

argosies of a hundred lands; and from its ports are borne its manufactures to the four corners of the earth. Its inhabitants are characterised by a sterling intellect of Saxon parentage, polished and whetted by the daily attrition of commercial dealings. Many a strong mind has struggled up from the weaver's loom, till it has

enriched the literature of the day, or increased the comforts of man by its practical inventions. A noble country, indeed, with all its failings! — a county 'whose merchants are princes,' whose women are 'witches,' and whose working men are strong enough to 'whip the world!'

MODERN CONDOTTIERI.

With Spain for the vanguard,
Our varied host comes;
And next to the Spaniard
Beat Germany's drums.
BYRON.

A la guerre, comme à la guerre!
French Proverb.

Dans le service de l'Autriche
Le militaire n'est pas riche;
Chacun sait ça:
Mais quand la solde est trop légère,
L'on se console, — c'est la guerre,
Qui la payera!
Aussi, morbleu! de tout bien l'on s'em-
pare,
Jeunes beautés et flacons et cigarres.
Le Châlet.

A CHRONICLE of the exploits, victories, and mishaps, of the principal *condottieri*, free companions and mercenary bands, who, at various stormy periods of European history, sold their swords, their courage, and their blood, to the best bidder—combating for hire in the stranger's cause—would form an interesting and voluminous work, varied in its nature, striking in incident, and romantic in detail. During the middle ages, the deeds of these venal warriors were often intimately connected with events of vast importance; and during the third or final epoch, especially, extending from the thirteenth to the sixteenth century, their fierce valour frequently turned the scale of victory, and brought about the fall of thrones and the rise of dynasties. In connexion with that period, the *condottieri* Visconti, and Scala, and Sforza, the black bands of Bourbon's Constable, the Italian legions of Charles the Bold, the German *lanzknechts*, and Swiss and Scottish guards in the service of the French monarchs, are associated with many extraordinary and sanguinary scenes. Not only the sack of Rome, the betrayal of Burgundy's warlike duke before the walls of Nancy, by the infamous Campo-Basso, the exaltation of Francesco Sforza to the throne of Milan, Swiss hirelings wading in Hugue-

not blood on the night of the St. Bartholomew, bloody battle-fields, and massacres yet more bloody, acts of rapine and cruelty innumerable, but many deeds of chivalrous devotion and heroic valour at once recur to our memory. During that stirring and eventful time, however, great changes came gradually about. The feudal system declined, the middle classes increased in influence and enlightenment, kingdoms consolidated themselves, civil strife became less constant; and wars between the different European nations, if still of continual occurrence, were undertaken more frequently on national, or at least popular, grounds, and less often in obedience to the mere caprice and ambition of rival princes and potentates. Military levies, when required, were now made by preference from the sons of the soil; rather than from strangers, amongst whose motives no spark of patriotism could be reckoned, and whose fidelity to their banner, although in some instances unsurpassed, was in others less to be depended upon than their courage in the fight. Still foreign troops were used and encouraged in various countries; but the manner of levying and employing them was changed. Previously, officers of fortune collected bands of desperate adventurers, whose services they sold

to the prince or state requiring them. Hence the term *condottieri*, or leaders, at first applied to the commanders only, but which, by corruption, has been often used to designate the followers also. These corps of free lances, free companions, or freebooters, as they frequently deserved to be styled, were usually paid by their leaders—for the most part men of approved soldiership, valour, and skill in the field—and, consequently, obeyed their orders in preference to those of the sovereign in whose service they were temporarily engaged. This system worked ill for the employers of these occasional troops, who often found themselves obliged to conciliate and pamper the greedy captains, lest these should suddenly draw off their forces in resentment of non-compliance with their unreasonable demands. Other grave inconveniences resulted. An interval of peace threw these men, who lived upon war, out of work, and then they were apt to get up a small war on their own account, or, failing that, to split into formidable gangs of robbers. Thus, in the fourteenth century, the *Compagnies Grandes*—a sort of equivalent for the Italian *condottieri*, which had sprung up in France during the long wars with England—committed such excesses, that the peasants of several southern provinces armed themselves, and banded together, under the name of *Pacifères*, for their extermination. The outlaws, for a moment weakened, soon re-appeared, giving themselves the name of *Tard-venus*, or *Late-comers*; and in 1361 they gained a victory over the royal troops at Brignais, near Lyons, in which fight the Constable Jacques de Bourbon lost his life. France was only freed from them by Duguesclin, who induced them to accompany him to Spain, to fight for Henry Trastamare against Peter the Cruel. These, and many similar occurrences, made it manifest that there could be no order or security in countries liable to be overrun during a period of peace by formidable bands of reckless and insubordinate soldiery; and the formation and existence of free companies, independent of any national army, came little by little to be discouraged. When foreign auxiliaries were needed by state or sovereign, they were in-

corporated with the army, and often commanded by officers of the country into whose service they entered. And from the close of the middle ages, up to the present century, we find regiments and brigades of Swiss, Irish, Walloons, and Scotch, serving, for the most part with great fidelity and bravery, under the colours of nearly every sovereign in Europe. In our own pacific times, when kings and governments as anxiously avoid wars as they formerly lightly engaged in them, the sword has become less than ever a profession, and foreign mercenaries are more than ever discountenanced. To most countries a system of conscription secures an abundant supply of defenders; in others, volunteers are recruited without difficulty from the idlers and supernumeraries of a rapidly increasing population; the services of aliens are seldom required, and generally rejected; and few men care to bear arms under any flag but that of their native land. Nevertheless, the soldier of fortune, who looks to his sword for his bread, careless of the cause in which he draws it, is still to be met with. In all countries men are found, who, partly in obedience to their combative instinct, partly through love of an idle and irregular life, and frequently because they are unfit for other occupations, are willing and eager to enter any service where a prospect of promotion, a promise of pay, and a chance of good quarters, and, perhaps, of a little pillage and loose living, are held out as allurements. Specimens of this species of adventurer are not unknown even in England, and may be seen in the streets of London, where the uninitiated are apt to take them for foreigners, to whom they often assimilate by certain peculiarities of gait, physiognomy, and costume, by hirsute upper lips, sunburned countenances, and economy of linen. With swaggering stride and seedy surtout, 'close buttoned to the chin,' they pound the pavement of the principal thoroughfares, grumbling at the piping times of peace, and offering up fervent aspirations for the outbreak of some comfortable civil war—no matter whether in Spitzbergen or Australia, Texas or Tartary—in which they may take a share; living at quarters more or less

free; exempt, in great measure, from the checks and cares of civilisation; and selling, for a tithe of their amount, to cash-encumbered and speculative commissaries, the paper-promises which, in nine cases out of ten, such mercenaries receive in lieu of pay. Some of these gentlemen of warlike and roving propensities have passed through as many services as Rittmeister Dalgetty himself, and have smelt powder in every quarter of the globe,—Africa perhaps excepted, where, although there is no lack of fighting, neither the French nor Abd-el-Kader seem particularly solicitous of English auxiliaries. With that exception, they may be said to have fought their way round the world. They have flashed steel and pulled trigger for republicanism in South America, for Donna Maria in Portugal, and Donna Isabella in Spain, or, perhaps, for Miguel and Carlos; seeing that such heroes—seldom particular about political principles—for the most part will toss up their beavers for the *Rey Neto*, as willingly as for the sovereign people; and fight as well beneath the lilies of legitimacy, as under the democrat's tri-coloured emblem. As in the case of the aforesaid Dalgetty, pay and provend are their chief considerations in taking service. Texas was at one time favoured with the attentions of many of these *soldados* of fortune; only the other day a party of them meditated a descent upon the unfortunate republic of Ecuador; and, at the present moment, there can be little doubt that some have found their way to Mexico, and are gathering fresh laurels and hard dollars under the orders of those valiant men of war, Pillow and Twiggs.

But the English character is not essentially military; and other nations furnish in greater quantity the food for powder we now speak of. Poland, whose sons, like most of the Slavonian races, make excellent soldiers; Germany, Italy, even France (notwithstanding the immense number of men her own armies employ), supply much larger quotas than England to any heterogeneous corps which a sudden demand for mercenary troops calls into existence. The Poles, especially, deprived of country and national rights, and driven—many of them—by political causes,

from the land of their birth, gladly seize opportunities of earning a soldier's scanty pay and coarse rations. Men of that unfortunate nation are often to be found serving as privates in the ranks of foreign armies, although their education and original station in life have been superior to those of many of the officers commanding them. In some services, exceptions have been made in their favour to rules prohibiting foreigners from holding commissions. And, doubtless, were a European war unfortunately to break out, it would be no difficult matter for any nation possessing their sympathies to raise from that ill-used and broken people armies as numerous and brave as those Polish legions which fought for Napoleon in Italy, Spain, and Germany.

We have been led into these reflections by the perusal of a book of considerable interest, the work of a young Dane, named Von Rosen, who, after receiving an education that qualified him for better things, enlisted as a private sentinel in the French Foreign Legion. We are not made acquainted with the reasons that induced him to take so desperate a step; and it would be unfair to infer, from certain indications of a wilful and petulant character apparent in his pages, that those reasons were not of the most valid or praiseworthy description. Be that as it may, on the 6th of June, 1834, he engaged himself at Toulon for three years' service, and proceeded to Algiers. There he remained about a year, and was then sent to Spain, where he completed his time, leaving the service with the humble grade of *fourier* or sergeant, as sole reward for much suffering and hardship, and for several severe wounds. Returning to his own country, he found small encouragement to remain there; friends looked coldly upon him, employment was not to be had; and it was in consequence of this, he assures us, rather than from a restlessness of disposition and thirst after adventure, that he again bent his steps southwards, once more to seek service in the only country where fighting was just then in fashion. At the Spanish frontier he was advised to join Muñagorri, who was making a feeble attempt to put an end to the civil war

in Biscay and Navarre, by calling upon his countrymen to quit the banner of Don Carlos for that of *Paz y Fueros*, Peace and their rights. Muñagorri gave him a lieutenancy in his new levies; but the corps being soon afterwards dissolved, Rosen, after a few months' service, again found his occupation gone. This disappointment effectually disgusted him with Spain, where he had already, in common with his surviving comrades of the Foreign Legion, been shamefully treated and unpaid. Twice deceived, he vowed to be duped no more; and repeating the lines,—

Dos vezes, y no mas
España, me engañaras!

he returned to Denmark. There he has occupied his leisure with the production of two very agreeable volumes, containing the narrative of his Spanish adventures. They are written in German, with which language Mr. Rosen, who passed some time at the University of Heidelberg, is perfectly familiar. The *Bilder aus Spanien und der Fremdeulegion* are less interesting as giving an episodic view of a civil war, concerning which much has been already written, than as a faithful and characteristic record of the habits, feats, and misfortunes, of a body of troops, composed of as many different nations, and as strongly imbued with some of the soldier's worst vices and highest virtues, as the most motley band of mercenary men-at-arms that ever couched lance and primed musketoon in the fierce and oft-recurring contests of the middle ages. Mr. Rosen writes in an easy, soldier-like style, without the least assumption or bravado; recounts his evil deeds as well as his good ones, his momentary weaknesses and occasional transgressions, as frankly as his acts of gallantry and generosity; and, without a word of self-praise or gasconade, impresses his reader with the conviction that he is a good-hearted, hot-headed young man, occasionally rather too apt to criticise his superiors and censure their conduct, but still an obedient subordinate, a good comrade, and a cool, steady soldier in the field. Towards the Legion, as a body, he displays as much impartiality as when speaking of himself. He does not conceal the fact, that they were as great scamps

in quarters as good soldiers in action and it is a very pardonable *esprit de corps*, particularly when three-fourths of the men he speaks of have died the soldier's death, that makes him pass lightly and briefly over his comrades' faults to expatiate, with visible pleasure, upon the numerous occasions when, under most unfavourable circumstances, and opposed to overwhelming numbers, they shewed themselves as stanch and daring as any troops that ever drove cartridge into musket-barrel.

The Foreign Legion—better known as the Algerine Legion, its first campaigns having been in Africa—owes its origin to the Revolution of July, 1830, soon after which France was overrun by a host of foreigners, for the most part restless adventurers, who styled themselves political refugees, but whose subsequent misconduct made it probable that the crimes which drove many of them from their own countries were more akin to highway robbery than to high treason. It would never have done, however, for the newly-established Liberal government of the Citizen King to refuse an asylum to these self-styled martyrs to Liberty's cause; and, as it was necessary to feed and employ them, a law was passed by the Chambers in March, 1831, authorising the formation of a foreign corps in the French service, to be employed out of France. Uniform, pay, and regulations, were the same as those of the French infantry of the line. A large proportion of the officers were French, and the men were classed, according to nations, in different battalions. Towards the end of 1831, a body of nearly two thousand men was raised, and shipped to Algiers, greatly to their disgust, for they had expected to be employed in a European war, then anticipated by many. Recruiting went on apace, and, in 1834, the Legion, in spite of Bedouin bullets and scimitars, numbered more than five thousand men, a large number of Poles having joined the ranks subsequently to their own abortive revolution. The following year, France, compelled by the Treaty of Quadruple Alliance to assist the Constitutional cause in the Peninsula, transferred the Legion to the service of Spain.

The manner of the transfer was disgraceful to the French government, in entering whose service the Poles, Italians, Germans, and other foreigners composing the corps, knew that they would receive regular pay and rations, and be as well cared for as the nature of the duty they were sent upon would permit. On a sudden they were declared to be discharged from the service of France, and to have volunteered into that of Spain, and forthwith were sent on board transports, without any option being given them of declining to fight for the rights of her Catholic majesty. The change was from the employ of a solvent and regular paymaster, to that of a shuffling and penniless bankrupt. The poor foreigners were infamously treated in Spain; and when, after two years' hard fighting, a few hundred men (for the most part crippled invalids) were all that remained of six thousand hardy soldiers, they were left to pine in a depôt at Saragossa, penniless and without resource, and at last were sent back to France, with *passports d'indigence*, such as are given to vagabonds, entitling them to receive three-halfpence a league from the authorities as they passed on their way to their distant homes.

There was no small excitement in the usually quiet town of Tarragona when, on the 17th August, 1835, six strong battalions of bearded foreigners, bronzed by the sun of Africa and scarred by Arab sabres, landed in barges and fishing-boats from the little fleet of transports that had taken them on board at Algiers, Oran, Bugia, and Bona. From the land of the Moor, the ancient enemy of Spain, the strangers came, preceded by rumours of gallant deeds on the southern shores of the Mediterranean. And good report found confirmation in the martial mien of the adventurers, as, with music at their head, they marched into the town, escorted by a joyous and admiring crowd. At windows and on tapestried balconies stood the tawny beauties of Catalonia, casting kind and approving glances on the fair-haired, blue-eyed Germans and Poles, who passed in stately array before them. *Vivan los Argelinos!* was the cry; flowers strewed the streets, from open door and window wine and cakes were handed

to the soldiers, and, according to Spanish custom, rockets rose hissing and crackling into the summer sunshine. Fresh from the lonely camps and blockhouses of Algeria, where, for years together, they had seen no human faces save those of their comrades and of hostile Bedouins, the Legion were as much astonished as delighted at this enthusiastic reception, and indulged in castle-building to an extent which their subsequent experience of Spain by no means justified.

On landing at Tarragona, the organisation of the Foreign Legion underwent a sudden and total change. In Africa it had been divided into German, Dutch, Polish, and Italian battalions; but, during the twenty days' sail to Spain, the Corsican general, Bernelle, who commanded it, had resolved to amalgamate the various nations. Well acquainted with the desperate character of many of his soldiers, he foresaw difficulty in enforcing discipline under the temptations and hardships to which they would be exposed, a difficulty likely to be enhanced by keeping the men of each country distinct. So, upon the first parade, they were all mingled together and divided into six new battalions, in each of which were to be found individuals from half the countries in Europe. It was a judicious precaution, although insufficient, as afterwards appeared, to check insubordination and desertion. At first, however, neither of these, the soldier's greatest crimes, shewed themselves in the ranks of the Argelinos. Full of hope, exulting in the change from an African desert to a Spanish city, and their self-love stimulated by a host of flattering and encouraging proclamations, issued by their own general and by the Spanish authorities, they beheld every thing through a rose-coloured medium. When they had taken up their quarters in an old convent, a day was passed in furbishing their equipments, and then a liberal issue of pay was made, and three days' entire liberty given them, that they might enjoy themselves after the fatigues of the voyage, and before entering upon those of the campaign. With a heap of Spanish copper money in their pockets, with whose value most of them were wholly unac-

quainted, the reckless, light-hearted mercenaries plunged into all manner of dissipation. Of every known religion,—Christians of all denominations, Jews, and even Mahomedans, there was yet one deity whom they all adored, and he was the pagan god, Bacchus. The streets of Tarragona offered a curious spectacle during those three days' debauch. On the public squares, against the walls of the churches, and at each street corner, the Tarragonese, who soon discovered the prevailing weakness of their guests, established booths and temporary taverns, where the strong Catalan wine flowed continuously from huge black pig-skins; and bread, and fruit, and sardines fried in oil, were supplied, at extremely low prices, to the greedy consumers. The Germans stuck to the wine-skin, and played havoc on the fruit baskets; the Poles and Dutch preferred the *aguardiente*, which reminded them of their national *schnapps*; the Italians devoured the fish, and made love to the fishwomen, greatly assisted by the similarity of language; whilst the Frenchmen ate and drank less, but talked more, than any of their comrades, making tender and incomprehensible declarations to the women, careless whether they were understood, and astonishing the Spanish soldiers and National Guards by tremendous fictions about their African exploits. Mr. Rosen gives a lively picture of the three days' saturnalia, but is compelled to admit, that already, at this early period, the Legion were guilty of reprehensible excesses, not to be excused even by the license of the time. Already, too, a project of desertion was discovered on the part of several Italians, whom a priest had persuaded to go over to the Carlists. A woman betrayed them, and the soldiers were arrested, but the priest had time to escape.

Josef Bernelle, the general of the Legion, had proved himself, in Africa, a brave and able officer. In Spain, if we believe Mr. Rosen, he tarnished his good fame by preferring, on all occasions, his personal advantage to his soldiers' weal. We even find him taxed with positive dishonesty, and with appropriating to himself all, or the greater part, of

the five dollars' bounty granted by the Spanish government to each man of the Legion. Barring his avarice and selfishness, he was by no means a bad leader for a foreign corps in the service of Spain, and this the chronicler of the Argelinos freely admits. He had served in Spain before, and knew that it is a Spanish weakness to be imposed upon by display and ostentation. Accordingly, he surrounded himself with a brilliant staff, far too numerous for the number of his troops, which, all included, were under seven thousand men, in six battalions of infantry, without cavalry or artillery. He formed a guard of honour for his own person, composed entirely of bearded pioneers, and caused several Spanish officers to be attached to his staff. He never shewed himself abroad without this escort and attendance, and not unfrequently his pomp and love of show degenerated into the kind of military charlatany which has always been a distinguishing characteristic of condottieri. He was stimulated to all this glitter and pageantry by his young wife, a pretty coquette, who appears to have cut a very important figure in the affairs of the French Legion, and to have been any thing but popular with the many, although greatly admired and courted by a few. Rosen, who, we fear, is a scandalous dog, is very ungallant in his strictures on her conduct; and, if all the freaks he ascribes to her really occurred, she certainly, to say the least, was a lady of very considerable levity. She had been attached to the person of some French princess—as maid of honour, she said,—as chambermaid, Rosen uncivilly asserts; and had largely contributed, by her activity and intrigue, to her husband's promotion. In Spain, she frequently accompanied the Legion on its marches,—often on horseback in man's clothes; at other times in a carriage drawn by mules, and escorted by a detachment of the body-guard. A dame of considerable spirit and courage, she more than once fearlessly exposed herself to Carlist bullets. Bernelle, firm and resolute with his subordinates, was submissive as a lamb to his pretty wife, to whose influence the soldiers attributed many of his unpopular measures; and often, when she rode

in man's attire, and girt with an aide-de-camp's scarf, along the flank of the column, epithets of greater energy than decency were muttered between the teeth of the Argelinos. The Spaniards openly styled her, *la puta Francesa*; also, Isabella III., queen of the Legion. She was accused of meddling with promotion, and of procuring the advancement of those whose handsome faces found favour in her sight. Bernelle had power given him, immediately on his arrival in Spain, to bestow commissions and promotion according to his good-will and pleasure; decorations conferred by him were also to be immediately confirmed at Madrid.

Of course (says that shocking fellow, Rosen), Madame Bernelle did not let this privilege lie idle; and many a cross of St. Ferdinand and of Isabel was bestowed by her fair hand upon her favourites,—young officers with smooth faces. Bernelle's family was not forgotten, and a host of cousins and nephews were imported from France to take their share of the good things going. One of madame's domestics received a lieutenant's epaulettes; and her cook, a Parisian scamp, who had joined at Toulon, equipped as if he had just escaped from the galleys, received the Cross of Isabella, although spit and spoon were the only weapons he had ever wielded. Amongst the officers, a German Jew was made Knight of the Order of 'Isabella the Catholic!'

The bravest and most popular officer in the Algerine Legion was Colonel Conrad, a native of Strasburg. He was cut out for a condottiere. His dashing courage, his affability and kindly disposition, frank manner, and occasionally well-timed familiarity, made him adored by his followers, and procured him the reputation of the soldier's friend. Few names were better known and more respected than that of Conrad by both contending parties during the period of his service in the Peninsula. He had served under Napoleon, subsequently in Africa, and landed in Spain with the Legion as second in command. Dissatisfied, however, with Bernelle's proceedings, he left Spain at the beginning of 1836, and, returning to France, resumed his rank in the French army. Towards the close of the same year he was in command of a regiment at Bayonne, when he received a pressing invitation to recross the Pyrenees, and assume

that of the Foreign Legion, from which Bernelle had retired. This invitation his love of action induced him to accept.

Certain Byronic associations might cause many to associate with the name of Conrad the idea of a picturesque, romantic-looking bravo, with sallow cheek and coal-black curls, and of tall and elegant form. The Conrad of the Algerines was nothing of all this, although he was as remarkable for headlong and chivalrous courage as any hero ever sketched by poet. He was a short, broad-shouldered Alsatian, with a pleasant German countenance, and the look and bearing of a thorough soldier. At the period of his Spanish campaigns he was about fifty years of age, and the lower part of his face was covered with a bushy beard. Entertaining a huge dislike to the regulation cocked-hat, he always wore, except on grand parades, a French *kepi*, a little foraging-cap of red cloth, without a peak, and with a gold band round it. A capital linguist, he lost no opportunity of increasing his popularity and encouraging his men by conversing with them in their own tongue, and often in a sort of humorous tone which never failed to win their hearts. He knew the peculiarities of each nation, and even of individuals; and was so good a physiognomist, that he recognised a man's country at a glance. He would ride through the ranks, during long and painful marches, on the famous white Arabian he had brought from Africa, giving fresh heart and courage to the foot-sore soldiery by a few kind and appropriate words, always responded to by cheers for Conrad.

'Where do we halt to-day, colonel?' the Germans would say.

'Never mind, lads,' was Conrad's reply, in his Alsatian dialect; 'there'll be good wine there, never fear. *Ha, bei Gott, Jungen, marschiz nur!*'

Then, to some lagging Piedmontese,—

'*Fate, fate, soldado; questu sera la buona polenta!*'

And he would push forward, followed by hearty hurras, promising the Poles a *dobera mudka*, and the Dutchmen *een gut soopchen*. The Germans were his favourites, and he was never better pleased than when

they sang upon the march their soldiers' songs, in which he himself would sometimes join.

Shortly after his arrival in Spain, Conrad, with three battalions, was attached to the division of the Spanish general Pastor, who was then pursuing Ros d'Eroles, one of the most noted Carlist leaders in Catalonia. The Carlist threw himself, with his band, consisting of several thousand men, into the little town of Pobla, situated on the river Noguera, which flows completely round it. The only ingress to the place was over a strongly fortified bridge, and Pastor declared he had not enough men at his back to drive the enemy out of so formidable a position.

'What, general,' Conrad cried, provoked at such irresolution, 'retreat now! Never! I will take the place with my own men!'

And, without waiting for answer or permission from Pastor, he sprang upon his white Arabian, put himself at the head of a company of grenadiers, ordered the bugles to sound a charge, and galloped forward to the bridge, waving his red cap, by way of banner, at the end of his gold-headed bâton. With levelled bayonets the grenadiers kept close at his heels, and the remainder of his three battalions followed. They were received with a severe fire from the Carlists thronging the bridge, but this did not check them. They pressed across, driving the defenders into the town, and out of it again, in the utmost confusion. Dashing through the water, the Carlists fled in wild disorder to the adjacent mountains, followed to a considerable distance by the Spanish troops, who now came up, encouraged by the success of Conrad's bold onslaught. Fifty Carlists were killed, and fifty more taken, in the town itself, whilst Ros d'Eroles escaped with difficulty, and severely wounded. The loss of the Algerines was trifling. Conrad had an epaulet shot away, and a couple of bullets through his coat, but was himself unhurt. The same good fortune attended him in his previous and subsequent campaigns. With the exception of a scratch upon the hand, and a bruise or two from spent balls, he was never hit till he received the bullet that caused his death.

General Pastor, who, according to the strict letter of military discipline, might have blamed Conrad's impetuous and unauthorised charge, was generous enough to overlook the transgression in consideration of the successful result, although the latter was a tacit reproach on his own tardiness. And, as a reward to the brave foreigners who had shewn an example to their Spanish comrades, he gave them permission to sack Pobla for two hours. The Algerines shewed themselves at least as active in stripping the town of its portable valuables, as they had been in clearing it of the Carlists; and Pobla being a rich place, many a private soldier secured an amount of booty which, in more provident hands, would have formed a handsome reserve fund for a rainy day. But wealth so easily acquired usually goes as fast, and soldiers on active service have little notion of economy. With or without permission, the gentlemen of the Algerine Legion seem to have made a pretty constant practice of plunder, and some of the scenes of rapine described by Mr. Rosen remind us rather of the excesses of a band of brigands, than of the usages of civilised warfare. In the Catalonian town of Talarn, notorious for the addiction of the inhabitants to the cause of Don Carlos, orders were given not to plunder; but these orders were neither obeyed nor enforced. The wine-cellars were broken open, the casks and bottles drained, and the furniture of the houses used for fire-wood.

Not far from the church (says Mr. Rosen), I saw a great light proceeding from the windows of a spacious mansion. Anticipating a conflagration, I hurried to the house, and found it occupied by a dozen Polish soldiers, who had slaughtered a pig, and were cooking it whole in a monstrous caldron over a fire made on the floor of a room, and fed with books, which they brought in heaps out of the adjoining apartments. I wished to stop these Vandals in their work of destruction, and to save what remained of a rich and valuable library; but the rude Volhynians, unable to comprehend the cause of my indignation, and with the fumes of the brandy-keg in their head, laughed me to scorn, and pitched a few dozen more volumes into the flames. I rescued one on the passage—a volume of Buffon's *Natural History*. Unable to control

the destroyers, I went to my captain, and reported the case to him; but, apparently, he was no great bookworm, for he merely shrugged his shoulders, and I had to leave the library to its fate. I found room in my knapsack for a volume of *Don Quixote* (an elegant edition); and a charming little oil-painting of muleteers in a venta.

With which literary and artistical spoils Rosen betook himself to his quarters, where he found the soldier who officiated as servant to himself and the sergeant-major busy catering for their supper. He had caught a turkey-hen, and stumbled upon a store of chocolate, and was preparing to cook the former with a sauce composed of the latter. With much difficulty Rosen compelled him to abstain from this culinary solecism, and the turkey, dressed *au naturel*, and flanked by a bottle of sherry, afforded an excellent meal. Meanwhile the work of plunder went on, and the church, as may be supposed, found little favour at the hands of this crew of Jews, heathens, and heretics, who ransacked even the wardrobe of the Virgin Mary. 'The sutler of the company, a pretty Provençale, to whom Providence had recently sent a little soldier, without, at the same time, providing her with baby-linen, dressed the child in the beautiful silken swaddling-clothes of the infant Jesus, and draped herself picturesquely with a richly-embroidered stole.' Rosen and his sergeant were still lingering over their turkey-bones and sherry-bottle, when they were disturbed by a great outcry, and, hurrying to the spot, they found the book-burning, pork-eating, brandy-drinking Poles on the point of making an *auto da fé* of a poor devil of a Carlist, whom they had discovered, whilst exploring a cellar, lurking behind a cask. The unlucky Spaniard swore he was a civilian—a servant of the house, but a belt full of cartridges and a musket belied his assertions; and, but for Rosen and the sergeant, he would inevitably have shared the fate of Buffon's *Natural History*. Similar scenes were enacted during the whole of that night. In some of the streets the gutters ran with wine, from casks and skins which the soldiers, when the contents were not to their taste, wantonly stove and ripped

up. Upon the market-place an ox was roasted whole, over a huge fire made of furniture from the neighbouring houses; and, in a cellar, a drunken soldier was literally drowned in wine, with which the floor was covered to the depth of several feet. These infernal revels, worthy of Hungarian Pandours, or Cossacks from the Don, were unchecked by the officers, who did not shew themselves out of their quarters; and it was afterwards understood that the plunder of the place had been winked at, as an example to other rebellious towns in the neighbourhood.

Some time after his exploit at Pobra, Conrad, still detached with his three battalions from the headquarters of the Legion, was opposed to the division of the Carlist general, Guergue, with whom he had several smart and successful encounters in the mountains of Arragon. In one of these he very nearly got the worst of it. He had arrived at nightfall at the little town of Angues, and his troops, weary with a long march, were halted in a large olive wood, whilst the quartermasters went to arrange about billets. Conrad, however, had been shamefully misled by his scouts as to the position of the enemy; for when the quartermasters entered Angues, they found it full of the enemy, and narrowly escaped capture. Returning breathless to their comrades, who lay upon the ground behind their piled arms, they spread the alarm, but almost at the same moment a squadron of Carlist lancers, followed, in double-quick time, by a strong force of infantry, fell upon the tired Algerines. These had no time to form ranks or squares; more cavalry and infantry came up, and a bloody *mêlée* ensued, the darkness increasing the confusion. It was less a battle than a number of single combats, in which every man fought desperately for his life, aware that attempt at flight would ensure his destruction. The Legion had no cavalry, and that of the Carlists played havoc amongst their broken masses of infantry. In the darkness, and favoured by the level ground, lance and sabre proved more than a match for the bayonet, and many of the gallant Legionaries were ridden down and trampled under the feet of the mules on which the Carlists were,

for the most part, mounted. The struggle lasted a full hour, during which numerous gallant charges with the bayonet were executed by detached parties of the Algerines. Conrad was omnipresent during the fight, ever appearing where there was greatest need of him, and encouraging his men by word and action. With his own hand he struck one of the Carlist leaders from his horse. Still neither party lost ground, and the combat continued on the same spot, until, at last, Conrad managed to get together a few hundred men, and, favoured by the darkness, led them round unobserved on the enemy's flank and rear. With a loud cheer they fell upon the Carlists, who, taking them for fresh troops, broke and fled, closely followed by their opponents. After a vain attempt to hold the town, they finally retreated in great confusion. But the glory of this victory, over superior numbers, and under very disadvantageous circumstances, was dearly bought by the conquerors, who had three hundred men killed, and nearly as many wounded.

Not long after this bloody affair, the Foreign Legion left Arragon, and marched through part of Navarre to the town of Logroño, whither the fame of their exploits had preceded them, and where they were received with enthusiasm. Bands of music went out to meet and escort them into the town, the balconies were full of ladies, the houses hung with flags and garlands,—on all sides a welcome was shouted to the brave Argelinos. But when Conrad, who marched at the head of the fourth battalion, was seen approaching on his white charger, the cheers and *vivas*, the fluttering of kerchiefs and waving of fair hands, knew no bounds. He could hardly proceed for the crowds that pressed around his horse, eager to catch a sight of the hero of Pobla and Angues. '*Viva Conrad!*' shouted the mob. '*Viva!*' was repeated in the silver tones of the dark-eyed dames thronging the windows; and Conrad bowed his thanks around, bending to his horse's mane, whilst his martial visage was lighted up with pleasure. Such moments as those compensate the soldier for countless toils and hardships. Of Bernelle, who rode at the head of the column, no particular

notice was taken. Far less known for his achievements than his gallant lieutenant, he was also far less popular, and

No man cried, 'God save him!'

This difference in their reception may not improbably have added to the disfavour with which Bernelle already viewed his subordinate, who was the head of a sort of opposition composed of a number of officers discontented with the conduct of their commander. Be this as it may, less than a month later the smothered ill-will between the two chiefs broke out into an open quarrel; and Conrad left the Legion and started for Paris, to make a report of Bernelle's mal-administration. This departure removed the principal check upon the Corsican, who now gave free scope to his caprices and those of his wife. He was excessively severe, but not without necessity; for the Algerines, who at first had little temptation to desertion or mutiny, were disgusted with the sufferings of a winter campaign, and shewed strong tendencies to both. After several days' fighting and bivouacking in the wet and snow of January, they were marched nine days on end, and then were ordered to prepare for a full-dress inspection on the morrow. This was, to say the least, inconsiderate, and the soldiers' dissatisfaction broke out in audible murmurs. Bernelle was not the man to overlook such symptoms of insubordination. He pitched upon a poor fellow who had grumbled rather more loudly than his fellows, ordered out a firing-party, and shot him on the spot. Such cruel rigour was, perhaps, necessary to preserve discipline amongst the lawless mercenaries; but Bernelle was wrong to provoke insubordination by overworking the men to gratify his love of military parade and display, a system which subsequently led to desertion on a very large scale. This was especially the case when the Legion was stationed, during several months, in Zubiri and other Navarrese villages upon the military line connecting Pampeluna with the French frontier. The quarters were wretched, the weather wet and cold, rations bad, and pay irregular, and disease daily sent the disheartened legionaries into the hospitals of Pampeluna. Desertions were of perpetual occurrence; and

as none of the men could be trusted, out-post duty was for a while performed entirely by non-commissioned officers. Even these sometimes went over, and were rewarded with commissions in the Carlist service. When Rosen's battalion was quartered in the village of Larasoña, a farm-house within the Carlist lines was used as a depôt for deserters, till they could be forwarded to the interior. This house a Corsican voltigeur offered Bernelle to surprise, if he was allowed his own discretion as to choice of means. Permission was given, and he was promised that if he succeeded he should name his own reward. Thereupon the cunning Corsican went over to the enemy with arms and baggage, and reported himself at the depôt as a deserter. He remained there a week, during which he studied the localities, and several deserters came over. One evening, when the garrison of the house, consisting of half a company, were sleeping and off their guard, he went out, under pretence of seeking firewood. In less than a quarter of an hour he was at Larasoña. On his report, Bernelle instantly ordered out two light companies; the Corsican guided them over by-paths to the house, which they surrounded in silence. This done, the deserter knocked at the door; the sentry within asked his name, and he gave it, adding, that he had lost his way whilst looking for wood. The door opened, the sentry was cut down, and the Carlists and eight deserters from the Legion were made prisoners. After setting fire to the house, the Algerines returned in triumph to their lines, followed by a harmless shower of bullets from a battalion which came up, rather too late, to the rescue. Next day the deserters were shot, and the Carlists sent to prison. The deviser of this successful manœuvre claimed a sergeantship as his reward, and it was given him; but Bernelle mistrusted such a cunning customer, and soon found an opportunity to leave him in garrison.

Although severe service and long marches were unfavourable to female camp-followers, a certain number of ladies of various nations formed a sort of rear-guard to the Algerines, officiating as sutlers, washerwomen, and the like. Some were soldiers'

wives, chiefly Germans; others were French *cantinières*, that had originally belonged to a disorderly corps of auxiliaries raised in Paris under the orders of a Baron Schwarz, and which was dissolved soon after its arrival in Spain. These latter wore the usual uniform of French cantine-women,—red trousers, short blue frocks, and a black glazed hat. One of them, the wife of a sergeant, was a first-rate mistress of fence. She always carried a pair of foils crossed upon her little knapsack, and would frequently take a turn at them with her husband, or any other amateur, to the amusement of the soldiers, and especially of the Spaniards. A Flemish woman, known as *La Manchotte*, had lost an arm in consequence of a bullet-wound; but the mutilation did not impair her activity, and she was noted for the services she rendered the wounded during an action, when others of her class were, for the most part, engaged in marauding. The corps of pioneers had an old sutler, who had shared in all the campaigns of the French armies under Napoleon, had survived the retreat from Russia, and entered Spain with the Duke of Angoulême. Her long military experience had rendered the old lady terribly masculine; she had acquired all the habits of a soldier, smoked, gambled, drank brandy, and swore like a veteran grenadier; had scarcely any vestige of womanly reserve and modesty, but was faithful, kind-hearted, and serviceable; would carry a wounded man a whole morning upon her back, and was always in the thick of the fight, reviving the weary soldiers with a dram from her brandy-keg. When this was empty, she would seize a musket, and load and fire with the skill and coolness of an experienced soldier. She was as bold and familiar with the general as with the private soldier; all knew her as the *Mère Michel*, and none ever dreamed of taking offence at the license she allowed her tongue. Her husband had fallen at Leipzig; her three sons at the storming of the Trocadero, where she herself had been wounded. It was only when she spoke of her children, who had all three been non-commissioned officers in a company of grenadiers, that womanly weakness prevailed, and a tear would run over her old sun-burnt cheek. With a sol-

dier's oath she would dash away the sign of emotion, and quell her sorrow by a pull at the brandy-bottle. At Vittoria, General Cordova, who observed her zealous attention to the wounded, gave her the Cross of Isabella with his own hand; but she would not wear it, because she maintained that she was entitled to the Legion of Honour. Thereby hung a tale, which she dearly loved to tell, how Napoleon had promised her the Cross at the great fight of Leipzig, but, through an error, it had been given to another, an Italian sutler. And rich and abundant was the stream of curses she was wont to pour out upon the *chienne d'Italie*, when narrating this episode in her eventful career.

Besides this grenadier in petticoats and the other sutlers, a number of Spanish women attached themselves to the Algerines; and at times the retinue became so troublesome, that measures had to be taken to thin it. Some of those resorted to by Bernelle and Conrad were rather barbarous, and quite in the condottiere style. The provost-marshal received orders to cut off the hair of those ladies who could not prove a legitimate right to follow the legionary drums. The poor creatures thus cropped were fain to escape ridicule by abandoning their military pursuits, until time and some substitute for Macassar should restore the curling honours of their heads.

Summer came, to the great joy of the half-starved and hard-worked foreigners. Climate has immense influence on a soldier's comfort; and quarters that are wretched in winter, wet and cold, and teeming with ague and rheumatism, may be not only very endurable, but positively agreeable, in the sunny month of June. The Algerines, however, had before then left their uncomfortable cantonments on the lines of Zubiri, and had descended to the rich plains and pleasant towns of southern Navarre. Bernelle now planned an expedition against Estella, advanced into the Carlist country at the head of his own troops, and, after a *reconnaissance*—during his absence upon which the legionaries plundered to a very large extent, and were manfully aided by the Spanish troops—he one morning, at break of day, gave orders to set

fire to the rich harvest which, for miles around, waved in golden luxuriance upon the plain. At that period of the war, such an act of wanton destruction was unheard of, although it was subsequently resorted to by Spanish generals. But Bernelle had the memory of the African *razzias* fresh in his mind, and was disposed to try the same system in Spain. The weather was hot and dry, and, in a few minutes, crops on which thousands of men reckoned for subsistence, were a prey to the flames. Enraged beyond measure at this cruel destruction, the Carlists came down in force, and Bernelle's little army had to commence a retreat, which it effected in tolerably good order, but not without considerable loss, pursued to the very gates of Larraga by their infuriated foes. Such was the discreditable result of Bernelle's expedition to Estella, which made a most unfavourable impression at Madrid, the more so as he had devised and executed it of his own authority, and had talked largely of the results he expected to obtain. At the same time, the discontent of his men (who accused him of withholding their bounty-money) greatly increased, and being also, perhaps, weary of Spanish service, he sent his resignation to Madrid. Then, without waiting news of its acceptance, or taking leave of the corps which had fought bravely and suffered no little under his command, he returned to France, in whose service he has since held command and received promotion.

Bernelle was succeeded by General Bedeau, an experienced old officer, now second in command to the Duke of Aumale in Algeria. But whatever military talents he may display in the African plains, he certainly shewed small ability amongst Spanish mountains. He was ignorant of the country, and of the style of warfare suited to it. In his very first expedition he entangled his men amongst the complicated valleys and defiles of the Navarrese Pyrenees, got them into ambuscades and innumerable disasters, allowed them to encumber themselves with plunder, and at last, with the loss of his best officers and soldiers, and after a disastrous and useless fight, regained the Christino lines. There was talk of bringing him to a court-martial, but that was

spared him, and being shortly afterwards wounded in a *reconnaissance*, he resigned his brief command, doubly furious at having been beaten by Carlist guerillas, since his boast had previously been that he had never turned his back upon an enemy. Very soon after his departure, Conrad, who had been in command of a crack French regiment (the 4th Light Infantry), suddenly reappeared at the head of the Legion, this time to command in chief. Father Conrad, as the soldiers called him, was received with a burst of joy, and hope once more revived in the breasts of the disheartened Algerines; but, with the best will in the world, Conrad could not supply all deficiencies, and least of all could he compel from the needy Spanish government the regular payment of the trifling pittance for which his mercenary warriors had hired themselves to fight. At last, in the month of December, seeing that all his remonstrances failed to extract money from an impoverished treasury, he resolved to give his men a chance of paying themselves; and started at midnight from Lerin, with the whole of the Legion, for the Carlist village of Alio. Arriving at daybreak, he struck it with a heavy contribution of money and rations; but, before the whole of these could be collected, he found his retreat intercepted by large masses of the enemy, principally cavalry. Unintimidated, the Algerines formed squares and cut their way through. They had nearly regained Lerin, when Rosen received a bullet in the right hip, which kept him on the sick-list till the month of March of the following year. On rejoining his corps, he found the ranks of the Legion grievously thinned by constant fighting, long marches, desertion, and other casualties. The six battalions had melted into three; three squadrons of Polish lancers, raised by Bernelle some time before his departure, were reduced to two; and many a familiar face was missing from the ranks of Rosen's company of light infantry.

We shall not follow the Algerines through the severe spring campaign of 1837, during which they formed part of the division of General Irribarren, an officer uniting a handsome person and amiable character with the most

distinguished bravery, and with all the best qualities of a dashing cavalry commander. With him they had plenty to do; and it must be admitted, that his daring and eagerness for action sometimes placed them in situations of considerable difficulty. But there was pleasure in following, even to the death, a general who exposed himself as freely as the least of his men, and was always in front, in thickest fight. We would gladly extract at length, did space permit us, Mr. Rosen's graphic and spirited account of the defence of a redoubt, held by his company against a host of Carlists, for his conduct in which affair he was promised a commission. But his exertions and sufferings caused his wound to break out afresh, and he again went into hospital. When he recovered, Irribarren, with a division of sixteen thousand men, including the Foreign Legion, was making rapid marches up and down Navarre, endeavouring to prevent the famous Carlist expedition into Arragon from taking place. This he was unable to do. Whilst false information led him in one direction, the Carlists threw pontoons, which they had secretly constructed in the mountains, across the river Arragon, and, passing almost under the cannon of Pampeluna, proceeded triumphantly on their march, with twenty-two battalions and a considerable body of cavalry. Irribarren immediately pursued, vowing to attack wherever he found them. This he did at the gates of Huesca, with more valour than wisdom, and received his death-wound from a lance-thrust, after slaying eleven men with his own hand. Colonel Leon, the brother of the celebrated Count of Belascoain, also lost his life here. The Algerines, previously shrunk to two slender battalions, suffered terribly; and it speaks well for their officers, that out of three hundred and fifty men killed and wounded, nearly fifty held commissions. All the superior officers fell, with the exception of Conrad, who took temporary command of the division until the arrival of General Oraa from Saragossa.

On the 2d of June the last-named general made a *reconnaissance* in the direction of Barbastro, a large half-ruined town then occupied by the Carlists. The unfortunate foreigners, now

forming one weak battalion, were as usual placed in front. The Spaniards well knew how to turn them to account when hard knocks were going: it was only on pay-day that they were overlooked and put in the rear. Conrad was at their head, wearing, for the first and last time, the star of the Order of St. Ferdinand, brought to him by Oraa. In the olive-groves, in front of Barbastro, an action occurred, and the Algerines suddenly found themselves opposed to a battalion formed entirely of deserters from their own corps. This disgraceful off-shoot was now stronger than the parent stem whence it had so infamously detached itself. The two legions pressed furiously forward to meet each other, the deserters shouting to their former comrades to go over to them—an invitation replied to with bitter taunts and reproaches. It was an episode of no small interest in the general fight. They were so near, that they distinguished faces and addressed each other by name. Conrad, ever foremost, was a conspicuous mark for the bullets of his base countrymen, who made him their target, and the lead flew about like hail. Just as he had got off his horse to place upon it a wounded man who had been badly hit by his side, a shot from one of the deserters struck him on the head, and he fell dead to the ground. At the same moment the Carlists made a charge, and it was with great difficulty and severe loss that the Algerines succeeded in rescuing the corps of their beloved chief.

Conrad was buried at Saragossa, in a kind of mausoleum, in which repose the bones of the heroic defenders of that city during its celebrated siege. His funeral was conducted with much pomp, and attended by all the civil and military authorities, and a great throng of the town's-people. On his coffin, a very plain one, were placed his sword, the Star of St. Ferdinand, and the Cross of the Legion of Honour, which Napoleon, with his own hand, had fastened on his breast. His bullet-proof Arabian was led behind the bier. There was not a dry eye amongst the handful of bold mercenaries who had so often followed the brave 'Father Conrad' into fire, and who now mournfully escorted him to his last resting-place.

With the loss of their leader, the star of the Algerine Legion set. The remnant of cavalry continued to serve with a Spanish division; but what could be done with three hundred and eighty men, and about as many cripples, all that remained of nearly seven thousand soldiers who had landed at Tarragona two years previously? First, the maimed were sent to France, and then came the turn of those whose time of service had expired. Amongst these was Rosen, who, for some time, had done officer's duty, but who was so impatient to leave the thankless land where he had suffered so much, that he would not wait the arrival of his commission from Madrid. With forty comrades he set out for the French frontier, as far as which they were allowed to retain their arms, to protect themselves against prowling bands of Carlists. As they passed over the mountain of Zubiri, upon which they had had so many bloody fights that it had received the name of the German Graveyard, they saw near the road-side a skeleton hand protruding from the ground, as if waving a melancholy adieu to departing friends. 'We paused, and, as a last mark of honour to our fallen brothers, we each threw a stone upon their mountain grave. The incident saddened us, and it was some time before we resumed the cheerful songs with which we beguiled the tediousness of the march.'

A joyous hurrah burst from the little band as they crossed a wooden bridge, and stood upon French ground. A mile further, at the town of St. Jean Pied de Port, they reported themselves to a German officer placed there to receive them, and who made strenuous efforts to induce them to re-enlist in a new Foreign Legion then serving in Algeria. The impudence of this proposal, to men who had been already so shamefully deceived by the French government, excited the indignation of Rosen and his companions, and their energetic and unceremonious refusal caused them a quarrel with the recruiting officer. He was furious at their obstinacy; but his anger proved unavailing as his blandishments, and he was compelled to procure the passports needed by the discharged soldiers for their passage through France.

Of the few Algerines who still remained in Spain, some joined guerilla corps, some married and settled in the country; and others, born food for powder, and having no other resource, joined the depôt at Pau, and once more returned to Africa, to find death at the hands of Arabs or in an Algerine hospital. Whoever had seen the French Foreign Legion land in Catalonia in 1835, and had noted their stalwart frames, soldierly deportment, and resolute bearing, and afterwards on parade had witnessed the precision of their movements and skill in managing their weapons, would have pronounced them equal to any troops in the French service,

and would have predicted the speedy extermination of the ragged Carlist bands then infesting Catalonia. Two short years proved the fallacy of such a prophecy. It is a Spanish principle of action to pay their mercenary troops as little as they can, and to make them fight as much as possible. Instead of husbanding good soldiers, they use them as hack-masters do cheap horses, — work them to death, as the most profitable way of employing them. And thus it was that by neglect, disease, and desertion, as well as by the enemy's fire, the Algerines, in so brief a time, were expended almost to a man.

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

HOLLOW-EYED, and lean, and wan,
Earthward bow'd like an aged
man,

Slow, as one with travel worn,
Or with weight of care o'erborne,
Through the arch of sculptured stone
Goes the Old Year forth alone.
Scarcely hath he strength to hold
Records long, wherein are told
All the sorrow, all the crime,
All the errors, of his time;
Pages hoarded 'gainst the day
When this earth shall pass away.
With those records in his hand,
Wends he to the Silent Land;
And the shadows of the Past
Wrap his trembling form at last.
Now his charge he hath resign'd,
He hath done with human-kind:
None again of mortal race
Ever shall behold his face,—
E'en till Time itself be done,
And Eternity begun!

Youngest-born of hoary Time,
Welcomed to earth with song and
chime;

Prank'd with boughs of ivy green,
Berries bright of scarlet sheen;
With a childish face that bears
Not a stain of grief or cares,
Not a token of pain or sin,—
Gaily cometh the New Year in!

Loudly rings the midnight hour
From the church's ivied tow'r;
Ere the murmur dies away,
Loud the merry minstrels play;

Bells peal out with merry din,
Welcoming the New Year in!

Like a monarch in his state,
He hath pass'd the city gate,
Whose long shadows, stern and dim,
Silently have fall'n on him,
As on those that went before,
Twice three hundred years or more.

Like a crownèd king he seems
Moving where the moonlight gleams,
With his quick, triumphant feet,
All along the snowy street.
And the bells are ringing out,
And the noisy people shout,—
'We have lived a joy to win,
For the New Year cometh in!'

Yet he oft his feet will stay,
Ling'ring kindly on his way,
Knocking low at ev'ry door,
Palace proud and hovel poor.
He hath hopeful words to speak
To the weary and the weak;
He hath warning words, and bold,
For the careless and the cold;
He hath words of mildest tone
For the sorrowful and lone.
As he wendeth to and fro,
Many a scene of joy and woe,—
Many a sight of varied cheer,
Now of mirth and now of fear,
Witnesseth the gay young Year.
Though the sky hath ne'er a cloud,
Though the bells be ringing loud,
Till the steeple rocks with glee,
Graves are 'neath the old yew-tree,—