of government had been decreed by the King, he pledged himself to support it honestly. "Such," he added, "is the duty of every true patriot, and it is especially mine as the first subject of his Majesty." Had he stopped there, he would have been greeted with enthusiàsm; he would have become the most popular man in all Prussia; but, after some insignificant observations, he said that he could not return to his place without adding that he was "with God for the King and country." Now, this phrase, though so apparently harmless in itself, and though, in fact, seeming to be, so to speak, a natural conclusion to his constitutional declaration, had the misfortune to be the motto or "cry," as Mr. Tadpole would call it, of the ultra-retrograde party. It was consequently considered as perfectly neutralising what he had just said; and he was unanimously set down as a sort of political Caliban, with a "forward voice" to speak well, and a "backward voice" to speak ill. He

returned to his seat utterly ruined as a political character, the Constitutionalists distrusting him on the one hand, the Absolutists repudiating him on the other. What other man would have so recklessly thrown away such a glorious opportunity of serving his country, gaining the people's love, making his name immortal, and consolidating the power and the glory of his royal house?

Disgusted with the position he had thus created for himself, he soon threw up his seat in the Assembly, abandoned all meddling with politics, and occupied himself with new ardour in his military duties, to which he has always been passionately attached. After a while he was intrusted with the command of the Prussian troops sent to put down the revolutionists of Baden; and it is but fair to say that he acted with energy and courage, tempered, however, with humanity. Then he became Military Governor of the Rhenish Provinces, and passed some years in the discharge of the comparatively humble duties of that post. In the execution of them he displayed some tact, and contrived to make himself liked by all who had occasion to approach him.

The Eastern question opened to him a new chance of achieving that greatness which he so piteously failed to secure as a politician. From the very first he made

no secret of his sympathies for the cause supported by England and France; and he expostulated—sometimes affectionately, sometimes angrily—with his royal brother on the Russian tendencies of his Government. No sooner did this become known than a revulsion of popular feeling took place with respect to him. Instead of being regarded with distrust and dislike, he became a universal favourite: instead of being pointed at as a would-be absolutist, he became the champion of the popular cause. The people proclaimed him a veritable descendant of the Great Frederick---a good Prussian patriot---a true-hearted German: and they encouraged him by all the means in their power to rescue the Prussian crown and nation from the deep disgrace of being associated with that enemy of humanity, the Czar. It really seemed that this time the nation had not misplaced its confidence; for the Prince not only protested more vehemently against the base and cowardly cringing to Russia of the King and Manteuffel, but, finding what he said disregarded, he threw up all his military commands, quitted Berlin in wrath, vowed that he would have no further communication with his brother, and contemplated leaving the country altogether. This was noble---right noble; and it would have redeemed all the past, even had the past been worse than it was. But well is it written, "Put not

your trust in princes." Only a few weeks flew away, and lo! he allowed himself to be cajoled into returning to court, resuming his military functions, and dropping his open hostility to the Government. Have the King and his Ministers changed their policy? In no respect: they are as Russian as ever. Are the Prussian armies about to do their duty to Europe by lending their aid to crush the Czar? There is nothing to indicate it. Why, then, has the Prince become changed all at once from a patriotic lion to a cringing lamb? Truly we cannot tell; unless it be that he is one of those unfortunate men who, from some sad fatality, or from lack of capacity, or from both, *cannot* distinguish themselves honourably, when distinction, as it were, presents itself to them—who are only born great to gratify plebeian malignity by showing how little the great can be!

The Prince of Prussia is as tall as a life-guardsman; and his bearing is martial, imposing, and dignified. The expression of his features is calm and kindly. In speaking, he affects soldierly bluffness, and often indulges the miserable conceit—rather in favour amongst German princes---of constructing his phrases in a different manner to that which grammar and common sense require. In his domestic relations he is exemplary, and his attention to religious duties is becoming; though he has great contempt for the cant of the

Pietists, or Methodists, which his royal brother thinks true godliness. He has the reputation of being a good soldier; but we are assured that his military excellence is rather that of a corporal than a general. From what has been said of him, and from the manner in which he has acted on the two great occasions of his life, the sagacious reader will not require telling that he is not the wisest of mankind, and that (to use a French expression) it was not he who invented gunpowder. But his intellectual deficiencies would not be remarked if he would act with that straightforward honesty and decision which he is anxious to be thought to possess, and especially if he would allow himself to be guided in all serious affairs by the Princess his wife, who is one of the most intelligent and politically-sagacious women of these days. Of this distinguished lady we shall have occasion to speak on a future occasion; and for the present we conclude by saying, "O Prince! if you would make Prussia great, and your name glorious, follow *her* counsels!"

III.

PRINCE PASKIEWITSCH.

THE extent to which falsehood is carried in Russia almost exceeds belief. The history not only of past, but contemporary events, is audaciously falsified; the published accounts of the state of her armies and finances, her agricultural and manufacturing productions, and even of the numbers of her population, are falsified; her state papers teem with falsehood; her functionaries and people cannot open their lips to a stranger without saying the thing which is not; her pretended civilisation is a falsity; her imposing Emperor himself, who in Russian eyes is a magnificent personification of the nation, is a living lie. But what, perhaps, most strongly shows the irresistible propensity to falsehood of the Russians, and the astounding boldness with which they indulge it, is, that on the order or the wish of the Emperor they will imperturbably admit and proclaim as an undoubted fact that a man bears a different name to that which is really his—belongs to a family with which he may have no earthly connexion, and of which it may be he never heard—was never married, though he has a lawful wife—is fatherless, with a large family, or is the parent of children

whom he never begot or knew—or, to crown all, is dead, though actually alive. Such things seem incredible, but they are of frequent occurrence. For proof of this, the reader may be reminded that Catherine I., first the mistress and then the wife of Peter the Great, figures in Russian-written history, and is regarded by all good Russians, as the daughter of a Polish noble, and niece of an elected King of Poland; whereas it is perfectly notorious that she was the illegitimate offspring of a poor peasant woman—was a common serving-wench, then became the wife of a drunken Swedish trooper, and then fell to a degraded position, which regard for propriety renders it difficult to designate. Another instance of the like kind is related in a book about St. Petersburgh by an eminent French traveller. A member of the illustrious house of Montmorency, whilst walking some years ago in the streets of that city, was astonished at seeing the arms of his own family, cut out in stone, figuring above the principal entrance of a fine mansion. He asked whose arms they were, and was told that they were those of the Count de Laval. "De Laval!" cried he: "why, that is the name of a branch of my own family; and yet I never heard of any member of it having settled in this country!" "Ah!" said his companion, "you don't know how things are managed here! But listen. Towards the end of the

last century, a French adventurer, a hairdresser by trade, contrived to make a damsel of large fortune, belonging to one of the first families, fall ardently in love with him. Her parents would, naturally, on no account hear of her marriage with the lowly-born trader. Thereupon she, like a heroine of romance, went to the mad Emperor Paul, father of Nicholas, and, throwing herself on her knees, told her tale, and besought his intervention. The maniac happened to be in a jovial mood; and so, instead of having her scourged, or exiled to Siberia, he said, chuckling, 'And so your father objects to the young man because he is not noble, eh? But I'll ennoble him! There!' So saying, he thrust into her hands a ukase by which the Frenchman was declared to be 'His Excellency the Count de Laval, of the house of Montmorency, in France!' On this, the girl's parents dared make no further objection. The *artiste en cheveux*, accordingly, married the damsel, boldly assumed the name and arms of Laval, remained Count de Laval to the end of his days, and was succeeded in the title by his son!"

These grotesque instances of Russian contempt of truth always occur to our mind when we read a Russian biography of, or hear Russians talk about, Prince Paskiewitsch. It is the good will and pleasure of Czar Nicholas that the Prince shall be considered as a

noble by birth; and therefore Russian writers and talkers maintain vehemently that he is descended from, and the chief of, "a noble family which, for three hundred years, has been settled in Little Russia." It is also the Czar's pleasure that he shall be held to be a Russian, not only by birth, but by the uninterrupted descent of the three hundred years aforesaid; and therefore the Czar's subjects, great and small, vow that none is more Russian than he. But what are the facts? Why, that Prince Paskiewitsch has had a family invented for him, as one was invented for Catherine, and another for the French barber. He is the son of a Pole named Paskes, of a small town of the province of Lithuania—which Paskes never took any part whatever in the Dietines or provincial assemblies of nobles, and therefore had no claim to be considered a noble; consequently, the Prince is not noble by birth. In the second place, as the son of a Pole, he is, to all intents and purposes, not a Russian, but a Pole; and not only is he a Pole by his father's nationality, but he is one by his mother's also, for she was a Polish woman—and by the place of his birth likewise, for it was beyond all doubt the dirty village of Mohilew, in Lithuania.

When we find a man who has risen to greatness guilty of the baseness of misrepresenting his origin, or, what is the same thing, allowing it to be misrepresented

for him, we may be certain that his career, to whatever pinnacle of success it may have raised him, or however brilliant it may appear, has not been altogether pure and creditable. To this truth we boldly declare that Prince Paskiewitsch, in spite of his exalted rank and his European renown, is no exception; and we base the declaration on facts obtained from an authentic source, and which are well known in the higher circles of St. Petersburgh, though nobody dare talk about them there.

Gifted by nature with a calm and calculating mind, Paskes had no sooner emerged from boyhood than he perceived that his mangled and down-trodden country presented no opening for ambition; and he was ambitious. What did he do, therefore? Immediately resolved to range himself on the side of the conquerors. Procuring letters of recommendation, he hurried off to St. Petersburgh, and demanded admission to the army. As it was an object to make sure of as many Poles as possible, as it was represented that the youth had brains, and as, above all, some influential personage said a word in his favour, a commission was given to him. He determined thenceforth to be a thorough Russian, and attached the Russian *witsch* to his name. "Astonishing sagacity! wonderful decision for one so young!" say his admirers. But was there no disgrace

in such an abandonment of his unfortunate country? no shame in accepting wages from her oppressors and spoliators? Great as were the faults of Poland—almost merited as was her fate—there is something so impious and so atrocious in treason to one's native land that no honest man, not a Russian, will, we are assured, even attempt to excuse Paske's conduct. In his own family, and amongst their friends in Poland, it created a cry of horror; and there is reason to believe that it broke his mother's heart—most certainly it sent her with sorrow to the grave.

Once in the army, his promotion was rapid. "A proof of talent!" say his flatterers. But what says fact? Why, that it was procured by something very like moral infamy. A friend of his, it seems, revealed to him that a formidable conspiracy was in progress, and that he was engaged in it. Without regard to the solemn promise of secrecy he had given, without consideration for the fate of the friend, Paskiewitsch (for so we must call him, since so he calls himself) denounced the plot to the authorities. The conspirators were arrested, and were one and all—the friend amongst them!—sent to work in the mines of Siberia for life. Many years have passed since then, but this foul act has never been effaced from the memory of the Prince's countrymen, and it probably never will. It was, however, to a

certain extent, avenged. One day, after the Revolution of '31, when the Prince was walking in the streets of Warsaw in all the pride of his Viceroyalty, an old man approached him and spat in his face: "Paskes!" said he, "thou betrayedst my brother; take that!"

That, however, the Prince did his duty as a brave and a good soldier, it would be unjust to deny; neither can it be disputed that on some occasions he distinguished himself greatly. From 1805 to 1812 he was almost constantly in active service, either against the French or the Turks; and at the fearful battle of Smolensk he performed prodigies of bravery—had two horses killed under him, and took a French general prisoner with his own hand. Promoted to the rank of general, and intrusted with a command in the army sent to follow the French in their retreat, he fought like a lion; and his impetuous personal bravery and skilful manœuvring at Culm, Leindicht, Denau, Dresden, and Leipsic materially influenced the fortune of the day. After this he had the honour of being in the command of the advanced guard of the Russian portion of the allied armies which chased Napoleon into France, and followed him there. In assailing the great warrior in his last desperate stand, in which he displayed the immense resources of his genius, Paskiewitsch played no unimportant part; at Arcis-sur-Aube, in particular,

he was pitted against Napoleon in person, and the result was not such as to make him ashamed; and he figured with honour in the combats of Romainville, Belleville, and Menelmontant, which preceded the capitulation of Paris. All this is undoubtedly creditable enough. But what does it amount to? Simply to showing that Paskiewitsch was a brave, dashing, and, above all, a lucky officer. Of such men, however, every war produces hundreds; and even in the ranks of the Russians themselves there must have been a score as good as he.

"But look at what he did as general commanding in chief!" cry the Russians. "Persia conquered, Turkey conquered, Poland conquered, and Hungary conquered! Surely the man who thus vanquished must be a great general!" Let us see. In Persia, where he gained for his Emperor two provinces, Erivan and Nakhitchevan, and a money payment of upwards of 3,000,000*l.* sterling, he had to fight an army which, deducting bandits, and vagabonds, and the refuse of the country who had been scraped together haphazard, was numerically inferior to his own; which was in great part armed with bows and arrows or clubs, or not armed at all; which had scarcely any artillery, and did not know how to use what it had; which knew nothing of European tactics; which had no tolerable

generals; and of which several of the chiefs had been bribed to run away at a given moment. Evidently, it required no conjuror to rout such an assemblage as this, with a mighty army disciplined on the European system, and with all the tremendous "means and appliances" of European warfare: the Lord Mayor's sword-bearer himself could have done it. In Turkey, it is true, the Prince captured Kars and Akhaltzik, and fought well at Kauli and Milli Douze, and Erzeroum; but competent military authorities declare that his plans reveal anything but strategetic genius, and that in fact they would have entailed overwhelming defeat on him if the Turks had not been at a vast disadvantage as regards numbers, and if their Pachas and commanders had not been bribed. The taking of Warsaw, which is his greatest exploit, dwindles, when examined, into little indeed, in a military point of view. It is true that the Poles are brave soldiers, and that they fought with desperate heroism; but he had 120,000 men, and they 35,000; he 386 guns, and they only 136; whilst their army was split into hostile factions, no two of their generals could agree, and they fought on no regular plan. Still, with all their disadvantages, it is declared by experienced generals that they might easily have routed him by merely taking advantage of his strategetic blunders. Of his conquest of Hungary the

less said the better for him. It is known to everybody that if the infamous Gorgey had not been purchased by Russian gold, he could have surrounded his *corps d'armée* in its first entrance into the Hungarian territory, and could have cut it entirely to pieces. It is known too, that he would, in all probability, never have gained a single victory if there had not been treason in his adversary's camp. But the Prince has given a striking proof that he himself has too much modesty to think himself the great general his admirers represent. It was with the most extreme reluctance that he consented to accept the command of the Russian forces on the Danube—so much did the thought of measuring himself with European troops, and with such generals as Omar Pacha, Raglan, and St. Arnaud, terrify him. There is every reason to believe that he expressly contrived to get himself wounded, in order to have a decent pretext for throwing up his command.

Turning to his diplomatic and governmental career, we shall find, on an impartial examination, that it by no means deserves the enthusiastic eulogiums which slavish Russians, to please the Czar, pass on it. That he possesses a certain degree of diplomatic skill can no more be denied than that he possesses a certain degree of military merit; but assuredly it is nothing to boast of in a country noted for cunning and far-seeing

diplomatists. The negotiations in which he was concerned in the early part of his career in Turkey all failed, though he made a free use of gold, and lied with even more than Russian impudence. Talking of fibbing—it is a singular trait of the national character, that his most admired diplomatic feat at this time was his obtaining some important concessions from a Pacha by pledging his solemn word of honour to the truth of a thing which he knew to be false! His negotiations with Persia after she was defeated required no intelligence to conduct: he had only to state what his Government wanted, and Persia, being defeated, had no alternative but to accept it. With respect to his government of Poland, it may be very fine in the eyes of Russian slaves, but it appears horrible to *nous autres* of Western Europe. It began by wholesale slaughter—was continued by the exiling to the mines of Siberia—that is, to a lingering, and slow, and fearful death—of thousands of stout-hearted men and helpless women; and by dragging children of tender years from their parents to be brought up among strangers far away in the wilds of Russia, lest, perchance, they should learn to love their native land; and was consolidated by oppression so atrocious as to make the blood curdle. During the many years it has lasted, it has not given the bulk of the people a single material or moral

amelioration; it has not done a single thing to lessen the awful tyranny which grinds them to the earth, and makes them more abject than Russian serfs. When it shall be brought to a close, the lines which Byron addressed to Poland may be applied to the woe-stricken nation:—

> "He left thee, as he found thee, still a waste,
> Forgetting all thy still-enduring claim—
> Thy lotted people and extinguished name—
> Thy sigh for freedom—thy long-flowing tear!"

Such is the prestige which the Prince possesses amongst the Russians—a prestige owing almost entirely to the high favour with which he is regarded by the Czar—that, not content with admiring him as a general and a ruler, they admire him immensely in his private capacity as an individual. On this delicate subject, however, they are, in our opinion, as much mistaken as in the military and political appreciation of him. They state that he is a good husband and a good father. That may be; but what virtues are more vulgar than the household ones? We English are a nation of excellent husbands and fathers! They forget, besides, that it is only since age began to creep on him that the Prince became edifyingly moral. In his early manhood he was such a licentious reprobate, that he was commonly known by the nickname of Don Juan or Don

Pacheco; and his adventures with married women were more than once a subject of public scandal, carried dishonour into more than one family, and engaged him in several duels. His other personal qualities are not very great. All his life long he has been excessively vain of his person, and has made the adornment of it a subject of anxious solicitude; and even now he is a battered old dandy. He can talk, when he pleases, as soft "blarney" as anybody; but there is no sincerity in it. As a *parvenu*, he is immensely proud of his dignity, and apes the *grand seigneur* with some skill; but it is easy to see that he is only a *parvenu* after all, or, to speak more correctly, that he is a proof of the well-known fact that, beneath the thin varnish of civilisation which they have given themselves, the Russians remain barbarians still. The luxury of his palaces is gorgeous; but it partakes more of the barbaric splendour of the East than of the elegant refinement of the West. He keeps a sumptuous table, and plays a valiant part at it; for the wines of France, in particular, he has a great liking, and *on dit* that he has a decided weakness for brandy. He is very anxious to be considered a *connoisseur* of the fine arts, and has his saloons and galleries crammed full of pictures and statues; but though he prates about the arts for an hour at a time, he has no real taste for them, and knows

scarcely anything at all about them. So great, indeed, is his ignorance, that no man living has such a collection of daubs and rubbish, or has given such fearful prices for them. He governs his domestics and dependents with military severity; at times, is most brutal towards them; and when they happen to offend him seriously, has them condemned by court-martial, and punished in military style. Yet, such are the strange contradictions of the human character, that, though he swaggers like Captain Bobadil in his household, he is in mortal fear of the tongue of his wife. This lady, who in her maiden days rejoiced in the harmonious name of Griboyedoff, is quite a Katherina; and such is the awe in which the poor man stands of her venomous loquacity, that he has never even in thought dared to be a Petruchio!

In speaking as we have done of the Marshal, we should be sorry to be suspected of a deliberate attempt to tarnish his glory as a brave old soldier, or diminish his fame as a distinguished man. But what is said is, to the best of our belief, the truth, and nothing but the truth; and *that* is what it would be wrong to withhold. We have carefully weighed every assertion we have made, and could, did space permit, produce proofs of the correctness of every one. The fact is that Prince Paskiewitsch is part and parcel of the Russian system

of government, and he is nothing more. As the Czar, in order to frighten Western Europe, has always pretended to have larger armies, more formidable fleets, more prosperous finances than he really has, so has he considered it necessary for the same reason to pretend to possess a great general and a great hero; and took Paskiewitsch because he happened to be as well qualified as any body else, and because he liked the man—an all-powerful reason for a despot. The choice has been a lucky thing for the Prince; it has given him titles, honours, wealth, and power. But his situation is at present greatly to be pitied, and it would not be easy to point out any man, the Czar excepted, who looks so contemptible in the eyes of Europe; for as the exciting war has dissipated the delusion that existed as to the mighty and irresistible power of Russia, as it has already stripped her armies of their prestige, covered her fleets with ridicule, exposed the bankruptcy of her treasury, and shown the Czar to be the very reverse of a gentleman, so it has caused a vehement suspicion to be universally entertained that the glory of Paskiewitsch is little more than smoke, and he himself, to use an honest English word, not much better than a great humbug.

IV.

GENERAL BARAGUAY D'HILLIERS.

In the French revolutionary army which captured the good city of Mentz, in 1792, was a dashing young *sans culotte;* and in that city there resided a handsome and sentimental girl. The *sans culotte* saw the German girl, and was smitten by her gentle charms; and the German damsel was not insensible to the good looks of the French soldier. So the soldier found means to talk to the girl, and the girl listened to the soldier; and the result was that, though their respective countries were at war, they fell head over ears in love with each other. No sooner, however, did the young lady's parents hear of the connexion she had formed than they were hugely indignant; to love an enemy of the dear old German fatherland---one, too, of those hideous *sans culottes,* whose object it was to destroy religion and thrones, and to turn everything topsy-turvy, and to guillotine everybody not of their way of political thinking---the idea was horrible! But the brave soldier pooh-poohed the old folks, and finding them determined in their opposition, "stole away their daughter," carried her to Paris, and married her. Of this marriage was born, in Sept., 1795, General Baraguay d'Hilliers.

When quite a child, little Baraguay determined to follow the calling of his father, who, by the way, wise in his generation, had cast off *sans culottism*, and had become a general and a courtier. At the age of twelve or thereabouts he donned the uniform; and when not more than seventeen, figured in the terrible campaign of Russia. By a miracle, he survived its numerous combats, and its almost incredible disasters; but he had the misfortune to lose his father. In 1813 he was in all the engagements that took place in Germany, and at the battle of Leipsic he had the forefinger of his left hand shot away. This rendered it necessary for him to have his arm amputated at the elbow---a sad loss to one so young, but still glorious for a soldier. The loss procured him the Cross of the Legion of Honour from the Emperor Napoleon I., but prevented him from taking any further part in the subsequent campaigns, and from "assisting" at the battle of Waterloo. The peace left him only a captain; and as the restored Bourbons were not at all favourable to any one who had served with affection, however modestly, under the "Ogre of Corsica," a captain he remained for several years—nothing worthy of note occurring during the whole time, except that he figured with credit in the war in Spain, commenced in 1823. Promoted to the rank of major, he was attached to one

of the regiments sent out under Marshal Bourmont to capture Algiers, and in that brilliant affair he did good service. The Revolution of 1830 commenced his fortune. An ex-officer of Napoleon, son of one of not the least of Napoleon's generals, and one of the neglected of the Restoration, and besides having served creditably and being of good repute, he had strong claims for the favours of the new Government; and the new Government, on its part, was not sorry to secure him. He soon got a colonelcy; then he became sub-governor of the Military School of St. Cyr; then, after two or three years, governor of the same establishment; and then, at about the same time, he was promoted to the rank of major-general. No man, perhaps, in all the French army was better fitted for the superintendence of the Military School; for to great severity, which was required to keep the pupils in order, he united a most perfect knowledge of the theory of military science. His rule over the institution was marked by the extraordinary energy with which he suppressed a republican conspiracy amongst the young men, got up by them at the instigation of some of the more noted perturbators of Louis Philippe's days. In 1841 he went to Algeria, and obtained some important commands. In them he did good service, and at Constantina, in particular, distinguished himself greatly. About 1844 he was

elevated to the grade of lieutenant-general, and was subsequently employed as Inspector-General of Infantry in France. Then he was appointed to the command of the 6th military division, the head-quarters of which were at Besançon. The Revolution of 1848 found him in that post; and as he hastened to send in his adhesion to the new Government, it left him there. But he soon took occasion to prove that though it was possible for him as a royalist to accept a republic, he was not at all disposed to tolerate the scandalous and dangerous follies which the Red and Socialist factions chose to consider republicanism. When the emissaries of these factions arrived in the ancient city with orders from Ledru Rollin, the Minister of the Interior, to "convert" it to demagoguism and Socialism, the general, encouraged by the population, took on himself to silence them. They protested, spluttered, and threatened, but he defied them; and finding they were likely to be troublesome, went the length of having them ejected from the city *sans ceremonie*. In gratitude for this energetic act, the population of the city and the department subsequently elected him one of their representatives in the National Assembly; and they again returned him to the Legislative Assembly. As a lawgiver, he wisely refrained from haranguing in the tribune, and did not attempt to cut a brilliant figure

in committees; but, nevertheless, he was one of the most respected and most influential of the "great party of order," as it was the fashion in those days to call all who hated the Republic. After a while, Louis Napoleon, then President of the Republic, selected him as Commander-in-Chief of the French Army of Occupation at Rome. His appointment caused dissatisfaction to the ultramontane faction, which was then very powerful, the reason being that they did not think he was a very good Papist at heart, and was therefore more likely to perform his duty simply as a French general, instead of, as they wished, serving the Pope by all manner of means, even, if necessary, to the injury of his own country. At Rome he thought it advisable to try to gain their favour; and so he squatted on his knees before the Pope, and kissed his slipper; went often to mass, and did his best to avoid yawning; bowed to the bones of saints and other sacred rubbish; once went to confession, for the first time in his life, and poured forth a history of an awful budget of sins, accompanied, however, by protestations of fervid repentance; and he feasted the cardinals and monsignors in grand style, and roared with laughter at their bad and not very delicate jokes. The brave soldier fondly flattered himself that he was duping the Papist gentry in grand style; but they were far too cunning

old birds to be caught by *his* chaff; and so, though they spoke softly to him before his face, they plotted against him behind his back, and with such effect, too, that before long they got him removed. Some time after, Louis Napoleon made him Commander-in-Chief of the Army of Paris. His acceptance of this office, combined with his recent mission to Rome, and the friendly footing on which he allowed it to be seen that he stood with the Prince, caused it to be suspected that he had consented to become Louis Napoleon's instrument in effecting the *coup d'état* which had long been contemplated, and which circumstances seemed to render inevitable. But it turned out in the course of a few months that this suspicion was unjust; he would have nothing to do with the proposed attack on the Assembly, and on the existing form of government, and he resigned his post. When the *coup d'état* was struck he remained quiet, and took no part in the events that followed; but when Louis Napoleon had clearly gained the victory, the general consented to join him, and he became one of his senators, with a salary of 1,200*l.* a-year and nothing to do. He was not again called prominently before the public until November last, when he was appointed Ambassador to Constantinople, with the difficult mission of treating the Eastern question. After a few months' stay in that city he was

recalled, and somewhat suddenly. As a compensation for this, he was named to the chief command of the Baltic army, which recently set sail for its destination in English ships of war.

Such is an outline of the military, political, and diplomatic career of General Baraguay d'Hilliers. An impartial examination of that career, will, we think, be necessarily somewhat in this style :---

The general is, most undoubtedly, an admirable soldier. Not only is he one of those of whom it is written

> "——— castra juvant et lituo tubæ
> Permixtus sonitus, bellaque matribus
> Detestata—"

but he is deeply learned in the whole art and mystery of war. Nor is he without that which is indispensable to a commander---practical experience. To say that he is personally brave, brave as a lion, is unnecessary: all French generals are. Half a German, however, he possesses the Saxon qualities of coolness and deliberation which distinguish our countrymen in the field; but they will not, we may be sure, prevent, on occasion, that dashing impetuosity which is peculiarly Gallic, and which has more than once covered the French army with glory. We expect, then, that the general will distinguish himself greatly in the arduous service to

which he has been called; and we think that we can promise, that, though he is not particularly well disposed towards our nation, the English will rejoice at his exploits as sincerely as his own countrymen. Even for what may be done in the East, part of the credit will be due to him; for during his embassy at Constantinople he caused military surveys to be made, visited and planned measures of defence for different strategetic points, roused the lethargic Turks to action, gave them non-commissioned officers to drill their soldiers in French fashion, and took care to see that their magazines were stored with gunpowder, and their arsenals with ammunition, arms, and artillery. But as there is no medal without its reverse, so have the soldierly qualities of General Baraguay d'Hilliers their drawback. He is an awful disciplinarian, has not the slightest regard for his men except as machines for fighting, and therefore subjects them to fatiguing marches, to harassing duties, to the sacrifice of everything like comfort, and to murderous combats against large odds. He is, too, under the influence of the horrid vice of envy of all who are above or on a level with him; and is disposed to act harshly towards the officers, whatever their grade, under his command. One instance of his envy may be cited. In the terrible insurrection at Paris in June, 1848, General Cavaignac, who, as

Minister of War, was intrusted by the Assembly with the chief command of the troops, offered to place him at the head of a division; but though not only Paris but all France was in danger of falling into the hands of a ruthless multitude, thirsting for blood and pillage, refused to serve under Cavaignac, because, forsooth, that general was of inferior standing to his, and had at one period been his subordinate. This refusal caused a most unfavourable impression at the time, and we must be permitted to think that it remains a stain on his reputation both as soldier and citizen.

As a politician, it would be gross flattery to say that he possesses claims to public admiration; and probably he himself would laugh at anybody foolish enough to attempt to find him any. His politics consist simply in supporting and serving that government, whatever its form, which will support and serve him. Thus he was an Imperialist under the Empire; a Royalist under the Restoration; a Philippist under Philippe; a Republican under the Republic; and he is a Bonapartist under the present *régime:* nor is there any reason to doubt that if another revolution should come, he would not (be it what it might) long be on the losing side. It is true that he refused to join in the *coup d'état,* but he did so, not from conscientious scruples, but from the belief (entertained by most of the wise men

of the day) that it could not possibly succeed. The moment its triumph was beyond all question he declared himself in favour of it.

Of all the men who, from the creation of diplomacy to the present time, have acted as diplomatists, the gallant general must, we fear, be set down as one of the very worst. He is, as Mr. Macaulay said of my Lord Grey, one of the most petulant and factious of mankind; and at the same time, he is one of the most obstinate and overbearing. With such infirmities of temperament, he could not possibly, if he had tried, have displayed the courtesy and suppleness which form part of the diplomatic qualities; and he did not try. To be just, he himself was aware of his unsuitableness for diplomacy; for when the Emperor offered to send him to Constantinople, he exclaimed, "To go as Ambassador! Why, that is not *mon affaire;* but if you could give me some hard fighting to do, I should be content." "Bah!" answered the Emperor. "General Sebastiani once went as an Ambassador to Constantinople in the time of my uncle, but when there he found it necessary to fight. Who knows that the same thing will not happen to you, and that you will come back with a marshal's baton?" This decided the general; but he soon found himself as much out of his element as the stags of Tityrus when they grazed *in*

æthere. First of all, he found that he possessed not the capacity or experience of the diplomatists and Ministers with whom he had to deal; and the sense of his inferiority galled him. Then a multitude of circumstances combined to irritate him. The Sultan and the Turkish Ministers vexed him by not showing sufficient awe of him personally, and of the great country he represented; and by refusing to obey some of his orders—he was not the man to request or recommend—and by displaying true Mussulman dilatoriness in the execution of the others. Lord Stratford de Redcliffe vexed him because he was possessed of far greater influence than he could ever hope to gain—influence arising from long residence, vast talents, and from the mighty power of the nation he personated. The *corps diplomatique* vexed him because they did not choose to admit the arrogant pretensions he put forward on behalf of France; and the foreign circles of the capital vexed him because they did not accept as gospel all his patriotic vapouring about the superiority of France to all nations, her "mission" of civilisation, &c. &c. To exhale his spite, he indulged at times in vehement objurgations at the Porte, and made a rule of refusing to wait more than five minutes for Lord Stratford (who was always behind time) at his dinner-parties—remarking with a grim air and in solemn

tones, when the belated ambassador arrived, "My lord, the soup is cold!" At length his exasperation rose to such a height that he determined to strike a grand *coup* against the Porte, and against the perfidious Milor: he all at once broke off diplomatic relations with the Porte, because, by the advice of Lord Stratford, it would not accord him a religious protectorship over the Greek Catholics—a precisely similar thing to which Russia had demanded, and which England and France had instigated Turkey to refuse, arms in hand! After this notable exploit, the French Government put an end to his mission; and with it, no doubt, to his diplomatic career for ever.

With all his bad temper, and all his moral imperfections, the General is not devoid of high and generous and chivalrous qualities; but it is chiefly in private life that they are manifested. Our countrymen who will have to deal with him in the Baltic will therefore, we doubt not, find him a *bon enfant* in private, but a terribly *mauvais coucheur* in public, and in all matters of military duty. Let us hope, however, that both they and the General will bear and forbear; so that the mighty service in which they are engaged may result in the glory of England and France, and in the condign punishment of the Czar.

V.

KING OF GREECE.

When, at the beginning of 1833, amidst the thundering of cannon and the acclamations of the people, Prince Otho of Bavaria landed in the fair realm of Greece, to wear its crown and sway its sceptre, it was confidently expected that, under his fostering care, the newly-resuscitated state would not, indeed, regain its ancient glory in arms, splendour in literature and art, and unquestioned pre-eminence in the other walks of intellectual greatness—*that* was impossible; but at least develope its agricultural and commercial capabilities, and prove itself worthy of the political independence which the courage of its children and the generous intervention of the great Powers of Europe had secured for it. Twenty-one years have since flown away, and this expectation has vanished like mist before the morning sun. Greece is now in a situation scarcely one whit better than when she groaned under the tyranny of the Mussulman; her agriculture and commerce are nothing like what they ought to be; she has no railways—the great desideratum of a country in this century—and parts of her territory are even without ordinary roads; brigandage stalks through her

provinces; her court and statesmen, parliament and functionaries, are, with a few honourable exceptions, scandalously corrupt; her people are in distress, ill-governed, and discontented; to crown all, she has lost the sympathies of Europe, which were formerly her tower of strength: in a word, she strikingly verifies the prophetic truth of Byron's lines, written years ago—

"Greece! change thy lords, thy state is still the same;
Thy glorious day is o'er, but not thy years of shame!"

And who is mainly responsible for this lamentable state of things? The King.

An honour which has fallen to the lot of few was reserved to him. He was made Sovereign, neither by the right of birth nor by right of conquest, but by the free election of the Greek people, sanctioned by the European Cabinets. And such was the affectionate confidence placed in him by the Greeks that they did not ask him for any constitutional guarantees. Gratitude to people and Governments; a lively sense of the great duties intrusted to him, which at his age (only eighteen) he could hardly have failed to entertain; pride at being called to the throne, not of an infant and unknown state far away in the wilds of America, but of a country in which Lycurgus and Solon had legislated, Pisistratus and Pericles ruled, Phocion been

a citizen---for which Alexander had gained glory, and Philopœmon died; which, besides, had produced orators and poets, philosophers and architects, greater than the world had ever seen before, and as great as any it has seen since: these things, one would think, would have sufficed to cause the young monarch to enter on his task with modest joy, and to determine that, come what might, his manner of executing it should bring no discredit on his name, and no misfortune on his adopted nation. But Otho had neither the intellectual nor the moral qualities required for such a resolution. Nature had given him but a poor intelligence, in which not all the industry of eminent German professors (the most painstaking of men) could implant such an extent of knowledge as would have been creditable for one of his exalted station; and, consequently, the great and glorious history of Greece inspired him with no ambition. Nature had given him a cold heart, which nothing could warm; and, therefore, the marvels of Grecian art and literature remained as indifferent to him under the sunny sky of Athens, as they had been when professors bored him about them in the murky atmosphere of Munich. He had all the pride, and arrogance, and pompous pretensions, and narrow-minded exclusiveness of the smaller German courts; and, consequently, was disposed to feel but little sym-

pathy for a people of democratic, frank, and unceremonious manners. In spite of his pride, however, he had no decision of character; and was unable to chalk out any line of policy on an emergency. In spite of his moral weakness, he was frightfully obstinate; and, as is generally the case with obstinate men of small intellect, was liable to be obstinate about the wrong things, and at the wrong times. Then he was of a very indolent disposition, and not at all disposed to labour with energy for the regeneration of Greece. Last, but not least, he entertained a marked aversion to the female sex; and this sentiment was not likely to make him love a people who take great delight in gallantry.

Instead, then, of beginning his reign well, he began it most shamefully. First of all, he entered the country at the head of several thousand Bavarian soldiers, and quartered them in it, not as if it had given itself to him, but as if he had conquered it; and he allowed these soldiers to rob, insult, and oppress the unfortunate Greeks in the most infamous way. Next, he committed the egregious folly of making Athens the capital of the new kingdom, instead of Napoli, though the Greeks preferred Napoli; not only on account of modern historical associations, but because it was a town already built and peopled, whereas Athens was only a heap of

ruins; and because it was superior to Athens in site, in salubrity, and in its natural and artificial defences against attack; and, in fact, in every respect. His royal father, however, King Ludwig of Bavaria, the *quondam* lover of the notorious Lola Montes, told him that Athens was classical, and that it was better to have a classical capital than a useful one; and, like a good boy, he believed his papa. His next freak was to proceed to spend the public money with a recklessness which would have scarcely been justifiable if all the wealth of Peru and California had been his; and, in addition to the revenues of Greece, a loan of 2,500,000*l.* sterling, raised and guaranteed by the protecting Powers, went also. Nor was it for public undertakings at all useful to Greece that the money was thus disbursed. With the exception of a vast portion of it, wasted in the construction for himself of a marble palace on a gigantic scale, but which is so hideously ugly as to cry for vengeance on its author—it is more like a cotton manufactory, or a barrack, or a workhouse than a royal residence—with the exception of the money wasted in this abominable edifice, every halfpenny of the revenue, every halfpenny of the loan, every halfpenny that could be squeezed out of the Greeks, was sent by King Otho and his Bavarians into Bavaria. Moreover, all the best-paid

offices were given to Bavarians, without any regard to their qualifications. A village schoolmaster was made president of one of the Faculties of Athens; a copying clerk, chief of a department in the Foreign Office; an adventurous hairdresser, a colonel; and so on. And when there were no more places vacant, new ones were created. Thus a stolid Bavarian was allowed a large salary as Inspector of Woods and Waters at Syra —a scorched rock, where there is neither tree nor shrub, and where water costs a penny a glass; another was appointed Gothic architect, and was allowed to spend all his time in Germany "studying" Gothic churches; in short, the most scandalous abuses, the most extravagant waste, was tolerated.

As King Otho began, so he continued; but this sort of *régime*, scarcely less hateful and disastrous to the Greeks than that of the Turks, could not be borne for ever. Their indignation, long smothered, broke forth with terrific violence in September, 1843. On that occasion, his Majesty was very near losing his crown; but the Greeks contented themselves with subjecting him to some rather galling humiliations (one of the chiefs drew his sword on him, but sheathed it with an insulting expression), and with compelling him to expel all the Bavarian invaders, and to grant a constitution which considerably diminished his regal powers. But

the King seemed determined to govern as badly as possible; and, in spite of the constitution, he has succeeded, as we said at the beginning of this article, in corrupting the Greeks, in ruining the finances, in preventing the development of agriculture and commerce; and, in short, in bringing the country to the very brink of ruin. And what, perhaps, shows his mischievous power even more strongly is, that he has contrived on several occasions to display the blackest ingratitude to France and England, and to embroil Greece with them. His scandalous conduct in the Eastern affair in particular, which is too well known to need recapitulation, has made him the scorn of Europe, and has subjected him to the humiliation of having his capital occupied by foreign soldiers, and all governmental power taken from him.

His aversion to the female sex, mentioned above, made him very reluctant to marry; but, as the founder of a dynasty, it was deemed absolutely indispensable that he should "take unto himself a wife." His royal father having, after much intreaty, gained his reluctant consent to do so, sought far and wide in Germany for a spouse for him. But as he is gawkily built, with a flat, stupid face, a sallow complexion, a lack-lustre eye, thick lips and woolly hair; as he is extremely awkwark in his manner, and, in spite of his high rank, almost

as timid with strangers as a country bumpkin in a drawing-room; as the Greek dress which he constantly wears makes him look very like what schoolboys call a guy; as his intellectual qualities are notoriously the reverse of brilliant, and his temper the opposite of good, the fair members of one princely house after another "respectfully declined" to accept his hand. At last a young princess of the reigning family of Oldenburg, impatient to be married, and dazzled by the prospect of a crown, let fall the remark, "I should like to be queen of Greece!" On this hint the Bavarian ambassador acted; and in due time the Princess Amelia became the wife of Otho.

The Queen is her royal husband's superior in every respect. She is very beautiful; and has the finest set of teeth and the prettiest foot in the world. She is remarkably brilliant in conversation, and at times quite a wit. She is always gay and laughing, and is passionately fond of dress and dissipation. Dancing, in particular, is her delight; and, if she could find *danseurs* capable of bearing it, she would waltz from night till morning and morning till night. To music, also, she is extremely partial. When the heat of the weather renders dancing unpleasant, and the opera a bore, she takes pleasure in getting up pic-nic parties at Eleusis, in memory, it may be, of the Eleusinian

mysteries. But, with all her devotedness to amusement, she is one of the busiest politicians in Europe; she meddles with everything; and it was she who incited her lord and master to declare for Russia in the Eastern Question—her reason for so doing being, that she fancied the Czar would re-establish the Greek Empire, and make her Empress at Byzantium.

When the war is finished, we presume that England and France will deem it necessary to pay a little attention to King Otho and his Queen. Considering how mischievous the illustrious couple have been; what a great deal of trouble, anxiety, and expense they have caused us; how different they have made Greece to what she was destined to be; considering, also, that the Queen's desires anent Constantinople have undergone no change, and that they may again, on some critical occasion, be productive of serious annoyance; considering, too, that both their Majesties entertain very bitter hatred of England; and that her Majesty, in particular, permits her pretty lips to let fall all manner of harsh things about the English, their government, and even their Queen—considering all this, we should not, for our part, be surprised if the two Western Powers were to take the determination of relieving them of their Grecian royalty, and inviting them to return to their native Germany. And as no child has

blessed their union, and as report says that they live anything but happily together, they can, when in the fatherland, separate—his Majesty returning to Munich to drink the Bavarian beer which he loves so much—her Majesty going back to Oldenburgh to spend her days in embroidery and her nights in the waltz.

VI.

MARSHAL DE ST. ARNAUD.

In France, it is not only the Bourbons and the Bonapartes who experience the more striking vicissitudes of revolutions—now lording it in regal splendour in the Tuileries, and then cast into exile, or quitting poverty-stricken obscurity in a dismal London lodging-house to ascend, after a short interval, an imperial throne: for many men there are in that country who, after having attained what for subjects is the summit of human greatness, are plunged into as profound obscurity as if they existed not, and even into pecuniary distress; or who, born in a private station, are raised, in spite of many obstacles, to the foremost places in the realm. Of this last class is Marshal Leroy de Saint Arnaud, Commander-in-Chief of the French army in the East.

To have predicted of this personage in his youth,

or at any period of his mature manhood, previous to the Revolution of 1848, that he would one day be what he now is—a marshal, an ex-Minister, and a commander of the armies of the heir of Napoleon—would have seemed a gross absurdity, and might even have been considered a personal insult. For by family, birth, education, career, position, everything, he seemed bound by strong ties to other princes, and marked out for a totally different destination.

He was born of parents noted for their devoted attachment to the elder Bourbons, and to the old Tory principles of which they were the personification. To have instilled into him their personal sentiments and political convictions would have seemed to them a bounden duty at any time, just as one of our own stout-hearted old Cavaliers would have trained up his son and heir to love his Church and his King; but it so happened that precisely when he reached the age at which he was capable of understanding something of political questions, there occurred what appeared to the good folk an almost miraculous confirmation of the truth of their principles. By the battle of Waterloo, Napoleon, who in their eyes was only a Corsican usurper, was hurled from the throne, and, as our Cavaliers used to sing, "the King enjoyed his own again." They therefore made him a Tory, or, as the French say, Legiti-

mist. Nor, a little later, when, like all young men in those stirring times, he had to choose his own political party, did he show any repugnance to that which they had selected for him. On the contrary, the whole bent of his mind was in favour of Legitimist principles; and he not only cordially embraced them, but contrived to attract attention by the vehemence with which he expressed his opinions. In fact, he was so enthusiastic for the King and the King's cause, that it was proposed to him to serve his Majesty. He accepted, and with swelling pride donned the uniform of full private in Grammont's company of his Majesty's Bodyguard. For several years he continued to serve the King with undiminished zeal; and then he for some reason retired into private life, after having risen to the grade of sub-lieutenant.

As a private individual, he embarked in commerce—in, it is believed, the wine trade; but he did not obtain a fortune. He subsequently tried his hand at other things, and even studied for the stage; nay, it is alleged that he actually appeared as an actor at the Ambigu Comique Theatre (the Parisian Surrey), and gained some success; but this detail has been denied, and, as some obscurity hangs over this period of his life, it must be left in doubt. Whatever, however, his avocations were after he ceased to trade in wine, it is

quite certain that his Legitimist principles continued fervid as ever; as it is on record that, in compliance with the fashion of the time, he fought several duels in defence of them.

After the Revolution of 1830, the third phase of his life commenced; but it still kept him at a long distance from the Bonapartean cause. Seeing that by that revolution the elder Bourbons had for a long time, perhaps for ever, destroyed their chances of reigning in France, and feeling that neither duty to himself nor his country would allow him, at his age, to remain in sentimental inactivity out of regret for them, he declared himself in favour of Louis Philippe's government; and having determined to devote himself in earnest to the military career, he was, on his demand, admitted to a marching regiment with the same grade as that which he had held on quitting the army. He was upwards of five years before he got promoted to a lieutenancy. On obtaining that grade, however, he was designated for active service in Algeria; and this gave him what he had long coveted, an opportunity of showing the stuff he had in him. As this stuff was of the right sort for a soldier—calm, intrepid bravery, strict attention to duty, perfect knowledge of the scientific part of his profession, and affectionate care for the welfare of his men—he soon gained the notice of his superiors. His

promotion then became rapid. In 1837 he was nominated captain; 1842, lieutenant-colonel; 1844, colonel; 1847, major-general. In the course of this time he had scarcely any repose, and was engaged in innumerable combats. He distinguished himself on several occasions by fine traits of bravery and skill, and he received the cross of the Legion of Honour for them; but perhaps his most useful services were the organisation of what are called the Zouaves (the regiments which have excited the intense admiration of our officers in the East), and the capture of a dangerous Arab chief, Bou Maza by name, who was second only to Abdel Kader in bravery, energy, and influence, and who for a lengthened period greatly harassed the French. Marshal Bugeaud, who was then the great authority in the French army, had noticed the brilliant military qualities of St. Arnaud at an early epoch of his Algerian career, and he took pleasure in doing justice to them. "St. Arnaud," he used often to say, "is destined to rise high, and I am anxious to have it said that I helped him!"

Up to the Revolution of 1848, Major-General St. Arnaud had been a partisan of Louis Philippe; not, it is true, an ostensibly enthusiastic one, but one who might, it was thought, be counted on in an emergency. When, however, the Republic was proclaimed, he, like

all the generals and officers of the army, and all the functionaries of every department and every degree, and all the judges, and all the bishops, made no scruple in casting off his allegiance to the King, and in accepting that of the Republic. It is suspected, indeed, that he even went so far as to give the Republican fellows some reason to suppose that they would find him a convenient instrument; for they intrusted him with the command of a division of Algeria.

The election of Louis Napoleon to the Presidency of the Republic drew forth no manifestation of satisfaction from the General—a proof that he was not a Bonapartist at heart. But, some time after, he attracted attention by a dashing expedition which he made in Kabylia; and Louis Napoleon, as his custom was, wrote down his name "in the tablets of his memory." When the Prince, at a subsequent period, resolved, in his secret soul, on his *coup-d'état*, but found that Baraguay d'Hilliers, Changarnier, and one or two other generals of note, whose co-operation he sought, were too doubtful of the result to consent to join him, he sent his friend and aide-de-camp, Colonel Fleury, on a roving expedition, to ascertain what general or colonel would be most likely to serve his purpose, and on what conditions he was to be got. The Colonel, on his return, reported that, all things considered, St. Arnaud

was likely to be the best man. The Prince himself had guessed as much, from what he had taken the pains to ascertain about him. Confidential communications were accordingly opened, and St. Arnaud became the Prince's man.

If the reader should think that what is here related does not redound to the credit of the Marshal as a political character, he is prayed to remember, first, that after his abandonment of Legitimacy, M. de Saint Arnaud had no particular affection for any party more than for another, his *métier* of soldier in Africa keeping him altogether away from the arena of political strife; secondly, that, as a French General, he was naturally most anxious to rise in the world by any fair means, and therefore thought himself entitled to make the best bargain he could; thirdly, that he may really, from a careful examination of the state of the country, have entertained the conscientious conviction that Louis Napoleon was alone capable of rescuing France from the fearful dangers into which the revolution had plunged her, and that therefore it was his duty, as a good citizen and a good soldier, to aid him.

Brilliant as the General's services had been, they were hardly of sufficient importance to warrant his elevation to the Ministry of War, which it was necessary for the success of the Prince's plans that he

should hold. Accordingly, means were taken for enabling him to gain renown. The Kabyles had long been troublesome to the French; and he was placed at the head of an army of 9000 men to reduce them to subjection. The mountainous country occupied by these tribes; their desperate courage, and fierce hatred of the French infidels; the want of roads in their territory; the extreme difficulty of conveying stores and ammunition; the scarcity of water; the frightful climate—all rendered his expedition one of very great hazard and danger indeed. But he combined his strategetic plans with such skill, and acted with such fearful energy, that, within the short space of eighty days, he had burned down the principal Kabyle villages, sacked no end of storehouses and granaries, defeated the Kabyles, with dreadful slaughter, in twenty distinct combats and six pitched battles, and compelled them, crushed and appalled, to sue for peace, and to sacrifice a large portion of their territory.

Summoned to Paris, after this expedition, the military and personal importance of M. de St. Arnaud was further enhanced by his being promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-General, and appointed to the command of one of the divisions of the army of Paris. Not long after, Louis Napoleon saw that the day for the execution of his long-matured plans was drawing nigh, and

he appointed the general to the Ministry of War. This, in itself, was equivalent to a declaration of hostilities against the National Assembly; inasmuch as the General, during the short time he had been in Paris, had made no secret whatever of his intention to second Louis Napoleon in anything he might think fit to undertake. Before long, the Assembly, fearing the projects of the Prince, proposed to strip him of the virtual command of the army, which belonged to him by the Constitution, and to give it to the President of the Assembly. On this occasion the General made a fiery speech, in which he broadly declared that the proposition would not be submitted to; and before the Assembly had come to a vote on the matter, he hurried off to the Tuileries to take measures for resisting, arms in hand, the execution of the project. The Assembly, terrified at his energy, rejected the motion. "Eh!" said the General with a grim smile, when told of its vote, "it is well that it has done so; or, by heaven! I would have swept it away!"

The blow thus threatened was not long withheld. After midnight on the 1st December, 1851, there assembled in a small room of the palace of the Elysée, the Prince President, General St. Arnaud, Count de Morny, and M. de Persigny. Around a table, and by the light of a small lamp, these persons definitely settled

the plan of the *coup-d'état*. Fearful was the responsibility they were about to incur—their lives were at stake, the destinies of France, and, to a certain extent, of Europe also, were likewise at stake—but they were as calm as if they were engaged in the most ordinary business. Every detail being arranged, Louis Napoleon, to diminish as much as possible, in the event of failure, the responsibility of each, gave them sealed letters containing his orders in writing; and, with a quiet shake of the hand, they separated. The next morning the Assembly was dispersed, and the principal members of it were in custody. Paris was swarming with troops; and the populace were told that Louis Napoleon was their master, subject to the ratification of the people. The day after, resistance was made; the day following that, it was renewed; but the grim General at the War-office caused to be stuck up in every street the proclamation—"Whoever may be taken with arms in his hands, or throwing up a barricade, shall be instantly shot!" and he sent forth his armed legions with peremptory orders to crush the rising at every cost. For two days the clang of musketry and the thunder of cannon shook every house in Paris; and wounded, and dead, and dying were to be seen everywhere. And then the spirit of the Parisians was cowed, and Louis Napoleon triumphed.

The General's share in the *coup-d'état* is, doubtlessly, the greatest act of his life. In a mere military point of view, it is admirable: admirable in general conception; admirable for the manner in which all matters of detail, and they were innumerable, were provided for and executed; admirable for the skill with which the troops were distributed; and admirable for the minute attention paid to the comforts of the men, and the pains taken to encourage them in their terrible duty. Even the implacable severity with which the General acted may, in looking at it retrospectively, be considered as not undeserving of praise, though it drew forth a cry of horror at the time, for it prevented the insurrection from spreading, and thereby checked bloodshed; and, by showing that the determination was to conquer, whatever the cost, it saved France from civil war and anarchy. Moreover, the astonishing political success which has attended the *coup-d'état* may fairly be pleaded as a set-off to the objections to which, perhaps, that measure is liable, on the score of morality.

For his services on this great occasion M. de St. Arnaud was promoted to the dignity of Marshal, to that of Senator, to that of Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour—to we know not what besides; and he retained the Ministry of War, which made him Com-

mander-in-Chief of the whole army. What honours were these for the man who thirty-six years before was only a simple soldier!—what success was this for the man who had so despaired of ever rising in the army that he had abandoned it for trade!—what a result was this to a career commenced as a Legitimist!

Although, from what has been said, it will be seen that the Marshal must be made of as stern stuff as ever entered into the composition of a soldier, yet in his private relations he is singularly confiding and affectionate. He has the reputation of being one of the best of husbands; as a father, none was kinder—but he is childless now; as a friend, he is faithful, loving, and generous; and as a simple acquaintance, it would not be easy to find any more charming than he. In one respect he is favourably distinguished from nearly all the generals and officers in the French army: they care not a straw for religion, and he is strict in the observances of his Church. When Minister, he had a chapel built in the ministry; and he passed a portion of every day in it.

In person the Marshal is tall and slight, and the general character of his features is half stern, half chivalrous, reminding one of that of the good and brave Don Quixote. For some time previous to his departure for the East he was seriously ill, and when he

last figured in public in Paris he seemed scarcely able to sit his horse; but the climate of Turkey and the excitement of his position have, it is said, made quite a new man of him.

Such has been, and such is, the commander of our French allies in our war with the Czar. If, as a politician, he is not to be admired for his consistency, the credit of being an excellent soldier is due to him. Few officers of the present day, indeed, have seen more hard work, and been in more hard fighting: his campaigns, in fact, are not fewer than thirty; whilst as a general, though as yet he has not had to contend with European armies, he has done sufficient to warrant the assertion that under him the French will increase their military glory. It would, however, be flattery to say that the Marshal enjoys in France the popularity and esteem which generally attend his exalted position, and which were possessed by Soult and Bugeaud, and in our own army by Wellington. But this is owing to the fact that his African exploits as Commander-in-Chief were performed at a time when the public attention was distracted by the moving incidents of a revolutionary drama, the end of which none could foresee, and that the part he played in the *coup-d'état* placed him under the terrible necessity of acting against a considerable portion of his own countrymen. Nor

must it be overlooked that calumny, arising from political and personal hatred, has laboured hard to tarnish his fair fame. As, however, the French are neither unjust long, nor rancorous long, they will, we doubt not, consider the first victory he may gain over the Russians as a graceful opportunity of doing justice to his merits, and for repairing their past severity. The English, on their part, will, we are sure, eagerly seize the same occasion for a display of enthusiastic admiration; and all the more gladly from the fact that he professes to like England well.

VII.

RESCHID PACHA.

If *robur et æs triplex* must have surrounded the heart of the man who first braved the ocean in a ship, that of the man who undertook the gigantic task of reforming the old, unwieldy, rotten, despotic, sanguinary, and every way abominable Empire of the Turks, should have been not only cased in, but constructed of, materials fifty thousand times harder, if such there be. For, whilst the worst that could have happened to the bold mariner would have been to meet with what penny-a-liners call a "watery grave," the

reformer ran the risk of bringing on himself personal destruction, and of causing the whole rickety edifice of the Empire to fall in with a tremendous crash—a fall which would have been almost as disastrous to all Europe as to the Turks themselves. Having undertaken that task, and incurred that risk, we must suppose that Reschid Pacha's heart is made of the toughest materials that ever entered the human frame; and when, after glancing at his career, we reflect on the great reforms he has effected, the immense difficulties he has combated, the powerful and malignant foes he has opposed, the severe reverses he has sustained, we feel that the supposition must be well-founded. And yet the man is a poet—a true poet—that is to say, has much of the refined sympathy, the tender sensibility of woman! Here is a seeming contradiction, which Horace did not think of in his hero, who despised the swelling sea and the Acroceraniuan rocks. But truth is stranger than fiction, and men are not always such as poets paint.

Mustapha Reschid Pacha, for such is his right name, was born in 1802, of a mother who belonged to a family which had given Grand Viziers to the State, and of a father, Mustapha Effendi by name, who, as his father and his father's father before him had done, held the confidential office of steward to the Mosque

of the Sultan Bajazet, at Constantinople. The place was an hereditary one, and at the old man's death ought to have descended to young Mustapha Reschid; but the Sultan Mahmoud, from some freak, refused to let him have it. Such a disappointment, at the very commencement of life, was very mortifying. He, however, bore it with true Turkish philosophy, and his mother, a very intelligent woman, who had taken care to give him the very best education the country afforded, determined that, as she possessed some political influence, he should devote himself to the public service. It so happened that, when he was about eighteen years of age, the famous Ali Pacha, who had held the highest offices in the State, was appointed to the command of the Turkish forces which were sent to quell the insurrection in the Morea. As this personage had married his sister, the mother got him to make Reschid his *kiatib*, or private secretary. Ali's operations were not crowned with success, and after awhile he was recalled and disgraced. Young Reschid, who had bravely shared the hardships and dangers of the war, was thereupon admitted to a clerkship in the Foreign-office. Before he had been there long, his skill in drawing up despatches, and his general talents, attracted the attention of the Grand Vizier, Izzet Pacha. The old man made him his private secretary.

Subsequently, he became the private secretary of Pertew Pacha, a great State dignitary. At that time the situation of Turkey presented one of the most difficult problems that statesmen have ever had to solve. On the one hand, it had become tolerably evident to every enlightened observer, that by remaining cabined, cribbed, confined in the laws of Mahomet, by slavish adherence to slothful customs, by obstinately refusing to learn anything from Western Europe, by, in short, persisting in being an anachronism, half ridiculous, half atrocious, in the Europe of the nineteenth century—the Turks would get to be so frightfully corrupt, so abhorred by the millions of Christians subject to their rule, so incessantly assailed by domestic insurrections and foreign foes, so despised by the whole civilised world, that they could expect nothing less, in the long run, than to be annihilated as a European community, and expelled from the vast and magnificent territories they had occupied so long. On the other hand, it was to be feared that, as the laws of Mahomet, which are temporal as well as religious, had made them what they formerly were—a great and a conquering people —as it was, in the name and in virtue of those laws, that they had been a scourge and a pest to Europe, and had succeeded, in spite of her, in establishing themselves permanently in one of her fairest portions,

and in subjecting to their iron rule many of their native races, it was to be feared, as this was so, that any change in the said laws, and in the manners and customs, and the system of government, arising out of them, would entirely change their religious, social, and political character—would, in fact, make the Turks cease to be Turks; and would thereby, perhaps, on account of their peculiar position, render their destruction, though slower, not less certain, than if effected by force. The Sultan Mahmoud, seeing only one side of the question, was a wholesale reformer; a red-hot Marylebone radical, in the days when radicals flourished, or a modern continental revolutionist, could not, indeed, have taken a more one-sided view, or have acted with more indiscreet haste. Pertew Pacha, Reschid's patron, on the contrary, was an honest old Turk of the old school, and he took an equally prejudiced, equally narrow view of the state of things. "No reform! no change! let us remain as the Prophet made us, and as our fathers were!" Such was the language of the old man—such the precepts which he laboured hard, as if from prescience of his future greatness, to instil into Reschid's mind. Reschid, to a certain extent, sympathised with him; for, in spite of his youth, he saw clearly that it was not by cutting off beards, wearing brown frock-coats and tight-fitting trousers, getting

drunk daily on champagne, in spite of the prohibition of wine by the Koran, listening to bad Italian music, and bastinadoing unfortunate soldiers, to make them look like emperors, that the Turks generally would be made less ignorant, less brutal, less barbarous; and yet that was what the Sultan did, and insisted on his principal subjects doing—as if the petty forms, frivolities, and vices of civilisation were civilisation itself. Neither did he think that the moment at which Turkey was nearly rent to pieces by insurrections in her provinces, and seriously menaced by the hostility of Russia and of all the great Powers, was a favourable one for effecting a sweeping change in her social institutions. But still he was too enlightened not to see that the hour was near at which, to prevent her absolute dissolution, some heroic remedies would be necessary. Fortunately for himself, however, he was neither old enough nor exalted enough in station to commit himself ostensibly either to one line of policy or the other; and so, by a little skilful trimming, he managed to escape the ill-will of the Sultan, and to preserve the friendship of Pertew. Thus trimming, he continued to be employed in the Foreign-office for several years; and, having risen in rank, he was intrusted with a share in the negotiations with Russia, which ended in the disastrous treaty of Adrianople, and in those which,

after the battle of Koniah, led to a convention still more unfavourable with the victorious Mehemet Ali.

The year 1834 must be considered as the decisive turning-point in Reschid Pacha's career. He was sent as resident ambassador to Paris, and subsequently to London (he was, by the way, the first Turk who obtained such an appointment, the Sultans having previously contented themselves with sending special ambassadors to foreign courts to treat of particular affairs, and recalling them when they were concluded). In those cities, and especially in London, he was struck with admiration at the working of the constitutional system; and he resolved, on his return home, to use his best efforts to prepare the way for introducing some modification of it into his own country. Wholesale reforms were the sole preparation; and his official experience had convinced him that, though they might be attended with some danger, they were preferable to letting things take their downward course. After about two years' stay in France and England, he received a notification from his protector, Pertew Pacha, who had been appointed Grand Vizier, that he must return home immediately, to accept the post of Minister of Foreign Affairs. On his arrival in Turkey, he found, to his horror, that Pertew had been strangled by order of the Sultan; and it turned out that this

order had been wrung from the Sovereign when dead-drunk ("his custom always of an afternoon") by Halil Pacha, his Majesty's son-in-law, and other intrigues, not on any grounds of political expediency, but entirely from personal animosity. With more courage than might have been expected, Reschid Pacha remonstrated with the Commander of the Faithful; and, instead of being bow-stringed for his pains, had the satisfaction of hearing his Majesty express profound regret, and direct the punishment of those who had deceived him. Notwithstanding his benefactor's death, Reschid became Minister, and he immediately commenced the work of reform, on which his heart was set. But his measures created dissatisfaction amongst the bigoted old Turks, and amongst certain pseudo-reformers whom he had superseded; and they were particularly displeasing both to Mehemet Ali and the Czar, the bitterest enemies of Turkey, and for the same reason, because they seemed likely to be beneficial to that country. The most scandalous intrigues were set on foot by all these parties. Reschid combated them with great energy until 1838, when he was obliged to succumb to them. He was dismissed from his high office; but, happily for him, was not called on to undergo the little operation of being strangled with a silken cord, as Pertew was, and as many Ministers had been. So

great, however, was the hostility of his enemies, that he deemed it prudent to leave Constantinople; and as they were glad to get rid of him at any price, they allowed him to be appointed ambassador at London. Before proceeding to London, he took an opportunity of visiting Vienna, Berlin, Paris, and Rome; in the latter city he was admitted to an audience of the Pope, and was the first Turk who had ever deigned to accept one. Arrived in London, he laboured most strenuously to induce the English Government to support Turkey against Mehemet Ali on the one hand, and Russia on the other; but we were governed by Whigs in those days, and the Whigs could not hear talk of an offensive and defensive alliance against the Czar. From London he went to Paris, on a diplomatic mission, and there he received some startling news, the defeat of the Turks by the Egyptians at Nezib, the loss of the Turkish fleet, and the death of the Sultan. He hastened back to London, and, with much difficulty, got our Cabinet to join in a treaty with three of the great Continental Powers to defend Turkey against Mehemet Ali. Then he went to Constantinople. It is a rare thing for a new Sultan to take into his confidence men who have at any time enjoyed the favour of a predecessor; but Abdul Medjid admitted him to the Ministry. After a while, he had the genius to plan, and the courage

to proclaim, the famous decree, which, under the name of *Hatti Scheriff of Gulhané*, is one of the most remarkable documents of modern times. It guarantees the lives, honour, and fortune of all Turkish subjects, Christians as well as Mussulmen, forbids private poisonings or executions of any kind, except in virtue of regular judgments, regulates the levying of the taxes, fixing the mode of making levies for the army, and effects other sweeping reforms. In Europe generally such things are a matter of course, but in Turkey they were never heard of before. In March, 1841, Reschid was again ejected from the Ministry, and exiled in the embassy at Paris. His situation in that post was at first a difficult one, as the Egyptian affair had irritated France even more against Turkey than against England; but by prudence and conciliation, aided by the healing virtue of time, he succeeded in changing her from an enemy into a friend. He remained in France until 1847, when he returned to Constantinople, and re-entered the Cabinet as Minister of Foreign Affairs. Since then he has been Minister, with the exception of intervals, more or less long, during which he was excluded by the dirty intrigues of his adversaries or of the harem.

From the preceding scanty outline of his career, the reader will perceive that Reschid Pacha is an

extraordinary man; and he will be inclined to think that he merits the designation of a great statesman. He does so, indeed, for the mingled boldness and prudence which characterises his reforms. By the Hatti Scheriff of Gulhané; by decreeing equality of rights between Christians and Turks; by constituting regular courts of justice, and purifying the administration of the law; by destroying the abominable system of farming out the taxes, by which frightful extortion was practised; by encouraging the formation of something resembling municipal institutions, and admitting Christians to them; by abolishing torture; by regulating the quarantine; by teaching the Turks that it is *not* sinful to take measures for checking the spread of the plague or any other visitation; by encouraging trade and abolishing monopolies; by incessant and indefatigable efforts to make the more enlightened portion of his countrymen appreciate, and become qualified for, such a measure of constitutionalism as is compatible with Turkish manners and genius; by these, and a thousand other measures, which it would be tedious to recapitulate, Reschid Pacha has done ten thousand times more in the way of reform than the Sultan Mahmoud, with all his bastinadoing, and tippling, and fashioning of garments, ever dared even to dream of. And so well-timed, and so prudently executed, have

been these reforms, that they have not only not caused the downfal of the Empire, which many persons feared would be inevitable from any change, but they have not even weakened it in any way; they have, on the contrary, added to its strength and efficiency, and have given it, what thirty years ago seemed a gross improbability, a reasonable hope of lasting for many years to come. What, too, is very singular, is, that Reschid has had the tact to cause his reforms—though, as we have said, far more sweeping than those of Mahmoud—to produce far less dissatisfaction. They have, to be sure, drawn forth doleful howls from some of the most stubborn of the old Turks, and grumbling amongst the masses; but they have not been bitterly cursed, as were those of Mahmoud, nor have they roused the spirit of fanatical resistance which his met with. This, however, is, we are inclined to think, owing to his having practised what Papists would call a "pious fraud." He boldly asserted, and made the people believe, that his reforms were in strict accordance with the letter and the spirit of the Koran; whereas many, nay, most of them, are in flat contradiction to both. If the Mussulman were a true religion, we should, no doubt, feel shocked at seeing a minister deliberately violate its dictates; but as we know that it is a mass of imposture, we, the happy possessors of the only true

faith, need, perhaps, feel no great concern on that score; and, as to his descending to the meanness of saying what is false—why, it is no new thing in state-craft, and is, besides, no business of ours. Another thing, which shows Reschid to be a great statesman, is, that he is bent on reforming men as well as things; and that, in execution of this design, he not only insists, so far as possible, on the *personnel* of the Government being reputable in every respect, but he has had the courage to assail some of the greatest men in the State for doing wrong—has caused some to be reprimanded, and others dismissed with disgrace, and others, the most difficult thing of all, to disgorge wealth which they had obtained by fraud or extortion. We further consider his statesmanlike capacity proved by the fact that, better than any of his countrymen, he has always seen and understood the nefarious projects of Russia against his country, even when she seemed most friendly; and that, better than any of his countrymen, he has always felt that it was from an intimate alliance with England that Turkey should seek for salvation; because England is disinterested, and generous, and all-powerful. But, perhaps, the crowning proof of his ability is, that, in spite of immense obstacles, he has so schemed and negotiated, as to compel England and France to stand by Turkey in her conflict with the

Czar, and to give her the help of mighty armies and fleets. In less able hands than his, Turkey might have been abandoned to her fate—perhaps, even, as in the "untoward event" of Navarino, had Russia, England, and France arrayed against her. We have said that Reschid is a poet. The Turks are a poetical people, *par excellence*, and possess as noble a collection of written poetry as any nation in the world can boast of, not excepting our own. It is asserted by competent authorities, that the poems of Reschid deserve to rank with the very best. Unfortunately, they have not been published; but they are represented to be chiefly lyric, and are stated to combine much profound sentiment, with gorgeous oriental imagery, to express thoughts that breathe in words that burn. In his early manhood, he and his benefactor Pertew were accustomed to correspond in poetry, and more than one weighty piece of public business has been despatched between them by means of elegant effusions in verse. Even now, when harassed and distracted by affairs of state, Reschid not unfrequently seeks solace in song. How wonderful is the combination of intellectual qualities, which enables a man to shine alike in the brilliant imaginative productions of the poet and the stern, harsh, often terrible realities of the statesman! But, though to be poet or statesman, is the highest glory to

which men of the loftiest genius are content to aspire, Reschid is something more than statesman and poet: he is one of the most learned men in the Turkish Empire. In Turkish, Arabian, and Persian literature he is almost without an equal. He has a comprehensive knowledge of all the modern sciences; he entertains a passionate admiration of the fine arts; and his knowledge of ancient and modern history is, it is alleged, not far inferior to that of Macauley. He, besides, speaks and writes several languages, and is particularly well versed in French and English. Moreover, another strange thing in a poet—he is an admirable logician; and, if his time were not more profitably occupied, he would probably take immense pleasure in teaching wrangling in the schools, or in writing ponderous tomes on logic.

Nor have we yet recapitulated all that can be said in his favour. Although he, in no small degree, has brought about the present war, and is determined to carry it on most energetically, he entertains as profound a horror of carnage, and as great a contempt of the "pride, pomp, and circumstance" of warfare, as any broad-brimmed member of the Peace Congress. Equal to his hatred of fighting is his admiration of diplomacy. In his eyes, nothing in this world is to be compared to European diplomacy—it is a sacred and a holy thing; and he would leave, if he could, everything to be

settled by it, from a great international dissension down to the question of the shaving of Turkish chins. So, admiring diplomacy, he looks with reverence on all diplomatists. Especially does he esteem the distinguished statesman who at Constantinople is charged to represent Great Britain. He thinks Lord Stratford de Redcliffe's talent unapproachable. He knows that his lordship has long been a faithful defender of Turkey; he admires his sagacious counsel and his firmness, tempered with prudence, in all things; and he is deeply attached to him as a personal friend. His sentiments with respect to England are precisely what might be expected from those which he entertains for her ambassador. He admires and loves her as much as a foreigner can do, and on all occasions is glad if he can do her pleasure. In his character of reformer, he likes everything European, and mixes as much as he can in European society. He imitates European customs; dresses nearly in the European style; sits on a chair in the European fashion; eats with knife and fork as Europeans do; has only one wife, like Europeans, and is more faithful and devoted to her than many Europeans, especially on the Continent, are to their wives. He has, besides, several children, and has brought them up in the European way, with all the care and tenderness of the good European father. In character

he is mild and gentle, generous and confiding. To his friends he is said to be all that friend can be; and to strangers he is courteous in the extreme. His bearing is unpretending, but has in it a dash of the old Turkish dignity, which is very pleasing. Although so completely Europeanised in many things, he manifests on all occasions, even the most critical or agitating, the imperturbable calm of the old Turk. In person, too, notwithstanding his modern dress, he is Turkish—squarish, solid, rather heavy; and his regular features and sun-burned skin are of Turkish expression: but there are a depth and brilliancy in the eye which are not often remarked in the Mussulman.

Many and great as are the qualities of Reschid Pacha, he, like the rest of mankind, is not by any means complete perfection. He has got some terrible vices. Ambition is one of them. His enemies declare that he is sternly

"Resolved to ruin or to rule the State;"

and certain it is that no man clings to power with greater tenacity when he possesses it, or intrigues more incessantly to obtain it when he has it not—that no man acts more unscrupulously to destroy the position of an adversary, or to get rid of an inconvenient colleague—that no one is more greedy of honours and

dignities. Not content with obtaining all that a subject could aspire to, has he not made the Sultan create a dignity for him alone? and has he not quite recently compelled his Majesty to give a daughter in marriage to one of his sons, though there were grave political reasons for avoiding, or at least postponing, such a connexion? Another of his vices is the love of money. He boasts that he has not pillaged the Treasury as Turkish Ministers are wont to do; and that he has not accepted bribes from foreign Powers as most Turkish Ministers have; and, perhaps, his boast is well founded. But, wo! to the poor wretch who solicits a place or a favour from him if he does not let him hear the chink of his gold! Wo! too, to those who are compelled to visit him on business or courtesy, for he makes his servants importune them for gratuities (Lord Stratford is seldom released from his clutches for less than 500 piastres); and if report does not speak falsely, he takes all that is given, or at least the greater part! But, what is infinitely worse, is, that he allows his wife to exercise the profitable trade of buying female children in the slave-market, training them for the pleasures of the harem, and then selling them to rich old Turks at a high price!

After all, however, the sun has spots; and so, in spite of the vices which stain the character of Reschid

Pacha, there can be no question that his intellectual qualities, and his immense services to his country, warrant us in saying, in the words of M. Guizot years ago, "He is a great man—the only one the East possesses!"

VIII.

PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF.

With the exception of the savage barbarian, Suwarrow, most of the really distinguished generals and admirals of Russia, from the time of Peter downwards, have been foreign adventurers. Witness Munich, Elphinstone, Diebitsch, and a host of others. Paskiewitsch himself, whom the Russians exalt as the conqueror of Erivan, Warsaw, and Hungary, cannot be cited as a proof of the inexactitude of this assertion; for, as was shown in the article on him, his military renown has been absurdly exaggerated from political considerations, and, in point of fact, hardly exceeds that of one of our third-rate Indian generals. At this very moment it may safely be said, that the best commanders in the Russian service are foreigners, or the descendants of foreigners—Luders, Rudiger, Danneberg, Osten Sacken, and (if he be still living) Schilders. But though the Russian born and bred commanders are

inferior to their German and other foreign colleagues, it is they who secure the highest posts, the best pay, the greater number of decorations—they whose names are trumpeted forth to credulous Europe. In thus puffing up its own native generals, and casting into the shade its abler foreign hirelings, the Russian Government is faithful to its system of employing audacious falsehood to make its power appear greater than it is.

Prince Michael Dmitrievitch Gortschakoff is a thorough Russian General, and has been treated in the regular Russian way: that is to say, his exploits have been of the most ordinary kind—and yet he has been rewarded with honours, dignities, and commands which would have been amply sufficient to recompense the genius and the services of the best of Napoleon's marshals or of our own Wellington.

The early part of the Prince's career is so very obscure that it is not known out of the War-office at St. Petersburgh what regiment he first joined, or how or when he climbed up to the grade of Major-General. The very first public mention that a most diligent search has enabled us to discover of him is, that he commanded a portion of the artillery—he is an artillery officer—in the war against Turkey in 1828-9, and that he took part in the famous siege of Silistria. This siege, it will be remembered, lasted for many

weeks—though it was carried on by a mighty army, and though the town was only defended by mud walls, manned by, comparatively, a mere handful of Turks. Nothing could be more disgraceful to the Russian army than their inability to take the *soi-disant* fortress; and of this disgrace a large share must be awarded to Prince Gortschakoff, as one of the commanders of the artillery, on which the chief operations devolved.

But, in addition to the discredit which attached to him in common with the whole army, the Prince contrived to earn some still grosser, which must be considered exclusively his own. At a critical moment, he was ordered by the General-in-chief to sweep down with his artillery a large body of the Turks who were making a vigorous sortie: but he actually manœuvred in such a way as to run his guns into a deep fosse, where they stuck fast, and not a shot could he fire. After this it was not considered prudent to employ him again where skill was required; and he was placed in a division charged to make marches and counter-marches, with the view of distracting the attention of the Turks from the real operations of the commander-in-chief. The war terminated, he was employed under Count Pahlen, but did nothing in particular. He afterwards received a command of artillery in the army which was sent to quell the Polish insurrection. In

this war, which was not very long, he more than once allowed it to be seen that he does *not* possess great military capacity. At Ostrolinki, for example, the Poles attacked him with such impetuous fury, that they very nearly carried off his seventy guns—and yet they had to cross a river to get at him. At Grochoff he nearly blew to atoms a brigade of Russian troops. At Warsaw, in the last fatal battle in which Poland was again crushed, he acted so wildly that old Marshal Paskiewitsch stormed and swore. To be just, however, it must be admitted that when at last he *did* get his guns to bear, he perpetrated awful slaughter. He was not again employed in the field until the Czar intervened with an army in Hungary, on behalf of Austria. He gained so little distinction in that country, that in all the accounts of the war that have been published, in German, French, English, Magyar, his name is not once mentioned; though those of other generals of inferior standing occur almost as frequently as that of Paskiewitsch himself. Lastly, he was appointed commander-in-chief of the army which, a little more than a year ago, was sent across the Pruth to occupy the Danubian Principalities. Blind obedience to the orders of the Czar is the characteristic of Russians; but not even the army could refrain from manifestations of discontent at seeing the Prince placed at its head, in

preference to General Luders, whose services and talents gave him an incontestable title to the post. What he has done in the Principalities is known to all Europe, and the unanimous and unhesitating verdict of Europe is, that it proves him to be as incompetent a general as ever took the field. His forces were from the first immensely more numerous than those of Turkey; and yet he has been defeated at Oltenitza, at Turtukai, at Giurgevo, at Kalafat, at Citate, at Matchin, at Silistria—defeated always and everywhere. His whole plan of operations, moreover, was so defective, that Marshal Paskiewitsch had to be sent to correct it, and at this moment, in spite of that correction, he is in full retreat, chased by the triumphant Turks.

And now in presence of such services place his rewards. He is knight of we know not how many orders; he rejoices in the brief and harmonious title of *Vasché Vuisokprevoskoditelstvo;* he is aide-de-camp General to the Emperor; he is entitled to wear on his breast his Majesty's portrait set in diamonds—a supreme distinction in Russia; he has been military governor of Warsaw, and in Prince Paskiewitsch's absence, generalissimo and governor of the entire kingdom of Poland; he is now in command of a vast army; he is member of the Council of the Empire; on certain state occasions he possesses precedency over others of

his class and degree; and it was he who had the high honour of being deputed to represent the Czar and his army at the funeral of Wellington—a proof of imperial favour, envied by the highest in the land. Verily, he would have obtained none of these great things if he had not been a great Russian noble.

And he *is* a Russian. In the fullest sense of the term he is a Muscovite of the old stock. That he may have all the Russian virtues is very probable; but most certainly he possesses, in a striking degree, all those vicious peculiarities which distinguish Russians from the members of happier and more civilised communities. Though of gainly person and aristocratic manner, he is not able to look you full in the face with honest frankness; but when speaking, eyes you askance and turns away if you look on him. This peculiarity is very painful to Englishmen; but nothing is more common in Russia. In truth, it is possessed by everybody, from the moujick up to the Prince, and it arises from the fact that the great terror and the terrible *espionage* exercised by the Government render people as much afraid of betraying their secret thoughts by the expression of the eye as they are in language. The Prince, again, is a Muscovite by his base servility to the Czar: to secure the countenance of his Majesty's favour, he would submit to anything. Indeed, in all

Russia, with the exception of Prince Menschikoff, there is not to be found a meaner or more cringing courtier; and that is saying a great deal, for all Russians are courtiers. It is as a courtier, in fact, and not as a general, that he has gained the honours and rewards he enjoys; much as he has seen of tented fields and of the ordering of battles, he is a carpet-knight after all! He is a Russian by his passion for tawdry splendour, and frivolous amusements, and luxurious living; and by his intense repugnance to all that can enlighten and enlarge the mind. He is a Russian by his love of French wines, and especially of champagne. He is throroughly Muscovite, too, by the way in which he speaks to strangers—soft, specious, and insinuating, and profuse in offers of services and friendship; though his heart, the while, as the Russian way is, gives the lie to the tongue. He is Muscovite by the implacable severity with which he governs the serfs on his domains, and exorts from them the uttermost farthing; doing, thereby, on a small scale, what his master, the Czar, does on a large one. Most Muscovite is he by the galling humiliation which he feels on contrasting the civilisation of Western Europe with the hideous barbarism of his own country, and by the burning desire with which that contrast fills him, not to try to raise Russia to the Western level, but to reduce the West to

Russian despotism, ignorance, poverty, and infamy. Than he, indeed, no Russian counts more fondly or more confidently on the realisation of the prediction of the great Peter, that Europe must and shall be dominated by the barbarous hordes of the north.

As a general in the field, he is peculiarly and emphatically Russian. Under him the peculation which is the besetting vice of Russian functionaries thrives gloriously. Under him the soldiers are half-starved, ill-clothed, ill-lodged, and scandalously neglected in every respect. The army in the Principalities ought, by the regulations, to have received five meals of meat a week; but the average has hardly been one, and that one was not of meat, but of carrion. It ought to have had a certain quantity daily of tolerable bread—such was the order from St. Petersburgh. Now, what the Russians call tolerable bread is a horrid black substance, which in Western Europe, and most certainly in England, would hardly be considered good enough for the porcine race; but what he gave them was worse even than that, and it was dealt out most stintedly. His notion, indeed, of what is necessary for an army is proved from the fact that he entered into contracts with some farmers to have his soldiers fed and lodged for twenty-five *paras*—somewhere about three-halfpence—per head per day; and he made not

the slightest objection to their being compelled to sleep pell-mell with swine. What from lack of food and clothing, lodging and medicines, the Russian army has lost thousands and tens of thousands of its bravest men; and he witnessed, day after day, the fearful mortality with the utmost unconcern. But whilst treating his men in this scandalous way, the Prince subjects them to discipline of which, in Europe, we have no idea. They are beaten with sticks, according to the wanton humour of their brutal officers, from corporals up to colonels; and not a day, it is said, passes on which the wailings of some dozen of them, in course of being scourged to death, do not fill their comrades with dismay. In battle, he, without hesitation, drives the unfortunates at the point of the bayonet on positions which it is absolutely impossible they can take, and which, if taken, would be worth nothing.

It is generally his lot to be defeated in every combat; but, with sublime impudence, he claims the victory, and sings a *Te Deum* for it. He oppresses the people in whose country he is, in the most atrocious way; yet makes them sign addresses, expressing profound gratitude for his humanity. He robs and pillages by wholesale, and yet pompously announces that his mission is to "protect" his victims. He audaciously

accuses the enemy of needless severity, and yet issues orders of the day in which he recommends his men to be ruthless in slaughter. He pretends to despise religious fanaticism, and yet makes his brutal army believe that Saint Sergius and the Panagia are leading them to victory. He affects a scrupulous love of truth, and yet gravely tells his men that if they be killed for the "orthodox faith" they will rise again after three days in their native villages. He —— But enough.

The Emperor Nicholas is, Russians tell us, the very model of a Czar; and Prince Menschikoff of a great Russian State dignitary. Prince Gortschakoff, on his part, may be considered as the *beau ideal* of a Russian general. If Russians be as proud of him as they are of the Czar and the statesman, they must be made of very different materials to the rest of humanity. For certain it is that in every civilised country in the world such a character and career as his can excite only contempt and disgust.

IX.

COUNT ORLOFF.*

No aristocratic house in "all the Russias" has ever stood so high in power, wealth, and imperial favour, as that of Orloff; and the history of few aristocratic houses in all Europe, even including those of the greatest antiquity and the highest distinction, are more widely known. On the other hand, however, there is not to be found anywhere a family which is steeped in such foul infamy, or which bears a name that is so universally considered as the symbol of rapacity and crime.

The first Orloff was a common soldier, named Orel, in the time of the Czar Peter, generally, but unjustly, called the Great. He was concerned in one of the plots of the Strelitz regiments, and was, with a multitude of others, condemned to death. It is known that Peter, like a thorough barbarian as he was, used to make a rule of being present at the wholesale executions which took place almost daily in his capital; nay, that he frequently acted as executioner himself, and was even not a little proud of the skill with which

* The Russians pronounce the name as if it were written Arloff.

ne chopped off heads. On the day on which Orel was to be executed, Peter was on the scaffold, feasting his eyes on the quivering members of his victims; and when Orel's turn came, he was standing so near the block as to be in the man's way. "Stand aside, Czar," said the soldier; "you take up my place!" This rude order, from a person in such a situation, pleased Peter; and he stopped the execution of the man. Questioning him, he found that he was a rough and ready fellow, likely to be useful in many an emergency; and he offered to pardon him his past treason, and make him an officer, if he would promise to serve him faithfully and well. Orel readily gave the pledge, and he became an officer in one of the Czar's most trusted regiments. On receiving this promotion he, for some reason, changed his name to Orloff. At his death he left a son, who entered the army, and rose to the rank of general. The General had five sons, two of whom, Gregory and Alexis, were monstrous criminals. The former was the lover of the infamous Catherine II., grandmother of the Emperor Nicholas: he planned the murder of her unfortunate husband, Peter III., the Emperor's putative grandfather; and took an active part in effecting the revolution which placed supreme power in her hands. As her paramour, he obtained immense influence in Russia, and exercised it with

scandalous insolence; he secured all the titles and honours she could confer; he pillaged the treasury as much as he pleased; and received besides a pension of 150,000 roubles, immense estates, and not fewer than 14,000 peasants; he had a marble palace built for him, and a triumphal arch erected in his honour. The vile woman even went the length of offering to marry him; but he had the audacity to refuse her hand, because, for state reasons, she wished the marriage kept secret, and could not think of allowing him to share her throne; and, to crown all, she seriously contemplated making him sovereign of an independent kingdom on the Caspian Sea, or even of Greece. As to Alexis, he not only joined his brother in planning, but took the principal part in executing, the murder of the third Peter. With his own hand he poured poison into the sovereign's drink, as he sate in unsuspecting confidence at table. The unfortunate prince, feeling his entrails racked and burning, heaped imprecations on the head of his murderer, and called aloud to his domestics for an antidote. But the assassin laughed scornfully; and, throwing him to the ground, he, with the aid of two accomplices, strangled him with a napkin. This foul murder, however, sat lightly on his conscience; and he gladly accepted honours, and money, and estates, as the reward of it; nay, more,

years after, he actually had the frightful hypocrisy to officiate as pall-bearer at the solemn interment of the remains of the imperial victim. The other three brothers of these two atrocious wretches presented nothing remarkable, except that, by their means and under their protection, they were enabled to pillage the state in the most scandalous way, and died gorged with booty. One of them was named Vladimir, and he left three *illegitimate* children.

The sole survivor of Vladimir's illegitimate offspring is the person of whom we have to speak. He was born in 1787. The name of his mother is not recorded, but she is understood to have been a serf. His father, feeling affection for his children, in spite of their disgraceful birth, and being anxious to perpetuate the name of Orloff, in spite of the ignominy attached to it (neither his brothers nor himself had any lawful descendants likely to live, nor is there one now remaining), caused Catherine to decree that they should bear his name, and be entitled to inherit his property. Thus it was that Alexis —— became Alexis Orloff; and thus it was that, instead of being destined to pass his life in abject slavery as a serf, he was thrown into the ranks of the aristocracy. But though Catherine gave him the murderer's name, she did not think right to give him the murderer's title; and so he was plain

Alexis Orloff, and nothing more. Having entered the army, he obscurely worked his way through the different grades up to the rank of colonel. As colonel, he happened to be in garrison with his regiment in St. Petersburgh at the latter end of 1825, when the Emperor Alexander died. When the death of this monarch became known, a formidable conspiracy, which had been long hatching, broke out, it will be remembered, in the capital, to prevent Nicholas from ascending the throne. Several regiments rose in open revolt; and Nicholas, with a blanched face and a beating heart, for he was sore afraid, had to leave his palace, to attempt to reduce them to submission. He harangued them as best he could, but they were deaf to his voice. A few moments after, Orloff, at the head of his regiment, came scampering up, and, without hesitation, charged the insurgents. This energy rather terrified them; and, whilst they were hesitating, General Benkendorff arrived with a large force of artillery, and began blazing away at them. In a short time the rioters were routed or slain, and Nicholas was triumphant. Either from gratitude for Orloff's services on that most eventful day, or from Orloff having, as some people suspect, so manœuvred his regiment as to prevent it being remarked that Nicholas, having lost his wits on finding that the insurgents assumed at first

a bolder attitude than he had expected, had taken to flight in disgraceful cowardice, instead of standing, like a sovereign and a man, the hazard of the die on which he had cast his life; or, as others suspect, from his having obtained, either as an accomplice or by treachery, a perfect knowledge of all the details of the plot, and having revealed them to the Czar, though they placed in danger the lives of some of his friends, and *even of his own brother*—either from one or other of these circumstances, or it may be from all combined, Nicholas took Orloff into his august favour. Intimate acquaintance with the man increased the Czar's liking for him; and in course of time he came to be his Emperor's closest and dearest friend—a position he holds to this day. The favour of a despot is the stepping-stone to fortune; and, accordingly, Alexis Orloff was created, in spite of the stain on his birth, a Count, a Member of the Council of the Empire, a General Commander of a division of the guard, an imperial aide-de-camp, and General-in-Chief of the gendarmerie—one of the highest offices in the realm, as it carries with it the management of the police, and the special protection of the Emperor's person. He was also nominated knight of Order after Order; and more foreign decorations were procured for him than he would find it convenient to carry on his breast.

Money, of course, was made to flow in abundantly on him; and he was enabled to add wide domains and thousands of serfs to his possessions.

It is but strict justice to say that this lucky parvenu is admirably qualified for the exalted station to which he has risen. He is possessed of great political sagacity, is singularly wary and foreseeing. As a counsellor, indeed, none in all Russia is wiser; and to wisdom in council he adds, when necessary, energy and prudence in action. He appears really to feel as much affection for the Emperor as the Emperor entertains for him; at all events, not even his bitterest enemies, and they are many and powerful, have ever ventured to cast the slightest imputation on his fidelity to his Imperial master.

Blind obedience to the orders of the Czar is considered a public virtue by the Russians; and the courtier portion of the aristocracy carry it to the extent of cringing servility. But in this respect Count Orloff outdoes everybody. An order from the Czar is to him as sacred as the voice in Sinai was to Moses; and he executes it to the best of his ability, with unhesitating and unshrinking devotedness. If the Czar were to tell him to thrust his hand into the fire, he would do it; and would, with all the heroic fortitude of a Mutius Scævola, hold it there until consumed; or

if told to swim out into the Gulf of Finland and try to bring in Napier's fleet, he would no more hesitate in obeying than Gulliver did in seizing the fleet of the Lilliputians.

Convinced of his love and devotedness, the Czar is always anxious to have him near his person. In ordinary times he is almost a constant inmate of the imperial family circle; and he accompanies the Czar in the long journeys which he from time to time takes to distant parts of the empire. In all the critical moments of the Czar's life, he has been by his side. We have seen what he did in 1825. In the revolt caused at St. Petersburgh by the cholera in 1831 he was with his Majesty; he accompanied him when, some time after, he went to quell a revolt in the military colonies; he rescued him from drowning in the Niemen in 1846, when the ice broke beneath his carriage, and he was in imminent danger; he was with him in his visit to London and Rome; and as his talent is, as we have intimated, equal to his fidelity, he is constantly employed by the Emperor in negotiations which require more than ordinary tact or skill, or which, from any reason whatsoever, it is not considered advisable to place in the hands of the regular diplomatists. In 1829 it was he who negotiated the treaty of peace with Turkey, which was so advantageous to Russia; it was

he who represented Russia in the long and arduous negotiations which ended in the separation of Belgium from Holland; it was he who was charged with her interests at Constantinople in 1833, when Mehemet Ali was menacing the empire of the Sultan; it was he who wrung from the unfortunate Turks the famous treaty of Unkiar-Skelesi, one of the greatest diplomatic exploits on record; and since then there has not been a single European question pending in which Russia was concerned, which he has not influenced with his counsels or expedited by his exertions. In the formidable Eastern Question, which has lighted up the flames of war, he has played a most active part. All the confidential missions to which, from first to last, it has given rise---and they have been not a few---have been confided to him; and it is to his masterly management that the Czar is indebted for the lukewarm adherence of Austria to the Western Powers, and for the absolute neutrality of Prussia. It is fair to him to state that it is believed that in this great matter he has taken a totally opposite view to that of his master; and that whilst serving his policy with zeal, he has not disguised from him that he considers it dangerous to the empire.

From what has been said, it will be assumed that Count Orloff is one of the happiest and most envied

men in Russia. He is, on the contrary, one of the most wretched, and the most despised. He bears the horrible nickname of the "*Poisoner!*" and people shrink from him with horror, as from a murderer. Public opinion, in fact, boldly and emphatically accuses him of having poisoned Marshal Diebitsch, who commanded the Russian army in Poland in 1831, and of having at about the same time poisoned the Grand Duke Constantine, the Czar's brother. Diebitsch, it seems—so runs the tale—irritated the Czar by not being able to crush the Polish revolution so soon as he had promised; and as it was for some peculiar reasons considered inexpedient to remove him from his command, Orloff was—so goes the tale—sent to dispose of him. Orloff reached the camp, dined with Diebitsch. Almost immediately after, the old General was seized with frightful sufferings, and in a short time died. Orloff swore that he must have perished of cholera; but the army and the population vowed it was of poison.

From Diebitsch's camp the Count went—still so runs the tale—on a mission from the Czar to the Grand Duke Constantine. He was admitted to the Prince's table; and shortly after his Imperial Highness, who had previously been in excellent health, died. "It is cholera that has killed him!" said Orloff, but the

public voice again cried "Poison!" Other assassinations but of victims of inferior degree, are openly laid to his charge; indeed, it is a common whisper in Russia that when he is sent to make a communication to, or inquiries respecting, any great personage, a death from poison is at hand.

Now God forbid that we should take on ourselves to say that these awful accusations are well founded; nay, we frankly admit that they do not, so far as can be made out, appear to rest on anything like what would be considered in an English court of justice clear, and explicit, and unanswerable evidence. But is it not strange that they should have sprung up without any real cause? that they should have been believed for years in Russia and Poland by people of every degree—that they should be generally credited in Germany, have been echoed by some of the most eminent writers in France; and have caused the author of a very remarkable English book, published some years ago, under the title of "Revelations of Russia," to relate as an authentic anecdote, that once, when the Count was dining at the table of some great personage, he was told by one of the guests, "Pour out no water for me! It may be *aqua tofana!*" a remark which made him pale as death. Is it not strange, passing strange, we say, that all this should be

the case, and yet that neither the Count nor any of his friends, nor his Imperial master (who, by the way, can hardly be considered innocent if he be guilty) should have taken the trouble to prove that it is a base and odious calumny to designate him as "the *Poisoner!*"

X.

VICE-ADMIRAL PARSEVAL DESCHENES.

THE name just written is as certain as that of any contemporary of obtaining an honoured niche in history. Not that it belongs to a man who has already distinguished himself by transcendently brilliant exploits, or even by clear indications that he pre-eminently possesses the great and varied qualities which constitute the sea-hero; but because it is that of the first French naval commander who has seriously commenced, side by side with the English, the mighty war undertaken by his nation and ours for the chastisement of Russian insolence, and the protection of the weaker states of Europe against Russian wrong. We say the first; for though the bombardment of Oessa took place long ago, it was too incompletely done, and too feebly resisted, to count as the real commencement of the

war. Yes, the brilliant attack on, and capture of, the forts of Bomarsund, which, to the delight of Western Europe, have just been effected, will be recorded by history as the first deadly blow struck by the two allied powers on Russia; and as such, history will say of it, "There began the downfall of the Czar's Empire, and there Parseval and Napier commanded!"

When a man jumps, so to speak, all at once into immortality, people generally are inclined to suppose that his career, if not preceded by such dire portents as announced that of Glendower—

> The front of heaven quite full of fiery shapes,
> Of burning crescents——

is at least distinguished in some marked manner, or by some extraordinary events, from that of other men. In the case of Admiral Parseval, however, an expectation of the kind, if entertained, will be disappointed; his naval career, barring, perhaps, the *début* of it, not differing in any material respect from that of any other officer, whether English or French, of the same rank and the same length of services.

His *début* as a sailor was certainly a remarkable one. A lad of only fourteen or fifteen, he "assisted" at the greatest and most glorious battle the sea has ever witnessed. He was on board the Bucentaure at Trafalgar. That vessel, it will be remembered, fought

with the most heroic bravery. Nelson himself, in the Victory, assailed her with his usual terrific impetuosity. A little later, three huge line-of-battle ships thundered at her at once. She was ever, in a word, in the very thickest of the appalling fight. The poor lad, therefore, saw—

——"Each gun,
From its adamantine lips,
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun!"

He saw, too, the tall gaunt figure of England's hero—a figure which every French eye that was near enough had gazed at with mingled awe and hate; he saw it suddenly stricken down. And then, with blanched cheeks and bated breath, yet beaming eye, he cried, "He falls!" and in a moment after, with the rapidity of lightning, the news that *he* had fallen had reached every combatant in the Bucentaure. There was a moment's pause; and then a gleam of infernal satisfaction lighted every eye; and then the work of carnage was resumed with greater ferocity than before. But the day was won by the stricken hero; and "the flag that's braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze," had to inscribe a new victory on its glorious folds.

Young Parseval was afterwards present, in the

capacity of midshipman, in an engagement near Sables d'Olonne, in 1809, in which the French claim the honour of having, with three frigates, beaten off three line-of-battle ships under Admiral Stopford. He was present also in the affairs, at a later period, in the Scheldt, in which neither the British troops nor the British fleets displayed their usual skill and bravery. He likewise, about this time, signalised himself by slipping through an English blockade with a frigate, and carrying her to a French port. After the peace, he was promoted to the rank of lieutenant, and was charged with certain small missions on the Barbary coast, on the Brazilian coast, in the West Indies, also for a time with the governorship of French Guiana. In the course of these duties he was twice shipwrecked, and in great danger. When in 1823-4 his Government intervened in Spain, in order to crush the Spanish liberals and defend the throne of Ferdinand, he was in the naval expedition which was sent against Barcelona, and did such good service that his Admiral reported most favourably of him, and the Cross of the Legion of Honour was granted to him. Before 1830 he was promoted to a captaincy, and he went out in command of the frigate the Euryale, in the expedition against Algiers. He there did duty well. In 1833 he distinguished himself at the siege of Bougia. Next

we find him commanding a frigate in a blockade which the French Government had established at Buenos-Ayres, and assisting in capturing an island near the mouth of La Plata. Somewhat later he commanded the frigate Iphigenie, of sixty guns, in the fleet sent out under the brave Admiral Baudin to chastise the Mexican Government for some real or imaginary wrongs to France. On this occasion he took part in the destruction and capture of the fortress of San Juan de Ulloa. This affair is one of the most brilliant the French navy can boast of; and is, next to the bombardment of Acre by Napier, the most striking proof that exists that ships *can* take fortresses —that wooden walls have no need to fear stone ones. The French knocked Ulloa about most awfully; and no wonder, for they battered it with nearly five hundred shells, and upwards of seven thousand cannon-balls. Captain Parseval afterwards took the leading part in capturing the forts and garrison of Vera Cruz—a very dashing exploit. For this the Admiral specially complimented him in his report to the Government. Afterwards M. Parseval was not again employed afloat until May of the present year, when he was sent out in command of the Baltic fleet. But on land he has constantly held important offices in connexion with the navy. Thus he has been Maritime Prefet at Cher-

bourg, Member of the Naval Board of Works, Maritime Prefet at Toulon, and Inspector-General of Sailors in the ports of Brest, Lorient, and Cherbourg. His standing as Vice-Admiral is from 1846, so that he is Napier's senior; and in 1844 he was, for his services afloat and ashore, nominated Grand Officer of the Legion of Honour.

From this brief recapitulation it will be seen that we were correct in stating that though he began his career in a way which few officers now living can boast of, that career by no means presents anything extraordinary. It, however, prevents us from doing otherwise than concluding that he is a most excellent officer—brave as a lion in combat, but prudent withal; a capital seaman, and as well versed as any man in all the details of his profession. And this is his reputation in the French navy. Add to it that he is a "good fellow" in the fullest sense of the term—sociable, gay, likeable, full of anecdote and fun; that he has a prodigious memory for all the details of battles and nautical matters; that he is ready to help on young officers as much as he can, and to give his subordinates the opportunity of distinguishing themselves; that he possesses the quality, rather rare in France, especially amongst Governmental functionaries, of spending both his pay and his private revenue freely; add, too, that

in person he is tall and gentlemanlike, and, though no chicken in years, vigorous as a man half his age; add, again, that, like a thorough Frenchman, he is very fond indeed of issuing flaming orders of the day and addresses to his fleet, brimful of the "glory of France," the "flag of France," the "sword of France," "the generosity of France," and the "trembling of the enemies of France before her uplifted arm;" add all these things to the record of his services, and you will have present to your mind's eye, as near as can be, the man who, as Commander of the French Baltic fleet, has just helped to give the Russians a tremendous thrashing at Bomarsund, and who, no doubt, will not be content until he shall have added to his renown by assisting Napier to knock Cronstadt and Sweaborg about their ears, and to make a bonfire of their fleets.

XI.

VICE-ADMIRAL HAMELIN.

WHATEVER may be the result of the Eastern war—the glory of England and France or their everlasting disgrace—it will give great celebrity to some few men, who, without it, would in all probability have been condemned to live and die in the most profound obscurity. Of these men the French thus far possess the greatest number. Who, a short time ago, ever heard of Admiral Hamelin? Who is there in the whole civilised world who does not know his name now?

At the latter end of the last century, and the first few years of the present, there flourished a certain Baron Hamelin, who, after being a skipper in the merchant service, entered the navy, and rose to the rank of Vice-Admiral. It is written in the naval chronicles of France that the Baron was a perfect hero; inasmuch as, after figuring with "glory" in the terrible battle off Brest, in 1793, where the French were completely defeated, and in resisting the attacks of the English on the flotilla collected by Napoleon at Boulogne, he captured, with a small brig called the Victor, an English frigate of forty guns, called the

Ceylon; afterwards, when in command of a frigate, succeeded, with the assistance of another frigate, in vanquishing *four* English frigates at the Mauritius; afterwards, with a small brig, gallantly fought *several* English vessels, some of them line-of-battle ships, and obtained great glory; and afterwards did other extraordinary exploits. This heroic Baron had a nephew, named Alphonse, whom he destined for the sea. To make him practically acquainted with nautical duties, the bold Baron compelled him to commence service in the lowly position of cabin-boy in his own vessel; and as cabin-boy the lad "assisted" at his defeat of the four frigates, and at the capture of the Ceylon. But though obliged to wash decks, clean shoes, wait at table, and do other menial offices, opportunities of studying the scientific part of his profession were afforded the boy; and in due time he was promoted to the rank of midshipman. This was in 1812, and in 1813 he became a lieutenant. The war, by sea at all events, was now drawing to a close, and it was vain for the young man to hope for distinction. But, nevertheless, he figured creditably in the operations of the French flotilla near Antwerp. When, in 1823, the Bourbon Government marched an army into Spain, to support the tottering throne of King Ferdinand, Lieutenant Hamelin was appointed to one of the vessels

which was sent to cruise off the coast; and he displayed such zeal and activity at Cadiz, that his superior officers reported highly of him, and the Spanish sovereign conferred on him the cross of one of his orders. Three or four years after, he was placed in command of a corvette, which was charged to chastise the Algerine pirates, who, with great audacity, had pillaged a number of French vessels belonging to Marseilles. The command was one of considerable difficulty, as the pirates were very numerous, very skilful, and accustomed to fight with the most desperate bravery. The lieutenant, however, went to work in a thorough sailor-like fashion; and in the course of a short time was able to report that he had "taken, burned, or destroyed," several of their vessels, had hanged a number of their crews, and had despatched several score of prisoners into France. In fact, it may be said that, for a time, he altogether cleared the Algerian coasts of pirates. For this eminent service, the Chamber of Commerce of Marseilles gave him a vote of thanks, and his Government promoted him to the rank of captain of a frigate. Before long, the command of the frigate La Favorite was confided to him, and he was sent to cruise off the coast of Brazil. There he was assailed by one of the most terrible enemies sailors have to encounter—an enemy which

disables without the excitement of combat, and kills scores at a time without glory: the yellow fever broke out in his ship, and remained in it for weeks. All that man could do he did; but the fell visitant was too strong for him, and day after day it struck down his brave fellows, one after the other. There is an end to all things, however, and it spent its rage at last; and then the captain, to his dismay, found that nearly one-half of the crew had perished, and that the rest were disabled and demoralised. He himself was seized by it, and for a long and weary time it kept him in a constant struggle with death. The report which he sent home gave such a touching account of the sufferings and losses occasioned by the frightful malady, that it drew tears from almost every eye; and has ever since been carefully preserved in the Ministry of Marine, as a striking proof that it is not in the tempest and the battle alone that the good sailor can gain distinction. When, in 1830, the French expedition against Algiers was resolved on, Captain Hamelin expected, as a matter of course, to be appointed to the command of a ship-of-the-line, or of a frigate; but he was entirely overlooked. Thereupon he wrote a brief but spirited letter to the Admiralty. "I am only thirty-three years of age," said he, "and yet I have been kept several months on shore, and now nothing

is given to me! I demand the command of a gun-boat in the expedition about to sail. My rank entitles me to something better; but give me that, or anything—I care not what, so that I be where fighting is!" The letter pleased—he was appointed to a corvette; and in that he did all that could be done with so small a vessel. This, however, was the last occasion on which, as captain, he saw a shot fired in real earnest. Nor were the other commands intrusted to him of any great importance, either in a professional or political point of view; the principal was that of the naval station in the Sandwich Islands, where he was specially charged to see to the execution of a treaty entered into by the King of those Islands with France. He, however, obtained, in succession, some places ashore—such as Major-General of Marines, Member of the Council of the Polytechnic School, Inspector-General of the Navy, Member of the Board of Admiralty, and the Maritime Prefecture of Toulon. His promotion to the rank of Vice-Admiral took place in 1842. In June of 1853 he was nominated to the command of an evolutionary squadron, and a month later to that of the fleet which was then in Besika Bay, and is now in the Black Sea. In that sea, he, as all the world knows, directed the French part of the bombardment of Odessa.

If it were the rule only to nominate admirals to

great commands for what *they have done*, it is tolerably certain that Vice-Admiral Hamelin would not now be at the head of the mighty fleet which is helping to brave and humiliate the Czar in the Euxine; for there are several officers in the French navy, of the same grade and standing as his, who have seen much severer service. Governments, however, wisely pay more heed to the qualities it has reason to believe a man possesses, than to the hard fighting he may have seen. Now, the professional qualities of the Admiral are stated by those who are entitled to express a judgment, to be singularly great. No man of France, they say, can handle a fleet so cleverly; none is more able as a tactician; if many be equally brave, few enjoy in so great a degree what is so necessary to a commander---imperturbable *sang froid* and prompt decision; and, finally, none unites so completely the *fortiter in re*, which is absolutely indispensable for the maintenance of discipline, with the *suaviter in modo*, which wins every heart.

XII.

THE SULTAN.

In the year 1784, or thereabouts, a young French lady, named Duluc de Rivery, belonging to a highly respectable family of the island of Martinico, was taken prisoner at sea by a gang of Algerian pirates, as she was proceeding home from France, after completing her education. Conveyed to Algiers, she was purchased for the harem of the Dey; but that worthy potentate, struck with her beauty, determined not to reserve her for himself, but to make a present of her to his august lord paramount, the Sultan. She was accordingly despatched by him to Constantinople, and, being accepted, was admitted to the imperial harem. At first, she bitterly lamented her hard lot, but after awhile became reconciled to it. Having done so, she proceeded to make the most of her beauty, and employed all the arts of coquetry in which, as a Frenchwoman, and especially as a French Creole, she was remarkably expert, to win the heart of the Padischah, Abdul-Hamed. She succeeded in her design, and became the favourite Sultana. She subsequently bore him a son, who received the name of Mahmoud, and who, after Abdul and his two elder sons had been gathered to

their fathers, reigned in their stead. This Mahmoud was the father of the present Sultan, Abdul-Medjid. Consequently we see that Abdul-Medjid, though a Turk and the King of Turks, has some little mixture of European blood in his veins; and what is more singular is, he can claim a distant relationship with Napoleon III., Emperor of the French—his grandmother's family having frequently intermarried with the families of the Taschers de la Pagerie and the Beauharnais of Martinico, from both of whom his Imperial Majesty is maternally descended.

Mdlle. Duluc de Rivery, on becoming the mother of a future Sultan, had him educated, as far as possible, according to European notions; and the consequence was, that he became so smitten with everything European that, from the time he attained years of discretion until his death, he employed all his efforts to reform the institutions and the manners of his people, according to the European model. Naturally, he had his son carefully brought up in his reforming principles; and the boy's mother, on her part—a woman of greater intelligence than is often to be met with within the walls of the harem—took great pains to secure him a liberal and enlightened education. Abdul-Medjid is, therefore, with the sole exception of his father, the least prejudiced—that is, the least intensely Turkish—of any

Sultan who has ever sat on the thrones of Osman and Mahomet.

It was in 1839 that, on the death of his father Mahmoud, Abdul-Medjid, then only about sixteen years of age, assumed, with the imperial sceptre, the high-sounding titles of "By the infinite grace of the great, just, and all-powerful Creator, and the abundance of the miracles of the chief of his Prophets, Emperor of Powerful Emperors; Refuge of Sovereigns; Distributor of crowns to the kings of the earth; Keeper of the two most holy cities of Mecca and Medina; Governor of the Holy City of Jerusalem; Master of Europe, Asia, and Africa, conquered with our victorious sword and our terrible lance; Lord of Two Seas; of Damascus, the odour of Paradise; of Bagdad, the seat of the Caliphs; of the fortresses of Belgrade, Agra, and a multitude of countries, isles, straits, peoples and generations, and of many victorious armies who repose under the shadow of our Sublime Porte; and, lastly, the Shadow of God upon earth!" Coming to the throne of such an empire as that of Turkey—an empire which had long been torn and distracted by the revolts of powerful pachas—which had long waged war against one of its great vassals, and had waged it in vain—which presented everywhere the signs of internal decomposition—which was bankrupt in treasury—which

was hated and despised by all Europe—which great writers like Lamartine declared could not last. "Turkey," said he, "hangs on the life of Mahmoud; the empire and he will perish on the same day!" and which the wisest statesmen of Europe thought was without any vitality whatever—coming to such an empire as this, the boy-Padischah would, one would have thought, have felt something very like dismay, inasmuch as, cursed with the possession of power the most absolute and tremendous that is wielded by any one man—the power of sovereignty over an immense territory—of life and death over millions of subjects—he was called upon to save the state by any and every means; and was certain to receive the maledictions of his people, the blame of the whole world, and the never-dying scorn of history, if he should allow it to perish in his hands. "But what is written is written," said he; "if Allah wills that Turkey shall unhappily fall in my reign, fall she must; if Allah wills that she shall live, live she will! For me, my duty is clear—to do my utmost to preserve her." And so saying, he calmly, but without any of the presumptuous confidence of youth, entered on the discharge of his high and awful duties.

Fifteen years have since passed away, and much less than fifteen years are sufficient to enable one to judge

a man, especially when he is placed in an exalted station. On the whole, the verdict to be passed on Abdul-Medjid's career is not an unfavourable one. Not that he is to be compared in any respect with Osman, Amurath, Bajazet, Soliman, or other of his renowned ancestors; but because, in the critical situation in which the empire came to him, he has done all that was humanly possible for him to do. Thus he began his reign by declaring himself a zealous partisan of reform; and, to prove the sincerity of his declaration, he appeared at the solemn ceremony of investiture with the sword of the Commander of the Faithful, not in the traditional turban, but in the revolutionary fez, an audacious innovation, which almost drove the Cheikh-ul-Islam, chief of the religion, mad. Subsequently he promulgated the famous hatti-scheriff of Gulhané, by which he promised certain sweeping reforms, such as the security of life, honour, and property, a regular mode of levying the taxes, the regularisation of the military levies, the improvement of the administration of justice, protection to Christians, and other measures, which, though they seem almost matters of course in European eyes, were unheard-of monstrosities to the rabid old Turks. Since then he has endeavoured faithfully to carry these ameliorations into effect, so far as circumstances have permitted. He has, besides,

steadily encouraged such of his counsellors—Reschid Pasha, for example—as seem to care more, or at least as much, for the welfare of the country as for their own personal interests; has reorganised national education; purified the administration; allowed the testimony of Christians to be given on oath, according to the forms they prefer, before the legal tribunals; checked the rapacity of pachas; decreed that no sentence of death shall be executed without his sanction; and made some generous concessions to his Christian subjects. Moreover, it will not be forgotten that in 1850 he firmly refused to obey the command of Austria and Russia to give up the Hungarian and Polish refugees who had sought shelter in his dominions; and, though they insolently threatened to make war on him for so doing, would not yield to them an inch. His conduct, too, during the long and harassing negotiations with Russia was, on the whole, highly becoming—dignified without arrogance, and, though displaying a peremptory determination to defend his rights, keeping the door constantly open to conciliation. It must be added, too, that he has entirely done away with the barbarous and horrible custom, adhered to even by his father, of causing disgraced Ministers to be put to death.

The Sultan is very jealous of his authority: he not only takes pleasure in making persons who seem dis-

posed to question or disrespect it feel its power with some severity, but by his personal bearing, and sometimes by very decided acts, he reminds his Ministers, even those who possess his highest confidence, that he is "monarch of all he surveys." This extreme jealousy of his authority makes him, however, very anxious to do justice between man and man; and when any appeal is addressed direct to him, it is certain, whatever be the rank of the appellants, or of either of them, that his decision will be marked, if not with Solomon's wisdom, at least with his impartiality. As a specimen of his mode of administering justice, this anecdote may be related:—Once upon a time a tradesman of Bebek was converted by Protestant missionaries from the Greek religion, in which he had been brought up, to the purer faith of Protestantism. The Greek priests were scandalised at his defection, and employed persuasion, flattery, and even threats, to induce him to return to their Church. But all was vain: the truth had taken too deep a hold of his heart. Exasperated, the priests, headed by their bishop, excited a fanatical mob of Greeks to burn down his house: and with it perished all his worldly goods. The poor man hastened to the Grand Vizier for redress; and the Grand Vizier, afraid to meddle with the Greeks, caused him to be presented to the Sultan. "I am told," said

Abdul-Medjid, when the man appeared in his dread presence, "that a mob of Greek Christians have burned down your house. That is wrong, very wrong; but no doubt you offended them by committing some crime." "O Highness! I committed no crime! I merely abandoned their faith!" "What is their faith?" "That which places salvation in the Panagia, and requires men to adore her!" "The Panagia! What, that yellow painted thing which they stick up in their churches?" "The same, Highness! and I abandoned the worship of the image to adore the true God, as revealed by Jesus Christ!" "You did right. There is but one God, but Mahomet is his Prophet!" The Sultan then inquired into the details of his losses, and dismissed him. A few days after the Greek Bishop of the district in which the outrage had been committed was summoned before the Sultan. Quaking with fear, the reverend man went, and before he could make the customary salutations, the Sultan, apparently in great anger, thundered out, "What do your people mean by burning down the house of one of my subjects? Am I not called the Just Sultan? and as such, do I not owe protection to all? Dare you despise my power?" The Patriarch attempted to stammer out some excuse. "Silence!" cried Abdul-Medjid, "I know all that took place. Now listen: I myself persecute

no man on account of his religion, and I will not allow any one else to do such a thing. God is great, and God is for us all; but your conduct is worse than that of swine! This man puts confidence in God in heaven; but on earth he reposes under the protection of our shadow, and I declare that he shall not be despoiled! He must be indemnified for the wrong he has sustained. And listen! as I ought to have protected him, it is I who will indemnify him!" The Patriarch was greatly relieved to be let off on such easy terms. "O Sultan!" cried he humbly, "thou art the source of consolation, and the flower of justice, and thou canst do no wrong!" "True, quite true. But as my subjects, who are true believers, would have just cause to complain if I imposed on them a burden to make reparation for a wrong done by unbelieving dogs, you must pay me!" The Patriarch was thunderstruck, and attempted a remonstrance. "Silence!" cried Abdul. "The man estimates his loss at 800,000 piastres (about 8000*l.*); but as in the confusion he may have omitted some part of his ruined stock, I have determined that he shall receive 1,200,000 piastres. That sum I will pay, to prove to him that it is not in vain that he reposes under the protection of the green banner; but that sum you shall repay me within one week from this day, or you shall take the consequences!

You must collect it from your unbelieving dogs as best you may!" "Oh, Sultan, mercy! I can never pay so large a sum!" "Enough, dog! Go!"

What we have said will suffice to prove what is the truth, that Abdul-Medjid is possessed of many high qualities, and that he is not without statesmanlike talent and energy. But he is morally an unhappy man, and physically little more than a wreck. He is unhappy because he has drained the cup of earthly pleasure to the very dregs, and is jaded, sated, disgusted. Nothing pleases him now, nothing excites him; he has nothing to wish for. Life to him is a dreary and a miserable blank. Although still in the very early prime of manhood, his constitution is completely broken. His cheeks are pale and immovable as those of the dead; his eyes, dark and brilliant, are fixed as if they see not, and as if there were nought on earth they care to see; his frame is emaciated, and it is with difficulty that he can walk unsupported. In one word, he is an august victim of that vile and frightful institution of his country—Polygamy.

XIII.

OMAR PACHA.

Of the "birth, parentage, education," and career of this eminent personage many accounts have been published, but no two of them agree between themselves; and whilst some exalt him into a perfect hero of romance, others represent him as a vulgar and not very creditable adventurer. Perhaps, then, the plain, unadorned truth about him may be acceptable.

In the village of Plasky, near Fienne, on the military frontiers of Austria, there lived, at the beginning of the present century, two brothers named Lattas, one a priest of the Greek Church, the other a "lieutenant of administration" under the Austrian Government—that is, an officer with the rank of lieutenant, but employed as clerk in the military office of the district. This quill-driving soldier had several children, and he brought them up as best he could on his scanty pay. One of these children, Michael, a sharp lad, was sent to the school of Plasky to pick up the rudiments of education; and from thence was removed to a superior establishment at Thurme, near Carlstadt. At Plasky the boy was noted for a remarkably fine handwriting; and at Thurme for the rapidity with which he acquired

a competent knowledge of mathematics. At sixteen, or thereabouts, his father, thinking that so good a penman and calculator was destined for a bureaucratic life, got him a clerkship in the office of Bridges and Roads, and there he remained for some time. But the prospect of passing the whole of his life in filling reams of foolscap with writing, and adding up huge columns of figures, made him sick at heart, and he repeatedly neglected his duties. For this he was as repeatedly rebuked by his superiors; and the rebukes galled him greatly. At length his connexion with the department of bridges and roads was brought to a somewhat abrupt conclusion, either by his being discharged, or by his discharging himself, it is not exactly known which; there is no doubt, however, that his superiors were as glad to get rid of him as he was to get rid of them. He next got some situation at Zara, which is also in the Austrian dominions; but it was not to his taste, and he held it not long. It has been insinuated that his reason for leaving his two places was, that some irregularity was discovered in his accounts; but this is a calumny; none of the public money passed through his hands, and all he had to do with accounts was to copy them. It has been said, also, that he left the Austrian territory without permission; and that as he was, like all other *employés* in those parts, one of the

frontier corps, and under military discipline, he was a deserter; but his rupture with the authorities at Zara left him entirely free. "The wide world being all before him where to choose," he wended his way to Turkey, which seemed to him to afford favourable openings to seekers after fortune. As ill-luck would have it, he was waylaid by bandits, and robbed. This reduced him to such extremity that he was obliged to abandon the design he had formed, of going to Constantinople to solicit military employment, and to content himself with a humble clerkship to a Turk who carried on trade at Widdin. After a while, the post of tutor in a great family was offered him, and he gladly accepted it; but the condition was laid down that he should change his religion. To this he made no great objection; and he became a Mahometan, under the name of Omar---his reason for adopting the name being, it is said, that it was that of the first village that he had entered on Turkish territory. The abandonment of the Christian faith for that of Mahomet constitutes, there is no denying, a deep stain on his character; but let us not forget that he can plead, in extenuation, that the creed he forsook was not the pure and holy one taught in Protestant Churches, and set forth in the Word of God, but one which is disfigured by the absurd inventions of scheming men, and

is made the pretext for the observance of superstitious mummeries which shock the reason. His patron, in course of time, removed to Constantinople, and took Omar with him. In that city, Omar, who, by the way, had obtained a perfect knowledge of the Turkish language, threw himself as much as possible into the society of military men---he having, at heart, a strong hankering after the soldier's calling. Before long he had made himself several friends; and by these means he got a place as writing-master, we believe; but, at all events, as something in which his fine handwriting could be turned to account, in one of the military schools which the Sultan Mahmoud had just established. Here he soon contrived to attract the attention of Khosrew Pacha, the most influential of the reforming ministers of the reforming Sultan; and Khosrew made him his aide-de-camp. In that capacity he quite won the old man's heart; and Khosrew not only presented him to the Sultan, but made him writing-master to Abdul-Medjid, the Sultan's son, he who now sits on Osman's throne. Nay, more, he married him to the daughter of the last Aga of the slaughtered janisaries, an excellent match for the young man; and Omar, whose fortune was now made, complied with the custom of the country by taking three other wives---at least, so it is said. Khosrew, to complete his favours, caused

him to be nominated to the rank of Major in the army, and to be attached to the staff of European officers who, under General Chrzanowski, were charged with the re-organisation of the Turkish army. After serving some time in this way, he was intrusted with the superintendence of a topographical survey in the Danubian Principalities and Bulgaria; and he thus obtained that minute and intimate acquaintance with these districts which has has been of such immense advantage to him in the existing war. At the accession of the present Sultan, he held the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, but he soon after was promoted to a colonelcy, and before long to be a Major-General. Up to this time he had seen scarcely any active service in the field; but he was now charged with the duty of quelling some disturbances in Syria, and he acquitted himself of it with great credit. He afterwards put down troubles in Albania and Kurdistan. In 1847, he rendered great service to the Sultan, by crushing a military conspiracy against his throne, and was rewarded by promotion to the rank of Lieutenant-General, accompanied by the title of Pacha. In 1848, when Russia marched an army into the Danubian Principalities, to put down a revolutionary movement, he was sent at the head of a Turkish army to the same Principalities, partly to do the same thing, and partly to watch the Russians. The

mission was one of considerable political difficulty; but he fulfilled it with great tact, and was, on his return, promoted to the dignity of Mushir, or Marshal. He subsequently exerted the influence which his position and talents gave him in encouraging the Turkish Ministers in their famous and most honourable refusal to give up the Turkish refugees on the bullying of Austria and Russia. In 1851-52 he attracted great attention in Western Europe, by the energetic manner in which he put down sanguinary insurrections in Montenegro and Bosnia. When the war against Russia commenced in 1853, his Government chose him from amongst all its generals to be Commander-in-Chief of the army on the Danube; and certainly a more worthy choice could not have been made.

A man who rises by merit from the position of a writing-clerk to be commander-in-chief of a mighty army must needs be possessed of extraordinarily great talents. But it would be rating Omar too lowly to speak of him only as a man of talent—he is a great and mighty military genius. Nothing short, indeed, of the vastest genius could have enabled him to accomplish the wonderful things which have gained for him the admiration of Europe. When he came to the head of the army, he found it badly disciplined, and it is now, with the exception of the officers, one of the finest

armies in Europe. He found it badly clothed and armed, and now it is, at least, tolerably well provided in those respects; he found that, when it was sent into the field, the commissariat arrangements were most shamefully neglected—almost as bad, in fact, as those of the English army---and now they are admirable; he found that scarcely any such thing as medical attendance for the wounded or the sick was provided, and now it is a well organised department: one and all of these improvements were effected by him, in spite of many obstacles and great opposition. He found, too, that it was the custom for the inferior officers to be utterly indifferent to the welfare of the men; but he made them go frequently amongst them, taste their food, inquire into their wants, and see that they needed nought that they were entitled to have, and that it was possible to procure; and he himself, not wrapping himself up in his dignity of commander-in-chief, did what he preached---acted, in fact, to his soldiers as a father to his children. As a general-in-chief in the field he cannot be spoken of too highly. As a strategist, the greatest military authorities on the Continent—Prussian, Austrian, and French—think him the first of the day. The skilful manner in which, at the beginning of the war, he provided for the defence of a vast line, extending from the Austrian frontier to the Black

Sea; in which he chose his main position in Little Wallachia; in which he baffled Gortschakoff over and over again; in which he never allowed himself to be duped into the abandonment of an important point by that bungler's feigned attacks on certain of his positions; in which he bamboozled him into believing that he was about to make a formidable onslaught on one point, when in reality he wanted to cross the Danube in others, and did cross it; all this is, according to continental authorities, deserving of boundless admiration. In actual combat, his manner of attack and defence have covered him with glory; the former impetuous without rashness, the latter energetic without folly. But the battles of Kalafat, Oltenitza, and a score other places, which are still fresh in public recollection, will suffice to tell its tale. Of military engineering he possesses almost as much knowledge as generals who confine themselves exclusively to that branch of war; and it is on his plans that all the fortresses of Turkey have been fortified, and on them that they have been defended. To crown his military qualifications, no man knows better than he the good and bad qualities of the troops he commands; and the skill with which in engagements he contrives to gain as much as possible by the former, and to suffer as little as possible from the latter, is truly wonderful. More-

over, he sees to everything himself; and is, in fact, his own quartermaster-general, his own chief of the staff, his own commissary-general, his own chief physican—his own everything.

Great as he is as a general, he is equally distinguished by the exemplary purity of his public character. It is the rule in Turkey for every public functionary, from the Grand Vizier down to the humblest *kavas*, to rob the State with little scruple, and to accept bribes from all who offer them. But no ill-gotten wealth has ever found its way to Omar's purse, and no bribe has ever stained his hands. At present, notwithstanding his exalted rank, he has scarcely anything to live on except his pay, a thing which, perhaps, could not be said with truth of any other pacha. He has even made a point of refusing to accept places in the Ministry or foreign embassies, or other high offices, which have been repeatedly offered to him as the means of increasing his pecuniary resources.

In person Omar is rather under than above the middle height; but he is well-formed, and his features express, in a remarkable degree, energy, candour, and goodnature. His eye displays great intellectual power; and, though at times it is soft and gentle as woman's, it flashes fire like a lion's when he is roused. In bearing he is simple, easy, unaffected—very like a straight-

forward English gentleman. He dresses with great plainness, and eats and drinks in the European style; taking wine publicly in spite of the Koran, and being by no means averse, *au contraire*, to rum and water. Nor is it only at table that he is a European; for it must be stated that, having by death or otherwise got rid of the bonds which bound him to his Turkish dames, he long ago married a European lady (she was a governess in station and a Transylvanian by birth), and now lives with her openly in the European way: she, in fact, accompanies him from place to place, and may frequently be seen riding or walking by his side when he is engaged in military duties. He is very hospitable and sociable; and though he is bored to death by visitors—not a few of them conceited puppies, who lecture him on the best way of conducting the war—he is never seen to look cross, and never known to be rude. In addition to Turkish, he speaks German and Italian with great facility, and has a competent knowledge of French. He has a great many foreigners, chiefly Germans, about him, and seems to prefer the Germans' society, probably because he still remembers that they were once his countrymen. When amongst people he likes, he talks a good deal, and is not reluctant to dwell on his own exploits, especially those which he performed in quelling the insurrection in

Bosnia. He has read a good deal, and is possessed of more varied knowledge than many generals can boast of; or, for that matter, many other people who have greater need to be learned. In ancient literature he seems well versed; he takes great interest in antiquities of all kinds; and is passionately fond of art. At one time he had constantly in his *suite* a German poet, and nothing pleased him more than to hear his deeds recorded in that person's verse, though perhaps it was not of Byronic or Goethean quality; and now that he has been removed from him by death, he has replaced him by an artist, charged to perpetuate his battles on canvas. He loves music also, and delights in the performances of his wife, who is an accomplished musician. Although as stern a general as need be in battle, Omar is the reverse of a hard-hearted man: he cannot, in fact, witness human suffering without pain, and without doing all he can to relieve it. He seems devotedly attached to Turkey; speaks hopefully of her future prospects; exalts before foreigners what is good in her, extenuates what is bad. In talking of his army, he at times rises almost to enthusiasm; his love for, and admiration of, his soldiers, indeed, are as unbounded as are theirs for him.

Although, as we have said, Omar has abandoned the Christian faith for the Mussulman, it is but just to him

to say that he entertains none of that hatred of the community he has quitted, none of that rabid zealotry for that which he has joined, which distinguishes most renegades. On the contrary, he is as much the friend of Christians as he was when he was a Christian himself. Not only does he not persecute them himself, but he will on no account allow them to be persecuted; nay, he will not tolerate the slightest wrong towards them. In the insurrections which he was required to put down, he watched over them with almost fraternal care; and though he did not, and could not, prevent punishment from falling on them when they did amiss, he took pains to make them understand that they were punished, not as Christians, but as wrong-doers. His toleration and kindness towards his former co-believers have more than once subjected him to the vehement accusation from rabid Turks that, in spite of his profession of Mussulmanism, he is no true son of the Prophet, but a Giaour after all. Perhaps the Turks are right. But this is a point which concerns only him and his God.

Such is Omar Pacha, the quondam Michael Lattas; such the extraordinary man who, by one single year's warfare, has covered the Turkish arms with glory, and made his own name immortal.

XIV.

PRINCE MENSCHIKOFF.

MENSCHIKOFF THE FIRST was, as everybody knows, the son of a pastrycook, was apprenticed to the pastry business, and was made by his loving father to hawk pastry about the streets of Moscow for sale. Considering that he subsequently became the special favourite of the great Peter; that he was created a Prince of the Empire, First Senator, and Field Marshal; that he long exercised the supreme power of the State, though he could neither read nor write; that he obtained estates larger than many a kingdom, and slaves who amounted to hundreds of thousands; that he all but made the second Peter marry his daughter, and thereby nearly seated his family on the throne; and that, last but not least, he robbed the State as it was never robbed before, and has rarely been robbed since—which is regarded as a great and noble exploit in Russia, where everybody steals as much as he can:—considering all this, it might have been thought that the present Prince Menschikoff would have been vastly proud of the humble origin of his great ancestor—for it is a glorious thing to have had a man of genius in the family. But no: the Prince is ashamed of the pastrycook; and he has actually had the

weakness to have drawn up a fantastical genealogical table, which represents—contrary to the voice of history, contrary to tradition, contrary to innumerable archives of the Russian Empire —that Alexander Menschikoff, the founder of his family, was not a pastrycook, and the son of a pastrycook, but a born gentleman of distinguished lineage. And so sensitive is he on this point, that he cannot bear the slightest allusion to pastry in conversation; he never allows any pastry to figure on his table; he shuns the sight of a pastrycook's shop as a mad dog does water; and, if he had the power, he would plunge schoolboys into despair by decreeing the absolute and universal suppression of tarts.

Few noblemen are so wealthy as Prince Menschikoff. His estates are immense; his serfs innumerable; his funded property enormous; his palaces more than princely: and, in addition to all this, he holds some of the very highest and best paid places in the Empire—Minister of Marine, Governor of Sebastopol, Governor of Finland, and we know not what besides. Perhaps, also, we might, without injustice, say that, like every other public functionary in Russia, from the highest to the lowest, he makes no scruple of pillaging the State—indeed, that is confidently asserted at St. Petersburgh: but, not being certain on the point, we say

it not. Even, however, without counting pillage as an item, it is certain that his revenue is vast, his fortune stupendous.

But how does he spend it? Nobly, like a nobleman—in hospitality, in patronage of literature and art, in the encouragement of useful enterprises, in alleviating the hard lot of his wretched serfs, in attempting to spread civilisation in his barbarous country, in charity? Or does he, like most of the Russian aristocracy, indulge in tawdry luxury and display, and costly vanities, which, however despicable in themselves, and however ruinous to those who plunge into them, are at least advantageous to the community, by causing the rapid circulation and distribution of money? Not he; he does nothing of the kind. Rarely, indeed, are his mansions thrown open for the reception of guests; mean, indeed, considering his rank and wealth, is his style of living; deaf, indeed, is he to the voice of charity; disdainful, indeed, is he of all that is useful to his country and his people, provided it be likely to cost him aught.

In plain English, he is a miser; not, it is true, a miser of the Harpagon class, who watches over candle-ends, and searches visitors' pockets, to see that they do not rob him; but one who, as a prince, and as the occupant of some of the loftiest positions in the State, is

obliged to maintain a certain establishment, yet is constantly groaning,

> How beauteous are rouleaux! how charming chests,
> Containing ingots, bags of dollars!

and is constantly labouring to add rouleau to rouleau, chest to chest, ingot to ingot—by pinching here, and grasping there, and lending on usury, and overworking serfs, and exhausting the productive powers of lands, and overreaching when it can be done with safety, and doing everything that is mean and dishonourable. All St. Petersburgh rings with tales of his avarice; and everybody at St. Petersburgh, on account thereof, treats him with contempt and scorn. The Emperor, it is said, once rebuked him for not spending some portion of his great revenue in a style worthy of his exalted rank. "Sire," whined he piteously, "I am too poor!"

Courtesy to distinguished foreigners is cheerfully paid by the aristocracy of every country in Europe; but Prince Menschikoff treats them with insolent disdain. He hates the English, abhors the French, despises Germans, and Italians, and Spaniards; foreigners, in short, are his *bêtes noires*. It is asserted that he never of his own free will allowed one, on any pretext whatsoever, to cross his threshold; and even ambassadors who have been years at St. Petersburgh have never received an

invitation from him. At Court receptions, and on other official occasions, it is with marked repugnance that he finds himself obliged to remain for a time in the same saloon as foreigners; and when he can, he avoids speaking to them at all; and when he dares, treats them with rudeness. In any other man of his high rank, this repugance to strangers would be considered as a sort of insanity; but in him it is nothing more than old Russian barbarism.

A great noble who understands and is worthy of his position, is always polite to all who approach him, and condescending to his inferiors. In a high minister of state, as in royal princes, this politeness and condescension are a sacred duty. But Prince Menschikoff is unmannerly in the extreme to those who are on an equality with him, and insolent in the extreme to those to whom he is inferior. His temper is execrable, and the slightest contradiction at times puts him into a violent fury. In his wrath he not unfrequently smashes anything brittle that happens to lie near, and even uses his fists on those who offend him!

It is no rare thing for him to keep personages of the highest distinction waiting in his antechamber beyond all reasonable limits, and then to send them away without granting an audience. Sometimes even, when they come from a distance, he has the impudence to

have them told that they may dine, if they like, at the table of his aides-de-camp. Anywhere else than in Russia such conduct as this would soon be put an end to; and would perhaps cause some very disagreeable lessons to be given to the author of it; but in Russia Prince Menschikoff is a powerful personage, who can get people who displease him despatched to Siberia.

The Prince is one of the basest courtiers at the court of the Czar; perhaps the very basest. His cringing, and suppleness, and skill in flattery, are proverbial in St. Petersburgh; but he disguises them most cleverly beneath a certain affectation of off-hand bluntness or *brusquerie*, and this enables him to impose most completely on the Emperor. His Majesty flatters himself that in the servile crew by whom he is surrounded there is at least one honest man who speaks his mind, and does not fear to tell him the truth—and that man is Menschikoff: whereas the Prince is the very last person in the Empire he should trust to, for it was by the courtiers' arts that he wormed himself into favour (he was detested by the Emperor's brother and predecessor, Alexander), and by these arts that he has gained more real power than any Russian has possessed of late years. Indeed, servility and adulation are the tradition of his family; for it was by them, practised

with such extraordinary ability, that his grandfather the pastrycook became a prince.

The Prince has the reputation of being the wittiest man in St. Petersburgh, and his "good things" are constantly in everybody's mouth, as those of Sidney Smith used to be in the clubs of London. We have had the opportunity of hearing repeated some of his best *bons mots*, and some of his sharpest repartees; but we find them singularly poor and vapid, and more than one of them presents the old familiar features of the French jest-book, or our own Joe Miller. On this point, however, it is almost impossible for a foreigner to form anything like a correct opinion; inasmuch as wit depends so much on the language in which it is expressed as to be rarely translateable into another; and inasmuch, also, as it depends greatly on the circumstances under which it is uttered, the persons against whom it is levelled, and those to whom it is addressed.

We are, therefore, not indisposed to concede the Prince's claim to wit, weak as it appears to us. At all events, there is no denying one thing: that he is as malignant a jester and as foul a backbiter as ever lived. Sir Mungo Malagrowther himself never said half such bitter things in a month as he says in a day; and, for slandering his friends and acquaintances in their absence, he is equal to all the ladies and gentlemen of the "School for Scandal."

Although in possession of boundless honours, the highest offices, and the loftiest dignities—although, in

fact, the most powerful man in all Russia except the Czar—the career of Prince Menschikoff has been singularly insignificant. He was educated in Germany, and served for some years as a subaltern in the artillery. On the conclusion of peace he was employed in the War-office. Taken into favour by Czar Nicholas, he was sent on a mission to Persia to extort certain concessions, and amongst them a large tract of land. To gain his ends, he bullied, and swaggered, and was intolerably insolent; but the Persians treated him *sans ceremonie*, and arrested him and all his suite. They detained him in custody nearly a month, and would probably have kept him much longer, if the English Minister had not good-naturedly taken him under his protection, and insisted on his release. He afterwards took part in the war of Russia against Turkey; but, though he was intrusted with an important command, he totally failed to distinguish himself. The only adventure recorded of him in the whole course of the war is a ridiculous one. At the siege of Varna, he was standing at what he thought a respectful distance—"'tis distance lends enchantment to the view"—calmly contemplating the fighting; his legs were wide apart (a favourite attitude, by the way, of Russian generals; they think it makes them look terrible, and strikes terror into the foe), and he was quietly thrusting a huge pinch of snuff up his nose, when lo! a cannon ball came whizzing along, and passed right through his legs. He fell, of course: but it turned out that he had sustained no other injury than having a little of

the flesh carried away. Owing, however, to this almost laughable accident, he has had an ungainly walk ever since! Although he was brought up to the army, always belonged to the army, got to be a general in the army, and did what little active service he has seen in the army, he was, some few years after the Varna affair, made an admiral; and as admiral was placed successively in command of the Baltic and the Black Sea fleets! And as admiral he has served ever since! The Russians gravely assert that he is one of the best seamen in the world! But bah! it is not at the age of sixty, and by a cruise or two in the Gulf of Finland or the Euxine, that seamanship can be learned, even by a Russian prince.

This admiral-general is chief of the censorship, one of the most atrocious of the many abominable institutions of Russia. By means of the censorship the most profound intellectual darkness is maintained in the Empire; and the few foreign books and the few foreign newspapers that are admitted are subjected to the most absurd mutilations. In fact, foreign publications are perfectly unreadable; from books, chapters or parts of chapters, pages or parts of pages, are coolly cut away; in newspapers, not only are entire paragraphs erased, but sentences, and parts of sentences, in the midst of an article, are erased also. By order of the Prince, too, certain words are entirely blotted out of the Russian dictionary; or at least are not, under any circumstances, allowed to be used in Russia, even in a foreign language. The word *liberty*, for example, is one of them; and all words having any affinity there-

with are proscribed likewise. The Prince once very nearly sent a poor fellow to Siberia for having written, in a description of some machine, that the wheels moved *freely*. It is asserted also that he was once very nearly giving orders to have the words "Thy kingdom come," struck out of the Lord's Prayer, "because," said he sagaciously, "they seem to imply that people are not content with the reign of our august master, the Czar!"

As governor of Finland, the Prince is supposed in Russia to have rendered very eminent services. But the fact is, that he has ruled with such terrible, yet fantastic despotism, that he has made the very name of Russia almost universally abhorred in that unfortunate province. His object has been to break down the national sentiments of the Finns, to make them forget their national history, and to induce them even to give up the use of their national language, so as to cause them to become completely amalgamated with Russia, and, like the Russians, the most abject of slaves. In the execution of his schemes, he has not shrunk from endeavouring to reduce the Finns to the same state of barbarous ignorance as his own countrymen; and for this purpose has destroyed their literature, shut up their printing presses, closed their literary institutions, tainted their public education, and even proscribed the ballads of their ancestors.

After all, the real importance of Prince Menschikoff does not arise from the exalted offices he fills, or from his great wealth, or past services, nor even from the Czar's favour, and least of all from superior political talent—for to that he has no claim—but simply and

solely from the fact that he is the chief of the old Russian party. This party consists of nine-tenths of the boyards, of all the clergy, and of the great mass of the serfs, if the serfs be worthy of being counted. Its object is, to use its own expression, to keep Russia Russian; and it accordingly hates civilisation and enlightenment, and consequently the West of Europe, with a hatred so blind and ferocious as to be perfectly barbaric. Yet this party it is which has the wild presumption to suppose that Russia is some day destined to overrun and subjugate all the civilised nations of the world, as the barbarians did the ancient empire of Rome. And this party it was which caused Menschikoff to be sent to Constantinople to, as it fondly believed, prepare the way for a war which should be the commencement of this great enterprise, by the destruction and absorption of the Sultan's dominions.

Prince Menschikoff is, with the exception of his imperial master, one of the most unfortunate men in Europe. The war which he counselled, and which he angrily excited, has, though only a few months old, not, as he madly believed, covered the Russian arms with glory, but has brought on them everlasting disgrace; it has not, as he had hoped, carried him in triumph to Constantinople, but has driven him with infamy to what he thought an impregnable fortress, and has defeated him even there!

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