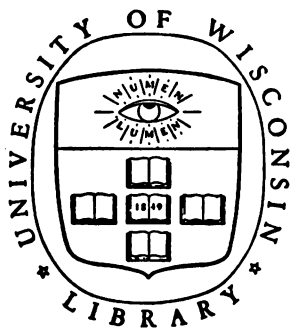


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AN ORATION

ON

THE LIFE, SERVICES AND CHARACTER

OF

The Duke of Wellington,

DELIVERED

IN SANSOM STREET HALL,

Philadelphia,

ON

THE 23d OF NOVEMBER, 1852,

BY THE

REV. WILLIAM BLACKWOOD,

Presbyterian minister

---

Good actions crown themselves with lasting bays,  
Who deserves well, needs not another's praise.—Heath.

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PHILADELPHIA:  
JOSEPH M. WILSON,  
23 CHESTNUT STREET.  
1853.

*From the Library of*  
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### PREFATORY NOTE.

When the intelligence of the death of THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON arrived in Philadelphia, arrangements were made, to give suitable expression to the feeling that existed in the community generally, in relation to that solemn event. Accordingly, at a meeting held on the 14th of October, 1852, at the British Consulate, William Peter, Esq., British Consul, in the chair, a number of resolutions expressive of the sense of the assembly, was passed, and a Committee, consisting of William Peter, Esq., Thomas I. Wharton, Esq., Rev. Charles Williams, D. D., Stephen R. Crawford, Esq., W. Augustus Dobbyn, Esq., and Edward Prenter, Esq., was appointed to secure the services of a gentleman to deliver an oration on the life, services and character of the ILLUSTRIOUS DECEASED, on the day of His Grace's Funeral.

The Committee nominated and appointed the Rev. W. Blackwood to discharge the duty; but in consequence of the public halls being engaged on the 18th of November, the address was delivered on the 23d of November, in presence of a crowded assembly of most intelligent and respectable Citizens and British Residents. Thereafter the following correspondence ensued:

BRITISH CONSULATE,  
Philadelphia, Dec. 7th, 1852.

*My Dear Sir*—At a meeting of THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON COMMITTEE, held at the British Consulate, on Saturday, December 5th, 1852, it was resolved,

“That the cordial thanks of the meeting be given to the Rev. William Blackwood, for his excellent Oration on the Life and Character of the Duke of Wellington—that he be respectfully solicited to furnish a copy of the same for publication; and that the Chairman be hereby appointed to convey the thanks of the Committee to Mr. Blackwood, and submit this request.”

In compliance with the wishes of the Committee, and on their behalf, I have great pleasure in thanking you for your excellent and eloquent Oration, and beg to solicit a copy for publication.

With sentiments of much esteem,  
I am, my dear sir, very truly yours,

WILLIAM PETER, Chairman.

TO THE REV. WILLIAM BLACKWOOD.

Philadelphia, Dec. 8th, 1852.

*My Dear Sir*—It was with great reluctance that I permitted myself to be forced into the honorable office which your Committee constrained me to occupy. While I duly appreciate the expressions of your kind note, I can heartily assure you that, in yielding to your request, I am not so vain as to imagine, that I have succeeded in condensing into a few pages the achievements and services of the Duke of Wellington, or in examining his character, so, as adequately to describe those services, or fully to display the wondrous and surpassing powers of that mind, which raised him to the highest pinnacle of human greatness, and engraved his name on the imperishable records of the world's history.

I am, my dear sir, most truly yours,

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD.

WILLIAM PETER, Esq., British Consul,  
PHILADELPHIA.

4 JAN 56 Wisconsin Historical Society TRANSFER

## ORATION.

The solemn ceremony of a nation depositing the mortal remains of a Wellington, beside the ashes of a Nelson, in the Crypt of St. Paul's, stands out in its antecedents and accessories, as an event for which there is no parallel in the history of man's obsequies. For several years, the stooping figure and tottering gait of the Iron Duke, as he appeared in the streets of the Capital, the observed of all observers, and the object of a tender and universal veneration, showed quite clearly, that his physical frame was rapidly yielding to the encroachments of age. In clearness of conception, in vigor of thought and grasp of intellect, such as he had displayed on the tented field and in the Senate House, there was no perceptible decay. Until the day of his dissolution, he had continued to take his usual exercise, and on the 14th of September, 1852, he was suddenly and unexpectedly called from this earthly scene. The providence, because unlooked for, fell with stunning effect on the community. One after another of his companions in arms had passed away; the men who had shared in his toils and were the partners of his glory, were no more, and he, for years, had seemed to stand alone, like the venerable oak in the forest, when its patriarchal fellows had been laid low; and now that the great hero of England is gone, his death is felt to be an event so solemn and impressive, that its lesson has extended throughout the world-wide Empire of Britain, and from the monarch on the throne to the peasant in his cottage, from the palace of the noble to the shieling in the Highland glen, from the gorgeous saloons of the votaries of wealth and fashion, to the cabin of the lowly sons of toil, there has issued one simultaneous feeling of regret and lamentation. Political parties have ceased their warfare, and for a season, merged their hostilities, to mingle together their tears and their sympathies, at the grave of a Nation's hero, and to vie with each other in their spontaneous and heartfelt expressions of esteem for him, who under God, had been the shield of Britain in the day of danger, and the instrument of Providence to give peace to Europe and to the world.

Beyond that Empire too, and into other European lands has the intelligence been carried, awaking emotions of tenderness, and leading to most singular demonstrations of national regard; and farther still, over the mighty ocean to this western world—the home of the free, the shrine of liberty, and the land where heroic deeds, and noble sacrifices, and stern integrity and devoted patriotism, have never failed to elicit sentiments of veneration and respect, have the tidings been wafted, that the Monarch and Peers and people of Britain have bent in sorrow, over the bier of him whose name was as a household word, and with fitting testimonials of a nation's reverence, have consigned to the dust, in one of the noblest fane that the Christianity of England has erected to the worship of Jehovah, the remains of the Great Captain, there to rest until the dead shall arise for judgment—therefore it is, that we are this evening assembled, to add our tribute of admiration and proclaim our appreciation of the genius who is gone.

I am not here, as the advocate of that ambition and injustice—that lust of rapine and cruelty which seek the attainment of their ends by the untold and unutterable horrors of aggressive war. I am not here, to draw a tinsel drapery before the scenes of blood and agony—the robbery and spoliation, the inhuman heartlessness and murder, that have ever been the satellites of the lustful conqueror. I am not here, to sanction and to sanctify the combined enormities, that like a perennial stream have flowed over the world from the fountain of man's apostacy, by an eulogy on martial glory, and a commendation of those unhallowed passions, that find their vent in aggressive butchery and war. Believing as we do, that in war, there is a terrific embodiment of those principles which are involved in man's rebellion against God; and that neither the gay and gilded trappings, nor the sounds of joyous music, the nodding plumes, the flaunting standards, the thundering of advancing squadrons, the note of victory, nor the whole state and panoply of arms, can ever hide or change the miseries that follow in the train of bloodshed and ambition—knowing that the only cure for the terrible malady which affects our fallen state, and seeks an outlet for the vices of the mind, in the shedding of a brother's blood, is to be found in the universal spread of the Redeemer's Kingdom—and professing to be an **AMBASSADOR OF HIM**, who is the **PRINCE OF PEACE**, and who hath sent His servants to establish a dispensation of reconciliation with God, and a universal brother-

hood in the family of man, we desire that our position and object may not be misunderstood. No man knew more thoroughly than the Duke of Wellington, the indescribable horrors in the black catalogue of the attendants and consequents even of defensive war. "Oh! your Grace," said a lady of rank and title to him, after his return from his last campaign, when he was moving among a grateful people, who were enraptured at the contemplation of his martial glory—"Oh! your Grace, how proud and mighty you must have felt after one of your great victories when the enemy was flying before you." "Madam," replied the veteran, "a battle won is the greatest curse that could befall any land, except a battle lost."

The sentiments of Wellington in relation to war, were those that are usually adopted in society, and which are embodied in the language of the Poet, when he says,

"War must be  
While men are what they are; while they have bad  
Passions to be roused up; while ruled by men;  
While all the power and treasures of a land  
Are at the beck of the ambitious crowd;  
While injuries can be inflicted, or  
Insults be offered; yea, while rights are worth  
Maintaining, freedom keeping, or life having,  
So long the sword shall shine; so long shall war  
Continue, and the need of war remain."

BAILEY'S FESTUS.

Apart, however, from the lustre of his military career, and the splendor of his genius as a mighty Conqueror, there were valuable sterling traits in his character that furnish ample ground for fruitful observation. His incorruptible honesty and integrity—his hatred of all deception, his simplicity of purpose, his holy love of truth, his endurance amid trials and opposition that would have borne down any mind less firm and hopeful, his contempt for theatrical display and affectation, his love of country and unsullied patriotism, his devotion to duty according to the light of his understanding, his love of order, his temperance and regularity, together with other kindred qualities that throughout life adorned him, demand the tribute of our admiration and regard, and will not fail to hand his name and memory down to coming generations.

The progress of our race on the world's history, is not like the gentle flow of the equable current, that finds its way onward at a fixed rate of motion. On the other hand, the stream may appear



for a season to be almost stationary—anon, it is hurried headlong over rocks and quicksands, and carried forward with an impetus that is irresistible; and thus it has been, that during some ages, society has been almost asleep, and no men have arisen to leave their mark upon the page of history. Again in certain regions, events occur of the utmost consequence, affecting the liberties and progress of the race, that call forth men of towering genius, whose eagle eye and soaring intellect and noble daring, have lifted them above their fellows, and assigned them an abiding place in the temple of fame. In illustration of our meaning, we refer to Greece. After a repose of ages, or at least of tardy advancement on the banks of the Nile, the mind of man awakes in Greece, and while the nations are slumbering around in a death-like repose, that circumscribed region becomes the theatre, on which in rapid succession, or coetaneously, Warriors, Statesmen, Poets, Historians and Philosophers have arisen, and crowded into a brief and narrow space of time, achievements so resplendent, and works so pregnant with advantages to men, that History is unequal to the task of recording their fame. After a length of time, the impulse is communicated westward, and the progress of the Roman power, becomes the history of the world. From the decline of that Empire, ages flow onward, and the dwarfed intellect and cramped energies of men, present the race as fallen into a collapse, and this state continues in a great degree to characterize the nations of Europe, until the revival of religion and letters in the sixteenth century. From that period until the present, the mind of man has been fully awake in various nations with more or less activity, so that during the last three centuries the intellectual and political world has been in constant agitation.

In every age and country, such periods of activity and progress, have been fraught with men of towering intellect and genius, while the development of talent and excellence has always varied, according to the exigencies of the time. One age produces renowned Warriors, and the same country at another age, is prolific with Orators or Statesmen, Poets or Philosophers; but it is remarkable, that as in the great cycles of the world's history, no two successive periods of time or conditions of country are ever found alike, so, the modifying circumstances of the times, are reflected in the characters of the great men who have lived at their respective periods. In forming a relative estimate of character and genius,

it is important, not to overlook the difficulty, arising from the combined influences of the age and surrounding circumstances. The warriors and heroes of a former age have shed the lustre of their example and renown on posterity, but their sons, who have competed with them, for as elevated a niche in the temple of fame, may have had difficulties of surpassing magnitude to overcome, not lying open to the popular gaze of their own day, or not appreciated, and which were peculiar to the place or time; and thus a comparatively inferior achievement, may have equalled the more striking and historic deeds of the olden time. Or the lapse of ages may have carried many incidents from the page of history, and thus we see not all the obstacles over which the heroes of a former age arose victorious, and hence a difficulty presents itself to him, who would compare the genius of an Epaminondas, a Hannibal, a Scipio, a Cæsar, a Marlborough, a Napoleon and a Wellington. And so, in the region of thought and sentiment, who shall, (all things considered,) present the palm to a Demosthenes, a Cicero, a Chatham, an Erskine, a Burke or a Webster, or decide that the laurel belongs to a Sophocles or a Shakspeare, to Thucydides or Tacitus, rather than a Gibbon or Macaulay—to Aristides or Phocion, rather than to Hampden or a Washington.

The last quarter of the eighteenth, and the first quarter of the nineteenth centuries, have been unequalled in the world's history for remarkable changes and brilliant achievements. The revolutions of America, France and other European nations, have called forth a series of men, who in respect of towering intellect, unsullied and ardent patriotism, exalted genius and controlling power in the Senate and the field, are inferior to none who have ever figured in the drama of life. Of these, the two, whose names shall stand out conspicuous on the history of the first quarter of the nineteenth century, are Napoleon and Wellington. Born in the same year—both eminently GREAT, raised by their respective, but different talents, to the pinnacle of fame, by widely different careers, and removing from the stage of life under circumstances so vastly different, their history, while in one respect, it presents a record of human glory, in another respect it exhibits as remarkable a contrast as the genius of nations, the influence of revolutions and the power of opposing principles could possibly afford. On this comparison we are not yet, without preliminary matter, prepared to enter.

ARTHUR WELLESLEY, DUKE OF WELLINGTON, was born either in Dangan Castle, County Meath, or in the townhouse of his father, the Earl of Mornington, in the city of Dublin, in the year A. D. 1769. It is passing strange that any shadow of doubt should hang over the date and place of a birth so famous.\* Two families, both English by origin, but long Irish by adoption and settlement, were united in the lineage from which the great Captain was sprung; and the curious may be pleased to learn that according to Heraldic Genealogy, he was the 32d in direct descent from Alfred the Great, and the 25th from William the Conqueror, being a descendant in an unbroken line, of the royal house of Plantagenet. He was educated at Eton, from which he was removed to Brighton, and subsequently to the military seminary of Angers, in France. He obtained his first commission as an Ensign in the 73d Regiment, in 1787—his Captaincy four years afterwards, and his Regiment, the 33d, in 1794. In 1790, being now of age, he sat in the Irish Parliament, for the family borough of Trim, but nothing exists to show that he attempted to succeed as a Statesman or Orator, and the result at that time gave no indication of the sagacity in counsel, the clearness of conception, the accuracy and combination of details, and resistless energy of will and action, that were afterwards to be manifested as the leading attributes of his character. His first military service was in the Netherlands, the land of his last and crowning victory. In those days the military glory of England was at a low ebb. The scenes he wit-

\* It has generally been believed that the subject of this sketch was born at Dangan castle, County Meath, on the first day of May, 1769; and yet, in the Registry of St. Peter's Parish, Dublin, is an entry, showing that "ARTHUR, son of the Honorable the Earl and Countess of Mornington," was baptized by "Isaac Maun, Archdeacon, on the 30th of April, 1769." Some have consequently believed that he was born in the town house of the family near Merrion Square. Not desiring to enter into the controversy, we think the facts adduced on both sides, shew that he was really born in Dangan. When returned to Parliament for the family Borough of Trim, a petition was lodged against his election on the ground of non-age. The evidence adduced on the occasion was decisive. Among the witnesses was a nurse called DALY, who swore that she was present at his birth in Dangan Castle, and that he was of age. We believe that his mother, the Countess of Mornington, a woman of high-toned, lofty principle, would not have countenanced any fraud on the occasion. We think that he was born in March, and baptized in Dublin as stated in the register. It is a curious fact, that the notorious FEARGUS O'CONNOR should have been born in the same apartment. His father became a tenant of the castle and the demesne, and so ruined and destroyed the property, that the family afterwards sold the place in disgust.

nessed were covered with no halo of glory, and no inspiration of genius could be caught by him, from the actions of the commanding Generals. The force of the allies was powerless from extension of their lines. Their troops were heterogeneous, under Generals independent of each other, and fearful of their respective decisions, while at the best, their plans were hopeless in face of an enemy intoxicated by success, and animated by desperation. Apart however, from the influences which a military hero will always receive, while serving in early life under a leader whose name is the earnest of victory, the Dutch campaign may not have been destitute of its advantages to the future commander. "Irrespective of the general uses of adversity, the miscarriages of this ill-starred expedition, must have been fraught with invaluable lessons to the future hero. He observed the absolute need of undivided authority in an enemy's presence, and the hopelessness of all such imperfect combinations as State jealousies suggested. We are justified in inferring from his subsequent demonstrations of character, that no error escaped either his notice or his memory. He saw a powerful force frittered away by divisions, and utterly routed by an enemy, which, but a few months before, had been scared at the very news of its approach. He saw the indispensability of preserving discipline in a friendly country, and of conciliating the dispositions of a local population, always powerful for good or evil. Though a master hand was wanting at headquarters, yet Abercromby was present, and the young Picton was making his first essay by the side of his future comrade. Austrian, Prussian, Hanoverian, French, Dutch and British, were in the field together, and the care exemplified in appointing and provisioning the respective battalions, might be serviceably contrasted. Every check, every repulse, every privation and every loss, brought, we may be sure, its enduring moral to Arthur Wellesley; and although Englishmen may not reflect without emotion on the destinies which were thus perilled in the swamps of Holland, the future General had perhaps little reason to repine at the rugged tuition of his first campaign."—(Life of the Duke of Wellington, from the Times, Appleton's edition, pp. 20 21.)

On the return of the expedition to England, Col. Wellesley was shortly afterwards ordered with his regiment to the West Indies; but the transports in which the troops sailed, were buffeted about by the gales of an Autumnal season, and having en-

countered divers casualties, the squadron returned to Portsmouth. Meantime, new exigencies and portentous signs began to appear in the East, whither his regiment was sent; and in February 1797, he landed at Calcutta, and shortly afterwards entered on that career in India, which developed and matured the resources of his giant intellect, and placed him in the front rank of the Captains of his age. We shall not attempt a lengthened sketch of the rise and growth of the British power in India, nor of the divisions that ensued in the dominions of the Great Mogul, when his power began to wane, and the Nabobs of Oude and Bengal in Hindostan, and the Nizam in the Deccan, (under whom the Nabob of Arcot held sway, as a feudatory in the Carnatic,) embraced the opportunity of renouncing an allegiance never heartily or absolutely acknowledged, to establish their governments as independent heritages. When Colonel Wellesley and his brother, the Governor General, met in Calcutta in 1798, the principal risk of war arose from the unruly conduct of Tippoo Sultan, the adventurer of Mysore. "Oude had been subdued, Bengal was our own, the Carnatic had been absorbed, and the Nizam of the Deccan, like the other Princes, still independent, was trimming between the British Alliance and that of States whom he dreaded still more than ourselves. There still remained, however, a considerable element of *French* influence in the Peninsula. We had, it is true, definitely expelled these dangerous rivals, by the capture of Pondicherry, in 1761, and they no longer worked openly on their own account; but the Nizam maintained an imposing force disciplined by more than one hundred French officers, under M. Raymond, and Scindiah employed with similar views the services of Gen. Perron. It can be little matter of surprise, therefore, that the dread of French influence should still predominate at Madras, and it was the assumed identification of Tippoo with these inveterate antagonists of Britain, which rendered the wars with him, and with him *only*, of all Indian Princes, so generally popular at home."—(Life of Wellington, Times, p. 27.)

Intelligence reached Lord Mornington, that the Sultan of Mysore had been actively intriguing to drive the British authorities out of the Peninsula. It is more than probable, we think, that these projects had been suggested by some of the French officers still in India, and grasped at with avidity by the Sultan. Into the details of these transactions we have no time to enter.

Suffice it to say, the jealousies and alarms of Tippoo were reciprocated by the British, and both parties began to prepare for war.

The forces arranged on each side in this contest, presented fearful odds against the British. The Mysore army was at least 70,000 strong, while the Madras muster roll showed a total of no more than 14,000 of all arms, including less than 4000 Europeans. Add to this, the fact, that when Col. Wellesley was ordered to Madras, Napoleon had landed a French army on the shores of Egypt, and put himself in communication with Tippoo, and it will be admitted that there were solid grounds for anxiety, both in the council chamber and in the field. This disquietude was mainly removed by the extraordinary exertions of Col. Wellesley, who in a short time, had rendered the forces under his command conspicuous for their equipment and organization, so that when the whole army took the field in a state of unparalleled efficiency, the services of Col. Wellesley were gratefully acknowledged by a *general order*. We shall not follow the troops over the burning plains, and through the rugged gorges and defiles that lay between them and Seringapatam, the Capital of the Mysore territory, before which the British army, on the 4th of April, 1799, sat down and entered on the details of a vigorous siege. The result is well known, and as the fall of the city after a gallant and bloody defence, and the death of Tippoo, who was slain in the storm, brought the war to an end—we soon thereafter find Col. Wellesley raised to the post of Governor of Seringapatam and Mysore—that is to say of territories nearly equivalent to Tippoo's late kingdom. General Harris, also on his return to the Presidency, had surrendered to him the command of the army, and thus the civil and military authorities were united in his own person. The new situation called forth the whole energy of his character. The comprehensive grasp of his mind, and his vast practical shrewdness, enabled him forthwith to reconstitute an administration that had been overthrown, and thus to save the Territory from the disasters of anarchy. He made judicious appointments—repaired roads, opened communications, attended to the wants of every class of the population, and with untiring assiduity, and remarkable success, discharged the functions of a Governor.

The restlessness and aggressiveness of the Mahrattas were for

a time restrained by the growing jealousies among the leading Chiefs, but fresh difficulties arising from the Mission of Decaen to India by Napoleon, after the treaty of Amiens, with strict injunctions to provide for war, *while observing the stipulations of peace*; and the dreaded influence of Perron, who was rising rapidly to the command of the Mahratta forces, suggested cause for anxiety and preparation again. As the Nabobs had resisted the traditional authority of the Great Mogul, so now the Peishwa, the nominal head of the Mahrattas, was rapidly losing his power, and *three* of his feudatories were prepared to contest for his place. Of these, Scindiah, whose forces had been trained by Perron, was devoted to the French interest, and the others, with the exception of the Guicowar, were more than suspected of sharing his aspirations and designs. The demonstrations of these Chiefs grew more openly hostile, and eventually, Colonel, now GENERAL WELLESLEY, proceeded with the forces under his command, either to secure an avowed and friendly declaration, or if not, to bring them to a decisive action. In consequence of information received on the 21st of September, he concerted with Col. Stevenson that the forces should be divided, and that one should take a Western, and the other an Eastern course, and both fall together from opposite quarters on the enemy's camp, on the morning of the 24th. Having separated, General Wellesley advanced, and on the 23d, learned from his spies that the Cavalry had removed, and that the Infantry alone were lying at about six miles distant. Pushing forward with his dragoons, he discovered not only the infantry, but the entire army of the Mahrattas in the Deccan, to the number of at least 50,000, strongly posted, with 100 pieces of cannon before the fortified village of Assaye. General Wellesley paused for a moment, affected, but not alarmed. It was a critical hour in his fortunes. The river Kaitna flowed before him, and behind it lay the army of the enemy in a strong position. Thirty thousand horse in one magnificent mass lay on the right; a dense array of infantry and artillery formed the centre and left; the gunners beside their pieces, and the whole army ready for action. The English Commander paused for a moment in presence of that host. His whole force did not amount to 5000 men, of whom about 1600 were cavalry. The British troops numbered about 1500, and he had 17 small pieces of cannon. To retreat was disaster and ruin;

to await the approach of Col. Stevenson, was equally hazardous. And now the hour of danger develops the resources and energy of his character. By a manœuvre rapidly executed, he crossed the Kaitna, and fell on the left wing of the enemy, thus in a great measure rendering their masses of cavalry comparatively useless for a time. Before the action commenced, the Mahrattas had altered their front into a line parallel to the British with the whole artillery, consisting of 100 well served guns in the van. We must not attempt to describe this bloody action, which continued until nightfall, when the enemy fled on all sides, leaving in the hands of the British 97 pieces of cannon, and almost all the ammunition and stores of the army. The slain on the side of the Mahrattas amounted to 2000 men, and the wounded to 6000 more, but the British loss was very severe, amounting to more than a third of their whole force. "Never," says Southey, "was victory gained under so many disadvantages. Superior arms and discipline have often prevailed against as great a numerical difference, but it would be describing the least part of this day's glory, to say that the number of the enemy was as five to one. They had disciplined troops in the field under European officers, who more than doubled the British force. They had a hundred pieces of cannon, which were served with fearful skill, and which the British, without the aid of artillery, twice won with the bayonet." (Quart. Rev. XIII., 25.)

We have delayed the longer on these operations, and on the circumstances of this great achievement, not merely because of their magnitude and relative importance, but because of the illustrations which they afford of his early military deportment when left to independent command; and farther still, we are satisfied that those continental military writers, who, in reviewing his Peninsular campaigns, can see nothing in his character but a sagacious caution and a dogged resolve, which fitted him for defensive war, have only to consider the chain of circumstances, which in Spain and Portugal left him no alternative, but either to conduct the war as he did, or else abandon the Peninsula altogether, and then cast their vision to the East, when freed from the entanglements of Spanish falsehood and conceit, and imbecility, and not weakened by allies, whom he came to deliver, nor starved in the country which he came to save, nor unsustained by the government which he represented—he was permitted to mould and fashion his army at will, raise his commissariat,



and direct his troops in action; they would behold the eagle glance of clear perception, combined with accuracy of judgment that never failed him, promptitude of conception and action, united with a self-reliance and energy that eminently qualified him for heroic deeds of noblest daring in aggressive war. If to these features of his character there had been added a lofty soaring spirit of selfish ambition, a lust of empire, and a recklessness of the means for its attainment, then his career might have been more brilliant and less substantial. Had his moral faculties been blunted, and a slight dash of vanity and self-esteem been added, another military monarchy under a new dynasty would doubtless have arisen out of the convulsed heavings of the French Revolution, to be crumbled into dust, when the hand that wielded the sceptre was no more.

After the battle of Assaye, the Mahratta war was speedily brought to a close, and in the month of September, 1805, Sir Arthur Wellesley, after an absence of nine years, during which his services in the East had earned him a Major Generalship, the Knighthood of the Bath, the thanks of the King and Parliament, and a confirmed professional reputation, once more landed in England.

For three years afterwards we find him in Parliament, discharging the duties of Chief Secretary in Ireland, and raised to the position of a Privy Councillor. At this period of the war, the British army was reckoned only among the contingents of second and third rate kingdoms, and the military force of England had chiefly been occupied in demonstrations against the Coast of France or Holland, in a manner altogether useless. Napoleon controlled the ports of the Continent from the Texel to Genoa, while his military operations were carried on along the frontier of the Rhine, as a base, against which the great continental powers directed their armies, and the minor allies were left to operate on either flank of this great line, by penetrating northward from Italy, or southward from the Baltic or Holland. Sir Arthur Wellesley next appears in arms at Bremen, but the gigantic energy and decided success of Napoleon rendered operations on such a scale in that quarter, abortive and ridiculous, and he at once returned to England. His next service was at Copenhagen in 1807, for which he received the special thanks of Parliament, and afterwards he remained inactive, until he was called

into service in the Peninsula, which he covered with his glory, and whose plains and mountains were made vocal with his fame.

Among the greatest of Napoleon's errors, if not the most flagrant of them all, was his reckless and unprincipled invasion of Portugal and Spain. Apart from the inflated and selfish ambition which fed on, and augmented with success—from the treachery and bloody cruelty—the violation of solemn treaty that his Peninsular policy exhibited, we are satisfied that in a military point of view, and in reference to his safety in France, and his economic use of French power against his enemies in the East and North, his invasion of Portugal and Spain was not merely a great crime that was speedily followed by terrific retribution—but *it was a great and grievous blunder*. The needless increase of his enemies—the division of his forces—of his leading Generals—the complication of his plans and movements on a line that stretched from Lisbon to the Niemen, demanded a unity of thought and action that nothing but one master mind could display. These considerations viewed in the light of history, and apart altogether from the *morale* of the question, clearly show, we conceive, the accuracy of this judgment.

The drama of the Peninsula divides itself into a number of separate acts, which the historian may notice apart, in their individual and distinct completeness. Our office, however, is not that of the historian, and we can only indicate them, in passing, as a subject for future reflection.

THE FIRST commences at the time when Russia had been partly driven, and partly inveigled into concert with her Gallic adversary. Austria had been disabled, and Prussia was laid prostrate by the terrible blows of Napoleon. Then it was, that under the pretence of a treaty with Spain for the partition of Portugal, he poured his troops into the former, and overran the latter Kingdom—violated his compact—held Portugal by one hand, and grasped by the other the dominion of Spain, which he speedily conferred on his brother Joseph. Aroused by such flagrant treachery and intolerable tyranny, the races of the Peninsula rose as one man, and the first scene of the Peninsular war was enacted, including the capitulation of one French army—the flight of Joseph—the difficulties of Junot in Portugal—the landing of the British contingent—the actions of Roliça and Vimiero—the Convention of Cintra—the advance and retreat of Sir John

Moore to Corunna, after which the French were once more undisputed masters of Portugal and Spain.

THE SECOND ACT commences with the landing of Sir Arthur Wellesley in the Tagus in 1809, and covers the passage of the Douro—the advance into Spain, and junction with Cuesta—the battle of Talavera, and the retreat for the purpose of defending Portugal.

THE THIRD ACT of 1810, includes the invasion of Massena—the battle of Busaco—the lines of *Torres Vedras*—the retreat of the French—ending with the victories of Barossa, Fuentes D'Onoro and the Fall of Almeida.

THE FOURTH, covers the year 1811, and includes the perplexities of Wellington, arising from the imbecility of the Portuguese authorities—the jealousies, want of faith and honor on the part of the Spaniards—the difficulties in his Treasury, and Commissariat—the operations at Ciudad Rodrigo—the battle of Albuera, and the action at Elbodon.

THE FIFTH act of the drama in 1812, includes the sieges of Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajos—the advance to and battle of Salamanca, and the further advance to Madrid—the assault on Burgos and the retreat to Salamanca, and thence to Ciudad Rodrigo.

1813. The scene now becomes brighter, and the sun of prosperity arises to light Wellington on his pathway from Portugal over the kingdom of Spain. He was now unfettered in his command. He had sustained his cause against Portuguese incompetency. Amidst the folly and presumption, the weakness and divisions, the dishonesty, cruelty and ingratitude of the Spaniards, who were often more difficult to be controlled, than the French armies were to be repulsed—he had not despaired. The Spanish generals encumbered his movements, and refused to be directed. They wasted their energies; and the unsteadiness of their troops in action, often involved the most disastrous consequences. The Spanish authorities violated their engagements, and displayed a heartlessness and a spirit of peculation that was deplorable; \*

\* "At the period when the Marquis of Romana and the Insurgents of Galicia were praying for a few stand of arms, and five thousand pounds from Sir John Craddock, the Junta possessed many millions of money (mainly furnished them by England) and their magazines in Cadiz were bursting with the continually increasing quantity of stores and arms arriving from England, *but which was left to rot as they arrived*; while from every

showing that a healthy patriotism was altogether wanting in the country. The Ministry at home had been weak, and they were often blind and headstrong. They were as wasteful of the national resources as their enemies could desire them to be in every direction but the right one—as the Walcheren expedition, amounting to upwards of 80,000 men of all arms, and the expedition to Italy show, while Wellington was permitted, with 26,000 or 30,000 British troops, to encounter the chivalry of France, led by renowned Marshals, at the head of numerous and well-appointed armies. He had to encounter the reckless and determined hatred of the English opposition, and of a section of the English press, that heralded to the French his every movement—that displayed and gloated over his numerical weakness, and guided the hand of the enemy in striking their blows. With his army in rags, and often hungry and faint even on the battle-field, when the Spaniards were plundering the stores of their defenders\*—without material of war for sieges, and yet besieging powerful strongholds, working often with the implements captured from the enemy—at one time a banker—another a merchant, procuring grain from Egypt or America—creating capital to sustain his own army, and allies that were often an incumbrance—still he never fainted, and now with the details of the approaching campaign before his mind—buoyant with hope, and confident that the future would reward his patience, he put his troops in motion for Spain. Rising in his stirrups as the frontier was passed, and waving his hat, he prophetically exclaimed, “Farewell Portugal!”

quarter of the country not yet subdued, the demand for these things was incessant.”—*Napier*.

\*“In the battle of Talavera, in which the Spanish army, with very trifling exceptions, was not engaged—whole corps threw away their arms, and ran off when they were neither attacked nor threatened with an attack. When these dastardly soldiers run away, they plunder everything they meet. In their flight from Talavera, they plundered the baggage of the British army, which was at that moment bravely engaged in their cause.”—*Lord Wellington's correspondence*.

“After the awful carnage of Albuera, when of 6000 British, only 1500 remained standing, when the French were beaten off, Marshal Beresford, when his pickets were set, had scarcely any soldiers left to assist the wounded. In this cruel situation, he sent Col. Hardinge to demand assistance from Blake, the Spanish general, who had taken little part in the battle, and to whose indolence and incapacity the frightful loss of the British was mainly attributable. The proud and selfish old ruffian *refused*, saying that it was customary with allied armies for each to take care of its own men! Such were the allies whom Wellington had both to fight for, and to contend with.”—*Westminster Review*, Vol. 35.

The events verified his expectations. He passed like a meteor over Spain, carrying the enemy before him at all points, while the mothers and maidens of Leon and Castile hailed his approach as the advent of a deliverer. It can scarcely be said that he *paused* to fight the battle of Vittoria, where the enemy was routed with irrecoverable discomfiture, and the fate of Spain was decided, as it had been on the same ground five hundred years before, by the renowned Edward. During the battle, the English troops passed over "*the English Hill*," and in marching to victory, they trod over the bones of their ancestors and countrymen! The enormous spoiliations of the French that encumbered their army, was one cause of their disastrous overthrow, and the plunder of the Peninsula fell into the hands of the victors. The ground was literally strewn with specie, and it is questionable whether the French suffered more by losing or the British by gaining it. Following up the victory, the enemy was driven into the Pyrenees, and although Soult, the "Lieutenant of the Emperor," was despatched with fresh auxiliaries, the drama of the Peninsula was ended, for on the 9th of November, Wellington slept for the last time on the soil of Spain!

In the following winter and spring, the contest continued in the Pyrenees and the south of France, leading to some of the most imposing strategy and bloody actions and triumphant victories in the whole struggle.

Thus terminated with unexampled glory to England and the army, the far-famed Peninsular War, in which Wellington, with a heterogeneous force rarely exceeding 50,000 effective troops, and frequently far below this disproportionate amount, did first repel, then attack, and ultimately vanquish a host of foes, comprising from 300,000 to 350,000 of the finest soldiers of the French empire, led by its renowned commanders; and such a feat of arms does indeed appear to savor of the heroic and supernatural.

This will appear the more obvious, if it be borne in mind that when Wellington, in 1809, landed in Portugal with some 26,000 British and Germans, there were 280,000 French troops closing around Portugal; and yet, in view of these forces and of greater discouragements, he never quailed, but ultimately crossed Spain and France, and returned to London by Paris. In 1810, Napoleon poured nine corps, under Victor, Ney, Soult, Mortier, and Massena, into the scene of action, amounting to 280,000 fighting men,

who, in addition to the troops in hospital, and those already in the field, amounted to 450,000, while the 20,000 under Wellington, who remained after the carnage of Talavera, were increased by about 5,000, and the Portuguese force raised the allies to the number of 55,000, to encounter such a multitude. In 1811, Napoleon ruled over Europe from the Niemen to the Atlantic, except where 40,000 of an enemy were pitched on the crags of Torres Vedras, awaiting the signal of their leader to plunge with heroic ardor among 270,000 warriors prepared to oppose and destroy them. At Burgos, we find Wellington with 33,000, Spaniards included, while 44,000, under Souham, and 70,000 under King Joseph, were approaching to hem him in. In 1812, we find him with 44,000, ill-sustained and surrounded with difficulties, to meet and set aside 270,000, and yet he hesitated not to address himself to the arduous task. Are we not justified then, in saying that the moral effect of such campaigns—the display of such profound and masterly strategy—the uninterrupted success in every action, in which Marshal after Marshal were driven before him, and their hosts melted away like snow in the summer sun, must have told with most cheering effect on the allies who were engaged on the other theatre of war? Yes, the passage of the Douro, and the terrible carnage of Talavera, were not merely victories in Portugal and Spain; the latter, a contest in which two and twenty thousand British had, for two successive days, engaged and vanquished above 55,000 French, (for the Spaniards present were an incumbrance rather than aid,) and which equalled in its lustre, and exceeded far in its ultimate effects, the fields of Cressy and Agincourt—but their MORAL effect was felt throughout every nation engaged in the war. The triumphs at San Christoval and Arapiles were not merely achievements in which Salamanca was gilded with fame that shall never pale, and where the destruction of Thomiere's division showed the presence of a Captain who could re-enact the scenes of Austerlitz—but the cannon of that victory re-echoed beyond the Rhine, and fell on the ears of the French and Russians with portentous omen on the eve of the bloody Borodino. The bonfires at Madrid, when it fell before Wellington, shed a brighter halo on the pathway of Kutusoff as he took his circular march around Moscow by the light of the burning capital, and through the smoke of contending armies in Germany and the East, the aching vision of the allies beheld,

over the summits of the Pyrenees and the Sierras of Spain, the spectacle of a Wellington in his place of power and might on the heights of Torres Vedras, against which the chivalry of France was hurled by Massena in vain, to be dashed back again, broken and wasted, like the spray from the ocean rock; and over half a continent, the voice of a conqueror was heard, in terms of assurance that courage might rise high, and that the budding laurel and the olive might send forth their branches, for the hour of deliverance and peace was at hand.

After the termination of the war in the south of France, and the advance of the allies to Paris, which led to the abdication of Napoleon and his retirement to Elba, we find the Duke of Wellington fully engaged at Paris, Madrid, and Vienna, in high diplomatic functions, where the splendor of his actions and the solidity of his judgment and character, raised him to the highest rank as a councillor for the settlement of questions that affected the welfare of the world. The results of the war had elevated the usually phlegmatic mind of England, to a fever heat of joy and gratulation. Every testimony that an approving government and people could bestow, were freely lavished on the conqueror. Assaye had raised him to Knighthood—Talavera had made him a Baron and a Viscount—Cuidad Rodrigo, an Earl—Salamanca, a Marquis, and Vittoria, a Duke. All these honors had accumulated in his absence, and there are those among our acquaintances on whose memories are imprinted, as if the scenes were of yesterday, the appearance and emotion of that august assembly when the patents of his dignities were read successively in the House of Lords, and receiving and acknowledging the grateful thanks of the Nation, he took his seat for the first time, and with the highest rank, among the Peers of England.

Whilst the allied sovereigns were yet contending about the adjustment of boundaries and the details of their treaties, Napoleon, with a flight like the sweep of an eagle, descended once more among them. He had few difficulties to encounter in appearing once more in arms. His old adherents, the thousands of his soldiers who had been in captivity, and were now liberated by the peace—who were enthusiastically devoted to him, and had no civil employment—these, together with the military resources of France, enabled him speedily to advance at the head of a host, formidable as that of Austerlitz or Friedland. The forces of the

allies had not yet time to concentrate, when suddenly, according to his usual policy of destroying his enemies in detail, Napoleon fell on the Prussians at Ligny, and the British at Quatre Bras. The Duke retired to the position which he occupied on the 18th of June, and on the same spot in Ardennes, on which centuries before, the Germans arrested the progress of the Roman power, did the hero of England take his stand, to await the onset of the modern Alexander. The night before the battle—owing to continued torrents of rain—was passed by the soldiers of both armies in a state of the utmost discomfort. All felt that a great crisis had arrived, and that the contest of two and twenty years was now to be decided. The leaders around whose banners victory seemed pleased to hover, and who had severally overthrown every opponent hitherto encountered, were now to come into collision. The conqueror of Europe was now to measure swords with the deliverer of Spain. The genius of Napoleon—the memories of his conquests—the glory of his name, fired the bosoms of the veterans around his standards; for the men who now stood side by side in his lines were the soldiers of Austerlitz and Wagram, who had witnessed his triumphs on many a stricken field. On the side of the British there was less ground for confidence. Of the troops under Wellington, many were newly drafted from militia regiments, who had never seen a shot fired in anger, but they knew the talent and vigor of their chief, who had never been conquered. They believed that his resources were adequate to any emergency, and remembering the names of his former fields of fame, they were resolved, that come what might, they would not be subdued. Never were two armies, under such leaders, and animated with such heroic feelings, brought together in modern times, on the issue of whose high contendings, consequences so numerous and momentous, were felt to depend.

“From camp to camp, through the foul womb of night,  
 The hum of either army stilly sounds,  
 That the fix'd sentinels almost receive  
 The secret whispers of each other's watch:  
 Fire answers fire, and through their paly flames  
 Each battle, sees the other's umber'd face;  
 Steed threatens steed in high and boastful neighs,  
 Piercing the dull ear; and from the tents  
 The armourers, accomplishing the knights  
 With busy hammers, closing rivets up,  
 Give dreadful note of preparation.”

Henry V., Act iv.



On the morning of the battle, there stood up on the side of Napoleon about 74,000, and on the side of the British about 72,700; but of these, 21,000 were Belgian and Nassau troops, whose conduct in the action was quite disgraceful. Napoleon had 240 guns, while Wellington had only 180, and the cavalry of the French was vastly superior, amounting to 14,160, of whom 4,860 were cuirassiers, while the British arm in this department only numbered 8,352. The French took up their position in imposing array, amid the clang of trumpets, the rolling of drums, and the music of the bands of 114 battalions and 112 squadrons, having their artillery on the crest of the ridge in front of them. The English effected their formation like the Greeks of old, in silence; their infantry, for the most part, in squares, the cavalry in the rear, and the artillery on the rising ground in advance, opposite the enemy. Napoleon had feared that the English would retire during the night, and could not conceal his joy, when in the morning he beheld them moving in determined array, and awaiting the issue of battle. "I have them, these English," said he, "nine chances out of ten are in our favor!" "Sire," replied Soult, "I know these English; they will die on the ground on which they stand, before they leave it!"

We shall attempt no description of the battle. It afforded no room for strategy. All the day long it was one continued butchery by artillery, and terrific charges of cavalry, met and repulsed by the compact squares of English infantry. Repeated and repeated—again and again—that living tide surged down the slope from the French position, and rolling up the British side, were broken as by a wall of adamant. Receding, it gathered strength like the ebb of the ocean, to flow onward again and meet a similar catastrophe. So general was the slaughter, that an officer was compelled to state "that his brigade was reduced to a third of its numbers, and that the survivors were so exhausted with fatigue, that a temporary relief was indispensable." "Tell him," said the Duke, "what he asks is impossible. He and I, and every Englishman on the field must die on the spot which we now occupy." "Enough," returned the General, "I and every man under my command will share his fate." At a quarter past 7 o'clock, P. M., preparation was made for the final charge of the French Guard—that column whose advance on every field had been the herald of victory. And now the fate of Napoleon

trembles in the balance of destiny. Shall that guiding star which had lighted him to renown through the cloudy smoke of an hundred battle fields, now ascend into the zenith, to shine with a permanent and brighter lustre on the pathway of his future glory, or veiled in gloom, shall it fall from the heavens and leave him to doubts and darkness on his future way? The charge was received by the English Foot Guards, the 73rd and 30th regiments, who, with Vivian's brigade and Adam's Foot, overwhelmed the French column and threw it into irrevocable confusion. The charge became general along the British line. The Prussian troops emerging from the forest on the English left, arrived in time to aid in the repulse, and follow up the pursuit, which ended in the total rout and destruction of the French army; for of the men who fought at Waterloo, scarcely any appeared in arms again. This was the last and crowning victory of the English General, and here his military career ended. The star of the Corsican had fallen like a meteor from the heavens. Napoleon was prostrate, and Wellington's work was done!

The Duke of Wellington now entered on a long course of civil service, being occupied for a time with the governments of the Continent in the final arrangement of Europe, and subsequently, in the administration of affairs in his own country. In the former department, his magnanimity and sense of justice and his freedom from selfishness were conspicuous, in his interference on behalf of France, which the Allies sought to hold for a length of time by armed occupation. The Prussians in their fury would have demolished the monuments of Paris; others claimed large concessions from the French and it was mainly owing to the profound views, statesmanlike reasonings, and powerful influence of Wellington, that the country was saved from the ambition of some, and the vindictiveness of others.

The settlement of these important foreign relations, and the enjoyment of peace in England, now afforded time for the introduction and discussion of questions, which had been fermenting in the public mind, and only required a fitting opportunity for excited and general agitation. The taxation of the country for the support of the war, had increased to a height unexampled in the world's history. Large towns had grown up with a numerous population, that were unrepresented in the Commons House of Parliament. One class of the population—the Roman Catholic,

were particularly loud and earnest in their complaints of political degradation, and in their demands for emancipation. The course of the Duke of Wellington relative both to Reform in Parliament and Catholic Emancipation, may be easily explained. A scion of the aristocracy, a politician of the school of 1807, trained to military habits of thought, beholding in the horrors of the Revolution a whole harvest of evils appearing from a change of government, and witnessing the disastrous results of Democracy in the Peninsula—his mind essentially attached to order and averse to change, and especially to constitutional changes, we do not think it strange that he resisted these measures so long and conscientiously as he did. On the question of Emancipation he witnessed a decided opposition, by, it is believed, a numerical majority of the nation. It was asserted at the time and believed by many, that the professions of the party seeking power were not sincere, and that their object was not to attain equality but supremacy. We are not surprised that in view of history, in view of his early political training, and sustained as he and those who agreed with him in sentiment were, by a large section of the people, he should so long have resisted this measure. Then again, as to his conduct in carrying the Emancipation Bill through Parliament, his avowed principles are abundantly expository of his apparent inconsistency. He retreated after the victory of Talavera, not that he liked retreating in itself—but necessity compelled him. He retired from Burgos before it fell, and from Ciudad Rodrigo after his first assault, not because he did not desire to capture those places, but the concentration of superior forces by the enemy left him no alternative, and so he believed it to be on the question of Catholic Emancipation. He yielded to the demands of a large body of the people who joined the Catholics in demanding the concession. There were symptoms of convulsion and discord in the country, and he viewed the subject in his usual military style, conceding, as a matter of expediency, what on principle he had opposed. We believe that this statement is a truthful explanation of his conduct, nevertheless, we are not satisfied with such a line of action, either morally or politically. We believe that he was led, and led reluctantly, to the conclusion that the measure was indispensable to the peace of the country—and while his own judgment was not fully satisfied that his opponents were correct on the principle, yet as a legisla-

tor, called to give laws in accordance with the public mind, he consented to introduce and support the Bill, in order to save the nation from intestine strife and commotion. We apprehend that there can be no more dangerous principle for the moralist or the politician to adopt, than the one which we have just enunciated, and on which he acted. Obviously his duty called him, when he became convinced that his position was untenable, to intimate to his Sovereign and the members of the Ministry, that not on the merits of the case had his mind undergone a change, but as to the means and safety of defending his position, he could see his way no longer, and then by resignation, allow the responsibility of legislation to rest on those, whose political convictions approved of the change.

On the question of Parliamentary reform, the conservatism of his character was displayed, but as soon as this great measure was carried into law, no man could be found more entirely sincere than the Duke of Wellington in observing its enactments and carrying out all its provisions. The observance of law, the conservation of order, the well-being of his country—the discharge of duty—these leading ideas seem ever to have been the ruling sentiments of his mind. In so remarkable a degree was this the case, that it has been playfully observed of him, that you had only to convince him that duty called and he would act as a Constable, or Commander of the Forces—a Church Warden, or a Chancellor of a University—a Guardian of the Poor or an Admiral of the Channel fleet.

The temperate and austere habits of his military life, never forsook him. We question if he ever annoyed any man so seriously as he did his French cook, who had no more power over him than Napoleon had. His custom of early rising was conspicuous to the last, and his regular attendance at an early hour in the Royal Chapel, when the great body of the citizens of London were either abed, or unready for the business of the day, contrasted favorably with the conduct of many who made noisier professions of religion. The stooping figure of the aged veteran on his wonted chair, will long be remembered by the congregation of St. Mary's at Walmer, and thus in the life and habits of another of the mighty dead, have we a practical testimony to the value of the Gospel, and an assurance that neither wealth, nor rank, nor title, nor the applause of listening senates, nor the glory of the conqueror, nor all that earth

can give, can sustain and satisfy the heart in prospect of eternity, or form a substitute for that Gospel in which God is seen to be propitious through the cross and passion of a Saviour, or provide a solid foundation for the moral agent when the world is vanishing, and when, bereft of every earthly stay, the soul in its own individuality has to appear before its God.

It is natural that the Duke of Wellington should have been contrasted with the heroes of both ancient and modern times ; and it is natural also that the verdict should be differently awarded according to the ideal standard of perfection in the mind of those who measured them. There are kinds of greatness that belong to different categories, and cannot be compared. Who for instance would draw a parallel between Sir Christopher Wren and Paganini, or Mozart and Burke, or Shakspeare and Hannibal? But even in the combination of those qualities of greatness which constitute the relation of class, there are characteristic differences which form the individual ; and among men the features that give force to, and mark the character of one individual, may be different from those which produce eminence in another ; and thus though they both belong to the same class, their relative magnitudes are scarcely ponderable or expressible by an arithmetical formula.

The two men whose names shall go down to posterity as most deeply engraven on the records of fame, in the beginning of the nineteenth century, as we have already said, are unquestionably Wellington and Napoleon. Both were eminently great men, but the foregoing observations should never be lost sight of, in estimating their characters. We are glad to find that already, national antipathies and distorting prejudices that blind the eyes or warp the judgment, are beginning to lose their influence on this question ; and that several French writers are not afraid to weigh the Conqueror of Europe and his Victor at Waterloo in the balance, and give the palm to the latter.

“The year 1769,” says a modern French writer, “witnessed several glorious births, but certainly there was nothing more remarkable in that year than the simultaneous appearance on the stage of the world, of the two men who were to meet at Waterloo. It appears that Providence prepared to balance the one against the other, to oppose to a great genius one of a quite contrary character, and to bring into contact qualities and gifts of the most dissimilar

kind. The principal characteristics of the genius of Napoleon were a prodigious and insatiable imagination, aspiring to the impossible—the most vast and flexible faculties, but also a singular mobility of ideas and impressions. A solid judgment, a cool reason, a wonderful justness of perception, both in the field of battle and the cabinet; the most penetrating good sense, amounting to a power which became genius, a perseverance which nothing could tire or turn aside, and the most unshakable firmness in great dangers—such are some of the points which gave the Duke of Wellington such a prominent figure in the history of the nineteenth century. It was at a giant's pace that Napoleon ran through a career which was to lead him for a moment to the head of human things. His rival, on the contrary, rose by patient and modest slowness; by courageous reflection. He never drew back, however, he always went forward, and his glory followed a progression which escaped all reverses. To speak warmly to the imagination of men, to fascinate them, to excite their enthusiasm, and to labor by every means to inspire them with an admiration mingled with a little terror, was the study of Napoleon. The Duke of Wellington never thought but of speaking to the reason; he was never seen to do any thing in a theatrical manner. He had a horror of charlatanism and falsehood. He never sought to excite his soldiers, but sometimes he reminded them that they had to shed their blood, because it was their duty. In the proclamations of Napoleon, particularly those of Italy, is to be found a powerful orator, who in the manner of the ancients, engraves great images on the minds of those to whom he addresses himself. The orders of the day—the despatches and the reports of the Duke of Wellington were written with a cold and austere simplicity. History will perhaps decide that in Bonaparte the *organizer* was equal to the *conqueror*. It must not, however, be forgotten that the possession and the use of sovereign power smoothed down many obstacles. With despotism, great things are made easy.\* The Empire fell—the scaffolding crumbled away, and he who raised it

\* Napoleon's mode of carrying on war, enabled him to accomplish almost any amount of military exploits, and to acquire unlimited military fame. He could fall back on the population for armies of any size in consequence of the conscription—and then, having invaded a kingdom, levy the expenses of the war on the nation he had overrun. A sovereign possessing such power, and acting on such a code of ethics, can never be legitimately compared with a Constitutional General.

with heroic temerity, only survived his irreparable shipwreck for a few years in exile. It was in a free country that, during thirty-seven years, the Duke of Wellington, from 1815 to 1852 enjoyed an unequalled influence and authority. It may be said that in the bosom of the constitutional liberty of his country, the Duke of Wellington exercised a kind of moral dictatorship. The assistance he was enabled to give or withhold from the government was immense. Is not such a lesson, a striking proof of the final ascendancy of reason and good sense, over all the boldness and the flights of imagination and genius? The contrast of these two destinies, and these two great historical figures, has appeared to us too instructive not to be rapidly sketched, and in drawing the comparison, we have set passion aside and only sought for truth." —(*Nationale Assemblée*,—quoted in *Tait's Mag.*, p. 631, vol. xix.)

We entirely accord with the judgment of this writer, who, we think, has fairly and dispassionately weighed the opposing heroes in the balance, and given a deliverance that history will sustain.

In many minds, however, the dazzling genius of Napoleon, that soared like the flight of an eagle—the magnificent plans and intrepid execution—the towering ambition—the patronage of arts and sciences—the burning eloquence, and the love of glory, that distinguished him, will prove so absorbing, that little attention will be given to the darker shades of his character. To minds, however, of an opposite and more reflecting class, the sterling and more solid traits of Wellington's mind will command regard, and the longer the contrast is sustained, the more decided will be the verdict on behalf of the great Irishman.

Daring and decision were leading and ardent characteristics of Wellington's mind. Had he been actuated solely or mainly by ambition and aggrandizement—had he not been a constitutional general, acting under all the responsibilities at home and abroad, which restrained and weighed him down, what prodigies of valor could not such a man have performed on the field? The leader who, with half his army at Assaye, decides, delivers battle, and vanquishes such an enemy—who, at the Douro, without pontoons or boats, crosses a mighty river in presence of the Lieutenant of the Emperor—who dares at Talavera, to enter on such a passage of arms against such fearful odds—who, at Salamanca, secures a position on the chord, while the enemy is obliged to move on the arc of a segment, and who, to use the language of another French

writer, in forty minutes defeats an army of forty thousand—who could endure the desperate agonies of Waterloo—the moral courage and intrepid spirit, and fearless daring of such a man, are only equalled by the decision and determination he displayed in action. “With an army seldom superior in number to a single corps of the French Marshals—with troops dispirited by long continued disasters, and wholly unaided by practical experience—without any compulsory law to recruit his ranks, or any strong national passion for war to supply its want, he was called on to combat successively with vast armies, composed in great part of veteran soldiers, perpetually filled by the terrible powers of the conscription, headed by chiefs who had risen from the ranks, and practically acquainted with the duties of war in all its grades, had fought their way from the grenadier’s musket to the Marshal’s baton, and followed by men who, trained in the same school, were animated by the same glittering objects. Still more, he was the General of a nation in which the chivalrous and mercantile qualities are strongly blended together; which, justly proud of its historic glory, is unreasonably jealous of present expenditure, which, covetous in war of military renown, is impatient in peace of previous preparation; which starves its establishments when dangers are over, and which frets at defeat when dangers are present; which fires in strife on Cressy and Agincourt, and ruminates in peace on economic reduction. He combated at the head of an alliance formed of heterogeneous states, and composed of discordant materials; in which ancient animosities were hardly forgotten amidst present danger, or religious divisions in public fervor; in which corruption often paralyzed the arm of patriotism, and jealousy withheld the resources of power. He acted under the direction of a ministry, which, albeit, zealous and active, was inexperienced in combination, and unskilled in war, in presence of an opposition, which, powerful in eloquence, supported by faction, was prejudiced against the war, and indefatigable in its endeavors to arrest it, and for the interests of a people who, although ardent in the cause, and enthusiastic in its support, was impatient of defeat, and prone to exaggerated views of disaster; and whose military resources, however great, were dissipated in the protection of a Colonial empire, which encircled the earth”—(*Blackwood’s Magazine*, Oct., 1852.)

The Duke of Wellington, like his great antagonist, possessed,



in a remarkable degree, that capacity of mind whereby he was enabled, at one glance, to take in all the grand combinations required for a campaign—intuitively to comprehend the broad principles on which it should be conducted—and at the same time, to foresee the minutest precautions required for success. Like Napoleon, his powers of generalization, great as they were, never prevented him from including details, for the size and gorgeousness of the structure never blinded his eyes to the smallest member of which the building was composed. And so, also, the immense concentration of his faculties on any given subject, was equalled by his powers of abstraction. Hence it was that while engaged with the enemy in the field, or harrassed with the complicated measures of a siege, with his men in the trenches, he could sit down and write the most minute details about curry-combs for the cavalry, or the size and shape of knap-sacks and camp-kettles for the soldiery!

Prominent also in his character, stood an honesty of purpose and conscientiousness in the discharge of duty, which never deseretd him. We believe that no man could say, in truth and justice, that the Duke of Wellington had knowingly and designedly done him wrong. He had gained through life the title of the *Iron Duke*, and verily there was little of the sentimental and the melting mood in his temperament.\* Had he been constructed on a differ-

\* And yet no man could enter more heartily into the genial and social engagements of life. So entirely, however, did he act from rule, that, in attending at the evening parties of the Nobility and Gentry, he visited systematically, and from his convictions of duty. He was passionately fond of children, and children loved him, and felt themselves at home in his society. His taste for music and the fine arts need not be considered strange, when the idiosyncrasy of his father—the Earl of Mornington—a very celebrated composer, and of the other members of his family, is considered. The manifold and important offices which he held, and his devotion to duty, constrained him to subdivide his time with accuracy, and to adhere to arrangements; and hence it was that multitudes who sought to intrude on his time, and who solicited favors which it was impossible for him to grant, had no idea that their want of success arose from his utter inability to attend to their applications. Had Apsley House been opened to the visitors who would have sought his patronage, he would have done nothing but receive visitors—had he purchased the ten thousand articles that were forced on his notice, the Treasury would scarcely have paid for them;—had he accepted the cartloads of trumpery that were presented to him for sake of notoriety and patronage, he might have formed a larger institution than the British Museum. As it was, with all his regularity and strictness of discipline, his correspondence reached to the ends of the earth. So, also, after contributing to the public benevolent institutions, his more private charitable donations were far more numerous and liberal than the community had any idea of, because they were so unostentatious. He hated ostentation and display. Here, as in other departments

ent type—more of the milk-maid and less of the man—dwelling amid the ideal instead of encountering the real—he would never have carried the standards of Britain from Lisbon to the Pyrenees, and returned to London by the French capital.

The straightforwardness of Wellington's disposition, and his hatred of display always prevented him from seeking by any theatrical effect or ostentatious professions, to gain the enthusiastic esteem of his soldiers. In this respect he was different from Hannibal, Marlborough, or Napoleon. He inspired them, however, with confidence, and an unbounded assurance that he would lead them on to victory. They were always persuaded of the righteousness of their cause, and they felt that their leader was resolved to do his duty, and though there was wanting that enthusiasm and chivalry which were apparent in the French service, still in the British lines there was the firm resolve, the iron will—the determination to conquer or die.

We are aware that some late writers have denied to Wellington the attribute of magnanimity. Here again we are reduced to the necessity for a definition of terms. What constitutes magnanimity to many minds, to others appears vain glory, or needless generosity, or folly. In the Mahratta war, Dhoondiah, a noted leader, had long succeeded, by his adroitness, in doubling and winding through the defiles of an Indian territory, in escaping from his pursuers, while he filled the country with rapine and blood. At length, a native offered to Sir A. Wellesley to free the country from his inflictions for a trifling sum, by the poinard. His reply was, "To offer a public reward by proclamation, for a man's life, and to make a secret bargain to have it taken away, are two different things; the one is to be done; the other, in my opinion, cannot, by an officer at the head of his troops." There was a ministerial person in 1810, who, in his dread of the Parliamentary opposition, wrote to Lord Wellington, complaining of his inaction, and calling on him to do something that would excite a public sensation; *any thing pro-*

of duty, he endeavored to act by rule, and while he sought, by judicious means to protect himself from the harpies and swindlers of the metropolis, he found that he was often deceived. It is well known that sums as large as £500 at a time have been procured from him by false pretences! It is pleasing to learn that during the last year of his life, the book which chiefly engaged his mind was *Baxter's Saint's Rest*. He was always an attached member of the Church of England; but his fondness for this delightful and exceedingly evangelical treatise, gives a favorable view of his state of mind as years increased and death was approaching.

*vided blood was spilt.* A calm but severe rebuke, and the cessation of all friendly intercourse with the writer, discovered the General's abhorrence of this detestable policy. (Napier III. 218.) When Napoleon was at the battle of Dresden, he perceived a group of officers to ride up to a conspicuous place, where they paused and appeared to be making a reconnoissance. Pointing to the place, he called out to an officer, directing a battery of artillery close at hand. "*Jetez moi une douzaine de boulets la, a la fois. Il y a peut etre quelques petits generaux.*" "Throw a dozen bullets yonder, all at once. There are, perhaps, some little Generals among them." He was obeyed, and Moreau was killed! At Waterloo, the Colonel commanding the British artillery, observed to the Duke: "I have got the exact range of the spot where Bonaparte and his staff are standing. If your Grace will allow me, I think I can pick some of them off." "No, no," replied he, "Generals-in-Chief have something else to do in a great battle besides firing at each other." That the nobility of soul, the sense of justice, and freedom from a spirit of retaliation with which he was actuated, led him to save France from the effects of protracted armed occupation, is as true as that he also, in view of the hosts of the enemy, after the battle of the Nivelle, magnanimously weakened his own forces by sending the whole Spanish army back over the Pyrenees into Spain, rather than permit them either to plunder or commit any offence against the French people. That his decided interference with the determination of Blucher, was instrumental in saving the life of Napoleon, is demonstrated by the testimony of Muffling, as it is also known that during his abode in Paris, his own life was twice attempted, "once, when a quantity of gunpowder was placed in his cellar for explosion, on the occasion of a fete; and again when a pistol was discharged at his carriage, as he drove into the gates of his hotel. The author of this latter attempt was Cantillon, the miscreant to whom, in respect of this very transaction, Napoleon bequeathed a pecuniary legacy." (Life of the Duke of Wellington.) These facts are trumpet-tongued. Such conduct was the result of a great and generous mind, dwelling in an atmosphere elevated far above the clouds that darken and perturb the minds of mankind generally, and if this be not magnanimity, it is a virtue that most men will mistake for it, while in the world it will wear as well, and be as much admired.

Marlborough was the man of his age; and next to Wellington, the greatest English Commander. Superior to Wellington in creating enthusiasm among his soldiers, and attachment to his person, his address was insinuating and irresistible, and his mental powers were of the highest order; but with all his greatness, he was mean, low-minded, false, avaricious, and intriguing. His ingratitude and treachery to James, and his sordid selfishness, will always stain his character, and cloud the escutcheon of his fame. In his day, he had Austrian jealousy and the Dutch Deputies to contend with, but he possessed an arm of power in Prince Eugene, an hundred-fold more effective than all the Generals of Portugal and Spain combined, during the whole Peninsular war. Besides, the Marshals against whom he fought, were on the whole, but little above mediocrity. Tallard, Marsin, and Villeroy were mere nonentities, and Villars, Boufflers, and Vendome, were lower by the head and shoulders, than Masena, Victor, Clausel, Sebastiani, Marmont, and finally Napoleon, the master of them all.

Amongst the ancients, Wellington resembled Scipio more than Cæsar, or Pompey, or Hannibal. Napoleon in France, and Cæsar in Rome, fought for their country and then became its master. Both loved their country for themselves—but both became autocrats and dictators. Scipio saved Rome from foreign enemies, as Wellington, in the Peninsula and the Netherlands, protected England, and both retired to dwell under the shadow and the rule of their country's laws. Scipio refused to be a King, after annihilating the power of Carthage, as Wellington freed himself from power in France—the honored gift of confederate and grateful nations—as he had formerly refused to become the Regent of Portugal—feeling that “the heroism which evaporates in a throne, has a tinge of ordinary humanity, a mixture of spurious components. It resembles a costly diamond with a flaw, a mirror with an unsightly blemish. The fame of Cromwell, Cæsar, and Napoleon, has but a pedestal of sounding brass; while that of Scipio, Washington, and Wellington, stands on a basis of solid gold.”—(p. 408. *Dub. Univ. Mag.* vol. 40.)

The career of Wellington to the maturity of his fame, was unprecedented, and having been elevated to the summit of earthly glory, so also does his course and fortune stand alone to the setting of his earthly sun.

Like Alexander, Napoleon's race resembled the flash of the sky-rocket, that blazes out in splendor and speedily sinks into the darkness of night. Cæsar was slain in the Capitol; Coriolanus and Themistocles were banished; Marius fled from a dungeon; Scipio was driven to private life; Hannibal fled from the world by suicide; Epaminondas, Gustavus, and Nelson died in the arms of victory; Henry the Fourth fell by an assassin; Charles the Twelfth was slain at an obscure fortress; Wolsey and Marlborough were disgraced, and the latter outlived his intellect; while Napoleon, in fetters and broken-hearted, died in a lonely isle, with the visions of faded glory, and the ghosts of departed crowns and sceptres, floating before him, while the roar of the ocean and the wail of the winds sung out to the heavens his only requiem;—but WELLINGTON sheathed his sword at Waterloo, having given peace to the world, to return to an admiring, grateful country, prepared to crown him with honors and emoluments without a parallel, to wear out his life in the civil service of that country, respected, honored, and esteemed by his political opponents, and enshrined in the affections of a grateful people.

He became great and powerful,—but honors descended on him while walking in the path of duty. They were conferred, he never sought them—the same in peace as in war—single in his aim, untiring in his energy, ever sacrificing, according to his light, at the shrine of duty, so that, to close with the language of a biographer, “it is hard to say whether the olive branch in his hand, or the laurels which adorn his brow, entitle him most to the gratitude and admiration of posterity. And now that death has closed his career, and a mourning nation are assembled around his bier, the voice of truth must admit the eulogy of the historian, ‘Wellington was a warrior, but he was so only to stop the shedding of human blood; he has borne aloft the sword of conquest, but it was only to plant in its stead the emblems of mercy; he has conquered the Love of Glory, the last infirmity of noble minds, by the Love of Peace, the first grace of the Christian character.

‘*Pulchrum eminere est inter illustros viros  
 Consulere patriæ, parcere afflictis; fera  
 Cœde abstinere tempus atque iræ dare  
 Orbi quietem; seculo pacem suo;  
 Hæc summa virtus, petitur hæc cœlum via.’*”

Such was Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington—may his memory be perennial!!

THE END.

## APPENDIX.

A list is given, on the following pages, of the military services of the Duke of Wellington. This table has been selected from similar documents published in London, and compared with Napier, Alison, and other historians. The reader may fall into error, if he take the term "Defeat" where it occurs in the column of "Results," to indicate the loss of a battle in the ordinary sense of the term. For instance, the action at the Coa, on the 24th of July, 1810, is marked "Defeat," while, in so far as martial achievements are concerned, it was most creditable to the British arms. During the investment of Almeida, General Crawford had maintained his position on the French side of the stream, with 4,500 troops, against the enemy. On the 24th July, he was assailed by a force of 20,000 Infantry, 4,000 Cavalry, and 30 Guns. The contest continued above two hours, and Crawford succeeded in withdrawing his troops over the stream, which was crossed by one bridge only, and in joining the main body of the British army, while the loss on both sides was *about equal*. It will also be noted, that several battles, such as Busaco, Fuentes D'Onoro, and Roliça, are claimed by the French. Such a claim is simply absurd. Massena, with 72,000, endeavored to drive Wellington, with 50,000, from the heights of Busaco, but was repulsed at all points, and on the following day retired from his position by a flank movement, leaving the British masters of the field. At Fuentes D'Onoro, Wellington, with 30,000, met Massena with 50,000. During the action, and in face of the veterans of Wagram and Friedland, he assumed a new position, (one of the most difficult exploits of war,) and preserved his army, which Massena could not repulse. After three days delay, the French General retired across the Agueda, and left Almeida to its fate. The results of Roliça and Vimiero are too well known to need notice here. At the end of the table, an approximation is given, to the numbers who may have fallen on the British side, during the war. The numbers who were destroyed on the side of the French, can never be accurately known. Said Lafayette:

"You accuse me of want of gratitude towards Napoleon! Have you forgotten what we have done for him? Have you forgotten that the bones of our children, of our brothers, everywhere attest our fidelity, in the sands of Africa, on the shores of the Guadalquivir and the Tagus, on the banks of the Vistula, and in the frozen deserts of Muscovy? During more than ten years, *three millions* of Frenchmen have perished for a man who wishes still to struggle against all Europe. "We have done enough for him. Now our duty is to save the country."

Quoted by Alison from Buchez et Roux. xl. 207, 215.

# WELLINGTON'S BATTLES AT ONE VIEW.

ENGAGEMENTS AT WHICH HE WAS PRESENT, BUT DID NOT COMMAND IN CHIEF.

No.	Battles, and where fought.	When fought.	Loss of Men.		Result of Battles.	Remarks.
			Killed.	Wounded, Missing Totals.		
1	Netherlands—Alost	From Aug. 1794 to 1795.				{ All these were skirmishes, leading to no result but a British retreat. The loss in killed and wounded was never known.
2	Boxtel					
3	Neath					
4	Waal					
5	Mettern					
6	East Indies—Mallavelly	Mar. 27, 1798		50	Victory	General Floyd commanded. General Floyd commanded. Loss not recorded. A victory without honour under the circumstances.
7	Seedasser	Mar. 30, 1798		140	Defeat	
8	Seringapatam	April 5, 1798		Defeat	Defeat	
9	Seringapatam	May 3, 1798	322	1087	1531	
10	Denmark—Kioge	May 3, 1807				Victory

## ENGAGEMENTS FOUGHT BY TROOPS UNDER HIS ORDERS, BUT AT WHICH HE WAS NOT PRESENT.

1	East Indies—Jalapoor	Sept. 3, 1803				Doubtful	Stevenson commanded. Woodington commanded. Woodington commanded. Campbell commanded. Crawford commanded. No reliable return of casualties in these three actions. Graham commanded. Beresford commanded the allied English and Portuguese. General Hill commanded. Beresford commanded. Hill commanded. Graham commanded. Murray commanded. Loss concealed. Graham commanded. Graham commanded. Hill commanded. Small loss. Hill commanded. Small loss. General Hope commanded.
2	Baroach	Aug. 25, 1803				Defeat	
3	Powanghur	Sept. 21, 1803				Victory	
4	Moodianoor	Dec. 31, 1803				Victory	
5	Spain—Coa	Mar. 19, 1810				Victory	
6	Coa	July 24, 1810				Defeat	
7	Coa	April 5, 1811				Defeat	
8	Barossa	Mar. 3, 1811		1243		Victory	
9	Albuera	May 16, 1811	1506	4524	934	Equal	
10	Arroyo Molina	Oct. 28, 1811			1000	Victory	
11	Badoz	May 10, 1811			404	Defeat	
12	Almarez	May 19, 1812	33	162		Victory	
13	Tolosa	June 25, 1813			400	Victory	
14	Tarragona	June				Defeat	
15	St. Sebastian	July 25, 1813			70	Equal	
16	St. Sebastian	Aug. 31, 1813			2400	Victory	
17	France—Hellelle	Feb. 14, 1814				Victory	
18	Garris	Feb. 15, 1814	20	135		Victory	
19	Ayre	Feb. 28, 1814				Victory	
20	Toulouse	April 15, 1814	143	452	231	Victory	

ENGAGEMENTS AT WHICH HE COMMANDED IN CHIEF.

	1800	1801	1802	1803	1804	1805	1806	1807	1808	1809	1810	1811	1812	1813	1814	1815	1816	1817	1818
1	East Indies—Comangam.																		
2	Almednuggur	630	110																
3	Assaye	2559	1533																
4	Argaum	46	308	5															
5	Gawilghur	13	112																
6	Portugal—Roliça																		
7	Vimeira	135	534																
8	Douro																		
9	Spain—Talavera																		
10	Portugal—Busaco	197	1005	51															
11	Spain—Fuentes d'Onoro	118	367																
12	Badajoz																		
13	Badajoz																		
14	Ciudad Rodrigo	50	200	40															
15	Ciudad Rodrigo	149	592	7															
16	Salamanca																		
17	Salamanca																		
18	Salamanca	100	400	30															
19	Salamanca	694	4270	250															
20	Burgos																		
21	Burgos																		
22	Burgos																		
23	Burgos																		
24	Vittoria	740	4173																
25	Spain & France—Bidassoa																		
26	France—Nivelle																		
27	Nivelle																		
28	Nive	650	3807	504															
29	Orthes																		
30	Orthes	273	1893	70															
31	Toulouse	593	3944	18															
32	Belgium—Waterloo	2432	9528	1875	13835														

Small loss.

Both victories are absurdly claimed by the French.

Also claimed by the French. It was nearly equal on both sides. Claimed also by the French very unjustly. Claimed by French and English.

In a retreat of 240 miles, hundreds perished besides the killed. 400 perished by cold.

In May, 1813, several skirmishes occurred near Salamanca, with advantage to Wellington.

This is the loss of the two engagements.

Ultimate result was victory, but battle closed doubtfully.

Total of engagements, 62; probable total loss on his side, including casualties not recorded (about 10,000), 100,000 men; of whom about 30,000 were killed or died of wounds in hospital.



ERRATUM.

On page 15, ninth line from foot, for "chain of circumstancs," read "*change* of circumstances."

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