

THE
EDINBURGH REVIEW,

APRIL, 1834.

N^o. CXIX.

ART. I.—*The Life of Lieutenant-General Sir John Moore, K. B.*

By his brother, JAMES CARRICK MOORE. 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1834.

SIR JOHN MOORE'S name was so intimately connected with all the glorious exploits of the last war,—was so blended with our recollections of the deeds which have illustrated the arms of England, that it was with no common satisfaction we first heard his life was to be written. We anticipated the pleasure of seeing recorded the sentiments, the aspirations, and actions of a man, who had always appeared to us to unite in himself those seemingly incompatible characters, the hero of history, and the hero of romance. Moore was not only a consummate general, a penetrating statesman, and a proud fearless soldier, he was also an accomplished chivalric gentleman, and we had long yearned to have him placed before the world in all the purity of his stainless career.

We had often considered the mode in which such a man's life could be best written, so as to bring into full relief its numerous excellences; and as the rules of good composition require that there should be a principal action of the piece, we had endeavoured to decide whether it would be more judicious, and more just, to give the preference to his brilliant talents, or to that stern, that inflexible virtue, which was inherent to his lofty mind. Turning to the great models of antiquity, we saw the fiery breath of Tacitus animating his idol Agricola, admirable in speech, in camps a hero, in retirement a philosopher; how he made him frowning and dreadful in the front of battle, sedate on the judgment seat, cautious within the snares of the court, calm and serene upon the bed of death; in all things exciting our sympathy. Yet we could not but feel, that here the genius of the

writer had overlaid the genius of the warrior, and that it was Tacitus, rather than Agricola, whom we admired. Again, when we looked at the mild and philosophic Plutarch selecting a few distinguishing traits of private character, mixing them lightly up with great actions, skimming off the results with a dexterous hand, and pouring them forth to his readers with the gracious benevolence of an admirable old story-teller, we were pleased with the writer, but felt that neither would this method, so agreeable where, other records failing, a number of great men's actions were thrown together, serve for one life; because Plutarch has made but a collection of slight sketches, fit enough to excite noble thoughts, yet without one finished portrait, by which the particular men might be known in the crowd. But in the natural, the simple, powerful writings of Xenophon, we thought we had discovered the secret of representing a great man without disguise; and hence, that if any person should undertake to portray Moore's character, such as he would be desirous it should appear; that is, such as it was upon all occasions, it would be necessary to resort to himself;—that to write his life truly, he must be made like Xenophon, to speak for himself. And we knew that he had so spoken. We knew that ample materials were in existence, so ample, so complete, that the dullest of writers, honestly using them, could not fail to produce a work deeply interesting and instructive; treating of great events; full of sense and honour.

We had indeed great hopes that something worthy of the man would appear, until we heard that Mr James Carrick Moore had undertaken to be the author of his brother's life: then our hopes sunk at once. We knew, indeed, that he possessed, besides Letters, a Journal, which, embracing all the important actions of Sir John Moore's life, was a faithful record of the thoughts, the breathings of his inmost soul; a record of all the glorious and generous aspirations of his proud and fiery spirit;—that spirit whose energy no dangers, no misfortunes could quell. We knew that this biographer had the means of displaying in full daylight, how the gallant Moore, now obeying, now commanding, dealing in court and camp with the wise and the weak, the haughty and the mean, with the daring savage in arms, and with the fraudulent politician in council, still bore onwards in his own noble career, unstained by vice or fear, untainted by subserviency, the foremost amongst the great, and yet an honest man. We knew all this, but, alas! we also knew, that his would-be biographer possessed a very moderate capacity, and a judgment warped by the most absurd prejudices; that he was an inveterate controversialist, and a virulent Tory; that he abhorred Roman Catholics, Irishmen, and republicans; looked upon a black man as destined by nature

for a slave,—held freedom, whether civil, commercial, or religious, in disgust,—and had a most legitimate detestation of Napoleon : lastly, that the bent of his prejudices was entirely in favour of those who, after death,—in life they dared not,—had so shamefully calumniated his generous-minded brother ; and hence, that he was incapable of understanding the value of one-half of the materials which he possessed, and was quite capable of misusing what he could not misunderstand.

We expected from him a dry succinct meagre narrative of certain actions, the relation of which would in no manner commit the writer,—a few bricks brought forward to show what the building was ; in fine, we expected nothing good, and we have not been disappointed. He has produced what he calls the ' *Life of Sir John Moore,*' but what is no more the representation of the man, than the square block of marble in Chantrey's yard is the statue which that great artist will carve from it. We have a record indeed of the battles in which Ensign Moore, and Lieutenant Moore, and Captain, and Colonel, and finally, General Moore, was present : we have shown to us a very well-drilled obedient officer, who is never absent from his guard, and never insults his commanders ; who dislikes to see subaltern officers drunk on parade, is brave in action, and receives the praise of his general with due humility. But the man, the hero, we have not. Moore's form is there,—we see his uniform,—we know that it was red,—that it covered a body, which, having life, performed certain functions. Sir John Moore lived and died ! This is denoted by certain words, very grammatically put together by his biographer, yet stript of every grace and spirit-stirring expression ; without taste or judgment ; without one spark of genius, one luminous ray of illustration ; and above all, and worse than all, without one throe of sympathy with that proud and generous spirit, whose workings he pretends to display. Every page proclaims to those who have seen the original materials, not only the utter incapacity of the author to think or feel like his brother, but, if it were not too painful a thought, would even lead us to imagine that he was secretly chagrined that he was his brother. Kindred indeed he claims with him, but it is the kindred which the damp moss claims with the ancient temple ; it clings to and covers it to its injury, soiling and hiding its noble proportions. And, as if the dull faithlessness of the book had extended its influence to the engraver, the very portrait which accompanies it is repulsive to those who remember the commanding countenance of the man.

There are some faces so constituted, that a painter must disregard likeness, to raise them to the dignity of a picture. There

are others where the grandeur of the mind, and the dignity of the soul, are so plainly expressed, that the painter's art must bow, and accept that as a model, which, in most cases, it claims a right to improve. Such was Sir John Moore's. The picture from which this print is taken, although well painted, is bad as a portrait. It was executed before Lawrence had obtained the power of marking the finer indications of mind in the human face; and the grander traits it was never in his soft and delicate genius to seize. The picture has, indeed, a refined, and playful, and gracious expression, for which the original was remarkable; it might be what Moore was at sixteen, or it might be his sister dressed in his regimentals; but it is not Sir John Moore,—it is not the warrior Moore. We miss the keen dark eye, the strongly-compacted forehead, the bold and flexible brow, the brown weather-beaten soldier's cheek, the lean jaw, the firm decided chin,—the concentrated, the awful look of mental power and energy which distinguished the General, whom shouting thousands hailed on the field of battle! These things are wanting in the picture; and all its faults are exaggerated, and all its merits lost in the print, which is only worthy of the book it so truly illustrates. We rejoice that the splendid picture of his death, painted by Mr Jones, has not also been surrendered a victim to the same ruthless graver.

Sir John Moore's fame and feelings are public, not private property; nor is it fitting that his life should be made a vehicle for pouring out with impunity the crude and fretful humours of his biographer. We propose, therefore, in justice to the living and the dead, to show how faithlessly this book has been written: we have the means of exposing its grosser failures, and we revere the memory of the great and beneficent man who has been misrepresented in it, too much to permit any personal feeling to induce us to shrink from the painful task. And, first, we would ask the author why he is so sparing of his materials, that, to eke out two thin volumes, he is obliged to put in his own commonplace about the romantic beauty of Wales, the frowning of old Conway's flood, and of the double rising of the sun; and twice to insert one of his father's epistles, to convince us that Jack was '*really a pretty youth?*' This is not what England desires to know of her heroes. Sir John Moore's observations upon the state of the vegetable market at Gibraltar, which is another of the precious *morceaux* given us by Mr Moore, are not the particulars that England requires in justification of that fame which she has bestowed upon one of her worthiest sons. She wants the nervous thoughts, the penetrating views, the sagacious anticipations, the careful arrangements, the prompt and daring execution of the

consummate captain; and if she is baulked with such impertinent matter as we have hinted at above, the conclusion that nothing better could be given will naturally suggest itself; and Sir John Moore's talents will be supposed to have existed only in the imagination of his friends, because his brother, the keeper of his papers, the natural defender of his fame, has sacrificed his real character for the support of his own headstrong absurdity.

We protest against this monstrous injustice. We protest against it as Englishmen, and as friends of Sir John Moore. We protest against it, because we know the whole extent of the injustice,—because we know that his Journal alone would make more than two thick volumes; and that in simplicity of style, and in gravity of matter, that Journal may almost vie with Cæsar's Commentaries; that it treats of nothing mean or irrelevant to great affairs; that it embraces the transactions of many years, ending only within a few days of his death, and yet seems, from the unity of moral feelings, to have been written in one day; that it exhibits, and in the most natural manner, the thoughts, the feelings, the views, the intentions, and the opinions, of a good and great man; and that, from the first word to the last, nothing unworthy of his high spirit is there to be found. Why, then, is this Journal suppressed or garbled? We will inform our readers:—*The hatred of oppression, the contempt for folly and weakness in power, the frank and bold opinions, the noble sentiments, therein contained, would have rendered his biographer's political prejudices and petty sentiments so ridiculous by the contrast, that he could not, for very shame, have permitted them to stand.*

Strong, too strong of proof we are in support of this assertion; and surely we may be believed when we say, that it is with deep sorrow, as well as indignation, that we offer evidence of the fact: but what security shall the world have for the truth of history; what security shall men engaged in public transactions have for their reputation, if their own writings, their own statements, left in the hands of their nearest kindred, shall be so used as to give them the appearance of holding opinions the very reverse of those really entertained by them; and if those sentiments and feelings shall be, after death, so used as to support systems which they spurned at and disdained during life? This is the case here. We charge this author with suppressing, and we will, ere we have done, prove, that he has suppressed, the finest sentiments, the most generous, just, and noble feelings of Sir John Moore, to the great detriment of his character, in order to give more force to his own rabid effusions of hatred against republicans and opponents of governing powers; and that although this is the worst blot upon his work, it is not the only one.

We shall pass over slightly, the tame and crestless manner in which he treats all the early parts of Sir John Moore's military and political adventures, especially his disputes with Lord Hood and Sir Gilbert Elliot in Corsica; because his sins on these heads are only the sins of poverty of feeling and of mind;—the sin of vanity in an author, who judges that his spiritless narrative can be beneficially substituted for the animated, graphic, and curious details of Sir John Moore's Journal. He imagines that he is a good writer because he is grammatical and brief; but he is mistaken; he wants nerve, he wants feeling. His sentences are short indeed, but not 'thick with sense;' his brevity is dwarfish, and his paragraphs, curled and tied up like cabbages, are but poor substitutes for the graceful discursive manner of his brother. We have neither the words nor the meaning of the General given to us, and we want both. Where are Sir John Moore's opinions of Paoli's character—of Pozzo de Borgo's? Where is his description of the political proceedings of Sir Gilbert Elliot? Where the accounts of the treatment of Paoli's bust, and the riot at the feast, which led to the loss of Corsica? Where are his views upon the defence of the island, upon the unguarded situation of the Mediterranean, upon Lord Hood's management of the navy, and upon the many other interesting points relating to the history of that period, which he treats of in his Journal?

Sir John Moore's opinions upon these heads, we presume to think, would have been more agreeable to the world than his judgment of the state of the green peas at Gibraltar, or even that early letter beginning 'Mon cher Jamie.' We are informed how the child Moore quarrelled with French boys; but we look in vain for the details of the vehement quarrels between the naval and military leaders in Corsica, which, at one period, induced the man Moore to advise even recourse to force, to check the degrading insults and violence of Lord Hood. We are told that General d'Aubant resigned the command of the army to Sir C. Stuart, and that the arrival of Sir C. Stuart was a most 'agreeable event to Lieutenant-Colonel Moore,' and are then left to suppose that this had merely a reference to the agreeable qualities of that officer. Not a hint is given of the real fact. Who from this would suppose, that, previous to Stuart's arrival, General d'Aubant had resigned the command to Lieutenant-Colonel Moore under the most critical circumstances; and that the arrival of the new General was agreeable, because it relieved Moore from one of the most dangerous situations, for his own interest, that a young officer, without Parliamentary friends, could be placed in; namely, to fight the battles of the army against a headstrong domineering old Admiral, who had great

influence at home, and who had shown himself capable of the most outrageous violence, not unaccompanied with subtlety?

Lord Hood, after accumulating gross insults upon the two Generals who successively commanded the army, had at last gone so far as to insist upon having a strong detachment, placed under his own orders, to besiege Calvi. D'Aubant had weakly consented to it at first, and then repented; and it was to resist this most improper demand that Colonel Moore received the temporary command of the troops. He, a young man and a young officer, was suddenly called to stem a torrent which had overborne the two Generals, his predecessors,—he, whose prospects in life were at stake, was, without any support or weight of interest, called upon suddenly to meet and control a nobleman of high reputation, a naval commander-in-chief, of a powerful family, and himself a daring, obstinate, clever, and violent man. To show how nobly Moore undertook this formidable task, it would be requisite to give his own account of it at length. It was an intricate and dangerous matter; his mode of proceeding was one of the clearest and finest indications of his disinterested character; and it is inconceivable that his biographer should have neglected it. How fearlessly he resolved to execute the duty he had undertaken is also simply and beautifully told by himself. Was it not worth Mr Moore's while to extract that fine record of his brother's moral intrepidity?—Was it not worth the labour to show how he decided to face Lord Hood upon his own quarterdeck, and, first by mild and gentle reasoning upon the disgrace which would attach to the military commander who should permit his troops to go to battle without going with them, to persuade him from his headstrong humours; but, that failing, how he resolved,—we well remember the manly sentence,—to tell him roundly, 'he should neither have the troops nor a single thing from the army.' And this decision was accompanied by a reflection which proves that he knew all his danger, and acted from no youthful arrogance. We do not pretend to give the exact words, but we pledge ourselves for the substance of the following extract from Sir John Moore's Journal:—'*My having the command now is unfortunate for me; I can only retain it for a few days, and Lord Hood's ill-will is all I shall gain by it. There are, however, certain moments decisive of a man's character; this is one of those moments; and nothing shall induce me to submit to what is disgraceful!*' And it is a brother writing his life that consigns this anecdote to oblivion!

When the author before us does condescend to relate facts of importance to Sir John Moore's reputation, he cannot do it without suppressing an essential part. One example will suffice. It is well known, that in Corsica, Lord Hood treated the army

with insult and scorn for not besieging Bastia ; and, as Sir John Moore, although then in a subordinate situation, had been called upon for his opinion, and had given it against the siege, although he allowed the place might be taken by blockade, it would have been but reasonable to show, not only upon what grounds he founded that opinion, but how it was proved to be just by the result. This was due to him as an officer ; but the first part Mr Moore has altogether omitted, and has only given half of the second. We will take the liberty of supplying what is wanting to the last, and then proceed to graver matter.

‘ A few days after this, Moore was introduced to General Gentili, whom he asked why, with his numerous garrison, he had never made one sally ? He replied, “ Because no sally could bring us bread.” ’

Such is Mr Moore’s account, but General Gentili added, and ‘ because he wished to do his duty and no more, his property was in England ! ’ and in proof of his sincerity, he told Moore what, indeed, he well knew, ‘ that the village of Villa upon their right flank being intrusted to Corsicans, it could have been easily carried, in which case the British must have retreated to their ships with the loss of their guns.’ Here we have the real secret of the very feeble defence of Bastia, and the proof that Moore’s military opinion was sound and just. But thus it is in every part of the book before us : everywhere we find an imperfect and ill-shaped skeleton, instead of a body glowing with life and strength.

Slight and trifling, however, are the deficiencies of the work in this part, compared with what follows. When we come to the West Indies, the author’s inveterate politics overbear all consideration for his brother’s character, and they are thrust forward with ostentation, while only so much of Sir John Moore’s sentiments are made known, as will seem to give weight to opinions, which he was far from entertaining. Let any person read the following passages, together with what we will add to them, and then decide whether they contain a faithful record of Moore’s feelings and opinions :—

Vol. I., p. 131.—‘ The French agents who had been sent forth to the West Indies during the frenzy of the Revolution, were sanguinary men from Paris, a city then resembling Rome in the reign of Nero.’ *Quo cuncta undique atrocias aut pudenda confluunt celebranturque.*—P. 132. ‘ The negroes and mulattoes, who acquired the name of brigands, were armed and declared free by those political fanatics whose frantic decrees and atrocious exhortations kindled their fury to the height. Indeed, the ferocity of these emancipated slaves became direful ; they

‘threw off all compunctions of humanity, to put on the savage nature of the wildest animals. A resolution to defend their liberties would neither have been unnatural nor reprehensible, but this was sullied by deeds too horrible to be related.’

P. 133.—‘With brutal fury they had murdered many of the white inhabitants, sparing neither women nor children; and those who remained alive had fled for safety into the towns. But none of the survivors, nor of the slaves who remained faithful to their masters, durst give any intelligence to, or have any communication with, the British.’

P. 134.—‘The negroes in St Lucia had not only been active in deeds of cruelty, but in every species of villany. The conflagration of houses had been so extensive that there were not sufficient buildings remaining to shelter the troops, or even for an hospital; and the rainy season having set in, great sickness already prevailed. Altogether the condition of the island was lamentable; but Moore struggled against the difficulties with all his faculties. One of his first measures was to publish a proclamation to the inhabitants, granting pardon to all who would come within the British lines and deliver up their arms. Passes were also given to whoever wished to return to their habitations, and all were promised protection if they remained quietly attending to their private affairs. Royalists and republicans were exhorted to refrain from mutual recrimination, as both should be treated with indulgence, and have equal justice.’

P. 135.—‘The brigands were not, however, to be quelled by pacific measures; intelligence was brought daily to the Government House that they were laying waste the country, and solicitations were made for soldiers to protect the plantations; but as the detaching troops in separate bodies was a hazardous measure, the governor judged it expedient, before he came to a decision, to make an excursion, and visit the four largest towns, Souffrieré, Choiseul, Laborie, and Vieux Fort. In these places he had an opportunity of conversing with the principal people of the country whom fear had driven thither. He addressed them at public meetings, encouraged them to return to their estates, and gave assurances that troops should be posted to protect their plantations. He recommended them strongly to treat their slaves, not only with lenity, but with kindness; as men who had borne arms, and had been told they were free, would not, without reluctance, return to slavery and labour; but that, if those in the woods saw the others on the plantations well fed, comfortable, and happy, they might be induced to join them. That no harshness ought to be

‘ employed ; as all “ mankind, of whatever colour, were entitled to justice, and would meet with it indiscriminately.” ’

P. 139. ‘ The conduct of the negroes even to each other was merciless, for they put to death, without hesitation, all men and women who refused to join them.’

Now, this unmixed vituperation of the brigands and negroes is the author's own. Those people were indeed very ferocious, but there were palliatives for their conduct, and they possessed also very fine, and even noble qualities : and how slightly does Mr Moore mark Sir John Moore's justice and impartiality,—one penny-worth of bread to all this sack—no notice of the crimes of the opposite faction ! Were we to take our notion of Sir John Moore's proceedings in St Lucia from the present narrative, overloaded, as it is, by such observations as the above, we should inevitably conclude, that the General saw in the negroes and brigands but a horde of dreadful villains, who had wantonly attacked those most inoffensive and gentle of people, the slave masters, and who, for their crimes, and the absence of all human feelings within them, ought to be swept from the face of the earth ; finally, that their horrible disposition was not more the effect of a degenerate nature, than of republicanism. We should imagine, we say, that such false and foolish notions had entered Sir John Moore's head ; and that, with a soldier's recklessness, he shot and hanged these wretches, indifferent to aught but the military question of whether they were enemies or friends,—soothing his conscience with commonplace proclamations about a justice which was all on one side. But a notion more injurious to his penetration, impartiality, and humanity, could not be entertained. With a heart resolute to do his duty, he possessed a head to distinguish causes, as well as effects. He abhorred the cruelty of punishment, and deplored the necessity of it ; and, while he inflicted it reluctantly, he did justice to the heroic qualities of those very brigands whom Mr Moore paints in such unmitigated blackness. He warred against them, and punished their crimes, but he admired their courage ; and he despised, and reproached, and restrained the whites, whose tyranny had first sown in the poor negroes' hearts the seeds of that ferocity, which it was his painful duty to repress.

We will now give our proofs : but, first, we would ask this author why, when he spoke of Marin Pedre, the brigand chief, he did not also give us the history of the oppression, which drove him to take arms ?—why he did not even notice the conduct of that *British* General, we will not call him *English*, who having seized above three hundred innocent persons, and put them on board of vessels, did afterwards send agents, secretly to

treat with them for purchasing their release? Is it because the mercenary oppressor was *not an Irishman*, that the virtuous indignation of the biographer is hushed and quiet upon this subject? Or is the frank and clear exposition of the villanous act, made by Sir John Moore, an inconvenient appendage to the observation, that 'true republicanism seems, at least in this country, to be an excuse for every species of treachery, want of faith, and common honesty?' Was that passage directed against the vices or the cause of the republicans? are there no ruffians within the pale of legitimacy? Never did the upright, the virtuous, just, and humane Sir John Moore stoop to be the pitiful slave of prejudices, where men's rights were before him; never did he learn to light his moral path by the torch of party spirit. That which was cruel and unjust he hated and repressed, without heeding if it were found beneath the white flag or the tri-color.

We write partly from memory, partly from notes, and can only give the substance of Sir John Moore's recorded opinions, not his words; but we admired his noble sentiments too much, not to treasure them fondly and deeply in our memory; and we pledge ourselves to the general truth of all that we are going to state. We say, then, that Sir John Moore, in his Journal, speaks with contempt and indignation of the emigrés in St Lucia, and of the proprietors of slaves; that he deplored the condition of their black slaves—that he threatened those emigrés with punishment for casting reflections on the submissive republicans—that he checked them for their ill treatment of the negroes—that he repeatedly assured the people, not only, as his biographer in his slight way says, that royalist or republican would be neither a merit or demerit with him, but that he suspected them of wishing for detachments of troops to enable them to tyrannize over the negroes,—a system which he abhorred, and would never permit. 'Why,' he exclaimed, 'is a man to be treated harshly because he is not white? All men are entitled to justice; and from me they shall meet it, whether they be white, black, royalist, or republican.' 'This language,' he says in another part, 'was not agreeable to his auditors, especially the emigrés; but he had no preference for them, and wished to curb their insolence; because, instead of profiting by their misfortunes, they had only whetted their prejudices, and thirsted to gratify their revenge and to oppress their fellow-creatures: *coquins, canaille, bêtes*, were expressions they habitually used towards every person of the lower classes.' Now, here is nothing to indicate that he judged all the villany of the day to attach to the republicans and blacks. The fact is, that whilst he in no manner mitigates his censure of the

emigrés, he speaks highly of the spirit of the brigands, and the fine qualities of the negroes. Writing of our army, which at that period, at least that part of it which was in the West Indies, was perhaps the very worst in Europe, he says, 'that such was the disorder and want of zeal and system, he judged peace could not be made too soon, lest even the negroes should beat us in the field; that against the spirit and the enterprise of the republicans, there was little chance, and that the fidelity of the brigands to the republic was so firm, that they went to death without faltering, some even crying out "*Vive la Republique*" the instant before they were shot; that the actions they committed were indeed atrocious, but he attributed it to certain villanous chiefs, whites and mulattoes, of Robespierre's gang, who, coming from France, had misled them; for that the blacks were by nature gifted with good qualities, and their cause was praiseworthy, if they had not disgraced it by savage acts.' Ay! that their cause was not only 'not reprehensible,' but praiseworthy! The cause of republicanism, the cause of freedom, was praiseworthy! 'That the bloody acts of the brigands made him feel less remorse when his duty obliged him to put them to death, but he did it with pain, as he thought them misled; and this conclusion he came to, because he observed that the blacks, who were of the royalist party, were as brave and true to their side as the others,—refusing rewards, and even liberty, when made prisoners by Victor Hugues; and with equal courage and fortitude submitting patiently to death, or the most terrible sufferings, rather than betray the cause they had espoused.' Nor was he at all surprised that so many of the blacks hailed the opportunity of gaining freedom; for, with the observant spirit of a statesman, he also remarks, 'that the West Indies was the only country in the world, where industry and cultivation added nothing to the happiness of the people; because all was for the benefit of the few who were white, and nothing went to comfort the many who were black.' We appeal to our readers, then, to say, whether these, his real opinions, are fairly given by his biographer; and whether it is just and right to Sir John Moore, to suppress such proofs of his manly, and just, and humane character, in a work purporting to be his life?

After the campaign in St Lucia, we next find Sir John Moore engaged, as a General on the staff, during the rebellion of 1798, in Ireland; and, remembering his biographer's politics, we could only expect the most offensively obtrusive Toryism in this part of the work. It was impossible for him to avoid running riot upon such food; and accordingly, a pampered boar, rushing into a garden, churning and foaming, and chopping with his tusks, is but a type of his fury. Irishmen, Catholics, rebels, republicans!

every thing most obnoxious to his prejudices was in array before him; and he has fallen upon them with so much haste, as entirely to forget that it is Sir John Moore's acts and opinions, and not his own morbid political violence, that was to be recorded. We have abundance of such sentences as, 'the depraved directory,' 'the infatuation of traitors,' 'disaffected Catholics,' 'loyal Protestant inhabitants,' 'men of lawless habits,' 'wild men,' 'ferocious chiefs,' 'merciless rebels,' 'frenzy of the people,' and the like; accompanied with the following profound political philosophy:—

'Certainly the brute creation, who are merely guided by instinct, never act so preposterously as the rational frequently do. For it appears from history, that nations, at certain periods, became frantic, and brought misery upon themselves. The poets explain this by inventing the allegory of the Furies, armed with snakes and torches, bursting out of hell, and instilling madness into the people. But in plain truth, these Furies are wicked and ambitious men, skilled in the art of deceiving the populace, and of inflaming their passions, in order to obtain for themselves wealth, power, or fame. This was now strikingly exemplified in Ireland; in which island agriculture, commerce, and manufactures, were more prosperous than in any former ages; and the arts, sciences, and civilisation were also progressively advancing. But instead of allowing this amelioration to proceed, the nation was instigated to open rebellion, by which all improvement retrograded, and the people were involved in misery.'—P. 184.

'In this advanced age of the world, during the French Revolution and the Irish Rebellion, hostilities were not confined to those bearing arms. Even peaceful persons were often dragged from their domestic homes, and cruelly massacred, while the ruthless murderers derided the wailing and agonies of their dying victims. These horrible consequences ought to induce statesmen vigilantly to prevent or extinguish the first sparks of civil commotion; for unhappily, there are sullen, malignant spirits, ever at work to kindle discontent among the people, and, when the fire has caught, to fan the flame.'—P. 189-90.

'Could the bulk of mankind profit by history, surely the preachers of the benign doctrines of Christ, and lay political agitators, would curb their zeal and ambition, and cease to stir up and inflame the ignorant multitude with the pretexts of religion and liberty. For experience has often evinced the horrible events which thence ensue, together with an augmentation of impiety, immorality, and the loss of rational freedom.'—P. 200.

' Were all mankind disinclined to injure or do injustice to each
 ' other, they certainly ought to be left to the enjoyment of per-
 ' fect liberty, and every man should have the power of acting as
 ' he pleased; but the dispositions and habits of human beings to
 ' do unto others, what they would not that others do unto them,
 ' render the establishment of laws and government essential for
 ' their welfare. As the prevalence of vice is the only good
 ' cause for imposing any restraints on freedom, these never
 ' should be greater than is requisite for the happiness of the peo-
 ' ple, and always proportioned to their disposition to do evil.
 ' The degrees of virtue, and the tendency to various vices, are
 ' different in different countries; consequently, one code of laws,
 ' and one constitution of government, are unsuitable to all. Pro-
 ' jects of one universal legislative system would neither be agree-
 ' able to the tempers, nor adapted to the correction of the various
 ' corruptions, of the human race. Experience proves this. The
 ' English laws and constitution have been found admirably suited
 ' to the character of Englishmen, which imposed upon them no
 ' greater prohibitions than were requisite for establishing good
 ' order, and which granted a greater degree of freedom than was
 ' possessed by any other nation. In the year 1706, this consti-
 ' tution was extended to Scotland, and suddenly the Scots were
 ' transformed from an ill-governed, turbulent, and impoverished
 ' people, into an orderly, composed, improving nation; which
 ' concordant effects proved, that there was an agreement in cha-
 ' racter, and an equality in morals, with the English. *But when*
 ' *the same constitution was transferred to Ireland, no such bene-*
 ' *ficial consequences ensued; for lawless riots, wanton pillagings,*
 ' *and atrocious murders, have continued to prevail in that hapless*
 ' *country.* And it is found absolutely necessary to maintain there
 ' a numerous standing army, to restrain carnage, and the destruc-
 ' tion of property, from increasing throughout the island. The
 ' continuance of these flagrant acts is a decisive proof, that the
 ' restrictions of the laws and constitution are not proportioned to
 ' the propensity to do wrong. If the freedom of the Irish laws
 ' and government were wisely graduated by the scale of virtue
 ' and morals which have been attained by the natives, it is rea-
 ' sonable to believe, that they would soon become peaceful, pros-
 ' perous, and happy.'—P. 226.

And has Mr Moore then yet to learn, that agriculture, com-
 merce, and manufactures, might be prosperous, and the people
 wretched? His brother's observations on the state of the West
 Indies might have taught him better. If these things were in-
 deed more prosperous in Ireland, at the period of the rebellion,
 than in any former age, it was only a proof how dreadfully they

had been depressed in former ages, by continual misgovernment; and if they were advancing, it was because some amelioration, some softening of the detestable conduct of the old vile policy towards the Catholics, and poor peasantry, had been obtained by the exertions of those ambitious and wicked men, whom Mr Moore, in his poetic frenzy, characterises as 'Furies, bursting 'out of hell!' But were there no oppressions in Ireland, no sins of government, no grinding of landlords, no factious magistrates, no political judges, no venal tyrannical parliaments, no insolent licentiousness in the vice-regal court? Were there no public jobs, no grand jury presentments, no packing of petty juries, no insulting party processions, and symbols of domineering hatred;—no religious disqualifications, no rigorous exaction of oppressive tithes, no clerical courts, no votes against conscience at elections, under pain of starvation;—no wide-spread desolation, caused by the forcible ejection of thousands of miserable creatures from their cabins, to gratify a rich man's revenge or lust of gain? Were there no ferocious sectarian yeomanry, no triangles, no pitched caps, no tortured wretches to bare their lacerated bodies to their relations? In fine, to use the powerful expression of a friend, were not the Catholics forced to pay for two Gods, and only allowed to have one? Oh, no! Ireland was the land of justice and generosity on the part of the rich! of happiness with the poor! Well fed, well clothed, well lodged, sure of evenhanded justice, their religion respected, their property protected,—equal in rights, though unequal in state, with the proudest of the land,—what had the Irish people to complain of? And is the truth of history to be thus cast aside? Are the wrongs of millions to be thus denied? Are the rights of man, and that noble pride of man, which swells and hardens in resistance to oppression, to be thus derided, spurned at, and trampled upon with filthy hoofs? Oh! but when 'the English constitution was transferred to Ireland, no beneficial consequences ensued,'—Irishmen are so lawless! 'Tilly-fally, Sir John, never tell me! Your ancient 'swaggerer never came within my doors.' Where, how, when, was this English constitution applied to the Irish? Where is it to be found even in name, much less in practice? Was it not, and is it not, eternally invoked, and in vain, by those furies whose torches flare so in Mr Moore's eyes, that he cannot see the truth, and all the venom of whose snakes seems to have tainted his spirit. Why should the Irish people be in favour of the law? What do they know of it but its pains; when do they ever encounter it but as the upholder of wrongs and oppressions upon themselves? It robs them, insults, crushes them, but never protects them; the cup presented to their lips is always sour,—the

precious pearl of justice dissolved in the vinegar of faction ! Are they to be reproached that their hearts are too big and manly to suffer this,—that they are too fierce to lie down and weep at their wrongs, without a blow stricken in revenge? Yes, they are lawless, and they will be lawless until the law is just towards them. Then they will be the most obedient of subjects, for they love justice in their souls, and with redoubled ardour, because she is an absent friend. Yet we are not to be misunderstood. On Mr Moore's opinions, if they stood alone, we would not waste a thought. We fully admit his right to make himself as odious a partisan of an odious system as a complete development of his politics can effect. But when he puts those opinions forward under the protection of his brother's name, and in such a manner that the generality must conclude that he is only the echo of that brother's sentiments, and perhaps even his words, they acquire weight; not to injure those whom they are directed against, but to lower Sir John Moore's reputation as a wise and liberal man; to drag it from the clear atmosphere of his own manly conceptions, and plunge it in the unwholesome fogs of his biographer's prejudices. It is this faithlessness of which we complain, and which we are determined to expose; for nothing can be more injurious to Sir John Moore than his brother's narrative of his actions, unaccompanied with his own opinions and observations on the state of the country.

According to the author of the work before us, the rebellion of 1798 was produced by wicked and cunning men, who persuaded the people that they were miserable when they were happy, and goaded them to the monstrous folly of supposing that a better government than they enjoyed, was possible to be obtained. Ungrateful wretches ! But let us hear Sir John Moore, or at least the substance of his observations. ' In this country they quell disturbances by proclaiming districts, and letting the soldiers loose upon the people, and the military are encouraged to violence against all who are called disaffected.'—' The giving away of militia regiments was managed so as to serve parliamentary purposes, and they were officered in the same view: thus the most profligate of men are empowered to work any evil that their cupidity or revengeful passions prompt them to; and so complete are the ramifications of corruption, and so complicated the abuses, that the appointment of a dictator seems to be the only cure.' Again, when the Chancellor Fitzgibbon, in a speech celebrated at that period, asserted, ' that conciliation had been already tried with the Catholics, but that it had only created discontent, and that each new concession produced new demands,' &c., Sir J. Moore remarked, that ' nothing could be

' more natural in the people, nothing more unreasonable than the Chancellor's complaint; that the Catholics had a right to be put on the same footing with their fellow-subjects; that they were pleased with each approach to that equality, but unsatisfied until they obtained all; that the government was impolitic and unjust, to favour one part to the oppression of nineteen; and that all to whom equal rights were denied were oppressed.' And in almost every page of his Journal he expresses his indignation at the treatment of the poor people, and his disapproval of the system of the government; which he describes as '*having no other object than that of terrifying the poor, ready always to grant any power to act against them, but indulging the rest of the community in every sort of abuse and violence.*'

Here we see the enlarged mind, the humane and just sentiments of Moore. But we have not yet done; we must descend to particulars; we must look a little closely into what passes under the general term of violence; we must examine what was the nature of that paternal government, which so captivated the senses of Mr James Moore, that he forgets every thing, but the opportunity of venting his anger against those who could be so madly foolish as to dislike it. The military claim precedence. What manner of soldiers were thus let loose upon the wretched districts which the ascendancy men were pleased to call disaffected? They were men, to use the venerable Abercrombie's words, who were '*formidable to every body but the enemy.*' We ourselves were young at the time; yet, being connected with the army, we were continually amongst the soldiers,—listening with boyish eagerness to their conversations,—and we well remember, and with horror, to this day, the tales of lust, and blood, and pillage, the records of their own actions against the miserable peasantry, which they used to relate. But even the venerable Abercrombie, that soul of honour, that star of England's glory, cannot escape the sneer of the author before us. '*He had no political circumspection, and so resigned his office*'—which, rightly interpreted, means, that he disdained to lend himself to pillage, cruelty, and devastation. No, truly, he had none of that '*political circumspection*;' he would not sell his soul for the smiles of power; he would not stain his white hairs with innocent blood; he reserved himself to sustain the reputation of his country by deeds of a different nature; he lived an honest man, and died a hero: and what is more to our present purpose, his conduct in Ireland,—that conduct which Mr James Moore calls '*devoid of political circumspection,*'—was so fully approved by Sir John Moore, that he would have resigned also; and was only persuaded not to do so

by Sir Ralph, who feared it would give to an act of conscience and political dignity the appearance of party-spirit. And it is Sir John Moore's brother, that, after a lapse of thirty-five years, casts this sneer upon the venerable and upright man!

Such was the military power. Let us now take an example of the civil power's proceedings in Ireland at that unhappy period; let us look closely at the introduction of the English constitution, the benefits of which the lawless Irish reject; and here again we will make our sketch from our recollection of Sir John Moore's picture, pledging ourselves, as before, for the general truth of the facts. Being on the march from Fermoy, he entered the town of Clogheen, where in the street he saw a man tied up, and under the lash, while the street itself was lined with country people on their knees, with their hats off. He was informed that the High Sheriff, Mr Fitzgerald, was making great discoveries, and that he had already *flogged the truth out of many respectable persons*. His rule was, *'to flog each person till he told the truth,'* that is, until he confessed himself a rebel, *'and gave the names of other rebels; and then the persons, so accused, were sent for and flogged until they also confessed, and also swelled the list of the proscribed!'* Oh, most glorious constitution! most paternal government! Oh, calumniated Inquisition!

Mr Moore, speaking of his brother's services in the county of Wicklow, says, page 206, *'But, as in the hotbed of civil war, vices multiply and attain maturity, there still remained hordes of irreclaimable rebels meditating vengeance. Many of these lay in wait in the mountains of Wicklow, and in boggy places, from whence they issued to plunder and burn property, murder the farmers and proprietors, and wage a cruel desultory war.'* And at page 209, *'Lord Cornwallis was well aware of the evil disposition and thirst for revenge, which prevailed through the country so recently subjected.'* But what says Sir John Moore himself, the man who was employed to suppress this remnant of the rebellion in that very county of Wicklow? Why, that *'moderate treatment by the generals, and the preventing of the troops from pillaging and molesting the people, would soon restore tranquillity; that the latter would certainly be quiet, if the gentlemen and yeomen would only behave with tolerable decency, and not seek to gratify their ill humour and revenge upon the poor;'* nay, *'that he judged their harshness and violence had originally driven the farmers and peasants to revolt, and that they were as ready as ever to renew their former ill usage of them!'* Again, we ask, why is all this suppressed? Is this author afraid to give currency to that accusation which the Protestant loyalists so loudly made at the time, that Sir John Moore was himself a rebel? Alas,

poor man ! He cannot understand that justice and humanity are not derogatory to power. Everywhere this feeling is apparent.

At page 226, it is said, 'The defeat of the French invaders, and the punishment of the rebels, pacified Ireland. *But this temporary benefit* was procured by a British army, which put an end to a calamitous insurrection raised on the fallacious plea of 'liberty.' Now, the writer of this passage was himself in Ireland, in the camp of Lord Cornwallis, at the time, and therefore cannot be ignorant that the rebellion was quelled, not by punishments, but mildness—by Lord Cornwallis's lenity, by his amnesty, by his humane interference between the suffering people and their ferocious persecutors. Alas ! the author knows all this, but it does not suit his prejudices to acknowledge it.

At page 211, we find it asserted, that, in the action at Castlebar, the troops, who were almost all Irish militia, did, after a slight resistance, to the great astonishment of General Lake, take to flight, and no efforts 'could stop them ;' and farther, that the defeat 'manifested disaffection' amongst them. But the truth is, that General Lake and Lord Hutchinson were both in the town of Castlebar, and, it is said, in bed, whilst the battle took place a mile outside. Wherefore, no efforts were or could be made, by them, to stop the flight, which did not arise from disaffection, but from a very natural cause. For the troops were placed in a narrow contracted position ; they were confusedly drawn up on an open slope of ground, about half-musket shot from a hedge and ditch, which the enemy's skirmishers were allowed to occupy without resistance, while their columns turned both flanks. There were no generals present to direct, and nothing but disorder could ensue : some militia officers of superior rank fled the first, and so disgracefully, that a squib was published at the time, entitled '*The Castlebar Races,*' in which the appearance of the supposed horses and their performances, and some of the latter were very wonderful, were set forth with genuine Irish humour. The soldiers were not to blame ; but the poor men were Irishmen, and are therefore obnoxious to our author. Mere Irishmen—'quoit them down, Bardolph, as you would a shove shilling.' And yet in the last of Sir John Moore's fields, the Irishmen of the 50th regiment were the foremost to charge at his voice, and went the farthest. How the blind mole works !

One more piece of justice to Irishmen, and to Sir John Moore's memory, and we close this chapter of his book. The celebrated Wolfe Tone was taken, fighting desperately, in a French ship, and tried by a court-martial in Dublin : he was an ardent spirit, an accomplished man, had been a prime mover of revolt in Ireland, and all eyes were fixed upon him, to see if

he would sustain his reputation in the last hour. Amongst others, Sir John Moore felt a strong desire to observe how a kindred spirit would comport itself in such a moment; and here fortunately we can give his sentiments in his own words; for while reading his account, we were so struck with it, as a remarkable testimony to the fine bearing of a man, whose enterprise terminating unfortunately, necessarily gives a handle to his enemies to blacken his character, that we took a full note of it.

‘ The day before I left Dublin, Mr Theobald Wolfe Tone was brought in prisoner, taken on board the *Hoche*, in the action of the 12th October. I endeavoured to see him, but he was conveyed to the Prevost prison before I reached the castle. He is said to have been one of the principal and first framers of the *United Irish*. He is the son of a coachmaker in Dublin, but was educated at the college for a lawyer; and, by some writings which are said to be his, he appears to be a man of considerable talent. He was tried by a court-martial at the barracks, the day after his arrival, where I understand he conducted himself with great firmness and manliness. He had prepared a speech, part of which only he was permitted to deliver, the rest being conceived inflammatory. By that part which he delivered, he discovers a superiority of mind, which must gain to him a degree of sympathy beyond what is given to ordinary criminals.

‘ He began by stating, that from his infancy he had been bred up in an honourable poverty, and since the first dawn of his reason he had been an enthusiast to the love of his country. The progress of an academic and classical education confirmed him still stronger in those principles, and spurred him on to support by actions, what he had so strongly conceived in theory; that British connexion was, in his opinion, the bane of his country's prosperity; it was his object to destroy this connexion; and, in the event of his exertions, he had succeeded in rousing three millions of his countrymen to a sense of their national debasement. Here he was interrupted by the court; and afterwards going on with something similar, he was again interrupted. He then said, he should not take up the time of the court by any subterfuge to which the forms of the law might entitle him. He admitted the charge of coming in arms, as the leader of a French force, to invade Ireland; but said it was as a man banished, amputated from all natural and political connexion with his own country, and a naturalized subject of France, bearing a commission of the French Republic, under which it was his duty implicitly to obey the commands of his military superiors. He produced his commission, constituting him adjutant-general in the French service, his orders, &c. &c. He said he knew, from what had already occurred to the officers, natives of Ireland, who had been made prisoners on this expedition, what would be his fate; on that, however, he had made up his mind. He was satisfied that every liberal man, who knew his mind and principles, would be convinced, in whatever enterprise he engaged for the good of his country, it was impossible he could ever have been combined in approbation or aid to the fanatical and sanguinary atrocities perpetrated by many of the persons engaged in the recent conflict. He hoped the court would do him the justice to

believe, that from his soul he abhorred such abominable conduct. He had, in every public proceeding of his life, been actuated by the purest motives of love to his country; and it was the highest ambition of his soul to tread the glorious paths chalked out by the examples of Washington in America, and Kosciusko in Poland. In such arduous and critical pursuits, success was the criterion of merit and fame. It was his lot to fail, and he was resigned to his fate. Personal considerations he had none; the sooner he met the fate that awaited him, the more agreeable to his feelings; but he could not repress his anxiety for the honour of the nation whose uniform he wore, and the dignity of that commission he bore as adjutant-general in the French service. As to the sentence of the court, which he so fully anticipated, he had but one wish, that it might be inflicted within one hour; but the only request he had to solicit the court was, that the mode of his death might not degrade the honour of a soldier. The French army did not feel it contrary to the dignity or etiquette of arms to grant similar favours to emigrant officers taken on returning, under British command, to invade their native country. He recollected two instances of this, in the cases of Charette and Sombreuil, who had obtained their request of being shot by files of grenadiers. A similar fate was the only favour he had to ask; and he trusted that men susceptible of the nice feelings of a soldier's honour would not refuse his request. As to the rest, he was perfectly reconciled.

'Next morning it was found that he had endeavoured to avoid public execution, by an attempt to kill himself: he was discovered with his windpipe cut across. His execution was necessarily postponed. A motion has since been made in the Court of King's Bench by Mr Curran, for a Habeas Corpus, directed to the keeper of the Prevost Marshalsea, to bring the body of T. W. Tone, with the cause of his detention. This is so far fortunate, as it is to stop for the future all trials by court-martial for civil offences, and things are to revert to their former and usual channel.'

Such, in the very moment of hostility and excited passion, was Sir John Moore's feeling and liberal mode of describing the last bearing of a man, whose proceedings he was firmly opposed to. His biographer's manner of treating the same event, thirty-three years afterwards, and with this model before him, which, however, he suppresses, is as follows:—

'Among the prisoners who were taken was Wolfe Tone, the prime fomentor of the Irish rebellion. This man had once before been arrested for treason; but, by dissembled repentance, his forfeited life had been spared by government. On this occasion he tried to escape by legal chicanery; which failing, with his own hand he finished his pernicious life.'

Behold the brothers! How diversified are nature's works!

Immediately after quitting Ireland, we find Sir John Moore engaged in the memorable expedition to Holland. This, at least, as being the mere record of a campaign, we were in hopes Mr Moore, an unmilitary man, would suffer us to read of in the Gene-

ral's language, and that we should have been spared his own remarks, because we like to hear the actors speak of such affairs. But no! the narrative is still the biographer's, and at the very threshold he stumbles upon the following observations, which we do suppose that even the Morning Herald might be proud of:—
 'If the Dutch at that time had retained the same love of liberty and independence which they had displayed in the sixteenth century against Spain, or in the seventeenth against France, the plan would undoubtedly have succeeded.'

Ay! No doubt; if we had been aided instead of being opposed by the enemy, we should have been successful. But let us hear Mr Moore again. 'The Dutch troops, which formed the most numerous part of the enemy's army, served slavishly under the orders of the French general, and fought against those who came to emancipate them. The character of these Dutchmen was very different from that of their ancestors, who had resisted pertinaciously the sanguinary Duke of Alva, the heroic Condé, and Turenne, and inundated their country, rather than submit to foreign subjection.'

We scarcely think it possible that Mr Moore can be so ignorant of history as this observation would imply; but we will, to avoid mistakes, tell him that the *olden Dutchmen* resisted Spain to establish a *republic*; that they resisted Louis XIV. in defence of that *republic*; and that at this period they received the French as friends and deliverers, because the house of Orange, aided by Prussia, had by fraud and violence destroyed their ancient *republic*, suppressing their constitution and liberties; and that, consequently, they were then displaying precisely the same love of liberty and independence which their ancestors had done before them. They resembled those ancestors in all things, following exactly their system; for, first, they fought for a *republic*; secondly, they fought with the aid of foreigners; thirdly, they were successful, and obliged the Duke of York to capitulate. When in these flights of reasoning, Mr Moore puts us in mind of those innocent little birds, called by children black-heads, which being taken and let loose in a room, think to make a dart into the air, and dashing their heads against the windows, fall to the ground. However, we do not find fault with this campaign, nor with the account of the expedition to Genoa and Cadiz, nor with that to Egypt, save that it is Mr Moore, and not General Moore, who speaks; and the latter's criticisms upon the plans and events are not given. This we think a great loss; and we believe our readers will agree with us, when they have read the account of the battle of Alexandria, where Sir John is at last allowed to tell his own story in his own way. We are glad also to perceive that his bio-

grapher has not suppressed, nor justified, that act of vandalism, (and of cruelty also, to the poor Copts, whose grounds were swallowed up,)—we mean the cutting of the dyke which kept the sea out of Lake Mareotis. We should, however, have been more pleased if he had thought fit to give us that able fragment written in defence of Sir Ralph Abercrombie's military conduct, by Sir John Moore, in answer to the impudent observations of General Reynier. We should have been pleased to have it, were it only as a specimen of careful composition from Sir John Moore's pen; but, containing, as it does, a vindication of Sir Ralph's military conduct, we desired it more earnestly. But then, alas! it proclaims that '*English expeditions were seldom successful, and always difficult to conduct, because they were directed by Ministers,*' (the Ministers of the day, those favourites of our author,) '*who were ignorant of military affairs, and too arrogant and self-sufficient to consult military men.*'

From Egypt we are brought home to England, and placed in that camp at Shorn-Cliff, where Moore's skill, in forming troops, was proved to be equal to his daring in leading them. But as many persons have been falsely persuaded that he was a harsh and odious disciplinarian, we seize the opportunity of refuting the calumny by the most irrefragable proof. The officers of the regiments which were then formed by his care, were ever after his warmest admirers; his discipline it has been their object to maintain; his maxims have been their guide; his reputation has been by them considered as a part of their own; his memory is cherished in their hearts to this day, and will be so as long as those hearts retain an atom of a soldier's pride and honour. His biographer knows little of this matter, and we are therefore only treated to a few letters,—interesting, no doubt; yet, we feel quite sure, that they are the least interesting that could possibly be selected from his papers. We have not indeed seen any thing to be able to assert this positively; but from the general turn of Sir John Moore's mind, and his habit of setting down his thoughts, we feel as certain as that we live, he did not let that most critical period of England's fate pass unnoticed. We have, however, the same rapid narrative, the same appearance of wishing to get over work,—a brevity such as we should expect from an official 'precis' writer, who endeavours to earn his salary with the least possible waste of labour;—save and except in those places where the author thinks he can, with or without propriety, write down his own observations and political views: in fine, self always seems uppermost in the biographer's thoughts.

We have a ludicrous instance of this self-consideration in the account of Sir John Moore's appearance at a cabinet council,

held to consider of an attack at Ferrol. What really passed there, is, to our minds, as remarkable a proof of his self-possession, clear judgment, and prompt action, as any that can be found in his whole life; yet certainly nobody could suspect it from the narrative; and, as if the defect on this head were not sufficient, we are favoured suddenly, and as the French phrase goes, ‘à propos de bottes’—with what? Any thing relating to Ferrol, or to war, or policy, to camps or councils? No! nothing of all that. What then? The author’s amazement at the errors into which men fall, who, not being medical themselves, do yet talk of medicine!

From Shorn-Cliff and Ferrol the scene changes to Sicily; and as the whole of Sir John Moore’s proceedings there were political, and most interesting,—as they showed his sense and judgment in civil affairs to be no whit behind his talents in war,—we have, as a matter of course, nothing but a garbled and impotent abstract of these transactions: we look in vain for the graphic account of his interview with the Queen of Naples, and the final character which he draws of her,—which, by the way, although contrary to the received opinion, is confirmed by the testimony of Mr Palmieri de Micichi in his very entertaining ‘Memoirs.’ We want to have Moore’s disputes with Mr Drummond, also, more clearly told; and his account of the vagaries of Sir Sydney Smith touched upon. We desire to hear his sentiments upon the state of Sicily,—the character and wishes of the people; and something more than a few garbled extracts to show his views relative to a descent upon Italy—that Italy which he was so pressed to invade, but which he never would invade, until he could offer the Italians something better to fight for, than the oppressions and the abuses of the Sicilian Court. His military criticism upon General Fraser’s expedition to Egypt, might also, we think, have found a place in the life of a General; and would certainly have been as well placed there, as the very novel information that Archimedes defended Syracuse. But these things are all below his biographer’s notice, who yet thrusts forward his own observations upon public affairs, upon tyrants, upon liberty, upon demagogues, and the like fustian, with such a rude determination, that, while reading them, we cannot help admiring the sense of that child, who, when the pig poked its snout into her bowl of milk, said it ‘ought to take a spoon.’

We are told that General Fox, having also the rank of Minister, was sent to supersede that distinguished officer General Stuart; and that, as General Fox was infirm, this double appointment was a ‘strong proof of fraternal affection’ in Mr Charles Fox. Now, first, we never heard that Sir John Stuart’s conduct,

of our affairs, in Sicily, was such as to make his loss be felt in comparison with General Fox; and though we do not deny that the latter was too infirm to lead an army in the field, we do deny that he was too infirm to conduct the affairs of Sicily. If his talents were not of a high order, they were at least respectable; and he had the merit of not being above taking the advice of wiser men: he generally agreed with, and always yielded to, Sir John Moore's opinion; and hence the English interests were far better supported during his command than they had been before. Nor was it at all surprising that Mr Charles Fox, just come into power, and at a most critical period, himself in ill health, and his mind occupied with the unhappy condition in which Mr Pitt had left England,—it is not surprising that Mr Fox, who was aware that every sort of intrigue and deceit was practised in the Sicilian Court, and had proof that the former generals, and ministers, and admirals, were not always pulling together, should thus have acted. It was quite natural, and prudent also, in Mr Fox to unite the two offices of minister and general in the person of a brother, whose honesty of intention, and good common sense he was quite sure of, until time was gained to settle a definite system of policy in that part of the world. Wherefore, in reply to Mr James Moore, we could wish that he had taken a lesson from both the objects of his sneer; that is, that he had, with Mr Charles Fox, given some '*strong proof of fraternal affection*;' and, with General Fox, *taken advice from wiser men than himself.*

When Sir John Moore arrived in England, from Sicily, he was immediately sent to Gottenburg, for no other purpose but to get him out of the way, while troops were sent under Sir Arthur Wellesley to Portugal. This expedition to Sweden was one of the most impudent and criminal actions ever committed by a faction in power; the design and the execution were alike scandalous and stupid; and had the troops been committed to the charge of a less able, resolute, and prompt man, ten thousand of the finest soldiers of England would have been sacrificed. The contradictory instructions given by the Ministers, and the silence observed by them when Moore represented the real state of affairs, were proofs of their bad intentions, and bad faith, as well as of their absurdity; and if any doubt could be entertained upon this head, the orders which reached Sir James Saumarez three days after Moore's departure from Gottenburg,—orders prescribing the employment of the army to bring off the Spaniards under Romana, from Holstein,—would have set that doubt aside. But how can any impartial person entertain a doubt, that both folly and faction were at work, when it is considered, that had

the King of Sweden been only one degree less insane than he was, the English Ministers would have deliberately commenced campaigns,—commenced regular military operations by land, against Russia in one extremity of Europe, and against Napoleon in the other extremity, at one and the same time! The absurdity is apparent; and the personally insolent treatment Moore received from the Ministers upon his return to England,—treatment which his biographer scarcely seems to be conscious of,—sufficiently disclosed their secret anger, that he had, by his prompt return, baffled their plots. We will not, however, dwell longer upon this portion of the book, except to say, that the story of Sir John Moore's proceedings at Stockholm is as ill told as every thing else, although not so injuriously. If the whole particulars of that scandalous affair had been publicly laid before the Parliament, at the time of Sir John Moore's death, it would have shaken that wicked and imbecile Ministry to pieces, and have saved the country from the after misfortunes and disgrace of the Walcheren expedition; and it would have avenged Sir John Moore's injuries upon the heads of his ungenerous adversaries. But our author speaks of the treatment which his relation received with a degree of mildness, which contrasts wonderfully with his virulence against all who have held opposite politics to his own. '*When Ministers deem it proper to employ an officer who held a superior situation in a subordinate one, PERHAPS some conciliatory explanation should be made. But this is not a case for a brother to judge.*' This is the way that one of the grossest affronts ever offered to a commander is noticed,—an affront aggravated by the manner of doing it,—offered by men, too, who after death were the most virulent calumniators of the hero they had used so shamefully. Perhaps! And it is not for a brother to judge!—In God's name, then, who is to judge? Who is to defend the reputation of a man who cannot defend himself, if his own brother will not! Perhaps! We had '*rather be a dog and bay the moon,*' than speak so tamely of the wrongs of such a brother.

We come now to the expedition to Spain, which terminated Sir John Moore's earthly career: the particulars of it are too well known to need any further illustration; and had such been needed, the writer before us is not qualified to supply it. That which was required he has not done. He has not published the whole of his brother's Journal and letters, which would have formed a complete body of evidence, and have been infinitely interesting, as showing the progress of the General's opinion from day to day. He has not done this, and we have nothing further to say. But we cannot dismiss Mr Moore, without teaching him the danger of his one-sided manner of reasoning, when he

launches out into vituperation of Napoleon. Speaking of that monarch's injunction to the Court of Lisbon, to declare war against Great Britain, to confiscate British merchandise, and to seize, as hostages, all the English merchants residing in Portugal, he adds, 'This *uncivilized proceeding was a regression to the usages of the barbarous times.*' And again, when noticing the Emperor's instructions to his generals in Spain, he quotes from Napier's 'History of the Peninsular War,' an order that '*every Spaniard taken with arms in his hands should be shot*;' but he neglects to quote the remark, added by Colonel Napier, that this related to Spaniards living within the French lines, and consequently, *de facto*, French subjects. This order, however, he calls ruthless.

Now, with respect to the first passage, we suppose that Mr Moore does not know that the English Government, before the war was declared in 1803, seized all the French merchant-ships in the English waters, and threw the crews into prison. We suppose that he does not know of this '*regression*;' nor that other slight '*regression*,' the bombardment of Copenhagen; but he cannot be ignorant that his own brother, Captain Moore, was ordered to capture the Spanish frigates in time of peace;—that immense treasures, private as well as public, were then seized, or destroyed, and many of the unfortunate owners slain,—which we take to be also a '*regression*,' if that is the right term. And, with respect to the ordering of the armed Spaniards to be shot, when taken within the French lines, we can again give him a parallel from his own family. We recollect Sir John Moore says, that while at St Lucia, a boat was captured with four men coming from St Vincent's, and that he ordered them to be shot; and in another place, that he hanged his prisoners;—proceedings which, simply stated, must appear very barbarous and unjustifiable.

Ay, but they were brigands!

True; but the French gave the same name to the Spanish peasants who opposed them.

But the brigands of St Lucia violated the usages of civilized warfare, and committed the greatest atrocities!

True, again; but the Spaniards also violated those usages, and tortured, as well as murdered, their prisoners: for example, they had, just before the period of this order, placed Colonel René, a man travelling unarmed, between boards, and sawed him in two while alive.

But the Spaniards were fighting for their independence!

No doubt; and the coloured brigands of St Lucia were fighting for their personal liberty, the gift of God, the birthright of man!

But if the brigands and republicans in the West Indies had not been put down by us, their example might have extended to Jamaica and Barbadoes, and our power in those places would have been shaken.

True; and if the Bourbons of Spain had not been driven away, the example of legitimacy might have extended to France, and have shaken the stability of things in that country.

Oh! but we were a very paternal government!

Were we, indeed? Then why did Sir John Moore declare that the West Indies was the only place in the world where industry and cultivation were no benefits to the inhabitants, because all went to the pampering of the many, at the expense of the few! Besides, Napoleon desired to ameliorate the bad government of Spain, and the English at St Lucia desired to restore and confirm black slavery!

Thus we see that the argument cuts both ways; and Mr James Moore must be content to restrain his indignation, or direct it against war in general, which necessarily occasions such violent proceedings.

We have now finished a disagreeable and a painful duty, and we have performed it unsparingly, because it is a duty. We have bared all the deformity of the work before us, that men may shrink from it; and we have not touched upon its merits, because they are so few, and of such a nature, that they can in no manner be felt as a counterpoise to its demerits. Mr Moore has exhibited his brother to the world, neither as a very amiable nor a very great man; and yet he was both. We do not mean to say, that no indications of Sir John Moore's real character have been given; it was impossible for his biographer to go so near the fire without being a little warmed; he could not face the bright flame without reflecting some rays of light and heat himself; he could not quench it entirely, nor could he bring away even an ember that did not glow and sparkle. The few letters, and the fewer abstracts from Sir John Moore's Journal, which he has given, are full of sense and spirit; and redolent, if we may use the expression, of that kindness of disposition, which was so remarkably blended with his daring courage and stern resolution. But it is not enough to show us that, upon one occasion, Sir John Moore expressed affection for his mother; that at another he was pleased at the success of his brother, or that he expressed now and then a deep love of his country;—it is not enough, we say, to do this, as it has been done in this work, accompanied with the spume of the author's own hatred of men and things. The task—and it was an easy one—should have been to show, that patriotism, disinterestedness, courage, frankness, gentleness, and kind-

ness, were the component parts of Sir John Moore's nature ; that it was not once, but always, that these qualities predominated ; that it was not in one or two letters, but in all his correspondence,—in his Journal, in his conversation, in his actions, that they were displayed ; that in sickness and in health, in weal and woe, in danger, and in difficulty, and in prosperity, in every climate, and in all circumstances, he was still the same undaunted assertor of what was right ; that his life was one clear, full, and strong current of honour,—never stagnating, never defiled, never broken, never deviating from the straight line ; that his ambition, his daring, his capacity, and his honesty, were all on the same level, and that level so high, that few could reach it.

His failings, whatever they were, escaped the observation of his nearest acquaintances, but it would appear that they were not hidden from his brother !

We now take leave of the work, and deeply do we regret that it has ever appeared. Instead of a vivid description of Sir John Moore, we find in it the vapid discussions of his biographer ; the enlarged views, penetrating observations, and manly feelings of the former, are suppressed, to make way for the narrow prejudices of the latter ; the happy, graceful, colloquial manner of the Journal, has been superseded by a dry, contracted, and yet ambitious narrative. The loss sustained by this exchange cannot be judged of by the reader, from the few examples exhibited of the General's writings, because his Journal is not of that showy, dazzling nature which claims a sudden admiration. It is not a torrent, broken by picturesque waterfalls, but a deep, full, navigable stream, bearing in security on its bosom a thousand vessels laden with riches ;—a stream whose value is only known when you quit it for the dangerous ocean of conjecture. Its great beauty consists in the natural turn of the expressions, and in the quantity of information conveyed in an agreeable manner,—always full, yet never tedious ; above all, in the irresistible conviction produced, that you have the most secret thoughts of the writer before you, and that those thoughts are worth having. This is the charm, the merit of the Journal ; this is what should have been given whole, or, at least, in such a manner, that those who have read the original should not turn away in disgust from the copy ; some resemblance should at least have been preserved. This has not been done. Through all the book, we have sought for some enlarged traits, some striking indications of what Sir John Moore was ; we have sought earnestly, but we have sought in vain ; and are forced, by the bitterness of disappointment, to cry out, in the words of the Holy Book—Cain, Cain ! where is thy brother !