

gazed upon these desolate mountains, when stepping from his ship in the ardor of hope and coming victory; and now, when he saw them fade away in the blue distance, and bade them an everlasting farewell! Rapidly did his vessel bear him from the Scottish shores; concealed by a fog, he sailed through the midst of the English fleet; and he safely landed at the little port of Roscoff, near Morlaix, on the 29th of September.

He went—but not with him departed his remembrance from the Highlanders. For years and years did his name continue enshrined in their hearts and familiar to their tongues; their plaintive ditties resounding with his exploits, and inviting his return. Again, in these strains do they declare themselves ready to risk life and fortune for his cause; and even maternal fondness—the strongest, perhaps, of all human feelings—yields to the passionate devotion to “Prince Charlie.”

“I ance had sons, but now hae nane,
I bred them toiling sairly;
And I wad bear them a’ again
And lose them a’ for Charlie!”

LII.

PITT AS A WAR MINISTER —MACAULAY.

[The expedition of Prince Charles to Scotland had been countenanced by France, and was an episode of the war in which England, in alliance with Austria and Holland, was at that time engaged against France, Spain, and Prussia. This war, which was causeless, so far as England was concerned, was terminated by the peace of Aix la Chapelle, in 1748; but this treaty did not settle the conflicting claims of England and France in India and in America. Both in the East and in the West these two powers were striving for the mastery. In 1756 England, now in alliance with Prussia, entered into the struggle known as the Seven Years' War, and William Pitt, who, since Walpole's retirement, had risen rapidly into prominence, was summoned to conduct it. Early in 1757 he was made first secretary of state and virtually prime minister; and he guided the destinies of England through the war with signal ability and success.]

PITT desired power; and he desired it, we really believe, from high and generous motives. He was, in the strict sense of the word, a patriot. He had none of that philanthropy which the great French writers of his time preached to all the nations of Europe. He loved England as an Athenian loved the city of the Violet Crown, as a Roman loved the City of the Seven Hills. He saw his country insulted and defeated. He saw the national spirit sinking. Yet he knew what the resources of the empire, vigorously employed, could effect; and he felt that he was the man to employ them vigorously. “My lord,” he said to the duke of Devonshire, “I am sure that I can save this country, and nobody else can.”

Desiring, then, to be in power, and feeling that his ability and the public confidence were not alone sufficient to keep him in power against the wishes of the court and of the aristocracy, he began to think of a coalition with Newcastle.

Newcastle was equally disposed to a reconciliation. He, too, had profited by his recent experience. He had found that the court and the aristocracy, though powerful, were not