

THE NAPOLEONIC WARS IN THE ENGLISH

NOVEL, 1820-1880

APPROVED:

*E. G. Ballard*

Major Professor

*N. K. Embury Jr.*

Minor Professor

*E. S. Clifton*

Director of the Department of English

*Robert B. Toulouse*

Dean of the Graduate School

THE NAPOLEONIC WARS IN THE ENGLISH  
NOVEL, 1820-1880

THESIS

Presented to the Graduate Council of the  
North Texas State College in Partial  
Fulfillment of the Requirements

For the Degree of

MASTER OF ARTS

By

John Townsend Wilson

Denton, Texas

August, 1955



TABLE OF CONTENTS

Chapter		Page
I.	INTRODUCTION . . . . .	1
II.	THE NOVELISTS OF THE PENINSULAR AND WATERLOO CAMPAIGNS: THE VETERANS . . . . .	17
	George Robert Gleig Thomas Hamilton William Hamilton Maxwell	
III.	THE NOVELISTS OF THE PENINSULAR AND WATERLOO CAMPAIGNS: THE NON-VETERANS . . . . .	51
	Charles James Lever James Grant	
IV.	THE NOVELISTS OF THE NAVAL WAR . . . . .	81
	Frederick Marryat Frederick Chamier Richard Doddridge Blackmore	
V.	THE NOVELISTS OF THE HOME FRONT IN THE NAPOLEONIC WARS . . . . .	113
	William Makepeace Thackeray Mrs. Elizabeth Gaskell Charlotte Yonge Robert Buchanan The Baroness Tautpheous	
VI.	CONCLUSION . . . . .	149

## CHAPTER I

### INTRODUCTION

Critics generally agree that the historical novel as it is shaped in modern fiction found its proper form with Sir Walter Scott at the beginning of the nineteenth century. Scott, whose ardent but foiled desire was to be a soldier, captured the spirit of his warring era in his action-packed tales of old Scotland. The birth of Scott's brand of historical fiction could not have come in a more appropriate time than during the Napoleonic wars. Martial Britain wanted martial stories, and Scott's prolific imagination provided them in abundance.

It is not surprising that not only the later but also the earlier war novelists of the Napoleonic era—Chamier, Gleig, Hamilton, Lever, Maxwell, and Marryat—chose to write this new form of prose fiction. During the second quarter of the nineteenth century, this tribe of storytellers, most of whom were veterans, returned in memory to the battlefields and began an outpouring of novels curiously blending harsh reportorial realism and idealistic romanticism in the setting of Europe's great struggle.

Some critics<sup>1</sup> still hesitate to group these earlier authors with the historical novelists, evidently because they were spinning tales of an era within which they had lived. Instead, they prefer to call them the naval and military writers. Actually, the recency of events in their novels should not ban them from the genre. They did imitate Scott; and the essential elements characterizing Scott's fiction and—in one way or other—that of his imitators are those of the historical novel and its immediate ancestry.

To define the historical novel, one must begin, of course, with the ordinary novel. Many complications arise here, because the definition of the novel is itself controversial. There are certain requirements, however, which most critics accept as bona fide. One to be mentioned here is that the novel must be a portrayal, an interpretation, of life "by means of fictitious narrative in prose."<sup>2</sup> Also, credibility is often required, but not always. The reason why most critics will accept the novel as an interpretation or portrayal of life possibly rests upon the broadness of the two terms, interpretation and portrayal. They include almost any kind of fiction, whether it be the wildest romance

---

<sup>1</sup>Including Ernest Baker, Edward Wagenknecht, Hugh Walker, Horatio Krasn, Sister Mary Edith Kelly, Robert M. Lovett, George Saintsbury, Gordon H. Gerould.

<sup>2</sup>Ernest A. Baker, The History of the English Novel (London, 1924), I, 15.

of Dumas, the most terrifying of Mrs. Radcliffe's Gothic tales, or the matter-of-fact portrayals of Thackeray. Baker says that "the novel is concerned with the real world" and that its purpose is to deal with facts and to create a story which is credible, "not to fashion a new one to the heart's desire."<sup>3</sup> This is not to say, however, that we should expect to find in the novel characters whom we might meet on the street. On the contrary, the characters of a novel "are concentrated or . . . expanded versions of human nature as we know it."<sup>4</sup> Wagenknecht, having rejected any attempt to define the novel specifically, writes that "the only quite accurate definition of the novel is the history of the novel."<sup>5</sup> While trying to distinguish between a novel and a romance, Clara Reeve in 1785 wrote, "The novel is a picture of real life and manners, and of the times in which it was written. The romance, in lofty and elevated language, describes what never happened nor is likely to happen."<sup>6</sup> This definition is unacceptable because the complete separation of realism and romanticism, using the terms as she uses them, is impossible. All works of fiction may be considered composites of the two. Usually there is more of one than the other present, but never is there one without the other.

---

<sup>3</sup>Ibid., p. 18.

<sup>4</sup>Ibid., p. 22.

<sup>5</sup>Edward Wagenknecht, Calvacade of the English Novel (New York, 1954), p. xviii.

<sup>6</sup>Ibid., p. xviii.

Apparently, then, the definition of the novel, if there is to be one, must remain a vague generalization. To the satisfaction of everyone, we might possibly say that when the novel holds its mirror up to nature and human life, the resulting reflections may be of different shapes, depending upon the character of the surface of the mirror. But these reflections in the novel cannot be so grotesque and formless as to hinder the reader's perception and interpretation of them. The novel is an organized story of persons, not a critique on metaphysics or a subjective chaos.

The predecessors of Scott failed to create a true historical novel because of their attitude toward history. As a rule, none in the course of studying or writing history had tried to capture the manners, the sentiments, and the ideas of the people in the past. In fact, they did not try even to keep in mind that these people were in many respects quite different from themselves. Miss Reeves, Mrs. Radcliffe, Godwin, and a host of others who wrote historical fiction had this blind approach to history. Their characters never left the eighteenth century.<sup>7</sup>

For more than two thousand years historical fiction had been a popular form of literature.<sup>8</sup> Such ancient historians

---

<sup>7</sup>George Saintsbury, A History of Nineteenth Century Literature (New York, 1896), pp. 131-132.

<sup>8</sup>Ibid., p. 131.

as Herodotus and Siculus blended history and legend without any intention to deceive and started a long line of romancers and psuedo-historians who commanded the field of historical fiction even into the middle ages. In Medieval England the Arthurian legends and other such heroic narratives carried on the popularity of historical fiction.<sup>9</sup> We do not find, however, any significant step taken in the sophistication of historical romance until 1594, the year Thomas Nashe published The Unfortunate Traveler, or, The Life of Jack Wilton. This book has sometimes been called the first historical novel and the first international novel;<sup>10</sup> but if one is to agree, he must use those two terms very loosely. Nashe exerted no effort to interpret accurately the era of which he wrote. He used his history freely, reversing chronology to suit his story. In structure the novel is hardly more than a series of episodes threaded together by the presence of Jack Wilton in each of them.<sup>11</sup> Carl Holliday writes that "he [Nashe] maintained that every story should contain plenty of strong substance and rather condemned the old romances for

---

<sup>9</sup>Baker, op. cit., I, 28-46.

<sup>10</sup>Wagenknecht, op. cit., p. 10.

<sup>11</sup>Ibid., pp. 10-11.

this very lack of strengthening material."<sup>12</sup> Nashe, therefore, tried to shun "extravagant idealisms"<sup>13</sup> but was not always successful in doing so.

The narratives to become the most fashionable in seventeenth century England were heavily influenced by the French heroic romances. Gomberville, La Calprenède, Madeleine de Scudery—all had an immense English public, who read their works both in the original and in translation. In 1654, Roger Boyle, Earl of Orrery, started publishing his Parthenissa, the earliest important imitation of the French romances. Two other writers who soon followed suit were Sir George Mackenzie (Aretina, 1660) and John Crowne (Pandion and Amphigenia, 1665).<sup>14</sup> Wagenknecht says of these romances:

Love and honor is the theme, and the characters possess both a superhuman valor and a Marie Bashkirtseff-like tendency to torturing self-analysis. The background is martial, the scene wide-ranging, confused with real and imaginary countries lying side by side. Pseudo-history, rather than history, provides the background.<sup>15</sup>

Few of the characters in the heroic romances have any personality; in fact, The English Rogue (1665-1680), by Richard Head, has few characters with so much as names. They are

<sup>12</sup>Carl Holliday, English Fiction from Fifth to the Twentieth Century (New York, 1912), p. 174.

<sup>13</sup>Wagenknecht, op. cit., p. 11.

<sup>14</sup>Ibid., pp. 16-17.

<sup>15</sup>Ibid., p. 17.

called "a prentice," "a master," "a mistress."<sup>16</sup> In addition, the heroic romance "was true to no time, to no country, to no system of manners, life, or thought."<sup>17</sup> To a certain extent, the description of the heroic romance is that of most historical fiction up to Scott's Waverley.

The heroic romance was far closer to the novel than were its medieval predecessors. More attention was given to dialogue and analysis of motives; too, the organization of the plot had begun to show vast complexity. The treatment of history, though, remained in a crude stage.

While the heroic romances were still enjoying their popularity, Daniel Defoe (1661-1731) was aiming in his narratives at reportorial realism. He used every device he knew to convince the public that his stories were straight reporting. He claimed that Memoirs of a Cavalier (1720), a historical narrative, was found by accident "among other valuable papers in the closet of an eminent public minister of no less figure than one of King William's secretaries of state."<sup>18</sup> Moreover, in Moll Flanders (1722) he gave a detailed description of London and used quoted letters, hospital bills, and other documents to make the narrative appear factual. But the historical novel itself remained

---

<sup>16</sup>George Saintsbury, The English Novel (New York, 1913), p. 49.

<sup>17</sup>Ibid., p. 47.

<sup>18</sup>Wagenknecht, op. cit., p. 34.



beyond him. Moll Flanders referred circumstantially, not to the customs of the mid-seventeenth century in which Moll was supposed to have lived, but rather to those of Defoe's contemporary England of the early eighteenth century.<sup>19</sup>

The transition between the romance and the novel took place in the works of Samuel Richardson (1689-1761) and Henry Fielding (1707-1754). In this transformation of the fictitious narrative, Richardson placed more emphasis than his predecessors on the analysis of motives, while Fielding concentrated on building a more intricate, sophisticated plot.<sup>20</sup>

If Richardson and Fielding are to be called interchangeably "the father of the historical novel," then Tobias Smollett (1721-1771) may be called "the father of the nautical novel." His creations, Lieutenant Bowling and Jack Rattlin, with Commodore Trunnion, Jack Hatchway, and Tom Pipes, started "a long and distinguished family of skippers and tarpaulins, owing their rank in literature to their genial humors and their picturesque lingo."<sup>21</sup> Smollett set the pattern for many other nautical novels, among which are those of Marryat, Cooper, Dana, and Conrad.

---

<sup>19</sup>Dorothy Van Ghent, The English Novel. (New York, 1953), p. 33.

<sup>20</sup>Baker, op. cit., IV, 204.

<sup>21</sup>Ibid., p. 204.

A short lull followed Richardson, Fielding, and Smollett, and then came the birth of the commercial novel, which was read avidly by the uncritical middle-class. Since anything readable was put on the market, the publishers were in stringent competition for the output of the numerous hack writers. This new reading public soon gave rise to another institution—the circulating library. In accord with the spirit of the age, most of these novels were sentimental.

James Forster calls Thomas Leland's Longsword, Earl of Salisbury (1762) the first historical romance. This book, however, is not very different from the other narratives of that period in its treatment of history. The time of Henry VIII is its setting; and although it does treat history seriously, it is primarily concerned with romantic adventure. The only thing that keeps it from being classified as Gothic is its lack of supernaturalism.<sup>22</sup>

During the last decades of the eighteenth century, "mystery and wonder, fear and suspense, sensation and terror"<sup>23</sup> became the fashionable themes of the novels which were eventually labelled Gothic. The term Gothic is difficult to define precisely. The novels coming under this classification, however, usually had a medieval setting and the

---

<sup>22</sup>James R. Foster, History of the Pre-Romantic Novel in England (New York, 1949), p. 187.

<sup>23</sup>Baker, op. cit., V, 175.

elements of suspense, terror, and supernaturalism. The significant Gothic novelists to be considered here are Horace Walpole (1717-1797), Clara Reeve (1729-1807), Sophia Lee (1750-1824), and Mrs. Radcliffe (1764-1823).

The Castle of Otranto (1765), by Horace Walpole, is generally called the first Gothic novel. Walpole claimed to have blended two kinds of romance--the ancient and the modern. In the former all was imagination and improbability, and in the latter nature was always intended to be copied. Evidently the ancient mode of romance was the strongest in his blend. In The Castle of Otranto a plumed helmet crashes into Manfred's courtyard and kills the son of the house on his wedding day. There it stays, the plumes waving whenever a new calamity is approaching.<sup>24</sup>

Clara Reeve, one of Walpole's imitators, stepped outside the Gothic realm to write two historical works: The Exiles (1788) and Memoirs of Sir Roger de Clarendon (1793). Although she expressed contempt for those writers who took liberty with historical facts and figures, "her novel [Memoirs of Sir Roger de Clarendon] is poorly constructed, being little more than a straggling collection of adventure themes and historical or semihistorical figures, and an occasional attempt at local color, such as the description

---

<sup>24</sup>Wagenknecht, op. cit., p. 113.

of bills of fare, sports, and customs."<sup>25</sup> Sophia Lee also tried her hand at historical fiction. Forster calls The Recess (1783-1785) "the most important novel blending historical characters with fictitious incidents written between Longsword (1762) and Waverley (1814)."<sup>26</sup> In this story Miss Lee has a number of historical figures from the Elizabethan era. Leicester, Essex, Sir Philip Sidney, and Sir Walter Raleigh are a few of them. Yet, Miss Lee, like her colleagues in the Gothic school, failed for the most part to capture the manners and spirit of the past.<sup>27</sup>

Mrs. Radcliffe, "the Queen of Terror" and "the Great Enchantress," gained immense popularity through her Gothic novels. When Sir Walter Scott became famous as a novelist, his admirers believed that the greatest tribute they could give was to call him Mrs. Radcliffe's successor.<sup>28</sup> Mrs. Radcliffe's historical coloring is actually insignificant. In fact, her first novel, The Castles of Athlin and Dunbayne (1789), which had a medieval background, was almost a complete failure. The past inspired her, but she never tried to gain much information concerning it.<sup>29</sup> "Although their

---

<sup>25</sup>Forster, op. cit., p. 201.

<sup>26</sup>Ibid., p. 209.

<sup>27</sup>Ibid., p. 210.

<sup>28</sup>Wagenknecht, op. cit., p. 119.

<sup>29</sup>Forster, op. cit., p. 265.

costumes may have belonged to another age, Mrs. Radcliffe's men and women were as much of the author's own time as Chippendale furniture."<sup>30</sup>

The Gothic novelists failed to give an accurate interpretation of the past, but they did turn to it for inspiration and material. In their novels is indication of a struggle to free historical fiction from one of its infirmities, the negative attitude toward history. Too, their constant use of the historical setting helped give rise to a new and healthier historical sense both in their successors and in the reading public.

Although Maria Edgeworth (1767-1849) wrote no historical fiction, she did influence Sir Walter Scott in characterization. Ordinarily the leading characters had been restricted to the gentry. Miss Edgeworth made the peasantry prominent among her characters; and her contemporary and successor, Scott, carried on this practice--often with more success than the originator. Miss Edgeworth as a member of the upper middle-class had little chance to become really acquainted with the peasants who peopled her novels. Her characters, therefore, were often shallow, flat.<sup>31</sup>

---

<sup>30</sup>Poster, op. cit., p. 265.

<sup>31</sup>Baker, op. cit., VI, 13.

Jane Porter (1776-1850), the authoress of Thaddeus of Warsaw (1803) and The Scottish Chiefs (1809), vainly boasted that Sir Walter Scott had learned his art of writing historical novels from her. Her romances actually were a great improvement over any imaginative treatment of history in the past, but she had very little influence on the master. Thaddeus of Warsaw is almost completely historical in its first part, "having as subject those heart rending events that gather around the partition of Poland in 1793."<sup>32</sup> She had far more success, however, with The Scottish Chiefs because she had more knowledge of the Scots. She and her sister Ann Maria Porter (1780-1832) --the authoress of The Hungarian Brothers (1807) --evidently wrote their novels in friendly rivalry, because the plots of Thaddeus of Warsaw and The Hungarian Brothers are essentially the same. In both of these novels "Gothic effects are obtained from contemporary history," and "every device of sentimentality is employed to stir the feelings of the reader."<sup>33</sup>

Sir Walter Scott (1771-1832) started his career with poetry. But when Lord Byron's poetic skill finally surpassed his own, he changed over to the more "undignified" trade of novelist. In 1813 he finished a piece of prose fiction he

---

<sup>32</sup>Wilbur Cross, The Development of the English Novel. (New York, 1899), p. 112.

<sup>33</sup>Gordon Hall Gerould, The Patterns of English and American Fiction. (Boston, 1942), p. 185.

had started in 1805. In this manuscript, called Waverley, or 'Tis Sixty Years Since, the historical novel had its birth, and even to the present day few important technical additions have been made.

Scott's education was well suited to the writing of historical fiction. Through careful study he had gained an immense knowledge of history, languages, and romantic literature. His mother was "a walking encyclopaedia of old Border lore,"<sup>34</sup> and the young Scott surely had numerous other willing storytellers in and around historic Edinburgh to feed his imagination.

Scott was usually successful in his endeavors to portray the manners, sentiments, and spirit of past ages. While never forgetting that he observed the past from a distance in time, he attempted to bridge the gap between the past and present by being conscious of those manners common to both ages.

He had the historic sense as strongly as any man who has ever lived. He saw men as products of the forces that impinge upon them out of the past. He could not possibly have confined himself as novelist to the little hour in which he wrote, for that hour failed to confine his life...He immensely widened the scope of fiction by adding, as it were, a fourth dimension to it, and that fourth dimension was the vista of time past.<sup>35</sup>

Scott was not, however, always an accurate historian. Sometimes he changed the chronology of important events to suit

<sup>34</sup>Wagenknecht, op. cit., p. 153.

<sup>35</sup>Ibid., p. 165.

his stories, and in Ivanhoe he even confused the manners of two or three centuries. Such ill treatment of history never occurred in his novels about Scotland. Here he wrote of a past he knew and felt.<sup>36</sup>

Scott was always a romancer. True he broadened his scope, but most of the elements of the old romances were in his novels. He could never do without adventure—"that which befalls the individual rather than. . . what he or she does."<sup>37</sup> Too, his heroes are what Ernest Baker calls "dead-alive." Scott never learned the art of giving full life to his characters.

The predecessors of Scott failed to produce real historical novels primarily because of their inadequate knowledge of history. When Scott stepped away from the phase of history he knew best, he also failed. Indeed, this might be said of all historical fictionists. In this particular respect the early Napoleonic war novelists were even better qualified than the master himself to recreate the age of which they wrote. They had actually experienced their historical era, while Scott had known his only in imagination.

The succeeding chapters will show to what extent the early and later novelists of the Napoleonic era used the historical novel, which came into its modern form at that

---

<sup>36</sup>Ibid., p. 165.

<sup>37</sup>Baker, op. cit., VI, 207.



time, as a balance between romantic adventure and realistic reporting. Scott always remained the master; in fact, these writers rarely succeeded in being more than his imitators. They remained close at his side in the treatment of character and the portrayal of the spirit and manners of the past. Occasionally some of them surpassed Scott in these respects by using their own personal experiences or the experiences of veterans of their acquaintance. All of them, however, lacked Scott's prolific imagination, and probably for this reason their novels have remained in the shadow of this giant of historical fiction.

## CHAPTER II

### THE NOVELISTS OF THE PENINSULAR AND WATERLOO

#### CAMPAIGNS: THE VETERANS

During the second and third quarters of the nineteenth century there appeared many historical novels which dealt either directly or indirectly with the Napoleonic Wars. In this chapter and those following, twelve of these novels, each representative of an author, are examined to ascertain the extent to which each author has used realistic reporting and romantic adventure and the manner in which he has combined these two elements in the form of the historical novel. Also, an effort is made to analyze each one's characterization and to discover and evaluate his interpretation of the Napoleonic Wars. After extensive investigation of informed critical opinion, these books have been selected as the best representatives of specific phases in the nineteenth century development of the historical novel concerning the Napoleonic era.

The first of these novels appeared in the 1820's, some ten years after the final cessation of the hostilities at Waterloo, and almost immediately these works gained popularity. From 1815 to 1855 England was enjoying its first long period of peace. Growing restless in this forced

tranquility, some of the old military men, as well as others with the martial spirit, took up their pens and returned vicariously to the battlefields and the men-of-war of more active times.

Prior to Napoleon's rampage, war had ordinarily been considered, particularly by the gentry, to be of little more significance than a gentleman's sport; and this conception, though shaken considerably, prevailed even into the Napoleonic era. The more foresighted, however, soon realized that Bonaparte's brand of warfare was no game. Too many soldiers had become involved, while the musket and the cannon changed the old skirmishing field into a place of mass slaughter. As previously mentioned, only the more foresighted realized this. A few of the novelists to be considered here were not very foresighted.

Most of the novelists of the Napoleonic Wars had one or more of three purposes in mind while writing their novels. One purpose was to entertain with adventurous, rollicking stories; another, to instruct in military affairs and history—sometimes in ethics; and another, to glorify the gallant armies of Britain. Their novels carry the reader to nearly all the major fronts in Europe. Few phases of the wars from 1800 to 1815 are denied treatment. The background of these narratives is decorated with numerous historical figures, and the manners and spirits of several nations are portrayed, often with acute vividness.

The twelve authors may be divided into three groups: the novelists of the Peninsular and Waterloo Campaigns (veterans and non-veterans), the novelists of the naval war, and the novelists of the home front—both in England and on the continent.

### George Robert Gleig

George Robert Gleig (1796-1888) was one of the first veterans to relate his adventures in the Peninsular Campaign. His autobiographic novel The Subaltern (1825) was immediately a success; even Lord Wellington warmly praised it.<sup>1</sup> After two years at Glasgow University, Gleig, the son of the Bishop of Brechin, entered the army as a subaltern. He served with credit in both the Peninsular War and the American Campaign. Once the wars had ended, he returned to Oxford and took clerical orders. He later became the chaplain-general of the British forces.<sup>2</sup> Some correspondence between Gleig and Lord Wellington on the proposed dedication of The Subaltern developed into a close friendship which eventually led to the production of Gleig's Life of Arthur Duke of Wellington (1864).<sup>3</sup> Among his numerous other publications were Allen

---

<sup>1</sup>Hugh Walker, The Literature of the Victorian Era (London, 1921), p. 640.

<sup>2</sup>Mrs. Margaret Oliphant, The Victorian Age in English Literature (New York, 1892), I, p. 291.

<sup>3</sup>Walker, op. cit., p. 640.

Breck (1834), The Hussar (1837), The Light Dragoon (1851), and A History of the Reign of George III to the Battle of Waterloo (1873).

Actually The Subaltern is less a novel than actual reminiscences of the last stages of the Peninsular War. The book opens with Gleig's regiment in England, dwelling on this phase briefly, and then carries the story to the Spanish Peninsula and the siege of San Sebastian. Differing considerably from that of his fellow war novelists, Gleig's account of the last year of the campaign (1813-14) has only a mild portion of the romantic element. Generally it is most graphic in portraying the battles in which Gleig participated (the others he almost totally ignored), their aftermaths, and his leisurely occupations in between. The narrative has no plot; rather it merely follows chronologically the experiences of a seventeen-year-old subaltern, including regularly the author's more mature comments on certain events and aspects of the campaign. It is not until the last part, after the Allies crossed the river Bidassoa into France, that Gleig romanticizes to any extent his and other officers' experiences.

Within the first few pages of The Subaltern, Gleig starts his realistic reporting by giving a detailed list of the various articles of clothing and other necessaries that a British officer had to carry with him to the Peninsula.

Other preparations of his regiment before its embarkation are also given the strictest attention. Just before the regiment's departure is a heart-rending scene of the soldiers' wives casting lots to decide who would be the few allowed to accompany their husbands to the Peninsula. Gleig's sympathy was attracted in particular by a young pregnant woman who became hysterical upon drawing a blank. She was temporarily comforted by the commanding officer's decision to allow her to accompany her husband, a common soldier, as far as Portsmouth. During the march she was seized by birth pains, and her husband dropped out of ranks to care for her. After the regiment arrived in Portsmouth, Gleig, fearing that the soldier would be left behind, retraced his steps over the road. He met the soldier a short distance from the city and learned that the woman died in childbirth.

In reporting the events on the Peninsula, Gleig's most vivid descriptions are not of the opposing armies in action, but rather of the moments before and after the battles.

It would be difficult to convey to the mind of an ordinary reader anything like a correct notion of the state of feeling which takes possession of a man waiting for the commencement of a battle. In the first place, time appears to move on leaden wings; every minute seems an hour, and every hour a day. Then there is a strange comingling of levity and seriousness within him—a levity which prompts him to laugh, he scarce knows why; and a seriousness which urges him ever and anon to lift up a mental prayer to the Throne of Grace. On such occasions, little or no conversation passes. The privates generally lean upon their firelocks—the officers upon their swords; and few words,

except monosyllables, at least in answer to questions put, are wasted. . . . Too, the faces of the bravest often change colour, and the limbs of the most resolute tremble, not with fear, but with anxiety; whilst watches are consulted, till the individuals who consult them grow absolutely weary of the employment.<sup>4</sup>

The storming of San Sebastian by the British troops is one of the most striking episodes. The scene of the battle itself is insignificant, but the description of the morning of the attack and of the conduct of the soldiers inside the city after its fall is most impressive.

It is a curious fact, but it is a fact, that the morning of the 31st rose darkly and gloomily, as if the elements themselves had been aware of the approaching conflict, and were determined to add to its awfulness by their disorder. A close and oppressive heat pervaded the atmosphere, whilst lowering and sulphureous clouds covered the face of the sky, and hindered the sun from darting upon us one intervening ray, from morning till night. A sort of preternatural stillness, too, was in the air; the birds were silent in the groves; the very dogs and horses in the camp, and cattle on the hill side, gazed in apparent alarm about them. As the day passed on, and the hour of attack drew near, the clouds gradually collected into one black mass, directly over the devoted city; and almost at the instant when our troops began to march into the trenches, the storm burst forth. Still, it was comparatively mild in its effects. An occasional flash of lightning, succeeded by a burst of thunder, was all of it which we felt, though this was enough to divert our attention.<sup>5</sup>

Once inside the city the British troops, crazed with victory, became deaf to the commands of their officers. Houses

---

<sup>4</sup>George Robert Gleig, The Subaltern (London, 1825), p. 55.

<sup>5</sup>Ibid., p. 49.

were ransacked and furniture needlessly torn to shreds; images were taken from the churches and dashed to pieces on the pavement. Wine cellars were broken into, and the soldiers became even more crazed with intoxication. That night, fires broke out in the town, and the drunken men moved from house to house in search of shelter until no house could be found; then they took to the street.

The spectacle which these presented was truly shocking. A strong light falling upon them from the burning houses, disclosed crowds of dead, dying, and intoxicated men, huddled indiscriminately together. Carpets, rich tapestry, beds, curtains, wearing apparel, and everything valuable to persons in common life, were carelessly scattered about upon the bloody pavement, whilst ever and anon fresh bundles of these were thrown from the windows above. Here you would see a drunken fellow whirling a string of watches round his head, and then dashing them against a wall; there another, more provident, stuffing his bosom with such smaller articles as he most prized. . . .The ceaseless hum of conversation, the occasional laugh and wild shout of intoxication, the pitiable cries, or deep moans of the wounded, and the unintermitted roar of the flames, produced altogether such a concert, as no man who listened to it can ever forget.<sup>6</sup>

Gleig often uses gory detail in his narrative to create mood. On one occasion, while hunting to acquire his meat supply, the young subaltern became thirsty but at first did not drink from the stream he was following because of its hue.

At length the thirst overcame me, and though there was no improvement in the hue of the water, I had stooped down and applied my lips to its surface, when, accidentally casting my eye a little to the right, I beheld a man's arm sticking up from the

---

<sup>6</sup>Ibid., p. 53.



very centre of the rivulet. It was black and putrid, and the nails had dropt from some of the fingers. Of course, I started to my feet without tasting the polluted element, nor could I resist a momentary squeamishness at the idea of having narrowly escaped drinking this tincture of human carcasses.<sup>7</sup>

Again Gleig recalls the horrors of war with a sketch of the numerous dead soldiers and horses strewn about the rough terrain of the Pyrenees. A great number of soldiers, after spending a few hours on a stormy night as sentinels in the midst of "mangled and half-devoured carcasses," became overpowered by superstitious terror and deserted to the enemy. One common soldier tells Gleig, "I don't care for living men, but, for God's sake, Sir, don't keep me beside him."<sup>8</sup>

In the course of his narrative Gleig often turns to appraise the soldiers of the other armies on the Peninsula. Like his fellow war novelists he had little more than contempt for the Spanish troops. He blamed their officers for their miserable condition.

Their inferior officers, in particular, were mean and ungentlemanly in their appearance, and they seemed to possess little or no authority over their men. Yet they were full of boasting, and gave themselves, on all occasions, as many absurd airs, as if their valour had delivered Spain, and dethroned Napoleon.<sup>9</sup>

<sup>7</sup>Ibid., p. 80.

<sup>8</sup>Ibid., p. 110.

<sup>9</sup>Ibid., p. 370.

On the other hand, the Portuguese infantry he considered inferior to none. During one phase of the battle of the Pyrenees, the author climbed to a high spot and observed below him the maneuvers of these soldiers. One Portuguese had posted himself at a considerable distance from his own lines in a large furze-bush. With his excellent marksmanship and quick loading, he fought off an attack on his meager position, killing no fewer than eight Frenchmen by the day's end.

The Subaltern never reveals any harsh feelings toward the opposing army. On the contrary, it often praises the French as a noble enemy. In one scene the author while on picket duty was approached by three French officers, who desired to exchange two bottles of brandy for some tea. This excellent understanding between the French and English between battles is shown also in Gleig's account of his many fishing excursions in the river Bidassoa.

Many a time have I waded half across the little river, on the opposite bank of which the enemy's piquet were posted, whilst they came down in crowds only to watch my success, and to point out particular pools or eddies where the best sport was to be had. On such occasions, the sole precaution which I took was to dress myself in scarlet, and then I might approach within a few yards of their sentries with risk of no molestation.<sup>10</sup>

Gleig had been immensely impressed by the admirable conduct of the French in battle. At one point he reports an incident

---

<sup>10</sup>Ibid., p. 83.

in which a gallant young Frenchman was killed by an English ball while trying desperately to reform the ranks of his battalion. Again he sings praises to the French in their conduct of an attack.

Nothing could be more spirited or impetuous than the first attack of French troops. They come on, for a while slowly; and in silence; till, having reached within a hundred yards or two of the point to be assailed, they raise a loud but discordant yell, and rush forward. The advance of their columns is covered by a perfect cloud of tirailleurs, who press on, apparently in utter confusion, but with every demonstration of courage; who fire irregularly, it is true, but with great rapidity and precision; and who are as much at home in the art of availing themselves of every species of cover as any light troops in the world.<sup>11</sup>

Realistic reporting is the most prominent element in the narrative. A detailed account is given of the movements of the British army—particularly Gleig's regiment—from the siege of San Sebastian to the siege of Bayonne in France, the location of the British army when the war ended. Political history rarely appears in the book; what there is of it is included in the main flow of reporting. Toward the end of the book Gleig does refer to Napoleon's abdication, but only in so far as it was related to the siege of Bayonne. Too, at this point he gives the particulars of the terrible battle fought at Bayonne after the war's end and the obstinacy of General Thouvenot, the commander of Bayonne, who refused to surrender the city

---

<sup>11</sup>Ibid., p. 179.

Realistic reporting and romantic adventure in The Subaltern are hardly separable, for the adventures in which Gleig and his comrades were involved are presented as true occurrences. These episodes are nearly altogether free of the elements which characterize those of a similar nature in fiction. Gleig often exclaims that he was no "fire-eater," and therefore he does not have himself or his comrades accomplishing extraordinary feats. He tells his readers not to expect in his narrative a series of thrilling adventures, for a soldier, unlike his portrayal in fiction, rarely has the opportunity to participate in any action which he considers thrilling. Occasionally, however, Gleig does stimulate interest with an adventurous element. During the battle of Bayonne, Sir John Hope was surrounded in a chateau by the French while he attempted to gain a better view of the battlefield. Suddenly some English troops in that area noticed the plight of their general and shouted, "Save the general, Save the general!" Sir John "threw himself upon his horse, and at the head of his mounted attendants charged from the doorway of the courtyard. He received no fewer than three musket-balls through his hat, and his horse was so severely wounded, that its strength served only to carry him to a place of safety."<sup>12</sup> Many of the French were sabred before the small party had a clear path to safety.

---

<sup>12</sup>Ibid., p. 176.

On another occasion Gleig with a small detachment was ordered to picket duty at the very foot of the walls of the besieged citadel. Here he and his men hid from sight within the several framed houses scattered about. Only at night did they move from the secrecy of these houses. One foggy morning, he and several of his men started toward what they thought was their own lines. Suddenly the fog lifted, revealing them on the open ground a few feet from the citadel's walls. While Gleig and his men rushed frantically for cover, the French, believing that a major attack had been commenced, opened up with a heavy fire of artillery and musketry. Again during the siege of Bayonne, Gleig was ordered to direct the digging of trenches; however, most of his time he spent dodging exploding shells and cannon balls.

The narrative has only one major character, the young subaltern; and Gleig, being comparatively modest, makes as little direct reference to himself as possible. Rather he is the medium through which the reader can see the armies in conflict or the battlefield after an action. There are a number of historical figures in the background—Sir John Hope, Lord Wellington, Soult, Massena—but Wellington is the only one the author ever describes fully. In one scene Gleig's regiment is reviewed by the commander. The author writes of him:

As I had never seen the great Captain of the day before, it will readily be imagined that I looked at him on the present occasion with a degree of admiration and respect, such as a soldier of seventeen years of age, who coats upon his profession, is likely to feel for the man whom he regards as its brightest ornament. There was in his general aspect nothing indicative of a life spent in hardships and fatigues; nor any expression of care or anxiety in his countenance. On the contrary, his cheek, though bronzed with frequent exposure to the sun, had on it the ruddy hue of health, whilst a smile of satisfaction played about his mouth, and told, far more plainly than words could have spoken, how perfectly he felt himself at his ease. How different is his appearance now! Of course I felt, as I gazed upon him, that an army under his command could not be beaten; and I had frequent opportunities afterwards of perceiving, how far such a feeling goes towards preventing a defeat. Let troops only place perfect confidence in him who leads them, and the sight of him, at the most trying moment, is worth a fresh brigade.<sup>13</sup>

Oleig rarely reveals any strong national sentiments.

True, he felt that England was involved in a noble cause to deliver Spain—and even France—from the diabolical Napoleon; but he never allows his opinions of Napoleon to overflow. On the contrary, his admiration of the French soldier is as strong as his dislike of its commander and emperor. Often he reviews the chivalrous attitude each army had toward the other and readily steps out of his way to include instances of French gallantry. He does mention with disgust that the French army devastated certain sections of Spain but reminds the reader that Napoleon was solely responsible for such conduct because he failed to send his troops

---

<sup>13</sup>Ibid., p. 70.

adequate food supplies. Unlike some of his successors, Gleig, as mentioned previously, was definitely no "fire-eater." He fully recognized that war had become a serious matter.

#### Thomas Hamilton

Thomas Hamilton (1789-1842)—"another officer in the army of 'Blackwood'"<sup>14</sup> and the brother of Sir William Hamilton, the philosopher—followed in the wake of Gleig with The Youth and Manhood of Cyril Thornton (1827). Although Hamilton wrote his novel in autobiographic form, Cyril Thornton is in the main a fictitious narrative. Very likely, however, most of Cyril's war experiences on the Peninsula were those of the author, for there is every indication that Hamilton intended for them to be accepted as true. Hamilton's narrative, in contrast to Gleig's, keeps realistic reporting subordinate to romantic adventure. Taking advantage of his active imagination, Hamilton skillfully interweaves his fictitious tale and his personal experiences in the Peninsular War. He does occasionally step aside from the main flow of the narrative to express his interpretation of the war or to comment on certain significant events of which he had first hand knowledge.

---

<sup>14</sup>Mrs. Cliphant, op. cit., I, 291.

The narrative of Cyril Thornton leaves the main story in England while it follows Cyril to the war on the Peninsula. The plot is loosely connected, but the narrative itself is vigorous and highly imaginative. Cyril's adventures are surrounded by the shadows of misfortune. On a forbidden hunting excursion Cyril accidentally killed his older brother Charles and was thereafter considered a murderer by his father. While on the Peninsula he lost his only love, Lady Melicent, to a gentleman of higher rank. Then his father died, and the estate of Thornhill, which was rightfully Cyril's, was left, not to him or even to his younger sisters, but to his cruel stepmother. Less an arm and horribly scarred about the face from saber cuts, Cyril returned to England and learned that Jane, his beloved sister, had been driven insane by her husband. Ultimately Cyril punished Jane's husband, regained the family estate, and removed his insane sister from the asylum to care for her himself.

The war on the Peninsula began while Cyril was on leave in England from his post on Gibraltar. In June, 1808, he was among the first soldiers under the command of Sir Arthur Wellesley (Wellington) to sail for Portugal. Hamilton states outright his interpretation of the Peninsular War. He believed the struggle to be a great cause for freedom and a chance for Britain to prove her superiority in arms. His national sentiment is best viewed in his other book, Annals



of the Peninsular Campaigns, from 1808-1814. Here Hamilton gives a harangue on this just war to overthrow the tyrant Napoleon.

The history of the war in the Peninsula and the South of France, from the year 1807 to the year 1814, possesses an undying interest to all the friends of freedom, and especially to the people by whose surpassing heroism that war was brought, through a series of hard-won conquests, to a glorious close. From the beginning to the end, that war was just; and therefore, throughout the whole sanguinary struggle, which was distinguished by many alternations of good and bad fortune, the heart of Britain never fainted, but was confident of the tyrant's final overthrow. With us, whatever may have been the case with the Spaniards, it was a great national contest.<sup>15</sup>

In Cyril Thornton he explains that English arms had had few opportunities for distinction in the Revolutionary War and the war which succeeded to the Peace of Amiens. Only in Egypt had there been a fitting field. "But brighter days were about to dawn."<sup>16</sup> With the outbreak of the Spanish war the people once again rejoiced and offered their support to the cause of freedom.

Never was the unanimous voice of a mighty people poured forth with greater majesty and effect. It called on the government to assist, with heart and hand, a nation struggling for liberty, to cast off the chain of the oppressor. The government did not withstand,—no government could have withstood,—a call thus energetically made. In such an excited state of the public mind, if their

---

<sup>15</sup>"Annals of the Peninsular Campaigns," Blackwood's Magazine, XXVII (March, 1830), 508-538.

<sup>16</sup>Thomas Hamilton, The Youth and Manhood of Cyril Thornton (Edinburgh, 1827), II, 201.

rulers had dared to oppose themselves to the wishes of the nation, they would have been driven from their situations with scorn and ignominy. The ordinary barriers and distinctions of party were in a moment broken down, and Whig or Tory must have acted alike, in yielding instant obedience to a voice thus sublimely and irresistibly poured forth.<sup>17</sup>

Cyril's adventures in Portugal and Spain carried him through two minor skirmishes with the enemy, two periods of captivity, and one major battle. Shortly after his arrival on the Peninsula and in his first action, Cyril was taken prisoner. He led a charge on a wooded area filled with French sharpshooters and was overpowered but saved from death by a young French Sous-Lieutenant. Cyril was immediately given parole by General Laborde, the French Commander, and was allowed to travel unescorted to French-held Lisbon, where he had a gay holiday playing and drinking with French officers and fellow English prisoners. After peace was temporarily declared at the Convention of Centra, Cyril returned to his regiment.

Trouble developed between Cyril and his superior officer Major Penleaze. Cyril and a friend, while putting into rhyme the deeds of their fellow officers in battle, wrote of Penleaze:

In rear of the regiment, not quite at his ease,  
On his high-mettled steed, rode brave Major Penleaze.<sup>18</sup>

---

<sup>17</sup>Ibid., pp. 201-202.

<sup>18</sup>Ibid., II, 228.

Penleaze, seeking revenge for this insult, assigned Cyril to a desk job in Lisbon, which was now in the hands of the British. Eventually relieved of this detested position, he journeyed with an old friend and a veteran captain of the Scot highlanders to rejoin his regiment. While on the road, Cyril, contrary to his better judgment, accompanied the Scotsman and Conyers to investigate the rumor that enemy cavalry was in the vicinity. All but Conyers were captured, and poor Cyril again was carried off to prison, this time in Madrid. The hero, soon put on parole in the city, was approached by a Spanish woman who offered to help him escape. Cyril accepted and immediately informed the French officials that he no longer desired to be on parole. He was then confined in a heavily guarded building. One of the peasants bringing food to the English officers smuggled a white uniform into the prison. Wearing this, Cyril left the building safely as one of the serving-boys, who were similarly attired. The Spanish woman who engineered the escape hid him for several days in her basement and then hired a peasant to carry him out of the city in his wagon. Cyril soon rejoined his regiment.

Cyril's adventure with the severest consequences soon followed this episode. His regiment, a part of the brigade under Marshal Beresford, met in the battle of Albuera (March 16, 1811) the French army under Soult, which was marching to the relief of Badajoz. The brigade charged into a

tremendous fire of artillery. "A dispiriting attack" of Polish lancers struck at their right flank, capturing "nearly all the Buffs and the second battalion of the forty-eighth." The British troops were spurred on by Sir William Stewart, who rode up and shouted:

Men of the third brigade, you are about to fight for the honour of your country, and I am not afraid to tell you, that the fate of this army is in your hands. I have committed a great and unfortunate error with the first brigade, but I am sure you will repair all. You will crown the height, and then charge the enemy with the bayonet. Go on, my brave fellows, and may God bless you!<sup>19</sup>

Assailed by "a dreadful fire," Cyril's regiment led the attack, which was soon halted by a deep ravine separating the two armies. "Eight deep" the French fired on the attackers, and with horror Cyril saw his friends and fellow officers fall about him. Soon the command of the regiment devolved upon him. Not more than a third of the regiment's 700 men were on their feet. On horseback Cyril and his few remaining men turned to attack an artillery position. Though a bullet struck him in the chest, he held to his saddle. Then came another ferocious charge of the Polish lancers.

I was immediately surrounded by the lancers, and remember receiving a dreadful sabre-cut on the face, and a pistol-shot in the left arm. I fell to the ground, and of what passed afterwards, my memory gives me no intelligence.<sup>20</sup>

---

<sup>19</sup>Ibid., III, 168.

<sup>20</sup>Ibid., III, 169.

As in The Subaltern, the narrative of Cyril Thornton is rarely disturbed with actual history. Rather, what history is needed to keep the reader receptive to the general progress of the narrative is buried in the elements of adventure. Only with an occasional outburst of chauvinistic sentiment does the author ever break the course of the action.

Indeed, national sentiment influenced Hamilton's realism more than it did Gleig's. Although Cyril as a prisoner was treated decently by the French, Hamilton refused to portray them as a noble enemy. On the contrary, he often refers to their barbarity toward the Portuguese and Spanish. In describing the road over which Messena's army retreated, he recalls the numerous carcasses strewn about.

Some of these were the bodies of French soldiers, who had sunk exhausted by disease or famine, and had been left by the rapacity of their comrades to perish naked and miserably. But by far greater number were those of Portuguese, who had fallen victims to the gratuitous barbarity of the invaders. Many of these were shockingly mutilated, some were hanging from trees, others had been run through the body by the bayonet.<sup>21</sup>

Another time he disagrees with his forerunner about the relation of the British and French between battles. The author tells of a situation on the river Tagus which is similar to the one on the river Bidassoa mentioned by Gleig. The stream separated the two opposing armies, and it was a favorite

---

<sup>21</sup>Ibid., III, 120.

morning amusement for the British officers to ride down to the river to hold parley with the French who were on the opposite bank.

In these dialogues, offence had been taken, probably at some national reflections, and the meetings in question at length came to assume a more hostile form. The daily routine was as follows:—A Frenchman would advance close to the river, while an English officer, taking the musquet of the neighbouring sentry, deliberately took aim at him and fired. The Englishman, after waiting to receive the fire of his antagonist, then yielded his place to some other competitor for the honours of the duellum. This sort of contest was idle and absurd enough, and on reaching the ears of General Hill, was very judiciously put a stop to.<sup>22</sup>

Hamilton also shows that soldiers on duty and wine do not mix well. In Alhendra, a village on the Tagus, the soldiers broke into the town's wine cellars. By nightfall there was so much drunkenness that had the enemy attacked, not more than a thousand men of the entire division would have been able to bear arms. The author exclaims that such events as this "in the eyes of foreigners, contribute more than any other, to affix a tarnish on the character of our arms."<sup>23</sup> In the next town before the soldiers were billeted, all the wine found in the houses was poured into the streets. "This work was carried on, amid the rueful looks of the natives, and the curses, not loud but deep, of the shivering soldiers."<sup>24</sup>

---

<sup>22</sup> Ibid., III, 118-119.

<sup>23</sup> Ibid., III, 100.

<sup>24</sup> Ibid., III, 120.

One of the most vivid scenes in the book is that in which the surgeons are applying their skill on the wounded Cyril. After reading this detailed account of the sensations of a man in such a condition, one feels that the author surely suffered the pains of similar wounds.

The surgeons, in examining my body, found a small protuberance below my left shoulder, which they immediately opened; the bullet and a mass of coagulated blood issued from the wound, and the dreadful feeling of suffocation was instantly relieved. The blood, which had hitherto flowed through my throat, now found another channel, and from that moment I date the full and unimpaired restoration of my senses.<sup>25</sup>

Cyril was soon told that he would be sent to Elvas, where he was to convalesce.

I heard the news with indifference, for all energy, both mental and bodily, had departed from me, and I lay a helpless and a passive creature, alike incapable of thought or action. A litter was again procured for me, which rested on two poles, like those of a sedan-chair, and was carried by mules. The awning which covered it, afforded little protection from the heat of the Noontide sun, and the air I breathed, was scorching to my wounded lungs. I lay gasping, and unable to move, in speechless anguish, finding relief only in occasional fainting fits.<sup>26</sup>

Hamilton's element of realistic reporting is of course not as complete as that of Oleig; he had to be more concerned with the movement of his main story. Cyril Thornton includes accounts of the situation of a prisoner of war, of the British army on the march and in bivouac, and of the action

---

<sup>25</sup>Ibid., III, 172.

<sup>26</sup>Ibid., III, 176-177.

in the battle of Albuera. But nearly all of these reports and Cyril's adventures are tied closely together.

While a number of historical personages decorate the background, only minor officers and civilians of insignificant rank are included in the main action of Cyril Thornton. Hamilton attempted to bring his characters to life, and in a few instances he succeeded. The hero Cyril rarely acted without first analyzing his motives. When he killed his brother accidentally, he suffered immensely and nearly became insane with remorse. Because of this self-reproach he left Thornhill, returning only when absolutely necessary. He never fully recovered from this tragedy and, therefore, remained serious and solemn throughout the story. Whenever he came close to reviving his old spirits, another catastrophe would strike. Cyril at first threw aside his hopes for an army career to study for the ministry because he felt that he should oblige his father, now that he was his only son. Not until his mother's funeral when his father violently reminded him of his act of fratricide did the young hero revolt.

Colonel Grimshawe, the predecessor of Penlease in command of the regiment, is merely brought into the story as a person with whom Cyril could fight a duel and thus become initiated as a real soldier. When the colonel was no longer needed, he was killed off in action. Major Penlease then came forward



to antagonize the hero. This character is portrayed as a cowardly scoundrel disguised as a gentleman and officer.

Two of Hamilton's most memorable characters are Mr. Spreull, Cyril's old bachelor uncle in Edinburgh, and Jane, Cyril's oldest sister. The old man, who became Cyril's temporary guardian shortly after the tragedy at Thornhill, had a sympathetic regard for his conscious-stricken nephew, and his condolence helped revive Cyril's desire to live. Jane, being as conscientious as her brother, continued to endure the mental torture inflicted by her husband until she went insane. One of Hamilton's most significant scenes is Cyril's visit to the insane asylum. The author gives a very convincing portrayal of an insane person.

The most important historical personages appearing in Cyril Thornton are Wellington, Sir Ronald Hill, Sir William Stewart, and Marshal Beresford. The description of the Duke of Wellington is very similar to that of Gleig.

My attention was arrested by the appearance of Lord Wellington, who rode up, with foam on his bridle, in front of the division. Upwards of two years had elapsed since I had last seen him. There had been to him, certainly, years of mental toil and anxiety. But there was little change discernible in his appearance. There was the same fire in his eye, and animation in his countenance, and his air betrayed even more of that confidence and self-possession with which I had formerly been struck.<sup>27</sup>

---

<sup>27</sup>Ibid., III, 94.

Cyril Thornton, a very entertaining story, should rank high among the earlier historical novels about the Napoleonic War. Hamilton endeavored to give an accurate portrayal of the spirit and manners of the soldiers and natives on the Peninsula. Over Gleig he has one great advantage; his reminiscences disguised as fiction allowed him more freedom of invention.

#### William Hamilton Maxwell

A new approach to the Napoleonic Wars started with William Hamilton Maxwell (1792-1850), the inventor of the rollicking military novel. He replaced the more serious English heroes of Gleig's and Hamilton's stories with the "stage Irishmen." Maxwell's stories, however, are hardly more than crude prototypes for those of his more adroit imitator Charles Lever.

After studying at Trinity College (Dublin) "in a somewhat desultory manner,"<sup>28</sup> Maxwell joined the Black Watch and later transferred to the 86th regiment of the Connaught Rangers. With this distinguished body of soldiers he served in the Peninsular and Waterloo Campaigns. After the cessation of hostilities Maxwell tried to enter the Spanish service in South America but failed to secure a commission. His aunt then bribed him to take clerical orders with a promise to leave him a handsome sum of money in her will. He was assigned

---

<sup>28</sup> Beard, op. cit., VII, 29.

to the parish of Ballagh, Connemara (Ireland), "a place, destitute of congregation, but abounding in game."<sup>29</sup> The tall, handsome, and clever parson divided his time between hunting, drinking, and writing.<sup>30</sup> Incidentally, his aunt failed to mention his name in her will. The most significant of his works are Stories of Waterloo (1829), My Life, or The Adventures of Captain Blake (1835), and The Bivouac, or Stories of the Peninsular War (1839).

Stories of Waterloo was probably the author's most popular novel. Only the first of this novel is written in autobiographic form, with the section concerning Waterloo changing to the third person point of view. Maxwell gives no indication that the experiences of the hero Frank Kennedy were his own. On the contrary, it would be absurd to attribute Kennedy's adventures to anyone in real life. Most of the novel consists of individual stories of the various officers in the hero's regiment. In between these stories, to each of which is given a chapter, the rambling, almost plotless narrative of Captain Kennedy's adventures is allowed to progress. The several officers' stories are not to be considered here because they are no more than amorous episodes. Kennedy's story is also of a similar nature until it picks

---

<sup>29</sup>Ibid., p. 29.

<sup>30</sup>Heratio S. Krans, Irish Life in Fiction (New York, 1903), p. 56.

up the events of the Waterloo Campaign. While training under his impatient, temperamental uncle for a business career, Kennedy falls in love with his cousin Lucy, who promises to marry him after acquiring the fortune held in trust for her by her uncle. Kennedy, though unenthusiastic about having to wait five years, nevertheless accepts the terms. After proving to his uncle and family that he is unsuited for the business world, he joins the army, which sends him to the Peninsula. The main story does not actually open until he is stationed in Ireland after peace has been declared. During his tour of duty in Ireland, he is captured by bandits and saved by an Irish peasant who afterwards becomes his servant. Eventually the regiment is transferred to Brussels, and Lucy, incognito, follows her lover. In Belgium, however, she learns of the numerous love affairs of a certain Captain Kennedy. Hidden behind veils, she approaches Frank—once on the streets of Brussels and once at the Duchess' Ball—to question him about his love life. Both times Frank tries to make love to her, thereby verifying her suspicions. On the eve of the regiment's departure, Kennedy receives a note from Lucy, breaking their engagement. Broken-hearted, the hero rides off to the plains of Waterloo. In the meantime, Lucy discovers that another officer with the same name and rank of her Frank is the disreputable Don Juan. After Waterloo, she rescues her wounded hero from the battlefield and marries him.

With the actual commencement of hostilities in Belgium, the hero and his friends are temporarily forgotten. Rather, Maxwell turns his narrative into an historical account of the campaign, starting with Quatre Bras and ending with Waterloo. What he actually witnessed is sometimes difficult to discern from what he has borrowed from the histories of that conflict written by other men. But such information as in the following excerpt could hardly be confused with the report of an eyewitness.

The strength of the British and French armies had been variously and very differently stated. The former, including its corps of observation, which were non-combatant on the 18th, with the Brunswickers, Belgians, and Nassau contingent, amounted to 74,000. Of the force of the latter (French), from the contradictory statements, it is difficult to determine it with accuracy—probably 90,000 would be about its actual strength at Waterloo. If Karden is to be credited, Buonaparte rated it at 71,000; but taking the original strength at 145,000 deducting 10,000 hors de combat, in the battles of the 15th and 16th, and reckoning Grouchy's corps at 45,000, we shall find that 90,000 Frenchmen entered the field of Waterloo.<sup>31</sup>

Often Maxwell uses footnotes to acknowledge the source of his information. Yet, here and there he breaks away from this method of relating the events in the battles and gives what are very likely first hand reports. An example of these is his vivid description of the British infantry square at work in action.

---

<sup>31</sup>W. H. Maxwell, Stories of Waterloo (London & New York, 1856), p. 154.

No situation could be more trying to the unyielding courage of the British army than the disposition in squares at Waterloo. There is an excited feeling in an attacking body that stimulates the coldest, and blunts the thought of danger. . . . But the enduring and devoted courage which pervaded the British squares, when, hour after hour, mowed down by a murderous artillery, and wearied by furious and frequent onsets of lancers and cuirassiers; when the constant order—"Close up!—Close up!"—marked the quick succession of slaughter that thinned their diminished ranks; and when the day wore later, and the remnants of two, and even three, regiments were necessary to complete the square, which one of them had formed in the morning—to support this with firmness, and "feed death," inactive and unmoved, exhibited a calm and desperate bravery which elicited the warmest admiration of Napoleon himself.<sup>32</sup>

The adventures of Captain Kennedy and the actual events of the Waterloo Campaign only come into direct contact before and after the main battle. Kennedy and his officer friends participated in the festivities at Brussels, and later they are again reviewed after the defeat of the French. Maxwell gives an excellent description of "Fair Brussels," which is the setting of the main part of the story. All of the houses and hotels were filled with people who had gathered in that city from all parts of Europe to partake of the merry-making prior to the great conflict.

In the park, the mimic fight, the charging squadron, the flash of "red artillery," were viewed without dismay, and seemed but a harmless pageant, with all "the pomp, and pride, and circumstance of war" . . . All around savoured of gallantry and romance; all was excited gaiety and elegant

---

<sup>32</sup>Ibid., p. 201.

dissipation; a carnival of pleasure; a sort of saturnalia, whence every god was banished, save the presiding deities of love, and wine, and war.<sup>33</sup>

It would be difficult to determine whether Maxwell actually attended the ball given by the Duchess of Richmond on the eve of Quatre Bras, but there should be little doubt that, if he did not attend, surely he heard several accounts of it from those officers that did. As mentioned before, this ball is used for part of his setting.

That night, "the beautiful and brave" crowded the assembly of her Grace of Richmond. Before midnight, the gay apartments of the duchess were filled with revellers. Woman in all her loveliness was there; and amid the lesser light of lamp and taper, diamonds blazed and orders glittered. The music played its liveliest strain; waltz, or polonaise, and quadrille, followed fast upon each other; and in the pauses of the dance, many a brave heart found time to tell its secret; and the blush upon the young cheek of her who listened, acknowledged that bravery in man is the best passport to woman's love.<sup>34</sup>

Later, when news arrived that Napoleon's troops were in movement,

A strange confusion seemed to pervade the gay assembly—there was a whispering, alarmed looks, and anxious questionings. Several staff officers, after a momentary communication, hurried from the saloon; the music suddenly ceased; the waltzers paused; a mysterious and indescribable dread appeared to have seized the company, as if some unholy spell was being wrought by an enchanter.<sup>35</sup>

<sup>33</sup>Ibid., p. 114.

<sup>34</sup>Ibid., p. 129.

<sup>35</sup>Ibid., p. 131.

Maxwell's narrative becomes most sentimental when Herbert, a friend of Kennedy, bids his mistress goodbye.

"Adieu! my own idolized Harriette; every good angel be around thee, love!"

His voice faltered, while tears, in fast succession, fell on his pale cheeks. He wrung her hand convulsively, and was gone. Gone—and for ever! for that night saw Herbert—the young, the brave, the beloved one—stiffening in his blood upon the cold causeway of Quatre Bras!<sup>36</sup>

After the main battle has ceased, Lucy, accompanied by a soldier of Kennedy's regiment, goes to the battlefield and examines the dead bodies in search of Frank. Suddenly she utters a wild cry, and rushing over a pile of corpses, hurries to where a soldier sits beside a wounded officer.

The noise occasioned by the hasty approach of the muffled stranger roused the wounded officer, and he raised his head: "It is herself!" he feebly muttered; and the next moment sank in the arms of Lucy Davidson!<sup>37</sup>

In Stories of Waterloo the military historical novel begins giving the peasant a more prominent role. In fact, an entire chapter is given the story of Pat Carty, Kennedy's servant. Around Pat the comedy element in the narrative revolves, and it will be seen later that Lever used the Irish peasant for the same reason—and with far more effect. The rest of the novel's characters are minor officers, most of whom are Irish. This tribe of warriors are hard drinkers, irresistible lovers, deadly duelists, and the bravest of all

---

<sup>36</sup>Ibid., p. 132.

<sup>37</sup>Ibid., p. 209.



combatants. As far as they are concerned, only the soldiering profession is a worthy occupation for a true man. There are few differences among these characters other than in names. The disposition of these officers is shown in the Barracks scene where the assembled men hear from a messenger of the proposed campaign in Belgium.

"But," said the dragoon, "does not Napoleon deserve to be canonized? Here we might have remained till doomsday, had not 'le petit caporal,' as the French fellows call him, given his watch the slip from Elba, and taken off our embargo. Hurrah!—service for ever!"

"Via! rouse thee, man," roared the captain of grenadiers (Kennedy). "Out with a couple of corks—Burke, fresh glasses. Come, Lads, a round to the old trade. Service for ever! and damn still-hunting!"

Again the revelry was renewed; "fast and furious" the drinking commenced. Mansell fell off his chair, and was carried to bed. Mac Splint staggered out with apparent difficulty, muttering his intention of "takin an hoor's sleep.."36

In his historical account of the campaign the author occasionally gives extensive space to the merits of his two heroes Napoleon and Wellington. It had been insinuated that Napoleon had acted cowardly at the battle of St. Jean, but Maxwell contends that such insults to the great emperor are unfounded; that Napoleon frequently exposed himself to imminent peril. During the battle of Waterloo the emperor was always calm and collected and showed every disregard of personal danger. Furthermore, he often expressed his admiration

---

<sup>36</sup>Ibid., p. 96.

of the bravery of the British troops. When one common soldier at his side became frightened in their exposed position, Napoleon soothed his terrors with a few kind words and offered him a pinch of snuff. Maxwell exclaims:

Surely, the man who could examine an enemy's movements under a heavy fire, and coolly express his admiration, who could remark a defective cannon in battery, and personally adjust its range, and combat the terrors of a peasant, while a storm of shot fell round him,—to tax the courage of this man must proceed alone from malignant motives, or absolute fatuity!<sup>39</sup>

Then Maxwell rushes to the defense of his own eminent commander and accuses certain critics of "a mean attempt to lower the military character of that great warrior."<sup>40</sup> He says that England should be proud of her countryman who defeated the great Napoleon, "who at the time of Waterloo was in the full possession of those martial talents which placed him foremost in the list of conquerors."<sup>41</sup>

Maxwell's obvious hero-worship is the key to his interpretation of the Napoleonic war. He did not see this conflict particularly as a great cause for liberty. He was patriotic, yes—but his patriotism was not the kind that Hamilton had. Rather, Maxwell felt that war in itself was a glorious project. The main reason he was for England was that

<sup>39</sup>ibid., p. 211.

<sup>40</sup>ibid., p. 207.

<sup>41</sup>ibid., p. 207.

he naturally wanted his own team to win. Both Maxwell and his successor Charles Lever treated war as a dangerous but glorious game with little more purpose than to contest the strength of armies.

In the novels of Gleig, Hamilton, and Maxwell, there are three distinct approaches to the Napoleonic War. Gleig, the most mature of the group, endeavored to prevent his national sentiments from affecting his portrayal of the English and French on the Peninsula. His narrative, consequently, is primarily accurate reporting. Hamilton so filled his pages with glory and chauvinistic patriotism that he surrendered much of his potential realism to romanticism. Maxwell, on the other hand, was the thrill-seeking juvenile of the group. He appears to have conducted his own life in accord with his rollicking creations, and he never ceased to look upon war as great sport. No matter how hard he may have tried, he could never have retained that spirit and still have convinced his readers that war was "hell!" Yet, Maxwell and Hamilton, as well as Gleig, offer a truer portrayal of the Great Struggle than the civilian military writers. They had actually seen a man knocked from his saddle by a fusillade of muskets; they had known the sickening feeling that comes after seeing several hundred men perish within an hour. Such memories could not but influence their pens.

## CHAPTER III

### THE NOVELISTS OF THE PENINSULAR AND WATERLOO CAMPAIGNS: THE NON-VETERANS

Reportorial realism almost totally succeeded to romantic adventure and broad historical aspects after the military historical novel passed into the hands of Charles Lever and James Grant. This is not to say, however, that their novels are necessarily inferior to those of their veteran predecessors; on the contrary, their works are generally more pleasing to modern taste. Previously, the veterans, possibly with the exception of Maxwell, had used the historical novel mainly for relating their reminiscences. Lever and Grant, novelists of the generation following the Napoleonic era, relied solely on second-hand experiences for their settings and, therefore, like Scott, had to depend more on their imaginations. Even though they offer contradictory interpretations of the Napoleonic Wars, both of them made their novels romantic.

#### Charles James Lever

Charles James Lever (1806-1872), the master of the rollicking military novel, produced what Horatio Krans calls

"the noisiest novels ever written"<sup>1</sup> The tales of this Anglo-Irishman are rich in vivid and accurate descriptions of the battles occurring in the Napoleonic Wars, and even Lord Wellington was amazed to hear that a man with no military experience had sketched them.<sup>2</sup> Lever's historical element, however, is always subordinated to humor and romantic adventure. Endeavoring to capture the brilliancy and glamour of military life, the author often sacrificed the more matter-of-fact realism of his predecessors which might have diverted his initial aim. Robert Lovett writes that Lever's novels reveal the martial attitude of the generation for which the Napoleonic wars had become glamorous memories and which had not yet been sobered by the Crimean war.<sup>3</sup>

Lever was born in Dublin of an English father and Irish mother. For a number of years before changing to a writing career, he practised medicine, and at one time he was physician to the British Embassy at Brussels. While living at Kilrush, Ireland, Lever finished The Confessions of Harry Lorrequer, his first rollicking military novel. He also met Maxwell in this town. These two light-hearted men were "birds of a feather, and amused themselves by concocting

---

<sup>1</sup>Horatio S. Krens, Irish Life in Irish Fiction, (New York, 1903), p. 65.

<sup>2</sup>Seard, op. cit., VII, 53.

<sup>3</sup>Robert M. Lovett and Helen Hughes, The History of the Novel in England, (New York, 1932), p. 216.

elaborate and successful jokes upon their acquaintances."<sup>4</sup> Very likely, Maxwell not only taught his boon companion how to write military novels, but also taught him the habits of extravagance. Eventually Lever quit Ireland to roam Europe in search of pleasure. His last fifteen years he spent as the British consul at Spezia and Trieste. Lord Derby, who got the job for him, had told him: "Here are 600 pounds a year for doing nothing; and you, Lever, are the very man to do it."<sup>5</sup> Among Lever's several novels are The Confessions of Harry Lorrequer (1839-40), Charles O'Malley, The Irish Dragoon (1841), Jack Hinton (1841), Tom Burke of "Curs" (1844), and Maurice Tiernay (1861).

Charles O'Malley, The Irish Dragoon, if not perhaps his best novel, is at least his most popular and is representative of his novels about the Napoleonic Wars. In the preface to Harry Lorrequer, Lever writes: "Story! God bless you, I have none to tell, sir!"<sup>6</sup> In one sense this may well apply to Charles O'Malley. The story is little more than a series of episodes tied loosely together by a weak masterplot. Charles, the hero, is carried from his irresponsible, care-free life in Ireland—where he nearly killed himself in a

<sup>4</sup>Krans, op. cit., p. 60.

<sup>5</sup>Ibid., p. 65.

<sup>6</sup>Lewis Melville, "Charles Lever," Living Age, Vol. CCL (September, 1906), pp. 649-658.

steep-chase, fought a duel, and rescued the beautiful but devilish Lucy Dashwood from the violence of an Irish election—to the battlefields of the Peninsula, where he was wounded in nearly every engagement and accomplished heroic feats under the very eyes of Wellington and Picton. Then Charles returned to London and Ireland to parade in society and in the streets as the gallant hero of Ciudad Rodrigo. He quit the army because of family problems, and after a few episodes in the original setting he reclaimed his commission with the help of Wellington. Then he went to Brussels as a staff officer under Picton, attended the Duchess of Richmond's ball, and made another frustrated bid for Lucy Dashwood's hand. At Quatre Bras he was captured by the French and interviewed by Napoleon. After engineering the escape of Lucy's father Sir George Dashwood, he watched most of the battle of Waterloo within hearing-distance of Napoleon himself. But before the battle ended, he managed to escape and to participate in two of the last cavalry charges. The story ends crudely and abruptly with Charles finally capturing Lucy for marriage. Lever once wrote: "The characters of a book are like the tiresome people who keep you wishing them goodnight till you wish them to the devil. They won't go—the step of the hall-door would seem to have bird-lime on it."<sup>7</sup>

---

<sup>7</sup>Walker, op. cit., p. 638.

Lever considered himself a citizen of the world, owing allegiance to no country.<sup>8</sup> True, he revealed strong Irish and English sentiments in Charles O'Malley and his other military novels, but primarily because he aimed at the English market.<sup>9</sup> Although he desired to be called an Irishman, Lever never won the goodwill of the Irish, mainly because he refused to be concerned with their political problems and had the audacity to portray them to their English antagonists as a mob of shallow-minded, irresponsible fellows whose foremost occupations were joking, drinking, and fighting. The animosity of the Irish in Dublin probably encouraged Lever to leave Ireland and become a continental play-boy.<sup>10</sup> Like Maxwell's, Lever's approach to the Napoleonic War was juvenile, and his attitude toward war never reached maturity.

What reportorial realism there is in Charles O'Malley may be attributed to Lever's extensive study of the various histories of the Napoleonic Wars and the experiences he had heard related by men of his acquaintance. In the preface to Charles O'Malley Lever explains that he gained a wealth of information concerning the Peninsular and Waterloo Campaigns from several veterans he had known in Brussels. These men

---

<sup>8</sup>J. W. Spaight, "Charles Lever, Re-read," Blackwood's Magazine, Vol. CCXXVII (May, 1930), pp. 679-693.

<sup>9</sup>Sister Mary Edith Kelley, The Irishmen in the English Novel of the Nineteenth Century (Washington, D.C., 1939), p. 196.

<sup>10</sup>Spaight, op. cit., p. 684.



had acquainted him not only with numerous tales, but also with the nature of the terrain and the characteristics of the natives in Spain and Portugal. Too, while in Brussels he made several trips to explore the plains of Waterloo. Lever strove to subordinate history and reportorial realism to the adventures of Charles O'Halley. In nearly all the conflicts he describes—the Douro, Talavera, Fuentes d'Onoro, Ciudad Rodrigo, Quatre Bras, and Waterloo—Charles is on the scene with his many Irish friends.

Lever's blend of romantic adventure, reportorial realism, and history is best seen in his description of the storming of Ciudad Rodrigo. Charles, who was a dragoon, allowed Major O'Shaughnessy to persuade him to replace a wounded officer who was to lead a company of Comaught Rangers in the assault. Silently the stormers moved toward the ramparts; then came the awaited command:

"Stormers to the front! Only the bayonet! trust to nothing but the bayonet!" cried a voice whose almost cheerful accents concentrated strangely with the deadnotes around, and Curwood, who led the forlorn hope of the Fifty-second, bounded into the chasm; all the officers sprang simultaneously after him; the men pressed madly on; a roll of withering musketry crashed upon them; a furious shout replied to it. The British, springing over the dead and the dying, bounded like bloodhounds on their prey. Meanwhile the ramparts trembled beneath the tramp of the light division, who, having forced the lesser breach, came down upon the flank of the French. . . . At this instant an explosion louder than the loudest thunder shook the air; the rent and torn up ramparts sprang into the sky; the conquering and the conquered were alike the victims; for one of

the greatest magazines had been ignited by a shell; the black smoke, streaked with a lurid flame, hung above the dead and the dying. . . . A fierce burst of vengeance rent the air; the British closed upon the foe; for one instant they were met; the next, the bayonets gleamed upon the ramparts, and Ciudad Rodrigo was won.<sup>11</sup>

Of course the hero Charles was among the first to mount the ramparts. As always before, he remembered nothing of the actual combat. Suggestive of a scene taken from a swash-buckling motion picture is that of the rampart when O'Malley regained his senses.

Then I leaned against an angle of the rampart, overpowered and exhausted; a bayonet wound, which some soldier of our own ranks had given me when mounting the breach, pained me somewhat; my uniform was actually torn to rags; my head bare; of my sword, the hilt and four inches of the blade alone remained, while my left hand firmly grasped the rammer of a cannon, but why or wherefore I could not even guess. As thus I stood, the unceasing tide of soldiery pressed on; fresh divisions came pouring in, eager for plunder, and thirsting for the spoil. The dead and the dying were alike trampled beneath the feet of that remorseless mass, who, actuated by vengeance and by rapine, sprang fiercely up the breach.<sup>12</sup>

A while later Charles learned from Lord Wellington and General Picton, who had carefully watched the storming, why he was holding the rammer; he had been cracking the skulls of half the French army with it. This heroism won Charles the honor of delivering the dispatches of the battle back to England to His Royal Highness, the Duke of York. The storming

---

<sup>11</sup>Charles Lever, Charles O'Malley, The Irish Dragoon (Boston and New York, 1894), II, 275-276.

<sup>12</sup>Ibid., p. 277.

of Ciudad Rodrigo, like that of San Sebastian as described by Gleig, terminated with the victorious British plundering, raping, and killing.

Occasionally a battle occurred which the hero only watched. This happened at the battle of the Coa (river), while Charles was still recuperating from wounds he had received a few days before. From a hill Charles observed the contest for the bridge over the Coa.

A loud yell of taunting triumph rose from the Highlanders, responded to by a cry of vengeance from the French, and the same moment the head of a column was seen descending the narrow causeway to the bridge, while an officer with a whole blaze of decorations and crosses sprang from his horse and took the lead. The little drummer, a child of scarcely ten years old, tripped gayly on, beating his little pas des charge, seeming rather like the play of infancy than the summons to death and carnage, as the heavy guns of the French opened a volume of fire and flame to cover the attacking column. For a moment all was hid from our eyes; the moment after the grape-shot swept along the narrow causeway; and the bridge, which but a second before was crowded with the life and courage of a noble column, was now one heap of dead and dying. The gallant fellow who led them on fell among the first rank, and the little child, as if kneeling, was struck dead beside the parapet; his fair hair floated across his cold features, and seemed in its motion to lend a lock of life where the heart's throb had ceased forever. The artillery again re-opened upon us; and when the smoke had cleared away, we discovered that the French had advanced to the middle of the bridge and carried off the body of their general.<sup>13</sup>

This description is one of Lever's most successful attempts at realistic description.

---

<sup>13</sup>Ibid., p. 42.

In his account of the battle of Fuentes d'Onoro, Lever keeps strictly within the bounds of romance. Here one may get a fair notion as to the dispositions of Lever's soldiers. While hiding from view in a copse of trees, Charles and the other Dragoons awaited orders to make another charge upon the enemy. Meanwhile a column of French grenadiers moved forward fixing their bayonets as they went. They met the Highlanders' deadly fire.

"It's Picton's Division, I'm certain," cried Merivale; "I hear the bagpipes of the Highlanders."

"You are right, sir," said Hampden, "the Seventy-first are in the same brigade, and I know their bugles well. There they go again!"

Suddenly a loud cheer rent the air.

"What can that be?" said Merivale. "What can it mean?"

"I can tell you, sir," said I [Charles], proudly, while I felt my heart throb as though it would bound from my bosom.

"And what is it, boy? Speak!"

"There it goes again! That was an Irish shout! The Eighty-eighth are at them!"

"By Jove, here they come!" said Hampden. "God help the Frenchmen now!"

The words were not well spoken, when the red coats of our gallant fellows were seen dashing through the vineyard.

"The steel, boys; nothing but the steel!" shouted a loud voice from the crag above our heads.

I looked up. It was Picton himself who spoke.

The Eighty-eighth now led the pursuit, and sprang from rock to rock in all the mad impetuosity of battle; and like some mighty billow rolling before the gale, the French went down the heights.

"Gallant Eighty-eighth! Gloriously done!" cried Picton, as he waved his hat.

"Aren't we Connaught robbers, now?" shouted a rich brogue, as its owner, breathless and bleeding, pressed forward in the charge.

A hearty burst of laughter mingled with the din of the battle.<sup>14</sup>

---

<sup>14</sup>Ibid., pp. 104-105.

The ball given by the Duchess of Richmond again became a setting in Charles O'Malley as it had in Maxwell's Stories of Waterloo and as it did later in Thackeray's Vanity Fair. Lever was careful to interweave the action of this event into the action of his regular story. He reviews the famous personages present—such as the Duke of Wellington, Sir Thomas Picton, the Duchess, and the Prince of Orange—and relies more on dialogue than outright description to vivify the scene. Charles, Sir George Dashwood and his daughter Lucy, were all at the ball. While dancing with Lucy, Charles caught the eye of Lord Wellington, who said to him: "Know your face very well: how d'ye do?" Later in the night a dragoon officer, covered with mud, brought his message to Lord Wellington of Napoleon's troop movements. Lever's account of what happened after the arrival of this information is most contradictory to that of Maxwell. The news was kept entirely a secret, and Charles heard the Duke say to the Duchess of Richmond as they passed: "No, Duchess; nothing to alarm you. Did you say ice?"<sup>15</sup> Charles was soon summoned by Picton.

"Ah, Mr. O'Malley, have you a pencil? There, that'll do. Ride down to Etterbeeck with this order for Godwin. You have heard the news, I suppose, that the French are in advance? . . . Napoleon left Fresnes this morning. . . . We march at once."

"To-morrow, sir?"

"No, sir, to-night. There, don't delay! But above all, let everything be done quietly and

---

<sup>15</sup>Ibid., p. 417.

noiselessly. The duke will remain here for an hour longer to prevent suspicion."<sup>16</sup>

The hero's adventures continued amidst the great events of the following days. There is some attention to great events in this section of the novel, but still Lever never ignores his story for long. Later, on the night of the Duchess's ball, Charles was captured by the French regiment of Berg and was taken to a large Flemish farmhouse for an interview with Napoleon. Shortly after this he found Sir George Dashwood a prisoner also. With the aid of St. Croix, his old French friend of the Peninsular War, Charles managed to perfect the escape of Sir George, but only after a heated and emotional argument with him.

"May, say not so," replied he (Sir George), calmly, while a sickly smile played sadly over his face; "you will give this letter to my daughter, you will tell her that we parted as friends should part; and if after that, when time shall have smoothed down her grief, and her sorrow be rather a dark dream of the past than a present suffering,—if then you love her, and if—"

"Oh, tempt me not thus!" said I, as the warm tears gushed from my eyes. "Lead me not thus astray from what my honor tells me I should do. Hark! They are coming already. I hear the clank of their sabres; they are mounting the steps; not a moment is to be lost! Do you refuse me still?"

"I do," replied he, firmly; "I am resolved to bide my fate."

"Then so do I," cried I, as folding my arms, I sat down beside the window, determined on my course.

---

<sup>16</sup>Ibid., p. 417.

"Charley, Charley," said he stooping over me, "my friend, my last hope, the protector of my child—"

"I will not go," said I, in a hollow whisper.<sup>17</sup>

Lever's account of the battle of Waterloo traces the action step by step, keeping the reader interested in Charley's conversation with Napoleon, his movement about the French hill, his escape, and his participation in the two cavalry charges. It will be noticed that Lever switched to the present tense while describing the heat of an action.

While I looked, the tirailleurs of Jerome's Division advanced from the front of the line, and descending the hill in a sling trot, broke into scattered parties, keeping up as they went a desultory and irregular fire. The English skirmishers, less expert in this peculiar service, soon fell back, and the head of Reille's Brigade began their march towards the château. The English artillery is unmasked and opens its fire. Kellerman advances at a gallop his twelve pieces of artillery; the château is concealed from view by the dense smoke, and as the attack thickens, fresh troops pour forward, the artillery thundering on either side. . . . A crashing volley of fire-arms is now heard from the side where the orchard stands; a second, and a third succeed, one after the other as rapid as lightning itself. A silence follows, when, after a few moments, a deafening cheer bursts forth, and an aide-de-camp gallops up to say that the orchard has been carried at the point of the bayonet, the Nassau sharpshooters who held it having, after a desperate resistance, retired before the irresistible onset of the French infantry. "A moi! maintenant!" said General Foy, as he drew his sabre and rode down to the head of his splendid division, which, anxious for the word to advance, was standing in the valley. "En avant! mes braves!" cried he, while pointing to the château with his sword; he dashed boldly forward.

---

<sup>17</sup>Ibid., p. 440.

Scarcely had he advanced a hundred yards, when a cannon-shot, "ricocheting" as it went, struck his horse in the counter and rolled him dead on the plain. Disengaging himself from his lifeless animal, at once he sprang to his feet, and hurried forward. The column was soon hid from my view, and I was left to mourn over the seemingly inevitable fate that impended over my gallant countrymen.<sup>18</sup>

After another interview with Napoleon, Charles escaped to his own lines. Of course he gave Lord Wellington important information about the enemy. Then Charles was given the privilege of making a cavalry charge with Lord Uxbridge. In this description Lever becomes epic, even Homeric.

As the tall corn bends beneath the sweeping hurricane, wave succeeding wave, so did the steel-clad squadrons of France fall before the nervous arm of Britain's cavalry.<sup>19</sup>

At six o'clock the battle had not changed for three hours. But an hour later "a dark mass was seen to form upon the heights above the French centre, and divide into three gigantic columns."<sup>20</sup> This was the beginning of the battle's climax.

"They are coming; the attack will be made on the centre, my lord," said Lord Fitzroy Somerset, as he directed his glass upon the column. . . .

"I see it," was the cool reply of the duke, as he ordered the Guards to deploy into line and lie down behind the ridge, which now the French artillery had found the range of, and were laboring at their guns. . . . Under an overwhelming

<sup>18</sup>Ibid., pp. 447-448.

<sup>19</sup>Ibid., p. 487.

<sup>20</sup>Ibid., p. 459.



shower of grape, to which succeeded a charge of cavalry of the Imperial Guard, the head of Ney's column fired its volley and advanced with the bayonet. . . .

Already they gained the crest of the hill, and the first line of the British were falling back before them. The artillery closes up; the flanking fire from the guns upon the road opens upon them; the head of their column breaks like a shell; the duke seizes the moment, and advances on foot towards the ridge.

"Up, Guards, and at them!" he cried.

. . . In a moment the Guards were on their feet; one volley poured in; the bayonets were brought to the charge; they closed upon the enemy; then was seen the most dreadful struggle that the history of all war can present. Furious with long-restrained passion, the Guards rushed upon the leading divisions; the Seventy-first and Ninety-fifth and Twenty-sixth overlapped them on the flanks. Their generals fell thickly on every side; Michel, Jamier, and Kallet are killed; Friant lies wounded upon the ground; Ney, his dress pierced and ragged with balls, shouts still to advance; but the leading files waver; they fall back; the supporting divisions thicken; confusion, panic succeeds. The British press down; the cavalry comes galloping up to their assistance; and at last, pell-mell, overwhelmed and beaten, the French fell back upon the Old Guard. This was the decisive moment of the day; the duke closed his glass as he said,—

"The field is won. Order the whole line to advance."<sup>21</sup>

Charles made one more cavalry attack alongside Captain

Hammersley, his rival for Lucy's hand.

I sprang on a full length before him, and bore down upon the enemy. A loud shout, a deafening volley, the agonising cry of the wounded and dying, were all I heard, as my horse, rearing madly upward, plunged twice into the air, and then fell dead upon the earth, crushing me beneath his cumbersome weight, lifeless and insensible.<sup>22</sup>

---

<sup>21</sup>ibid., pp. 460-461.

<sup>22</sup>ibid., p. 464.

The awakening of Charles, who was stunned but uninjured, is perhaps one of the novel's most vivid scenes.

I soon perceived that the spot around me had not yet been visited by those vultures of the battlefield who strip alike the dead and dying. The distance of the place from where the great conflict of the battle had occurred was probably the reason; and now, as the straggling sunbeams fell upon the earth, I could trace the helmet of the Enniskillerns, or the tall bearskin of the Scotch Greys, lying in thick confusion where the steel cuirass and long sword of the French dragoons showed the fight had been hottest. As I turned my eyes hither and thither I could see no living thing near me. In every attitude of struggling agony they lay around; some, with clinched hands and darting eyeballs, seemed struggling even in death; but all was still,—not a word, not a sigh, not a groan was there.<sup>23</sup>

Charles found Captain Hammersley lying near him. "His coat, torn widely open was grasped in either hand, while his breast was shattered with balls and bathed in gore. Gashed and mutilated as he lay, still the features wore no trace of suffering. . . ."<sup>24</sup>

A few of the preceding quotations fairly well indicate the characteristics of Lever's Irish soldiers. They are dashing, honorable, proud men, who are capable of a good laugh even in the midst of battle. This stereotyped Irishman, created first by Maxwell and perfected by Lever, is the main-spring of Lever's novels. Lever did not attempt to represent all the Irish classes; rather he drew principally from that

---

<sup>23</sup>Ibid., pp. 464-465.

<sup>24</sup>Ibid., p. 465.

group of Irish minor officers who had for years crowded the ranks not only of the British army but also the continental armies. Sister Kelley writes that the French War Office reported that a half million Irishmen died in the French service between 1691 and 1745. For a long time Spain kept five Irish regiments in her army, and as late as 1760 an Irish regiment served Naples. The Austrian army was also crowded with Irish soldiers.<sup>25</sup> Though colorful, Lever's characters are unconvincing. They are rarely lifelike primarily because they are men of action alone, having no motives other than their sense of honor. He fought duels, supported his friends—whether they were right or wrong—helped French prisoners escape, and led in a cavalry charge simply because he could not resist the commands of honor.

The Irish peasantry in Lever's Charles O'Malley is haphazardly represented in the character of Mickey Free, Charles' servant. Around Mike evolves much of the comic element in the story. He was a braggart, a liar, a devil-may-care fellow who kept Charles and his fellow officers roaring with laughter. In London after their return from the Peninsula, Charles found his servant posing as Captain Mickey Free in a hotel suite, where he was being interviewed by a newspaper editor. He was dressed in one of Charles' uniforms and was eating a fine dinner as he related to the editor his glorious feats in the war.

---

<sup>25</sup>Kelley, op. cit., pp.121-122.

Although Lever continued the use of fictitious characters as heroes, he did give a more prominent role to the outstanding historical figures of the two campaigns than his predecessors had done. Sir Thomas Picton, whom Charles served as an aid-de-camp, is often brought into the action, and in two scenes even the Emperor Napoleon graces the story with his presence. Wellington appears on numerous occasions, conversing with Charles or a more important officer or observing the course of some battle.

Napoleon is portrayed as a great soldier, violent at one moment, sympathetic at the next. At the farmhouse Charles was brought before the emperor, who

. . . stood with his back to the fire, holding on his arms the skirts of a gray surtout which he wore over his uniform; his legs were cased in the tall bottes a l'ecuyere worn by the chasseur a cheval, and on his head was something which, at the very moment of my entrance, struck me as uncommon in his air and bearing, so much so that when my eyes had once rested on his pale but placid countenance, his regular, handsome, but somewhat stern features, I totally forgot the presence of the others and looked only at him.

"What's your rank, sir?" said he hurriedly, and with a tone which bespoke command.

"I have none at present, save—"

"Why do you wear epaulettes then, sir?"

"I am an aide-de-camp to General Picton, but without regimental rank."

"What was the British force under arms yesterday?"

"I do not feel at liberty to give you any information as to the number or the movements of our army."

"Diantre! Diantre!" said he, slapping his boot with his horsewhip, "do you know what you've been saying there, eh? Cambronne, you heard him, did you?"

"Yes, sire, and if your Majesty would permit me to deal with him, I would have his information. . . ."

"Eh, gaillard," said he, laughing, as he pinched the old general's ear in jest, "I believe you, with all my heart."<sup>26</sup>

Suddenly one of the French officers informed Napoleon that Charles was wearing a miniature of Josephine about his neck. St. Croix had given it to him years before on the Peninsula. "The moment the Emperor threw his eyes upon it, the flush which excitement had called into his cheek disappeared at once. He became pale as death, his very lips as bloodless as his wan cheek."<sup>27</sup> He ordered the other officers from the room.

As the door closed upon them he leaned his arm upon the mantel-piece, and with his head sunk upon his bosom, remained some moments without speaking.

"Augure sinistre!" muttered he within his teeth, as his piercing gaze was riveted upon the picture before him. "Voila la troisieme fois peut-etre la derniere." Then suddenly rousing himself, he advanced close to me, and seizing me by the arm with a grasp of iron, inquired:—

"How came you by this picture? The truth, sir; mark me, the truth!"

Without showing any sign of feeling hurt at the insinuation of this question, I detailed, in as few words as I could, the circumstance by which the locket became mine. Long before I had concluded, however, I could mark that his attention flagged, and finally wandered far away from the matter before him.<sup>28</sup>

<sup>26</sup>Ibid., II, 429.

<sup>27</sup>Ibid., II, 430.

<sup>28</sup>Ibid., II, 444.

Lever delineates Lord Wellington as a stern disciplinarian who was the least conspicuous of his staff in dress and manner. The great commander never allowed emotions, admiration, or honor to come before duty. In one scene on the Peninsula Charles and his fellow dragoons stood inspection before Wellington.

A crowd of horsemen were seen advancing towards us at a sharp trot, their waving plumes and gorgeous siguillettes denoting their rank as generals of division. In the midst, as they came nearer, I could distinguish one whom once seen there was no forgetting; his plain blue frock and gray trousers, unstrapped beneath his boots, not a little unlike the trim accuracy of costume around him. As he rode to the head of the leading squadron, the staff fell back and he stood alone before us; for a second there was a dead silence, but the next instant—by what impulse tell who can—one tremendous cheer burst from the entire regiment. It was like the act of one man. . . .Gently raising his hand, he motioned them to silence.

"Fourteenth, you are to be where you always desire to be,—in the advanced guard of the army. I have nothing to say on the subject of your conduct in the field. I know you; but if in pursuit of the enemy, I hear of any misconduct towards the people of the country, or any transgression of the general orders regarding pillage, by G—, I'll punish you as severely as the worst corps in the service, and you know me!"<sup>29</sup>

In Lever the military novel of adventure found its master. He surpassed his predecessors primarily because he relied on his imagination more than personal experiences. Too, he gave more attention to the plot and characterization. Some of his admirers have felt that Lever should hold in

---

<sup>29</sup>Ibid., II, 144.

Ireland the esteemed position held in Scotland by Sir Walter Scott. Of course, this could never be. Scott ennobled his race, and for this tribute he was loved by his fellow countrymen. Lever, far less serious than Scott, shattered the Irishman and salvaged only those characteristics which would further the interest of his humor.<sup>30</sup>

#### James Grant

Hugh Walker has noted that James Grant (1822-1887) evidently felt that "a corrective to the playboy spirit of Lever's heroes was needed."<sup>31</sup> Grant certainly took his profession as novelist more seriously than Lever, and as a result his works rarely if ever include a soldier-character who would belittle his career with practical joking. Like Lever, Grant related his tales of the Peninsular and Waterloo Campaigns at second hand. His father, who had served under Wellington on the Peninsula, undoubtedly kept his son's imagination fired with the past glories of the British army. Too, Grant became an authority on military affairs; in his novels he endeavored to instruct his fellow countrymen in the history of Britain's glorious feats on the battlefield. In fact, Grant drowned his realism in glory.<sup>32</sup>

---

<sup>30</sup>Melville, op. cit., p. 649.

<sup>31</sup>Walker, op. cit. p.661.

<sup>32</sup>Lovett, op. cit. p. 289.

James Grant, a relative of Scott on his mother's side, was born in Edinburgh. His family accompanied the father, who was an officer in the British army, to America, where James lived from ten to seventeen years of age. In 1839 he returned to England for a commission in the 62nd Foot. He quit the army after four years for a literary career. A few of his sixty books are The Romance of War; or The Highlanders in Spain (1846), The Adventures of an Aide-de-Camp (1848), Jack Manly; or The Fighting Forty-Third (1883), and Legends of the Black Watch; or Forty-Second Highlanders (1859).

The Romance of War is generally considered Grant's best historical novel about the Napoleonic War. The story carries the hero Ronald Stuart safely through the great events of the Peninsular Campaign and is spiced with bandits, bull-fights, duels, and beautiful senoritas. The Romance of War begins in the Highlands of Perthshire, where a temporarily dormant feud existed between the two families of Lisle and Stuart. The children of these two families—Ronald Stuart (the story's hero), Lewis Lisle, and Alice Lisle—were excellent friends in spite of the hostile attitude their fathers held toward one another. Ronald and Alice, who were in love, gained the blessings of Sir Allan Lisle after he was pulled from a stream by Ronald. A reconciliation of the two families, however, was foiled by Ronald's father, whose prejudices were too deep. Ronald left his home to claim his commission in the 92nd Scottish Highlanders and was sent soon



after to the Peninsula. Only a few nights after his arrival in Spain, Ronald had his first encounter with the antagonist Senor Narvaez Cifuentes, who had mercilessly slaughtered four sleeping French officers. With violent threats Ronald and his friend Campbell chased the villain from his own house. A few days later Ronald and another fellow officer defeated in deadly combat five armed assassins hired by Narvaez and thereby saved the life of Don Alvaro, a young Spanish officer. At this stage of the story Ronald met his second love, Don Alvaro's sister Catalina. Meanwhile Ronald received from his father a letter informing him of Alice's engagement to another man. As his regiment marched to the front, Ronald was ambushed and shot in the shoulder by Narvaez. He returned to the tender care of Catalina. Again he started for the front after his wounds had healed, but before arriving he fought his way through two episodes with French cavalry and Spanish bandits. On the road he met Lewis Lisle, who had recently arrived from Britain. Both these young men became hostile toward one another because of the lady who was not mentioned. Ronald expected Lewis to explain his sister's betrothal, while Lewis expected Ronald to inquire about her.

Then Ronald learned that Catalina had been taken captive by his French friend Victor d'Estouville. Ronald led an attack on Fort Napoleon, which was commanded by Victor, and rescued the Spanish beauty; poor Victor was slain during the

combat. Catalina's return home was entrusted to Narvaez, who was in the disguise of a priest. Once Ronald had learned the villain's true identity, he pursued them. Near the roadside he found Catalina with her clothes torn from her body and her throat slit. After arranging at a convent for her burial, he returned to his regiment to participate in the battle of the Pyrenees. In one phase of this battle he killed Narvaez. Here the story suddenly turns to Lewis, who had been captured and was being held prisoner by the Duke of Alba de T—, a Spanish traitor, at a fortress a short distance within France. Lewis and the Duke's daughter Virginia married secretly in a nearby town while Lewis was on parole. Upon discovering this the furious duke threw Lewis into a dungeon and threatened to send his daughter to a nunnery. In Lewis' unsuccessful attempt to escape, a French guard was killed. While the duke prepared for Lewis' execution, the 92nd Highlanders stormed the fortress and saved their comrade. The story ends abruptly with the death of Ronald's faithful servant Evan.

Like Hamilton, Grant saw the Napoleonic wars as a great cause for freedom. He portrays the British army as the gallant deliverer of Portugal and Spain from the grasp of the invader. Expressive of his ardent national sentiments is the scene between Ronald and Alice shortly before Ronald's departure from Perthshire.

"That I must go—far from you and the bonnie banks of the Isla, Yes, Alice; but it is only for a short time, I trust. . ."

"O Ronald! I ever feared our happiness was too great to last long. Ah! you must not leave me."

"Alice," replied the young Highlander, his cheek flushing while he spoke, "Our best and bravest men are going forth in thousands to meet the enemies of our country, drenching in their blood the fatal Peninsula; and can I remain behind, when so many of my name and kindred have fallen in the service of the king? Never had the honour of Scotland been tarnished by the few who have returned, nor lost by those who have fallen, in every clime, where the British standard has been unfurled against the enemy. . ."<sup>33</sup>

Grant often endeavors to sketch the battlefield as a place of horror, although these attempts are usually defeated by his excessive expression of romantic sentiments. In one scene Ronald and Lewis while in bivouac discovered a bleached skull lying near their fire, and a conversation ensued about the civilian's attitude toward war.

"No uncommon affair in Spain. It is the head of one of those poor fellows I told you of. I saw him killed here the day Long's brigade of horse drove the French advanced picquet into the cork wood" (Ronald said).

"What! did you not bury them?"

"No, we had no time. The wolves came at night, and saved us the trouble."

"And this is dying in the bed of glory!"

"So romancers tell us."

"Ay, Stuart, 'tis all very fine to read of honour and glory. The charge, the encounter, and the victory in a novel—"

"Then seated in a well-curtained and softly carpeted room, with your feet encased in morocco slippers, and a huge fire roaring up the chimney; but here it is a very different matter."

---

<sup>33</sup>James Grant, The Romance of War: or, The Highlanders in Spain (London, 1845), I, 16.

"Nevertheless, 'tis a gay thing to be a soldier," said Louis, eyeing his shining epaulet askance.

"It is indeed! I have felt some delicious moments of gratified pride since I first donned the red coat,—moments in which I would scarcely have exchanged my claymores for a crown. . ."<sup>34</sup>

Grant severely criticized the French for their barbarous treatment of the Spanish and Portuguese, but his abomination of their barbarities does not check his admiration of the gallant enemy in action and their civil attitude toward the British between battles. He relates that one evening the French officers sent their bands to the river-side to play for the British troops. "Many courtesies were [at that time] interchanged; flasks of wine and bunches of fruit were tossed over by the French, who, avoiding military topics, conversed with soldier-like frankness on other subjects."<sup>35</sup>

Since Grant exerted so much effort to give prominence to his hero's adventures, historical events and realistic reporting are rarely introduced aside from the main course of the story. Rather, these elements are closely interwoven with the adventures of the Highlanders in the various battles—Vittoria, San Sebastian, Badajoz, Ciudad Rodrigo, and the battle of the Pyrenees—and in the episodes in which Ronald skirmished with both the French and Spanish. In the preface to The Romance of War the author writes:

---

<sup>34</sup>ibid., I, 308-309.

<sup>35</sup>ibid., III, 270.

It will need no great sagacity to discriminate between this portion and the veritable historical and military details, the results of the experience of one his [father] who had the honour of serving in the gallant corps to which these volumes more especially relate, during the whole of its brilliant course of service in the Peninsula, and who participated in all the proud feelings which arose when contemplating the triumphant career of an army, whose deeds and victories are unsurpassed in the annals of war.<sup>36</sup>

One of Grant's most vivid accounts of battle is that of the contest for the Maya heights in the Pyrenees. The Highlanders having driven the French from the heights received the severest blows of an enemy counterattack. For a while the Highlanders held their ground, but the fanatical Frenchmen ignored the deadly volleys and were soon within thirty paces of Ronald and his comrades.

At so short a distance it may easily be supposed that the shot on both sides told the fearful effect, especially among the dense masses of the French, before whom, in five minutes, arose a pile of their own dead and wounded like a breastwork. Beyond this ghastly line they would not advance an inch, nor could they be prevailed upon to do so even by the most strenuous exertions of their officers, who, whenever the smoke cleared away a little, were observed brandishing their sabres, waving their colours and eagles, and enthusiastically crying, "Vive la France! Vive l'Empereur! Vive la Gloire!" But their soldiers heeded them not, and continued to load and fire with utmost sang froid, but would not be led to the charge.<sup>37</sup>

---

<sup>36</sup> Ibid., I, 111.

<sup>37</sup> Ibid., III, 234.

Eventually the 71st Highland Light Infantry was forced to retreat a short distance, losing three pieces of cannon to the French. Lieutenant Armstrong and eight private soldiers perished in their attempt to recapture them. Again this group was forced to retreat after half its number had fallen. A well aimed volley from Ronald's regiment temporarily checked the French advance and gave the 34th and "Old Half-hundred" time to reform their ranks.

Ronald felt his pulses thickening, the blood tingling in his ears, for the sound of the musquetry had deafened them to every thing else, and his heart rebounded within his bosom until he could almost hear it beat; but it was with feelings the reverse of fear,—a wish to leap headlong among the enemy, to cut them down with his sword as he would whinbushes, and to revenge the slaughter the terrible fire of so dense a column was making among his gallant and devoted regiment. So thick was the smoke become, that he could scarcely see the third file from him, and only at times it cleared up a little. . . .The highlanders were lying in heaps across and across each other,—piled up just as they fell; while their comrades fought above them, firing and reloading with all the rapidity in their power, until struck by a shot, and down they fell to perish unnoticed and unknown. Almost every shot killed; for the distance was short, and the wounds were hideous and ghastly, the blood spouting forth from the orifice as if through a syringe. . . .<sup>38</sup>

Eventually the Highlanders lost so many men that they had to withdraw, but not without dealing desperate last blows to the enemy. As they defiantly surrendered their ground, the maddened Scotsmen even hurled stones down upon the French. In describing this vicious combat, Grant uses footnotes to explain certain facts and incidents.

---

<sup>38</sup>Ibid., III, 236.

In another scene while the British army was on one of its many retreats, Ronald and his regiment came upon Mrs. Evelyn, whom Ronald had met previously, kneeling beside her dead husband. This description is one of Grant's few successes at detailed realism.

Near one of those rude wooden crosses so common by the way-side in Spain, placed to mark a spot where murder had been committed, lay an English troop-horse in the agonies of death; the froth and blood, oozing from his quivering nostrils, rolled around in a puddle, while kicking faintly with its hoofs, it made deep indentations in the smooth grassy turf. Beside it lay the rider, with his glittering accoutrements scattered all about. His foot was entangled in the stirrup, by which he appeared to have been dragged a long way, as his uniform was torn to pieces, and his body was soiled with clay and dust. A carbine-shot had passed through his brain, and he was lying stark and stiff; his smart chako had rolled away, and the features of a dashing English dragoon,—the once gay Evelyn, was exposed to view. Beside the corpse, weeping in speechless sorrow and agony, sat his wife,—the same interesting young lady who had that morning drank from Ronald's canteen at the fountain. Her face was ashy pale,—pale even as that of her dead soldier,—and she seemed quite unconscious of the approach of the highlanders, who could not be restrained from making an involuntary halt. Her hat and veil had fallen off, permitting her fair curls to stream over her neck and shoulders: she uttered no sound of woe or lamentation, but sat with her husband's head resting on her lap, gazing on his face with a wild and terrible expression, while her little white hands were bedabbled with the blood which clotted his curly hair. . . .39

As mentioned previously, the major part of the story deals with Ronald and his personal adventures. On one

---

<sup>39</sup>Ibid., II, 71-72.

occasion while he returned from the convent where he had buried Catalina, Ronald happened upon two French dragoons, and the action that followed is reminiscent of that in a King Arthur legend. De Meusel, the heavier of the two Frenchmen, maneuvered his charger into position for combat. Naturally Ronald, an infantryman, was somewhat leery of crossing swords with this practiced cavalry officer who was "sheathed in a panoply of steel and leather."<sup>40</sup> The French dragoon commanded Ronald to surrender.

Finding that he was not understood, and that Stuart prepared to defend himself, he reined his steed back a little way; and then dashing his spurs into its flanks, came thundering forward at full speed, shouting "Vive l'Empereur!" with his long blade uplifted, intending to hurl his adversary into eternity by a single stroke. But Stuart, by an adroit management of his horse's bridle, made a demi-volte or half-turn to his left, at the same time stooping his head till the plumes of his bonnet mingled with the mane of his horse, to avoid the Frenchman's sweeping stroke, which whistled harmlessly through the air; while he in return dealt him a back-handed blow on the crest of his helmet as he passed him in his career, which at once tumbled him over his horse's head and stretched him senseless in the dust, while his sword fell from his grasp, and broke in a dozen pieces.<sup>41</sup>

The characters in The Romance of War are deadly serious both in love and war--in fact, this seriousness is carried to the extreme. The motives behind these characters' actions are totally ignored, unless honor and national sentiment are

---

<sup>40</sup>Ibid., II, 160.

<sup>41</sup>Ibid., II, 160.



considered sufficient motives for romantic adventure. Actually Lever's characters are superior. At worst, his characters live on in the reader's imagination, while Grant's immediately dissolve once the reader puts aside the book. There is rarely any reference to the historical personages of the Peninsular Campaign, and the only representative of the peasantry is Evan, Ronald's servant. He, however, seldom participates in Ronald's adventures.

The most important aspect of The Romance of War is the accuracy of its descriptions and accounts of the Peninsular Campaign. Grant, however, did not sacrifice his story to historical accuracy. On the contrary, his plot is far more artificially and artfully involved than those of the writers treated above.

Both Lever and Grant endeavored to give a comparatively accurate portrayal of the two campaigns and the armies involved; too, they sought to reflect the manners and spirit of the Portuguese and Spanish. But both failed in these respects because of their weakness for romance. Honor and glory blinded these civilian "fire-eaters" to the realities of military life.

## CHAPTER IV

### THE NOVELISTS OF THE NAVAL WAR

"As the Peninsular and Waterloo Campaigns inspired one group of writers, so the career of Nelson and the glories of the British navy inspired another."<sup>1</sup> Captain Marryat, with his lieutenant Chamier—both of whom had the same Christian name Frederick—skipped the flagship in the fleet of nautical novelists who, in competition with their army brethren, discharged a broadside into the commercial novel market of the nineteenth century's second quarter. These two veterans of the old navy had accumulated a wealth of war experience with which to enrich their historical novels in the elements of reportorial realism and romantic adventure. Both have some tendency to digress widely in plot, but generally their stirring sea-stories progress smoothly in a series of plausible adventures, true to the Waverley pattern.

#### Frederick Marryat

Frederick Marryat (1792-1848) "was the closest in his time to the orthodox tradition of picaresque romance."<sup>2</sup>

---

<sup>1</sup>Walker, op. cit., p. 640.

<sup>2</sup>Gerould, op. cit., p. 226.

In certain respects he was a disciple of Smollett but not an imitator. Like his predecessor in nautical fiction, Marryat tends to make his stories biographical or autobiographical, and his novels rival Roderick Random and Peregrine Pickle in character delineation. One advantage he had over Smollett, however, was his superior knowledge of life on board England's men-of-war.<sup>3</sup> Marryat was the historian in fiction of the events in the Napoleonic War he had actually taken part in. As Marryat said himself, he was incapable of telling a story, but because of his wealth of experience and his prolific imagination, he was able to produce some yarns of unflagging interest. Beard writes that "picaresque fiction composed of violent sensation and sheer horseplay is not the most elevated kind of literature; but it is redeemed in this case by narrative and descriptive power equal to Sir Walter's."<sup>4</sup>

In 1806, when he was only fourteen, Frederick Marryat started his navy career as midshipman on board the Imperieuse, a frigate commanded by Captain Lord Cochrane. During the next few years the Imperieuse had numerous battle engagements while hunting down enemy cruisers and privateers. The vessel sailed along the coast of France from Ushant to the mouth of the Gironde, saw some active service in the Mediterranean, and, after a return to the ocean, was finally engaged in the

---

<sup>3</sup>Walker, op. cit. p. 640.

<sup>4</sup>Beard, op. cit., VII, 100.

Basque Roads. In 1812 Marryat was promoted from midshipman to lieutenant. When he was only twenty-three years old and as the Great War was closing in 1815, he succeeded to the rank of commander. Although Marryat participated in no major battle, he participated in many of the minor conflicts and learned from others what lay beyond his experience. While in the navy he was presented with twenty-seven certificates, recommendations, and votes of thanks for having saved the lives of others at the risk of his own also. He was presented a gold medal by the British Humane Society. In 1820 after a brief stay on shore, he returned to active duty commanding the Beaver sloop, which was sent to mount guard over Napoleon at St. Helena until his death.<sup>5</sup> "He took a sketch of the dead emperor in full profile, which was engraved in England and France, and considered a striking likeness."<sup>6</sup> In the Rosario Marryat delivered to England the dispatches concerning Napoleon's death. After cruising for smugglers and seeing service against the Burmese, he resigned his ship the Larne in 1830 and quit active service for a writing career.<sup>7</sup>

Captain Marryat was an outspoken critic of naval tactics and policy even before he left the navy. He often condemned the needless waste of life in battle and the brutal floggings

---

<sup>5</sup> Frederick Marryat, Peter Simple, Vol. I of The Novels of Captain Marryat, 22 vols. (Boston, 1896), p. xi.

<sup>6</sup> Ibid., pp. xi-xviii.

<sup>7</sup> Ibid., p. xviii.

that some captains seemed to enjoy. Also in 1822 he published Suggestions for the abolition of the present system of impressment in the Naval Service, a pamphlet which is said to have made him most unpopular with Royalty.<sup>8</sup> Of course he encouraged Navy reforms in nearly all his sea novels.

Marryat once said, "We do not write these novels merely to amuse,—we have always had it in our views to instruct."<sup>9</sup>

Among Marryat's best novels about the Napoleonic war are Adventures of a Naval Officer, or Frank Mildmay (1829), The King's Own (1830), Newton Forster (1832), and Peter Simple (1834). The latter has always been considered his most popular novel.<sup>10</sup>

Peter Simple, which is written in the autobiographic form, is significant because of its characterization and its masterly blend of reportorial realism and romantic adventure. There is a clumsy and crude masterplot; but it concerns the hero's fortunes and misfortunes on shore in England and hardly applies to his adventures in the line of duty until the story has nearly ended.

The story opens as fourteen year old Peter Simple, who had been known as the family fool, journeyed to London, where

---

<sup>8</sup>Michael Sadleir, "Captain Marryat, A Portrait," London Mercury, X. (September, 1906), 496.

<sup>9</sup>Beard, op. cit., VII, 99.

<sup>10</sup>Including Beard, Walker, Cross, Saintsbury, Wagenknecht.

he was to be outfitted in uniforms for the service he was about to enter. Later, on the Portsmouth-bound coach, he revealed his ignorance by speaking impertinently to his future skipper, Captain Savage. Once in the port the naive lad fell prey to the fun-loving midshipmen from his future ship the Diomedé. As part of his initiation into the clan, Peter financed a drinking party, fought a duel, and unsuspectingly escorted a prostitute down the main street of the city. On board the Diomedé Captain Savage, realizing that the boy's character was in imminent danger, placed Peter under the care of the master mate O'Brien, who strove to make a man out of his ward. To discipline the midshipman who was eventually to become his best friend, O'Brien used both kind words and the whip. After a few insignificant adventures on the high sea—in one of which Peter lost the end of his finger to a fish—Peter and O'Brien were captured by the French. Peter, wounded during the clash with the enemy while he and O'Brien were spiking a shore battery on the French coast, was nursed back to health by Celeste, the young daughter of another O'Brien, who was a French colonel. Finally he and the master mate were forced to leave the colonel's protection for a French prison at Montpellier. It was not long before O'Brien had successfully engineered their escape, and after several adventures as hunted men, they managed to reach the French coast and ultimately a British man-of-war in the channel.

In England Peter learned that since his uncle had produced no boys among his children, his father was now considered the second in line for his grandfather's lordship. Through his prominent relation Lord Privilege, Peter managed to secure for himself and O'Brien positions on another ship, which later fell under the command of Captain Savage. While cruising in the West Indies, Captain Savage died of fever and was replaced by Captain Kearney, psychopathic liar who also died shortly after their return to England. Back on leave, Peter found that his uncle now had a son, and consequently he was further away from the lordship. The suspicious O'Brien investigated this matter and learned that the uncle's newborn daughter had been exchanged for the son of a soldier's wife who had gone to India with her husband. The uncle soon learned that Peter and O'Brien were prying into his affairs and endeavored to misrepresent Peter to his grandfather. Again Peter and O'Brien, who was now a captain, went to sea. In the West Indies they had more conflicts with the French, and Peter was given the privilege to skipper a few captured ships. Eventually he was shipwrecked and became a French prisoner under his old friend Colonel O'Brien, who had risen to the rank of general. Before he was returned to an English vessel, Peter proposed marriage to his beloved Celeste and was accepted.

Back in England Peter and O'Brien were forced to take separate ships. Peter sailed for the North Sea as a first

lieutenant under Captain Hawkins, the bastard son of his uncle. Amidst the several battle engagements with the Dutch and French, the captain tried desperately to make trouble for Peter. Finally Peter was court-martialled and dismissed from his ship. In England, before he reached home, he came down with fever and was confined to bed in the home of a stranger. His uncle, who had by now become Lord Privilege, learned of his condition and had him removed from the stranger's home to Bedlam. Strange as it may seem, Peter was rescued from the asylum by his old friend General O'Brien—a prisoner of war—who was being given a tour of Bedlam by his friend Lord Belmore. In the meantime Peter received a letter from Captain O'Brien telling that he had found the missing woman who was really the mother of Lord Privilege's son (she had happened to gain passage on O'Brien's ship). But Peter already had the lordship (his father had conveniently died earlier). The baby his uncle claimed to be his own fell off a balcony and crushed its skull. Upon witnessing this scene the uncle died on the spot of convulsions. Of course Peter married Celeste and became Lord Privilege, while O'Brien was knighted as Sir Terence.

It is difficult to discern which events in Peter Simple may have been actually experienced by Captain HARRYAT, since he has so tightly interwoven romantic adventure and autobiographical fact. But the experts have willingly given their stamp of approval to his accurate portrayals of the life in



the old British navy and of the various battle engagements in which his heroes participated. The following account of the San Nicolas incident clearly reveals the author's direct knowledge of the naval service.

The San Nicolas, knowing that the Excellent's broadside would send her to Old Nick, put her helm up to avoid being raked; in so doing she fell foul of the San Josef, a Spanish three-decker, and we [i.e. the Captain] being all cut to pieces and unmanageable, all of us indeed reeling about like drunken men--Nelson ordered his helm a-starboard, and in a jiffy there we were, all three hugging each other, running in one another's guns, smashing our chain-plates and poking our yard-arms through each other's canvas. "All hands to board!" roared Nelson, leaping on the hammocks and waving his sword.<sup>11</sup>

Marryat rarely spared the details in his accounts. While preparing O'Brien, Peter, and their comrades for a cutting-out expedition, the author writes that since few people could possibly know what a cutting-out expedition is, he will step aside from the story to explain.

The boats of men-of-war have generally two crews; the common boats' crews, which are selected so as not to take away the most useful men from the ship; and the service, or fighting boats' crews, which are selected from the very best men on board. The coxswains of the boats are the most trustworthy men in the ship, and, on this occasion, have to see that their boats are properly equipped. The launch, yawl, first and second cutters, were the boats appointed for the expedition. They all carried guns mounted upon slides, which ran fore and aft between the men. After the boats were hoisted out, the guns were lowered down into them and shipped in the bows of the boats. The arm-chests were next handed in, which contain the cartridges and ammunition. The shot were put into the bottom of the boats; and so

---

<sup>11</sup>Marryat, op. cit., pp. 206-207.

far they were all ready. The oars of the boats were fitted to pull with grumets upon iron thole-pins, that they might make little noise, and might swing fore and aft without falling overboard when the boats pulled alongside the privateer. A breaker or two [that is, small casks holding about seven gallons each] of water was put into each boat, and also the men's allowance of spirits, in case they should be detained by any unforeseen circumstances.<sup>12</sup>

In his description of hand-to-hand combat, Marryat loses the realism that vivifies his accounts of the duels between ships. His tendency in such cases is to tell, not show; and his sailors suddenly become swashbuckling heroes similar to those in the novels of Maxwell and Lever.

In one minute more, with three cheers from our sailors, we were all alongside together, English and French boats pell-mell, and a most determined close conflict took place. The French fought desperately, and as they were overpowered, they were reinforced by those from another privateer, who could not look on and behold their companions requiring their assistance, without coming to their aid. Some jumped down into our boats from the chains, into the midst of our men; others darted cold shot at us, either to kill us or to sink our boats; and thus did one of the most desperate hand-to-hand conflicts take place that ever was witnessed.<sup>13</sup>

One of Marryat's most vivid descriptions in Peter Simple is of the ship in harbor when boarded by the Jews, bumboatmen, bumboat-women, and the sailors' wives. Whenever the ship anchored at an English port, this scene occurred.

The ship was now in a state of confusion and uproar; there were Jews trying to sell clothes, or to obtain money for clothes which they had

---

<sup>12</sup>ibid., pp. 262-263.

<sup>13</sup>ibid., pp. 267-268.

sold; bumboat-men and bumboat-women showing their long bills, and demanding or coaxing for payment; other people from the shore, with hundreds of small debts; and the sailors' wives, sticking close to them, and disputing every bill presented, as an extortion or a robbery. There was such bawling and threatening, laughing and crying—for the women were all to quit the ship before sunset—at one moment a Jew was upset, and all his hamper of clothes tossed into the hold; at another, a sailor was seen hunting everywhere for a Jew who had cheated him,—all squabbling or skylarking, and many of them very drunk. It appeared to me that the sailors had rather a difficult point to settle. They had three claimants upon them, the Jew for clothes, the bumboat-men for their mess in the harbour, and their wives for their support during their absence; and the money which they received was, generally speaking, not more than sufficient to meet one of the demands. . . All disputed points were settled by the sergeant of marines with a party, who divided their antagonists from the Jews; and every description of persons not belonging to the ship, whether male or female, were dismissed over the side. The hammocks were piped down, those who were intoxicated were put to bed, and the ship was once more quiet.<sup>14</sup>

To reveal his attitude toward the cruel treatment of some sailors by their officers, Harrayat gives us one episode of justified mutiny. After discovering that the new figure-head on the Rattlesnake brig had been maliciously scarred, Captain Hawkins, the bastard son of Peter's uncle, ordered every seaman on board to be flogged. The ship's minor officers talked the matter over and decided that it would indeed be an injustice to flog all the men for the crime of one; but they were in no position to oppose his commands. Realizing that the ship's company would break out into open mutiny, Peter unsuccessfully attempted to persuade the captain to

---

<sup>14</sup>Ibid., p. 71.

withdraw his command. After a long talk with the sailors, Peter finally convinced them that they should come on deck as ordered. The first man was then stripped and "seized up."

The captain looked for the articles of war to read, as is necessary previous to punishing a man, and was a little puzzled to find one, where no positive offence had been committed. At last, he pitched upon the one which refers to combination and conspiracy, and creating discontent. We all took off our hats as he read it, and he then called Mr. Paul, the boatswain, and ordered him to give the man a dozen. "Please, sir," said the boatswain, pointing to his arm in a sling, "I can't flog—I can't lift up my arm."—"Your arm was well enough when I came on board, sir," cried the captain.<sup>15</sup>

Then the chief boatswain was called upon to apply the whip, but he refused explaining that he would sooner lose his rank. When the captain realized that he would not be able to perfect his orders, he had the chief boatswain thrown in chains. Eventually a board of inquiry came to the Rattlesnake and listened sympathetically to the complaints of the men. The only action to be taken was to divide the Rattlesnake's men among the other ships' companies and to bring on board new ones. Harrayat steps aside from the narrative to philosophize on the matter.

I must here remark, that there is hardly any degree of severity which a captain may not exert towards his seamen, provided they are confident of, or he has proved to them, his courage; but if there be a doubt, or a confirmation to the contrary, all discipline is destroyed by contempt, and the ship's company mutiny, either directly or indirectly. There is an old saying, that all

---

<sup>15</sup>Ibid., p. 455.

tyrants are cowards; that tyranny is in itself a species of meanness, I acknowledge; but still the saying ought to be modified. If it is asserted that all mean tyrants are cowards, I agree; but I have known in the service most special tyrants, who were not cowards; their tyranny was excessive, but there was no meanness in their dispositions. On the contrary, they were generous, open-hearted, and, occasionally, when not influenced by anger, proved that their hearts, if not quite right, were not very much out of their places. Yet they were tyrants; but, although tyrants, the men forgave them, and one kind act, when they were not led away by the impetuosity of their feelings, obliterated a hundred acts of tyranny.<sup>16</sup>

There is no indication in Peter Simple that Marryat saw the Napoleonic Wars as a great cause for freedom. This is not to say, however, that Marryat fails to show strong national sentiments. On the contrary, in nearly every description of combat, his sentences are bursting with patriotism. He never tires of glorifying the British navy, and a Frenchman is never allowed to outdare or outfight a Britisher. Yet he often praises the French for their bravery in action. In one battle engagement, as the English frigate raked her side against that of the enemy ship, a French captain boldly exposed himself to the musket fire of the British seamen. Of course, in response to this audacity, Peter set an example of British courage as well.

The French captain, who appeared as brave a fellow as ever stepped, stood for some minutes on the hammocks; I was also holding on by the swifter of the main rigging, when he took his hat off and politely saluted me. I returned the compliment; but the fire became too hot, and

---

<sup>16</sup>ibid., p. 459.

I wished to get under the shelter of the bulwark. Still I would not go down first, and the French captain appeared determined not to be the first either to quit the post of honour. At last one of our marines hit him in the right arm: he clapped his hand to the part, as if to point it out to me, nodded, and was assisted down from the hammocks. I immediately quitted my post, for I thought it foolish to stand as a mark for forty or fifty soldiers. I had already received a bullet through the small of my leg.<sup>17</sup>

In character delineation Marryat ranks with the masters. His creations cling tenaciously to the imagination; and, without question, they rival many of the better known fictitious personages. Strange as it may seem, the hero Peter is outside Marryat's group of indelible characters. He is likable, yet he has neither depth nor discriminating idiosyncrasies. But Peter's friends and antagonists, although they too lack depth, are supplied abundantly with characteristics to individualize them. The Irishman O'Brien, Peter's conscientious thrasher, invigorates the narrative with his interchangeable nature of kindness and severity. In one scene, to prove his concern for his ward, O'Brien offered to challenge Peter's uncle to a duel in case that fellow did not soon die and give his nephew a chance to become Lord Privilege. Even more colorful characters are Mr. Muddle, the carpenter, and Mr. Chucks, the boatswain. Mr. Muddle, alias Philosopher Chips, had figured out a new theory that the universe had its cycle of events turned round, so that in a certain period of time everything was to happen over again. Peter hubbly

---

<sup>17</sup>Ibid., p. 446.

explained that he was too young to understand it. Once Captain Savage asked Mr. Muddle if he would be able to repair a sprung main-topsail. Mr. Muddle, scrupulously exact in his use of the King's English, explained that he could mitigate it.

"I wish that you would use common phrases when you speak to me, Mr. Muddle. I presume, by mitigate, you mean to say that you can secure it. Do you mean so, sir, or do you not?"

"Yes, sir, that is what I mean, most decidedly. I hope no offense, Captain Savage; but I did not intend to displease you by my language."

"Very good, Mr. Muddle," replied the captain; "it's the first time that I have spoken to you on the subject, recollect that it will be the last."

"The first time!" replied the carpenter, who could not forget his philosophy; "I beg your pardon, Captain Savage, you found just the same fault with me on this quarter-deck 27,672 years ago, and—"

"If I did, Mr. Muddle," interrupted the captain, very angrily, "depend upon it that at the same time I ordered you to go aloft, and attend to your duty, instead of talking nonsense on the quarter-deck; do you understand me, sir?"

"I rather think, sir," replied the carpenter, humbly touching his hat, and walking to the main rigging, "that no such thing took place, for I went up immediately, as I do now; and as I shall again in another 27,672 years."<sup>18</sup>

Mr. Chucks was considered the severest boatswain in the service and had acquired the nickname "Gentleman Chucks." Half educated, this seaman started speaking with well-chosen sentences, but, all of a sudden, he would break down at a hard word.

He had a very handsome person, inclined to be stout, keen eyes, and hair curling ringlets. He held his head up, and strutted as he walked. . . .

---

<sup>18</sup>Ibid., p. 147.



In his person he was very clean, wore rings on his great fingers, and a large frill to his bosom, which stuck out like the black fin of a perch, and the collar of his shirt was always pulled up to a level with his cheek-bones. He never appeared on deck without his "persuader," which was three rattans twisted into one, like a cable, and this persuader was seldom idle. O'Brien said that his speeches were like the sin of the poet, very fair at the upper part of them, but shocking at the lower extremities. As a specimen of them, he would say to the man on the forecastle, "Allow me to observe, my dear man, in the most delicate way in the world, that you are spilling that tar upon the deck—a deck, sir, if I may venture to make the observation, I had the duty of seeing holystoned this morning. You understand me, sir, you have defiled his majesty's forecastle, I must do my duty, sir, if you neglect yours; so take that—and that—and that—(thrashing the man with his ratten)—you d—d hay-making son of a sea-cook. Do it again, d—n your eyes, and I'll cut your liver out."<sup>19</sup>

Mr. Chucks was later left during a combat on board an enemy vessel to die of his wounds; however, since his identity was mistaken for that of an English captain (he had unsuspectingly donned Captain Kearney's blouse before the expedition), Mr. Chucks received excellent medical treatment and thereby survived his wounds. Eventually he fell into the hands of the Swedes. While walking about a shipyard in Sweden, he gave valuable information to some high officers about the rigging of ships. To persuade this "English captain" to join the Swedish navy, which was in dire need of trained officers, the Swedish government gave him the title of Count Schucksen.

---

<sup>19</sup>Ibid., pp. 75-76.



Peter served under a motley group of skippers. Captain Savage is said to be the fictitious counterpart of Lord Cochrane, the captain of Marryat's first ship, the Imperieuse. The successor of Captain Savage to the command of the Dionede was Captain Kearney, a most colorful fellow who could not speak a word of truth. Yet, when he addressed the ship's company, he said:

"Now, my lads, I've but few words to say to you. I am appointed to command this ship, and you appear to have a very good character from your last first lieutenant. All I request of you is this: be smart, keep sober, and always tell the truth!" 20

After Captain Kearney was laid to rest in England, some rascal who knew him well disturbed his epitaph by making it read: "Here lies Captain Kearney."

The strange but amusing Captain To commanded the Snaglier (meaning "wild pig") before it sailed for the West Indies. Keeping between decks a pig sty, the captain and his robust wife virtually lived on a pork diet. Of course the other ship's officers could hardly refuse an invitation to eat with the captain; and besides having to manifest enthusiasm through several courses of pork, which was cooked in different ways, Peter and his friends were forced to serve as an audience while the captain's wife tortured the piano. Eventually, the ship's doctor, who bitterly hated Captain To,

---

<sup>20</sup>Ibid., p. 259.

the wife, and the pork, informed the captain that since pork made one more susceptible to fever, he would have to change his diet once they sailed for the West Indies. Horrified by such prospects, the captain abruptly changed commands with Captain Savage, and removed his piano-playing wife and the pigs to the Dionede.

Captain Marryat's sea-stories are generally thought to be far more deserving of a permanent place in literature than are the works of the other veterans. Marryat strove to give an accurate portrayal of Britain's navy as it was in the Great War, yet he was most careful in keeping his novels from sounding like history. Of the several contemporary nautical writers—some of whom were Captains Glascock, Howard, and Basil Hall—only Captain Chamier came near equalling the master.

#### Frederick Chamier

Frederick Chamier (1792-1870), also a veteran sea captain of the Napoleonic Wars, was a direct imitator of Marryat.<sup>21</sup> In his nautical novels, which started appearing with Ben Brace, the Last of Nelson's Agamemnon (1834) some seven years after he quit active service, Chamier tried also to combine naval history with entertaining fiction. Although he was far below Marryat in literary force, he surpassed his

---

<sup>21</sup> Saintsbury, History of Nineteenth Century Literature (New York, 1896), p. 159.

master "in truth and exactitude of his accounts of events."<sup>22</sup> Captain Chamier was well trained to instruct his readers in naval history. In 1809 he entered the navy and did not retire until 1827. In the course of his navy career he experienced the miserable Walcheren expedition and saw a good deal of the American War. There was hardly an important action belonging to the Napoleonic era that this literary captain could not fight over again. He was even able to describe duels between frigates with extreme accuracy.<sup>23</sup> Among his several novels about the Napoleonic Wars on the high seas are The Life of a Sailor (1834), Ben Brace (1835), The Saucy Arcthusa (1836), Jack Adams (1838), and Tom Bowling (1839).

Ben Brace, like several of the other novels based on the Great War, is written in autobiographic form. In this tale there is hardly any trace of a plot, but there is an abundance of direct historical accounts, reportorial realism, and romantic adventure all interwoven with the racy, somewhat exaggerated language of the sea. Lord Nelson's servant Allen served as the prototype of the hero Ben,<sup>24</sup> and the narrative follows the admiral's career from its beginning to its end at Trafalgar. In the preface the author writes:

The biographical part concerning Lord Nelson is more correct than any which has as yet been published,—for I have been assisted by some gallant

<sup>22</sup>Beard, op. cit., VII, 109.

<sup>23</sup>Ibid., pp. 109-110.

<sup>24</sup>Ibid., p. 110.

officers who sailed under his Lordship's orders. The account of Trafalgar contains many incidents which have escaped the vigilance of Southey and others, and the last moments and words of Nelson are faithfully correct.<sup>25</sup>

Even though Ben and the admiral's adventures are for the most part historically accurate, there are always traces of Chamier's tendency to romanticize. In the Battle of the Nile, when Nelson was hit by particles of Langridge shot—a mixture of broken nails, glass, tomahawks, and boarding pikes—Ben and another sailor carried the bleeding man down to the surgeon. Ben shouted orders to make way for the admiral, and "there was not a man in that cockpit, wounded or dying, that didn't make a stir to leave room for him they all but worshipped."

Whilst the surgeon had been examining the wound, you might have heard a pin fall; but when the words, "not serious" were repeated, the wounded and the dying, the bleeding and the fainting, gave a cheer which must have come more home to the heart of Nelson than all the rewards that were ever showered upon him.<sup>26</sup>

A slight exaggeration is never below Captain Chamier. In the account of the battle of Trafalgar, Ben, who had stood beside Lord Nelson and Whipple on the quarter-deck, recalled that suddenly "Whipple gave a kind of 'whew!' and fell dead. He had not a scratch or mark about him, and the wind must

---

<sup>25</sup>Captain Chamier, Ben Brace, The Last of Nelson's Agamemnon. (London, 1840), p. v.

<sup>26</sup>Ibid., p. 155.

have been too much for his breath."<sup>27</sup> Ben explained that this was the only instance he knew of a man being killed by the wind of a shot. In the same battle, as the opposing ships scraped each other's sides and the musket fire from both English and French became hot, Captain Adair hurried forth to lead his marines aloft to return the French fire more effectively.

"Follow me!" said Adair, "and I'll make sailors of you!" Up he jumped upon the ratlines, and before he had got a fathom aloft, he fell down dead upon the deck, having received eighteen musket-balls in him. That shows how well the Frenchmen fired;—eighteen shots in a moment, and all to hit. . . .<sup>28</sup>

While the events surrounding the death of Nelson at Trafalgar are accurately described, Ben's actions at this time remain true to the romantic spirit which is so prevalent throughout the narrative. Standing on the starboard side of the poop when he saw the admiral fall, Ben reached his beloved master only a second before Hardy did.

Nelson had fallen on his face, and I knelt down to lift him up; when he said, "They have done for me at last, Hardy."

"I hope not, my lord," he replied. His heart was too full to say more.

"Yes," replied Nelson; "they have shot my backbone through."<sup>29</sup>

While moving the admiral down to the cockpit, Ben and Hardy covered his face with a white handkerchief to keep the men,

<sup>28</sup>Ibid., p. 279.

<sup>29</sup>Ibid., p. 280.

who were still engaged in the desperate combat, from knowing that their beloved commander had been hit.

In the cockpit below decks, he was immediately stripped, and looked like a skeleton with a skin over it. I always wondered how so weak a frame could enclose so great a heart.<sup>30</sup>

Burning with revenge, Ben rushed back to deck and seized a musket. His eyes searched the mizzen-top of the Redoubtable from where the fatal shot had been fired. Only two Frenchmen remained aloft, and one of these had killed the admiral.

Mr. Pollard and Mr. Collingwood, the gallant young midshipmen, were the only two left alive on the poop of the Victory when I joined them. I saw the Frenchman [the one who had shot Nelson], for we knew him by his glazed hat and white frock jacket. "Be ready," said Pollard: "he will come within sight directly; he has loaded his musket."—"That's he! that's he!" we all said at the same moment, and we fired instantly. His gun was discharged at the same time,—he fell dead, and I lost my arm!—my worst enemy was dead, my best friend was dying. Smarting from the wound, I was going down the poop-ladder, when a small splinter struck my eye, and caused the most insufferable pain for a short time.<sup>31</sup>

Thus Ben, like the admiral, was now short an eye and arm, and these disabilities eventually gained him admittance to Greenwich hospital. A gruesome but amusing account is given of the manner in which Nelson's body was sent to England for burial.

We had placed the body of Nelson in spirits, in order to convey it safely to England, and we heard reports about tapping the admiral. If it was done,

<sup>30</sup>Ibid., p. 281.

<sup>31</sup>Ibid., pp. 281-282.

It was of course on account of the bravery of Nelson that the seamen required some of his spirit. It is certain, that owing to the cask in which Nelson was placed being badly headed up, when fermentation took place, the head flew off, and up jumped the admiral. The sentinel left his post without being relieved.<sup>32</sup>

Captain Chamier often steps aside from the narrative while instructing his readers in the policies of the old navy. Very likely he intended for this instruction to be a counter-blast to Harrayat's attack on impressment and flogging. Chamier's argument in the defense of the practice of flogging is quite amusing. He explains that during foul weather many of the sailors preferred their hammocks to going on deck. If such men as these remained below, then the men aloft had heavier duty.

Now, it is nothing but the fear of the cat and her tails that keeps such fellows from sleeping; and if you put them in irons, why you only encourage their idleness. You may stop their grog, and they will get more than their allowance from their shipmates. You may clap them in the black list, but that is a bad remedy; nothing breaks a man's heart more than being mixed up with the fellows on that list.

"Let them be educated," some say: I say no, you'll make them worse. Instead of talking of the good old times, spinning a yarn about the Nile, running up one's memory about Nelson, and such like, they would all be squatting about the decks like a set of furks, with newspapers before them settling the affairs of the nation, and talking about that which none of them understand!<sup>33</sup>

Chamier insists that impressment of men into the naval service was absolutely necessary in order to maintain England's

<sup>32</sup>Ibid., p. 285.

<sup>33</sup>Ibid., pp. 224-225.

naval strength. The great people of England who opposed impressment simply did not understand the practice. "Ungrateful souls!" the captain calls those men who resisted impressment. They sometimes acted as if it was nothing to be bedded, clothed, and fed at the king's expense. Chamier exclaims that "you house him, you feed him, you show him the world; and when he gets riddled about his hull, why you give a berth in that large palace [Greenwich] they call a hospital!"<sup>34</sup>

There is actually little characterization in Ben Brace. None of the people have any psychological depth, and Ben is individualized only by the manner in which he relates the story. The two most important historical personages in the novel are Admiral Nelson and Admiral Collingwood; however, the latter is brought on scene only once. Chamier portrayed Lord Nelson as an exacting but kind-hearted man whose tears flowed easily.

I remember the 18th of August well. . . for on that day we buried Mr. Gore and Mr. Bristow in one grave at Deal. At the funeral Lord Nelson himself, with eight captains, attended; and when the marines fired over them, that man—he was more than a man!—burst into tears, and felt for the youngsters as if they had been his sons.<sup>35</sup>

Like Narryat, Captain Chamier never speaks of the war as if it were a great cause for freedom. But the whole narrative is alive with national sentiments. Chamier's brand of patriotism is certainly not an outgrowth of his hatred for

---

<sup>34</sup>Ibid., p. 225.

<sup>35</sup>Ibid., p. 229.



the French. He is heart and soul for England simply because he is an Englishman. His characters are always animated before a combat with a dramatic display of national sentiment. Before the Battle of Trafalgar commenced, Nelson's ship the Victory hoisted the signal, "England expects every man will do his duty."

The man who said that he found it impossible to make two men's minds go alike, should have been then in our fleet, and he would have witnessed a contradiction. As if by magic, every ship in the fleet received the signal with three tremendous cheers. It was a cheer which came home to the hearts of us all, and must have convinced our admiral that he would be supported, heart and hand, and that it was the forerunner of a certain victory. I think I hear the cheers now, as they rolled over the water receiving an echo from every ship, increasing as the roll increased; and hang me if I don't think the Spaniards heard it at Cadiz, and mistook it for thunder.<sup>36</sup>

#### Richard Doddridge Blackmore

In his novel Springhaven (1887) Richard Doddridge Blackmore (1829-1900), a latecomer in historical romancing, attempted to share in his veteran forerunners' success with the nautical tale, but Sir Richard was a gardener, not a sailor—a poet, not a novelist. Blackmore wrote his novels as a counterblast to the anti-romantic historical fiction of Thackeray.<sup>37</sup> "Like Kingsley and Scott he had a definite

---

<sup>36</sup>Ibid., p. 272.

<sup>37</sup>Beard, op. cit., VII, 290.

attitude toward the past as embodying ideals of national character valuable for the present."<sup>38</sup> Yet he had no rigid pattern of historical interpretation. He neither affirmed nor denied the historical accuracy of his account, although he did declare that the incidents and characters alike were romantic.<sup>39</sup> The plot of Springhaven is based on the local legends in southern England of the threatened Napoleonic invasion. Blackmore unsuccessfully attempted to verify these legends in London; however, he was told that there were records of Bonaparte's preparations in the Paris archives.<sup>40</sup>

Weygandt complains that Blackmore as a novelist is guilty of "sentimentality, obvious moralizing, and overplus of fooling, melodrama, and a knack of puffing good people and good things."<sup>41</sup> Indeed this is descriptive of his quasi-nautical novel Springhaven. The story has an entangled plot—much of which is controlled by coincidence—and includes a love twist, the intrigue of a French spy, and both Napoleon and Nelson. The narrative starts in Springhaven, a village on the southern coast of England, where the inhabitants were preparing to defend themselves from Napoleon's

<sup>38</sup>Beard, op. cit., p. 287.

<sup>39</sup>Quincy Guy Burris, Richard Doddridge Blackmore: His Life and Novels, The University of Illinois, Studies in Language and Literature, Urbana, 1930, XV, 51.

<sup>40</sup>Ibid., p. 102.

<sup>41</sup>Cornelius Weygandt, A Century of the English Novel (New York, 1925), p. 276.

threatened invasion. The villain of the romance, Caryl Carne, who was French on his mother's side, had returned to Springhaven from France on the pretence of claiming his father's estate. In truth, as one of Napoleon's agents, he was making behind-the-lines preparations for the proposed invasion. The center of the story is Dolly Darling and her admiral father who was in charge of Springhaven's defense. Two other significant characters are Daniel Tugwell, a young fisherman disowned by his father, and Captain Scudamore, the commander of a frigate patrolling the coast off Springhaven. Believing that smuggling was his only crime, Dan became involved in Carne's intrigue when he signed on the London Trader, the schooner delivering Carne's dispatches to Napoleon. Captain Scudamore, while assisting Nelson in an attempt to destroy the invasion barges on the French coast, was taken prisoner by the French and even had an interview with Napoleon. On parole Scudamore chanced upon a meeting between Carne and Napoleon and thereby discovered the true identity of this French fellow from Springhaven. After surrendering his parole, Scudamore successfully escaped prison. His arrival in Springhaven, however, came after Carne in an attempt to gain secret documents had killed Admiral Darling. Of course Captain Scudamore unveiled the whole plot, and the villain Carne was captured. The story ends at the battle of Trafalgar. Lord Nelson, who was a close friend of the Darlings and a

prominent figure in several of the scenes, gave young Daniel a chance to gain back his prestige in Springhaven by placing him on board the Victory as a common seaman. After Nelson fell in the battle, Daniel had the honor of shooting the French killer on the Redoubtable.

Blackmore looked upon the Napoleonic era as a period when Englishmen were actually Englishmen. His strong national sentiment is revealed throughout the novel, and his pet phrase Glorious Britannia! is used countless times. Contrary to the portrayals of the veteran novelists, Blackmore represents the English as motivated by an inordinate hatred of the French. In a sermon condemning the detested Peace of Amiens (1802), Mr. Tremlow, the rector at Springhaven, declared:

Atheism, mockery, cynicism, blasphemy, lust and blood-thirstiness cannot rage and raven within a few leagues of a godly and just nation without stinking in their nostrils. It is our mission from the Lord to quench Boney, and to conquer the bullies of Europe. We don't look like we're doing it now, I confess. But do it we shall, in the end, as sure as the name of our country is England.<sup>42</sup>

Again Blackmore's chauvinism bursts forth as England prepared to end the Peace of Amiens.

England saw the growing danger, and prepared, with an even mind, and well-girt body, to confront it. As yet stood up no other country to help or even comfort her, so cowed was all the

---

<sup>42</sup>Richard Doddridge Blackmore, Springhaven, Standard Edition (New York, n. d.), p. 57.

Continent by the lash and spur of an upstart. Alone, encumbered with the pack of Ireland, pinched with hunger and dearth of victuals, and cramped with the colic of Whiggery, she set her strong shoulder to the wheel of fortune, and so kept it till the hill was behind her. Some nations (which owe their existence to her) have forgotten these things conveniently. . . .<sup>43</sup>

Throughout Springhaven Blackmore makes comparisons of the manners of his contemporary countrymen to those of the Englishmen in the Napoleonic era. Obviously he was convinced that the English were losing those traditional characteristics which had in the past so distinguished them from the peoples on the continent. In reference to the Peace of Amiens, Blackmore writes:

All the common sense of England, more abundant in these days than now, felt that the war had not been fought out, and the way to the lap of peace could only be won by vigorous use of the arms. Some few there were even then, as now there is a cackling multitude, besotted enough to believe that facts can be undone by blinking them. But our forefathers on the whole were wise, and knew that nothing is trampled more basely than right that will not right itself.<sup>44</sup>

When Captain Scudemore escaped from the French and made his way across the channel in a small boat, "the young man knelt and said his morning prayer, with one hand still upon the tiller; for, like most men who have fought well for England, he had staunch faith in the Power that has made and guides the nations, until they rebel against it. . . ."<sup>45</sup>

---

<sup>43</sup>Ibid., p. 78.

<sup>44</sup>Ibid., p. 58.

<sup>45</sup>Ibid., p. 385.

There is hardly any trace of what may be called reportorial realism in Springhaven. Although Blackmore's account of the Battle of Trafalgar is for the most part historically correct, it is nevertheless strictly a child of romantic adventure. The last chapter is given almost entirely to Nelson and Daniel's adventures in the battle. Very likely Blackmore had read Chaxier's Ben Brace, for several of the incidents recounted are the same. Instead of Ben, it was Daniel who first reached the wounded Nelson in Springhaven; and like Ben, Daniel left Nelson in the cockpit and rushed back to the quarter-deck to kill the Frenchman with the glazed hat.

"All of you fire, quick one after other," cried Dan, who had picked up a loaded musket, and was kneeling in the embrasure of a gun; "Fire so that he may toll the shots; that will fetch him out again."

The men on the quarter-deck and poop did so, and the Frenchman, who was watching through a hole, came forward for a safe shot while they were loading. He pointed the long gun which had killed Nelson at the smart young officer on the poop, but the muzzle flew up ere he pulled the trigger, and leaning forward he fell dead, with his arms and legs spread, like a jack for oiling axles. Dan had gone through some small-arm drill in the fortnight he spent at Portsmouth, and his eyes were too keen for the bull's-eye. With a rest for his muzzle he laid it truly for the spot where the Frenchman would appear; with extreme punctuality he shot him in the throat; and the gallant man who deprived the world of Nelson was thus despatched to a better one, three hours in front of his victim.<sup>46</sup>

---

<sup>46</sup>Ibid., pp. 427-428.

Most of the characters in Springhaven are motivated by their hatred of the French and their undying love of England; there is no other analysis of motives. Carne, the French spy, is portrayed as the blackest of villains with not a trace of good in him. Captain Scudamore is his opposite; he is honorable, patriotic, and brave. In his delineations of Admiral Darling and Dolly, Blackmore had endeavored to portray what he considered to be the spirit of Old England. Daniel Tugwell, given a comparatively prominent role in the novel, represents the peasantry, but there is no indication that the author was particularly well-acquainted with this class.

There are two historical personages brought forth in the novel to give color and spirit to several scenes. Lord Nelson appears at the Darling estate on several occasions, while Napoleon steps on scene three times, once to interview Captain Scudamore, twice to talk with his agent Carne. Blackmore explains that Lord Nelson was not fierce of nature, but "as gentle as a lamb." However, the author often portrays him as a most vain individual. The bold Nelson, while at a dinner party given by Admiral Darling, exclaimed:

"If God Almighty prolongs my life—which is not very likely—it will be that I may meet that scoundrel, Napoleon Bonaparte, on dry land. I hear that he is eager to encounter me on the waves, himself commanding a line-of-battle ship. I should send him to the devil in a quarter of an hour. And ashore I could astonish him, I think, a little, if I had a good army to back me up. Remember what

I did at Bastia, in the land that produced this monster, and where I was called the brigadier; and again, upon the coast of Italy, I showed that I understood all their dry-ground business. Tush! I can beat him, ashore and afloat! and I shall, if I live long enough."<sup>47</sup>

Napoleon is characterized as a man driven by his madness for power. In one scene Caryl Carne, having come from England on the London Trader, met Napoleon on the French coast where the French army awaited orders to cross the Channel.

Napoleon and his guard approached Carne.

The foremost, who rode with short stirrups, and sat his horse as if he despised him, was the foremost man of the world just now, and for ten years yet to come.

Carne ran forward to show himself, and the master of France dismounted. He always looked best upon horseback, as short men generally do, if they ride well; and his face (which helped to make his fortune) appeared even more commanding at a little distance. An astonishing face, in its sculptured beauty, set aspect, and stern haughtiness, calm with the power of transcendent mind, and a will that never met its equal. Even Carne, void of much imagination, and contemptuous of all the human character he shared, was the slave of that face when in its presence, and could never meet steadily those piercing eyes. And yet, to the study of a neutral dog, or a man of abstract science, the face was as bad as it was beautiful. . . . His arragance grew with the strength of his power; so that in many important matters Napoleon lost the true state of the case through the terror felt by his subordinates. So great was the mastery of his presence that Carne felt himself guilty of impertinence to carry his head above the level of the general's plume, and stooped unconsciously—as hundreds of tall men are said to have done—to lessen this anomaly of nature.<sup>48</sup>

---

<sup>47</sup>Ibid., p. 72.

<sup>48</sup>Ibid., p. 253.



In his novels, Blackmore could never forget that he was a poet. In fact Springhaven often reads like free verse. If the veterans are to be believed, Blackmore certainly goes astray in his portrayal of the manners and spirit of the Napoleonic era. And as history will verify, the blind, almost fanatical patriotism which motivates Springhaven's characters really did not become a national characteristic until and after the Crimean War.

As it was with the Peninsular and Waterloo novelists, the sea-writers gradually moved further and further away from reportorial realism and closer to romanticism as the Napoleonic era became more distantly removed in time. Nevertheless, they all continued to pattern their novels after the Scott example and thereby, for the most part, avoided the foibles of the pre-Scott historical fictionists.

## CHAPTER V

### THE NOVELISTS OF THE HOME FRONT IN THE NAPOLEONIC WARS

During the second and third quarters of the nineteenth century, there appeared a varied group of non-veteran novelists—including Thackeray, Yonge, Gaskell, Buchanan, and Tautpocus—who made at least one effort each to portray the various home fronts of the Napoleonic Wars. Their novels are peopled by soldiers and civilians of England, Belgium, France, Bavaria, and Russia. In most cases these novelists patterned their works after Scott's Waverley and consequently were vigilant to the differences of manners and spirit between their own age and the Napoleonic era. But only occasionally are there instances of reportorial realism suggestive of the earlier veterans. Rather, the war itself is usually subordinated to the moral instruction or else to the love interest in the stories.

#### William Makepeace Thackeray

In his masterpiece Vanity Fair (1847-1848) William Makepeace Thackeray (1811-1865) centers the crisis of his story in the Battle of Waterloo, "and the Waterloo chapters are so good that any novelist worth his salt would give his

eyetooth to have written them."<sup>1</sup> Thackeray keeps his scenes, however, clear of the battlefield and displays his characters in the kaleidoscopic atmosphere of bustling Brussels, where the civilians played with the soldiers and later awaited reports from the gallants on the field of Waterloo. His keeping the story removed from the battlefield indeed produces a stimulant to the imagination similar to that of the practice in Greek tragedy of having all acts of violence committed offstage. To intensify the scenes in Brussels come the echoes of the cannonade and later the wounded soldiers with their conflicting reports of the progress of the battle.

Since Thackeray had other aims than to portray the manners and spirit of the past, he offers hardly any interpretation of the Napoleonic War in Vanity Fair. He endeavored to portray a social world and its foibles,<sup>2</sup> and his characters, therefore, belong as much to his own age as to that in which he places them. It is interesting to note that the only time Thackeray seems to show any feeling other than contempt for Vanity Fair's characters is in the Waterloo chapters. Here, when the report arrives that Napoleon and his troops are in movement, he allows several of the characters to lose their vanities temporarily. At the Duchess' ball, George Osborne, the rascal who had that very night revealed his unfaithfulness

---

<sup>1</sup>Wagenknecht, op. cit., p. 271.

<sup>2</sup>Beard, op. cit., VII, 357.

to his wife by slipping a note to Becky, received the news of the French approach in great hilarity; but as he rushed home to prepare himself for the oncoming battle,

. . . He thought about a thousand things. . . in his rapid walk to his quarters—his past life and future chances—the fate which might be before him—the wife, the child perhaps, from whom unseen he might be about to part. Oh, how he wished that night's work undone, and that with a clear conscience at least he might say farewell to the tender and guileless being by whose love he had set such little store!<sup>3</sup>

In another part of the city Captain Rawdon, Rebecca's dandy, who wasted most of his time at cards, also became a sobered man on hearing the bugle's call to arms. He hurriedly made monetary arrangements for the care of his indifferent wife in the event he was killed.

Faithful to his plan of economy, the Captain dressed himself in his oldest and shabbiest uniform and epaulets, leaving the newest behind under his wife's (or it might be his widow's) guardianship. And this famous dandy of Windsor and Hyde Park went off on his campaign with a kit as modest as that of a sergeant, and with something like a prayer on his lips for the woman he was leaving.<sup>4</sup>

Occasionally there appears in Vanity Fair a description of the soldiers reminiscent of Lever and Maxwell's rollicking delineations. Of course, Thackeray, who had once caricatured Lever's stage Irishmen, never completely betrays his usual

<sup>3</sup>William Makepeace Thackeray, Vanity Fair, Standard Edition (New York, n.d.), pp. 164-165.

<sup>4</sup>Ibid., p. 168.

matter-of-fact portrayals. Yet, when the commencement of war sets off his soldiers' enthusiasm, his narrative momentarily slips into romanticism.

The news of Napoleon's escape and landing was received by the gallant—th with a fiery delight and enthusiasm which everybody can understand who knows that famous corps. From the colonel to the smallest drummer in the regiment, all were filled with hope and ambition and patriotic fury, and thanked the French Emperor as for a personal kindness in coming to disturb the peace of Europe. Now was the time the —th had so long panted for—to show their comrades in arms that they could fight as well as the Peninsular veterans, and that all the pluck and valor of the —th had not been killed by the West Indies and the yellow fever.<sup>5</sup>

Again Thackeray could not resist touching upon the character of Major O'Dowd, whose horse was shot out from under him at Waterloo. Tom Stubble, who had been wounded and returned to Brussels, reported to the ladies that Dobbin had taken the majority since it had been believed that O'Dowd was dead; but when the regiment returned from the charge to its old ground, "the Major was discovered seated on Pyramus's carcass refreshing himself from a case bottle."<sup>6</sup>

Like Maxwell and Lever, Thackeray gives a chapter to the Duchess of Richmond's ball. His account of this great event, however, is not as complete as that of his forerunners. Thackeray gains invitations to the ball for his leading characters—George, Emily, Rebecca, Crawley, and Dobbin.

<sup>5</sup>Ibid., p. 101.

<sup>6</sup>Ibid., p. 181.

A certain ball which a noble Duchess gave at Brussels on the fifteenth of June in the above-named year (1815) is historical. All Brussels had been in a state of excitement about it, and I have heard from ladies who were in that town at the period that the talk and interest of persons of their sex regarding the ball was much greater even than in respect of the enemy in their front. The struggles, intrigues, and prayers to get tickets were such as only English ladies will employ in order to gain admission to the society of the great of their own nation.<sup>7</sup>

Thackeray hardly mentions the people other than his own characters who attended the ball, and the overall gaiety of the event is almost totally ignored. The report of the French movement came after Becky and Emily had gone home. While playing cards with some of the other guests, George was approached by Dobbin, who whispered that the enemy had passed the Sambre and that part of the army was already engaged. "George, giving a start and a wild hurra, tossed off his glass, clapped it on the table, and walked away speedily on his friend's arm."<sup>8</sup>

Although his account of Brussels during the Waterloo Campaign is historically accurate, Thackeray does not give a detailed picture of the people and their general reaction to the renewal of the Napoleonic war. True, through his leading characters' action he gives a glimpse of the gaiety and then the ensuing fear and anxiety of the Brussels population; but since his chief aim was not historical, he did not exert himself.

---

<sup>7</sup>Ibid., p. 162.

<sup>8</sup>Ibid., p. 164.

## Mrs. Elizabeth Gaskell

In 1863, the year of Thackeray's death, Mrs. Elizabeth Gaskell (1810-1865) published Sylvia's Lovers, a semi-historical novel set in the earlier part of the Napoleonic era. She is not sparing in her use of historical fact. While visiting Whitby, a fishing village on the north-eastern English coast which she calls Monkshaven in Sylvia's Lovers, Mrs. Gaskell started "interviewing the old residents, going minutely over the ground, and searching for data connected with the press-gangs."<sup>9</sup> Ultimately her search carried her to the Admiralty and the British Museum. The authoress was so careful in gathering her information that no errors have been detected in her data concerning historical events.<sup>10</sup>

Mrs. Gaskell has built a comparatively well-constructed plot around the tumultuous events in Whitby (1796-1800) following the reactivation of the Naval impressment service. Poor Sylvia's life was seriously affected by the press-gang's unjust treatment of the Monkshaven inhabitants. Her lover, Charley Kinraid, was captured by a press-gang and sent aboard a frigate; then her old father was hanged as one of the leaders in a demonstration against the hated practice. Because she and her mother had lost the protection of both her father and Kinraid, Sylvia finally consented to marry Kinraid's

---

<sup>9</sup>Gerald DeWitt Sanders, Elizabeth Gaskell (New Haven, 1929), p. 116.

<sup>10</sup>Ibid., p. 118.

rival, Philip Hepburn. At the very beginning of her novel, Mrs. Gaskell steps aside from her narrative to give a long dissertation on the impressment service. Here she explains why it had come into being and why the English people so bitterly hated it. It seems that in north-eastern England the practice received its most unfriendly reception. The people in Sylvia's Lovers of course were extremely patriotic and wanted to see the French beaten, but they felt that the practice of impressment violated their liberties.

The activity of the press-gangs falls into the action of the story when the whaling fleet after several months at sea returned to Monksheaven. Since the French war had just started, the English navy was in dire need of trained men. Of course a furious fight occurred as the press-gang closed in on the sailors who were greeting their wives and sweet-hearts on the wharf; nevertheless, several of the sailors were torn from the arms of their loved ones and dragged off to the "rendezvous." Shortly after this episode, while taking a morning walk along the beach outside Monksheaven, Kinraid was ambushed by four men from a frigate offshore. Although taken by surprise, the hero did not lose his wits. He wrenched himself free and cried:

"Avast, I'm a protected whaler. I claim my protection. I've my papers to show; I'm a bonded specksioneer to the Urania whaler, Donkin captain, North Shields port."

As a protected whaler, the press-gang had, by the 17th section of Act 26 Geo. III, no legal



right to seize him, unless he had failed to return to his ship by the 10th March following the date on his bond. But of what use were the papers he hastily dragged out of his breast—of what use were laws, in those days of slow intercourse, with such as were powerful enough to protect, and in the time of popular panic against a French invasion?

"D—n your protection," cried the leader of the press-gang; "come and serve His Majesty, that's better than catching whales."

"Is it, though?" said the specksioneer, with a motion of his hand, which the swift-eyed sailor opposed to him saw and interpreted rightly.

"Thou wilt, wilt thou? Close with him, Jack; and 'ware the cutlass."

In a minute his cutlass was forced from him, and it became a hand-to-hand struggle, of which, from the difference in numbers, it was not difficult to foretell the result. Yet Kinraid made desperate efforts to free himself; he wasted no breath in words, but fought, as the men said, like a very devil."<sup>11</sup>

Kinraid was finally overpowered and removed from the main course of the story for nearly two hundred pages. When he did return to complicate Sylvia's marriage, he was a lieutenant and a full-fledged navy man.

One of Mrs. Gaskell's most vigorous episodes occurs when the press-gang one night rang the fire bell to lure the Monkshaven men to the market square. Both men and women rushed from their houses to lend a helping hand, but once at the square no one seemed to know where the fire was.

"The gang! the gang!" shrieked out some one. "The gang are upon us! Help! help!" Then the fire-bell had been a decoy; a sort of seething the kid in its mother's milk, leading men into a snare through their kindest feelings. Some

---

<sup>11</sup>Mrs. Gaskell, Sylvia's Lovers (New York, 1906), p. 229.

dull sense of this added to utter dismay, and made them struggle and strain to get to all the outlets, save that in which a fight was now going on; the swish of heavy whips, the thud of bludgeons, the groans, the growls of wounded or infuriated men, coming with terrible distinctness through the darkness to the quickened ear of fear.<sup>12</sup>

Later that night Daniel Robson, Sylvia's father, touched off a riot by suggesting an attack on the rendezvous to free the captured men. Old Daniel stood in the shadows of the courtyard wall while the younger rioters stormed the Mariners' Arms, the press-gang's rendezvous.

He saw the stones torn up; he saw them used with good effect on the unguarded back-door; he cried out in useless warning, as he saw the upper windows open, and aim taken among the crowd; but just then the door gave way, and there was an involuntary forward motion in the throng; so that no one was so disabled by the shots as to prevent his forcing his way in with the rest. And now the sounds came, veiled by the walls, as of some raging, ravening beast growling over his prey; the noise came and went—once utterly ceased, and Daniel raised himself with difficulty to ascertain the cause: when again the roar came clear and fresh, and men poured into the yard again, shouting and rejoicing over the rescued victims of the press-gang. Daniel bobbed up, and shouted, and rejoiced, and shook hands with the rest, hardly caring to understand that the lieutenant and his gang had quitted the house by a front-window, and that all had poured out in search of them; and then glut their vengeance on the house and its contents.<sup>13</sup>

For his part in the riot, old Daniel was tried and executed. The riot recounted in Sylvia's Lovers actually took place in

---

<sup>12</sup>Ibid., p. 272.

<sup>13</sup>Ibid., p. 276.

Whitby in 1793. The sailors of the fishing village had stormed and demolished the rendezvous of that district's press-gang. An old man who had been seen encouraging the rioters was subsequently tried and condemned.<sup>14</sup>

Historical fact and romantic adventure are again interwoven toward the end of the story, when Mrs. Gaskell decides to place the climax of her plot in the Middle East. After Sylvia discovered that Philip had lied about Kinraid's death, poor Philip, unable to continue facing his resentful wife, left Monkshaven to join the marines. Eventually, in the face of the French assailants of St. Jean d'Acree (May, 1799), he rescued his rival Kinraid, who had been wounded, from the danger zone outside the wall. Up to this point the plot is logically developed, but here, in an effort to provide the required atonement, Mrs. Gaskell surrenders to melodrama.

Over-all, Mrs. Gaskell gives an accurate portrayal of the Whitby inhabitants during the French War. Unlike her forerunners, she devotes most attention to the lower social order; only one historical figure is allowed any dialogue and even then only a few lines. In most instances the author has carefully analyzed the characters' motives, and none of the people are mere puppets. Mrs. Gaskell rarely reveals any strong national sentiments; in fact, she occasionally attacks the English government of this period for its mistreatment

---

<sup>14</sup>ibid., p. xxiii.

of the people. It seems that Mrs. Gaskell attempts to delineate her characters without allowing her emotions to become involved with theirs.

To gain a highly accurate and vivid account of the impressment service during the French war, one could hardly do better than by reading Sylvia's Lovers. In this story there is also carefully described the reaction of the common people to the Napoleonic War in its earliest stage. Mrs. Gaskell's several years of research on this novel are justified by the results—a very successful recapturing of the situation in this part of England in the early years of the Napoleonic Wars.

#### Charlotte Yonge

The prolific novelist Charlotte Yonge (1823-1901), mainly known for her famous work The Heir of Redclyffe (1853), could have hardly missed using the Napoleonic Wars as a setting for at least one of her more than 150 novels. In Kenneth: or, The Rear Guard of the Grand Army (1855), a historical novel written primarily for young people, Miss Yonge recounts the trials and tribulations of two English children, who accompany the French army on its retreat from Moscow. As the great Church of England novelist of Victorian times, Miss Yonge never forgot that her first purpose as a fictionist was to give moral instruction.<sup>15</sup>

---

<sup>15</sup>Wagenknecht, op. cit., p. 576.

In fact, the motive behind nearly all of Kenneth's actions is his devotion to the English Church, his family, his friends, and his country. The novel is most convincing in its portrayal of the English and French of the Napoleonic era; and on several occasions in the course of the narrative, situations are devised in which to contrast the customs and temperaments of these two peoples.

The story opens during the late summer of 1812 in Moscow. Kenneth's father, Colonel Lindsey, who was an Englishman in the service of the Czar, fell at the Battle of Borodino, leaving his wife and two children at the mercy of the French invaders. Kenneth's French mother, Celeste, desiring to return to Paris, presently married Captain Rognier, one of Napoleon's officers. Infuriated by this insult to his father's memory, Kenneth severely reprimanded his mother and refused to have discourse with his new father. On the retreat and as a part of the rear guard of the Grand Army, the Lindsey family accompanied the cruel Captain in a coach stolen from the colonel's friend Count Schaffouski. A short distance from Smolensk, Kenneth and his sister Effie were brutally abandoned in the snow by their mother and the Captain, who later perished while crossing the ice on a river. Marshal Ney, the commander of the rear guard, placed the two children under the care of Leon, a kindly old soldier from Brittany. After many narrow escapes—in one of which

Kenneth saved the life of Ney during a Cossack attack—they reached Prussian Poland, where Effie was put under the tender care of the Comtesse de Villaret and Madame de Chateauneuf. Soon after, they arrived in Paris. Kenneth was enrolled at the Ecole Militaire with Ney listed as his protector, while Effie remained with the Comtesse. It was not long before Napoleon abdicated and the Bourbons returned to rule France. After finishing school, Kenneth became an aide-de-camp to Ney, who now served the King. With his protector Kenneth accompanied the King's army sent to halt Napoleon's advance on Paris. To his dismay, he witnessed Ney's surrender to the ex-Emperor. Stubbornly he refused to follow suit. Ney, not desiring to lose his honorable follower, instructed Kenneth to return to Paris, where he could think the matter over for a week or two. This Kenneth did, and here started the terrible battle between his baser desires and his honor as a Lindsay and an Englishman. If he went to England, he would gain nothing materially. If he stayed in France, he would surely gain quick promotions under Ney and, too, would come into possession of the estates and titles of his mother's family. Ultimately his honor won out, and Kenneth, accompanied by his sister Effie, quit Paris for London. Of course, the hero was well rewarded for his wise decision. He would have gained absolutely nothing had he remained in the French army, which was defeated at Waterloo. In England he received a

worthy position in the British army, and, furthermore, his sister was removed from the dangerous temptations of Roman Catholicism.

Romantic adventure rarely appears in Kenneth, since the story was intended to be seriously dramatic. In fact, there are only two major instances of adventure in the entire narrative. These occur during the first part of the book while the French are retreating from Russia. On one occasion, Kenneth left Leon and Effie and rushed into the blinding snow storm to awaken Ney, whose sleep had not yet been disturbed by the attacking Cossacks. The young Englishman remained separated from his sister until they arrived in Prussian Poland. At Kowne, Kenneth bravely loaded muskets for Ney and four French soldiers who held off Platoff's whole force. Of course, in respect for the Russians his father had served, Kenneth never fired on the attackers. Miss Yonge occasionally hit on a vivid description of the hardships and miseries of the wretched French army. The following sketch is a worthy example of Miss Yonge's ability to re-create through the imagination a scene she had certainly never experienced.

During the previous day, they had seen numerous traces of a disastrous march. They had found the bottom of each ravine, which they traversed, strewn with dismounted guns, overturned carriages, the carcasses of horses, already half-devoured by wolves; and, on the present day, these signs of misfortune were even more frequent. As they were descending into the ravine of the river Katova, they

found the snow reddened with blood, and covered with caps and helmets, broken artillery, abandoned weapons, frozen bodies of men and horses; and it became evident that they no longer saw merely indications of the distress and confusion of this dreadful march, but that they had reached the scene of a severe action. It was a horrible sight! Effie shuddered and hid her eyes; while Leon told Kenneth which regiments had been engaged; for their uniforms, and the numbers on their caps, could still be distinguished. Hurrying past these melancholy relics, they advanced along the road.<sup>16</sup>

Miss Yonge has done a superb job in setting the mood for this part of the story; indeed, the reader can hardly help feeling chilled himself as he reads:

Men and horses struggled in vain against the sweeping blast; bearing the drifting storm of sharp, icy particles; while the deepening snow made each step more painful and exhausting than the last. They gave way, sunk down, and in a few moments more, were completely buried beneath the thickening flakes. Awful indeed was the strength of winter; the more so, from the silence, the minuteness, the multitude of the weapons of destruction, which, in their dazzling purity, seemed well fitted to be the instruments of His power, Who scattereth the ice like morsels.<sup>17</sup>

Miss Yonge offers no direct accounts of combat; rather, she has one of her characters report the progress of a battle through dialogue and thereby avoids the details that, possibly, she could not handle.

Evidently the author was not so much interested in giving a careful report of the French retreat as she was in tracing

---

<sup>16</sup>Charlotte Yonge, Kenneth: or, The Rear Guard of the Grand Army. (New York, 1855). pp. 79-80.

<sup>17</sup>Ibid., p. 60.



the moral development of her hero under the strains of temptation. Miss Yonge therefore hurries her hero and his sister on to Paris, since there were surely more temptations in the French capital than on the frozen wastes of Russia. Effie immediately fitted into the fashionable French society, and only her brother's obstinacy saved her from losing all the morals gained from her disciplined English childhood. Occasionally, Miss Yonge is harsh in her description of the French people, but, in general, her portrayal of the spirit and manners of the Parisian society during the Empire is convincing. At the end of the story, to make the reader even more conscious of the differences between life in Paris and London, Miss Yonge carries her hero and his sister across the Channel to their uncle's home. Of course, Effie, who had inherited the French weaknesses of her mother, had a far more difficult time becoming acclimated to her new home, where her English aunt and cousins modestly concealed their stronger emotions and never showered a visitor with kisses.

Much of the novel is taken up with analysis of Kenneth's motives. The conscientious young man never acted without first examining the potential consequences thoroughly. When Ney returned to the banners of Napoleon, Kenneth did not know whether his own actions should be guided by his devotion to his Church and country or to his protector Ney. At first he decided that he would be foolish to throw aside such a

promising career. He wrote a long letter to his uncle rationalizing his decision, but as he started to apply the Lindesay seal to the correspondence, he recalled his father's instructions never to put the seal to any writing unworthy of a Lindesay. Kenneth immediately threw the letter into the fire and ordered his sister to prepare for the voyage to England. Miss Yonge explains that Effie was not a person of thought, but of emotion; therefore, she rarely has true motives behind her actions. This is not to say, however, that Effie was merely a puppet. On the contrary, she is quite alive—with emotions.

Marshal Ney, the only historical figure of any significance, is given a strong role. The author had great admiration for this courageous soldier, who well knew the meaning of honor and fidelity. Miss Yonge's best description of him occurs when he and Kenneth arrive at the Comte's quarters in Gumbinnen.

As they sat thus, Madame de Chateaufneuf with Effie asleep in her arms, and Colonel de Villaret wrapt in gloomy meditations, a loud noise, as of opening the front door, suddenly startled them all. The next moment, the room door flew open and disclosed a tall man, wrapped in a large cloak, his beard long and red, his whiskers burnt, his face blackened with gunpowder, his large black eyes glancing wild and fierce.

Effie screamed aloud, and Madame de Chateaufneuf was much alarmed; but as the Colonel stepped forward, the stranger held out his hand, saying, "Villaret! do you not know me? I am the Rear Guard of the Grand Army! I have fired the last musket-shot at the gate of Kowno—I have thrown the last of our arms into the Niemen—and have walked across the forest as you see me!"<sup>18</sup>

---

<sup>18</sup>Ibid., p. 76.

Miss Yonge looked upon Napoleon as an unscrupulous aggressor who was responsible for the material and spiritual ruin of his people. Quite often she expresses her opinion that God was actually on the Allies' side and not on that of the French. Undoubtedly, the reason she chose Napoleonic France as the setting for her novel was that she could think of no place and time that could more abundantly supply her here with temptations. In her last chapter Miss Yonge wrote:

Here concludes the history of the trials of Kenneth Lindesay's early youth. By yielding to his own wishes, and to the force of circumstances, he had incurred severe temptation; but he had come forth from the ordeal, not only unscathed, but with ennobled character and strengthened principles.<sup>19</sup>

Robert Buchanan

The Shadow of the Sword (1876), by Robert Buchanan (1841-1901), evidently inspired by Quatre-Vingt-Treize and Les Misérables,<sup>20</sup> is both "a polemic against War"<sup>21</sup> and a romance of adventure. Like Blackmore, Buchanan was more poet than novelist. Somewhat disconcerting to the reader's concentration, his narrative from beginning to end progresses clumsily with a high-flown, artificial style. More than often the author loses himself in his emotions while ranting on his anti-war theme or divulging his hero's sentiments. He must

<sup>19</sup>Ibid., p. 286.

<sup>20</sup>Beard, op. cit., IX, p. 296.

<sup>21</sup>Weygandt, op. cit., p. 298.

have felt that ordinary prose was a vulgar form of literature and that it was his calling to transform it into art.

In the preface to the 1890 edition of The Shadow of the Sword, Buchanan explains outright what his views are toward the abominable practice of war and why he wrote the historical romance.

I have cast "The Shadow of the Sword" as a crumb upon the waters. It may do some good; it cannot by any possibility do any harm. The idea has been described as transcendental, like (to compare small things with great) the sublime ideas of the Founder of Christianity. It has been accepted, and praised without stint, by many, as an attack on Despotism in the person of the first Napoleon. I trust, however, that it is something more—an attack on war in the abstract, as the deadliest and most loathsome representation of the retrograde movement of modern political thought. Once more, "the time grows near the birth of Christ." The Holy Name will be murmured from a thousand pulpits, echoed by a million hearts; but Christ still sleeps, despite his promise to arise, and sad-eyed Science is telling us that He will never arise at all. Blocking the mouth of the Sepulchre lies now, instead of the old stone, a monstrous implement—the Gatling Gun!<sup>22</sup>

Buchanan chose the Napoleonic War as the setting for his propaganda novel probably because it had been the most devastating war up to the end of the nineteenth century. In The Shadow of the Sword he turns his wrath upon the accursed Napoleon and his militaristic state; and his leading character, Rohan Owenfern—the Buchanan of the Napoleonic era—wages a one-man war against the Emperor's conscription service.

---

<sup>22</sup> Robert Buchanan, The Shadow of the Sword (London, 1890), p. xi.

The story takes place in Kromlaix, a small village on the coast of Brittany. Rohan, who had once studied to become a priest, openly expressed his hatred of Napoleon and his despotic Empire. When all the young men of the village were summoned to St. Gurllett to be selected for the new conscription, Rohan refused to accompany his uncle and cousins. However, in an effort to save him from being condemned as a traitor, Marcelle, his cousin to whom he was engaged, drew from the ballot-box for Rohan when his name was called by the clerk. Of course, she drew an unlucky number for her lover. When Rohan learned that he had been conscripted, he defiantly exclaimed that he would never fight for the heartless Emperor. Before the gendarmes arrived in Kromlaix to arrest this "traitor," Rohan fled from the village and took refuge in a cave overlooking the sea. Only he knew how to ascend the cliff's side to the cave's mouth. Eventually Sergeant Pipriac and his gendarmes discovered his hiding place and commenced a long siege. Presently ladders were secured, but Rohan successfully fought off the stormers with stones. After their leader Sergeant Pipriac was killed by Rohan, the other gendarmes ceased their efforts to reach the cave. Half-starved and half-crazed, Rohan remained several months in his refuge, being supplied with food by his mother and sweetheart. Then a flood occurred and many of the villagers were trapped in their houses. Rohan quickly left his cave and with a raft rescued Marcelle and several others

from the raging waters. The villagers now realized that this man was no coward; they allowed him to return to the cave unmolested. When Napoleon abdicated, Rohan returned safely to the village and to a normal life. But poor Rohan's miseries were not over. Napoleon escaped from Elba, and the gendarmes were soon again hunting down deserters. Rohan vowed that he would kill the Emperor. He followed the army to Belgium and one night hid in the rafters of an old farmhouse serving as Napoleon's quarters. After the Emperor had lain down to sleep on the floor, the crazed avenger, dressed in ragged clothes, descended from the rafters with a knife in his hand. He raised the weapon high over his head, but something prevented him from piercing the Emperor's heart. He silently left the building to return to his village. The next day Napoleon was defeated at Waterloo. A free man once more, poor Rohan gradually recuperated from the mental strain he had suffered for so long, but even then, he still occasionally fell into trances.

Although most the narrative concerns Rohan's adventures and his psychological reaction to his misfortunes, Suchanan does give a detailed picture of the manners and spirit of the peasantry in Brittany during the Napoleonic War. In The Shadow of the Sword the people of Brittany for the most part are portrayed as the reluctant subjects of the French Empire. Of course there were several in the village who were staunch supporters of Napoleon, and these were always on the lookout

for a "heretic." Marcelle, who was strongly influenced by her uncle, Corporal Derval, kept a picture of the Emperor pinned to the wall beside her crucifix and each night prayed for St. Napoleon. Buchanan is very careful to include in his story the superstitions of these people. Some of his ghost scenes are indeed reminiscent of the Gothic novels.

Evidently the author did extensive research on Napoleon's practice of conscription, for the scenes in which the young men cast lots are minutely described. The day of the drawing in St. Gurlott turned into a celebration. The men, women, and children from the surrounding area came to the village to join the feasting and dancing. Presently the younger men assembled in a large hall. When a man's name was called, he came forth to draw a number. If that number was from one to fifteen, he was a new conscript, that is, after he passed his physical examination.

At the upper end of the hall, before a large table on which stood the fatal ballot-box, sat the mayor—a grim consequential little man—with the other magnates of the town, and an officer of the line. The mayor had a military look, and wore a blue scarf decorated with several orders. Behind him stood a file of gendarmes, all at attention; at one end of the table sat a clerk with a large open book, ready to register against each name as it occurred the numbers as they were drawn; and at the other end stood bareheaded a grizzly sergeant of the Grand Army, ready to read the number aloud for the edification of the public.<sup>23</sup>

---

<sup>23</sup>Ibid., p. 111.

Historical fact is carefully tied into the plot. When the emigres returned to Brittany following Napoleon's abdication, they received a warm welcome from the peasantry. But Corporal Derval, Rohan's uncle, was not one to change his allegiance so quickly. One bright spring morning, the corporal approached a crowd of people gathered about Le Sieur Harcourt, the proprietor of a neighboring chateau, who had recently returned from exile. Several other gentlemen accompanying him were distributing white cockades to the men and white rosettes to the girls—the emblems of the royalists.

Then Derval distinctly heard the odious cry, again and again repeated—"Vive le Roi! Vive le Roi!"

The nobleman, who was elegantly clad in a rich suit of white and blue, had his sword drawn; his wrinkled face was full of enthusiasm.

"What is all this?" growled the Corporal, elbowing his way into the crowd. "Soul of a crow! What does it mean?"

"Have you not heard the news?" shrieked a woman. "The Emperor is dead, and the King is risen."

The nobleman, whose keen eye observed Derval in a moment struck a cockade of white cotton on the point of his sword, and pushed it over politely across the intervening heads.<sup>24</sup>

The little corporal, infuriated by this insult to his honor, broke the nobleman's sword at its hilt with his cane. His nephews dragged him back to the cottage before the people could mob him. Grief caused by the Emperor's misfortunes finally killed this man who had so mercilessly tormented Rohan.

---

<sup>24</sup>ibid., p. 395.



Again the author combines his story with history when he sends Rohan to the fields of Waterloo in search of Napoleon, whom he had vowed to kill. Hiding in the rafters of a deserted farmhouse, the bearded and ragged Rohan awaited the entrance of Napoleon. Presently the Emperor was left alone in the large room which was to be his sleeping quarters.

Slowly, with chin drooping forward on his breast, and hands clasped upon his back, he paces up and down. The sentinel pacing to and fro beyond the window is not more methodical in his march than he. The rain pours without, and the wind moans, but he hears nothing; he is too attentively listening to the sound of his own thoughts. What sees he?—what hears he? Before his soul's vision great armies pass in black procession, moving like storm-clouds on to some bourne of the inexorable will; burning cities rise in the distance, like the ever-burning towers of Hell; and the roar of far-off cannon mingles with the sound of the breakers of Eternity thundering on a starry shore. For this night, look you, of all nights, the voice of God is with the man, bringing dark prescience of some approaching doom. Mark how the firelight plays upon his cheeks, which are livid as those of a corpse! See how the eagle eye sheathes itself softly, as if to close upon the sorrow pent within! It is night, and he is alone—alone with the shadows of Sleep and Death. Though he knows his creatures are waking in the chambers beyond, and that his armies are stretching all around him on the rainy plain, he is nevertheless supremely solitary.<sup>25</sup>

Rohan, completely governed by his spirit of non-violence, was not able to carry out his mission. Buchanan whispered in his hero's ear:

---

<sup>25</sup>Ibid., p. 456.

Turn, poor wretch, ere thou goest, and look again. There sleeps on that Imperial face no loving living light, but an inward eating fire—a fire consuming and destroying and redeeming in its own despite the soul on which it feeds. He who hath had no mercy for mankind shall learn the bitter lesson of self-mercy, and, realising his own utter loneliness and pain yearn outward to the woes of all the world. And in that hour this cold light thou beholdest shall spread through all his spirit, and become as that mad sorrow and despair which lights now those wretched eyes of thine. Leave him then to God, and go thy way. . .<sup>26</sup>

Most of the characters in The Shadow of the Sword are too idealistic to be convincing. One cannot help feeling that Rohan, who had received but little education—that while training under the parish priest—has a few too many exalted ideas for a peasant. It is somewhat startling to hear him exclaim:

"You are all mad, I think, and I seem going mad too. What is this you tell me about a Conscription and an Emperor? I do not understand. I only know you are mad, and that my uncle is the maddest of all. You say that my name is drawn, and that I must go to be killed or to kill? I tell you only God can draw my name, and I will not stir one foot,—never, never. Hell seize your Emperor! Hell swallow up him and his Conscription! I commit him as I commit this badge you have given me—to the flame!"<sup>27</sup>

Buchanan does analyze the motives behind Rohan's actions in his poetic way; but sometimes the reader feels that Rohan is nothing more than a tormented soul floating about in a sea of chaos. His identification with living flesh is often lost

---

<sup>26</sup>Ibid., p. 465.

<sup>27</sup>Ibid., p. 120.

in the author's abstractions. The same may be said of Master Arfoll, the wandering school teacher who had so much influence on Rohan. This strange man, who was believed by the villagers to be touched in the head, often talked himself into a trance. In one of his discourses with Rohan, he shouted:

"For ever and ever, now as it was in the beginning, this wild beast's hunger to kill and kill, this madman's thirst for war and glory. Who knows but the great stone yonder holds the spirit of some mighty murderer of old times, some Cain the Emperor, turned to rock, but with consciousness still left to see what glory is, to watch while kingdoms wither and kings waste and dead people are shed down like leaves? Well, that is superstition; but had I my will, I would serve each tyrant like that. I would petrify him—I would set him as a sign! He should see, he should see! And then there would be no more war, for there would be no more Cains to make it and to drive the people mad!"<sup>28</sup>

In the third quarter of the nineteenth century, Buchanan, like Blackmore, approached the Napoleonic era in a new vein—that of idealistic romanticism brilliantly colored with the poetic style. His main purpose was to voice his anti-war views, but, nevertheless, he endeavored to give a historically accurate representation of the Napoleonic era and its people.

#### The Baroness Tautphecus

Strange as it may seem, one of the most entertaining and cleverly plotted English novels with a setting in the Napoleonic War was written by a woman hardly known in modern

---

<sup>28</sup>Ibid., p. 49.

literary circles. The Baroness Tautphecous, whose original name was Jemima Montgomery, was born in Donegal, Ireland, in 1807, but, having married a Hungarian nobleman, she spent most of her life in Munich, where she died in 1893.<sup>29</sup> Her unusually short-titled novels, written in a refreshingly mature style somewhat too modern for the third quarter of the nineteenth century, are rarely even so much as mentioned in scholarly works on the English novel. Her most significant novels are The Initials (1850), Quits (1857), and At Odds (1863)—the latter of which was evidently her most successful.<sup>30</sup>

In historical sense, At Odds indeed surpasses all the novels previously discussed. In its story is found a minutely detailed portrayal of the manners and spirit of the Bavarian upper class (with a sprinkling of the same from Ireland) during the Napoleonic era. In the preface to At Odds the Baroness sets forth her qualifications as the historical novelist of Bavarian society and its activity during the Napoleonic War.

At the commencement of my residence in Bavaria, few things surprised me more than the vivid recollection of the war at the beginning of this century possessed by all old, and many scarcely elderly, people. Names that for me belonged to history were mentioned familiarly, and many a

---

<sup>29</sup>Joseph Thomas, Universal Pronouncing Dictionary of Biography and Mythology, Fifth Edition (Philadelphia, 1930) p. 2175.

<sup>30</sup>The New Century Cyclopedia, edited by C. L. Barnhart, 3 vols. (New York, 1954), p. 3085.

heartily laugh indulged in at the expense of very celebrated personages.

My mother-in-law was inexhaustible in her stories of the Teutonic Order,—of the French when quartered in her neighborhood, where they made themselves at home in her castle at Dinkelsbühl, in which she then resided,—of her husband driving off at midnight with papers of importance,—of the raising of floors and removal of ceilings for the purpose of concealing plate, etc.; but I cannot say that even her best remembered squabbles with Caulaincourt about the loan of forks and spoons for his dinner-parties, and her wonderfully polite assurances that nothing lent by her should ever find a place in his or any of his followers' portmanteaus, interested me much, until a friend of her youth came to spend the winter with us in the country, where the reminiscences ceased to be mere anecdotes, and lengthened in widebranching stories, that at length attracted my attention and excited my interest so effectually that I felt as if I too had known the persons and seen the places so often and graphically described.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was when walking through the old town of Ulm for the first time, a few years since, that I became fully aware of the deep impression made on me by these recitals. I actually felt as if I had been there before, and were well acquainted with the narrow streets and ancient houses,—as if I had stood before the cathedral half a century ago;—had walked on the ramparts,—watched the Austrian soldiers working at the intrenchments that were to spare them a capitulation to Napoleon; and at length I could almost imagine I saw Marshal Mack and his brilliant staff galloping past, while from one of the windows of a certain corner house, well known from description, I could fancy the face of my cheerful old friend as it may have appeared at that time, with its profusion of auburn curls, bright brown eyes, well-formed mouth, and teeth that were faultless even at seventy years of age! I saw her lean out of the window to look after the young men with whom she was to dance in the evening, and where from that same window, not long afterwards, she watched with not a little anxiety the entrance of the French into the town. . . . I should not have mentioned this lady, nor my mother-in-law, had it not been from a wish to prove to my readers that, if I write of a period that now belongs to history, my information (of how some—I trust not altogether

uninteresting—personages lived and moved at the commencement of this century) has at least been obtained from contemporaries whose pleasantest recollections were of those times, notwithstanding the anxieties, losses, and perils to which they were then so continually exposed. . . . While assuring my readers that in the following pages no poetical liberties have been taken with history, I avail myself of the opportunity of adding, in the words of Montaigne, "Je n'enseigne pas: je raconte."<sup>31</sup>

The plot of Tautphecus' novel almost defies summary and, amazingly, there is hardly any trace of coincidence. Toward the middle of the story the complications become so involved that a logical solution seems out of the question, but then the Baroness's prolific imagination was not the faltering kind. A better title than At Odds could not have been selected. The Baroness evidently considered the conventional love triangle to be no challenge to her imagination; rather, she preferred a "love polygon"—if such a term may be allowed—with some politics thrown in. Count Sigmund was engaged to Hilda, while he loved Hilda's sister, Doris, and carried on a clandestine love affair with Mina. Doris loved Frank O'Hara, an Irish soldier in the Austrian Service, who ended by marrying Hilda. The Director, Sigmund's father, suddenly decided to renarry and announced his engagement to Sigmund's mistress, Mina, who committed suicide when Sigmund threatened to expose her. Emerman, Sigmund's intellectual brother, through most of the story remained secretly in love with Doris and ultimately married her. To complicate matters

---

<sup>31</sup>The Baroness Tautphecus, At Odds (Philadelphia, 1863), pp. 3-7.

even more, this group of lovers, all of whom, incidentally, were related, held varied political opinions. Doris and her mother, the Countess, were true Bavarians, whether ruled by France or Austria; the Director, Sigmund, Euzerman, and Hilda were supporters of Napoleon's Bavarian government; and Frank, of course, swore allegiance to Austria. Often, even in the midst of sieges, these people were under the same roof, where they continually engaged in political arguments and lovers' quarrels. Connected with the story are the battles of Ulm and Austerlitz and the Tyrolean revolt. Several years are covered in the novel, and the action takes place at Munich, Ulm, Tyrol, and Innsbruck.

Romantic adventure plays a prominent part in the novel, even though half the narrative is composed of dialogue. Both adventurous and historical elements are closely interwoven in the plot, and rarely does the Baroness allow any of her characters to step aside from the main story to have an adventure as a digression. The first instance of romantic adventure occurs at the very beginning of the story, shortly after Sigmund arrived at the family estate with the frozen body of Count Waldering, who had fallen at the Battle of Hohenlinden. Having been warned that the French would spend the night in the village, Countess Waldering with her two daughters Hilda and Doris took refuge along with their silver and other valuables on the island in the nearby lake. The next day, Frank O'More, the dashing Irish officer, made his



gallant entrance into the story when he escaped from his French captives, rushed to the lake's edge with musket balls whizzing past his head, downed a sabre-swinging Frenchman who unluckily caught up with him, and then swam through the icy water to the island. The pursuers could not follow because no boats were available.

One of the most thrilling and amusing episodes took place just as the siege of Ulm started. The Walsering family—including the Countess, Doris, Hilda, the Director, Sigmund, Emerson, and Frank—extended their visit in Ulm to take part in the fun. To avert the anxieties of the citizens and to entertain the officers when off duty, there were several balls nightly. On one occasion, the gay, devil-may-care Frank promised Hilda, who was betrothed to Sigmund, that he would supply her with a bouquet for one of the balls. That afternoon, when Frank arrived at the family house, Hilda discovered that he had left the bouquet at the tower outside the city, where he was quartered with his detachment. Together, they rode out to the tower for this item. Just as they entered the tower, a French cavalry unit, in search of prisoners, attacked. Hilda took refuge in one of the upper chambers, while Frank and his soldiers put up a desperate defense.

"They're going at last," Frank said, slowly retreating into the room; but, even while he spoke, the carbines of the whole troop were discharged in the direction of the window. A couple of bullets struck the ceiling, and sent down a shower of mortar; and while Frank threw his arms round Hilda to shield



her, another swept the unlucky bouquet from the table beside him, shivering the glass and dispersing fragments of flowers in all directions.<sup>32</sup>

Unfortunately for Frank, they were forced to stay in the tower for two days. Even the seige did not prevent the gossip when they returned to the city. Eventually, after having fought several duels with impertinent officers, the infuriated Frank conceded to the pleas of the Director and the Countess and consented to marry Hilda. One afternoon at an appointed time, he rushed into the city from the battle lines, hurriedly changed his uniform, met Hilda and her family at the Church, got married, and then instantly mounted his charger to return to his regiment. The Baroness footnotes the tower incident as fact.

Historical episodes and romantic adventures are also closely interwoven in those chapters which concern the Tyrolean revolt. While the family resided at the capital of Tyrol, the peasant army, led by the famous Tyrolean patriot Andrew Hofer, stormed the city and overpowered the Bavarian and French troops. Frank was on the scene as an Austrian agent giving aid to Hofer. In one episode, Hilda and Madame d'Epplen were captured by the peasants who were preparing to storm the city again. Frank, disguised as a horse-buyer, finally convinced the peasants that he was an Austrian officer helping Hofer and thereby gained his wife's freedom. Hilda then helped Frank pass the French and Bavarian sentries.

---

<sup>32</sup>Ibid., p. 194.

Napoleon enters the story in one scene but remains in the background. At the capitulation of Ulm the defeated Austrian troops passed him in review.

Under the appearance of perfect serenity, Napoleon concealed the exultation he undoubtedly felt; he spoke politely to the Austrian general of the chances of war,—said that though so often victorious they must expect to be sometimes vanquished, and assured them of his earnest desire for peace! They bowed gravely; but, as their troops defiled before the conqueror, many a hand raised in salute concealed eyes moist with tears of bitter resentment or glowing in suppressed rage!

For the French army, and especially for Napoleon, that military pageant was an intoxicating spectacle, and, undisturbed by a knowledge of the future, he enjoyed his triumph. He could not foresee that on the succeeding day his fleet would be completely destroyed by Nelson at Trafalgar; still less could the idea present itself that exactly eight years from the capitulation of Ulm—on the same day of the month, at the same hour—he and his army would be flying from Leipsic, after having met with a far greater disaster; while those very regiments now marching sullenly past him would, when reorganized and under the command of an Austrian general at that moment close beside him, eventually assist in dethroning him and procuring a peace that he would have no further power to disturb.<sup>33</sup>

The most significant historical personage in the story is Andrew Hofer, the innkeeper who rose overnight to become a famous general. Toward the end of the novel there are a number of scenes in which he is the most outstanding character. The Baroness writes of him:

Andrew Hofer's immense popularity among his countrymen was partly owing to his retaining his peasant habits and manners even after he had been

---

<sup>33</sup>Ibid., pp. 208-209.

invested with the highest authority by his Emperor; the Tyroleans were jealous and watchful in this particular,—preferred seeing him on foot, though he was a good rider and looked well on horseback, and would have been much offended had he made any change in his dress. There is also no doubt that his being as uninstructed, simple-minded, and superstitiously religious as themselves rather increased than lessened the respect shown him; he was one of themselves, their representative; the reflection of his glory fell full on them, and though there were few of the other and more talented leaders who were not conscious that they could take his place, not one of them ever succeeded in being even supposed his rival! Fortunate for Tyrol that it was so, for never had insurrectionists a more humane leader; fortunate also for the invading armies, that could feel certain the prisoners and wounded left in the country would be treated with consideration and kindness.<sup>34</sup>

The characters in At Odds are for the most part masterfully delineated. In certain respects Frank O'More is like the Irish officers in Lever and Maxwell. He is dashing, carefree, courageous, and honorable; but he does a little more thinking than Lever's Charles O'Malley and Maxwell's Captain Kennedy. Hilda, the novel's leading character, is the Baroness's most interesting and colorful creation. She is strong-willed and beautiful, and she allows no man, not even her husband, to order her around. When Frank grabbed her horse's reins in his attempt to stop her from accompanying the Director and Sigmund to watch the capitulation of Ulm, Hilda lashed him across the face with her riding quirt, whirled her horse about, and galloped off, leaving her humiliated husband prostrate on the pavement.

---

<sup>34</sup>Ibid., pp. 403-404.

Hilda was the only lady on horseback in the field, and her black velvet habit and plumed hat caused some sensation,—attracted also the attention of Louis d'Esterre, who immediately procured a place for her whence she could see Napoleon and all else likely to interest her. . . . While Hilda laughed and talked with them. . . . her heart and thoughts were with Frank. . . . Not for any consideration, however, would she have allowed her uncle, still less Sigmund, to suspect she entertained such thoughts; on the contrary, when Napoleon, followed by his numerous brilliant and somewhat theatrical-looking staff, arrived from Elchingen, and was received with shouts and music, she pressed forward with quite as much apparent eagerness as the others.<sup>35</sup>

Although the Baroness does refer to Napoleon as a two-faced aggressor, she is never quite so severe with him and the French as many of her predecessors were. Actually, because her characters possess so many conflicting political opinions, she hardly has space in which to express her own. Being an Irish woman removed from her own country to another, very likely she had no strong feelings for any country. Her chief aim was to re-create the Bavarian society of the Napoleonic era and to tell a story.

The novelists who depict the home-fronts in England and on the continent mainly stay clear of actual battle. Thackeray keeps his action in Brussels while the Battle of Waterloo passes. Miss Yonge describes combat only through her characters' dialogue. Mrs. Gaskell gives an account of the battle of St. Jean d'Acre but avoids detail. Buchanan carries his

---

<sup>35</sup>Ibid., p. 207.

hero to the fields of Waterloo but withdraws him before the battle starts. Only the Baroness braves combat in her story, but even she remains with her civilian characters most of the time. These writers were all more interested in the effects of the Napoleonic Wars on the civilians than on the soldiers. Consequently, they concentrated their efforts toward re-creating the tensions of the home front that had been so disturbed by Napoleon's ambitions. Of course, having been influenced in one way or other by the spirit and manners of their contemporary Victorian times, most of them subordinated interest in the history and the few attempts at realism to moral instruction or romance. Still, they were all conscious of differences between the people of their own age and those of the past. Sir Walter Scott was their master, and they had learned their lesson well.

## CHAPTER VI

### CONCLUSION

The Napoleonic War novels, mainly realistic at first, tended to become more and more romantic until the name was reached with Blackmore and Buchanan. The earlier novelists had to their advantage personal experiences and accordingly produced more factual accounts of the Great Struggle than did their successors; but because they relied mostly on memory and not so much on imagination, their narratives were generally inferior in plot structure and characterization. In his autobiographic novel, The Subaltern, Gleig, in his determination to re-create accurately the historical scenes of the Peninsular War, sacrificed both of these elements along with nearly all feeling. His immediate successor, Hamilton, who seems to have been Gleig's opposite in temperament, filled his pages with strong national sentiments and fictitious characters. By approaching the Napoleonic era as a fictionist, he removed Cyril Thornton from the restrictions of reminiscences and gave sensational adventure a more prominent role than Gleig had.

Maxwell and Lever, the two "juveniles" of the military writers, provided the main center of transition from realism to romance in the historical novel about the Napoleonic Wars.

In their rollicking novels, Stories of Waterloo and Charles O'Malley, characterization and picaresque adventure became the foremost elements, and their immature notion that war was merely a game was expressed in their delineations of the "stage-Irishmen." The culmination of romanticism in the Peninsular and Waterloo novels was reached in The Romance of War, by James Grant. His efforts to dignify the soldiering profession reversed the advancements in character sketching made by Maxwell and Lever. His stereotyped people with their completely serious dispositions are neither convincing nor memorable. Like Lever and Maxwell, Grant did not trouble himself with the analysis of motives, and again like his predecessors, he restricted his characters to the minor officer class. On the other hand, he was more successful in plot structure; nearly all of the episodes in his story are in logical succession.

From the very beginning, romantic adventure was a predominant component in the nautical tales about the Napoleonic Wars. While Captain Karryst sought extreme accuracy in his depictions of naval life and in his accounts of the historical events he had witnessed, he was never able to resist turning to the enticing brilliancy of romance. His specialty became characterization, and several of his colorful people in Peter Simple—despite their lack of psychological depth—deserve to be ranked with the better known fictional

characters of English literature. Captain Chemier, Marryat's direct imitator, surpassed his predecessor in the exactitude of historical facts, but his story Ben Brace as a whole hardly compares to Peter Simple. Historical reporting was Chemier's main concern, although his tendency to romanticize that element is visible throughout the narrative of Ben Brace. His portrayal of Lord Nelson was his only accomplishment in character delineation. The height of sensational adventure keyed to ardent patriotism was reached in Blackmore's Springhaven, a work in which realism was almost entirely absent. From beginning to end, this romance is raging with the flames of nationalism, and action minus motive is its simple formula. Blackmore did, however, have more variation in the social classes of his characters than many of his forerunners had.

Of course, Thackeray, the matter-of-fact realist of the Victorian age, did not follow the trend toward romanticism in Vanity Fair. But then Vanity Fair was hardly intended to be a historical novel. In the Waterloo chapters—the only part of the novel where Thackeray even intimates an interest in the historical scene,—there is indication that he must have struggled to restrain an impulse to romanticize. On the other hand, Mrs. Gaskell, though principally a romancer, was extremely conscientious about the exactitude of historical fact in Sylvia's Lovers. Furthermore, she turned altogether to the peasantry for her characters. Miss Yonge,



strictly in accord with the prevalent fashion in Victorian literature, subordinated all the elements in Kenneth to the motives behind all actions are given rigorous attention. Although both Mrs. Gaskell and Miss Yonge occasionally revealed national sentiments, they never allowed their feelings free reins.

Suchanan, who, like Blackmore, wrote his novel in answer to Thackeray's anti-romanticism, leaped blindly into the abstractions of romance. The Shadow of the Sword is seething with violent emotions; yet it does not violate the common practices of the modern historical novel. In most instances the differences between his own age and the past are within his scope. Like Mrs. Gaskell, he preferred peasants as characters, and the analysis of motives, as with Miss Yonge, was his most important concern.

Perhaps the Baroness Teutpbeous should be considered the most successful in re-creating the Napoleonic era. None of the other novelists surpassed this woman in the application of historical sense, and her success in interweaving political history and romantic adventure is incomparable. In addition, the Baroness succeeded in supplying her characters richly with discriminating idiosyncrasies and nearly all of their actions with sound motives.

All of the novelists discussed in the above chapters emulated the pattern set by Sir Walter Scott's Saverly.

In contrast to the pre-Scott historical fictionists, these writers were in most instances acutely conscious of the need of accuracy in their historical approach to the past, and consequently they portrayed with minute detail the spirit and manners of the Napoleonic era. Unfortunately, most of their novels will probably never have another printing, for the foibles in these works—despite the merits—weigh too heavily.

## BIBLIOGRAPHY

### Books

- Baker, Ernest A. and Peckman, James, A Guide to the Best Fiction, New York, The Macmillan Company, 1932.
- Baker, Ernest A., A Guide to Historical Fiction, New York, The Macmillan Company, 1914.
- Baker, Ernest A., The History of the English Novel, Vol. X, London, H. P. & G. Witherby, 1924.
- Barnhart, C. L., editor, "Tautphoeus," The New Century Cyclopedia of Names, Vol. III, New York, Appleton, Century-Crofts, Inc., 1954.
- Blackmore, Richard Doddridge, Springhaven, New York, A. L. Burt, Publisher, Standard Edition.
- Buchanan, Robert, The Shadow of the Sword (A Romance), London, Chatto & Windus, 1890.
- Burriss, Quincy Guy, Richard Doddridge Blackmore: His Life and Novels, University of Illinois Studies in Language and Literature, Vol. XV, no. 4, Urbana, The University of Illinois, 1930.
- Chamier, Captain Frederick, Ben Brace, the Last of Nelson's Agamemnon, London, Richard Bentley, 1840.
- Cross, Wilbur L., The Development of the English Novel, New York, The Macmillan Company, 1899.
- Poster, James R., History of the Pre-Romantic Novel in England, New York, Modern Language Assn. of America, 1949.
- Gaskell, Mrs. Elizabeth Cleghorn, Sylvia's Lovers, New York, G. F. Putman's Sons, 1906.
- Gerould, Gordon Hall, The Patterns of English and American Fiction, Boston, Little, Brown, and Company, 1942.
- Gleig, George Robert, The Subaltern, London, William Blackwood, 1825.

- Hamilton, Thomas, The Youth and Manhood of Cyril Thornton, Vol. III, Edinburgh, William Blackwood, 1827.
- Holliday, Carl, English Fiction from the Fifth to the Twentieth Century, New York, The Century Co., 1912.
- Grant, James, The Romance of War: or, The Highlanders in Spain, Vol. III, London, Henry Colburn, Publisher, 1845.
- Kelley, Sister Mary Edith, The Irishman in the English Novel of the Nineteenth Century, Washington, D. C., The Catholic University of America, 1939.
- Krans, Horatio S., Irish Life in Irish Fiction, New York, The Macmillan Company, 1903.
- Lever, Charles, Charles O'Malley, The Irish Dragoon, New York, Groscup and Company; Boston, Little, Brown, & Company, 1894.
- Lovett, Robert M. and Hughes, Helen, The History of the Novel in England, Boston, New York, Houghton Mifflin Company, 1932.
- Marryat, Captain Frederick, Peter Simple, Vol. I of The Novels of Captain Marryat (22 volumes), Boston, Little, Brown & Co., 1896.
- Maxwell, William Hamilton, Stories of Waterloo, New York, G. Routledge & Co., 1856.
- Cliphant, Mrs. Margaret, The Victorian Age in English Literature, Vol. II, New York, Tait, Sons, & Co., 1892.
- Saintsbury, George E., A History of Nineteenth Century Literature, (1780-1895), New York, Macmillan and Co., 1896.
- Saintsbury, George E., The English Novel, New York, E. P. Dutton & Co., 1913.
- Sanders, Gerald DeWitt, Elizabeth Gaskell, New Haven, Yale University Press, 1929.
- Tautpheous, The Baroness Von, At Odds, Philadelphia, J. B. Lippencott & Co., 1863.
- Thackeray, William Makepeace, Vanity Fair; a Novel without a Hero, New York, Book League of America, 1941.

- Thomas, Joseph, "Tautphoeus, Baroness von (Original names  
Jemima Montgomery)," Universal Pronouncing Dictionary  
of Biography and Mythology, 5th ed., Philadelphia and  
London, J. B. Lippincott Company, 1930.
- Van Ghent, Dorothy, The English Novel, Form and Function,  
New York, Rinehart, 1953.
- Wagenknecht, Edward, Calvacade of the English Novel, New  
York, Holt, 1954.
- Walker, Hugh, The Literature of the Victorian Era, London,  
Cambridge University Press, 1921.
- Weygandt, Cornelius, A Century of English Novel, New York,  
The Century Co., 1925.
- Yonge, Charlotte, Kenneth: or, The Rear Guard of the Grand  
Army, New York, D. Appleton & Company, 1855.

#### Articles

- "Annals of the Peninsular Campaigns," Blackwood's Magazine,  
XXVII (March, 1830), 508-538.
- Melville, Lewis, "Charles Lever," Living Age, 250 (September,  
1906), 649-658.
- Sadleir, Michael, "Captain Harryat, A Portrait," London  
Mercury, X (September, 1924), 495-510.
- Spaight, J. M., "Charles Lever, Re-read," Blackwood's  
Magazine, CCXXVII (May, 1930), 679-693.